



BENGAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION USA & CANADA

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BENGAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ANNUAL REUNION, 2013



~ 42nd ANNUAL PUBLICATION ~

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Bengal Engineering College



Alumni Association of USA and Canada

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Date: September 22, 2013

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Sakti Nandi

Manoj Pal

Dr. Arun Deb

Dear Alumni,

I welcome you all to the 42nd Annual Reunion. Let us celebrate the day reminiscing about our Alma Mater.

I am happy to see that children of our alumni continue to actively participate in this daylong event. It is important that they know our roots. Sons and daughters of our alumni friends still refer us as BECAA group and happily included their children also to the extended BECAA family. I sincerely hope that this tradition continues.

We wish we could report that BESU has been converted to an IEST (Indian Institute of Engineering Science and Technology) but despite our best efforts for the last 6/7 years the bill did not pass in Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha yet. This is disappointing. Please sign the petition to Prime Minister Dr. Manmohan Singh, initiated by the Global Alumni Association, if you have not done so already. In addition, I urge you to write to the President of India, Mr. Pranab Mukherjee for the speedy passage of the bill.

I would like to thank all the alumni members and their spouses whose tireless efforts made the reunion a success. Thanks are also due to our advertisers and sponsors. The burden will be considerably higher without their help.

Thank you for coming and your continued support of BECAA.

Sincerely,


Amitabha Chatterjee
President, BECAA



State of New Jersey
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
PO Box 001
TRENTON, NJ 08625-0001

CHRIS CHRISTIE
Governor

September 28, 2013

Dear Friends:

On behalf of the State of New Jersey, I am pleased to extend greetings to all those attending the Bengal Engineering College Alumni Association of USA and Canada's 42nd Annual Reunion.

This reunion serves to unite alumni and supporters of the second oldest engineering institution in India to gather in fellowship to network and discuss future initiatives to help shape the professional development and practices of engineering. The Association can be proud of its work to advance educational opportunities for the school's undergraduate, graduate and doctoral students and I commend the Association for their commitment to their alma mater and their contributions in the fields of engineering and science. I join with all those gathered in applauding those who organized this event and who will carry the Association's work into the future.

Congratulations and best wishes for an enjoyable and memorable reunion.

Sincerely,



Chris Christie
Governor



NEW JERSEY GENERAL ASSEMBLY

UPENDRA J. CHIVUKULA
Assemblyman, 17th District
888 Easton Avenue Somerset, NJ 08873;
Phone: 732-247-3999; Fax: 732-247-4383



Bengal Engineering College
3 Balmoral Court
Edison, NJ 08817

July 16, 2013

Dear Friends,

I would like to extend my sincerest congratulations to the Bengal Engineering College Alumni Association on its 42nd annual reunion. As an Indian American Engineer myself, I am delighted to witness the continuing collaboration of engineers from the Bengal Engineering and Science University here in North America. I recognize the importance of maintaining connections with one's heritage and I believe that your alumni association provides an excellent forum to interact and exchange ideas with fellow Indian engineers.

Having immigrated from India myself, I am also proud to learn that several of the members of the Bengal Engineering College Alumni Association are United States citizens and are actively participating in our political system. I wish to applaud every member of the association for their commitment and dedication to the practice of engineering and wish the association success in its future endeavors.

Congratulations again on celebrating your 42nd reunion and best wishes for the future!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Upendra Chivukula".

Upendra Chivukula
NJ Assemblyman, D-17

Remembering Heaton Hall, B.E. College

Prabhansu Kumar Ghoshal (Architecture '64)

It has been close to a half-century that I left the good-old Bengal Engineering College popularly known as the B.E. College. Meanwhile, a lot of changes have taken place. The college had grown into a Deemed University in 1993. Subsequently, in October 01, 2004, it was upgraded to the Bengal Engineering and Science University, or BESU. Very recently, on the occasion of BESU's 15th Annual Convocation on January 19, 2013, President of India Mr. Pranab Mukherjee announced that BESU will be upgraded to an Indian Institute of Engineering Science and Technology (IIST) and will be recognized as an "Institution of National Importance."

Although a half-century is a very long time, my memories of B. E. College life have not faded from my mind at all. I am also a founder member of the BECAA in the USA. But, regrettably, I drifted out of it due to failing health. I realized painfully that my relation with the college has been getting weaker with each passing day. However, some memories never die. Such reminiscences, from first year hostel life, are still vividly alive in my mind. I want to share them with others through this article.



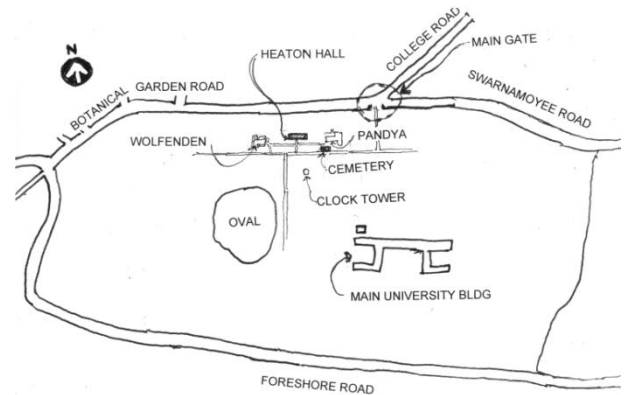
HEATON HALL, B.E.COLLEGE

It was the year 1959 that I started as a freshman in Architecture at the Bengal Engineering College. For most of us, it was quite a change. Living in a hostel, what we call dormitory here in America, requires adjustment. First year architecture students were placed in Heaton Hall.

Heaton Hall is an old but majestic looking three-storied light terra-cotta color masonry building between two modern hostels, Pandya Hall and Wolfenden Hall. There is an old cemetery and also a church in front, from the time when the college was named the Bishop's College. (Renowned poet Michael Madhusudan Dutta was a student of Bishop's College from 1844 through 1847. I am a devout reader of Michael and personally honor him as the poet second only to Tagore. It is worth mentioning that in honor of that great poet BESU has named the Vice Chancellor's residence as the 'Madhusudan Bhavan'). The cemetery is small and well maintained. There is a railing protecting it.



Heaton Hall was, in our time, a makeshift and mixed-use structure shared between B. E. College and the N.C.C. Western half of first floor was in control of the N.C.C. Two upper floors were used to accommodate students of B.E. College. There were no kitchens, no dining facilities, no common rooms, etc. Heaton Hall had a special arrangement so that the residents could eat at Pandya Hall, east of Heaton Hall. The first floor space was mostly used for storage of N.C.C. supplies – uniforms, firearms, spare parts, hardware and other military supplies. The space was, therefore, highly protected. A team of 24-hours armed guards was posted at the entranceway. There were guards at the back and on the sides of the building.



