

MLA NEHRU MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



Kamla Nehru memorial hospital has got a glorious history associated with struggle for independence. Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, although born at Agra, was settled at Allahabad as a lawyer by profession. He had a strong patriotic feeling and used to take part in freedom movements.

During those days, freedom fighters involved in the movement usually injured and for their treatment a dispensary was managed by ladies of Nehru family including kamala Nehru. Very soon this dispensary attained the status of a small hospital, with 24 beds and public from surrounding area in general started coming to it.

As Swaraj Bhawan was the main centre for activities of freedom movement, the British Government banned all the activities within its premises and consequently, the hospital too was remain closed for some time although patients were provided some treatment under open air at a nearby place.

In 1932, the hospital started refunctioning and its management was shouldered by kamala Nehru. In 1935 Kamala Nehru fell ill and ultimately died at Switzerland. During her illness, out of sentiments, Mahatma Gandhi promised her to make all efforts to continue the hospital started by her. As Mahatma Gandhi has already promised kamala Nehru to establish a hospital, he made all efforts for it and on 19th November 1939 laid the foundation stone and ultimately inaugurated the institution on 28th February 1941 on the day of fifth death anniversary of kamala Nehru. As with the history of other institutions, the hospital had only 40 beds at that time out of which 24 beds were allotted for poor patients for free medical care Dr. (Mrs.) Satyapriya Mazumdar was the first superintendent of the hospital. Since then this hospital is continuously making all-round progress. In 1949, the cancer wing of the hospital was inaugurated by Shri C. Raj Gopalachari, the first Governor General of India.

The cancer wing was further expanded and inaugurated by the then Vice President of India Dr. S. Radha Krishnan in 1959 and the hospital was equipped with most modern diagnostic and radiotherapy unit at that time and ultimately in 1994, the Government of india recognized kNMH as a regional cancer centre (RCC). In 1964,

the hospital was associated with M.L.N. Medical College, Allahabad for teaching and clinical purpose in obstetrics and gynaecology. The hospital has also got one associated Kamala Nehru Memorial Rural Hospital. The Foundation stone of the hospital was laid by Sri Rajiv Gandhi, the then Prime minister of India and President of Kamala Nehru memorial hospital society. At this hospital, a community oncology section has also been established since 2003. The hospital has also been recognized as regional institute of mother and Child health by Government of India and Aids surveillance centre by National Aids control organization in 1993.

Dr. Vatsala Samant was the medical superintendent of KNMH from 1942 to 1972. She was awarded Padma Shree in 1972 for her outstanding contributions. Having worked for a long time with her, Professor Krishna Mukherjee is Additional director (medical) of this institution since her retirement in 2000 as Principal and dean of Moti Lal Nehru medical College, Allahabad. The hospital is now known for its excellent health care services in the field of obstetrics and Gynaecology, Neonatology and Paediatrics, surgery, Pathology, microbiology, radiation, oncology, medical Physics and RIA, Anaesthesia, radio diagnosis and imaging.

The department of obstetrics and gynaecology was established in 1961 at Kamala Nehru Memorial Hospital under the headship of Dr. V. Sawant. Postgraduation was started in 1965.

The best and worst of times

Indian families from across the social divides describe how their lives have changed

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- [The Guardian](#), Tuesday 14 August 2007
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(Excerpt)

The Srivastavas

By most definitions, 33-year-old Akshat Srivastava embodies the Indian dream. Ten years ago he left university in Mumbai with a business management degree, high hopes and empty pockets. He set up a leather business, importing the raw material from Europe.

After two years, he got itchy feet and travelled around Hong Kong and Korea until he ran out of cash. He returned to India, lived with his mother, and tried and failed to start an airline before heading to London "on a whim" and, with a college friend, started an outsourcing company. "We had no money and zero experience. I was fresh off the boat. We'd just put on suits and go cold-calling."

Today the business makes £1.5m a year and employs 250 people transcribing documents for doctors and lawyers, insurance, utility and pharmaceutical companies across Europe. Akshat has made enough money to house himself, his mother and grandmother in a minimalist penthouse in a leafy part of Pune, one of India's fastest-growing cities.

