

# PARBONI 2010

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১৪২৭



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**দাবনী ১৪১৭**

**Venue :**

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**পূজা নিষন্ট/ Schedule**

**ষষ্ঠী ও সপ্তমী : ২৮শে আশ্বিন ১৪১৭ শুক্রবার / 15 October 2010, Friday**

পূজা	10:00 am – 12:00 noon	Puja
অঞ্জলি	12:00 noon – 1:00 pm	Anjali
প্রসাদ ও মধ্যাহ্নভোজ	1:00 pm – 2:00 pm	Prasad & Lunch
সন্ধ্যাপূজা ও আরতি	5:30 pm – 6:30 pm	Sandhya Puja & Arati
সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান	7:00 pm – 9:30 pm	Cultural Programme
নৈশভোজ	9:30 pm – 10:30 pm	Dinner



**অষ্টমী ও নবমী : ২৯শে আশ্বিন ১৪১৭ শনিবার / 16 October 2010, Saturday**

পূজা	10:00 am – 12:00 noon	Puja
অঞ্জলি	12:00 noon – 1:00 pm	Anjali
প্রসাদ ও মধ্যাহ্নভোজ	1:00 pm – 2:00 pm	Prasad & Lunch
সন্ধ্যাপূজা ও আরতি	5:30 pm – 6:30 pm	Sandhya Puja & Arati
নৈশভোজ	7:00 pm – 8:30 pm	Dinner
সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান	9:00 pm – 11:30 pm	Cultural Programme



**বিজয়া দশমী : ৩০শে আশ্বিন ১৪১৭ রবিবার / 17 October 2010, Sunday**

পূজা ও দেবী বিসর্জন	10:00 am – 11:00 am	Puja
বিজয়া সম্মিলন	11:00 am – 12:30 pm	Bijoya Greetings
প্রীতিভোজ	1:00 pm – 2:00 pm	Lunch



**Note : সময় সারণী পরিবর্তন হইতে পারে / The schedule is tentative and subject to change**

**The Magazine Team - 2010****Editing****Prabhat Mukherjee & Amitava Sarkar****Advt. Preparation****Sonali Maiti & Shampa Chaudhuri****Compilation****Shampa Chaudhuri & Sachin Maiti****Layout****Shampa Chaudhuri, Sachin Maiti & Shankar Banik****Cover****Shampa Chaudhuri****Special Thanks to****Dilip Kar & Partha Paul**



# Executive Committee 2010 - 2011

**Advisors :** Dr. Ashish Gupta, Dr. Dilip Nandi, Mr. Prabhat Mukherjee

**Special Invitee:** Mr. Partho Mukherjee



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Volunteer Coordinator

**Miss. Rodoshi Basu**  
Youth Coordinator



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*Kallol*

*Lots of Thanks*

*Puja Greetings*





*We highly appreciate your support and contribution*

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Sachin & Sonali Maiti	Anirudh Kumar
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Babul & Mukta Paul

Kumaresh & Manju Mazumdar

Shital Khan

Prabir & Anjana Dhar

Prabhat & Jayashree Mukherjee

Pratyush & Shibani Datta Choudhury

Kamal & Simki Biswas

Sanjay & Godhuli Saha

Avijit & Pompa Ghatak

Uday & Rita Bhattacharyya

*Special Thanks to .....*

Salma and Wihang Garde – for Puja Decoration

Manju Chatterjee – for year-round storage of idol

Sonali and Sachin Maiti – for year-round storage of Utensils



**We gratefully acknowledge the generous donation from The Calgary Foundation that has helped make the use of "The Calgary Foundation World Stage" possible**



**We also extend our Thanks to The Pumphouse Theatre for their help**





# স্মৃতির পাতায়

অজিত চ্যাটার্জী  
পরিতোষ রায়  
রবীন বাসু  
শ্যামল চৌধুরী





## President's Message

On behalf of the Executive Committee of Bengali Association of Calgary I would like to welcome you all to the most joyous festival of our Bengali culture "Durga Puja".

It is my great pleasure and honor to serve you as president of Bengali Association of Calgary. The Association has enjoyed a phenomenally successful year and we could not have achieved it without your sincere support and blessings. Our acceptance in the community has been reflected in the record turnout at all our events so far during this year.

No voluntary organization can sustain without the continued support of its volunteers. I take this opportunity to thank all members of BAC executive committee for their innovative ideas and hard work throughout the year. I hope that we will improve our performance and make BAC even more successful in the coming years.

We have started a dream project to build Kali Temple about 10 years back. Time has come to transform our dream in to reality. I would like to update you the present status of this project. As you know the land we purchased for Kali Temple was not approved by the local municipality. We have already pursued to sale this land as soon as possible. We received a few offers and evaluating to select the best one.

In parallel, we have started the search to buy a place for the purpose of Kali Temple cum community centre. With the blessings of Goddess Kali and Durga we hope to present you the good news by end of this year or early next year. We have some savings but we need more for this purpose so that we can buy a property which can be used for most of the activities of BAC. In view of that we are taking a drive to get your commitment for the purpose of raising more funds. We will start this activity during this Durga Puja festival. We are not collecting money at this point of time. But your firm commitment of contribution will help us for a budgetary estimate for the project.

We look forward to your full support as we pursue our goal to establish a Kali Temple and community centre.

Wishing you all very happy Durga Puja and Subho Bijoya.

Kiron B. Banik (Shankar)



## Note from General Secretary ....



Welcome to the *Durga Puja Festival 2010*.

We heartily welcome all of you to the BAC community who moved to Calgary this year. Please provide us your contact details so that we can integrate you in our Association.

In our BAC calendar, *Durga Puja* is the main event and it needed a preparation for more than 2 months. The Executive Committee 2010-2011 really appreciates that lots of volunteers have come forward to make this festival a great success. Thanks to all of you. We tried our best to organize it up to your satisfaction. We always welcome comments / suggestions to improve organizing events in future.

Due to various circumstances we are in a very tight budget this year. We have received a couple of advertisements from different business organizations for our Puja magazine "*Parboni 2010*". However, the amount collected is not up to our expectation. Fortunately, we got overwhelming responses from our well-wishers in sponsoring various items of Puja. We extend our sincere thanks to all of you.

Keeping in view of the Bengali tradition, we have chosen simple vegetarian foods for the Puja days. We arranged non-vegetarian foods in *Bijoya Pritibhoj* only after *Devi Bisorjan*. This issue was discussed in the special general meeting of BAC dated 21 March 2010. We received tremendous support from you for this change.

We restricted the budget for our Puja expenses this year. As said in our president's note we have to fulfill our dream / aim to buy a property for the purpose of Kali Temple / community hall. We need a big amount to make the realization of our aim. In view of this, we have taken all measures of cost cutting and saving money to fulfill our goal.

We have improved a lot in our communication front. The communication via e-mails is the most efficient way to reach you on various subjects regarding BAC time to time. If you do not have e-mail address or not registered in our mailing list please let us know at [calgarybac@gmail.com](mailto:calgarybac@gmail.com).

An unfortunate situation has arisen this year due to the recent development in our community. A fraction of people have started organizing a separate event during these Puja days. We appeal to you not to worry about it. We assure you that we will keep BAC in the right path as it is today. The basis of our functioning is in the path of honesty and transparency. The blessings of *Devi Durga* will always be on us. We are confident that those few people who are trying to disintegrate the BAC will not succeed. As a member as well as well-wisher of BAC you are the best judge to evaluate their loyalty and integrity towards BAC. The future of BAC is on your hand. Please come forward and support us to drive BAC in right direction so that we achieve our goal at the earliest.

Let the Truth prevails! সত্যমেব জয়তে !

Wishing you and your family a happy Durga Puja and best wishes for *Bijoya Dashami* !

Sachin Maiti



## Editor's Note

The feeling of festivity has spread all over the world today and here in Calgary too, we are celebrating Durga Puja.

Parboni is very much a part of this "Festival of Joy" and we pay our tributes to Mother Goddess through Parboni and we pray to bring happiness and peace for all.

Through the various pages of this anniversary edition, we have tried to bring to you a variety of features. There are some articles, some artwork, some poems and features written by the very young and the adults. In essence, we hope that every one will find something they can relate to and experience the feelings of nostalgia when they scan through these pages. We hope you will enjoy reading this magazine.

A big thank you to writers, sponsors and advertisers without whose help the publishing of this magazine could not have been accomplished. Thanks to all helping hands in compiling this magazine.

Shubho Bijoya to one and all.

Prabhat Mukherjee

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### Disclaimer :

*The views opinions and ideas expressed by the authors in their submissions are exclusively their own. Submissions have been considered solely based on their participation/literary value and have not been subject to any editorial censorship.*

*Acceptance of any particular submission for publication in Parboni 2010 does not constitute any express endorsement whatsoever of the author's viewpoint by Parboni 2010 and Bengali Association of Calgary.*

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PRIME MINISTER . PREMIER MINISTRE

*I am pleased to extend my warmest greetings to the readers of Parboni 2010 as you celebrate Durga Puja celebration.*

*This annual Hindu religious and cultural festival offers you a chance to gather with family and friends to honour your faith and Durga Puja traditions. The occasion also provides an opportunity to highlight the many contributions your community has made to our country's growth and development.*

*I would like to commend the members of the Bengali Association of Calgary for sharing your cultural heritage with your fellow Canadians. We are fortunate to be living in a country that embraces the many cultures and religions of the world. Together, we are strengthening both our pluralism and our unity.*

*On behalf of the Government of Canada, I wish you good health, harmony and prosperity, now, and in the years to come.*

*The Rt. Hon. Stephen Harper, P.C., M.P.*

OTTAWA  
2010



Premier of Alberta

Office of the Premier  
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Edmonton, Alberta  
Canada T5K 2B6  
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### Message from Honourable Ed Stelmach Premier of Alberta

*On behalf of the Government of Alberta, it is my pleasure to extend greetings to the readers of Parboni 2010 as you celebrate the festival of Durga Puja.*

*Many different nationalities call Alberta home, and collectively they make up a vibrant cultural mosaic. I believe that our strength lies in the diversity of our people, and I am proud to live in a province with such robust, connected communities – each of them alive with tradition, family and friendship.*

*Durga Puja is a joyous celebration of the Hindu religion and the most important festival of the Bengali people. I know you are looking forward to attending events that showcase the beautiful and colourful traditions of your culture, to exchanging gifts and sweets, and to sharing best wishes of good luck and prosperity with your friends and relatives.*

*My sincere thanks to the Bengali Association of Calgary for your ongoing work to promote and preserve Bengali heritage and traditions. Your efforts make a vital contribution to the culture and quality of life in Alberta.*

*Happy Durga Puja!*

Ed Stelmach

*October 15-17, 2010*

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MAYOR DAVE BRONCONNIER

### A MESSAGE FROM MAYOR DAVE BRONCONNIER

On behalf of City Council and the citizens of Calgary, I am pleased to include my greetings in The Bengali Association of Calgary Parboni 2010 magazine.

Calgary is the proud home of many religions and their celebrations. We offer you our sincerest congratulations as you celebrate the Durga Puja festivities on October 15 – 17, 2010. On this auspicious occasion, which is celebrated by Hindu's all across the world, our support is with the India-Canada and Calgary community.

Our city is strengthened by the contributions of people from all corners of the world. By celebrating the many cultures that make up our wider community, we encourage a greater understanding and harmony among all people.

Thank you for your contributions to the multicultural nature of Canadian and Calgary society which do much to promote harmony between the people of East Indian origin and the community at large.

Best wishes for a successful and memorable celebration.

Dave Bronconnier  
**MAYOR**

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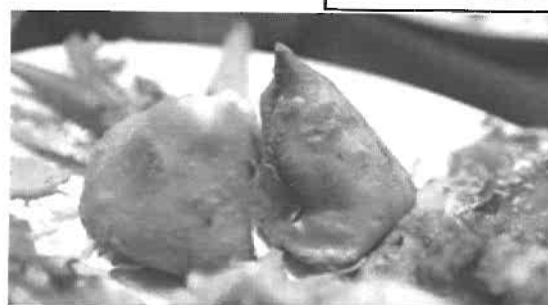
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| Shukto of Moong Dal                              |   | Fish Curry, Hilsa Fish Shorshey      |
| Veg Biryani, Mixed Vegetable                     |   | Shrimp Malaicurry, Goat Rezala       |
| Matar Paneer, Cauliflower Curry                  |   | Biryani (Chicken, Mutton, Egg & mix) |
| Palak Paneer, Cabbage Curry                      |   | Chili Fish & Chicken, Chicken Roast  |
| Curry of young jack fruit, All kinds of Dal      |   | Butter Chicken                       |
| Chole & Puri, Chatni (mango, pineapple & tomato) |   | DESSERT                              |
|  |   | Rice Pudding, Gulab Jamun.           |

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Best Wishes for Durga Puja!



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# কিমান্নয়



Avik Bose

## A Giant in the Earth's History - Dinosaur

**Souvik (Shuvo) Maiti**  
Grade 7 student at T.B Riley TLC School



Dinosaurs... rulers of the prehistoric Earth, masters of all animals, the most exciting creatures to have ever walked the Earth!

