Anant Nag
Celebrated Actor

Recipient of Many Filmfare Awards

With wife Gayatri and daughter Aditi

From one Bhanap celebrity to another - a peek into the past

A still from one of Anant’s early films - ‘Ankur’
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Dear Friends,

How many times do you find yourself doing things which you would rather not spend time on? For example, some social gatherings where you have been invited and you don’t really want to attend. You ultimately attend these social parties as you cannot say ‘No’. How often have you actually managed to refuse? Maybe very rarely. It is quite possible that you really felt sorry for the friend who invited you, but did not want to hurt him and finally attended his party.

But, were you really happy after attending this party? Probably not. We always find it very difficult to say ‘No’ to people. Hence, we just say ‘Yes’ to things we do not want to do or cannot do.

In life we say ‘Yes’ more often than ‘No’ because we want to avoid confrontation. We do not want people to feel bad. We want to project a good image of ourselves. We have a fear of rejection. We want to treasure our relationships. Perhaps, deep inside us, all of us feel that we are super human beings and we can keep everybody happy. But the fact is that the harder it is to say ‘No’, the worse you will feel. You will experience stress, burn-out and maybe even depression, which in turn, will hinder your emotional intelligence.

Why do we find it difficult to say ‘No’? As one scientist said, our brain is programmed for survival. Anything that can put our relationship at risk, such as saying ‘No’, could mean a loss of protection from the group. Our brain is thus wired to steer away from risking the loss of this protection and so we find it difficult to say ‘No’.

While kindness can be a virtue, being excessively obliging can adversely affect one’s health, happiness and may even be wealth. We generally feel sorry for others but not for ourselves and in the process, we do something which we never wanted to do in the first place. We all need to learn the art of saying ‘No’ so that we can really do something more meaningful in our lives. Please remember that every time you are saying ‘Yes’ to something that you don’t want to do, you are actually saying ‘No’ to yourself.

We all need to value our time, judge our priorities and decide whether to say ‘Yes’ or ‘No’. Be firm but at the same time be polite when you want to say ‘No’. One doesn’t need to be apologetic while saying ‘No’. Be clear and honest in your communication. If possible offer alternatives, after thinking through the repercussions, so that you sound genuinely helpful even while saying ‘No’.

If one has to be successful in life, one needs to really learn this art of saying ‘No’.

I came across this poem and realise how true it is –

"Saying No is an art
All can’t do it
But it is worth learning
All time in life span"

Regards,
Praveen P. Kadle

December 2017
KANARA SARASWAT
NOTICE
Transfer of Tenancy – SQ 1 Premises
This notice is in regard with the transfer of tenancy of residential premises (SQ1), available in our Society at a premium.
The details of SQ 1 are given below:
1. Carpet area of SQ 1 premises: 119.13 sq. ft (built up 143 sq.ft)
Interested bidders can visit the premises for inspection on 10th December, 2017 between 10 am to 1 pm. Details of the Tendering process would be available in the Society office between 11th December to 14th December, 2017 (10 am to 1 pm) on payment of Rs 500/-
ANANT NAG
The Actor And His Roots

Anant Nag, known to most of us Amchis as Anant Nagarkatti, spent many years of his youth in Talmakiwadi. He has settled in Bengaluru where he has made his career. This year he completes 50 years in theatre and films and also steps into his 70th year.

Chitra Saletore and Meera Philar of Bengaluru spent a beautiful afternoon at his home with Anant and his wife Gayatri. Anant Nag shared memories of his childhood and his career. We present here excerpts from his narrative and congratulate Anant and wish him many more years of health, happiness and success.

My maternal grandfather Bantwal Sadashiv Bhat and his younger brother Bantwal Amrut Bhat were in the services of the Shri Chitrapur Math, Shirali from the time of Swami Pandurangashram. My mother Anandi was born in 1919 in Puttur; her mother died in childbirth. She grew up in Chitrapur in the Shri Datteshwara Temple quarters adjoining the Mandir. Soon, her father would leave her in Anandashram, Ramnagar, Kanhangad, under the loving care of Pappa Swami Ramdas and Mataji Krishnabai.

The Nagarkattes are originally from Chitrapur, Shirali. However, my father, Sadanand Bhavanishankar was born in the house adjoining Shri Durga-Datta Mandir in Mallapur, Honnavar Taluq, near Kumta. My father met my mother in Ramnagar and married her in 1937.

My father’s itinerant jobs meant that my elder sister was born in Ramnagar in 1944, me in Mumbai in 1948, in Dattu Mallapur’s house. His father Ramachandra Mallapur, was my mother’s maternal uncle, Maamu. Soon, as fate deemed, my parents were back in the Ashram, Ramnagar. Sometime in 1950, my father joined the services of Shri Chitrapur Math, Shirali—first, as Secretary to Swami Anandashram and later as Manager of the Math.

At Anandashram, Ramnagar, we were fortunate to meet Shri Udupi Shankarmam and his wife Mitrabaipachi and their two daughters. In the transition from the Ashram to the Math, they were gracious to host us in their warm house in Udupi where my younger brother, Shankar, was born in 1954.

All our trips to and from Math and Ashram were with a junction in Udupi, crossing five rivers each way. Consequently, I had my early education in Udupi, Chitrapur, Shirali Pete School and Honnavar (V to VIII), in the New English School, where the medium of instruction was Kannada, of course.

In Anandashram, I learnt to sing Ramnam in different tunes, the Anandashram Guru stuti aratis, bhajans and to play the tabla. In the Math, under orders from my father, I was taught the Ganapati Atharvasheersha, Rudra, Sandhyavandana, Mantra Pushpanjali and Ashtavandhana!

After nine in the nights, my father personally sat up to teach me the Bhagavat Gita, sloka after sloka, which I had to memorise by day for fear of corporal punishment. My mother intervened intermittently. And suddenly after passing eighth standard in Honnavar, he decided to send me off to Mumbai for ‘further studies’! Thunder and lightening. It rained tears…

I was nearing twelve and had grown under the cosy, cloistered comforts of the Math and Ashram. Mataji sent me off with some 25 pairs of shorts and shirts, kurtas and pyjamas. In Mumbai, in Talmakwadi, I moved into the home of my uncle Krishnabappa and aunt Mitrapachi, and I had four more sisters.

In St Xavier’s in Dhobi Talao, near Metro Theatre, the medium of instruction was English. Suffice it to say, it was a disaster—in Honnavar I ranked below 5. In Mumbai above 40… and I studied the 10th twice.

In Honnavar and Bhatkal, I used to see films in Kannada, Hindi and Marathi. I learnt to view English films at the Metro, stealthily, when I was doing my 10th a second time! Appearing for my S.S.L.C, 11th in 1965, I went to Shirali after four years to attend the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Swami Anandashram’s Sannyas.
Later, I passed my 11\textsuperscript{th} with just 57% marks. I knocked about, first going for Arts in a college for a month, switching to science in another and completing my inter. I was not at all interested in studies but didn’t know what else to do! I was convinced I was a failure. Should I go back? Back home, Pappa Swami Ramdas had attained Maha Samadhi in 1963. And Swami Anandashram in 1966.

Then in early 1967, while distributing the wedding invitations of my elder sister, I happened to meet Shri Mudur Prabhakar, a Konkani playwright, who casually asked me if I would be interested in acting in a three-act play on the life of ‘Gouranga’, a saint-poet of Bengal. I was stunned into silence…

Me and acting? I had been shying away from people. If I sighted a familiar face heading in my direction, I would cross the road, lest he ask me what I was doing, whether I had passed this or that, or worse still, admonish me as to how and why I had let down my poor father!

‘Have you acted in any play or skits in school or college?’ asked Mudurmam. My mind said: ‘This is the last straw, man! Clutch it.’ I straightened myself and was emboldened to say, ‘I have acted in skits in school. Watched both South Kanara/ North Kanara Yakshaganas and Bayalatas. I had learnt vaaga veshaanand Christian Konkani Christmas carols and dances in Udupi, which, when I performed them in the presence of Swami Anandashram, He said: ‘You should’ve been named Anthony not Anant!’

I told him I had also ‘acted’ in radio-plays when I came to Mumbai, when Krishna Kurvaar took me to the radio station and had seen hundreds of films. Mudurmam said: ‘Puro! Puro.’ I felt foolish when I left and realised I must have sounded desperate.

Mudurmam then took me to the veteran drama director Shri Venkata Rao Talageri. Venkatamam trained me patiently and painstakingly, teaching me to act, deliver dialogues, and to sing and dance lightly in the role of ‘Gouranga’.

My friends, relatives and well-wishers in Talmakiwadi encouraged and egged me on. They all wanted me, that boy from Shirali, to succeed at something and somewhere! If I let down my poor father, I wouldn’t be able to speak coherently for sometime as the fever left me ‘via the head’! He took me home, his home, after his duty hours ended. I met his widowed mother and an older brother. I learnt on inquiry that he had mastered medicine on sheer merit and scholarships. I didn’t want to be a burden on him, but he wouldn’t take any money even for medicines. He was indeed a Deva-Datta for me! A godsend! As Pappa Swami Ramdas used to say ‘His ways are inscrutable’! After a whole fortnight, not knowing where else to go and not wanting to tax the godsend anymore, I headed for Anandashram, Ramnagar, by taxi.

I was going to the Ashram for the first time after Pappa Swami Ramdas’ passing. Pappa’s photographs were everywhere. The daily activities and programmes of the Ashram were re-oriented under the personal care and guidance of Mataji and the supervision by Swami Sachidananda, Pappa’s disciple.

Mataji was not happy that, having grown up in the Ashram and the Math, I had chosen to enter into the bhrama loka, a world of illusion. Yet Mataji nursed and nourished me back to health after a month of a ‘refresher course’, and sent me off with a lot of do’s and don’ts and profuse blessings! The results were there for all to see. Initially as an actor, I loved the hours of rehearsals more than the play itself. I would be in a different loka, so different from my own personal miserable world! Forgetting it all, I could be a different person in different plays. How thrilling! And now films too. Turning into a professional actor was gradually sobering. But what a profession! I loved it. But fame and name bring their own challenges. Privacy is difficult. One feels tied down. But didn’t I ask for it, seek it and get it? So take it all with what comes with it. Playwright Arthur Miller called it ‘The Price’!

Another 12 years passed by in a flash. I was in Mangalore when someone told me Mataji wanted me to come to the Ashram. ‘So busy, I had to send for you.’ ‘Sorry Mataji.’ ‘Look at you, Aren’t you 38 now? Your younger brother, six years your junior, I’m told, married six years ago. Marry someone of your choice and bring her here for me to see.’ ‘Yes, Mataji.’

Mataji: Vhaire, tu konaq Guru mhanta? Pappa ki, Anandashram Swamyanki? I was flabbergasted. ‘Mataji, I have not given a thought to it.’

Mataji: Gaddava, in all this time, have you visited a saint, a
guru or someone like that?

I knew that she somehow knew. So I said, ‘A friend of mine took me to a God-man.’

‘What happened there?’

‘I bent to touch his feet when I met him. He touched me on the back. And I felt like a current passed up my spine.’

‘And thereafter, did you begin to meditate, at the least?’

‘No, Mataji.’

‘Hmmm...’

‘Mataji, now that you’ve asked me who my Guru is, what if I say, you are my Guru and you give me something like that Godman did and maybe I could change for the better...’

Mataji did give me an experience; and thereby hangs a tale best kept to myself.

Soon after, I proposed to Gayatri. She said I had to ask her mother. Her mother, Ms Rani Sharma said it was all right, but protested that I was 14 years older than her daughter. I hadn’t thought of it either, but she consented and witnessed our very private wedding along with her younger daughter. I took Gayatri with me to Mataji and sought her blessings. Later, our daughter Aditi, too, was doubly blessed by Mataji holding her in her lap.

My mother was with Mataji on Vijaya Dashami in Anandashram in 1988. All of a sudden, she called out—Anandi, you increase your Ramnaam from today and prepare to distribute prasad. Durga will be visiting your home.

When Mataji?

Not the next, but the year after the next.

Who Mataji?

Have already told you what I shouldn’t have.

Mataji attained Maha Samadhi in February 1989, Ratha Saptami. My younger brother died in a road accident on 30 September, 1990 on Vijaya Dashami Day!

I never intended to be an actor, it just happened. What I am today at the end of it all is because of the influences and blessings of these two institutions—the Math and the Ashram.

It has been a unique privilege to be living in the times of three great Saraswat Saints—Anandashram Swamiji, Swami Ramdas and Mataji. Everything is preordained. I just went with the flow of life and destiny.

— Kedar Kate

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor, Thank you KSA for publishing that review of my book. And thank you Gopinath Mavinkurve for the lavish praise you have heaped upon me. I really am not used to it. But truth to tell, I’m enjoying it all, whether or not I deserve it.

Thanks to KSA, its readers were already familiar with me and I did receive some congratulatory phone calls from unlikely people who told me they looked forward to my articles. Thank you all for your encouragement, which egged me on to take the plunge.

Asha Gangoli

Dear Editor, Read with interest the articles on Science Corner. While I agree with the author yet a few explanatory words will never be out of place. Could we have some hints with less expensive materials? And some open ended experiments? However the change is good and welcome.

Aroon Heblekar, Retired Principal Phonda Education College.
Centennial Birthday Rememberance

Shri Devidas Santayya Haldipur
10th Dec 1917 to 5th Oct 1991

We miss you everyday.
On this occasion we all wish you
Happy 100th birthday in heaven.

Uday & Vandana Haldipur
Vijaya & Laxmikant Umarji
Shyamala & Manohar Rao
& Grand children
Also remembered by Haldipurs, Rao, Pai & Pandit family
From Our Archives

THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF

The Kanara Saraswat Association,

BOMBAY,

For the year ended 31st July, 1917.