As a boy, his exposure to the world west of India was limited to episodes of Faulty Towers and whatever his American cousins would bring on visits. "We'd want to know what brand of shoes they were wearing. They'd bring over Hubba Bubba and Wrigley's gum for their poor country cousins." These days, he shuttles between continents. In the past, an Indian passport at a western immigration desk was an embarrassment. "There was a feeling of stigma about being an Indian. Today our confidence has grown."

Akshat attended one of Delhi's elite public schools and, as for many upper-middle-class Indians, English is as much his mother tongue as Hindi, the family's Indian language. Unlike older generations of his class, however, he chooses to speak Hindi with his peers. "I'm confident about speaking Hindi. In our offices we always speak it. It's just being yourself." Later this month, he will marry his old school friend, Nirupama, a corporate lawyer. The match is of their own choosing.

While Akshat is amazed by the pace of India's economic growth, he says it has regressed in regard to religious tolerance. "Today the Hindu fundamentalists are so bold. They're not ashamed of being right-wing. There's so much hate against minority communities in India today."

This was exactly what his grandmother had hoped would never happen in India. **Vatsala Samant**, now 97, was a teenager when she decided to drop out of medical school for a year in 1929 to join Gandhi's nonviolent protest against the British tax on salt. She fell under the spell of Jawaharlal Nehru, then a rising star of the independence movement. "I gave him my autograph book and he wrote, 'Live dangerously,' " she says.

Vatsala took Nehru at his word. For the next few years she could be found either in jail or at the head of a protest. "When I was a girl India had a high moral position in the world, there were ideals: honesty, selflessness and no corruption," she says. "That has all gone."

When Vatsala finally graduated she became a gynaecologist, and Nehru entrusted her with the running of a hospital his family had started in Allahabad. Her close association with Nehru and his family meant that Vatsala knew every member of the Gandhi clan who was prime minister: Nehru, his daughter Indira Gandhi and her son Rajiv. "I was treated like a member of the family."

This family connection helped when Vatsala's daughter, Sasmeeta Srivastava, found herself widowed at the age of 40. Alone and with two young boys to bring up, Sasmeeta turned to her mother for advice and help; Vatsala rang up Rajiv, the then prime minister of India, and asked for a job for her daughter. Rajiv and Sasmeeta had, after all, grown up together in Allahabad.

"Mummy spoke to Rajiv to see if he could give me an assignment," says Sasmeeta, now 63. India during that time was definitely a place where connections mattered, and Sasmeeta ended up chairing an Indian government agency. After Rajiv Gandhi

was assassinated, she joined a thinktank bearing his name.

Raekha Prasad

In the Afternoon of Time: An Autobiography

By Harivansh Rai Bachchan

For a Handful of Silver He Left Us

Our immediate need was to get hold of money from somewhere.

The university opened on July 10, and I received one thousand rupees as the two months' summer vacation salary due to me. But regrettably the university's attitude towards me was, if not actually obstructive, unsympathetic and negligent. Even my head of department did not want me to get the summer salary, preferring to give it to my temporary replacement, as might well have happened had I not re-joined the university on the very day it opened; in a letter to me in Cambridge he said at four different places that the university opened on the 13th, hoping to achieve his purpose by delaying my arrival.

A new reader was to be appointed in the department that year. After my return I learned that it had been filled on the basis of formal seniority, conveniently satisfying the nepotistic urge, the vice-chancellor and head of department both being of the same caste as the candidate! Was the promotion not hurried through because I would certainly have been a strong candidate with my Cambridge PhD?

My head of department saw my presence in the university as detrimental to the prospects of others awaiting promotion, whose number included a relative of his. He praised my achievement at Cambridge, calling me the second Indian to gain a doctorate at Cambridge, but regretted that promotions were made according to chronological superiority—he occupied his own chair on precisely this principle, and doubtless wished to save others from the same ill fortune! He suggested to me that I would be eligible for a department headship in any university,

and promised his support for any such application. Despite seeing through his transparent plot to remove me from the department, I made a show of gratitude.

