KSA’s 106th Foundation Day – 26th November 2017

Vice President Shri Kishore Masurkar, President Shri Praveen Kadle, Past President Lt. Gen. (Retd.) Prakash Gokarn and Chairman Shri Jairam Khambekar enjoying a poem being read by Smt. Muktabai Chandaver, winner of Konkani Lekhan Puraskar

"Utsavmurthis" of the day (l to r) Shri Kuldeep Kalavar, Nina Mavinkurve, Smt. Muktabai Chandaver, Rekha Karwar, Shri Jaishankar Bondal, Shri Shantish Nayel and Shri Akhil Ubhayakar

One of the opening screens of the site www.chitrapurebooks.com - which gives Heritage books & texts of The Chitrapur Saraswat Community

The seniormost member Smt. Muktabai Chandaver felicitated for her Konkani writing read a humorous poem penned by her.

Students’ Convocation 18th November 2017

Chief Guest Dr. Suneela Mavinkurve being welcomed by Vice President Shri Kishore Masurkar

Dr. Anjali Gangolli receiving a prize on her completion of a Ph.D. in French.

One of the students Prarthana Karnad gave the vote of thanks on behalf of the students.
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We wish all our readers a Very Happy New Year.
May this year be filled with peace, health and prosperity for all.
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Dear Friends,

Whom does fortune favour?

‘Fortune favours the brave’ is a very popular belief. This statement is a literal translation of the proverbial Latin saying attributed to Terence, a Roman playwright. It was used by him in his comedy play ‘Phormio’. The same proverb has been translated into similar sayings like 'Fortune favours the strong' or 'Fortune helps the brave'.

This proverb has positively inspired many armed forces across the world. Different wings of armed or naval forces in England, Netherlands, Portugal and even South Korea have used it as an inspirational motto. In the United States of America, this proverb has been extensively used by various wings of armed or para-military forces of different states or by the Federal Government.

The armed forces need to be seen as an embodiment of courage, physical strength and bravery; and therefore, they use this proverb as their motto. But surprisingly, in the fields of academics too, this proverb is used as a motto by the Trumbull College of Yale University.

Let us have a look at the other contrasting statement regarding 'Fortune favours the brave'.

The famous and brilliant French medical scientist, Louis Pasteur, has an altogether different thought process on this subject. More than a 100 years ago he said, 'Fortune favours the most prepared mind'. Another translation of the same statement says, 'Chance favours the most prepared mind'. As a scientist, Pasteur always believed that you can unravel the untested scientific truths only through rigorous tests, analysis, continuous research and study. So, this statement that 'Fortune favours the most prepared mind' coming from a scientist is not a surprise. Even Newton's 'Eureka!' moment was not a chance event but the culmination of a continuous thought process which led to the formulation of the Law of Gravity through the fall of an apple. To my mind, even this matter of a falling apple in Newton's case was 'Chance favours the prepared mind'.

Russel Walker, a well-known faculty member from Kellogg Business School, who is considered an authority in Data Analytics and Risk Management, strongly believes in this proverb. Like him, many in the business world are of the opinion that being prepared is evidence of committed professionalism which brings confidence, improves integrity and readies you to face any adverse business situation.

In academics, can a student live by the Latin playwright, Terence’s statement ‘Fortune favours the brave’ or Louis Pasteur’s statement ‘Fortune favours the most prepared mind’? I presume most of us, as students, lived by the latter statement of Louis Pasteur.

Ironically, yet another viewpoint is this famous satirical saying —

‘Fortune a goddess to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own’.

So friends, be well-prepared. An act of bravery comes through a well-prepared mind which makes you your own Master.

Regards,
Praveen P Kadle
January 2018
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor, I felt very happy to attend the KSA 106th Foundation Day Celebrations function held on 26th Nov.’17 in Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Talmaki Wadi, Mumbai.

It was a great pleasure to listen to the Introduction rounds by Shri Uday Mankiker, Associate Editor, in his impeccable Konkani, the brief but relevant speech by Shri Praveen Kadle, President and Welcome by Shri Jairam Khambadkone, Chairman, K.S.A. I feel proud of our Amchi children, teenagers and adults who have achieved magnificent success in their individual fields of specialisation from literature to sports.

My hearty congrats to all those participants who were honoured with mementos during this function. The speeches made by the felicitated persons, Shri Jaishankar Bondal and Shantish Nayel, were also very interesting. Shantish’s presentation of slide projection of the e-books they both are working on of old publications of our stalwart writers for Shri Chitrapur Math website provided valuable information. My hearty thanks for the lavish dinner hosted by the organisers as a grand finale to this well organised celebrations function. Best wishes and kind regards to all the dignitaries on the dais, Shri Praveen Kadle, Shri Kishore Masurkar, Lt Gen Prakash Gokarn and Shri Jairam Khambadkone.

Kusum Gokarn, Pune

Dear Editor, A big thank you to the entire KSA team for the Convocation held on Nov. 18 2017 to felicitate successful students. The warmth and encouragement from you and from the responsive audience meant a lot to all of us, our parents and family. Thanks to Kishore mam for his warm welcome, Uday mam for his cheerful compering, the chief guest Suneela pachi for her valuable advice to students, Raja mam and all the committee members for organizing the evening, Shobhana pachi and her team for their hard work, and the catering and sound team for their help! It’s heartening to see the sincere commitment of the KSA towards education and music...both of which are symbolized in the KSA logo, the image of Saraswati!

Dr. Anjali V. Gangolli

Dear Editor, Shri Anant Nagarkatte’s narrative on his life sketch is too good - so humble, modest and transparent. Seeing his journey one’s trust in God and Guru strengthens a hundred fold. ‘Pratyekak devu khanyi na khanyi margu dakhaytachi.’

Our birthday wishes to this talented actor. God bless him and his family.

Bipin Nadkarni’s ‘Wooden Slide’ article was superb too. ‘Mulache paay nusthe palnyatach nahi tar Wooden Slide var sudhha distaat’. Bipin your knack for detailing is seen in your childhood too. Wah re vasantaka chava! Like father like son!

Chandrama Bijur

Dear Editor, I felt overjoyed to see the photo of dear Anant Nag on the front page of Kanara Saraswat magazine. The two ladies who have interviewed him have given due justice by interviewing him personally in which Anant has opened his heart to mention the inner struggle that he underwent throughout his life. This kind of article about him was overdue because he is the most successful and adored actor in Kannada as well as Hindi cinema. I am sure all his fans, friends and well-wishers are thankful to you. There is one more Bhanap Actress, Mrs. Radhika Pandit who has bagged three consecutive Filmfare awards and has been a popular Superstar in Kannada cinemas. Hope your magazine will give her due publicity.

Arun Ubhayakar

Dear Editor, At the outset I am grateful to Arun Heblekar mam for expressing his views in the letter to the Editor printed in your Dec 2017 issue.

The material I use in the experiments is normally either inexpensive (for example in the electricity experiment, the most expensive item was the four plastic jugs, which cost about Rs.320. Thus the experiment could be comfortably conducted with about Rs.800 in all. Use of discarded materials where possible (e.g., the used plastic containers, paint cans, etc) could reduce the cost further. In the noise measurement I used a smart phone which are somewhat expensive, costing upward of Rs.6000 but the parents of most of the kids (if not kids themselves) own such phones. The apps are however available for free download. The air and water pollution experiments cost less than Rs.100.

As far as the hints are concerned, my gut feeling is that every hint leads to biasing the thinking of the reader, the young ones in particular and can be counterproductive in the present times when the innovative thinking, out of box thinking are the watchwords of the day. In any case invariably some subtle hints are indeed available in the articles. However if need be, I can be contacted on the whatsapp on the number 9969328031 or the e-mail, <sanjaygokarn@gmail.com> for any further hints/guidance. Voice calls best avoided for such discussions.

I have been avoiding open ended experiments because they can be frustrating as normally a large number of parameters (in fact, as many as possible, useful or otherwise) need to be monitored and hence are best performed under regular guidance of an experienced researcher who is as unaware of what to expect from the experiment as the person who is performing the experiment. However I will discuss some such experiments off and on in future. Thanks again.

Sanjay Gokarn, Mumbai
January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT


Siddharth College

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KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball, 2015-16 season Junior Men's
- Each season: Basketball
- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

Sports Union Club

January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

Sports Union Club

January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

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January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

Sports Union Club

January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

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January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

Basketball

- Abstract: Basketball
- Each season: Basketball

Sports Union Club

January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT
January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

9

manvarangelaopuni sarthak korko aurin tanujewarate, pratiyogita haa bhavan samarambhatu saalata nityocharen. tyakara, 2016 thabhi 19. manvarangelo samanaa jatilo.

ksa vy 196 vasantacha pravasanta, anekuuni nextpur poyogana dinkh aurin tyamarichhi ho pharsal yashovini jadr. tyu karyakaryavega visraman jaatakarshan nati tashhichhi dwayarang avargta tangevala karyachhi mahiti hajakar mahagun 2014 thabhi ksa xihar kary kelvala aurin aurin amachyantu natvatila karyakaryavega marnoton bhavan korko sushast kethilo. tyakara aurin karwar krunamana aurin uddha mavinikubh hangoelo marnoton bhavan jatilo aurin tanujewarate swasthi jayakar bodhatamam, kuluthi kathaavaram aurin shaalish nayalamam hango elo samanau jatilo.

akadu hang tangoelo parich karino dhita. mahimri tanti pravishanamathala suhshtha bhavanacho swaikar konu, arpananam manogat vikar kojak, hi viyantai.

1. shri. kruuna kavaar (manoitar).
2. shri. goopalata (danta) mavinikubh (manoitar).
3. shri. jayakar bodhat.
4. shri. kuluthi kavadar.
5. shri. shaalish nayal.

ksa kavaar (manoitar).
16 saalbhar 1930 haa disu juna.

mahari visakh dhenu ma, kurnouchanee aapannagala vysamanskritakar, nighari karnatasha pustakamana murchan aurin prakashanantuto ruchi dantilu aurin anekuun.privatkere, prangshu murchan aurin prakashan kono u vya kramantu namuvant jadho. shrimati shobha de, dr. arun diksh社会化 hangte ante sahityichhi tangilu pustakamana murchanprakashananta karyakaramachchhi anubuth vi sanatan.

etymology mahuyahari vunyushaagata. jawabari, karyaavarameva lankane haa shastri jiwanth dwayanal. shaxxhanto vayvendu konu naanjeri bhavek antant pritite naiche. haa ek damruch, naishiquik konsat. karang shaxxhanto aurin bhavek antant pritite unaogop karsh korko kojaks haa shikaltayla shashia nati.

karya varamaname anekuun murchanalantu kama kehdo. yuvamabh sharananto 'lokamata' varshavatmakajara kama kehdo aurin tya anuvatamati gavatantu 'raagat', 'vastra koot dasamho', 'sundarpat' haa evar suru jatala te prakrty karya varamaname tan koo prjeketkarya louthu kankanit kehdo. uya pritar, panvuluk prakashan, koonik pras sahal mulanwun yuvana samarth yavamabh karya varamaname kama kehdo. 'ks' mavisakalo sampadak mohu karya varamaname karm kehdo mahude saahityantu murt karm kehdo. jawabari, tanjhalo khri priti aashiiala korki kashchee. tangilu korki priti karm, mahade visogadhri vastr saahity. korki mohu samahitkara te karm mohu saahityantu saahity. korki nylonakalas, korki muktan, aakhyavaniyela korki karmam hanttu tanega.

manul boganand aashile. gavacho prithvy prabandhkrÉ shr. swain kekojaka hanttu kekeleya mahahansantrya korki anuvarta, karya varamanagelahosu samay aashiile.

ha maradi aurin korki bhashya pritiyathanalu karya varamamak narkarkaayantu aravadi nimani jawhri. 96 te 20 narkakaro tanje korki anuvata kekhilo. korki saahity samitane haa narkato hayo kekho. 1986 tu tanje kekhojaa shriyaparak gavala 'apadi' narkakaar anuvata mahaguni, korki anuvata sampatika korko tahari dekalil aajhalar te jahane. aurin vishw korki pariitudo hae putuk prakshayata kar pragat.

ahmarap karya varamaname anekuun pusrutarino samay nata hahore. 'dhute piskurak', federation of indian publishers, new delhi ch 'man behind scene' piskurak, p. p. sahitoyat sankarakram swamijigala parvita hante 'sastvastabhamran' kshata. rajashashanacho piskuraka. karya varamkarmahar, korki kashcheo saahitysh mahaharyati aniashithi kajamane.

karya varamanamu prasiddhanjayadhana koi navite pashyalo. tahalela aane ameetikaa kalakato tanje anekuun utam putukamana murchan/prakashan kekhilo. anekuun korki narktoo bhiyon, tante praamikais kekhilo. jawabari, taka piskuraka murt bhejthe manoet kho. mahaguni 65-70 vasachya priyari. ek piskuraka tabaleo taka marnoton manoet kho. gavala pashyalo, karya varamaname, varshavatmaro tanjhalo anekuun putukamana korkudo murchan aurin prakashan suhii kekho. ha koochakshata gavacho prishi prakashan samataa 'kumbhara prakashan' hanti karya varamanakarmahar bhaveko saahity aurin sanaktuta hanttu prashavishay karm kellele xihata, marnoton piskuraka jahari kekhilo. aurin haa piskurakarni bhiriv 19 marth 2009 haa disu haa samarashthu namuvant saahitychhi shr. umamakta karmi hangoela hante jahane. karya varamanagelilu duh shrimati rekh hiitene haa piskurakaro swaikaro karm kekho. sarvath goopal eda. haugandi, sanandat bharar, chondetuk karmi aati saahitya ksaahityatulo dhijag haa samarshamkhar samrakshit aashile. umamakta karmi hantt karya varamanama golakha visamithyamu tulatana samanghe, koochakshata karya varamanagela karm halee manhan aass aati, tanjhalo ek 'smriti'prishyata koochakshata nato. aurin haa prakashanakaxar tahari te hajara saptapadiyaa dianjaa suhii jahari kekho. jawabari, too saariyudhu jahane. aati, haa samarshamchya nimitane karya varamanagela koochakshyantu samanghe maaaka ekho akarshamukhthi jahari maaaka anubhottu kooyi aass, samayash aass.

karya varamanagela bhante tangoelo chalitayo, rexa aurin aamite haa bhuumanacho swaikar kartalo.
Jai Shankar Mam held prestigious posts such as Consul General for India in Canada in Vancouver, High Commissioner for India in Mauritius, and Ambassador of India in Tajikistan [Central Asia].

Hongkong Malaysia, Sweden, Canada, Tajikistan, USA, Mauritius, Singapore, India. The National Defence College, Delhi (Min. of Defence) and the World Bank.

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The National Defence College, Delhi (Min. of Defence) and the World Bank.
The speeches of dignitaries will appear in our next issue of KS.
Saraswat Convocation 2017

Dr. Suneela Mavinkurve's Convocation Address will be printed in our February 2018 issue.

January 2018

KANARA SARASWAT

13
It was my lifelong wish to learn swimming, but in my childhood days, there were no swimming pools or coaching classes. This summer when I saw an advertisement on “Swimming classes for kids” I thought of enrolling my grandson Nimay. After satisfying all my doubts, I registered his name for a month’s training at Hotel Ambassador Pallava. The pool was quite big and had crystal clear water with markings at 4’, 5’, 7’ and 8’ depths. The classes were conducted by 3 male and 1 female coaches. Every day I used to take Nimay there from 7 AM to 8 AM. I used to sit and watch the kids. Many would scream, shout and cry out of fear, often refusing to get into the water. To pacify and accompany them, many young mothers too joined these swimming classes with their kids. I was so happy to see them swimming in full body cover swim suits. My thirst for learning to swim enveloped my mind day and night. When I spoke about this at home, nobody encouraged me as it would be difficult to learn swimming at my age, after sixty. But the urge became so overwhelming that I registered my name in the next batch, much against the wishes of my family members.