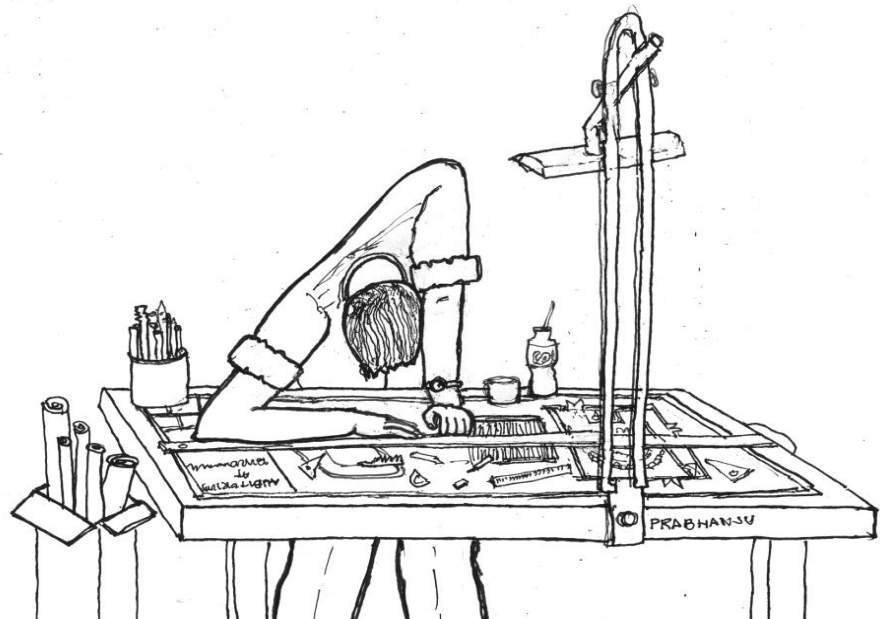
BESU SITE PLAN
(Not to Scale)
ONLY PERTINENT FEATURES SHOWN FOR CLARITY

The building has a wide stairway in the middle leading to the second and third floors. Those rooms upstairs were used as the students' hostel. I shared a room on the second floor (in Indian terms, the 'first floor') with four other students. It was the first room east of the stairs. Room number 5, as best as I recollect. I remember all the co-habitants but lost track of them all except for Shankar Dutta, then a freshman of Architecture like me. Presently he is a resident of Queens, New York. Shankar frequently visits me.

There are two experiences from my Heaton Hall days that are very unique. I want to share them with readers of this article.

Architecture is a unique profession. Beyond books, there are graphic subjects that are a combination of science, art, logic and beyond. They challenge the creativity and imagination of individuals. There could be many solutions for the same design project. We used to spend hours designing and re-designing and then revising and refining various schemes again and again until we reached one final solution. Sometimes we started the whole operation from scratch again. It was late September. We were busy with design project. Pressure was mounting on us as the deadline was fast approaching. The assignment had to be completed and handed over before the Durga Puja holidays began. Students stayed late in design studio of the Department of Architecture. Some students with high stamina would stay up all night. For my part, I was working hard, staying late in the studio regularly and finally arrived at two solutions. But I was not yet satisfied. Then one special night came when I almost crystalized one design. I began drawing 'perspectives' and 'bird's eye views' of the building in order to visualize three-dimensional aspects. That

night I stayed in the department until I could stay up no more. At one point I began dozing off. Pencils slipped from my grip and made lots of unintentional marks in the drawing. (These were the days of pencil pushing, no computer drafting). It was about 2 in the morning that I left for Heaton Hall. The road was familiar and I was half-awake. On top of that, my mind was



preoccupied with the design. I was, therefore, walking at a slow speed. There was nobody in the streets except some stray dogs sleeping. When I arrived in front of Heaton Hall, I was still in dreaming stage. Then I was suddenly awakened by a shout, "Hukumdar?" (pronounced "Hoo-koom-daar"). It was so sudden, startling and loud that I was frightened. Books fell from my hands. Street dogs got up in fear and ran away. I looked up to survey the situation. To my astonishment, I found the usual army guard standing at the entryway in a challenging posture. In his right hand he held a revolver targeting me, while his left hand was stretched in a fashion that blocked the entrance. I also noticed something new - a high-ranking army officer with quite a few medals on his chest was standing behind a column, only a few feet away. He seemed to be the supervisor of the guard. He was stone-faced with eyes transfixed on the guard. I later realized that the officer being the "boss" was making sure that the guard was doing

his duty correctly and whole-heartedly: challenging on-comers at late night in proper military fashion. I froze. The Guard again shouted, “Hukumdar?” This time I remembered my father’s life story. So I raised my both arms straight up and replied, “Friend”.

Hukumdar is a word that does not exist in dictionaries of any language – neither Bengali nor Hindi nor English - yet is vastly used in Indian military community. My father worked for the railroad company and was posted at Jamalpur, Bihar, for the greater part of his life. During the Second World War, a large number of Allied army was deployed in eastern India to encounter probable Japanese invasion (or, entry of Netaji’s “Indian National Army” – I.N.A.?). The Allied army required quick transportation depending on military need. Railway authorities assembled a group of workers that could interact with army in order to accommodate army’s rapid movement. My father was a member of such an elite team. Often he had to visit military camps.

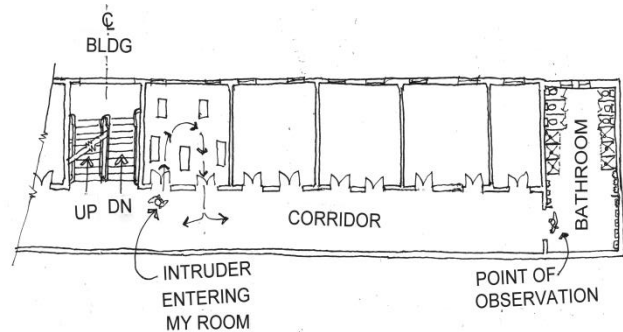
Many times those visits were at odd hours. There the armed guards would challenge anybody approaching without prior notification with this question, usually in a rough loud voice, “Who comes there?” In reply the visitor would drop things from hand, raise both his arms high up in a surrendering gesture and announce, “Friend.” Thus the word “Hukumdar” (H[k[m\vr



/ हकुमदार) is a corrupted Bengali/Hindi version of the English phrase “Who comes there”.

Another experience happened on a Saturday night of the following February. Around 3 in the morning I got up to go to bathroom. It is quite a distance, at the very east end of a long corridor. As I walked through the corridor I realized that the hostel was almost empty. There was a cricket test match going on in Calcutta. The game was between West Indies and India. West Indies, in those days, was a formidable team. A large number of students spent the night waiting in line for tickets at Eden Gardens. I was never a sports fan, plus I could not afford the high price of tickets. So I stayed behind in the lightly populated hostel.

I used the bathroom and proceeded back to my room. As soon as I stepped out of the bathroom into the corridor I noticed an individual entering our room. He was of average height and dressed in white. I immediately became suspicious. He could be any of our students. The hostel was having a terrible time with many thefts and of a simple thing. Rooms had four pendant light fixtures hanging from the high ceiling. Reflectors were missing. These were too high and their level of illumination was not enough for studying. Therefore almost all students had to bring personal table lamps. These were the properties of students. Hence protection and maintenance of the lamps was students' duty. While there was nothing wrong going on with these lamps themselves their light bulbs had one thing wrong. They used to disappear without any prior warning. This was due to the fact that some students had the habit of stealing light bulbs from others when their own bulbs would burn out. It was very annoying. My light bulb was stolen only a week ago and I was still furious. My parents were not rich. It took them some three days before they could come up with the extra money. So I got the replacement light bulb only a day ago. It was brand new. I could not afford to lose my bulb again.

