

# Kanara Saraswat

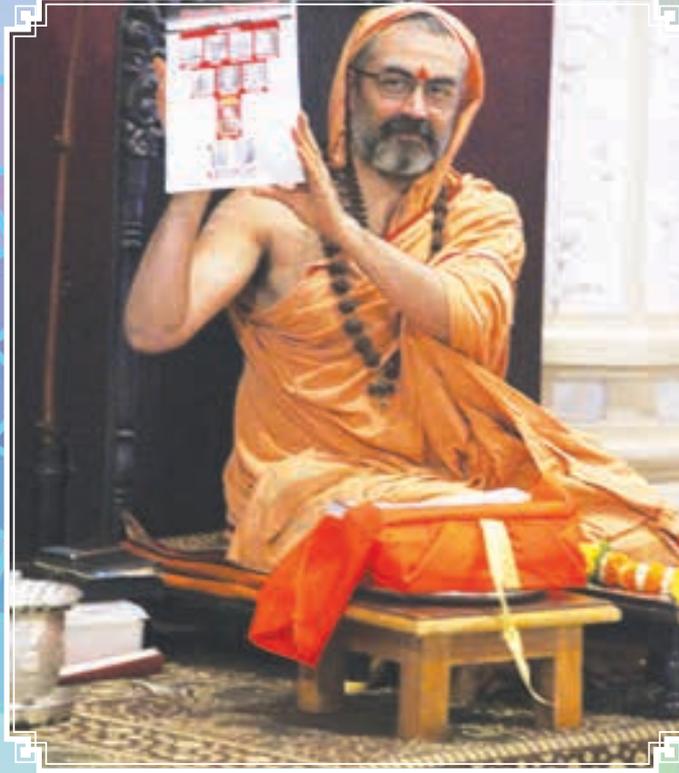
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION

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*H.H. Shrimad Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji released the KS Centenary issue on 1<sup>st</sup> March 2020*



*Praful Chandawarkar being welcomed by KSA President Praveen Kadle*



*Rajat Ubhaykar (seen on the left) with Ranjit Hoskote at the launch of his book 'Truck De India'*

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## Kanara Saraswat

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Office: 13/1-2, Association Building,  
Talmakiwadi, Near Talmaki Chowk,  
J.D. Marg, Mumbai 400007

Website: <http://www.kanarasaraswat.in>

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e-mail: [editor@kanarasaraswat.in](mailto:editor@kanarasaraswat.in)  
[kanara\\_saraswat@hotmail.com](mailto:kanara_saraswat@hotmail.com)  
(For Publication in the Magazine)

e-mail: [admin@kanarasaraswat.in](mailto:admin@kanarasaraswat.in)  
(For administrative matters)

President: **Praveen P. Kadle**  
Vice President: **Kishore Masurkar**  
Chairman: **Jairam Khambadkone**

### MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Editor: **Smita Mavinkurve**  
Associate Editor: **Uday A. Mankikar**  
Editorial Committee:  
**Usha K. Surkund**  
**Devyani Bijoor**  
Computer Composing:  
**Sujata V. Masurkar**

KSA Telephone: (022) 2380 2263

TELEFAX: (022) 23805655

KSA Holiday Home, Nashik:

Tel: 0253-2580575 / 0253-2315881

Cover Photo courtesy of **HH Swamiji:**  
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### Announcement

We regret that in view of the looming threat and scare caused due to the spread of COVID 19, the following programs could not be held:

- Condolence meeting on account of the sad demise of Gurunath Gokarn mam
- Felicitation programme of Editors and Editorial Committee Members, printers and service providers-past and present

The following programs are postponed till further notice –

- The Senior Citizens' Event scheduled on 5th April
- The Konkani Drama 'Chitrapur Vaibhav' scheduled on 12th April
- The Prof. Sadhana and Advocate Narendra Kamat Memorial Lecture scheduled on 2nd May

## Adieu Gurunathmam...

Gokarn Gurunathmam passed away on Sunday, 8<sup>th</sup> March 2020 after putting in a long innings at the KSA.

Gurunathmam and the Kanara Saraswat Magazine are synonyms for many Amchis – such has been his devoted work for the Magazine. He developed the simple 24 page black and white magazine to its 4 colour avatar today! A week earlier, on 1<sup>st</sup> March H.H. Shrimad Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji had released the Centenary issue of the Kanara Saraswat Magazine. Gurunathmam could not attend the event due to his ill-health but I am sure he was there in spirit!

Gurunathmam worked in many capacities for the Kanara Saraswat Association and for the Kala Vibhag for almost 50 years. When he started getting involved in the KSA he was working for the Govt. of Maharashtra. After finishing his day's work there, he would make a beeline for Talmakiwadi and head straight for its office. He could be seen there, attending the committee meetings, doing the office work and then reading the articles and letters sent for the magazine, proofreading and writing articles himself too! He would be there till late, reaching home (at Khar) only by 11 p.m. His wife (we used to call her Mami) would say that KSA was her "savati"!

Even now, Gurunathmam had all the events of the KSA well engraved in his mind and could recall which issue they were reported in too! Such was his involvement with it.

He will be always remembered for the 'Saraswat Sangeet Sammelans' he arranged. The first Sammelan was held in February 1971 when Nalkur Shripadmam was the President and was called the 'Saraswat Sangeet Mehfil'. The last one was the 18<sup>th</sup> and was held in May 2018. Many young Bhanap singers and musicians were given a platform to showcase their talent and so also many wellknown professionals. The Sammelans were veritable feasts for music afficiandos.

Chitrapur Saraswat Census was another thing close to his heart. He organized atleast 3, if not more of these and used to be completely involved in data gathering, sorting, getting it entered and then the data analysis and presentation. He would see it through until the Census Directory was printed!

He also worked for other Chitrapur Saraswat institutions – as a President of the Bandra-Khar Local Sabha, Khar Math, Chitrapur Saraswat Education and Relief Society and so on. The past year and a half, he could not come to the KSA office due to ill health. He missed his friends and colleagues who had worked with him in the KSA. But the mention of KSA would make his eyes shine. Ask him any question about the past issues and pat would come his reply! He was always there for us to rely on when we had any queries.

Gurunathmam, we will miss you! We pray to Lord Bhavanishankar and Our Guruparampara to grant you Sadgati!



## Expression of Gratitude

The Managing Committee of KSA and Editorial Committee of KS Magazine are grateful to the following Members, Individuals and Companies for their generous contributions for the Special Issue of KS Magazine on account of the Centenary Year:

• Shri. Ashok Kulkarni (USA)	- Rs.1,41,000.00	• Smt. Tanuja Nadkarni	- Rs. 10,000.00
• Smt. Vidya Kagal (USA)	- Rs. 70,000.00	• Smt. Savitri Babulkar	- Rs. 10,000.00
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• Smt. Smita Mavinkurve	- Rs. 10,000.00	• Dr Sunanda Karnad	- Rs 5,000.00
• Smt. Malati Kati	- Rs. 10,000.00	<b>Total</b>	<b>- Rs. 4,58,500.00</b>
• Smt. Nalini Nadkarni	- Rs. 10,000.00		

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## *From the President's Desk....*

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As I write this piece, we all are in our homes under the lockdown declaration by our Prime Minister to counter the pandemic of Covid-19 which has been playing havoc across the globe. While the lockdown will continue until 14th April 2020, the lifting of the lockdown will really depend on the real situation on the ground around that time.

With enough information disseminated to all of you through electronic and social media, I do not need to separately warn you of the dos and don'ts during these difficult days. My only appeal to all of you is to not panic, follow the guidelines issued by the Government and strictly ensure social distancing. Adversities like these bring families together and therefore while at home, really live like a well-knit family to face this situation. Strengthen the emotional bond with your family members, neighbours and friends. It is possible that the lockdown may be continued beyond 14th April. These trying times will test our mental and emotional strength, so we need to ensure that we do not buckle under these pressures. Keep yourself mentally and physically busy while at home. Meditate, listen to music, read what you could not read all these days, watch on television good movies and plays that you could not watch earlier. Do not fall into the trap of boredom at all. Don't dwell on the past but think positively of the future. Believe in the principle, 'Every adversity brings some opportunity'.

While all of us are going through this stressful phase, one thing that I would like to advise all of you strongly is to do your financial planning. Preserve your savings, bring down your expenses, stop all your discretionary and avoidable purchases or expenses. Preserve your cash. Do not purchase assets like real estate or valuables like gold and silver. Do not indulge in impulsive buying on stock markets. Be cautious. We still do not know what the real price levels will be of many of these assets. So be watchful and careful. Believe in the old maxim 'Cash is king'.

At this stage, as you look around the world, you find that all the countries, whether developed or developing, all the people in the world whether rich or poor, are at the same level of despair, anxiety or caution; and working towards finding the right solution to face this pandemic of Covid-19. This pandemic is a great equaliser in bringing everybody, every nation, every society at a common level, on the same playing platform. In my view, this pandemic will change the world order like every major disruption does. These tough times will challenge the strength of nations and leadership; while at individual level, will test the strength of each one's mental framework.

At a personal level, I remain positive as ever. Working from home has given me a perfect balance between 'Work and Life' which was perhaps missing in my life. My wife is happy that she has me at home now. I am not an astrologer, but I strongly believe that this pandemic will bring something hugely positive for our country, if not immediately, then from mid-2021 onwards.

So be positive, be strong mentally and physically, bring restraint in your life in totality and look forward to a great new life.

**Praveen P. Kadle**

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## Letters to the Editor

**Dear Editor,** Congratulations to KS on this great event. It is a great workmanship to keep a magazine going with the latest events in our Saraswat Community.

I remember and have mentioned earlier that we used to wait every month for the KS Issue as if it was a visitor from my Kular. It was like homecoming. We lived in far flung places during my husband's work in the Defence Services.

All best wishes to KS.

**Kumud Nayel, Bengaluru**

**Dear Editor,** "Kudos to the editorial team of our Kanara Saraswat Magazine for their Herculean task of bringing out such a captivating centenary issue (March 2020). I was both elated and surprised to find an English poem written by my maternal grandfather Umanath Dongerkeri in the April 1928 issue. I was only aware that he was one of the first amchi playwrights. 'Vajra kutuk' in 1914 followed by 'Chekkolu' and 'Sapnantulo buva'.

My sincere thanks to K.S.A..."

**Shobha Hattangadi Marballi,  
sent via 'Chitrapur Saraswats' on Facebook**

**Dear Editor,** Centenary issue of KS magazine is really a great and grand news to all of us. It is my passion to read it regularly without fail; if not the hard copy then certainly on the website!

We convey our best wishes on this occasion to all editorial staff for bringing out such a wonderful centenary Issue and grand success for the future.

Our special thanks to late Gurnath Gokarn mam for his whole hearted devotion, services and efforts to bring this magazine to professional and International level. Unfortunately he was not able to attend physically at our Karla Math on 1st of March 2020 when this Centenary Issue was released by our Param Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji.

**Shrikar Talgeri, Mumbai**

### ANNOUNCEMENT

In an effort to know more about the authors and to build greater connectivity between the contributors of articles and the readers, the Editorial Committee has decided to add a new feature to our articles, from this issue onwards; in that, we have printed a brief and the email id of the author at the end of his/her article.

Since we plan to make it a regular feature, we request the authors to add 2 to 3 lines about themselves and their email id to their article, when they mail their articles to us.

We are looking forward to further strengthening our bond with this new feature.

..... **Editorial Committee**

## The Facts we now know about our KS Archives

While working on the KS Centenary Issue, we benefitted immensely from the soft copies of the issues of the past 100 years. What we didn't know was the history of how these were made.

It was later revealed to us that three Amchi students-Mokshay Madiman (son of Lalita and Mohan Madiman), Neeta Bijoor (daughter of Nandini and Shivram Bijoor), and Gauri Kartini Shastry (daughter of Shrikala nee Sashittal and Jai Shastry), needed the material from our past KS issues as part of a course they self-designed at Brown University in Providence, RI, USA to explore the history of the Chitrapur Saraswats.

In those days scanning was quite a new thing and not easy to get done, unlike now. Mokshay's uncle, Udayanand Sujir arranged for the scanning contact, a company called Enhira at Parel, Mumbai. Under Gokarn Gurnathmam's advice, Mokshay would take a small set of magazines to Parel for scanning, and return them to KSA the same day. This was repeated every day, until all old issues were scanned. This was in 2001 while Mokshay was on vacation in Mumbai from his PhD studies in mathematics at Brown.

The issues had to be ripped open to scan. And after the scanning was done the issues were rebound. Of course, Gurnathmam and Raghunathmam gave permission and guided it all through. Shobhana Rao was a ready support too!

Lalita says, "At the end of their project, the students weren't very satisfied as nothing concrete had come out of the project, as much as they had hoped it would. But now I see a divine hand in it! Maybe it all happened mainly for getting the KS issues scanned! When on 1st March at Karla, we heard how much the scanned version helped in the making of centenary issue, I was doubly glad, as it also meant Mokshay and the team can now feel more satisfied about their project as the scanning done then, has been of good use and come in handy now!"

*Thank you, Lalita and Udayanand for sharing this with us. And thanks to Mokshay, Neeta and Gauri too. ... Editor*

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We all now seek blessings of

Almighty Bhavanishankar Dev, Kuladevata Sri Laxminarayana Mahamaya, Guru Parampara, Param Poojya Shrimad Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji to bestow you with health, happiness and lots of love and affection in future.

### **With lots of love and best wishes from**

Sujnan & Shailee Baindur – Shirali

Sandhya Sujnan Baindur – Shirali

Dharmesh & Sampada Gangolli – Hubballi

Aashis Dharmesh Gangolli – Hubballi

Shubhang Dharmesh Gangolli – Hubballi

Nagesh & Nandini Turme – Kumta

B.P. Ananta & Vijaya Baindur – Shivamogga

Radha Chandavarkar – Shirali

Ashadeep & Aditya Balavalli – Bahrain

**All Relatives and Friends**



*Happy  
Birthday*  
11<sup>th</sup> March 2020

## Dilip Sashital



The past is filled with loving memories  
The present is a treasure  
The future is an untold tale  
With surprises beyond measure  
So with wondrous blessings, your future's bright  
And we're celebrating you  
May fortune, love and happiness  
Be your's, your whole life through!



#### **4 Generations of the Sashitals**

Sitting (L-R): Dilip Pandurang Sashital (Son), Manorama (Ramakka), Roopa Sashital (Daughter-in-law),  
Standing (L-R) : Navin Suri (Grand Son-in-law), Krishna (Great-granddaughter), Anuj (Grandson),  
Kabir (Great-grandson), Aparna (Granddaughter)

#### **CENTENARIAN SHRI VIMALANAND RAMKRISHNA PANDIT [Husband of Late Smt Sumitra V Pandit (nee Idgunji)]**



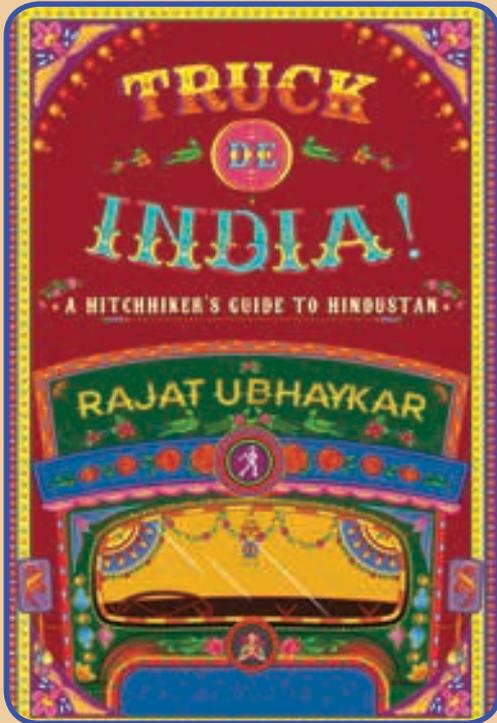
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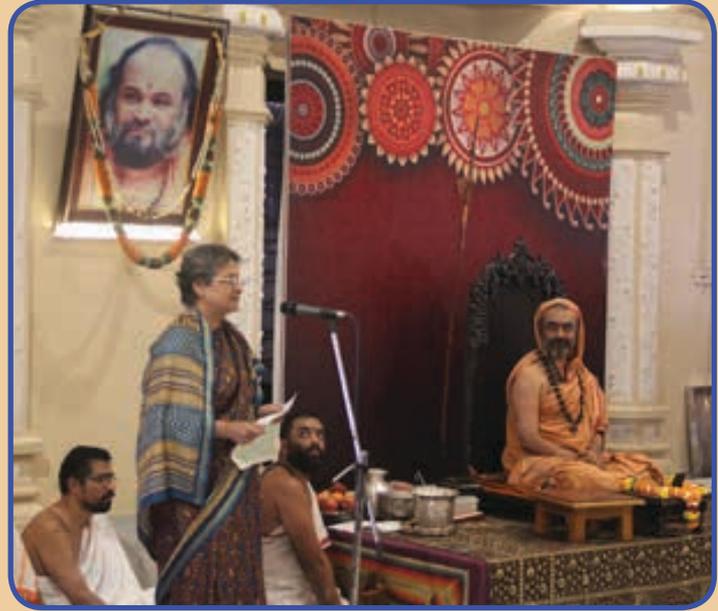
**Kamla & Arun Idgunji who looked after him till end with love and care  
And**

**Idgunjis, Pandits, Sthalekars, Desais, Prabhus, Dhakappas  
and many who came in contact with him**

## More pictures of our Cover



Book cover of Rajat Ubhyakar's Truck De India  
(Article on Page 13)



Smt. Smita Mavinkurve delivering a short speech on 1st March, 2020,  
before the release of the Centenary issue of the Kanara Saraswat  
Magazine (Write-up on Page 11)

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## Release of the Kanara Saraswat Centenary Issue

The Kanara Saraswat Magazine completed a 100 years of existence in November 2019. This was a momentous occasion and the KSA Committee decided to commemorate this by publishing a Centenary Issue. To ensure that all our members get this issue it was also decided to make our regular monthly issue itself a Centenary one.

KSA's President Shri Praveen Kadle placed our prayers at H.H. Swamiji's feet to release this issue. The Editorial Committee too swung into action, browsing through old issues, selecting the articles and planning the layout.

We are very thankful to H.H. Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji for Blessing us and giving His Message to be published in the magazine. He also agreed to release this issue. What better day than the 1<sup>st</sup> of March which is also the Anni-

versary of HH Parijnanashram Swamiji's Shishyasweekar? The venue was Shri Durga Parameshwari Temple at Karla. We could not have asked for more!

So on the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, 2020 we reached Karla with a few copies of the Centenary issue. Now on that day normally the programme is packed with Palkhi-utsava, Standing Committee President Praveen Kadle's address to the devotees, Paadpujas and Swamiji's Ashirvachan. But we were very happy that the trustees of Shree Trust and KDPT agreed to keep the programme of the release of our Centenary issue. After a brief speech by the Editor, KS, Swamiji released the Centenary issue to a thunderous applause from the gathering.

***Namah Parvati Pataye Har Har Mahadev!!***

## Mulaquat with Praful Chandawarkar Promoter and Founder, Malaka Spice

Praful Chandawarkar is a highly successful entrepreneur in the hospitality industry. He founded the award winning brand Malaka Spice. Praful accepted the invitation to be on Mulaquat (KSA-CSN initiative).

On 16<sup>th</sup> February, 2020, at the Shrimad Anandashram Hall Praful was interviewed by veteran journalist and communications strategist Rahul Chandawarkar.

We present here the interview transcribed by Darren Alfonso, Marketing Department, Malaka Spice.

**How were the seeds of entrepreneurship sown into you?**

Praful tells us how his friends who came from business families & who used to play sport with him would say "business is in their blood". As a kid Praful didn't comprehend this. But seeing his father toil as a pharmaceutical sales representative, an 8 year old Praful decided that he would never wait for a paycheck. Thus the seeds of entrepreneurship were sown and during college, entrepreneurial opportunities presented themselves.

**As an undergrad in a catering college you carried out commercial activity amongst students, which in itself was entrepreneurial, please share some light?**

Praful says he studied in an excellent school with a great bunch of students and graduated with high grades. Praful met his cousin in Mumbai, a doctor who lived a great lifestyle but the long hours in medicine and constant pressure to heal patients won his admiration but not his interest. Thus he decided to study Culinary Arts and get into Hospitality. His family was surprised to hear this and at school, his hero, a Swiss Jesuit educator and coach, caught hold of Praful and asked if he was sure he wanted to give up being a doctor to

become a waiter.

His friends were amused on knowing Praful's decision with the grades he had achieved. In college Praful saw loads of middle & lower middle class background students who didn't know a lot about making money or generating funds or how to make an enterprise happen. Praful's entrepreneurial tendencies would make him go along with his college mates to get catering orders, to help sell T-shirts in locker rooms of their college. Due to these activities he did not lack money or funds from a young age. However he did lack a network.

Please throw some light on the few months you worked as an employee & how you started business with your friends?

A leading 5 star hotel group was where Praful got his first job, something that happened through networking. It wasn't easy, but once in he was sent to Vadodra and tasked with increasing banquet sales. Thus Praful set out to the Amul office at Anand, but was unable to even meet with the Facilities Manager. The next time he tried a different approach, he told the security guard that Shyam Benegal's nephew was here (Shyam Benegal is Praful's uncle on his mother's side). By the time the news reached the higher-ups, they thought Mr. Benegal himself was at Amul. Post a detailed tour of the facility, a 20 year old Praful was able to convince the managers at Amul to use the Banquets & Conference rooms at a grand new hotel by the brand. This led to a large amount of revenue from Amul in the year 1987. Praful went to meet his Sales Manager (SM), first to inform the SM of his achievements and to talk about commission on landing a big account like Amul. Praful was laughed at and asked to return to his work. At his desk Praful calmly took a blank sheet of paper, tendered his resignation and never looked

back. Praful then moved to Pune with Rs.125 in his pocket to set up shop with his friends Kishore and Kevin. The next 3 years were filled with 18 hour work days; they would work on their own business in the day and work at a restaurant in the night. This is what they chose as they did not want to report to anyone, Praful says "I realized that in business you don't have a boss, but everyone you serve and cater to becomes your boss."

**Do share what took you to Hong Kong, and how you became a currency derivatives trader with no background in finance?**

Hong Kong happened for two reasons; first it was his late wife Cheeru who at the time was his girlfriend and worked for Cathay Pacific, the second reason being he went bankrupt. At 23 years and on the advice of Cheeru he moved to Hong Kong. It was tough to get a job as Praful couldn't speak Cantonese. He was open to working in restaurants or even starting a business but wasn't able to do so, as such he was suggested to get into investment banking. Eventually Praful got his Securities and Futures License, coupled with a strong math foundation and great trainers from Merrill Lynch, and Goldman Sachs, he spent the next 7 years understanding how finance works. This exposure changed his confidence structure tremendously and made him hungrier.

**How was the idea of a Pan Asian restaurant born? And why was Pune chosen to set up shop?**

In Hong Kong, Praful & Cheeru would eat local food and go for months without eating Indian food. During this time they appreciated SE Asian cuisine, not only from Hong Kong but also recipes from neighbouring countries to which they would often travel. Back home it was his uncle Shyam Benegal who presented them with their first book on Nyonya Cuisine which is the basis for recipes served at Malaka Spice. Being headhunted Praful moved to Mumbai and while working as a trader, he and Cheeru were looking at setting up a restaurant. Feeling burnt out as a derivatives trader, Praful moved to Pune to be with Cheeru & they decided on a SE Asian restaurant. Unfortunately Cheeru succumbed to cancer in 2013 but the wheels were already set in motion with the vision & planning having been done in 1997 itself.

**In a recent interview you spoke about pragmatism of finance, why is it so important?**

"It starts with who you borrow your money from" says Praful, he continues "Money is not as important as relationships; money will come by, but relationships are hard to build. Always borrow money from tolerant angels with whom one has relationships, be it banks or individuals" Praful says whatever surplus one has, 50 to 60 % of it should go back into the stock market & equity. Thus he makes his money work 3 to 4 times harder than others. Praful is not interested in being rich or being wealthy, but definitely wants to be prosperous. Putting it simply he says pragmatism in finance is not only savings but an attitude towards real growth, where you don't consider yourself as being wealthy or rich but as being prosperous. Don't think of only one's prosperity but

prosperity of the entire community.

You began with a single restaurant and now have a training academy, a health and wellness arm, you are into farming & agriculture, and run a charity foundation to battle cancer – what's the common thread and how did it happen?

"To be an entrepreneur one needs to be curious" Post Cheeru's passing; Praful had taken the time to examine various aspects and happenings in his life. Everyone goes through tragedies & beautiful events alike; this is where he asked himself if he could build something from this? As such everything that interests him becomes an entrepreneurial activity. "Entrepreneurial activity doesn't necessarily develop a commercial return on investment, it will give you a return on your life" and that Praful feels is most important.

**Please share some thoughts on Intrapreneurship and the business ecosystem you are creating around you.**

Praful insists that people in his organization get to share in his profits in a constructive manner. He makes sure employees participate in his supply chain; one employee has his entire family working in fresh coconuts supply. Another employee is planning a sauce distributorship. His chauffeur set up a garage which has now got its own workforce and repairs all our restaurant's vehicles. The chauffeur's uncle set up a tailoring shop and stitches our staff uniforms. Praful's cousin Ameeta Menon is also the founder of Healyam, which operates under the umbrella of Chiranjeev Group. For Praful it's not only about having employees, but it's important to teach them how to make money.

**Elaborate on meditation and the use of Arthashastra in Malaka Spice.**

The entire functioning of the Chiranjeev Group is based on the Arthashastra; which is a science about economics, leadership, discipline, diligence and much more, which is impossible to cover in one interview he says. Praful and his wife started meditation when the news of cancer came to light. As meditation helped Cheeru pass gracefully, Praful continued meditating. He invited a meditation teacher to teach his employees how to deal with the stress they face, as they need to be at peace when talking to their guests. Thus at the stroke of 11:00am, meditation starts across all departments of his restaurants!

Chiranjeev Group has loads of verticals, they do get stuck at times and do not hesitate to call in people that are doing well in their field for guidance. Vrudhopauseva is very critical for Praful, which is learning from people who know more. It has nothing to do with the age of those people, rather with the amount of experience and knowledge they have.

**May this Yugadi bring  
good health, positive vibes,  
peace and prosperity to one and all!**

## Rajat Ubhaykar

### A journey from engineer-to-consultant-to-writer

Rajat comes from the wellknown Ubhayakar family of Mallapur. He is the son of Rashmi and Ravindra Ubhayakar. Rashmi had started the popular restaurant named 'Simply Saraswat' at Borivli and Ravindra is a successful Chartered Accountant having his own firm.

