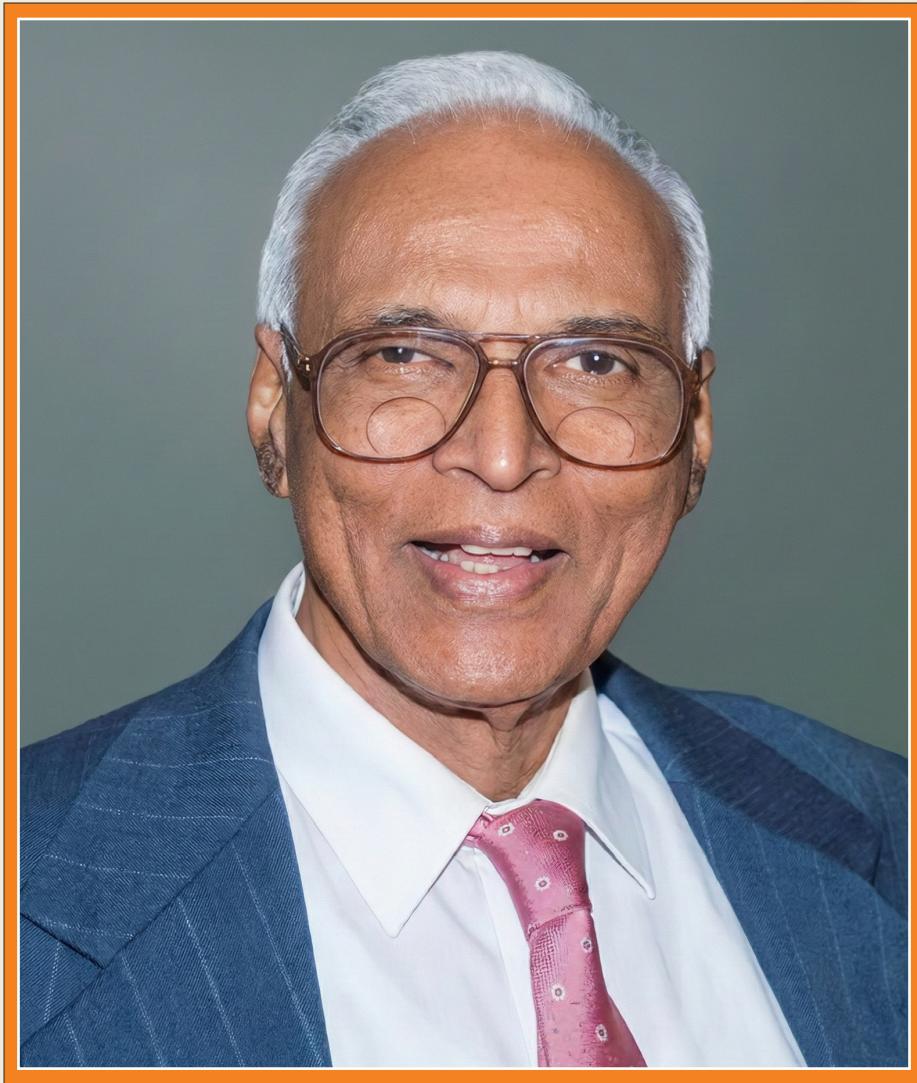




A Century of Life and Legacy



Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao



In memory of
Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao
1925-2003
Centenary Year 2025

Preface

I am delighted to capture the moments of my father Dr.Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao's life, on the suggestion of my wife Sharada Nuthakki and brother in law Dr. Gopala Rao. They were very vocal in doing something significant on the occasion of his centenary year. It is more than 22 years since he left us on 10-11-2003. My wife Sharada encouraged me to pen our feelings, and experiences with him, so that the future generations will have a glimpse of his personality.

With this back ground I started collecting his old photographs to reconstruct his life history and writing to his associates and students to contribute towards this endeavour. I am happy that more than 30 people shared their experiences with him. I am particularly grateful to Dr.Basavapunnaiah uncle for accepting to pen the foreword. He is one of the senior most associates of father and his thoughts on father are very valuable to all of us.

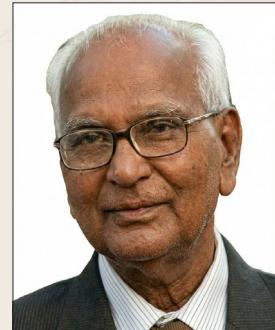
I would also like to thank all his students both in India and abroad for their valuable inputs. Thanks to my sister-in-law Dr Jyothi and my brother Dr. Vishnu for reaching out to his students in the USA and fine tuning the content.

My sincere thanks to all my sons Manoj, Madhav and Venkateswara Rao (Junior), Aarti my eloquent niece, my affectionate niece Gayathri, and nephew Sriman, nephews Vinod and Akhil .

I want to particularly mention Dr. Vijayalakshmi Nuthakki and Dr. Harish Nuthakki for continuing the Medical legacy of the Nuthakki's as his grand children. Also Dr.Ramya, from the Tummala family of my cousin Brahmaji, the first Female Surgeon in our family who is completing her MS shortly. All three of them trace their inspiration from father and are the torch bearers of his love for Medicine.

Also thank my cousin Rajeswari Nuthakki, Dr. Gopala Rao and Beena for their suggestions' for collecting all the information about dad's lineage of his brothers, their children and grandchildren. I have tried my best to arrange the content in a sequence for everyone to understand his journey.

Anyone reading this book will get a glimpse of his personality and I hope it will inspire his great grand children one day, to become the torch bearers of his legacy.



Dr. K. Basavapunnaia

Foreword

Nuthakki was my very dear friend and colleague We worked together in so many ways. He was the Patron and I was the President of IMA Guntur, when we hosted the IMA National Conference at Guntur in 2003. We were the first to start a CT scan centre in Guntur in the name of Coastal Diagnostic Centre, for which he was the Chairman and me, the Managing Director.

“Ajaatasatru” that’s what I should say he was in one word. Never hurting anyone and always helping everyone in whatever way he can. A very easy going person, in contrast to my nature; but we never had any trouble at all sailing together.

Hailing from Mandadam village, with a rural background he had a very humble nature and treated everyone with respect and kindness. He never lost his temper to my knowledge. With a big booming laugh he used to say ‘Yella vayya (get lost)’ whenever he was not satisfied with his subordinates.

He was a student of Andhra Medical College, Vizag where I met him for the first time as my senior. By the time I was in third year medicine he had already completed his MBBS and was pursuing his MS. Dr P. Lakshmana Rao was his contemporary, along with Dr. Veeraiah and Veeraiah Choudary from Tenali. Dr Papa Rao from Cherukupalli was also his contemporary. Those were the days of integrity, honesty and service mindedness as expected from true practitioners of medicine. He was a hard working surgeon and did a tremendous volume of work in his career as Professor and Head Department of Surgery. As a member of the medical profession he always supported the Association in every aspect.

A very lean and healthy person he was. He ate very little. Never smoked or had a drink.

‘Nuthakki’, as we all called him fondly, took everything with equanimity. He expressed this same outlook, when he got laid down with viral fever, followed by Pneumonia, which, to all our shock and dismay took him away from all of us. He died young, as far as I am concerned. He would have been of great service to society for at least a couple of decades more. He said, “If not today, tomorrow we have to die”.

I am very glad that his sons and family members have taken up this wonderful opportunity to bring out this special commemorative book on the occasion of his Birth Centenary year. I wish them all well in their future endeavours .

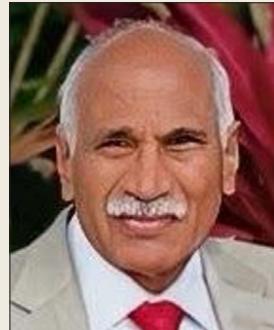
12-12-2025
Guntur

Dr.K. Basavapunnaiah

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Remembering my father
Dr.Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao



Vishnu Babu USA

I am very lucky to be born to Dr. N. Venkateswara Rao and Sreeramamma as they have given me everything to become who I am today.

My dad came from Mandadam and my mom from Pedavadlapudi.

Growing up, we were lucky to have many relatives from both sides of the family visit us at various times when they needed either medical advice from my dad or when they visited Guntur. My house was always full of people and my Pedamma, Annapornamma and Pedananna, Venkata Subbaiah garu used to live with us to help my mom and dad to take care of home and us, particularly after my dad went to serve in Indo China war for five years.

My sister Beena and my younger brother Kishan were studious, so they both went to a convent school and studied well in English medium whereas I was not too keen on studies then and used to skip school a lot.

When my dad came back from the war, he has noticed that I was not at par in my studies so I was sent to Kolluru for my SSLC as that school had 100% pass rate.

I stayed with our uncle and aunt Gummadi Venkata Krishna Rao and Sitamahalakshmi, for a year in their house. They were known to us for a long time. They treated me like their own son.

That was a very good opportunity for me to get a good foundation at school where teachers took a lot of effort and coached me day and night.

I became very close to my Kolluru sisters that year and continued to maintain that loving relationship with them and their families throughout my life. It was because of that opportunity that I become who I am today, and I

think of those teachers often.

My dad was transferred to Kakinada and worked there for 6years. Both I and my brother went to medical college and engineering college there, respectively.

My dad was a very sociable, cheerful, and full of energy person and wherever he worked, he made a lot of friends and became very close with them.

After he became professor of surgery, all his students enjoyed working with him as he was fun to work with, treated them as friends instead of students.

In Kakinada, my dad was local guardian for many RMC students, most of them, his friends children from Tenali, Guntur, Vijayawada etc who used to come to our house frequently and he used to take care of them like his own children as their parents were far away.

He loved sports and used to play shuttle at officers club in Guntur every day. He used to enjoy travelling and never missed surgical conferences in India and I remember going with him to many conferences and having lots of fun.

After he retired, he came to United States several times to visit us and also was very actively involved in various philanthropic projects for Guntur medical college, donated by old students of GMC from USA.

It has been a great shock for all of us to lose him so suddenly, as he was always very healthy and that was his first and last hospitalization as a patient.

During many family celebrations we always remember and think of him, how lively it would have been if he was there in our midst and although it has been more than 20 years since he passed, me and Jyothi remember him often and miss him a lot.

My son's Vinod and Akhil always talk about their grandparents and how much fun times they had with both paternal grandparents in Guntur and maternal grandparents in Chicago and that they treasure those memories forever.

My favourite Nuthakki uncle



Dr Jyothi Nutakki

I remember the first time I saw him in Kakinada. He came to visit my dad, Potineni Narasimha Rao a few days after I joined Rangaraya Medical College. I was told after undergoing eye test during admissions that I need eye glasses. For me it was very devastating, my eye glasses looked ugly on my face and I was crying and he said “you look very distinguished” and it made me smile, the way he said it so sincerely.

Then I grew more fond of him as I got to know him over next 25 years. In 1977, I married his son, Vishnu and after that I have so many memories together with him and Sreeramamma attayya.,

He loved her a lot and always treated her like a queen, called her Ramudu. He loved his family but his love for the community was more remarkable. He never cared to accumulate wealth but always wanted to do service for the downtrodden. He was a great surgeon, his surgical skills were amazing and he used to do a lot of very difficult surgeries.

He served as a volunteer surgeon in Indo-Chinese war for 5 years where he told me he has treated several trauma patients daily. He was awarded Major for his exemplary service. He was an excellent teacher and it was fun to be around him.

He can talk to a kid or a 70 year old with ease and he can converse on many topics of varied interest. When my grandfather came to Kakinada for a foot problem and uncle talked to him about growing paddy extensively and my grandpa fell in love with him immediately. I am sure that piece of agriculture knowledge he heard from my mother in law who loved gardening and she used to go to Bellary every year during harvest time, where they used to have

agriculture land.

He used to take all his students to dinner after our surgical rotation. He is a loving, tender hearted person who never forgot his roots. He often told me about his mandadam family who knew very early on that he had great potential and will take care of their family and community if he became a doctor. He stayed in Kamma hostel in Guntur for his BA in AC College and later joined in Andhra Medical College in Vizag. He did his MS in surgery also there.

He told me and Vishnu, that Kamma hostel gave him his foundation and to give donation to it so as to help others to study. He and my dad became very close friends since 1976 and after my parents immigrated to USA in 1982, he and attayya used to visit them and all 4 of them used to visit their students in various states in the USA.

He was a sports fan, used to play shuttle in Guntur for many years and when he stayed with us in Michigan he used to walk daily to take part in CRIM race and stop by in middle to say Hi, to my cousin Sasi and Koteswara Rao, Kurmanath and Vani akka. We were lucky to be living in the same subdivision close to each other.

He loved his grandkids very much and was very proud of them and always talked about their accomplishments either in studies or sports. He always encouraged them to do what makes them happy but to do it with a sincere effort. I am blessed to be his daughter in law and to be in Nuthakki family.

In loving memory of his 100 th birthday, we honor a remarkable individual, whose life was a beautiful tapestry woven with threads of boundless generosity and profound compassion. He embraced the philosophy – ‘ to live is to give ’; dedicating himself to tireless philanthropic work that brought light and healing to countless patients. His greatest joy, however, was anchored firmly in the love he shared with his family, leaving behind a legacy, not just of material wealth, but of a deeply fulfilled life, rich in purpose, kindness and enduring affection.

My legendary Dad as I know him



Kishan Nuthakki

He hailed from Mandadam a village near the present day capital city Amaravathi, of Andhra Pradesh. All his brothers and their children used to stay in the same street called “Nuthakki Street” as all the Nuthakki's lived there. I came to know that he didn't attend school till he was 10 years and only when Tatineni Purushotham master garu told his elder brother Appa Rao garu, to put him in school, he accidentally landed in the school. He excelled at school and made up for his late entry.

I also learnt that he used to stay in a relative's house and attend high school from Duggirala and later joined AC college Guntur and completed BA in Chemistry in 1945. He once told me that he was suspended for a week for participating in the quit India agitation in 1942 by his AC college principal Col.Sypes.

He came to know that he could apply for MBBS in spite of not having a biology background in BA. This was pure destiny from then and he completed his MBBS (1951) and MS (1959) from Andhra University Vizag and took up his 1st posting as Asst. Surgeon at Tenali. I only remember him as a doctor in Guntur as I was too young before that.

I remember our rented house in Brodipet. Our Aunt and Uncle from Vadlapudi also used to stay with us. We had a habit of eating together sitting down on a mat. Later we moved to a bigger house in Ramannapet . During weekends he used to teach me Carroms and always partnered me. My Mom, sister/cousin Brahmaji used to be our opponents. He set the striker and told me where to hit and how hard. He always tried to make me win the game so that I felt happy. My sister used to cheat by hand pocketing the coins and I used to get very angry. I once threatened to stab her with a scissors, when my dad was

not there and she hid in the bath room. I was very scared that dad would punish me, but he just gave me a mild warning and I never repeated that, nor got upset when someone defeated me in a game. I learnt to appreciate others when they played well. I felt happy when I partnered with beginners while playing Bridge and made them win in the Bangalore club tournaments.

Our daily life used to be a customary dinner with all the family including one or two of our cousins also and it used to be a fun filled event. My mother and my cousin Brahmaji used to taunt him by saying he does not know anything beyond surgery. He would give them a casual / funny retort, with my sister Beena joining in. Everyone used to be laughing away at the goof ups committed on the day. Dinners used to be really memorable. He used to schedule many surgeries once / twice a week and had late lunch after finishing all the 20 + surgeries . Post lunch he used to ask me to massage his legs till he falls asleep for a late siesta, during my holidays. I remember my mother raising a vegetable garden in our house in chandramoulinagar. Dad used to wield the crow bar and I used to plant the seeds and water them, under her expert instructions. She had a flair for growing plants and knew exactly how to tender to them.

When he volunteered as an army surgeon during the Indo-China war of 1962, my aunt Annapurnamma and uncle Venkata Subbaiah used to be with us and gave us lot of moral support. He was in the army for about 2 and half years and also had a year of initial training. Later he came back to civil service and worked in GGH Guntur again. It must have been a tough decision to leave 3 school going kids. But call of the nation it was! Dr. Ethirajulu uncle also volunteered and both of them can be seen in their formal army Banquet dress in a photo. We visited him when he was working in the Army Hospital Jabalpur. I used to play badminton and go along with him to the club in the evenings to have lemonade. He bought me a whole cricket kit and mechano set there. It must have cost him a fortune those days but I loved having so much stuff to play. Many surgeons from Guntur used to attend conferences held in various places and they used to take the children and spouses along. I remember attending a conference in Madurai which was extended into a south India tour with 6 families from Guntur travelling by car right up to Kanyakumari. Ethirajulu uncle planned the trip meticulously and we saw the temples of Tamilnadu, the tea and spice gardens of Kerala, the gold mines of Kolar and space centre in Karnataka.

After I finished my schooling in Guntur, during the holidays I first saw his

collection of books (bookcase full of them!!). I was only reading comics and Enid Blyton till then. He had the complete collection of Sherlock homes, Dale Carnegie, Pearl S. Buck, Complete set of books published by Reader's Digest, Tolstoy, Socrates, Aristotle, Richard Gordon's Doctor Series, Perry Mason, and a host of other books.

