

#FOOD FUNDA

How to balance health and taste

Healthy food brings holistic benefits. Here's how to embrace nutritional choices without compromising on taste.



To eat intelligently is not merely sustenance, we are what we consume. It's, therefore, important to balance taste with health. Post-pandemic, there is an increased interest in eating healthy as people have become more conscious of their wellbeing. While satisfying both

PLANT-BASED AND FLEXITARIAN DIETS

Plant-based diets, veganism and the flexitarian approach have changed menus all over the world. "Chefs and brands, nowadays, are beating the notion that a dish may taste bland if it contains a variety of vegetables, legumes, nuts and plant proteins," explains Dr. Bhargava. To make plant

GUT-HEALTHY INGREDIENTS

Attention has gained for its connection to overall wellbeing, including even mood, digestion and immunity. As a result, Kimchi, kombucha, kefir and other probiotic foods, such as chlorella root and bananas, are finding their way into daily meals. This trend of gut-healthy ingredients can be integrated into traditional food tastes as well. Fibre-rich vegetables or fruits

LOW GLYCEMIC SWEETENERS AND WHOLE GRAINS

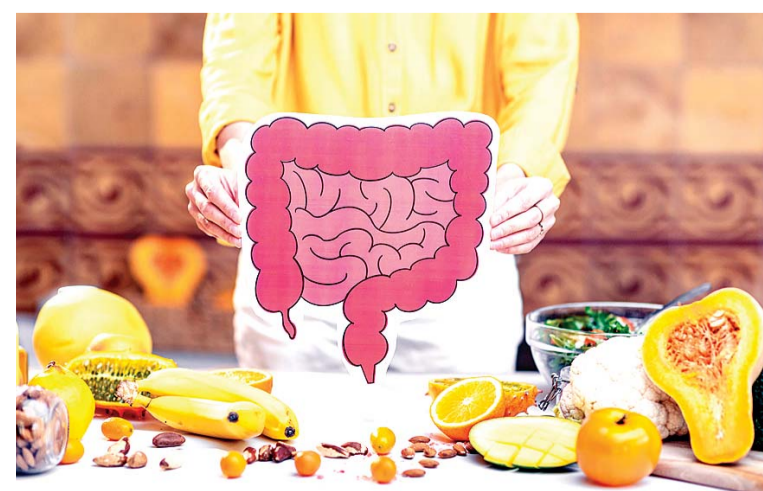
Alternatives to sugar, such as Monk fruit, stevia and low glycemic syrups like yacon, that provide sweetness without the sugar spikes, are getting increasingly popular. Alongside, complex carbs and nutritionally dense whole grains, such as quinoa, amaranth or buckwheat, can

GLOBAL FLAVOURS AND SUPERFOOD SPICES

Incorporation of global flavours, such as South Asian, Middle Eastern and African spices, particularly turmeric, ginger and sumac, is on the rise," says Dr. Bhargava. Recognised for their anti-inflammatory properties, you can try these superfood spices to add flavour to meals as

CUSTOMISE YOUR MEAL

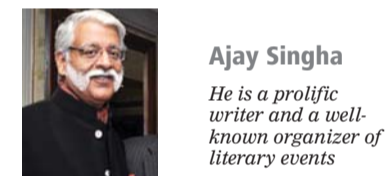
Personalised nutrition, driven by DNA testing and health apps, allows for highly individualised diets and enables people to effectively balance taste preferences with nutritional needs. It's best to focus on meal planning that fits your specific nutritional needs and lifestyle. So, if you're on a low-carb diet, opt



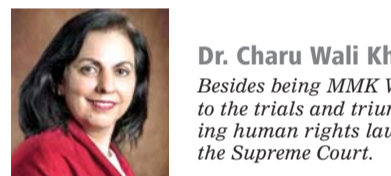
The Arrogance of Lahore

Wali Sahab writes, "Lahore, the capital of Punjab, was totally new for me and very different from anywhere I had been before. Old timers romanticize about this 'golden city from a golden period.'" Author Pran Nevile, wrote, "In Lahore, there was a common name for God. People would say 'hai- rabba!' whether they were Hindu, Muslim or Sikh, not 'Ram' or 'Allah.' Rabba meant everybody's God in Punjabi!" Nestled amidst the greenery and flowering trees of the city were centres of academic learning, which I was fortunate to visit during various inter-college competitions, debates and cultural shows. The Punjab University, Government College, King George Medical College and Kinnaird College for Girls were landmarks for education and learning in British India. The famous columnist, Rajinder Puri said, "Delhi was nothing those days, ...and as for Ludhiana and Jalandhar, they were mofussil remote areas. We used to snicker at the shops in Delhi, at the small-time bargaining and limited choice of the wares to vend. Compared to Lahore, Delhi was just a bureaucratic centre. St. Stephen's College, Delhi could not hold a candle to Government College, Lahore." He continues, "There was an arrogance about Lahore, an arrogance that stemmed from the fact that there were never any riots there." Little did anyone know, that blood was yet to flow, and flow, it would.

