

HARMONY

Connecting the IAS Community

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Creative solution

It is believed that IAS officers excel in problem solving. But if you ask Stephen Covey, the international best-seller author renowned for his *7 Habits of Highly Effective People*, he would give them no credit and ask them to switch over to the creative mode, instead. He argues that those who get consumed with a problem-solving mindset usually start worrying and feeling anxious and end up getting stressed, giving rise to a downward-spiralling self-fulfilling prophecy of greater problems. Their goals and means of achieving them become smaller. But if they cultivate a creative mindset, they will find many of their problems vanishing fast.

Is that a solution to our problem of being perceived as an obstacle? May be, for Covey says that when we are in problem solving mode, we are usually trying to get rid of something. But when we are in creative mode, we are trying to bring something into being. We approach the same problem from a different frame of mind, a different perspective, a larger context. No organization can generate exciting success and growth through problem-solving alone. People in enduringly great growth companies are creators, relentlessly focusing on adding value. It is not enough to be financially and operationally disciplined. One has to be a creative force.

But how does one become creative? Simply start using your imagination, Covey says. For, almost all the great things that happen come through the power of imagination. So, go to work to remove the forces in your life that restrain your innate creative abilities, setting aside special time for unforced creativity. Focus your mind and talent on an opportunity so that your unique creative ideas begin to surface. The satisfaction you will derive from your efforts will drive you to continued creativity. And soon, you will find that the creative orientation solves problems better than problem-solving orientation. If you still don't believe us, why not meet Covey himself in Mumbai on 17 October?

Rameshchandra Kanade

Who's gone where?

RM Premkumar (1968): Chairman, FCI.
YS Bhawe (1972): Addl Secretary (Home), Personnel, GOI. *SS Dodd (1973)*: Principal Secretary, Women & Child Welfare. *Ratnakar Gaikwad (1975)*: Director-General of YASHADA.
MB Phadtare (1982): MD of the Maharashtra State Warehousing Corporation.
Krishna Vatsa (1987): Secretary, Relief & Rehabilitation. *Sanjeev Kumar (1993)*: Addl Commissioner, Sales Tax.
Vikas Kharage (1994): Deputy Secretary (GAD). *Radhika Rastogi (1995)*: Deputy Commissioner, Sales Tax. *Dr Satish Bhide (1995)*: Deputy Municipal Commissioner, BMC. *Vikas Rastogi (1995)*: Deputy Commissioner, Sales Tax. *MS Chowdhari (1995)*: Parbhani Collector.
Piyush Singh (2000): CEO, Beed Zilla Parishad. *Niranjana Kumar Sudhanshu (2000)*: CEO, Gondia Zilla Parishad.



By VS GOPALAKRISHNAN

"I haven't brought a medical certificate, Sir. I took sick leave because I was sick of the office!"

[Mr VS Gopalakrishnan (1961) is Director General, World Trade Centre, Mumbai. He can be contacted on: 022-22182879; 24936429; vsgopal@yahoo.com]

We are grateful to the Bharat Petroleum Corporation Ltd for supporting *Harmony*. We thank them for evincing keen interest in associating with the publication that networks the entire IAS community in the State.

Former Minister and Bureaucrat

Dr V Subramanian is no more

Dr V Subramanian passed away at his residence in Mumbai on 29 September 2003. A man of many facets, he lived life in full measure. The Association shares the grief of his family and prays that God rest his soul in peace. (For obituary see page 2).

Ajit Warty is MPSC Chairman

Maharashtra Public Service Commission Member *Ajit Warty* (1967) has been appointed as its chairman in place of *CD Singh* (1966), who retired on 30 September 2003. Mr Warty was Addl Chief Secretary (State Excise & Transport) prior to his posting in the MPSC as its member. Congrats!

Bayas et al retire

Maharashtra State Warehousing Corporation MD *PM Bayas* (1983), Animal Husbandry Commissioner *SS Yadwadkar* (1983), Addl Commissioner of Sales Tax *MG Salvi* (1989), and Labour Commissioner *NJ Gajbhiye* (1989) have superannuated on 30 September 2003. The Association wishes them a happy and healthy post-retirement life.

Another book by P Abraham

Former member of the UPSC *P Abraham* (1962) has come out with another book: *Power Sector Reforms: Focus on Distribution*. It is a 294 page comprehensive and concise review of the present status of power sector industry and gives a roadmap for bringing reforms to their logical conclusion expeditiously for all round growth of our economy.

Songs Remembered

Shan Gurudev Singh (81), mother of former bureaucrat and Chairman MPSC *CD Singh* (1966) has just come out with her *Songs Remembered* (Translations of folk songs from Punjabi into English). With illustrations by Tito Singh Metge and published by the Flying Fig and Two Lions, USA, it is a beautiful book from a person of great feeling and understanding. The poet can be contacted on 022-22025952.