I now wonder how a person with his small village background could have such a varied collection and I loved reading them during my summer holidays. All his colleagues used to call him as Nuthakki only, and never by his full name. The only reason I can think of is that there were so many Venkateswara Raos at that time and the only way to distinguish them was by calling him Nuthakki.

In 1967, dad sprang a surprise by arranging my sister Beena's marriage to Dr. Gopala Rao. I must have been 12 years then, but I found a good friend in my brother in law and picked up some Anatomy like Ulna, Radius, Humerus, Femur, Tibia and surgical terms like Jejunostomy, while he was studying for his MBBS exams. All the parts of the human body, all the diseases, and surgical procedures, owe their gratitude to Latin in describing them precisely, as English language is woefully lacking in this aspect. He played university level Volley Ball, a good punter and rummy player. Later he and Beena moved to Vizag for his MS and her PhD.

Dad's transfer to RMC Kakinada in 1972 is another highlight where almost all his contemporaries' children flocked to Rangaraya Medical College and there was a steady stream of students and their parents visiting us. All his friends felt at ease knowing he was there and RMC students made the most of it, as his surgery pass percentage was always $> 90\%$. He was worried during their exams more than the students, and used to engage them prior to the exams with rigorous on the job teaching and clinics. He knew every student's strengths and weakness and always put them at ease. They loved him for it. We had the student leaders like Dr Kamineni Srinivas (popularly known as Seenu), to the Calligraphists like Diwakar, brilliant orators like Dr Singayya, who became my friend and philosopher for life. I had my most memorable debates with him and learnt that you can debate 'for' and 'against' a topic equally well. I also got to know his cutest children Gayathri and Sriman and found a new sister Bharathi Akka. They formed our extended family and we continue to maintain the same relationship into the next generation. We met two great personalities Dr. Narasimha Rao uncle and Dr. Indira aunty in Kakinada and this turned into

another extended family with Vishnu marrying their daughter Jyothi. Uncle and Aunty loved going to the movies and used to be the talk of the town amongst RMC students as they ran into them “first day - first show” many a time. Both uncle and aunty exemplified total harmony in life and I always remember their cheerful faces. Naramsimha Rao uncle and Dad formed a great pair and their combined student following runs into thousands.

After a 6 year stint in Kakinada he returned to Guntur and worked in GGH till his retirement in 1983. Post retirement he became president of Pensioners Association and represented their issues with the government so that pension was released on time. He sent an appeal to all his students who were running private hospitals to charge minimally whenever a pensioner approached them and all of them gracefully accepted. He was the chairman for Coastal Diagnostic centre set up by all the doctors of Guntur and neighboring areas as there was no scan centre available in all the coastal districts of AP at that time and was passionately associated with its daily management. The maintenance team of Toshiba was slow to respond to service calls during the initial period. He called me to come and check whether Toshiba service personnel were doing it properly and even suggested me to go to Japan and get trained to maintain it. Later it was stabilized, bringing relief to all the doctor's.

Match maker par excellence:

Many of his students used to request him for finding a suitable partner and he effortlessly matched them. He treated them as family.

Dad was a person whose personality got tuned to the person in front of him: ‘A child’ - when he was with kids, a strict disciplinarian while teaching his medical students, a caring teacher who invites his students home after they completed their clinical posting in his ward and a great socializer with his colleagues and friends and their children.

The first time I saw my father breaking down was when Venkata Subbaiah uncle passed away in 1966 due to cancer after he was operated by him.

The only other time I saw him shaken was when my mother met with a serious car accident while returning from Tenali in 2003 and he had to rush her to the hospital.

He was always composed and calm and never lost his temper even when things were going horribly wrong.

During his later years he felt sad at losing his dearest friends Ramaiah Chowdary uncle, Dr. Umamaheswara Rao uncle and soon after Swarna aunty.

His Personality as I know :

He never said No if anyone required help : be it with patients, family, students or friends. Some of the incidents which come to my memory :

Incident 1

Dr. P. Lakshman Rao his close friend, narrated this: When they both went to inaugurate a clinic started by one of his students in rural parts of Guntur. Dad agreed to do the first surgery. It was found that some of the instruments were missing and surgery would not be possible. Dr. Lakshman Rao advised my father to pack up and postpone the surgery as it would be risky, but Dr. Nuthakki says.. "If we call off surgery, this young doctor will lose his confidence" .. So he improvised and performed the surgery successfully.

Incident 2

A villager was gored by a bull and came to him. Thinking that doctor won't attend to him with serious injuries, he just said he had a fall from a bullock cart. At the operating table, it was evident that he had serious damage to the internal organs, needing a laborious surgery. The patient recovered after months of follow up treatment. Legend has it that my brother Dr. Vishnu donated blood while in the Operation Theater for the surgery.

Incident 3

Hospital inauguration at Tanuku:

While performing surgery at GGH he accidentally nicked his index finger and it became an abscess and had to be sutured; In spite of running high temperature, he went for the inauguration not to disappoint them and after returning home he had to be carried inside as he was totally exhausted.

Incident 4

Our neighbor was a chronic alcoholic and used to come late night and cause a great nuisance. Father used to tell him to sober down to no avail. Things came to point where members of the locality wanted to put the chap behind bars. But father let him be, and one night while we were having our customary family

dinner, there was a loud knocking at the gate and our neighbor was there; Father was talking to him and left his dinner unfinished, as the neighbor was requesting him to check on his wife who was lying unconscious. Father rushed to attend her and after that, the neighbor became sober and never troubled us and always treated Dad with great respect. He never refused help even to people who caused pain.

Incident 5

He was called as an external examiner to Karnataka in the year 1982. The day he was supposed to board the train, he felt dizzy and fainted. My mother called out to my brother who was just leaving the house. He rushed back and revived him. We all thought he will take it easy and postpone his trip. He said “they will not be able to find a substitute so I have to go”. In spite of all our efforts to discourage him he set out on his journey and completed his assignment.

Incident 6

My wife Sharada’s grandmother who was a chronic diabetic patient developed a huge infection of her leg and was admitted under his care. It looked hopeless and amputation was imminent, but he and my brother Dr. Vishnu decided to treat it conservatively with repeated dressings twice a day, painstakingly draining out the puss and continued this for almost 45 days and the leg was saved. He always gave his best against all odds resorting to radical measures only as a last resort.

With the grand kids he was very liberal and playful and tolerated all their mischief / fantasies; Manoj used to sit in his consultancy chair and pretend to be a doctor. When a patient playfully said “doctor I have fever” – he would nonchalantly say “take Metacin”; Madhav used to play on his consultation table with his stethoscope. My father in law Tummala Koteswara Rao garu named our last son “Venkateswara Rao” Junior to remember him, saying that it would be an honour for the little one as he was also born on a Saturday. All my sons loved to spend their holidays at Guntur as they were pampered by my mom with juicy sapotas and mangoes carefully preserved on the tree. Dad took them to the officer’s club and ice cream parlour everyday.

After hectic touring to hold the surgeons conference in Guntur in 2003, he made a trip to Tirumala and visited us in Bangalore. He heard that one of our cousins passed away and rushed to see her in spite of running a temperature;

he travelled from Bangalore to Guntur and his condition worsened and to everyone's shock we lost him due to a chest infection on 10-11-2003. This was the first and the last time he was ever admitted in a hospital as he always maintained excellent health.

He left behind touching memories. His last journey was attended by the entire medical fraternity of Guntur and members of the pensioners association. It was very touching to see so many people bidding farewell to him. He made friends easily from all walks of life outside his medical profession. He had friends in army, merchant navy, police, NCC and kept in touch with all of them and their children also.

I would be failing in my duty if I didn't mention how my mother brought us up. She worked very hard and was adept at farming practices and cultivated paddy and vegetables all on her own in a far off village in Ananthpur district. Even during my father's army stint, she held house with grit and determination backed by my aunt Annapurnamma who was like a 2nd mom to us. Both of them saw us through a very difficult period. She held her ground strongly and was a perfect foil to my Dad's naivety on many occasions – as the adage goes “ Behind every successful man there is a woman ”. Much of his achievements could not have been realized without her support.

All of us and our children are blessed to be born into his family and always remember and adhere to his guiding principles without compromising our integrity. I have penned all my thoughts remembering 100 years of his passionate personality.

Kishan Nuthakki

Concern for family



Sharada Nuthakki

It was November 9, 2003 . Kishan called me and wanted me to come to Guntur as uncle (as I fondly addressed my father in law) was critically ill. On 10th November, Monday Kārthika Somavaram he was no more. Seeing him lying still in the Guntur house I was grief stricken. The pain was unbearable. Uncle had become so near and dear to the heart and being. He was just 78. The loss hit us with a terrific force and left a void in our lives.

Spiritual through Service

Only 10 days before the tragedy, all of us had been to Tirumala to have darshan of Lord Venkateswara swamy. Although he appeared not to be ritualistic, he was spiritual in serving. He would be the first one in the line in a temple . This Tirumala trip was planned to fulfil the vow uncle and Attayya made to Lord Venkateswara swamy, for my sister Radhika's husband Narayana Murthy, to survive and recover from a major accident in USA . Uncle was close to my sisters and their families also. At the temple we wanted Attayya and uncle to join the senior citizen line, but the security refused to allow uncle saying you look so young and fit , you are not a senior citizen. He willingly joined the regular queue along with us. From Tirupathi we came back to Bangalore. He stayed with us for a couple of days and left in a hurry as his brother's daughter passed away. He fell ill on reaching Guntur and left us on Nov 10th 2003.

Time for family and relatives

We used to take our children for vacations often to Guntur . Every time the train stopped at Guntur station, I would look out for uncle trying to spot us on the moving train. He would send the driver and the car to the station and he would come by walk. This happened for all the holidays that we had been to

Guntur. Whenever he travelled , due to his busy tight schedule he was known to be late , miss or board the train in the next station, but he would never be late to pick us up.

During every meal in Guntur there would always be relatives or friends who would be visiting uncle and attayya. Meals were always occasions when the whole family was together with lots to talk. Daily attayya would send lunch carrier from home to uncle and invariably there would be couple of more carriers for relatives from outside places undergoing treatments in Guntur.

Concern for family and appreciation :

Kishan and I have three sons, two of whom were born in Guntur. I felt secure and comfortable in the hospital during delivery as uncle's was always present to reassure me.

For my eldest son, Manoj's delivery, a Caesarean, he had put three people on standby for giving blood, and the whole house was transformed into a medical ward.

He would take pride in simple and big achievements alike and keep telling everyone about it. All his friends would know about his grand children. Be it grandson Vinod's basket ball, Manoj's patents in Microsoft , His granddaughter Aarti's writing skills and all the attention and affection received from his students in the USA. He would repeat them to everyone happily. He was particularly indebted to Kamma hostel and mentioned about it many times.

Marriage

Uncle and my sister in law Beena had a wish to conduct Kishan's marriage in a simple manner. As my Parents are from Krishna district all our relatives were close to Guntur. It was decided to conduct the marriage in Guntur house on the open terrace, with few people, in Arya Samaj tradition. Uncle realized that it was not easy to have less number of people. He was on the phone calling all his close friends till the last minute.

Unwavering clarity about his role in life

In the 80s he was offered to contest for the Assembly elections in AP, which he politely declined as he was always bent on service without looking for any position or personal gain.

Open mindedness:

In spite of being an Allopathic doctor, he was open to all holistic curing methods. During the 90s my father Lt. Col. Tummala Koteswara Rao garu was propagating Oil pulling therapy and authored books in different languages. Uncle himself practised this therapy and wrote a foreword for the English book on Oil pulling on the benefits of this therapy. He was very affectionate to my mother sitamanoharam, she would always make sweet pop corn powder which he liked very much.

Blessings to progeny:

By Gods grace I have been fortunate to be in the family of Uncle who was a humanitarian, unassuming, nonjudgmental and lived life as it was meant to be lived.

Life Partner:

He respected Attayya's decisions and expressed his love whenever he had a chance. Attayya was also a person of few words with great samskara.

Doctor:

He had the gift of diagnosing the patients with deep knowledge, skill, instinct, Love and care. He had a special bond with each and every person he came in contact.

Legacy:



Memories of my uncle



Rajeswari Nutakki

Memories of my uncle, Dr Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao

My uncle, Dr Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao was a healer in every sense. A skilled surgeon and a remarkably kind, gentle human being whose warmth touched everyone around him. His compassion extended far beyond hospital walls. One of the earliest windows through which I witnessed his greatness was during my childhood.

My father, his elder brother Appa Rao Garu, loved him deeply and had immense respect for him. Whatever my uncle said, my father followed with an unquestioning affection. Whenever my uncle asked for me to spend the summer holidays in Guntur, my father would happily take me there. Because of that I spent almost every summer of my school days in my uncle's home and those memories have become some of the most precious part of my life.

I still remember the days at the Guntur Government General Hospital walking beside him as a little child. Patients and attendants greeted him with folded hands full of reverence in their expressions. My uncle dressed in his long white coat, moved among them with the grace of an angel, always smiling, always lifting the spirits of those who were suffering. That sight remains etched in my mind as clearly as if it happened yesterday.

After long days of performing surgeries, he often returned home tired. After having lunch, he would gently call me to sit by him and press his legs to ease the pain and fatigue.

I did it with so much love not as a duty, but as a child wanting to comfort someone who meant so much to me. I continued until he drifted into sleep, feeling quietly happy that I could offer him a small amount of relief.

Those moments were simple, but they shaped me. They showed me the humanity behind the doctor, the tenderness behind the respected surgeon, the love behind the smile. To me, he was not just my uncle, he was a guiding presence whose kindness and dignity left a lifelong impression in my heart.

Unforgettable Tata garu



Dr. Vijayalakshmi

I had many memories with Tatagaru, but one incident had a profound impact on me and the way I practise medicine even today. I wanted to share that.

An elderly villager once came to meet him on a Sunday afternoon. Both Tatagaru and Nayanamma were out of town and I happened to be at their home that day. I was in 8th class. He brought about 100 grams of grapes and requested that I give them to tatagaru when he returned. Curious, I asked about his story and why he would make such an effort to bring such small quantity of grapes.

Many years earlier, Tatagaru had performed a surgery on his injured hand at GGH Guntur, when others refused to do. He's thankful that he was able to continue working as a daily labourer and support his family. Out of gratitude, whenever he visited Guntur, he met tatagaru with a small gift that he could afford, and said " we shouldn't go to GOD empty handed".

That moment left an imprint on me. It shaped the way I wanted to be remembered-with love, gratitude, and affection from my own patients when I became a doctor. By God's grace and my parent's upbringing, I find myself walking the same path, receiving pure love and affection from my patients who bring me fruits, vegetables, flowers, colostrum milk from their farms.

Even now, some of my patients ask whether I'm related to him when they visit my OPD for the first time because of the surname Nuthakki and share a story of his altruism.

Thank you, Kishan babai for giving me this opportunity.

Love you Tata Guru



Dr. Harish Nuthakki

Dr Nuthakki was a physician in the truest and most meaningful sense of the word, not only because of the knowledge he carried, but because of the compassion that guided every decision he made. He healed with his hands, but also with his patience, his kindness, and his unwavering belief in the value of every human life.

Let me tell you about my grandfather. A man whose hands held stories, whose eyes carried a softness that could quiet even the loudest kind of pain. He didn't just practice medicine, he lived it. He bore compassion, the way others wear skin, naturally effortlessly like it was the only way to exist in this world, and I remember ... God. I remember the way people looked at him as if some weight they carried suddenly felt lighter just because he walked into the room. He didn't need Grand speeches or heroic gestures. His power was quieter than that, the kind of quiet that rearranges you, the kind of quiet that stays. Growing up, I watched him, treat each patient with the same, quiet dignity, whether he was comforting a worried parent, listening to someone who felt unheard or offering hope when it was needed most. He never rushed, never judged, never stopped learning. His example taught me that medicine is far more than a profession, it is a calling rooted in service. It was his dedication, and the gentle way he lived his values that inspired me to become a physician myself. He showed me the greatest legacy a doctor can leave is not only in the lives they save, but in the compassion, they pass on to the next generation, I carry his lessons with me every day in the way I listen, in the way I care, in the way I try to serve with humility. My grandfather's influence is a light I will never lose, and his memory will always guide the physician, I hope to become .

Love you, Dr Tata Guru, I miss you.

Memories to cherish



Vinod Nutakki

I remember and cherish Tatagaru's smile. I can't recall a time when he wasn't laughing and joking around with Nanamma and all of us. We loved going on car rides with him because we'd learn new "not-so-nice" Telugu words and get to eat ice creams in Funny Bunny Parlour. It was always amazing to see his patients come to our house and have the nicest things to say about him. I remember all the stories about his visits to his friends' houses, missing trains, and running late. He was so caring to his family, his friends, and even strangers. I just wish I could have spent more time with him and visited more before his passing. We all miss him very much.

