



কায়দা

4th Edition | চতুর্থ সংস্করণ

2019 | ১৪২৬





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Durga Puja



A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER 

Sheffield and District Durgotsab and Cultural Committee

Convenors' Address

Dear Friends,

4 October 2019

The time has come for us to take great pleasure in the honour and privilege of welcoming you all on behalf of the members of the Sheffield and Districts Durgotsab Committee to the occasion of 'Durga Puja' again.

After our enjoyable and successful 30th year celebrations last year, we are happy to join in the worship of goddess mother 'Durga' for the 31st year with our families and friends. This year is special as we welcome a new Protima of 'Ma Durga' after some years from Kolkata. We will also celebrate Lakshmi Puja, Kali Puja and Saraswati Puja as before.

You have all continued to be supportive of these events and we look forward to your presence and cooperation at another season of memorable celebrations.

The arrival of Bengali New Year (Naboborsho) will be marked on 18th April 2020 with a variety of performances which we hope will prove to be successful and entertaining. We also look forward to welcoming The Mayor of Barnsley to grace our special occasion.

Our sincere thanks, as always, go to all committee members, sponsors, members of Milton Hall Group and members of Elsecar Heritage Centre for their help and support.

Wishing you all a wonderful and enjoyable festive time.

Best wishes,

Shibopriyo Mukhopadhyay

Rama Rana

Convenor

Convenor



From the editors' nib.....

Once again it is our great honour and pleasure to welcome you all to the 31st Barnsley Durga Pujo.

First, we would like to thank members and friends who have created such special gems for all to enjoy this year. We are sure you will enjoy leafing through this edition.

Such a venture is impossible without the support of our well-wishers and contributors, and to them we extend our sincere gratitude.

We think we have managed to include all contributions to the brochure, some with minor editorial changes.

As always, we have worked hard to put all the material together for you to enjoy but apologise in advance for any inadvertent errors of omissions or commissions.

We look forward to your support for this pujo, and in the years to come.



Arundhati Chakrabarty



Shrabani Saha

The committee is grateful for the wonderful cover design by Subir Sen

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The Wait & Excitement - Protima

The wait is finally over – at last we are blessed with the arrival of the new protima. Now we can endure the excitement and enjoy the new face of SDDCC's new commitment to its members. Hurray! Sometimes the journey has been turbulent and tortuous but worth it – isn't it! I must draw your attention to the International Women's Day 2019, the pain & suffering of women during the conception & nurture of the anticipated arrival is commendable, but the joy of the new arrival surpasses all emotions. Hence, let us all join in to share this experience & joyous moment to make our celebration fabulous and express our spiritual feeling to the community.

It is not generous without mentioning some key navigators in this journey. Satyenda & I trodding the narrow paths in Kumartuli on a rainy February morning looking for this little hut or workshop, Probal looking into the best price scenario of the idols, Pancho Ghatak's connection with AI to support us in transporting the idols, Shibuda's continuous liaison support and the multitudes of communication between the executive team & general members (not without its cloudy halo), culminating into this beautiful divine moment of welcoming our new Ma Durga on the day of Sasthi.

Debashish Golder of Air India & Raja Paul of Kumartuli needs to be mentioned for their great support & help. Baishali, Manas & Sugato were instrumental in ensuring that our old Ma Durga was transported to London where she will have a new home.

I cannot pen off without thanking Sanjay as my joint secretary who has been a tremendous friend & guide to me, Shrabani Saha for supporting Arundhati with the brochure, Suvendu Mandal for doing a splendid job with the web, our sponsors and other executive & general members for their sterling effort to raise funds for this cause – A big thank you to all.

Long live SDDCC & good wishes of our members

Secretariat:



K. Raychaudhuri Sanjay Ghoshal M. Deb Barma S. Sarkar

Kaustabh Raychaudhuri
Sanjay Ghosal
Manas Deb Barma
Sugato Sarkar

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Puja Schedule

Puja Days	Timings
Friday 4th October: Sasthi	18.00: Bodhan, Amantran 18.30: Adhibas, Puja & Prasad 19.00: Agomonir Abahan: Welcoming Maa Durga
Saturday 5th October: Saptami	12.00: Morning Puja, Arati & Prasad 18.30: Sandhya Arati, Puja & Prasad 19.30: Mayor's visit
Sunday 6th October: Ashtami	12.00: Morning Puja, Arati, Balidan & Prasad 18.30: Sandhi Puja, Anjali & Prasad
Monday 7th October: Nabami	12.00: Morning Puja, Anjali & Prasad 17.30: Nabami Puja, Hom & Jogyo, Anjali & Prasad
Tuesday 8th October: Dasami	12.30: Dashami Puja, Sindur Khlela & Bisorjon
Sunday 13th October: Lakshmi Puja	18.30: Puja, Anjali & Prasad
Sunday 27th October: Kali Puja	18.00: Puja, Anjali & Prasad
Sunday 2nd Feb 2020: Saraswati Puja	12.30: Puja, Anjali & Prasad

Other schedules	
Saturday 19th October: Bijoya Sanmilani	17:00 start
Saturday 18th April 2020: Nabobarsho function	17:15 start
Sunday 17th May 2020: AGM	13:00 – 16.30

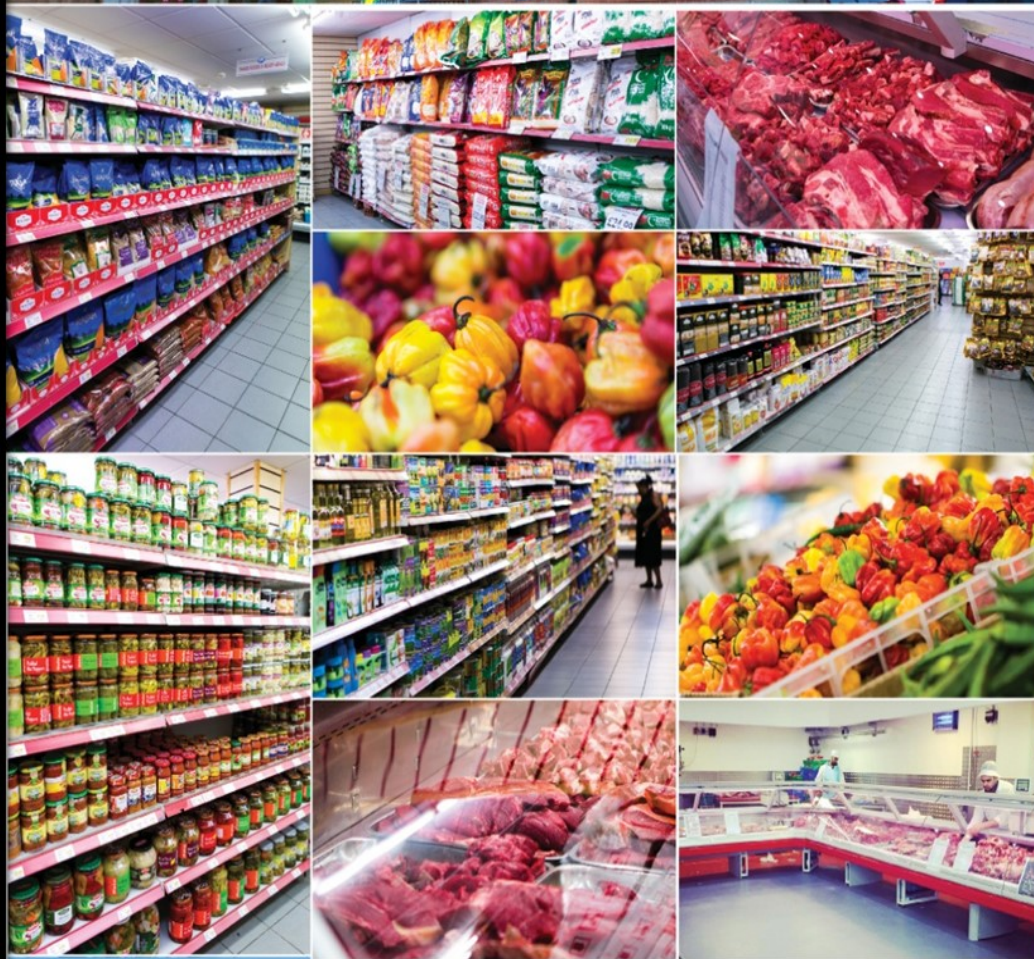


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Nostalgia

Priya Chakrabarty

It feels like forever since I came here, long ago, its completely changed now. It was more beautiful back then. Before the rocks were like lovely mountains that look as if it has been painted on a canvas, but now each rock looks like a tiny tortoise that bob up and down in the water. The sky is such a light blue, the water is also a deep blue, it suddenly seems as if blue is the only colour in the world. The sun's beam was obvious as it shines upon the charcoal coloured rocks, making them glitter like tiny crystallized jewels.

