

BEHIND  
ENEMY LINES

जयपुर • कोटा • बीकानेर • उदयपुर • अजमेर • जालोर • हिण्डौनसिटी • चूरू

# राष्ट्रदूत

Metro

Rashtradoot

Ketcham was put on trial. He was awarded twenty years imprisonment for abuse of Missionary Children but no mention was made of the local tribal children of Bangladesh.

World Soil  
Day

The Earth's foundation for life, where plants, animals and humans thrive

## राजस्थान में कांग्रेस की हार की न तो किसी ने जिम्मेवारी ली और न ही इस्तीफा दिया

**प्रदेश प्रभारी रंधावा और प्रदेश अध्यक्ष डोटासरा की तरफ से इस्तीफे का कोई संकेत नहीं मिला है**

-रेणु मितल-

-राष्ट्रदूत दिल्ली ब्लूरो-

नई दिल्ली, 4 दिसम्बर। किसी ने भी, हाँ किसी ने भी आज राजस्थान में कांग्रेस की हार की जिम्मेदारी नहीं नहीं ली है।

ए.आई.सी.सी. महासचिव तथा राजस्थान के प्रभारी रंधावा ने अपना त्वाप पत्र देने के कोई संकेत नहीं दिये हैं, औपचारिकता के नाते भी नहीं। क्या वे बर्खास्त होने का इतनाजार कर रहे हैं। जयपुर यह आम कार्यवालीकों के द्वारा भी यह बात पूछा जा रहा है।

यह बात प्रदेश कांग्रेस अध्यक्ष डोटासरा पर भी लागू है, जिसने

मतगणना में दिनभर पिछड़ने के बाद

- गहलोत ने राज्यपाल से मूलाकात कर मुख्यमंत्री के पद से इस्तीफा दिया है क्योंकि ऐसा करना सर्वेधानिक मजबूरी है।
- हार के कारणों पर मंथन के लिए रंधावा और डोटासरा ने बैठक बुलाई थी पर निसकी जिद ने पार्टी को यहाँ तक पहुंचाया था बैठक में नहीं पहुंचे।
- अभी तक भी कांग्रेस विधायक दल की बैठक होने की भी कोई चर्चा नहीं है इस संबंध में निर्णय दिल्ली में होगा, जहां गहलोत खड़गे को अपने पक्ष में खड़ा होने के लिए तैयार कर सकते हैं।

अन्ततः अपना चुनाव जीत पाये थे।

डोटासरा ने भी हार की जिम्मेदारी लेते हुए अपने त्वाप पत्र की परेकश दिल्ली में होनी चाहते हैं तो, कुर्सी सुझे नहीं होनी चाहते हैं तो दोनों ही अशोक गहलोत के इस्तीफे पर वाले माने जाते हैं। इस्तीफे पर वाले माने जाते हैं। उन्होंने बैठक कर रहा है, और उनका बार-बार दोहराया जाता है।

गहलोत को कल राज्यपाल से मिलाना पड़ा था और और अध्यक्ष पर्यवेक्षक की विधायक दल की राजस्थान की अधिकारी खो चुके थे। वरना गहलोत अपना त्वाप पत्र देने में विश्वास करने वालों में नहीं जाने जाते हैं। वे अपनी कुर्सी पर चिपके रहे हैं। उन्होंने अपना दिन सरकारी निवास में विश्वास करते हैं।

पर आराम करते हुए बिताया। क्या उन्होंने सामान पैक करना शुरू कर दिया है?

स्पष्ट नहीं है कि क्या वे यह जानते हैं कि नैतिकता का तकाजा है कि मुख्यमंत्री का निवास यथा सीधी खाली कर दिया जाना चाहिए न यथा मुख्यमंत्री वहाँ निवास कर सके।

सी.एल.पी. को कोई बैठक कर रहा है वर्षांहीं पार्टी को बैठक करके तथा सी.एल.पी. नेता चुनाव होगा।

यह निर्णय दिल्ली में लिया जायेगा। हालांकि, गहलोत खड़गे पर 'दबाव' बना रहा है उनका पक्ष लेने के लिये।