This seems to be the germination of what today are two institutions which have bloomed: one is the Sarswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi (who celebrated their Centenary recently) and the second is the Balak Vrinda Education Society which runs both Marathi & English Schools with classes from Nursery to Class X and have their independent building next to Talmakwadi. ... Editor

Ladies Section: The Committee are glad to announce that a Ladies Section has been formed. The first meeting was held on the 6th September 1917 under the Presidency of Lady Chandavarkar, who delivered the Inaugural address and promised a donation of Rs 200 as a token of her sympathy with the movement and her whole hearted support in carrying out the objects of the Section. It is intended that this Section, to be managed entirely managed by ladies, should be an auxiliary body to advice the Association as to the needs of our ladies and suggest and assist in the adoption of measures necessary for their advancement.

Sewing Class: The Sewing Class continues to be held from 1.30 to 4.30 p.m. on all days except Saturdays, Sundays and public holidays. Judging from the number of ladies who are taking instructions, the class seems to be quite popular.

Primary Education Fund: Towards the close of the year under the report, several members represented to the Committee the pressing need of starting a primary school teaching the vernacular and the first three standards of English on approved modern lines. The question was considered at an informal meeting of parents and guardians and also at a meeting of the Committee. A Special Committee has since been appointed to collect statistics as to the extent of need for such a school, to prepare an estimate of the cost of starting and maintaining it and to draw up the curriculum so as to include religious and moral instruction and Kindergarten in addition to the course prescribed by the authorities. Pending the receipt of the Special Committee’s report, the Committee have deemed it advisable to start a fund in aid of the proposed scheme and have themselves subscribed Rs 50/- from the funds of the Association. Considering the fact that proper instruction of the young is regarded as a sacred duty by right thinking men, the Committee hope to receive generous support from all the members of the community in carrying out the scheme. The school, when started, will be staffed by capable and experienced teachers and arrangements will be made for adequate supervision.

Nakshatra 2017

KSA’s Diwali Programme – A Report

This year the mood for the Diwali programmes was set with a sparkling and tuneful Garbha during Navratri. The Sirur Square (the open ground in front of the KSA building) was lit up, music was in the air and girls decked up in colourful clothes were ready with their dandiyas. The tiny tots and youths too were not to be left behind. As the evening proceeded some of the singers took up the mike and claps and taps accompanied the beats of the dandiya. The evening ended on the dot of 10 pm, the deadline set by the BMC and all the participants queued up for dinner.

Diwali started with Narakchaturdashi - with story telling and light music competition on 18th October. Children below 8, between 8 and 12 participated in the storytelling competition while the music competition was an open event.

19th October was full of competitions for kids – handwriting, essay, memory test, drawing competition etc in the morning. In the evening was an Orchestra by Swapnil Pandit of Swarsa Events, and Antakshari.

20th October 2017 was sports day for kids – chocolate race, hop race, running race, picking up concealed coin, apple race etc. In the evening there was a fancy dress competition and a game called “Aikale Ve” for couples. This was followed by dinner sponsored by Sashin Surkund. On the last day there was treasure hunt.

The Diwali celebrations concluded with Tulsi Vivah on 1st November 2017. The Tulsi Vrindavan on the Maidan was decorated and a puja was done by Shivshankar and Aparna Murdeshwar under the Purohitya of Sunil Nadkarni. This was accompanied by selected bhajans from the Gokulashtami Mhanayos. A musical extravaganza followed with Wadi Youths taking the stage with guitars, keyboard and the mike – under the name “Strumming Blues”. The evening ended with a sumptuous dinner.

December 2017

KANARA SARASWAT
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Mithai - The Sweet Taste Of India

INDU ASHOK GERSAPPE

Mention the word “Diwali”, and mithai follows, with glimpses of lamps, oil bath, new clothes and fire-crackers! Diwali is a joyous festival, where people, regardless of social strata, age and religion, bond and exchange greetings and sweets. Earlier, as kids, we used to love carrying those trays, laden with sweets, savouries and fruits to our neighbours and relatives, and of course, bring back the ones they fill for you.

Days before Diwali, the house would be permeated with the aroma from the kitchen, as laddoos, karanjis, chaklis, chivda, and so many other delicacies were being prepared. Phenoris were laboriously rolled out, layered with ghee, fried and then sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon powder. Laddoos of various types - besan, rava, wheat flour or boondi were rolled. And then the khadis, ranging from coconut to gourd or sweet potatoes were made. The latest recipes of khadis were furiously exchanged and the concoctions stirred over a low fire until it was just right. After it was poured onto a thali, cooled and cut into diamond shapes, we would fight for the remaining odds and ends!

All that excitement is strangely missing in almost all homes now, for we find it so much easier to buy readymade eatables, freely available in the market. Why, some feel it is safer to send packaged boxes of chocolates and dry fruits or even curios, instead of preparing in tune with the cyclic seasons and festivals. For example, in the winter season, in the north, the heat-producing til would be used /along with sugar and ghee to prepare sweets like gazak and revdi; whereas in the south, the same til would be used to prepare til laddoo served with tilgul and crunchy chikkis. Sweating summers had milk thandai, bael or lime sherbet, buttermilk, piyush, kokum kadhi to cool one’s system.

Every sweet has its own accent, its own unique taste! One dusky, smoky evening, we entered a small busy lane, after some shopping in Chandni Chowk, in Delhi. Exhausted, we sat on the benches outside a tea shop, and ordered tea, which was being boiled with milk and ginger. Nearby, was a huge degchi of ghee, in which the shopkeeper was frying jalebis. When he saw us, the genial chap drained off golden jalebis, dunked them in sugar syrup, and offered it to us, with a blob of cream on top, saying, “Ji, khake to dekhiyel!” It was a pleasure watching him swirling the jalebis, so expertly, from a bag of flour into the piping hot ghee! I don’t think I have ever eaten such good jalebis, after that.

Each region has its specialities, the north indulging more in sweets cooked in ghee, while the south uses more of coconut. In the north there is burfi, balushahi, motichur laddoo, kaju katli, gulab jamun, and so many, including the wickedly delicious rabdi, a rich concoction of thickened milk and sugar. Agra is also famous for its petha, which are delicate, rose scented, white squares of gourd, cooked in sugar, sold specially in winter. U. P. is famous for its kalakand and malpua, while M.P. has its rich gaajar ka halwa, decorated with slivers of dry fruits. Rajasthan too has sweets dripping with ghee, like moong halwa, sohan halwa, churmi laddoos and ghevar. In Gujarat, we have a slight variation, where ghari, golpapdi, mohan thal, and besan magaz is made. Being in the White Belt, they make a lot of sweets with milk. Apart from the tasty doodh pak, the region is famous for their kesar pedhas, which are saffron, luscious and round, pampered with sprinkling of badam.

And oh, Kolkata! It lies in a different space altogether where the making of sweets is a religion! Their very names are so exotic, sounding like heroines of bygone eras, for example, lavang latika, kamal bhog, rasmadhuri, cham cham, rim jhim, prana hora, patishapta…. the list is unending. Each sweet is resplendent, unique and a pleasure to behold and savour! The main ingredient in all these sweets is chhana, or cottage cheese. Their most popular delicacy is sandesh, made in different shapes, sizes and flavours, but the crowning glory, of course, is the rosa gulla, which is pure, white, perfectly round, and swimming contently in the sugar syrup. Oh, thy name is satisfaction! I wonder how many have tasted the Bengali mishti doi or payash, made with nolen gur, an exquisite flavour in itself. Round and crisp, the cake of date jaggery, when broken, oozes delicious caramel syrup!

Down south, the sweets are not as rich, and are based more on coconut and rice. Maharashtra, of course has a wide variety, ranging from laddoos, shankarpale, chirote, karanji and modaks to sutarpheni, anarase, basundi, shrikhand, puranpolis and who can forget the luscious mahim halwa, and the crisp

December 2017

KANARA SARASWAT
Honesty Still Prevails......

Uma Kalbag

With the chirping of the birds, fluttering of the wings of the pigeons and the thin white clouds floating over the Sahyadri hills, I open my eyes to a new morning.

When I open the main door of my flat, a milk packet and the newspaper says, “Good Morning” to me. I place the paper on the table and enter my kitchen to start my morning chores chanting “Sri Ram Jai Ram, Jai Jai Ram” I then sit comfortably and open the Newspaper. As usual, the headlines glaring at me are: “A Senior Citizen is Robbed of Rs. 30000.” “A Chain Snatcher Flees Away with a Mangal Sutra worth Rs. 50000” and pat comes the thought, “This is Kaliyug. Wonder what worse times we have to see.”

Last year, I remember, I had participated in an Exhibition. At the end of the day, my wallet was comfortably fat with the sale proceeds. Suddenly, I found my wallet had disappeared. I recollected, a young man had tried to distract my attention and that was the time, he must have flicked my wallet. I consoled myself by saying, “He must need the money more than I needed. He will be able to feed his family for a month or two but with this dishonestly earned money?”

Yesterday, I experienced something different. In this big dark world, there still are rays of hope, rays of positivity, people who still have their virtues intact.

I had boarded a bus to go to my Bank. As I was about to alight, the ticket collector asked for my ticket. I hurriedly showed my ticket, slipped the wallet into my bag and alighted from the bus.

When I walked a few steps, a Baba, with dhoop in one hand, peacock feathers in the other and a Jholi passed by. I said, “Jholi khali math bhejo”. So I stopped to pick my purse from my bag, but the purse was not there! I rushed to my Bank, withdrew some money and charged back home. The debit card had to be blocked.

After half an hour, there was a knock at my door. My neighbour came to ask me if I had lost my purse. Soon two more phone calls came to ask me the same question. I had dropped my wallet in the bus. The bus driver had deposited it in the bus depot. He had picked up 3 phone numbers from my diary and given them a call. This honest man was Amar Mohite. He gave me instructions to reach the depot, asked me to bring my PAN card and a photograph.

My neighbour took me to this far off depot in his car. What a VIP treatment they gave us! Amar himself went and got a photo copy of my PAN card, asked us to verify if everything I had in my wallet was intact. I folded my hands, full of gratitude for this honest man who was getting ready to drive his auto rickshaw. One duty over, he starts on his next, just to keep his family going. To lead an honest life and survive with your own hard earned money is life worth living. The glow on his face and the smile on his lips said it all!

As long as there are honest people around, this world is a beautiful place to live in!!
50 Years of Togetherness on 10th December 2017

Happy Golden Wedding Anniversary!

Jayant and Vijaya Amladi (nee Kamala Mudbhatkal)

We pray to our Kuladevata Shri Shantadurga, our Guru Parampara and our Guru Parampujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji to bless you with Peace, Good Health and Happiness.

With lots of love and best wishes

Dipali, Vinayak and Sohini Chittar

Ravindra and Avanti Amladi

Amladis, Mudbhatkals, Chittars, Shirurs

Mangalores, Honnavars, Bellares, Balwallys, Nandes, Nadkarnis

Marballis, Karnads, Kinis, Sthalekars, Tonses

HAPPY SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Shri. Ramchandra Devdutt Manjeshwar and Vaidehi Ramchandra Manjeshwar (nee Medhavini Bhat Honnavar)

19 November 1992                                                                               19 November 2017

Prayer to our Kula Devata, Shri Mangesh Mahalaxmi, Lord Ananteshwar, Lord Vidyavithal, Shree Shantadurga and Guruparampara to bless you both with good health and happiness.

May the Silver turn to Gold!

With Lots of Love and Best Wishes.

Sharvari R Manjeshwar (Daughter)

Balchandra D Manjeshwar (Dada)        Dipti B Manjeshwar(Vaini)

Premchandra D Manjeshwar        Priti Prem Manjeshwar

Kishen G Nileshwar (Son in Law)        Nandini Kishen Nileshwar (Niece)

Shaila G Nileshwar

Yathin R Bhat & Family        Ved. Honnavar Krishnabhatji & Family        Prakash Marballi & Family

Manjeshwars, Honavars, Nagarkattis, Savurs, Nagarkars

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December 2017

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Connecting US Amchis to Chitrapur Math

Founded in 2005, Chitrapur Heritage Foundation (CHF) is a Section 501 (c)(3) not-for-profit charitable organization. The mission of CHF is to provide a vital link for Amchis in the US to stay actively connected with our Chitrapur Math and our Guruparampara. Currently, CHF Chapters are located in four main regions across the US. Over the past decade, Amchis in the US have supported students' education, temple restoration & cladding, and promoted women's empowerment in the villages of Chitrapur and Shirali.

The activities of CHF include:
- Facilitate the collection of annual "Vantiga" payment from every earning Saraswat in the US - "Vantiga" supports and maintains the upkeep of our spiritual centers in Bengaluru, Gokarn, Mallapur, Mangaluru, and Shirali;
- Promote cultural heritage by supporting temple restoration projects and maintenance of Chitrapur Museum archives;
- Support education of 100 students at the Srivali High School through the "Sponsor-A-Student" Scheme; and
- Preserve the rich cultural heritage of the Chitrapur Saraswat community in the US through Monthly Satsang and Prarthana Varga for children, and by celebrating festivals like Yugadi, Ram Navami, Gokulashtami, Ganesh Chaturthi, Navratri, Diwali.

For more information, please contact Arun Heble (arheble@yahoo.com) Tel: +1-215-666-3200 or Pramod Mavinkurve (pmkurve@gmail.com). Tel: 908-616-1497.