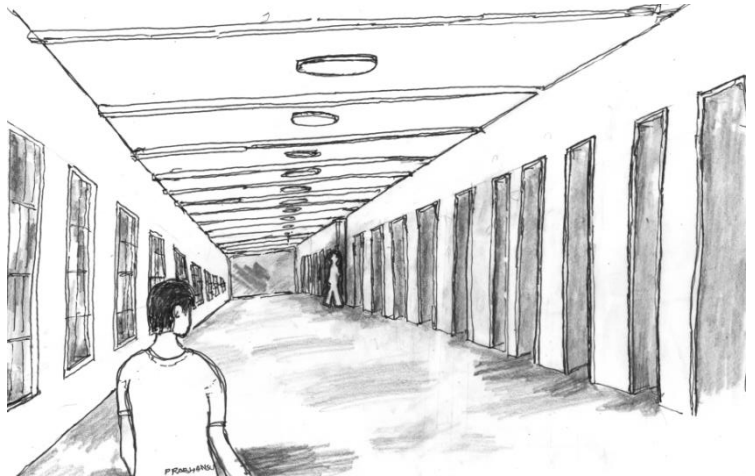


PARTIAL SECOND FLOOR PLAN

When I saw the white-clad person at such desolate night and so late hour entering our room I immediately assumed that the person was a thief (of the light bulbs?). I was determined to catch him red-handed. Only thing I felt bad about is that the thief might be one of us. But I was so vexed that I was determined to expose the identity of the individual. It would put an end to the menace.

The man entered our room hurriedly while I was looking at him clearly. I walked quietly like a soft-footed cat with total concentration so that person would not be aware of my presence. The room has two pairs of double doors. I saw the man entering the room through the door closest to the stairs. I waited a good ten minutes. I did not, however, see him exiting. My eyes were fixed on the area – the two doors, the corridor and the stair beyond. I was very happy that, like a detective, I would finally grab the culprit. But good a half-hour passed and nobody came out. Finally, I entered the room and looked around carefully. There was nobody! I searched everywhere before giving up. I went to bed and fell asleep.

The next day I narrated my experience leisurely to a few friends. They were all intrigued and concluded that I must have seen a “ghost”. It is, according to some, expected that ghosts would resurrect from the old cemetery in front of the hostel and sometimes wander around entering some rooms in search of some loved ones that they miss. I was advised to remain cautious, never try to catch them, challenge them, confront them, or do anything that could make the ghosts angry. If I do, I would invite unimaginable and irrevocable harm.



The following few nights, the occupancy of the hostel dropped dramatically. People had various reasons (“ghost” may be one of them) to avoid night stay in Heaton Hall.

A few words about “Heaton Hall”: Built in 1924 the building was named after B. Heaton, the longest reigning principal of the college. He held the position for twenty years, from 1903 through 1923. Originally the building seems to have been a structure with some rooms (classrooms?), etc. At some point in time it was converted to a hostel. Heaton Hall, however, has gone through many changes since my time. One time the N.C.C. Headquarter was expanded, then it was converted to a girls’ hostel, then to a medical facility, etc. It is, however, no more a hostel. Howrah Municipal Corporation, in January 2003, has designated ‘Heaton Hall’, ‘Downing Hall’ and the ‘Clock Tower’ as “Heritage Buildings”.

Raja Ram Mohon Roy And Arnos Vale Cemetery of Bristol, England

Sachi G. Dastidar, PH. D. (Architecture '67)
*Distinguished Service Professor, State University of New York, Old Wesbury &
Chair and Founder, Indian Subcontinent partition Documentation Project Inc.,
New York*

For a long time we wanted to visit the Samadhi of Ram Mohon Roy (also Raja Ram Mohan Roy or Rajah Rammohun Roy; 1772-1833) and pay homage to the great man. While living in Dublin, Ireland my wife Shefali and I decided to fly across the Irish Sea and visit the grave in Arnos Vale Cemetery in Bristol. Ram Mohon is considered by many as the Father of Indian Renaissance, the Father of Bengal Renaissance, the Father of the Idea of Modern India, Founder of the Brahmo Samaj reformed religion in Hinduism which espoused caste less, gender equal, monotheistic, services in vernacular languages that people can understand easily and formless religion many of which are now part and parcel of modern Hindu practices. He also fought against many taboos, social ills and orthodoxy of the time. Ram Mohon was influenced by the liberal thinking of the Unitarian Church.



Raja Ram Mohon Roy Tomb



Inscription on the tomb for Rajah
Rammohun Roy Bahadour



Back Inscription

Arnos Vale is quite close to the train station, actually within walking distance of less than a kilometer on your left as you exit the train station. Two bus routes connect the cemetery, or one can take a taxi which takes no more than three minutes at a huge cost. Ram Mohon's cemetery is barely 100 yards from the entrance as you turn right towards the Spielman Centre.

Among all the cemetery architecture with crosses and headstones Ram Mohon's stands out distinctively as a Hindu shrine. Arnos Vale Cemetery Guidebook writes, "An extremely influential

religious and political thinker, he coined the word 'Hinduism' as a term for diversity of Indian religions and wrote extensively on religious and social matters. He stressed the importance of education for Indians, campaigned for women's rights and worked to end the traditional practice of sati, the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands.....

"This rare and beautiful tomb is now a listed monument and has long been a place of pilgrimage for Bengalis and Indians. It was repaired and conserved in 2008 using money donated to the Arnos Vale Trust by businessman Aditya Poddar." (p 35)



Paying Homage



A Section of the Cemetery



View from the Path

The Cemetery has a nice park-like setting with flowering trees and paths for walking and biking. There are chapels and lodges among the beautiful monuments in the Cemetery. Now in the Speilman Centre there are exhibition, information as well as a nice restaurant. At the East Lodge there is a souvenir center selling cards and publications dedicated to Arnos Vale and more.

As it is expensive to maintain such a large property in the middle of the city, the owner of the property proposed to sell it to developers. To keep the property as a national heritage area citizens have formed Arnos Vale Cemetery Trust and Friends of Arnos Vale to raise funds and protect the property. They have to raise one million British pounds to achieve their goal. CEO of the organization is Juliette Randall. Anyone wishing to donate money, buy their publication or receive their newsletter may contact YourArnosVale@arnosvale.org.uk, or call (44) 0117-971-9117 or check the web at www.arnosvale.org.uk. Mrs. Contractor, widow of an Indian Parsee, is a Member of the Board of Arnos Vale (2013.)

*Source: Partition Documentation Center Journal, 2013 and
<http://empirelastcasualty.blogspot.com/2013/04/raja-ram-mohon-roy-and-arnos-vale.html>*

Mystery of Homoeopathy – A journey to unravel it

Prof. C.R Mahata,
Hony. Emeritus Scientist, BESUS, Howrah

BEGINNING OF MY JOURNEY: It was October 1965, when I witnessed my mother's cure from a number of chronic problems by a very ordinary homoeopath. He also gave me a book where Hahnemann narrated how he discovered greater efficacy of potentised medicines. I asked myself – what is the scientific basis of homoeo-medicines? And my journey began. It was a difficult journey because, Avogadro Number gives 12c potency as the limit beyond which no original substance can be present in a highly diluted and succussed (potentised) homoeopathic medicine implying that chemically such dilutions consist of nothing but the vehicle. But, homoeo-medicines diluted even above 12c are effective curative agents. Thus, a mystery surrounds these medicines. I was not impressed by the skeptics' view of 'placebo effect' because of undeniable homoeopathic cures witnessed by me. Moreover, the skeptics' position is logically untenable (not discussed here).