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प्रदेश अध्यक्ष सी.पी. जोशी ने केन्द्रीय गृह मंत्री अमित शाह से मूलाकात कर नए मुख्यमंत्री के चयन की प्रक्रिया शुरू कर दी है। पर भाजपा आगामी लोकसभा चुनाव को ध्यान में रख कर ही कोई निर्णय लेगी।

उन्होंने गहलोत के लाले समय तक आ.एस.डी.ए. रहे लोकेश शर्मा के विस्टारक व्यक्तव्य तथा दावों पर भी गहन विचार करने की मांग की।

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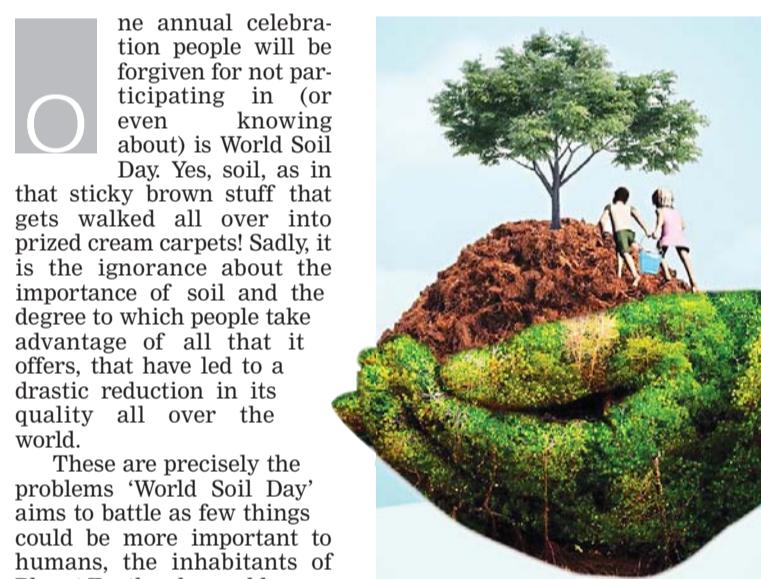




## #AWARENESS

### World Soil Day

The Earth's foundation for life, where plants, animals and humans, thrive. Without it, we wouldn't have food, clean air or water.



Happy Soil Day' cards in the near future, remain minimal. But that doesn't mean that people can't learn to appreciate the important role soil plays in human lives.

These are precisely the problems 'World Soil Day' aims to battle as few things could be more important to humans, the inhabitants of Planet Earth, who could never hope to survive without the world.

Soil is, without a doubt, one of the most significant parts of the ecosystem. Contributing to people's food, water and energy and playing an important part in reducing the impact of climate change, soil is a vital part of life.

For all of these reasons, it's high time that 'World Soil Day' becomes known to more people than just scientists, concerned about the welfare of our planet. So it's time to get ready to learn about and celebrate this important day!

#### History of World Soil Day

In 2002, the International Union of Soil Sciences (IUSS) made a resolution proposing that the 5th of December be World Soil Day. The idea for the day was to make it possible to celebrate the importance of soil as a critical component of the natural system and as a vital contributor to human well-being.

Later, 2015 was also declared to be the International Year of Soils, in hopes of raising as much awareness as possible about the enormous role that soil plays in food security and therefore, the very lifeline of humans. Unsurprisingly, so far, it has mostly been the global community of 60,000 or so soil scientists who have been the ones, celebrating this day the most.

The chances of rather ordinary people exchanging

To cut the story short, there was a small built girl of not more than fifteen. The body had plenty of bruises and the local doctor told us that she had been physically abused and sexually violated several times. She was also three months pregnant. She remembered the Army atmosphere and the surrounding of where she was, during the past few months. She was cared for, in the missionary and picked up her health. I too was among the members of the people inside the building who watched her grow and transform from the discarded one into a pretty woman. At times, I thought that I could be falling in love with her but very soon, we had to shift her out of the country.



Maj. Chandrakant Singh Vrc (Retd)  
Military Historian



Krishnamurti peering over Gen Jacobs shoulder to see the surrender document.