Dr V Subramanian: A Role Model Par Excellence

By S RAMAMOORTHY

Dr V Subramanian (1947) passed away on the morning of 29 September 2003. Having known him from my childhood on (our grandmothers were sisters), the various aspects of our deep association flash through my mind. He was a role model to one and all in our family.

He was born on 26 January 1919 and was educated at Don Bosco School, Elphinstone College and the Government Law College. He had an exceptionally brilliant academic career, standing first in MA and LLB exams of the University of Bombay and while at the University he won a number of prizes and scholarships. If I remember rightly, he was also a prizewinning debater in his college days. He served for some years as Civilian Ordnance Officer with the Military and then in the Legal Department of the Tatas, before joining the IAS.

After his training, he was initially posted to the Kannada speaking region of the composite Bombay State and developed a fluent command over the language and very often, in his later life, delighted in speaking in Kannada to those whose mother tongue it was. After some years, he was posted to the Cooperation Department where he came into close contact with eminent cooperators like Padmashri Vikhe Patil and Economists of the stature of Dr DR Gadgil. As the first Joint Registrar of Village Cooperatives, he took the lead in encouraging the development of rural industries on a cooperative basis, an experience that stood him in good stead when he became the CEO of the Khadi and Village Industries Commission (KVIC) after doing a stint as Deputy Textile Commissioner, Government of India under late Shri DS Joshi, ICS. In the KVIC, he worked closely with late Shri Vaikunthbhai Mehta, whom he adored and revered.

On reversion to the State Government he served for a short period as Commissioner of Sales Tax and later as Revenue Secretary to the Government during the drought years 1972-74. His tireless work to tackle the Maharashtra drought won him commendation, nationally and internationally.



Dr V Subramanian
(26.1.1919-29.9.2003)

His unique ability to express his warm appreciation to his subordinates for good work done spurred them on to work with even greater zeal and his letters of commendation were cherished more than any material reward. He brought out his experiences in handling the drought in his book *The Parched Earth* for which he was awarded the D. Litt. of the University of Bombay. His last assignment as a civil servant was as Planning Secretary from which post he retired in January 1977.

Even while he was in civil service, his deep interest in Music and Fine Arts brought him in close association with the *Shanmukhananda Sabha*. He was elected President of the *Sabha* in 1975, succeeding the Founder President Ramanujam. His popularity with the members of the *Sabha* ensured his repeated re-election till he stepped down voluntarily in 2001. But his association with the *Sabha* continued as President Emeritus.

Shortly after his retirement, he joined the Congress Party and contested successfully the Assembly Elections from the Matunga Constituency in 1980. He was re-elected in 1985. It is worthy of mention that even while contesting elections, he made no compromises with his principles and had no truck with the local dons who were said to control some local vote banks.

He was a Cabinet Minister during 1982-83 and again during 1985-88 and held various major portfolios, such as Finance, Planning, Urban Development, and Energy. He joined the galaxy of a few suc-

cessful civil servants like CD Deshmukh and SG Barve who entered politics after leaving the civil service and became Ministers.

His deep interest in Public Administration and organizing ability made him a natural choice for the Secretaryship of the Maharashtra Regional Branch of the IIPA in 1972 when it had become moribund and inactive. With all his other responsibilities he could still find time to re-activate that body. He could also find time to enter the Annual Essay Contest of the IIPA and win the first prize in 1973. He contested the elections to the Executive Committee of the Central IIPA in 1972 successfully and never lost election to that body since, whenever he contested thereafter. IIPA made him one of the four Vice Presidents in 1990, an honour usually reserved for the serving Chief Ministers and Governors.

His various institutional associations included the vice presidency of the Bombay Pradesh congress committee during 1983-1990, honorary directorship of the Jamnalal Bajaj Foundation from 1990 onwards, honorary directorship of the YB Chavan Prathishtan during 1994-98, Vice-chairmanship of the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi till his demise. The Kaivalyadharm Yogashram also benefited from his close association for nearly five decades.

All this description still does not give an idea of Dr Subramanian's affability and willingness to go out of his way to help people in need, total lack of ego and ability to put people at ease. He was at home equally with a Prime Minister and a peon. All doors were open to him. His doors were open to all. He kept in close touch with a large circle of friends, relatives and admirers. He hardly ever failed to attend a family function such as a marriage, wherever it was held.

Whenever he visited a city on tour, he would invariably find time to call on friends and relatives there or at least talk to them on the phone. I recall my school and college days in Chennai when he would pay surprise visits to us to enquire about our welfare. (Continued on page 4)

I owe a lot to my bosses and colleagues: JB D'Souza

Who doesn't know him? JB D'Souza is a household name. And rightly so because ever since he joined the IAS in 1947 after having worked as Naval Lieutenant, he came to be known as a committed bureaucrat with the unshakable belief that his responsibility was to the people he served. Always guided by his profound desire to serve the public interest first and foremost, he could skillfully steer policies past all obstacles. Even today, in his eighties, he makes his voice heard on important public issues without mincing words. And when he speaks, others listen and take note of what they must do. Nobody takes him lightly.