Fond Memories of a grandson



Akhil Nutakki

Growing up, one of my fondest and most lasting memories was how often I was introduced as the grandson of Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao. The moment his name was mentioned, people would light up with recognition and joy. Even as a child, I could feel the warmth and respect he inspired everywhere he went.

I also remember how dedicated he was to staying active. No matter how busy his schedule became, he always found time for badminton or some form of exercise. At the time, I didn't fully understand why it mattered so much—but now, as an adult, I see the discipline, balance, and self-respect behind those habits.

Some of my favourite memories are of the playful, affectionate way he interacted with my grandmother. Watching them together was a lesson in love without anyone having to teach it. As I've grown older, I find traces of that same spirit in myself—in how I am with my own wife and children. It feels like a part of him that continues quietly through us.

We all miss him dearly and often wonder how life might have been if we'd had more time with him. But the memories we do have continue to guide us, comfort us, and remind us of the remarkable person he was—in our family and far beyond it.



Happy Childhood memories



Manoj Nuthakki

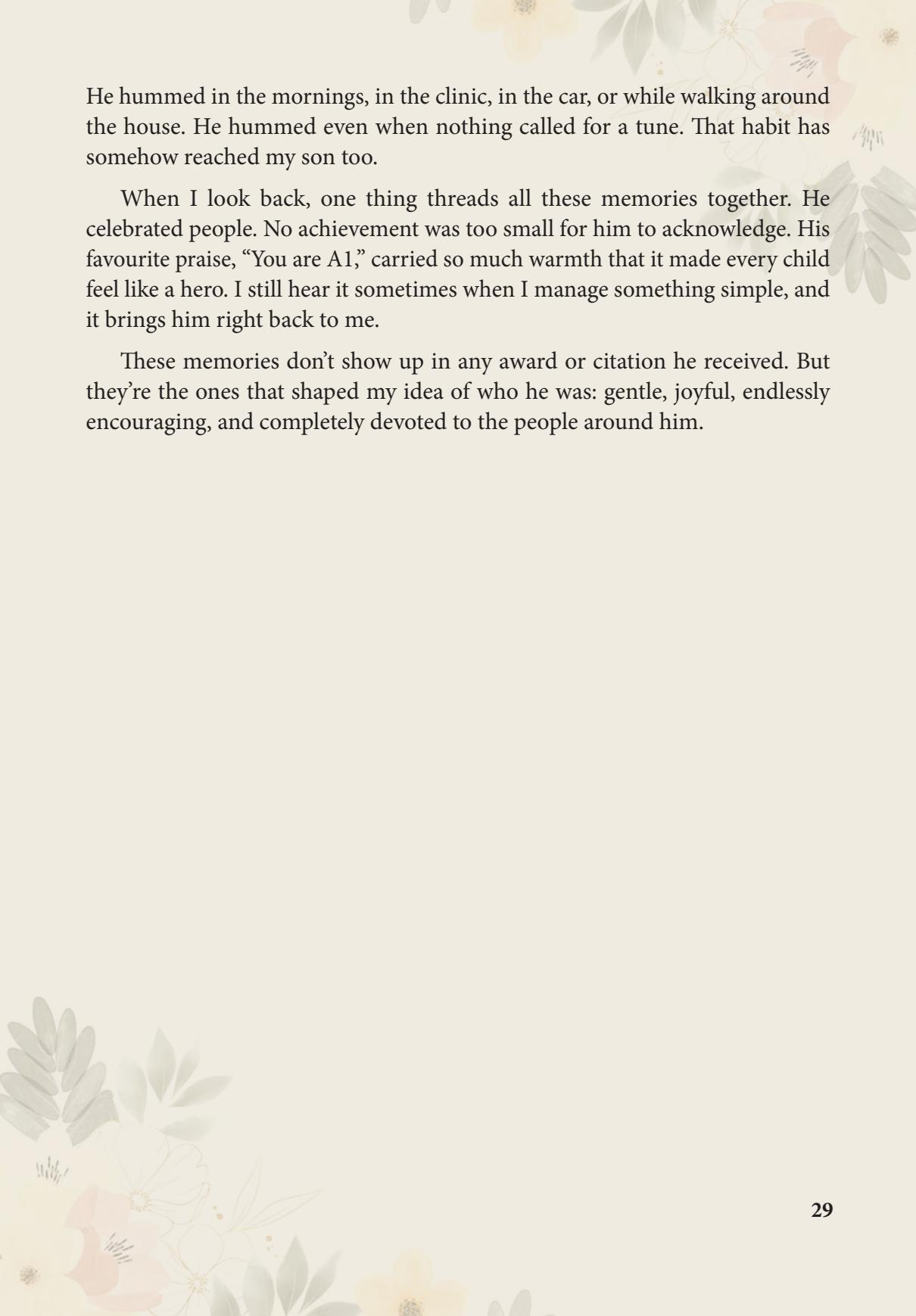
Some of my happiest childhood memories live in the summers we spent in Guntur. The moment we arrived, my grandmother would weigh us. Ensuring we put on weight was her personal benchmark for a successful vacation. We'd then get our customary haircut from the barber who came home. Only then did the holiday officially begin.

Every morning, my grandfather asked just one thing of me: to please eat an egg for breakfast. It was the one request I never managed to fulfil, so I'd sit at the table for what felt like hours, waiting for everyone to leave so I could escape. For someone who accomplished so much and guided so many, it still makes me smile that this simple battle was the one he chose to fight.

What I loved most were his hospital rounds. I'd tag along, and it felt like I was stepping into a secret world where every doctor, nurse, patient, and student already knew him and welcomed him with genuine affection. They also knew I loved Thumps Up, so in the summer months there always seemed to be a case waiting somewhere "just in case he brought the grandson along." What looked like friendly visits to me were really conversations about patients, improvements, and community needs, yet none of it ever felt formal. He moved through those corridors with ease, humility, and warmth, and if you'd walked with him, you'd have seen how naturally people gravitated toward him.

I accompanied him to his clinic too, even though I was barely ten years old. I watched him treat patients with an instinctive mastery that made everything look simple. Without realizing it, I learnt the names of illnesses and the medicines he prescribed, small lessons that came from sitting quietly beside him.

Afternoons were for cola floats or tutti-fruity ice cream at funny bunny ice-cream parlour, which remain my favourites even today. And he always hummed.



He hummed in the mornings, in the clinic, in the car, or while walking around the house. He hummed even when nothing called for a tune. That habit has somehow reached my son too.

When I look back, one thing threads all these memories together. He celebrated people. No achievement was too small for him to acknowledge. His favourite praise, “You are A1,” carried so much warmth that it made every child feel like a hero. I still hear it sometimes when I manage something simple, and it brings him right back to me.

These memories don’t show up in any award or citation he received. But they’re the ones that shaped my idea of who he was: gentle, joyful, endlessly encouraging, and completely devoted to the people around him.

Growing up with Grand parents



Madhav Nuthakki

I was really fortunate to have grown up with our grandparents being around. Many summer holidays of ours were spent at Guntur. I was young and naive to understand the profound impact of Tataguru on the lives of many patients, students and people he interacted with. He was a man who believed in service as a duty and was never pompous about the work he did.

As a kid growing up, just observing his habits had immense impact on me. He was extremely disciplined with his time and how he spent it on activities that would enhance the lives of people. His routine with food was like a regimen. He would never over indulge. A simple example was having 2 eggs for breakfast everyday without a miss. Talk about awareness of protein back in the day! He loved sports, especially watching cricket. I remember the times he would get back home and inquire on the score, who was batting/bowling. He was keen with enthusiasm and disappointment alike if India wasn't doing well.

He was involved in many social activities and always had an eager sense of making things happen regardless of how difficult or inconvenient they would personally be.

Even today so many years since his passing, I hear stories of what a great teacher he was from his students. The countless number of people he treated and their experiences continue to be heard and lived on forever.

Proud Namesake



**Venkateswara Rao
Nuthakki**

As we mark Tatagaru's 100th birth anniversary, I find myself reflecting not only on the doctor, the community leader, the teacher and the stylish gentleman he was, but also on the quiet enduring legacy he has left behind. As the youngest grandson of my Tatagaru, I was always the pampered one. I was named after him, and as a child I had no real sense of what it meant to carry his name. I remember Nanamma would not take my name and called me 'Pandu' because I had the same name as Tatagaru. He passed away when I was very young, and for a long time he was more a warm presence in my early memories than a fully understood figure. It was only as I grew older that I began to realize who he truly was not just to our family, but to the community in his hometown of Guntur and to the many students he mentored, who have gone on to become globally renowned doctors.

Even today, whenever I visit Guntur and meet relatives or new people, the moment I say I am Nuthakki garu's grandson, their faces light up and instantly, stories begin to flow about how he helped them or how he treated someone in their family or how closely they knew my grandfather. It amazes me how his name still lives on almost like a brand in the community, carrying with it respect and gratitude.

Most of my childhood summer holidays were spent at Tatagaru's house in Guntur and those memories remain the most vivid and cherished of my life. I remember his cars were always immaculately clean with white coveralls on the seats to protect the interiors. I'm convinced this habit has been passed down to me. He would often take us on drives to his clinic in Guntur and as a child I especially looked forward to the sodas and snacks we'd get there. But beyond the treats, there was always a sense that we were moving through a town

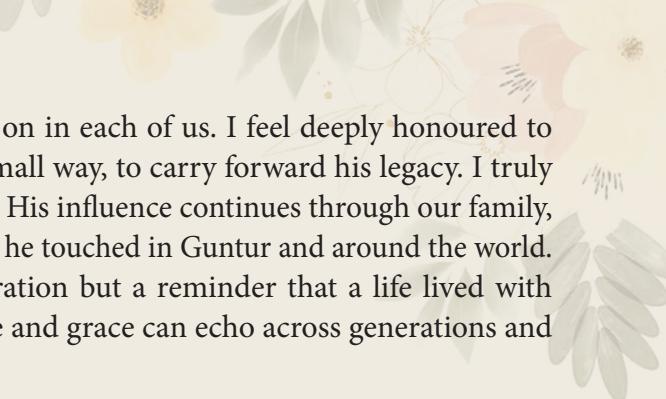
where everyone knew who he was, and by extension, who we were. Because of the respect and affection the community had for him, we'd receive special treatment wherever we went. People were always warm, respectful, and eager to help because we were Nuthakki garu's family.

Some of my earliest memories are of sitting in his home clinic, playing with his stethoscope, pretending to be a doctor or a patient, or simply listening as he diagnosed and treated people who came to see him. There was a quiet authority in the way he worked. It often felt like he knew what was wrong even before patients had fully explained their problems. That was the kind of impact and mastery he had as a doctor.

Tatagaru was a man of remarkable discipline. His daily routine, from the start of the day to the end, ran like clockwork. Even his dogs seemed to know his schedule by heart. We could tell when Tatagaru was about to return home just by watching the dogs as they would rush out towards the gate and within minutes, Tatagaru would appear at the door. His life had a rhythm to it.

One of my favourite memories of him was when he visited us in Bangalore. He was very fond of cricket and his favourite team was Zimbabwe. I remember one India vs Zimbabwe match when we had a bet. Full of childish confidence, I bet Rs 1000 against him and his beloved Zimbabwe and he laughed and accepted the bet and I will never forget what happened next. India lost and I was devastated and went to him with great reluctance to pay my bet. He smiled and took the money, added another thousand rupees to it, and handed the entire amount back to me. That was who he was, a kind-hearted soul who always wanted everyone to be happy.

Tatagaru was also incredibly stylish. Sometimes I joke that if I had inherited even half of his style and presence, I might have been a celebrity by now. His pin-stripe suits, bold ties, and the confidence with which he carried himself made a strong impression on everyone who met him. I still have some of his ties, and I still use the pen he gifted me when I was a kid. These are not just objects for me; they are small pieces of him that I carry into my everyday life. The way he spoke was powerful and impactful. In a room full of people, when Tatagaru began to speak, the entire room would fall silent. It was not forced; it was just the natural respect he commanded. His thoughts, his words, and his presence, they all carried weight.



His values and principles live on in each of us. I feel deeply honoured to carry his name and, in my own small way, to carry forward his legacy. I truly believe he is still watching over us. His influence continues through our family, his students and the countless lives he touched in Guntur and around the world. His centenary is not just a celebration but a reminder that a life lived with compassion, excellence, discipline and grace can echo across generations and continents.

I am proud to be his grandson. I am proud to be his namesake. And I will cherish that privilege for the rest of my life.



Tata garu's unconditional Love



Aarti Tatineni

Tatagaru”.

Where do I even begin?

The word “Tatagaru” instantly wraps me in an embrace of warmth, security and unconditional love. My Tatagaru was everything to us; the foundation of our lives and the pillar that supported and shaped my family to grow and spread our wings.

22 years after his passing, we still feel the unexplainable void that has changed our lives.

As a child I am blessed to have had Tatagaru as a core part of my life since the day I was born. He fondly called me “mamma” and told me I was his mother reincarnated. No one could make me feel as special as he did. Sifting through the photographs we have been trying to compile for this book, I am baffled by the number of people he has been close to and meaningfully managed to stay in touch with through his life in the days of no WhatsApp, Instagram or Facebook. How can one person manage to be an exceptional grandfather, father, husband, doctor, friend, confidante, mentor, philanthropist, orator, writer ... the list is endless. As a working mother of 2 girls and 2 dogs with ample family support, I realise it's not easy. How did Tatagaru manage to make everything seem so effortless and joyful all the time? How did he always manage to believe only in the best version of everyone else and let the rest go? The answers to these questions are hard to find. Especially when you grew up with a 'Tatagaru' who firmly believed in the joyful pursuit of excellence - "Joyful" being the key word.

Whether it was showing up to a wedding he wasn't invited to (believing they had simply forgotten and would be thrilled by his presence), or happily letting

go of something valuable because someone else needed it more than him - he truly believed in the beauty of life and maximising experiences - not wealth or belongings. His positivity and energy were infectious. He had the power to switch the energy in any situation. His vibrant "Hello - hello", tall, fit and handsome 6 foot personality could change the vibe in a room within seconds. Negativity in any form bounced off him. Of all the people I have met in my life so far, Tatagaru is probably the only person who has truly "lived". A full, content, and meaningful life where every action and every thought culminated into a beautiful life worth living.

I realised how rare of a person Tatagaru truly is only after he passed. Whether it was trying to excel in our careers, meeting people with empathy regardless of circumstances, living our best lives every day or finding a life partner - he set the bar extremely high! The ringing of his laughter, the sparkle in his eyes, the warmth in his voice and the safety in his hugs can never be forgotten.

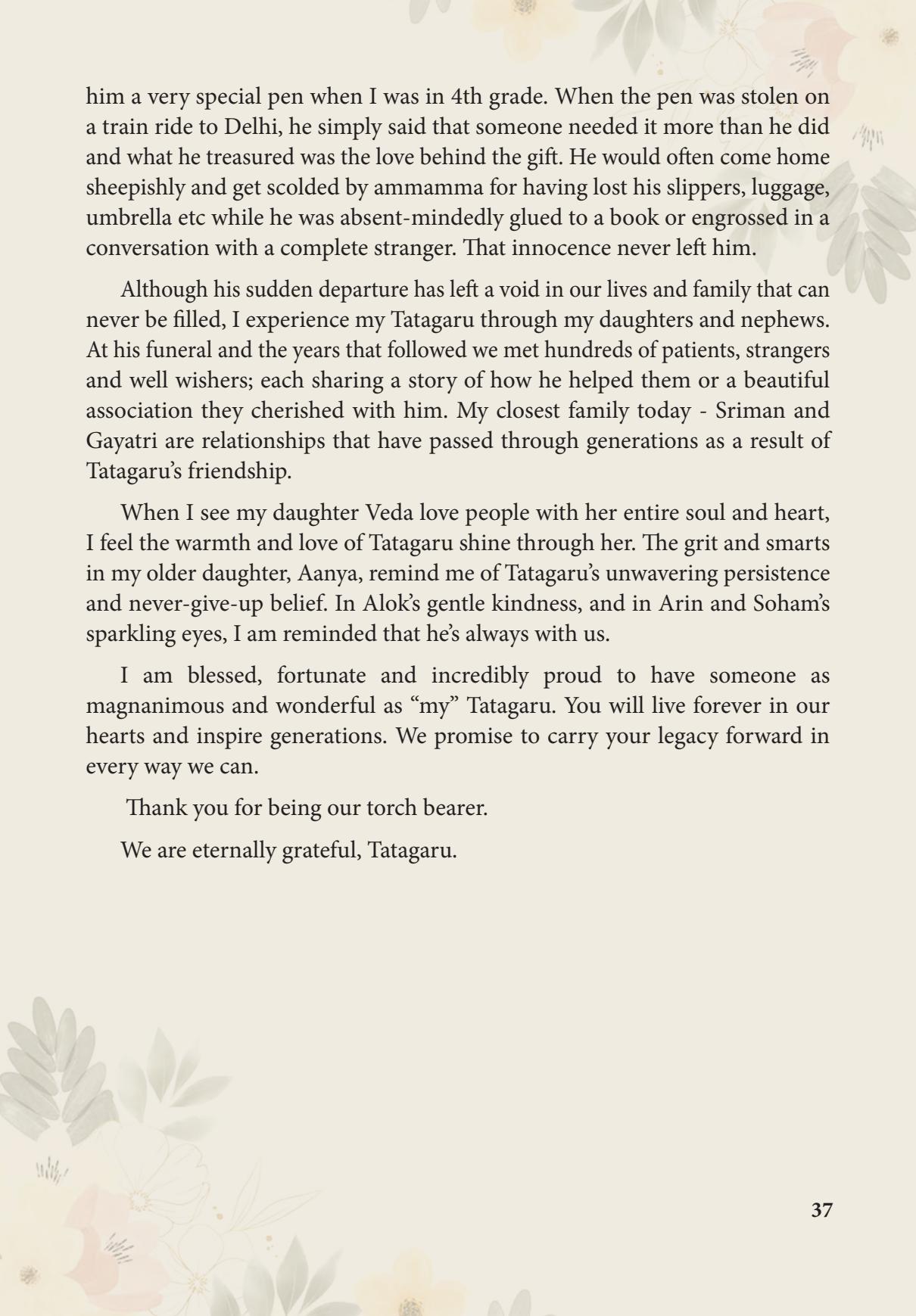
One of my favourite pass times is to listen to my mom delve into her childhood memories. Lost in a trance with a smile, she shares beautiful, touching and funny stories of Tatagaru and how he helped educate his entire extended family, let go of political opportunity and constantly chose humanity and service over and beyond everything else. I can't thank you enough for treasuring these memories and passing them down to us Amma. Being close and connected to people and helping them meant everything to Tatagaru. Our home in Chandramouli nagar (Guntur) was always filled with patients and friends. The kitchen resembled a small sized cottage industry joyfully catering to unexpected guests any time of the hour.