#### The story

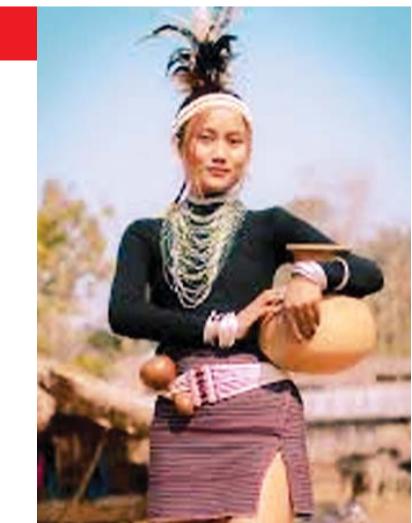
I was born in a refugee camp that was set up in Kamalpur, near Agartala in August 1947. My parents and I along with three others crossed over into India from the severe Cholera epidemic and moved on to Silchar town, up north east of the camp. My father soon passed away and we were under the patronage of a Missionary. At the age of sixteen, I joined the Academy in the far off Pune and was commissioned into an Infantry arm. My Bengali, that was passed on to me by my mother, still remained that of my native village Sylhet which was the reason I was inducted into the enemy territory.

History has told us all why and how it was necessary to fight with our neighbor on the refugee issue but the lady PM had taken a daring step. Not many even consider it as a bold tactic in the regional geopolitics. Apart from bites and pieces of what I did, in that period between March and December, 71 that I want to remember, am not privileged to tell all with something very personal and private, took place during the monsoon 1971.

I am barely five feet and three inches and my physique, though

strong, appeared frail. I could very well get mixed up with the locals, clad in a 'lungi'. So, one evening, with my face I had washed down the local market, I was returning to the Parish building, when I noticed a small gunny parcel on the roadside. The Parish building was isolated and away from the town. The dogs had not picked up the scent but the parcel moved a bit sideways. I was curious and I immediately sent for the priest and additional help.

To cut the story short, there was a small built girl of not more than fifteen. The body had plenty of bruises and the local doctor told us that she had been physically abused and sexually violated several times. She was also three months pregnant. She remembered the Army atmosphere and the surrounding of where she was, during the past few months. She was cared for, in the missionary and picked up her health. I too was among the members of the people inside the building who watched her grow and transform from the discarded one into a pretty woman. At times, I thought that I could be falling in love with her but very soon, we had



to shift her out of the country. She was kept as a concubine of the local Army Commander in the Garrison. When he was to shift to another place, he wanted to take her along but the next one after him did not permit. He was forced to leave her behind but when the replacement had his own child in the womb, he chose to molest and violate her. How she landed up as a garbage, she did not remember but in small dialogues, she had told us the above. A few days later, I had to go personally and attend to a task in Dacca and so, I had travelled with the diocese party, that had come from the Capital City. The distance wasn't much between Dacca and Mymensingh, the rains made the travel so difficult that I reached Mymensingh two days later than planned.

There was a flurry of activity when I reached back. The pastor was briefing a fisherman couple to smuggle across, to a village near Haldibari, from where I was brought in. The river was in spate and the boating was difficult but Chaitali, yes, that was her name as per her, was taken across the river to the east bank and was smuggled into Meghalaya. The local Garrison Commander was looking for her, it

seemed. Things were heating up between the two neighbors and I had very important missions to carry out, in which, my pre-induction training was put to use.

The war finally broke out and when I was called to go in proper 'pitru', I had to go 'thru' the situation in the same dress. Added concessions were a pair of canvas shoes without socks and a tattered sleeveless sweater. On the fourth of December, I was getting ready to latch on with a marriage party to Sylhet sector and that's when Naren came and handed over a plastic envelope. I quickly shoved it inside my vest and left. That was the last time I saw her, dangerous thing to happen in a situation like that.

No sooner I had recovered, I went to Shillong and met up with her. During those few weeks, she was away in Shillong and post delivery, she had grown, not only in the physical sense but also mentally. With the child taken away from her, her health had picked up. The Mother Superior had started coaching her in both English and French. She was no more a gummy sack girl.

We were married in the Hindu tradition but in a church, in the town of Silchar, in 1975. My mother passed away soon after that. After spending twenty five years in the uniform including seven months in lungi, I chose to retire voluntarily and settle in Kolkatta.