-Editor, Arbit



Ajay Singha
He is a prolific writer and a well-known organizer of literary events



Dr. Charu Wali Khanna
Besides being MMK Wali's daughter, she is also a close witness to the trials and triumphs of his life. In addition, she is a leading human rights lawyer and counsel for the Union of India in the Supreme Court.

In those days, one had to pass the eighth class examination in order to procure admission to the next level which was higher secondary. I was huddled off back to the city of my birth and was admitted to the G.S. High School, Sialkot. The school was named after a great personality, Sardar Ganda Singh Oberoi, who was, perhaps, the largest sports goods manufacturer of Punjab. Founder of Oberoi Sports, he started exporting hockey sticks, shinguards and sport-fishing tackle to England way back in 1884. The thriving factory area comprised many acres of land spread to the east and west of a street called Paris Road. There is an interesting story behind this nomenclature. Paris was consid-

ered to be the perfume capital of the world in those days, and pleasing fragrances were supposedly present everywhere in the city. The rich and fashionable of Sialkot strolled down Paris road, especially in the evening. Highly perfumed men, yes men, and ladies, accompanied by their men folk, took their evening walks on this street, much as Europeans did in large cities elsewhere in the world. The road with all its fragrances in the evening was thus named after the city of Paris. I completed my matriculation in the tenth grade in Sialkot and a

family decision was taken that 'Madan should go to Lahore.' I joined Forman Christian College, popularly known as FC College, Lahore. FC College was initially started in the Rang Mahal, inside the walled City of Lahore by Dr. Charles W Forman, an American Presbyterian missionary in 1864. The college later moved to the banks of the Lahore Canal, the present campus, where I studied. Unceremoniously nationalised in 1972 by the Government of Pakistan, it was later handed back to the Presbyterian Church in 2003, perhaps under American pressure. FC College was a pioneer in many fields, it was the first to form an alumni association, open a Biology department and introduced co-education way back in 1902. I was proud to be part of an institution with such a grand heritage.

But I arrived as a young lad, much before the tempest started building up. In 1947, the storm of hatred would turn the streets of Lahore into a blood-bath, an exodus of Hindus and Sikhs from the city, dead bodies would be seen floating in the canals and much worse. I am told that despite political hostility between India and Pakistan, Lahore still prides itself on its tolerance. It is said that if they opened the borders, even today people would run towards each other and exchange hugs. Each one to his own feelings! Despite many opportunities, I preferred never to visit Lahore ever again. I believe that there is only