Essentially a public spirited man, he is a role model even today. His memoirs *No Trumpets or Bugles: Recollections of an Unrepentant Babu* reveal his rich personality. He is nostalgic about his bosses and colleagues. "I owe a lot to them," he admits to Editor Rameshchandra Kanade. Here are excerpts from his happy memories.

You must have come into contact with many remarkable persons and colleagues. Can you tell about some of them?

My earliest brush with the British ICS came when Philip Mason and I both helped out in a production of *Macbeth* in Delhi during World War II -- he as Banquo and I as an humble off-stage producer of thunder and weird sounds for the witch scenes. Off-stage, Mason was full of mischief and whisky. At work, he was a joint secretary in the war department, which he often represented in the central legislature. During the naval mutiny, it was he who told the assembly that there had not been much of a revolt in *HMIS India*, as the naval establishment at Delhi was called. Mason is best remembered for his splendid history of the Indian Civil Service: *The Men Who Ruled India: The Founders and The Guardians*, which he wrote after his retirement, under the pen name *Philip Woodruff*. It is perhaps the best contribution to Indian administrative history, a classic by any standard. Mason later wrote a history of the Indian army also.

Who else?

There was AD Gorwala. He set up Bombay's food rationing system during World War II, which still operates, though with falling efficiency. He quit soon after Independence, after differences with the ministers. He went on to publish, for years thereafter, a periodical newsletter, *Opinion*, which relentlessly exposed and flayed the government's frequent misdeeds. Once there was a lecture in Bombay by Sir Noel Hall. He was the Head of the Administrative Staff College at Henley in the UK, which was the model on which the central government set up the Administrative Staff College of India in Hyderabad. Sir Noel had come to see how well the new college was faring. In Bombay he tried to explain the relatively new management concepts imparted at Henley and now in Hyderabad. Gorwala who chaired the session, did not fail to say in his summing up, "We have heard so much about this new-fangled science of management training. In our time we ran the country simply by recruiting intelligent people into the ICS and letting them loose on their own in the districts. The system worked well." The room was dark so I was not able to get a glimpse of Sir Noel's reaction.

Any memories about SG Barve?

Oh, yes. He was by far the most competent and dedicated civil servant I was privileged to work with off and on for about eight years. I saw and also helped him deliver Poona from the consequences of the Panshet dam disaster. He quit the ICS prematurely. But the then Chief Minister YB Chavan put him in charge of operations, and he drove himself and us with his usual zest and skill, weaving his way through the strands of red tape in which his erstwhile colleagues tried to entangle him; they were steeped in the belief that relief had to be slow to be orderly. He had left the service to join the Congress, disgusted with the constraints and hurdles his colleagues placed in his way. A booklet he wrote on his retirement, *On the Threshold of the Congress*, had a precious cover showing a large bird escaping from a cage. Upon

which CD Deshmukh wrote to ask whether Barve was not leaving one cage for another! Barve won the election and became Maharashtra's finance minister and industries minister in turn. His experience as a politician had been far less satisfying than he had expected; it had saddened and embittered him. He was now confronted not only by an impervious civil service that had grown in hostility, but also by the wiles of politicians far more adept at their game than he. He was lonelier than ever.

What about your friend MW Desai?

How can I forget him? The lovable Madhu Desai joined the IAS with me in 1947. From the very start of his career, he combined an inability to say 'no' to any request, howsoever outlandish, a readiness to experiment with truth, and a total contempt for the book of rules, with a heart of gold. As collector of Banaskantha, he had left headquarters one evening to camp at a remote village some 100 km away. When he got there, he learned to his dismay that a village woman had been in labour for some considerable time, with no end in sight. At once he got her into his vehicle, drove all the way back to district headquarters and lodged her in the government hospital. After waking up the civil surgeon and instructing him to look after the poor lady, Madhu drove 100 km back to his camp. Later, as collector of Ahmednagar, he once had to cope with heavy floods that had ravaged a part of the district. Travelling the area affected to organize relief, he reached a spot where his car could go no further; the flood had submerged the road. The locals told him that a village was marooned on the far side of the flood. Without a moment's hesitation, he stripped and swam out through the river to comfort the villagers and organize help. His unorthodoxy was irrepressible.

[JB D'Souza (1944) resides at Amber Apartment, Behind Railway Club, Near Adl CP's office, Perry Cross Rd, Bandra (W), Mumbai and can be contacted on Ph: 022-56765374; bain@visnl.com].

She

By SP MOHONI

Getting to know her from near
Was the best thing to happen this year,
Everything about her outstanding
Competition notwithstanding

She knows not only to give
But also to forgive
Her dignified bearing a poise,
Her elegant taste and choice.