When I was younger, I liked to sit on the rocks and watch the small ripples enlarge as dad threw rocks in the water. It was hard to see the rocks slowly sink into the darkness of the lake; it was just as hard seeing dad go away. My heart really did sink then. It sank to the bottom of the ocean and never came back up to take another breath.

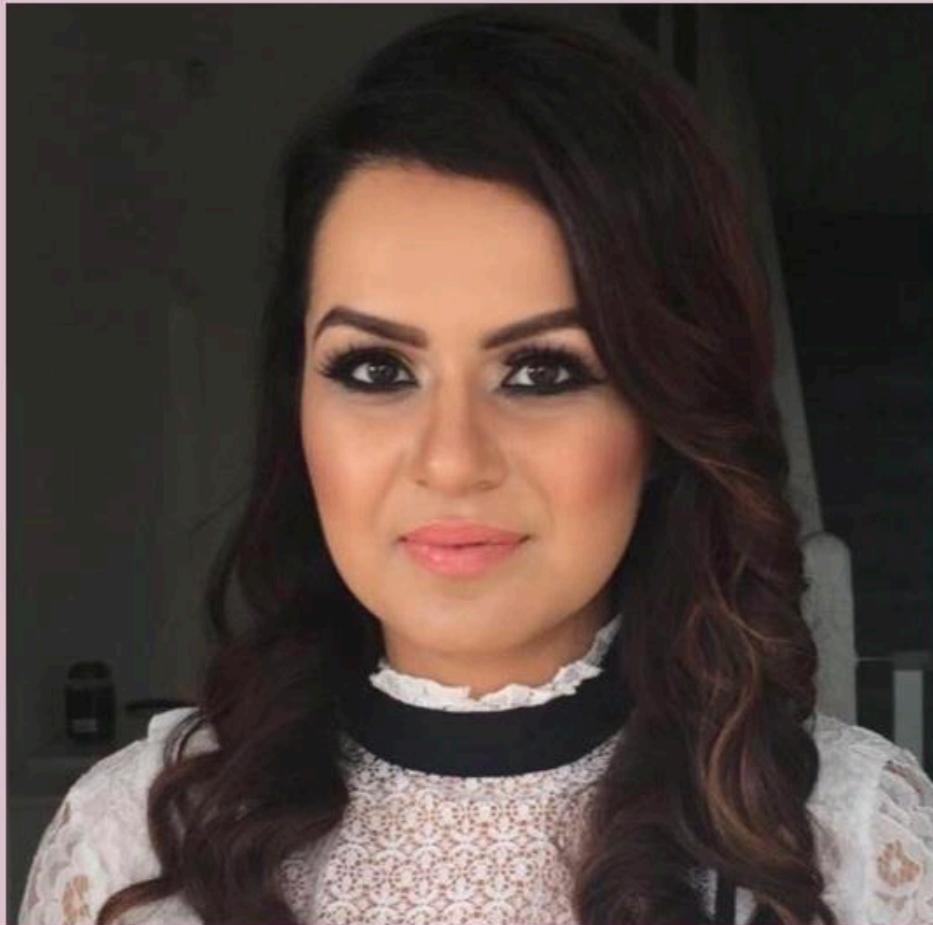
I sat on the same large rock trying to remember the good old days while skimming flat pebbles on the lake's surface. The water was calm and still, it almost seems like the whole place is dead without dad. Even I felt dead inside too. There are a few memories of dad and I can still remember the day when in the summer we went in our swimming costumes and were planning to bathe in the water under the hot sun, we then found the water was too cold to swim in, so we just sat on the rock instead.

We used to come every weekend here, it was like my second home. But not anymore, this was nothing like home.

My memories faded as I saw a group of tourists come up the same path as I did, I looked at them, there were two children and their parents. They sat down eating sandwiches, I think it was tuna or ham. That reminds me of mum. She left years ago without even saying goodbye. I never got to know her much. She wasn't a social person, but she did like to knit. She even knitted a jumper for me; it was the same one I'm wearing. It never seems to grow old, just like memories with dad.

I could see the sun just about to set, I never realized the sun looks so pretty. It is probably because I had never any time to notice. I was too busy bothered about my life being lonely. You could just see a few ruby red lines on the horizon to colour the sky and hide the shades of blue. Around this time the family of four set off into the distance. I turned back to see the lake and saw thousands of tiny glittering stars in front of the pitch-black background. The stars looked as if they were pieces of sand washed upon the shore as the sun shone upon them.

Lightning suddenly struck. It made me jump out of my socks. Rain poured down upon me and then I knew, it was time to go home. As I started to walk back down the hilly path, the rain finally came to a halt, I look in the distance and I see the family of four just on top of the next hill. My legs were too tired to walk so I sat on a slippery stone to take rest.



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সুদীপ্তা সামন্ত

1

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2

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3

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ঝামাপুকুর থেকে সাহেবগঞ্জ

ডাঃ পাক্জন্ম ঘটক

কলকাতা থেকে লন্ডন সরাসরি উড়ানে যেতে ৯-১০ ঘন্টা লাগতো (এখন অবশ্য কোনো সরাসরি উড়ান নেই UK থেকে কলকাতা)। কলকাতা থেকে সাহেবগঞ্জ যেতেও ওরকমই সময় লাগতো। তবে ট্রেনে। লন্ডনে বাঙালিয়ানা বজায় রাখতে কোনো অসুবিধে হয় না। সাহেবগঞ্জেও হতো না। বাঙালিদের কাছে পূর্ব বিহারের (অধুনা ঝাড়খন্ড) এই মাঝারি শহরটি ছিল একটি দ্বীপের মতো। যেখানে বাঙালিরা দিব্যি খাঁটি বাঙালি হয়ে থাকতে পারতেন। 'হাঁ, আমিও বাঙালি হচ্ছি', বা 'yes, I'm a Bengali as well' -- বলতে হতো না। যেমন শোনা যায় অনেক প্রবাসী বাঙালিদের মুখে। ভারতের নানা প্রান্তে।

স্কুলে অনেকটাই বাংলা পড়ানোর ব্যবস্থা ছিল। St Xaviers এর মতো স্কুলেও। হিন্দি ভালো বলতেও পারলেও, পড়তে বা লিখতে তেমন পারি না। ১২ বছর বয়েসে বিহার ছেড়ে আসায় এই আক্ষেপটি রয়ে গেছে। বেশ লাগে যখন দেখি আমার বেশ কিছু আত্মীয়-বন্ধু সারা জীবন কলকাতায় থেকেও বাংলা না শিখেও, কি সাবলীল হিন্দি-ইংরেজিতে।