For me dinosaurs have fascinated me from a very young age. May be because they were different or just may be because they looked cool that huge fascination of dinosaurs has followed me all these years. All around the world young and old are intrigued by these majestic creatures, and with the help of this article I hope so will you!

To learn about dinosaurs you have to learn about their beginning. Dinosaurs were a diverse group of reptiles and they ruled the Earth for 160 million years from the Triassic (246 million years ago) period to the Cretaceous (66 million years ago) period when they were wiped out by the great extinction, nothing but a few birds survived!

This was not the only great extinction in Earth's history, there were others like:

Period (in time)	How Long Ago (Millions of years)	Percentage Dead
Ordovician	438	50%
Devonian	360	40%
Permian	245	70%
Triassic	208	45%
Cretaceous	66	45%

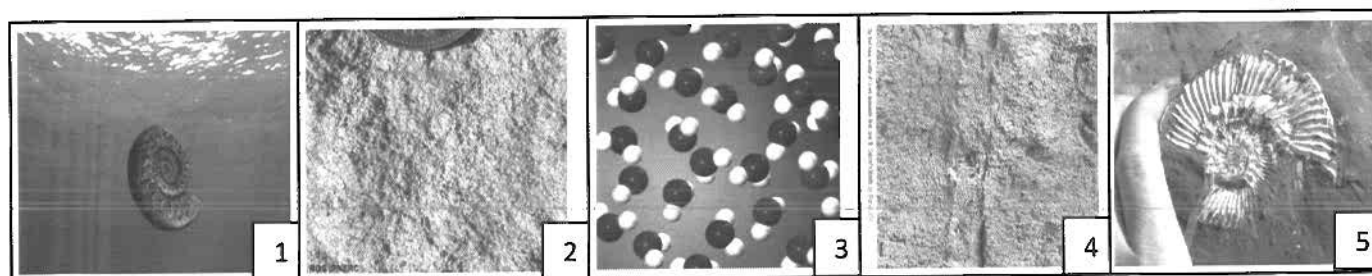


Dinosaurs were a diverse and varied group of animals; birds, at over 9,000 species, are the most diverse group of vertebrate besides perciform fish. Perciforms are bony fishes that occur in abundance in both marine and freshwater areas of the world, ranging from shallow freshwater ponds to depths of more than 2,300 meters (7,500 feet) in the oceans. Most perciforms are marine fishes, generally found along coastal areas of tropical and temperate regions of the world.

So by now many people are asking "If dinosaurs died 66 million years ago then how come scientists know so much about them?"

First of all scientist is a general term, people who study dinosaurs are called Paleontologists. Now back to the question most people know that dinosaurs are found as fossils but many people don't know how fossils are formed... no they don't just turn into rocks well, yes they do but special things need to happen first.

Take for example this poor ammonite (ammonites are snail shelled creatures which lived in the oceans!)





- (1) Ammonite shell sinks to the sea floor
- (2) Started covering with fine sediments
- (3) Diagenesis (shells minerals altered + replaced)
- (4) Rock forms above fossil
- (5) Geological movements reveal fossil or erosion does

**DID YOU KNOW!!**

That the word fossil used to mean any mineral you could dig out of the ground?

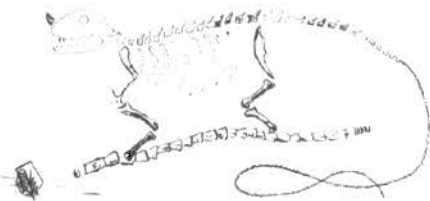
Now it means any preserved remains of a plant or animal

Dinosaur fossils are found in every continent in the world apart from Antarctica. Dinosaur fossils have been found for a long time by the Romans and Greeks. They of course didn't know what it was but these bones gave birth to the ideas of dragons and griffins found in myth today!

The first dinosaur fossil named was *Megalosaurus*<sup>1</sup> it was a ferocious meat eater who lived in the Jurassic period. When paleontologists study dinosaurs they divide the time when Dinosaurs lived into 3 periods. "The time when dinosaurs lived can also be called "The Age of Reptiles" or the Mesozoic Era. Basically the Mesozoic era – between 246 -66 million years ago- was the time when reptiles became the unchallenged rulers of life on the Earth. The

**DID YOU KNOW!!**

That *Iguanodon* was found first but *Megalosaurus* was named first. *Iguanodon* got its name because people thought it looked like an iguana



dinosaurs became the largest plant eaters and predators to exist on land and other groups of reptiles, I repeat REPTILES, successfully conquered the seas and took to the skies. Divided into three periods the Triassic, the Jurassic and the Cretaceous- the Mesozoic era saw immense changes on the face of the Earth, sea levels rose and fell and Pangaea the giant supercontinent, slowly broke up. The Mesozoic era ended with the most famous of all mass extinctions. Now let's talk about the periods in the Mesozoic era.

**# 1 The Triassic:** The Triassic period gets its name from the Latin word for three because it was the first recognized from three layers of rock found in Germany. At the beginning of the Triassic period animal life was emerging from the aftermath of the Permian extinction, but the dinosaurs didn't look like the stereotypical dinosaurs you see every day the dinosaurs back then were small, flexible and agile and not very impressive looking but important in their own way because these were the ancestors of the dinosaurs you probably recognize like *Allosaurus* or *Brachiosaurus*.

At the start of the Triassic period the world was still locked together in the supercontinent of Pangaea but when it came to an end Pangaea

began to break apart. Until this happened land filled much of the western hemisphere and sea levels were at record lows. Across most of Pangaea the climate was warm and dry but it cooled as the northern and southern poles began to move apart.

**#2 The Jurassic Period:** The Jurassic period was famous for its animals this is when reptiles took over the world conquering the seas and the skies!

The Jurassic got its name from a chain of mountains in Europe this was the time when Pangaea had already started to break up this caused the water levels to rise and flood many low lying areas the climate was getting higher and higher which resulted in making the Jurassic period lush green and very humid.

Giant and famous dinosaurs evolved like *Allosaurus*, *Giganotosaurus*, *Argentinosaurus*, *Diplodocus*, and *Iguanodon* just to name a few, very few.

<sup>1</sup> Not to be mixed up with *Megalodon* the pre historic whale killer shark

**#3 The Cretaceous Period:** This period, final stop on our Mesozoic timeline, was known for its dramatic shifts in the world's continents with a record sea level this period saw an explosion of growth that came to a sudden end.

The Cretaceous period began when the two major pieces of Pangaea, Laurasia and Gondwana, began to break apart to form the continents we have today. These changes in the Earth changed the climate and sea levels. Microscopic organisms thrived in these conditions and tiny cells built up in vast numbers on the banks in the oceans and over time turning into chalk- creta in Latin giving the Cretaceous period its name.

This is the time where probably the most famous dinosaur of all times evolved T-Rex or Tyrannosaurus Rex, the king of all dinosaurs. Even though T-Rex wasn't the biggest predator to walk the land, that title was claimed by Giganotosaurus. Other easily recognizable names include Triceratops and Stegosaurus!

There are over 9,000 species of dinosaurs but more are being discovered and our information of dinosaurs is being proven wrong, edited, removed or re-added all the time. Some paleontologists believe we have only unearthed 1% of all the fossils buried in the Earth.

So after reading all this do you think you got what it takes to be a paleontologist?

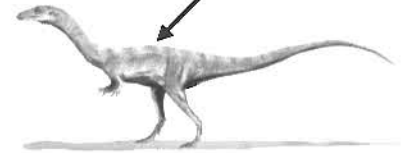
PERFECT! Let's go find some dinosaurs or mammoths or something...

WHAT! You don't know what mammoths are?

They were animals who lived after the dinosaurs but that's another story, era, and adventure!

**DID YOU KNOW!!**

That there is a dinosaur that shares my name it's called Shuvosaurus.



\*\*\*\*\*

## SELF MOTIVATION

**By Udit Ghosh**

**Sheekte Tomaye Hobe  
Korte Tomaye Hobe  
Parte Tomaye Hobe**

The wind blew over my face. The spare hair on the sides of my hairline also blew and the rest was tied in a bun. The blue sweater hoodie, unzipped, gently covered me from the coolness of the blowing wind and acted as a cape which flew with the course of the wind. The two wheels and the handle swayed from time to time but were unable to reach out from the grip of fingers and my legs continued as if it were climbing some stairs: up-down and up again.....

It is the human nature to not value the importance of a thing when that thing has been received very easily. I am a human too and I did the same thing. Before going to Canada, I used to live in Mumbai for nearly five years from the year of 1999 to the year of 2004. On my eighth birthday, my grandparents gave me a bike that was worth

quite an amount of money and along with the bike, they presented me their wish that they wanted to see me riding the bike but alas! I was unfortunate enough to not understand the value of the bike and the value of their wish and

that bike to me was nothing but another forgotten birthday gift but I was unable to forget it literally because there were my parents who were fortunate enough to value the value of the bike and the wish so under their pressure and with the aid of two more extra wheels, I rode the bike just for the sake of riding a bike and for the sake of not getting yelled at by my parents. But I never wanted to be that bike's friend or maybe it is the other way around, maybe the bike never wanted to become my friend because I couldn't care less about the bike. To me, socializing with my friends was more important and then if I noticed the frequent visits or should I say the frequent spying of my mother compelled me to move the bike here and there to assure and reassure her that the bike is my best friend. But like love, dislike cannot be hidden for a long time. Gradually, my parents realised my least concern for the bike, but they still continued with their pressure and try-outs to develop importance for the bike in my life but different matters arose and they gave up the hope and hard work towards that little of a conflict. My grandparents saddened by my behaviour and the dislike towards the bike also gave up their wish and the money was long before given up to the shopper of the bike. But they never expressed their sadness to me for even once. My grandparents are like two little angels to me, who fulfill all my wishes regardless if I am able to fulfill their wishes.

Everyone's attention was lone snatched by the plan of coming to Canada and starting a new life here for a little change but trust me! The change was not little.....it was a lengthy one and a big one. Anyways, it was worth it. But in the back of everyone's mind, my less seriousness towards bike left its print whereas the bike was long gone, The Hercules Bike, to someone who wanted to be its friend and was interested in it or in other words, did not find it a piece of useless material, like me. Whenever, there was any mention about bikes, it became a trend for my father to taunt me about my inability to ride a bike and yet I could not care less.

Days passed by, months passed by and finally years passed by gaining, losing, enjoying, and not enjoying. I grew up and along with me everything else grew up, some for the worse while others for the better, mostly better. I became familiar with more quotations as my mother loves to apply quotations mainly on me and then I apply them back to her. One of the quotations that she used to apply on me and that even with a smile has been, "Korte tomaye hobe, parte tomaye hobe" I never really understood or probably gave much attention to this quotation. Actually I was never sure whether it was someone else's quotation or her own but she still uses it on me.

This year, my summer vacation was like a barren field with no vegetation and I ought to have something to keep myself busy so I decided to devote this time to my physical part by exercising and other work-outs. I know that work-outs can be done at home too but I like doing work out on real machines so that the productivity of my time and work has some results therefore, I joined a fine recreation center. All's Well. But in reality, everything was not well due to the fact that there has been a construction going on in the part of the area where we live and the construction area continued right in front of the recreation center where only cars were allowed but not busses and I don't have the age to know how to drive and my parents didn't have the time to drive me over to that place every day. Canada is a country where bikers have the most freedom and biking is one of the significant modes of transportation that have been used and bikes are allowed anywhere in this country but to use a bike, you need to know how to ride a bike and I don't and never had the wish too. At that point, I realised everything that I never realised in seven years and for the first time, I missed not-at-all-my-friend, my Hercules and regretted those moments when I had the opportunity to learn something rather important but was not wise enough to use those opportunities.

The one thing that I learned in Canada is that there is no age for learning. So I thought, "So what, that I did not learn to ride a bike at the age of seven, I now have the life, the time, the encouragement and more importantly my self-motivation to ride a bike at the age of fifteen." Self-motivation was something that I did not have at the age of seven as I never apprehended the necessity to know how to ride a bike. But I now realised the necessity of knowing how to ride a bike and spent quite an amount of time on looking for bike and then buying a suitable bike and believe it or not but it only took me one day to learn how to ride a bike and the reason it took me only one day because I had the self-motivation in me and gave the earnest concentration and best effort in learning that useful piece of material which has now become a rather important mode of transportation that is why my mother is right:

"Sheekte Tomaye Hobe  
Korte Tomaye Hobe  
Parte Tomaye Hobe"

\*\*\*\*\*







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## My Trip To A Unique World

**Ayush Ghosh, 9 years**

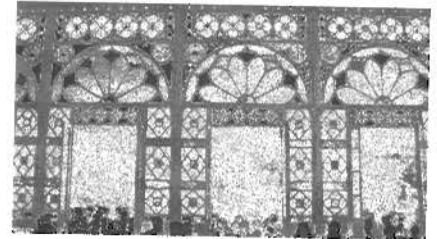


Our visit to India this year turned out extremely interesting. My mother took me to a place where she spent her childhood and youth. I was eager to see Santiniketan.