I was reluctant to leave Allahabad, my home town for several generations. I also felt no small attachment to the university itself, which formed a link between my early years of struggle and the relatively comfortable life I was now leading; and I also felt some pride in being one of few people in the university who belonged to the town: most were 'pseudo Allahabadis' from Kanpur or Gorakhpur or Bombay. I wanted my children to grow up on the Allahabad soil which had nurtured my family since Mansa's day. But now I found that my alma mater, whom I had remembered so fondly even while in Cambridge, no longer wished to foster this worthy son of hers. At every step the department made me feel unwelcome, and the only person really to congratulate me on my PhD was Dr Dastoor, who came visiting with his newly-wed wife. Many of my colleagues had formed a very distorted view of life abroad, and greeted me with a 'So you must have had a wonderful time!' A young member of the department, Mr Iqbal Ahmed, had visited England for nine months before I went, and had come back with juicy tales of Hyde Park, the Serpentine, and rendezvous with the nocturnal ladies of Soho—stories to which our sex-starved colleagues listened with mouths agape to catch a drop or two of his descriptions. Iqbal Sahib had since left for Pakistan, but the echoes of his narratives still resounded behind him.

None of the so-called scholars around me showed any interest in my work or asked about my thesis. The education ministry had agreed to meet half the publication costs if the university met the other half, but my head of department would not take up a Cambridge thesis while Allahabad theses lay unpublished. I was not even invited to contribute articles or extra-mural lectures on my work, and when I gave a lecture on 'India and Yeats' at the invitation of the Rotary Club, I don't remember any university colleagues being present. They made light of my degree and did not even refer to me as 'Dr Bachchan': to them I was still just Bachchanji, the Hindi poet. Against my

will, all these reactions led me to begin considering a move away if the opportunity arose.

In July, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru came to Allahabad. The news, 'Panditji has come', would send a wave of excitement rushing through the town, with queues of cars, tongas, rickshaws and ikkas thronging the Anand Bhawan driveway. As Panditji had been partially responsible for funding my trip to Cambridge, I had already informed him of its successful outcome. I was glad to find that he had not forgotten me: he invited Teji and me to dinner one evening, and his warm welcome made it clear that the disregard he had shown me in Cambridge was a thing of the past. Though he said nothing specific, he seemed pleased with my success, and he congratulated Teji with the particular warmth he showed towards women. His smile indicated that he now saw how false were the rumours about us that had reached his ears, and I recalled my words to him in Cambridge: 'The truth will come out eventually.'

There was just a small group at the dinner-table: **Dr Samant** of the Kamala Nehru Hospital, Shyam Kumari Khan and her husband Jamil Ahmed Khan, and the two of us, sitting on either side of Panditji. It was the mango season, and as the meal came to an end, he sliced some mangoes for us and said, 'You won't have had these in Cambridge!' He was himself a Cambridge alumnus, and a holder of an honorary doctorate from there, and seemed happy to have this additional connection with me. He asked about my research, and when I talked of the theosophists, he recalled the weekly meetings held by Annie Besant and Madame Blavatsky in the old 'Anand Bhawan', his childhood home next door. The interest he showed in my thesis did much to offset the indifference of my colleagues. He was keen to help me get a promotion, and asked me about my present salary; I had heard that he had been looking out for a suitable post for me in Delhi, and Prabhakar Machwe had sent me a doodle that Panditji had drawn during a Sahitya Akademi meeting, showing my name with a sunburst around it, and rain falling below!

Sometimes financial exigency makes one do things that one regrets later. I thank God that I did not yield to any such

temptation. Satyendra Athaiya, a former student of Allahabad university, had gone to Bombay after graduating to try his luck in films. He told me to write film songs and make an instant fortune. When I declined he said I was making a big mistake and that my principles would be the end of me. I replied that I had no objection to anyone using songs I had already composed, but that I would never write to order, fitting a given mood and a given rhythm. Since Amitabh has been involved in cinema, several of my compositions have been taken up for films, making people think that I now write film songs. But this is not the case at all.