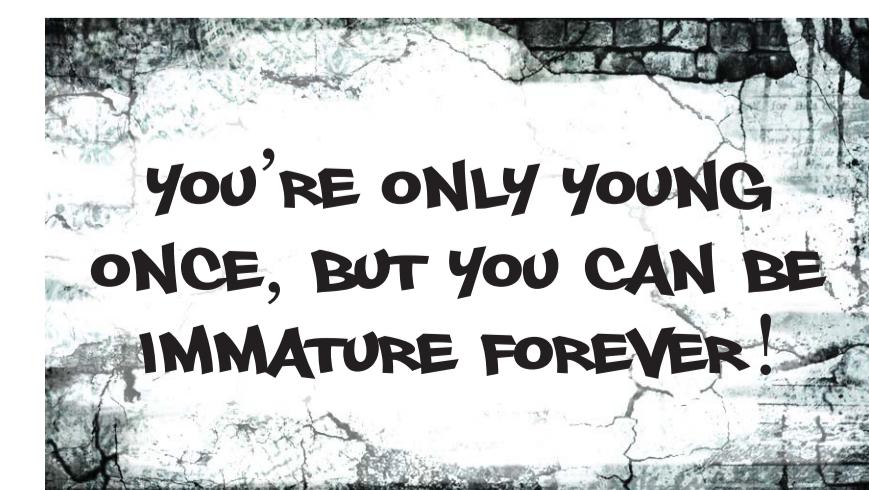
Sadly, here instead of refuge and shelter, they were again molested by no one less than the head of the Mission Hospital Dr. John Ketchum. After the war, we all left these girls, some of whom had no family to return to, were sent by GOC Maj Gen Gonzales to Shillong and given shelter by the nuns in the local convent. Kecham, having no tribal girls to satisfy his lust, now turned his attention to the children of the other American Missionary Children, some of whom were still in their pre-teens. Some of these children complained but their complaints were ignored by the Mission elders in the US. Much later, when these children had grown up, they filed criminal cases against Ketchum which were investigated and Ketchum was put on trial. He was awarded twenty years imprisonment for abuse of Missionary Children but no mention was made of the local tribal children of Bangladesh.

"Kaka, are you there?", Satyajit was bringing me back to the present.

"Yes, I shall be there, by evening," I was telling him.

My second son, Debu, now a Colonel in the Army, Satyajit and I were standing next to the coffin that was about to lowered. She had breathed her last, not before she met me and the Pastor. The Pastor who had gone old and was in the retreat, in Dacca and made special efforts to come. She chose to be buried and not cremated, in gratitude to the pastor for the refuge, the Mission head, had given her. Yet, her clear instruction was not to erect a 'Cross' over her grave. She didn't want to be in the vicinity of a cross.

#### THE WALL



#### BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

#### ZITS



#### International Ninja Day

spionage, assassination, infiltration, guerrilla warfare and sabotage: these are some of the skills that are inherent in being a ninja. Clad in their signature black garb from head to toe, ninja appear from the depths of the night like a hawk on stolen wings, striking their prey and disappearing again without leaving a trace. Ninjas are rumoured to be the masters of Kujikirin, an eastern magical practice that made them capable of combining their natural ability to move like ghosts with supernatural powers. International Ninja Day is dedicated to remembering and honouring these ancient warriors of China and Japan.

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# BEHIND ENEMY LINES



#### PART:2

#### Krishnamurti's story

#THE '71

"T

he story is a dramatised account of two real-life incidents during the war. The first is the true account of Brig PK Ghosh, which was published earlier. This story is written by Wing Commander Krishnamurti who was a young helicopter pilot, then Krauts, as he is called by his friends, was not only involved in the now famous

shelling

operations

during the war which turned the tide in our favour, but after the war was flying regular missions in support of the rebels which resulted in the Chittagong Hill Tracts from 14 March 1972 to July 1972. His story is partly based on the factual experience of my friend and coursemate, Brig PK Ghosh VrC, who during his sojourn behind enemy lines was known by his code 'Peter', which was the code name in real life of Capt PK Ghosh who had been infiltrated into East Pakistan and partly on what I saw and heard some months after the war, when I was posted with my Battalion at Malum Ghat near Cox Bazaar, where a large number of Murang and Chakma girls, who had been sexually abused by the Pakistani Army, had taken refuge at the Mission Hospital.

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