While his formal training was as a B.Tech in electrical engineering at IIT Kanpur, he had been a reader at heart right since his childhood, and harboured ambitions of being a writer someday.

So, after a stint in management consulting after graduation, he went on to study journalism at the Asian College of Journalism in Chennai. He then worked as a business journalist for *Outlook Business* magazine. He won the 'PoleStar Award for Excellence in Business Journalism' and was invited to Kathmandu on an 'Uncovering Asia' Fellowship for a conference on investigative journalism.

Now we come to Rajat's exceptional achievement! While working, he went on a six-month cross-country tour of India, hitchhiking on trucks for over 10,000 kms, and wrote a six-part series for the magazine, sponsored by Indian Oil Corporation. Such a spontaneous adventure on India's highways was physically and mentally taxing and it was his grooming in Sainik School Satara (where he did part of his schooling) which helped him endure the hardships of the journey.

These stories were noticed by Dharini Bhaskar, then editorial director of Simon & Schuster India, counted among the Big 5 firms in global publishing. She approached him with an offer to convert the experience into a full-length book.

Truck de India was launched in October 2019 in the august presence of noted poet & critic Ranjit Hoskote, and has received glowing reviews in reputed publications such as *Mint*, *Open*, *Outlook Traveller*, *India Today* and *Firstpost*. He has been invited to speak on various podcasts on Indian Express, Forbes India, Musafir Stories, and Brown Pundits, and also as a panelist to literary festivals such as Mathrubhumi International Festival of Letters, and Vidarbha Literary Festival. Truck de India is currently a best seller on Amazon in the 'travel writing' category.

#### About the Book:

Think truck drivers, and movie scenes of them drunkenly crushing inconvenient people to their gravelly deaths come to mind. But what are their lives on the road actually like?

In his first book, *Truck De India*, journalist Rajat Ubhaykar explores the lives of Indian truckers. He embarks on a 10,000 km-long, 100% unplanned trip, hitchhiking with truckers all across India. Ever ready to travel, he hitches rides from Mumbai to Srinagar, from Dimapur to Imphal and from Mumbai to Kanyakumari.

On the way, he makes unexpected friendships; listens to

highway ghost stories; discovers the near-fatal consequences of overloading trucks; documents the fascinating tradition of truck art in Punjab; travels alongside nomadic shepherds in Kashmir; encounters endemic corruption repeatedly; survives NH39, the insurgent-ridden highway through Nagaland and Manipur; and is unfailingly greeted by the unconditional kindness of perfect strangers.

Imbued with humour, empathy, and a keen sense of history, *Truck De India* is a travelogue like no other you've read. It is the story of India, and Indians, on the road.

**In a review in India Today magazine one of India's leading travel writers Srinath Perur says:**

"If there is one group in India that is united in its loathing for the police, perhaps even more than student protesters, it would have to be truck drivers. Towards the end of *Truck De India*, we meet driver Akhilesh Singh, who recounts with glee how he once happened to give three army men a ride from Siliguri to Delhi. Every time a policeman or a goonda stopped him for some money, the three handled the situation with a slap or two. Saved me five thousand rupees, says Akhilesh. That little anecdote contains all sorts of commentary, left to the reader to infer. This is one of the charms of travel-writing - it allows room for the incidental, which often ends up being significant.

One of Ubhaykar's stated aims is to humanise the much-maligned driver. He certainly succeeds. We have Shyam from Kangra, who became a driver so he could listen to music day and night. There's Jora, whose finances and driving route are determined by an expensive opium habit. In the northeast, Ubhaykar shares a truck with 33 tonnes of peas and a crew of three from Assam, a Bodo Hindu, a Bengali Muslim, and a tea-tribe' Christian, which allows him to comment on the socio-political tensions in the area.

*Truck De India* makes for a brisk read. Occasionally, the reader is told a little too earnestly what to make of what has just transpired. But this is more than balanced out by some delightful writing: the truck-building centre of Sirhind evokes a sort of 'semi-arid joylessness'; a TV is turned on because 'no hotel room experience is complete without a disinterested dose of television'. In one dazzling section, Ubhaykar references accounts of historians and medieval travellers to make the case that both in the past and the present the combination of official and unofficial charges extorted from those transporting goods amounts essentially to 'highway robbery'.

*Truck De India* is fun to read, full of surprising insights, and a happy addition to any shelf of Indian travel writing".

KSA congratulates Rajat Ubhaykar and looks forward to more lovely books and articles from him.

## Snippets from our Archives

### **The Shamrao Vithal Co-op Bank Ltd (A Review By Mr. M. Datta Bhat)**

The Management of the Bank is to be congratulated on the progressive working and the satisfactory results achieved during the year 1927-28, of which the Annual Report is just out.

The year resulted in an increase of 42 members, 51 shares and Rs 736,7,0 in the paid up Capital of the Bank. The total deposits under all heads except Cumulative Deposits, where there is a decrease of Rs 8162-12-8 have increased by Rs 52,993-2-6

Fresh loan advance to members during the year under review totaled Rs4,26,14 as against Rs 3,88,730, while overdues stood at Rs 54,691 as against Rs 70,780 of last year. This is encouraging indeed. Profits for the year amounted to Rs 16,506 showing an increase of Rs 3015.

The Management of course has need to be cautious on the point of ever increasing expenses in running the whole Bank as the year shows a rise of 20% over the previous year's expenses. Something seems yet to be achieved in making the Cumulative Deposit system more popular among the members as it encourages the poor to be thrifty. One really wonders whether the ever advancing needs for borrowing as revealed by the Annual Reports of the Bank go to indicate any achievement. Economists may take it as a sign of advancement of civilization and the optimists may look in vain for productivity of loans, But the fact remains that productive purposes such as Agricultural and investment on Buildings show a very appreciable fall, over productive heads showing no appreciable improvement while unproductive purposes such as ceremonials and house-hold necessities are on the quick climb.

**KS July 1928**

**Needs of Kanara:** On Sunday January 19, Dewan Bahadur A. K. Pai, B.A.J.P. delivered a lecture in the Association Hall on "Needs of Kanara" when RaoBahadur S. S. Talmaki B. A. LL. B. presided. The lecturer showed with facts and figures that while Kanara has been a great asset to the Government in view of its large revenue, very few amenities are extended to that District in the shape of grants for the betterment of its Schools, Roads, Hospitals etc. He informed the meeting that a representation has been made to Government to give an increased grant to the District.

**KS Jan 1930**

**Karachi Notes:** February was a month of great activity for Karachi Saraswats.

Tuesday, 4<sup>th</sup> February, is an important date in the History of the KanaraSaraswat Union, Karachi, for on that day the Union was housed in a proper place, a rendezvous for the members which is forming a centre of Bhanap Social

activities in Karachi. Declaring the Union Hall 'open', Sadhu Gurdayal Mallick, the President of the evening, dwelt in a Sainly manner on the aims of the institution with the following words "There is no greater joy of 'fellowship'. We are all going to live in this House and it is my sincere prayer that it will become a centre from which happiness and harmony will radiate not only through all the friends that are in this building, but through all the parts of globe. What I would wish to point out today is that often the circle of our fellowship is confined to the community of which we are all members. I can quite understand the psychology of this intimacy amongst the members of a particular community. But we forget unconsciously that intimacy assumes the form of a shell and these are days when we must try every moment of our life to break shells, they curtail our freedom, and what is more desirable than freedom?"

**KS March 1930**

**The BalakVrinda Nursery School:** On Sunday, September 17th at 10.30 a.m. the Balak- Vrinda Nursery School was declared open by Mrs Padmabai Sanjiva Rao Benegal, B.A. in the midst of a crowded gathering in the Hall of Kanara Saraswat Association at Gamdevi. The function was held under the joint auspices of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj and the Kanara Saraswat Association. The proceedings were opened by a welcome speech from the President in the course of which she gave a brief account of the origin of the Nursery School, the latest branch of the activities of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj. She said that the school was an off-shoot of the Balak-Vrinda, started two years ago. At the inauguration of the Balak-Vrinda, she had expressed the hope that the Samaj might be able to set up a nursery school on modern lines for toddlers. Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of the members of the Samaj, and particularly the untiring zeal and efforts of Mrs Sitabai Paddidri, they had succeeded in realizing that hope soon enough.

About 15 children had already been enrolled, Parents had readily responded. One gentleman, namely, Rao Bahadur S. S. Talmaki had promised to donate a sum of Rupees 100, the moment the school started work. Another had presented them with the equipment. The association had lent the free of use of their Hall, and the Housing Society had made their task easier by agreeing to transfer the Association's tenement as soon as the latter shifted to their own building. The Samaj had secured the services of an experienced lady teacher who would be assisted by honorary workers. The school would begin work on the following day. She wanted to point out that, like the Hindi classes organized by the Samaj, the school was open to all children without distinction of caste, colour and creed, so that the children who attended it might grow up unhampered by the narrowing influences of communal thought of feeling.

**KS October 1939**

# Monsoon Rhymes, Proverbs and Beliefs

G. ANNAJI RAO M.A., B.L.

June 1941

It is usual for the children of Maharashtra to invite the early rains with the following monsoon rhyme

*Yere Yere Pavsa, tula deto paisa,  
Pavoos aala motha, paisa zala khota!*  
i.e.

Come, oh come, thou welcome shower!  
This paisa shall surely be thy dower!  
Soon the rain, it came in a flood –  
But the paisa was found to be a dud!

I do not care to draw any moral from this nursery rhyme, except that even the once welcome showers may later have their disillusionments. To a parched earth, early rains are as welcome as a long wished for guest but the rains as well as the guest may outstay their welcome with disastrous results to the economy of life. Our boisterous welcome for the monsoons therefore requires to be tempered with the hope that the rains will be as seasonable in their departure as in their arrival.

*Kalay varshatu parijanya* – May the rains pour down in proper season is one of the foremost among the daily prayers of a pious Brahmin to his Gods. Those who remember that India is primarily an agricultural country will appreciate this persistent daily prayer for seasonable rains.

According to Hindu astronomical calculations, the rains should commence on the West Coast at the latest with the *Mrigashira Nakshatra*. The name of this nakshatra implies that it is the period for all cattle to be penned on account of excessive rains. If the rains do not commence at least during this nakshatra there will be a prospect of drought according to popular beliefs. The duration of each nakshatra (star) is approximately a fortnight. As *Mrigashira* commences on June 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup>, the rains are expected throughout the West Coast about these dates. But once the heavy showers show themselves, they need not continue throughout that nakshatra. The heavy rains of *Mrigashira* are thus followed by a spell of dry weather which gives the ryot time to thoroughly plough his moistened fields and commence the sowing operations; the seeds being then covered up in the newly ploughed moistened earth, will sprout and get ready for the next showers which are expected to arrive during the nakshatra which follows – viz. *Ardra*. There is a Kanarese proverb which says “*Ardra biddare arunaley*” i.e. if the rains come in the *Ardra* nakshatra then there will be rains throughout the six wet nakshatras (the six wet nakshatras are – *Ardra, Punarvasu, Pushya, Ashlesha, Magha and Hubba*) which last the next three months, which is the normal period of the rainy season proper, though that season may continue with light rains throughout the next four nakshatras thereafter i.e. *Uttara, Hasta, Chitra* and *Swati*. If the rains extend beyond *Swati* i.e. into *Vishaka*, scorpions and other poisonous insects are said to breed in plenty. The rains in *Hubba* nakshatra are described in a Kanarese proverb to be as beneficial as mother’s milk – “*Hubbey maley – abbay halu*”. Further the rains in *Swati* nakshatra are believed to

be beneficial to the growth of pearls and the popular belief is that the big isolated drops of rain that fall in this late period get converted into fine pearls when they fall within the open oyster shells which are then gasping for this very purpose – surely a beautiful concept, if true!

It is only natural that the monsoon which plays such an important part in the life and economy of the Indian peasant should be surrounded with mythological attributes. To the Hindu peasant, the rains are the gift of Indra, the rain god, who, with his *vajrayudha* (lightning) rips open the mountainous clouds and sends the showers to a parched earth thirsting for rain. This benevolent god of rain has come to be venerated from Vedic times when he was the most important god of the war-like Aryans. Later avatars of Vishnu have thrown Indra into the shade. In fact Sri Krishna is shown as defying Indra’s might; when the latter sent torrential rains to drown the herdsmen of Gokul and their cattle, Sri Krishna led the rain sodden herdsmen and their cattle into the high-lying caves of Govardhan hill and saved them from the wrath of Indra who would have swept them off in the floods.

This story of Govardhana is a reminder that rains like fire can be as disastrous as they are beneficent when timely and well distributed. The mountain torrents of the West Coast are usually in flood during even moderate rains, but if the rains continue for an inconvenient period, they prove disastrous. All the low-lying fields and the river islets are then swept away and there is great havoc among men, cattle and agricultural lands. During such floods, the higher reaches of the Ghats gets sufficient rains for extensive cultivation, and as the total area of the low-lying arable lands is smaller than that of the bettu-gaddes or the high lands the net amount of the crops raised by the district may be larger – though at tremendous loss and cost to the lowlander – which only proves that even the rain god cannot please all the parties in a country like India.

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## Secularism In A House Of God

CONTRIBUTED BY MAJ GEN B N RAO, AVSM, VSM & BAR (RETD)

Major General SPS Narang (Retd) narrates a spiritually uplifting experience he once had during a stopover at a Gurudwara, while driving from Dehra Dun to Chandigarh. It is best described in Gen Narang's own words.

Last November, I was driving from Dehra Dun to Chandigarh - a fascinating four-hour journey, with the added attraction of visiting Paonta Sahib Gurdwara. I had to break on the way to give myself and my car some rest. And what better than entering the abode of the Guru. Besides the soothing *kirtan*, it is the *langar* that one savours, seated on the floor among a multitude of people from all walks of life. Some partake of all meals as they have no other means to satiate their hunger. Breaking bread with them gives an indescribable spiritual high, and to experience this, one doesn't have to belong to any one religion. I, too, enjoyed the *langar* and came out to get on with my journey.

I stopped to buy some knick-knacks from a kiosk outside the Gurudwara. Just then, I spotted a family of *Gujjars* (Muslim nomads who rear cattle and goats in mountainous areas and sell milk), in an intent discussion in front of a tea vendor. The family comprised an elderly couple, two middle-aged couples and four children. Three of the women were partially veiled. They seemed poor as the eldest gentleman (probably the father) counted coins and some crumpled notes. Undoubtedly, the issue was how much they could afford to buy. They asked for three cups of tea and four *samosas* (popular Indian snack).

Gathering courage, I asked him, "*Kya aap sab khana khayenge?* (Would you all like to have food?)" They looked at one another with a mixture of surprise, apprehension and hurt self-respect. There was silence. Sometimes, silence can be loud. The innocent eyes of the kids were filled with hope. "*Hum khake aaaye hain* (We have eaten already)," the father of the children responded. There was an instant retort: "*Kahan khayaa hai subeh se kuchbhi, Abba?*" (Where have we eaten anything since morning, Papa?) Hearing that, a dull ache in my chest caught me by surprise. The stern look in the eyes of the three men and the pleading moist eyes of the women said it all. I insisted that they come with me. They agreed, reluctantly. We entered the Gurudwara.

A good feeling descended over me as I deposited their shoes at the *Jora Ghar* (shoe-deposit room in all Gurudwara). The elders were awed by the architectural marvel.

However, there was fear in their eyes, which was understandable. They were entering a non-Islamic place of worship for the first time. But the children couldn't care less, their innocent faces single-mindedly focused on food. Some onlookers flashed strange looks from the corner of their eyes. But then I followed the children, adopting their easy attitude as they excitedly chose head wraps of different colours. (Everyone is supposed to cover their heads inside

a Gurudwara).

Except for the eldest member, all accompanied me inside and emulating me, bowed their heads and touched their forehead to the floor. Many others must have noticed, as I did, that these children went through this ritual with utmost reverence. They took *Parshad* (offering) from the *Bhaji* (the priest) who asked them if they needed more. The children gladly nodded.

We entered the Langar Hall and I took the kids along to collect *thalis* (stainless steel plates). They did it with joy, like only kids would. Seated opposite us was a newly-married couple. The bride, with red bangles accentuating her charm, asked the children to sit beside her, and two of them sat between the bride and the groom. The way she was looking after them, I could tell she would make a loving mother.

*Langar* was served, and though I had already eaten, I ate a little to make my guests comfortable. One had to see to believe how they relished it. The initial apprehension had vanished and they ate to their fill. I have no words to describe the joy I experienced.

We had nearly finished when an elderly Sikh and a youth with flowing beard (perhaps the head *Granthi* and *sewadar*-helper) sought me out. I was overcome by fear, and more than me, my guests were scared. I walked up to them with folded hands. He enquired in Punjabi, "*Inhaan-nu tusi le ke aaye ho?* (Have you brought them in?)" I nodded. The next question had me baffled, "*Tusi har din path kardeho?* (Do you say prayers every day?)" I almost blurted "Yes", but it would have been a lie. So, with utmost humility I said, "No". Expecting an admonishment, he surprised me: "*Tuhaanu tha koi lorh hi nahin. Aj tuhaanu sab kuch mil gaya hai ji* (You don't need to. Today you have attained everything)." I was flabbergasted. Was it advice or sarcasm? He added, "*Inhaanu Babbe de ghar lyake te langar shaka ke tusi sab kuch paa laya. Tuhaada dhanwad. Assi dhan ho gaye.* (By bringing them to the Guru's abode for *langar*, you've got everything from God. Thank you. We are blessed.)" Then, with folded hands, he walked up to the elderly couple and requested them: "*Aap jab bhi idhar aao to langar khake jaaiye. Yeh to uparwale da daya hai ji.* (Whenever you happen to pass through here, please come and have food. It is God's gift)."

I escorted my guests out of the Langar Hall. Just as we were about to pick our footwear, one of the children said, "*Humme aur halwa do naa.*" (Get us some more sweet offering). All five of us went in to get more *parshad*. Finally, as they were about to depart, the elderly lady whispered something to her husband. I enquired, "*Koi baat, Miyaji?* (Is there any problem, Miyaji?)" Almost pleadingly, he said, "*Yeh kehrahin ki, kya aap ke sar par haath rakh saktihain?* (She is asking, can she keep her hand on your head?)"

I bowed as she blessed me with tears in her eyes. A wave

of emotion swept over me. Is it my imagination, or for real, that I often feel the beautiful hand of a Muslim lady, wrapped in purity and love, on my head?

**A Point to Ponder From the Contributor:** Ever wondered why one hardly ever sees a beggar in Punjab? Because the Gurudwaras welcome everybody to come and partake *langar* without reservation: as often as need be. The Sikh community is extremely gracious, welcoming, generous and compassionate. During natural disasters or when occasion

demands, the Gurudwaras run food kitchens which serve lakhs of people for months together. Everyone is equal in God's house is their belief. And the Sikhs are to be admired for it.

*Major General Baindur Nagesh Rao was commissioned into the Army in 1961. He was thrice decorated by the President of India for his distinguished professional contribution to the Indian army and has participated in two wars against Pakistan. His e-mail ID is majgenbnrao@yahoo.com.*

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## From Water, Water Everywhere to No Water Anywhere!

VIDYA GUNAVANTHE

"Listen, DO NOT switch the tap on when you're scrubbing the dishes; switch it on only while rinsing them," I told the maid for the umpteenth time.

She grinned apologetically but I knew she would do it again once I am out of her eyesight. But despite her ignoring my instructions ever so many times, I never give up. I continue advising her, hoping that someday the instructions and their seriousness would permeate her scarce-educated brain.

"Do you know, if we do not conserve water today, your children, your grandchildren would have very little free water left for their use? They might have to pay for their water," I reiterated yet again using another ruse, which I think permeated a little, hopefully; for the thought of one's children's suffering in future as a consequence, always proves a vulnerable point with anyone, rich or poor, educated or uneducated.

For, water will soon become a scarce natural resource, and the more we try and conserve it, the better it would be for our progeny.

Yes; each one of us can help conserve this natural resource, which may not be a permanent natural resource as we continue to disregard its value and waste it. And, each and every one of us, be it ladies or gents, can help conserve water in our own little ways.

At home, when we prepare rice, we wash the raw rice two-three times before going about preparing it. Save the water that you wash the rice with in a bucket or container and use it to water your kitchen garden with. So too, with the *daIs* that we wash almost daily before cooking - do not throw away the water that you wash *dal* with. Save it to water your plants. Save any water that you use to wash your vegetables, fruits and any other items, for your plants and you save that much water that you would utilize from your taps otherwise.

Do not throw away left over water from children's water bottles or from drinking water bottles. Save it for the plants or pour it into your washing machine tub. Save every drop of water that you can, for water as a free resource may not last for long.

Similarly, when you take a shower, do not keep the shower on while you are soaping your body. Save that much water. Remember, every little drop that you save today will go a long way in conserving water for our future generations.

While performing your daily shaves, men can help

conserve water by switching on the tap only while washing the shaving brush and other paraphernalia and by not keeping the tap on constantly during the whole shaving process.

Remember the water that we enjoy today is not going to remain there freely available forever. Whilst we may enjoy its free usage, our future generations may end up even paying for its basic usage as this natural resource will soon get depleted with the kind of water wastage that's going on around the world.

When you go to restaurants, ask the waiter to only pour that amount of water that you think you would consume. When you go to weddings and receptions, do not throw away water left in your tiny mineral water bottles or cup after drinking a little. Either finish the cup or save it for later by carrying it with you.

Careful consumption of water today may help save water for your future generations if only you realize the worth of this soon-to-be-scarce natural resource.

And, after reading this article, do not restrict your water-conservation measures only to yourself. Spread this message and awareness to your children, grandchildren and other family members and friends. For, every drop counts and would be a legacy to our future generations, as much as property and money is, if not more!

*Vidya Gunavanthe has freelanced for leading Indian publications. She has published 6 books in English, two nonfiction and four fiction. Her story has been made into a feature film by Films Division. Email Id: vidsanin@yahoo.co.uk.*

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## The Shoe Shine Boy

BHAKTI ULLAL

It had been over a decade since Jay had walked on these streets. Much had changed since he had last been here, but to him it still felt the same. He had joined as an apprentice at a prestigious corporate law firm and had dreams of becoming a famous lawyer one day. Life however had other plans, and Jay soon found himself taking a one-way ticket to a far-off land.

The first rule of the law firm had been to always be immaculately dressed and one of the important parts of the attire was polished black shoes. And Jay ensured that he always followed that rule. The secret to the shiny black shoes of the lawyers was hidden in the basement of one of the buildings. There below was a world, as lively as the one on the street above. It was the unseen land of the shoe shine men. The street being close to the courts of law had a lot of law firms. Shoe shining made good business.

By the end of the week, Jay's shoes had lost their shine. He would usually have waited till Monday to get them polished again, but he had an official party to attend that evening and shiny shoes were a must-have.

So, that afternoon during his lunch break, Jay walked into the basement. He looked around for his usual shoe shine guy but was unable to spot him. On making some inquiries he was informed that he was away. As Jay looked around for someone else, his eyes fell upon a man who had a sour expression as he polished another man's shoes. He looked like he carried the burden of the world on his shoulders. Jay felt sorry for him and decided he would give him a try.

Next to him was a board which said 'Rs. 5 a pair'. Jay asked him to give his shoes a special shine and told him he would pay him Rs. 10 for it. Grudgingly, the man apathetically opened a tin of black polish and rubbed a piece of fabric over it to get on some colour. He then listlessly polished the shoes and in less than three minutes said he was done. Jay had an incredulous expression as he looked at his shoes. The back part of his shoes remained as dull and dusty as they had before. It was a shoddy job.

Jay decided not to argue with someone who looked so incredibly unhappy. However, he knew his shoes needed some TLC to bring on their true shine. He started looking around for someone who would them that.

As he scanned the crowd which now filled the place, his eyes fell upon the one person who looked to be perfect for the job. He was a young boy, and he was joyfully singing as

he polished a shoe. He had a smile that brought a radiance to his polish-stained face. Jay was drawn towards this energetic shoe shine boy.

Looking up at Jay from his seated position, the boy exclaimed in the local dialect. "Welcome sir, you have come to the right person to get your shoes polished." On close encounter, Jay realised that the boy was perhaps no more than 12, much younger than he had thought from afar. Jay was not sure he wanted to get his shoes polished by such a young boy. He felt it was not the right thing to do. He should be in school, where he could learn, laugh and play, not toiling away all day in a basement. The boy waited eagerly for Jay to agree and when he realised, he was not getting a positive response he continued, "Are you afraid I will not do a good job sir? Or do you think I am too young?" He gave Jay a beaming smile as he tried to appease his fears, "Don't worry sir, I am the best here." The boy sure was charming, and Jay was intrigued. "What makes you think you are the best here, young man?" Jay asked. Without batting an eyelid, the boy replied with another smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes "That's because I do my job joyfully."

Jay knew he was at the right place, a 12-year old giving him a lesson on the right attitude to excel at work. Jay was so impressed with the boy's answer and replied "You are a hero young man. Go ahead and polish my shoes." The boy began his job and picked a tune that matched his movements.

As the boy worked, Jay made some inquiries and learned that his name was Raju and that he did not go to school anymore. "I want to go to school, I want to become a graduate but my father wants me to earn money quickly and so I have to become a shoe shine boy, just like him", Raju replied. He waited a few moments and then added sheepishly, "The man, that man who polished your shoes earlier, he... he," he stopped a bit took a few breaths and then continued, "He is my father. I know he does not do a good job, because he does not like it here. He wants to work in the farms but my grandfather sent him to the city to make some money. And now my father is always unhappy."

The peaceful activist in Jay was awakened when he heard this and he knew he had an opportunity to help in some way, "Do you really want to go to school Raju?" "Oh yes I do and so does my mother," replied Raju instantly. Jay came from a family of lawyers and educators and he knew what he could do. Jay gave Raju details of an evening school close by and told him not to inform his father about this immediately. He told him to take his mother's permission and if she was okay, he would help him get admission into the school. Jay knew it was no coincidence that he had met Raju that day.

Raju had done an outstanding job, the shoes looked as good as new. Jay took out a crisp fifty rupee note from his pocket and handed it over to Raju. When Raju started looking for the change in his money box, Jay told him to keep it. "Five



rupees,” he said “are for polishing my shoes Raju, and the balance are for inspiring me and bringing a real smile to my face today.”