SEARCH FOR A POSSIBLE SOLUTION: With a missionary zeal I began my search for an answer to this most fundamental problem of Homoeopathy. After a long and tedious search I came across some special properties of water hinting at 'induced ordering' of water molecules. Water satisfies the three requirements for induced ordering: (i) stable structures (even at room temperature), (ii) of very very large number, (iii) of inducible nature. (It is to be noted here that medicinal grade alcohol contains about 10 to 15% water.)

AGONISING TRIALS AND A RAY OF LIGHT: Infra-Red Spectro-photometer study was carried out in Indian Association for Cultivation of Science, Jadavpur University & University College of Science. Unpublished records are with me. They are non-negative, but not quite suitable for identification purpose. Next, experiments were conducted with NMR with ethanol as the diluting vehicle, where variations were detected for medicines and potencies. But the magnitude of variation was not significant for identification of medicines. So, my search was now directed to find a better technique with some ray of light from NMR experiments.

SEARCH FOR A BETTER TECHNIQUE: This was another tedious search. It was mainly speculative. Finally it occurred to me that the technique of electrical resonance might give the desired result. The idea was published in a paper in Indian J. of classical Homoeopathy. In the meantime we got a project from UGC and moved forward with a research scholar. Then we were funded by AYUSH, Govt. of India. Theoretical analysis and MATLAB simulation pointed to Anomalous Dielectric Dispersion around resonance. Change of dielectric property came in handy for detection of resonance frequency.

WHAT TO DO AT MOLECULAR LEVEL: At molecular level we cannot observe mechanical or acoustic resonance because the resonance occurs in radio frequencies or higher. Then we need a different technique. Here, Dielectric Dispersion seemed to answer the requirement. The excitation could be from electric or electro-magnetic field. We chose the first one as it is easier to handle. Resonance was detected by abrupt change of permittivity, ϵ' & dielectric loss, ϵ'' resulting from polarisation & dipole oscillation. We have already developed an instrument named as Anomalous Dielectric Dispersion Detector (A3D). Its patent is pending. We have about 30 publications in this area.

TOWARDS A NEW CONCEPT: Hahnemann had advanced the concept of 'vital force' to explain cures by potentised homoeopathic medicines, which had no distinct active ingredient in them. He believed that material substances were converted to immaterial vital force by the potentisation process. Not amenable to quantitative measurement 'vital force' was not taken seriously by the scientific community. Their mantra is: "When you can measure what you are speaking about, and express it in numbers, you know something about it, when you cannot express it in numbers, your knowledge is of a meagre and unsatisfactory kind; it may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely, in your thoughts advanced to the stage of science." -- Lord William Thomson Kelvin.

SHIFTING OF FOCUS: Water structure (shape and size) changes with change of substance diluted away in it. It is specific to the substance and degree of dilution (with succussion). Hence, Structure without

identifying chemical formula seems to serve as medicine. Nothing else explains action of potencies above 12C. Focus has to shift from chemical formula to physical structure. Both structured H₂O of homoeopathic preparation devoid of any active ingredient and non-homoeopathic preparation with identifying chemical formula cure diseases. This is the reality. It suggests a new concept: A substance is to be recognized as a medicine if it has the capability of curing disease(s) and its medicinal property is to be attributed to structure of associated water or of chemical composition when it exists.

Supporting Facts:

Russian biologists observed that young animals and birds fed on water from molten ice or snow grow more quickly and are less prone to illness. This may be attributed to the supply of ready-made icicles to the organism. Hydrotherapy is another evidence of beneficial effect of water structure on human body. More properties of water & biological fact supporting this concept are:

All healthy bio-molecules fit in nicely within the hollows of water molecules in solid as well as liquid forms. But the reaction of water towards the molecules whose form does not fit the structure of ice is quite different – it breaks the larger molecules and drives away the small ones. So, it may safely be assumed that water structures of potentised medicines will suitably bend bio-molecules to get a desired fit.

Structural fitting and template principle explain biological metabolic processes. This is quite well known to biologists. So, we are not assuming anything new. We are only saying that water structures of potentised medicines can also serve as templates.

Water of diseased human cells is found to be rather disordered as compared to water of healthy cells. Introduction of suitable water structure into the body is, therefore, very likely to bring the diseased bio-molecules to their normal condition and thereby restore health.

These are scientific evidences in favor of how water structures can improve/alter the state of health and be recognized as medicines. Medicines with identifying chemical formulas are universally accepted as medicines. They have their defining structures also. We are trying to reconcile the conflicting views of homoeopaths and others by bringing in the principle of structural fitting – a new concept.

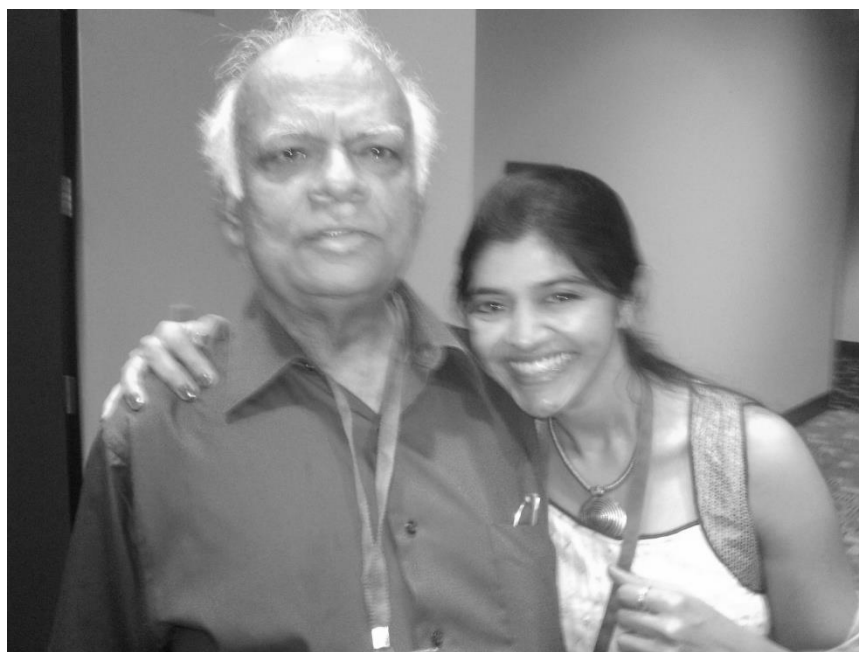
**Bringing us all together – the new GAABESU Shibpur
Foundation, USA**

(501c Tax Exempt Organization)

By
Tapas Som,
President, GAABESU Shibpur Foundation, USA

Perhaps it is the lovely evening breeze from Ganga that we all enjoyed, perhaps it is the movies we watched together in “Jharna” or “Alaka”, perhaps it is the strolls we took in the Botanical Garden in pleasant evenings (for reason better left unsaid), perhaps it is the “wonderful” food that we all ate in our dorms, there is something that sets us, the BEC / BESU alumni, from any other alumni group of elite Indian universities.

It is the strong bond that cuts across decades, generations, gender, and back grounds that makes us so unique. And this picture from NABC 2011 Alumni get together tells it all better than any labored prose that I can muster.



I have been told, in particular by faculty who graduated from other elite schools and now teaches at BESU, that nothing like this exists anywhere else in India.

