



International Chefs Day

Going out to restaurants one of people's favourite activities because they get the chance to taste the best cuisine from the chefs that work behind the scenes. International Chef Day is a for them, and is probably one of the best opportunities people can get to learn how to cook and connect with chefs in their local area. It's also a great opportunity to teach kids how to cook and inspire them to become chefs. Let's discover where it came from and what International Chef Day is all about!

#EVENT

AN EVENING OF SCENTED CHRONICLES

In the latest episode of The Write Circle, Journalist and author Divrina Dhingra delved into the captivating world of fragrances, exploring their rich history from ancient civilizations to present-day challenges. She highlighted the impact of climate change on natural ingredients, discussed the chemistry behind scents, and celebrated the creative possibilities offered by synthetic fragrances.



Tusharika Singh

The October episode of The Write Circle took Jaipurites on an olfactory odyssey through time and tradition, expertly guided by renowned journalist and the author of 'The Perfume Project: Journeys Through Indian Fragrances', Divrina Dhingra. In a world where a mere whiff can transport us to a cherished memory, Divrina Dhingra, delved into the fascinating stories that linger behind our favourite scents. Having worked at magazines like Elle, Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, Divrina Dhingra often received well worded press releases that described perfumes in an enchanting way. Dhingra's curiosity led her to explore the human stories and narratives beyond the enchanting descriptions of perfumes.

"I have written this book driven purely by my own curiosity about fragrances and my desire to learn more about them. There are so many stories related to smell, and none of them are alike, and I found it absolutely fascinating," shared Dhingra. She added, "I wanted to convey the rich history of fragrances and their use, and to show that much of this history is still very much alive even today."

Dhingra illuminated the phenomenon known as the 'Madelaine Effect', or as literature aficionados might recognize it, the 'Proust Effect' - when a particular scent invokes nostalgia and conjures up a certain experience. The evening concluded with an engaging Q&A session, where an intrigued audience posed a unique set of questions, each one as fragrant and varied as the perfumes discussed. The author was in conversation with COO of Siyahi, Urvi Bhuvanika. The Write Circle is organized by the Prabhakar Khaitan Foundation in association with Shree Cement, Siyahi, Ehsaas Women of Jaipur, and Spagia Foundation.



Dr Goutam Sen
CTVS Surgeon
Traveller
Story teller

Every Navratra I am reminded of the turmoil my family faced in the month of October/ November, 1962. I was in the Medical College at Jaipur. My rest of my family consisting of my parents and two younger sisters were

in Guwahati where my father, Gopal Das, was posted as Station Director, Akashvani. It was a long way to go. The rail journey across the country took about three full days. The Brahmaputra River had no railway bridge then. Passengers had to cross it in a ferry from Amin Gaon to Pandu to finally arrive in Guwahati. To give me more time my father arranged for me to fly from Calcutta to Guwahati. Although it was quite expensive my father arranged for me to travel by train to Calcutta and stay with an old friend, Mrs. Leela Mazumdar, in her elegant flat on Park Street. After an overnight's rest I took the Dakota flight to Gauhati in the morning. That was the only flight. It had to be a morning flight as bad weather and surrounding hills made it unsafe at other times. That way I would be able to stay with the family for five out of the seven days break.

This time when I arrived there I could perceive the tension in the atmosphere. My father was busier than usual. My mother was quieter. The ongoing tension on the more than 1000 mile long border between China and North East Frontier Agency (NEFA) was creating an oppressive feeling amongst the people of Assam. I had planned to stay for my father's birthday (Dussehra according to the Lunar calendar). Vijaya Dashami was on 8th October, 1962. On the 6th morning my father informed me that I was flying out to Calcutta. I remonstrated that I would like to stay on till after his birthday. He half turned away from me so that I could not see his expression and murmured that he did not wish me to miss any of my classes. Then he walked out abruptly to end the conversation. Little did I know then that he knew that was the last civilian flight out of Gauhati! The shortage of aircrafts in the military required diversion of as many passenger planes as possible from the Indian Airlines.