Jay had re-lived several months in just a few minutes as he stood at the street stall sipping strawberry milkshake on his second day back in the city of his youth. As Jay reminisced those days long ago, he could not help but wonder what had become of Raju. Did he make it through school and go to college and become the graduate he had always dreamed of becoming?

Unfortunately, Jay would never know. He had kept himself updated for a while but had lost complete touch when he had moved overseas. Raju had been attending school and that he was happy there. He loved to learn and was smart and hardworking. He found joy in all things that came his way.

Jay was just finishing his milkshake when he spotted a familiar face in the crowd. The man had taken a turn around the corner into an alley. Jay pulled out some money from his pocket, gave it to the stall owner and headed in the man's direction as he repeated “Keep the change” to the stall owner.

The man had been wearing a white shirt, and a white shirt is so easy to spot in a crowd. The lunch time crowd was filling the street and it was getting difficult to traverse. He unsuccessfully scanned the crowd for a few more minutes and came back with nothing.

He then went on to the main street and stopped in front of a store, not just any store but the best store in the whole wide world. It was a book store, and it had fascinated him ever since he had first laid eyes on it as a young boy. The familiar smell of new books filled the air as he entered and his heart filled with joy.

A tap on his left shoulder had him looking into an unfamiliar face. Though Jay could not recognise him, Jay returned the man's smile. Was he someone he used to know, a colleague or a client perhaps? Though he tried hard to refresh his memory, Jay could not recollect ever having met this gentleman. “Do I know you?” he finally asked when he realised the man was not saying anything. “No, you don't, but I know you. You used to work in the law firm down the road. You are a star in our home.” he replied. “Aha!!! So, you were a client, were you? What case did I handle?” Jay stated. “No sir,” was the prompt reply. “You used to know my brother. I am who I am today, because of him. And you sir, changed his life.”

Still perplexed, Jay, looked on till a movement at the corner of his eye had him face to face with the very man he had been trying to find all afternoon. He had not been hallucinating after all.

They took seats at a café nearby as Raju narrated the events of the past many years. He had graduated from college a few years ago and now worked at a bank. Regardless of all that, he said his greatest achievement was the fact that he had opened new paths for his younger siblings. He had inspired them to dream big, of possibilities of a world beyond shoes and polish.

Raju took out his wallet and pulled out a laminated fifty rupee note, the very same one Raju had given him. During the

tough times, the note had been a reminder of his goals and of the belief Jay had in him. By following his dream, Raju had been a role model for the children of other shoe shine men and had started a revolution of sorts amongst them. Raju informed him that his parents had moved back to the village and his father was finally happy getting his hands dirty in the soil. After a wonderful evening, they exchanged contacts and promised to keep in touch.

Jay was a professor at a university and knew he had to share Raju's story with his students. He wanted them to know of the fascinating ways in which the world works and how a simple act of kindness holds in it the incredible power to positively change another life. What spectacular gifts we possess to share with others!

On his way back to his old family home, Jay contemplated on the events of the day and how an ordinary day had turned into an extraordinary one. His eyes filled up and a smile tugged at his lips as he thought how some of the greatest lessons in life are learnt outside the classroom.

Note: This story is inspired by real-life incidents. Raju does live amongst us.

*Bhakti can be contacted at [connect.bhakti@gmail.com](mailto:connect.bhakti@gmail.com).*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**PARIJNAN FOUNDATION** has launched a scholarship scheme for students who wish to undertake post-graduate studies in overseas based institutions and Universities.

Any Chitrapur Saraswat student who wishes to pursue a post graduate course overseas can apply for this scholarship giving full details of the course along with the intimation of the university/institution that has offered the seat together with the cost of enrolling for such course in their admission format.

Initially, this scholarship will be in the form of non-refundable annual grant to the tune of Rs. 2.00 lakhs per student with maximum coverage of 15 students per academic year.

Applications received will be reviewed by a panel of eminent personalities from the field of academics, whose recommendations for such scholarships will be final.

These applications seeking scholarships with all the supporting documents, full particulars of Parents' income, copies of their IT Returns, details of financial arrangements while taking admission to Overseas University etc., should be sent in a sealed envelope marked

‘PARIJNAN FOUNDATION Scholarship-Overseas Studies’ to the following address not later than **31st July, 2020**

The Trustees

Parijnan Foundation, C/o The General Manager, Shri Chitrapur Math, SHIRALI, Uttar Kannada Dist, Pin:581354

# Are you ready for this new and powerful Leadership Enhancing Perfume?

MAYUR KALBAG

There are hundreds of perfumes displayed at hundreds of shopping stores across the world. We all love them and why not! Perfumes are those catalysts that create and add lovely fragrances to our personalities and help us create a beautifully positive impression upon the people around us. Well, you may wonder, why Mayur Kalbag is bringing the topic of perfumes in the article or column! Well! Here is my answer to your probable question. The perfume that I would like to share with you will also help you to create what I call is the Excellent-Leadership-Fragrance or the 'E L F'. So how can we make this perfume and spread the wonderful fragrance of your own 'leadership' upon the people around you? The answer to that is to open the word "**P E R F U M E**" itself where each letter opens up a very strong and powerful leadership quality.

**Passion is that "P" of the "P E R F U M E"**, which we all must awaken within us, but then, what is the real meaning of passion? Although it is quite a common word used by many a people in life, there are many who may want to know the exact meaning of it. What we need to understand is that Passion fundamentally means an extremely deep and an amazingly strong desire or determination to accomplish or achieve something in your life. This desire or determination could be specifically for accomplishing your professional as well as your personal short-term, medium-term and long-term goals. If you are able to awaken and subsequently nurture that drive to within you, then, even the sky will not be a limit for you. Therefore, in whatever you are doing at this time in your life, try to become extremely passionate about it.

**Empathy, the "E" of the "P E R F U M E"**, is a beautiful emotion which will help you understand your teams and also all the people connected with you in a very positive way. Being empathetic is about putting oneself in the "place" or "situation" of the other person so as to feel whatever that other person may be going through. It is said that the leaders who develop the quality of empathy are extremely good at team-building and conflict resolution. Just one thing that you must be aware of is that "empathy" is different from "sympathy". Sympathy is to pity someone while empathy is to understand the feelings of someone and thereby helping that person to become better.

**Respectfulness, the "R" of the "P E R F U M E"**, is one of the most fragrant leadership qualities. No matter what the circumstance or negative situation, you as a leader may be in, you must always respect each and every colleague of yours. Even if your colleague may have failed, you must try your best to respect their efforts and respect their attitude of trying their best to achieve success. You must realize that when bosses or leaders communicate and deal with their juniors respectfully they build an amazing team bonding and

team spirit.

**Fearless, the "F" of the "P E R F U M E"** - in the present times, it is very important that tough decisions may have to be made and it is here that the leader must become fearless and courageous to not only make tough decisions but act upon them as well. Fearless leaders are also those who encourage innovation and creative thinking within themselves as well as motivate the managers and executives to think beyond the box. The attitude of fearlessness will make you rise higher in the skies of success like an eagle that soars high.

**Unique, the "U" of the "P E R F U M E"**, is the buzz word for today's managers. With so much competition and businesses getting slightly or largely affected with the global economic slowdown, it is imperative that leaders become unique and positively different in their marketing, sales and business management approach. Remember, today's customers have become more demanding and therefore to have unique marketing campaigns can also help. Having said this, even the Human Resources department could become unique in the manner in which they conduct "employee development activities" in their organization.

**Motivation, the "M" of the "P E R F U M E"**, is the key for opening the doors to many wonderful things namely above-the-box thinking, effective delegation with accountability, mentoring and business presentation skills, to name a few. Motivation is the motor that will not only help you to drive yourself ahead but will actually and effectively accelerate the speed of hard work towards helping you achieve personal and professional goals. What you need to do from right now is start practicing certain techniques and ways to help you awaken the emotion of motivation and enthusiasm at the earliest.

The final letter of the "**P E R F U M E**" is the letter "**E**" and this stands for **Expression** of your thoughts and ideas. Each and every leader must possess the most effective ways of expressing his or her thoughts or ideas and that is because the leader is successful only when he or she is able to motivate the team to work to the best of their abilities especially in times of failure or crisis! It is here that the power of motivational expressions will help tremendously to uplift a demoralized team and help them return to the highest levels of productivity!

The essence of the "**P E R F U M E**" that I have explained above will surely create an ever-lasting impact upon you, your teams, colleagues, seniors and even your customers.

*An International Trainer & Transformation Coach and an author of 3 books, Mayur conducts leadership seminars for the global corporate. He is on the panel of the Confederation of Indian Industry (C.I.I.), Bombay Chambers of Commerce & Industry (BCCI) and is a Consulting Columnist with FIJI SUN Newspaper and an abstract painter. Email: mayurkalbag@hotmail.com.*

## Gift your child a happy, anxiety-free childhood!

PALLAVI ARUR

Childhood fears may develop into anxiety disorders

Stop imbibing fears in your child for the sake of making him do what you wish. "Ria, the monster will take you away in the darkness, if you don't sleep at night" OR "Arjun, there are sharks in the swimming pool which will bite you, if you jump in when I am not around."

**STOP!** You may be engraving fears that could go on to become Phobia of the darkness for Ria and Phobia of water bodies for Arjun. Stop underestimating the ability of your child to understand why he/she can do a certain thing and why he/she can't. Let Ria know what good comes from going to bed early. Let Arjun know how to cautiously enter the waters when mom and dad are around to take care of him, if and when needed. The fears of childhood may settle in and be difficult to overcome later. They may last forever, if child is not able to overcome them as an adult. **A fearful child will grow up to be an anxious adult.** Stop your child from being one early on.

**It's normal or healthy to worry a little**, but extreme irrational fear needs help. When healthy worry becomes stress that causes harm to the child in any way, his health, sleep, appetite, academics, etc – it shows he needs help. In the case of a child who is unable to appear for an exam due to extreme anxiety of failure and refuses to overcome this fear on his own or even your help, it would be best to seek the professional intervention. A psychologist will use individualized therapy techniques to help the child to

overcome the anxiety and to function in a healthy way, as he/she did before the anxiety settled in.

Some strategies to use to make your child anxiety-free:

**Share open communication** with your child, so you know when and how a fear starts to march in.

**Observe and be aware when a fear starts taking root** and teach your child to outgrow it, even before the fear begins to grow in him/her.

**Be a role model!** Face and conquer your own fears and your child to model your behavior in facing and conquering his own fears.

**'Doing nothing'** is also important to unwind and relax your mind. It's as important for your child, as for you too. Give time to your child to relax and do not have his day filled with study and activities. Make a little time everyday to relax and do nothing along with your child.

**Encourage your child to move outside his comfort zone, into his effort zone.** Teach him to experiment and explore! Build his/her confidence to do so!

E.g. Does Ria fear the swing in the children's garden? Go and sit on it yourself and show her how much fun you are having. Ask her to join you and have fun together. Persist a little, in a fun way!

*Pallavi Arur is a Clinical Psychologist,  
Email: pallaviarur@gmail.com.*

*:- With Best Compliments -:*

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## 'Captain Khadoos'

AUTHOR - ARJUN HEMMADY REVIEWED BY DIVYA VINEKAR

**Introduction** - The dual tone of this book is immensely intriguing. Firstly, about the game – "Cricket" and the frenzy that has prevailed over decades in the country and lastly about mental health – "Depression", to be precise. Arjun explains what the current scenario about Depression is and enlists the basic Dos and Don'ts for the same. He also elaborates further by emphasizing the society's behavior around this topic.

**The novel** - 'Captain Khadoos' is set in 2025 as Arjun believes that the awareness around mental health/depression will be better around that time. The scenario is already quite grave. Cricket is no longer the country's favourite sport. The protagonist, Suraj Bhatkal is a successful cricketer who is battling depression. Before the novel dives into Suraj Bhatkal's past, the story begins with a quick introduction to Aditi, who is a psychologist and his father Sanjeev who is fairly hard to please. A little before Suraj leaves for his Australia series, Aditi confesses his feelings for him while he is unsure about his.

The past comprises of Suraj's journey into the world of Cricket. Right from his school days to playing in the Mumbai cricket team and scoring centuries, his journey from being an ace bowler to becoming an all-rounder he had almost everything going in his favour. A couple of years later, Suraj goes through a lot of emotional ups and downs and resorts to food as some sort of a respite. While he spirals further down, the constant food-binging affects his physique adversely. The story further progresses with Suraj taking matters into his hands and seeking help of a psychologist. That is where he also meets Aditi, his psychologist's daughter.

After bouncing back from a physical and an emotional whirlwind, Suraj gets back in form only to be selected as the Captain of the Indian Cricket Team. His self-doubt kicks in majorly when he comes across panel discussions on the TV which end up making him feel all the more dejected. Reluctantly, he accepts the Captaincy. Once he does so, his team manager Mr. Singh trains him well enough to be a better leader and that helps Suraj a great deal.

Followed by a series of International Test matches, the one that Suraj's team plays at Old Trafford is the final nail in the coffin. Nasty remarks made by the opposition team make Suraj and a couple of his team members lose their cool which later doesn't work in their favour. After several warnings from his superiors, Suraj decides to exercise caution. But little does he know that the loss from the England series hasn't completely left him. He pays a heavy price for his actions in his forthcoming matches. One particular episode against Sri Lanka makes the Indian media call him 'Captain Khadoos'. Suraj happens to continue the streak with the English team and receives a lot of flak for his behavior.

As every hardcore player would, Suraj got back in form. A couple of physical setbacks taught him the importance of the game and brought back his zest and vigour for the sport. The epilogue is to watch out for. It's as if the readers find the missing pieces of the puzzle.

**Conclusion** – Arjun Hemmady pays close attention to the details of the story. An engrossing read, Captain Khadoos' story graph is almost predictable. However, the layers of the protagonist's journey have been described beautifully and keep you hooked on through all its chapters. The conversation around the protagonist's career and his mental health makes the story seem very relatable.

*Arjun Hemmady, is a full time Finance Professional with a love of writing. His first novel "You Raise Me Up" was released in 2015. Email - arjunhemmady@gmail.com*

*Divya Vinekar, is a published author and a poet. She is also a freelance content writer and an actor. Email - divya.vinekar@gmail.com.*

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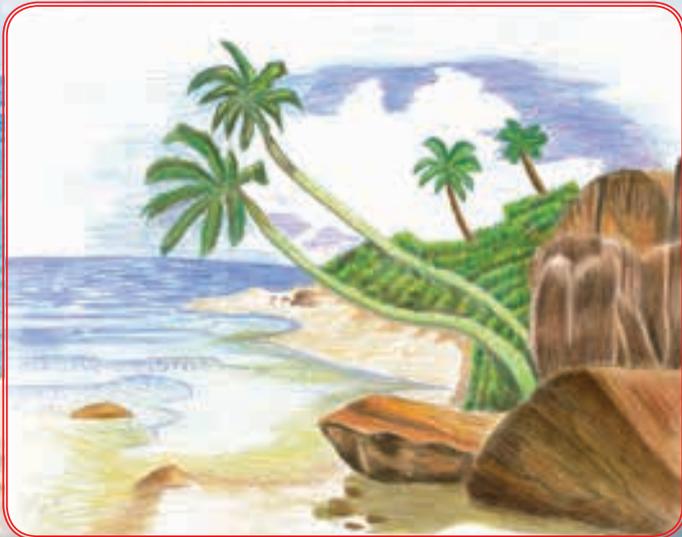
*Aditi Mohan Ullal - 14 year*

**Girl in the Garden**



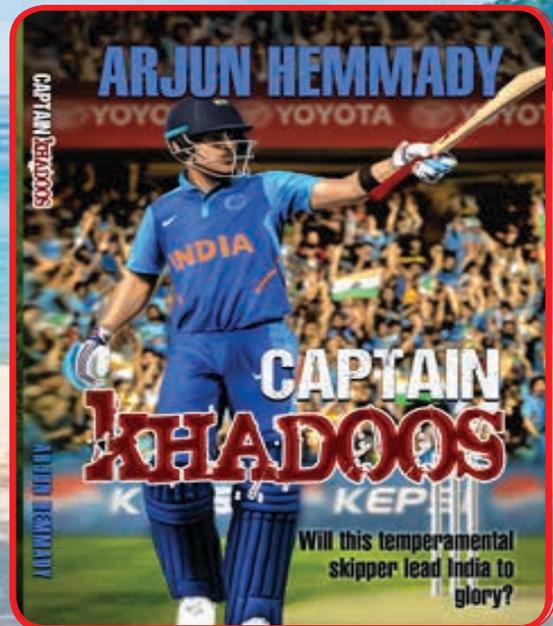
*Pavitra Avinash Naimpalli - 14 years*

**Gokarna Beach**



*Gopal Baindur-12 years*

**Book cover of Captain Khadoos  
Book Review on page 22**



## **Chitrapur Heritage Foundation**

**711 Daylily Court, Langhorne, Pennsylvania, USA**

**Connecting US Amchis to Chitrapur Math**

Founded in 2005, Chitrapur Heritage Foundation (CHF) is a Section 501 (c)(3) not-for-profit charitable organization and donors receive the maximum charitable deduction allowed by law. The mission of CHF is to provide a vital link for amchis in the US to stay actively connected with our Chitrapur Math and our Guruparampara. Currently, CHF Chapters are located in four main regions across the United States of America. Over the past decade, amchis in the US have supported students' education and promoted sustainable development of the village of Shirali.

### **The activities of CHF includes:**

- Facilitate the collection of annual "Vantiga" payment from every earning Saraswat in the US - "Vantiga" is used to support and maintain the upkeep of our spiritual centers in Bengaluru, Gokarn, Mallapur, Mangaluru, and Shirali
- Support education institutions administered by Math-sponsored trusts: Srivali High School, Kotekar Campus of Saraswat Education Society, and Parijnan Vidyalaya.
- Finance the post-primary education of 100 students at the Srivali High School through the "Sponsor-A-Student" Scheme
- Contribute towards the preservation of the rich cultural heritage of the Chitrapur Saraswat community in the US, by celebrating festivals like Yugadi, Ram Navami, Gokulashtami, Navratri, Diwali, monthly satsang, and Prarthana Varga for children

CHF is a philanthropic organization that provides an avenue for US-based "amchis" to support the operation and maintenance of Shri Chitrapur Math as well as support the post-primary education of students in Chitrapur, Karla, Mangalore, and Shirali, and women empowerment programs administered by Parijnan Foundation.

CHF is set up with many Corporations/Organizations such as Bristol Myers Squibb, Johnson & Johnson etc. to receive Matching Gifts. CHF has also registered with Benevity in order to make it easier to participate in workplace giving programs such as those at Apple, Google, and Microsoft.

**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.**

# Golden Wedding

Mr.Sunai S Karnad and Mrs. Sunanda S Karnad ( nee Balse)



😊 Congratulations Dear Aai & Papa !! ❤️

*Golden Anniversary is a Milestone by itself;  
Reached there by considering others above myself*

9<sup>th</sup> March 1970 elders solemnised the Union  
Then on started the journey with life's best Companion

*Over the years the Love and Bonding grew  
Care, Trust, Understanding & Sacrifices all through*

*It's been a lovely 50 years partnership,  
Supporting each other in all the hardships*

*You both have rightly earned everyone's Love and Respect  
As you both have been an ideal couple in all aspects  
Be it giving ailing parents the deserved love and care;  
Be it giving office and home its rightful share ;  
Be it carrying on all the family traditions;  
Be it maintaining relations from both sides with lot of affection  
All and more done with great perfection!!*

😊 Feel proud to be born to such wonderful parents  
You both have also been pampering and dotting grandparents

*May Kuldevata Shree Shantadurga, Lord Bhavanishankar and our  
Holy Guruparampara  
Bless you both with Long Life, Good Health , Happiness and Peace,  
May GOLDEN turn into PLATINUM with ease.*

**With Best wishes from :**

Ashish, Vishaka, Shivom and Mrinal Karnad  
Kanchan, Ravishankar, Shlok and Samved Kumble  
Balses, Hattiangadis, Bhats, Labadais and Amembals



April 9, 1941 – February 26, 2020

### **Sudha Shivashankar Nagarkatti**

Left for her heavenly abode on February 26, 2020 at Houston, Texas  
surrounded by her loved ones

Your sudden demise has left us with intense sadness and a feeling of emptiness,  
but we console ourselves knowing that you are now with the Eternal

न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचि नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः ।

अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे ॥

na jaayate mriyate vaa kadaachi - naayam bhootvaa bhavitaa vaa na bhooyaha |

ajo nityaha shaashvatoyam puraano - na hanyate hanyamaane shareere ||

The soul is neither born, nor does it ever die; nor having once existed, does it ever cease to be.  
The soul is without birth, eternal, immortal, and ageless. It is not destroyed when the body is destroyed.

Bhagavad Gita 2-20

#### **Deeply Mourned by**

Shivashankar (husband), Deepa (daughter), Rajesh (son-in-law),  
Divya & Pooja (granddaughters), Bhaskar & Shrikala (in-laws),  
Ashok & Gayatri (brother & sister-in-law),  
Vasant & Lata Hattiangadi (family elders),  
Nagarkatti, Sashital and Maskeri Families

# Do We Take Urinary Infections Lightly?

DR VARUN GUNAVANTHE

"I've been having recurrent urinary infections and burning sensation off and on, for the last one year. I take some treatment and once there is relief we don't investigate further", narrated one of my patients. It seems to be a common occurrence, that once the distress is gone, people move on with life, not wanting to know why the problem occurred at all.

"My aunt is diabetic and was admitted to the ICU for almost 10 days because of pus in her kidney", said a patient's relative.

These two scenarios are the two extremes of the spectrum of urinary infection.

The milder forms involving the lower urinary tract manifest as a disturbance to the quality of life, and the more severe forms of urinary infection involving the kidneys and upper urinary tract may potentially cause a life-threatening uro-sepsis.

## Identifying a Urinary Infection

Burning sensation during or after urination, is often the primary symptom, associated with a strong urge to pass urine constantly, an increased frequency of urination and often a sense of incomplete emptying of the bladder. Over the counter medications or short courses of antibiotics often give temporary relief, but in case of recurrence of infection, an underlying focus for infection needs to be ruled out.

In case of more severe infection, fever with shivering, loin pain and weakness may be experienced. In such situations, investigation of the cause is mandatory and prompt initiation of appropriate antibiotics (oral or injectable) is recommended. Sometimes in very elderly or diabetic patients, the only symptom may be a generalized ill-health, which improves after treating the infection.

## Who suffer from urinary infections frequently?

Women are generally more prone to urinary infections, and this tendency begins around puberty and continues throughout their life as compared to men, except in the elderly, where prostate gland enlargement and its associated urinary disturbances make men as prone to urinary infections as women of the same age group. Diabetic patients, people with urinary stones or urinary obstruction and those having steroids have a higher likelihood of having urine infections. Identifying the underlying cause and treating the same, is very important.

## Why do urinary infections occur? And what are the underlying causes for urinary infections?

Lack of water intake and infrequent emptying of the urinary bladder, cause the urine to be concentrated and increases the dwell time inside the bladder. In women the lower urinary passage (urethra) being short, and its opening being close to the opening of gastro-intestinal tract (that is loaded with bacteria), cause translocation of the bacteria to the urinary

tract relatively easily, to cause infection. Also any obstruction in the urinary passage, whether because of urinary stones or prostate, causes the non draining urine to quickly get infected by bacteria. Diabetes and steroids can lower the person's immunity and hence make it easier for bacterial or fungal urinary infections to occur.

## Management of recurrent or severe urinary infections

A thorough history, physical examination as well as proper laboratory tests and imaging are the cornerstone to evaluation and management of recurrent or severe urinary infections. Good hydration (plenty of fluids orally), regular two to three hourly emptying of the bladder, adequate night-time sleep and a balanced diet, strict diabetes control, with regular moderate exercises to keep the body fit, as well as good local hygiene are the important preventive measures to avoid infections. Therapeutic measures in case of complicated or recurrent infections include drainage of infected urine by relieving any urinary obstruction, fragmentation and removal of urinary stones, medical or surgical management of an enlarged prostate and most importantly, an adequate course of appropriate antibiotics according to the urine culture report.

## Message

Urinary infections happening off and on, is not something one should neglect, and getting investigated and evaluated is important if the infections occur too frequently or recurrently. And in case a treatable cause is found, it should be addressed accordingly.

*Dr Varun S Gunavanthe, MBBS, MS, MCh, DNB (Urology) is a Consulting Urologist & Adrologist. He is also Asst. Professor in Urology, Bombay Hospital.*

### From the Editorial Committee's Desk

- 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 12<sup>th</sup> of every month; the deadline for advertisements, classifieds and other paid insertions, is the 16<sup>th</sup> of every month. Matter received after these dates will be considered for the following month.

## Looking Through The French Window

SUSHAMA ARUR

For a student of history, my Paris trip was a dream come true. Coming from a serene, green, pollution-free, traffic-free Amsterdam, Paris looked just like Bombay with traffic even in the wee hours of the morning. The roads were dirty and looked every inch like a metro with all its minus points. But I told myself, "No, there is a romantic and heroic side to Paris with its history, culture, music, and art. Not to forget the majestic conqueror Louis XIV, the Casanova-Louis the XV and the weak Louis the XVI who unfortunately had to bear the burden of the French Revolution with his frivolous Marie Antoinette and the greatest generals of the century, Emperor Napoleon and many more unsung heroes of the French Revolution and World War I and II ..." I mused on waiting for the experiences that Paris held for me.

Paris is a tourist-friendly city. Traveling is made very easy with travel guides providing the necessary information to the tourist, and with convenient modes of transportation such as hop-in buses and the metro-rail. Since the French Revolution was one of my favourite topics as a historian, I was thrilled to visit several places associated with it along the metro-rail route such as - Les Tuileries, La Conciergerie, La Place de la Concorde, Les Invalides, L'Assemblée Nationale, L'Arc de Triomphe, La Palaise Bourbonne, and so on. I kept thanking my stars, correction-my nephew Gautam and his wife Raji, for making this possible for me. Thank you!

We stayed in a hotel opposite to Anver metro station overlooking the busy crossroad on Mont Martre. This locality has always been famous for the rich and the creative history of Paris. By 1900, Mont Martre had become a hub of activity with many cafes, theaters, dance halls, and brothels. Apart from offering entertainment, the place provided inspiration to artists like Van Gogh and Picasa who lived here, and immortalized Mont Martre through their paintings. **Moulin Rouge**, a famous cabaret built in 1889, not even a furlong from our hotel, is a star attraction of not only Mont Martre but of Paris for its concerts, operas, glittering dance shows, and music. A very impressive structure, built in bold red color, it never fails to charm tourists. It boasts of the most legendary cabarets in the world and numerous international performances for which millions of spectators flock here to enjoy. The street also has **Sacre Coeur Basilica**, a Roman Catholic Church dedicated to Jesus Christ. Situated on a hillock, this basilica is surrounded by beautiful gardens that soothe the mind and the soul after a tiring walk up the steep steps.