Her concern for the poor
As much as for the near 'n' dear
Her emphasis on etiquette 'n' manners
Are all her winners.

Yet, nothing with her is artificial
It comes so natural
Even her simple dress
Cannot but fail to impress.

Her sweet temper and brilliance
Has not spoilt her innocence
To describe her charming looks
You won't find words in books.

Her name itself Humility
Has only enhanced her authority
If anything still remains on my charter
I would love to have her as one more
daughter.

[Mr SP Mohoni (1957) resides at Buena Vista,
Gen Jagannath Bhosale Marg, Mumbai
400021 and can be contacted on: 022-
22028295].

Riddle

Why was Mr Rastogi selected to replace Mr Kharage as Deputy Commissioner of Sales Tax?

(Answer on page 6).

Bureaucratic musings

CK Mathew (1977), Principal Secretary to the Chief Minister Rajasthan, has just published his first novel. It has received favourable reviews in the *The Week*, *manoramaonline.com*, etc.

Barun Kumar Sahu (1992), Addl Secretary Manipur Tripura, has written an insightful book on bureaucracy *Amusing Anecdotes on Indian Red Tape*. It presents a humorous, yet realistic, account by an insider. The book contains 240 engrossing anecdotes on various aspects of bureaucracy. Written in a lucid and captivating style and with an eye on authenticity, the book does not fail to amuse, amaze and entertain readers.

Who says, bureaucrats can't write?

Dr V Subramanian: A Role Model Par Excellence

(Continued from page 2)

Once he was proceeding to Kanchipuram in his capacity as Vice chairman of the All India Handloom Board and invited me (I was in college then) to join him. To me, who had been confined to Chennai mostly, it was a fun trip! Shortly after I finished my studies, I was debating whether I should indicate the IFS as the preferred option, but he persuaded me that the IAS would be the better choice.

He was an evangelist of Yoga which he practiced regularly for over five decades. His wife and children also took to Yoga systematically. He was responsible for prevailing on the State Government to spare a room on the 7th Floor of the Mantralaya for Yoga instruction. This enabled Government servants working in Mantralaya to learn Yoga from expert instructors of the Kaivalyadham at concessional rates and without the strain of having to travel to the premises of the Kaivalyadham. Thanks to Yoga and his abstemious habits (he used to carry his own coffee-making kit with him whenever he went on tour), he led an active life right till his 84th birthday and for some days thereafter.

During the last year or so, he was working on a book on the evolution of Gandhiji's Thoughts. He had collected a

large volume of literature on Gandhiji and had even finished writing some chapters. But unfortunately, the work could not be completed due the sudden onset of ill-health.

Dr Subramanian had a superb command over the English language and wielded a facile pen. He contributed numerous articles and book articles to the IIPA Journal and other publications. Very often, in his speeches and writings, he could bring to bear a fresh point of view and find a relevant quotation from our ancient texts. His contribution to the 49th Annual issue of the Bhavan's Journal on his vision for India deserves a particular mention.

In all his varied activities, his wife of six decades, Dhanam (as he called her) was a constant companion and a source of great support. They were an ideal couple, devoted to each other. They intensely loved their children. Their son Dr Jayaram, daughters Dr Sita and Chitra have inherited several warm human qualities of their parents.

Dr Subramanian had his share of personal tragedies, among which may be mentioned the loss of his eldest son, Ashok, in 1970. The *Karmayogi* that he was, Dr Subramanian drowned his sorrow in work and derived solace from it.

Around the middle of February this year, he suddenly fell ill and was hospitalized, for the first time in his life. He was found to have a malignant growth in the stomach and was operated upon. He seemed to recover and started attending to his duties at the Bajaj Foundation. He had to undergo surgery for removal of the prostate in August 2003 and was again hospitalized in September 2003 when it was discovered that the malignancy had not been arrested. The end came peacefully at his residence in the morning of 29 September.

In his demise, we who knew him personally and the various institutions that benefited from his active support and wise counsel will be missing a multifaceted personality, the like of whom one only sees rarely.

Our heartfelt condolences on this occasion go to his wife, Smt Dhanam, his son Dr Jayaram, daughters Dr Sita and Chitra, daughter-in-law Dr Jayalakshmi, son-in-law Dr Raju, grandchildren Kapil, Kanchana, Kartik and Smriti and other members of his family. May his soul rest in peace!

[S Ramamoorthi (1959) is former Chief Secretary and neighbour of late Dr V Subramanian in Buena Vista, Gen Jagannath Bhosale Marg, Mumbai 400021. He can be contacted on 022-22029726; sramamoorthi@hotmail.com].