ভারী সুন্দর ছিল এই সাহেবগঞ্জ শহরটি। একদিকে রাজমহল পাহাড়ের মালা। আরেকদিকে গঙ্গা। মাঝখানে গড়ে উঠেছিল শহরটি। ১৮৬৬ সাহেবগঞ্জে রেল লাইন চালু হয়। হাওড়া-দিল্লীর মেন লাইনের অংশ হিসেবে। ধীরে ধীরে সাহেবগঞ্জ রেলের একটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ জায়গা হয়ে ওঠে। বাঙালিদের বসতি মনে হয় সেই থেকেই শুরু হয়।

প্রশান্তকুমার পালের রবিজীবনী (প্রথম খন্ড) তে পেয়েছি (ছবি দ্রষ্টব্য) রবীন্দ্রনাথ কিশোর বয়েসে মহর্ষি দেবেন্দ্রনাথের সঙ্গে সাহেবগঞ্জে গিয়েছিলেন। ১৮৭৩ নাগাদ। সাহেবগঞ্জের কোথায় কতদিন ছিলেন, বিস্তারিত কিছু পাইনি। রবীন্দ্রনাথের লেখায় সাহেবগঞ্জের নাম আছে কিনা, আমার জানা নেই।

স্বাধীনতা - উত্তর বাংলা সাহিত্যের অন্যতম জনপ্রিয় চরিত্র শঙ্করের 'চৌরঙ্গী' উপন্যাসের স্যাটা বোসের বাড়ি ছিল সাহেবগঞ্জে। আমি শঙ্করের স্নেহধন্য। কোনো কারণ ছাড়াই আমি এই মহান সাহিত্যিকের স্নেহ পেয়ে আসছি বছর চোদ্দ ধরে। ঔঁকে এই ব্যাপারে জিজ্ঞেস করায় উনি বলেন -- ৫০র দশকের মাঝামাঝি উনি ওখানে যান সাহেবগঞ্জ কলেজের বাংলা বিভাগের আমন্ত্রণে। খুব ভালো লাগে শহরটি তাঁর। ভালো লাগে ওখানকার বাঙালিদের। তাই হয়তো স্যাটা বোসের বাড়ি ভাবার সময় শহরটির নাম মনে আসে তাঁর। শঙ্কর আমার মাকে শুভেচ্ছা জানিয়ে 'চৌরঙ্গী' উপন্যাসের একটি কপি উপহার দেন। জীবনের শেষ পর্যায়ে আমার সাহিত্যপ্রেমী মায়ের সঙ্গী ছিল ওই বইটি।

সাহেবগঞ্জে কলকাতার পত্র-পত্রিকা পেতে কোনো অসুবিধে হতো না। ভোরবেলায় বারাউনী প্যাসেঞ্জার (যতদূর মনে পড়ছে) হাওড়া থেকে ছাড়তো। সাহেবগঞ্জ পৌঁছে যেতো বিকেল পাঁচটা নাগাদ। স্টেটসম্যান, আনন্দবাজার, যুগান্তর, অমৃত বাজার পত্রিকা বাঙালিদের ঘরে ঘরে পৌঁছে যেতো সন্ধ্যা ৬টার ভেতর। একটু বাসি হলেও খুব একটা অসুবিধে হতো না। ৮২ সালের গোড়ায় আমি সাহেবগঞ্জ ছাড়ি। তখন সেখানে টিভি চালু হয় নি। দিনের বেলায় কলকাতা ক এর সংবাদ শোনার সুযোগ বেশি থাকতো না -- লোকজন কাজে ব্যস্ত থাকায়। অফিস ফেরত বাঙালি ধোঁয়া ওঠা চা নিয়ে জমিয়ে বসতেন কলকাতার খবরের কাগজ নিয়ে। একেবারে মুচমুচে না হলেও, খবরগুলো নেহাত ন্যাতানো মনে হতো না। বাঙালির ঘরে রোজ হাজির হতেন অরণ্যদেব আর রিপ কার্ভি। রবিবারে ম্যানড্রেক।

আর আসতো মাসিক পত্রিকার বাঁক। দেশ, নব-কল্লোল, অমৃত, বেতার জগৎ, সানডে। দেশ পত্রিকার পুরো এক পাতার অরণ্যদেবের জন্য মুখিয়ে থাকলেও মন পরে থাকতো ছোটদের মাসিক পত্রিকার ওপর। শুকতারার, কিশোর ভারতী তো ছিলই। ১৯৭৫ সালের বৈশাখ মাস থেকে শুরু হয় মাসিক আনন্দমেলা। পরিচয় হয় টিনটিনের সঙ্গে। প্রথম ধারাবাহিক উপন্যাস ছিল সুনীল গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়ের 'সবুজ দ্বীপের রাজা' আর বিমল করের 'কাপালিকরা এখনো আছে'।

এই পত্রিকাগুলো যিনি দিয়ে যেতেন বাড়িতে, তাঁকে দাদু বলে ডাকতাম। আসল নাম জানতাম না। ছোট শহরটিতে তেমন ব্যস্ততা অনেকেরই ছিল না। দাদুর তো নয়ই। উনি ধীরে সুস্থে গুছিয়ে বসে ঝোলা থেকে বের

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করতেন সেদিনের রত্নটি। এক এক দিন এক একটি আসতো। খুব একটা সময় মেনে নয়। আমি ততক্ষণে দাদুকে খুঁচিয়ে অস্থির করে তুলতাম -- আজ কি এনেছে? বলা না আজ কি এনেছে? সবচেয়ে দমে যেতাম 'বেতার জগৎ' দেখে। ছোটদের কিছুই প্রায় থাকতো না তাতে। শুধু মনে আছে ১৯৭৭-৭৮ সালের অস্ট্রেলিয়া ভ্রমণকারী ভারতীয় ক্রিকেট টিমের সবার খুব সুন্দর ছবি বেরোয় 'বেতার জগৎ' এ। যত্ন করে কেটে আমার ডাইরিতে লাগিয়ে রেখেছিলাম।

আর যেদিন দাদুর ঝোলা থেকে বেরোতো আনন্দমেলা, শুকতারা, বা কিশোর ভারতী -- আমাকে পায় কে! কলকাতা থেকে অতদূর এসেও নতুন বইয়ের গন্ধ অটুট থাকতো। এক লাফে বিছানায় উপুড় হয়ে শুয়ে পড়তাম পত্রিকাটি নিয়ে। শুকতারা হলে প্রথমে বাঁটুল, তারপর হাঁদা-ভোঁদা। কিশোর ভারতী হলে প্রথমে নন্টে-ফন্টে। তারপর অন্য সব গল্প। শুকতারার ফ্রান্সিসের গল্প। কিশোর ভারতীর রুনা সিরিজ। নানা স্বাদের নানা লেখা প্রবাসে থাকা সত্ত্বেও আমাদের বাঙালিয়ানাকে অজান্তেই এক মজবুত ভিতের ওপর দাঁড় করিয়ে দিয়েছিলো। জীবনের অধিকাংশ সময় প্রবাসে কাটিয়েও তাই বাঙালি থাকতে পেরেছি।

মা যত্ন করে পত্রিকাগুলো বাঁধিয়ে রাখতেন। পূজাবার্ষিকী সংখ্যা জমিয়ে রাখতেন -- তাদের বাড়তি আনন্দের সঙ্গে। অনেক বড়ো হয়ে অবধি মাঝে মাঝেই উল্টে পাল্টে দেখতাম পত্রিকাগুলো। কোনো ক্লান্ত সন্ধ্যায় ভুলে আসা কোনো গল্প পড়ে হঠাৎ ফিরে আসতো ছোটবেলার সেই ছোট্ট শহরের কোনো ঝলমলে দিন। সেই বয়েসে বাস্তব-স্বপ্ন-কল্পনা কেমন জড়াজড়ি করে থাকতো। আলাদা করা যেতো না। আলাদা করার কোনো দরকার বা ইচ্ছেও ছিল না।