Every day had passed off in a jiffy. We had gone to see the imposing monument of the **Cathedral of Notre Dame**. It has a line of saints carved beautifully on the façade of the Cathedral. The silence inside maintains an aura of sanctity as the faithful pray at the statue of Jesus on the cross and light candles at the statue of Virgin Mary and the Child. For those interested in art, and art history, there are many statues of the saints of the Catholic order such as Joan of Arc,

headless statues that are reminders of the religious bigotry and vandalism of the medieval period, and the beautiful portal of The Last Judgement.

Standing in queues for the tickets to the Louvre museum, and the Eiffel tower were a nuisance, especially as it got pretty warm through the day. But, it was certainly worth the trouble! The Louvre is an amazing storehouse of different cultures of Asia, and Europe for which a single day seemed ridiculously less. Even a week would probably not do justice to the beautiful collections at the Louvre. The Eiffel tower was a visual treat as all the three levels offered beautiful vistas of Paris. Even the wait was interesting as we witnessed the resourcefulness of vendors of Pakistani, Bangladeshi, and Indian origin. They were selling souvenirs, water and umbrellas. Under the hot sun, the water got sold in no time. Suddenly, however, it started raining and the umbrella vendors made good money. They were prepared for both sunshine and rain!

After a whirlwind trip of Paris in three days, we all went to bed early, the night before our departure. I could not get sleep as I was still in my excited state reminiscing French history.



Life starts here after midnight. Since it was summer, it was getting dark at eleven o'clock. So, the night was still young and vibrant. I sat perched up in my bed looking through the French window recalling my few unforgettable hours in this romantic city of Paris. All the national monuments were lit up and I imagined how beautiful it might be to go on a tour by the River Seine at midnight. It looked as if it was 7 in the evening with a sea of

people crossing the road. It was fun looking at the people, especially the 'fairer' sex in their noodle straps and mini dresses. It was summer and quite warm. It was very much evident that Europeans in the colder regions just wait to flaunt their summer wear. I could watch pretty French women, buxom Algerians, Sudanese, and tourists from all over the world in their different attires.

Even the disabled would go around in their wheelchairs; you can see them in the malls, on the roads, and even in the buses and metros. Young mothers with their babies in the prams wheel through in the metros or buses and go anywhere and everywhere. I saw these people and wondered when we will have such facilities for young mothers, the aged and disabled in India.

As the night progressed, the crowd became thinner. Yet men, young and older women, locals and tourists continued to pass by the crossroads. The metro-rail ran till mid night,

buses were plying till 2 p.m. and taxis were available all night. Until the wee hours in the morning I was awake watching the nocturnal movement of people on the street. I could see a young girl with lots of shopping bags running here and there for a cab, two young love birds on their bicycle in the corner *gup-shopping*. Couples of all age groups were either going or coming back after seeing Paris, the River Seine, or the Eiffel by night. Moulin Rouge was just a furlong away. People might have gone to watch a play, a cultural show or a cabaret. I was enjoying the spirit of the people, their attitude to enjoy, and to

make the most of the occasion. As I watched them, I felt that our tiredness and exhaustion might just be a state of mind. I felt we had missed the golden opportunity of experiencing the night life of Paris as we left the next day.

*Dr Sushama Arur is a writer and translator. She has compiled and edited Prakash Burde's book on Music in Kannada. Her Konkani book "Gajali Potsaryanchyo" (Snake Stories) translated from Kannada will soon be published. Email: arursushama@gmail.com.*

## ‘Every Form Of Refuge Has Its Price...’

KAVITA KARNAD SAMUEL

These insightful words are from a song aptly describing the human condition.

Relatives, friends and well-wishers were appalled when I left the ‘City of Dreams’ – Mumbai, for good, and decided to settle down in a small town of Dharwad. More than the city, I left a promising legal career, a family, who is still Mumbai-centric, and prospects of earning big, only to choose the inconvenient life in a small town.

Besides the concern for the plummeting health of my mother, the thought was crystal clear: At age 50 years, I shall take Vanaprastha and withdraw from active life. The Universe conspired circumstances to manifest this reality.

Today, my mother and I are living in Dharwad, where everything from the water, electricity, transport, to basic facilities, is a struggle. The possibility of finding employment, even for a highly qualified person, is nearly impossible. The words, ‘Every form of refuge has its price,’ ring true.

Soon, however, the city pace was substituted with an easy rhythm of life; breath became steadier; restlessness evaporated; the constant mental static calmed down; lungs became cleaner; pretentiousness, a key to city living, became a needless burden. The result: A state of vacuum. And Nature abhors a vacuum.

Within a month of shifting here, Mum was feeling much healthier and happier. Early morning walks in fresh air under large trees are a beautiful start to a good day, notwithstanding the uneven roads. The food is farm fresh and organic, brought straight from the fields by farmers. Atta chapattis are replaced by jowar rotis and fresh white butter, churned out every day. Polished Basmati rice has made way for the humble local variety. Food has decidedly become more fibrous and substantial, ensuring lesser intake and better health. Even the dust from the road feels clean and pure, unlike its texture in Mumbai.

Contentment has settled in the mind and heart, erasing the restlessness of city life. Money is tight, yet all needs are more than fulfilled. The heart dances for joy at the song of birds every morning. Feeding the cows with one’s own hands is an experience in felicity. Music has entered my life in the form of a wonderful teacher. Meeting random strangers at various places and being questioned in detail about one’s life was odd at first, suspicious too. But shortly it dawned, that

this was an innocuous exchange between people who are simple to the core, gentle and peace loving. Suspicion, so meticulously engraved on the heart by prolonged city life, has been healed to expand the circle of trust and amity.

Life has become simpler and living, bearable, after opting out of that ‘bowl of toxins’ as I prefer to call Mumbai. This not only helped my mother regain her precious health, it has made me a happier, simpler and a very content person. And once you are attuned to the taste of pure milk, water mixed in milk powder becomes unpalatable.

It seems to me, ‘Every form of refuge has its rewards (too)...’



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# Home Care Facilities

LALITA MOHAN MADIMAN, POWAI

Couple of years back we had an emergency. My mother-in-law, at 93, had a sudden osteoporotic fracture of the femur bone & had to undergo immediate surgery. After a long stay in the hospital, when it was time to bring her home, we had to arrange for a number of things, and discovered many facilities available in Mumbai. Our learning may be useful to others as well, and hence this write-up.

## Wheelchair Taxies

While an ambulance is required to transport a patient who needs to be horizontal, this is not the only option in all cases. For frequent check-ups to and from the hospital and for those who can sit, or recline with support, we found wheelchair taxis very convenient, suitable, easily available and reasonably priced. (Ezy Mov Solutions - Contact no. 88798 00398, 90290 90880, 8108019777)

Just a call to Ezy Mov to give details and the vehicle arrives promptly in time, the driver gets a wheelchair (or one can use one's own). The patient seated in it is taken to the vehicle, lifted on a hydraulic lift and wheeled into the vehicle, the chair fastened duly. Three members of the family can accompany. The patient remains in the wheelchair & not made to get out of the wheelchair until we return home after the check-up. We found this service far more convenient and less painful for the patient.

They operate in Mumbai, Goa, Delhi and Jamshedpur as of now. They have a tie up with Udaan and provide care service for the time the vehicle is booked if one chooses to avail of it - specially to do errands, go shopping, to malls and go to some out of station places too.

## Equipment and Supplies

Another requirement is for equipment and supplies at home. My brother gave me a very good contact of NuK Healthcare, which has been extremely useful and convenient for the patient and us. What impressed us most was their prompt deliveries of various items and efficient service. They also deliver all items not only in Mumbai but **most items anywhere in India!**

NuK Healthcare sells or rents hospital beds, air beds, walkers, wheelchairs of different kinds. They sell adult diapers, under sheets, medicated body wipes, gloves, portable commode chairs and many other such items. They also sell orthotic products (knee caps, lumbosacral belts, cervical collars, etc). In western suburbs of Mumbai, goods are delivered at no extra charges for bills amounting to Rs. 2,000/- and above.

They have basic hospital beds with lesser height to make getting off and on the bed comfortable and for elevation on one or both sides with the help of lever/s. Their remote controlled beds have wooden finish head and leg boards to avoid the hospital look. Side railings on one side for those who keep the cot next to the wall or both side railings, I.V. rod or stand, food trolley are optional additions as per requirement. They have manual

and electronic wheelchairs (from compact to heavy duty), with features like folding, standing, reclining, tilting, seat lifting, evacuation chairs, patient lifters etc as per individual needs of his customers. The very useful additions are **portable ramps (roll type and telescopic type) for wheelchair users and stair climbers**. They are a big boon as our roads & buildings are mostly not wheelchair friendly.

They have introduced a new product 'LIFTZY' - a lift and shift transfer chair with heavy duty castors. LIFTZY is a chair with the help of which a patient can be transferred from the bed to a wheelchair or commode or a car. It is made from 304 grade stainless steel material which makes it non rustable, water proof, strong, long lasting and can take a weight load of 150 kg. The patient can be given a bath when he/she is seated on it. It comes with two types of height adjustable slings – one for transfer and one for use on a commode. It is effortless to operate and can be dismantled while transporting. It is height adjustable and its base frame can be adjusted (widened/narrowed) as per requirement.

NuK was founded and is run by an Aamchi couple! So I felt that it would be interesting to know about them and their work. NuK Healthcare was formed in the year 2008 by Nitin Umesh Katre and his wife Nandini, an ex-banker. Nitin was at that time into marketing of pharma products. Nitin and Nandini started this venture because of their personal experience. Some years back when his mother needed a hospital bed at home, with much difficulty they located one on rent but were appalled by the bad condition of the cot and the lack of a good outlet for providing the patients' requirements. They did not want other families to face their plight. So, they decided on starting a new venture to fill in the lacunae and NuK Healthcare was started to reach out to the patients and their families.

Nitin has supplied a battery-operated wheelchair to a specially-abled person who manoeuvres it with his head as his upper limbs and the rest of his body are immobile. He has made a wheelchair for an injured dog and supplied its owner with an animal stretcher for its transit!

NuK has a network of agents, **most of them differently-abled**. Each sale gives them a sense of achievement and earning ability which increases their self-confidence. Their prime vision is to make the specially-abled as independent as possible to perform their day to day activities.

He has also donated wheelchairs to our Maths at Shirali, Mallapur, Gokarn, Mangalore and Karla. He also makes it a point to visit rehab exhibitions held in Europe to explore latest mobility and accessibility products and add on to his list. Nitin, Nandini and their daughter Prajnaya on their birthdays usually donate wheelchairs to the needy.

We also found their staff and delivery team very helpful. They politely and patiently answer our queries and efficiently set up the equipment. We wish the NuK team all the best in their endeavour

to relieve much of the pain, inconveniences and problems faced by the patients & their families and in making the patients more comfortable and feel better.

Contact details: 93245 45099, 98694 40470, 022-26852199, 9223239292 Timings – Monday to Saturday 10.00 am to 7.30 pm

### Trained Nursing Help

For Care Givers or Nursing Assistant to help in looking after the patient, we had used the services of Aaji Care. Contact details- 8899 920 930/7506734116 or email them on [contact@ajicare.in](mailto:contact@ajicare.in) The care-giver allotted to us was even able to give injections, apart from the usual support required like sponging/ bathing, personal hygiene etc and entertaining the patient by playing some games, singing, chanting.

### Homes for Temporary Stay

An extension of Aaji Care is Aarambh which has senior citizens centres in Mumbai (Andheri and Thane) for temporary stay from 1 day to 6 months within Mumbai. (Contact numbers same as Aaji Care given above). These centres are excellent for taking care of an elderly dear one, when the rest of the family has to go out of station. Of course, they also have many seniors staying there for their life time.

There would be some other centres too for elders' care but I have shared what we learnt of with very good facilities that are so easily available just a phone call away. Here is hoping everyone keeps good health, but in times of need, this information might come in handy.



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## Bhagavad Gita

Here begins a chapter-by-chapter analysis of an immortal text by our erudite contributor Dr. Sudha Tinaiker. The highlighted portions will enable you to realize that the gems of wisdom contained in this ancient treasury are an infallible guideline to living right

### CHAPTER 1

#### अर्जुनविषादयोग

After a brief introduction to the Divine Song, an attempt will henceforth be made to summarize every chapter. *Bhagavad Gītā* is the dialogue between *Jagadguru* Lord Krishna and Arjuna the *shishya*. The context of this teaching is the *Mahābhārata-dharmayuddha*. It was a war fought between cousins for upholding *Dharma*. The *Pandavas* tried everything to avoid it. However, the *Kauravas*, blinded by *adharma*, were desperate for it. Duryodhana is in fact described as an *ātātāyi* (आततायी) which refers to a person who has done unpardonable acts of *adharma* to usurp what rightfully belongs to others. Arjuna had prepared for this war during the twelve years that the *Pandavas* had spent in the forest.

This chapter depicts the situation and the context of the war. It is said that Dhritrāshtra was keen to know whatever was to happen in the war field. Bhagavan Vyasa blessed Sanjaya a trusted aide of the King with the capacity to see and hear (दिव्यचक्षुः) all that was to happen in the battle field so that he could report it to the king. The *Gītā* begins with bringing the warring parties on the same platform. The first 20 verses talk about the warriors who represented both armies and their strength, the size of the armies, the commanders, the formation of different units of the armies and the conches that were used by them to indicate the beginning of the war.

In the beginning Arjuna and Krishna are referred to by Vyasachārya merely as the *rathi* and *sārathi* रथिः and सारथिः). Arjuna is a fully prepared warrior without any confusion, literally raring to go. Krishna as the charioteer is merely following Arjuna's instructions. At this point in time, the *Guru-shishya* relationship has not yet opened up between them. Arjuna, true to his nature of a good warrior, wants to inspect the opponent army and see those who are going to face his arrows. He commands Krishna to take his chariot between the two armies सेनयोरुभयोर्मध्ये रथं स्थापयमेच्युत (v 21).

Lord Krishna plays a bit of mischief here. He could have parked the chariot anywhere along the battle line; but chooses to park it right in front of Bheeshma, Drona and Kripā. Bhagavan knows that this is the most crucial moment where Arjuna is going to be overpowered by confusion and helplessness and that this will be the turning point which will make Arjuna the recipient of the most exalted and liberating teaching of the *Veda*-s that is to unfold in the

entire text. **All of us too face such situations time and again, when confusion created by mistaken notions freezes us into a helpless state leading to dereliction of duty, wrong decisions and sorrow.** This is exactly what happens to Arjuna. Arjuna's state of mind has been described as *vishāda*.

The next few verses describe Arjuna's *vishāda*. The most powerful warrior of those times expresses his physical and emotional state to Lord Krishna (v 28- 31). He says "Krishna, I am facing my own family whom I am going to fight and probably kill. My knees are buckling, I am sweating, my mouth is dry and I am shivering. My mighty bow *Gāndīva* is just slipping out of my hands and I cannot think clearly any more". The confusion which has arisen out of deep attachment to all those people clouds Arjuna's intellect. He even starts wondering whether the war is worth it. The confused mind rattles off a series of possible catastrophes. "What is the use of such a victory, when my own family is not there to share it with me, what is the use of all the wealth, land and fame that is smeared with the blood of my grandfather, uncles, in-laws, grandchildren and the rest?" "I don't want to fight this war Krishna, I don't want to kill them, not even Duryodhana who is an *ātātāyi*. I will only accrue *pāpa* from this war".(v 33-36).

Arjuna thus proceeds to defend his decision to not fight the war by elaborating on the bigger picture like the disintegration of social order, breaking up of families and the collapse of the *Vaidika-sampradaya* for which, he feels, he would be solely responsible (v 38-45). He goes to the extent of saying that he prefers to be killed than kill, or that he is willing to even give up his Kshatriya *dharma* and retreat to a monastic lifestyle.

**Arjuna is the perfect picture of delusion-confusion-helplessness-sorrow faced by every human in a calamity, especially when entangled with undue attachment to certain people and objects.** Lord Krishna lets Arjuna throw out his anguish without uttering a word. Arjuna lacks insight into his problem and Krishna waits patiently for him to realize his helplessness and ask for help. Arjuna puts down his bow and sits down in the chariot; a picture of मोहः-कार्पण्यः-शोकः

The moment is ripe for the conversion of Arjuna to a sincere seeker and the Guru is ready and waiting.

(To be continued...)

# Tallur Rukmakka- A Divine Visionary

DR. DEEPA J HOSKOTE

My visit to Igatpuri ...

The name of Igatpuri in any context brings a billion dollar smile on my face and I am in bliss for a moment. This is what I want to share with my readers today. Many of you might have seen this HOME, a Home away from Home, a free shelter to all our mentally challenged children. These children, *Divyaanganaas* as our Honorable PM Modiji fondly calls them, are from the Adivasi places in and around the talukas of Igatpuri and Nasik Districts.

I had an occasion to visit this place about seven years back when Sheetal Pandit Pacchi, the trustee of the Home, invited me to visit the place. It was the enthusiasm of Anand Kuber, a good friend of ours, a philanthropist, who himself drove us there. I had no idea how the place looked like, but on reaching the place we could feel strong, good and positive vibrations. This place is located far away from the hustle and bustle of the city life in a quiet place with its natural beautiful surroundings and close to the International school of Vipassana.

We were given a warm welcome by the children, the staff and the teachers of the school. The first thing that impressed me was the cleanliness of the place, be it the washrooms, the bedrooms and the classrooms which were artistically done by the children.

The preparations for the visit were already made as children were lined up and some parents were also present. Anand had already told them about Vibrionics which I am practicing for some years now. He insisted in trying out this new method for healing the children. There were some children who used to get fits, some had skin infection, some were hyper etc. Amongst them was a sweet little child of four years named Urmila who had a hole in the heart, but she stole my heart by her adorable pranks. She was breathless and underweight. After offering our prayers at the altar, we started this new venture. I had no idea as to how things would work out as it was my first time experience with difficult cases like these in this group.

After two weeks Sheetalpacchi called up and informed me about the changes in the children. The children looked better, and in some cases, fits had stopped. After this, there was no looking back. I enjoyed every visit, may be once a year, during the functions. Whenever I visited the school, there were surprises in galore waiting for me. I could see all-round developments in the children be it in their creativity, their health, their behavior or their performance. They seemed to recognize and wave their hands with pure joy.

The sweet little girl Urmila has put on weight and is growing up to be a healthy child. In fact she got the first prize in the running completion which they regularly have with other schools. The little one jumps and sits on my lap with her tender warm loving arms tightly wrapped around me whenever we visit them. It is spontaneous -no invitation

needed for these children! This is a blissful moment which I always cherish and look forward to. It is PURE LOVE energy exchanged. No words spoken. You can see her in the photo where she is dressed as Bharatmata (today being Republic day) and looks in a slightly pensive mood.

The whole credit of running such a wonderful school goes to the committed and devoted Trustees, the teachers and staff. Pandit pacchi has a charming personality. She seems to be oozing love and care for all that she does. She laughs more and talks less as observed during my conversations with her. Her laughter is so infectious that as we talk our laughter volumes go higher alternatively. Imagine running such a school sitting in Santa Cruz colony in Mumbai. Another mind boggling thing she does is she supervises the whole school sitting at home, everyday through her CCTV cameras. And for pacchi at 80 plus, I wonder - What more??? What's next??? Her remarkable dedication and selfless service motivates her team beyond words. She visits the school often. The school is blessed to have a Principal named Hema and her husband Siddarth who are noted for their extreme dedication and incredible work. Not an easy job I say -very challenging and tough. To know, ask the teachers and the parents of the children who care for them day in and day out.

If not for the Divine Vision of Rukmakka and the team efforts of every one in the school, the children would be today living in isolation at their homes with the sulking, poor and helpless parents. Now they have a "New Home", a new family to grow up with and each new day ushers in new creativity. Pacchi always concludes her sentences with "*Devaagali Itchha*" ("*gothe*" in Konkani) and "*Guru Krupa*".

It is because of this wonderful attitude of pacchi, that the school has scaled such great heights. Where there is complete surrender to the Lord and one is in tune with the cosmic energy, it is the Merciful Divine Grace that flows through and one becomes His instrument, only then can one make the impossible possible. Miracles happen! Multi dimensional vision opens up! Apart from making many things like candles, chandeliers, files, carpentry, they also grow green leafy vegetables.

During any of their functions, the whole place is very beautifully lit and decorated. The whole programme is well planned, synchronized and efficiently carried out. NO... I will not write much about their creativity as I would like the readers to visit the school and experience it for themselves during their annual day or teacher's day when children put up many activities like dance, drama, where their creative skills are displayed to the maximum extent possible... followed by pacchi serving delicious lunch to everyone. SIMPLY AMAZING!

A few days back she gave me another surprise saying they had brought ducks, chicken and ducklings to the school. They have built a spacious water pool for them. The children



## My Accidental Tryst with Talmakiwadi

ARUN HATTANGADI

The Talmaki Wadi steps into its 80<sup>th</sup> year this April. As I look back at my tryst with the Wadi, I couldn't resist adopting 'accidental' for my tryst with it. My most favoured term is 'accidental' for almost everything that has happened, during the last couple of years! Similarly, I surmise my tryst with Talmakiwadi in Mumbai was nothing short of accidental!

Born and bred in Bengaluru, various reasons contributed to my accidental move to Talmakiwadi and getting 'inducted' in the most 'eligible coterie' of a young group of jolly members from Wadi!

For every Saraswat, the very mention of Wadi brings instant recognition as it has to be Talmakiwadi and no other. The name 'Wadi' resonates with a lot of longing felt across the world, with those who have interacted one way or the other with this wonderful residential colony located in an area of South Mumbai called Tardeo. Whether you owned a house or were a paying guest, visitor or family friend, as long as one immersed with the 'ways of Wadi' you were instantly welcomed and accepted as one of their own. Being one of the earliest housing societies of the Chitrapur Saraswat Community in Mumbai and a huge and popular one at that, globally someone or the other had a relative or some sort of connection to Wadi. It was this particular reason that made Talmakiwadi a point of curious discussion in various circles.

Having entered Wadi with a certain mindset, I was totally bowled over by the infectious nature of the residents living here. While the Wadi boys and people accepted me with open arms and with an indifferent attitude, I realised it helped me fit in with the huge bunch of youngsters who moved around in Wadi with an attitude bordering arrogance. Their wicked sense of humour laced with a brashness of sorts could sometimes hurt people or make them feel awkward. This feeling bonded me and most of the Wadi residents and what was not seen on the surface, was the soft underbelly of unity, togetherness, security, care and always ready to go the extra mile when it was needed the most.

For me as a new resident of Wadi, voluntarily providing assistance and care to elders, patronage of arts and sports, and looking at most things with a sense of humor made me forget whatever preconceived notions I harboured about this gem of a society. My Wadi has produced some of the best performing artists, scientists, engineers, bankers, sports personalities and businessmen from our community and many of them are doing well for themselves all over the globe.

Whenever and wherever two Wadiites meet, the rerun of our youthful events, incidents, jokes makes us reconnect to that one invisible link called "Wadi". For many, it may be just a four letter word, but for us who lived those days of yore in Wadi it was, is and will always be a world not less than a Shangri-La! Maybe it was an accident or it was in my destiny, but I don't think anything in the world can ever take Wadi out of me. Talmakiwadi, home for lower and middle class families was one of the first to provide an ambulance

and medical services, a gymnasium, a school, a community hall which facilitated anything from weddings, sports, stage shows to even an election booth as well as a home and the office where our in-house KS magazine gets published and circulated within the country and globally as well.

To conclude you can take a person out of Wadi, but not Wadi out them! If you happen to be reading these lines as a resident of Talmakiwadi or having some sort of association with the colony, I am sure all of this would resonate loud and clear with you!

*Arun Bhaskar Hattiangadi (66) was a resident of Talmakiwadi, then Dubai and is now in Pune. A Senior Tourism professional having worked in Thomas Cook UAE, TCI and Kuoni India. Email: arunhattangadi@yahoo.com.*

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## MUSIC

VRINDA UDYAVAR

Dear Music, thank you always for keeping my head clear, healing my heart and lifting my spirits. Health always does not come from medicine. Most of the time, it comes from peace of mind, peace of the heart and peace of the soul. It comes from laughter and love. For me, music is the remedy which keeps me strong and stable – both physically and mentally.

Music, for me, is the  
Ultimate  
Spirit and soul,  
Inspiration and  
Companion...

Every one of us has some hidden talent, which can be nurtured and developed, if one is properly exposed to it. This makes a person relaxed and free from stress. Music, one such talent, can be in any form, viz., classical, *ghazals*, *bhajans*, film songs, *bhaavgeet* or *naatyasangheet*. Each one has its own beauty. Just close your eyes and listen to your favourite songs...I'm sure you will forget the world!

We have now, what is called, music therapy, which can cure a person both physically and mentally without any medicines and their side effects. There are some ragas for specific problems. Here is a list of them:

1. Heart trouble – *Bhairavi, Shivranjani*
2. Diabetes – *Jonpuri, Jayjayvanti*
3. High blood pressure – *Hindol*
4. Cancer – *Shree*
5. Leukemia – *Asavari*
6. Asthma – *Kedar, Shyamkalyan*
7. Fear – *Sohoni, Puriya*
8. Mental stress – *Ahir Bhairav*

Music therapists will train you for some time. Then, they will give you some instructions and you have to follow these and practice the same at home. So, why not give it a try? Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness and say goodbye to our problems. All the best and take care!

**Dedicated *Sanchalika*-s Priti Panemanglor, Archana Kumta, Sabita Harite and Kavita Karnad give us a few vibrant glimpses of the *Samvit Sadhana Shivar* held in Shirali recently. Read it to discover how beautifully our bond with the *Samvit Sadhaka*-s is getting stronger and how**

## Our Family Is Growing!

Parama Puja Somgiri Swamiji arrived at our Shirali Math with Parama Puja Samanandgiri Swamiji and Parama Puja Vimarshanandgiri Swamiji. Parama Puja Vireshwaranandgiri Swamiji arrived a few days later.