Report from Tri-State (NJ-NY-PA) Prarthana Varga

The Monthly Tri-State Prarthana Varga was held at the residence of Deepa and Sandeep Dhareshwar on November 11, 2017 in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

This prarthana varg started by observing a two-minute silence for Bade Swamiji. After that, everyone chanted the Sabha opening prayers. On the occasion of PP Swamiji's birthday, as has been the tradition with this Varg for the last 7 years,_betra Betra Padma pacchi encouraged the children to offer a birthday gift to PP Swamiji in the form of a shloka, song, or instrumental performance. A few kids eagerly recited a shloka of their choice that they had learnt and memorized. Following this, Padma pacchi spoke about Swamiji, and explained how our PP Swamiji got his sannyas name. She led the group in singing the Gurunamavali, children repeated the names of our Guruparampara, followed by an explanation that our Guruparampara has the name 'Ashram' appended to the sannyas name given to Swamiji. That is why our Kula Guru's name changed from Swami Samvit Giri to Swami Sadyojat Shankarashram. Padmapacchi explained to the children that our PP Swamiji encourages and exhorts them to develop good qualities and talents so that they grow into good human beings. The kids and adults sang 'Guru Sharanam' led by Padma pacchi, and accompanied on harmonium by Bantval Gayathri pacchi. The meaning of this bhajan was explained to the children. Next Balwalli Moshumi pacchi and Padma pacchi explained the significance of Tulsi Lagna and the children enacted the rituals. Mangala ashtaka was played in the background, as kids were explained about the eight types of blessings that are important on this occasion. Kids thoroughly enjoyed the enactment of the Lagna; so much so that they all now want to attend a real wedding.

As part of our regular Vimarsh for older kids, this month’s topic was PP Swamiji’s Speaking Tree blog posts - Inward Journey - a dialogue between a realized Master and his student. Children actively participated in discussing different aspects of this topic. Vimarsh highlighted key lessons for our inward spiritual journey:
- Stop finding and focussing on the faults of others
- Stop dwelling on the past - it’s like driving a car with your eyes constantly on the rear-view mirror which will inevitably lead to an accident.
- Learn to be ‘mindful’ - to calm your thoughts and deal with everyday situations
- Cultivate conscious detachment - this will lead to clarity of goals which is crucial for spiritual growth
- Focus on “being”, not “becoming”

As part of the varg’s community giving efforts, the children were “inspired to reach out” to 9-year old kid named Jacob Thompson of Portland, Maine, who is suffering from a rare type of cancer and may not live long to enjoy Christmas 2017. Through a GoFundMe campaign, his mother said that Jacob’s last wish is to celebrate Christmas early by receiving homemade holiday cards. Prarthana Varga children each made a holiday card for Jacob who has so far received upwards of 66,000 cards from children across the globe.

Prarthana Varg concluded with chanting Shri ParijnanashramTrayodashi, Deepanamaskar and Sabha concluding prayers.

For more information, please contact Arun Heble (arheble@yahoo.com) Tel: +1-215-666-3200 or Pramod Mavinkurve (pmkurve@gmail.com). Tel: 908-616-1497.
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Early Childhood Development and Parenting

To read or not to read?
CONTRIBUTED BY PUJA PADIDRI

My daughter was born in the hot summer months that were quickly followed by the monsoon downpour. With limited options of taking her outdoors, I did what I thought was best for her development: read. I didn’t always read a child’s book, more often it was a book I was reading myself. I fondly recall the days of her being in the ring sling, and I reading Andre Agassi’s “Open” to her. It also became the best tool for engaging her during tummy time. She didn’t understand much, but I knew my voice, the colorful pictures, varied textures of books, and exposure to sounds of different words not used in everyday speech, was laying the groundwork for her development. Unfortunately, reading out loud to kids, especially babies, is not given the importance that is required.

Did you know that reading from day one with your child actually sets the foundation for successful language development in school? While reading is generally looked upon as a favorable hobby once a child is in school, why is not the same importance given to it when a parent is reading out loud to the child?

Reading, is one of the best bonding activities that one can do with their child. There is no right time to start; you can start as soon as you have settled down into a routine with the baby. A baby gets comfort by hearing a parent’s voice, so use reading out loud as an opportunity to build on this connection. According to the American Academy of Paediatrics, reading regularly with kids from an early age, strengthens the parent-child bond and this in turn leads to better brain development and language skills.

Common questions or remarks new parents face when reading to their child range from “does your child understand what you are saying?” to “Why are you making your baby study from now?” Reading out loud is neither studying, nor is it important for your baby to understand everything, their coos and nodding to your change in vocal expression is more than sufficient. Research shows that there is additional brain activity, especially in areas that process visual association, even when a child is just listening to a story.

Apart from parents, those who support the family in the upbringing of the child can also read. Exposure to different narrations of the same story stimulates developing senses and also builds listening skills. The foundation for success in school, where all of this is expected and not always taught or given a chance to develop, starts with reading out loud. Also, reading offers more opportunity for language development than simply speaking to a child as there is exposure to more sophisticated vocabulary.

Reading is also a great way to introduce concepts of colors, numbers, science, etc. as it provides context. When debating what is better between flashcards and reading a story, think about how much a child learns while just looking at a picture of a balloon on a flashcard or seeing it in a story, where the balloon is flying in the air. Reading is an excellent way of building imagination skills as well. I often get a nice chuckle while watching my daughter acting out scenes from a story saying sentences she often hears in her books during pretend play.

Furthermore, being in India, we have access to stories in multiple languages. Local publishers such as Tulika books and Pratham have fantastic stories, set in Indian context, that are bilingual. So reading in one’s mother tongue is also a possibility. So reading doesn’t begin when the child goes to school, reading should be a part of every child’s development from the beginning. Reading is beneficial at any age, but the sooner, the better!!

What’s in a Name?
CONTRIBUTED BY VS HATTANGADY, WG CDR (RETD).

One day Sgt. R. Bhaskar in my section was referred to as Sgt Bhaskar Ranade by another person. So I called and asked Bhaskar why the name plate on his chest read R. Bhaskar when his name was Bhaskar Ranade. This is what he explained - “Sir, this is problem of correct pronunciation of the name. Do you know how people here pronounce your name, Hanta-gadi, Hatta-gandi, Hatt-tangadi and so on!! Well, after I got married, during the 1st Ganesh Chaturthi, my in laws visited us. We were all entering the Ganesh Pandal when a friend Mukerjee started calling me from a distance. My mother in law happens to be State Hututu Team Ex- Captain and a product of Bhosla Military School Sir. Mukerjee thought Ranade rhymes with Pande and was shouting loudly Eh R——, Eh R——!! There was a sudden pin drop silence all around. Then all hell broke loose. My mother in law started chasing Mukerjee with a raised umbrella and tackled him in 3 minutes flat, Hututu style. Standing next to his prostrate form with the sharp end of the umbrella pressed firmly into his belly like Zhansi ki Rani she demanded how dare he call such names!! That was the end of Bhaskar Ranade Sir and I became R. Bhaskar!!! ”

DEMI-GOD

Oh queer creature –
Half god above,
Half beast below;
Angelic aspirations soaring heavenwards,
Devillish passions dragging hellwards;
Rather be a total beast,
Or, a whole god;
Than this split demi-god,
Oh piteous man!

Kusum Gokarn
Rukmabai Pandurang Taggarse (Radhe)
Celebrating Your Centenary

December 2017
KANARA SARASWAT 20
As a medical professional working in rural Rajasthan for some years, I encountered several socio-cultural experiences while interacting with different patients — as any doctor would, in the different regions of the country. One such incident that stands out for me in my experience is of a young boy that I treated.

The boy, who was 10 years of age, was brought to my clinic after he had had a fall while learning horse-riding. On examination, I found that a part of his tongue was actually hanging by just a shred of tissue.

 Initially, I was tempted to snip the tongue and do a dressing. However, remembering my Professor of Surgery’s advice on how the tongue could heal by itself, I decided to suture it instead.

Unfortunately, I couldn’t give the boy a local anaesthetic, as that would have made it impossible to achieve the proper alignment of the two parts of the tongue.

The boy was an extremely cooperative patient. While suturing his tongue, he was absolutely quiet and composed. Throughout the process, I was taken aback at the child’s high pain threshold. Post the surgery, I gave his attendant the requisite follow-up instructions and advised the boy to report to me after five days.

During the follow-up appointment, the patient as well as his attendant had smiles on their faces: the tongue had healed completely. As a result, I removed the stitches as well.

Since this was a unique case, my wife was a witness to both the appointments. Amazed by the boy’s composure during the surgery, she asked him, “While your tongue was being stitched up, were you in pain?”

When he replied in the affirmative, she exclaimed, “But you didn’t even cry!”

To this, he replied in Marwari, “Rota kaise? Rajput joh thehra! (How could I cry? After all I’m a Rajput!)”

At such a young age, his caste identity and the characteristics that set apart that identity had been so embedded in the boy.

The author can be contacted at nugulvady@gmail.com

Please, Please, Please Be A Child...Forever !!

"LIGHT ME!” whispered the birthday candle but do not BLOW,  
And the PARADOX in your lives, to you, I will show.......  

Even though I grow smaller, I’ll ENLIGHTEN you as I burn,  
while as you grow older, you FORGET all the LESSONS you learn ?  

I’ll throw light on your YESTER YEARS till I have finally passed,  
On your CHILDHOOD, your EMOTIONS, you have FORGOTTEN so fast...  

As an INFANT, while just a gulp of milk would fully SATISFY,  
Why now that your “INFINITE WANTS” have milked you DRY??  

As a KID you would KISS and HUG with every Hi and Bye,  
To do it any more, you are a GROWN UP, hey aren’t you SHY ?  

When with loved ones you quarreled, a TEAR you would SHED,  
WASH away the grief and sorrow and together go to bed ?  

You are amongst ELDERS now, wouldn’t it be a SHAME if you CRY,  
So you NURTURE grudges, hatred and frustration, now I gather why !  

You would JUMP, be EXCITED even with the slightest downpour,  
Alas, why neither the sea nor the ocean seem to THRILL you anymore? 

You would in no way MANIPULATE; always be TRUE and FRANK,  
Profound happiness you would EXPERIENCE with every “SILLY” PRANK!  

Your ADOLESCENT friends and relationships were always seen with RESPECT, 
As you MATURER, each association, every move why FOREVER SUSPECT ?  

Do SLOW down, BE A CHILD FOREVER, wait...don’t grow up so fast, 
PLEASE don’t let “INNOCENCE” be JUST...a VIRTUE of the PAST! 

- Milan Bijur
In my career, working in the capacity of a Marketing & Sales Professional, I have seen and worked along with different kinds of bosses and from my varied interactions with them there has been a lot to learn. I wish to focus upon a particular quality that I learned and that which, I think, made me a better manager or a boss to my subordinates. Well friends, I am basically going to focus upon the role of ‘PRAISE’ and ‘CRITICISM’ and their balance as well as their collective significance in the growth of a professional or an employee and I would like to do that with the help of an example of a real-life professional scenario.

Mahendra was an engineer and was working with a large bottle manufacturing company in Labasa. It had been just over six months since he had joined the company as a Graduate Trainee. He had joined along with another two engineers, Yogen and Rohitesh. They had graduated from the same Engineering College in Suva. A year had passed and all the three engineers were made permanent along with a healthy hike in their respective salaries. They were assigned to different departments related to Manufacturing and Quality and under separate bosses.

Another seven months had passed by and it was at one of the Diwali Dinner events organized by that company where all the three engineers along with all the other employees met for the celebration. As the three engineers sat together for dinner one of them by the name of Roitesh began to open up about his experiences so far. “Hey guys, I must tell I am really lucky to have this boss! Since the time I have joined his team he has never said one thing that has been critical or negative about me or my work. Even in our weekly meeting my boss praises me as well as my other colleagues. He makes us feel and believe that we are the best and that is so inspiring.” “But what about when you make mistakes?” the other colleague, Yogen asked.

Rohitesh replied excitedly. “Well isn’t that awesome. There have been certain situations where I know that I have made a few errors in my project but my boss has never ever criticized me for it. In fact, one of my colleagues in my department is really very undisciplined and keeps coming late to office and even though we all know about it my boss never questions him. I am lucky that I have this kind of a boss who is so positive and always praises us. What about you, Yogen? How are things in your department?” Rohitesh asked.

Yogen had a sort of a gloomy face and with a dejected expression he responded. “Guys, I think I am the most unlucky person here. My superior is totally the opposite. The only thing he knows is to criticize. Worse is the fact that he never looks at the positive actions and accomplishments we have done but focuses his entire attention only on the mistakes and errors. To make things worse, he criticizes me in front of everyone without realizing how demotivating and demoralizing it can get. I am sorry guys, but his attitude is very negative and if it continues like this I will look out for another job elsewhere!” “Hey Yogen, please calm down bro! You have to take it easy. We have just joined this company and you have already started thinking about leaving because of your boss?” Rohitesh told Yogen and then addressed Mahendra, “Bro! what is your story?

Hope you are not planning to leave the company like our friend? He mischievously asked Mahendra.

Upon being asked this question Mahendra reached out to his office bag and pulled out what looked like a piece of paper. He placed it on the table and then addressed both Rohitesh and Yogen. “Hey Guys, it is interesting that we are having a conversation about our bosses at this dinner function organized by our esteemed organization. About my boss, I too would like to share a few things. I must say that I am much more fortunate to have a boss like mine and there is a reason for it. My boss is appropriately balanced in the way he assesses me! If there is something wrong or if I have committed an error in my work he is the first one to criticize me in the most harsh manner. Having said this I also must say that he never ever has criticized me just to insult or humiliate me in front of the others. If the mistake or failure has been a real bad one and if he is very angry, he will shout at me but only in private, inside his cabin” As Mahendra was about to continue Yogen interrupted and said, “Hey Mahendra, your boss is as bad as mine, always criticizing and being negative. I wish we had a boss like the one Rohitesh has.”

Hearing this Mahendra smiled and continued. “Yogen, you are totally wrong here. My boss also has another side to him. I must proudly say that whenever me or any of my team members does the right thing or successfully achieves even the smallest of the tasks my boss is the first to write an email praising and complimenting him or her for achieving or accomplishing that task. Many times I have seen him patting us on our back and appreciating us in our weekly meetings. In fact even if the task was not completed he will criticize but also appreciate the efforts put in by that person. What I see in my boss is the right balance between praising and criticizing. I believe my boss’s criticism has actually made me improve myself. If he had only showered praise upon me and not offered his constructive criticism I would have not learnt from my mistakes. On the other hand if my boss had only criticized me without recognizing my achievement I would have been in the same state as our friend Yogen!”