এবার জানুয়ারী মাসে কলকাতা ভ্রমণে সুযোগ এসে গেল 'দেব সাহিত্য কুটীর' এর অফিসে যাওয়ার। বন্ধু চন্দ্রনাথদার সঙ্গে। ১৭ নম্বর বামাপুকুর লেনের সেই বিখ্যাত বাড়ি। সাদা ব্যাকগ্রাউন্ডের ওপর লাল হরফে লেখা -- দেব সাহিত্য কুটীর। নবকল্লোল, শুকতারার গর্ভগৃহ। এই বাড়ি থেকেই পৌঁছে যায় শুকতারা -- শহরে, শহরতলিতে, মাফসসলে, গ্রামে। কতো শিশু-কিশোরদের পরিচয় করিয়ে দেয় বাংলা সাহিত্যের সঙ্গে।

আলাপ হলো শুকতারার সম্পাদিকা রূপা মজুমদারের সঙ্গে। বইমেলায় ব্যস্ততার ভেতরেও খানিকটা সময় দিলেন উনি। উপহার দিলেন শুকতারার একটি কমপ্লিমেন্টারি কপি। স্বয়ং সম্পাদিকার হাত থেকে শুকতারা পেয়ে অনেক কথা মনে ভিড় করে এলো। সেই দাদুর ঝোলা থেকে শুকতারার বেরিয়ে আসা। মায়ের বছরের পর বছর শুকতারা বাঁধিয়ে রাখা। সম্পাদিকার হাসি মুখ। মনের ভেতর একটা কোলাজ নিয়ে বেরিয়ে এলাম বামাপুকুর লেনে। সন্ধ্যা হয়ে এসেছিলো। মধ্য কলকাতার ব্যস্ততা থেকে মুক্ত বামাপুকুর লেন। সেই সন্ধ্যায় এই নির্জনতা আমার দরকার ছিল। শুকতারার গন্ধ বুক ভরে নিলাম। প্রায় ৩০ বছর পর। মনে হলো না খুব একটা পাল্টেছে সেই চেনা গন্ধ। শুকতারা এখনো বেরোয় নিয়মিত। একটু ফিকে হলেও। বামাপুকুরে। কলকাতায়। কিন্তু সেই শুকতারার আলো কি আজ পৌঁছোয় সেই ছোট্ট শহরটিতে? যাচাই করতে ভয় হয়। স্বপ্নভঙ্গের ভয়.....



CAPTAIN PURPLEBEARD

Dear Diary,

Today has been the most frustrating day of my entire life. I'll tell you all about it.

At the start of the morning, the shine of my treasures hit my brain. Thoughts raced around my head, should I go again? My heart said yes but my brain said no. Always follow your heart I thought. When I went out a rumour went around that a pile of all valuables was on an island. As dumb as I am, I fell for it and booted up The Old Jolly Roger (my pirate ship).

I didn't invite anyone else because I wanted it all for myself. Pointless hours of nothing, it was so far away. It was like to the South Pole and back in exactly thirteen hours, fifteen minutes and thirteen seconds. When I arrived, I threw the map into the water because I found it was fake. Me and my ship had to go all the way back. I'm tired.

Sorry, I need to go to bed now. I hope you can listen to the story tomorrow.

Sriyan Sen (Tuntai)

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My Visit to the Wonderful Eden Project-Cornwall - *Shreyas Samanta*



Last summer holiday I went to visit the spectacular Eden project in Cornwall. I heard about this when we were planning about our trip and looked I through the internet being curious and had a glance of it.

But when I physically visited it, it was just epic!! Let me write all about it.

The Eden Project is a Tropical and Mediterranean indoor and outdoor garden. It has lots of lovely plants and flowers from all around the world and has two main stages, the Rainforest Biome and the Mediterranean Biome. Both of the biomes are encased in a massive glass dome.

When we first entered the Rainforest Biome, the temperature and the humidity made me feel I was in India. The rainforest Biome was full of tropical plants and flowers. The atmosphere sounded like a rainforest with the sound effect of waterfall and rain. My favourite part was when we crossed the hanging rope bridge through the smokes which was coming out from the bottom. I was surrounded by steam. It was stupendous

The Mediterranean Biome was giving us the impression of Greece and Spain. All the outdoor decorations were painted white. I saw different fruits and vegetable plants like aubergine, grapes, tomatoes, olives and Chilli. There was an exhibition of Mediterranean farming.

Finally we visited the space centre looking at different abstract science inventions. There was a very famous sculpture called Seed which was 15 ft tall and made of cement.

I was surprised and amazed by exploring the Eden Project and I want to go back there again.



माँ तुम जल्दी से आ जाना 🙏

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पूजा में नतमस्तक होकर
मन-मन्दिर में ज्योत जलाई
दर्षण बिन अँखियाँ अकुलाई
भक्तों को अब ना तरसाना
माँ तुम जल्दी से आ जाना

तुम बिन जग की कांति फीकी
तुमसे रौनक है नगरी की
मन में लेकर आशा भारी
तुम्हें बुलाते हैं नर-नारी
आस बंधाकर भूल न जाना
माँ तुम जल्दी से आ जाना

जिसने दिल से तुझे बुलाया
खुद को तेरे पास ही पाया
मेहरांवाली माँ के आगे
अकबर ने भी शीष झुकाया
मेरी भी झोली भर जाना
माँ तुम जल्दी से आ जाना

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THE CITY OF JOY (KOLKATA)

Somewhere bordering the Indian Sea
The most incredible place that warmly welcomes me.
A place where the beauty meets the beast,
A place where the millions of beings everyday feast.
The city that made magic settled there,
The place where all the exotic food are prepared.
A magnificent city of intelligence and hope,
All its attractions your mind won't be able to cope.
As you can tell this City is the best,
I'm sure they welcome everybody as a guest.
So why not come and visit its vibrant heat,
I am sure you'll find it pretty and neat.

Sohom Sen (Tatai)

From Kullu to Peak National Park

K.C. Prashar

THE taxi driver didn't let us wait. He was there at the door at 6 pm, on dot. It was going to be about three months since I, along with my wife, had been staying with my elder son at Sheffield in the UK and now were bound for Houston in the USA to join our younger son for a month or so before returning to India.

Our son introduced us to the Scottish driver, Glenn. He was a bit short-statured but stocky and had a warm demeanour. Soon we left for Manchester, a two hours' drive from where our flight was booked for Houston.

Once out of the city limit, we were in the midst of a picturesque landscape of its own kind. An expanse of rolling hills, thickets, moors, pastures with flocks of sheep and pretty hamlets of old-world charm. Sensing our inquisitiveness in the scenic landscape around, Glenn opened his mouth for the first time since our departure: "Now we are driving through Peak district, one of the most visited national parks of the UK". I had already read in some tourism-related brochures that no less a person than William Wordsworth was a frequent visitor to Peak district and penned down several of his poems, including a sonnet on Chatsworth. For a few moments, for contrast, this national park of the UK made me think of the Great Himalayan National Park back home in my own home district of Kullu in Himachal Pradesh. In the midst of dwarfish hills of mostly rounded tops hardly going above 1500 feet and extensively covered by footfalls all over, I missed the awesome snow-clad virgin peaks, as high as over 18,000 feet, and gushing Himalayan torrents.... Only if William Wordsworth had as well visited the exceptional natural beauty of Kullu district!