Now Nimay and I both were going for swimming classes together. My first experience in the water was very memorable. My entire body seemed to float and the touch of cool tingling water was refreshing. There were 23 persons in my batch. Our coach showed us how to take a dip after taking a deep breath, how to lift the whole body and float keeping our face down in the water. I was following the instructions and was able to float slowly and then go forward by kicking my legs. My other young batchmates in their thirties and forties easily picked up and started swimming from one end to the other, but I was unable to do that. After 15 days of training, our coach showed us how to jump straight into 8’ deep water and then come up and swim towards the wall. Many of my batch mates jumped, swam and came out of pool. Few were afraid of jumping. I jumped in without any hesitation and came out twice. Our coach was encouraging all of us to do it again and practice in the same way. I jumped in for the third time and didn’t know what had happened, I was not able to come to the surface of water. I was kicking with full force, moving my hands to come up but alas, the water went into my nose, mouth and ears, I became breathless. I began struggling and trying to shout “Help, Help”. When I didn’t come up, my coach came from a distance and pushed me up. I came up for a few seconds and again went down in the water and experienced the same thing. She again came and pushed me to the nearest wall. Somehow I managed to hold on to the ladder and came out. All the people who were sitting and watching, rushed to help me. They held me, offered a chair to sit and water to drink. After a few minutes, I was alright, took some rest and then again went into the pool at 4’ level. My young lady coach smiled and said, “That’s the spirit!” For the remaining 10 minutes, I did some breathing exercises and came out.

The next day, I went with more energy and enthusiasm with Nimay and started practicing in 4’ level water. I was still not able to swim with head down in the water from one end to the other at a stretch like my other batchmates. I felt guilty when I was unable to reach the other end at one stretch when others could do easily. Trying hard to do it in one stroke, I spent one full hour. At 8 AM we were supposed to come out to give way for the next batch. Along with Nimay, I rode my scooter and just reached home but felt so exhausted, was not able remove my footwear even, sat on the sofa, keeping my eyes closed, resting my head back. I was breathing very fast. Looking at my condition, my son and husband came running, asked me what had happened? My son offered me water but I was not able to drink or speak. My hubby checked my B.P. It was low and my heartbeat was irregular. After about 20 minutes, I was alright, feeling normal. When I told them the previous day’s episode and my determined practice that day, they took a hard decision to stop my swimming!! Thus, alas, my swimming lessons stopped within 18 days instead of one month!!

Letters, articles and poems are welcome. Letters should be brief, and articles should be about 800-1000 words. They will be edited for clarity and space. The selection of material for publication will be at the discretion of the Editorial Committee. The opinions expressed in the letters/articles are those of the authors and not necessarily those of KSA or the Editorial Committee. All matter meant for publication should be addressed only to the Editor c/o KSA Office / e-mail id given above. The deadline for letters, articles, poems, material for “Here and There”, “Personalia”, and other original contributions is the 12th of every month; the deadline for advertisements, classifieds and other paid insertions, is the 16th of every month. Matter received after these dates will be considered for the following month.

### Rates for Classified Advertisements in Kanara Saraswat

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Congratulations to Vidushi Lalith J Rao and Prof. Sadhana Kamat on their achievements

Smt. Lalith J. Rao is a well known exponent of the Agra Gharana style of singing. She was one of the key figures in setting up a trust “Sajan Milap” in the mid-seventies, to popularise the music of her guru Padma Bhushan Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan, who used the pen name “Sajan Piya”. She was the chief coordinator for the Ford Foundation Archival project at the ITC Sangeet Research Academy from 1989-91. A few years later she herself sang for the Ethnomusicology Department of the University of Washington in Seattle, for them to archive the music of her Agra gharana.

A three-day music festival titled ‘Naman Sajan Piya’ was held on Dec 01, 02 & 03 at the Canara Union in Bengaluru. It was arranged by the disciples of Vidushi Lalith J. Rao to celebrate her 75th birthday and dedicated to her musical guru. It comprised vocal recitals by 12 disciples of Lalith Rao and a LecDem by Lalith Rao herself, along with all her disciples, on her great Ustad and his music. The entire programme has now been uploaded on YouTube for the benefit of music lovers, and the link to it is - bit.ly/namansajanpiya. A compendium of the Ustad’s 68 compositions performed by Lalith Rao’s disciples, and excerpts of six of the compositions taken from Lalith Rao’s live concerts, was released at the event and will be put on the website <namansajanpiya.com> which will be hosted by the Shankar Mahadevan Academy.

We have just received the news that Smt. Lalith Rao has been given the Karnataka Rajyotsava award by the Chief Minister for Life Time contribution to Classical music. Our Congratulations to her again.

Prof. Sadhana Kamat is a well known writer and retired professor of Psychology and Philosophy. She has conceptualized, organized and compered many Konkani and Marathi programs. Her speeches are very enjoyable due to her ease of delivery and are interspersed with humorous anecdotes and reveal her erudition and a deep study of the subject. She is a past president of the KSA and the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi.

Prof. Sadhana Kamat has authored 10 books of which 4 have received literary awards. Her 10th book Konkani Geetmala was released recently at the Vishwa Konkani Samaroha, Mangalore on November 19, 2017.
80th BIRTHDAY WISHES

DR. H. SURESH RAO (HEMMADY)
16th January 1938

YOU are someone who held us when we cried, scolded us when we broke rules, shone with pride when we succeeded, laughed at our jokes, and above all..had faith in us when we failed...

We pray to KULADEVATHA, LORD BHAVANISHANKAR, OUR HOLY GURUPARAMPARA, LORD GOPALAKRISHNA, LORD DATTATREYA AND DEVI RAJARAJESHWARI to continue to bless you with health and happiness.

Wife: Vinatha
Grandchildren: Varsha (nee Nalkur) and Lirish Lal, Varun and Anandita Hemmady, Vignesh and Arnav Bhargava.
Shreekar & Sneha
(s/o Nandini & Bhavanishankar Basrur) (d/o Hema and Sanjeev Kamath)
(26.11.2017)

We are grateful to each one of you our dear friends, well wishers who have graciously participated in the marriage of our son Shreekar with Sneha on 26th November 2017 and blessed the couple with good wishes and blessings. Your participation and blessings ensured that the marriage function was a great success. We are indebted to you all for the magnanimity and goodwill.

Basrurs, Kamaths, Bhattas and Karekatti Families and friends

OUR BELOVED ANNU

Suresh Shripad Shirali (Haridas)
March 16th 1936 – November 16th 2017
Deeply Mourned by:
Kunal and Swati K. Shirali (Belgaum),
Deepta (Ujjwala) and Mangesh G.
Chickramane (Virar)
Brother: Satish and Lata S. Shirali (Nagpur)
Grandchildren: Chinmayee, Prashant and Shubham.
Fondly Remembered by:
Shiralis, Haritays, Bhatkals, Hattiangadis,
Relatives and Friends

Kiddies’ Corner

A Spark of Hope

I thought it was partiality
When I couldn’t find a morsel of food
In the garbage or the dump yard
“Will I die of starvation?” I began to brood.
How can I be different from them?
It’s not that I look bad.
I could go up to those folks and wag my tail
But when they shoo me away, I feel sad.
Say it’s different when I jump into the river and come out clean
And some kids come to pet me.
Then I look up to them and show my cutest face
I’m hopeful for food, as hopeful as I can be.
There! I’m lucky if I get it,
Or I’d stupidly whine.
As I’d have other dogs eye at me,
Them looking all fit and fine.
But then I realized that life isn’t full of sorrows
I’ll have a caring guardian one fine day.
“Have patience” I thought with my eyes droopy,
And on the garbage heap I lay.

Aarti Gersappa
13 years
Kiddies’ Corner

Giraffes

Jeetesh Amembal - 7 yrs

Gandhiji meditating

Prathamesh Amembal - 13 yrs

Fish

Avani Sajip - 8 yrs

Village Side

Arjun Haldipur - 11 yrs

Valley of Flowers Trek (Article on page 19)
It was a chance discovery by a British Traveler, Frank Smith and two others who lost their way back in 1931 and stumbled upon a Valley verdant with innumerable colorful wild flowers. He wrote his travelogue named Valley of Flowers. Since then the location has captured the admiration of travelers and naturalists worldwide. In 1982 it was declared a National Park and presently enjoys the privileges of a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

It is gracefully situated amidst towering Himalayan peaks in the Gharhwal region of Uttarakhand. The serene unexploited surrounding, cool breeze, dark clouds full of rain drops whispering with the mountain tops and the trekking trail below, engulfing the passersby was indeed a perfect outing. Hardly anything was visible beyond a distance of 5-6 ft. The gurgling water falls, several streams and rivulets, dotted the vast landscape at an altitude of around 13000 ft. It is approx. 21 Kms from Govindghat and 6 Km one way trekking route from Ghangaria, a sleepy hamlet suddenly bustling with activities during the four months of June to September. Ghangaria, forms the base for the trek catering to trekkers with all kinds of services, accommodation, catering, tourist guides, ponies or mules, shops selling all types of provisions including medicines, woolen clothes, raincoats, umbrellas, foot wear, books, souvenirs etc.

We were a group of 4, Shri Vivek Mudur, Shri Ajit Marbally and Shri Anand Kilpady and myself. After getting acclimatized to the mountain environ with a short excursion at Auli, a winter sport destination, the previous day, on 31st July, 17, we, a group of four, packed our essentials, readied for a short journey of 20 Kms by tempo traveler to Govindghat and another 4 Kms by jeep to Pulna Village through rugged terrain. There our 11 Km trek to Ghangaria began with a backpack containing raincoat, wind cheater, dry fruits, energy drinks and emergency medicines and of course a Camera tucked around my neck to capture the glimpses of the beautiful valley. A pony was hired to carry the rest of our luggage. The path was properly laid with gravels neatly and firmly arranged to enable the trekkers to walk. The gradient was gradual, not too steep. The entire path was woven with turns and twists, ascent and descent. At every turn, new incredible vistas were welcoming us. It was raining. Ponies and mules were seen carrying luggage and people. Ponies maintained an admirable composure while negotiating the mountains, carrying heavy a weight. The sight of a few mules overloaded, beaten by their masters with wooden stick to increase their pace was indeed pathetic. Their excreta scattered all along the route, alerted us while putting each step to avoid slipping.

Shops were lined up on both mountain and valley side at regular intervals selling packed branded as well as cooked food like hot Maggie, Dal Rice, Parathas, Sabji - Roti etc. Being habituated to walking, albeit on a plane surface in nearby National

January 2018

Travelogue

Valley of Flowers Trek (VOF)

CHAITANYA PANDIT

After getting acclimatized to the mountain environ with a short excursion at Auli, a winter sport destination, the previous day, on 31st July, 17, we, a group of four, packed our essentials, readied for a short journey of 20 Kms by tempo traveler to Govindghat and another 4 Kms by jeep to Pulna Village through rugged terrain. There our 11 Km trek to Ghangaria began with a backpack containing raincoat, wind cheater, dry fruits, energy drinks and emergency medicines and of course a Camera tucked around my neck to capture the glimpses of the beautiful valley. A pony was hired to carry the rest of our luggage. The path was properly laid with gravels neatly and firmly arranged to enable the trekkers to walk. The gradient was gradual, not too steep. The entire path was woven with turns and twists, ascent and descent. At every turn, new incredible vistas were welcoming us. It was raining. Ponies and mules were seen carrying luggage and people. Ponies maintained an admirable composure while negotiating the mountains, carrying heavy a weight. The sight of a few mules overloaded, beaten by their masters with wooden stick to increase their pace was indeed pathetic. Their excreta scattered all along the route, alerted us while putting each step to avoid slipping.

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Park at Mumbai, I could feel the gradual mountain trek not as difficult. Of course age was making it challenging, occasionally causing breathlessness especially while climbing. Taking short breaks intermittently I could proceed rapidly towards our destination before the weather changed its mood.

In the evening, due to bad weather, our guide advised us to remain indoors. He explained an alternate strategy for the next day since the Army disallows the trek if it rains constantly. Gloom descended on us. Uncertainty prevailed as the very purpose of reaching Ghangaria, taking pains and incurring substantial cost to see the VOF may get defeated.

Luckily the next day August 1st, after a sound sleep due to the exertion of trekking 11 Kms, we woke up to bright sunny morning. We all were rejuvenated, tuned to the new surroundings and feeling ecstatic, raring to go. A professional photographer in our group was so exuberant that in spite of undergoing both knees replacement surgery, climbed the steps to the open terrace without boundary walls, set his tripod, mounted his camera and clicked exotic pictures of sunrise and scenery all around of the early morning skies at about 5.00 am.

After having a sumptuous breakfast and collecting our packed lunch, we proceeded to accomplish our most cherished dream of trekking to the beautiful Valley of Flowers. We trudged together for about a Km and bought entry tickets to VOF.

On the way many colorful wild flowers were greeting us, smiling elatedly, swaying joyously, and whispering with the cool breeze. The entire scene was indeed electrifying, romantic indeed. After a few moments our speed varied. All four of us drifted apart, capturing pictures of the colorful flowers in our mobiles/cameras. Many visitors in colorful costumes, some wearing hats, caps, mufflers, wind cheaters were trekking uphill either in groups or separately. Lovers, newly married couples, young college groups, study groups, naturalists and aged all alike from different regions of our vast country and foreigners were delighted and in awe seeing the beautiful surroundings. We were thankful for the mercy of the rain God, for the bright sunny morning and the cool breeze.

Insects, too merrily hovering from flower to flower, butterflies, wasps, honey bees, bumble bees, flies were seen sipping the sap or the nectar, unmindful of visitors, helping in the process of pollination. I had not seen any of these flowers. Each flower had its distinct color, design and shape.

Believing the famous maxim, “make hay while the sun shines”, I was going slowly snapping excitedly all the flowers with their varied vibrant color shades- white, blue, red, yellow, purple, orange, and pink with my camera before the weather changed. Though unfamiliar with their names or families I wanted to preserve these memories. Our trek organizers had provided with an App containing colorful rings. One needed to simply open the App, select the desired color ring, to get information of all the flowers of that color with their entire lifecycle. Some of the flowers spotted were Red – Vajranti, Green – Arisaema Jaquemontii, White – Anaphalis Royleana, Purple – Cyananthus Lobatus, Pink – Impatiens Sulcata, Morina Longifolia, Yellow – Brahma Kamal (SaussureaObvallata), Blue – Blue Poppy,

Due to paucity of time, fear of rains and impending completion of trek of 12 Kms, I didn’t open the App. I went on photographing the flowers rapidly. Later on at ease, in the comfort of my home I studied their origins, just to familiarize myself. It has indeed a pleasure of its own, reliving Botany classes during college days.

Naturalists claim spotting of about 633 species of flowers during June–September every year. Every specie has got distinct season of blooming and different life span. The flowers bloomed in June may not last till August. Similarly flowers found in August may not be there in June or July.

Tired, I decided to rest nearing end of 6 Km trek. Spotting a huge boulder, I climbed it and ate my packed lunch at ease while watching the vast colorful dreamland, full of flowers spread all around. Many trekkers too were seen savoring lunch while resting. So beautiful the valley was, I was reluctant to start my return journey. I sat there for pretty long time watching the grand spectacle unfolded in the front, a visual treat. I was thanking the Creator of this wonderful world, filling it with colors, giving us eyes and the visual sense to watch and appreciate His creation. All the group members gathered there, smiling and enjoying the magical splendor. Somewhat unwillingly we commenced our return trek.

After a day’s rest on Aug. 3rd, we once again trekked yet another 12 Kms both ways. This time to Hemkund Saheb Gurudwara, supposed to be at highest altitude. The entire path was uphill while going, at times a steep winding climb making it a slow walk. The return journey was downhill and less tiring though caution was needed due to heavy load on knees.

On reaching Hemkund Saheb, a revered place of Sikh community, we covered our heads, entered the Gurudwara, prayed, and sat for a while. Prasadam was distributed filling both the palms. It was tasty sweet sheera freshly cooked in pure ghee. Later on we had hot tasty Khichdi served at the langar to satisfy our hunger, before starting our return journey.