31<sup>st</sup> January had the *Samvit Sadhaka*-s pouring into our Math. Most of them were first timers and expressed their immense joy at finally making it there. Post *dhoolbhet* and room allotment, badges with names were distributed and over tea and biscuits, more introductions followed. Next morning, buses were arranged to take them to Mookambika temple in Kollur. In the evening, after *Deepaprajvalan* at the august hands of both Swamijis, Puja Swamiji mentioned in His *Upadesha* more about Mookambika Devi, who vanquished the evil *asura* Mookha, and that the temple is revered as a *Shaktipeetha*. We were also told that the gold chain divides the *Jyotirlinga* into two sections: the left side of the *linga* represents *Shakti* and the right - Shiva..

While each day was spaced out neatly with visits to Kembre, Panchavati, Srivali school, Museum and Samvit Sudha, our deft planners (Priti Panemanglorpacchi and Kutty Heblekarmaam) ensured that we had a fair share of *satsang*-s and interactions with the Puja Swamijis too. Panchavati saw a few such soul-stirring *satsang*-s wherein Parama Puja Somgiri Swamiji recited a couple of poems- "*Thoda Hi Peelo*" and "*Bitiya*". The subtle messages in the poems conveyed much sweetness and profundity. Parama Puja Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji carried this forward to a powerful, exemplary *swadhyaya* on *nishtha*, *anusmaran*, *upadesha*, *aadesha*, *anushasana* with relevant, applicable examples and also mentioned that as and when a *shishya* follows his path of *sadhana* with *anushasana*, he can be assured that he will never let down the *Parampara* or the *Sampradaya*. The *Samvit Taru*-s (youngsters who had come for the Shivar) seemed spellbound by our Parama Puja Swamiji's *Swadhyaya*-s, *Upadesha*-s and *bhajans*!

Parama Puja Swamiji also explained the oft- chanted "*Nandantu sadhakaha sarve*", beautifully. A visit to Murdeshwar temple was a memorable one packed with much joy and selfie sessions and later on, all assembled at Bengre beach. Never has a setting sun in the crimson skies looked so beautiful and it made me wonder, was it just nature? Or was it the Presence of the Puja Swamijis that added to its ethereal serenity? The *satsang* at Bengre beach was lively with vibrant and melodious *bhajan*-s. The

highlight and a pleasant surprise was a Konkani sentence spoken by Parama Puja Somgiri Swamiji expressing His joy and unforgettable moments in Shirali.

Our trips to Mallapur and Gokarn during that week had their own special fervour and after Parama Puja Swamiji's interaction with all of us, the surge of oneness and belonging reverberated in our spontaneous rendition of the "*Gurudevon ki*" tercentenary song. The most remarkable evening was the one when *Vimarsha* was conducted by Parama Puja Swamiji Himself in the lush garden outside the *Kutir* on a *shloka* which emphasised "*mangalata, pragalata, dakshata and sainyyam*".

Parama Puja Somgiri Swamiji left on 6<sup>th</sup> February with the other Swamijis. Puja Swamiji and all *sadhaka* -s had gathered in the *Rajangan* to bid them a loving farewell. The unspoken bond of love and trust was so subtle yet evident in the gentle manner in which Somgiri Swamiji clasped our Swamiji's Hand from His car. The *Samvit Taru*-s got special attention from Puja Swamiji through all the *satsang*-s, outings and daily interaction and their response was very positive and co-operative.

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**As volunteers we take back so much more than what little we offer as *seva***

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Volunteers would meet almost every night to discuss about the next day's schedules and changes if any. Whatsapp group of different teams were regularly updating each other. Whether it was making *chappati*-s, or participating in *Devi Anushthana*-s, or trips to temples, schools, museum and everywhere else, each moment brought us *sadhaka*-s even closer. This enabled us to establish a strong bond, the obvious add-on being the love and reverence we shared for our beloved Swamiji. Being a part of such *Shivar*-s and *Satsang*-s only further strengthens my belief that we take back so much more with us than what little we offer as *seva*.

- Kavita

The seeds of the *Samvit Sadhana Shivar* -2020 were sown during Parama Puja Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji's visit to Samvit Dham, Jodhpur, in response to their invitation to observe Navaratri there, in October 2019. The interactions of Puja Swamiji with the *Samvit Sadhaka*-s there made them long for more such *Satsanga*-s

and they planned to visit Shirali during the *Vardhanti* of the Shrines of Devi Bhuvaneshwari, Mahaganapati, Adi Shankaracharya and the *Guru Paduka Sannidhi*.

Although, Parama Pujya Swamiji had arrived from Bangalore only on January 27 late evening, He left no stone unturned to organise a comfortable stay for Swami Som Giriji, including deputing volunteers for continuous attendance and arrangement of *Bhiksha*.

**This *Shivir* appeared to be just a beginning to further strengthen the bond between Chitrapur Saraswats and *Samvit Sadhaka-s***

Sixty *Samvit Sadhak Shivirarthi-s*, mainly from Jodhpur and some from Ahmedabad, Surat, Mt. Abu and Mumbai, participated in the *Shivir* along with an equal number of Chitrapur Saraswat volunteers. The first batch of 33 *Shivirarthi-s* arrived on 31st January comprised all age groups, the youngest being six- year- old Chirag Purohit, who learnt to speak sentences in Konkani on the very next day, saying '*Magale Naanva Chirag*', '*Haanva Jodhpur thaavnu aayla*'. The *Shivirarthi-s* and volunteers soon turned into one big family and it was hard to believe that most of them were meeting for the first time and also that it was the *Samvit Sadhaka-s*' first visit to Shirali. Swami Vireshwar Giri, in Seva of Swami Som Giriji also arrived on Jan 31. The second batch of 27 *Shivirarthi-s*, the youngest being 5- year- old, Jayant Joshi, arrived on 2nd February.

It was a treat for the eyes to behold Swami Som Giriji looking at Parama Pujya Swamiji with affection and a sense of pride whenever Parama Pujya Swamiji addressed the *sadhaka-s*. Pujya Swamiji would also recollect intermittently His days at Mt. Abu under the mentorship of Bade Swamiji and Swami Som Giriji.

In Mallapur Math, Yuva, Omkar Bhat, presented the song written, composed and rendered by Vasant Hosangadi Maam and his son, Gunjan, in Rajasthani Manganiyar style specially for the *Shivir* as an offering at the Lotus Feet of Parama Pujya Swamiji. It went - '*Hey Chitrapur, Bhavanishankar Ji, Padhaaro Mhare Mana Mein Baso Nirantara Ji...*'. The composition as well as the talent of Omkar Bhat was appreciated by Swami Som Giriji. At Bengre Farm, Swami Som Giriji read out a poem on Chitrapur Math composed by Him which began - '*Mhaaro Chitrapur Math Mindariye Mein Ananda Barse Mokalo - Imrat Barse Mokalo*' and concluded His *Ashirvachana* with two sentences in *Amchi*.

The *Shivirarthi-s* participated joyfully in the morning-exercises, *Pranayam*, *Ninad*, *Navaratri Nityapath*, *Devi Anushthan*, *Vimarsha*, Sanskrit, *Devi Pujan* by Parama Pujya Swamiji, *Paduka Pujan*, *bhajan-s*.

This *Shivir* will also be remembered for the *Sankalpa* taken by Parama Pujya Swamiji on February 6 to be present in Math all days, when in Shirali, for *Deepa Namaskar* and

in the *Sandhya Mantap* for *Ashtavadhana Seva*.

This *Shivir* appeared to be just a beginning for many more *Shivir-s* to come and further strengthen the bond between Chitrapur Saraswats and *Samvit Sadhaka-s*.

- Sabita

A band of young enthusiastic *Yuvadhara* members were all ready to volunteer for the *Samvit Sadhana Shivir*. Bengaluru, Shirali, Mangaluru it did not matter where they were from. They were ready to do whatever was assigned to them. They worked together like a colony of beavers— be it housekeeping, serving, wake up calls for the *shivirarthi-s*, helping in the kitchen, manning the *Samvit Sudha* counter especially during lunch time, to give the senior volunteers a break and last but not the least participating in all the programs. They were just a call away performing *seva* with a smile for their beloved Guru.

When the youngsters from Jodhpur (*Tarusena*) arrived – it did not take them long to break the ice. After an intense *Ashirvachana* by Pujya Somgiri Swamiji at Panchavati, a graceful *ghoomar* by the girls from Jodhpur and Bengaluru set the mood for some fun which was followed by a few rounds of impromptu *garba* wherein people across all age groups stepped in. Little Chirag made sure everyone danced while standing right in the centre like Krishna with his *murali* which just melted everyone's hearts.

The ride to Gokarna and Mallapur in the tempo traveller seemed just what the youngsters wanted - singing together, composing a medley of old Hindi songs, loud *jaijalkara-s* when they saw the vehicles with all the Mahatma-s and the retinue zip past! The *Taru-s* were quickly rounded up and taken to see Kotitirtha, Adi Math and Guru Math, and then herded by the Yuva-s to be seated right in the front so that they could hear HH Swamiji's *Upadesha* and the soulful *bhajana-s*.

It seemed like an avalanche of birthdays that week. On the 4<sup>th</sup> of February, Ashwini Haridas, a *yuvati* from Shirali, helped bake cake with help from Maitrayee Bellare and Jayati Nayel. The cake was ready by 6pm and then hidden away in the *kutir* to be presented casually upon Swamiji's cue after the address to the youngsters in the Dhyana Mandira at 6.30pm. All the youngsters were waiting with bated breath for HH Swamiji to address them. After a short interaction, HH Swamiji casually asked if anyone was celebrating birthdays. The fruit and nut cake decorated with cream and fresh strawberries was brought out amidst a loud "Wow"! by all present! कल - Meeru Balsavarpachi and Chitra Shiroorpachi who had celebrated their birthday on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February, आज - Nischal Kodange's birthday which fell on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February and कल - Ankita Karnad's birthday, which was on the following day- the 5<sup>th</sup> of February was announced by Archana Kumta. All 4 were invited to come and light lamps and cut the cake in the Divine presence

of our beloved Guru. All of them were teary-eyed for they could not believe that their birthdays were celebrated in Pujya Swamiji's presence. All of them proclaimed that this was the best birthday of their whole lives!

## **The *Samvit Sadhaka*-s kept saying they loved the serenity in our Math despite all the activity going on**

Within a couple of days the *sanchalaka*-s could not tell the difference between the hosts and the guests. The *Yuva*-s had to bid everyone good bye on the 4<sup>th</sup> night which left us *sanchalaka*-s wondering how we were going to manage without their help. But it was like they had set such a great example that the *Taru*-s just took over all the duties in what was truly a seamless transition. The *Yuvadhara* and *Tarusena* somehow just became One '*Tarudhara*' with promises all around to meet again soon!

Right from learning the rebounder exercises doing *pranayama*, *ninaada* and Wim Hoff breathing, enthusiastically participating in the *Vimarsha* conducted by Tejashree Bailur, wonderstruck at seeing women confidently operate the huge machines at the Handmade Paper Factory, wide-eyed at the carefully displayed artefacts around the majestic *ratha*, frolicking in the waters of the Arabian Sea or listening to Interactions, *Upadesha*-s and *Ashirvachana*-s – the young and old just soaked it all in. The initial seemingly-complicated inner *parikrama* was then a part of their daily ritual - one could see all of them reverentially doing *sashtang-pranaam*-s at every shrine in the correct order, twice a day like the rest of us.

The many differences between the cultures, styles, attitudes just seemed to melt by the end of the *shivir*– the *shivirarthi*-s kept saying the vibrations and the serene atmosphere despite all the activity in 'our' Math is something they loved and they promised to come back again and again.

- Archana

For us *Sanchalak*-s a *Shivir* is always a motivating and exciting proposition. Pujya Swamiji is our inspiration because it is His vision and ideas that we try to emulate to the best of our abilities.

We normally have a group of about 15-20 *Sanchalak*-s helping to organise the entire *Shivir*. This time, since there were over 80 *Samvit Sadhaka*-s, Pujya Swamiji was very particular to involve more volunteers from *Sabha*-s – small and big. So we had a *Sanchalak* contingent from Chennai, Mangaluru, Bengaluru, Mumbai, Pune, Nashik and Surat, almost equalling the number of *Samvit Shivirarthi* s. This not only meant managing of the *Samvit Sadhaka*-s, it also meant that we kept the team of *Sanchalak* -s meaningfully engaged. With the Grace of Our Guru both happened

effectively. The blend of Chitrapur Saraswats and *Samvit Sadhaka*-s was perfect and soon enough, we fused together as one!

## **It made me think of the invisible *sutra* that connects each of our Guru-s and how we are bound by that unbreakable bond**

It was delightful to watch the interactions between the two Swamijis – Our Guru Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram and Pujya Samvit Som Giriji Maharaj. On the many occasions that we saw the two together- the mutual respect, admiration and affection was so palpable. Our Swamiji was caring, warm and extremely hospitable and this fondness was clearly reciprocated in Pujya Som Giri Swamiji's poem which He recited on the last evening at the beach in Bengre farms.

Our road trips during the visits to the temples and Maths were enjoyable as they gave us all a chance to bond together through *bhajan*-s sung from *Sankirtan Saar* and *Antakshari*. On the first day of the *Shivir*, at the Mookambika Temple, we were ably escorted along with Pujya Som Giriji Maharaj and two of His *shishya*-s, for *Devi Darshan* and the *parikrama* by one of the administrators of the temple Shri. Gopalkrishna Adiga. We were later treated to a delicious South Indian breakfast at his home.

On our visit to Gokarn and Mallapur, our Beloved Swamiji accompanied us. The nostalgic memories of the *Guru Jyoti Pada Yatra* assailed me when we were there! Swamiji eagerly told Pujya Som Giriji Maharaj about our Adi Math and how our *Samaja* was blessed with its first Guru, while we marched together to the Kotiteertha to do the *sparsha* of its cool waters. Each one of us sprinkled the holy water from the Kotiteertha on ourselves and came back feeling cleansed and invigorated. Once back in the temple, almost intuitively, we all started singing our Shri Chitrapur Math's signature song "*Gurudevonki Amar Shakti se*". It was a very powerful yet poignant moment and many shed tears of joy!

When we sat down, Pujya Swamiji spoke about our enlightened *Guruparampara* and explained to everyone how the idol of Uma Maheshwara was found. It made me think about the invisible *sutra* that connects each of our Gurus and how we are bound within that unbreakable bond. This is evident in the fact that Pujya Krishnaashram Swamiji had a dream/vision, so many years later that there was an Idol of Lord Uma Maheshwara buried in the ground and that it should be installed in the Adi Math at Gokarn. The remembrance of such incidents, also intensifies our connection to our Math and *Guruparampara*. Later we left for Mallapur and meditated in the holy and vibrant precincts of the Math in the *Samadhi Sannidhi* of Pujya Shankarashram Swamiji II. So much learning in just one day!

- Priti

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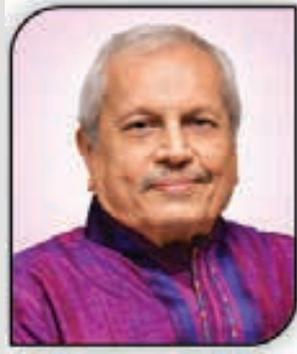
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**In Loving Memory of Shri. Sharad Ganesh Koppikar**



**(06/07/1937 – 12/02/2020)**

**Our Pappa was a kind hearted gentleman who faced many hardships in his life since childhood but always kept smiling. He worked hard to give us all a better life. He will remain in our heart, memories and prayers forever.**

**Deeply Mourned by:**

**Mrs. Deepa S. Koppikar (Wife), Nikhil S. Koppikar & Pravin S. Koppikar (Sons), Prachi N. Koppikar & Dipti P. Koppikar (Daughters-in-law), Niharika N. Koppikar & Kiara P. Koppikar (Granddaughters), Suresh R. Kalyanpur (Brother-in-law), Jyoti S. Kalyanpur (Sister-in-law), Kalyanpurs, Koppikars, Kamaths, Mahamunis, Relatives and Friends.**

**Shri Murlidhar Ramrao Khambadkone**

(Born 10<sup>th</sup> October, 1931), passed on peacefully on 24 January 2020 at his residence, Borivali, Mumbai.  
We pray at the feet of Shri Chitrapur Guruparampara and Lord Bhavanishankar for his Sadgati



**A life lived fully, making most of God given gifts.  
Ever ready to serve, however small the role.  
Perseverance, hard work and courage to strive for the best.  
Thank you Pappa for all that you gave us.**

Dr. Ashwin M Khambadkone, Dr. Sachin M Khambadkone, Shweta (Chaitraja) G Manjeshwar,  
Ananya Sachin Khambadkone, Dr. Ameeta Sachin Khambadkone, Gurudutt N Manjeshwar,  
relatives and friends

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## Pachi...

BY KEDAR KATE

It was the first time,  
I visited her place,  
Shy and nervous,  
Was my chubby face.

Her mom a fantastic rangoli artist,  
Her dad a TMKOC lover,  
Her brother an avid novel reader,  
She a cook cum sweet voiced singer.

As I was seated,  
A "rose milk" i received,  
Their hospitality and love,  
Made me truly pleased.

As my visits increased,  
I liked to be there,  
Either sipping hot chocolate,  
Or munching on a pear.

Her sweet old mom,  
Always had some snack to offer,  
A sweet lemon juice,  
Or a cocoa milk to proffer.

Her dad would enjoy,  
The TMKOC programme,  
He would laugh aloud,  
At Jethalal's every trouble alarm.

Her tech geeky brother,  
Me a innocent menace creator,  
Were the best pals,  
With the best tuning ever.

We both had a mind,  
To crack stupid jokes,  
On politicians and celebrities,  
And our relative folks.

Her tasty delicacies,  
Would have me flattered,  
The tasty white pasta she made,  
A healthy white meal on a platter.

An excellent counsellor,  
Is the elder sister,  
My best pal though,  
An ever ready career advisor.

But soon the time came,  
She would be engaged,  
In a marriage phase,  
She soon will be mazed.

Those memorable moments,  
Will still sway in my mind,  
The same little kedu,  
A sweet past will remind.

*Kedar Kate is a student and a prolific writer of poems. He says that he is a writer by passion. His passion is his pen and his words are its ink.*

## Our Little Angels All

BY VANITA KUMTA

When chocolate laced fingers and all,  
Pretty pink cheeks that glow,  
Sweet nothings muttered in you ear  
Make her a mother.

Oh to be a little unwell,  
Deserving all that grace,  
To be smothered with baby kisses,  
To be cared and loved so ardently.

Its unbelievable yet true,  
Dainty fingers caressing our tired and weary faces,  
Little hands wiping our brow,  
A cute little hand dabbing some Vicks,  
On our hands and feet and brow.

I must be truly blessed,  
To receive such ethereal bounties,  
Wondering as I do,  
Whats history, geography, maths and science,  
Got to do with it all.

All the books in the world,  
Could hardly ever replace,  
That quintessential transmission,  
Of the grace of the almighty,  
From little HER to us.

No marks or percentages,  
No awards, grades or medals,  
Match up to such a humane touch,  
And that would be the ultimate glory,  
Of kindness bequeathed,  
To an otherwise forgotten 'Silver'

God bless them all little yummys,  
With oodles of such motherly love,  
Who nourish the lives,  
Of long forgotten ones.

We wish we could wave a magical wand,  
To help them all rise high, sky high,  
In their quest for knowledge and progress,  
To reach their ultimate goals,  
To be beacons of light in the wilderness,  
Of the world full of storms.

May they be ever so warm and cuddly,  
Yet full of strength divine,  
To weather all of them-storms,  
If we could just pick every thorn that may hurt them,  
And pave their way,  
To a fruitful life ahead,  
Each & every day.

*Vanita Kumta is a graduate in Microbiology and has worked as a Medical Microbiologist. She also set up her own Pathological Laboratory. After calling it a day, she now spends her leisure time writing. Email: vanitakumta@hotmail.com*

## The Story of Purple Day Sanjivani

KAVITA D. SHANBHAG

March 26<sup>th</sup>. 2008 was an unusual day. Cassidy Megan, a cute little girl of eight from Nova Scotia, Canada, was just like any other girl of her age but she had Epilepsy. She used to get fits and recurrent seizures. Due to this, she felt alone. She thought there may be many persons like her who are having epilepsy and feeling isolated. So, with the help of her mother, Angela, she celebrated an event in her school to explain her condition 'Epilepsy' to all. That day was March 26<sup>th</sup>. Cassidy urged all her friends, teachers and others to wear Purple to experience a feeling of oneness. And thus, 'Purple Day for Epilepsy Awareness' was born. From 2008 it is celebrated in many countries and it has now become a global event.

From 2010, 'ChildRaise' has been celebrating Purple Day for spreading epilepsy awareness. Being the Founder and Trustee of 'ChildRaise', I have my personal reasons to celebrate and be a global partner in this event. I developed epilepsy at a later stage during my first pregnancy and it continued. My epilepsy is controlled with Anti-Epileptic Drugs (AEDs). Statistics say 70% of the cases of epilepsy can be controlled but many don't seek treatment, counselling or guidance.

It is said 1 in every 100 people have epilepsy at some stage of life or the other. There are more than 12 million people with epilepsy in India which contributes to one-sixth of the global burden. There are a lot of misconceptions which have led to the stigma attached to Epilepsy. Though it is the most common neurological condition, people are hardly aware of how to deal with it.

There are different types of Epileptic seizures such as Focal Seizures and Generalised seizures. In Generalised Tonic-Clonic or Grand mal seizure consciousness is lost. In another type, the person may not lose consciousness but may do incongruous actions. In some other, the person may just fall to the ground or may just have some jerks to his/her body. There are diagnostic tests such as EEG and MRI. Based on the reports, the neurologist will prescribe the treatment.

What must one do if one sees a person having a tonic-clonic / grand mal seizure where a person jerks and shakes and becomes unconscious?

Shift the person to a safe place away from sharp objects etc. Make the person lie down to the ground. Remove the spectacles and loosen the tie, if any. If possible, keep something below his head so the person does not bang his head to the ground and get hurt. Do not offer anything, not even water, till he/she is fully conscious. Do not try to force spoon or anything in the mouth while the seizure is on. Onions or leather chappals are of no use. They may be useful when a person has fainted but absolutely useless when used in an epileptic attack. The episode will last for 2 to 3 minutes. If it lasts for more than 5 minutes or the person has one attack after another, then he may be required to be taken to the hospital.

As I said, I developed epilepsy at a later stage in life. I

had completed my education, had a job, was married with kids and was well settled in life. But if one has epilepsy from childhood it affects their education, co-curricular activities, friendships and later on, their job prospects, marriage etc. It is a vicious circle. Since the medical treatment is costly and of long duration (Minimum period being 3 to 5 years), sometimes the AEDs have to be taken lifelong. Due to this reason, the treatment is often discontinued and the seizures continue.

**To counter this, we are launching a new project 'Sanjivani' on Purple Day i.e. 26<sup>th</sup> March 2020. "Sanjivani" means medicine and it is also named after my father, late Shri Sanjiv Chandaver.** This year being his birth centenary year, my family, especially my mother, Smt. Muktabai Chandaver, thought it appropriate to take some suitable steps in this area and dedicate our projects to his memory. We have, therefore, adopted some students from underprivileged backgrounds, who are in need of Anti Epileptic medicines.

My father, the late Shri Sanjiv Chandaver, was a simple and very large hearted man with minimum needs. He always believed in giving rather than receiving any benefit for himself. He was a Karma Yogi in the true sense. My family and I, therefore, dedicate 'Sanjivani' to him.

*The author, a psychology graduate with B.Ed. in Special Education, is a certified Arts Based Therapist. She is the Founder and Managing Trustee of ChildRaise Trust which has received an award from Digital Empowerment Foundation., Delhi for Communication and Outreach. She can be contacted at shanbhagkavita@gmail.com.*

### Donations received

**Kanara Saraswat Association is grateful to the following donors:**

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## In Memory Of Late Shri Sanjiv R. Chandaver – Birth Centenary Year

(26.08.1920-02.11.1998)



**Fondly remembered by:**

**Wife:** Muktabai Chandaver.

**Children:** Ram-Leena Chandaver,  
Krishna-Sheetala Chandavar,  
Harish-Smita Chandaver &  
Kavita-Devaraya Shanbhag.

**Grandchildren:**

Nahush-Lauren Chandaver,  
Gautam Chandaver, Shloka Chandavar,  
Pranav Chandavar, Aseem Chandaver,  
Neeraj-Nikhita Chandaver, Preeti-Rupin  
Dalvi, Rohan-Amruta Shanbhag.

**Great-grandchildren:**

Rowan & Sophie Nahush Chandaver.

**SANJIV** –a name befitting the man; evergreen, full of life,  
a friend of the young, the old and the entire Clan.

He was the embodiment of Loving, Caring and Sharing;

Every challenge he faced with a rare daring.

Blessed with quick, ready wit, he was always full of jokes.

Yet, none was ever hurt when he thus spoke.

Jack of all trades and master of not one, but all.

Generous to the core and so humble for an iron-willed, self-made man,

He brought smiles to each one he met, whether big or small.

While music was his first love, the harmonium was his passion.

Twenty-two years ago, he left this world, leaving behind memories of his  
compassion.

Through his eyes, he had blessed two persons without sight.

Dispelled the darkness around them and helped them see the light.

Now, Sanjiv will be the source of Life-giving Nectar (Sanjivani) to those in  
need.

We bow to him in respect & gratitude; to be part of his family, feel proud  
indeed.

Written by wife Muktabai Chandaver



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## A Drop of Water

BY RHEA SANDEEP TRASIKAR

The scorching heat of the sun,  
The dry, cracked land,  
The leafless, dead trees,  
A situation which cannot be undone.

There's no backing out,  
For the bad days have begun,  
The nearest source was far away,  
This made our lives tough no doubt.

All these years we misused,  
We took water for granted,  
Now that it has been depleted,  
We are the ones to be accused.

We kept doing what we do,  
Despite the several warnings,  
We never realized that,  
Every drop of water has value.

We write about it,  
In our examination sheets,  
And inform people to save water,  
But what's the use when we never pay heed to it.

We promise to save it but later,  
But that later is now long due,  
For thousands have lived without love,  
But not one without water.

*Note from the author's mother: As a class activity in Rhea's school, the line 'Thousands can live without love but none water' by poet W. H. Auden was given to students and they were asked to write on it, be it an essay, story or a poem. Rhea chose to write a poem and ended it with the above lines.*

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## Personalia

**Dr. N (Naimpally) Ajith Kumar**, of Kochi, has successfully guided 25 doctorates (Ph.Ds) and 18 M.Phil scholars, in his 25 years' career as a Research Guide in Economics. He was recently honoured by all his research students, at the Economics



Research Centre of the Sacred Hearts College, which is the research centre of the Mahatma Gandhi University in Kochi.