When I returned to Jaipur the uneasiness persisted. Communication was not easy then. The only way to keep updated was to listen to the news bulletins on the radio. I was the Prefect of the hostel. Dr (Mrs) Mangla Talwar, wife of our Professor of Surgery, Dr G L Talwar was the warden of the hostel and lived in the adjoining bungalow. I went quite often to meet her for official hostel purposes. Both of them had become quite fond of me. Dr Talwar was an avid news listener. He kept himself updated by listening to the news from Akashvani channels as well as the BBC. The radio was constantly on in the house. He and I often spoke about the tension on our eastern borders. The collection of the Chinese forces at Bomdilla followed by quick movement of the locals more inland was a source of concern. Rumours were rife that the Chinese had crossed the border and were invading inland unchecked into the foothills. A whole uneasy month passed this way when I received a post card from my father. It was unusual in the sense that besides the usual family news he emphasised that he was keeping me fully informed. About what? It sounded ominous. Later another post card dated 20th November stated that he was sending Mummy and my sisters to Agra to stay with my grandmother. He again stressed that since I was the eldest child he was passing on the responsibility of their care to me. This was sudden. It was matter of great anxiety for me.

Much later when I read my father's book I really understood how dreadful and threatening his situation was. Let what he wrote speak for him: My wife and I were staring at the ceiling as we lay awake in our bed that night. We looked calm but inside our fears were turbulent. 9th November 1962 evening. The telephone rang. A call from the Secretary of the CM of Assam! The CM wished to speak to the people. Was it possible for him to do so? The CM was most welcome to broadcast to his people. I said, Bimla Prasad Chaliha arrived from Shillong, the then capital of Assam. He was under great tension. He was in a frenzy - pacing up and down the room. He was chain smoking. I wondered if the distraught CM would be able to make the broadcast. What if he stopped midway? Much to my amazement Chaliha made the

That Navratra Of Dread And Turmoil_1962

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#NIGHTMARES



broadcast without any hesitation. He spoke with great fervour and fluidity.

I am the citizen of an Independent Nation. I will live in this freedom. If need be I will die here too. (Azad desh ka Azad Nagrik)

Later on 20th November I arrived home after a full day at the office. The radio was on. I went to the washroom to freshen up. The radio was announcing that the former President of India, Rajendra Prasad was going to make a broadcast to the nation soon.

A few moments were left. Then the sudden announcement was: This is Akashvani. Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, the Prime Minister, is going to address the nation.

The voice was tired. I had always heard this voice full of determination and strength. Today it was immersed in depression even sorrowful. Huge Chinese armies have been marching towards the northern part of NEFA. We have had reverses at Walong and Sela. Today Bomdilla has fallen. We shall not rest till the invader goes out or is pushed out. I want to make that clear to all of you and especially to our countrymen in Assam to whom our heart goes out at this moment.....

Rani, my wife collapsed on the floor. - Oh Lord! Have Mercy

The phone rang shrilly. "You people are absolutely useless (Nikammel). You get your salaries for doing nothing". The voice was resentful and deprecating- even insulting.

No. It is upto you to believe me. By then I took his name.

If on the present day, the Prime Minister decides to speak to the nation about his feelings and reassure them- Give them courage (Dhandus). Do I stop him from speaking just because the announcement could not have been made earlier?

Are you going to go on in this manner or come to the point? The angry and hoarse voice went on. "You understand all that I am saying. Are you aware of the broadcast that is on at the moment? Do you know who is speaking?"

Yes. The Prime Minister of India is speaking. Are you aware of what your announcer had said? I too heard him say from Delhi that the broadcast of Dr Rajendra Prasad, former President of India, was to follow.

How is it then Pandit Nehru is speaking? If on the present day, the Prime Minister decides to speak to the nation about his feelings and reassure them- Give them courage (Dhandus). Do I stop him from speaking just because the announcement could not have been made earlier?

So that is what happened. Even you were not aware of this development? No. It is upto you to believe me. By then I took his name.

He was surprised. Ah! so you have recognised me. I said Namaste.

I put the receiver down. The time was now 10:00pm. The phone rang again.

The call was from Shillong. A friend was calling. He asked, So what have you thought? What are you going to do? The Chinese have reached the borders of Tezpur. If the forces change direction and capture Rangia (Rail Head across the Brahmaputra) all the routes for returning home will have shut down.

I was stunned. He went on. Have you not given any thought about your wife and daughter? If they are captured all will be finished.

Immersed in my work I had not given this any thought. Something had to be done soon for them. I had already assured the Director General that I would 'man' the studios with my last breath. 'The show will go on'.

The next morning the atmosphere in the office was different. People were whispering the name of Nehru. They were looking askance. One by one they drifted into my office.

So, Pandit Nehru has left us to our destiny. Another said. If we have to deal with the situation now it is upto us to decide whether we should fight the Chinese or do something else.

The telephone calls were coming. The gist of the messages was

that we should stop announcing anti-Chinese messages as we were not likely to face the consequences. We would abandon the place and leave the locals to face the anger of the Chinese. We should stop all anti-Chinese announcements from Guwahati radio station.