During the return journey we came across a Bhrama Kamal in full bloom and Blue Poppy flowers growing in the crevices of rocks. Sikh youths from Haryana and Punjab were seen chanting slogans “Bole so Nihal, Sat Shri Akal”, and “Bharat Mata Ki Jai” at each turn. The loud sound was echoing through the valley. We too joined them at a couple of turns.

The trek created positive vibes. Everywhere unknown people from different regions of our nation and abroad, different religions, languages and walks of life greeting each other, helping, encouraging, showering love, care and concern, a rare sight hardly experienced in politically polluted urban areas. The entire atmosphere was filled with only one emotion that is LOVE. I once again folded my hands in appreciation to the All Mighty and commenced return downhill trek with a great sense of satisfaction, wondering why people search for an imaginary heaven when we are residing in heaven!

Last day we trekked back to Govindghaat, spent the night at picturesque Joshimutt resort. Here we met an author of repute Mr. Kedar Singh Fonia, who has gone to VOF more than 10 times. We spent an hours’ quality time with him chatting. From him I learnt about the history of Kashmir, its powerful Hindu King LalitadityaYuktaPidh, of Karkota dynasty way back in 8th Century who defeated the powerful kingdom of Yashovarman of Central India, thwarted repeated attacks from Daradas, Kambojas, Turks, Arabs, Tibbattis, expanded his kingdom in the North, ruled on Uttarakhand and even went to as far as Karnataka. Here as the day turned in to night, our much fruitful, highly satisfying trek slipped in to nostalgic memories to be treasured.
The Indian Army uses a variety of animals to sustain operations - both in war and in peace. Animals have provided sterling service during the two world wars and in independent India; they continue to do so even today. Inevitably, various animal ‘stories’ abound. Some of the more interesting ones are shared with the readers here.

**Camels**

I had personal experience in dealing with camels in the 1971 Indo-Pak war. I was the officer in charge of the logistics of an Infantry Brigade operating in the Barmer Sector. Soon after the cease-fire, 11 Infantry Division, less our suitably regrouped infantry brigade, returned to their permanent peacetime locations. Our regrouped brigade was left in situ to hold the entire occupied area, until the delineation talks with Pakistan were concluded and the captured territory returned to it. The process took an entire year.

We had one camel battalion in the division, which was deployed mostly for patrolling and raids during war. But, the division also had to hire a fair number of local camels to provide administrative support in operations. Comparison of the performance of army camels and civilian camels was inevitable. We were amazed to see how spoilt the army camels were. Though bigger in size, better bred and better fed than the local camels, they thoroughly destroyed any myth about the camel being the ‘ship of the desert’ for it took real effort to provide for their needs of food and water. Army camels were looked after extremely well in peacetime - fed, watered, exercised and groomed daily. Consequently, they lost a bit of their ‘desert worthiness’ e.g. the army camels became extremely choosy about the water they drank. Not for them was any brackish water from the village wells. They needed pure drinking water.

In the desert, providing fresh water to troops and animals involved detailed planning and a huge amount of effort. Water had to be brought by a special train daily, all the way from Jodhpur to Gadra Road in the Barmer sector and then taken into Pakistan crossing the border at Munabao-Khokropar, at night, to avoid air attacks. And, whereas water for soldiers was provisioned at a bare 20 litres per man per day for all purposes, army camels needed 60 litres per camel per day simply for drinking. At times, consumption of water by troops had to be restricted to ‘hard scale’ of only 10 litres per man per day but camels always got their full entitlement.

The writing on the wall was clear - the days of the camel in India; they continue to do so even today. Inevitably, various animal ‘stories’ abound. Some of the more interesting ones are shared with the readers here.

**Mules**

The mule is a cross breed between a horse and a donkey, which is itself incapable of further procreation. It is the animal used most extensively for carrying loads in the army. The animals are tough, capable of carrying heavy loads, sure-footed and ideally suited for employment in mountainous terrain, where motorized transport cannot be used.

Army mules are divided into two main categories Mules GS (General Service) and Mules MA (Mountain Artillery). GS mules are held by Animal Transport (AT) Companies of the Army Service Corps whereas MA mules are held by Mountain Artillery Regiments. The GS mules are used, as the abbreviation implies, for general service; ferrying rations, small arms ammunition, bedding, tents, water, and the like as also for carrying personnel. MA mules are used for carrying heavier loads, mountain guns and howitzers in dismantled condition, and its ammunition.

A single dismantled gun is carried by several mules. The mules however are very well trained and the soldier handlers and mules work as a group in perfect unison. The mules are battle inoculated and trained to fall-in, always, in the same order and in an instant, to enable unloading and assembling the gun and bring it into action, all in a matter of minutes. The animals react to whistles and verbal orders so marvellously, that unless one sees for oneself these animals in action, one cannot believe how disciplined and capable they are. I had the unique experience of seeing the animals of 138 (Dehra Dun) Mountain Battery in action just prior to the 1965 war in the Tangdhar Sector of the Kashmir Valley. The battery’s 3.7 inch howitzers were deployed in a direct firing role to help exfiltrate some own troops who were returning from a raid across the border.

All of us are familiar with the phrase ‘as stubborn as a mule’. It is said that a Pakistani soldier realized to his discomfiture what the phrase meant when he succeeded in ‘capturing’ an Indian Army MA mule with a gun barrel on its back; in the Rajouri Sector, during the 1965 Indo-Pak war. He was highly ecstatic of his unique feat but did not reckon local water from the village wells. They could operate for days without any problem.

The incident that clinched the decision to do away with camels was that after operating in the desert sun for a few days, the veterinary doctors reported that the army camels were suffering from night blindness, making them unfit for night operations. Though it was a temporary and reversible condition, they had to be immediately administered huge doses of vitamin tablets; bought from the Southern Army Commander’s welfare funds.

A battalion equipped with new armoured personnel carriers made its appearance in the divisional sector soon thereafter to ultimately replace the camel battalion.
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with the mule's stubbornness. It resisted being led away by this unfamiliar person and tried to pull away, bite, shove, stomp and kick the soldier and make his life miserable in a way that only mules know how. In the meantime the actual mule handler realized that his mule was missing and loudly whistled his shrill whistle that was a special signal known only to his mule. The moment the captured mule heard the whistle, it violently jerked the reins out of the Pakistani soldier's hand and raced back across the minefield to the Indian side bringing back the gun barrel intact.

The animal was cheered as it ran back and was feted and made much of once it was safely back in its own lines. I daresay that that particular mule received some VIP treatment from the regiment in the days that followed.

Muleteers have a special relationship with their animals. They have to load their animals, lead them to their destination, often along dangerous and narrow mountain paths, made more treacherous with snow or slush on the ground, unload the animal and bring it back to the unit. The process may take the better part of a day and when he gets back he has to first rub down the animal, put a blanket over his back, inspect its hoofs and legs for minor injuries, feed and water him and only then attend to his own needs. The handler is totally responsible for his animal. He feeds it, he waters it, he grooms it and exercises it; if it is injured or sick or suffering from colic, he takes it to the unit vet and cares for it till the mule is on its feet again.

There are no Sundays and holidays for the mule handler. Come rain or shine, the muleteer and his mules perform their duty quietly and without aplomb. The mule and his handler even undergo battle inoculation together. It's a rough life for man and beast alike. Not surprising that the handlers are often heard talking to their beasts.

The bond of affection between man and animal is so strong that one muleteer broke down inconsolably when his mule died. It was like his having lost a member of his own family. He had to be sent on leave to recover but he became fully normal after his return only when he was allotted another mule to care for.

Mules have provided superb service to the Indian Army, notably in Burma and North Africa during World War II. After independence, mules have been employed to sustain troops along the Himalayan heights all along our Northern borders and in the Eastern sector.

The Indian Army, now and then, imports high quality mules from abroad; which gives rise to the saying that 'the Indian Army can produce Generals but not mules'. But, be it Generals or mules, the jawans strongly believe that both are to be avoided because both can kick. As the saying goes "General Sahab ke aage our khacchar ke peeche kabhi mat jana; dono laath mare hain".

Mules can kick powerfully, as is borne out by the writing on a marker over the grave of a mule somewhere in Burma. "Here lies Jenny the Mule - which kicked four privates, three Sergeants, two officers – and one bomb".

Elephants

Elephants were used extensively in battles of yore in India and elsewhere. The huge and powerful lumbering animals would intimidate the enemy confronting it. The charging elephant is truly a terrifying sight to face. Kings and commanders preferred the elephant since they could survey the battlefield from aloft its back. However, with modernization and mechanization of warfare, elephants gradually lost their pride of place.

The Indian Army today does not use elephants; though in the 1960s civilian elephants were hired for carrying stores, rations and mail in the Eastern Sector where a number of fast flowing streams had to be forded, which were difficult for vehicles to cross. This was before development of communications in that part of India. To the best of my knowledge, elephants are no longer used for any purpose by the Indian Army today.

Sadly, the military and the pachyderm have landed in adversarial positions due to civilization invading the elephant's habitat. This was seen in West Bengal in the Sukna/Bengdubi Cantonment where wild elephants freely invaded military camps. The initial years when man and beast were adjusting to living together, were very trying. Elephant herds would block roads and halt vehicle convoys or stand astride railway tracks and force the trains to halt at a respectable distance. Even today, we hear of the odd case of an elephant being killed after being hit by a train.

The elephants in West Bengal soon located the source of food, namely the Supply Depot. Elephants would wander into the depot and feast on atta and sugar. They soon got used to stealing rum from the rations. Fencing put up by units were trampled down by the elephants; barbed wire having little effect on their thick hides. Rations were shifted to the inner most rooms to deny access to elephants. But there was no stopping them. They just broke through doors, walls or whatever else came in their way. If the larger elephants couldn't gain entry, they sent the smaller elephants in to drag out the sacks of sugar which were then picked up by the larger elephants. The units tried to mount lights and loud horns on vehicles to frighten them away. Nothing worked. Not even electric fencing; because the elephants soon learned to breach the fence with wooden logs and the walk over the obstacle. Amazing intelligence they displayed!

The troops were very wary of running into elephants particularly at dusk when the elephant blended into the background. One jawan going home on his bicycle failed to spot the elephant in his path and crashed into the beast. He abandoned his bike and ran for his life. Fortunately for him the elephant vented its anger on the bicycle and smashed it; which helped the jawan to get away.

Some people were hurt initially in skirmishes with the elephants. An odd jawan was even killed by an enraged elephant. However, over the years, man and beast have learnt to live with an uneasy truce. Leave and let alone is the most accepted policy when elephants come visiting.

Higher authorities initially were perplexed about losses in rations being reported, for writing off, by units in Bengdubi and were suspicious. But senior officers visiting Bengdubi soon experienced the truth themselves. An elephant damage committee was set up, akin to a storm damage committee, for recommending barrack damages and loss of rations for regularization.

(to be continued....)
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Why fear ‘Stage Fear’ - Part 1
Mayur Kalbag

It is always believed that the best and the most ‘profound and useful’ knowledge can go unrecognized if it is not effectively and positively communicated. Through the many years of having worked as a Behavioral Corporate Trainer and a Leadership Development Speaker for various organizations I have met a lot of participants who have expressed to me that their main hurdle and barrier has been Stage Fear.

What is stage fear? Well, in simple terms, it is that situation where a person, typically an employee, feels fear and experiences emotions of ‘Nervousness, Anxiety and Stress’ while speaking or presenting in front of a ‘group of people’ or while interacting with his or her seniors. Despite knowing what to speak and having done excellent preparation about the specific or relevant subject the employee may not impress and impact his or her listeners if he or she experiences ‘stage fear’ at the time of his or her communication to the listeners. This can therefore create a poor impression in the minds of the listeners. I wish to explain the aspect of stage fear and its negative impact with a real life situation.

Vivek was selected into the organization for his excellent technical knowledge but what set him apart from the others in his team was his innovative thinking. Within just three months of joining the organization he had developed two innovative ideas and his immediate boss was extremely impressed with Vivek. “I want you to present your two innovative ideas at the Head of Departments, (HOD) monthly meeting. Your ideas have tremendous usefulness not just for our own Marketing department but for other departments as well! This HOD meeting is happening exactly after three days and I want you properly prepare for it. I am very confident that you will impress all the Heads of Department and also the CEO who I have specially requested to be present for the meeting. In fact, the CEO is keenly looking forward to your presentation especially after I shared a few things about your Innovative and Positive thinking with him”.

Saying this the boss patted Vivek on his back and left. On his part Vivek was highly excited and inspired to begin his preparations for the presentation. He started planning about the things he would be presenting to the various seniors from different departments. He was extremely confident about his subject of presentation and was sure of impressing the audience and especially the CEO of the organization.

It was Monday and exactly at 4pm all the Heads of Department (HODs) started entering the conference room. At 4.15 pm the CEO walked in and requested the presentation to be started. Two employees made their respective presentations and then Vivek’s name was called and the moment that happened for some reason Viveks began to feel very diffident and nervous.

“C’mon Vivek, get up and deliver your presentation” his boss, seated next to him, prodded him. Vivek was totally prepared for the presentation by yet was reluctant to go to the podium and present. Somehow he mustered a bit of courage and walked towards the center point. He had already set up his laptop and the power-point slides which he had prepared to present. All the people and especially some of the Heads of Department along with the CEO were eagerly waiting for Vivek to begin his presentation about his new ideas. But then what happened subsequently was shocking.

A confident Vivek in normal circumstances seemed to look extremely nervous and hesitant while he stood facing the audience. His boss noticed that Vivek was literally shivering with nervousness and his hands were trembling with fear. Even his facial expressions had turned ‘blank’. He somehow began his presentation with a greeting to all the people gathered in the conference room and then started explaining his two innovative ideas. To the surprise of his boss Vivek was sounding very fearful and nervous in his verbal tone. To add to that even Vivek’s was getting very fidgety. However, the worst was yet to come. Vivek was so fearful standing in front of his seniors and the CEO that he actually became blank and forgot the main points which he had planned to present. There was no forcefulness and enthusiasm in his voice. Vivek’s fear was affecting his overall presentation. The fear of facing the audience and the possibility of making mistakes was completely crushing his confidence.

After the presentation was over his CEO requested Vivek as well as his immediate boss to stay back and then addressed them both. “Hey Vivek, firstly let me acknowledge your efforts but in your entire presentation of fifteen minutes I wasn’t impressed. Your presentation was passive and not assertive! I wonder why you were so nervous despite having so much command and knowledge about your topic of presentation” Saying this the CEO waited to hear Vivek’s response. “Sir, I have ‘stage fear’ Vivek responded with a nervous facial expression. I am sorry for this” he told the CEO and also his immediate boss.

Dear readers and friends, whatever happened in Vivek’s case happens to many people across the world? Despite planning and preparation due to stage fear, nervousness and stress they do not create the required positive impact through their presentations. In the next month’s article I will be focusing upon a few but highly important and useful techniques to help us overcome the stage fear and other similar emotions and thereby help us make our communication and presentation most impactful and impressive!

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(13th January 1955 to 8th January 2013)

Each day of the five years that have passed, has made us realize all the more that you are always with us to support and guide us throughout our life.

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Golu’s Diwali Holidays at Shri Guru Math, Mallapur
Ammama’s Pejje Naivedya.

VEENA BANTWAL

The day of their arrival at the Shri Guru Math, Mallapur and the following day the Talgeri family had found themselves just soaking in the peace and calm this place had to offer. The serene environs of Mallapur—a valley set in greenery. It was so unlike Mumbai; this freshness had filled them with such pleasantness.

But unfortunately on their third day came news that threatened to take away their peace. Ammama’s younger sister had suddenly taken ill. “The Doctors are still trying to ascertain the cause—but her vital signs are not stable” was all her nephew had been able to tell over the phone leaving Ammama seized with worry and guilt. “Oh why didn’t I go to Ahmedabad? I had got a strong feeling to visit her - but I had dismissed it thinking that I could spend time with her later - but Golu and Chimney have their Diwali Holidays now.” The worry and guilt in Ammama’s voice was evident.

