The following is my impression taken from my journal.

*The heat enveloped me as I joined the long queue disembarking from the plane at Chenai (Madras) airport in Andrea Pradesh. Waiting at the baggage carrousel I was dismayed at the confusion and apathy. An antiquated conveyor belt was whirling around disgorging weird sounds, groaningas and screeches. I wondered whether it was safe.As we stood steaming in the afternoon heat baggages and boxes suddenly appeared through the rubber shield. Several disinterested soldiers stood leaning over a Television monitor standing on a table. It was impossible to see how such large and unwieldy packages could be screened at all.*

*Crates with chickens, tyres, all sorts of roughly bound cases and bulging wooden crates appeared, one after the other. A sudden loud screech, the machine shuddered, half stopped, picked up speed again, then with a final screech it came to a halt. The inevitable had happened. Boxes fell off the conveyer and fell into the dust. No one moved. Where was the engineer or the service man? Lost somehow back in the mist of time?*

*This was my first visit to the sub-continent of India. I was in for a cultural shock in the next few weeks! Looking around at my fellow travelers I noticed I was the only one wearing a jacket. I felt out of place, Seiks, Muslims, Hindu’s and a smattering of Europeans with some colourful African people and Morocccans, we made and interesting crowd. I wondered idly what the reaction would be if I should suddenly burst forth preaching the Gospel. How long would I live?*

*After an interminable time, an engineer came rambling alongand sauntered through to the back of the machine. It took ten minutes before it rumbled into life again. After a few kicks at the cases still clogging the works, the right luggage somehow married up with the right people and everybody made for the exit.*