It has been wonderful to see that in the 21st century, this bond has started taking concrete shape, with organized effort to improve our Alma Mater and results to show. The scholarships, emergency helps, Chair professors, the swimming pool, the 2nd gate, the ongoing Gym renovation, numerous initiatives of “giving back” are popping up and slowly making a visible impact at BESU.

To create a common forum and common institutional mechanism for channeling energy of and donations from US based alumni, a non-profit foundation (registered in NJ, little India, where else) was registered several years ago. This foundation was granted tax exempt status earlier this year and has been authorized by IRS to fund:

- Our own initiatives regarding research, faculty and research awards, scholarships
- Initiatives of GAA BESU India as long as we have proper oversight over how the money is being spent.

Emergency help to individuals is currently out of our charter – a decision driven primarily by IRS sensitivity regarding any funding actual use of which cannot be monitored. We may visit this issue later as the organization matures.

This is a broad based organization – every one of you who is a life member of GAABESU, and many of you are, has automatically become a member of this foundation. You will be regularly updated on the activities of this foundation as we finalize and roll out our communication plan. We may further broaden the membership as long as we can find the right balance between openness and a disciplined organization.

The foundation will be administered by a board of trustees, with 3 year terms each, and 1/3rd of the trustees will be replaced each year through open election. A draft election process has already been drafted and we expect you all to participate in the election process in the very near future.

We are determined to keep this as an open / transparent organization which will nurture all honest passions to help our alma mater even though we may differ on our priorities.

We are also determined to allow all voices, dissenting or not, within the norms of civility and mutual respect.

We have started on a good note raising several thousand dollars and channelizing those in the last few months and working to bring in several other initiatives under the umbrella of this foundation.

We hope to see you participate fully – bring your passion and let us continue our journey to help our Alma Mater become the best.

If you are not yet a member of GAABESU, please donate tax deductible \$300 for any BESU project supported by GAABESU to GAABESU Shibpur Foundation, USA. In doing so, you in addition to GAABESU member, will also automatically become a member of GAABESU Shibpur Foundation, USA. We urge you to join these two organizations and actively participate in the process of improvement of our Alma Mater.

Nature

By Ananya Hajra
Daughter of Sujoy & Ruchi Hajra

Millions of flowers,
The pink petals,
Covered in beads of water,
The feathered tips shining with the bright sunlight.

Birds calling out,
Trees swaying in the cool breeze,
Clouds fluffed to children's imaginations,
Soft whispers in the air.

Blades of grass,
Shooting in all directions,
Picnics out by the lake,
Serene and blue.

The nature calls out to us,
With its beauty and perfection,
Amazing us all.

Stars

By Ishani Segupta
Daughter of Santanu & Anu Sengupta

Stars, glistening in the sky
Shining so bright
Make a wish that comes to life
Star, oh star, you are the night's light!

You are the jewel of space
Reaching you is quite a race
No one has been able to grasp you
Yet we were so close to your blue
Your blue twinkle was a great sight
Star, oh star, you light the night!

Summer Vacation

By Abheek Dhara
Son of Probir & Sumita Dhara



Summer vacation is so much fun,

Unbelievably under the sun.

Many fun things,

More than two.

Elephants, monkeys, wild baboons.

ROAR, goes a lion at a faraway zoo.

Vroom, goes the car,

Away, we're a star.

Cats and dogs,

Are no little hogs.

Thanks to summer,

It's not a bummer.

Our fun's ador',

Now we want more.

Camp Bernie Rocks

By Ritisha De
Daughter of Jayanta & Sheuli De

Need a camp for summer? Camp Bernie is the perfect camp! Let me share my experience at Camp Bernie with you!

Obviously, my class and Mrs. Cardoso's class went together. There were also, the JMI (James Madison Intermediate School) 5th grade students who also came. I was in the third bus with a few other MLK 5th graders. I think my bus was the loudest and craziest of them all. MLK students were picked up first. Once the bus got moving to JMI, a kid named Thomas, entertained and gave us ideas on how to keep our selves busy through the 2 hour ride. We shouted and sang songs and even played games. Even JMI students joined in. Half way through the bus ride, a war broke out. The two schools started saying mean things to each other. After a while each school signed a "peace treaty" with their information card. We finally arrived at Camp Bernie and we got off the bus by cabin names. On a few close by trees, they had stickers with the cabin names. The kids and chaperones took their luggage and headed toward their cabins.

I was in the Maple Cabin with a few other girls I knew. Some of them were JMI girls. We all unpacked our luggage and set up our sleeping bags. Some of us argued about who gets the top and who gets the bottom of the 5 bunk beds in on room. I ultimately got the top and it wasn't easy getting it. At first I could climb to the top with no problem but getting down was different. The stairs were on the side of the bed unlike others were they are in front like a ladder. Once I got up there I was afraid to come down. Some girls suggested jumping down, while others like my friend Lilly showed me the actual way to get down. After a bit of practice I had nailed it. After unpacking and taking what we needed for the orientation and activities, we left for the pavilion (the meeting place).

After the orientation we had lunch. Before we went in the dining hall, the waiters or cruisers and weather station kids that were assigned for that time being went first. A cruiser's or waiter's job is to clean the table and set the cups and plates up. A weather station kid's job is to collect info about that

time's weather. The meal was pepperoni and cheese pizza with a salad bar. We left for the pavilion for our first activity leaving the waiters behind to do their job in cleaning up.

My group's first activity was, Stream Ecology. It was led by Max, who had a British accent. There we caught critters no bigger than my thumb in a small river. Someone even caught a crayfish! There was a 15 min. break after every activity. Our second activity was Confidence Course. There we worked together through harder and harder problems. The first activity for the day was Survival Training for my group. There we learned how to survive in forest situations we built small shelters in groups, and made a fire. Our instructor had made a small fire but it made a lot of smoke!

We had dinner which was turkey with the works. The dessert was a cupcake shaped brownie. After dinner every study group went for a night hike. In a certain spot each group was given a partner and a sugar mint life saver. The partners ate the lifesavers with their mouth open so their partner can see what was happening in their mouth. Every time they bit the candy, a small spark appeared in their mouth.

When we came back to the dining hall the chairs were set up in rows. We had ice cream for a small midnight snack. That night we had a show called the REPTILE MAN. He had many animals and facts and pictures about them. He even had a boa constructor. When he brought out a huge centipede every one shouted and screamed as he walked around the place with it. My dad was sitting behind me and I started asking him questions when the man had brought the centipede box an inch away from my face. I wasn't looking until the boy next to me Thomas had shakily said, "Ritisha look in front of you!" I looked and jumped in the air screaming. When I settled down my heart was pounding! After the intimidating and awesome show we all headed back to our cabins to get some sleep for the next day.

The next morning we had bacon, eggs, and French toast for breakfast. It was an excellent breakfast. The first activity for the day was Survival Training for my group. There we learned how to survive in forest situations we built small shelters in groups, and made a fire. Our instructor had made a small fire but it made a lot of smoke!

After survival training we went to Sensory and Development. There we were blindfolded and had a

rope guiding us to a spot full of trees. When we reached our destination a chaperone or the teacher brought us to a tree and then turned us around three times and then sat us down on a long log still blindfolded. Then we had to walk around to find the tree we were assigned by the adults without being blindfolded. Then we went back the way we came and discussed why it seemed to take longer with the blindfold and faster without.