The Talgeri family attended that day’s noon puja but their mood was sombre. And Ammama had been so distraught; that when the Archak had been taking around the Arati phaler, Ammama had brought her hands so close to the flame that they would have been scorched if the Archak had not quickly withdrawn the phaler and Ammama had not even realised this. But it had not gone unnoticed by Golu and Chimney.

That afternoon, Golu and Chimney had mulled over Ammama’s worry. “If the Doctors are not able to do anything there is not much Ammama could do even if she had been in Ahmedabad.” Chimney was trying to be sensible and reason this out – but her shaky voice belied her emotion.

And Golu understood that his elder sister was only trying to put up a brave front before her younger brother. Golu knew how Chimney felt about Vandanakka. Both loved Vandanakka dearly. Tears brimmed in Chimney’s eyes and she could not continue. But she was trying hard not to cry in front of her younger brother.

Hiding her face in her hands Chimney wept softly. And although Golu did not have any tears in his eyes - he felt a dull pain in his heart. He did not want to lose Vandanakka. He was fervently hoping that the Doctors would somehow be able to save her – but now it seemed that only human efforts were not enough. Something more was needed. Searching an answer to this in his heart; he just lapsed into a prayerful silence.

The serene environs of Mallapur and the spiritual energies of the Shri Guru Math—somehow aided his silence. Sitting for about half an hour in prayerful silence, Golu was suddenly overcome with a restless yearning to be before the Samadhi of Guru P.P. Shankarashram Swamiji. And he stood up suddenly. Feeling this sudden movement Chimney who had been sobbing till then had looked up to find that her brother Golu was standing.

“Golu – where are you going?” she asked but Golu did not seem to hear his sister– and had just started walking. Chimney felt that Golu was acting a little strange. Not sure what she could do; Chimney too hurried after him. Once inside, she just knelt down before the Samadhi and touched her forehead to the ground. Then sitting cross-legged had started praying earnestly. She did not want to disturb Golu who seemed to be engrossed in deep prayer.

Sitting there both prayed earnestly to Guru P.P. Shankarashram Swamiji’s Samadhi for Vandanakka’s recovery in their own way. Chimney remembered Vandanakka and in her heart she pleaded—she did not want Vandanakka to leave them. But such matters - were they not decided by God? Lord Bhavanishankar's grace - could it not somehow spare Vandanakka?

And Guru P.P. Shankarashram Swamiji were such a great Yogi— could they not help win this grace? Chimney earnestly wished to see both Ammama and Vandanakka happy and smiling. “What could she, Chimney do– to win this grace?” After earnestly pouring out her emotions Chimney had paused – and in that moment she had felt just a faint flicker in her heart—“Pejje Naivedya”.

And Chimney slapped her hand to her forehead. Why had they not thought of this? Had not Ammama herself told them of this miracle – in Mumbai? And on their very first day had not the Archakmam too told them this same miracle? Never mind. But now I will ask Pappa if we can offer this Seva. And the moment she had thought like this, Chimney had felt a calm assurance- all was going to be well. Gratefully, she had knelt down and touched her forehead to the ground. And when she had lifted her head, she saw that by now Golu too was kneeling and touching his forehead to the ground.

By then, Amma, Pappa and Ammama too had come into the Hall and both Chimney and Golu running to their father had happened to say the same thing “Pappa let us offer Pejje Naivedya Seva”. Surprised Chimney and Golu had looked at each other.

But Ammama’s distraught face had suddenly livened up. And the next morning, at the appointed time, the Talgeri family had offered this Special Seva at the Samadhi. That afternoon Amma, Pappa and Ammama had retired to the room while Golu and Chimney were sitting in the shady portion of the Math. And Chimney had been eager to know how Golu also had thought of ‘Pejje Naivedya’.

Golu had started telling his own experience.“Chimney, yesterday sitting here, I was feeling very helpless. Would the Doctors be able to save Vandanaakka? And the moment I had gone and knelt down before Guru P. P. Shankarashram Swamiji’s Samadhi, my restlessness had vanished. Instead I had started getting a very calm, peaceful feeling that all would be well. I had been about to get up when a strong feeling that I should remain sitting for some more time had stopped me. And I still kept getting this calm feeling that if we offered this Seva at the Samadhi, then Guru P.P. Shankarashram Swamiji’s grace would take care.

But when they had gone expectantly to the room, the determined look on Ammama’s face as if she was preparing herself to accept the bad news any moment had made Chimney...
lose hope. At first she dissolved into tears but then wiping her
tears with her hands, she said with conviction—“Everybody says
to ‘manipulate’ parents with crying.

One year olds do not have adequate verbal ability to
to do it anymore. One year olds also go and explore the socket
again and again. This is normal. We should not expect them
to ‘remember not to do this’.

So, what can parents do? Here are some tips on letting a
one year old act on their innate drive to explore while keeping
them safe (and hopefully us parents sane):

- Know that one year olds can never be left alone. They
need an adult watching them all the time.
- Minimize the use of “NO”. Saying “NO” too much can
lead to frustration as the toddler feels thwarted and the parent
is left wondering why their toddler won’t listen. Toddlers do not
have the ability to stop only on hearing the word “no”. Instead
create a safe environment for them by baby proofing as much
as possible.
- Keep safe objects at their level like old magazines,
utesils and toys on low shelves for them to explore, tear and sort.
- Put away toys with small pieces that can be swallowed.
Young one year olds need to put things in their mouths; it is
ormal. Do not try to stop the mouthing of safe objects; most
toddlers will grow out of it naturally.

That night, the Talgeri family just attended the Night Arati in
grateful thanksgiving. No one had any words to really express
their wonderment. After all; how often did one experience this
kind of amazing miraculous grace? And Golu and Chimney
kneeling down before the Samadhi had offered a thankyou
prayer in their own way.

At last Chimney’s heart was at peace. Beside her, Golu
too was kneeling down with eyes closed and hands folded
in gratefulness. He did not feel the need to say anything in
words. In his prayerful silence he had communicated with a
far deeper source. And found that it responds. That is why this
is called a ‘Jagrut Samadhi’.
A century ago, 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 -
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

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An Inward Journey

As they walk towards the woods the disciple starts reporting all that he has done or seen during the day. The Master is a good listener. He never interrupts and rarely comments on what he hears. He just listens. Today too the young sadhak has a lot to tell him. A visitor to the ashram has upset him greatly by his argumentative chatter. “But I did not retort or say anything rude,” he tells the Master proudly. But soon, the agitated young man begins to pass judgment on the visitor’s behavior. As he over-analyzes someone who is of little consequence to himself, the fresh initiate begins to feel a bit smug about the ‘profundity’ he is spouting. What he does not realize is that, subconsciously, he has begun to enjoy the debunking that
he is indulging in.

Once they enter the forest he is supposed to keep totally mum. Those are the Master’s orders. So the excited youngster has to finish all that he has to say right now! But even before they have reached the woods and even before his outburst is over the Master turns, looks at the shishya squarely in the eye and points out, “The most contaminating thing in this world is dwelling upon other people’s faults.” As he grapples with the enormity of the lesson he has just learnt, the sadhak realizes that the Master has already reached the edge of the ‘silence zone’. Wordlessly, both enter the forest.

For the first few seconds, there seems to be only a deafening quiet. The senses, which were swimming in multiple impressions before entering this green cavern, are forced to yield to the natural alertness one experiences when flung into an unexpected situation. Now that very silence which had seemed devoid of all sound gets punctuated by little signature tunes, as it were, of the different forms of life around. The shishya has been told that there are hungry bears in this forest. So the first reaction to the slightest sound is tinged with fear. But then he realizes that he is in the company of an Adept who knows the lay of the land and his relaxed mind begins to register – the crunch of dry leaves underfoot, the scampering away of a squirrel, the swish of foliage as a bird takes wing, the gurgle of a distant mountain spring...all the noises that draw you in and make you feel in tune with the environment.

The utter solitude seems to reduce the need for inane dialogue. The watchful sadhak realizes this walk is as much a test of physical stamina as it is an educational tour to sharpen the powers of perception and alertness. At one point the sadhak playfully flings a tiny twig over his shoulder and in that very instant sees the Master go still and turn with lightning speed to check on his ward. The message goes home without a word. Now on, the student has to sharpen his focus and response to outer phenomena. As they continue walking, the sadhak realizes that his normal fear of probable danger is reducing, thoughts are fading off, his inner silence is deepening almost in response to the quiet without. A mother bear may still charge at them but now the student learns to create his own little signposts so that he does not get lost. But barely half-way into the forest he suddenly loses his nerve. He cannot take even one step forward. Somehow he manages to stem the ugly anxiety and gallops back to the ashram.

The Master says nothing. But the disciple is intuitive enough to understand that this aborted walk is a test he still has to pass! Today too, the Master has other things to do, so the student has to take the walk all by himself. But this time he is more prepared. He is carrying a water bottle and a matchbox. His resolve to go to the end of the forest and back has deepened. This infuses both courage and a steadiness of mind making him adopt a confident stride down the route which is beginning to look a bit familiar.

When he reaches the rocky clearing the forest opens into, the elated disciple takes a slow, deliberate look around. He sees a flat rock at the very edge beyond which there is a sheer drop into the valley below. Taking measured steps he goes and sits on it. He tries to rock it, it does not budge. Its solidity and stability echo the balance and equipoise he is feeling within. As his joyous glance takes in the vast sweep of space above, the majestic ring of hills, the rich crimson of the dipping sun and finally the picture-book hamlet below, he is reminded of the first evening when he sat at this very spot beside his Master. The Master had gently pointed out that the village looks so beautiful only because it is so far away. Today, richer by his victory over crippling fear, the disciple is able to decipher that message. It is distance that lends enchantment to the view. Everything which seems perfect and desirable shows up its warts and spots when viewed from closer quarters. The student understands that without conscious distancing he will not be able to arrive at that state of objectivity, that detachment which is crucial for spiritual growth.

For a brief but immortal moment, he feels as if his name and form, his concerns have all been swept away making him one with the all-pervasive energy that surrounds him. This ‘taathastya’ - this total stillness that the Master has been repeatedly advocating brings in its wake an unshakeable calm. This is when the disciple experiences ‘tanmayataa’ - a sense of total absorption, merging with the natural glory and vitality all around, of which he too is an indelible part. In that lightning flash of recognition of the all-encompassing Presence or Manifestation of the One Divine there remain no divisions, no borders, no walls. There is only rejoicing over the beauty and perfection that forever was, is and will be – in the perceiver, in that which is perceived, plus the act of perception as well. It is, in other words, a moment of perfect ‘being’ rather than ‘becoming’.

The young sadhak has now truly begun his inward journey.

Photo credit: Kishan Kallianpur
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My knowledge of cooking has been limited to preparing rulam and pan polo but I have forgotten that also. Right now it is limited to preparing tea/coffee. No coffee percolator or brewed coffee for me; to make matters simple, I use instant coffee—Bru or Sunrise, a mixture of coffee and chicory, which gives it a special flavour. I learnt the art of preparing tea during our visit to Tea Centre in Munnar (Kerala), especially green tea. Heat water to boiling, allow it to cool for three minutes and then put tea leaves. Leave it for not more than three minutes. Decant and add milk/sugar to taste. If it is green tea, avoid adding milk or sugar. Being a simple person, I further simplify the task by using tea bags, it is quicker.

Today I volunteered to help wife in the kitchen from morning. The maid has taken leave and gone to her village. So there are other tasks too, like washing pots, sweeping etc. Though I can prepare tea, sweeping and swabbing is not my cup of tea. These two jobs are still done in the traditional way in our households with too much of bending and squatting involved. In Singapore, I had seen long handled brooms, mops and dust pans but I could not find them in our stores. The only place I have seen them in India is at airports. (These have come into Indian markets too now).

It was only after starting on the job that I learnt how much labour is involved but still somehow the housewife manages to finish it all and still has the time to keep a smiling face and attend to husband and children. About 45 years back, I had studied Operations Research as one of the subjects in a Management Course in Bombay University. On simultaneous activities, our Professor had given the example of a housewife who simultaneously heats water in a vessel, cleans rice or cuts vegetables. I was reminded of the same today. I think now management experts call it ‘multitasking’.

It was decided to prepare rice, dal and a vegetable dish—a simple meal as usual. The previous evening, our friendly neighbourhood vegetable vendor had home-delivered cauliflower, patta gobi, Simla mirchi, tondli, farsi, potato, tomato and baingan. Wife said it would be a preparation of tondli with tomato and potato. All items to be prepared by me under her supervision and it went on like this.

Wash three fourths cup of dal with water, put it in a round cooker vessel and fill it with water till dal is covered. Wash a cup full of rice, put it in another cooker vessel and pour some two cups of water. Place the trivet in cooker, pour two and half cups of water and place both vessels one on the top of the other. The dal container should be placed below. I forgot to mention another step—cut four chillies, the long light green coloured ones into two pieces each and put them in dal. Place the cooker on gas stove and wait for two whistles. You need not wait in the kitchen, you can read your newspaper in the living room but be alert (‘kaanu dee’) to listen to the whistles and then turn the flame to simmer.

Meanwhile, will you please start the washing machine? Remember to put washing powder. While the machine is at work, make preparations for the randayi. Take tondli, cut each into two pieces lengthwise and again into two pieces. Be careful with the knife, your hand is shaking, you may cut your fingers. Cut a tomato and an onion into big pieces and grind them to a paste in the grinder. Cut two potatoes into pieces. Then take a kayli (now where is the kayli?), pour the paste into it, add some coconut oil, stir and heat it. Put a pinch of dhaniya powder, jeere powder and mirsange powder into the paste. Remember dhaniya powder and jeere powder are in the fridge, one in a white plastic box with blue cap and the other in a blue box with green cap. “And have you put salt? No? Don’t worry, I will add it”, says wife.

When the cooking is going on, can you wash the pots and vessels of previous night? Take the big can of Pril from beneath the kitchen sink, pour a little quantity in plastic dish, add a little water to it and get on the job. The vessels will be sparkling clean. In the meanwhile, wife talks of ‘phanna ghalche’ to dal. Having involved myself a bit too much in Konkani idioms and phrases, I can think of ‘phanna ghalchen’ only in its idiomatic sense. While I am busy washing pots, the rice, dal and vegetable dish are ready. I have missed the intermediate steps. I have only to keep the vessel of cooked rice and vegetable dish one on top of the other on one side of the stove and the cooker on the other.

Now I am free to read the newspaper. I have gained confidence now and am waiting for the lunch which I think I have earned today!
In today’s busy world, Silence seems to be more of a luxury than a necessity, yet the revered saints of Indian spirituality saw silence as one’s own natural state of being. The great sage Ramana Maharshi taught mainly through his own silent presence and proclaimed that a Guru’s quietude and silence was more emphatic and vaster than all the scriptures put together.

The energy pathways that make up the Indian system of chakras also finds silence at its zenith. There are known to be 7 main centres of energy throughout the body and each of these points has a specific Bija mantra or seed sound that if repeated, can help to purify and balance the energy located in that area. Thus, the repetition of ‘Lam’ energises the Muladhara (1st chakra), ‘Vam’ purifies the Svadhishtana (2nd chakra) and so on, however the seventh Chakra, Sahasrara, which is the center for deeper connection to both the God within and without, has no Bija Mantra except that which is pure silence.

The importance of silence In Indian tradition is further highlighted by the repetition of Om, for pure consciousness exists where the sound of Om has diminished and silence remains (this is represented by the dot above the crescent of the Om Symbol).

Silence also plays an important part in the founding of the Chitrapur Saraswat Community as Lord Bhavinashankar manifested as Lord Dakshinamurty under a Banyan Tree to impart self-realisation in total silence.

On a practical level, silence comes in many guises, for there is both inner and outer silence. Outer silence may form moments of alone time in nature, such as time by the sea, in a forest or by a tree, or it maybe experienced by a period of meditation in a temple or quiet contemplation in the corner of one’s own home. This quiet time may create a personal sanctuary from overwhelming social interactions and the noise of the working day, by allowing thoughts to settle, the mind to rest and the body to recover, recuperate and ground.