Students, there, learn not only from textbooks but study with the help of nature. The Nobel laureate, poet, Rabindranath Tagore founded this unique learning system where nature, art, music, literature, science find equal importance. I heard about Santiniketan before. Almost a century back, it was a barren land. Now it is green. Santiniketan today, is one of the largest universities in the world.

We went to attend *Brikkho Ropon*, the tree planting ceremony. It is held on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of *Shravan* (Bengali month), the death anniversary of Rabindranath Tagore.

I woke up with the bell ringing. It was for morning *Mandir Upasana* (Prayer where no religion is involved). People walked in, dressed white. The sound of *Esraj* sweetened the morning breeze. The Mandir started with Vedic recitations and songs. Neither any God idol nor any Godman sits inside. The temple is made out of coloured glass. The morning rays came through the glasses, painting *Alpona* on my face and shoulders. It was a rare experience.



In the afternoon the *Ashram's* bell rang again, calling everyone to join *Brikkho Ropon*.

A long procession of students of all ages approached dancing their way through. Following them, came a palanquin carrying the plant. Five students dressed as *Panch Bhut* (five elements) of the universe, *Khithi* (earth), *Oap* (water), *Tej* (light), *Marut* (air) and *Boam* (sky) recited poems of each element. The plantation took place with the sounds of conch shells. It was a unique ceremony.

The Ashram (campus) is a peaceful place. No vehicles are allowed inside. There are many trees of every kind. The people who reside, sense the seasons with the changes in these trees. I saw the hostels where she stayed. Paintings by Nanda Lal Bose are on the walls of hostels, offices and several other buildings. These paintings are known as Murals. I discovered art everywhere. The sculptures looked through the leaves. I was surprised to see two mushroom shaped structures. My mother told me those are called *Uthajo* (camel's hump). Students receive lessons there when it rains. Similarly, every building in the campus has a unique name and structure.



Rabindranath did not like to study in a closed door classroom during his childhood. Therefore, in Santiniketan, classes are held outside under the trees. The students move from one tree to another for different lessons.

I wondered in this barren land how each and every tree has been planted! I crushed a few leaves of a Eucalyptus tree and smelled the aroma.

There is a bell in the Ashram. It rings in different ways for Mandir, classes, festivals or even when there is danger.

I was amazed to see the playground. It is so huge that I could not see the other end clearly. It has several soccer grounds, basketball, volley ball and tennis courts.



Next morning *Halakarshan* was held at Shriniketan. The field was decorated in coloured sand and grass. *Halakarshan* signifies the start of harvest. Two oxen were beautifully dressed, pulling a painted plow.

The thoughts of Upanishad were recited and ideas of Rabindranath were expressed by song and dance forms. To understand the importance of agriculture, Shriniketan was developed.

We went to Uttarayan. Rabindranath lived there. There are 5 houses made one after another. He did not like staying in one house for very long. He always wanted a change by adding balconies, windows and rooms. That is why the houses are different from a normal structured house.



The first house Udayan was made in Japanese style. He kept on adding many roofs and balconies there. Konark was changed many times making the house a puzzle. It is told that once a thief woke the person sleeping inside and asked him to show the way out. Another house was made out of mud. The poet's idea was to make the mud walls stuffed with hollow mud pots. The pots worked as insulators. The beds, tables and even the ceiling were made out of mud. He called it *Shyamali*. Later, he dedicated this house to Gandhiji. He used to stay there whenever he came to Santiniketan. House *Punascha* was built thereafter. I found it very interesting to see windows on the balcony. Lastly, house *Udichi* was erected on the pillars for Rabindranath to see the land without any obstruction.

I was having breakfast in a tea shop under a Banyan tree. It is the same place where my parents sat in the past with their friends for *adda* (group chat). I found birds everywhere. Wondered how students could study under the trees? What if bird droppings fell on their heads! While thinking, a bird did the same on my head but my *Kachuris* were safe.

I liked the simplicity there. Some people ride their bicycles while others walk. The roads in the Ashram are made of red laterite. They live in nature and learn with nature.

I wish I could study in Santiniketan and stay close to this nature.

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## Grade 9 Legacy Trip 2010

**By Gary Sarkar**

From September 22<sup>nd</sup> to September 24<sup>th</sup> 2010, I had a school trip for only Grade 9s. 109 students went on the trip; it was 3 days and 2 nights long. I experienced great things in the trip, one of the best experiences of my life. I cherished the moments with my friends, with teachers, and with the activities I went through. On the first day of my trip, I loaded all my bags onto the bus and the bus itself was amazing. It was a Brewster bus; it had seats like airplanes, and a few small TVs in them. Along the 4 hour trip to Edmonton, I talked with a lot of friends and watched a movie. When we got there, we ate our lunches we packed. And then our first destination was the Alberta Legislature Building in Edmonton, there we passed a Mock Bill with a real MLA, there were Conservative students and Liberals (Opposition), I was an opposition member. We passed a mock bill on the "Youth Criminal Justice Act" Bill 405. After the bill, we took a tour of the legislature and saw the actual chamber in which the REAL bills are



passed, with the premier. The MLA we talked with was Paul Hinman who is actually the Calgary riding's MLA. Then we got on the buses again and headed to Camp HeHoHa (Health Hope Happiness). It was an amazing camp, the cabins were great. The funny thing is that Canadians here have supper at 5:00 pm or 5:30 pm, so I did too. The food was great; there was a huge hall in which we all ate in. Then we participated in group activities. Around 10:30 p.m., lights were out and we were asleep. The next morning (2<sup>nd</sup> day) we got up at 6:00 a.m. and ate breakfast at 6:30 a.m., I've never eaten breakfast that early. Then we got on our buses again, and headed back to Edmonton because Camp HeHoHa was an hour west from Edmonton. In Edmonton, we visited the Royal Alberta Museum and 4 exhibits inside. Exhibits of Alberta's past history, creatures that roamed, and proof of male evolution. Exhibits like the Métis and Aboriginal area, the creatures' area and certain types of stone and mineral found in Alberta. It was very interesting to see. When we finished we headed out to Leduc, where we ate at Subway for lunch, then we drove to our next camp. The Goldeye Center in Nordegg, the cabins were amazing, just like hotels almost. We ate dinner, participated in more activities, and wrote in our journals for Social Studies, and then we went to bed around 10:00 p.m. Our third and final day of the trip, we woke up at 7:00 a.m. and ate breakfast at 7:30 a.m., the food tasted great, I normally never eat it, because I have rice and roti almost every day. We then took a 3 hour trip to Banff National Park, where we started our Economic Scavenger Hunt. We took many pictures and gave reasoning to how Banff is a mixed economy. After 2 hours of that, we headed to the Banff Hot Springs which was very nice; we took a nice swim there and then we headed back to Calgary. Around 5:00 p.m. on Friday September 24<sup>th</sup> 2010, we got back in Calgary. I really enjoyed the trip; I only briefly summarized the trip. There was much, much more to it, the fun times with friends, the wonderful camps, the certain things I saw at places, the sightseeing. It was all great. I hope to have a trip like that again sometime.

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## The Awesome Alien

***Amartya Sinha, Grade 5, Age 10 yrs, Beaumont, Texas, USA***

The wind gently blew on the great oak tree's crispy golden leaves outside Alabaster's window. Alabaster safely tucked in his bed, was wondering if the tornado on the news was going to strike in his town. Soon he decided since it's a Friday he could watch some T.V. to get his mind off today. See today was his birthday. Unfortunately, no one remembered, even his best friend Charles forgot.

"Why did everyone forgot my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday?" Alabaster asked himself aloud. "Doesn't anyone like me?" He wonders silently to himself?

Then all of a sudden, the wind started to blow violently and made a big rifle type sound. Then he noticed that it was a tornado! The funnel shape clouds started to move towards his house!

"AHHH!!!!" shrieked Alabaster. The house shuddered violently. Tables flew, chairs smashed. Then all of a sudden a glow of light appeared right on him. Then everything suddenly calmed down and the tornado was over. Alabaster's long blond hair was a messed up and his emerald green eyes were all watery. His bronze skin had lot of bruises and scratches. It wasn't till Alabaster's vision cleared up he noticed that he was not in his house. "Where am I?" Alabaster wondered aloud.

The kitchen was replaced with a high tech computer lab and the family room was replaced with a high-tech kitchen. "What the heck!" Alabaster exclaimed, "Look at this place; it looks like an inside of a UFO. Then a man appeared. At least that's what he thought at first. It turned out to be a...Alien!!!

The alien was dark green but other than that he looked like a normal muscular, man. "What are you?" questioned Alabaster.

"Don't you mean who are you?" corrected the alien. "Just because I'm an alien doesn't mean I'm an animal.

"Okay, sorry but what's your name?" asked Alabaster.

"You sure ask a lot of questions but my name is Calvinester," replied the alien as he strolled to one of the kitchen's cabinets and took out something that looked like a bowl of hot soup.

"Here, drink this and it will help you recover from the tornado," he suggested.

"Thank you" Alabaster thanked him while drinking it. The minute he had finished, all his cuts and bruises disappeared, plus he felt hundred percent better. "Wow the drink was good", Alabaster exclaimed.

Calvinester moved to some sort of lever and said, "It's time to go". "Where?" asked Alabaster.

"Outside, we have to meet someone," and as soon as Calvinester said that he pulled the lever and the whole UFO glowed until it was too bright to see anything. "You can least warn someone before you just transport them in the middle of a dark forest!" exclaimed Alabaster. The forest was pure darkness. Alabaster couldn't see anything; it seemed that he was in a cave instead of a forest. The only way he knew it was a forest was he felt the trees beside him and the soil under him. "Don't worry Alabaster", said a deep, gruff voice.

"Who are you?" asked Alabaster.

"I'm Amartya," replied the gruffly voice who also had black hair and eyes. "I also make people feel happy and loved after they had their birthdays' forgotten by people close to them."

"Okay", questioned puzzled Alabaster. "Why was I zapped into the UFO earlier?"

"You are very special young boy." "You are an alien from planet yog!" Where Calvinester and I are from."

"WHAT!!!!!!"

"You were sent, here from yog in a space ship." Amartya continued, "Your real parents were the rulers of yog but they were kidnapped by evil forces from planet riya, so you were sent here when you were a baby." He strolled to Alabaster and gave him an advanced looking camera with. Then Alabaster pushed a button that said play and as soon as he did that an image appeared. The image showed a gorgeous woman with pale green skin holding a baby, and then all of a sudden a lot of red figures appeared and attacked the palace, where the woman was.

The woman screamed and placed the baby in a space ship. The space ship went to the planet which Alabaster thought was earth. When the space ship stopped it was in front of Alabaster's house. Then a woman appeared at the door-step and the space ship beamed the baby to the door-step and flew away before the woman saw it.

"No way! I'm not green like the baby in the video," said Alabaster.

"During your flight to Earth, your skin turned differently" said Amartya.