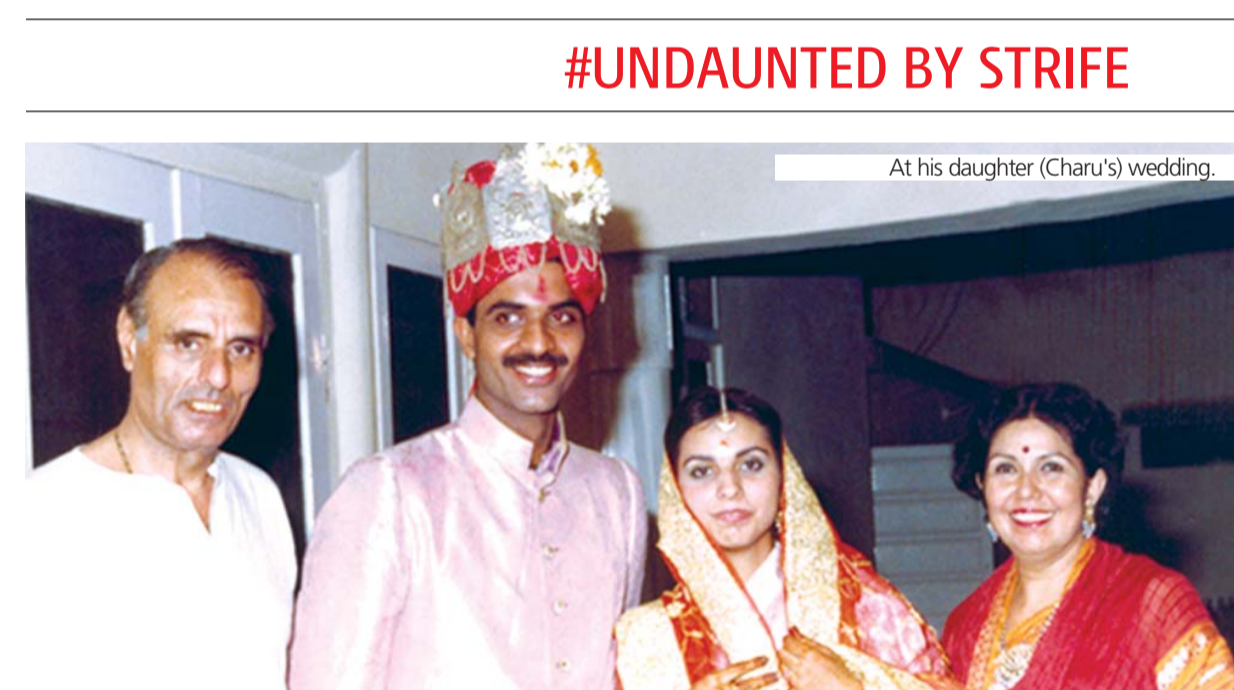


May Princess Ball, Jaipur.



Felicitated for distinguished service by KPA Delhi.

PART-7



At his daughter (Charu's) wedding.

SAVE THE DATE

RASHTRADOOT CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO AN INTERACTIVE TALK SESSION ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF M.M.K. WALI WITH THE AUTHORS AJAY SINGHA AND CHARU WALI KHANNA AT RASHTRADOOT.

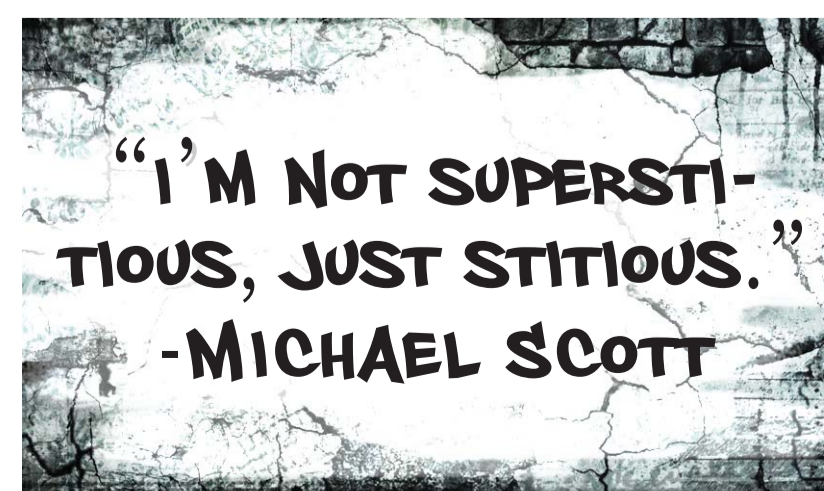
SUDHARMA CHAMELI WALA MARKET MI ROAD OPPOSITE GPO ON: 24.11.2024 AT: 05:00 PM

sorrow in digging up old graves and as the poet, Shelley, rightly said in 'The Past,' That joy once lost is pain.

Can I ever forget that my five year old cousin, Kamlesh, was made to wear several frocks, one over the other, before going to bed each night because the parents didn't know when they would have to flee the city. Amritsar was about 20 miles away, the tension, the stabings, the violence of rioting and the stench of blood and burning in the breeze are etched in the memories of most of our friends and relatives who were present there.

While Sialkot had a scented road to its fame, Lahore was the fashion capital of India, known across the subcontinent as the 'Paris of India.' The spread of

THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman



Stir-Up Sunday

Stir-Up Sunday is a cherished day in many households, especially those that love traditions of the holiday season. It marks the beginning of festive preparations, specifically the making of Christmas pudding. The kitchen fills with the warm, spicy scents of cinnamon, nutmeg, and dried fruit as family members gather to stir the pudding mixture. This is not just about cooking, it's a moment to make memories, with each person taking a turn to stir the pot and make a secret wish. The day embodies the excitement and anticipation that leads up to Christmas, setting the tone for the joyful weeks ahead.



With his wife.

Walking down Anarkali Bazaar, one ends up at the Mall Road. Open broad streets, boulevard style, ornamented brick and sandstone buildings, replete with colonial style architecture announcing the modern face of Lahore as a world city.

women's education and a wave of social reforms marked the beginning of a brand new generation of women in the 1940s. Watches and sunglasses for women were the rage, and some said that the most beautiful women were from Lahore. Of course, I disagreed. They could never compete with our Kashmiri beauties. The glowing complexion, hazel eyes, sharp intellect, irresistible smile and the ability to hold their own in a man's world. A perfect combination of beauty and brains, any prince would be mesmerised by a Kashmiri beauty. That's not an exaggeration, and I have a story to go with it. When Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, visited India for the first time in 1959, he went to Jaipur. Maharani Gayatri Devi invited him with great pride to visit the MGD Girls' School which was started by her. The first all-girls school in Rajasthan, established on the lines of the British Public School system, even the Principal, Ms. Lillian G. Lutter was British. So, the handsome Duke, wearing a fine Savile Row suit, interacting with girl students, was a star attraction at this

presence of the Jaipur royal family, now converted into a hotel. Select boarders from the school were invited, the Duke looked all around and went to Ms. Lutter enquiring, "Where is that blue-eyed girl?" He was informed that only the school boarders were invited for dinner and not the day scholars. The Duke insisted and said, "Then, send for her." A station wagon was sent to my cousin's house requesting her to join for dinner at the palace. When my uncle came to know the reason why a car from the Palace had arrived and was parked outside his house, he was furious. He let out the choicest abuses on the palace representatives, shooting them away. While some people might be swept away by this seemingly flattering attention towards a daughter, my uncle was an old style, orthodox Kashmiri Pandit, who refused to kowtow to summonsions of this nature, even from the high and mighty.