Moments of quiet may also offer a time to listen within for inspiration, for we are so used to talking and listening to others, that we often forget to listen to the intuition that lies within each of us, for it is said that only in the depth of silence can the voice of God be heard.

These moments of external quietude offer a valuable retreat for our senses, yet outer silence is transitory, for the quiet space in one’s own home may be disturbed by family, while the sound of the forest may be interrupted by the noise of a bird or animal. For the tranquil effects of silence to be sustainable, it is thus important that one can foster inner stillness and carry it wherever one may be.

Holding a space of silence in one’s heart and carrying that wherever you may be might be challenging, but there are tools that can help us:

1) Meditation is traditionally seen as a spiritual practice that is reserved for sitting cross-legged in a temple or in front of a home altar, but by bringing single-pointed awareness to mundane activities such as washing vegetables or eating your meal, one is able to bring quiet mindfulness to every facet of the day.

2) Visualizing a guru or deity in a meditative pose may allow ourselves to experience the same peaceful sensation as when we were physically in their presence. Picturing in your mind’s eye a personal quiet spot that one regularly uses, may also replicate the tranquil emotion of when we were actually sitting in our favourite location.

3) Slowing down our breathing and being conscious of one’s own in-breath and out-breath, may also help to assist us in being more mindful of the quiet we hold within. In a sometimes divided world, community and family plays an important role in ensuring togetherness, yet taking time out to be by oneself or practicing inner silence may seem selfish to some. However, by embracing silence we are better able to bring a more calm and peaceful presence to others around us and if we can listen to ourselves during this quiet time, we are more able to listen deeply to our loved ones.

Finding time for quiet and solitude during the day can offer a welcoming shelter for our senses, and if we are blessed enough to find the space for this, we must cherish the moment with open arms. In our busy world however, this opportunity may not always be available to us, so it is essential that we are able to foster true silence and connection to the divine, which exists when we are able to carry this stillness, wherever we may be, in the silent refuge of our own hearts.

The Love of my Life
I just cannot imagine a life without him
We have loved one another and lived together for almost five decades
We held one another’s hand through thick and thin
The path often tortuous and strait
Yet with him by my side
It was always full of love and fun
PDA was hardly there
Nevertheless the eyes spoke a language of caring and concern
A firm hand clasping mine, told me not to fear
He taught me to be never dependent on another
Be it for moral or any other support
A firm faith and belief in the almighty
A need to always persevere to do one’s best
A strong belief that HE rights every wrong in good time
Punishing the wrong doers here sooner or later
No wait for an after life for it’s all here and now.
What more could I ask for than such a steadfast partner, friend, philosopher and guide.
That to you my dear readers is the love of my life.

Vanita Kumta
Fun with Mathematics and calendars

SANJAY GOKARN

We have heard of Valentine Day, Mother’s Day, Father’s Day,…. even a Pet’s Day. Have you heard of the Mathematics Day? Perhaps never ever imagined such a day right? Dec 22nd is celebrated as the National Mathematics Day. This declaration was made by our erstwhile prime minister, Dr. Manmohan Singh on 26th Feb, 2012 to mark the 125th birth centenary of Dr. Srinivas Ramanujan (1887-1920), a mathematics wizard. When his co-worker (Dr. Hardy) came to meet him in a taxi (Reg. No: 1729), Dr. Ramanujan quipped, “Interesting number! See $9^3+10^3 = 1729$ and also $12^3+1^3 =1729$$. (Here the symbol $^3$ is read as raised to the power of. Thus $9^3 = 9 \times 9 \times 9 = 729$. Similarly others). Further he went on to say, “This is the smallest number which can be expressed as the sum of cubes of two numbers with two different pairs (9,10) and (12,1)”. If this exercise may take at least a few for even the most accomplished mathematics lovers,couple of hours that too with the help of the computers! This is not just a one off. This genius who died at a young age of 32, has several advanced mathematical formulations to his credit. Peruse the following:

$1 \times 1 = 1$
$11 \times 11 = 121$
$111 \times 111 = 12321$ and so on till,
$111111111 \times 111111111 = 12345678987654321$

Interesting isn’t it? This is one of the several sequences identified by Ramanujan. (If you are interested in more, please contact me on my WhatsApp number 9969328031).

We observe many catchy number sequences in our day to day lives, which when carefully observed could help develop and sharpen our observational skills and interest in mathematics, not a favourite subject ofmost of the students but some just love the subject.

By the time you see this article, it would be the new year. What with the vows, resolutions, one thing that surely changes year after year is the calendar which occupies a prominent place on the walls of homes, schools, offices etc. Calendar is a series of numbers from 1 to 28,29,30 or 31, depending upon the month usually arranged in a 7X5 grid with days of the week (DOW) marked appropriately. It is used to see the DOW on a particular date and vice versa, or to see the Days and dates on which different festivals are to be celebrated, or to see the connected holidays for planning outings, etc.

One page from such a calendar is shown in the attached Figure. You see that the dates 1,8,15 22 and 29 fall on the same DOW (Sunday in this case). Also observe in the calendars that the Jan 1st and Dec 31st of each year fall on the same DOW (thus in 2017, both are Sunday where as in 2018, both are Monday) except for leap years, where Dec 31st falls on next DOW (Thus in 2016, Jan 1st was on Friday and Dec 31st on Saturday). Thus every year the day on which Jan 1st falls advances by one DOW and in case of leap years by two. In fact all the DOW in the calendar bear similar relationship with the dates.

Select a 2X2 square grid highlighted in Figure (Frame 1). Add diagonal elements, $9+17 = 10+16 = 26$. Check other 2X2 grids in the calendar. The sum of the two diagonal elements is always the same for any of the grids.

Try a 4X4 square in the figure (Frame 2), $3+27 = 6+24 = 11+19 = 12+18 = 30$. All these elements add up to 30. Even symmetrically opposite elements, such as $10+20 = 17+13 = 5+25 = 4+26$ also add up to 30. The average of all the numbers in the grid is half of this value (30/2 = 15).

Try a 3X3 square now (Frame 3 in the figure), $8+24 = 9+23 = 10+22 =15+17 = 32$. All add up to 32 which equals twice the number in the centre (16 X 2 = 32). Also notice that the number in the centre (16 in this case) is the arithmetic mean of all the numbers (and total is 16X9 =144) in the grid. No need for conventional time consuming methods.

You could try with rectangular grids also with similar results. If you get enthused by this exercise, you could look out for “Number fun with calendar” authored by P. K. Srinivasan. Till you get the printed copy you could use the web edition which is free. You could also check for Arvind Gupta, the toy maker.

How long does it take to add all numbers from 1 to 100 or in general from 1 to n (n is a natural number)? Conventional way is to add $1+2+3+…+100$. Alternately you could rewrite this series as,

$(1+100) + (2+99)+…(50+51); 50$ pairs in all, each adding to 101. The answer now is 50 times 101.

$=50 \times 101 = 5050$

What if you have to add numbers from 1 up to 99? Now you have 99 numbers which is an odd number. The rewritten series will be, $(1+99) + (2+98) + (3+97)+…(49+51) + 50$. The answer now will be 49 pairs each adding to 100 plus 50 i.e. 4900 + 50 = 4950. A famous scientist Carl Friedrich Gauss who has made pioneering contributions to Physics, Mathematics, Geophysics, statistics, etc. was the first to identify this when he was in his third grade (at the age of 8). In general, total of first n natural numbers is $N \times (N+1) / 2$. Multiply N and (N+1) then divide by 2.

Of what use is this? Suppose you are required to arrange game of chess in your class where each student has to play with every other student in the class. How many matches will have to be played?

Assume that there are 30 students in the class. Start with the first student. He has to play other 29 students. The second plays only 28 (because he has already played the first. Third, 27, fourth 26 and so on till the last one, who is already counted a player with all the other students. Thus the total number of matches is 29+28+ …1. Now you can calculate the total number of matches.
Similarly the formulae for \((a+b) \times (a-b)\) or \((a + b)^2\) or \((a - b)^2\), where the symbol \(^\text{^}\) means “to the power of,” could be used to compute even complicated numbers in mind and with a little bit of practice, you can do away with your calculator. More important, your thinking skills will get sharper with every passing day. For example, \((a+b) \times (a-b) = a^2 - b^2\). Thus, 
\[
49 \times 51 = 50^2 - 1^2 = 2499
\]
Similarly, 
\[
23 \times 27 = 25^2 - 2^2 = 625 - 4 = 621
\]
and so on.

You will observe that with some ingenuity, you could simplify mathematics so much that you will relish and love the subject. Try the other formulae and you will be faster than a calculator in a short time. Wishing you a happy new year and a happy (belated) National Mathematics day. Bye.

A page from the calendar. Different frames show the same page with different sets of numbers highlighted. For details refer to the text.

Late Sri Surendranath Kallianpur

Born on 24/11/1917 Expired on 02/06/1973

A Homage of Love and Gratitude on his Birth Centenary.

Your life was a blessing, your memory a treasure, You are loved and respected beyond words, you are missed beyond measure…..

Loving memories never die. As days roll on and years pass by, in our hearts your memory stays, the one whom we loved and can never forget.

Loving Tribute from:
Sandhya & Shreyas Kallianpur
Kallianpurs, Basrurs & All Relatives
As I write this article I remember my maternal grand uncle Shri G.P. Murdeshwar, was an authority on Banking Law and was legal adviser to many banks.

All the citizens know the meaning of Bank and its functions. But most of them are unaware of Banking Law. Hence let me touch upon some of the portions of the law, relating to the Negotiable Instruments.

Documents, of a certain type, used in commercial transactions and monetary dealings, are called Negotiable Instruments. Negotiable means transferable by delivery and Instruments means a written document, by which a right is created, in favour of some person.

In India, the term negotiable instrument, is used in a restricted sense, as said by authors Mitra and Sen. The law, relating to such instrument, is contained in the Negotiable Instrument Act, which states that a negotiable instrument means, a promissory note, bill of exchange or cheque, payable either to order or to bearer, as per section 31 (1). But, bills of lading, dividend warrants, Hundis, are not covered by negotiable instruments act.

BILL OF EXCHANGE (Promissory Note): Section 5 illustrates that it is an instrument, in writing, containing an unconditional undertaking, signed by the maker, to pay a certain amount of money only to or to order of a certain person or to the bearer of the instrument.

The RBI Act, prohibits the creation of a Promissory note, payable on demand to the bearer of the note, except by the RBI and the Government of India.

The maker of the Bill of Exchange is called the "DRAWER". The person, who is directed to pay is called "DRAWEES". The person, who will receive the money, is called "PAYEE".

CHEQUE: Section 6, says: A cheque is a Bill of exchange, drawn upon a specified banker and payable on demand. Essential Features of a cheque is payable to bearer or to order, but, in either case, it must be payable on demand. A cheque must fulfil all the essential requirement of a Bill of exchange. A cheque must be dated, otherwise the banker, is entitled to refuse. The signature of the drawer is kept in bank. The old or stale cheques are unacceptable, usually three months time is given for encashing them. An open cheque, is one which is payable in cash across the counter of the Bank. A crossed cheque, can only be cashed through a Bank, of which the payee of the cheque, is a customer. Such cheques avoid the drawer of getting possession of unauthorized person.

Acceptance and Negotiation: A bill of exchange is said to be accepted, when the drawer puts his signature on it, there by acknowledging his liability, under the Bill. While, negotiation of an instrument, is the process, by which the ownership of the instrument, is transferred, from one person to another.

Indorsement: This means, signature of the holder made with the object of transferring the document.

Rights and Liabilities of Parties: The capacity to make draw, accept, negotiate and Indorse a negotiable instrument depends on capacity to enter into contracts. Every person, capable of contracting, may bind himself and be bound, by negotiable instrument. The insolvent, cannot draw, make or indorse a negotiable instrument, of which a minor is also not viable.

HUNDIS: Indian Merchants and indigenous banker use, various kinds of negotiable instruments, written in Indian languages, such instruments are called Hundis. Negotiable instruments Act, does not apply to Hundis, which are governed by the custom and usages of locality, in which it is intended to be used.

BANKERS & CUSTOMERS: The law, relating to banking in India, is curtailed 1) Indian Contract Act 2) Negotiable Instruments Act 3) Companies Act 4) Banking Companies Act. The first two Acts, contain the rules, regulating the relationship between the Banker and the customer and the last two deal with the organizational aspects of Banking. i.e. rules for structure, constitution, & control of Banks.

Banking Companies Acts, define banking as accepting for the purpose of lending or investment of deposits of money, from the public.

DUTIES OF THE BANKER: Subject to the rules, laid down in the Negotiable Instrument Act, regarding the duties and liabilities of Banks, the relationship between the Banker and the customer, is regulated by contract between them. There must be enough funds to credit of the drawer. But, if there is an over-draft arrangement, the cheque must be paid, even if there is no fund.

Banker can refuse to pay cheque, if it is illegible and if signatures do not tally with the specimen signature of the drawer. But if the banker dishonours a customer's cheque without justification, he is liable to pay damages to the customer.

FORGED CHEQUES: If a cheque, with the drawer's signature forged and if a bank pays such a cheque, the customer is not liable and his account cannot be debited with the payment. It is also duty of the customer not to do forgery and where the customer is guilty of facilitating such forgery or alterations, he is stopped from denying his liability to be debited with the payment. The wrongful dishonor of a cheque amounts to a breach of contract, on the part of the banker.

In the article titled “Rajaram Bajekal - A likable personality” printed on page 25 of our December issue an important sentence showing Rajarammam’s noble thoughts was inadvertently missed. The sentence reads “His eyes were donated to the eye Bank as per his wish.”

We regret the omission .... Editor
After instructing the student in detail about the five sheaths starting from the food sheath to the happiness sheath – “Aanandmaya”, the discussion on that which is different from these five sheaths, namely - the real “I” begins now.

As various objects like ornaments or house considered as belonging to me or “mine” are not “me” the knower, the five sheaths explained and known as “my body”, “my breath”, “my mind”, “my intellect” and “my ignorance” cannot be “me” - the Self.

It is common knowledge that whatever one perceives as an object, even if it is intimately related to the knower, cannot be the knower. For example, this book is mine but I am not the book. The book is the object of my perception and I am the very perceiver. It is very easy to understand this when the object is away from me spatially and time-wise.

The scriptures say that even one’s body, mind, breath, intellect, knowledge, ignorance, thoughts and whatever one perceives, are only objects of one’s perception and not the perceiver. Since the body-mind-sense complex is so close to the perceiver, it is mistaken to be part and parcel of the perceiver-self. The understanding that “I the perceiver am different from the perceived body-mind-sense complex” is called the seer-seen discrimination or दृष्टिकोण विचेक.

Though this fact is very simple that I am not the five sheaths, it is difficult to own up to this fact because of many lives of identification with the five sheaths as myself. The first step in the understanding of the Self (my true nature) is to understand myself to be other than these five sheaths by discrimination and constant practice.

What then is the Self? It is of the nature of existence, consciousness and completeness.

This way of describing the Atma pointing to its inherent nature is called जागरूकता or ज्ञात्यक्षुण्यक्षण. There is another way of defining the same with reference to the manifest Universe which will be described later when the topic of the creation of Universe is discussed. Existence-consciousness-completeness is the ज्ञात्यक्षुण्यक्षण of the Self.

What is Existence? That which remains the same without undergoing any change in all three periods of time is called सत or existence.

Anything in this manifest Universe “is” because of existence. The “tree-ness” of the tree is the existence of the tree. The “am-ness” of me is my existence. I never cease to exist; so also the “is-ness” of anything. This existence remains as is... is... is all the time, irrespective of the past, present or future. The whole jagat exists dependent upon this principle of Existence.

“Is-ness” is the support of the adhishthanam of this entire Universe; and such a support cannot undergo any change in itself. Just as an anvil does not undergo any change during hammering of the gold or iron, just as an axle does not rotate along with the wheels, sat-Atma stays as the unchanging support of the entire, constantly changing Universe.