After Tatagaru passed, ammamma came to live with us. She was never truly herself after that because who can replace Tatagaru? Ammamma was his queen. At home, she was the centre of authority. With unwavering love and calmness, he would quietly support and guide her through every setback they faced. Their marriage reflected true companionship. Tatagaru wore his heart on his sleeve. He never missed an opportunity to give her a peck or shower her with an embrace no matter who was around. According to him, no one could make filter coffee like Ammamma! Every evening ammamma would serve Tatagaru the "world's best filter coffee" when they would quietly spend some time together. Ammamma was Tatagaru's back bone. My mom and uncles were

blessed with 2 sets of parents - Ammamma and tatagaru and Ammamma's sister, Annapurnamma and her husband Venkat Subbiah Tatagaru who lived with them and raised them with unconditional love. One of my favourite stories is how my mom once dropped my uncle Kishan into a barrel of water while eagerly bathing him as a child. Scared of being scolded by Ammamma, she ran away and only returned late in the night with plenty of reassurance from Tatagaru and her uncle. Forgiveness, of course, was always abundant at home. When my mom didn't do well in 7th grade, Tatagaru calmly spoke to her teachers and made her repeat a year even though she passed her grade to ensure a stronger foundation. This turned into a lifelong blessing as that was where she met her best friend for life - Lalitha. My parents married very young and my dad who was also my grandfather's medical student soon turned to become an older son and an integral part of the family.

Evenings with Tatagaru were always inclusive. Friends and family could drop in without calling anytime of the day. Leaving the house without having dinner or a snack was not optional though. Children and grand children were always encouraged and welcome to hang around and listen to stories of their childhood, events at the hospital, debates on politics, discussions on sport and findings of latest scientific and medical research. Our ideas were always heard and questions always patiently answered no matter how silly or ridiculous. The Indian cricket team was a part of our family. I would come running from tuition to watch a match and see Tatagaru jumping up and down our old couch every time a four or a sixer was shot! He would be so excited during these matches that he'd casually pop a Restyl before hand to calm his nerves!

Our few years at Guntur when we moved from the UK were undoubtedly the best years of my life. Tatagaru always kept us occupied and on our toes. He would take us to his nursing home or the scan centre and let us sip on gold spot while he saw patients. Afternoons were spent lying next to him flipping through SPAN and other colourful scientific magazines before his nap, while he talked about the future and all the possible scientific advances with a child like excitement. Evenings meant going for walks around the auditorium or the Guntur club for an excited round of Badminton where he would scream and squeal after every game with child like fervour and competitiveness. In his late 60's and 70's he was as fit as a fiddle and wouldn't skip a day of exercise. I would proudly tell my friends that my grandpa was like no other! My uncle gifted



him a very special pen when I was in 4th grade. When the pen was stolen on a train ride to Delhi, he simply said that someone needed it more than he did and what he treasured was the love behind the gift. He would often come home sheepishly and get scolded by ammamma for having lost his slippers, luggage, umbrella etc while he was absent-mindedly glued to a book or engrossed in a conversation with a complete stranger. That innocence never left him.

Although his sudden departure has left a void in our lives and family that can never be filled, I experience my Tatagaru through my daughters and nephews. At his funeral and the years that followed we met hundreds of patients, strangers and well wishers; each sharing a story of how he helped them or a beautiful association they cherished with him. My closest family today - Sriman and Gayatri are relationships that have passed through generations as a result of Tatagaru's friendship.

When I see my daughter Veda love people with her entire soul and heart, I feel the warmth and love of Tatagaru shine through her. The grit and smarts in my older daughter, Aanya, remind me of Tatagaru's unwavering persistence and never-give-up belief. In Alok's gentle kindness, and in Arin and Soham's sparkling eyes, I am reminded that he's always with us.

I am blessed, fortunate and incredibly proud to have someone as magnanimous and wonderful as "my" Tatagaru. You will live forever in our hearts and inspire generations. We promise to carry your legacy forward in every way we can.

Thank you for being our torch bearer.

We are eternally grateful, Tatagaru.

My Beloved Taatayya



Gayathri C ,

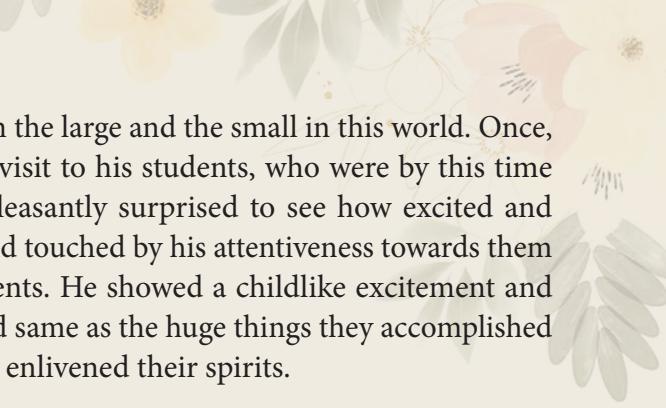
Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao, a renowned surgeon and teacher was an esteemed doctor of medicine, that noblest of professions. While superficially caring for the physical well-being of the patient, the inner nature of the profession is love, the highest attribute of the divine.

I had the good fortune to experience this aspect of him since childhood.

I knew him as my beloved Taatayya—a gentle, loving, and caring grandfather. He radiated love as a lamp radiates light. Growing up, I heard stories of him taking care of his students and patients like his own children. I personally saw several of them beaming with joy on seeing him and expressing their gratitude, admiration, and reverence. While being a serious and dedicated professional, he was also perpetually cheerful, demonstrating both childlike enthusiasm and down-to-earth simplicity.

He was a reputed doctor and a distinguished professor. But he never had any airs; I didn't even know about his professional status and prestige until I grew up. He was playful around children. One of my fondest childhood memories is of Tatayya dancing around me, mirthfully singing folk tunes. His voice, coming from the depths of his heart, still echoes in my memory.

Although sometimes deeply thoughtful, and sometimes (excited) joyous, his demeanor was always positive and uplifting. My mother once told me about the time they all went on an excursion to the nearby forest. Despite the muggy atmosphere, teeming with mosquitoes and other insects, the difficulties and the complaints of the others, Taatayya was exuberantly cheering them on to enjoy the beauty of the place. His positivity and loving nature were apparent in his appreciation of everything around him.



He didn't discriminate between the large and the small in this world. Once, when we accompanied him on a visit to his students, who were by this time well-established doctors, I was pleasantly surprised to see how excited and affectionate they were with him and touched by his attentiveness towards them and the sincerity of his compliments. He showed a childlike excitement and surprise at the little things they did same as the huge things they accomplished and like a loving father, genuinely enlivened their spirits.

The way he simultaneously demonstrated the qualities of both a beautiful child and a mature father was magical and amazing.

Another of my fondest memories of my childhood is going to the movies with him. I used to sit next to him, and he would explain what was happening in the movie. He did that even when I was in my early teens, and I never told him that I could follow the movie lest he would stop explaining. I enjoyed his explanation more than the movie itself, because he did it with such tender love. The love which permeated every aspect of his being is what made him a beautiful human being and an extraordinary doctor. He is unforgettable, and I am grateful to have known such a remarkable person, and a fortunate to have had such a sweet grandfather.

Incredible Taataiah



Sriman C

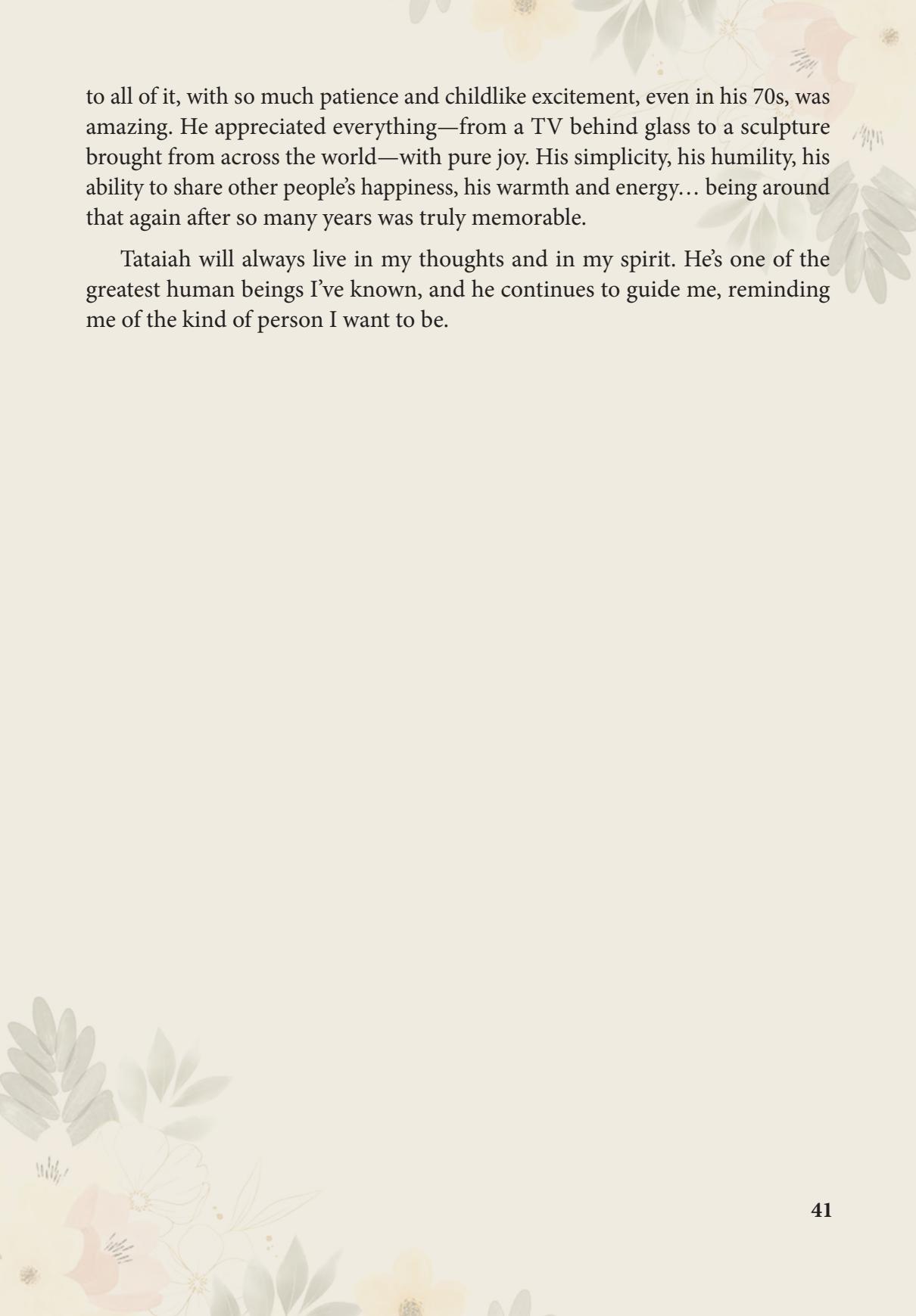
TATAIAH (Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu)

When I think of Tataiah, the first thing that comes to mind is this incredibly positive, cheerful human being—always energetic, always full of life. Until I was about 10, I didn't even know he wasn't actually my biological grandfather; I thought he was either my mom's or dad's father. Finding out that he was actually my dad's medical college professor didn't change a thing. The bond he built with us—and with all his children and grandchildren, who became my aunts, uncles, and cousins—was so real and so strong that even today, many of my closest, warmest relationships come from his family.

I know he's had a huge subconscious influence on me—on my desire to stay active physically, mentally, and emotionally, no matter how old I get. I don't think I can ever match the level of energy he had, but he's always been a big source of inspiration for me. I also remember him as a man of simplicity, humility, and genuine love for the people in his life.

Most of my time with him was when I was really young, before I moved to the US in 1992. But I did get to spend time with him later, when he visited us around 2000. Seeing him then—from a more grown-up perspective—felt different and special.

One memory that's still so vivid is his last visit to the US, when I travelled with him to Detroit. I had the chance to see him interact with his former students, who by then were all highly accomplished doctors with big careers and big reputations. Watching them turn into excited school kids around him—showing off their success, proudly walking him through their multi-million-dollar homes—was something I'll never forget. And the way Tataiah responded

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to all of it, with so much patience and childlike excitement, even in his 70s, was amazing. He appreciated everything—from a TV behind glass to a sculpture brought from across the world—with pure joy. His simplicity, his humility, his ability to share other people's happiness, his warmth and energy... being around that again after so many years was truly memorable.

Tataiah will always live in my thoughts and in my spirit. He's one of the greatest human beings I've known, and he continues to guide me, reminding me of the kind of person I want to be.

Beacon of Inspiration



**Dr.Ramaraja
Bhushanudu**

Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao garu stands as a beacon of inspiration, intellect, and unwavering commitment to the advancement of medical education and surgical training in Guntur. His extraordinary journey, marked by a relentless pursuit of excellence, has left an indelible mark on hundreds of medical professionals that came in touch with him.

A Life Dedicated to Medication and Surgery From his early years at Government General Hospital, Guntur, and Dr. Nuthakki displayed an innate curiosity and passion for teaching medical students and postgraduates. As professor of surgery and head of the Second surgical unit at GGH, he became a revered teacher, mentor, adviser, and friend to those that reached out to him. With a unique bow tie and a never fading smile, he quickly distinguished himself as a role model and a thoughtful leader. His clinical acumen and cogent surgical skills contributed to many medical students pursuing surgical specialties.

Leadership Legacy:

Dr. Nuthakki was not only a brilliant physician and surgeon but also a visionary leader emanating from his exemplary military career. His strategic vision continued to help our alma maters even after his retirement from service. With his extended acquaintances, he took the liberty to approach officials and political cadre on a personal level to persuade actions to improve the facilities for education and patient welfare at GMC and GGH.

Mentorship and Inspiration :

One of Dr. Nuthakki's greatest contributions was his role as a mentor and guide. He believed in nurturing talent and empowering young minds, investing

his wisdom in the development of future leaders. Many of his students and protégés have gone on to achieve remarkable success, carrying forward his legacy of excellence and service. His students cherish his love for the institutions that made us venerable physicians that draw respect from all corners of the world.

A Lasting Impact

Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao's work extended beyond the surgical theatre and the lecture hall. He was a passionate advocate for ethical leadership and social responsibility. His tireless efforts have contributed significantly to the philanthropic goals of GMCANA (Guntur Medical College Alumni of NA) and have set a shining example for all who follow in his footsteps. His unwavering support as our Chief Coordinator is solely responsible for making the auditorium at GMC, and Podila building at GGH come to reality. He attended many GMCANA reunions in USA and Guntur and kept in close touch with many of our alumni.

In Remembrance

As we pay tribute to Dr. Nuthakki, we honor not only his professional achievements but also the values he embodied. His life story continues to inspire, reminding us that with vision and determination, it is possible to create lasting change. His passion for punctuality and his intent desire to lead a very active and healthy lifestyle left a remarkable impression on everyone that knew him.