The Indians Who Ruled Men: Part III

By SUMIT K MAJUMDAR

In my first two pieces I started with what might almost be construed a paean of praise for the Indian members of the ICS. This praise may or may not be deserved. The facts and stories that might or might not generate approbation are yet to be revealed as administrative biographies. I had promised statistics and facts. So, the basic question is: *What was the make up of the 666 Indians in the ICS?*

Answering the question is not easy. The requirement of a classification scheme is paramount as it provides an intellectual framework with which to look at the data. For the purposes of understanding how the 666 were distributed over time, I divide the period of the ICS batches, from 1863 to 1943, into four categories. Of course, there are many possibilities for categorization. I let the historical facts generate the classification scheme by looking at stages in the evolution of India within the overall context of the world.

To summarize in a tabular form, the distribution of Indian ICS officers across generations is as under:

Generation	Years	Title	No.
I	1863-92	Pioneers	25
II	1893-1919	Settlers	105
III	1920-39	Consolidators	483
IV	1940-43	Bridge Builders	53
Total			666

As shown in the Table, 25 Indians admitted into the ICS were the *pioneers* as they belonged to the first generation. The choice of 1892 is somewhat arbitrary (I chose it simply because by that year the first 25 Indians had joined the ICS and almost thirty years had elapsed!) This was a period long enough for an inter-generation transition to happen.

The members of the second generation, the *settlers*, belonged to the period 1893 to 1919. The year 1893 as a starting point is again arbitrary. In that year only one Indian made it to the ICS. In 1894, however, six Indians, the largest

ICS batch to date, joined the ICS. In this period 105 Indians made it to the ICS.

I have not done research on the following topic, and it is an issue worth following up by those interested. For a period in the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s, however, the age limit for entry into the ICS had been reduced. Thus, only if you were between 19 and 21 years of age, did you stand a chance of getting in. This, quite obviously, put the Indian contingent competing at the exams at a major disadvantage. The average Indian graduate was at least 20 or 21 years of age when he went to England to sit for the ICS exam. He could hardly compete if the age bar was already in effect. This was an extremely sore point with the Indian nationalist leaders of the late 19th century; and with good reason too! Even though entry by Indians was permitted, rules were made to be quite discriminatory. Subsequently, the age limit may have been raised back to 21 in the early 1890s, as a consequence of which six Indians joined in 1894. (Perhaps IAS old timers, especially those in the personnel area, may know details of ICS age limits over time; or research may reveal the specifics and thus make my choice of the 1892 cut-off less than arbitrary!)

Several issues arise with the choice of the third period. By the end of the Victorian era, and the first two decades of the 20th century, the Indian ICS officers were settling the territory which had been comprehensively surveyed and carved out by their *pioneer* predecessors. A number of individuals among the *pioneers* had stellar careers. They had generally staked out a claim for professionalism in the governance of their own homestead. The *pioneers* turned over the homestead to those who would become *settlers* of the territory.

The choice of a 1919 cut-off is more rooted in institutional and historical facts. Remember that 1909 was the year of the *Minto-Morley Reforms*, that 1911 was when the capital moved from Calcutta to Delhi, and 1912 was the year when consequent to re-organization Bengal was re-united and the separate province of Bihar and Orissa created. The year 1919 was one of tragedy, when

not only the extraordinarily ghastly and utterly despicable *Jallianwalla Bagh* episode happened, but also of triumph and the culmination of political processes yielding a degree of self-governance to Indians, when the first Indian, *Lord Sinha*, became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India in London. Both these events were signals of an empire undergoing a fundamental transition. The period 1914-18 had also been one when the World War I took place.

As a result of the Great War, the number of younger British men in the ICS was decimated. Several individuals, who normally after university would have joined the ICS, instead perished on the fields of Flanders and elsewhere in thousands. A generation of young men who would have contributed to the governance of Britain and her empire became war statistics. This made available opportunities for Indian ICS officers of the *settlers* generation to take on the tasks of governing India.

Along with the institutional changes that were taking place in the organization of Indian governance, the second generation ICS Indians found several new challenges that could exploit their *métier*. The biggest collection of knight-hoods, an honour not lightly given, belongs to the Indian ICS of this generation. Among the luminaries are Sir Alibion Banerjee, Sir Jyotsna Ghoshal, Sir Atul Chatterjee, Sir Joseph Bhowe, Sir Sarat Ghose, Sir Jagdish Prasad, Sir Ardeshir Dalal, Sir Janardan Madan, Sir Jagannath Sathe, Sir Naoroji Wadia, Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, Sir Gurunath Bhowe, Sir Sonti Venkat Ramamurti, Sir Benegal Rama Rau, Sir Satyendra Nath Ray, Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, Sir Pheroze Khareghat, Sir Chandulal Trivedi, Sir Chintaman Deshmukh and Sir Akbar Hydari.

The World War I also created a huge supply gap in the ICS that was then filled in a substantial way by Indians of the 3rd generation. This generation I call the *consolidators* as the period of (Continued on page 6)

In the Wonderland of EsselWorld & Water Kingdom

By JYOTSNA SAHAI

On 27 September 2003, we had a wonderful visit to the EsselWorld and Water Kingdom at Gorai beach organized by the IAS Officers' Association. The day-long outing was attended by many.