What is Consciousness? It is of the nature of knowing consciousness.

One cognizes everything that one comes across in the form of “I know”, “I don’t know”, “I am hungry”, “I am sleepy”, “I am sick” and so on. This knowing or awareness-consciousness is aware of every thought and cognition. The knowing never ceases. It illumines everything and reveals itself. When I know something, “I know that I know”; similarly, “I know that I don’t know”.

Even in deep sleep this awareness is shining and that is why one says “I slept well” after getting up. This self-revealing, constant awareness is called चित्त, which is my very nature.

What is Ananda? It is fullness or completeness.

Ananda is also expressed as “bliss”. However, absolute happiness or completeness (पूर्वतन्त्र) is a more appropriate meaning. Anything which is close and dear to me gives me happiness. I love anything which evokes joy and completeness as it evokes a pleased self in me. Therefore, the scriptures say very boldly that Atma or my true Self is the very source of absolute fullness and completeness and that is its very nature.

In this way one may know oneself to be Existence-consciousness-fullness.

The three: Existence-Consciousness-Fullness are not the attributes or qualities of my Self but my very nature. “I am, I know and I am (the one) dearest to me”; this is how the scriptures want one to know oneself and not as the group of five sheaths.

(To be continued ...)
The activities of CHF include:

- Facilitate the collection of annual “Vantiga” payment from every earning Saraswati 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.

The 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 Guruparampura. 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.

CHF and NJ PV First Fundraiser in New Jersey:
$34,000 Raised for Parijnanashram Vidyalaya, Karla, Maharashtra

Chitrapur Heritage Foundation and New Jersey chapter of Prarthana Varga hosted a fundraiser on Dec 16th 2017 in Plainsboro, New Jersey, USA. The event was organized to raise funds for the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya at Karla, Maharashtra, India. Residents from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York graced the occasion. The proceeds from this fundraiser will be donated for the phased construction and expansion of the school.

The event showcased the efforts being made to educate children at the school in Karla and the need for funds for completing the school. The presentation regarding the school was made passionately by Smt. Neena Karnad who along with her family, volunteered at the school in August 2017. Smt. Neena Karnad, Shri Anmol Karnad, their children 17 year-old Anoushka and 10-year old Hrishikesh, along with Smt. Smita Kulkarni and 18 year old- Rishi Hattiangadi volunteered at the school as part of the Seva Saptah immediately following the NRI Shibir in Karla in August 2017. The Karnad family felt that their volunteering experience was a rewarding one and they believe that volunteers can experience this first-hand. Their presentation and the ensuing discussion has motivated the audience to go volunteer at the school and experience the joy that comes from volunteering there.

The highlight of the evening was screening of a Marathi movie, Dr. Meena Nerurkar’s “Dot Com Mom” - In attendance at the fundraiser was the multi-talented Dr. Meena Nerurkar – the producer, screenplay writer, director, and actor of this hilarious movie. She plays the lead role of a mother who lives in a small town in India and visits the US, where her son is an IT professional, for the first time. The adjustments she has to make while visiting her son and her realization that she needs to adapt to the new circumstances in a strange land is very well captured in the movie. The movie ends with a quote by Eleanor Roosevelt “A woman is like a tea bag; you never know how strong it is until it’s in hot water.” Along with being an absolutely hilarious entertainer and a must see, the movie conveys a strong message to both residents of the US and parents visiting from India. Smt. Geeta Heble hosted an interview with Dr. Meena Nerurkar for the benefit of the audience. Everybody present had an opportunity to ask questions and understand the varied aspects of film making on a high level. Dr. Meena Nerurkar explained the challenges she faced during the making of the film and her passion for acting and her opportunity at directing this movie.

The event concluded with a delicious dinner catered for the audience and volunteers. Last but not the least, the organizers set up a booth with hand-crafted products made by the talented women of Samvit Sudha in Shirali. The booth showcased some of the items made and sold by Samvit Sudha in their three boutiques in Shirali, Bangalore and Mumbai. Using the Facebook platform and Evite, the event was widely publicized. Invitations were sent to people in USA and Canada. Donations were received from those who could not attend in person. Together with Shri Ashok and Smt. Ranjana Kulkarni’s generous dollar-for-dollar match, the event raised $34,000 for Parijnanashram Vidyalaya in Karla, Maharashtra.

This event was made possible thanks to the vision of Shri Pramod Mavinkurve, Shri Arun Heble and Shri Mangesh Hoskote. With the blessings of our PP Swamiji, CHF Board Members Shri Arun Heble, Shri Pramod Mavinkurve, Shri Mangesh Hoskote, Shri Santosh Gunavante along with New Jersey Prarthana Varga volunteers Smt. Geeta Heble, Smt. Geeta Mavinkurve, Smt. Shruti Gunavante, Smt. Suresh Benegal, Smt. Sujata Benegal Smt. Neena Karnad, Shri Anmol Karnad, Smt. Komal Sujit, Smt. Shanti Mugwe, Smt. Shashank Udawar, Smt. Purvima Mavinkurve-Naik and Shri Sunny Naik were instrumental in organizing this event and making it a grand success.

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.
BIRTH CENTENARY REMEMBRANCE

UMABAI ANANT SIRUR
(nee RAMA MANJUNATH MUNDKUR)

12 JANUARY 1918

Loved and fondly remembered for her zeal in life - a beautiful expression of generosity and large heartedness.

Sorely missed by Mundkurs, Sirurs, Balses and extended families.
SIXTIETH
BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE

LATE KALPANA K. KUMTA

Where ever you are
Anywhere in this
UNIVERSE or beyond
In the Divine Land of GODS

WISHING YOU A VERY SPECIAL 60TH BIRTHDAY ON 10.01.2018

Your kindness, your gentleness,
& your beautiful smile,
Your Love for children
& above all
Your long, dark and soft hair
When untied would come
Rolling down to floor length
- The EPITOME of beauty
Can never fade from
My eyes and memories

“Your absence- a permanent VOID in my life”

Missing you deeply but shall always be in my Heart and Prayers

-FOREVER
YOUR SISTER
KANCHAN HALDIPUR
हमने आवास ऋण की ब्याज दरें और कम की हैं
ताकि आप ले सकें बड़ा घर

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Profile

Smt. Shalini B. Pandit – The Lady with a Mission

SATYANARAYAN PANDIT

It is important for us to know about those personalities in our Community, who strive to serve the humanity – the poor, down-trodden, handicapped or suffering. There are a number of them but most of them remain in the background without coming into the limelight. They carry on with their service with utmost diligence, dedication and selflessness.

One such person is my sister-in-law, Shalini Bhaskar Pandit of Mangaluru. Shalini was born on Nov. 3rd 1938 at Kaup, a small town near Mangaluru. Her parents were Rukmabai and Karnad Krishna Rao (affectionately and popularly known as Kaapi Kuttanmam). Shalini had her early education at St. Cecily’s High School, Udupi and passed SSLC. Exam. in the year 1955. Thereafter, she joined Govt. College, Mangaluru (now known as University College) for her graduation. But before she could complete her B. A., married Bhaskar, eldest son of Rukmabai and Dattatreya Rao Pandit of Mangaluru. Dattatreya Rao and his elder brother, Gajanan Rao owned and managed the well-known and well established in Kuwait. It is indeed heartening and gratifying that the entire operation of this ‘magnanimous service’ is undertaken by the Association. Shalini as the Vice President, takes care of each and every aspect of the Camp, from A to Z. With concerted efforts, meticulous planning, undaunted dexterity and relentless enthusiasm, Shalini and her team have been able to bring light and happiness into the homes of thousands of rural poor in the coastal dists.

My wife Usha and I had the privilege and opportunity of being invited to participate as volunteers in 3 camps – 2 at our Temple town of Vittal at the Divine Sannidhi of Lord Anantheswar and the other at Pandit Family’s ancestral village, Matpadi, near Brahmanvar. D.K. Blind Association is affiliated to the National Association for the Blind and has been recognized as one of the most active Associations in India. In addition to her service through the Blind Association, Shalini is also helping poor students with financial support to continue their education. She is also associated with ‘Sanidhya’, a residential school and ‘Shashwat’ - a Home for the mentally challenged. Pandit Family is proud of Shalini for her tireless efforts to serve the rural poor. I would urge those of us who can devote time, to join such organizations and serve fellow brothers and sisters. It is also my ardent and fervent appeal that the service rendered by such persons, comes to light and gets well deserved recognition.

Rukmabai and Karnad Krishna Rao (affectionately and popularly known as Kaapi Kuttanmam). Shalini had her early education at St. Cecily’s High School, Udupi and passed SSLC. Exam. in the year 1955. Thereafter, she joined Govt. College, Mangaluru (now known as University College) for her graduation. But before she could complete her B. A., married Bhaskar, eldest son of Rukmabai and Dattatreya Rao Pandit of Mangaluru. Dattatreya Rao and his elder brother, Gajanan Rao owned and managed the well-known and well established in Kuwait. It is indeed heartening and gratifying that the entire operation of this ‘magnanimous service’ is undertaken by the Association. Shalini as the Vice President, takes care of each and every aspect of the Camp, from A to Z. With concerted efforts, meticulous planning, undaunted dexterity and relentless enthusiasm, Shalini and her team have been able to bring light and happiness into the homes of thousands of rural poor in the coastal dists. Of the patients. The Camps are held on Sundays, so that the medical team can make their service available for this noble task, without disturbing their week-day schedule. Depending upon the patient’s ailment, some patients are treated on the spot, some are given medicines to be administered at home, some are prescribed glasses and others are given appointments for operations to be carried out at a reputed hospital in Mangaluru - all these services absolutely FREE!

The Camps are generally organized in association with a local school, a religious place, Village Panchayat or a group of local, benevolent social workers. The Blind Association arranges for a group of 3 eminent ophthalmologists from Mangaluru, and 2 -3 support staff, to conduct examination of the patients. The Camps are held on Sundays, so that the medical team can make their service available for this noble task, without disturbing their week-day schedule. Depending upon the patient’s ailment, some patients are treated on the spot, some are given medicines to be administered at home, some are prescribed glasses and others are given appointments for operations to be carried out at a reputed hospital in Mangaluru - all these services absolutely FREE. Even the transportation to Mangaluru and return is taken care of by the Association. Meanwhile Shalini had a setback. Bhaskar passed away in 2003, after a brief illness but, that did not deter her from pursuing humanitarian service and she continued to march with missionary zeal. On the home front, sons Ashok and Shivnath completed their education, are happily married and well settled. Ashok is a noted and leading urologist in Mangaluru and is a consultant in Yenepoya Medical College & Hospital. Shivnath is a dentist and well established in Kuwait. It is indeed heartening and gratifying that the entire operation of this ‘magnanimous service’ is undertaken by the Association. Shalini as the Vice President, takes care of each and every aspect of the Camp, from A to Z. With concerted efforts, meticulous planning, undaunted dexterity and relentless enthusiasm, Shalini and her team have been able to bring light and happiness into the homes of thousands of rural poor in the coastal dists.

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On reading this title, it would be easy to assume that this article is about a Hollywood or a Bollywood celebrity but you would be mistaken. The person that I am talking about was a sanyasin. He arrived in the US with hardly a penny in his pocket and according to His Guru's command, roared like a mighty lion in Chicago to make known to the world the glory and richness of the traditions of Mother India. He returned home to establish the Ramakrishna Math and Mission at Belur near Kolkata. I am talking about that Great Hero of Heroes, Narendranath Datta - Swami Vivekananda.

"If you want to know India, read Swami Vivekananda," so advised Rabindranath Tagore to French author Romain Rolland, who had originally come to India to write a biography of Mahatma Gandhi but changed his mind on hearing Tagore's words. If one really wants to rediscover the essence of India, then we must go in search of Swami Vivekananda for as Tagore added, "In him you will find all that is positive and nothing negative about India."

After the Mahasamadhi of His Guru, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsadeva, Swamiji Maharaj (as Swami Vivekananda is known to devotees of Ramakrishna Math) embarked upon a journey travelling across the length and breadth of Bharatavarsha in search of the true India. These days it is common for youngsters to go on back-packing trips, but Swamiji Maharaj gave a whole new meaning to the term over a century ago! Remember in those days, apart from the railways, modern means of transport and communication were neither available nor had been invented yet. No metro, no bus, no aeroplane, no car, no smartphone, no telephone!

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Yet this Warrior Sanyasi, at the age of 30, armed with His danda and propelled by the blessings of His Guru, set out on the journey of India, sometimes on foot, sometimes by bullock cart, sometimes by train and sometimes by boat. Sometimes he would be the honoured guest of maharajas and sometimes he would be eating at a cobbler's hut. Sometimes he would be sleeping on luxurious palatial beds and sometimes he would be sleeping at railway stations or underneath a banyan tree.

From Bengal to Varanasi, from Almora in the Himalayas to Mount Abu and Bombay – all along the way meeting people from different backgrounds and sections of society. People would come to hear Swamiji Maharaj speak just as bees are attracted to honey. Finally He reached South India. At Kanyakumari, the very tip of Mother India, Swamiji Maharaj saw a lone rock at a fair distance and swam across against the wild currents and tides to reach it. Upon reaching the rock, He sat down to meditate on it. He contemplated on all that He had seen, witnessed and experienced.

On one hand, He had seen immense poverty and suffering that the masses were experiencing due to the colonial rule and on the other hand he had seen many educated westernised Indians who were divorced from their culture and identity and were doing nothing to relieve the plight of their fellow countrymen. But, even in this duality, he had observed a thread of Bharatiyata or Indianness, inherited from the teachings of our rishis and yogis, which ran through the diversity of the land and people and was capable of binding and uniting the masses. Swamiji Maharaj felt that it is only when the people of India rediscover this adhyatmic treasure, that Bharatmata would be enthroned as the Jagadguru, Master of the World. He believed that not only Indians, but the rest of the world must also know what India has to offer.

This is what spurred Swamiji Maharaj to arrive at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago and declare on 11th September 1893, the immortal words, "Brother and Sisters of America!" to which the entire audience gave a standing ovation for a full three minutes! This was an incredible achievement in itself, given that at the time, throughout the Western world, Indians were considered little more than illiterate, uncivilised savages. After the resounding success of Chicago, Swamiji Maharaj went on to give many talks throughout the US and the UK for the next three years, spreading awareness about our Sanskriti. Several westerners became his disciples – the foremost among them being Margaret Noble (who later became famous as Sister Nivedita), Josephine Macleod and J.J. Goodwin. Swamiji Maharaj returned to India via Columbo. He was accorded a royal welcome wherever He went. He went around the country and delivered speeches to bring about an awakening in India. Many of these speeches were compiled in the book "Lectures from Columbo to Almora".

Swami Vivekananda is a Global Icon because His Chicago address awakened a new interest and curiosity in India and the Indian culture that the westerners had never experienced before – these westerners were the forerunners to the hippies and the disillusioned western youths going to India in search of fulfilment during the 1960s and 70s. Narendra (Swamiji Maharaj’s former name) is a Global Youth Icon because His very life represents the Eternal Fire of Youth - the Yuvashakti, that set India and the rest of the world alight during the 1890s and it is this Fire which another Narendra, the lion-man of India, our Prime Minister, Narendra Modi has re-ignited over a century later.

(Contd on page 47)
From the Cookbook of Vokkethur Shantabaipachhi

**Nutrella Manchurian**

**Ingredients:** Nutrella Chunks- 1 full tumbler, Capsicum finely chopped- 3 tblsp, grated carrot – 2 tblsp, Finely chopped onion 4 tblsp, ginger chopped ½ tsp and garlic chopped 1 tsp, Maida – 1 cup, salt to taste, Ajinomoto a pinch (optional), oil for deep frying Bondas

**Method for gravy:** Half cook the masoor separately and strain. Use the cooked water when you are adding water to the rice. Keep oil in the pressure cooker add onion and fry till brown. Add green chillies slit ginger garlic paste and fry. Wash and strain the rice and fry for a minute, add half cooked masoor and water from the cooked masoor and water 4 ½ cups and salt and stir well when big steam comes lower the fire and insert a tumbler on the pressure cooker knob and cook on a low fire for 20 minutes.