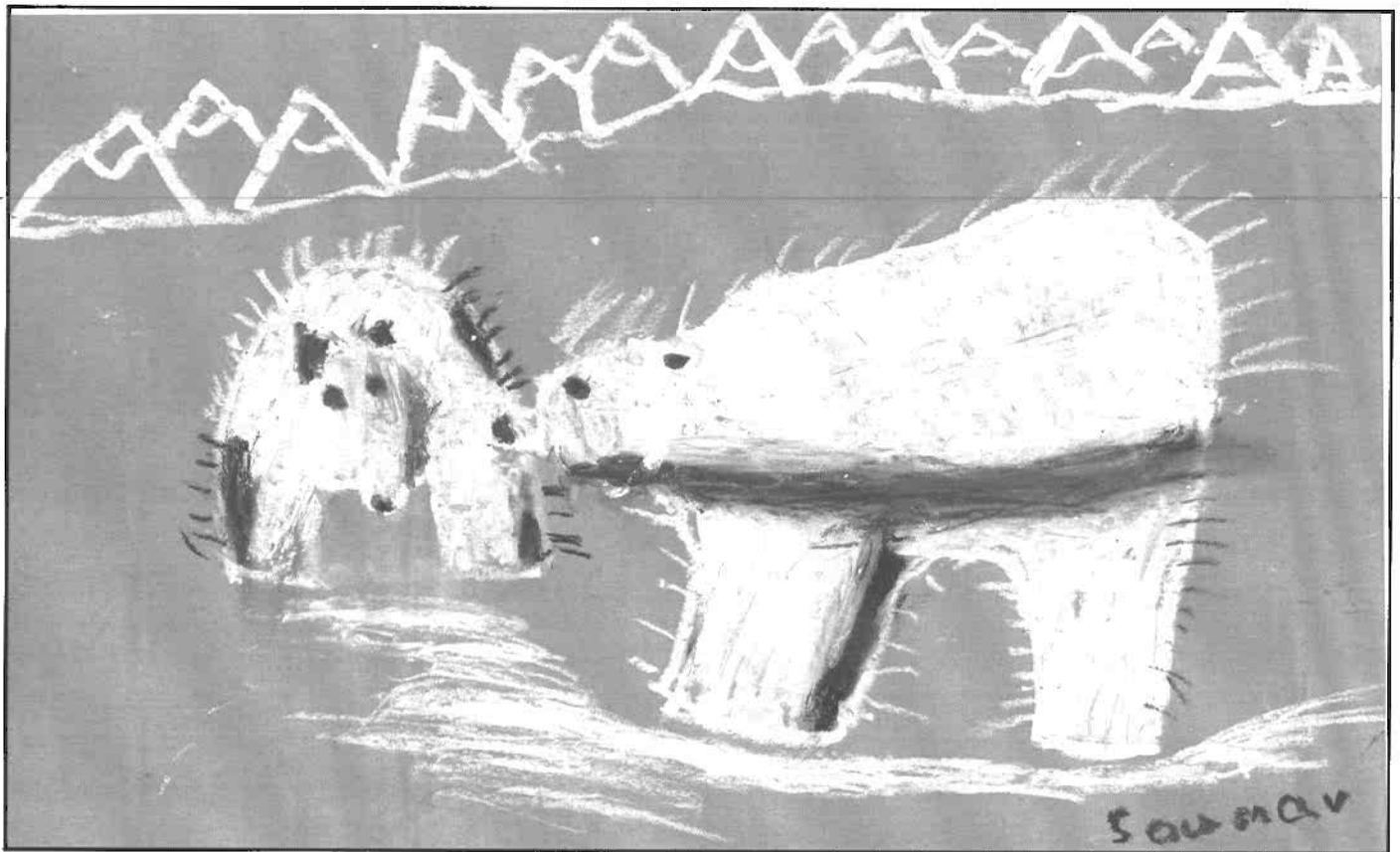
All of a sudden, a big glow of white sparkled on Alabaster and he was transported back to his home. "What happened!" exclaimed Alabaster, "why I'm back at home". He looked at the clock and found it was only 7o'clock in the evening and he knew that he went to bed at 9pm. Then, he walked into the living room and wondering why the time looks so funny.

He turned on the light and everybody said, "Happy Birthday, Alabaster!"

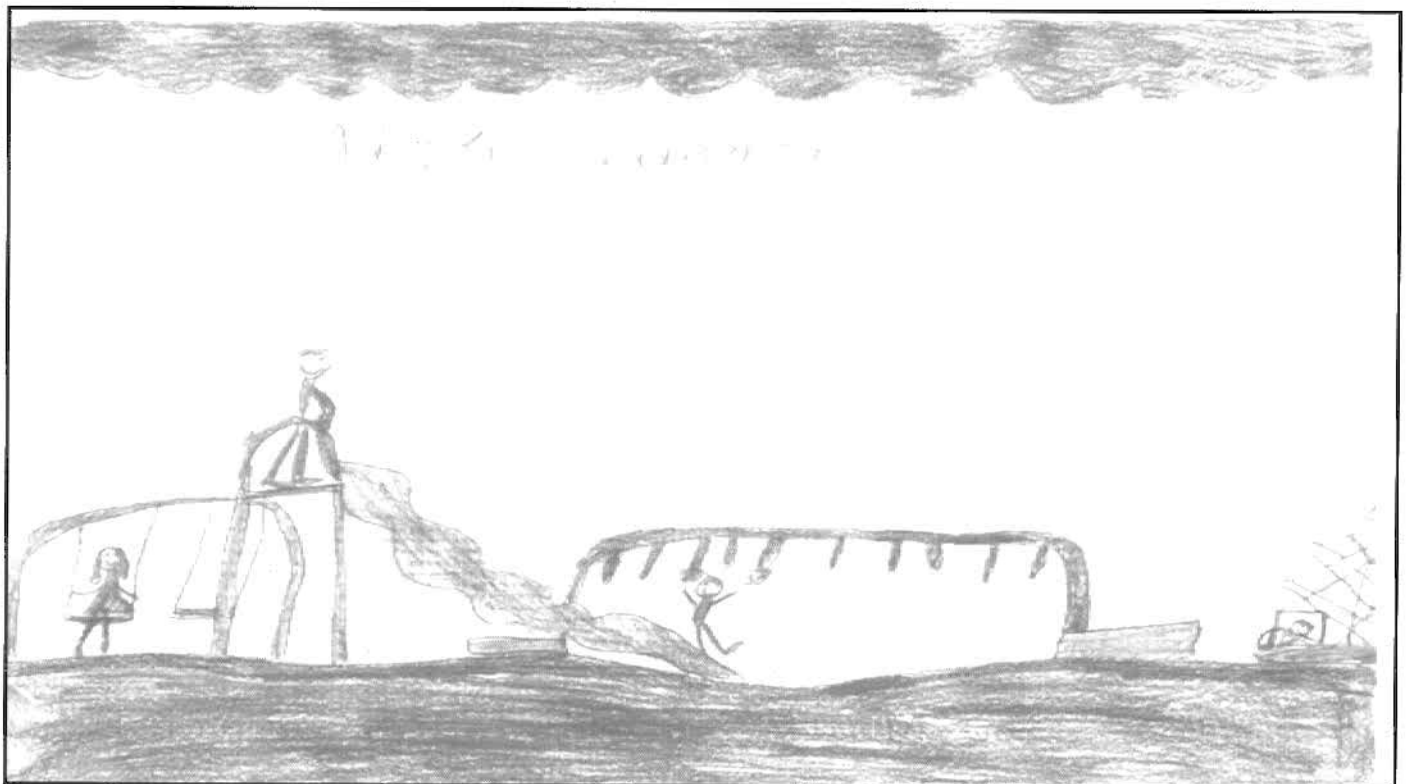
Oh my gosh, you guys all remembered and I thought everybody forgot my birthday and I was very much upset. His best friend, Charles, said "why would we forget your birthday" and then everybody started partying.

After the party, Alabaster found a note on his desk, which says, "Happy Birthday, Alabaster – you are really an alien from the planet Yog and your adventure would start very soon" from Amartya and Calvinester.

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Soumav Maiti, Age 8 yrs, Brentwood TLC School



Aditya Siddhanta, Age 9 yrs

# The Unique Worldview

**Ankana Chowdhury**

Today, we live in a dynamic world that is unpredictable and constantly changing. Every day is a fresh, new start in this modern planet but sometimes we reach a road block. Right now, we are trying to solve and find a solution to end the current economic recession. For these solutions we all put our own thoughts into it. Each and every thought we have is filtered and affected by our culture, religion, knowledge, economy, values, beliefs, time, geography etc. Our worldviews are like a pair of glasses we put on everyday to interpret the world by.

## Beliefs...

As an individual, there are many facts and ideas I hold to be true and these are my beliefs. These beliefs can be inherited because of your culture and religion or they could be a premise you hold to be correct ever since you were a child.

I do have a few cultural beliefs which are: everyone is equal, always respect your elders, value the environment, and stand up for what is right. I think in society most of us share the belief of equality because we all want to be respected without our race, color of our skin, or culture interfering.

Giving importance to our environment is crucial because that way the next generation will be able to enjoy the natural beauty that it bestows. Also, it is important to keep it in a good condition as we harness the environment for so many resources. We have all yet to learn how to 'use without using up'.

Standing up for what is right is fulfilling your duty and it could even help others around you. Even if it's just giving back some money you took from a friend some time ago or if it's putting a stopping an act of bullying in its tracks, you are the one who can make a difference. Helping others in need is vital because once you see a smile on someone's face or feel the personal satisfaction is all worth going the extra mile.

## Being Canadian...

For me, many things describe how I am Canadian. I interpret being Canadian as being; loyal to my country, having freedom, maintaining the balance of equality, encompassing a system of law and order. I am thankful I am in a peaceful country where we can step outside without having to compromise the security of my family and I.

Being loyal to my country means committing no type of wrong doing that will be labeled as a crime or criminal offence and always do what is right for the advancement of the country. This will not only benefit me but also the others around me. I have cousins, friends, and other people who look up to me and if I was unfaithful to my country that would be the example I would set for everyone and it would neither benefit me nor anyone else.

Being a free is a great individual right I obtain because in the country's political system, this right was given to me. Along with many other privileges, I also have freedom of speech meaning I am able to completely express my feelings and thoughts and no one can stop me. It's always a bit difficult for me to watch videos about child slavery, in my perspective, it's almost as if the child has mental shackles attached to them, always tying them down, never letting them run free and never seeing the world beyond unhappiness, poverty and hunger. In some cases, these children do not have nearly as many rights as we are entitled to and sometimes they are beaten if they try to protest against harsh treatment and attempt to express their opinion.

One thing I have always loved about this country is the prominent sense of equality that can be seen all around us. Since we have had contact with the First Nations, we have changed our sense of equality. Similar to how no two snowflakes have ever been the same, it is the same with our identity in Canada. We are able to keep our culture and not sacrifice our individuality as we are all respected. Now, everyone is considered equal, it doesn't



matter about where you are from, where you are going to go, what color of skin you have, or what religion you follow, you are still as human.

Law and order is always a must because without a sense of organization, we would live in complete chaos. Also, without that organization we would have no sense of what was right and wrong because the cultural definitions for right and wrong would be similar to 'two worlds collide'. Until, this assignment, I never really grasped how crucial government is and the role we, as citizens play. When I get older, it will be my responsibility to choose a leader who is aware of what improvements need to be made to enhance the society and also someone who cares about major changes that need to be made so that the planet can make progress.

### **Moving Across the Seas...**

One day, it came across my mind, What was it like for my parents to move from India to Canada? When I discussed this topic with my mom, I didn't really know what to expect of what her answer would be. I had a feeling she would say that the adjustment to this country was pretty easy and that life was better here. I was wrong, she explained that even though this country was modern and all, she still left her birthplace, her family and her friends behind for a new start in this country. Then she began to express how difficult it was to adjust to the weather of this country, all the snow and gloom that usually clouded over and the few sunny days that broke out. She also added that it was a country filled with new opportunities and new people and how that both scared and excited her at first.

I am well-accustomed to my culture, so I do not find any customs, traditions, and beliefs different. The reason why I do not is because I have taken up the belief in multiculturalism which allows me to respect and value all beliefs of my culture and others. This belief is bringing the world closer, on step at a time and soon if we work hard enough, we will be able to have a united world for our children.

*"We become not a melting pot but a beautiful mosaic. Different people, different beliefs, different yearnings, different hopes, different dreams."* -- Jimmy Carter (1924-?) American statesman. 39th President of the USA.

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## **The Statue of Liberty**

### **SAMARGHO MUKHOPADHYAY , Age 10 yrs**

The Statue of Liberty is a sign of freedom. This year we went to New York City to see the Statue of Liberty. It was an amazing experience for me when I saw the statue. I collected some facts by reading information plates. I learnt that the Statue of Liberty was a gift from the people of France to the United States of America (NY). One of the plates said that the Statue of Liberty was made with copper and the metal over the time turned into green! It also said that the torch in her hand is made of gold!

The statue faces the south east part of Europe. The seven spikes on its crown represent the seven seas. The height of the statue to the top of the torch is 46.50M and from the pedestal to the torch is 92.99M. We saw twice, once on Liberty Island where the statue is situated and again on a cruise around Liberty Island. The date on the tablet in her left hand is July 4, 1776. The statue was designed by Frédéric Bartholdi. This journey to the Statue of Liberty will be permanent in my memory.



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## International Mother's Language Day

***Tirthadeep Sanyal***

21st February is the mother language day of Bangladesh. On this day of 1952 a number of students and general people of East Pakistan sacrificed their lives for sustaining their mother language, Bengali.

In 1948 the Pakistan rulers declared that Urdu shall be the only state language of West and East Pakistan, whereas the majority of the total population in East Pakistan spoke in Bengali. The university students and general people campaigned and persuaded Pakistan to recognize Bengali as one of the official languages of Pakistan. The police and army shot bullets to the mammoth rally of the students and general people. After the movement Pakistan government declared Bengali as the second national language of Pakistan. As a Bengali we are proud of our ancestors who saved Bengali. For them we are now able to speak, read, write, sing and even dream in Bengali. The Language Movement of 1952 was the foundation of all post movements towards the independent Bangladesh. That is why the name of the country bears its own language Bangla (Bengali).

A monument has been built near Dhaka University campus for commemorating the contribution of Rafique, Salam, Jabbar, Barkat and a number of unknown number of shaheeds (those who sacrificed their lives for protecting their mother language). It is called the Shaheed Minar. Since then 21st February has been regarded as the Mother Language day in East Pakistan and thereafter in Bangladesh. A huge number of rallies pass through the Shahid Minar singing the great song: "Amar Vai-er Rokte Rangano Ekushe February Ami ki bhulite Pari?" (Can I forget the 21st of February when my brothers sacrificed their lives?) In August of this year I went to Shahid Minar, Dhaka to pay my respects to the martyrs of the mother language movement.