Then, a publisher in Allahabad hounded me to write a school textbook on the basis of my status in both Hindi and English: he said that three years in a high school or inter syllabus would bring me money hand over fist. I recited a couplet by Rahim:

Rahim, don't let the larger things
obliterate the small:
The needle suits a task for which
the sword's no use at all.³⁵

He didn't understand what I was getting at, and I had to spell it out for him. Finally he said that if I would just lend my name to the project, he would get the work done by someone else; I laughed and said that my name was all I had and was not for sale. He never came back to me.

When the poetry I had written abroad came back from the typist, I sorted the metrical poems from the free verse ones and left them on the desk with my thesis, where this concrete evidence of my research and creativity would reward my occasional glance. My publisher was saying that since I had published nothing for four years, there would be a great demand for anything I brought out now, but I simply could not bring myself to make the selection, which was like rearranging the bricks of a half-built house. Finally this task was undertaken by my favourite ex-student, Onkar Nath Srivastava, who would sift my files with great enthusiasm. Onkar made a selection of

days passed deep in thought. Then suddenly I remembered the vow that I had made with Balraj Sahni and Mr Alkazi, and resolved to translate a Shakespeare play. The successful translation of some masterpiece is as significant a task as original writing, and the enhancement of my translation skills would benefit my official work; and my translation would also demonstrate what Hindi was capable of. I decided on *Macbeth*, preferring always to begin with the hardest task and work towards the easier, and I determined to write a stageable version that would preserve the poetry of the original. I made experimental translations of several key passages in the search for a Hindi metre with the flexibility and emotional range of the English iambic pentameter, and finally settled on *rola*, a metre with 24 *matras* or 'beats' to the line. Despite the relentless ministry work, I completed the translation in six months, and on November 14 1956—Panditji's birthday—I presented him with a cleanly-typed copy, dedicating it to him with a note that asked him to read the translation 'with a little interest and much sympathy'.

After the mechanical translation of official documents, I knew once more the pleasure and peace of mind that only creative writing can bring; I had discovered myself again after a long time. Coming home tired from the day's work at the office and sitting late into the night with Shakespeare for company was like bathing in a clear pond of cool water. But as I sank more deeply into the work, Teji's health grew steadily worse, (though she did her best to hide it): whenever I attempt any creative work, something always occurs to disrupt it, just as a demon always sniffs out the place where a sacred rite is being held. I knew no good doctors in Delhi, the last one having merely diagnosed mental tension and prescribed sleeping tablets. Homoeopathic treatment only exacerbated the problem. Teji's allergy and asthma seemed to alternate, the one getting worse when the other eased. I thought that if her problems had mental causes, then we should find ways of distracting her, and I tried to interest her in my *Macbeth* translation; she liked it immensely, and we would read it together, I taking the male roles and she the female. We began

of Hanuman's strong body and firm resolve spoke to Teji, wearied in limb and heart by her year-long illness, and she took refuge in his protection.

Though the historic fact may be that Hindus in medieval times buried many sacred images in order to preserve them from the iconoclasm of Muslim rulers, thousands of temples from Rajasthan to Bengal house images said to be 'self-manifest'. Such a deity—a fine image of Hanuman—came to light during the earth-levelling that preceded the construction of Vinay Marg, the road linking the Ashoka Hotel and Chanakyapuri. Devotees in their thousands began coming to worship the image, and an aged Brahmin who had cleared the area of rocks and stones made a water offering to the image every morning; his was the voice that we heard from our flat. Later, a proper temple was built on the site, and Teji would always stop to make her obeisance when we drove down Vinay Marg; she also observed a 'salt fast' every Tuesday—the day sacred to Hanuman—and would read the 'Sundarkand', Hanuman's chapter of the *Ramcharitmanas*, just as my mother had done. Teji's devotion to Hanuman restored her will-power and self confidence.