Saying this Mahendra showed them the piece of paper that he had earlier pulled out from his bag and explained—“Hey guys, this is what my boss calls the Praise & Criticism Balance Sheet. What it has on one side is the list of criticisms for things I have not been able to achieve and on the other side is the list of all my accomplishments and his positive comments about the same. Each of us in the team gets the P&C Balance sheet every month. This sheet also helps us to start improving upon the things we have not achieved” Saying this Mahendra excused himself for a glass of water.

By the time the three had completed their intense conversation their dinner had turned cold. However, more importantly there was something very important that Rohitesh and Yogen had learned from their interactions, something they firmly decided to practice when they would become bosses to their subordinates!
One evening in the autumn of 2009, as I was browsing YouTube, I happened to come across an interesting video entitled “Remembering Pancham”. These were a series of videos where the members of the Immortal Composer, RD Burman’s orchestra, were performing live on stage. Panchamda’s songs were being played in the background and as they were being played, the musicians would play the actual part that they had played within the song, to the delight of the audience. The very first of Panchamda’s musicians to perform was a tall, elderly Parsi gentleman who seemed very simple outwardly, but the moment his hands took to the castanets he produced the most amazing sounds while playing to the intro of the song, “Yunhi Gaate Raho” (Film: Sagar, 1985) – sending the audience into raptures. This incredible musician’s name was Homi Mullan and I was most fortunate to have had a beautiful friendship with him for the next six years.

Homi Mullan was born into a family of Parsi priests in Bombay, but when he was hardly a toddler, his mother passed away and he had to move to Kolkata where he was brought up by his uncle and aunt. At school, Homiji did not have an interest in studies, and it soon became apparent that his real love was music. It was at this point that Vistasp V Balsara, legendary musician and accordion maestro who was a family friend of the Mullans, took the young Homi under his wing.

The legendary V. Balsara, not only played for Bengali films but also played for the titans of the golden age such as Shankar-Jaikishan, Salil Chowdhury and S. D. Burman. Among his most famous pieces is the accordion in the Talat Mahmood number, “Aye Mere Dil Kahin Aur Chal” (Film: Daag, 1952). For several years, Homiji trained under V. Balsaraji, first learning the piano and then gaining proficiency in the accordion, keyboard and harmonium. Homiji made his debut playing the accordion under music director, Shyamal Mitra in the Bengali film, “Deya Neya” (1963) starring Bengali superstar, Uttam Kumar and even made a cameo in the song “Ami Cheye Cheye Dekhi”. He also started making a name for himself playing with legends such as Manna Dey and Mahendra Kapoor in live stage shows in Kolkata.

However Homiji was destined for greater things. Armed with a letter of introduction from V. Balsaraji addressed to the great Salil Choudhary, Homiji set out to the city of dreams, the powerhouse of film music in India, Mumbai. Homiji recorded his first song in Mumbai under Salilda’s baton.

It was here that Homiji met legendary cellist, Basudev Chakravarty also known as “Basuda”. This was a crucial turning point as Basuda was the arranger/assistant to the Burmans (both father and son) and when Homiji was introduced to them, a legendary association was born. Homiji became a permanent sitting member of the Burmans’ group and since 1966 played in every single song right up until “1942: A Love Story” (1992). That golden era was truly the age of innovation where Panchamda was extracting the most amazing sounds from the most unlikely objects with Homiji in the forefront: the ‘clink’ of glasses in “Chura liya hai tumne” (Film: Yaadon ki Baaraat, 1972), two pieces of sandpaper for a moving train in “Hoga Tumse Pyara Kaun” (Film: Zamane ko Dikhana Hai, 1977), a cowbell in “Dilbar mere kab tak mujhe” (Film: Satte pe Satta, 1984) and who could forget the “hoot” “hoot” of half filled glass bottles for “Mehbooba O Mehbooba” and a pair of cycle handlebars in “Koi haseena jab rooth jaati” (Film: Sholay, 1975). Although trained in the accordion, Homiji became famous in the industry as a percussionist and the musical genius that he was, he could play any percussion instrument ranging from the duggi in “O Mere Dil ke Chain”, a triangle in “Aao na gale lagaan na” (Film: Mere Jeevan Saathi, 1972) to kikiroko (a snake-like percussion instrument) in “Gulabi Ankhen” (Film: The Train, 1970).

Occasionally Homiji would be called upon by Panchamda to play the accordion – most notably in the Mukesh song “Ek din bik Jayega” (Film: Dharam Karam, 1976) and background pieces in the Dharmendra starrer “Shalimar” (1976). Homiji’s versatility did not go unnoticed by the other great composers of the golden age and he also played for giants such as Madan Mohan, Naushad Ali, Jaidev, Ravindra Jain and Khayyam (in fact Homiji told me that he had played for all the great composers.
Homiji continued to work after Panchamda’s untimely demise in 1992, playing for the likes of Jatin-Lalit, Anu Malik and Anand-Milind, but as the synthesizer increasingly started to replace real musicians within film music, work became less and less and eventually Homiji left films in the early 2000s.

Shortly after I saw the YouTube video, I tracked down Homiji on Facebook and he kindly consented to be my “FB friend” and invited me to his house on my next visit to India. On arriving at his house, I was awestruck by his utter simplicity and humility in spite of being a legendary musician of such high stature. Homiji and his lovely wife Mithoo Aunty were so full of love, affection and warmth that it overwhelmed me. Sitting with him and listening to his experiences, I was immediately transported back to that golden age where immortal, mesmerising hits were created and nurtured, where the composers insisted on absolute perfection, where the recordings were live with orchestras of over 150 strong musicians.

Sadly, dear Homiji passed away on 26th December 2015 and I miss him terribly. When we think about the golden age, we often remember the iconic singers, legendary music directors and great lyricists, but we have never thought about the legions of that elite class of musicians who were behind each song – each of them an institution in himself, a musical giant. One such musical giant was Homi Mullan!

---

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Dear ones just called him Raja affectionately. Raja’s journey in life can best be described as being one of someone who shared his gifts of love and benevolence with wonderful people he knew as his family and friends. He was a great mentor, a guide, and a friend to me. He was my mother’s youngest sibling, but to me he was like an elder brother as we grew up together to my adulthood in Talmikiwadi. Full of energy with a great sense of humour; a twinkle in his eyes and a crackle of laughter in his voice, he gained an extraordinary popularity in our Bhanup Community in general and Wadi in particular. You don’t become a beloved folk without leaving behind a collection of moments and stories and a unique personality trait. His contribution towards society cannot be overstated if I say he was always there to help people with their eventualities such as ill-health, demise or for that matter bereavement.

Raja was born in Mandalay, former Burma, on the 3rd June, 1929 to well off parents. His father, B. Sanjiv Rao was the Chief Jailer in Burma, who after retirement migrated with his family to a tiny hamlet by the name Karkal in Mangalore district of Madras Presidency. A mere seven years old boy, Raja was sent to Bombay by his father to live with his eldest daughter Malati who was then newly married and had settled down with her husband, Raghunandan Bijoor in Talmakiwadi. Two years hence, I was born to the above mentioned couple.

Raja did his schooling from Imperial High School. He graduated in Arts from Khalsa College, Matunga. Soon after, in the year 1953 he migrated to Shahabad, Karnataka with an assignment with ACC Ltd. His relocation out of Bombay was a very disheartening to his friends and relatives, though within 3 years he moved back to the city.

In early fifties while in Talmakiwadi he became the sports secretary of KSA, and would organise various sports matches and competitions during Diwali festival in Wadi. During his tenure as sports secretary, he had organised speeches by cricket stalwarts like Vijay Merchant, and AFS Talyarkhan (a noted cricket commentator) much to the delight of wadiites. He also organised exhibition matches of table tennis inviting the players of India like K. Jayant (national champion then), Uttam Chandarana, Dilip Sampat, Sudhir Thackersy, Yatin Vyas and several other top players of the country.

Raja had a flair for writing. He had contributed many articles to several magazines/weeklys, like Afternoon and Courier Dispatch on sports, particularly on cricket and personalities related to the game. His interest in writing biographies of Hindi movie artistes led him to meet a lot of eminent personalities. His articles featured regularly in weekly called SCREEN which did not rely on gossip but emphasized on quality journalism right from the start.

Intrepid and courageous in nature, he once went to attend a speech by the then Chief Minister of the Bombay State, Mr. Morarji Desai. During his speech Mr. Desai passed distasteful comment on the communists, which was not liked by Raja. He at once rose from his seat and started countering Mr. Desai on his comment. Immediately, there was an uproar from the entire audience assembled against Raja and he had to finally leave the auditorium.

Raja got married to Ramalaxmi Padbidri of Kings Circle in 1954, Ramalaxmi fondly known to us as Rami, complimented him in every single manner whilst being large hearted and cheerful persons I’ve ever come across. Made for each other bound in matrimony of nearly 62 years, both loved to interact with people. Their house being full of visitors was a hub for all relatives, friends and acquaintances, who enjoyed their hospitality and warmth.

Blessed with two worthy sons, Sadanand (Sadu) and Gautam are now well settled with their families. Both are doing well in their respective fields.

Raja in his mid-eighties decided to shift to Hyderabad and stay nearby his son Gautam due to ill health which affected his movements. About three years later on 25th October, 2017, he passed away peacefully in the presence of his family members.

A noble soul departed from this earth. Raja’s gift to his family and friends was the awareness that unconditional love knows no bounds, and his memory will endure in our hearts forever.

I pray the Almighty to bless his soul and rest him in eternal peace.
Mummy left us abruptly and without warning on 20 December 2016. Born as Nalini Mankikar, her official name after marriage was Vineeta Tombat — but she continued to be ‘Nalini’ to family and friends. For the last seven years she single-handedly ran the house as Daddy slowly withdrew from household responsibilities. She made sure that the house was well-stocked. Whenever we came from Goa there was always a supply of fresh bombils, a family favourite. For Daddy there was always amshe-tikshe, which she made herself. She loved plying her guests with good food and drinks and enjoyed a peg of gin every now and then. A good meal was not complete without a piece or two of dark chocolate which she savoured and urged her guests to partake of.

Aside from managing the house competently there were other facets to her personality. A medical social worker at the JJ Hospital, she always had a faraway look when she reminisced about her years at JJ. Around 15 years ago she received a request to work in an honorary position but she declined as she did not want to leave Daddy alone at home. I felt she would have enjoyed working again as she was intelligent and so full of energy, but she chose otherwise. She was involved in the annual bulk purchase of reasonably priced rice and dals by Anandashram residents from the wholesale markets at Navi Mumbai, making several trips with other enterprising women of Anandashram. She took an active part in the Anandashram Society, as she was keenly concerned about the upkeep of the buildings.

My husband Ashwin remembers her encouraging him to pursue his love for trekking and mountaineering.

She was fond of dogs and doted on our Lhasa Apso, Tuffy, who she almost considered as her third son. She was heartbroken when he passed away. When she and Daddy would come to Goa she enjoyed swimming. My son, Kabir was small so my husband and I would take turns to swim. Each of us would swim for around 40 minutes each, while Mummy would swim for the entire 80 minutes that we spent at the pool. In Mumbai she would drive and go by herself to the YMCA pool, but ultimately gave that up as well, because of Daddy being alone at home.

As we enter Anandashram my gaze automatically goes up to the balcony of C-3, and I picture her standing and smiling at us. I would like to think of her as watching us from a higher plane looking over her beloved Arvind and watching over the family, especially her grandsons, Kabir and Kshitij.

— Nishtha Desai
* FOND REMEMBRANCE *

SHOBHA GANGOLLI
(W/o Late Gangolli Maruthi Rao)
27.10.1936 — 05.11.2017

“Surround yourself with people, who empower you and believe in you,
Support you and motivate you, uplift you and appreciate you”

Finest example of above quote is our—

- Dearest "Amma" to Pradeep, Gayathri Gangoli & Prakash, Sudha Gangoli - Bengaluru; Swati (nee Geetha Gangoli) & Sunildatt Shirali - Pune;
- Affectionate & Caring “Papama” to Akshay, Divya, & Ashwin, Aishwarya - Bengaluru;
- Fond "Amama" to Samir Shirali - Pune; Samita (nee Shirali) & Vinesh Kolpe - USA;
- Loving & caring “Aaji” to great grandsons Neel & Evan Kolpe - USA;
- Adoring “Vaini” to Gangadhar Bappa (Gangolli) - Bengaluru;
- Doting “Shobakka” to Vidya (nee Vombatkere) & Sanjay Mavinkurve - Bengaluru;
- Adoring Shobha, Amma, Papama to Raghuveer, Bharati & Disha Vombatkere - Bengaluru;
- Affectionate Shobhamami to Shreya Kamat (nee Shaila Kalyanpur) – Goa,
- Admiring Shobakka, Shobhapachchi, Shobhamami, Ganga, Shobha to all her near & dear relatives in Gangolli, Vombathkere, Shirali, Savkoor, Madiman, Baindur, Vittal Kark & many other close knit families & loads of friends & well-wishers.

You will always be remembered for your affection, kindness, out-of-the-way helping, dynamic & diligent nature, righteousness, bhakti, stoicism, discipline, immense willpower, optimistic way of living, amazing cooking skills, willingness to adapt to new ways of life & fighting spirit, till your last breath.

We always had your backing, you were our inspiration & strength and with your blessings & support even the impossible was possible.

Though you have left for heavenly abode,
You will always be alive in our hearts & minds.