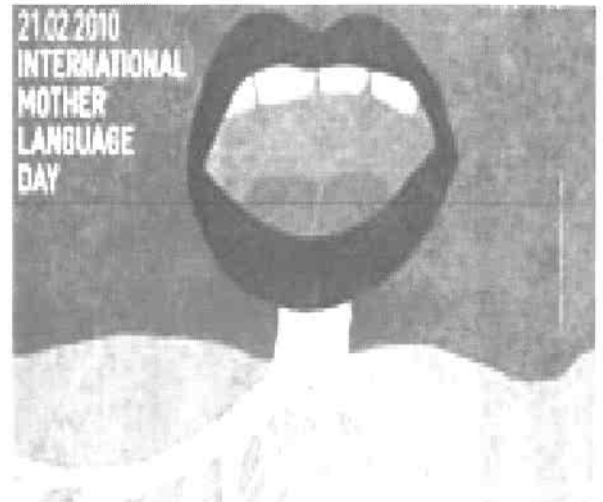


Tirthadeep in front of the Shahid Minar in August 2010

Bengalis arrange book fairs and cultural programs for the mass use of Bengali language all along the month of February every year. This year my grandfather (Professor Shekhar Kumar Sanyal) has also published his first book, "Parjataker Diary" (The Diary of a Traveler) in the "Ekushe Boi Mela" (book fair of 21st February).

Now 21st February is not only celebrated by the Bengalis but by people of most-of-the-countries of the world. United Nations and UNESCO (United Nations Educational and Scientific and Cultural Organization) officially declared 21<sup>st</sup> February as International Mother's Language Day on 17th of November 1999. At present about 188 countries have this day on their official calendar.

You will be pleased to know that the idea of celebrating this day worldwide was initiated in Canada. A group of multi-cultural people of Vancouver, BC established Lovers of International Mother's Language Club with initiation of two Bengali-Canadians: Mr. Rafiqul Islam and Mr. Abdus Salam. They proposed the idea of International Mother's Language Day to the United Nations through Bangladesh government. All countries including Pakistan supported the proposal. The main objective of the proposal was to save the mother languages of the world as we are taking steps to save plants, animals and birds. 21st February is no longer a memorable day of Bengali or Bangladesh only. It is for all of the native and mother languages ever spoken in the world.



A UNESCO Poster of International Mother's Language Day , 2010

Government of Canada also celebrates the Mother language day. They have made a monument in Surrey, BC in honor of International Mother's Language Day. This day is currently celebrated in schools of the Greater Vancouver. Ontario has included this day on their calendar. In May 2009, the Government of Ontario has passed a motion to celebrate this day provincially. We need to persuade the same to Government of Alberta and City of Calgary. At least Calgary Board of Education can celebrate International Mother's Language Day in schools of Calgary.

Why many countries around the world are celebrating this day? Not many places are danger-free from the extinction of languages. Many people are forgetting their mother tongue mainly because of the dominance of other languages. Many of the languages that the First Nations have known have perished. According to statistics, there were originally 6000 languages but because so many people were forgetting their mother languages over the generations, about half of the total numbers of languages are in danger. From that number about 1040 are critically or severely endangered. 300 languages have been extinct over the last 3 generations and the remaining 1660 are either dominant, simply not endangered or in some level of danger of being extinct. Of the 121 American Native Languages in Canada, only 6 are fully functional, 10 are completely lost and others are gradually declining.

Language is the tool for learning and communicating. It is also the basis of culture. Without different languages, the old famous songs, poems and literature written and spoken in different languages can never be read or translated. Even many scientific researches in native languages will be lost. There are many talents who are from different heritages but have contributed much for the development of science arts and medicine in their own languages. If those languages are completely diminished, those famous people's work could never be translated and will be unknown to us forever. For enriching our knowledge language diversification is important.

If language diversification is practiced in all countries, the people of different heritages feel honored to see their own mother language is honored. They will be motivated to respect others coming of different heritages. The

national atmosphere will be more friendly and respectful to others' norms and customs. They are motivated to follow rules and regulations of the country.

Moreover, people tend to become more creative when they can share their experiences in their mother languages. If their language is forgotten, their creativity would decline losing connections to their root. On the other hand if they would know their mother languages they could contribute in the development of a nation bringing good things from their own culture and heritage. Protecting the languages in threat is as important as to protect rare animals and plants in the earth.

People can preserve their mother languages by simply practicing them. Many of my friends, younger and even senior I know only speak in English with their parents and siblings because they either did not learn or forgot their mother tongue. If they were encouraged to speak in Bengali at home they would at least speak in Bengali. Similarly, the people of declining languages need special care for practicing their own language from generation to generation. We have to preserve the living languages now and forever. No languages will be lost like dinosaurs from the earth. We are now hopeful that United Nations has taken actions worldwide against the massive decline of languages. United Nations General Assembly declared 2008 as the International Year of Languages.

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## Tony's Race of a Lifetime

**Rahul Sarkar**

It was a normal Tuesday morning. Tony woke up by his alarm clock. The sun was shining through Tony's bedroom window. "Perfect day to practice mountain biking," Tony said to himself. He rushed downstairs to eat his breakfast, like usual; 2 bagels and a glass of milk. After Tony finished his breakfast he ran outside and got on his amazing mountain bike! When he finished strapping on his helmet he yelled, "Are you ready to roll," to his mountain bike and rode off!

After 5 minutes of biking, Tony arrived at the bike track. "Hey Tony," yelled his friend Josh. "Oh, hey Josh," replied Tony. "Ready for the big race?" Tony asked, "For sure, let's go practice." Tony and Josh pushed their bikes up to what would be the start line for the big race. The start line was on top of a big hill Racers would have to go down a 50 degrees drop to make it to the real track. "Wow, this is pretty intense," said Josh. "Its ok it is only a practice," said Tony.

Right about as they were going to take off down the hill, two other racers came. The racers were much bigger and taller compared to Tony and Jim. "Hey you noobs," yelled a racer, "Want to do a practice race?" "You're on," yelled Josh. All four racers got to the start line. "On your marks... get set... GO!" The racers zoomed down the hill and onto the track.

The first dirt jump was coming. The two old racers were the first to reach the ramp and flew off the landed perfectly on the other side. Then both Tony and Josh flew off the ramp and landed perfectly too! Now Tony took first place. He could see the anonymous racer beside him. His face was red and dripping sweat. They were heading towards the last big jump.



"OH NO!" Tony screamed. He lost control and flew off the ramp and landed face first on to the dirt. "Loser," laughed the bikers as Tony saw them cross the finish line. Josh came and helped Tony up "You ok man?" Josh asked, but he knew Tony was not okay. He was bleeding from the legs and arms and he could not walk. "OUCH!" Tony screamed in pain. "Where is my bike?" Tony groaned, he saw his bike beside the jump, it had twisted handle bars and one of the wheels was gone! "I think I should take you home," Josh said. He helped Tony up and walked him home.

After the hospital results were in on Tony, they were not good. He had a fractured arm, and needed 2 stitches on his thigh. "Oh man how you will be able to bike in the tournament now?" asked Josh, "I don't know. I might get better in 2 weeks, the doctor said," replied Tony. "Well, we just have to see what the doctor says after 2 weeks," said Tony.

Tony had to visit the doctor to see if he was healed. After the results were sent it said that he was healed but he still could not move his fractured arm or it will start to hurt again. "No, I have to go to the tournament," shouted Tony to his mom. "NO, you are grounded until your arm heals, do you understand?" shouted Tony's mom. "FINE," yelled Tony. Then he ran up to his room and SLAMMED the door shut.

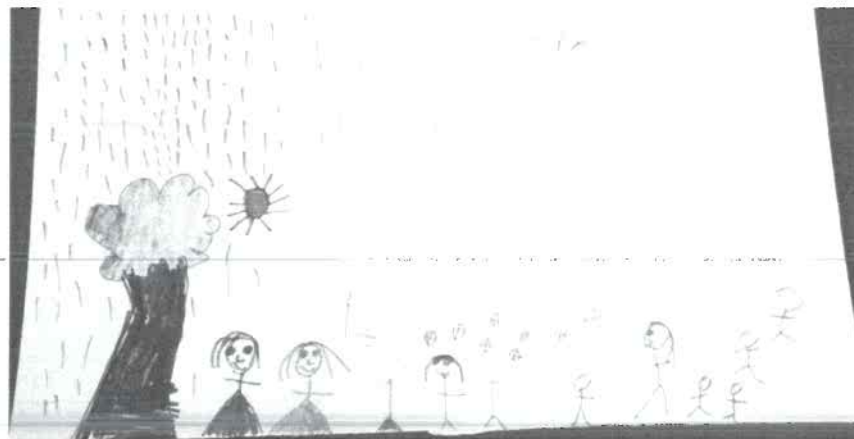
On the day of the race Tony was really disappointed that he could not go. Tony tried to call Josh but he knew he was already at the race. "I have to get to the race," Tony shouted. He sunk out of his bike, opened his garage and got his old bike. His old bike was not as good as his new one that broke, but he had to use it.

Once Tony got to the track he saw tons of fans and racing contestants. He finally found Josh getting pumped up for the race beside a tree. "Whoa Tony, I thought you were grounded," asked Josh, "I had to make it to this race and my arm feels better anyways," replied Tony. Once Tony and Josh got to the starting line, there were so many racers. There were even the two big guys that raced with them and called the losers. "On your marks get set go," yelled the ref.

All the racers zipped down the hill in their flashy mountain bikes. Tony was in second while Josh was in 9<sup>th</sup>. The first jump was coming up, everyone made it except for this one racer who flew off and landed in the grass. The race went very smoothly for Tony. He was not having any problems with his arm. The final jump was coming up "Ok I got to face my fears," said Tony to himself, he increased his speed and flew of the ramp, BAM he landed perfectly on the other side, "Yes, I did it Tony yelled,". He then saw the two other big guys made it to, but where was Josh suddenly Josh flew off the ramp and landed perfectly too!

Tony then sped up so he could get to the finish line. "I did it," yelled Tony and as soon as he threw his hands in the air his tire BURST and Tony went flying! "Ouch," Tony said. After Josh finished he congratulated Tony for winning the race. "Well I guess dream does come true," said Tony and they are lived WITHOUT FRACTURING THEIR ARMS AGAIN!

\*\*\*\*\*





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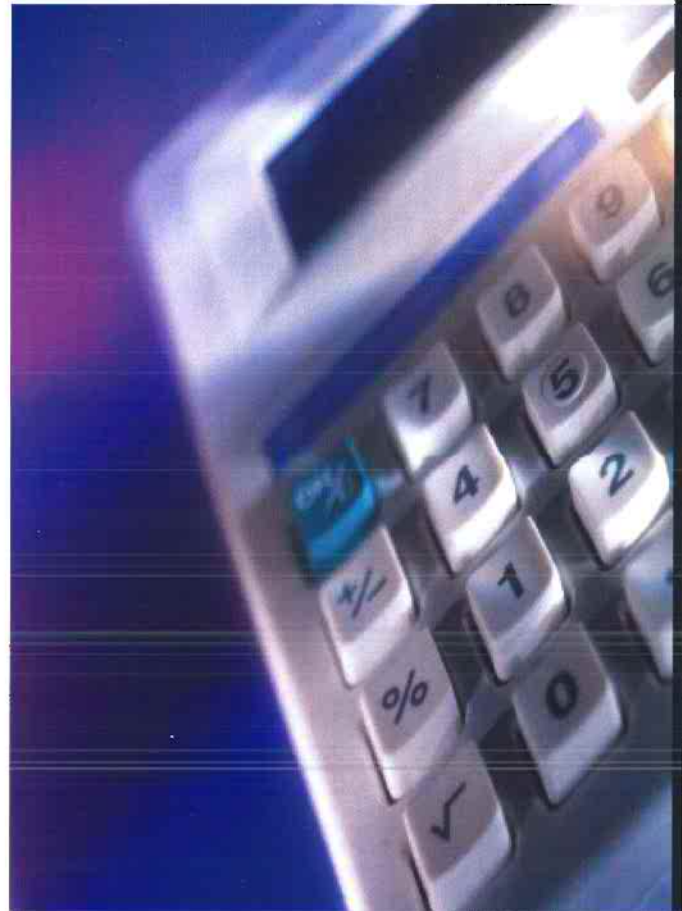
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দাদুমার গুরুদেবকে নিয়ে একটা ঘটনা বলি। আমাদের দাদুমা এক আশ্চর্য নারী চরিত্র।  
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সবার বড়ো। আমার পরিণত বয়সেও দেখেছি সব ভাই ও সব বোন দাদুমার কথার উপর  
কথা বলতে পারত না। বজ্রবজের বাড়িতে সবাই দাদুমার কথায় ওঠবোস করত। দাদুমার  
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ঐদার্যে ভরা এক মহিলা যার ক্রমা করিবার অলৌকিক শক্তি একমাত্র পরম বৈষ্ণবের মতোই  
সম্ভব। আমিই সেই ভাগ্যবান ব্যক্তি যে আজও দাদুমার অশেষ ক্রমাগতের দৃষ্টান্তস্বরূপ আজও  
বৈচে আছে। আর মনে মনে ভাবি আর কী পৃথিবী দেখতে পাবে এমন এক মহীয়সী রমণী যা  
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মনুষ্যত্বের মূল্যবোধ ও মর্যাদা বোধ।