Since homoeopathy had done nothing for Teji, we reverted to allopathic treatment and consulted a friend of Teji's, **Dr Vatsala Samant**, a gynaecologist from **Allahabad**. After a thorough examination (how strange that every specialist seems to find symptoms of his or her own specialism!), **Dr Samant** diagnosed some kind of uterine infection, and that this lay behind the allergy and the breathing difficulties also. She recommended a hysterectomy, which was certain to bring about a general improvement in health. The operation took place in July in Kamala Nehru Hospital, **Allahabad**; it went well but left Teji very weak when she returned to Delhi. Most regrettably, and despite **Dr Samant's** fulsome assurances, the operation brought no relief from the allergy or the asthma, and the worry and distress of the operation seemed to have been in vain. It was pointless to blame **Dr Samant**. Teji then began treatment under an Old Delhi hakim who gave her bitter potions that she said tasted worse than poison.



In June and October every year we would go to Naini Tal for a week or two to visit the boys, who stayed there from March to December. These visits were special for all of us. This October, Gogol's play *Inspector General* was being staged at the annual Open Day, with Amitabh taking the part of the mayor—a fifteen-year-old playing a man of forty-five. I was worried that Teji might not be well enough for the journey to Naini Tal, but everything she does is ninety per cent by will-power, and come October she was ready to go.

We took our seats in the school auditorium, and Amitabh made a very confident entrance in his mayor's outfit, Teji's heart beating fast with nervousness on his behalf. I too felt nervous—but not for long, because Amitabh had immersed himself deeply in the role, and afterwards he was awarded the 'Kendal Cup' for the best performance. We felt as if we had won it ourselves; little did we realize that from this beginning Amitabh would one day become India's most popular film actor. We returned home full of happiness, though Teji's asthma was rather worse, the hills having taken their usual toll on her health.

Doctors of whatever persuasion are loath to accept that their diagnosis may have been incorrect or their treatment inappropriate; so we were surprised when the hakim said one day that he had failed to detect the true cause of Teji's illness and that was why the medicine was not working. He said he had an old teacher in Bareilly who had cured countless 'incurable' diseases, was a specialist of sorts in breathing disorders and skin allergies, and had a panacea which could sometimes effect a cure with a single dose. But he never travelled, and we would have to go to him.

At that time Kunwar Bahadur Chaudhuri from Allahabad was staying with us. He was the younger brother of Jagdish Rajan's father-in-law, and husband of Dr Samant; having retired as a pilot in the Indian Air Force, he had got a job in one of the Birla enterprises, and was staying with us more or less as a member of the family. Though he was only a year or so my

senior, we called him 'Uncle' because of his connection with Rajan. We all three decided to make the trip to Bareilly; it was nearly to cost us our lives.

Uncle drove, Teji sat next to him and I was in the back. We began by paying our respects at the Hanuman shrine (Uncle too was a devotee), then set out to catch the six o'clock ferry across the Ramganga river at Budaun. Missing it would mean waiting until morning, and Uncle was driving at quite a speed, perhaps seeing himself back in the pilot's seat once more. Evening was coming on, but the road was clear and he must have been going at close to seventy mph when suddenly a buffalo ran across the road in front of us. Sitting in the back I heard a terrible thud and saw the buffalo fly up like a ball some fifteen feet into the air, landing several yards away, while the car remained upright and foursquare on the road. Almost anything could have happened from an impact at that speed; but when we got over the initial shock and checked for injuries, we found we were all in one piece—or else were all ghosts looking at each other. In fact, nobody had so much as a scratch, though the front of the car was badly dented and the front doors were pushed in towards the seat; the windscreen and wheels were intact, but the engine was damaged and the car could not be driven.

We had barely recovered our wits from this horrific accident and our miraculous escape when the buffalo's owner and several stick-wielding companions surrounded us, saying that they wouldn't let us or our car go until we had paid them five hundred rupees for their she-buffalo which, they said, was in calf. We tried to say that we should all go to the nearest police station and file a report, and that we would send from Delhi whatever reasonable compensation the police stipulated. But they refused: 'No Sahib, if we get the police involved it will drag on for months and even then the police will keep half of what you send, so you'd better give us your wallets, watches and jewellery, or else . . .' Darkness was falling fast—the more so within our hearts. Had we survived the accident only to be robbed and beaten to death in the night by these loutish fellows? Luckily a truck stopped and agreed to tow us to Budaun, but every time we tied the tow-rope to the car, the villagers untied it.