Dr. N. Ajith Kumar got his own doctorate as early as 1985 at a young age of 27. He had secured the first rank in his Pre-Degree Course in B.A. Economics, and the 5<sup>th</sup> rank in M.A. Economics – all from the Kerala University.

He was the Head of the Economics Department of the Cochin College, and later became its Principal. He continues to be active even after retirement, and is currently teaching as a Professor at Amrita School of Arts and Sciences, Kochi.

**Pratima Kumble-Rege**, a resident of Delhi, is a trained textile, fashion and interior designer.

Half a year back, she started to build up a small collection of paintings at the encouragement of her friends who urged her to work on her talent. Her work was displayed at the Lalit Kala Akademi. Her paintings were a part of a weeklong group show curated in October 2019 at the Akademi.



She says that everything was new and inspiring for her. Not only did she meet some very renowned painters and teachers like Prof. Biman B. Das, (Chairman of the All India Fine Arts and Crafts Society and also a Padma Shree recipient) but it was refreshing to be able to discuss some common topics with fellow artists and astonishing to hear some of their experiences.

# Accountability of Higher Judiciary (Problems and Suggestions)

ARUN R UPPONI

When, the then SC Judge, Ramswamy's impeachment was in progress, our acclaimed SC Judge, Krishna Iyer said "One has to express agony because of an impeachment and proceedings against a Judge of the SC".

We inherited Judicial Independence from the British and their Justice administration was very honest. British Judges delivered Justice in a righteous manner.

Now, one has to remember that in India, we draw Judges from the Bar. But we don't have a trained Judicial service, where we have people who can wisely judge the integrity of Judges and the cases decided by them. Only a well experienced lawyer can become a competent Judge, as said by distinguished counsel Fali Nariman, in a conference, sponsored by Western India Bar Association.

Further, he opined that when lawyers speak about Judges' accountability, they must be conscious of the fact that they (lawyers) castigate themselves, because none other than their brothers, are elevated to the Bench and more over, they at the Bar have collectively failed to maintain the high standards.

The fact is that for getting good quality of Judges, greater care has to be taken in the selection process itself. There should also be a code for Judges as exists in the U.S. where there is a code of conduct, drafted by the "American Bar Association", for Judges. There is also a larger hand book, for Judicial behaviour, prescribed by the "American Judicature Society". Despite this, the U.S. Judges are still rooted out for corruption and unjudicial behaviour, says author Prof. Mukherjee.

Now, in India and America, impeachment is the only remedy, in the written constitution, to remove Judges of the Superior courts. But, such method is rather unworkable in India, (the then SC Judge, Ramswamy's case is the example), thought it is possible in the U.S. because of the setting up of the well established organizations. In Britain, they have a high tradition of Judicial integrity. Once in a debate, in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, referred to a Judge taking bribes. The entire House was shocked and the reporters said, such an incident occurred only after 20 years.

In India, several incidents of corruption have taken place, in the higher Judiciary. But, no action could be taken against the Judges, because of the non-availability of effective procedure, for expelling such Judges.

In 1987, in Italy a referendum was held, whether the Judges, should be liable to pay for damages, for delivering grossly corrupt Judgments.

In 1990, two Bar associations of Bombay HC, resolved that none of their members would appear before the four named Judges of the HC against whom corruption charges had been levelled. For this reason, the CJ of Bombay HC, refused to assign any work to those 4 Judges. In the SC

too, Justice Ramswamy, was found to be corrupt, by the SC Judges Committee. But, he could not be impeached for non-availability of 2/3<sup>rd</sup> majority, in the Parliament.

Later on, the former CJ of Karnataka HC, Dinakaran and the ex-Judge of Calcutta HC, Soumitra Sen, were made to resign, before their impeachment was carried out, for resorting to corruption.

## Suggestions

Now, a new method has to be found out, to remove a "SC" or "HC" Judge, other than impeachment by "National Judicial Commission Act". In Pakistan, "National Judicial Commission" can take action against the tainted Judges, after they are given a chance to answer the charges levelled against them before the Commission and if found guilty, they are sacked.

Our Government must think of setting up a similar kind of commission soon, to tackle the grave problems faced by the Judiciary today.

*Arun R. Upponi from Belgaum is a legal journalist. He is in close touch with internationally acclaimed jurists and principals of reputed law colleges. He can be contacted at +919606698810.*

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# From Classmate To Hero

SUDHIR VOMBATKERE

In 1958, I joined the B.Sc (Physics) course in Presidency College, Madras, and Murty Durendra Naidu (M.D.Naidu) was a friend among my classmates. I dropped out in my Final year (that's another story!), joined the Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun, and was commissioned into the Madras Sappers in 1962.

I heard that Naidu had joined the army and was commissioned in 1963 into the Artillery. The next I heard was that he had been awarded Vir Chakra (VrC) for his courageous action on 26 August 1965 in the war against Pakistan. Captain Naidu was Forward Observation Officer with an infantry unit, and during the attack, he was grievously wounded in the abdomen by Pakistani MMG fire. But he refused to be evacuated and continued to direct artillery fire on the enemy for three hours, before fainting from loss of blood. This was pivotal to battle success in that sector as successive counterattacks by Pakistani troops were foiled by accurate artillery fire directed by him. Fortunately he survived. We were all so proud of him, but I was unable to meet him over the years for one or the other reason.

I assumed command of a Border Roads Task Force in Ladakh in 1982, when one could drive for tens of kilometres without seeing human habitation or another vehicle. This was more so in the Shyok valley, where the roads were very rough. It was in this area that a bridge across the Largiap nullah had been destroyed by flash flood in early 1983 caused by a glacial dam burst higher up and disrupting communications to the forward areas.

In June I went on a confirmatory recce for the new bridge along with Major Ramaswamy, in whose sector it was. We drove in a Nissan Jonga to the nullah, and when we were returning, it was around 6:30 p.m.. It was still bright at that time of year, and ours was the only vehicle on the road.

We had driven for a few minutes when a wheel went over a loose stone, making a loud noise. A little later, the engine spluttered and died, and the Jonga came to a halt. A quick check in failing light showed that the fuel tank was empty! Apparently the stone had punctured it.

In those times mobile phones were still in the future. So we had to walk to the nearest camp at Thoise airfield, about ten kilometres away. By happenstance, it was a full moon night.

The moon rose behind us, lighting our way on the rough road, bathing the Shyok valley in a gentle light. Ramu was excellent company and as we walked, we chatted while the driver walked immersed in his own thoughts. The silence of the expanses was broken only by our voices and the scrunch of boots. We talked of work plans, our families, the beauty of Ladakh, professional army and regimental matters, and this-and-that. Engrossed in conversation, we had not noticed the passage of time.

We spotted the glimmer of kerosene lanterns from a tented army camp just short of Thoise, and realised that we had been walking for about two-and-a-half hours. The camp jolted our

thoughts back to dinner, and we were suddenly weary and our throats were parched. After another half hour of walking, we left the road and descended to the camp.

At the perimeter a sentry challenged us. Getting past the sentry took time, and it was past 9 p.m. by then. In the darkened camp, we headed for the nearest tent in which we spotted a light.

As we approached the tent, a voice from within asked, "Kaun hai?!" Without responding, I lifted the tent flap, entering the tent to apologize and explain the circumstances. The light was in my face, my eyes adjusting to the bright petromax light. Before I could make out the face of the occupant, I heard a voice exclaim, "My God! Sudhir?!", and he jumped up and clasped me in a warm embrace. It was my old friend, my classmate Naidu, one of the heroes of the 1965 war, whom I hadn't met after I had left college to join the army!

We saw to our driver's food and comfort, sent a message to Ramu's unit, and then sat to catch up with twenty-three years of time, assisted by a peg (or maybe two or three!) of rum, along with *parathas* and egg *bujjia* rustled up by Naidu's mess cook.

Naidu's unit had camped in that location just a day earlier, and a couple of days later would have moved to its operation location. We marvelled at our meeting during that window of time, and even more at my reaching his tent on that beautiful moonlit night. The combination of circumstances to re-unite old friends was surely created by a divine hand!

Colonel M.D. Naidu, VrC, passed away in June 2013.

*S.G.Vombatkere retired after 35 years in uniform in the rank of major general, from the post of Additional Director General in charge of Discipline & Vigilance in Army Headquarters Adjutant General's Branch. He can be contacted at Maj Gen S.G. Vombatkere (Retd)/410 'Aspen'/Sankalp Central Park/Yadavagiri/Mysuru-570020. LL:(0821)2975187.*

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# ट्रान्सफरेबल सानपण

शीला शरद शिराली

गिरगांव चौपाटीचेरि भोंवत आसतना, टॉक टॉक कर्तचि, फुग्यांनी शिंगारलेली घोडागाडी आमगेल्या इद्रारि येवु उब्रलि. गोमटीं बणबणणा आंगवाली घालुनु तांतु बशिलीं चेईवं, समद्रावळ पोळोवनु प्रोत्साहित जाल्लीं. पें पें पिपाणी वाजेयितचि, चेईवांगेलो कलकलाटु सुरु जाल्लो. चिके हॉडु चेईवं, सात्रांगेलो हात धोर्नु, उदकादिक्काने धांवलीं. घाँड्यागाडियेंथावुनु तगु देंवतना, त्या चेईवांनी केलेलो गलाटो पळेयिता पळेयिता, मगेलें मन भूतकाळांतु वचुगेलें. हांव अगदी सान आसतना मगेलो आनु डफरीन बोटीचेरि कामाक आशिलो. गवालिया टॅक धोर्नु सुरु जांवच्या ट्रॅमारि बैसुनु माझगांव बंदर वच्चें, थांयिथावुनु सात्र बोटीरि बैसुनु, समुद्रामदेंतु आशिल्या डफरीन नावाच्या आयलंडारि पांवचें हो तागेलो नित्यनेमु आशिलो. त्या प्रवासांतुली गम्मति, मगेल्या हॉडु भावंडांनी केदनायिपुणी सांगताना, माक्का भारी नवल दिसतालें. त्यावेळी टणटण कर्त आयिल्या ट्रेमारि बशिलें उगडासाक वरलें. तशीचि, समुद्रावारें कान्नांतु गेलेलेमितीं आसकाज, माक्का आजिकयि समुद्राचें प्रचंड आकर्षण आस्स.

एकोणीसशे सेहेचाळीस-सत्तेचाळीस सालांतु, बॉम्बे प्रॉव्हिन्साक लागुनु आशिल्या, बेळगांव, धारवाड, ठाणे, कारवार ह्या गावांतु पप्पागेली बदली जात गेल्ली. आनि, मुंबईंतुल्या चाळियेंतुलें आमगेलें बालविश्व ट्रान्सफरेबल जाल्लें. मगेली सानिभैणी बेळगांव उबजली त्यावेळारि पप्पाने म्हैशी विक्कत घेल्ली आनि आईने दिल्लें खाण आनि तणाची पेंडी, म्हैशीक खावोंवचे काम मगेलें आशिलें. त्या काँटग्यांथावुनु भायर काणु, माक्का शाळेंतु व्होरुनु, बिगरी वर्गांतु बोसोंवचे म्हळ्यारि, एक हॉड दिव्य आशिलें, अशशी मगेल्या हॉडु भैणीने केदनाई सांगचे. पप्पाने क्रिकेट खेळतना, मगेल्या दोंगजाणं भावांवटु हांवे वच्चे आशिलें. खँळांतुले माक्का कस्लेंयि कळनाशिलें, मात्र केदना आलेपाक खांवच्याक मेळता, हाज्जीचि वाट पोळोंवची जात्ताली. शाळेक वच्चें माक्का आलस्य. मात्र, तें आलस्य, धारवाड येनाफुडे धावु गेल्लें. ताज्जें श्रेय हुसेन टांगेवाल्याक दिंवकाज. मज्जेसांगाति आनि चारिपांच चेईवांक, गांवाभायर आशिल्या सारस्वत गुड्ड्यारिथावुनु गावांतु आशिल्या प्राथमिक शाळेंतु नित्य सकाळीं तात्रे नेमाने व्हेल्लें. एक्का हातांतु घाँड्यागेलो लगामु धोर्नु दुसऱ्या हात्ताने हातवारे कर्तचि, हुसेन टांगेवाल्याने तागेल्या हिन्दी हेलांतु काणियो सांगूक सुरु केल्यारि, शाळेचें गेट केदनांतु आयलें म्होणु कळनाशिलें. एक फांता शिक्षणाची रुचि लागुनाफुडे, मुखारि शिक्कुक, मैलभरी चमकुनु हॉडु शाळेक वचकाज पडतालें, ताज्जें हॉडु दिस्सने. वापस येतना पॅराबागेंतु वचुनु चोरनिपरि पॅरा कांकाडे खांवचे म्हळ्यारि, अप्रुबाई दिसताली. त्या काळांतु चलियांचेरि मस्त नमुन्याचि बंधनं आसतालीं. केवळ अभ्यासांतुली प्रगति मात्र न्हंयि, तरी चेईवांनी विंगविंगड कलेंतु रुचि घेंवकाज अशशी मगेल्या आई-पप्पागेली धारणा आशिली, आनी ती आवडी वृद्धिंगत कोर्ची स्फूर्ति गुड्ड्यारि राबतल्या सर्व म्हालगड्यांनी दिल्ली.

मज्जेसांगाति इतर चलियांक वट्टु कोर्नु, शास्त्रीय नृत्य शिकोंवच्याक, हेरेंजल उमेशमामु अनेक वर्स सातत्याने आयलो. तागेली अपार मेहनत, तशीचि निष्काम नृत्यसेवा हाज्जेमितीं, नृत्यांतुली लयताल, अभिनय हाज्जो पाया दृढ जाल्लो. त्यामितीं केवल धारवाडांतुचि न्हंयि तरी शासकीय

संचालनालया मुखान्त्रि जांवच्या शास्त्रीय आनि लोकनृत्य स्पर्धांतु सहभागी जावु, हुबळी, धारवाड, बेळगांव, दांडेली, हावेरी, गदग अशशी अनेक गांवांतु कार्यक्रम कोर्नु, सारस्वत गुड्ड्यारि राबतल्या आम्मी चेईवांनी गंमती केल्ली. म्हैसूरांतु गौजेरि जांवच्या दसरा संमेलनांतु, आमगेली कला सादर कोर्चो योगु आयलो. तो विलक्षण अनुभवु आनिकयि दोंव्यांइद्रारि नियाळता. मगेली होडी भैणी, नृत्याक लागची संगीत साथ दिताली. मगेल्या भावांनी तबला संगत कोर्नु आनि वेळ प्रसंगाचेरि कोळल वाज्जोवनु, उमेशमाम्माने दिदर्शित केलेल्या विंगविंगड, नृत्यबॅले, संगीतिका सादर कोरुक मस्त मदत केल्ली. एकोणीसशे-पन्नासाच्या काळांतु, नृत्यप्रकाराक लागचीं वस्तरं तयार मेळचीं एकेयि भाड्याक मेळची, आत्ता म्हणके सुविधा नाशिली. त्यामितीं वस्तरं शिवोंवचे काम यि मगेल्या हॉडु भैणीने कल्पकतेने केल्लें. उदाहरणचि दिंवचे जाल्यारि, मणिपुरी नृत्याखातिर किरगणो शिवेयितना, सायकल ट्युबाचो वापर कोर्नु, किरगणो घेरदार दिसशी कोर्नु उंचारि स्वतः भरतकाम केलेले पाडे लायले. भरजरी कुडके अेकडे कोर्नु, कूर्तापाट्टो आनि फॅन शिवेयिले. ह्या मगेल्या भावंडांगेल्या कलासक्त मदतीने मुखारि कितलेकी वर्सथायी, माक्का नृत्याचे कार्यक्रम कोर्चें साध्य जाल्लें.

धारवाड गुड्ड्यारि आसतना, आमगेल्या इद्रारि नागरकट्टी सुंदरेक्का राबताली. तिगेल्या विलक्षण स्फूर्तिमितीं गुड्ड्यारि राबतलीं सर्व बिडारं, एक कुटुंबशें जावु राबलीं. संक्रांतिंतु तीळाउंडे आनि फुल्लं घरोगर वच्चुनु वांटचे, होळीपूजा, गोकुळअष्टमी नवरात्रींतुली पूजा, म्हणत्यो, चवतीखातिर मखर कोर्ची, फुल्लं गांतचि म्हळ्यारि, एकी पर्वणीशी दिसताली. एकफांता, आमगेलें नाटक आशिलें. हांव तांतु ध्रुव जाल्लेलीं. नाटक सुरु आसताना, हांवे एक वाक्य उपराटी म्हळ्ळें खंयि. त्या वाक्याचो अर्थु विंगड जावु सगळीं जानं हासलीं. हांवे कस्ले म्हळ्ळें म्होणु गोतना. मात्र, इद्रारि बशिल्या स्वामीजींनी केलेलें स्मितहास्य आनिकयि दोंव्यांइद्रारि येता, नियाळता.

गुड्ड्यारि राबतल्या तमाम बायलांक, अप्पीनमिडी लॉणचे, पाप्पड, वडियो इत्यादि सामुदायिक रितीने कोर्ची उमेदी आसताली. त्यावेळारि, तें सुक्कद घालचें आनि मांकडांनी ताँड लायनाशी पोळोंवच्याक, भर वतांतु बैसुनु बडियो धाड्यायत राबचें हॉ आमचे असल्या बच्केंपनीगेलो रजेंतुला उद्योगु आसतालो. स्वामीजींगेल्या प्रेरणेने, आरु उमक्का आनि नागरकट्टी सुंदरेक्काने बोधवचनं बरेयिलीं तीं समस्त सारस्वतांक पूजनीय जावु आस्सति.

तांगेली महती, त्यावेळारि मगेल्या बालबुद्धीक कळने. सुंदरेक्काने निद्वेलेकेडे एक्का सात्र कानडेंथावुनु पोळोंवचें आशिल्लें. माक्का ताज्जें केदनायि नवल दिसतालें.

प्रति बारा कोसारी भास बदलता म्हणताती, ताज्जो अनुभवू माक्का ठाणेच्या शाळेंतु शिकतना आयलो. हांवे उलेयितना, मराठी उलेयिता की कन्नड म्होणु सर्वांनी चैर कोर्चें आशिले. कालांतराने कानडी भाषेचो प्रभावु कम्मी जावु, मराठी उल्लोंवच्यातु सुधारणा जात गेल्ली. केदना वापस बदली जावु, धारवाड वचुगेलीं, ताव्वळी बोली भाषेंतुलो फरकु सम कळ्ळो. सातवींतु असतना, व्हर्नाक्युलर फायनल परिक्षेचो अभ्यासु कर्तना, अवांतर वाचन जावु, मराठी भाषेच्या ज्ञानांतु आपापिचि वृद्धी

जाळी. त्या काळांतु व्हर्नाक्युलर परिक्षा पास जाल्यारि नौकरी कोरुक जात्ताली. चळे मुखारि शिकताले. मात्र चल्यांगेले मुखावैलें शिक्षण तांतांगेल्या घरच्या परिस्थितीचेरि होंदुनु आसतालें. आमगेल्या शाळेचो एक उपक्रमु मगेल्या उगडासांतु वरला. तो म्हळ्यारि, सातवी पास जावुनु मुखारि वल्ल्या विद्यार्थ्यांनी, एक दिसू शाळेचो कारभारु पोळोवुनु घेंवचो. हेडमास्तर धोर्नु शिपाई थायि सर्व विद्यार्थींचि. ताव्वळी पत्तल निसुनु तगु वर्गांतुल्या आमगेल्या मैत्रिण्यांक शिकोंवचो अनुभवु भारी गंमतीचो आशिशलो.

ठाणे गावांतु मगेल्या अभ्यासाची गाडी चिक्के स्थिर जात्ता म्हणतना पप्पाक स म्हैऱ्यांखातिर कारवार बदली जाळी, आनि आम्मी भावंड मात्र ब्राह्मणवाडी सोणु, स्टेशनालागुी आशिल्या सी.के.पी. जानांवट्टु प्रधान बिल्डींगांतु राबलीं. त्यामितीं, तांगेलें अप्रुबायचें वाल्लाबिरडें, भरपूर तॅल घालनु केल्लेळी सुंगटारांदयि कोरच्यांतु मगेली भैणी सुगरण जाळी.

शॅज्जारच्या आंग्रेकाकीने श्रावणांतु आनि नवरात्री पूजेक आंकवारि सवाशिणी म्होणु माक्का खांयिखंयि व्हेलेले, ताव्वळी सुप्पांतु, नारलु, हरभरे, फळं इत्यादि घालनु दिल्लेलें आजिकयि उगडासांतु वरल्यां.

कारवारथावुनु, आई पप्पाने वापस धारवाड येनाफुडे, आमगेली सवारि धारवाड पावली. तीनी वर्सांउप्रांते, पप्पाक डेप्युटेशनाचेरि बेंगळूर वचकाज पळ्ळें. थंयि मराठी माध्यमांतु शिक्षण नात्तिलेमितीं आनि मगेल्या हॉड्डु भावंडांगेले कॉलेज शिक्षणामितीं आम्मी भावंडं मात्र वापस मुंबईच्या दोनी कुडांच्या घरांतु आयलीं आनि मुंबईकर जाळीं. पप्पागेल्या तात्तावळी जांवच्या बदलीमितीं कांयिकाळ आवसु-बापसुक सोणु राबकाज पळ्ळें. विंगविंगड वातावरणांतु राबिलेमितीं, विंगविंगड घरं, शॅज्जारु, भास, हाज्जेमितीं मित्रपरिवारु वाडलो आनि खंचेयि परिस्थितींतु खुशालेने कश्शी राबचें, ही लाखमाळ्ळाची शिकवण, ह्या ट्रान्सफरेबल सानपणाने माक्का दिल्ली, हाज्जे माक्का कौतुक दिसता.

## पर्यटनातील ज्येष्ठ महिलांचा सहभाग

विजयालक्ष्मी सुरेश कापनाडक, ताडदेव, मुंबई

पर्यटन ह्या संस्कृत शब्दाची फोड ही परि+अट् अशी होते. त्याचा अर्थ “सभोवताली भ्रमणफळ असा आहे. नित्याच्या धकाधकीच्या जीवनात हा भ्रमण वेगळा आनन्द देतो. शालेय आणि कॉलेज जीवनातील हा आनंद जीवनभर लक्षात राहतो.

काहींना हा आनंद देवदर्शनाने किंवा संतांच्या पवित्र स्थळी जाऊन मिळतो. काही लोकांना ऐतिहासिक स्थळांना भेट देऊन प्राचीन इतिहास जाणून घेणे आवडते. जुन्या भवनांचे शिल्प व त्या काळाच्या लोकांचे वैभव व जीवन शैली, त्यांच्या अभियांत्रिकी, विज्ञान आणि कलात्मक ज्ञानांचा आढावा घेणे आवडते, तर काहींना नैसर्गिक रम्य स्थळांची भेट देऊन ज्या जागेच्या लोकांचे राहणीमान, त्यांची रीतिरिवाज व तिथल्या लोकांच्या वेगवेगळ्या पाककला, शिवण व कलाकुसरीचे कार्याची माहिती घेण्यात रुची असते. ह्या सर्व गोष्टींमुळे एखाद्याचे जीवन समृद्ध होते.

जर ही सहल आप्णेंघांसह असेल तर “दुग्ध शर्करा योगा” सारखी त्याची लज्जत द्विगुणीत होते.

एकोणविसाव्या शतकाच्या पूर्वार्धात आपल्या पुरुषप्रधान संस्कृतीच्या देशात स्त्रियांना चूल, मूल, सासर अन् माहेर या पलिकडील जगाची कल्पना देखील नव्हती. त्याकाळात प्रवासाची साधने खूप कमी होती. त्या काळात प्रवास हा कष्टमय, कठीण आणि भीतिदायक असे.

आपल्या देशाच्या स्वातंत्र्यानंतर जन्मलेल्या स्त्रिया भाग्यवान. महात्मा फुले, सावित्रीबाई फुले; लोकमान्य टिळक व अनेक पुढाऱ्यांनी स्त्री-शिक्षणाला चालना दिली. त्यामुळे आता सत्तरीच्या जवळचा वयोगटातील बायकांना शिक्षणासोबत नोकरी करून आर्थिक स्थिति सुदृढ आणि स्वयंसिद्धा होण्याची संधी मिळाली. पण त्यांना घर आणि नोकरी अशी दुप्पट जबाबदारी पेल्यावी लागे. घरातील जुन्यामतांच्या ज्येष्ठांशी जुळवून घेतांना स्वतःच्या हौसमौजेचा विचारपण करता येत नसे. (क्वचितच बायकांना हे सुख मिळाले असावे) पर्यटन तर “दूर की बात” पण ह्या पिढीतल्या बायका आपल्या लेकींना हे दुःख होऊ नये असे विचार करतात.

वर्तमान काळात शैक्षणिक, वैज्ञानिक प्रभावामुळे सर्वप्रकारची सुबत्ता आली. दळणवळणांच्या विविध साधनांमुळे जग लहान झाले आहे.

आमच्या पुढची पिढी हुशार आणि धैर्यवान आहे. कारपासून रेल व विमान चालक स्त्रियापण आहेत. हॉटेल मेनेजमेंट पासून ट्रॅवल टूरिझमचे कोर्स करून पर्यटनाच्या क्षेत्रात स्त्रिया नेत्रदीपक कामे करीत आहेत. त्या टी.वी. आणि रेडिओ व इतर माध्यमातून सुंदर शैलीने पर्यटनासाठी लोकांना प्रोत्साहित करतात.

आत्ताच्या युवापीढीला आईवडिलांनी केलेल्या कष्टांची जाण आहे. सासूने किंवा आईने आपली नातवंड मोठी व स्वावलम्बी होईपर्यंत सुनेला साथ दिली याची कदर आहे.

आयुष्याच्या अंतिम टप्प्यात सहचराच्या निधनाने एकाकी झालेल्या आईला/ सासूला किंवा सासऱ्यांना हीच युवापीढी त्यांचे छंद जोपासण्यासाठी मदत करते. आर्थिक आणि शारीरिक दृष्ट्या सबळ असलेले सर्व पर्यटनाला जातात.

ह्या सहलीमध्ये सर्व सभासद आपले वय, हुद्दा, काळजी विसरून गाणी गातात, नवीन जागेचे अवलोकन करतात. आनंद लुटतात. फावल्या वेळात बैठे खेळ गप्पा गोष्टी, स्वतःला अवगत असलेल्या कलेचे प्रदर्शन करतात, त्यामुळे ओळखी होऊन मैत्रीपण होते. बोलण्याच्या नादात पुढील सहलीचे बेत आखले जातात. आर्थिक आणि मानसिक व शारीरिक बलामुळे या बायकांना आनंद मिळतो.