It took us two hours to reach Gorai beach. Although the journey was long, we did not realize it because of excellent entertainment by the members of our group. From there we crossed the creek by a ferry. It was a new experience to travel in the vast open sea-like creek. As soon as we reached EsselWorld, we were given red bands to tie on our wrists for easy identification by their staff.

When we reached there we could not believe that there is such a beautiful place so close to Mumbai! It is full of trees, bushes, mini-train, mini-cars, swings, slides, pool, waterfalls, water slides, towers, vending stalls, etc. On arrival there,

we were welcomed by persons dressed as cartoons.

We enjoyed rides in the mini-train, mini-car, spacecraft and merry-go-round. My Dad and I had a ride in the merry-go-round. It turned upside down and for a while I got scared but now I am confident that I can have a ride on the merry-go-round on my own.

My sister and I went in the Wetlantic for a swim. The idea of making such an adventurous pool is marvelous. The waves which were created artificially gave me an impression of being in a boat sailing in the sea. Once I entered the pool, I did not feel like coming out although my legs were paining. There was no chance of the clean water of the pool causing any infection. We enjoyed a lot over there. We played various games and also won some prizes. We had our lunch

and snacks there. It rained in between, adding to the pleasure.

We returned in the evening. The return journey was by mini-train, then by ferry and lastly by a coach.

I will cherish the memory of this pleasant trip for a long time and narrate this experience to my classmates and others. I thank the organizers for this memorable visit. I would like to go again for such trips with a group. In a group we come close to each other and learn a lot from each other. After all, does that achieve harmony?

[Jyotsna (10), daughter of Industries Commissioner Bhagwan Sahai (1986) is our youngest writer. Her travelogue will enliven our memories of the trip. Jyotsna is studying in standard V in the GD Somani Memorial School, Cuffe Parade, Mumbai. She can be contacted on: 022-22844581].

The Indians Who Ruled Men: III (Continued from page 5)

consolidation of the positions, in the active task of governance of their own country, of Indians in the ICS is from 1920 to 1939. This is when mass *Indianization* of the ICS happened. In that time, 483 Indians were admitted into the ICS. At independence many of the older *consolidators* had the background to become Ambassadors, Chief Secretaries, Commissioners and Secretaries in a free India. Taking charge was hardly a problem.

From the 1920 ICS batch, HD Bhanot was Chief Secretary of the Punjab, MD Bhat was Chief Secretary of Bombay, KBL Seth was Chief Secretary of Madhya Pradesh, SN Mazumdar was Chairman of DVC, HS Malik was Ambassador to France and CN Chandra was Rehabilitation Secretary in New Delhi. From the 1921 ICS batch came S Sen as Chief Secretary of West Bengal, BR Sen as Ambassador to the United States, YN Sukthankar as Commerce Secretary, KPS Menon as Foreign Secretary and NR Pillai as the first Cabinet Secretary. The younger ones were Collectors and Deputy Commissioners.

The 1920 ICS batch of Indians is singularly unique. In 1920 the recruitment of Indians in the ICS shot up from hitherto single digit annual numbers to 38. Thereafter, it fell back to smaller

numbers, for a time, though in double digits and single digit recruitment again took place only in 1942 and 1943. The 1920 batch of ICS Indians was larger than the 1949 batch of IAS regular recruits that my father joined! It was, however, not the largest batch of Indians in the ICS. The 1930 batch had that distinction, with 40 Indian members.

The ICS Indians who joined the 1920 batch were not selected on the basis of competitive examinations, as had mostly happened in the past. After Independence a number of war service recruits (many of whom were originally given appointment letters to the ICS) and emergency recruits were admitted into the service based on selection interviews alone, rather than examinations. The 1920 batch recruitment process had followed similar lines to make up numbers. The jump of recruits to 38, from 8 the previous year, was not only to *Indianize* the service but also to counteract the mass shortfall in available British recruits.

The last competitive examination took place in England for the 1939 batch. Then, after the outbreak of the World War II, competitive examinations were held in India only for the 1940 to 1943 batches. One can consider the 1939 batch as bringing to a close the British

period in the ICS, and the 1940 to 1943 batches as building the bridges to a new India.

In fact, very few British recruits joined in the 1940 to 1943 period, though selection interviews were being held in London for this purpose. A number of Indians who were in England during that period were recruited into the ICS based on selection interviews alone. Accordingly, I classify the 1940 to 1943 batches, consisting of 53 individuals, as the *bridge builders*. The decade of the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s saw these *bridge builders*, the fourth generation Indian ICS officers, such as BP Bagchi, NK Mukharji, MG Pimputkar, HN Ray, DD Sathe, MM Sen and MR Yardi, all of whom will be remembered by IAS old timers around, as very active participants in Indian administration and governance.