On a personal note, he was a good friend of my father Sri Yalavarthi Rosayya. They used to share their reformist ideas and openly exchanged views of the changing political landscape. They share many life values with respect to honesty, sincerity and moral standards.

Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao's legacy endured the institutions he fortified, the lives he touched, and the dreams he inspired. May his memory continue to illuminate the path for generations to come.



Energizer Bunny



**Ravikumar
Tripuraneni**

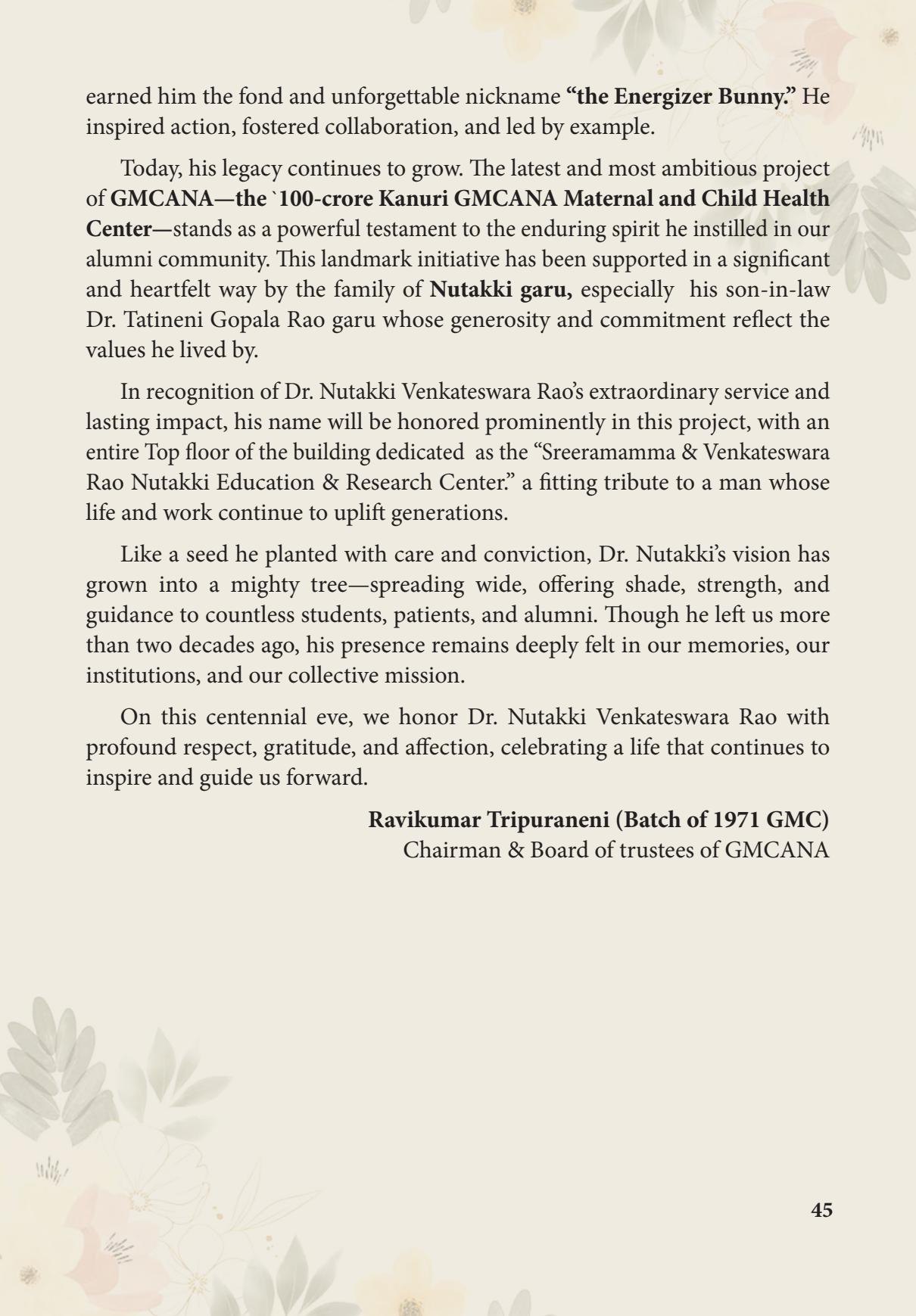
On the eve of this historic centennial celebration, we pause to remember with deep gratitude and affection Dr. Nutakki Venkateswara Rao, the first Coordinator of our Medical College Alumni and a towering figure in the legacy of Guntur Medical College.

A renowned surgeon, Dr. Nutakki was a teacher, mentor, guide, and a cherished friend to generations of students and faculty. He also shared a special personal bond with many of us, being a classmate of my father during graduate medical education—an enduring connection that reflected his lifelong commitment to friendship, service, and professional excellence.

From the inception of the alumni association in **1983 until his passing in 2003**, Dr. Nutakki served as the Coordinator of **GMCANA (Guntur Medical College Alumni of North America)** with extraordinary dedication. For two decades, he was the driving force behind alumni engagement at Government General Hospital, Guntur, uniting alumni across continents with vision, warmth, and tireless energy.

His service to our alma mater was exceptional. Dr. Nutakki played a pivotal role in mobilizing funds and procuring critical equipment that enabled the completion of numerous projects. The foundations he laid continue to support and inspire the many initiatives undertaken by GMCANA over the years. His unwavering support was instrumental in the construction of the state-of-the-art GMCANA Auditorium at Guntur Medical College, where his memory has been permanently honored through the naming of the “Nutakki Recreation Center”

Always jovial, affectionate, and approachable, he was universally loved by students and faculty alike. His boundless enthusiasm and inexhaustible energy



earned him the fond and unforgettable nickname “**the Energizer Bunny**.” He inspired action, fostered collaboration, and led by example.

Today, his legacy continues to grow. The latest and most ambitious project of GMCANA—the **‘100-crore Kanuri GMCANA Maternal and Child Health Center**—stands as a powerful testament to the enduring spirit he instilled in our alumni community. This landmark initiative has been supported in a significant and heartfelt way by the family of **Nutakki garu**, especially his son-in-law Dr. Tatineni Gopala Rao garu whose generosity and commitment reflect the values he lived by.

In recognition of Dr. Nutakki Venkateswara Rao’s extraordinary service and lasting impact, his name will be honored prominently in this project, with an entire Top floor of the building dedicated as the “*Sreeramamma & Venkateswara Rao Nutakki Education & Research Center*” a fitting tribute to a man whose life and work continue to uplift generations.

Like a seed he planted with care and conviction, Dr. Nutakki’s vision has grown into a mighty tree—spreading wide, offering shade, strength, and guidance to countless students, patients, and alumni. Though he left us more than two decades ago, his presence remains deeply felt in our memories, our institutions, and our collective mission.

On this centennial eve, we honor Dr. Nutakki Venkateswara Rao with profound respect, gratitude, and affection, celebrating a life that continues to inspire and guide us forward.

Ravikumar Tripuraneni (Batch of 1971 GMC)
Chairman & Board of trustees of GMCANA

Friendly Professor



Dr. Rama Bala

Nuthakki uncle, as Dr Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu was known to me since childhood, had been a friend rather than a professor. His affable personality combined with his pragmatic approach to teaching made him the favourite professor for all my contemporaries.

He was a friend of my uncle before I knew him as a professor. He always had time to say hello and speak to the children, as we were then. He was genuinely interested in getting to know everyone and he treated all age groups as his friends.

Although I never worked directly under him during my clinical years, we heard the stories from my colleagues regarding his attitude, pragmatism and friendliness.

One of his surgical post graduate trainees was once doing a simple mastectomy in the theatre next to Dr Nuthakki Garu. I understand that Dr Nuthakki finished a major surgery before the trainee could get halfway through the mastectomy. Dr Nuthakki came round to the second theatre, took a look at the postgraduate's handiwork, who was painstakingly trying to clamp every small blood vessel and didn't even get halfway through the resection. Legend says that Dr Nuthakki changed his gloves and completed the resection in two minutes, turned round to the trainee and said 'now you can stitch it up'. Whereas that anecdote illustrates his pragmatism, he would also teach the students very patiently without laughing at their silly questions.

As an examiner, he was well known to be very generous. Once my father Dr Sadasiva Rao Garu went as an external examiner to Rangaraya Medical College Kakinada. Both doctor Nuthakki and my father were of the opinion

that if a student fails an exam, it is the fault of the teacher. So all the students who failed the exams previously (so called chronic referreds) attended the exam on that occasion. Needless to say that most of them passed the exam. One of them however, said to me years later that he had to promise the examiners never to practice surgery on patients. I do not know the truth of this story but it reflects Dr Nuthakki's kindness and excellent relationship with his students.

He played a pivotal role in my marriage to Dr Suresh along with Dr.Kameswara Rao Garu who was again a similar personality too and of course a great friend of Dr Nuthakki garu. In fact, both of them were an unofficial marriage bureau those days.

Myself and my husband Suresh were friends with all his family members throughout our life.

We greatly appreciate their initiatives in remembering Dr Nuthakki in a fitting manner and I'm sure this effort will stand as an example for others to follow.





Fastest Surgeon



**Dr. Yalamanchili
Sivaji**

Dr. Nuthakki, with his army background was a daring and fastest surgeon. No patient was denied surgery, however serious and critical, it was. He never hesitated to do the needful. On his theatre days, the surgeries continued till late in the evening. The supporting staff were almost down and out in an attempt to catch up with his speed.

Both in curricular and extra activities, he was at the central point. Be it an exhibition, social service, annual day or sports day function. His house was like a chowtry for many people and he found pleasure in hosting his students in large numbers, along with his better half Smt. Sreeramamma garu. From the Nutakkis's family of his village Mandadam, to his matrimonial village Tummala's family of Pedavadlapudi, he was accessible for all the rural folk around.

He always worried about me for neglecting my studies. The common factor for both of us besides medical health was Prof. N.G. Ranga. When the scientific exhibition was going on during 1971 February, a public meeting was addressed by late N. Sanjeeva Reddy and Prof. N.G. Ranga in Gandhi Park. Both of us went on top of the "gold spot van" to the venue to listen to them as it was jam packed and there was no other means.

When I was detained under MISA during emergency in central prison Rajahmundry, I was admitted as an in-patient in Govt. General Hospital, Kakinada where he was working as professor of surgery.

Even after retirement, he was instrumental in establishing and nurturing, Mamata Medical College, Khammam and N.R.I. Medical College. He was the binding force among several players in the management of NRI medical college. With his absence, a void was created and it was beyond the capacity of anybody

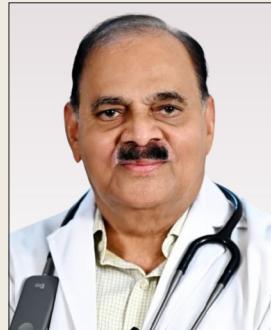
to see that the management runs smoothly and it ended in a legal battle . A lecture gallery was named after him in N.R.I. Medical college, China kakani, Guntur Dt.

He did his BA, before joining medical studies, thereby he excelled all others in his pronunciation and expression in English.

Though he was not that attached to Dr. Pinnamaneni Narasimha Rao during his service, he stood with him when he contested for medical council of India, President's post On behalf of MCI:

I owe a lot to him and I was always treated as his family member and he encouraged me by all means – he is always remembered by his students, colleagues and patients for his service and good will.

My revered Teacher and Mentor



**Dr. Lakshmana
swamy**

It is a matter of great honour for me to share a few words about my revered teacher and mentor, Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu, on the occasion of his birth centenary. My association with him began long before I joined medical college. My father, Dr. Y. V. Subba Rao Garu, was a well-known plastic surgeon in Guntur. Though he was in private practice, he maintained close professional and personal relationships with the teaching faculty of Guntur Medical College.

Dr. Nuthakki, who served as a General Surgery professor in several medical colleges across the state, developed a strong and lasting friendship with my father. Our families became closely connected, and he frequently visited our home. During those visits, he always showed a special affection for me and my brother. He constantly encouraged us to pursue medicine—especially surgery—following in my father's footsteps. After completing my MBBS, I approached him for guidance regarding further specialisation. He took time to understand my interests, aptitude, and inclination. After thoughtful discussion, he suggested that I would be best suited for Orthopaedics and advised me to meet Dr. Ethirajulu Garu, the then Professor of Orthopaedics. Under his mentorship, I eventually became an orthopaedic surgeon.

Even after his retirement, our families continued to remain closely connected. He would often visit me at my hospital and spend time encouraging and guiding me. Dr. Nuthakki was an exceptional teacher who trained numerous undergraduate and postgraduate students. He was joyful, energetic, approachable, and deeply committed to teaching. He nurtured and shaped the careers of many surgeons who went on to establish their practices across Andhra Pradesh.

Several of his students settled abroad, and through his continued association with them, he mobilised support and resources for the development of Guntur Medical College and Government General Hospital. On the occasion of his centenary, I fondly remember his immense contribution to medical education, surgical training, and institutional development. I convey my heartfelt wishes to the families of his children—Vishnu, Kishan, and Beena. His legacy continues to inspire generations of doctors and students.

My compassionate teacher



Dr. C.V.Rao

My first opportunity to meet Nuthakki garu was way back in the year 1974 as UG student at Rangaraya Medical College, Kakinada. Prof. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao garu came as Professor of General Surgery for 2nd unit. From day one onwards, he took personal interest in teaching and patient care.

During those days the faculty used to maintain personal rapport with all students and at the end of ward clinical postings, we used to have a ward mates get together for high tea either at the house of the professor or in the college campus. He was exceptionally meticulous on this to utilise the opportunity for personal interaction with students.

He was one of the Professors who made evening post operative rounds without fail. Because of high turnover of admissions in his ward, there was a mad rush to secure senior house surgeon's post under him, as the PG seats were limited in AP and PG courses were not sanctioned in Kakinada. Later during my General Surgery PG course in Guntur he was transferred and occupied the HoD post. Our relations continued there after more intimately because of family bondage.

The unique feature of Nuthakki garu is to help everyone and anyone who seeks his help. It is rare to have such a compassionate person in this materialistic society.

Value Oriented Education



Dr. Balabhaskar,

As we celebrate the birth centenary of Prof. NUTHAKKI VENKATESWARA RAO and as we celebrate GAH (Global Alumni Home coming 3) of Guntur Medical College, and on the occasion of inauguration of KANURI MATERNITY & CHILD CENTER at GGH, GUNTUR, it is my pleasure to write a few words about Prof. NUTHAKKI VENKATESWARA RAO Garu and about my association with this great gentleman and skilled surgeon.

I did my post graduation in general surgery under him from 1979-81, in GMC, Guntur. Since then I am influenced by his skills in surgery and professionalism. He is my mentor and I learnt basic skills from him. I have never seen him to lose temper even in times of disaster committed by his juniors in assessing the patients for surgery. He along with Prof. ENB SARMA inaugurated my hospital in Guntur on august, 14th -1982.

I was also associated with him in the activities of GMCANA as he has been the chief- coordinator of GMCANA in India, till his unfortunate and untimely demise.

He used to treat both his assistant professors and post graduates like his family members.

His family members including his son-in law Dr. T. Gopala Rao garu established 'NUTHAKKI's Recreation Center' in the stilt floor of GMCANA auditorium, GMC.

He preached a value oriented education and always advised his students to grow intellectually.

Fond Memories

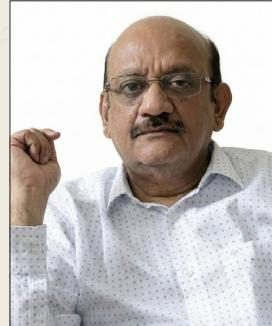


**Dr. Chunduri
Rohini Rao**

My Association with Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu

For Dr. Nuthakki's birth centenary, I would like to share a few of my memories of him. Our acquaintance began when I was very young; I and my sisters went to school with his daughter, Beena, and we remain close friends to this day. Although he was not my direct teacher, I observed that Dr. Nuthakki was a positive-minded, sociable person who connected easily with people of all ages. One of my fondest memories is traveling with his family to a conference in Delhi, where he warmly introduced me to many of his friends in the Army. He worked tirelessly to establish the IMA in Andhra Pradesh, traveling across the state to motivate doctors to join the organization. As a result of his efforts, the AP IMA branch became a strong and influential part of the national association. I was fortunate to host him in Vizag during those years, strengthening our decades-long relationship.

A good Teacher and Administrator



**Dr. Gogineni Lakshmi
Prasad**

I have been living in Tenali for the past 71 years. My father was an ophthalmologist in that town. Coming to my associations with Dr Nuthakki garu, I first saw him in 1964/65, when he was working in Tenali government hospital. Very few might have seen him earlier than me.