Contact details: gayathrigangoli@gmail.com - cell: 9611629298

December 2017

KANARA SARASWAT
SURESH MARUTI HATTANGADI
(November 7th 1958—October 17th 2017)
Deeply Mourned by:
Wife: Vandana
Son: Sarvesh
Daughter: Samrudhi
Grandchildren: Abhay, Pratham & Pragnya Hattangadi
Fondly Remembered by:
Hattangadis, Nagakattis, Mankikars & Hoskotes
With Relatives and Friends

MRS. KEERTHAN CHAITANYA KEMBRE (nee Keerthan Gangadhar Shirlal)
Departed for her heavenly abode leaving behind an irreplaceable void

Your Life was a Blessing
Your Memories, a Treasure
You’ll be Loved Beyond Words
And Missed Beyond Measure

Deeply mourned by:
Husband: Chaitanya D. Kembre
Children: Anirudh and Ananditha
Father in law: Dinkar V. Kembre
Mother in law: Vasanti D. Kembre Kembres, Shirlals
Relatives and Friends

A Sojourn in Himalayas … Mohan V. Pandit
(Article on page 29)
Travelogue

A Sojourn in Himalayas

Mohan V. Pandit

Recently we were a part of a conducted tour to some places in Himachal Pradesh. The tour started from Amritsar. The tourists were mainly from Maharashtra. We arrived at Amritsar from different places and routes to a designated hotel and date.

The first day consisted of a visit to the Golden Temple. Even on an ordinary non-festival day, the visiting crowd is so large that it takes about two hours in a queue to get a glimpse of sanctum sanctorum lasting less than a minute. Thoughtfully a separate queue exists for aged and disabled persons that can cut the time to half an hour at least. The afternoon was a visit to Wagha border. The parade held by the border security force and a similar parade by Pakistan counterpart is the attraction of this visit. It was a spectacular show of patriotism.

Next day all 22 of us, in three separate vehicles headed for Dharamshala in HP. The first leg of journey of about 120 km was on a four-lane with a dividing corridor tastefully planted with multi-coloured flowering plants such as bougainvillea, oleander, canna and others. The terrain is flat with rice and sugarcane fields on both sides. When we enter HP border, the road is reduced to a two lane barely enough for two minibuses to cross at crawling speed. One loses the sense of direction on these winding mountain roads. It seems they head for a common point to cross over to the next mountain. Mostly the roads have a deep valley on one side and the other side an almost vertical mountain face cut to make the road navigable. The tall pine and deodar trees block your view to a few meters. You are unable to assess the depth of the valley or height of the hill. When the road passes through villages, you feel uncomfortable when the edge of the road is just about 30 cms away from entrance of houses. When you reach the wide valley of Dharamshala, you heave a sigh of relief. Not for long. Our hotel is not in Dharamshala proper but in the suburb called Naddi perched on a hill nearby. We start the climb to the hotel. The road narrows further. Sometimes the climb is so steep that the vehicle travels in first gear. The protocol observed by the drivers is really amazing. When the driver notices another vehicle coming to cross, one of the drivers- usually the one going down manoeuvres his vehicle to a broader patch and stops and allows the other vehicle to pass. No arguments, no brawl one often witnesses in plains, just a nod in acknowledgement. Our driver turns sharply left and stops in front of a wall and declares we have reached the destination. We get down. No hotel in sight. The guide tells us to climb a steep path that turns right and at the end of this incline you see steps. At the end of these steps you see a paved path lined with beautiful flowers leading to the reception of the hotel. The sun is bright but not hot. A refreshing gentle breeze makes you comfortable. We are almost at the top of the hill. The view from the hotel is grand. You reach for your mobiles to click the panorama in front and the flowers. Our rooms are in four separate buildings- at different levels. Each building has three floors but only two rooms on each floor. Most buildings in this area are similar- multi-storeyed with narrow base. We check-in to our rooms. The dining hall is yet another building.

The guide informs us an optional outing on foot to a nearby Ashram more to enjoy the scenic surroundings. Many volunteer. The sunset is a spectacle of colours. Grey ice-clad mountains turn orange and green forests start twinkling.

Next day after breakfast, we leave for Mcleodganj just 20 km away on another hill. Journey time is about two hours. There are stretches where the speed limit is 15 km per hour. You go down the hill until you reach the valley and climb the other hill. The minibus stops at the parking lot almost a kilometer away from the Buddhhamandir opposite Dalai Lama’s residence. Mcleodganj is known as mini Tibet. You walk through the market street. Most shops are run by Tibetans. The mandir built with Tibetan architecture resembles a Hindu temple in many ways. The Sanctum sanctorum has a huge statue of sitting Buddha and standing Avalokiteswar on the side. The bells in Hindu temple are replaced by vertical cylinders which the devotees rotate before entering the temple. The Mandir is kept spotlessly clean. There is a magnificent view of the valley from this mandir.

Next day is a visit to Chamunda temple, Siddhari Tapovan developed by Swami Chinmayanand which also houses his Samadhi, war memorial, cricket stadium and tea gardens. All these tourist spots in and around Dharamshala are well maintained.

Next day we leave Naddi hotel to another at Dalhousie 200 kms away. We break our journey at Kangra – a district place and visit Vajreshwari temple. The climb to this temple gives you enough exercise for a good appetite for a traditional lunch at a dhaba. We reach Dalhousie late afternoon. Here from the parking place you go down the stairs. Reception, dining hall and rooms are in the same building but at different levels. It has equally fascinating view of the mountains and the valley.

Next day we visit Khajjiar town 50 kms away in a valley surrounded by tall pine trees. It is famed as a town resembling a Swiss resort. Fifteen minutes after we start, a member of our group receives a call from hotel that the driver has left his mobile in the hotel where he had kept it for charging. The driver takes the call and informs where he would collect his mobile. He continues driving without turning back to a place directly below the hotel. A man is already waiting there with his mobile. He had climbed down an old path from the hotel. Wow! In this terrain the pedestrian is faster than a four-wheeler. We arrive at a stadium sized grassy plot surrounded by a pine forest. We are greeted by photographers who urge to take your photos in Himachali costume which they carry with them. We return to the hotel for lunch. Afternoon is reserved for shopping. The main attraction is the hand knitted woolen garments in this market. Walnuts and other dry fruits are also for shopping. The main attraction is the hand knitted woolen garments in this market. Walnuts and other dry fruits are also for shopping.
famous for the exquisite stone carvings.

It was a well organized tour with good accommodation and food. Our guide was successful in knitting together a family like group from total strangers. He organized Diwali celebrations with fireworks, bhaubeej, birthday of one of the group, some games for fun and a bonfire on a chilly night. He was also quite responsive to individual special needs of the group.

It was a pleasant vacation. A sojourn through the pristine Himalayas inspires serene peace, evaporates the stress of modern living in crowded surroundings.

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**Down Memory Lane**

**The Wooden Slide**

BY Bipin Nadkarni

The one privilege I had in the Wadi as a kid was that I could walk into any drama rehearsal and watch it as long as I wanted. For one, Papa would be acting in most of them, but more importantly, I just loved it!

One of the first drama rehearsals, I remember attending was that of "Majha Kuna Mhanu Mee". They used to be held in Sundatta High School hall. I must have been 7 or 8 years then. There used to be a small wooden slide, my unofficial throne of sorts from where I would keep a hawk's eye on the rehearsals. There was this beautiful lady Suman Tatte who used to come from Bandra for rehearse. Dada Mavinkurve used to be seated in the centre with his occasional directions to the actors. Uday Mankikar, Mandep Rai were juniors then and were asked to prompt from the sides when they were not performing.

The emotions echoing in that Hall, that occasional goof up in a serious scene and pears of laughter that would follow … and then starting the scene from the beginning …!

During "Ghar Deval", I was called for an audition by Madhu Bhat, I obviously hadn't worked out for the role and Madhumam had told me ever so sweetly "Very good. Atta ghara vachunu abhyasy kari itte…!!"

I never went to see the rehearsals of that play … haha!!! Savitri Sthalekar was a treat to watch, Playing the main roles and mostly tragic, she had that Meena Kumarsique way of performing. Always as serious during the rehearsals as she was on the stage, I have seen her different avatars, of anger, of happiness, of remorse, her voice echoing in my mind even today, .. All this I watched from atop that wooden slide.

Chandrakant Honawar, who used to light up most of these plays, used to attend the last few rehearsals. Sitting next to the director, I had often watched him see the rehearsals with closed eyes!

Of the rare occasions that I did watch Krishna Kurwar mam's rehearsals, he held the script close to his chest, his eyes buried deep into it. An author to the core, not one word could be altered, shifted or replaced. Even a grammatical mistake from the actor… And his face would cringe…. A gentle cough would follow as her would tap the ash from his cigarette, nod his head and smile, in a bid to douse his disgust, before correcting that actor!

It was amazing how different directors lead their actors in the play. Each one had a particular style of getting the best of everyone. Dada would concentrate on the expressions and act out for the actors if needed, Krishna maam was fierce on the diction and dialogues. Papa (Vasant Nadkarni) was obsessed with the blocking and movements of the actors. They had to walk, turn and stand in certain positions!!

And then came "Mom's good bye". My most memorable one…. By then I had already taken to acting in one act plays. … But attending Papa's drama rehearsals was a ritual I could never miss. Eknathmam (Hattangadi) and Kundapachhi (Rege) added a whole new meaning to my little world of drama. They were conventional , traditional and so very beautiful.

It was the sheer ease with which they used to move on the proscenium ,the way they spoke, they paused and those little improvisations that they would add to their characters!! The entire texture of the drama would change ten fold.

So many plays, so many faces , the smells of that School Hall, the batata wadas from the Udipi hotel, tea from the Irani next door …… An unending Kaleidoscope!!

And then suddenly one day I realized I had grown up.... Grown too big to sit on that wooden slide….. Stupid me!!!!
Our families - Ajit Dada's and mine - lived just a floor apart. We were on the first floor and they were in the flat on the ground floor. They were like family to us. Not just that, they were our doctors too. To start off with, it was Prem-akka and Pai-maam. They were the ones who started the Pai hospital at Girgaum. It was at this very nursing home that my two sisters and I were born. Prem-akka was Amma's gynaecologist. And for any other illness-related queries, it was Pai-maam whom we completely relied on.

And there were their children Sujatakka, Shobhanakka and Ajit dada. I, being the youngest amongst the three of us, got to know Sujatakka and her family closely only after I had grown up a bit…as she had settled in the US after her wedding. But Shobhanakka and Ajit dada were a part of our lives, even as we were growing up. Shobhanakka's daughters were my friends and Ajit dada's children, Rohan and Dipti were little kids we enjoyed bringing home and playing with. The Pai household was a home full of people and we loved interacting with them.

As time went by, some of the people living in that house left us forever…and some moved away to other destinations. But Ajit dada and Neena stayed on the longest. Even after they had bought their flat at Worli and even after the kids had moved abroad, they continued to be a part of Anandashram. They kept their flat in our building and would spend their afternoons here on the week days…coming here from the hospital for their lunch and some rest. On my visits to Bombay in the vacations, it was such a pleasure to bump into them whenever they visited.

So when my Amma rang up on that sad evening, to give us the news, it came as a rude shock to me....as it did to everyone who knew him. I just didn't want to believe it. No way....I thought. Ajit-dada? No more? That's just impossible. The last time I had met him and Neena, was in the summer when I had visited their nursing home for a general check-up. They were to leave on a trip two days later. I was glad I'd got to meet them in the nick of time.

My older son Varun was delivered under Ajit-dada's care. Patient, calm and friendly, he was a doctor all his patients were comfortable with. I remember telling my Amma once, that just going to him was sufficient to start feeling better. His reassurance and confidence would help to get rid of the symptoms even before we started taking the medication. He had perfect bedside manners and always spoke in a positive way.

Other than knowing him as a doctor, my family also knew them socially. We've had so many enjoyable evenings at each other's places and at so many other social gatherings. Ajit dada had a great sense of humour too. We would often urge him to imitate certain people we knew in common and he would do a great job of it. He was a good narrator and he had a pleasant style of narrating anything.

I specifically recollect the time my father had passed away. We had an informal memorial gathering for him at home, at which Ajit dada had shared his feelings too. He had spoken very fondly about my father and about how fortunate he was to have been by my Papa's bedside when he breathed his last. In the last few days before Papa passed away, I know that Amma drew a lot of courage and strength from knowing that Ajit dada was just a phone-call away and that she could turn to him and Neena for any advice or help.

No one wants to believe that he is not with us any more. The whole of Anandashram deeply mourns this loss. A much-loved man, soft-spoken and reliable, that's what he was. He's been on our mind ever since and we all keep hoping that it is just a bad dream. It just shows us how life can be so, so unfair at times. I can imagine what Neena, Rohan and Dipu must be going through. And of course Sujatakka too. To have lost both her younger siblings...(Shobhanakka passed away a few years ago)

I will miss wishing him on his birthday this year...the 6th of December. I can only say that this should not have happened. No. Not to Ajit dada. Not so soon. I dread the thought of coming to Bombay next summer and not seeing him. Nothing consoles at times like this. For some time, even the memories of happy times spent in their company hurt. Because the thought of not seeing that person ever again is a terrible one. Time, they say is the best healer. I don't know what it is. But I along with each and everyone who knew him, know, that this has been one of the worst moments of our lives. A very sad day for us all. Ajit dada.....you will be sorely missed. Glad we knew you in our lifetime.
AN ODE TO MY GRANDPA – Ved. Shree Kallianpur Ramesh Bhat

On the twelfth of December
Was born a rare gem to the Kallianpur Kutumba..
Adventurous, bold & ever-fighting for what's right
With grit & determination, he put all his might!
His voice so strong - nobody would dare
He kept himself so busy - no time to spare.
He was a builder, an astrologer, also a purohit -
An entrepreneur in its real sense, if one were to name it.
He built the Kallianpur temple extension
And very soon became the town’s new sensation!
At just the tender age of fourteen
He made people wonder - “How could it have been?”
From then he began his journey of endeavours endless
He stood like a beacon on the path of perfection -
tireless!
Inspired many in building their dream homes here,
Helped countless people in getting jobs most dear.
He made sacrifices to fulfil others’ needs -
He's indeed a bright star for his innumerable deeds.
Nurtured the Krishna temple with all Pacha-parvaas
All being performed righteously, as per ‘reeti-riwaaz’!!!