After sensory and development we had lunch. It was chicken tenders and French fries on the side. I was stuffed after lunch because it was really delicious!!!! After lunch we had the Low Ropes Course. In low ropes we had to trust our 4 or 5 other partners to catch you if you fell. There were wires or ropes a foot off the ground and you had to do that activity. There was one where it looked like this. You had to go across it as high as you can without falling but if you fell your partners would be there to catch you. There were a lot of elements there so the groups did not have to wait in lines.

After low ropes we had our last and final activity ... the Climbing Tower my favorite!!!! There we had to climb a 48ft tall wall. We were attached to a harness a rope which either one of the instructors Max, Steve, and Mike pulled.

Last thing of the day was dinner. It was the best dinner I ever had!!!! It was pasta and meatballs, and garlic bread!!!! Totally Italian!!!! After dinner we all boarded the bus. The bus ride home was about the same, singing songs, shouting, and playing games. The JMI students were dropped off first and then MLK.

Camp Bernie is some much fun!!!! It has great food and activities and staff!!!! Everyone should go there!!!! It is the perfect camp and place for children and adults to stay anytime!!!

Camp Bernie Rocks!!!!

My Two Left Feet

By Ramyanee Mukherjee
Daughter of Arindam & Ratna Mukherjee

As some people know, in the midst of gorgeous clothing, shoes, or jewelry, it's hard to think straight. And I, of all people, found out the hard way.

It started in the shoe aisle at Macy's. I found these lace "sneakers". They looked great and would be perfect for school. So, I tried them on. The shoes were made partly of cloth, so they were kind of shapeless. After tightening the laces, I walked around to test the shoes out. They fit perfectly, so the shoe attendant brought the other half of the pair and rang up our purchase. I returned home and deposited the shoes to my closet.

The next time I went out, I decided to wear my new shoes. As I went to pull them on, I wondered out loud, "Which shoe is left and which is right? ". Hearing this, my brother came over and said, "This shoe's left and this one is ... left? Why do you have two left feet?"

"I don't know." I said as I pulled on the shoes. Surprisingly, my feet felt awkward in the shoes. "Hmm, I guess I really have two left feet." I replied.

The next day I went back to Macy's to return the shoes and get a right pair. I guess it just shows to tell you that you should always try on both of your shoes and don't look deceived.

Go for The Gold

Sunrit Panda
Son of Gokul & Shikha Panda



"Oh my gosh" I shouted with glee. I couldn't believe that I had won the moolah. A million dollars was finally mine! I hopped onto my dad's Nano car and we set course for 90 Knotstine blvd. suite 82. As I arrived a personalized gift card was handed over to me. A great feeling of pride engulfed me. I was the first kid millionaire. As I drove home I knew I had to donate something.

Quickly I called a car company and spoke so fast that instead of a huge R.V. I got a tiny Toyota. I hurried to the car and hit the gas pedal hard." To the soup kitchen" I shrieked.

As my driver and I pulled into the soup kitchen I gave \$25k to the cashier. She said,"Thank You" and the poor people showed their gratitude by performing a traditional dance.

I stepped into the car and ordered the driver to the Ashanti Orphanage. The children rushed to me when I got there. I was filled with joyous energy and I handed \$25k to the orphanage owner. The kids danced with delight and the orphanage shuddered with fulfillment certainly saying, "Oh thank you for this gift". The creaky doors of the orphanage closed. I couldn't help feeling vanquished that I didn't give more money.

I stepped in the car and queried with an extreme sense of urgency if I could go to the Tanish animal shelter. "Yes" replied the loyal driver. Our car raced as fast as a Ferrari in the Indiana 360 to the animal shelter. \$25K was given to them. The dogs licked me head to toe.

“Now it’s time to treat myself”, I said in anticipation. My last stop was the mall. Once the driver drove me there I bought tons of fine truffles, bars, and sculptures of chocolate plus a pound of fine English toffees. Certainly, I had to buy some candles. As I walked into the candle store a sweet smelling fragrance of grapes stole over me, penetrating my mind. I tracked down the candle as easily as a bloodhound. After buying the candle I went to my old beloved home.

As the car pulled into the driveway I dismissed the driver and tipped him \$10k and enjoyed my million dollars. Though I knew this day was very important because it came to me that charities come before the luxuries of life.

Tears Of A Phoenix

Kaustav(Riju) Patra
Son of Saibal & Keya Patra

A phoenix is a bird that never dies.
Resurrected from its ashes, built to survive.
One may think the phoenix leads a happy life,
But the phoenix feels a pain worse than the stab of a knife.
Life becomes a never-ending cycle, like the moon and the sun.
From its inevitable fate, the phoenix can never run.
He provides strong wisdom, but to no prevail.
The world makes the same mistakes, without fail.
The phoenix sees loved ones come and go.
He falls for love and death's throes.
Sometimes he sees a hope of a better world to be.
But the tears of a phoenix are not a rare sight to see.

An Ant's Story

Rupsa Jana
Daughter of Niloy & Soumi Jana

Hello! I am an ant. I march around the endless, huge world looking for food and other basic needs. My life is totally different from those two armed, two legged giants who get irritated by us all the time. No offense!! Some ants are too afraid and nervous to confide their tale to you, readers. However, I'm fearless and strong enough to tell my story. This is how it goes.

I live in a cool, stumpy anthill with millions of friends.
I can crawl deep underground where the musty Earth's crust ends.
Each day, I walk out of my chocolate-brown door.
I would love to munch on a leftover piece of vanilla cake, almond cookie, or fruits galore.
For that, I have to wander through the mighty, gigantic earth.
Unlike you humans, who get delicious treats so easily since birth.
I walk through the forest of emerald-green, spiky trees.
I meet other cool creatures like fluttery dancing dragonflies, lazy grasshoppers,
and busy sunshine-yellow bees.
Then, slim, tall, leafy skyscrapers tower above me.
Oh! How frightened and nervous I could be.
I march on the rocky, bumpy shores of a deep gray sea.
It might seem nasty to you, but, a marvel for me.

Here comes the spooky part that will make you shudder and shiver.
When I think of this experience, I also shake and quiver.
I looked up with my wide eyes and saw a humongous leg.
"Oh! Please don't murder me", I quietly had to beg!
The jittery, chuckling lads almost stepped on me.
"Ah!", I cried, "Don't you see!!"
Luckily, I fled just in time.
That moment, for sure, was a sour lime.
Finally, I found a piece of a chocolate cake.
I called the other ants and heaved it past the gigantic gray lake.
We headed towards our anthill in the east.
When we reached home-sweet-home, we had a large joyous feast.
I hope you loved my tale, even though it isn't that long.
I told my story in this antsy fancy song.

Marriage

Shibaprasad Sircar (Electrical '62)
Ex-President, BECAA of the USA and Canada

MARRIAGE IS HAPPINESS
GOD'S BLESSING AND KINDNESS.

WHEN SPOUSE NEEDS SINCERITY
POUR DOWN HEART WITH HUMILITY.

CREATIVE ROMANCE MAINTAINS INTEGRITY
WITH A TOUCH OF UNPREDICTABILITY.

PHYSICAL UNION IS THE GLUE
BRIGHT AS STARS WHEN SKY IS BLUE.