Half-way through the journey, Glenn stopped his vehicle at a small village, but why? "Now we are at Castleton village, a favourite haunt for tourists, named so after an old castle", he made us look at it a little higher up on a hill top. He probably thought in case we desired to climb up. No way. Yet another attraction: "This area is also famous for a mine of Blue John jewel stone; it's on sale right at the village jewellery shops". Blue John? Here Glenn seemed to have got the better of me in geology even when I was a qualified geologist myself. Only after I cursorily looked up one of the Blue John souvenir shops across the road, I realised that the term Blue John was a colloquial name for semi-precious fluorite mineral. Hardly had we left Castleton, Glenn had yet another bit of information up his sleeve to enlighten us. "Now right ahead of us, we will drive through limestone rocks which are quarried for cement manufacture", he pointed to the rocky cliffs at some distance. "These rocks also have huge caverns with fabulous stalactites, besides old mines of lead..." Rocks, stones, minerals, mines and all — was he taking us for some college students out on a geological excursion?

When we were nearing our destination, I put him a personal question even when I was told that the Brits are known for guarding their privacy: "How big is your family"? Far from showing any sign of offence, he happily opened out on a monologue: "Two of us, myself and my wife, based at Sheffield.... have one daughter, married off...We are soon going to have a granddaughter. We are a happy family.... For leisure we generally go out picnicking and are regular on pubs in the evening... And yes, I also take time off for playing golf in one of the clubs". His words left me gaping in the mouth.

After having compared the Peak district national park of the UK with the Great Himalayan National Park of India, I set about musing on a comparison in my mind between Glenn and Kashi Ram, a taxi driver back home in my neighbourhood.

I have chosen to write a poem about cats because I love their nature of being quite friendly.
I also like watching them pad into the garden during the early hours of the morning, and
would love to have one of my own.

Furry Felines

Cats, oh how they roam,
They will pounce upon a gnome.

Cats, eyes shine and gleam,
If cats could smile, they would beam.

Their ears pointed not round,
And when pouncing, make no sound.

Always sneaky and stealthy,
If animals could be wealthy,

The cats would have their name on first prize,
I tell you no lies.

They purr and purr,
In a deep, slow slur.

Ginger, Tabby, Tortoiseshell, White and Black,
Why do people tie them up in a sack?

Always adorable, always smart,
Though sometimes naughty, they have a big heart.

Ruhika Deb Age:10 Years



Beyond the doors of an education

Diyotima Datta

While parents enter us into school for education, I spent 8 hours a day, for 15 years of my life, immersed in the entitled society that was my school batch, in an all- girls private school. It is safe to say that I left school, not just acquainted with the curriculum but also with the traits of opulent wealth.

There are numerous preconceived ideas as to what a single sex private school is like and many presume that it the extensive utopia as portrayed by television. That is only a mere shadow of the real experience and besides, each one differs from the next. All schools like mine come with baggage; they elicit stereotypical responses. The prime misconception in ours was that we, the spawn, are all 'rich and don't need to work for good grades.' We certainly don't get into top universities at the snap of a finger and while most did, not everyone received a new car and/or custom plates to boot for their 17th. It is one thing to believe all that, however it is a whole other level to assume that because the school is 'exclusive', everyone is friends. Nothing could be further from this- even though we are taught how to behave; mutual dislike, envy and insecurity run rampant throughout the school. Now, although the majority are victim to these emotions, there are some humble exceptions, regardless of their wealth status.

Intelligence was abundant in my batch, yet wealth and beauty were crucial to the majority when we were young. My school's maxim was 'each for all and all for god' but the reality was, each for all for those only at the top of the pecking order- daughters of highly respected professionals: businessmen, medics, lawyers teachers and the likes of these. This socioeconomic distinction was a key to certain luxuries, i.e. invitations to the best parties and social circles, which resulted in popularity- based ostracism. While my garments were certainly not all designer because I have a modest upbringing, I was still liked and similar to myself, not all well- liked people flaunted their fortune. If money wasn't one's biggest asset, there were other ways of gaining approval. Being in a place that is continually brimming with drama, being nice to everyone is greatly appreciated and if one was perceived as 'smart' or was associated with good friends, they earned respect.

Of course, children aren't entirely to blame, behaviour stems from bearing witness to parental interactions; mothers armed with Kors handbags, lined the streets at home time with their luxury range rover or convertibles to boot. They do have the right to be proud of their life and child, but in some cases, they emphasise this too powerfully- thus the reason that these people and their children are often branded as being snooty. It really required phenomenal values and nurturing from my parents to prevent me from conforming to my peers, who had something new to compete for every day.

These discrepancies were more or less ironed out and everyone learnt to appreciate others of backgrounds and looks, as the finish line of school came into view- post GCSE for some, post A- levels for others. Nonetheless, the one thing that remained unchanged was the fact that everyone knew each other's business. Gossip spread faster than a wildfire between girls and this was core binding agent for us, as a group.

Although my batch was largely an aristocrat breeding ground, there were many significant lessons that I learnt from it. Girls can be a girls' foulest enemy, yet I have seen girls jumping to each- others' defence at beck and call for reasons of any magnitude. Along with this, I have made some lifelong friends- some of whom I have known since nursery. I admired that no one was overbearingly conventional either- no one was shamed for their sexuality and all career prospects were entertained. Triumphs were celebrated and passions were enhanced in a way that I couldn't have imagined anywhere else.

Stereotypes and negative responses from others shouldn't thwart one from going to a school like mine; whatever I witnessed can happen anywhere and it ultimately depends on oneself as to what you will get out of this once in a lifetime experience. I can truly say that nothing could beat the schooling I had as it opened my eyes to the real world and drove me to think wisely. The holistic exposure enabled movement between all social classes and reinforced my personal values which contributed to my true success, the best of my identity.

Chamcham recipe

Sonia Das

Full fat milk 4 pints (This will make about 15 big chamchams)

Lemon/vinegar

Sugar – 2cups

Cardamom powder – 1tsp

For Filling:

4tsp Ghee or unsalted butter

1 cup of milk powder

1/2cup milk

5 tsp icing sugar

soaked saffron in milk

Little yellow food colour



First Step is to make the cottage cheese - chana.

For this boil 4 pints of milk and then simmer the flame.

After few seconds add diluted lemon water or vinegar till the milk starts to curdle.

Once the milk has curdled, drain it into a cheese cloth lined strainer.

Pour cold water to wash the chana to get rid of the flavour of vinegar/lemon juice.

Hang the cheese cloth till the water drains out.

Second step is to make the filling.

For this we will need khoa. As I do not get readymade khoa, I make the fillings at home.

Firstly melt 4 tsp ghee or unsalted butter in a pan in a medium flame.

Mix ½ cup milk. Mix well and bring it to boil.

Add 1 cup milk powder and 5tsp icing sugar and mix well.

Add saffron soaked in milk and a little yellow colour if you want darker yellow colour.

Keep stirring till the mixture comes out clear from the sides of the pan and becomes a soft dough.

(You can even add a little cardamom powder to this mixture if you wish)

Homemade quick Khoa is ready.

Third step prepare the chomchom

Take the chana in a plate and mash the chana till smooth and your palm will look greasy from the fat of the chana.

Divide the mashed up chana into small portion as per you taste. (Please keep in mind that the size of this will double once the chamcham get fully cooked).

Try not to have any cracks to these.

Boil 2 cups of sugar with 5 cups of water.

Add few cardamom pods.

Once the syrup starts to boil add the chana into the sugar syrup.

(Please note that as size doubles, the pan should be big enough or cook in batches).

Cover the lid and cook for 15 minutes on a medium flame.

Take them out carefully as they are very delicate at this stage.

To check if the chamcham is cooked immerse one of them in a bowl of water. If it sink the chamcham is cooked.

Of not please cook this for few more minutes.

Thicken the sugar syrup and soak the chamcham for an hour/ two to insert the sweetness in it.

Assembling the Chamcham

Once the chamcham is soaked for few hours, take them out of the syrup.

Squeeze the syrup out of them.

Make a slit running through the middle of the chomchom to make a pocket.

Put the filling inside this pocket.