ভূমিকা স্বরূপ আরও একটা ব্যাপার সেয়ে নিই। আমাদের বিরাট বংশের কেহই মুমন্ত

অবস্থায় নাসিকা ধ্বনি করে না। সেজন্য শোবার সময় নাক ডাকার শব্দ আমরা কেউই শুন করতে পেরি না। আমি যখন আরও ছোটো, তখনকার এক ঘটনা বলি। সেজ্ঞকার খুড়শুণ্ডর বিপিনবাবু পাঁচলা থেকে এসেছেন। উনি আমাদের বাড়িতে থাই আসছেন। যা সেবার আমার কাছে কঁচড়াপাতার গিয়েছিলেন। সেবার বিপিনবাবু খাবার ও আমার সঙ্গে এক খাট গিয়েছিলেন। বাবা একধারে, আমি একধারে মধ্যে বিপিনবাবু আর বিপিনবাবুর শকুমারী নাসিকাবহি। কত রকমের সুতের খেলা চলেছে সেই শব্দ-তরঙ্গ কখনও ত্রাণমাত্রা ঠিক বজায় রেখে চলেছে। কখনও হঠাৎ তাল ভঙ্গ করে সংগীত ধ্বনিকে বেজাল করে নিচ্ছে। বাবা আর আমি কণ্ঠ হয়ে শুনি। বানিকবাবু বাবা উঠে বাইরে গেল এবং ৩/২ মিনিট বাকি ফিরে এসে বিচ্ছিন্ন গুণে পড়ল। আমিও বানিকবাবু তই করলাম। এইভাবে বাপ খাটায় রাত দুটো অবধি চাললাম। রাত দুটোর ঘব ছোড় আমরা নুতন বরষার মিলিত হলাম। বাবা বললেন — ‘ওরে কোলো, আজ রাতে ঘুম হবে বলে মনে হয় না রে।’

এবার গুরুদেবের কথাতে মিলে আসি। আমি তখন কলকাতা পড়ি। গুরুদেব ছুটিত বাড়ি এসেছি। আমি আর এখন বাচ্ছা ছোটো নই। এখন রীতিমতো কলেজ স্কুলেট। এখন আমি রাতে নবরবাতীতে ঘেতে পারি। সে অধিকার আমার হয়েছে। প্রতিরাতে ৩ ওয়া দাওয়ায় পর আমরা নবরবাতীতে এসে হই চই গল্পগল্প করে রাত এগারোটোর পর বাড়ি মিরতাম। সেদিন রাতে তাই করেছিলাম।

আমি ওত্তম আমাদের বাড়ির পূর্ব প্রান্তের একতলা ঘরে। ঘরটি উত্তর দক্ষিণ লম্বা। উত্তর প্রান্তে পাশাপাশি single খাট। একটাতে শোয় আমার ছোটোভাই গোপে আর বোটা পূর্বপ্রান্তে সেটাতে আমি। রাত এগারোটায় এসে আমি মশারি গুঁজে গুয়ে পড়লাম। সেদিন রাতে ঘুমোতে একটু দেরি হচ্ছিল। সেদিন বিকেল বেলায় মাঠে একটা অবধি গোলের সুযোগ নষ্ট করেছিলাম। শুনে গিয়ে সেই কথাটাই ভাবছিলাম আর এ-পাশ ও-পাশ করছিলাম। এমন সময় কানে এল নাসিকা ধ্বনি। আর সঙ্গে সঙ্গে আমাদের বংশের প্রতিজ্ঞার নিহরণ আমার মনো সঞ্চারিত হল। আর আমি আশ্চর্য হলাম গোপের কাণে দেখে। আমাদের বংশের সন্তান — ও নাক ডাকবে কেন? এই সব ভাবছি আর চটছি। আর গোপের নাক ডাকার শব্দ জোরে তারপর আরও জোরে — এইভাবে উর্ধ্বগামী হতে লাগল। আমি খুব রেগে গিয়ে চোঁচিয়ে উঠলাম — ‘এই গোপে, নাক ডাকচ্ছিস কেন? পশ ফিরে শো।’ নাক ডাকা বন্ধ হল। দুইকাম গোপে পাশ ফিরে গিয়েছে। এবার ঘুমোতে চেষ্টা করলাম। আবার সঙ্গে সঙ্গে এ আশঙ্কাও মনে এল যে গোপে আবার নাক ডাকবে নাচো? মনের আশঙ্কা বড়ো বেয়োতা জিনিস। যা থেকে ভয় ভাব চেয়ে বাড়ো হয়ে দাঁড়ায় এই আশঙ্কা। বিপিনবাবুর কথা মনে পড়ল। আর কণ্ঠ হয়ে অপেক্ষার রইলাম পবিত্রী নাক ডাকার জন্য। বেশিক্ষণ অপেক্ষা করতে হল না। মিনিট পনেরো পর আবার শুরু হল। এবার যেন আরও রং বেঁধে ভাব নিয়ে।

কিন্তু আগে ধরক যোগে — এটা যেন তাইই প্রতিবাদ। আমি আর দেরি করলাম না। গোপের মশারির মধ্যে হাত চালিয়ে গোপকে খুব জোরে জোরে ধাক্কা দিতে অবধি ধরক দিতে লাগলাম — ‘এই গোপে, ইজিয়েটে, নাক ডাকচ্ছিস কেন? তুই বংশের কুলদার। আমাদের বংশে কেউ নাক ডাকায় না। তুই ডাকচ্ছিস। পশ ফিরে শো। জানায়ায় কোথাকার।’ হয়তো বা আরও বেশি কিছু বলেছিলাম। আমার ধাক্কা খেয়ে গোপে আবার পাশ ফিরে গেল। আমি দুইকাম অঙ্গ রাতে আমার ঘুম নেই। ঘুম কখন এল মনে নেই। হয়তো বা শেষ রাতে। ঘুম ভাঙল অনেক দেরিতে — প্রায় সকাল দশটায়। ঘুম ভেঙে উঠে দেখি বাড়ির সবাই যেন একটু চূপচাপ, বড়ো একটু গম্ভীর আর অবহেলায় যেন একটা ধমকাম ভাব। মাকে জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম — ‘কী ব্যাপার? মা মনে মুখে বলল — ‘মার গুরুদেব আজ খুব জোরে উঠে, কাঁটারে কিছু না বলে চলে গেছেন। এজন্য মা খুব দুঃখ পেয়েছেন।’ আমি আশ্চর্য হলাম। গুরুদেব কখন এল — আমি তো কিছু জানি না। আমি মাকে জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম — ‘গুরুদেব কখন এলেন? কই আমি তে দেখিনি।’ আমার চেয়ে মা আরও অবাক কণ্ঠ বলল — ‘সেকী রে কল রাতে গুরুদেব তো গোপের খাটে গিয়েছিল।’ জলের মতো সব পরিষ্কার হয়ে গেল। মা নদুমাতে খুব ভয় পেত। বলল — ‘আমি আর সামনে যেতে পাব না।’

আমি গেলাম নাদুমাতে কাছে। নাদুমা ততোগোপে গিয়েছিল। মুখ মান, দুঃখ ভাবাক্রান্ত। আমি জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম — ‘নাদুমা, গুরুদেব নাকি কাকেও কিছু না বলে, ভোরবেলা চলে গেছেন?’ নাদুমা শীর্ণকণ্ঠ বললেন — ‘হ্যাঁবে কেনো, গুরুদেব খুব জোরে উঠে আমাদের কাঁটকে কিছু না বলে চলে গেছেন। কী যে আমার অপরাধ হয়েছিল কিছুই বুঝতে পারছি না।’ আমি জানি কী অপরাধ। মনে সাহস নষ্ট করে বললাম — ‘অপরাধ কী আমি তা জানি।’ নাদুমা ধর্মমুগ্ধ করে উঠে কল। বলল — ‘তুই কী জামিন রে কোলো, কল বন সব খুলে এল।’ আমি — ‘কল রাতে গুরুদেব গোপের খাটে গিয়েছিল।’ নাদুমা — ‘হ্যাঁবে, কল বন প্রায় দশটা নাগাদ গুরুদেব এলেন। অত রাতে কী আর করি। গোপকে দোহলার পাঠিয়ে ওখানে গুরুদেবের শোবার ব্যবস্থা করে দিলাম।’ আমি — ‘কিন্তু নাদুমা, একথা আমার তো কেউ জানায়নি।’ এই বলে সমস্ত ব্যাপার নাদুমাতে কাছে প্রকাশ করলাম। আমি তখন আমার শান্তির কথা ভাবিনি। ভেবেছিলাম নাদুমাতে মনে শান্তির কথা। নাদুমা সব শুনে চূপ করে বসে বইল। আমি রইলাম উদ্ভীষ্ট হয়ে। বানিকবাবু দীর্ঘ নিশ্বাস ফেলে নাদুমা কল — ‘সবই আমার অন্তঃ। এ আমারই অপরাধের কল। তোকে জানান যে কত দরকার তা এখন বুঝছি। তখন বুঝিনি। এ আমার অন্তঃ। তোকে কোনো দোষ নেই। তোরে উপর আমার কোনো রাগ নেই।’ — এই কথা বলে আমার কাছে টেনে নিতে আমার মাথায় হাত বুলিয়ে দিল। এই যে গুরুদেবের বাচ্চাদের কাছে টেনে এনে মাথায় সমোহ হাত বুলিয়ে দেওয়া যে কী কলতা আমরা আমাদের ছেলেবেলায় জানতাম। ঠিক সেই জিনিস, ঠিক সেই ভাবে — তেমনটা তো আজকাল বড়ো



**Of Images and Voices.....****Kolkata Memories**

Many Years ago,  
My father left his home  
Embraced you,  
Forced-  
Not out of desire-  
But, you became his Kolkata.

Baba left your embrace,  
Fighting for his breath  
On a hospital bed-  
Sounds of beating drums-  
The noisy cymbals,  
Drowning out my anger-  
For dear Baba –  
He understood.  
Kolkata was welcoming  
Durga-  
Her Mother, her Daughter –  
The noise did not disturb,  
He knew he was going-  
She would take him with her  
That was his faith.  
I voiced my irritation-  
I had forgotten,  
In my western habit?  
The nurse told me –  
It's only once a year-  
What else is there in their  
lives?  
Who am I to complain?-  
For I am one of those  
Who write, speak and dream  
In a language that has no  
roots  
In the home  
I left.  
For I am one of those  
Whose loves, dreams,  
ambitions,  
And Life  
Did not play out  
On the dirty pavements and  
alleys of Kolkata.  
I am not the woman  
Whose hunger made her  
make dispassionate love on  
the pavement,

Nor nurture her baby  
On the streets- exposed  
However,  
I am one of those who left.

But,  
As I lie at night  
In the comfortable embrace  
of my adopted home,  
I dream of the broken down  
structure  
Of the home I left-  
Of the city I turned away.  
Of my ma  
Fighting a failing body  
and memories that had long  
escaped.  
I remember her strength  
As she had gripped my  
hands-  
On the way to school.  
Now I see the tremor,  
I look away.

As my nights burn  
With dreams of my past  
And present –  
I travel once a year,  
Eastwards,  
Brief embraces,  
Never long –  
Make excuses-  
The oppressive heat?  
The chaos?  
Agonize over the changes –  
And the things that remain  
unchanged.  
Yet, failing to stay on-  
Or hold my mother's  
trembling hands  
As she had once held mine.

My arms are maimed,  
I cannot embrace-  
I do not have the courage.  
I use words to soothe  
The hurt-  
And when words  
Start to hurt,  
I pause-  
Although my mouth do not  
speak,  
I look away,  
Yet I yearn for her embrace.

- Kakoli Mitra  
June 2009





## His Master's Voice

**Prabhat Mukherjee**



I was born and brought up in a central Indian town called Nagpur, making me a "probasi bangali" by birth. Nagpur was a provincial capital of M.P. province, when I was born but later became part of Maharashtra losing its capital status but it had lots of Central Government Offices and obviously this town had abundant salary men. My father was no exception. When I was a child, maybe three or four years old, I faintly remember the excitement in our home when my father bought a gramophone. This was sometimes in mid 1950s when owning a gramophone was a luxury for any middle class family.