KIDS ARE THE BLESSING OF MARRIAGE
THEY REINFORCE WITH STRENGTH AND COURAGE.

INCREASE QUALITY TIME TOGETHER
ENJOY SYNERGIC BRAINS FOREVER.

PRAISE AND APPRECIATE SPOUSE'S INTELLIGENCE
SPOUSE WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOUR PRESENCE.

GIVE MORE AND DEMAND LESS
SPOUSE WILL LOVE YOU NONETHELESS.

DEVELOP MUTUAL DEPENDABILITY
TO HELP MAINTAIN FAMILY INTEGRITY.

MARRIAGE BRINGS THE CLOSEST FRIEND
STAND TOGETHER AT EVERY BEND.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY IS A LOVE CARRIAGE
THAT GLORIFIES ETERNAL LOVE OF MARRIAGE.

থাই থাই

Auyon Chowdhury (CE 2001)
& Sanghamitra Chowdhury

“থাই থাই কর কেন, এসো বসো আহারে, খাওয়ানো আজব খানা, ভোজ কয় যাহারে !!”

বাঙালীর ১২ মাসে ১৩ পার্বণ, একথা সত্যি - এবং এই ১৩++ পার্বণ এর সাথে রয়েছে অনেক পার্বণ-specific খাওয়াদাওয়া। সত্যি, এরম কোনো উত্সব বোধহয় বাঙালীর নেই যা খাওয়াদাওয়ার সঙ্গে কোনভাবে জড়িত নয়। কিন্তু, আমাদের এই উত্সবের ভুরিভোজের সাথে জড়িত আন্তরিকতা কি ক্রমশ নিলগামী? একটু বিস্তারিত ভাবে ব্যাপারটাকে দেখা যাক।

বছরের শুরু থেকেই ধরা যাক : পয়লা বৈশাখ। নতুন বছরের শুরু বাঙালীর - ব্যবসায়ীরা নতুন হালখাতা খুলে তাদের খাশ খদ্দেরদের বিভীন্ন উপহার, ঠাকুরের-ছবিওলা Calendar এবং মিষ্টি দিয়ে তাদের জানিয়ে রাখে : আপনারা আমাদের "Valued Customer"

কর্মচারীদের ও অধিকাংশ সময় খাওয়ানো হয় বা উপহার দেওয়া হয়, বাড়িওলারা তাদের ভাড়াটীদের বিশেষ আপ্যায়ন করেন - মিষ্টি পাঠান। সংক্ষেপে : নতুন বছরের শুরু অতএব একটি নতুন ভূমিকা - কাজেই সব আশেপাশের মানুষ কে খুশি রাখা, মিষ্টিমুখ করানো।

কিন্তু ধীরে ধীরে এই পয়লা বৈশাখ শুধুমাত্র আমোদ-আহ্লাদ এর একটা সুযোগ হয়ে দাড়িয়েছে। দোকানীরা মিষ্টির বাস্ক ও Calendar এর বদলে Buffet ও Restaurant এর Voucher বা Discount Coupon পাঠান। তাতে হয়তো সুবিধেই হয় - কারণ আজকাল যে পরিসংখান এ Sugar আর Diabetes, মিষ্টি ফ্রিজ এর কোণাতেই পরে থাকে বাস্কর মধ্যে - Minus the নিমকি। তার থেকে voucher দিয়ে যে কোনো দিন Restaurant এ খেয়ে আসা যায়। কিন্তু প্রধান উদ্দেশ্য বিফল : কারণ মিষ্টির বাস্ক বাঙ্গালী তাও মনে রাখে - Buffet এর Coupon অধিকাংশই সুযোগ বা সময়-এর অভাবে Drawer বা Purse-এর খাঁজে পরে থাকে।

জায়গায় জায়গায় sale ও বিজ্ঞাপন - অমুক হোটেল-এ বা Restaurant-এ Rs. XXX/- amount-এ ১৬ পদের বাঙালী খাবার পাওয়া যাচ্ছে। অতএব, Buffet বা A-la-Carte খেয়ে বাঙালী টেকুর তুলতে তুলতে পান খেয়ে সন্তর্পণ রইলেন - দোকান এর ব্যবসা-ও হল। পয়লা বৈশাখ হয়ে রইলো বাইরে খাবার শুধু আর একটি সুযোগ - যা আমরা অনেকে এমনিতেও প্রায়সই খেয়ে থাকি। নিজেদের বাড়িতে ডেকে বন্ধু-বান্ধব, খদ্দের ও বিশিষ্ট লোকদের খাওয়ানোর উদাহরণ ক্রমশই কমে আসছে : অথচ ভালো খাওয়ালে মানুষ সর্বদাই তা মনে রাখে। এমনিতেই সেই খাওয়া যদি পান্ডা-ভাত, সোনা-মুগের ডাল ও ঝুড়ি-ঝুড়ি আলুভাজাও হয় - তাও সেটার স্মৃতি বজায় থাকে।

বাঙালীর আর একটি বিশেষ উত্সব এর কথায় আসি : জামাই ষষ্ঠী। জামাতা কে অত্যন্ত সুস্বাদু খাবারে আবেষ্টিত করে আদর আপ্যায়নে রাখার এই সুযোগ শশুর-শশুড়ি সহজে হারাতে চান না। আগে আগে জামাইরা সকাল সকাল নিজেদের "আপিস"-এর কাজ সেরে "Half-ছুটি" নিয়ে এক বড় ভাঁড় দই আর ইলিশ মাছ নিয়ে মরমরে পাঞ্জাবী আর কোলহাপুরি চটি পরে শশুরবাড়িতে হাজিরা দিতেন। শশুড়ি "বাবা-বাছা" আদর করে জামাইকে নিজে হাতে রান্না করে Solar-system-এর Planets-এর মতন বাটি সাজিয়ে মধ্যখানে সূর্যের তেজের Proportion-এ ভাতের পরিমাণ বেড়ে খাওয়াতেন। খাদ্যতালিকায় একাধিক প্রকারের মাছ, মাংস এবং শেষ পাতে আম-লিচু-দই-মিষ্টি থাকা চাই-ই চাই। এমন খাওয়ানো উচিত যে জামাই যেন উঠতেই না পারে !!

কিন্তু সেই যুগ আর কোথায় ?!!

জামাই এর Sedentary lifestyle এর জন্য খাওয়াদাওয়ায় Restrictions এবং তার সাথে শশুড়ির হাঁটুতে ব্যাথা - সব মিলিয়ে জামাই-ষষ্ঠি এখন উচ্চদরের বাঙালী রেস্টুরেন্টের "জামাই Special" মেনুতে পরিবর্তিত হয়েছে। শশুড়ির আপ্যায়নের দুঃখ ভোলানোর জন্য আগে থেকে বুকিং করলে কাঁসার থালা এবং লাল-পেড়ে-শাড়ী পরা সুন্দরী Waitress ও পাওয়া যাবে ! শশুড়িও খুশি, জামাইও খুশি, রেস্টুরেন্টের মালিকও খুশি - তার সঙ্গেও খুশি শশুরবাড়ির রাঁধুনি : যে সেদিন মওকা বুঝে ছুটিটা মেরে দিয়েছে - তাকেও নাকি জামাই আদর করতে হবে Tradition বজায় রেখে !