Drizzle little saffron milk / little food colour on the chomchom.

Chomchom is ready to enjoy.



Family Picture by Abira & Sayoni Ghosh (Daughters of Shudipta & Adwaita Ghosh)



বিশ্বের মানব কল্যাণে ভারতীয় জ্যোতিষ

দেবীশ্রী

আমাদের ভারতীয় বৈদিক জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্র বিভিন্ন গুণে সমৃদ্ধ। এক কথায় বলা যেতে পারে আমাদের জীবনে চলার পথে পাথেয়। আমাদের অতীত, বর্তমান এবং ভবিষ্যতের প্রতিচ্ছবি এই জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রের সূক্ষ্ম বিচারে ধরা পড়ে। আমাদের পারিবারিক জীবন, পারস্পরিক সম্পর্ক, কর্মক্ষেত্র, বিবাহিত জীবন, মান সম্মান, শরীর স্বাস্থ্য, পড়াশোনা, সাফল্য, ধন সঞ্চয়, আর্থিক উন্নতি, মানসিক শান্তি ইত্যাদি সব কিছুই জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রের বিচার্য বিষয়। আমাদের জীবনে ঘটে যাওয়া ঘটনার উত্তর দিতে পারে এবং ভবিষ্যতে কি ঘটতে চলেছে তারও উত্তর জানা আছে এই জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রে। আগামীতে কি ঘটতে চলেছে সেটা জানা থাকলে অবশ্যই সতর্কতা অবলম্বন করা সম্ভব এবং মানসিকভাবে নিজেকে তৈরি রাখা সম্ভব।

এখন খুবই গুরুত্বপূর্ণ একটি বিষয় নিয়ে আলোচনা করছি। অনেক সময় দেখা যায় কোন কোন মানুষের ক্ষেত্রে তার কি রোগ হয়েছে সেটা ধরা পড়ে না। চিকিৎসার ক্ষেত্রে বিভ্রান্তি তৈরি হয়। কোন রকম কোন টেস্টিং-এই রোগ ধরা পড়ছে না। এর ফলে অসুস্থ ব্যক্তির সঠিক চিকিৎসা করা সম্ভব হচ্ছে না। রোগ ধরা না পড়ার কারণে রোগী মারা পর্যন্ত যাচ্ছেন। এই রকম ক্ষেত্রে চিকিৎসা শাস্ত্রকেও সাহায্য করতে পারে আমাদের এই জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্র। জন্মছকে কেতুগ্রহের অশুভ প্রভাব থাকলে সহজে রোগ ধরা পড়ে না। এই ধরনের ঘটনা অনেক ঘটতে দেখা গেছে। এই ক্ষেত্রে জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রের খুবই গুরুত্বপূর্ণ ভূমিকা আছে। যে কোন ব্যক্তির জন্মছক খুব সূক্ষ্মভাবে বিচার করে বলে দেওয়া যায়, তার কি কি রোগ হতে পারে, কখন কখন হতে পারে। তাই যখন কোন অসুস্থ ব্যক্তির রোগ ধরা যাচ্ছে না তখন জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্র বলে দিতে পারে যে তার কি রোগ হওয়ার সম্ভাবনা, শরীরের কোথায় কোন রোগের কারণে রোগী কষ্ট পাচ্ছেন কিন্তু ডাক্তাররা রোগটা ধরতে পারছেন না। নানা রকম টেস্টিং করেও সঠিক কোন সিদ্ধান্তে আসা যাচ্ছে না, বারে বারে ভুল চিকিৎসার ফলে রোগী ক্রমশ আরও অসুস্থ ও দুর্বল হয়ে পড়ছে। তাই নির্ভুল জ্যোতিষের বিচার চিকিৎসার ক্ষেত্রেও সঠিক দিশা দেখাতে পারে। সংখ্যায় কম হলেও প্রায়ই এই ধরনের ঘটনা চিকিৎসার ক্ষেত্রে ঘটতে দেখা যায়। তখন জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রের সাহায্য নিয়ে এই ধরনের সমস্যা থেকে উদ্ধার পাওয়া সম্ভব। বর্তমানে ভারতবর্ষ ছাড়াও বিভিন্ন দেশের চিকিৎসকেরা এই ধরনের সমস্যায় (রোগ ধরা না পড়া) চিকিৎসার ক্ষেত্রে ভারতীয় বৈদিক জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্রের পরামর্শ অনুসারে তাদের গুরুত্বপূর্ণ সিদ্ধান্ত নিচ্ছেন। বেশ কয়েকটি ক্ষেত্রে এই ধরনের সমস্যায় একজন জ্যোতিষী হিসাবে সঠিক পরামর্শ দিতে পেরে আমি নিজেও খুব গর্বিত এবং আনন্দিত। ভারতীয় জ্যোতিষ শাস্ত্র আজকে বিশ্বের মানব কল্যাণের কাজে লাগছে।

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Lost in the jungle

Anna strode into the house, dropped her bag and went upstairs to get her clothes sorted for the party. Julian and Oliver, who were Anna's older brothers, had also just come back from school. Anna was a cheerful and friendly person, but she could be cheeky at times; she could never stop laughing and making up funny jokes! Happily, Anna, who loves to play with dolls, lives in a cosy and colourful house, in Australia. Just as Anna was about to go to Mia's house (Anna's best friend) Anna's mum and dad came back from work, they both worked in a bank. Their names are: Katie Jones and Scott Jones. Anna's parents were a rare type of parents because they always let Anna go to Mia's house!

So off Anna went, through the scorching weather. Anna loved to go to Mia's house because it had a jungle next to the house and it was a gigantic house! She rang the bell and within a second Mia was at the door, as always. They hugged and squeezed until they couldn't anymore. They both energetically ran to Mia's bedroom. Mia was wearing a beautiful tie-die dress for the party and Anna was wearing a crop top with jeans and earrings, nothing else. Whereas Mia had jewellery all over her! "The last thing I need to do is put on my watch." Mia said, with great enthusiasm. But Mia couldn't find her watch in her jewellery box. "My watch! Where is it?" she said with great disappointment. "That was super expensive" she said carrying on searching. Mia searched everywhere in her room but the watch wasn't to be found. They rushed down to the kitchen to tell Mia's mum and dad, but they didn't know where it was either. Mia thought it was lost forever!!!

Suddenly Anna had an idea. "What if..."

"No way." Mia replied, thinking she knew what Anna was thinking

"Let's go!" Anna shouted, running down the stairs. Anna knew that this would be the best adventure yet. Mia was excited but she was also super scared, worried and anxious about what her parents would say, when they came to know what she and Anna had done. Anna rushed through the doors without any hesitation whatsoever. This could be the most dangerous thing they had ever done...

“Wait, the jungle! No way.” Mia said.

“Yes way!” Anna replied cheekily. Few weeks back one of Mia’s teddies had gone missing and they found out later that the monkeys had stolen the teddy from Mia’s garden after she had left it out one afternoon. Maybe this time too it was the monkeys!


“Fine.” Mia said annoyed. In they went, with absolutely nothing with them, just their best friends, clenching fists with each other. They started looking around and after searching for a bit they suddenly saw something. And there it was, the watch lay gleaming on a rock!

“There it is! Must have been the monkeys again.” Mia said relieved. “I must’ve left it out this morning and the cheeky monkeys found it and took it away. Let’s go now.” Mia said.

“Let’s just have a little swing on the branches.” Anna said pleadingly. Mia gave in against her wishes as she was a bit scared to stay in the jungle. She was also not as adventurous as Anna. The girls started playing and played on without keeping any track of time. The more they played, the more they went into the jungle and the more they got lost. Slowly it started getting dark. Soon enough Mia broke their fur, she told Anna that they had to go home. She started getting worried.