My family and several members of the neighborhood stood in our living room, staring with curiosity at the technological marvel of the day called a Gramophone- a "talking machine"- thanks to the master of an inventor by the genius named Thomas Edison who produced a phonograph, a predecessor of Gramophone machine. The horn shaped big brass loudspeaker protruding from small shining wooden cabinet stood tall in the room. The cabinet had an overhung crank on one side and a felt-covered metal round plate on top. My father took a heavy black disc, grooved on both sides, and placed it over the spindle. The black disc was called a "record" and each side of it used to run a complete song for 3 minutes duration in 78 rpm speed. The Gramophone cabinet as well as the disc had a painted label of a dog sitting close to the gramophone and listening attentively to his master's voice by putting its ear near the big horn. This label was very famous for the Gramophone Company named "HMV- His Master's Voice". The Nipper dog, a terrier, was owned by one Mark Barraud who died leaving the dog behind in the care of his brother Francis who later produced this master-piece painting and sold to Gramophone Company. The dog was listening to his deceased master's voice. HMV was an answer to the American brands called CBS-Columbia Broadcasting Station and RCA- Radio Corporation of America

My father turned the hand-crank several times, meticulously setting a metallic disposable needle called a "pin" on the outermost groove of the disc and then retired to his chair. Everyone stared at the machine in eager anticipation. The disc would spin quickly and soon began to sing. It sounded to all present, like actual voices of the singers. It would be hard to believe that a needle and a record could bring the musical performance to life. At the end of the 3 minutes of rapt attention, the small audience would break into applause. The disc would be turned-over and the whole process would be repeated to hear a second song.

The gramophone and radio arrived in India in 1920s and '30s but remained as an exclusive privilege for the elite till arrival of cheaper contraptions from Europe in 1950s. I still remember, it was only our household in the entire neighborhood which had both a radio (also HMV make) as well as the gramophone which at that time were considered to be a luxury. My father was, otherwise, a frugal person but he opted to be not miser to indulge himself in the musical delights. He had been purchasing large number of discs which included songs, poem recitations and dramas. We became familiar with Sehgal, Kamala Jharia, Angur Bala, Kanon Bala, Juthika Roy, Pankaj Mullick. One drama named "Harishchandra and Shobha" was an instant hit and after listening to the drama for full six minutes, we used to feel as if we had just watched a movie in a cinema hall. D.L Roy's "Shahjahan" was another hit.

Because of un-affordability of the machine, we used to see a large crowd from our neighborhood gathering at our house to enjoy such "musical extravaganza". My father had a large collection records. The collection was the thrill, the pleasure of touching and seeing sound and the meticulous compilation of such records, an exhilarating experience. The singers and the actors of the dramas became legends and heroes in every household.

For nearly two decades the gramophone reigned supreme, until the arrival of another technological invention called cassette tapes. This changed the music scene. The less complex, affordable medium with portability convenience of a record player, named Walkman, sounded a death-knell for the gramophone industry. It was end of an era. The 1990s saw creation of CDs, CD-players--thus making cassette players a thing of the past. Soon another technological invention would make gramophone, the cassette tape players and CD players, all in one--the

dinosaurs. It would be the Internet and the MP3 players which would bring a total revolution for the musical experience. With file sharing all around the world at the same time with multiple owners of the songs, the need to buy songs would disappear. In fact, anyone owning a mobile phone at home would become owner of a music disc burning plant.

The gramophone was thoroughly intertwined with my childhood and early youth. I would remember those days when I would in a solitary mood, listen to the composer of a song directly in the confines of my living room through the gramophone, music haunting in the room, and me, detached from all external interactions. Yet, I cannot appreciate the youth I see on the Calgary streets or C-Tains now, head positioned at a slight angle, plugged into earphones of the MP3 players, mouth rolling, totally oblivious of the surrounding. This is no way comparable to the solitary listening experience of my time.

Our old gramophone stands even today in our ancestral home, albeit as an antique piece. It is kept wrapped in a silken cloth, From time to time, all of us, the brothers and sisters, when we meet, would clean it and polish the brass horn, the crank and the wooden cabinet. We, even today preserve it with child-like care. On special occasions of family re-union, we would unwrap it and show it to our children. With deep nostalgia, we would exclaim—how beautiful were our musical days !!.

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# Feet Touched the Ground

**Tapan Chakrabarty**  
(July, 2010)

36 years! That's how long I've been living in France, Canada and the USA and that's also how long I've been away from my roots—the shady tree branches, the mangos in the summer, the jack fruits in the monsoon, the date palm juice in the winter, and the scented jasmine flowers in the spring, and the fertile ground these grew on. Finally I felt a pull of the ground—the ground of my village in Bangladesh.

The pull was first felt while running the Athens Marathon in Greece in 2007 and pondering about my village, the high school, its legendary headmaster and my parents. A Google satellite map of the village made that pull so strong that I had to go. It mattered little that my India-born wife worried about my safety. It mattered little that I didn't go back to BGD since I boarded a flight to Paris from Dhaka in September, 1974 and that I didn't have a safe place to stay in the village, Matlab. Fortunately, Matlab has an internationally recognized research centre in ICDDR'B (International Centre for Diarrhoeal Diseases Research, Bangladesh), which also has a guesthouse that caters to scientists, doctors, nurses, students, professors from around the world. The Matlab head of ICDDR'B, Dr. Yunus, accepted me as a visiting scholar after looking at my credentials and my interest in understanding the arsenic problem with the hope of developing a solution after I retire from my current employment. Himself an accomplished scientist, who pioneered the successful oral hydration project for treating cholera patients, Dr. Yunus is a very pious, friendly scientist willing to explore new ideas and bring in new people to solve the arsenic problem. I paid for all the costs for transportation, meals and rooms. ICDDR'B does not provide remuneration to visiting scholars, as it gets project-specific funding from developed nations.

In January, 2010, I boarded a flight to Frankfurt on my way to Dhaka. Nobody in the village knew I was coming. Emotions overwhelmed me in the shower of the Ideas Manzil Hotel in Gulshan, Dhaka on the morning I was leaving for Matlab. Those were tears of joy and sadness—the joy in anticipation of seeing my school and village after 36 years and the sadness knowing that my mom would not be there in the village like she did on my many past trips from Dhaka to Matlab when I was a student and then a lecturer at Bangladesh University of Engineering and Technology (BUET).

The first place I visited at Matlab even before I checked into the guesthouse was my high school. I met the person who used to ring the bell to announce the end of a class. I talked to a classmate who is a teacher in the school. In the school, I took a picture of the "board of fame" with my name and the names of other students who placed high in the tenth grade board exam. Next to the board on the wall, the camera found the picture of our headmaster, the late Waliullah Patwari—a Tagore (the Nobel prize-winning poet from Bengal) look-alike figure with a long white beard, a sharp nose and a fair complexion—who turned this school in middle of nowhere into one of the most reputed schools in the whole country. I saw the long bench where my father sat with his colleagues between classes. I

looked at the classroom where I was writing an exam and from where the headmaster called me out to take me home and see my father succumbing to cholera. The year was 1961 and I was 11.

The second place I wasted no time visiting was my village and the house I grew up in. The small village is now a sprawling town with buildings everywhere. Our house was unrecognizable because of the many modifications around it. I saw a lady in the kitchen and asked her about the person whom I knew bought our house from a family friend who got it free from my mother when she went to India for treatment. The lady looked at me for a few seconds and then touched my feet with her forehead. She stood up and said, "I'm Dolly." "Dolly? How did you recognize me?" I asked. "Your face has not changed much," she replied. I was flattered, crediting quietly this compliment to my marathon running. Dolly is our next door neighbour's daughter and the current housewife of our house at Matlab. For a few seconds, through Dolly, I saw my mother who was not there.

The strong bond between me and the trees became apparent while I was in the village. I was searching for the trees that I climbed as a kid, ate fruits from, took shelter under from the scorching sun in the summer. Most of the trees are gone now—victims of fuel shortage and urbanization. Two mango trees in our yard were still there, offering me their shades. If they could talk, I would have learnt what I missed in the past 36 years. The date palm tree giving juice in the winter was missing.

While I was looking for my parents' second house five miles away from Matlab in Bishnupur, I met a gentleman about my age on the road. He recognized me and my father and said, "I know you very well. You used to come to your house, climb the trees and read books there." His recollection was so vivid that I hugged him on the spur of the moment. That moment transcended religion—he is a Muslim and I am a Hindu. He also said, "We miss all the fun we used to have during Durga Pooja (the worshipping of the Goddess of strength and beauty) your parents celebrated." This encounter and others strengthened my belief that most people are basically decent and that religion has been abused by a few for their political, financial and perverted spiritual gains, creating unnecessary and unhealthy tension.

I stood on the wooden bridge over the canal and reminisced about jumping into the monsoon water below and catching small fish using a bamboo rod with a cotton thread and cooked rice bait. I walked through the narrow strip between two paddy fields, the way I did as a kid. I touched the trunk of the only tree left from our childhood days—a lone palm tree on the north-east corner of the pond. I remembered seeing the palm leaves shake feeling the heat from the raging flame below and hearing the scream of my grieving mother when my father was cremated several feet away in 1961.

I walked in and around the yard of our house—the yard on which we played soccer by using any seasonal fruit that was almost round. The feet touched and felt the ground.

I walked on the four banks of the pond where we had bathed and once I had caught a *koi* fish not by hands as my skilled friends did, but accidentally stepping on the fish and getting it trapped between my right foot and the pond mud below. I remembered these fish coming out of water and walking on the ground on their gills at the sound of



thunderstorm. I went to the spot where three of us once sat on a freshly washed and dried bed sheet placed under the nut tree, mimicking the groom party we saw in a family wedding earlier.

My brother from Madras, India, who left Bangladesh (then East Pakistan) in 1962 and never went back, called when I was in the yard of our house. When he knew where I was, his first question was "Is the nut tree on the bank of the big pond still there?" 48 years of separation did not break the bond between the tree and my brother.

I visited relatives in a village—Paniala in Noakhali—where Gandhi stayed in the house next to my aunt's place, with his famous goat (Gandhi liked goat milk) and entourage to quell the riots that ensued after the British left India in 1947. My aunt had passed away two months before I arrived there. My uncle and his sons and their wives were there to entertain me. The meal cooked with freshly prepared pastes of spices there was so memorable. Anything they thought I would like was cooked with care and served with even more care with each dish served on a small bowl around a brass plate full of rice. I ate fish and vegetables I didn't have for 36 years. In their house, I saw the stone statue of the Goddess of strength (*Kali*) that my mother worshiped in our house at Matlab. In their yard, I saw two tube wells: one arsenic-laden and marked "red" and the other arsenic-free, marked "green".

The arsenic problem in BGD is a poignant story. A well-intentioned solution (tube wells) to address one problem (diarrheal diseases caused by drinking surface water) led to a more serious problem (skin diseases and cancers caused by arsenic-laden water). Innocent villagers are showing signs of arsenic poisoning with black spots on palms, nails and on the skin. Many have developed skin cancers. The ICDDR'B has done and is doing research on removing arsenic from water and developing medicines for treating patients already poisoned.

Through ICDDR'B, I had two field trips in which I saw facilities for removing arsenic from water by filtration, collecting arsenic-free rain water from corrugated tin roofs, and filtering bacteria and silts from arsenic-free pond water. I also saw tube wells that had been painted "red" and tube wells painted "green". In general, deeper wells have less arsenic. Apparently, bathing with arsenic water is OK, but drinking it is not. For treating arsenic-poisoned patients, Columbia University from NY, with help from ICDDR'B, is conducting a clinical trial of 7000 patients with Vitamin E or selenium, prescribed alone or in combination. Funded by NIH, USA, the Bangladesh Vitamin E and Selenium Trial (aka BEST) is managed in Bangladesh by Dr. Yunus and Dr. Samar Hore. They made sure I had the right information and visited the right places and patients. I met patients who had very little education and then some who were teachers, journalists and pharmacists. They were very well-treated by the physicians from the ICDDR'B, checking on them from time to time, even providing *samosas* while they were waiting. Patients who signed up for the trial also get free medical treatment for other health conditions. An ethics committee made sure patients were not unduly taken advantage of.

ICDDR'B guesthouse is an oasis in Matlab with excellent security, courteous staff and comfortable accommodation. It is in a tranquil location on the north side of a fishing pond dotted with coconut and *Debdaru* trees on three banks and the hospital and the research centre on the fourth, and surrounded by paddy fields on the south, west and north side. The food cooked in Bangladeshi style and bottled water kept this Canadian stomach happy and disease free.

The staff in the research centre at Matlab is motivated and hard working, thanks to a lucrative compensation package and a western-style management, focusing on service and results.

There were so many things to see, so many paths to walk on, and so many memories to revisit. My training for the Boston Marathon in April, 2010, took a back seat. On three occasions, I dressed up in my running short and tee-shirt, drawing strange looks from villagers who were shivering from a cold spell that affected the entire country. But each run became a walk as I saw something I needed to see more and saw someone I needed to talk to.

I went to the fish market where we had haggled to buy fish 36 to 50 years ago. The roof above and the stalls below still looked the same, but fewer varieties of fish were visible.

I saw a skilled climber climbing a date palm tree, making a fresher cut on the already cut tree trunk just below the thorny leaves, and placing a jar below the spout for the juice to drain through all night. I saw farmers planting paddy plants on water-flooded field barefooted and graciously posing for photographs at my request. I saw kids following me and pleading with me to be photographed more than once. Through them, I saw myself fifty years younger.