[Sumit K. Majumdar, son of Mr AK Majumdar (1949) is now a known writer. He can be contacted on majumdar@utdallas.edu].

Answer to the riddle

Because the Commissioner of Sales Tax must have development (*Vikas*), either from *Vikas Kharage* or *Vikas Rastogi*!

An Asana a Day Keeps Old Age at Bay

By REVATHY GOPAL

One of the most joyous experiences I have had recently has been learning yoga all over again. Not being a terribly physical person, walking has been the only 'serious' exercise I have bothered about and as a consequence, my backside has become a formidable sum of all my parts. Someone compared my figure once to the old fertility image of prehistory, and he was not trying to be kind.

My father used to be a great yoga buff; my earliest memory is of him standing on his head, without using a wall for support. That was part of our childhood landscape, as of his spinning on the *charkha* and going off early in the morning to run round the Oval *maidan*. Whether we pick up our parents' better qualities is a matter of pure chance, I guess.

At any rate, he never made a serious effort to interest us in yoga; having three daughters must have seemed too depressing, and he left our upbringing to my daughter.

Whatever youthful elasticity I may have had once has diminished over the years, through crises in childbirth, surgery and plain indolence.

My idea of a vigorous workout was to move from refrigerator to kitchen, to heat up my plate at least six times a day. I occasionally run to catch a bus, and on weekends, we walk a desultory half-kilometre, before getting down to the serious business of din-dins.

A couple of months ago, my gorgeous friend Usha Sundaram whom I have known for the last 25 years, persuaded me to accompany her to her yoga class. Usha is tall and quite stunning and has a crazy sense of honour. I have watched with interest as over the last year, she has slimmed and redefined her entire personality. I accompanied her one evening to Laburnum Street, which is one of those charming lanes off Huges Road, tree-lined and with quiet, aristocratic, two and three-storied Gujarati homes.

The class is held in the outhouse of one of these old homes, just behind August Krati *maidan*, by Pheroza Ali, who has been a student of BK Iyengar

ever since she was twelve or thirteen. Pheroza's incredible lighthness and grace, her smiling yet utterly serious approach to getting women in their forties to bend and stretch beyond their initial capacities, allowing for the reluctance of too stolid flesh to submit to her kindly but implacable rule, made me so ashamed of my slothful habits that I straightway clamoured to join up. Of course, when I went home and told the family, they hooted for about ten minutes and then told me that finally what they had always feared had happened. I must have flipped.

There are just about ten of us in the class. There is a lot of laughter as we propel our menopausal and arthritic bodies through the *asanas*, designed to stretch our spines and open our chests, then hang upside down from the ropes on the wall.

Undoubtedly, all that blood rushing to our heads, and the deep breathing drills, rewarded by the deep relaxation that follows as we lie in *shavasana* at the end of the class, give us a real high, and we are usually laughing like hyenas as we prepare to go home through the six o'clock traffic. It is stupid, I know to wish that this process of rejuvenation had begun much earlier. I may not have been receptive enough, or disgusted enough with myself to have acquiesced to Usha's persuasion. Long years of inertia have made me basically passive, even hostile to prolonged physical exertion; I feel now that a great gust of fresh air has blown into my life, and I look ahead to each class with excitement and anticipation. Each class sees me just that tiny bit more flexible, apparent perhaps to no one but myself. Just last week, I was able to perform the *sarvangasana* without help from Pheroza, and from there quite naturally to the *halasana*, I have not had such a sense of achievement in years.

I think I had subconsciously resigned myself to lapsing into a middle-age decline, instead of sharpening my still-embryonic powers; it is all in the mind with a little help from willing matter; and yes, some friendly persuasion.

With all the zeal of the neo-convert, I go about recommending yoga to everyone who crosses my path. The BK Iyengar school is not easy to follow. No gain without pain, says Pheroza. And if the pain in knee and thigh and the small of your back is more than you can take, it is probably a warning of future disease. But the reward at the end of the day is the glimmer of awakening awareness that we all seek at some point in our lives, and which some of us never find.

[Ms Revathy Gopal, wife of Mr VS Gopalakrishnan (1962), is an accomplished writer and poet. Already known to our readers, she resides at Priya, Worli Sea Face, Mumbai and can be contacted on 022024936429].

What makes our life full?

If a, b, c, d, ..., x, y, z equal 1, 2, 3, 4, ..., 24, 25, and 26, respectively, then *hard work* = 98; *knowledge* = 96; *luck* = 47. What makes 100? Money? Leadership? Health? No! It's *attitude*. It is our attitude towards life and work that makes our life full because *attitude* = 100.