But where were they? They were lost! Anna started laughing, “How could you laugh in this terrible situation?” Mia angrily asked. Anna pointed at Mia’s dress because it was absolutely torn to pieces. The two friends walked for what seemed like hours, in all directions. But they got more and more lost. Soon enough they were starting to get hungry and it was too hard to resist the fruits, as the smell was so fresh and pure. They started getting some fruits that were easy to reach and started eating.

But as they were eating, they heard a growl behind some bushes! Both of them ran and hid behind a large rock, by the stream. What was it? “Grrrr”, came another growl. An orange and black striped paw came out from behind the bushes. Was it a tiger! But surely it cannot be a tiger!! Whatever it was, it had not seen them yet. The two girls made a run. But the animal followed – they could hear it tearing through the leaves and branches after them. Soon enough they realised that it was no use running away from it because it was way too fast. Suddenly Anna had an idea.” Mia, climb that tree.” Anna told her. So, she



did, and Anna followed, now they were safe. But still they couldn't see the animal! What was it? They looked at each other too scared to talk.

The sun was setting, and it was getting dark quickly. They had a choice to go home, somehow or sleep in the jungle. But then... "Monkeys brilliant!" Mia had an idea.

"Why brilliant?" Anna questioned.

"The monkeys will lead us home!" Mia replied. The monkeys lived in the trees which were on the edge of the jungle. The monkeys were clearly all going home now as it was the end of the day. But how would they follow the monkeys as they couldn't possibly jump from one tree to another like the monkeys did. The girls thought hard. They were both great gymnasts but what if they fell and got hurt if they tried swinging from one tree to another. But then they decided that they just had to try. And soon enough they were following the monkeys swinging from one branch to the next but always keeping an eye out for whatever was following them. Suddenly the trees were not as dense as before and they could no longer hear anything following them in the trees. They jumped down from the trees and made a run towards what seemed like the edge of the jungle. And soon they were in sight of Mia's house! The girls were exhausted but they were Home, safe, home.

Once home, they told everyone their story but everyone just laughed at them saying it's all the girls' imagination. But secretly Anna and Mia really didn't care as they knew this was not an ordinary adventure that they had just had. This was the craziest day that the two friends had ever had and just to top off the day, there was a party at Mia's house! There was nothing better than a day like this day, nothing as good as this one...

Who knows what adventure they'll get into next...

Ridhima Prashar

Memorable Encounters in Life's Journey: An Hour in a Car with Dr Bidhan Chandra Roy

Professor Srikanta Chatterjee, New Zealand

As one grows older, one tends to look back more and more; there is nostalgia in things, events and personalities one has experienced – some of it pleasurable, some painful and some hilarious.

Since history records only those people who have shaped it or participated in it, most people we meet and interact with in the journey of life, we do not particularly remember. But some leave a mark on our memory, and we love recalling interactions or meetings with them.

In my relatively long journey through life so far, I have been fortunate enough to have had some encounters which, I consider, are worth recalling. In the story I am about to recount, the 'hero' is Dr Bidhan Chandra Roy, a legendary doctor and a respected politician who was West Bengal's Chief Minister for 14 crucial post-independence, post-partition years from 1948. This was a memorable encounter for me, but quite an accidental one too.

The experience I am recalling occurred in 1960 when Bidhan Roy was 78 years old. He was a tall and healthy man, and even at that age stood erect and walked briskly and worked ceaselessly and decisively. I had just started my M.A. course in the economics department of Calcutta University. The department had shifted in 1959 from the College Street campus to a new building on B.T. Road, some 3-4 km from Shyambaz

Early in 1960, the economics department was celebrating its 50th anniversary. Several committees were formed with student members responsible for the various planned activities over the planned 3-day celebrations. I was the convener of the cultural committee, and my responsibilities included organizing the events, inviting the guests and generally looking after them. Dr Bidhan Chandra was to inaugurate the celebrations on a Monday at 11.00 a.m. The Head of our department was Dr Saroj K Basu, a well-known banking scholar. A shy man, Dr Basu was hesitant to go by himself to Bidhan Roy's home to bring him to the event. I offered to go with him, and he seemed happy to take me. We arrived at the Wellington Sq (now Nirmal Chunder St) home of Dr Roy's around 8.30 a.m., as had been arranged with Dr Roy's personal assistant. We learnt on arrival that Dr Roy had returned from Delhi the night before around 10 p.m. and had left home that morning at 6.30 a.m. to visit an ailing friend in south Calcutta. As we were discussing the arrangements for his trip to the event, Dr Roy returned. Dr. Basu greeted him with a "namaskar, Dr Roy" salutation; they obviously knew each other. Dr Roy smiled and said "aami ready hoye aschhi, tomra apeksha karo". He returned within 20 minutes, having showered and changed clothes. He said that his official car was at the office as he had been away from home for several days. He asked Dr Basu if he had a car, and, when told that he had, Dr Roy said "let's travel in that, and save time". Dr Basu introduced me to Dr Roy as a student, Dr Roy nodded, as I said "namaskar, Sir". So the two senior persons got in the back seat, and I sat next to the driver. A motorcycle escort in front and another at the back of the car started up. I had heard so much about Dr Roy's no-nonsense attitude to work and life that I was curious to see what he did on the hour-long trip. True to my expectation, there was no small talk! Dr Roy asked Dr Basu if the new location of the department had been causing any problems. Dr Basu said that things in general were ok, but there were one or two issues that needed addressing. He then referred to some documents he had sent to the Ministry of Education. Dr Roy seemed to know about them but asked to be reminded. Dr Basu mentioned the lack of a student hostel nearby, and the limited number of buses from both central Calcutta and the Howrah area to the department. Dr Roy told him that he had already instructed the State Transport Authority to reroute Bus No 34 from Esplanade to Dakhineswar making it travel via Baranagar Dunlop Bridge, instead of Kashipur, which it was doing currently. This, he added, would serve both the economics department and the Statistical Institute. 'Prashantor college', Dr Roy said, referring to Prashanta Chandra Mahalanobis, then director of the Indian Statistical Institute)). And, informed Dr Roy, Bus No 11, which travelled from Howrah station to Shyambazar, would also be extended to Dunlop Bridge.

Instant solution indeed!!

Regarding the hostel, Dr Roy asked what had happened to the plot of land the university was trying to purchase for the economics department. Dr Basu said that it was a joint property and one out of the three brothers was not willing to sell. Dr Roy asked, 'what does he want, more money?' Dr Basu said that he did not know. Dr Roy

advised that the papers be sent to his office, so that he could arrange for the land to be requisitioned, if necessary! He then asked if the university had the money to build a hostel, adding that his government had no money to give away. Dr Roy said 'that's the other problem, sir. The Ford Foundation has promised us a grant of several lakh rupees toward the cost of a hostel, but the Reserve Bank wants clearance from the Finance Ministry in Delhi.' Dr Roy laughed, and said 'taka dite chaichhe, tomra nite parchho na?' He offered to talk with the central finance minister about the matter.

So, three problems resolved in half an hour!

We had, by then, nearly reached Shyambazar. As we were passing the theatre halls on ornwallis Street (now Bidhan Sarani), Dr Roy asked if Dr Basu ever goes to the theatres. Dr Basu said 'not often, Sir'. Bidhan Roy asked what he did in his leisure time, adding, under his breath, that his own leisure time was taken up 'treating dying patients'! Meanwhile, as we were waiting at a traffic signal, a rickshaw pulled up next to the window Dr Roy was sitting at. Dr Roy lowered the window a little and pointed out to the rickshaw puller that he was obstructing traffic by being on the right-hand side of the road. No rebuke, no exercise of authority, just a simple logical statement! We moved on as the lights cleared.