ट्रॅवल कंपनीला मनाजोगे जागेसाठी पैसे दिले तर ट्रेन, विमान आणि तारांकित हॉटेलमध्ये राहण्याची सोय मिळते व पर्यटनाचा आनंद लुटता येतो.

पर्यटनानंतर आजीने नातवांसाठी आणलेल्या भेटवस्तु पाहून घरातील मंडळींना आनंद होतो. त्यामुळे काही दिवस घरात आनंद असतो. त्यासाठी सर्व आज्यांना माझा प्रेमळ सल्ला आहे की “सर्वांनी वर्षातून दोनदा तरी पर्यटनास जावे.”

## रॅम्प

प्रिया प्रभाकर बडुकळी

संध्याकाळचे सात वाजले होते. हॉलच्या मुख्य दालनात दिव्यांची रोषणाई केली होती. जमिनीवर हॉलच्या आसपास सुंदर जाजम टाकले होते, तसेच सुबक फुलांच्या माळांनी आसपासचा परिसर सुशोभित केला होता. मंद सुवासाने परिसर भरून गेला होता. पाश्चात्य पद्धतीचे पेहेराव घातलेली तरुण मंडळी मोठ्या उत्साहाने आत प्रवेश करीत आपल्या श्रीमंतीचे प्रदर्शन मांडत होती. अशा वेळी अतिशय फाटक्या व कुबट वस्त्रातील एक साधारण पंचेचाळीशीतील बाई दालनाला टेकून उभ्या उभ्या आत डोकावत होती. तिच्या पायातील चपला फाटल्या होत्या, तरीपण आपण अनवाणी जाण्यापेक्षा व्यवस्थित जाणे बरे असे समजून तिने त्या फाटक्या चपलांचा पण स्वीकार केला होता. आज तिची ही गत होण्यास ती स्वतः जबाबदार होती. एका आशाळभूत नजरेने एकदा तिने आत डोकावून रंगमंचाकडे पाहिले, परंतु कार्यक्रमाला सुरवात झाली नव्हती. सारखे वाटत होते तिला की, आपणास कोणीतरी आत जाण्याची परवानगी द्यावी.

आज सतत तिला जुने दिवस आठवले. कॉलेजमधील उत्सव, फॅशन परेड, व्हॅलेंटायन डे वगैरे वगैरे!! तिच्या तारुण्यात तिच्या मोहक रुपाने अनेकांना तिने फिदा केले होते. आंतरराष्ट्रीय फॅशन परेडमध्ये तिची निवड झाली होती, परंतु त्यानंतर ना कोणी तिला पाहिले वा ना कोणी तिच्याबद्दल ऐकले. सर्व कसे काळाच्या ओघात नाहीसे झाले होते म्हणजेच लोक तिचे अस्तित्त्वच विसरले होते.

इतक्यात अचानक एक सूट-बूटातली व्यक्ती मोठ्या दिमाखात दालनाच्या दिशेने पुढे सरसावली. तेथील उपस्थित मंडळीत हळूच चर्चा सुरू झाली - “मोठे असामी व्यक्तिमत्व आहे ह्यांचे.” त्यावर दुसरी व्यक्ति म्हणाली, “असेच बोलले जाते बड्या लोकांबद्दल, पण सत्य परिस्थिती वेगळीच असते. मोठ्यांचे मोठे करतूत - कोण जाणे आता कोठे असेल ती? अशाच एका फॅशन परेडमधील प्रथम क्रमांक मिळवलेल्या रोझीला ह्याच माणसाने विवाह-बंधनासाठी मागणी घातली आणि आई-वडिलांच्या उपदेशास झुगारून रोझी एके दिवशी अचानक ह्याच्याचबरोबर पळून गेली. पुढे काय झाले, कोण जाणे!”

इतक्या वर्षांनंतर पुन्हा परीक्षक म्हणून तो परत आला होता. आपल्या मळकट कपड्यांची पर्वा न करता रोझी थोडी पुढे सरसावली. तिने त्याला नीट न्याहाळले - तो तोच होता, तिचा पति रॉबर्ट, ज्याने लग्नाचे आश्वासन देऊन तिला फसवले होते. त्यांना एक मुलगी होती... पण त्याने तिचा स्वीकार केला नव्हता. एक बाप म्हणून जगण्यास तो नालायक होता.

त्याला पाहून तिच्या मनातील राग उफाळून आला परंतु स्वस्थ बसून सहन करण्याशिवाय तिच्याकडे दुसरे गत्यंतर नव्हते. दुःखावेगाने तिचे डोळे पाणावले. ज्याच्यासाठी तिने आपल्या माता-पित्याचा त्याग केला होता, त्याने पैशासाठी मुलीसकट तिला विकले होते. आपण कुमार्गाने फसले गेले याचा तिला पश्चाताप होत असे. आपल्या मुलीला त्या भयानक परिस्थितीपासून दूर ठेवण्यासाठी तिने

एका अपत्यहीन दांपत्याकडे सुपूर्द केले होते. ते मोठ्या प्रेमाने तिचा सांभाळ करीत असत. याविषयी कोणासही कळू नये याची तिने खबरदारी घेतली होती. एका कॉलेजमध्ये कला विभागात बारावीत शिकत होती. दिसायला देखणी-उंच एखाद्या मॉडेलसारखी! परंतु रोझीचे-एका आर्सेचे मन खूप घाबरत होते - आपल्या नशिबात आपल्या वाट्याला आलेल्या जीवनाबद्दल तिला तिटकारा वाटत होता. आपल्या मुलीच्या वाट्याला तसे जीवन येऊ नये म्हणून ती तिला रॅम्पवर जाण्यापासून म्हणजेच फॅशन परेड मध्ये भाग घेण्यापासून परावृत्त करण्याच्या हेतूने तिथे आली होती. तिचे मन मुलीसाठी तळमळत होते.

थोड्याच वेळात आमंत्रित उपस्थित मंडळी आसनस्थ झाली. कार्यक्रमास सुरवात झाली. रोझी उभ्या उभ्या दालनातून आत डोकावत होती. दालनात उभ्या दारवानाने तिला वारंवार बाहेर जाण्याचा इशारा करूनही ती त्याकडे दुर्लक्ष करून आपल्या इराद्यावर ठाम होती. हातातील काठीने त्याने तिला घालवण्याचा प्रयत्न केला, परंतु तिने तो यशस्वी होऊ दिला नाही. आपल्या मनाशी ठाम ती आपल्या मुलीची रॅम्पवर येण्याची वाट पाहत होती.

थोड्याच वेळात एका मागोमाग एक सर्व सुंदरी रॅम्पवरून चालून गेल्या. एका मागोमाग असे सर्व राऊंड पार पडले. परीक्षक आपले काम बजावित होते. थोड्याच वेळात “विश्वसुंदरी” जाहीर होणार होती. इतक्यात परीक्षक स्टेजवर आले. त्यांनी विश्वसुंदरी जाहीर केली. रंगमंचापासून खूप अंतरावर उभ्या रोझीला समजले की, तिची मुलगी प्रेसी ‘विश्वसुंदरी’ बनली आहे. परीक्षक रॉबर्ट प्रेसीच्या डोक्यावर ‘विश्वसुंदरी’चा मुकुट ठेवणार इतक्यात रोझीच्या मनाचा तोल गेला. तिला, आपण धावत जाऊन त्याच्या हातातील मुकुट हिसकावून घ्यावा असे वाटले, कारण तो तिचा पति त्या सत्कृत्याच्या लायक नव्हता. परंतु अशा शुभप्रसंगी मोडता आणणे योग्य नव्हे असे मनास वाटून ती माऊली गप्प बसली.

थोड्याच क्षणात टाळ्यांचा कडकडाट तिच्या कानी आला. तिने रंगमंचावर उभ्या तिच्या प्रेसीच्या डोक्यावर झळकणारा तो नवरत्नांचा मुकुट पाहून आपली मुलगी ‘विश्वसुंदरी’ बनली हे पाहून ती मनोमनी सुखावली. व्यवस्थापक व प्रेसीच्या सांगण्यावरून तिचे पालनकर्ते रंगमंचावर आले. तिने त्यांना कडकडून आलिंगन दिले व आपण आपल्या ह्या यशाचे श्रेय आपल्या पालनकर्त्यांस देत आहोत असे प्रतिपादन केले.

रोझीला आपल्या चुकीचे उत्तर मिळाले होते. ती मनातल्यामनात ओशाळली. आपल्या जन्मदात्यांचा त्याग करून आपल्या भावी आयुष्याबद्दल चुकीचा निर्णय घेऊन आपणच फसलो हे तिला कळले होते, परंतु वेळ टळून गेली होती, तिची ती चूक सुधारण्या पलीकडे!

# आमची टिटवाळ्याची सहल

श्यामला भट

बऱ्याच वर्षांपूर्वीची आम्हां तीन कुटुंबांची टिटवाळ्याची सहल लक्षात राहिली ती एका वेगळ्याच कारणामुळे. आम्ही ट्रेनेने टिटवाळ्याला पोहोचताना ११ वाजून गेले होते. गेल्या गेल्या इथे आमच्या जेवणाची सोय कुठे होईल याचा शोध घेऊ लागलो. कारण त्याकाळी उपाहारगृहे फारशी नव्हती.

मंदिराच्या जवळपास असलेल्या पुरोहितांच्या दारावर 'इथे घरगुती जेवण मिळेल' अशी पाटी वाचली. त्यांनी सांगितलेल्या दराने आम्हां बारा जणांचे पैसे भरले आणि 'दर्शन घेऊन येतो' असं त्यांना सांगून निघालो. दर्शन, पूजा, आरती सारं पाहून आसपास थोडं फिरून परत येताना दीड दोन तास होऊन गेले. सान्यांनाच भूका लागल्या होत्या. आम्ही त्यांच्या घरात शिरताना काही लोकांना बाहेर पडताना पाहिलं. "या, या मंडळी" असं पुरोहितांनी तोंड भरून स्वागत केलं. आम्ही हातपाय धुवून जेवणाच्या ताटांची वाट बघू लागलो. १५ मिनीटें झाली, अर्धातास व्हायला आला. पुरोहित आत बाहेर करत होते. पण जेवणाचा पत्ता नव्हता. पुरोहितांना विचारलं की ते म्हणायचे, "हो झालंच. आत्ता वाढतो".

शेवटी आम्ही बायकांनी आत जाऊन पाहायचं ठरवलं. बघतो तर काय, त्यांच्या पत्नी घामाघूम होऊन चुलीजवळ बसल्या होत्या. एका चुलीवर वरण रटरट होतं, दुसरीवर भात शिजत होता. अनाहूतपणे आम्ही विचारलं, "काही मदत हवी का?" तश्या त्या हंसत म्हणाल्या, "गजाननच पावला हो. त्यानेच तुम्हांला सुचवलं म्हणायचं." बोलता बोलता त्यांनी भिजवलेल्या कणकेचा मोठा गोळा ठेवलेली एक परात आणि निवत घातलेल्या बटाट्यांची एक परात आमच्या दिशेने सरकवली.

"भात होत आला. आता वरणात मसाला घालून आमटी करते. कुणी एक बटाटे सोलून, कापून द्या म्हणजे चूल रिकामी झाली की एकीवर भाजी फोडणीला टाकते आणि तुम्ही दोघी चपात्यांचं बघता का? म्हणजे मी लगेच पाटपाणी घेते. जेवणाला आणखी उशीर व्हायला नको."

आम्ही हे ऐकून स्तंभितच झालो. मी रागानेच विचारलं, "दोन तास आधी सांगूनही स्वयंपाक तयार ठेवला नाही? अहो, तुमच्याकडे पैसे घेऊन जेवायला येणाऱ्या पाहुण्यांकडून स्वयंपाक करून घेतात का?"

"छे छे. नाही हो. झालं काय, तुमचा स्वयंपाक तयारच होता पण अचानक बाहेरगावचे दुसरे पाहुणे आले. "जेवण मिळेल का" असं त्यांनी आशेने विचारल्यावर नाही कसं म्हणणार? दारी आलेल्यांना विन्मुख कसं पाठवणार? 'अतिथी देवो भव' म्हणतो ना आपण. मग त्यांना वाढता वाढता एकीकडे भाताचं, वरणाचं आधण ठेवलं. माफ करा हं, तुम्हांला थांबावं लागलं.' हात जोडून त्या म्हणाल्या.

यावर आम्हाला काय म्हणावं कळना. आम्ही तिघी एकमेकींची तोंड पहात होतो. त्या बाई आमटीच्या मागे लागल्या होत्या. एकूण रागरंग पाहून पुरोहित आतबाहेर करायचे थांबले. शेवटी चरफडतच पण मुकाट्याने पराती ओढून आम्ही कामाला लागलो.

बाईचा हात झरझर चालला होता. त्या इकडचं तिकडचं बोलत होत्या. घर पाहता त्यांची ओढग्रस्तीची परिस्थिती लक्षात येत होती. हळूहळू आमचा राग निवळत गेला. चार जणींचे हात लागल्यामुळे पुढची कामे भरभर

झाली. पुरोहितांनी पाने मांडली. आम्हांला जेवायला बसवलं. सडकून भूक लागल्यामुळे असेल किंवा बाईच्या हाताच्या चवीमुळे असेल सारीजण त्या साध्यासुध्या जेवणाचा पोटभर आनंद घेत होती. बाई आणि पुरोहित आग्रहाने वाढत होती.

आम्ही तृप्त होऊन बाहेर पडताना बाई कुंकू लावायला पुढे झाल्या. आमचे हात धरून म्हणाल्या, "या हो परत." आम्हीही मनापासून "हो, नक्की येऊ" असं म्हणालो खरं पण पुन्हा जाणं झालंच नाही. मनात एक छान आठवण मात्र राहिली.

## एक नाठाळ चोर

हाती होता गरम वाफाळलेला चहा .....  
अविचत आला दुरून, मोर्चा पहा .....  
एका मागून एक, चोही कडून मारा ....  
क्षणांत घातला गराडा, चढला पारा ...  
टोळी विचारांची, विविध मुखवट्यांची....  
येती चालत घेवूनी आयुधे विषयांची ...  
सुख, दुःख, कपटी, मत्सर क्रोधांची.....  
एकाकी मी झाले, वाटले हतबल ....  
लागले शोधू, मिळे कुठे पाठबळ .....  
झुंज होती अनोखी, अति अवघड .....  
नाही ऐकायची, कुणाची बडबड .....  
माझाच प्रश्न, त्यास माझेच उत्तर .....  
ठरवू शांतपणे, करून विचार तत्पर .....  
मूळांचाच प्रथम, घातला घाव तर ?.....  
तोच आहे एक, पक्का नाठाळ चोर! .....  
जागे करूनी मनाला, मारला एक तमाचा ...  
पळाला बदमाश चोर, घेऊन सरंजाम त्याचा....  
झाले जीवन शांत, नुरली कसली खंत .....  
कारण .....  
गप्प करूनी मनाशी, त्यासी ताबी घ्यावे....  
लढा जीवनाचा, तहात बदलुनी द्यावे.....  
हे विचारच मेले, जीवन गोत्यांत आणिते...  
पहिला विचारच असतो, ना.....  
त्यालाच ताब्यात ठेवायचे...

- विद्या कागल

# आमगेली गोमटी भास – लंडनांतू

श्यामला भट

बंकीगहम पॅलेसाभायर गर्दींतू उबरोनू, मान वयरी वयरी अुब्बारनू changing of guards पोळोंवचो निष्कळ प्रयत्न कोरनू हाव दणूलीं. 'विडिओ पळेयिला नवें, आतं कस्त्याक हांगा आणि वांट काडचे' हो विचार कोरनू एक बाजूक उब्रलीं. लंडन पावनाफुडे 'हें पळोंवकाजची' म्हणतली इतलींची जानं, तांतू कस्ले विशेष ना, नुस्तेंपुणी वचें' अशी म्हणतलीयी मेळीं. आमी कडेरी लागी आशिल्या रॉयल स्टोरांतू रिगलीं. स्टोर सान, जाल्यार, राणी, राजपरिवारांतूली चित्रं, अनेक उत्तम दर्जाच्या वस्तू थंयी विककूक दवरलेल्यो. अर्थात मॉल भो चड. एककडे पळेयित आसतना मगलो जांवई थंयीची कस्लेकी दुंढाळत आस हें लक्षांतू येवू हांवे ताकका निमगिलें, "आतं मुखारी खंयी वच्यां?" तागलो जबाब येने. ताने आयकनेशे दिस्ता अशी लेकून ताज्जे दिकाने तोंड उब्बारनू पळेयिल्यार तो आनि एकू निळे डोळ्यांचो गुलाबी गोरो फारैर मज दिकाने पळेयित आशिले. आमगेली नजरानजर जालतशीची ताने नम्रपणे म्हळें, 'Sorry, No English' हे एकची वाक्य शिकून आयिल्या बावड्याक हांव इंग्लिश उलेयिता म्होणू दिसले हाजी माका भारी गंमती दिसली. भाषेचे एक वैशिष्ट्य म्हळ्यार ती समभाषिक जानांक वट्ट हाडता खंयी. तीं मेळीं की तांच्यांतू लग्गेच एक आपलेपण येता. अशीची आमी एक स्टेशनारी चमकत आशिलीं. सांज जालेली आणि जानांगली गर्दी आशिली. मुंबईच्या मानाने कमी ना म्हळें तरीके थंयचे मानाने गर्दीची. आमी चिके माक्षीमुखारी

जालीं. मगले धुवडेने राबूनू म्हळें, "पाच्यी माक्षी वरल्या दिस्ता, आमी हांगा राबयां" इतलें कान्नी पळ्ळली दुसरींची चार जणं अकस्मात राबलीं. एदोळू गर्दींतू दिसनेशिलीं, जाल्यार त्या वाक्याने जादू केली. "भानप नवें?" ते चार जणांतूल्या एकळेने निमगिलें. हांवयी तितल्यांतू थंयी पावलीं. "व्हयी, व्हयी" आणि सुरू जाल्लो चिके बगलेक उब्रोनू तीं चार जणं आणि आमी पांचजणांतुलो संवादू. आमका कस्लें म्हणताती, कुळारची कोण, तुमका कस्लें म्हणताती, खंयथाव् आयल्याती, हांगा खंयी राबल्याती अशी उलेत उलेत नेटवर्किंग सुरू जालें आणि आमगेले कोणकी तांगेल्या कोणाक्री लेकताती अशी शोध उर्फ कनेक्शन लागलें. आनंदाने आमी एकमेकांगलो निरोप घेतलो. तुमकायी हो अनुभव केनापुणी आयलोची आसतलो. स्कॉटलंड भोंवडायतलो आमगेलो गाईड भो बुद्रंत आशिलो. तागेलो इतिहास, भूगोल आणि विंगविंगड देशांतूली संस्कृती हाजो जबरदस्त अभ्यास आशिलो अशी म्हणका जातलें. आमी उलेयिलें आयकूनू ताने म्हळें, "माका थोडे हिंदी आयकुनू गोतू आस. हांवे तुमगेलो 'कोच कोच होटा हाय' सिनेमा पळेयिला. तुमी इंडियन्स आसूनूयी कस्लकी विंगड भास उलेयित आसती अशी माका दिसता. ही खंची भास? आयकूवच्याक मधुर आस." आमगेल्या भाषेक केनायी हे सर्तिफिकेट मेळता, व्हयि नवे?

## SHRI DEVIDAS DURGADAS KAGAL

### Saints And Gurus



**76 years old an Army Veteran passed away on 02.02.2020 at Mangalore**

**Deeply mourned by:**

Wife Jyotsna,  
Sons Milind & Gourang  
and Relatives & Friends

This article is dedicated to my husband Shri Devidas D Kagal, who passed away on 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb, 2020. He was an Army Veteran and I have been a social worker at Bankikodla. We were greatly inspired by our Guru P. P. Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji when He explained Bhakti, Anushtan, Japa, Meditation and Shradha during Chaturmas Vrata at Gokarn in the year 2020.

Our Gurus are saints first. We must seek company of these saints and imbibe their teachings. They extol the glory of the Guru Paramatman. If we follow their teachings sincerely with devotion we will find ourselves greatly benefitted. They never mislead their followers. Immeasurable is the gratitude that the whole world owes to these saints.

P. P. Parijnanashram Swamiji once said in His teachings that Lord Krishna is bound to come on the earth as per His solemn assurance to give peace to the people on the earth from violence, killings and all sorts of wrong doings. We, being Saraswats, must develop our *satwik* qualities which can lead to spiritual progress. Just remember God with greater intensity and pray for peace and harmony.

Once, P. P. Anandashram Swamiji praised his Guru as a reservoir of *Jnana*, *Vairagya*, *Bhakti*, and repository of *Karuna*. So are our Gurus. They dwell in the hearts of their devotees. We should fall at their Feet and beg of them to show us the path. Sant Arur Umabai wrote in "*Bodhamrut*", "The river of Samsara is very deep and all of us have to cross it. But, how? We have to look for a boat called *Upadesha* of Sadguru.

At this juncture, I would like to remind our Local Sabhas, Trusts and Associations, to follow the golden words of P.P. Anandashram Swamiji - "There is doubtless need for economy, the amount spent on receptions accorded and floral tributes offered to us at every step make us very uneasy. May not some thought be bestowed on such extravagance? Our nature is simple and we are satisfied with pure and simple devotion."

**Smt Jyotsna D Kagal, Bankikodla**

# Lymphoma & Cancers

RAMANANDA BELLARE

## PATIENT'S VIEW POINT– Problems and Advice on how to face it

Some cancers are caused by bad habits or exposures to harsh atmosphere, some cancers happen just by ill luck. Lymphoma is a treatable cancer if detected and treated in time. There are two types of Lymphoma -Hodgkins & Non Hodgkins. I had Non Hodgkins. The problem is that it is detectable only in third or fourth stage. Lymphoma is a treatable cancer, but requires adequate attention. Lymph glands act as policemen and take on infections, but if the infection is a lot, then the lymph glands get swollen and over a period can get cancerous. Lymph glands are concentrated around the neck, near the arm pits and near the thigh junction. In the advanced stages, it can affect the bone marrow. Unfortunately lymphoma shows itself only after the 3<sup>rd</sup> stage and requires treatment, which is painful and expensive. Some patients develop this cancer in the testis and prostate glands. In women it can affect the breast or the ovaries and the womb.

Whatever the cancer, one requires a lot of inner strength to face it. You should think positively. Many patients want to give up half way, because of the pain and costs. You should go to the correct doctor and have full faith in him. On the first day when I was climbing the staircase in Ramaiah Hospital, I read a placard on the wall, which said "God give me only the disease, which I, doctor & you can cure". How true!

**Diagnosis:** Normally, when a person feels fatigue and his RBC and platelet count drops and there are swellings in the three places mentioned above, the doctor may order a biopsy and if the biopsy shows the presence of cancerous cells, further tests are done before the treatment starts. This could include Body Scan, ECG, and Bone marrow test. In case of some complication, fully body PET scan could be conducted. Bone marrow Test could be very painful. If the Patient can relax and divert his mind, it would help in overcoming the pain to a certain extent. I must warn that Bone marrow extraction from the junction of lower spine and pelvic bone is one of the most pain full procedures. An anesthetic injection is given only on skin and muscle, but the thick needle which goes in causes a lot of pain. If you are standing outside the procedure room, you can hear patients screaming at the top of their voice. My first procedure was carried out by a post-graduate trainee doctor, who told me to relax the muscle so that the pain will be little less. The room was full of house surgeons and a few students. By chance the name of the doctor was Dr. Chitrapur, who hailed from Shirali and his family was living in the Chitrapur housing complex. I was joking and talking to him, he was surprised and asked me whether it did not pain at all. I told him my method of ignoring the pain was known as "Oral Anesthesia" - just keep on talking and Joking. I have totally undergone six procedures in eleven years and this attitude helped me to overcome pain.

**Treatment:** This consists of Chemotherapy, they also advise Antibody treatment, this prevents reoccurrence for

six to seven years. I took eighteen sessions spread over two and a half years. Reoccurrence happened - in my case after ten years. It is better to get your blood checked every two years and get a PET Scan every three to four years in case of doubt. Radiation is also given to remove some tumors. This is also very painful and has after-effects for a month or two.

**Costs:** This may vary from hospital to hospital. Government and charitable hospitals charge less. Specialty hospitals charge very heavily. The cost of chemo could be around Rs. 10,000-15,000 per sitting. If antibodies are given, each session costs around Rs 1 to 1.5 Lakhs. Present central Government is trying to peg the costs of medicines. Presently, it costs Rs 60,000 to 80,000 per session. Government is trying to bring it down to Rs 25,000 to 30,000. If blood or platelet transfusion is required, there will be an extra cost. There are some government hospitals and private charitable hospitals where costs can be less.

Fortunately for me, my doctor Dr. Nalini Kilara was extremely good. I had further advantage of my late younger brother Dr. Nagendranath, who was one of the top Oncologists in USA. Both of them designed my treatment. During the treatment, the main problem I faced was severe cramps, which the doctors said was normal. Fortunately one of our relations suggested "CRAMPS 200" a homeopathic medicine, which I find effective even to date. Apart from the treatment, you should take nourishing food, plenty of liquids as this helps a lot in your early recovery. Meditation and improving the inner strength helps a lot. I wish and pray that no one should get this deadly problem. The worst form of cancer is Blood Cancer (leukemia). The treatment is also bit difficult, as different people react differently to drugs.

The family plays an important role -sympathising too much is not good, and patients may lose confidence in themselves. They must be encouraged to have hope and occupy themselves in various activities. Keeping away from tobacco also keeps one safer from this malady. Avoid rooms where there are many smokers, passive smoking is also dangerous. People with a history of cancer should be more careful, they should get tests done periodically

There are some natural remedies, which also help -tulsi, ginger, haldi, black pepper, licorice simarouba leaves are some of them. Vitamins like Vitamin E, Calcium, Iron, B complex, and Riboflavin also helps.

Lastly, I pray to God and Guruparampara to bless us so that nobody suffers from this problem...