বিদেশ-বাসী জামাই হলে কিন্তু মাঝে মাঝে শুধুই Google Images থেকে download করা খাবারদাবারের ছবি দেখে পেট ভরাতে হয় - মেয়ে তো আর ছবি দেখে inspired হয়ে Patel Brothers থেকে বাজার করে ২০ পদ রাখবে না !

এবার আসা যাক বাঙালীর প্রধান উত্সব : দুর্গা পূজা।

দুর্গা পূজা মানেই আনন্দ, গল্প আর খাওয়াদাওয়া। মাস পড়ার সাথে-সাথেই স্পেশাল মাসকাবারি - তার সঙ্গে ৫ দিন ব্যাপী খাওয়াদাওয়ার planning. ষষ্ঠীর দিন থেকে শুরু করে সপ্তমীর খিচুড়ি, অষ্টমীর দিন লুচি আর নবমীর দিন মাংসর ব্যবস্থ্যা - বাড়ি ভর্তি লোকজন - প্রতিবেশী, পরিবার ও বন্ধুবান্ধব। পূজা মানে বাড়ির সবাই একসাথে মিলেমিশে একটা আনন্দ, হই-হট্টগোল ও গল্প-আড্ডা।

কয়েকটি বাড়ির পূজোর কথা বাদ দিলে এখন পূজোর ৫ দিন রান্নাঘর মোটামুটি বন্ধ। অধিকাংশ জায়গাতেই Community Lunch এবং রেস্টুরেন্টগুলোর পূজোর বিভিন্ন দিনের আলাদা আলাদা মেনু সংবাদ-পত্রিকার প্রথম পাতায়। সকালে উঠে কোনমতে অঞ্জলি দিয়ে আলোচনা - সেদিন কোথায় খাওয়া যেতে পারে দুপুরে। ১৬-আনা বাঙালী, ভজহরি-মান্না, আহেলী, ৬ Ballygunge বা তার সমকক্ষ কোনো রেস্টুরেন্টে খেয়ে হলুদ প্লাস্টিকের টুথপিক মুখে নিয়ে বাঙালী গলদঘর্ম হয়ে AC গাড়িতে ঢুকছেন। আগে আগে পূজোর দুপুরগুলো প্যান্ডেলে তাশ খেলে, আড্ডা মেরে কেটে যেত - এখন masala thumbsup খেয়ে বাড়ি চল, AC-টা High-তে চালাও আর ... হাঁফ ছেড়ে বাঁচো !

সন্ধ্যার খাবার অধিকাংশ সময়তে বন্ধুদের সাথে পার্টি অতবা chinese কিংবা রুমালি-রুটি-চিকেন-চাপ। পুজোর বাজারে রেস্টুরেন্টগুলোর Quality ভীষণভাবে পড়ে যায় - তাদের আলাদা পুজো-special মেনু থাকে। সেই মেনুতে regular item ইচ্ছে করে রাখা হয় না - কারণ যা তাড়াতাড়ি বানানো যায় সেসব খাবারের চল বেশি: অতএব customer তাড়াতাড়ি খেয়ে চলে যেতে পারেন। অনেক রেস্টুরেন্ট এ Head Cook ছুটিতে: খাবারের ধরণ তাই পুরোই পাল্টে যায়, কিন্তু পুজোর সময় ব্যবসা কমে না। কারণ বাঙালীর বাইরে খাবার তাগিদা এত বেশি, রেস্টুরেন্টগুলো নামেই চলে।

পুজো শেষ হয়ে বিজয়া-দশমী। এক সময় এই দিনে বাড়িতে বাড়িতে মিষ্টি বানানো হতো ও এক কড়াই ভর্তি তেলে গরম গরম নোনতা - জিবে জল আসার মতন। সেই দিন প্রায় চলে গিয়ে বাঙালীর রান্নাঘরে ঢুকেছে বাজার থেকে কেনা তেল-চিটে নিমকির প্যাকেট আর শুকনো মিষ্টি। বাস্তুবত শোনা যায় নাকি এখন "portion-sized" নিমকির প্যাকেট পাওয়া যায় - ঠিক যতটা plate -এ দেওয়া উচিত - ততটা। শুকনো মিষ্টির কারণ "longevity" - তার সঙ্গে Diabetes সন্দেশ ! "মাসীমা মালপো খামু" -র দিন আর নেই : বাড়ির মিষ্টির চল প্রায় খেমেই গেছে কারণ পাড়ায় পাড়ায় ব্যাঙের ছাতার মতন মিষ্টির দোকান।

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তবে এখনও সব উত্সব-ই এভাবে Buffet আর রেস্টুরেন্ট এ পরিণত হয়নি। সরস্বতীপুজো, কালীপুজো আর লক্ষীপুজো এখনো মোটামুটি ঐতিহ্য বজায় রেখেই করা হয় - যদিও বিদ্যা-দেবীর পুজোর দিন আজকাল বাঙালীর "ভালোবাসা" দিবসে পরিণত হয়েছে : হৃদয় আর মস্তিষ্কের অদ্ভুত এক সমাগম !

বর্তমানের যুবক বৃন্দ সৌভাগ্যবশত তাও এইসব উত্সবের উত্স জানে ও বোঝে; সব পালন না করলেও। এটাই আমাদের কামনা যে অন্তত পরবর্তী Generation-ও তাই করুক। নইলে Commercialization এর ধাক্কায় বাঙালী হয়তো উত্সবের আনুষ্ঠানিক খাওয়াদাওয়াগুলো ঠিক বজায় রাখবে - কিন্তু উত্সব-টি কী এবং কেন - সেটা সেই Google আর Wiki-ই ভরসা !



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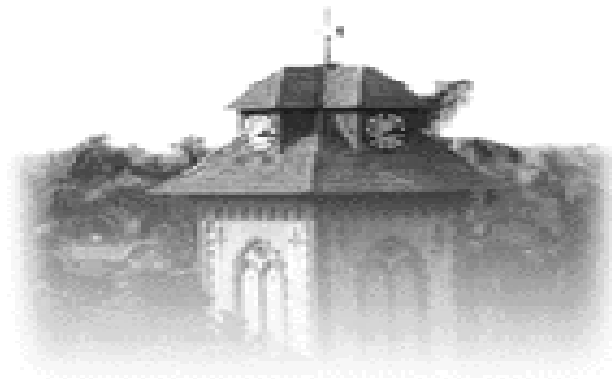
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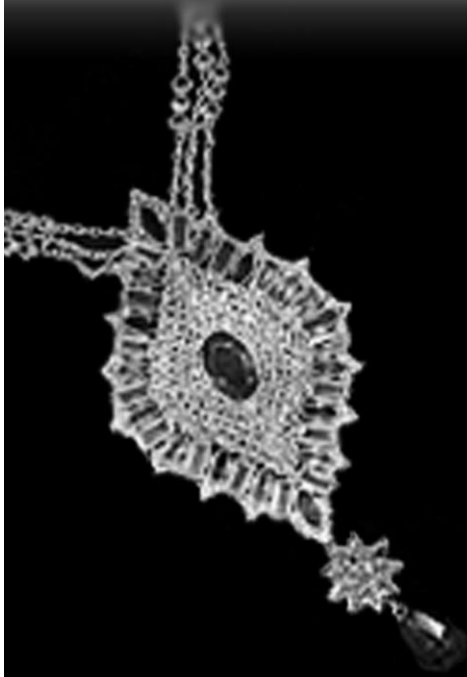
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