It was now my turn, as Dr Roy addressed me 'ki naam hey tomar? I told him my name; he asked where I lived, who else was in my family, and what my father did for a living. When I told him that my father had retired from government service, he asked where he worked. I told him that he had spent much of his working life in Rangoon, Burma, Dr Roy said 'Oh, Sarat Chandra's Srikanta had also gone to Burma, tai na?' I said that my father, when he first arrived in Rangoon, had met and worked with Sarat Chandra. Bidhan Roy sounded happy that he had found a possible explanation for my name! He moved on to ask what we were taught in our economics courses, specifically how much of the Indian economy we were taught. I told him that we had two-and-a-bit courses covering aspects of the Indian economy out of the eight we had to complete. He sounded unsure as to whether that was adequate. He wanted to know if economics qualifications promised good employment prospects, and what sort of organisations we would go looking for a job.

His attention finally turned to the driver, a middle-aged Bihari. Bidhan Roy asked him his name, and when he told him, Bidhan Roy asked where, in Bihar, he came from, adding that he too was from Bihar. The driver was delighted, and asked 'woh kaese?' Bidhan Roy explained that his father lived in Bankipur, Patna for many years. Before these two 'Biharis' could complete their conversation, the car approached its destination.

We had reached the campus, and I alighted to open the door for Dr Roy. He stepped out, looked around and observed that the marquee was large but not decorated particularly well. When I told him that the decorations were still going on, he looked at his watch, and said 'it is 15-20 minutes from your starting time, and they haven't finished decorating yet'!

My next job was to have the courage to ask him for a donation towards the event! He seemed taken aback a little at this unexpected advance and asked how much I expected. I said it was entirely up to him. He said that he was not carrying any money, and told me to ask his personal assistant, when he arrived from the office with his official car, to donate 50 rupees on his behalf. When he had completed his engagements a couple of hours later, and was preparing to leave the campus, he spotted me and called out 'o hey, tomar chandata peyechho'? I was impressed that he remembered me by sight and was so particular about such little things too. His PA, standing next to him, said that he had given me 50 rupees. Dr Roy asked that he reminded him to pay the money back.

This was the man whose imagination and work ethic helped West Bengal to progress in many directions despite the crippling burden of having to absorb several million near-destitute refugees from East Pakistan.

And, that was my one-hour journey with a living legend in a shared car.

Dr Roy died two years later, in 1962, on his birthday. His old friend and India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru observed "a giant among men is gone".

Obituary



Dr. Asok Kumar Seth
13/12/1943 – 8/6/2019

It fills me with great sadness to speak about the loss of our beloved Asokda. I worked alongside him from 1989 for 18 years – he was the senior partner in our lovely two GP practice in Moorends and Thorne, South Yorkshire. He was my dada whom I totally trusted. I was so lucky to have the chance to get to know him and his family closely. He was a fantastic doctor who was loved by all his patients, and one of the most gentle, kind and honest people that I have met.

Asokda was good to his family, friends, patients and the wider Bengali community; he was devoted to his faith and a long serving treasurer of our Barnsley and Sheffield District puja and cultural community. I am lucky to have such fond and happy memories with him. May his soul rest in peace.

Dr. Pradip Pramanik



Dr. Waheed Nabi
11/3/43 - 19/6/19

We are saddened by the loss of our dear friend Waheed Nabi (Nabida) this year. A loving husband, father and grandfather, he was also a very good psychiatrist and a very learned man with strong secular views and respect for religions. He regularly attended and supported Sheffield and Districts Durgotsab Cultural events. His presence and excellent sense of humour will be greatly missed by so many. Our thoughts and prayers are with his beloved wife Nargis, his children and grandchildren. May his soul rest in peace.

Mrs. Eshita Pramanik



Dr. Pabitra Mohan Kundu
1933-2018

Dr Pabitra Kundu was a GP in Hull. He was a kind and fun-loving person; he always attended puja festivities, cultural programmes and outings, and never missed his college re-union. He liked to be with people. He will be very much missed by his family, friends and Bengali Community.

May His Soul Rest in Peace.

Mrs. Rama Rana

*Wishing you a
very happy Dussehra & Diwali!*

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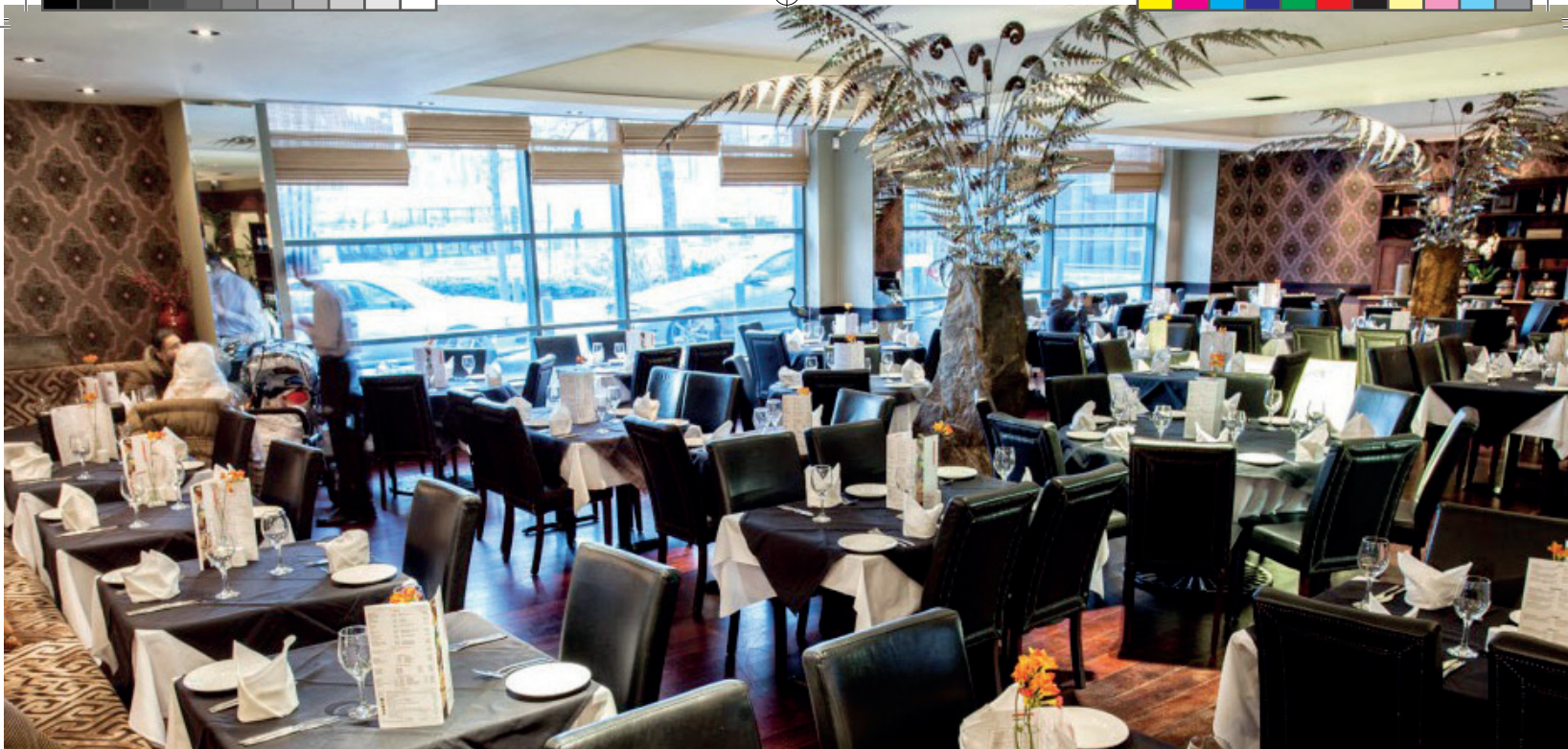
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