I visited several village schools where both the teachers and the students were delighted to see me in the classroom. One teacher affectionately wrote on the board: "*Dada* (respected brother) has come from Canada."

It was tough to leave Matlab after two weeks of reliving my childhood.

Back in Dhaka, I had lunch and dinner with our headmaster's son (Mr. Niyamatullah Patwari) and son-in-law, the supremely talented Dr. Matin Patwari, who became Vice Chancellor of three universities in BGD, including that of the most respected institution in the country, the BUET. His name was on the school's "board of fame"—1950, First, East Pakistan Board. He was the pride of our headmaster and my father (a teacher in the school), who used his unprecedented result to inspire us to do well in studies. In Dhaka, through his son, I saw my headmaster. Through his son-in-law, I saw the biggest accomplishment of our headmaster and that of our high school.

The hospitality and good naturedness of the Bangladeshi people impressed me the most. Wherever I went, I was offered, on many occasions, to have a meal even if some did not have the means. It reminded me of my mother who always felt guests were like God, and must be fed and respected.

After three weeks in Matlab and Dhaka, I boarded a Jet Airways flight from Dhaka to Kolkata, India, where my brother from Madras came to see the photos of the places he last saw 48 years ago.

Back in Calgary, the pull of the ground has become even stronger as I think about the villages more often than before. There are newer dreams—dreams filled with sharper frames, replacing the 36-years-old obscure frames.



# Dream

**Jayashree Mukherjee**



It is not a usual day for me – as I'm in an examination hall. My heart is pounding in anxiety! My mouth is dry! The examiner appears and hands me the question paper and answer sheet. I am going through the paper – but, oh no what is it? It's all so different from what I had learned! I am not prepared for it at all. O God! What do I do now? I looked around. Everyone appeared to be at ease. It is only me! I start sweating – suddenly I wake up and find me in my bed. What a relief! I am at home. It was only a dream. Oh! thank you God!

I think most of us have a similar dreams many times in our life. The anxiety of examination is so deep-rooted in our brain that it comes back time and again in our dreams. We all dream. Every night when we go to bed, slowly we make a journey from the area of consciousness to the world of dream. Here our imagination runs free. Dream can be strange, funny or scary – what we call a nightmare. Some people say they see dream in black and white! – Really?! I have no idea however. Anything may happen in a dream. It is just like the famous nursery rhyme – where we see - the cow jumps over the moon and the dish runs away with the spoon. Also strange things keep going on in "Alice In Wonderland." (yet they seem almost real whenever we read the story). When we get up in the morning we bring with us glimpses of our dream but never all of it.

Dreaming is a universal experience. Earlier concept of dreaming had only been confirmed in humans, but recently there have been research reports -supporting a view that even other animals too dream. Dreaming has been associated with rapid eye movement (REM) sleep. It's a lighter form of sleep that occurs during the earlier or mostly during the later part of the sleep cycle. It is characterized by rapid horizontal eye movement. This time we have increased heart beat and respiratory function and temporary paralysis of the body.

Dreams are full of imagery – ranging from normal to surreal. Dreams often provoke artistic and other forms of inspiration to poets, writers, artists, movie directors and even to religious leaders. Originally dream was taken to be the voice of God. Many indigenous cultures say that dream is sent by Great Spirit to offer advice and instruction. We find many such examples in Greek, Egyptian and Indian mythology. In the Old Testament we find Jacob interpreting a dream for the Egyptian pharaoh.

In the early part of this century however dream was studied scientifically by two great psychologists – Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung. Each of them had his own theory. Now a days, many Psychologists treat their patients by interpreting their dreams. Alfred Hitchcock in his famous suspense movie "Spellbound" had filmed a very dramatic scene where the lead character-as a patient was describing his dream to his psychologist. The images of his dream were presented mystically through the paintings of famous painter Salvador Dale.

In many movies dream sequence seems to be a favorite of the directors. The audiences too enjoy them a lot. When I was a school girl I saw Charles Chaplin's famous movie "The Kid" It has a beautiful dream sequence. I still enjoy the scene whenever I watch the movie. Every morning when I get up I always try to recall my dream and talk about it while we are having dinner together. If some morning I don't remember my dream I feel as if I have lost something. As a child my mom used to teach us the good sleeping habits in a little tricky way. She used to say if you sleep on your left you have a bad dream and sleeping on your right will bring you a good dream. Later I came to know by sleeping on your left you are pressing your heart and that disturbs your sleep.

I enjoy dreaming and I don't like to get any technical explanation of them that one dream analyst may give Simple reason is that it may bring out some meaning which may totally spoil my imagination. Such a thing happened to my daughter when she was a little girl. Once I read her a fairytale where it was told that when it rains, it is because the fairies and Gods take a shower. My little daughter used to be so thrilled to get a shower in the rain thinking it is coming from the fairy land. Eventually she grew up, went to school and one day she came back so depressed and asked me " Mom, is the teacher right – that, it's the water cycle that causes the rain, not the fairies and Gods taking a shower?" By that time I forgot the story I read to her but she remembered it and her childhood innocence took it for real. Her world of dream was shattered by the crude reality of science. I could not look at her sad eyes.

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অনুরাধা ও আদিত্য বৈষ্ণব

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রসেনজিৎ সাহা ও  
অনিন্দিতা সেনগুপ্ত সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কিরীটি, মিতা ও কৃষ্টি রায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কাকলি, সুব্রত, ঋতু, ও সপ্তর্ষি মিত্র

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

মিতালী ও সন্তোষ মজুমদার,  
সীমা, রুবু, রুমা, স্যাল, নেথন ও বাচ্চারা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শিবানী, প্রত্যাষ, রাজা, রাহুল  
ও সর্বাণী দত্তচৌধুরী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

তাপস, পঞ্চরতপা, পলা ও মিঠুন চৌধুরী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কল্যান, করবী ও ইন্দ্রানী রায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সপ্তর্ষি, অপর্ণা ও সিদ্ধার্থ বসু

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

গৌতম, পাপিয়া ও প্রিয়া ব্যানার্জী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

হিরণ্যায়, সুচরিতা ও  
আদিত্যদেব মুখার্জী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ \*বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

গীতালী, অমিতাভ, নীল মজুমদার,  
সোনালী, ইন্দ্রজিৎ, রোহন ও মায়া ভট্টাচার্য্য



BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

উমা ও কান্তি কর

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

ইন্দ্রজিৎ, কৃষ্ণা ও আদিত্য সিদ্ধান্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শেফালী, ক্ষীতিশ, সুপর্ণা, শঙ্কর,  
সাগর ও শ্বেতা বণিক

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রবীর, শ্যামলী,  
সৌরভ ও গৌরব নিয়োগী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

মালবিকা, কৌশিক ও অসিতা গুপ্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

ডালিয়া, সুভাষ ও শুভালয় মজুমদার

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

জয়দীপ, লোপামুদ্রা ও তীর্থদীপ সান্যাল

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সুমিত, নীলা ও সায়ন্তিকা মুখোপাধ্যায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

পার্থ, শ্রাবন্তী, সরিত ও  
সমার্ঘ্য মুখোপাধ্যায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

দিলীপ, জয়শ্রী,  
আরিয়ান ও রোহন নন্দী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

মহুয়া, সিদ্ধার্থ ও সোহিনী দাশগুপ্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

মালা, বীরেন, মোনালী ও রাহুল দাসবিশ্বাস

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

অনিন্দ্য, শম্পা ও আদিত্য চৌধুরী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সঞ্জয়, গোধুলি, শৌনক ও অনীষা সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

অমিতাভ, মাধুরী, রিয়া, রাহুল  
ও মায়া সরকার

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

নীলাঞ্জন, মণীষা ও অমৃতা নাগ

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শম্পা, সুমিত ও সায়াহু সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

মহুয়া, সিদ্ধার্থ ও সোহিনী দাশগুপ্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সাখী, চয়ন,  
তিথি, তিলা ও মিলা দত্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শুক্রা, প্রদীপ ও পিউ চক্রবর্তী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

পার্থ, শাশ্বতী, স্বায়ত্তন পাল ও শুক্লা সুর রায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রবীর, সুমিত্রা ও শুচিরূপা অধিকারী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সঞ্জয়, রিজু ও তুহিন চন্দ্র

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শুভময়, অদিতি ও ঝকরত দাশগুপ্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রবীর, অঞ্জনা, পরাগ ও সঞ্জমিত্রা ধর

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

নীলাঞ্জন ও অনুসূয়া গাজুলী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কান্তা, প্রদীপ ও প্রশান্ত সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বিশ্বজিত, শম্পা ও সুকন্যা সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শচীন, সোনালী, সৌভিক ও সৌম্য মাইতি

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ "বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

রীতা কর্মকার, রিকুল ও রঞ্জন নন্দী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

দিলীপ, অনীতা, জেনিফার ও দীপন কর

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রদীপ্ত শঙ্কর, রুপা, মনিদীপ্তা ও দীপ্তরূপ ঘোষ

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শীতল খান

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

ভাস্কর ও দেবী মহাজন

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সুস্মিতা, ঝুমক, ঝক ও রাইমা দত্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কুমারেশ ও মঞ্জু মজুমদার

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

হরেন্দ্রনাথ, লিপিকা,  
হিমেল, হিন্দোল ও হিল্লোল মন্ডল

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বাসুদেব, ভক্তি, শম্পা, স্বপ্না ও অসিত দত্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বিশ্বরূপ, সুপর্ণা ও সপ্তর্ষি মুখোপাধ্যায়

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

অরবিন্দ, কৃষ্ণা ও অর্পিতা সাহা



BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

দিলীপ, অনীতা, জেনিফার ও দীপন কর

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
আন্তরিক অভিনন্দন এবং শুভ বিজয়ার প্রীতি  
ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রদীপ্ত শঙ্কর, রূপা, মনিদীপ্তা ও দীপ্তরূপ ঘোষ

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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শীতল খান

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ভাস্কর ও দেবী মহাজন

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সুস্মিতা, বুমক, ঝক ও রাইমা দত্ত

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কুমারেশ ও মঞ্জু মজুমদার

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হরেন্দ্রনাথ, লিপিকা,  
হিমেল, হিন্দোল ও হিল্লোল মন্ডল

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বাসুদেব, ভক্তির, শম্পা, স্বপ্না ও অসিত দত্ত

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বিশ্বরূপ, সুপর্ণা ও সপ্তর্ষি মুখোপাধ্যায়

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

অরবিন্দ, কৃষ্ণা ও অর্পিতা সাহা

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

গৌতম, রীতা, প্রীতম ও শ্রেয়া সাহা

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

কৌশিক, সঙ্গীতা ও কিশলয় সাহা

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রাণতোষ, আল্পনা ও প্রিয়কপ্রাণ সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

অলোক, দীপা ও রয়ন সরকার

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

বিশ্বনাথ, সুইটি, তুরিন ও হেরিল সাহা

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

শ্যামল, রঞ্জনা, বিদীষা ও মনীষা সেন

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

দীপঙ্কর, রোমা ব্রহ্মচারী

BAC- এর সদস্যবৃন্দকে জানাই শারদীয়ার  
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

সঞ্জয়, সুদর্শনা ও সঞ্জনা দাস

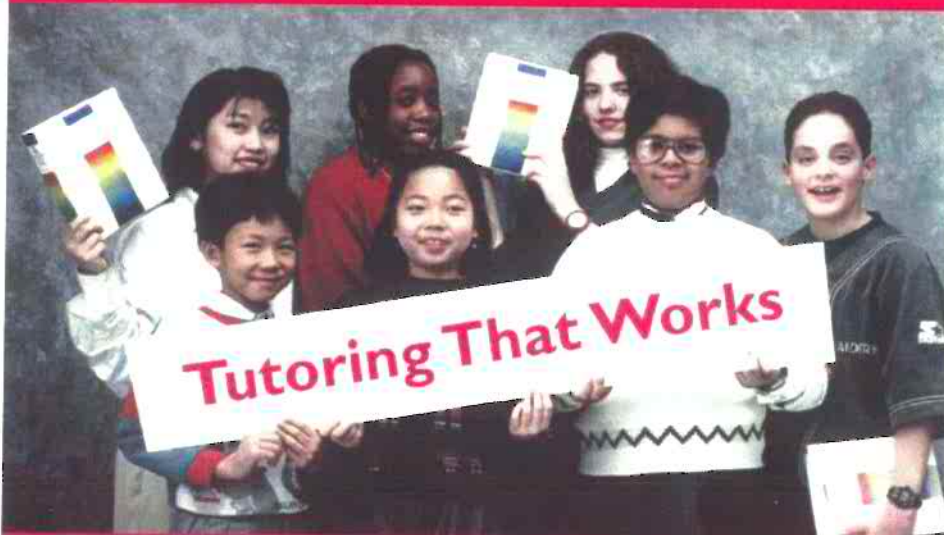
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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

প্রদীপ, শর্মিষ্ঠা ও মেঘনা বন্দোপাধ্যায়

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ও শুভেচ্ছা।

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