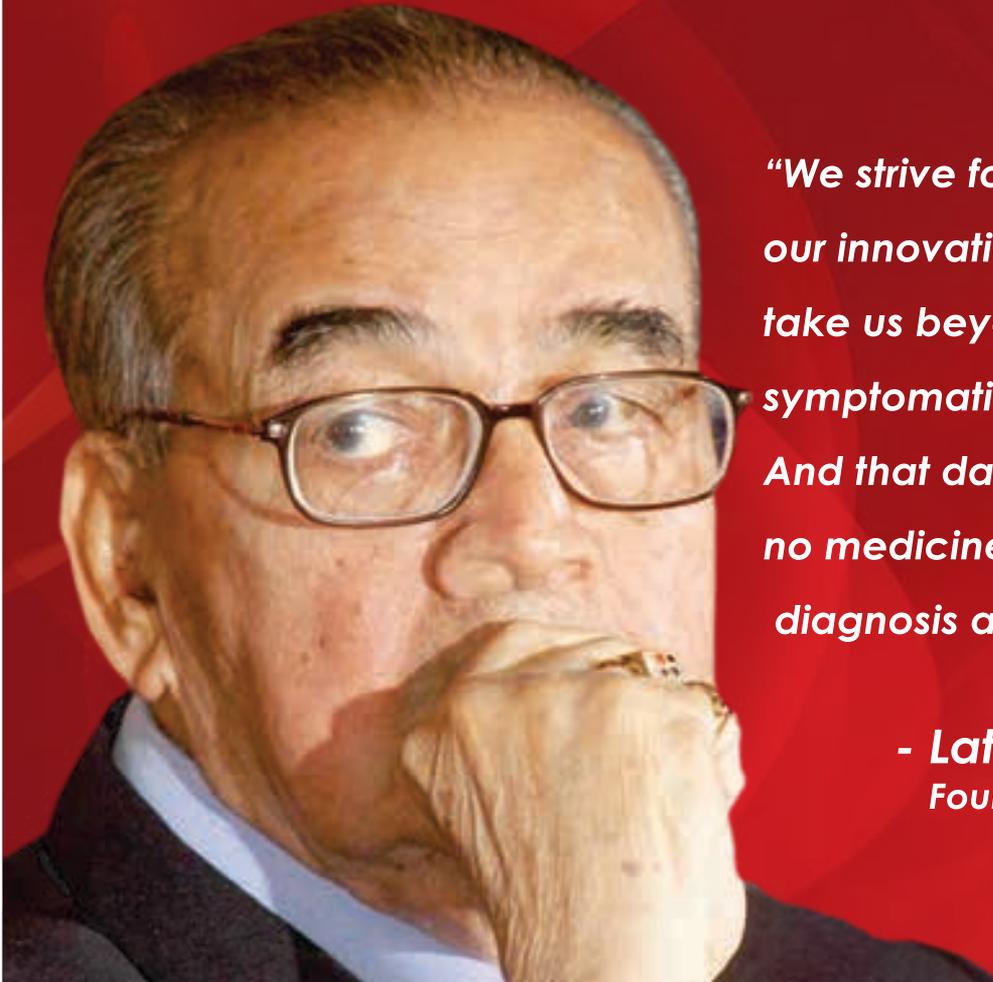
*Ramananda Bellare is the Managing Director of Brahad Elastomers Pvt Ltd. specializing in Silicone Rubber products. Mobile: 9844105636. Email: rbellare@brahad.com.*



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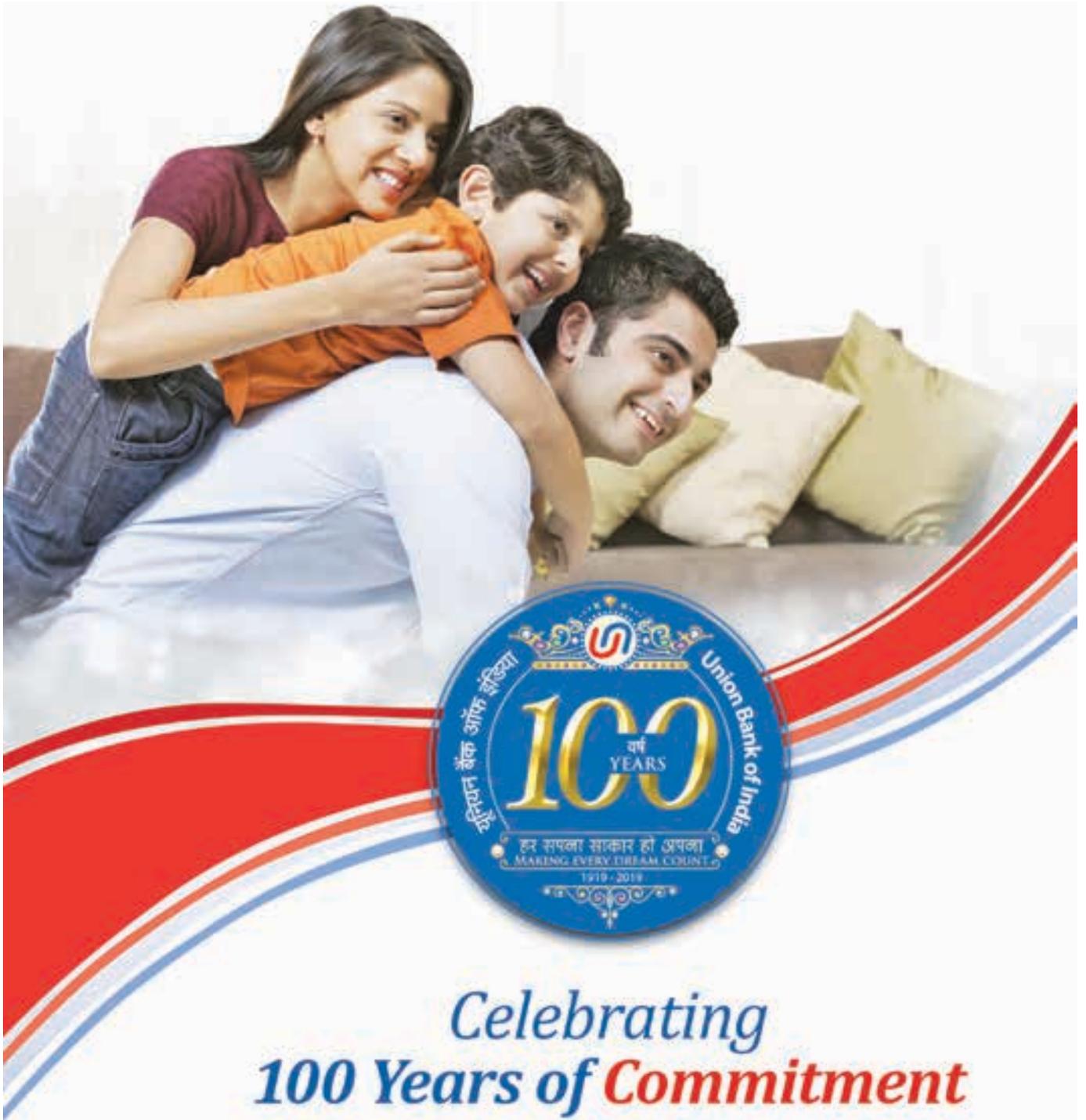
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## Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Guruprasad High School, Mallapur

ARUN UBHAYAKAR

The entire campus of Mallapur Guruprasad High School was given a face lift with the result that the natural beauty of the area was doubled with colourful lights and newly constructed buildings. The newly built "Parijnanshram Sabhagriha" and 3 rooms namely Computer room, Library and Laboratory rooms were ready for inauguration. On Saturday, the 15<sup>th</sup> of February at 10-30 am all the students, staff members and members of Guruprasad Education Society and Parijnan Past student's Association assembled at the newly constructed main gate of the school, waiting excitedly for the arrival of H.H. Shrimad Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji, Mathadhipati of Shri Chitrapur Math.

On His arrival Swamiji was received with Poorna Kumbha Swagat accompanied by Panchavadya leading to the Hall in a procession. Inauguration of "Parijnanshram Sabhagraha" was done at the divine hands of H.H.Swamiji. Swamiji was pleasantly surprised to see the 5 ft high idol of Shrimad Parijnanashram Swamiji on the stage, prepared by a past student, Mahesh Gunaga. After offering Pushpa Vandan, H.H.Swamiji inaugurated the new 3 rooms. He also inaugurated the exhibition arranged by the students exhibiting their scientific and other educative models. Special appreciation was given by H.H.Swamiji for the beautiful paintings of Ganapati Adigundi who also offered a portrait of Swamiji to H.H.

H.H. Swamiji was then led to the beautifully decorated stage in a big pandal where seating arrangements had been made for the audience. After the Paduka Poojan by the office-bearers of G.E. Society and Parijnan Past Students Association, the Dharmasabha started with Ved Ghosh by the Math priests. Welcome song was sung by the school students melodiously. Shri Arun Ubhayakar, President of Golden Jubilee Committee welcomed all. Shri M.K.Hegde, the President of Parijnan Past Student's Association explained how with their efforts they obtained the cooperation from the past students who are now living in different part of the country.

Golden Jubilee celebrations were inaugurated by H.H.Swamiji by lighting the ceremonial lamp, and by other guests too. Shri Dinkar Shetty, Local M.L.A. in his speech appreciated the systematic arrangements and discipline

maintained by students and teachers. He announced that he would grant funds for the pakka road from Main Gate to campus. Dr.M.K.Naik, Vice Chancellor of Agriculture and Horticulture University, Shivmogga recollected his sweet memories and told that it is because of the disciplined atmosphere and affectionate treatment that past students feel proud of their Alma Mater. Shri Jiten Divgi, of Divgi. T.Ts. whose company was a major contributor towards the construction of 3 Class rooms and "Parijnan Sabhagriha" was honoured at the divine hands of H.H. Swamiji. Shri Narayan Mallapur, President, Guruprasad Education Society in his Presidential address mentioned that it was because of H.H.Swamiji's blessings that all these developments could be achieved in record time.



5 ft high idol of Shrimad Parijnanashram Swamiji was created by a past student, Mahesh Gunaga

In the afternoon past and present members of G.E. Society, past and present staff members, past members of Mumbai Committee and 102 achievers were honoured at the divine hands of H.H.Swamiji. In his Ashivarchan H.H. Swamiji stressed that only by devotion to the Gurus, by following Guru's *mardgarshan* one can achieve fulfillment. He expressed his appreciation for the dedication of the past students and said that by the blessings of His Guru H.H. Parijnanashram this Institution will grow to the fullest extent. He ended his Ashivarchan by singing Bhajan "Guru Mahima". The programme ended with a cultural programmes by students of the school, the main attraction was "Kamsa Vadha" drama.

The Next day started with an Educational Seminar and Kavita Vachan. Many stalwarts participated and made it most interesting and enjoyable. After noon there was vocal music by Gourish Yaji Mandali which was also liked by all. In the concluding ceremony Shri G.U Bhat, Journalist and reporter of Udayvani opined that because of the sacrifice of the elders especially Saraswats this institution has grown to this extent. He said He had come in contact with H.H. Parijnanashram Swamiji who was like Vivekanand and had a modern outlook that made him famous in Karnataka.

Bharata Natya programme by Vidushi Vasantlaxmi, a roopaka on "Kaalinga Garva Haran" was presented effectively, dance of Kaalinga and Krishna was cheered by all. The programme ended with "Devi Mahatme" Yakshgana which drew the largest crowd.

## Here and There

**Bengaluru - Special Programmes:** From 21 st to 23 rd December, we had a series of talks by Dharmapracharak Shri V Rajgopal Bhatmam on Shiva Sankalpa Sookta. Pattabhisheka Vardhanti of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji was observed on 13 th February with Bhashya Pathan- Bhagavadgita ,Upanishad and Brahma Sutra, Guru Pujan, Ashtavadhana Seva followed by prasad vitarana. On 21 st February, on the occasion of Shivaratri, Chaar Yama Shiva Pujan was performed by gruhastha-s while the laity enthusiastically, participated in the stotra pathana led by Smt Sunanda Sagar.

**Varga activities:** Seven yuvas volunteered from 1st to 7th February, at the Samvit Sadhana Shibir at Shirali. On 9th February, 6 yuvas performed Devi Anushthana followed by stringing of Rudraksha Mala guided by Deepika Sorab. On 16th Feb, 6 yuvas participated in the recording of Aarambh sessions. One yuva volunteered in the Samvit Sudha stall and five yuvas offered Bhajan Seva in the program by Shri. Omkar Gulvady on 29th Feb.

**Regular programmes:** Pujan was performed by Gruhastha-s at Bengaluru Math, in garbha-gudi every day and in Anandashram Sabhagriha on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Sadhaka-s performed Samoohika Gayatri Japa Anushthana on Sundays. The series of talks by Smt. Dr. Sudha Tinaikar on Vedanta Dindima continued every Tuesday. Bhashya Pathana (Bhagavadgita, Upanishad & Brahmasutra) practice is held every Sunday morning. A short 5 minute Ninada practice was a part of all regular activities.

**Reported by Saikrupa Nalkur**

**Chennai :** On Jan.1, we performed Saarvajanik Satyanarayana puja. The hor were the President of the Association Shri Pradeep Gulwady and Jyoti pachi. Ved Goutham Bhat officiated the same. We performed Shri Guru Pujan on the punyathithi of Shrimat Shankarashram Swamiji II, This was followed by Bhajans on 27th Jan. On Feb.13, the Pattabhishek Varadanti of Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji was celebrated with Shri Guru Pujan and bhajans. For Mahashivaratri, Ved Goutham Bhat maam performed Puja with Rudrabhishek. This was followed by Bhajans. Monthly Sadhana Panchakam on both months went as per schedule.

**Reported by Kavita Savoor**

**Hubli :** On the occasion of Maha Shivaratri Utsav 2020 , Param Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji performed the Chaar Yaama Shivapujan through the entire night at Shri Shiva Krishna Mandir, Hubli. Sadhakas participated with great fervour and devotion.

Ladies participated in Lalita Sahasranama Pathanam and performed Samuhik Devi Anushthan while the men participated in the Samuhik Gayatri Anushthan. The Prarthana Varg children sang a welcome song to welcome our beloved Swamiji.'

Members of Hubli Sabha participated in Guru Pujan performed by Sadhaka Radhakrishna Hattangady at Shri Shiva Krishna Mandir on the occasion of Shishya Sweekar of Param Pujya Parijnanashram III on March 1st,2020'

**Reported by Maithili Sirur**

**New Delhi :** Sabha members got together at the Community Club, Ireo Grand Arch condo, Gurgaon on December 7, 2019, to herald the Winter season, before people disperse during the New Year period. Some of the young ladies in the community – Namrata Kilpady, Akshata [Kumta] Buch, Pratima [Kumble] Rege and Namrata [Manjeshwar] Gupta volunteered to put their heads together to seek out a convenient date from all residents, fix the venue and work out, with help of other members, an interesting cultural programme with a contributory dinner, which was partly subsidised by the Sabha. Prashant and Hemangini Hoskote, residents of the condo were of great help in fixing the venue and working out a menu, and in participating in the cultural events. The Sabha thanks and applauds them all for the efforts they put in and hopes that such activities will continue in future under the guidance of young members of the Sabha. About 40 adults and 7 children joined in the event. We thank all of them for coming out on a rather cold and dark evening and helping create a warm atmosphere.

The highlights of the cultural programme were a sparkling Kathak recital [and a call for an encore] by young Ahaana Kilpady, daughter of Sveta and Aditya Kilpady; a very sweet and melodious rendering of 'Gaiye Ganapati Jagavandana' by Rishaan Kilpady, Aadya and Ruhaani Satpathy (both events mentored by Sveta, a classical singer in her own right); a display of [now] retro games that children played a generation back e.g. tops, paper plane creations, gilli danda etc. [which now no longer feature as children's playthings], as well as a skit on joys and need of good neighborliness, both performed very meticulously by Navya and Niyaara Rege and their friends. Kudos to parents Pratima and Vishal Rege for putting together, scripting and recording these ideas, and training the children to perform them.

Reflecting one of the big concerns [and headaches] of contemporary India (and the world) Namrata Kilpady and Akshata Buch performed a skit on building awareness for proper disposal of plastic waste and garbage. Tiny Ruhi Buch [with a little help from Mama] performed a shy nursery dance.

A surprise item in Konkani, and one that was professionally done, with superb makeup and demeanour, was Prashant Hoskote [our host] masquerading in a feminine role [complete with saree, makeup and, above all, panache..... as "Prashanti"..... with Mahesh Kaikini as "her" interlocutor . The play they enacted was based on the original Marathi play 'Hasva Fasvi' written and performed by Dilip Prabhavalkar, who plays six different characters in the play with great ease. By way of background—the play line involves a veteran actor who misses his felicitation due to ill health, and his twin sister, "Prashanti" lands up in his place. In a space of about 15 mins. of superb acting and personality change, "Prashanti" sketched out the life, times and adventures of a woman on a remote African island, and "her" escapades there. Supported ably by Mahesh Kaikini's as co-actor and interlocutor, Prashant/Prashanti's narration and apt lilt of speech, Konkani diction and language, and the yarn "she" spun on "her" life, left the audience not only in fits of laughter, but spellbound at such graphic acting..... The

Hoskotes explained that the play sequence was excerpted, and translated into Konkani by them, keeping the essence of the play intact. We commend and applaud the Hoskotes and Mahesh Kaikini for their magnificent all round theatrical and histrionic effort.

A very tasty dinner [North Indian cuisine] had been arranged by the Club, which everyone enjoyed. It was good also to see the presence of many newcomers and recent arrivals to the community, who were introduced to those present. We welcomed them all, and wish everyone a pleasant stay in the city. (We missed those who could not attend the event).

**Courtesy – New Delhi Sabha Quarterly Newsletter –  
Issue 7 January 2020**

**Pune :** Sabha devotees celebrated Mahashivaratri in the evening on 21st February 2020 at Suman Nagarkatti pachi's residence at Kothrud.

Shiva Pujan was performed beginning with Shiva Kavacha by four Sadhakas at individual stations with help from other sadhakas who assisted in the Pooja and also chanted along. Abhishek was performed along with chanting of Kaivalya upanishad and Rudra Trishati Archana was offered.

Lingashtakam and Pashupati Ashtakam were also chanted followed by Shiv bhajans and Prasad vitaran.

The programme was well attended.

**Reported by Deepa Sirur**

**Mumbai - Thane Sabha :** Pattabhisheka Vardhanti of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji was celebrated on 13th February at the residence of Brig. Vijaya Ganesh Taggars in Nerul. This was attended by 22 sadhaka-s from Nerul, Vashi, Kopar Khairane and Mulund. It began with the Sabha Prarambha Prarthana, Shri Guru Paduka Stotram and Shri Parijnanashram Trayodashi. This was followed by a discourse by Dharmapracharak Shri V. Rajgopal Bhat maam on the purport of our Sabha Samapti Prarthana. He made it interesting and easy to comprehend by weaving in many stories and examples. This was followed by bhajan-s by Smt. Geeta Gulvady. The program ended with Sabha Samapti Prarthana, Deepa Namaskar and Prasad vitaran.

Pujya Swamiji's Pattabhisheka Vardhanti was also celebrated at Powai on February 13th by the children of Prarthana Varga. As an expression of their gratitude, the children sang bhajans, offered an aarati, flowers and sweets to Pujya Swamiji.

Yuvathon 2020 held at Karla on 23rd February saw the participation of 5 Yuva-s —Nikhil Chandawarkar, Raviraj Pandit, Dhrutiman Padubidri, Manonmaye Padubidri and Aditya Bellare—from Thane Sabha.

**Reported by Namrata Heranjal**

## **Our Institutions**

### **Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Chennai**

The Samaj organised a cookery demonstration by Smt. Vijaya Prabhu in which she showed how to make Rice Manchurian with gravy. She offered important kitchen tips/suggestions and many recipes of unusual chutneys.

The program began at 11am with a regular Sabha

prarambh prarthana followed by the introduction of the chief guest by secretary, Lata Ullal. Ms Vijaya presented the demo with ease which everybody enjoyed. Many noted down the recipes as well as the culinary tips.

The President, Purnima Rao, presented a vote of thanks and memento as a token of appreciation. The function concluded with sabha samapti prayer followed by Potluck Lunch arranged by the committee members. The lunch menu included Dahiwade, Jeera rice, Cauliflower mix veggies in tomato gravy, Potato masala, Teek Sandan, Bundi Raita, Potato Chips, Semiya Kheer and hot Rice Manchurian. The crowd enjoyed the food fare.

**Reported by Lata Karnad Rao (Ullal)**

### **Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi**

The yearly "Puraskar Samarambh" was held in the Shrimat Anandashram Hall at Talmakiwadi on 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2020, which comprised of "Lekhan Puraskar"- recipient of which was Smt Vidya Kagal and "Sangeet Puraskar" - the recipient being Smt Smita Kulkarni.

Smt Vidya Kagal, completed her school education in Mumbai and thereafter completed her graduation in Commercial Art from J.J. School of Arts. Initially she moved to UK along with her husband and subsequently to USA where she could pursue all her hobbies - of writing, arts / painting, theatre in the company of many Marathi and Konkani friends. She also started her pleasant hobby of writing. Some of her articles have appeared in KS Magazines.

She has worked for almost 10 years with cancer patients, and was also involved in service at the the Hindu Temple in Dallas, for almost 10 years. Smt. Kagal was introduced by Smt Smita Mavinkurve and then was honoured with the Lekhan Puraskar by President Vidyaxmi Kulkarni. Thereafter, Mrs Kagal gave an interesting talk and narrated a small story written by her which kept the audience enthralled.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> recipient was Smita Kulkarni who received the Sangeet Puraskar. Smita is an Economics Graduate with a Diploma in Human Resource Management. She started learning music and ghazals from her Guru Shri Mohinderji Singh. She has also been receiving considerable amount of guidance from Smt Geeta Yennemadi and Smt Deepa Rao. She is fond of old songs and is a part of Suburban Musical Group. She rendered two beautiful songs on this day. She was introduced by the Vice President Smt Padmini Bhatkal and was honoured with the Sangeet Puraskar by President Vidyaxmi Kulkarni.

The Vote of thanks was proposed by Geeta S Balse. She thanked firstly the donors / sponsors of the Lekhan Puraskar - Late Sadanand mam and Smt Nirmalapachhi Bhatkal and the Sangeet Puraskar - Smt. Geeta Yennemadi, her family and friends. They had the objective of encouraging and motivating Amchi Women to write in Konkani and Marathi. & young and upcoming Amchi girls in singing respectively. She thanked KSA, for the Hall, Grant Road Local Sabha for the sound system equipment, Guruprasad Caterers for the lunch and the audience for their appreciative encouragement. Contributory Sneha Bhojan was ready to be partaken of – a Gujrati Theme

Cuisine - Guju Dal, Rice, Puri, Undhiyo, Sambare Shaak, Shrikhand, Ghugra (Vatana Pattice), Masala Chhas, papad and raita -which was enjoyed by all.

**Reported by Geeta Suresh Balse**

On 13th February 2020, the members of our Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi had an opportunity to interact with a renowned Amchi social entrepreneur Smt. Mrinalini Kher (nee Gangoli). Mrinalini Kher is the Co-Founder of Y.P. (Yuva Pratishthan) which helps in up-lifting bar dancers, youth released from remand homes and poor women and children in villages all over our country.

She was introduced by Smt. Srikala VInekar. Smt. Kher spoke on the topic "Are we ready for 2020?" expressing her concern on the increasing generation gap between the

grand parents and their grand children in present time. She appreciated women for their flexibility to adjust, accommodate and understand their grand-children, open-up with them and guide them to follow the correct path of life.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by Usha Surkund, followed by snacks sponsored by Smt Shaila Hemmady.

**Reported by Vijayalaxmi Kapnadak**

### **Forthcoming Programme**

**Friday 10<sup>th</sup> April 2020** – 3.30 p.m. at the Samaj Hall - Vasantik Sammelan – Light Music by Shruti and Shivani Nayampally. Refreshments sponsored by Kodial family.

**THIS PROGRAM IS CANCELLED IN VIEW OF THE CURRENT SITUATION**

## **CLASSIFIEDS**

### **MATRIMONIALS**

**Alliance** invited for my two sons Ajit 32 and Ashwin 30 from KONKANI speaking girls to stay abroad. Contact father Arun Chandragiri- 9019360505.

**Alliance** invited for CSB Post-Graduate engineer boy, Singapore, 29, 5"10" from professionally qualified working girl, willing to relocate, 5'3" to 5'7", non-vegetarian. Email: thejade2004@gmail.com

### **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

**Geeta and Sudhir** Bailur of Kolkata thank all their relatives and friends for their gracious presence, love, blessings and gifts, showered on the occasion of the wedding and reception of their son Suhail with Monika on 29th January, 2020 at Kolkata.

**Aditi and Shivanand** Mudbidri of Mumbai along with Shailaja and Jagdish Nair of Mumbai gratefully thank all relatives, friends and well wishers for their gracious presence, love and blessings showered on the occasion of the wedding and reception of their children Avani and Rohit on 12th February 2020 at Mumbai.

## **DOMESTIC TIDINGS**

### **BIRTHS**

*We welcome the following new arrivals:*

- Jan 29 : A baby girl (Shanaya) to Sanmati Siddharth Upponi and Siddharth Shekar upponi at Bangalore.  
Feb 2 : A son (Shiv) to Aishwarya (nee Shirali) and Sanmesh Mahesh Kalyanpur at Mumbai.

### **MARRIAGE**

*We congratulate the young couple*

- Jan 29 : Suhail Sudhir Bailur with Monika Kamalendu Roy at Kolkata.  
Feb 12 : Avani Shivanand Mudbidri with Rohit Jagdish Nair at Mumbai.  
Mar 8 : Akanksha Sunil Pandit with Nitish Shrikant Nagarkatty at Mumbai.

## **OBITUARIES**

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

- 2019  
Nov 7 : Chitra Prakash Sashital (66) at Indore.  
2020  
Jan 24 : Murlidhar Ramrao Khambadkone (89) at Borivali, Mumbai.  
Feb 2 : Devidas Durgadas Kagal (76) of Bankikodla at Mangalore.  
Feb 12 : Sharad Ganesh Koppikar (83) at Andheri, Mumbai.  
Feb 14 : Vimal Mohan Shirali (89), in Sydney Australia.  
Feb 17 : Mahendra Shankar Kaikini (67) at Talmakiwadi, Mumbai.  
Feb 26 : Sudha Shivshankar Nagarkatti (79) at Houston, Texas, U.S.A.  
Feb 27 : Karambar Sumanabai (Ammu) (102) at Bengaluru.  
Feb 28 : Ramdas Dattatraya Shirur (of Matunga West) (85) at Thane.  
Mar 6 : Jaya Kundaji (90) at Bengaluru.  
Mar 8 : Gurunath Shivrao Gokarn (95) at Khar, Mumbai.  
Mar 12 : Shobhana Maruti Bijoor (nee Kalbag) (74) at Pune.  
Mar 17 : Jayant Amladi (82) at Vile parle east, Mumbai.

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