I remember vividly the description of the evacuation from Guwahati that my mother told me when she visited me in Jaipur. She and my sisters were hustled to the ferry and across the river with minimal baggage. Although they had reservations in the train there was no space anywhere. People were hanging on to the doors. We were stuffed into the compartment like cattle. It was not just the worry about the journey; the concern about what would happen in Guwahati if the Chinese were to move further inland was moving into our hearts and mind.

My father went on to write: My wife Rani objected. She did not wish to leave me alone. I was able to convince her that this had to be done for the sake of the children.

As my wife and I prepared for the hurried departure after the daughters had gone to sleep we kept on hearing the drone of aircrafts continually ferrying the armed forces to the north from Guwahati.

The phone rang. It was from Delhi. You are going to meet a messenger tomorrow morning with sealed instructions. I did not ask further questions. Rani remained a mute spectator.

As we lay awake there was a call at the door from a familiar voice. I opened the door for two people. My father had accompanied me into the living room. They looked exhausted and thirsty. After asking for a cup of tea the friend said that they were coming from Tezpur. The situation was tense.

All they wanted was a flight out of Assam. Little did they know that all the civilian flights had been cancelled! The military were not going to listen.

Rich people from the tea gardens too were making frantic efforts to find seats in the returning military flights. Money was no constraint for them. How soon the little passed. The friend left to find his way into the mainland. The chaprasi came to the door with a message at dawn.

A person has come from Delhi and wishes to meet you urgently. I went to my office where he waited for me. He was an old acquaintance from Delhi. He handed me a sealed envelope and

asked me to read it instantly and reply to the questions asked since he wanted the written reply before he left by the 4:00pm army return flight.

I cannot read it now. I have to see that my wife and my daughters Chitra and Raj are safely sent away. I was driving to Pandu. A friend has arranged for a private launch to ferry them across to Ameen Gaon.

At the point of departure Chitra clung to me. We will not go leaving you alone. Raj stood by mutely. Rani stood a little apart. I saw not the Rani of the present day. For she was the Rani who I first saw. Young and beautiful!

I returned to the radio station. The station Engineer met me at the gate and remarked that the Chinese were barely five miles from Tezpur.

I questioned the veracity. No message had come on the teleprinter.

I sat down to study the Delhi message and write a reply. After the departure of the family the house gradually became the epicenter of the media. The radio station on the top of the hill had the most powerful transmitter in the east of India. The Army personnel found it convenient to pass messages on it. Our home was in the same area at the base of the hill. It became common for the many people who came to rest wherever they found space in the house. The domestic help later told us that there were so many people that he seemed to be making cups of tea and sandwiches all the time. Letters were not coming. I used to call the Station Director, Jaipur for the information regarding my father. He reassured me that he had heard his voice talking in code to the Akashvani Headquarters in Delhi recently. It was a relief in a way.

My father writes after the departure of the family: Early next morning the phone rang again. The Director General of Akashvani was at the other end.

Gopal Das, All I wish to say is that my mind is fully focused on you. Before I could respond the radio was announcing: The Chinese are offering a cease-fire!

Even though sixty years have passed I still wake up in cold sweat with a dry mouth occasionally. The nightmare of that dreadful autumn of 1962 in Assam still remains a recurrent one.

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#SPORTS

EPTL GRAND FINALE

EPTL Season 2, a unique tennis league for engineers and architects in India, concluded with the Majestic Lions clinching the championship. Over 250 players from 21 states showcased their talent in spirited competition. The league, characterized by intense matches and camaraderie, celebrated the skill and determination of players, elevating the spirit of engineering excellence on the tennis court.



Naveen Mahajan paired with Tapan Sharma of Indore to win the Doubles open trophy in 50 plus category

Naveen Mahajan

The Engineering Premier Tennis League (EPTL) Season 2, one of its kind in India for Engineers and Architects, a resplendent celebration of engineering camaraderie through the art of tennis, drew its curtains amid a crescendo of applause at the esteemed Jai Club in Jaipur. The tournament, spanning from October 5th to October 8th, showcased a splendid array of talent as over 250 players from 21 different states participated in spirited competition over four intense days.

The journey of EPTL Season 2 commenced on September 3rd, 2023, with the League Player Auction at the opulent Hotel Hilton, Jaipur. Here, ten astute team owners battled for supremacy in acquiring players categorized under A+, A, B, C, and D. This fervent auction set the stage for the riveting battles that would unfold in the weeks ahead. Players, each a beacon of skill and determination, were divided into two distinguished groups - Federer and Nadal, thus christening the stage for a riveting spectacle, promising a showcase of talent. The entire event, from the Auction to the Closing Ceremony, was broadcasted live on YouTube, ensuring that enthusiasts across the globe could partake in this spectacular event. Updates and highlights were consistently shared on the official EPTL Instagram handles, allowing fans to stay abreast of every thrilling moment.