Two Alone , Two Together : Letters Betwe

By Sonia Gandhi, Sonia (Ed.)

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Anand Bhawan,
Allahabad,
22nd May, 1943

Darling Papu,

You must have read of our release and of the order¹ served upon us. These last days have been full of indecision, Samant² advising me to go to Khali, I not feeling like it, and so on. Dr Samant's point was my health. I have caught a bad cold and my temperature has been going up to 101°. However it is nothing to worry about . . .

Our letters to the District Magistrate have gone off, informing him that we cannot comply with the terms contained in the order. So now it is just a matter of waiting for the police lorry. The police, I hear, have already been to Anand Bhawan twice in our absence.

Both the radio and newspapers are full of eulogies of Moti,³ who, poor chap, is reported to have been killed on the bank of the Chindwari. I believe he was very brave & liked the army life too.

Khali must be very pretty just now and full of flowers, but as the popular Bombay Talkies song goes:

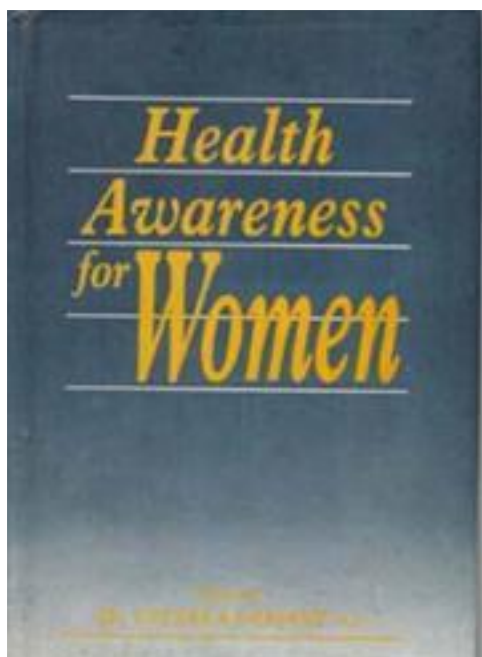
*unka phoolon se rishta hi kya,
jinki kismet hai kanton ke beech pali re.*⁴

Nani is with Mamu in Lahore. I hear she has been having a lot of trouble with her eyes. She had an operation which didn't turn out too well.

Darling, I shall stop now. If we are not arrested I shall continue later.

Tons of love,
Indu

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1. Indira Gandhi and Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit were released from Naini Prison on 14th May, 1943 and an order was served upon them to go to Khali, the estate of Ranjit Pandit near Almora, and live there in internment.
 2. Dr Vatsala Samant: a friend of the family who was Medical Superintendent of the Kamala Nehru Hospital, Allahabad, 1942–72.
 3. Moti Kathju: a cousin of Jawaharlal, he worked for the *Pioneer*, Lucknow, before joining the Indian Army. He was killed in action in Burma in May 1943.
 4. A rough translation of this song would be: Those hapless individuals whose destiny is nurtured in thorns/What have they to do with flowers?
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Author Information

Vatsala Samant, Former Superintendent, Kamla Nahru Memorial Hospital Allahabad.

Foreword:

Born on 19th January 1910 at Bassein, Dr. Mrs. Vatsala Samant Chowdhry had her early education at Bombay. She joined the Salt Satyagraha in 1929-30 and was jailed. She obtained MBBS and MD degrees in 1936 and 1938 respectively from the Bombay University. A recipient of Dr. Shirvalkar Gold Medal in Surgery, she was also awarded the Prince of Wales Gold Medal and the Hansraj Pragji Fellowship of the Bombay University in MD examination.

After working as Assistant Honorary Obstetrician Gynaecologist at Cama Albless Hospital for some time, she joined the Kamla Nehru Memorial Hospital. (This was done after Jawaharlal Nehru called Dr. Jivraj Mehta on the telephone, asking him to send his best young obstetrician to the hospital named after his wife. Dr. Mehta summoned his ex-student, Dr. Samant and asked her to go to Allahabad. She readily agreed.)