**Method for Manchurian:** Soak chunks in salt water for few hours. Squeeze and soak in plain water for 1 hour. Squeeze chunks and slice into thin chips. Mix all above 6 items together and little water and make small bonda type balls and deep fry in oil till golden brown and keep aside.

**Method for gravy:** Mix cornflour, oil, butter, sauce with little water and mix to form a batter. Keep a pan with little oil, chopped green chillies, garlic and add the cornflour batter, vinegar, soya sauce and a pinch of ajinomoto (optional). Add little salt and boil, when it boils hot, keep the kettle down and cool.

Few minutes before serving add the Manchurian to the gravy and enjoy Eating Nutrella Manchurian along with your dinner.

**Nippat**

**Ingredients:** Wheat powder 3 level tumblers, Maida and Rice Flour each 1 level tumbler, Hot green chillies 6-8, coriander leaves ¼ small bundle, Fried ground nut and putanadal each coarsely ground ¼ cup. Teel 1/8 cup, salt to taste. Dalda hot ¼ tumbler, Jeera 1 tsp, pudina 3 strings (optional)

**Method:** Sieve all the flours, mix and keep aside, Grind green chillies, coriander leaves salt and pudina (optional) grind to a chatni with little water, add liquid hot dalda on the mixed flours and the grounded chatni and water if needed and mix well to make a soft dough adding the coarse ground nuts and putana dal and teel. Make small balls and flatten on a plastic paper with rolling pin, thicker than our wheat puris and deep fry till crisp.

Note: Yield about 70-75 nippats You can add finely chopped methi leaves or shepi bhaji to make shepi and methi bhaji Nippats. But you have to add 2-3 green chillies more.

**Phova Kheer (Beaten Rice Kheer)**

**Ingredients:** Medium Poha- 1 full tumbler, Jaggery grated ¾ level tumbler, ghee 1 tblsp, Elaichi powder ½ tsp, dry fruits-almonds, and cashewnuts sliced and fried each 1 tblsp, ½ grated small coconut., a pinch of salt.

**Method:** Fry Pohe with ghee for few minutes, and keep aside. Make goli syrup with water and boil till the smell goes. Add dryfruit slices, and cook for few minutes and fried pohe and when it is cooked keep the pan down and when it is cooled add the coconut milk and cardamom powder. Enjoy phova kheer with puris and chappatties.

Note: You can add ½ litre milk and ½ full cup sugar instead of jaggery and coconut milk.

**Masoori Bhath**

**Ingredients:** Masoor- ¾ cup, Rice 2 cups, onions sliced lengthwise, like for pulav, 3 big onions, ginger garlic paste 1 level tblsp, oil 3 tblsp, green chillies less hot 3-4, salt to taste, water 4 – ½ cups.

**Ingredients for combination chatni:-** Coconut gratings 4 full tblsp, green chillies 5-6, mint ¼ small bunch, coriander leaves ¼ small bunch, ginger chopped ½”, garlic 5-6 cloves, cinnamon 1” pieces, Lime 1 big, salt to taste.

**Method:-** Half cook the masoor separately and strain. Use the cooked water when you are adding water to the rice. Keep more oil in the pressure cooker add onion and fry till brown. Add green chillies slit ginger garlic paste and fry. Wash and strain the rice and fry for a minute, add half cooked masoor and water from the cooked masoor and water 4 ½ cups and salt and stir well when big steam comes lower the fire and insert a tumbler on the pressure cooker knob and cook on a low fire for 20 minutes.

**Method for combination chatni:-** Grind Coconut gratings, green chillies, mint, coriander leaves cinnamon and grind to chatni with little salt. Add lime juice above the Bhath when serving.

Note: Serve the yummy Masoori Bhath with adding the chatni and lime juice above the bhath while serving.

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**Book Review**

**Bifocals and a Walking Stick**

**Author:** M. Gopalkrishna Bhat, **Reviewed by Usha Surkund**

Published by Notionpress.com, Pages 155, Price RS. 180/-

If you are looking for a book for light reading without any twists and turns then this is the book for you. The book “Bifocals and a Walking stick” is a collection of the musings of the author on various topics that one comes across in one’s day to day activities. The Author has written in simple and lucid language without resorting to any jargon or ‘flowery’ language. As such, the reader can go through them at one go and also can relate to them immediately.

Topics range from Idly Dosa to Swatch Bharat Abhiyan! The Author liberally makes mention of ‘Rasachandrik’a at various places and also about other cook book generally used in Amchi homes. In one of his articles he discusses various types of idlis (sandana in Amchi) and dosas that can be prepared, including mushti dosa. At another place he mentions various ways in which ‘Dosa’ is pronounced.

Overall, the book is a readable one and is priced attractively. The author has succeeded in his maiden attempt in bringing out a lovely book. We wish the Author all the best — may he bring out many more books in the future!
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The average human being has an inherent dislike for work and will avoid it if he can. But if controlled, directed, appreciated or threatened with punishment he works. If his psychological and physical welfare are satisfied his social needs become important motivators for his behaviour.

I would like to explain this with an example from my own life. My twin sister, though born with a difference of only half an hour, was prettier and more confident than me and was appreciated more in our home. So I had developed a sort of inferiority complex and never showed enthusiasm to explore or do any special work except my daily routine work. I used to be very regular and systematic in school and studies. But being shy and lacking in confidence, no teacher noted any talent or leadership in me and no one motivated me to take a lead. No doubt I was talented in dance and music; I used to participate in the school cultural programmes during the annual functions and was either house captain or a class leader. In college the professors liked me and appreciated my neat work and sincerity but motivation to lead a group was missing.

I got married at the age of 20 and in the new surroundings, I found 2 sisters-in-law very smart, intelligent and confident. One was a senior executive and the younger one was manager of our office. I was taken for granted in the family toiling the whole day satisfying a large family. But a silent observer that is my husband found that I had potential or a hidden energy in me, which if tapped and directed properly could give wonderful fruits. So a mere slave in the house. I started attending their office. I had no confidence even to speak on a phone or travel alone in a bus, taxi or train. He initially sent me for short courses organized by the small scale industries association on office management, book keeping, cost accounting and financial management. Then to a speaking class, organized by the Indo-American Society, where I could come on a stage and face a large audience. He then took me along with him during his sales visits and insisted on me introducing our product and explain the working of our cheque protectograph machines to the party. He then started taking me out for sales tax visits so that I could participate in talking as well as assist him. Finally he made me join the International Inner Wheel Club of the Rotary Club and other educational institutions like Vartak Nagar Shikshan Mandal, Indian Red Cross, Chinmaya Mission etc so that I was completely exposed to a new and strange world and emerge as a complete person.

Soon I could discover my inner strength and became Vice Chairman of Inner Wheel Charity Trust, Treasurer of Chinmaya Mission, Thane, President of Inner Wheel Club of Thane and Director of our Company. I could organize large projects like medical camps, student counseling in schools and finally adopt a whole adivasi village at Yeoor. Here a school was also constructed which has now grown into a full fledged school up to + 2.

Today I am able to walk straight with a balanced mind and heart, I feel it is because of the motivation from a wonderful person who tried to understand me and support me.

In conclusion I would like to pray in Rabindranath Tagore’s words

‘This is my prayer to Thee God
Strike, strike at the penury in my heart
Give me the strength lightly to bear
My joys and sorrows
Give me the strength to make
My love faithful in service’

No human being born in the world is useless. Everyone has some hidden treasure in him. What is required is ‘motivation’ and if a person is not motivated he will be like a flower born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Meet Match.Com
CONTRIBUTED BY VS HATTANGADY, WG CDR (RETD).

The Unit had been made ready for the Annual Inspection by a two star General known for his sharp rebuke to every one he came across. Red, yellow and blue flags fluttered from poles standing at attention. Every thing that stood still had been freshly painted and everything which moved fast was smartly saluted !!

Sharp at 1000 hrs the General arrived at the gate and found a young soldier just booking in. The General was mightily annoyed, called the soldier and said to him loudly- You Sir, the work begins at 0730 hrs and you are coming at 1000 hrs! You have no value of time..........tell me what have you been doing since morning?!

The young soldier squared his shoulders and said- Sir I got up at 0500 hrs, ran with the Boxing Team for 10 km, trained further in boxing for 1 hour and for last 15 minutes I have been listening to you scolding me!!

The General scowled and asked the soldier to report to the adjutant immediately. Everyone thought that this young man would get posted to Siachin!! They were pleasantly surprised when the young man was transferred to Officers’ Training School to become an Officer.

The General had finally met his match in this youngster and decided to give him a shabash!

Swami Vivekananda revived Sanatana Dharma for our generation and as one of the greatest figures of the Freedom Struggle, C. Rajagopalachariji said, “Swami Vivekananda saved Hinduism and saved India. But for him we would have lost our religion and not gained our freedom. We therefore owe everything to Swami Vivekananda. May his faith, his courage and his wisdom ever inspire us so that we may keep safe the treasures that we have received from him.”
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January 2018 KANARA SARASWAT 48
वास्तव
पिया बड़कुटी

करारों वस्ते लखिम, करमधे सरस्वती।
कलमुखर्दोगिविश, प्रभाते कर दरबान।
हा श्लोक उच्चार आपल्या हताची आज्ञें करन एकांत टूट्यांना
लाग्या नवालगुण परम्परागत करत घडते अंकांतरण उठवते. आपण
उपलब्ध निर्यातमास सुविधा करत्याची असे आंदोलनांतून
निविद्या वर्तन असे. आजच्या ताजीत परम्परागत करन आपल्या
अंतर्गती वडी धारण ते जेवणाच्या जगाच नेजुन
ठेवते, परंतु ते ठोड़ेर विचारात होते. अस्वयं बाल झोपते.
आद्याच दिवशी ते सेवनिवृत्त झाले होते.

सकाळी नौकरी होती. आपल्या नॉकरचा जीवनात सात
आपल्या वरींद्रची मरी राखण त्यांच्या हो-ला हो देखण प्रतेक
पायरी चबूतरे गेले, परंतु त्यांनेक त्यांनी कढीही माग बदलून
नाही पाहिलेले. आज ते गेल्यांना प्रश्न आंदोलनाचा प्रवास करत
होते. आपले आपल्या सहकर्मी-वरींद्रोबरेच वागणे, त्याना खुश
होते. बडवली मिठावणांतून आपल्या वरींद्री जवळजवळ साधने
वांदणी त्यांच्या मनात आपल्या त्यांच्यातील दिव्यभारती
प्रेम-आदर नसे. सतत त्यांच्यातील दिव्यभारती मनात कुळीची
कल्पना देखण वळणापासून त्याना तडाणे हे आंदोलनात चंगले
जमले होते. आज त्यांना कोण विचारार्थ? ना वळण ना सहकारी,
आंदोलनाची पदतंत्री बच्चे नखर गोडीचा आपल्या जीवनात
खुप महत्त्र दियायले त्यांना कठोर बाधां. त्याना संदर्भ की,
आपण खोटेला आपण आशावाद गोडीला मागे
लागून आपल्या जीवनात्तिल कितीवे महावर्षी गोडीला
मुकलो, परंतु त्यांच्याहून गतकाळातील कडू आठवणीस्वयं
दुसरा माणूस नवता. त्या नेतृत्व मन-पदवां इतक्या कोरल्या
होती की, त्याविषय साक्षी शक्ती नवते!!

प्रतिविधी आपलों आंदोलनांची वर्तमानपत्र चालूले.
देशानून दहाडकूल, राजकात असरलेल्या घटना तार्क अथवापारचे
लेख, जाहीरती बोरी बोरी. स्नातकविद्या आपलों आंदोलनांची
आपल्या सहसंगतीच्या प्रभावतत्त्वताने हाक मारते. एकाहार
शिष्यांशी आपल्या वरींद्री त्यांच्या सेवेच हजर राहावे तसे
त्या आंदोलनांचा उखा राहिला. त्यात्तिल आपल्या तात्त्विकी
प्रवृत्त्त नवजेस नवर देशाविवरण हिंसा नवती. आंदोलनांतून
ते जाणवले. त्याना आपल्या वरत्थ वाचणार्या लाज बाळताते. आपली
पत्नी, गृहीं असत्यामुळे तिला जितके कमी लेख्याचे तजके लेख्याते
ते तिला पत्नी-पत्नी हािणम करत असत. आज आंदोलनां
एक-एक प्रसंग आजुन लागला. प्रभावतत्त्वशी काही हात आपल्या
हातात घेत आंदोलनांची त्यांची माफी मागली. प्रभावतत्त्वशी
त्याना केवळच माफ करू असेल. आपला शांत चेतना व नजर
आंदोलनंतून स्थिरत्व त्या त्यांच्या न्यायःहाऊला.
प्रभावतत्त्वात बडळ चोट विचारात केली होते. घात
सतत अशिकोंची रिच अशे. खालीलेच खालीलेच खेर जरी
होत असेले तरीही प्रभावतत्त्वात बडळ अण्णासाहेब, कठीही
घात त्याविषयी चर्चा करत नसत. प्रभावतत्त्वात महामहोत्त्व.
जिथे भारतीय जनता पार्टी लड़ने के लिए एक संगठन स्थापित किया गया। पहले दिनों में बहुमत जनता पार्टी के साथ ही लड़ने के लिए एक संगठन स्थापित किया गया। पहले दिनों में बहुमत जनता पार्टी के साथ ही लड़ने के लिए एक संगठन स्थापित किया गया।
Tribute:

Hattangadi Narayanrao - Yet Another Feather in the Amchi Cap
(1863 – 1921)
Sushama Arur, Goa

‘His death is a distinct loss to Indian Journalism’ wrote Bombay Chronicle about Shri Hattangadi Narayanrao, known to the readers as HNR. He was a regular columnist for ‘Indian Spectator’, started by Beheramji Mervanjji Malabari. Later in 1912 after the death of Malabari HNR became the editor for some time. He also contributed to Times of India and East West magazine. He earned appreciation for his deep knowledge, balanced views and clarity of thought in journalism. The following quote is a tribute to him, “The columns of Indian Spectator testify to the innate benevolence of the Editor, no less than to his unerring judgment. The Indian Spectator under him spoke consistently for the people, yet represented no party. He often endeavored to pour oil on troubled waters; and sometimes a note in the Indian spectator served as a balm to wounded pride and won the heart of the opponent” writes Sardar Jogender Singh, the biographer of B.M Malabari. This speaks volumes about the man and his writings.

HNR was born on 11th February 1863, in Mangalore to devout parents, Parameshwaraiya and Saraswati. Family, though poor was pious and industrious says his chronicler Dr Srinivas Havnur, who has gathered information from various sources about this unassuming loner who shunned publicity of any kind. HNR passed his matriculation in 1879 from Karkal and left for Madras for further studies. Being a studious child, he was helped in his educational pursuits by many well-wishers, so he did his BA and then got himself a job in a school. In 1888 he was transferred to Government College, Mangalore on promotion.

HNR a Teacher

In 1891 HNR resigned from the college and went to Madras to do law. He finished his BL in 1894 and took apprenticeship under a senior advocate. He did not practice as teaching was more suited to him which he enjoyed. So again took up a job as a principal of Hindu school at Triplicain in Madras. One of his students from the school Hattikudur Shivram reminiscences about his teacher, “I have known and met Shri Rao on several occasions during the years 1900-03, when I was young lad of 8 years. He was of a fair complexion and short in stature. While he was in Madras, he had a stint as the Head Master of the noted Hindu high school who not only elevated the much disparaged status of a headmaster but embellished it. If this is an exaggeration I may be pardoned because I was one of his students.” Later V.S Srinivas Shastri of Servants of India fame was the teacher in Hindu school.