Once he was invited by IMA, Tenali branch as a chief guest, and my father happened to be the dinner host at our home. That was the first time wishing him with folded hands . I remember Dr Nuthakki garu asking me పెద్దయిన తరువాత ఏమి చదువు తావు, ఆయన పల్లీ కూర్చు వెట్టుకొని Years have gone by, after 5 years I happened to join in RMC in 1970 along with so many doctor's, children, one of them happened to be Vishnu, eldest son of Nuthakki garu. Dr Nutakki garu was a very friendly person, affectionate and caring

He was a good teacher and administrator as superintendent of government general hospital.

He used to take special care of all of us who happened to be Doctor's children, he used to invite us for dinner at his home twice a year and enquire about our well being and our progress in the curriculum. Serious when he was teaching and jovial at free time.

He was fond of cricket; I remember him on 2,3, occasions calling me and asking me the score. I was a regular visitor to his home as Vishnu was one of my best friends. Along with him, aunty (Mrs Nuthakki garu), used to talk to me freely (వనువుగా) and always used to encourage us to study well and his body language said "am there for you and with you in the hour of need"

For me he was a God father throughout my clinical studies గురువు

గారి గురించి ఇంత చెప్పిన తరువాత ఇంకోకరి గురించి కూడా చెప్పాలని పించిది He is Dr.P.Narasimharao garu, Professor of Biochemistry and Warden (గురువు గారి నియ్యంకుడు).

Even after I passed out from RMC and started practicing he used to encourage me and my wife Dr.G.Uma who was MLA for some time, asking her to conduct medical camps.

From that time onwards till today I am associated with his family members who are very nice and affectionate.

Extra ordinary surgeon



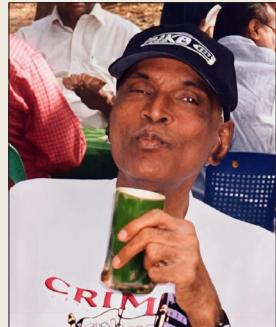
**Dr. Mahalakshmi
Venegalla**

I am Mahalakshmi Venigalla, RMC batch of 1974. I am one of the fortunate ones who had the privilege of training under our beloved Dr. Nuthakki garu, S2 Chief of Surgery. It was a pure joy to be in his unit!

He was not only an extraordinary surgeon but also a charismatic, warm and affectionate human being. To all of us, he was much more than a professor. He was a father figure. His genuine concern for each student, his guidance and his constant support made a lasting impact on our lives. Being Jyothi's classmate, we missed having him as our Internal Examiner in Surgery. I teasingly blamed her for becoming his daughter in law and depriving us of an easy examiner! We had the pleasure of hosting him and aunty during their visit to New York. I still remember how much they enjoyed the view from the iconic World Trade Center.

My husband, Sambasiva Rao fondly recalls Dr. Nuthakki garu's simplicity and friendliness and his unique ability to connect with people of any age. We now live in Orlando, close to his son Vishnu and his wife Jyothi, who is my dear friend. In Vishnu Annayya, I see Dr. Nuthakki garu completely, not only in his appearance but in his gentle nature, warmth, humility and constant willingness to help others. He is truly carrying his father's legacy. I am honoured and proud to call myself a student of Dr. Nuthakki garu. Though we miss him deeply, we are happy to have Vishnu Annayya and Jyothi as our cherished friends and neighbours!

Remembering Nutakki Uncle



Dr. Sasi & Koteswara Rao Vemuri

Remembering Nutakki Uncle and his joie de vivre

Early Days in Our Family

I first met Nutakki Uncle during my cousin Jyothi's marriage to Vishnu annayya. What we immediately noticed was his liveliness and joie de vivre as he joked and mingled effortlessly among us. He had this way of making even a large gathering feel personal with his warmth and humour. That wedding was the start of our long and cherished association with him and aunty who matched him with her sharp wit and repartee every step of the way.

Always a helping hand

When my sister Vijaya's son was a few weeks old, he needed surgery for the repair of a diaphragmatic hernia. Uncle happened to visit us at that time and being a surgeon himself, he met up with the paediatric surgeon and got permission to observe the surgery. This meant a lot to our family to have him there with us the whole day to update us and reassure us both before and after the surgery. A few years later, after my own marriage, we lived in Guntur while I was completing my D.G.O. During those two years, my husband became close to Uncle, who generously introduced him to a local paediatrician to help him learn the ropes of private practice. To this day, my husband feels that the life lessons he learned from that association were the most valuable ones he ever received. We always admired uncle's ability to connect people and help them find the support they needed—he even did a lot of matchmaking in his time.

His Social Nature

Uncle was a genuinely social being who rarely stayed idle. He loved visiting friends whenever he had free time. If his driver wasn't available, he would

phone my husband, “Koteswararao, take the scooter and come—let’s go over to Ethirajulu garu’s place!” Off they would go on the scooter, heading to a friend’s house. Once there, he or his friends would order pakodas with tea and spend a good time chatting away. Uncle always treated my husband, who was decades younger, like a colleague and friend. Everyone, be it child or adult, basked in the presence of his unalloyed camaraderie.

Adventures in America

In the 1990s, after both Jyothi’s family and ours had moved to the United States, Nutakki Uncle and Aunty visited us. My father and Uncle would go on long walks through our neighbourhood. Since my aunt Vani also lived in the neighbourhood, the two men often ended up visiting there. We would be waiting for them at home for dinner, only to discover they had already enjoyed a full meal at my aunt’s or our cousin Rupa’s house.

Uncle’s humour and conversational skills were second to none. As a Professor of Surgery who taught in various institutions, he encountered an enormous number of people over the years and left an impact on every single one. His genuine interest in people, combined with a sharp memory, meant he could greet former colleagues and students by name even decades later, as if no time had passed. We were always amazed by his ability to recall names and little details from long ago. We did get a peek into his bag of tricks (when memory did occasionally fail him) during a large Indian gathering at the Tapovanam center in Flint, Michigan. Uncle spotted a gentleman in a blue shirt whose name he couldn’t recall, so he quietly pulled my husband aside and whispered (in Telugu), “Who is that gentleman in the blue shirt? I can’t remember his name. Which college did he study at?” His memory jogged by the quick refresher my husband provided, uncle beamed and went over to greet the gentleman enthusiastically.

“Ah, Nageswara Rao !!! After so many years I’m seeing you again. It must have been ’78 when I came to your college as an examiner and you were an assistant professor at that time. You treated all of us external examiners to a magnificent dinner. I still haven’t forgotten that chicken curry you served!”

The look of joy on Dr. Nageswara Rao’s face at being remembered so vividly was something to behold. Uncle had this brilliant way of making everyone he encountered feel valued and unforgettable.

Young at Heart

Even in his later years, Uncle's childlike joy and competitive spirit were very much alive. This was never more evident than when he signed up for our city's annual CRIM race. He insisted that Vishnu annayya get him a new pair of sneakers for the occasion. On race day, Uncle proudly donned the official CRIM T-shirt and shorts, and with his numbered race bib pinned neatly to his back, set off at a brisk pace. He was determined to be among the fastest in his age group, and seeing his enthusiasm as he likely achieved that goal—crossing the finish line with a triumphant smile—is a memory we'll always cherish.

Remembering His Warmth and Positivity

These anecdotes are just a few among many that we fondly remember. Nutakki Uncle was truly a wonderful human being who could light up any room with his sheer exuberance and positivity. As family, friends, colleagues, and students will all attest, he left each of us with stories to tell and lessons to live by. We will always treasure the time we had with him and carry his spirit of warmth and joy in our hearts.

Unbelievable Energy



Dr. Kurmanath and Vani

I knew Dr Nuthakki Garu since my medical school days at RMC Kakinada. After finishing medical school, I also worked as a senior house surgeon under him to learn surgical procedures. He was jovial, always encouraging and guiding us.

When I opened my private practice in Samalkot, he inaugurated my clinic. Even though I was just an MBBS doctor I had a flourishing practice till I moved to USA.

Both Dr and Mrs Nuthakki Garu used to visit us often and they had a very cordial relationship with my parents also.

My wife Vani's sister, is married to Mr VR Rao who is the maternal uncle of Jyothi, married to Dr. Nuthakki's son, Vishnu. Jyothi's cousin Sasi (VR Rao's daughter) and her husband Koteswara Rao also used to stay in our neighbourhood in Western Hills Flint, Dr Nuthakki and VR Rao visited USA at the same time one summer for few months. It was wonderful spending time with him, and we developed a special bond.

He would go for walks daily in our neighbourhood, and would stop by and stay either for evening tea or dinner many a time. He enjoyed talking to people and getting to know them better. He always treated us like we were his own family. My wife Vani and I greatly miss him, though we see him in Vishnu and Kishan.

Dr Nuthakki's energy level was unbelievable. His legacy will continue through his children and grandchildren.

Exceptional Teacher



Dr. Gorantla Kotiswamy Chowdary & Krishnaveni.

I am deeply honoured to share my experiences with the renowned Professor Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu, who I had the privilege of knowing from 1967 to 1973. During my undergraduate and postgraduate studies at Guntur Medical College, and later in the USA, I was profoundly influenced by his wisdom and guidance.

As an exceptional teacher, he imparted knowledge on surgical theory and helped us acquire outstanding technical skills. He dedicated ample time to his students, ensuring they were equipped to handle emergency and elective surgical cases. Under his guidance, his students received certification upon completing their training.

Professor Nuthakki played a pivotal role in our personal lives as well. He arranged my marriage to Dr. Krishnaveni, and we still cherish the memories of our engagement ceremony at his residence in Kakinada. He attended our wedding on May 23, 1975, and we recently celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. We are grateful for his blessings and well wishes.

In his retirement, Professor Nuthakki took a leading role in supporting and coordinating GMCANA's activities. Under his supervision, a state-of-the-art auditorium was built on the GMC campus. Before his passing, he was involved in the construction of the Podili Prasad super specialty hospital at GGH. His untimely demise was a significant loss for the Guntur medical community.

Professor Nuthakki was an exceptional teacher, a daring surgeon, a mentor, and above all, a humanitarian (Mahamaneeshi).

Acharya Devo Bhava



Jayshree K Mallina

Dr. Nuthakki Venkateswara Rao Garu - Jayshree K, USA

I did my MBBS in Rangaraya Medical College in Kakinada after joining in 1974. I had the privilege of doing surgery rotation twice during my clinical years in his unit.

I always recall him as a tall person in a long white coat with his grand entrance, along with his entourage when he was making rounds. He made the surgery, subject easy with his vast knowledge and experience. I never forgot the moments when I tried to duck behind others so that I will not be picked by him to do the clinical presentation. He was a pioneer in both academic and surgical skills and I am grateful to have him as my mentor.

On a personal note, I had the lucky opportunity of hosting Dr. and Mrs. Nuthakki along Professor Narasimha Rao Garu and Madam Indira Devi Garu in the early 90s, when they visited me in California.

I will always remember the warmth and kind hospitality Indira Madam Garu showed me throughout my training at Kakinada, as I was a close friend of Jyothi and went to their house often.

Once again I feel thankful to have had such great mentors with excellent knowledge and skills to train all of us 50 years ago.

Acharya Devo Bhava.

My beloved professor



**Satyanarayana
Uppalapati**

Srāddhāñjali to My Beloved Professor on His Centenary.

I was blessed to have the opportunity to be guided by him and became one of his favorite persons.

He was a man untouched by material desires, monetary ambitions, or the desire for social position. He accepted success and failure with the same calm grace, never allowing either to disturb his inner balance. Free from rigid beliefs, he remained an ever-evolving soul—constantly updating himself in science, in society, and in the art of living.

As a Friend:

He shared a unique bond with his house officers and post-graduates, treating us not as juniors but as companions in the journey of learning. He loved creating a space where we felt free and unburdened. With his characteristic humor he would say,

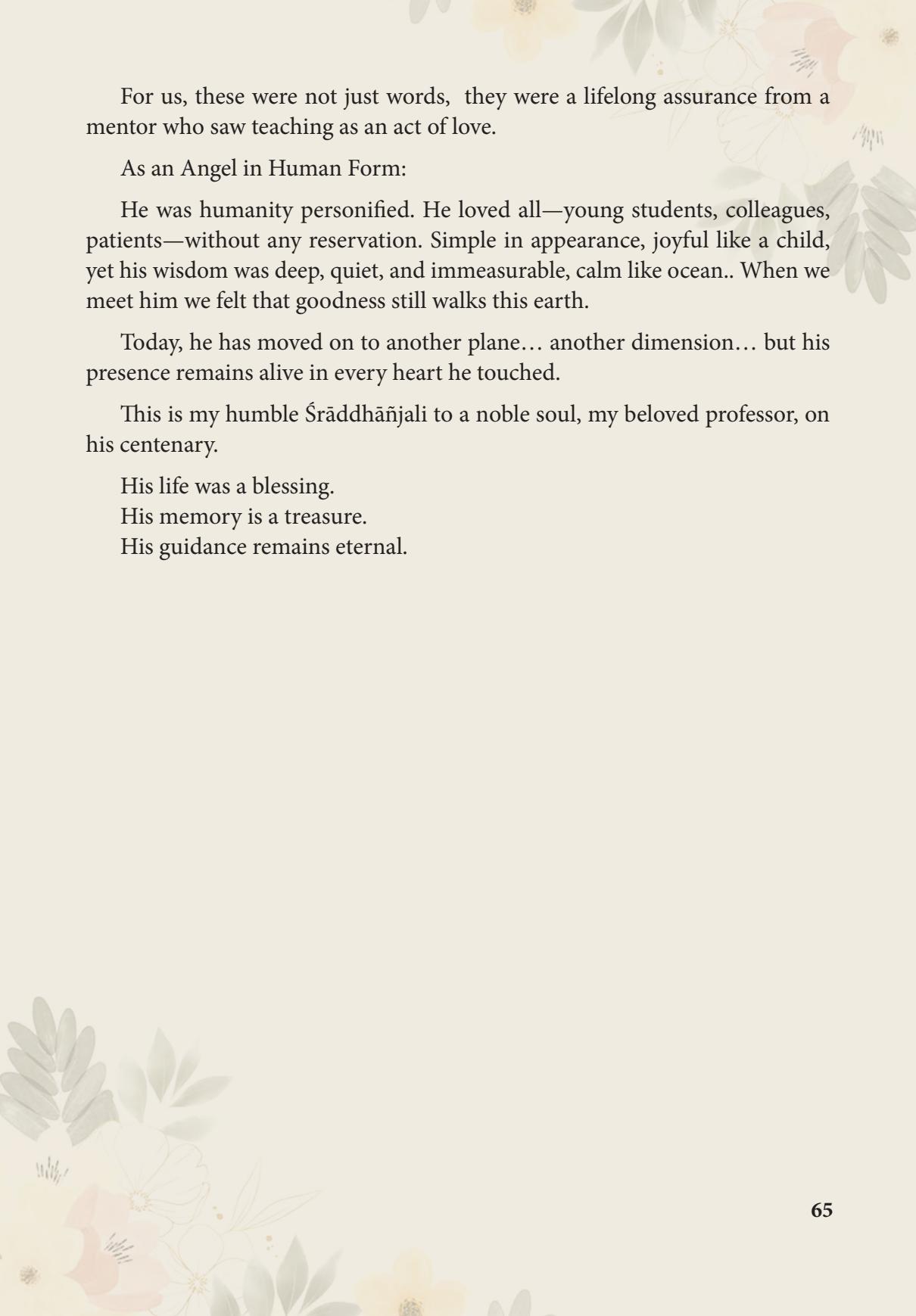
“You fellows are qualified doctors now—if you want to smoke, go ahead, feel free to smoke even in front of me... you can blow the smoke on my face also!”

That was his charm—he removed the walls of inhibition and replaced them with warmth and camaraderie.

As a Professor and Teacher

In his presence, we always felt safe—protected by his wisdom, his patience, and his belief in us. He encouraged us to learn without fear, reminding us:

“We are here to cover and correct your mistakes until you leave this institute. Even after that, you can call us anytime when you need help. We are always here for you.”



For us, these were not just words, they were a lifelong assurance from a mentor who saw teaching as an act of love.

As an Angel in Human Form:

He was humanity personified. He loved all—young students, colleagues, patients—with any reservation. Simple in appearance, joyful like a child, yet his wisdom was deep, quiet, and immeasurable, calm like ocean.. When we meet him we felt that goodness still walks this earth.

Today, he has moved on to another plane... another dimension... but his presence remains alive in every heart he touched.

This is my humble Šrāddhāñjali to a noble soul, my beloved professor, on his centenary.

His life was a blessing.

His memory is a treasure.

His guidance remains eternal.



My Mentor



**Dr. Srinivas
Kamineni**

Dr. Nutakki Venkateswara Rao garu was my guide and mentor in my crucial growing up years. In all my years of association he loved me for both my faults and virtues. I too respected him when he corrected my ways and tried to mend myself. His warm nature meant a lot to me during my medical college days.