Some thrived and grew on his virtues
Some i believe are yet to pay their dues!!
To others, he may be just another person in the family -
But he’s truly a legend...perhaps a Gladiator according to me!
Often quite unassuming, like an 'unsung hero' of his days
He believed it would only be just a passing phase.
Always cheerful with a ‘never-give-up’ attitude
Anything that one wished, he fulfilled it in multitude.
He stood like a rock to face any impediment
A snag in any plan - he knew- would delay improvement.
If anyone should ask him, "Sir, how do you do?"
He'd roar like a lion reverting, "HOW DO I SEEM TO YOU?"
When death came upon him, it happened all very suddenly.:-
None believed he’d bid us goodbye so unexpectedly!!
Many till date remember in gratitude
Guess, that's the way some pay their tribute.
As for me he’d always remain a Superhero iconized
So, through this dedication may he be immortalised.

-Rashmi Nagarkatti Hemmady

Fondly remembered by children, grandchildren and great grandchildren

(Photography courtesy:- Kishan Kallianpur)
Tattvabodha

Here is the fourteenth instalment of Dr. SudhaTinaikar’s absorbing de-mystification of a small, but very comprehensive, spiritual text

We are now dealing with the five sheaths by which the three bodies are categorized. Of these five, the first two - the food sheath (Annapoorna Kosa) and the vital air sheath (Puschara Kosa) were explained in detail by the teacher.

Now he proceeds to explain the three innermost sheaths...the mental sheath, the intellectual sheath and the bliss sheath. We must remember that all these five sheaths are imagined to be like one within the other for the sake of description. In reality these sheaths are functioning as one unit and are not really one inside the other.

What is manomaya kosha?

The mind along with the five sense organs of perception is together known as manomayakosha.

The sense organs of perception (eyes, ears, skin, nose and the tongue) report their perceptions to the mind and it is the mind which recognizes whatever is reported by them. We have often seen that even with our eyes open and ears open, if the mind does not back them, there is no perception at all. We can thus say that the mind is the master of the orchestra of sense organs. It is the mind which perceives the world through the sense organs.

The mind is also described as the locus of emotions-sadness, happiness, uncertainty, insecurity, likes, dislikes and so on. Mind predominantly has the faculty of doubt. “Should I do it or not? ” “Did I do the right thing?” “Should I do this or that?” In technical language the mind is defined as

Vijñanamayakosa: The mind can never come to a conclusion. It keeps vacillating from thought to thought.

The mind is also called the inner instrument or Anima. This inner instrument is divided four-fold depending upon its functions as mind, intellect, individual ego and memory... Man, Brahm, Atman and Brahma respectively. These are not four distinct areas of the inner instrument, but when it is decisive it is called buddhi, when it recollects from memory (for instance - “I am eating”, “I am listening” and so on), it is called ahamkara.

The next sheath explained by the Tattvabodha teacher is the intellect sheath, also called Vijnanamayakosa?

Vijnanamayakosa:

What is vijnanamaya kosha?

The intellect and the five organs of perception together comprise the intellect sheath.

This sheath is subtler than the mind sheath. It is interesting to note that both the mind sheath and the intellect sheath have the five senses organs as their integral parts. This is because, all the information that is reported by the five organs of perception has to be processed and cognized. This combination of perception and cognition requires the intellect sheath which has the faculty of “discrimination” and “decision making”. Technically, therefore, the buddhi or the intellect sheath is called vijnanamayakosa. The mind carries the various perceptions from the sense organs to the buddhi and the buddhi, based on the memory of previous experiences, cognizes the perceptions sent by the mind. Thus the mind and buddhi function hand in hand as one integral unit.

The pranamaya, manomaya and vijnanamaya koshas all together form the subtle body.

Now the fifth (innermost) sheath is explained.

What is anandamayakosa?

That which abides in the form of ignorance (avidya) as the causal body, having an impure nature associated with thoughts of various degrees of pleasure is the anandamaya sheath.

This is the system of five-fold sheaths- Anandamaya means that sheath which is associated with degrees of pleasure or ananda. The experience of pleasure is subject to change in intensity based upon the contact with the object of pleasure. When I see a desirable object a degree of pleasure called priya is experienced. When that desirable object is possessed by me the degree of pleasure is higher. When I experience that object which I possess my pleasure is the highest. All three are thoughts related to pleasure and happiness. These are experienced by the same experient - “me” the bhokta or the “enjoyer”.

The vijnanamaya is the “doer me” and the anandamaya is the “enjoyer me”. The anandamaya is the causal body. This sheath is the locus of the basic ignorance about “who I am and what I am”. This ignorance is called mulaavidiya or bhrati. This is the reason why the teacher here says that the anandamaya is tainted with impurity. Self-ignorance is the subtlest impurity afflicting every jiva. This sheath is most dominant during deep sleep.

After briefly explaining the five sheaths of anatma (body-mind-sense complex), Tattvabodha continues with the deliberation upon the “Atma”.

( To be continued.....)
"Sweet water in sea at Mahim creek- A miracle?"

"Toxic smog in Delhi...?"

Air quality to worsen in North India...?

Some of the newspaper headlines! (TOI 19th Aug, 2006, TOI 8th Nov, 2017 and TOI 4th Nov, 2017 respectively). "Stop breathing for the next four months". Is this a future headline? What are the possible processes leading to such situations? Unless we know these processes clearly, we cannot overcome the problems. First we shall conduct some simple experiments.

You need a few small transparent plastic cups (all of the same size) used for serving the soft drinks in parties and a water soluble colour and common salt. Prepare the cups as described below:

Cup No 1: Fill salt solution with about half tea spoon of common salt dissolved in tap water to emulate the sea water. You can use sea water (in which case, don't add salt). Fill the cup to the brim.

Cup No 2: tap water which is as good as the river water for the present purpose. Add a few drops of colour to distinguish it from the sea water.

Cover the cup No 2 with a card board, hold the cover in position and carefully invert so that the water is not spilt out and keep over the cup No 1. Hold both the cups in position with their rims aligned properly with each other and request someone to gently pull out the card board. Now the sea water in the lower cup and fresh water in the upper cup are in direct contact with each other (vide Fig.1.). The colour helps you distinguish the river and sea waters. Keep this entire set-up in a safe corner where nobody disturbs it. Keep watching it off and on. Normally the recommended schedule is to watch it every five minutes during the first one or two hours, every hour for the next four to six hours and then every three hours later. It is preferable to take photographs so that the changes could be monitored better. Figure 1 shows the photographs of such a system taken at different times from 30 minutes to 25 hours. It is seen here that even after 25 hours the mixing of the waters is not complete.

If the experiment is repeated with the sea water inverted over the river water, the two waters mix in just a split second. Why this difference? The simple explanation is that the fresh water weighs about 1000 kg/cubic meter, whereas, the sea water has a higher density (1030 kg/cubic meter). Thus in the first experiment the fresh water being lighter, floats over the heavier sea water. The mixing of the two waters occurs through the diffusion process against the gravitational forces which is a slow process, taking more than 25 hours even at the small scale at which we operated. Similar process was active in the Mahim creek when the fresh water which is sweet, was floating over the saline water during August 2006 but over a much larger scale. When the experiment is repeated with the cup No 1 on the top, the waters mix immediately. This is because the sea water, being heavier moves downwards and mixes with river water quickly and because of the close proximity of the two waters during the vertical movement. Now the next question. The Mithi river water enters the sea every year. Then why did the water turn sweet only in the year 2006? That is the question for you. Think of the possibilities.

Let us repeat the same experiment with warm and cold waters. This will help us ascertain that the cold water is denser than the warm water (except in the temperature range, 0-4 degree Celsius), as we have learnt in our schools.

Cup No 1, Take cold water (from the refrigerator). You can also cool the water using an ice cube but then wait for the entire ice to melt completely before proceeding to the next step.

Cup No 2, Warm water (about 50 Celsius) with colour drops added.

Invert and mount the cup No 2 over cup no 1 and remove the card board, following all the precautions mentioned above. You will notice that the coloured water floats over the cold water. Observe the set-up every five minutes and take photographs. The two waters start mixing, but the process is somewhat faster now (minutes, not hours) as seen in Fig.2. This is because the temperature of the cold water is higher than that of the hot water. As far as the patterns (especially in the 6 and 9 minute photographs) I would like you to ponder over how and why these patterns occur and can you try to associate this with any atmospheric phenomena?

We are still getting the news reports on the smog in Delhi and north India in general. Delhi (and most part of the Himalayan foothills) will continue to experience this situation till Feb/Mar. Air, being a fluid behaves exactly in the same way as the hot and cold waters in our experiment. Remembering this fact we shall study the situation in Delhi now. It snows in the Himalayas between Oct and Feb/Mar every year and air there cools down and becomes heavy. It then slowly flows down the slopes of Himalaya in to the Indo Gangetic plains, just like the any fluid. Being heavy it displaces the hot air upwards and settles close to the ground, forming a stable pattern (not mixing with its warmer counterpart) as observed in our cups, with hardly any movement. The Sun has gone to the tropic of Capricorn in the southern hemisphere (will start his northward journey only after Makar Sankranti). Thus he is providing too little heat to reverse the weather condition. The absence of any turbulence or the wind helps maintain this pattern and thus any pollutants (caused by Divali crackers, vehicular emissions and the burnt agri waste from the fields from surrounding states) remains undisturbed in the stable cold air, which is replenished from the Himalayan from time to time. The result? Well, the headlines above. Is it not a big joke that the powers that be are trying to solve the problem now by odd even formula and what not? Now I leave it to you to find out an acceptable solution.
Fig. 2. Coloured warm water (about 50 Celsius) inverted and placed over the cold water (about 10 Celsius). The numbers below the snapshots indicate the time elapsed (m: in minutes) after the card board was pulled out. (Vide text).

Fig. 1. Tap water (Coloured) inverted over the saline (or sea) water. The numbers below each snapshot indicate the time elapsed (m: minutes and h: hours) after the card board was pulled out (vide text).

50 Years of Togetherness
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We pray to our Kuladevta Shri Mangesh –Mahalakshmi and our Guruparampara to bless you both with good health and happiness.

With Love and Best Wishes
Santosh, Vaishali
& Varun

December 2017
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An Outstanding electrode, approved by Indomag Steel Technology, for special application for steel plant. ULTIMATE-18MET displays remarkable weld metal properties:
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December 2017
KANARA SARASWAT
Kiddies' Corner

A walk in the rain

Samyukta Nair (5 years)

Save Water

Prateeksha Ullal (9 years)

Vedant Prashant Rao, Mangalore (12 years)

Creation of God

Samiksha Kumble (13 years)
In March 2017, I met Priyanka Gulwadipachi. She told me that an NRI Shivir was being organized in August 2017 during Pujya Swamiji’s Chaturmas camp at Karla and that some of the participants were eager to visit our Parijnanashram Vidyalaya to offer some seva. I gave my consent gladly, but was a bit apprehensive too as I could not comprehend what kind of activity they could contribute. She said that she would take Parama Pujya Swamiji’s Anumati.

I realized how serious they were about this when I received e-mails from US-based Mangesh Hoskotemam who introduced me to Neena Karnadpachi. Neena pachi was eager to help and asked what kind of contribution they could make. I told her that they can do the activities based on the curriculum of Standard 1. The school had not yet reopened after the summer vacation and we were still busy with admissions. We were also recruiting teachers as this year we had inaugurated our Primary Section. Neither was our time table ready, nor had we planned our curriculum. But I told Neenapachi that we had planned to use the C.B.S.E. syllabus. She immediately downloaded all the books and started planning their project. I was quite impressed to see her minute planning of each activity.

Their NRI group consisted of Hrishikesh (the 11-year-old son of the Karnads), Anoushka (their daughter who was 17), Rishi Hattangadi (also 17), Neena pachi and Anmol mam Karnad and Smita Kulkarnipachi. They conducted activities from 8th to 11th August. They divided themselves in two groups for the two divisions of Std.1. Anoushka had written a small interesting song about washing hands, which they taught the children. Since they would sing it after every period, the children picked it up in no time. Within those four days all of them became so involved with the children that they knew each and every child by his/her first name. Our children too participated whole-heartedly and looked forward eagerly to see what new activity will be introduced each day!

The group would come to school early and participate with all of us in the morning prayers. We have a child in Std. 5 who is dyslexic. We used to call him half an hour before the school so that we can give him some individual attention. Hrishikesh started taking this child’s reading lesson on his own, patiently explaining how to pronounce some of the difficult words.

During their free time the group members would all help in sorting out the library books, sitting quietly in one corner of a room. Saturday, the 12th was a holiday for the school children. But they all came to school to complete the library work and actually worked for the entire day.

We were all so overwhelmed by their dedication, that we gave each of them a certificate of appreciation. We were especially touched by the sincerity and concern shown by the three youngsters—Hrishikesh, Anoushka and Rishi. At their age most of the children are busy chatting or playing video games on their mobiles, or partying with their peers. Quite contrary to this, these children seemed totally happy teaching our simple village children.

Even after going back to the U.S. Hrishikesh organized a book drive and collected 190 story books and general knowledge books. Last month he sent them to our school with his father.

We really thank Priyankapachi, Mangeshmam and each one of the NRI group who came to Parijnanashram Vidyalaya for giving us a chance to know them. I am sure Pujya Swamiji’s Blessings will always be with them.
Without the Blessings of our Guru, life is a large eddy full of sharks!

Elocution and articulation have never been my forte. However, the Guru’s Blessings can make a lame man walk and a dumb man talk! With this faith I have attempted to write a few lines about my experience at the NRI Shivir and later, at the Seva-Saptaha.