A Journalist

By 1903 HNR was in Bombay, writing for Times of India in its weekly ‘Behind the Indian Veil’ column, besides for ‘the Indian Spectator’ and ‘East and West’ monthly magazines. Those were the days of British rule and discontentment had spread everywhere. Educationists and political stalwarts like M.G Ranade, etc instilled patriotism among the youth. This period also saw socio-religious reform movement, which worked in three different directions- Prarthana Samaj, a Hindu reformist movement, Arya Samaj, a revivalist movement and Satya Shodhak Sangha, a revolt against traditional Hindu practices. HNR not only experienced and was greatly affected by these happenings like his other contemporaries - M.G Ranade, Bal Gangadhar Tilak, and R.G Bhandarkar, B. M Wagle, Narayan Ganesh Chandavar, Shamaro Vithal Kaikini, Pandita Ramabai etc. It was a period of national awakening, socio-religious reform movement, opposed to irrational thinking and spread of rational thinking, women’s education, widow re marriage etc. At the same time English education catapulted the middle class into becoming leaders of New India. That’s how we have come across common man even in poverty and hardship attaining greatness by working for the nation’s liberation, upliftment of the society, bringing awareness in the political and social scenario through their writings etc.

The press had a very important role to play, in educating the public, keeping in mind the ways and means of balancing between tradition and modernism, capitalism and communism, political independence or social reforms etc. ‘Indian Spectator’ supported the cause of the poor, socially oppressed mill workers in relation to factory legislation. HNR must have done justice to his responsibilities as a journalist. Reader’s views are the best way to appraise HNR’s accomplishment, “Both the journals (referring to Times and East West) were conducted in the best traditions of accomplishment, “Both the journals (referring to Times and East West) were conducted in the best traditions of journalism and exercised an immense power in the politics of the day. Mr. Rao’s wider human sympathies, his intimate knowledge of constitutional law and current movement, his keen sense of humour, combined with an ever un ruffled temper and style, chaste, clear and incisive made his writings always delightful reading.”

Proud of being a Saraswat and for Konkani language

HNR’s passionate subject was the development of Saraswat community. He was the life member of the ‘Saraswat Quarterly’ started in April 1919 which became ‘The Kanara Saraswat’. Being a prolific writer he contributed in English as well as in Konkani.

He adored his mother tongue Konkani and tried hard to make it more popular. He strongly believed that a language becomes rich especially – the mother tongue only when it is spoken, written and when lectured. He wrote ‘Kokanicho Mulaardshu’ in two parts in 1917 and 1919 respectively, 20 pages each, and costing 3 anas! The sale of the books was supposed to be sent to Karnad Sadashivrao of Mangalore (well known freedom fighter) to be utilized for the homeless. He also wrote on Konkani Etymology and Saraswat Economics.

HNR’s Contribution for Kannada Language

HNR was greatly inspired by the establishment of Kannada Sahitya Parishad in Bangalore(1915) and that led him to plunge into Kannada literature. He deciphered with ease Halegannada words from literature and inscriptions quoting them in his articles. He was well acquainted with Kittel’s dictionary and used it profusely when translating English poetry and prose into modern Kannada. His translations of English poetry in Kannada which used to come in different papers were put together into ‘Angla Kavitavali’. A prolific writer, his articles saw the light of the day in Vagbhushan
and Swadeshabhiman published from Mangalore. He was proficient in many languages especially Sanskrit, Prakrit, Pali, Marathi, Kannada and Gujarati. His deep knowledge of Prakrit enabled him to understand that Prakrit words were common to Marathi and Kannada and in 1920 he gave a lecture in Bombay Royal Asiatic Society on "Etymological research in Kanarese and Marathi". Next year he published 'Kannada Kathakan' on Kannada language and its origin. His dream was to prepare an English- Kannada dictionary on the model of Kittels and was working on it.

HNR popularized Brahmo Samaj ideologies through publishing his small booklets like 'Gayatri', 'Brahmageet' which contains certain original mantras with translations in both Marathi and Kannada. Lastly 'Kannada Krutigalu' contains brahmo -bhajans, in which some are authored by him.

HNR’s uncle was known as bhajane Gopalayya as he used to sing bhajans. The same trait his nephew must have carried as he too sang bhajans in his soothing voice. His chronicler said that HNR had put music to many of the bhajans and poetry he wrote, while his wife Ambabai played the harmonium.

A Brahmo - HNR was a staunch follower of Brahmo Samaj, in fact he had taken a deeksha and followed its principles strictly like performing his Gayatri japa, nityaupasana with great fervor. Through his articles he propagated the objectives of the Brahmo Samaj – about the true Vedanta and abolition of the caste system, dowry system and improving the educational system in the field of social reform.

He had his own publication called Shraddha, through which he published Trust Deed of Brahmo Samaj (philosophy of Raja Ram Mohan Roy). Apart from that he started a series 'Brahma Vijnan Suktasaar Abhang Maalika' in which he published 2 books – 'The Faith of the Sages' and 'The Faith of the Ages', containing a collection of aphorisms of many philosophers and intellectuals. These aphorisms are classified into V (Vedic times) P (Post Vedic times) E (Eastern Sages) W (Western Sages). For ex ‘However mean your life is meet it and live it’, or ‘Endurance is the highest test of character, or ‘Sadhu under suffering is like a sugarcane which does not lose its sweetness, when it is crushed and its juice boiled’.

Humane person

HNR was a man of few words and to quote his own brother, H Shankar Rao, ”I lived with him in Bandra for nine years and yet it is no exaggeration to say that our conversation during those years could not have taken up more than nine minutes. Indeed it often looked as if he had taken a vow of silence.” To achieve so much in the field of journalism, HNR must have spent his time in study, reading and writing without wasting a single minute. It is said that he was a regular visitor to the Royal Asiatic Society’s library and he had a permanent seat reserved for him! He never liked to talk or mix with friends or relatives.

HNR was a multi- faceted man. He must have had an analytical and logical mind to understand the changing political, social and the economic scenario of the early 20th century and the cool mind to put them across to the general public in a balanced manner. His simplicity, restraint and compassion were the qualities evident in his talk, action and writing. That’s what earned him appreciation.

Honesty and pristine- pure actions were hallmarks of his behavior. Being a stringent law abiding person and a lawyer by profession, he did not hanker after success, money and position. He was not the person to criticize anyone or vehemently oppose, being a soft person he would not enter into any arguments.

His personal life might have been lonesome as he had lost his wife and two children, probably when he was in his thirties. This must have been before he shifted to Madras. Losing his loved ones might have led him to have a solitary life, cut off from the people of flesh and blood. He seems to have sought solace in books. It looks like he was a staunch reformist who believed in women's education and their upliftment. Though mentally he had decided to re marry a widow, it took him many years to actually solemnize it. Many had preached for widow remarriage, but only few people had the real courage to face the society. HNR had. He married a widow, Ambabai in his fifties probably. He was ostracized by the society and religion but he had no hard feelings.

His philanthropic nature was widely known says Dr Havnur and many students got their problems solved, whether it was monetary or otherwise.HNR passed away in 1921 June 17th, 58 year young, of diabetes and a huge carbuncle. He was operated, but he did not last. His wife Ambabai is said to have donated Rs 10,000 each to the poor Saraswat boys fund, Mangalore, Mission for the Downtrodden, Karve’s Mahila Vidyalay , Pune and Sevadan Mumbai 10,000 each! She must have been a true companion for the large hearted HNR. She survived him for seven more years.

That was a golden era, which produced stalwarts like Panje Mangesh Rao, Karnad Sadasivrao who are well known , but lesser known people like Benegal Ramrao, and Hattangadi Narayanrao and many more who might have silently worked and sadly posterity does not know about them. We have to revere them more for the values they stood for, the standards which they set in whichever capacity they worked the purity of mind and thought which is evident in their writings, speech and in action, which is rare to find now. We can at least remember and salute them!

__________________________

IF ONLY

If only there was greenery all around
With birds chirping
And cuckoo singing
To make one merry at the sound!

If only there was one spring
With flowers of varied hues
Giving forth its eternal perfume
To make us one with Him!

If only there was peace all over
With no cries of war
With destruction of mankind
To make life of a different kind!

But for this wishful thinking
To become a Reality
Is there a possibility
If only there is a NEW AWAKENING!

Saguna R. Udiaver, Ontario, Canada.
Here and There

Bengaluru: The Puṇyatithi of Šrīmad Udaysinī Śrīmat Vamanashrī Swamiji was observed on 11th November with Deepanamaskar, Bhagavadgīta and Upanishad Bhashya Pathan and Ashtavādhana Seva.

Śrīmad Bhagavadgīta Recitation competitions were conducted on 12th November to commemorate the occasion of Śrī Gita Jayanti which witnessed enthusiastic participation across all age groups. Śrī Śrī Gita Jayanti was observed on 30th November. Samoohik Bhagavadgīta Pathan and Gita Pujan was performed on this occasion. Prizes were distributed to the winners and participants of the recitation competitions by the Chief Guest Smt. Sadhana Kamat. This was followed by an interesting talk by the Chief Guest on ‘Subhashita Ratnavali’. After Deepanamaskar, Bhagavadgīta Bhashya Pathan was rendered followed by Gruhāsya Puja.

The laity participated in large numbers in the Samoohik Durga Namaskar held on 4th November. The laity offered Bhajan Seva on 12th November, Samoohik Guru Puja on 16th November alongside the regular Guru Puja performed by Gruhastha-s and Devi Anushthan on 21st November in Respectful Remembrance of Śrīmat Ishwarananda Giriji Maharaj.

The series of talks by Smt. Dr. Sudha Tinaikar continued. Samoohika Gayatri Japa Anushthan was conducted on the 2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday along with the weekly Puja on Mon/ Thurs/Fri by Gruhasthas.

Reported by Saikrupa Nalkur

Chennai: Monthly Sadhana Panchakam was conducted as per schedule. Puṇyatithi of HH Śrīmat Vamanashrī Śrīmat Swamiji was observed with puja and bhajans. On Sunday the 19th, as an offering to Bade Swamiji we at Chennai Sabha performed Devi Pujan, Guru Puja followed by Bhajans.

Reported by Kavita Savoor

Mumbai-Santacruz: 11th November, 2017: To observe the Puṇyatithi of HH Śrīmat Vamanashrī Swamiji, our Sabha had arranged for a screening of HH Śrīmat Sadyojat Sankarashram Swamiji’s Ashirvachan. (Guru Purnima, Karla Chaturmaas, 2017).

This was held in Śrīmat Anandashram Hall, Saraswat colony and was well attended by many laity members. The evening concluded with DeepaNamaskar, MangalAarti and prasad.

Reported by Kavita Karnad

New Delhi: Wednesday the 06th September 2017 - Our Sabha held Sadhana Panchakam at the residence of Nayel Shantish maam and Sandhya pacchi. The members were gratified with the energy and calmness provided by the joyful panchakam, from the sabha opening prayers to the closing prayers and the Mangalarati. A delicious Prasad bhojan ended the day’s programme.

Thursday the 09th November 2017 - Sadhana Panchakam was held at the residence of Udyavar Arvind maam and Lakshmi pacchi, soon after Mahanirvana of Bade Swamiji. The meet enabled us to pay our respects to Bade Swamiji. A Guru Puja was performed along with the Sadhana Panchakam.

Members animatedly shared reminiscences about Bade Swamiji and read excerpts from His book ‘Geeta Sadhana’. A sumptuous Prasad bhojan concluded the programme.

Reported by Vidya Kumar

Mallapur: Vanabhojana was celebrated at Śrī Guru Math on Kartik Poornima. As usual Śrī Ganapati idol from Śrī Ganapati Temple was brought in palki to Śrī Guru Math. Dhati Homa and Bali puja was performed by Ved. Ravikiran Bhat at noon followed by Gram Santarpan which was attended by over hundreds of devotees. On the same day Udyapanā of Nompi Vrita was also performed by Ved. Pandurang Bhat with the Yajamanya of Gautam and Ananad Haldipur, Hubli.

At night both idols of Lord Bhavanishankar and Lord Ganapati were seated in the decorated Palki and taken out in a procession through the main road of Mallapur. It was a sight to be enjoyed when both sides of the road the devotees had lighted lamps, burnt crackers and offered coconuts in front of their houses and welcomed the Lords seeking blessings from them. Ashtavādhana sevas were offered at all the temples. The programme ended with Shānakarnarayan and Mangal Geet at Śrī Guru Math.

Datta Jayanti was celebrated at Durga Datta Mandir with great devotion by large number of NagarkattiKars from Margasheersh Dashami onwards. As usual Lord Krishna’s idol was brought in palki to Datta mandir. Kankan Bandhan and Ghat shapan was done under the guidance of Ved. Ganapati Bhat ,Idgunji. Daily evening bhajans composed by Late Santappa Nagarkatti, the founder and great devotee of Lord Dattatray and Durga, were sung.

On Poornima evening Datta Janma Katha bhajans were sung describing the story of Anasya ,her Pativrutya, plight ofTridevis and Trimurthis who had gone to Atri’s ashrama leading to Datta Janma. Cradling ceremony was attended by hundreds of devotees from Mallapur and Kumta. Everyone who attended this grand ceremony will ever relish the super taste of the divine Prasad [Meva] distributed at the end. After Jagaran at night the dolara and panja seva were performed at dawn. Next day the celebration ended with Palki Utsav , Oikkuli and Gram Santarpan.

Seeing the poor villager’s sufferings caused by the frequent power cuts Smt.Chaya Udbhayakar has taken up a project “Mallapur Solar Light” under which over 200 families living in Chnadavar,Talageri, Vadgere and Mallapur [called as Mallapur ward] will be provided Solar light in their houses and street lights in the selected places. This has been planned with the cooperation of SELco Solar Private Ltd.Bangalore, which will collect some donations from generous donors and companies under CSR funding. Recently this project was launched at Go Green Resort, Haldipur. Shri Harish Hande, CEO of Selco Solar Co. and a Magessay Awardee launched this project by handing over the document of the final plan of the project to Smt.Chaya Udbhayakar. This project is scheduled to be completed by 26th of January, 2018 on which a grand ceremony will be held.

Reported by Arun Udbhayakar
The Mahila Samaj arranged the screening of Naad Ninaad—the Konkani stage adaptation of The Sound of Music. It was delightful evening, as it was a complete movie experience with chips & soft drinks being served during the intermission! The show ended with the audience singing impromptu, Do Re Me.

**CONTACT**

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**DOMESTIC TIDINGS**

**MARRIAGES**

We congratulate the young couple

Nov 23: Lina Uday Gokarn with Sudesh Bhujanga Shetty at Mumbai.

Nov 26: Sneha Sanjeev Kamath with Shreekar Bhavanishankar Basrur at Mumbai.

Nov 28: Siddhi Anaokar with Gaurang Ashok Hattangadi at Mumbai.

Nov 29: Kavya Kishore Masurkar with Samarth Murlidhar Trikannad at Bangalore.

Dec 03: Aditi Rajendra Kotavdekar with Navin Arun Bijur at Mumbai.

Dec 03: Maithili Sadanand Basrur with Srikant Anil Murdeshwar at Mumbai.

Dec 03: Raagini with Chinmay Vijaykumar Upponi at Bangalore.

Dec 10: Aditi Sanjay Gokarn with Sameer Sanjai Hattangdi of Hyderabad at Mumbai.

**OBITUARIES**

We convey our deepest sympathy to the relatives of the following:

Sept 18: Vasantrao Shankar Katre (96) at Mumbai.

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**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Lina (daughter of Veena and Uday Gokarn) and Sudesh (son of Sulochana and Bhujanga Shetty), along with their parents, thank all relatives, friends, well wishers for their gracious presence, good wishes and blessings at the wedding and reception held in Mumbai on November 23rd and 25th 2017.

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**REPORTED BY KAVITA SAVOR**

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**FORWARDING PROGRAMMES**

**Wed. Jan 10th 2018 Ladies’ Day Out** : Venue Malabar Hill Hanging Gardens Senior Citizens’ Corner. Contribution Rs. 100/- Registering of names to be done by 25th Dec 2017. All are requested to assemble at the venue by 11 a.m. Non-members are also welcome. (Note that payment of contribution must be done to confirm your registration)


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