Walking down Anarkali Bazaar, one ends up at the Mall Road. Now, this was someplace else, no longer the narrow winding lanes of the city with its old world charm. Instead, open broad streets, boulevard style, ornamented brick and sandstone buildings, replete with colonial style architecture announcing the modern face of Lahore as a world city. The style, the mannerisms of the people and the general atmosphere in this part of town was forward looking and westward leaning. It was the place for 'high society,' who indulged in what was then called 'malling.' Indian officers and gentlemen, who emulated their British counterparts, rolled down in their open Buicks with elegant sari clad companions, puffing on their cigarettes and youngsters strolled down streets with a carefree attitude, as if there was no tomorrow. It was another world.

My interest in poetry, both Urdu and English, led me to befriend one Mirza 'Arjan' Ahmad, who shared with me the peculiarity of a somewhat misleading name. Mirza 'Arjan' Ahmad and Madan Mohan Kishan 'Wali' was enough reason for those intrigues by uncommon names to start a conversation. By this peculiar commonality and his interest in poetry, Arjan and I became friends. Between the two of us, we had sufficient knowledge of English, Urdu and Persian poetry to keep entertained anyone who would care to listen. Members of the fairer sex also formed part of our somewhat sombre and shifting audience base. Their presence provided the much-needed impetus to read some of the English romances as well. I never recited but helped pull out interesting portions and stanzas for rendition by my friend. Arjan belonged to a Muslim sub-set called Ahmadias. They believed in the divine origin of all holy books and assumed that also those outside the Abrahamic traditions, such as the Vedas of Hinduism and the Avestas of Zoroastrianism, were important. Though Quran was considered the final divine scripture, this accept-

exclusive event in the city. Women, all over the world, were known to swoon over him, and my cousin, along with her seven classmates, was introduced to the Duke. The Principal was particularly proud of this class, as they had all just appeared for their Senior Cambridge exams. When it was my cousin's turn, Ms. Lutter said, "This is Miss Wali." The Prince looked at my cousin intently and her heart missed a beat when he said, "Such a beautiful girl and still a Miss?" Quick on the uptake, the Kashmiri beauty responded, "Yes, I was waiting for a Prince." The Prince was not amused but the Duke had a hearty laugh. This is not the end of the story. In the evening, there was an official dinner at the Rambagh Palace, then the resi-



Last Diwali before passing away.

ance of the non-Abrahamic, perhaps, led some of the more experiential Ahmadias to adopt Hindu first names.

Mirza belonged to Lyallpur, a city about 120 miles west of Lahore. It had a sizeable British military presence, and unlike many shanty towns across Punjab, had the features of a better developed town. I, therefore, accepted his invitations to spend weekends at his parent's home in Lyallpur and got to meet his father, who was most knowledgeable in Persian and Urdu poetry. As a hobby, his father taught the finer nuances of understanding and writing poetry in Urdu, which attracted many enthusiastic young people to their home each evening.

Then, the day came when I had to leave Lyallpur to collect my exam results from Lahore. Once again, a verdict had been announced, changing the direction of my life. My father wanted me to proceed to Lucknow for further studies. While negotiations were on between the Congress and Muslim league, I had graduated and had moved out of the hostel. On father's advice, I shifted temporarily with a family friend, Prof. Pandit, a well-known Professor of Chemistry and a greatly respected man in our Kashmiri Pandit community. He had a close relative called Raj Kumar, who worked as an inspector with the Bombay Metropolitan Police and they were all very proud of him. This Raj Kumar, later, joined the film industry and went on to become a famous star, soon after independence. At Lucknow University, I had joined for a Master's degree in English but

I continued preparing for the IAS and made my first attempt in 1950. I got through the written part, but failed to make it through the interview. Not being the gregarious type, I was possibly unable to impress the interviewers, who were perhaps looking for oratory and communication skills as well. Rather than being put off by failure, my determination became stronger and I made extensive preparations for yet another attempt. I took part in mock debates and discussions to improve my oratory and interview preparedness. Then, suddenly in 1952, my father passed away, most unexpectedly, due to heart failure.

Concluded.



His wife, Sucha, learning driving.

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