Answers to the Brainteasers in the September 03 issue of Harmony

1. If you place four black queens at (3,4), (4,6), (5,5), (8,1) and a black bishop at (6,2), they will control the entire board.
2. Maximum four space stations can be put on the moon so that they are at the same distance away from every other station on the moon.
3. From the word 'dozens' if you subtract the letter 's', twelve will still remain!
4. 'Typewriter' is the longest English word you can make using only the letters from the first row of a keyboard (QWERTYUIOP). (Don't say we didn't tell you that you could use the letters more than once!)

No correct entry was received. Hence there was no winner.

The Bond of Letters

By SV JOSHI

Events trigger words. Words trigger 'letters'. Letters trigger emotions. Emotions bring people together, even people who have not met before.

Truly, a written word is more potent than the spoken word. While personal physical presence may cause awkwardness in the spoken word and therefore often leave many things said or unsaid, written word, fortunately, does not suffer from any of these damaging dimensions. It can create bonds that can be everlasting, as can be illustrated with three personal letters from my life:

Letter 1: New Delhi, 12 April 1991

To Rev. Sister Colombiere, Principal, St Anne's High School, Fort, Bombay.

Dear Sister Colombiere,

With a heavy heart, I had to decide to withdraw my daughter Prajakta Joshi who is studying in St Anne's School in standard IX. We were looking forward to her completing standard X too from this School. But my transfer to Delhi has left me with no option but to request her withdrawal from the School.

We became members of St Anne's family two years ago when Prajakta joined the School in standard VIII. As our association with the School grew, our respect and affinity increased manifold. We felt the satisfaction of having been able to entrust our child into the best hands.

Attaining excellence through devotion, dedication, discipline and hard work is the motto of the School. Sister, you have been the moving spirit in this ceaseless endeavour to help every girl rise to her fullest potential and make her most capable of shouldering more and more responsibilities in future. Your leadership has generated a team of dedicated teachers and staff in whose every action the well-being of the girl child is reflected. Your non-compromising attitude, proper maintenance and cleanliness of the School building have made the experience of visiting the School the most pleasant.

Every activity of the School, whether it is parents' meeting of newly admitted

students, sports competition or annual day, has left mark on our minds because of the systematic planning and flawless execution.

When I called on you a few days ago and requested you to give Prajakta a certificate pending the declaration of annual results to enable us to secure admission in a Delhi school where new academic session begins in April, you were kind enough to dictate a letter instantly and it was in my hands in just few minutes. I was deeply moved by the consideration shown and highly impressed by the speed and efficiency. We will be living in much better India if every one of us performs his duties with such zeal and sense of purpose.

Prajakta is still not reconciled to leaving this school and hopes for a miracle to happen so that she could continue in the school.

If I could do something for the school, I would consider it my great privilege.

Yours sincerely, SV Joshi.

Letter 2: Bombay, 16 April 1991

Dear Mr Joshi,

Thank you for the very kind letter dated 12 April. All I could do after reading it was thank God for so rewarding the hours and days and weeks and months and years of loving effort that have gone into these 22 years I have been in St Anne's. It is more than true that children are my life.

However, it takes time and true appreciation to sit down and put on paper all the detailed observations you have made of the school and of my involvement in it and for this I thank you. Quite a few parents have learnt to say thank you before leaving St Anne's but a very few would take the trouble to write such a detailed letter.

We are sorry to lose Prajakta. She began to blossom here and it is truly sad that in the best years of her childhood she has been denied what we are so happy to give our students. Tell her that once a student passed through my hands she and

her family remain in my prayers. Ask Prajakta to keep in touch with me.

Thank you once again, dear Mr Joshi for your very kind letter. I myself feel like you, but if each of us had a sense of purpose in life, what we would create on earth!

May God bless you and yours everyday anew.

With kind and personal regards.

Yours sincerely, Sister Colombiere.

Letter 3: Mussoorie, 24 June 1991

Dear Prajakta,

Thank you for your letter. I reply to it so that you may know and also tell your dad that after 22 years in St Anne's, I also have been transferred. I am now at Headquarters in Pune. My superiors have given me a year off. I will plan my next career and take a couple of courses abroad to prepare myself.

I naturally never told anyone that I would not be in St Anne's the next year. A farewell would have been very painful. I stayed in St Anne's during the month of May and left everything in order and then took my plane on the 30th May.

Mussoorie is beautiful. Wherever your eyes move, they rest on beauty. From the ranges of the eternal snows to the flowers growing wild everywhere. But I am still very tired. I will be here till the end of July. I am also sorry that you did not finish your last year in St Anne's. You would have grown immensely. However, for you and for me, let us accept our lives as God directs them. Everything else passes.

Give my kind regards to your parents. My love and blessings to you. I'll pray for you and your family everyday. Affectionately, Rev. Sister Colombiere.

[Dr Suresh Joshi (1970) is Principal Secretary (Housing). A man of many interests, he displays his sensitivity to human values. He lives at Suniti, Near Sachivalaya Gymkhana, Gen Jagannath Bhosale Marg, Mumbai 400021 and can be contacted on 022-22023036; 22022859; 9821525427].