He occupied several important posts in the college. I knew him as a professor, HOD of surgery and superintendent of GGH Kakinada, but in all his positions I never saw him get affected by his position. He remained the same warm personality smiling from the heart when he met people. A concern and genuine care for his students. I sensed that I grew in his heart from a student to a ward and later a friend and a confidante. He was humble in dealing with associates, integral in thoughts and a true trust- worthy adult. In all my association with him I got very close to him, almost like a family member and will always value him as a dear person.

CURRICULUM VITAE OF Dr. NUTHAKKI VENKATESWARA RAO

Date of Birth: 28th December 1925.

Education:

Intermediate and B.A., in A.C. College, Guntur. Stood first in Andhra University in B.A., Chemistry.

Joined Andhra Medical College, Visakhapatnam in June 1946.

Graduated in Medicine from Andhra University in December 51. Had a brilliant career as an under graduate student.

Obtained M.S., (General Surgery) from Andhra University in 1959.

Asst. Surgeon from 1955 – 1959

Asst. Professor from 1959 – 1963

Promoted as Civil Surgeon and Professor of Surgery in 1963. Served in the Army Medical Corps as a Major and classified specialist in Surgery for 2 ½ years as a volunteer during indo Chinese Aggression. Retired from profession: February 1983.

Served as Professor of Surgery for 20 years in Guntur and Rangaraya Medical Colleges. Worked as superintendent, Government General Hospital, Kakinada for 2 ½ years. Respected and adored as a teacher and surgeon.

Trained 22 postgraduate students in General Surgery M.S., Attended several National and International Conferences. Presented and published papers in National and International Conferences and Journals.

Examiner for M.B.B.S and M.S. (General Surgery) in different Universities in India.

Widely travelled over the globe. Visiting U.K., Europe, U.S.A, Canada, Ireland and West Indies. Visited U.S.S.R. in 1985 as a leader of ISCUS delegation. Guest of honour at Atlanta (U.S.A) at TANA Conference in July 1991. Guest of honour at “Tristate Telugu Conference in Chicago in 1992.

Positions Held:

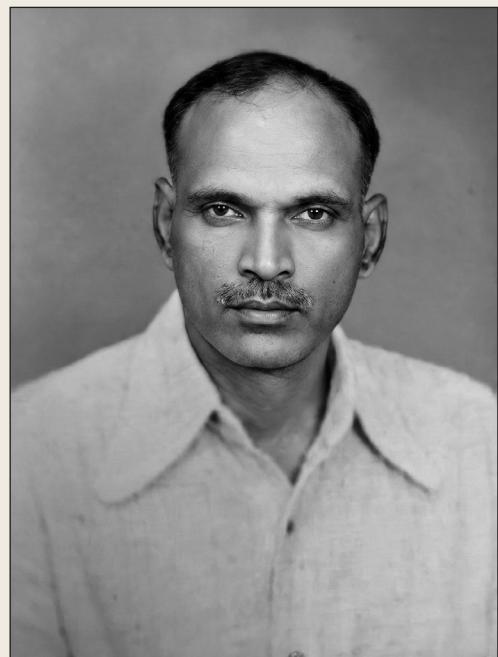
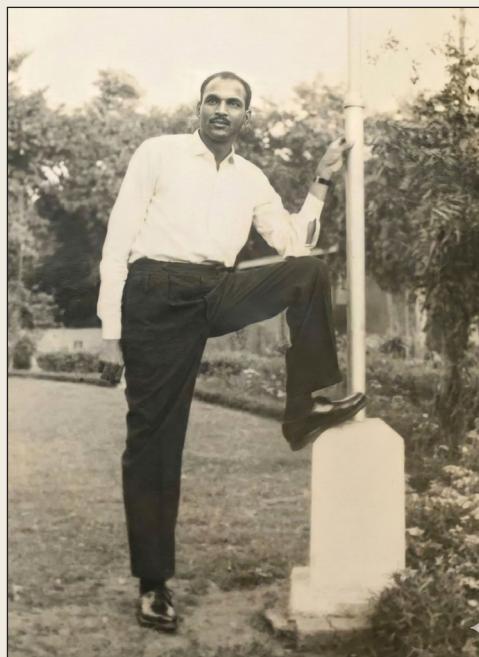
As a chief coordinator of Guntur Medical College Alumni of North America was responsible for getting funds, equipment and auditorium projects worth about Rs.6 Crores from GMCANA to Guntur Medical College and Government General Hospital Guntur.

1. President, Association of Surgeons of India, A.P. Chapter.
2. Governing Council Member, Association of Surgeons of India.
3. Governing Council Member, Andhra Pradesh Vaidya Vidhan Parishad.
4. President, IMA, Guntur District, Guntur.
5. President, Family Benefit Scheme IMA, A.P. State.
6. Inspector, Medical Council of India.
7. Chairman, Coastal Diagnostic Services, Ltd.
8. Member, Board of Studies (P.G.), Modern Medicine University of Health Sciences.
9. Central Working Committee Member, IMA, National.
10. Life Member, Board of Trustees, International Medical Sciences Academy.
11. Member, Ethical Committee, A.P. Medical Council.
12. Member, Hospital Development Society, G.G.H. Guntur.
13. President, Guntur District Pensioners Association.
14. Chief Coordinator GMCANA.

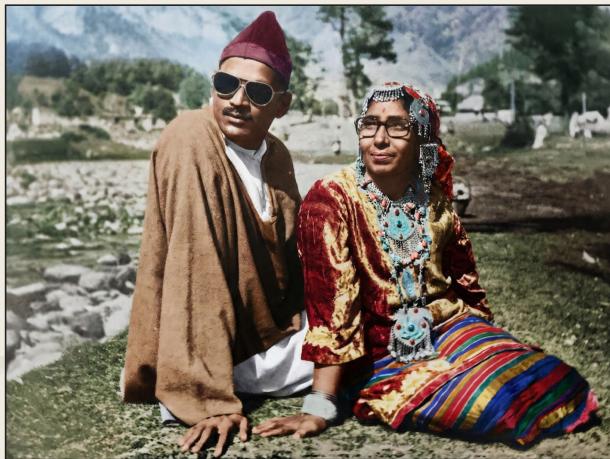
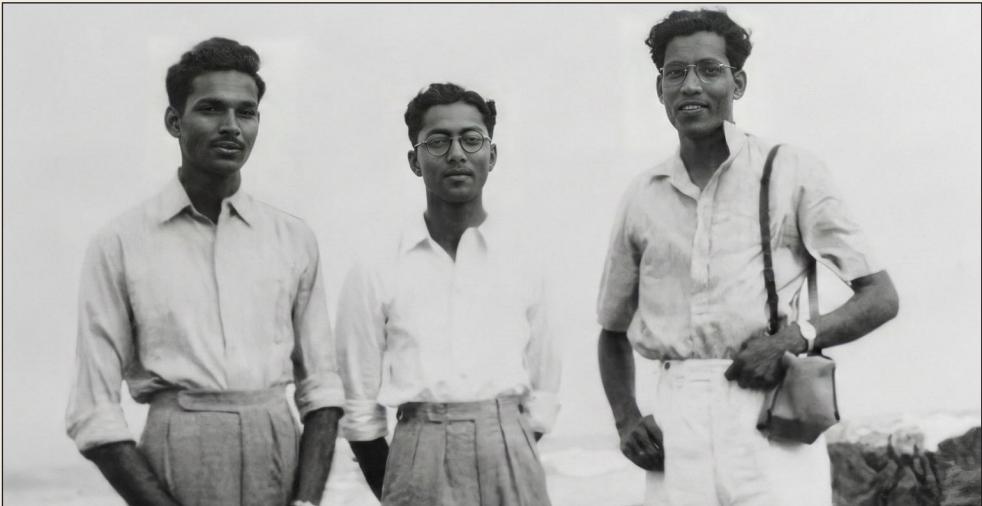
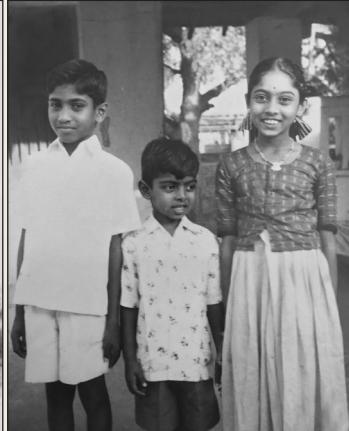
MEMBERSHIP OF PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

15. Life Member, Indian Medical Association.
16. Life Member, Association of Surgeons of India.
17. Fellow, International College of Surgeons.
18. Founder Member, Indian Gerontology Association.
19. Founder Fellow, International Medical Science Academy.

Interested in Sports, Social Activities, Community Services and Reading.



1950-1960



1960-1970



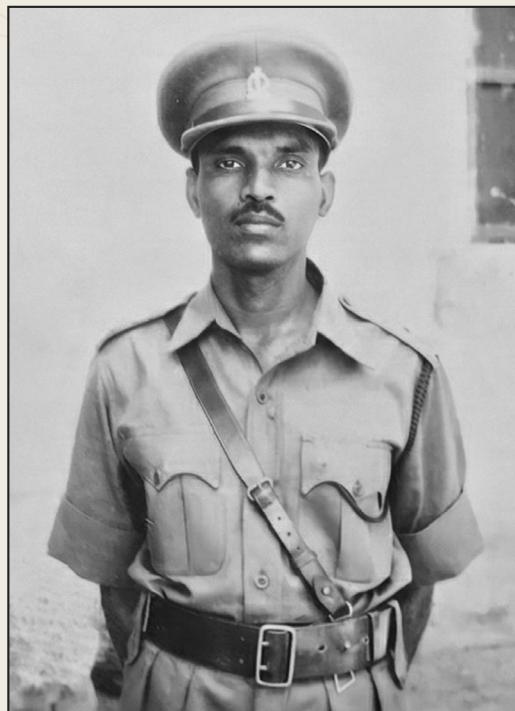
Receiving Governor's Medal for Meritorious Service



Army Banquet with Dr. Ethirajulu



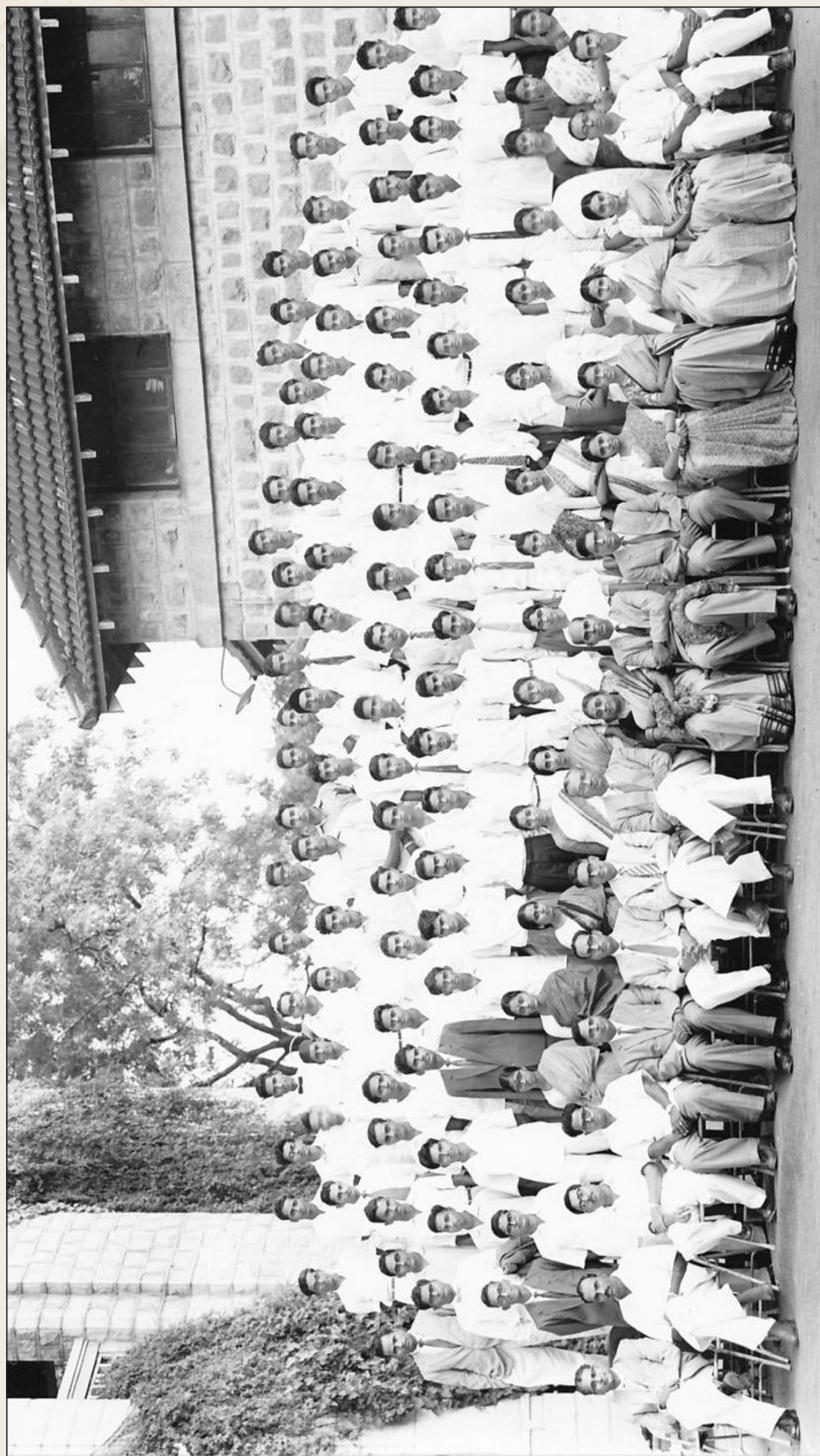
Army Hospital Jabalpur 1964





Rangaraya Medical College- 1974 Batch





Class of 1959 GMC



Sports day at GMC

Dr. C Naeswara Rao's Family

OUR BELOVED TEACHERS

"Out of the old corn commeth the new corn"

గురువుల్కా గురువుల్కా గురువుల్కా మహాత్మగా

గురువుల్కా గురువుల్కా తల్కా గురువుల్కా



GMC Ring Tennis Champions-
Jyothi Kumari and Lakshmirajyam
with coach Veeraswamy

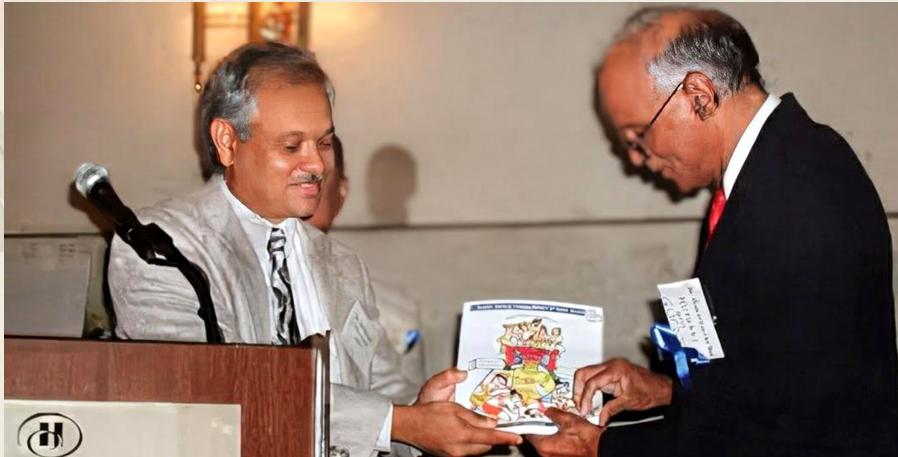
Stalwarts of GMC



75th Birth Day Celebrations Hyderabad



Dr. Nuthakki-Extended Family



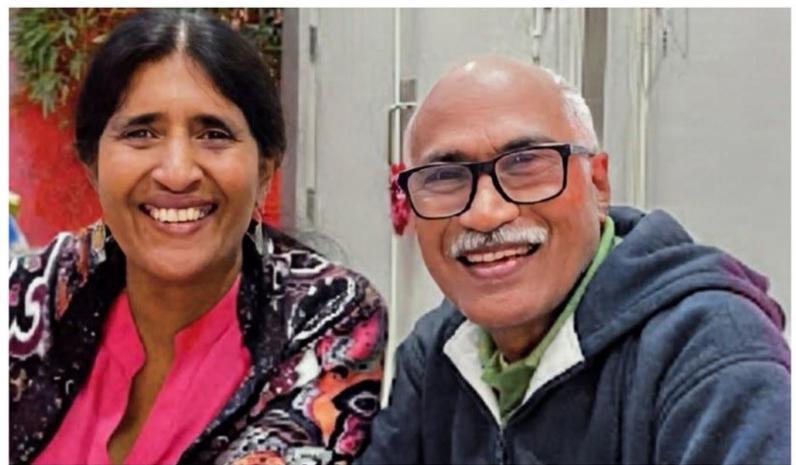
GMCANA Felicitations - Dr. Ravikumar Tripuraneni