My husband and I attended the NRI Shivir from August 2nd to 6th and continued to stay at the Math for a week to participate in the Seva-Saptaha. We were accompanied by our two kids, Anoushka-17, and Hrishikesh-10. To say ‘we did it’ would be very arrogant and ignorant. It is really our Gods and Guru who got it done for us and we were merely enjoying the blissful ride! Having never visited any Math before, we were initially worried about how we would be able to follow the rules and rituals of such a hallowed place. But the moment we reached the Math we got a warm and fuzzy feeling that we were coming home and that everything was going to be okay. Little did we know then that everything that we experienced was more than just okay! When we heard Swamiji speak to us, all our fears vanished, all doubts were cleared, we felt a strong sense of belonging, and we were at peace! We were pampered by the Sanchalika-s and Sanchalak-s who were like parents taking care of their children! The four days of the Shivir passed so quickly.... Attending Suprabhatam, Jalabhisek; doing Paduka Puja, Devi Anushthan, Vimarsh; and learning Sanskrit, Ninad, and of course, the fun rebounder exercises.

In our hearts we knew that the wonderful time at the Shivir would come to an end very soon and we would have to bid farewell to everyone. As we transitioned from being Shivirathi-s to Sevak-s of the Seva-Saptaha, we looked forward to taking care of the devotees who come to the Math.

Our Seva-Saptaha preparation had started months in advance. Our children wanted to experience spiritual seva at our Math and also participate in the activities at the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya supported by the Karla Education Trust. As parents, we wanted our kids to understand how children in India excel regardless of their socio-economic situation. As an overprotective mother, I was happy that my kids would get this opportunity in the safe environment of our Math, surrounded by a loving, caring ‘extended family’. Mangeshmaam Hoskote had taken permission for all of us to spend time each day at the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya. Our daughter Anoushka started a crowd sourcing campaign in USA to collect funds for the school. Geetapacchi Heble and I devised several Mathematics and English activity plans. The idea was to teach first graders basic Mathematics and English concepts in a fun way so that they learn while playing games and doing activities. Anoushka came up with a ‘Hand-Washing’ song that we would teach the kids to reinforce the importance of hygiene and washing hands. Our daily seva at the school would not have been possible without the gracious permission of and guidance from Shobhanpacchi Bijoor and help from Lalitapacchi Amladi.

At the Math, we would attend Suprabhatam at 6am on each day. The morning Ninad exercises conducted by Mira-pacchi invigorated us for the entire day. With loving guidance from our team leader Anjalipacchi Gokarn and the sevak-s from the Virar Sabha, we quickly learned our duties at the Math. In the dining hall, we would not only serve food to the devotees, but also make sure that all the utensils were wiped clean. At times, I would help roll out paratha-s or make undiya-s in the kitchen. We learned to offer Naivaidyam to Parama Pujya Parijnanashram Swamiiji. We were amazed to see our children, including our 10- year-old Hrishikesh, being so enthusiastic about their duties at the Math.

We were in the school daily from 10am to 4pm conducting activities. We also helped Muktapacchi Dhareshwar catalogue the school library. We were accompanied by two other NRIs – 17-year-old Rishi Hattiangadi and Smitapacchi Kulkarni. We got such a loving reception not only from the school staff but also from the little students. We were very surprised to see our 10-year-old son Hrishikesh helping another boy (not too much younger than himself) with pronunciations of English words. The beauty of them relating to each other ‘boy-to-boy’ was truly magical. Even more magical was when on our last day, all the kids of the class sang the ‘Hand Washing’ song for us! Just in a course of few days they had memorized this English song!

What we set out thinking that we would ‘teach’, really became one of the most valuable lessons we ‘learnt’! Such life experiences cannot be bought. We often get buried in the mundane activities of life, with little or no chance to contemplate on the things we have and be grateful about them. Seva Saptaha gave all of us a chance (in spite of our extremely busy schedules) to realize how fortunate we are. The children at the school, in a way, taught us this valuable lesson. They had an abundance of happiness in spite of their limited resources. They were so intelligent and full of bright ideas! Sometimes they could not articulate their thoughts very well in English, but that did not diminish the brilliance of their wonderful minds. We are very grateful that we got a chance to offer this seva and that our kids got this wonderful opportunity at such a young age. This is an excellent way to immerse our kids in our culture under the watchful motherly eye of our Parama Pujya Swamiiji! We are thankful that this life-changing experience has been a catalyst in strengthening our bond with our Math.

~ “Feeling truly blessed” ~

NRI Shivirarthi Neena Karnad’s warm account of her maiden visit to Karla Math and her “life-changing experiences” at the shivir and at the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya during the Seva-Saptaha

Parisevanam

December 2017

KANARA SARASWAT
मावेशी पाखर

भारतवर्षवाद मनात अनेक विचारमंत्री कहाँ मजे लेते होते। संपूर्ण वैज्ञानिक जीवनात प्रामाणिक आर्थिक समस्याळा जीवन जगातीला रथ घेतली होती, ती पंपरा वनस्पतीजा जगाता निर्माण निन्दून गेली होती। आत्मन्य विचारणीय आणि तसेच सुमान अनेक वाचनांनी अपवाहव्य वापरून काहीही प्रकट न दुर्बलता रघुवर साथविही श्रीपदार्शनाचं मनात त्वया आवश्यित थेरी-आदर-कट्यात वाटे।

बांधव व्यविषयत गावऱ्या वाळा तसेच थोडी पाही जिल्ले तसेच पूर्वातील व्यक्तींना स्थानात केलेले महादेव वर्णबाही लांजा आवश्येते। मात नाही, त्वया वायस्मांतने त्वयले लागले, गाव महोदय गेल्याला चालीस वर्ष लोटली होती। चालीस वर्ष काळात का सांगकरे - जरीपाने प्लरीभी, अर्थमंत्री असून भारतीय समाज विषयाने मिसेके पेहल्यात, इतक्य पाहून खूप झाली. गाडी व्यावसाय जाता-जाता अनेक गाव मध्ये पाहली होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी ग्रामीण बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. हा-हा मृणाल प्रवास संस्थेतील आशी श्रीपदार्शन आप्साधन संसाधनसक चांदीमोड्याचे उत्तरे... "जोळपु... जोळपु" होते त्वयाचे गाव! निजस्व परीक्षण! जोळपु हे नव पातून श्रीपदार्शन विचारपाल पडले. आजुबाजुबा नाही त्राक्ष कंटने हमाल भेटीला ह्या बांधणे शोध घेले असताना अनेक व्यक्ती त्वयाची कृपा करती हातेतला. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ पाहून सारांपणे पाहणे धेंगाव त्वयेच कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला हो. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती. फेरीबाटूने-चहाचाले आपातपत्र सामग्री विक्रेतासाठी गाडीला बोटाच बांधणे फक्तला होता. श्रीपदार्शन ददाते अनेक कंग्रे असेही नेतृ अनेक गाव मध्ये धेंगाव होती.
‘संगोदरा दिवा हवायू’
दृ. सुंदर कांडा, पुणे

‘आई, मी तुम्हीं कृत्त ठेवू’ हे नदेक अल्किडेंच फार्हन, त्यांना त्यांच्या आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांच्या आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांच्या आई हवायू ठेवू. आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू. आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू. आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू, आई हवायू ठेवू.

आजच्या प्रेसंतच्या वाजणात, एका नातिकाने, बायकोंच्या गृहीताने जगाला धारावायू आणि समाजात खेसप अहसास मग्न मोठे झळक झोपोर. आजच्या संगोदरा हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू, त्यांना त्यांना आई हवायू ठेवू.
December 2017

KANARA SARASWAT

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खइूँ, पेन्सिल, पैन आणि कॉन्यूटर.....
विषय कागद
मला आउँहून टेक्स्ट संपत्त नाहीत, कधी मला पहिली पारी आणि खइूँ घेतलं ते पण, पाहिला पाटीतील पहिला 'भी गेला' काळ्याने पहिला दिस्स छान आउँळत. नव्या पाटीला हवढ- कुंकुम आणि पुऱऱ बाहेर, ती पारी देखाले ठेंठू, आईडिया हवा आसपास या भाग हतात....ती लिहिल होती, आणि मी गिनत होते. नंतरच काळी दिस्स निमित्त संघर्ष या घरूँया-नूस्या घेटला...तर कधी बदक, विमान तर कधी छोटस पर, नालाच झाड आणि सोलीतर बघत वाचणारी नहीं....ही होती विक्रमवरी सुखवत...लुमानश जम्वा अथवा निराधार कुटी पुकार हवील आई. मला विनीत होती. तेजस्वी अनेक दिवळ दिलीले अध्रुव गरलेले Homework ची पहिली सुचवू? निःशीली घरूऱ पऱ्ऱत धार...पण हा बालमारात, ही भोजनभरोसा पारी छान होती. आमच्या भोजनभराचं मलाला खुप आवडायचं, कारण काळी बुकलं तांत सहजपणे पुतला याखं, नामोनित्यां उत्तमाची नाहीत.पत्र नम्बराचे मुलाखत! प्रत्येक बॅडलपांचाच आगाने कोठी असावा, ते भेजू... ल्या नात्ता मला घेतला विगतिमत पहिलीतील गेली. आता खइूँ केरार पेन्सील आणि पाटीतील आणि पाटीच्या जागी, रंगीतीत करिकरी विक्रम बघा आला! आमच्या मैत्रीच्या गोडेक्सांत निरांतरस्या हिड्डाइनच्या पेनसीली आणि सुंदर करिकरी वाचवा गोडा करिकरी बघाणार लागवलीच! खंतरत, मला टीन तीन बच्ची असलवसलांना माता हवा म्हणजेच मला हवील होती. अर्थात मला इयाच बाळभांतीचे आहे. पण आजूनथ, मला अनेक जम-जम घुटावणारी पारी मला हवील आहे. विथिले नाहीत, कारण तिच्या जम-जम मला पारी आली. आमच्या खेळातील बाच्यांच्या चरमाच्या येथून आली. पण हा बालमारात, ही भोजनभरोसा...
Devastana Saaru (Temple Saar)

**Ingredients:** Coconut grated -2 tbsp, Jeera – 1 ½ tsp, haldi powder -1 tsp, tamarind paste- ½ tsp, red chillies (bedgi)- 4-6 or to taste, Jaggery- 1 tsp, udad dal- ¾ tsp, Dhania- 2-3 tsp, methi -½ tsp, pepper corns – 5-6, curry leaves 4- 6, Big tomato chopped – 1, boiled whole channa ( brown) - 1-2 tsp, salt to taste

**For seasoning:** ghee- 1 tsp, Rai – 1 tsp, Hing powder – ¼ tsp, curry leaves -4-5

**Method:** Roast and blend all the ingredients fine with water except jaggery (gool), salt and tomato. Add water to make a very watery soup like consistency. Add chopped tomatoes, jaggery, salt to taste and bring to boil. Simmer for 5 mins. You can add chopped coriander leaves (optional). Season with ghee, rai, hing powder and curry leaves.

Drink Saar in cups as appetizer.

Mangalore Cucumber Kadamb ( Magge Kadamb)

**Ingredients:** - Rice – 2 tumbler, Coconut grated- 1 tumbler, Jada (medium) Poha – ½ tumbler soaked, salt 1/8 tsp for taste, jaggery grated ¾ tumbler, Mangalore cucumber (Magge) small 1 peeled and grated.

**Method:** - Rice to be washed, drained and spread on a cloth and then made into fine rawa. Grind coconut, soaked pohe, jaggery, salt adding little water. Add grated mangalore cucumber and rice rawa to the ground batter. Keep the batter on low fire and churn till it becomes 'dubdubi’. Then keep a piece of 1 ½” haldi paan right side above which batter should be put. Then close the batter with 1 ½” haldi paan on the batter with right side and steam for 15 minutes. Eat garamagaram Kadamb with a blob of butter or ghee.

Keep coconut oil in a kadhai, add rai, udad dal, chilli flakes, curry leaves and the smeared grated bananas and keep it on a low fire and make it ‘sadsadi’ (like carrot koshambir) Enjoy the podimas along with chappatis, puris, or even as spread on bread slices.

From the Cookbook of Vokethur Shantabaipachhi
Swamiji on 29th Oct. was observed with Guru Pujan by Yuva ed. Janmadinotsava of PP Shrimat Sadyojata Shankarashram weekly Pujan on Mon/Thurs/Fri by Gruhasthas. was performed on the 2nd Ekadashi was observed with Akhanda Bhajan, Vithobha Arti Pujya Shrimat Anandashram Swamiji. On 31st October, Parama Pujya Swamiji performed Lakshmi Ashtavangyaga on the Janma Diwas of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram October, Bhagavadgita and Upanishad Bhasya was chanted to help the laity cope with fire and other emergency. On 29th October, Ashtavadhana Seva was performed on the occasion of idol installation day of Parama Pujya Swami. From 24th to 29th October, a couple of informative theory sessions and a practical fire fighting demo was conducted by Shri Mangesh Chickermane with an emergency mock drill to help the laity cope with fire and other emergency. On 29th October, Bhagavadgita and Upanishad Bhasya was chanted on the Janma Diwas of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swami. On 30th October, Ashtavadhana Seva was performed on the occasion of idol installation day of Parama Pujya Shrimat Anandashram Swami. On 31st October, Jagarani Eka Ashtanga Yudha Bandora, & the Maharudra at Mangueshi Temple, Priol, were performed for & on behalf of Shri Chitrapur Math by Pradhan Archaks of respective temples as scheduled on Oct 23 & 26 resp., accompanied by Stotra-Bhajana Seva by Sabha members. Jannadiwas of Parama Pujya Swami was celebrated on October 29 with Guru Pujan. The monthly Satsanga on November 12 at the residence of Smt. Jyoti & Shri Prakash Burde of Mangalore was dedicated to Bade Swamiji, Pujya Ishwaranand Giriji Maharaj, with Guru Pujan performed by Dhruv Chandavarkar among other members. Varun is 9 years old and is learning Kung Fu from Sifu Naeem Ansari of SMBP Commandos since March 2017. He studies in the 4th Grade of Bombay Cambridge International School, Chakala, Andheri East. Varun Santosh Kalbag has won Gold Medal in Kung Fu(under 10 years) at the National Level All Style Martial Arts Championship held in September 2017. Prarthana Deepak Karnad, daughter of Deepak B. Karnad and Neha D Karnad has completed her MBA(PT) / MBA (Finance) from NMIMS University, Mumbai in August 2017(2015-2017) She has also secured 5th place in the Dean’s list of students for her exceptional academic performance. She has completed JAIIB and CAIIB from Indian Institute of Banking and Finance in 2013. She graduated from Narsee Monjee College of Commerce and Economics in 2010. Prarthana also has interest in Reading, Cooking, Singing, Writing, Trekking, and Drawing. Pavan Kapnadak followed by Bhajans. 31st Oct Jagarani Eka-dashi was observed with Bhajans.