She has been the Professor and Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Motilal Nehru Medical College, Allahabad since 1963 and the Chief Investigator of Indian Council of Medical Research Work at Kamla Nehru Memorial Hospital since 1967. She visited America under Leaders Programme in 1951 and is President of Association of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Allahabad Branch.

She has presented papers at various national and international conferences and has a number of publications to her credit.

She was awarded the Padma Shri in 1972. She was a member of the National Committee for celebration of the 40th anniversary of Independence and for the Jawaharlal Nehru Centenary.

The residents of Allahabad take the name of Dr. Samant with great pride and affection because she has been and is a leading gynaecologist in the city and has worked for the welfare of the masses with compassion and complete dedication.

After completing her glorious term as Superintendent of Kamla Nehru Memorial Hospital, Dr. Samant joined Nazareth Hospital in 1975. She looked after and established the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology and rendered valuable service for nineteen long years.

Even at her age when most people retire she is still active professionally and is engaged in writing a book for make people aware about some common modern Obstetrical and Gynaecological problems. Indeed her commitment to work is a source of inspiration for the younger generation.

Dr. Mrs. Navneeta Banerjee, Sr. Consultant (Gynaecologist), Kamla Nehru Memorial Hospital, Allahabad.

Dr. [Vatsala](#) Samant's name spells warmth and love for people of Allahabad. Now, at the age of 90, her vitality, enthusiasm and zest for life may put even the younger generation to shame. For 30 years of dedicated service to Kamla Nehru Hospital, she received the Lifetime achievement Award from Mrs. Sonia Gandhi. She has already been honoured with a Padmashree in 1972. Born in 1910 and educated in Mumbai, she left studies for one year and plunged into the Freedom Struggle with the Salt Satyagraha Movement. Preparing salt and picketing at foreign cloth shops earned her a two months jail term. She was finally released under the historic Gandhi-Irwin Pact. She completed her MBBS in 1936, MD in 1938 and won the Prince of Wales Gold Medal along with a fellowship for research. She started working in Mumbai, but came to Allahabad, on the call of Dr. Jeevraj Mehta (Chairman of the Managing Committee of Kamla Nehru Memorial Hospital), as the Medical Superintendent of the hospital. A skilful doctor and a compassionate lady she was close to Pandit Jawahar Lal and Indira Gandhi. She married an Indian air Force officer, Kunwar Chaudhary, in 1943. She is a prolific writer and has written various articles on Anand Bhawan, Rajiv Gandhi, sex education, etc. She often says, 'Teach a woman and you teach a family.'

Under Acknowledgements, she refers to her daughter, Mrs. Sasmeeta Srivastava and nephew Anil Chowdhry IPS and to her difficulty in hearing.

1. [Anatomy](#) of Reproductive System: Internal Organs
2. Menstruation
3. Menopause
4. Breast
5. Conception
6. Development of the Embryo
7. Pregnancy
8. Problems During Pregnancy
9. Abortion
10. [Child Birth](#) – Labour
11. RCH – Reproductive Child Health
12. Hazards of Puerperium and Post-Natal Period
13. Toll of Maternity
14. [Family](#) Planning
15. Contraception
16. Infertility
17. Care of the Newborn Baby
18. Immunization
19. Premature Babies
20. Breast Feeding
21. Fever in Children
22. [Gastroenteritis](#) in Children
23. Some [Childhood](#) Deformities
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26. Ageing
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30. Rheumatoid Arthritis
31. Osteoarthritis
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34. pregnancy and its Hazards
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45. Role of [Radiotherapy](#) in the Treatment of Cancer
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66. [Hepatitis](#) B
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68. Sleep: A Divine Gift
69. Counseling: A Therapy
70. Pathology
71. Infectious [Viral](#) Diseases
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75. [Water](#) or Hydrotherapy
76. Ayurveda's [Therapy](#) or Medicine
77. [Science](#) of Relaxation
78. Tips for [Meditation](#) and Also Relaxations
79. Epilogue