GMCANA President- Dr. Koya Ramakoteswara Rao @ Hyderabad - 2025



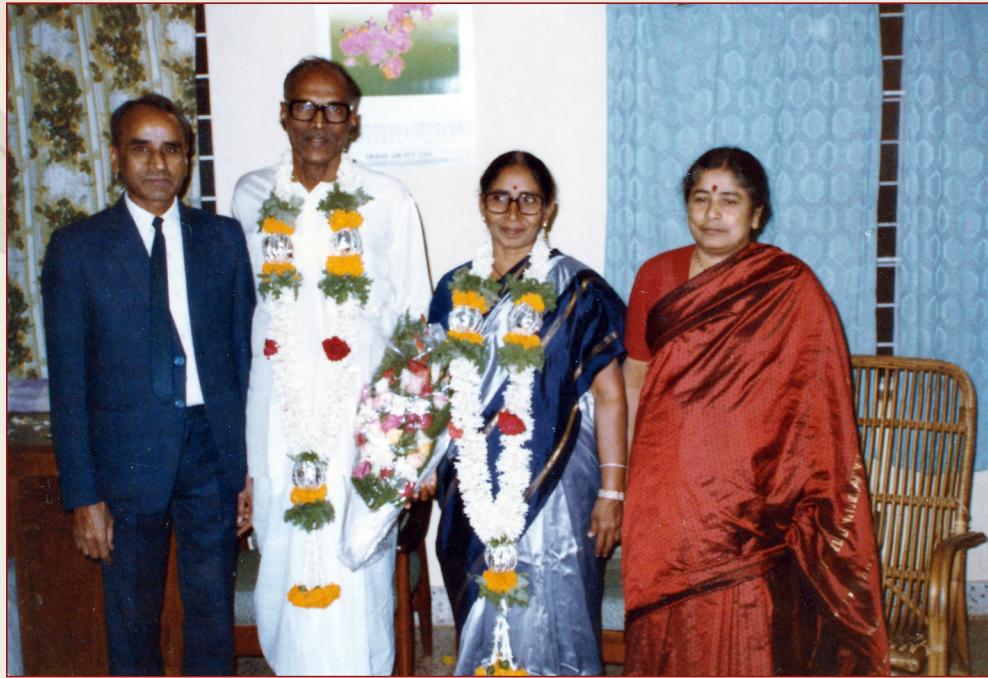
Beena and Dr. Gopala Rao Family



Dr. Vishnu and Jyothi Family



Kishan and Sharada Family



60th Birthday at Bangalore



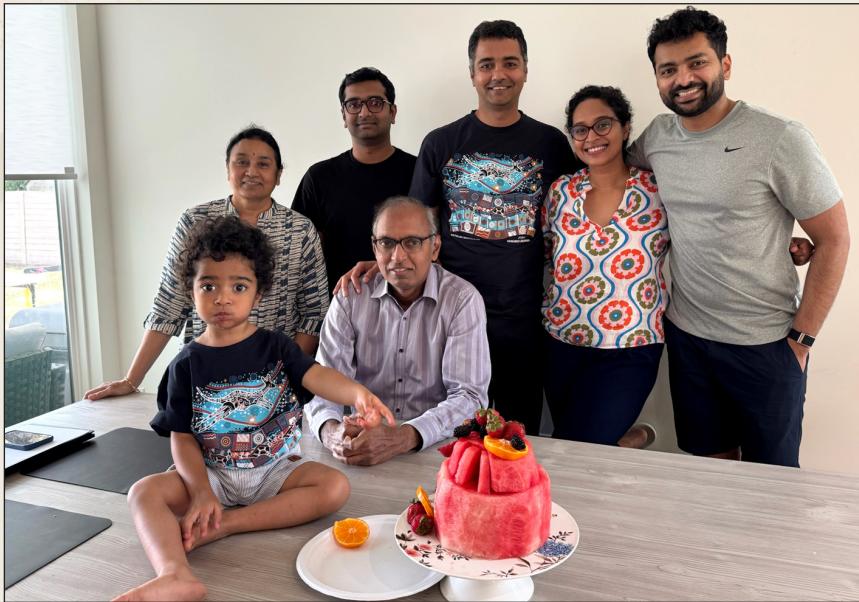
With Potinenis- Chicago-1995



Grand Children 1987 Guntur



All Grand Children 2024 Austin



2025 at Austin



Ramesh Nuthakki and Family



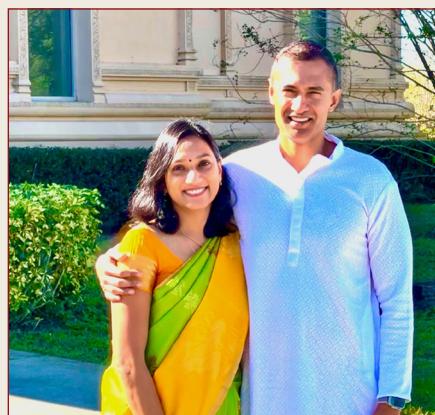
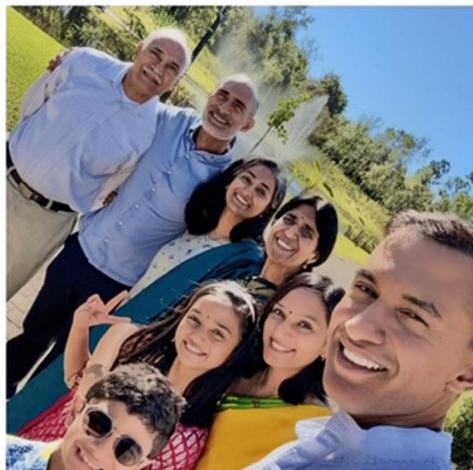
Nuthakkis of Mandadam



Nuthakkis of Mandadam



Rajeshwari and Ravikumar Family



Dr. Vishnu and Family



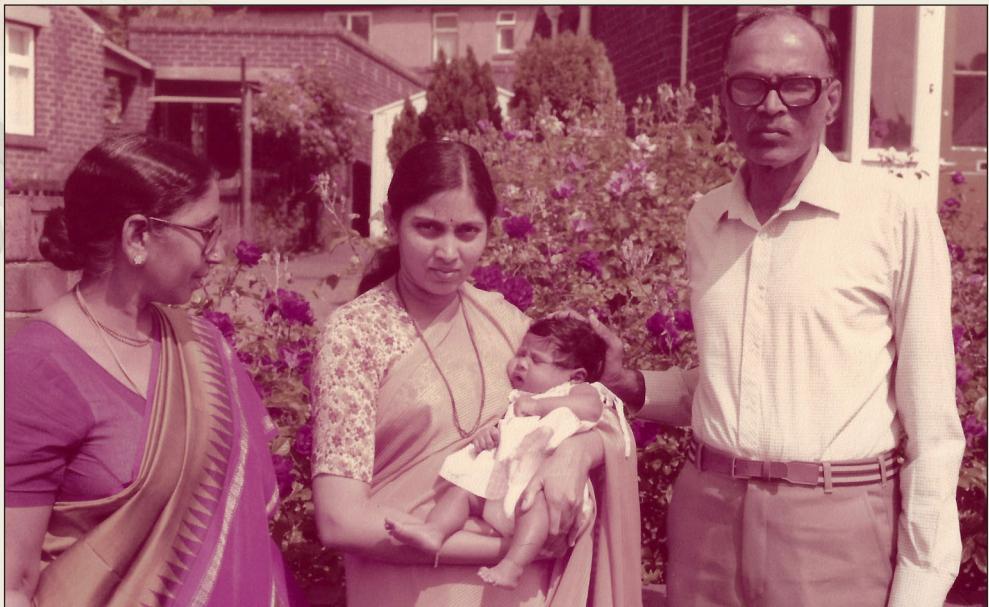
Manoj and Vijaya



Venkata and Nitya



Madhav and Sridevi



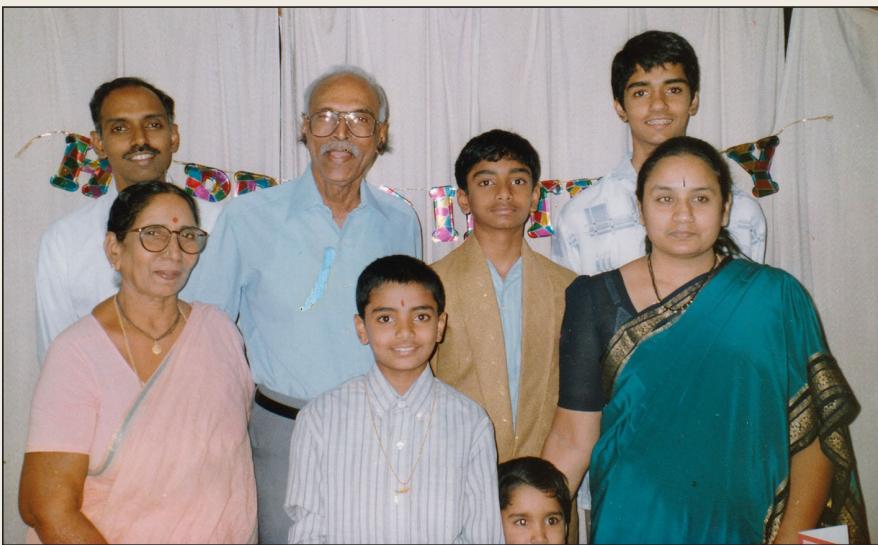
Arrival of 1st Grand Daughter-Aarti



Aarti and Vamsi Family



Arrival of Nuthakki Junior 1990





Tummala family



Dr. Nuthakki and Nuthakki Junior



60th Birthday
at Bangalore



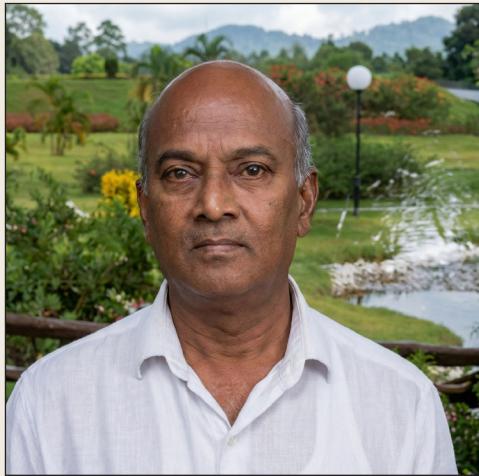
1980 Reception



Sreeramamma-1960



Sisters in Law



With Paparao Uncle @ his farm

Tummala Brahmaji



Dr. Harish Nuthakki

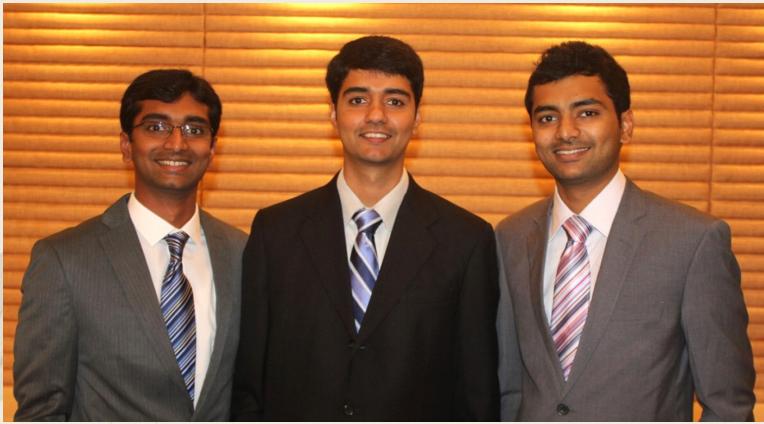
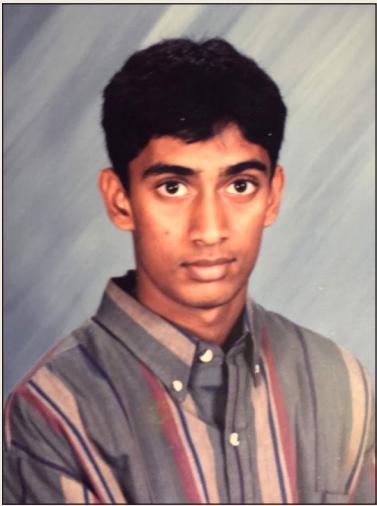
GEN X DOCTORS



Dr. Vijayalakshmi
Nuthakki



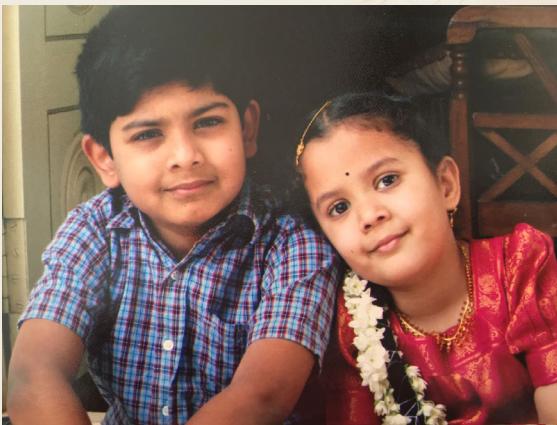
Dr. Ramya Tummala







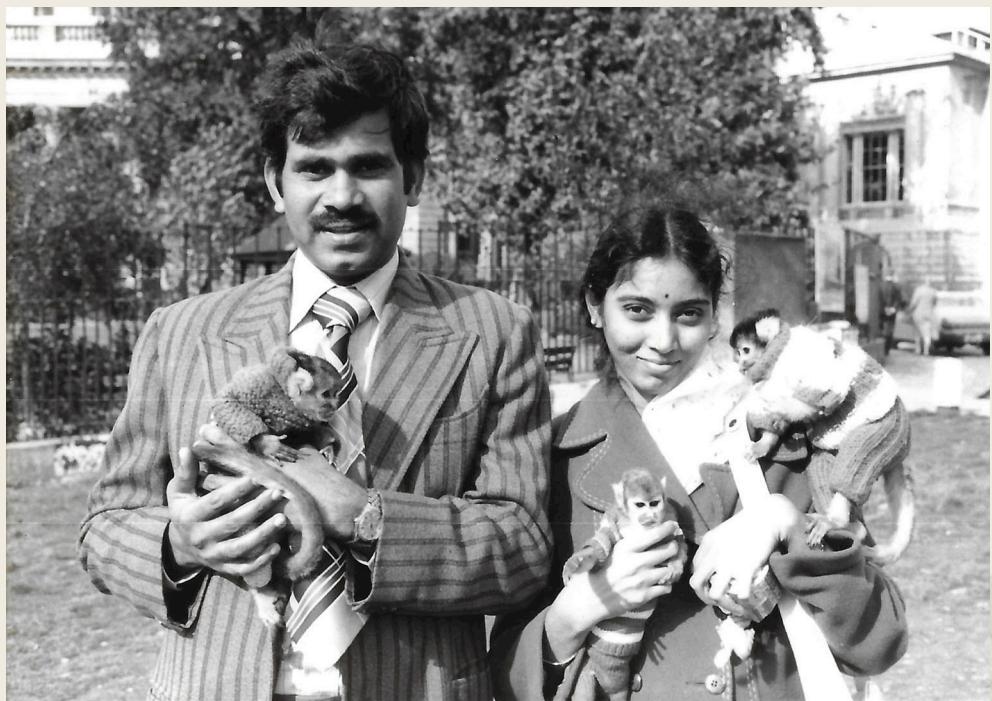
Nuthakki Junior



Chintu and Pinky



Dr. Gopala Rao and Beena 1967



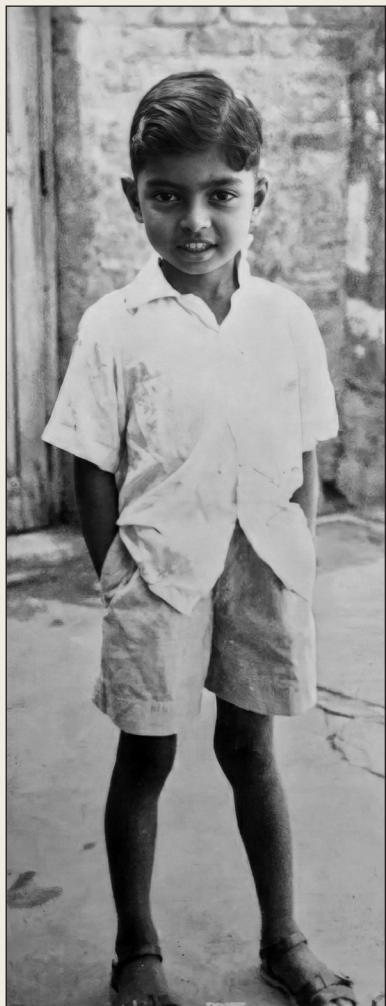
Dr. Gopala Rao and Beena 1977



With Potinenis



VishnuJyothi-1972



Kishan-1961

Beena-1961



Lighter Moments



Great
Grand
Childern



Grand Childern