The event was sponsored by AU Bank, Dunlop, Kingfisher Red, 93.5, SGM outdoors, CKM group, Geostorm, Fortis hospital, and many more to make the event historical and promised their partnership in future too. Dignitaries who graced the Closing Ceremony included Chief Guest Mr. Gopal Saini, Guests of Honour Mr. Naveen Mahajan and Mr. J. D. Maheshwari, along with Mr. Suresh Agarwal, President of FORTI, who added to the grandeur of the event with their esteemed presence. Their patronage was instrumental in elevating EPTL Season 2 to unparalleled heights. The CEO Mr. Virendra Singh and Vinay Godha promised that Season 3 will be more grand with 12 teams and of much higher competition.

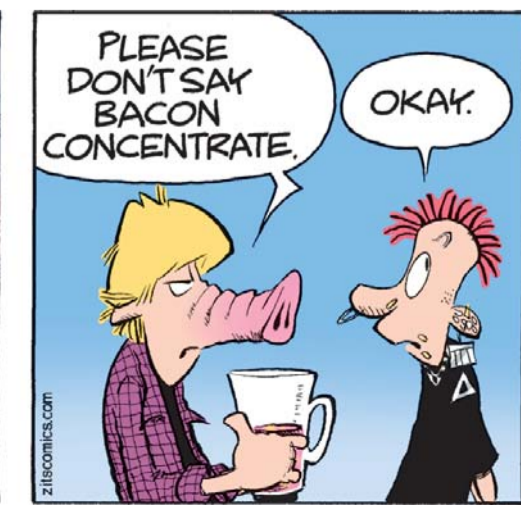
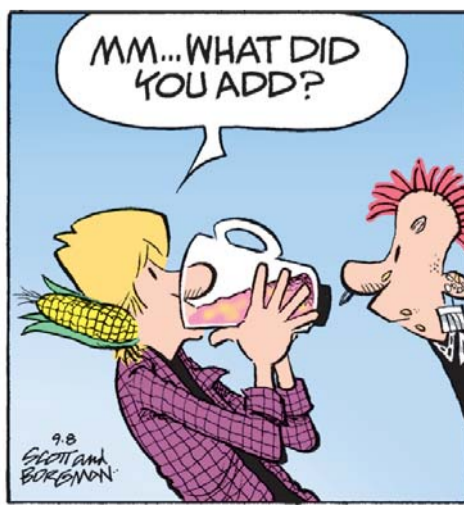
Looking ahead, EPTL Season 3 promises to be an even grander affair. With 12 teams poised to compete, it is set to transcend the preceding editions in both scale and spectacle, promising a riveting showcase of talent. The entire event, from the Auction to the Closing Ceremony, was broadcasted live on YouTube, ensuring that enthusiasts across the globe could partake in this spectacular event. Updates and highlights were consistently shared on the official EPTL Instagram handles, allowing fans to stay abreast of every thrilling moment.

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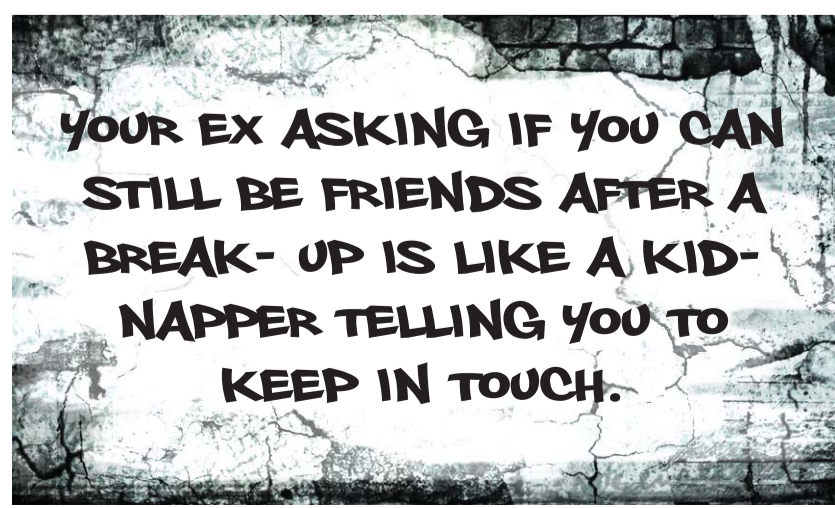
Majestic Lions team captained by Naveen Mahajan with the EPTL trophy