**Reported by Kavita Savoor**

**Goa :** Goa Sabha’s monthly Satsanga was held on July 2, to mark Guru Purnima being celebrated on July 9 at Karla. The Satsanga was held at the residence of Smt. Neeta & Shri Ramdas Divgi in Margao. Guru Pujan was performed by Nivedita Gokarn of Goa Yuavadhara, followed by Bhajana-s & Stotra-s. Five members of the Sabha participated in Seva Saptaha at Karla during Ganesh Chaturthi week of Aug 21 - 27. They also offered Bhajana Seva in the cultural programme slot of Chaturmasa-2017 in that week. Navaratri was celebrated with full-day Satsanga at the residence of Smt. Neeta & Shri Ramdas Divgi in Margao, on Sept 24. Devi Pujan & Devi Anushthan was performed by with chanting of Navaratri Nityapath & Lalita Sahasranam followed by Bhajana-s. It was indeed the most memorable Diwali for Goa Sabha members when Parama Pujya Swami arrived on October 18 in Shree Shantadurga Saunsthan, Khali, at the invitation of the Saunsthan on a four day visit. The Divine Satsanga with Swami on Oct 18 was coupled with Darshan of Panchadurga in the Temple wherein five idols of the Devi are placed in the Garbhagudi & it takes place only on Narak Chaturdashi day every year. Swami performed Abhisheka of Devi Shantadurga on October 21 during which the Sabha members offered Stotra-Bhajana Seva in the Temple. Lalki Utsavi of the Devi took place on all four days, October 18-21. Goa Yuavadhara’s participation was commendable. Subsequent to Swami’s departure for Mt. Abu on Oct 22, the Abhishekas of Devi Mahalaxmi at Mahalaxmi Saunsthan, Bandora, & the Maharudra at Mangueshi Temple, Priol, were performed for & on behalf of Shri Chitrapur Math by Pradhan Archaks of respective temples as scheduled on Oct 23 & 26 resp., accompanied by Stotra-Bhajana Seva by Sabha members. Jannadiwas of Parama Pujya Swami was celebrated on October 29 with Guru Pujan. The monthly Satsanga on November 12 at the residence of Smt. Jyoti & Shri Prakash Burde of Panaji was dedicated to Bade Swamiji, Pujya Ishwaranand Giriji Maharaj, with Guru Pujan performed by Dhruv Chandavarkar of Goa Prarthana Varga followed by Guru Bhajana-s of Samvit Sankirtan Saar.

**Reported by Sabita Harite.**

**Mumbai – Andheri :** Jannadiwas of Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swami was celebrated with enthusiasm by the Prarthana varga, Yuavadhara and Laity of Andheri Sabha on Sunday, 29th October, 2017 at Shriram School hall. A Niaad session conducted by Sushma Gokarn pacchi. Everyone arranged their pujana samagri to the accompaniment of melodious bhajans sung by youva and pachis. Guru Paduka Stotram and Shri Parijnyanashram Trayodashi filled the air with a feeling of Divinity, Guruupujana was performed by seventeen members including children from our Prarthana varga and Yuavadhara followed by Mangalaarit and Deepanamaskar. As members settled with some refreshments, the room was filled with melodious music by Utkarsh Hoskote, all of 14years, fingers moving deftly on his keyboard to play old classics as well as new songs which all enjoyed.
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To mark this special occasion, we at Andheri Sabha undertook a novel and much needed initiative to show our love and bhakti to our Parama Puja Swamiji, to make a difference to society. Donation boxes were kept for Old Clothes - to be donated to NGO Goonj, Electronic Waste - to be recycled responsibly by Eco Rox, Old Shoes - to be donated to Greensole. The idea behind the drive was to reduce the waste going out to our landfills and benefit people in the process. Electronic waste is poisonous and flammable and recycling ensures safer air. Old shoes are reused by Greensole to make chappals for rural school children, thus putting our waste to a better use. Goonj runs ‘Cloth for Work’ programs where clothes donated are used as payment for rural projects. The project was handled and led by Yuva Niyati Mavinkurve. The Andheri Sabha fully supported the initiative and the Sabha members donated very generously to the cause. The donations were given to the respective NGOs within a week of collection.

Andheri Sabha hopes to duplicate this drive during Yugadi and introduce more such drives to make a positive difference to the world around us.

Another initiative continued on the Janma Divas celebrations is composting of Nirmalya from Gurupujana. Since Kanakanjali Utsava, Andheri Prarthana varga and Yuvadhara meet up once every month and perform Gurupujan and have been composting nirmalya since July 2016. The beautiful evening ended with Sabha Samapti Prarthana and Jai-Jaikaars....

Goonj can be checked out at https://www.goonj.org, Greensole can be checked out at https://www.greensole.in and Eco Rox can be found on Facebook

**Reported by Niyati Mavinkurve & Aditi Gokarn.**

**Mumbai - Dadar :** On 2nd October, our sadhakas participated in the Grama Bhojan held at Karla. Swadhyaya continued as per the schedule. Our sadhakas pondered on the essential aspects of a sadhaka's spiritual repertoire like 'Atmabali', 'Antarmukht', 'Abhivyakti' and 'Anusmarana', which Swamiji has often spoken about in His Ashirvachans. Bhajan seva was conducted by Smt. Shobha Puthli on the 4th of October. As is usually done on the first Friday of every month, our sadhakas performed Devi Anushthanam on 6th October at Shri Arun Chandavarkar's residence. To mark the Janmadivas of Puja Swamiji and to offer sashtang pranaams at his lotus feet, Smt. Shobha Puthli along with Smt. Revati Gulvady, organised a wonderful programme, "Sant Samagam" on 29th October. They spoke about the saints of yore and our Guruparampara, especially the life and great deeds of our Ekadash Guru, HH Shrimath Sadyojayat Shankarashrama Swamiji, from the time he became Mathadhipati, up until now. It was interspersed with some melodious Bhajans which were sung by one and all.

*Reported by Mohit Karkal*

**Our Institutions**

**Chitrapur Saraswat Association, Borivali:**

Under the joint auspices of the Visawa Charitable Trust & the Chitrapur Saraswat Association, a Marathi musical, Diwali Pahaat was arranged on the morning of 20th Oct 2017, 9 am to 12.30 pm at the Vamanashram Hall. The lighting of the lamp was done by Smt Geeta Yennemedi, Ex Vice President of KSA; Shri Ganpati Padukone, Secretary, Visawa Charitable Trust; Shri Umesh Trikannad, Treasurer, Shri Chitrapur Math, Mumbai Borivali Local Sabha; Shri Susheel Mangalore, Treasurer, Chitrapur Saraswat Association and Shri Ashok Hattangadi, Secretary, Vamanashram Society. Shri Ashok Hattangadi spoke about the Visawa Charitable Trust & its various activities. Shri Anand Dhareshwar briefed about CSA & its activities and introduced Swaraninaad, a group comprising of members from Chitrapur Saraswat community residing in the Borivali Sabha area interested in music & art. Kum. Nupura Randive welcomed the audience by wishing for the ongoing Diwali festival and compered for the show, speaking in chaste marathi. The Diwali Pahaat music programme began with 'Sur Niragas ho', a Ganesh vandana song from the super hit movie ‘Katyar Kaljat Ghusli’ and ended with patriotic song Jayostuthe, written by Veer Savarkar. The singers included Shri Ashwin Bondal, Shri Shreeraw R Rao, Shri Dinesh Turme, Smt Savita Kalbag, Smt Anjali Dhareshwar, Smt Sudha Puthli, Smt Vishakha Kallianpur & Kum Arya Dhareshwar who presented to a housefull audience abhangs, lavisans & other melodious Marathi songs. CSA is planning more such musical entertainers presented by Swaraninaad with the Mumbai Borivali Local Sabha and with the Visawa Charitable Trust on Gudi Padva / Dussera / Diwali festival days regularly in future to enthrall the amchi music loving members of Borivali Sabha.

*Reported by Anand Dhareshwar, Secretary, CSA*

**Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Chennai:**

The Samaj conducted a Charity event in Oct 2017. One dinner was sponsored for 180 mentally challenged children at Bala Vihar, a charity organisation in Chennai. Our members contributed generously for the same by way of cash (donor passes), clothes, toys, books & other essentials.

This event was clubbed with the Samaj Day – Diwali Special on Oct 15, 2017. Diyas were lit all over the Hall which was decorated with ‘gonde phool’. Fire crackers were burst by children, youngsters & adults. There were games arranged – Teen Patti with a Twist & Hey Jack were card games & 6 Horse Race was another game of luck played by rolling large dice. There were 2 surprise dance items – a Flash Mob dance & another one to the currently popular song Jimikki Kamal. A few members sang some very peppy songs from hindi films & the audience spontaneously joined in. As all members were dressed in their Diwali best, an impromptu Fashion Show was organised, running commentary et al. A lot of members walked the ramp – super senior citizens to the tiny tots. Dinner was served & return gifts given to each member.

In all, the essence & spirit of Diwali was very well captured, with a lot of thought & effort put into every aspect, even the return gifts which consisted of mithai, a diya & gold coin chocolates.

All members had a great time & celebrating the festival together was an amazing & joyous experience.

*Reported by Kavita Savoor*

**Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi:**

On 15th November 2017 a Cookery Competition was held in the Samaj Hall, with Cabbage being main ingredient chosen for the competition. Initially all were bit confused as to what
Geeta Bijoor and Usha Kagal were invited as Judges for this competition. Geeta Bijoor, an ex banker, and an expert cook is also a competent and hard working person. This was evident in her efficient work style during her tenure as a Managing Committee member, Hon. Treasurer and the last two years as the President of the Samaj especially during the Centenary year which she handled with aplomb.

The second judge Usha Kagal- an equally accomplished person from the education field. She has taught in prestigious schools viz, Queen Mary’s High School, at Proctor Road, Arya Vidya Mandir, for many years. She is also on the Managing Committee of Balak Vrinda Education Society and actively involved in their educational activities for development of the students.

Vidyalaxmi Kulkarni, Vice President introduced these two ladies in her impeccable Konkani.

After this these two ladies went around the tables tasting and testing and it was decided to use that time to do something constructive – Priya Baddukuli and Vijayalaxmi Kapnadak read out some short stories written by them. Thereafter Priya Bijur initiated a game of Antakshari on Amchi cuisine titles followed by some other games too till the Judges had completed their selection. It was time for the announcement of the winner as follows:-

1st Prize- Cabbage Tikki Canapes with Cabbage dressing – Priya Baddukuli
2nd Prize – Kobi Khadyo – Parvatipachshi Sharma
(shared by) – Kobi-Palak Basundi – Geeta Suresh Balse
3rd Prize – Kobi Chutney – Shyamala Talgeri
(shared by) Kobi / Veg & Fruit Salad – Deepa Ugrankar
Prizes were handed over by Sharayu Kowshik and also small token gifts were given to all participants.

Padmini Bhatkal, Chairperson proposed the Vote of Thanks. After this the tasty dishes were partaken by all. Everybody left with a content look having tasted “kobi” in its enunciable forms.

Reported by Geeta Suresh Balse

CLASSIFIEDS

MATRIMONIAL

Alliance invited for CSB, Male, aged 55 years, Widower working in Mumbai. Contact email: svndd62@gmail.com

ENGAGEMENT

TONSEY - BAINDOO: Dr Radhika, daughter of Dr Savita & Dinesh Tonsey of Mahim, engaged to Ashutosh, son of Kalpana & Arun Baidoor of Karnataka colony, on 20th October 2017 at Mumbai.

PUROHIT

Ved. Gautam Nagesh Haldiraj, now settled in (Kandivli, West) Mumbai. For all Dharmik Vidhis, Contact: 9619484231

CONTACT

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DOMESTIC TIDINGS

BIRTHS

We welcome the following new arrival:
Nov 15 : A boy to Varsha (nee Jejari) and Sujay Sunil Yennemadi at Mumbai.

MARRIAGE

We congratulate the young couple

OBITUARIES

We convey our deepest sympathy to the relatives of the following:
Oct 2 : Shanta Rammohan Komberbail (76) at Bantwal, Karnataka.
Oct 16 : Manohar Venugopal Basrur (92) in Pune.
Oct 17 : Suresh Maruti Hattangadi (59) at Thane.
Oct 24 : Nileema Karnik nee Bhat (49) at Chennai.
Oct 24 : Kiran Shantaram Nagarkatti (70) of Talmakiwadi at Mangalore.
Oct 24 : Vasant Bhavanishankar Gokarn (90) at Chennai.
Oct 25 : Keerthi Chaitanya Kembre (50) at Santacruz (East), Mumbai.
Oct 27 : Nalini Manohar Amladi (nee Amembal) (89) at Santacruz, Mumbai.
Nov 12 : Sushila Premmanand Sirur (75) (nee Hattiangadi) at Talmakiwadi, Mumbai.

OUR RESPECTFUL PRANAMS TO

Shri Kodikal Mohanmam who passed away on 12th November 2017 at Bengaluru and
Smt. Shukla Shantabaipacchi who passed away on 20th November 2017 at Pune

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