By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

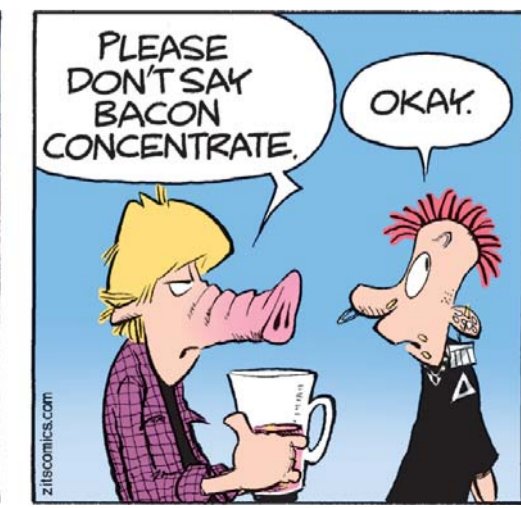
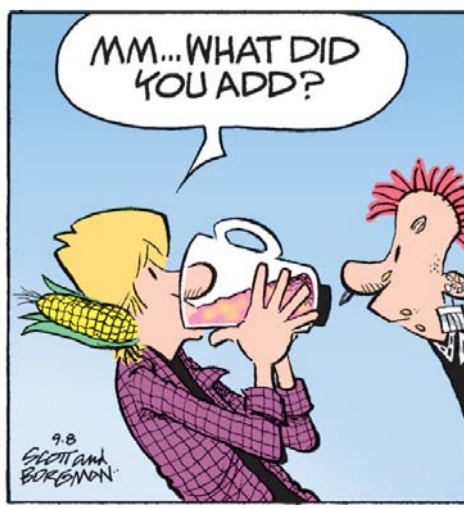
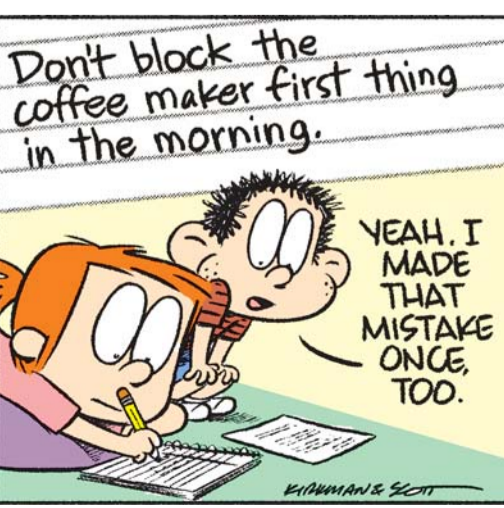
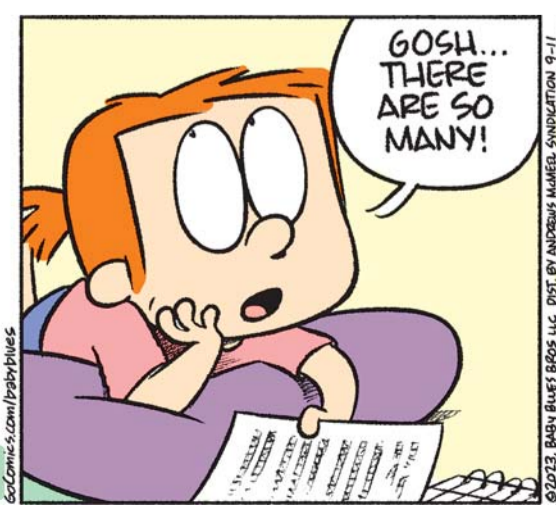
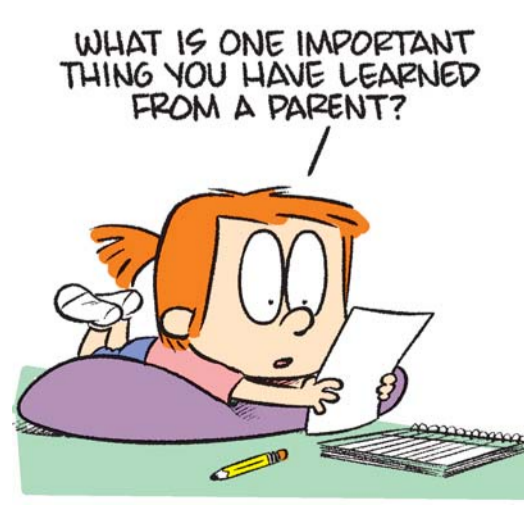
ZITS



THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman