



Goan CONVENTION 2014

July 4 - 6, 2014
Pittsburgh, PA



**OUR BEST WISHES
TO GOAN CONVENTION
2014**

**Dr. Anil Shirwaikar
Vanita Shirwaikar
Simmi Shirwaikar**



EDITOR'S Foreword

On behalf of the organizing committee of the 12th biennial Goan Convention I am presenting before you the literary talents of the community. I take this opportunity to thank the President, Dr. Shubhada Sawardekar tai, and the Chair and Program Chair Ameeta Ambe for reposing their faith in me.

This convention itself is happening at a lightening pace and we have been literally pulling out our hair to make this event a memorable one. I want to thank each one of you who took time and effort to contribute to this magazine.

Considering the abbreviated time in putting this magazine together all I can say is that this effort would not come to fruition without your generous contributions and encouragement.

I would like to thank my husband Suyog Bhobe and daughter Sachin Bhobe for their constant support.

The end product of these four month exercise is laid before your eyes. The entire project is beautifully presented to you by Trisha Ambe who has artistically weaved all of these together to make it like a beautiful literary tapestry. Thank you, Trisha, from the bottom of my heart.

Happy reading to all of you.

Dr. Swati Bhobe

IN MEMORY OF
PRAMODINI NUNO
NEVREKAR SHENOI



Best wishes for grand
success 2014 Goan Convention

V.G. SHENOI &
FAMILY

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With Best Wishes from Karmali Family

NARENDRA
ASHA
PREETI
KUNAL
PRIYA

WITH BEST WISHES
TO
GOAN CONVENTION 2014
FROM

DR. PRADEEP AND SADHANA KENI
SARITA, ERIC & JAY

BEST WISHES
TO THE
GOAN CONVENTION

Pittsburgh, PA 2014

Dr. Arun Sawardekar

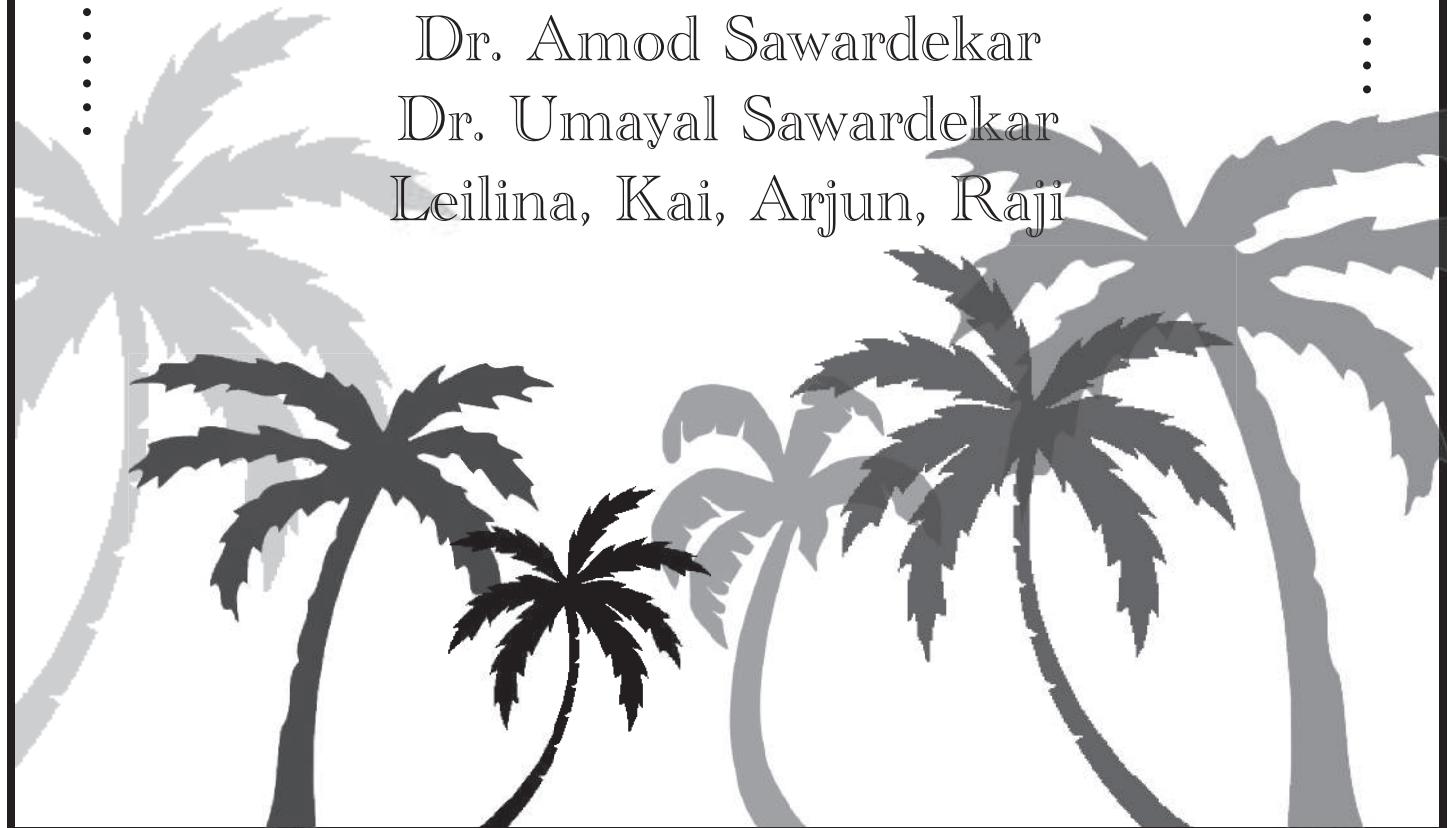
Dr. Shubhada Sawardekar

Dr. Mranali Sawardekar

Dr. Amod Sawardekar

Dr. Umayal Sawardekar

Leilina, Kai, Arjun, Raji



PRESIDENT'S Letter

Mogal Goykars,

Welcome to the 12th Biennial Goan Convention in Pittsburgh, PA. I would like to thank each and every goan who has contributed in some way or the other towards this convention. To put this event together in such a short time frame, our committee has worked relentlessly to ensure that this event can be smooth and enjoyable.

Goan Convention started as a small seed in 1993, in Pittsburgh and over the years has slowly sprouted into a strong tree. Goan Convention is very strong now and blossoms every two years. We are here today because of our common bond as a goan, from our dear land of Goa. At such conventions we get to connect with our old friends & relatives, make new friends who we seldom see because of our busy life in USA. I hope this will develop into a multigenerational event so we can enjoy these conventions for many more years to come.

My special thanks go to our committee, who, have worked very hard for the last 4 months. They include Ameeta/Prashant Ambe, Mahesh/Nita & Ankit Sardesai, Swati/Suyog Bhobe and special thanks to my husband Arun Sawardekar who has done a wonderful job soliciting sponsorships/pledges. I am very thankful to all our sponsors who have opened their hearts and wallets to make this event possible. Most importantly my special gratitude go out to all our attendee. Without your strong support this convention wouldn't be successful.

Thanks again,

Shubhada (Rekha) Sawardekar



Convention PROGRAM

NOTE: Program schedule may be subject to change

DAY 1: FRIDAY JULY 4, 2014

2:30 - 5:00 pm	REGISTRATION - Sheraton Pittsburgh Airport Hotel Lobby
3:00 - 5:00 pm	Tea & Snacks - Grand Ballroom
5:30 pm	WELCOME ADDRESS - Grand Ballroom
6:00 - 8:30 pm	YOUNG ADULT'S PRIVATE PARTY - Latitude 360 <i>Bowling, Games, & Lounge for Ages 15 and over</i> <i>Bus will leave at 6 pm sharp from hotel entrance</i>
6:00 - 6:30 pm	"GOA'S GOT TALENT" Kids Program - Grand Ballroom
6:30 - 7:30 pm	Cocktail Party - Grand Ballroom <i>Dress Code: Semi-Formal</i> Kids' Dinner - Grand Ballroom
7:30 - 9:00 pm	"GOA'S GOT TALENT" PROGRAM - Grand Ballroom
8:00 - 9:00 pm	KIDS DANCE WORKSHOP - Commonwealth Room
9:00 - 10:00 pm	DINNER - Grand Ballroom
10:00 onwards	DJ, DANCING, & KARAOKE - Grand Ballroom

DAY 2: SATURDAY JULY 5, 2014

7:30 - 8:00 am	YOGA - Commonwealth Room
8:00 - 8:30 am	ZUMBA - Commonwealth Room
8:00 - 9:30 am	BREAKFAST - Grand Ballroom
10:00 - 3:00 pm	PICNIC - Hopewell Community Park <i>Buses leave hotel at 9:45 am and return at 3 pm to hotel entrance</i>
3:00 - 4:30 pm	SIESTA & BREAK TIME (Optional) <i>Young adults may convene in Commonwealth room or pool</i>
4:00 - 5:00 pm	Tea, Coffee & Snacks - Grand Ballroom
5:30 - 7:00 pm	"PITTSBURGH'S GOT TALENT" PROGRAM - Grand Ballroom
7:00 - 8:00 pm	Cocktails - Grand Ballroom

8:00 - 9:30 pm | **DINNER** - Grand Ballroom

9:30 - 12:00 am | **PITTSBURGH DRIVE AROUND TOUR BY NIGHT** - Hotel Entrance
Bus will leave at 9:45 pm sharp from hotel entrance

12:00 onwards | **GAZAALI & KHABRYO** - Grand Ballroom & Commonwealth Room

DAY 3: SUNDAY JULY 6, 2014

8:30 - 10:00 pm | **BREAKFAST** - Grand Ballroom

9:00 - 12:00 pm | **YOUNG ADULTS MINGLING** - Commonwealth Room

9:00 - 12:00 pm | **SHOPS & VENDORS** - Grand Ballroom

10:00 - 10:30 am | **LECTURE ON RETIREMENT** - Grand Ballroom

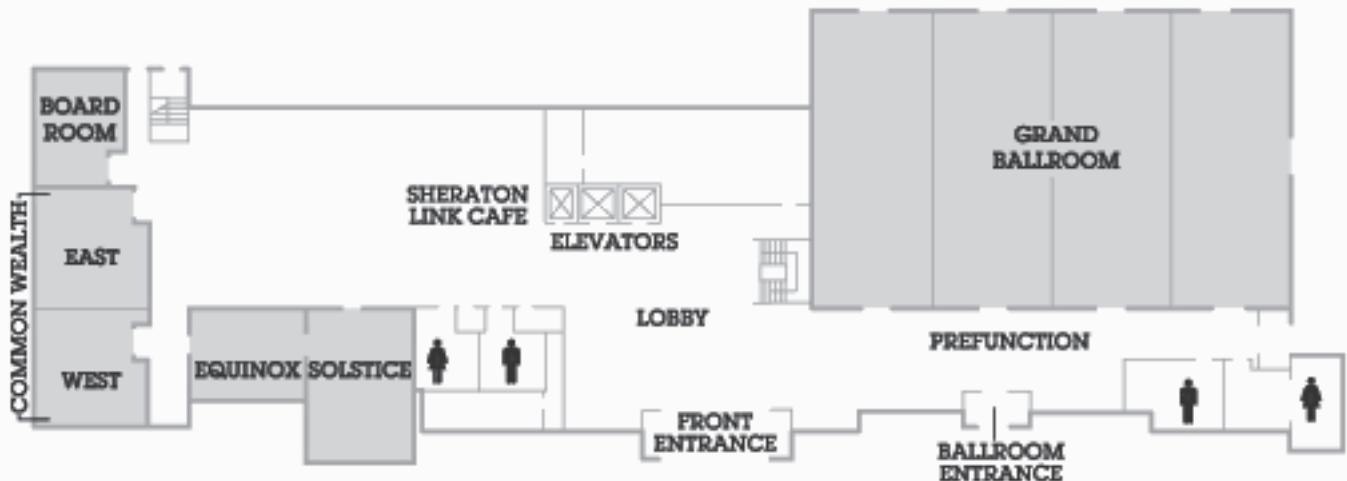
10:30 - 11:00 am | **TREASURER'S REPORT & VOTE OF THANKS** - Grand Ballroom

11:00 - 12:00 pm | **NEXT CONVENTION DISCUSSION** - Grand Ballroom
Volunteers for Goan Convention 2016 please attend

11:00 am | **LUNCH BOXES AVAILABLE** - Grand Ballroom

THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING THE 12TH BIANNUAL GOAN CONVENTION

JULY 4 -6TH, 2014
PITTSBURGH, PA



WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS FROM:

Satish, Prathiba
Omkar & Shilpa
Sawardekar

Congratulations to Goan Convention
from

ReKha

Vilas

Ashay

Shreya

Bantu
(Samriddhi)

Nimish

KHANDEPARKER

Committee

GOAN CONVENTION 2014



SHUBHADA SAWARDEKAR
President



ARUN SAWARDEKAR
Sponsor/Pledge Committee Chair



AMEETA AMBE
Chair & Program Chair



SWATI BHOLE
Program Chair & Souvenir
Book Editor



PRASHANT AMBE
Treasurer



MAHESH SARDESAI
Publicity Chair & Technical
Expert



NITA SARDESAI
Email Coordinator



SUYOG BHOLE
Technical Expert



ANKIT SARDESAI
Webmaster



POOJA SARDESAI
Logo Designer



TRISHA AMBE
Souvenir Book Designer

Sponsorships

We are very grateful and appreciate the tremendous support we have received without which this convention would not have been possible.

PLATINUM SPONSORS - \$5000

Dr. Rajanikant & Dr. Rajani Usgaonkar, TX

GOLD SPONSORS - \$2000

Dr Anil & Vanita Shirwaikar, NY

Arun & Swati Virginkar, CA

SILVER SPONSORS - \$1000

Strategic Wealth Management Group, IL
(\$1500)

Mrs Anasuya Kenkre, PA

Dr Jawahar & Mrs Prabha Sawardeker, MO
Dr. Arun & Dr. Shubhada Sawardekar, PA

BRONZE SPONSORS - \$500

Vasudeva G Shenoi, CT (\$750)
Vinoda & Radha Kudchadkar, NY
Vasant & Hemalata Kamatmhamai, CT
Prabhadev & Fondba Dalvi, NJ
Suvarna & Shyam Nadkarni, NJ
Dr. Pradeep & Dr. Sadhana Keni, IL
Vithal & Ajita Kasbekar, IL

Nitin & Prarthana Sukerkar, PA
Narendra & Asha Karmali, IL
Satish & Pratibha Sawardekar, PA
M&J Management Corp (McDonald's), PA
Vilas & Rekha Khandeparker, IL
Sanjay & Bharati Hodarkar, NY

SPONSORS

Krishnakant & Meera Vernenkar, CT (\$300)
Ramesh & Shakuntala Raikar, NJ (\$260)
Keshav & Lata Varde, MI (\$250)
Mahendra & Shama Kenkre, MI (\$100)
Anonymous (\$100)

Vijay & Arati Warty, PA (\$250)
Dilip & Meenal Sanvordeker, CA (\$250)
Vikram & Priti Vemulapalli, NJ (\$150)
Alka Ravindra Amonker, MO (\$101)

ALSO THANKS TO:

McDonald's for Kids Meals and Ronald McDonald
Mintt & Taj Mahal Restaurants
Ankit Sardesai for Website Hosting & Design
All Volunteers for the timely help and support to make this a fun event
All attendees who took the time to come to this convention
2014 Goan Convention Organizing Committee

Cafe Tato

BY PRANAV DHURI

Suki bhaji and puri... Yes, I miss eating it, like all of you'll do, along with Patal bhaji, Mirchi, Chole, Buns etc. etc., I'm sure everyone out here has their favorites and craving for it. It's been just over hundred years now, when my great grandfather, Mr. Keshav Dhuri started an eatery called Hindu Uphar Griha, the name was later changed to Café Tato somewhere during the 20's as our fellow Goans fondly addressed my great grandfather as Tato.

I remember some of the uncles and elderly guests telling me stories of their childhood, whenever I used to sit at the counter in my father's absence, they say, "We came with char aane, aath aane to eat suki bhaji and tea and there is no difference in the taste then and now", I feel proud to be the fourth generation along with my brothers, who are looking forward continue the legacy and serve you with the same quality of food which you guys have enjoyed over the years.

Well this is the first time I'm writing something about our own restaurant, so let me tell you a little bit of the history of Tato's, my great grandfather started the eatery in 1913 at the same location which it is located now in Panjim, the building was reconstructed post liberation, but the location is still the same. After success in Panjim, we started a restaurant in Mapusa as well, but due to

differences, we had to shut it down after a few years. My grandfather, Mr. Govind Dhuri, continued the legacy of Tato's and was later joined by my father and my kaka's. We were briefly shut between 1985-87 due to financial crisis, but came out it strongly and I remember these words my father always says, "Just work hard and believe in yourself, never give up." In, 1995 we opened a new outlet in Margao, which has become a landmark for eateries in Margao now, and then another outlet in Ponda, which had to be closed down due to unforeseen circumstances. Since then Tato's has come a long way and now we have started our non-veg restaurants Tato's Fine Dining at Patto Plaza, Panjim and opposite New Collectorate Building in Margao.

From the elderly to the kids, everyone enjoys their meal

at Tato's,
I myself
crave for
the Suki
bhaji, can't
wait to eat



it after going back home. We would love to thank you for all the support and patronage, which keeps us inspiring to do better, and help us grow more in your hearts. Then one day probably we'll have a Café Tato in America as well.

My Violin Teacher: Krishna Kasaar

DR. RAJANI USGAONKAR



माझे व्हायोलिन गुरुजी कृष्ण कासार

◆ डॉ. रजनी रजनीकांत उसगावकर, टेक्सास

आ मध्या गोव्यात संगीतसप्राट, संगीत चुडामणी वर्गेरे पदव्या देण्याची पद्धत नाही. महाराष्ट्रप्रमाणे तात्या, नाना, अणा, वौरेही नाही. आपलं साधं सरळ नाव क्वचितच आडनावाला जुळवून म्हणायचं. त्यातही अहो-जाहो म्हणण्यापेक्षा अरे-तुरे जास्त. अशा या गोव्यातल्या पणजी शहरात ५०-६० वर्षांपूर्वी मळा (किंवा फॉताइन्यश म्हणा) ते सांतईनेजपर्यंत पायांत काही न घालता दुडक्या चालीने संगीताचा रतीब घालीत फिरणारी एक व्यक्ती आढळली... चित्रातल्या तुकारामबुवांसारखा स्थूल बांधा, डोक्यावरची काळी टोपी थेट कानापर्यंत पोचलेली, पांढरं धोतर व त्यावर पांढरी बंडी... अशा पोशाखात फिरणारी ती उतारवयीन गौरकाय मूर्ती म्हणजेच नक्कीच व्हायोलिन गुरु कृष्ण कासार असायची!

'व्यक्ती आणि वळी' या पुलंच्या गाजलेल्या पुस्तकातल्या 'संगीत चिवडामणी'सारखंच जवळजवळ त्यांचंही जीवन होतं. पण नारायणराव तथा बालगंधर्व म्हणत असत त्याप्रमाणे- देवा, 'संगीत चिवडामणी' हे पुरुषोत्तमबाबांनीच लिहावं, तो त्यांचाच अधिकार आहे. आमच्यासारख्या येरागबाल्यांना ती पगडी पेलणारी नाही. आम्ही फक्त आमच्या जीवनात आलेल्या साध्यासिध्या संगीत गुरुजींशी पुरुषोत्तमबाबांच्या अमर व्यक्तिचित्राबरोबर थोडाफार साम्य दाखवू एवढेच काय ते...

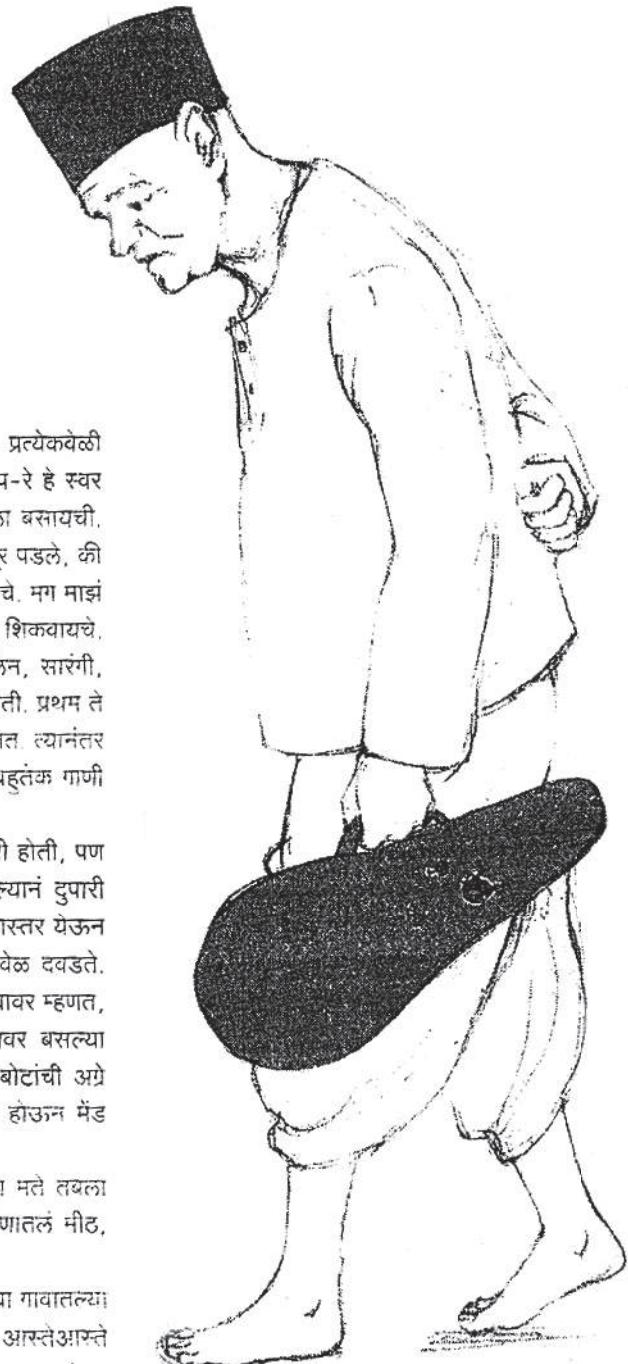
तर मला संगीताचे लहानपणापासून वेड. पणजीतील घरी कानावर पडलेली भावगीतं, फिल्मीगीतं मी माझ्या आजोळच्या खेडेचात सर्वांना म्हणून दाखवी. पणजीला राहत असलेल्या चाळीत शेजारी आमचे म्हापशतले कर्पे राहत. गोव्यातल्या शहारांपैकी म्हापसा शहर जास्त संगीतप्रेमी. कर्पे नेहमी नाटकांतील गाणी पेटी वाजवून गात. आमच्या घरी रेडिओ आल्यावर रात्री ९ वाजता आम्ही मुंबई केंद्रावरून प्रसारित होणारा कोकणी कार्यक्रम ऐकत असू. १९५४ पासून भारताची दृष्टी

गोवा पोर्तुगिजांपासून मुक्त करण्याकडे वळली. त्यामुळे मुंबई केंद्रावरून प्रसृत होणाऱ्या कोकणी बातम्या गोव्यातील जनता ऐकू लागली. कर्पे आमच्याकडे बातम्या ऐकण्यासाठी येत. बातम्यानंतर १० वाजता! शास्त्रीय संगीताचा कार्यक्रम सुरु होई. त्यावेळी रेडिओवरील संगीत खात केसकर का कुठल्यातरी वल्लीकडे असल्याने लोकांची अभिरुची उच्च असावी हा भावनेने त्यांनी फिल्मीगीतं, भावगीते यांना रेडिओत अजिबात संचार करू दिला नव्हता. त्याचा पुरेपूर फायदा जाहिरातीसकट रेडिओ सिलोनने उचलला ही गोष्ट निराकी!

श्रीयुत कर्पेना शास्त्रीय संगीताची आवड असल्याने शेजारधर्म म्हणून आम्ही मुंबई केंद्र चालू ठेवीत असे. सुरवातीला आम्हा सर्वांना ते रागदारी संगीत तापदायक वाटायचं, पण 'बैजू बाबरा' या सिनेमातील मालकंस रागात गुंफलेल्या एका गाण्याने आमच्या भनात शास्त्रीय संगीताला आदर निर्माण झाला. कर्पे अगदी रेडिओच्या जवळच्या खुर्चीवर बसत. डोळे मिटून पहिली पाच-दहा मिनिट ऐकल्यावर पोटावर हात फिरवून तोंडाने तान मारीत, मग तो कुठचा राग ते संगत. हळूहळू माझा मोळा भाऊ व.भी रागांत रस घेऊ लागलो. पणजीला कुठंकुठं समारंभात मला माझ्या बरोबरीच्या किंवा काही माझ्यापेक्षा प्रौढ मुलं-मुली हास्मोनिदन, व्हायोलिन, सतार वाजवताना आढळत. नकळत आपणी ह्वायोलिन शिकावं अशी जिज्ञासा उत्पन्न झाली. मी माझ्या आईकडे तशी माणी करताच आश्चर्य म्हणजे तिने ती तत्काळ उचलूनही धरली. शालेय शिक्षणाबरोबर संगीताची जोड असली, तर लग्नावेळी इतर गुणांबरोबर आणखी एका संगीतगुणाची भर पडते हा मातोश्रींचा अंतर्गत असा धोरणी व व्यावहारिक हेतू होता, हे काय सांगायलां हवं?

» लवकरच भाऊ ह्वायोलिन घेऊन आला व त्याच संध्याकाळं आमच्या घरी संगीत गुरुजींची स्वारी प्रकट झाली. दररोज मास्तर यायच्य

एखादा राग मी वाजवायला लागले, की मास्तर ठेका धरून बसत.
 नंतर त्यांना तंद्री लागे. उतार वय, दुरून पायपीट करून आल्याने
 बहुतेक थकवाही येत असेत. कानावर सुरांचे आलाप पडत असताना
 ठेका हळू हळू लुस होउन ते झोपी जात व शेवटी शेवटी घोरावला
 लागत. व्हायोलिनचा आवाज ऐकू खोलीत येणारे पाहुणे वगैरे
 लोक गुरुजींची ही समाधिरथ अबरुथा पाहून किंचित हसून
 नियून जात. मग मी मुद्दामच एखादा बेसूर आलाप काढी.
 तेवढ्यापुरती नकारात्मक मान हलवून ते तबल्याचा
 ठेका जरा मोठ्याने वाजवीत. नंतर मग मी त्यांना
 जागं करून माझां व्हायोलिन त्यांच्या हाती देऊन
 वाजवायला सांगे. मी भरड वाजवलेला राग मग ते
 चांगल्या सुबक सुरांत वाजवीत.



थोडा वेळ आधी मी व्हायोलिन घेऊन बसायची व्हायोलिन पेटीसारखं नाही. प्रत्येकयेळी वाजवायच्या आधी चारही तारा जुळवण्याच्या लागतात व त्या जुळवण्यास म-सा-प-रे हे स्वर कानाच्या पडद्यात साठवायचे असतात. मी व्हायोलिन घेऊन नुसतंच वाजवायला बसायची. म्हर कुठल्या कुठे जायचे. रस्त्यावरून धरात शिरताना मास्तरांच्या कानावर ते सूर पडले, की न्यांची तारांबळ उडायची. बेसूर बेसूर म्हणून ते दारातून ओरडतच ते खोलीत यायचे. मग माझं व्हायोलिन घेऊन तारा जुळवून बरोबर आणलेलं आपलं व्हायोलिन वाजवून मला शिकवायचे. आपल्याला पाच वार्षी वाजवत येतात असं ते सांगायचे... हार्मोनियम, व्हायोलिन, सारंगी, तबला व बुलबुल तरंग का असंच काहीसं. शिकवायची त्यांची हातोटीही चांगली होती. प्रथम ते नक्काशांची चोपडीवर लिहून द्यायला सांगत. नंतर त्या रागाचा आरोह-अवरोह सांगत. त्यानंतर म्हटत: माऊन आपल्या व्हायोलिनवर वाजवीत व पुढे मला वाजवायला सांगत. बहुतेक गाणी नक्काशांची नाटकांतील असत. क्यांचित एखादं हिंदी.

उन्हाळ्याच्या सुद्धीत मी वाद्य वाजवायला सुरवात केली होती. वेळ सकाळची होती, पण सुद्धी संपल्यावर मास्तरांना संध्याकाळी यावं लागे. स्कूल धरापासून दूर असल्यानं दुपारी उन्हातून थकून आल्यावर जेवून मी झोपी जाई. माझी झोपणी तशी कुंभकर्णी! मास्तर येऊन दारातून हाक मारीत. रजनी, झोपलीस का गं? त्यांच्यामते झोपून मी उगाच वेळ दवडते. त्यांवर्जी प्रॅक्टिस करायला हवी होती. मी चरफडत उटून खोलीत चटईवर बसल्यावर म्हणत, 'चल ऊठ, डोळ्यांना पाणी लाव.' मग उटून डोळ्यांना पाणी वौरे लावल्यावर बसल्या जागेवरून सरकत सरकत माझ्याजवळ येत व आपल्या डाढ्या हाताच्या चार बोटांची अग्रे ने माझ्या डोळ्यात खुपसत. केस तेलकट असल्याने बोटांची टिपे सुल्लुलीत होउन मेंड काढण्यास सोपं होतं, असं ते सांगत व मलाही बोट तेलकट करण्यास सुनावीत.

हळूहळू मास्तरांना तबल्याच्या ठेक्याची आवश्यकता भासू लागली. माझ्या भते तबला नहाजे संगीतातली अडगाळ. पण मास्तर सांगत, 'तबल्याचा ठेका म्हणजे जेवणातलं मीठ, व्हायोलिन ठेक्यावर वाजवायला मी शिकले. प्रथम भूपनंतर हंसध्यनी अशा सोप्या स्वरांच्या



रंगाची वाटचाल करीत संगीताची प्रगती होऊ लागली, काहीवेळा नाटकातील गाण्यांना अर्थच लागत नव्हता. उदाहरणार्थ मानापमान या नाटकांतलं 'मी अधना, न शिवे भीति मना' मी. म्हटलं, 'सधन म्हणजे धन असलेला-निर्धन म्हणजे धन नसलेला- मग हा अधन शब्द कुटून आला?'

'लिहून घे तू!', मास्तरांनी मला चापल. आतून आई ऐकत होती. मास्तर गेल्यावर म्हणाली, 'त्यांच्याशी तू काय हुऱ्हत घालतीस? तुला शिकायचं नसलं तर शिकू नकोस'

त्यानंतर 'सुदाम्याचे पोहे' हे कोलहटकरांचं बरंचसं उपहासात्मक पुस्तक हांती आलं. त्यात साक्षीदार या कोर्टात येणाऱ्या प्राण्याची रेवडी

उडवताना न्यायाधीशाने शिक्षेचा एक कलम म्हणून गुन्हेगाराला मानापमानातील गाण्याचा अर्थ सांगण्यास करण्यास फर्माविले होते.

मला वाटते, नाटकातील गाणी लिहिणारा कवी बहुतेक मराठी-कानडी सीमेवर राहत असावा व म्हणून मानापमानातील गाणी धेडगुजरी नव्हे- धेडकानडी झाली असावीत! उगाच नाही, हंसध्यनी या कन्नड रागावर 'झाले युवती मना, दारुण रण' असे अर्थशून्य काय्य रचले गेले. आला आशाजीच्या स्वर्गीय गव्याने व लवचिक तानांनी ते सुमधुर झाले हे निर्विवाद!

'मी अधना' हा शब्द जरी मला आवडला नसला तरी ज्या रागावर ते गाणे बसवले गेले तो पिलू राग मला फार आवडला. राग खर्जाच्या बन्याच खाली जात असल्याने नेहमीचा मध्यम हा बऱ्हज मानून मास्तरांनी मला आरोह-अवरोह दिले आणि स्वतः राग वाजवून व गाऊन दाखयला. मास्तरांचा आवाजही चांगला होता.

'वाह- वाह काय सुंदर राग!'

मी त्या रागाच्या प्रेमात पडले. मास्तर स्वतःला 'दीडशे दोनशे' राग येतात म्हणून सांगत. पैकी दरबारी कानडा, केदार, अडाणा असे खाँसाहेबी बुजुर्ग राग मला फारसे आवडत नसत. तसं पाहिल्यास रागांपेक्षा गाणान्यांच्या शेलीवर गाण चांगलं- वाईट ठरवायचं असतं.

उगाच कटीण तानांच्या भिरवणारे मियांसाहेब कंटाळा आणतात. मास्तरांजवळ मी कोमळ रसर असलेल्या रागांची मार्गणी करायची. त्यांनी मला सकाळ, दुपार, तिन्हीसांज, रात्र अशा विविध प्रहरांच्या रागांची मालिका लिहावयास दिली.

एकदा मला ते तबला शिकवायला बसले. मास्तरांचा त्रिताल, एकताल, दादरा वौरे ताल वाजवता येत. मी ना-धीन- धीन- ना: ना-धीन- ना ना- तीन् तीन् ना... करून त्रिताल याजवत असताना आई खोलीत प्रकटली.

'छे, छे, मुलीना तबलां शोभत नाही, तुम्हीच तो वाजवा'

तिनं बुवांना फर्माविलं. मास्तरांनी मग तबला आपल्याकडे ओढला, माझी तबल्याच्या ठेक्यावर व्हायोलिन वाजवण्यापुरती तयारी त्यांनी करून दिली. त्यांनी मला किमान तीस-चाळीस राग शिकवले असतील. त्यातले तोडी, मालकंस, चंद्रकंस, नंदकंस (परवीन सुलतानाने गायिलेला), जोगी, पिलू, मारवा, पूरिया वैरे कोमळ राग, बहुतेक तिन्हीसांजेच्या प्रहाराचे, मला फार आवडत... आणि शेवटी भेरवी! बाराही सुरांचा हा राजा. कुठल्याही प्रहरी चांगला लागतो, जरी त्याची खरी वेळ सकाळचा प्रहर असला तरी. गाण्याच्या मैफलीत हा शेवटी गायथला जातो. खंदा गायक त्यानंतर कुठल्याच रागाला स्पर्श करीत नाही.

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माझ्या संगीत शिक्षणाला दीड वर्ष उलटलं. एखादा राग मी वाजवायला लागले, की मास्तर ठेका धरून बसत. नंतर त्यांना तंदी लागे. उतार वय, दुरुन पायपीट करून आल्याने बहुतेक थकवाही येत असेल. कानावर सुरांचे आलाप पडत असताना ठेका हळू हळू लुम होऊन ते झोपी जात व शेवटी शेवटी घोरायला लागत. व्हायोलिनचा, आवाज रेळू खोलीत येणारे पाहून वैरे लोक गुरुजींची ईं समाधिस्थ अवस्था पाहून किंचित हसून निघून जात. मग मी मुद्दामध एखादा बेसूर आलाप काढी. तेवढ्यापुरती नकारात्मक मान हलवून ते तबल्याचा ठेका जरा मोठ्याने वाजवीत. नंतर मग मी त्यांना जाग करून माझं व्हायोलिन त्यांच्या हाती देऊन वाजवायला सांगे. मी भरड वाजवलेला राग मार्ग ते चांगल्या नुवक सुरांत वाजवीत.

... असेच एक दोन महिने गेले. शिक्षणात फारशी प्रगती होईना. मास्तर येतात म्हणून प्रॅक्टिस होत होती तेवढंच. त्यांचं झोपणं व घोरणं थालूच होतं. नाही म्हटलं तरी मलाही थोडा केटाळा यायला लागला होता. चार-पाच नहिन्यावर परीक्षा होती, ते माझं पुतुरीश वर्ष म्हणजे इंलिशमधल्या एसएससीसारख. न्यामुळे संगीत शिकवणी बंद करण्याचं ठरवलं. नाताळ्याचा सुझौत मला आजोळी जायचं होतं. न्याआधी मास्तर आल्यावर त्यांना शिकवणी बंद करायचं सांगाव, असं ठरलं. पण त्या दिवशी ते उगवलेच नाहीत. कधीमधी दांडी नारायणी तशी त्यांना सवयच होती. आई-हणाली, 'मास्तर आल्यावर मी त्यांना शिकवणीसांवंधी सांगेन.'

मी आजोळी गेले खरी, पण मास्तरांची शेवटची भेट टळ्ळ्याबद्दल मला फार रुखरुख लागली. त्यांनी गायिलेल्या व वाजवलेल्या कोनल रागांची आठवण यायची. तिन्हीसांज ही वेळ नेहमी उदासवाणी असते. त्यातल्या न्हात हियाव्याताली दीर्घ तिन्हीसांज! गुरुजींनी डाजवलेला जोगीया, कलिंगडा आठवून अस्वस्थ व्हायचं. मास्तर सांगत होते की, 'एकच प्याला' नधील सिंधु कलिंगडा या राज्यावर 'बधू नको मजकडे, केविलवाण्या राजस बाळा' हे आपल्या उपासमार होत. उन्हालेल्या बाळाला म्हणते. सिंधुचं काम स्वतः बालगंधर्व करीत. त्यांच्याकडे असलेले दोन मुस्लिम सारंगीवादक सिंधु गाणं म्हणत असताना राजस बाळाच्या वेळी असे काही



आर्त सूर काढीत, की मन कळवळून येई. मग व्हायोलिनवर मला ते सूर वाजवून दाखवीत व हसत हसत 'देवा, देवा, देवा!' म्हणत.

आजोळी मी फार रमलेच नाही. पुन्हा पणजीला आल्यानंतर मी घरी प्रश्न केला. 'माझे मास्तर आले होते का?'

आंग तुला काय सांगू धाकटी बहीण म्हणाली, 'तुझे मास्तर आले व आईनं तुझी शिकवणी बंद करायची आहे, असं सांगताच ते मटकन खुर्चीवर बसले. येहरा काळानिला झाला. आम्हाला वाटलं त्यांना भोवळ वैरे येते की काय? आईनं त्यांना समजावलं, 'हे बघा, यंदा तिचं शिक्षणाचं महत्वाचं वर्ष आहे.' तर थोडेसे तिडकून म्हणाले 'शिक्षण काय, स्कूलमधून आल्यानंतर ती झोपा काढते. आई म्हणाली, 'पण रात्री ती जागणा करते म्हणून दुपारी झोपते.' नाही नाही माझं नाव ती वर काढणार होती', मास्तर म्हणाले. मग आईने त्यांना फेब्रुवारीपर्यंत मुदत वाढवून दिली.'

हे ऐकल्यावर मला फार आनंद झाला. म्हणजे माझे मास्तर मला पुन्हा मिळणार होते तर! त्यानंतरचे दोन महिने नुसते प्रॅक्टिसमध्येच गेले. पुन्हा तीच झोप, तेच घोरण. शिकवणी बंद करायचे दिवस आले. मास्तर म्हणाले, 'माझी आठवण म्हणूनच मी तुला एक सरप्राइझ भेट देईन. काय ते आता सांगणार नाही.'

शेवटच्या दिवशी एक ८१२ इंची फोटो घेऊन आले. कृष्णाच्या वेशांतील त्यांचा तो नाटकाताला फोटो होता. जवळ बसलेल्या कामवालीच्या तीन चार वर्षांच्या मुलाला ती दाखवून मी म्हटले, 'कोण रे हा?'

'गोनीपोती', बाहेर आलेलं नाकातील पुन्हा आत ओढून घेत पोरंग चित्कारलं.

'हॅ, हॅ, गणपती काय? सॉड आहे का रे

त्याला? मास्तर पोरावर खेकसले', निघायच्या वेळी कामाच्या मोबदल्याखेरीज आईनं माझ्या हातात गुरुदक्षिणा म्हणून पैसे देऊन त्यांना पाया पडायला सांगितलं. आशीवार्द देऊन गुरुजी निघून गेले. हवं असलेलं संगीत शिक्षण मला मिळालं होत. प्रॅक्टिस करून वाढवायच काय ते माझ्या हातात होतं.

त्यानंतर कधीमधी मास्तर मला रस्त्यात दिसत. खालमुळी असत्यानं ते मला ओळखत नसत. मी आपणहून ओळख दाखवल्यावर म्हणत, 'हे बघ रजनी तुझ्याकडे ती भैरवी नीट वाजत नाही. प्रॅक्टिस करा!'

तशी आमची प्रॅक्टिस नाही म्हटली तरी घसरतच चालली होती. कधीमधी फिल्मी गीतं पी वाजवायची तेवढेच काय तो!

१९७४ साली अमेरिकेत येताना व्हायोलिन काही भी बरोबर आणलं नाही. १९८७ साली दिवाळीच्या सणाला आमच्या एका मैत्रीनिया घरी गेल्यानंतर तिच्या मुलीचं व्हायोलिन घेऊन मी त्याच्यावर थोडं वाजवर्लं होतं. माझ्या वर्षी माझ्या सुनेने मोठ्या साधेन मला माझ्या वाढदिवसाला व्हायोलिन घेऊन दिलं. मी वाजवायला बसले, पण व्हायोलिन मला साप विसरलं होत. मात्र त्याची खंत नाही. मला माझ्या मास्तरांनी शास्त्रीय संगीत ऐक्याचे कान दिले. स्कूलमध्ये शिकलेली द्रिग्नांमेंद्री, केमिस्ट्री तरी मला कुठं आढवते? त्यापेक्षा शास्त्रीय संगीत माझ्या मनात सादून राहिलं आहे. इतकी वर्ष झाली तरी कुणाही रागादारी गायकाला व तबलजीला दाव देण्याइतकी माझी तयारी आहे. संगीताचा हा बुमोल ठेवा मला प्रिय वाटटो. कुणीसं म्हटलंय- शास्त्रीय संगीत हे मदिरेसारख असतं. सुखातीला चांगलं लागत नाही, पण नंतर त्यांचं व्यसन जडतं!

मी म्हापशाला राहत असतानाच वर्तमानपत्रात माझ्या या गुरुजींच्या मृत्यूची बातमी आली. पणजीला माहेरी आल्यावर बहीण काहीशी थड्येने म्हणाली, 'एक दोन अशू तरी गाळलेस का गं त्यांच्यासाठी?' मी अशू नाही गाळले. विचारे ते विधुर होते व त्यांना मुलाही नव्हती. पुतण्याकडे ते राहत असत, पण सुरांच्या राज्यांत वावरणाऱ्यांना मृत्यूची तीपा नसते. कुठल्या तरी नाटकाताला करूण राग त्यांच्या मृत्यूवेळी सोबतीला येऊन त्यांना घेऊन गेला असेल...!

Best Compliments from
Vasant & Hemalata
Kamatmhamai

Best Wishes from
Prabhadevy and
Fondba
Dalvi

Last Years of Portuguese Rule

BY RUDRAJI S.KENKARE

I have seen at close range how we Goans spent the last fifteen years under the Portuguese rule.

There is no sense blaming the Portuguese for each and everything. Whatever good was done by them must be acknowledged as good irrespective of whether the fact that they were a foreign entity ruling us at that time. In particular, the Law and Order was one of their strengths and I am attempting to write about this aspect so that the readers who have not experienced that period can get some idea.

One thing was clear that during their rule, all day long and even during nights our main doors would remain open and no thefts occurred. Murders? Just one and probably it was the only murder. Can we compare this situation with the one prevailing today under our own rule?

Take another instance: My younger brother had a hardware business doing well. Once during the Portuguese rule somebody cheated him for ten thousand rupees. After trying his best directly with the party he lodged a complaint with police personally. The Inspector on duty carefully listened and made him sit on a chair and relax. He then sent a constable in a jeep to bring the cheat to the Police station and when he arrived in ten minutes, asked him if he recognized my brother who was sitting there. The cheat replied "yes". Then came the next question: How much money do you owe him? He replied ten thousand. The Inspector said "Look gentleman, Mr Kenkare will sit here and have a cup of tea. You go with our jeep and come back in fifteen minutes with the cash. Till then he will sit here". The gentleman left in the jeep, came back in ten minutes with the cash

and the issue was settled. No hassles, no bribes, nothing. Justice on the spot. Can we imagine the situation now?

The Governor himself was making rounds if possible by foot. He visited hair cutting salons, inspected if sanitary precautions were adhered to and if not, ordered their closure till such time precautions were introduced. He visited various villages and asked what they wanted. We in Cumbarjua asked for a ferry which was provided over time. I am not trying to say he was Haroon-al-Rashid, but many villages still remember the facilities like bridges, schools, and clinics etc. which were duly provided over the time.

The Governor also made it a point to visit some Hindu temples and enquire if they needed some help, how the committees were run, were there any frauds etc. but never interfered with religious aspects. It is our country and we must also be a part of the enforcement. To maintain a crime free society we must all co-operate with the authorities to achieve the end results, only then democracy will take roots in our country.

What happened on the day of departure? The Governor and the family were ready to catch the flight and were leaving the house when the cook came forward to say goodbye. The Governor embraced him warmly, with tears in his eyes.

My “Alesa” Moments

BY SACHI S. BHOBE

Most of you will be very intrigued by the title of this article. Alesa entered my life innocently one fine day last year out of the blue. My mom was enjoying one of those rare moments of pure nostalgia on the latest craze in her life. Yes I am talking of Facebook and more specifically one of those Goa related forums. She had stumbled on digging up old Konkani idioms and it was catching like wildfire on the forum. Dad was nowhere in the picture because it was not politics, I guess, and mom was all excited about every member on the forum who was fighting with words more powerful than claws and dagger were seen coming together enjoying every moment of it.

Finally Dad did not want to be left out because he saw all other XYZ joining the mhanni frenzy and took the giant leap in the pond of mhani.

At the dinner table he finally blurted it.” Aaiyee khoop faati mhantali. Aaiyeechi saamki aavadti mhan” is how he started. Since it was pertaining to Aaji who was no more, I was curious to hear about Aaji's favorite idiom. Baba finally said it "Alesa taan goh vodde, haav bhurge mugo, Alesa jovpaak yo goh, haav maanay mugoh"

At that point I had no clue who Alesa was, what is taan goh and what is maanay. I knew about the vodde and burge and off course who does not know about jovpaak yo?

That night I learned about “Taan” means to row and “maanaay” is a day labourer. So was Alesa a child labourer? Who will ever know? Then after such questions to my bewildered parents and their equal annoyance that I would even ask such questions we finally moved to dissect the meaning of this idiom or mhann. So Alesa basically finds excuses not to do what she is told to do. So when she is asked to row the boat she uses her age to steer away from work but when it is time to eat she uses her job title to claim she has to eat more.

Alesa is a child when it comes to work but will justify her good appetite for large amount of food by invoking her Manaay designation who are known to eat large amounts of food. Voila I had learned a new thing. I clung on to Alesa for the next few days and to this day Alesa has been my solace when confronted with things I don't want to do. Off course before it gets ugly I will say “Aai haav Alesa”, so when I have to rake the fall leaves I come up with excuse only my fertile mind can conjure and I cannot share it with you guys because my excuses are sometimes so ridiculous that I forget them after my brain has 8 hours of good snooze.

Oh Alesa, poor Alesa, but all said and done my deep appreciation to our ancestors for finding such gems to express day to day situations.

Touched By an Angel

BY SACHI S. BHobe



I am embarking on a very important phase in my life when I leave home to attend college. What many of us take for granted is however not even a remote possibility for millions of children in less fortunate circumstances. Education empowers the person but in some countries abject poverty means choosing between food and survival. Children of the streets are there roaming everywhere in big cities of India but yet they are invisible to most. Their life is deeply entrenched into the cycle of poverty and many times there is no hope till a angel walks in for them.

One such angel living in Goa is Mrs Mangala Wagle. The octogenarian is young in heart and soul to walk a few miles every day to spend precious time with such less fortunate children. Mrs Wagle or Mangala Maushi has I will be referring to her in this article is the founder of HAMARA School in Panaji Goa for street children.

My own knowledge of Hamara School started way back in summer of 2003 when my grandmother was visiting us from India. At that time she was volunteering at Hamara School and had formed bonds strong enough that she would miss the kids and talk a lot about them. She would tell me how they were naughty and would be happy with chocolates which Baa my grandmother would take for them now and then. As I look forward to stepping into the world of adults I take this opportunity to bring before you the magnificent personality who is the vision and the founding mother of the Hamaara School.

Mangala Wagle was born on December 10 1929 in Palolem, Canacona. She was always fired with a zeal to study and after completing primary education in Marathi in the village she was sent to live with her uncle in Vasco to do Portuguese education. As soon as she was done with schooling whatever was available in Goa she was married off in 1947 at the young age of 17. Mangala Maushi subsequently settled outside Goa and raised her family.

Her husband was working in the intelligence bureau and when he resigned from his job the family moved to Mumbai in mid 60s. Mr Wagle started a fishing business at that time. Mangala Maushi subsequently took charge of the business and got to see up close the life of fisher folks. In 1989 at the insistence of her son, they moved the family business to Goa. But tragedy struck soon and her son expired. With deep pain in her heart, Mangala Maushi subsequently

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL cont'd

took charge of the business and got to see up close the life of fisher folks. In 1989 at the insistence of her son, they moved the family business to Goa. But tragedy struck soon and her son expired. With deep pain in her heart, Mangala Maushi immersed herself entirely into the business. While doing her daily rounds on the fishing dock she was deeply moved by the plight of malnourished unkept little children of the street fish vendors who were all over the place stealing fish. One fine day she could not take it any longer and decided that something had to be done about them. Guided by the philosophy that "Education is the best gift anyone can give a person" and Education and education alone will bring this children out of the cycle of abject poverty they are born in", Mangala Maushi decided that it was time to open a school for these underprivileged children.

With that in mind she started convincing the reluctant parents who initially were not too enthusiastic about this. With days of coaxing and telling the parents that life for their children will be no different than their own hard life without education Mangala Maushi finally had a handful of children ready for the school. The next step was getting a place for the school and a professional to help with the teaching. She approached municipality several times and finally they suggested she use the Children's park in Campal for the school. At that time she met another angel Late Mrs Chitre who ran her own school for children in St Inez and who gave her full support and commitment for the school. Mrs Chitre was the teacher and Goa's first open air school took shape under the shade of the green giants of Campal in 2000. Mangala Maushi rightly guessed within a day or two that the kids were not eating enough and empty stomachs could not really put any ideas to stay in their brains. She would cook nutritious meals (under the guidance of nutritionist) in her home and would bring the food to kids who she would collect from the Panaji Market at 12 noon.

The open air school finally got a roof over the head when the Government of Goa decided to offer the Old Nurses hostel at Old GMC complex to Hamaara School. With roof over the head and an army of dedicated volunteers Mangala Maushi now was climbing the next mountain that was of Fund Raising. The first generous donors were family members. Her nephew and her grandson opened their hands and gave the initial seed money of over 2 lacs. As the word got around, Goa's foremost fashion designer offered his full support to fundraising by honoring Mangala Maushi's passion for Khaadi by holding the first Khaadi Fashion Show by Wendell Rodricks. Over years Wendell has been a very supportive patron of the Hamaara School.

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL cont'd

The good word spread around quickly and more students started pouring in. Spending enough time with these kids made Mangal maushi realize that all the work they were doing on the kids at school was really wasted as soon as they returned home for night. In a household of abusive alcoholic fathers they were exposed to physical, emotional and mental abuse besides sleeping on empty stomachs at most nights. At that point she was deeply involved in the school and it became her only mission. She sold off her fishing business and devoted all the time to the school. After multiple trips to the Government offices requesting for more space her prayers were finally answered in 2004 when she was offered a flat in Government quarters in St Inez. The dream of residential school for the kids was shaping up for her. Over the next few months she managed to get two apartments which would house boys and girls separately.

The children would now live under the supervision of a matron and were enrolled in the private schools in Panaji to standardize their education and mainstream them. Each hostel had a cook to provide wholesome and nutritious 3 meals a day to the children. Currently the school which is in the tenth year of residential caring for the children has 50 kids living under the roof. The school has dedicated all voluntary team of psychologists and teachers besides very generous donors from Goa, India as well as abroad. The children are screened for academic excellence as well as excellence in vocational streams. If a child is found to have aptitude for particular subject than Mangala Maushi will work with local businesses to get the child train under them. Vivanta Taj has absorbed one of her student after training her to be a pastry chef. Couple of children are inclined to sports and they get enrolled in sports clubs to hone their skills. Mangala Maushi is proud to tell that one of the students even made to the state Football team.

As she walks into the 85th year of her life Mangala Maushi is slowly realizing her dream of touching the lives and souls of people she comes in touch with. Her life mission has always been guided by "Every person needs to live a dignified life, every child should have no less opportunity than other" And "education will only take people out of misery of poverty and move the nation forward". Hamaara School as the name suggests is our school. A country like India will progress if there are a few more Mangala Wagle and few less politicians. May be not all can match her zeal but we can each do something in our own way by changing the way we think, by looking around to catch a lonely hungry child and provide them with the gift of education and two meals a day.

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL cont'd

And if this is not enough to fill the missionary plate of Mangala Maushi she is set on embarking on next venture. She is working with the tribal as well as economically backward woman of her birth place Canacona. She has set up processing and packing unit to sell the organically grown produce from Canacona to rest of Goa with the aim of eliminating the middle man and maximizing all the profits to the producer. These selfhelp groups produce Ragi Malt which is a stone ground sprouted organically grown Ragi, Cashew nuts, homemade Vaddyo, Binna sola, Otamachi Sola are some of the riches of Canacona which Mangala Maushi wants to share with the rest of the world.

In the USA as of now Garcinia Cambogia or Otama is a big craze in the weight loss industry while in Goa not many know about this wonder tree and therefore many trees are sacrificed in the race to development. Mangala Maushi feels that saving Goa will need help from all the hands and minds which are available and love Goa. Attaching economic value to horticulture will save the land from the crutches of concretization which is all set to swallow Goa. Right now these healthy products are sold only at Hamaara School and all the sale proceeds go to the selfhelp groups. Mangala Maushi is trying hard to open kiosks all over major cities in Goa on the same lines like Khaadi emporiums and she plans to call it "Goan Village".

I was deeply touched by this angel and I am sure anyone who reads it will not make me alone there. A living breathing angel Mangala Maushi who has and will continue to inspire many more to walk her path. Thank you Mangala Maushi for taking time to share your work with me and the Goa community in America.

Note:

Hamaara school, though is named a school, is no longer a formal school in that sense but more like a home for these children. Hamaara School is located run under the umbrella of Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial trust. It is located at D14 Government Quarters, St Inez, Panaji, Goa 403001.

A Goan Odyssey

BY DR. SHASHIKANT KUDCHADKAR

It was January 17th 1963 early evening. I was sitting in Air India jet plane as it was slowly descending to make its landing at Kennedy International airport. New York looked beautiful and awesome with its tall buildings including the Twin Towers. It was bright and sunny and everything looked beautiful from the air.

It was my first time to be on a plane, and after leaving Bombay and going through many time zones and long stop in London(about 12 hours) , and interminable delays, I was exhausted physically and mentally. At the same time I was excited about the journey and coming to America, which was my long standing dream. Once I saw New York that afternoon I was at once alert and awake in a hurry and felt very adventurous.

We landed and I got my little suitcase after another delay and trudged to customs. I was dressed in a half sleeve shirt and cotton pants, and the customs officer looked at me in a funny way, and told me to get going. As I came out I felt like every person I passed by was staring at me. I was puzzled, but kept going. I asked an information person about the shuttle to La Guardia Airport because I was going to Bridgeport Connecticut , and he told me to stand near the revolving door and get out when I saw the shuttle.

I was there for about 15-20 minutes looking for the bus, and again everybody seemed to be staring at me. Then I saw thand came back the same bus, and came out of the revolving door, I scurried to the bus as the blast of frigid air hit me hard .The temperature outside that day was -45 F, and I figured out in a hurry when people were staring at me.

However I was not about to miss the bus, and ran there. The driver looked at me and told me to sit near the heater. Needless to say I missed all the connecting flights to Bridgeport, and arrived there at 3am completely spent. There was nobody there to pick me up and I decided to wait till morning what with only a few dollars in my pocket. Fortunately an American couple saw my plight and dropped me at the hospital, as they were going that way; this kind people became my American family over the years.

Off course next day I burrowed some money from a friend and bought a heavy overcoat, hat and gloves. The next few days I experienced my first snow fall, and slowly started adjusting to the cold weather, and learning the American way of life, being Goan and knowing English language the adjustment I felt was not particularly hard for me.

A GOAN ODYSSEY cont'd

I remember after working for two weeks as an intern, I received my check which was supposed to be around \$250 according to my calculation. When I saw the check was only \$220, I went in a hurry to the medical education secretary and told her that there was some mistake. She looked at me and said Sunny sit down and let me explain to you how this country works, and she told me about federal taxes, social security and taxes in general and I know that my education about America had started in earnest.

Thinking back on it, one of the reason adjusting to life in America was not as difficult as what some of us in 60's and 70's had undergone in India. Because in those time there were no colleges in Goa, so we had to go to India for higher education; in my case this was Dharwad in Mysore and Baroda in Gujarat. That was an adjustment in new language, culture, food and everything else. After those experiences coming to the States was relatively a breeze.

After talking to Goans who came here in 60's and 70's, I noted some common features. We were very frugal (we had to be!), hardworking than most, because there was no backup. We had to rely entirely on ourselves, and that helped us become more independent. Most of us survived and thrived given the freedom and opportunities in this country.

In those time communicating with family was only through the US mail as many of you now know it by the name snail mail. A letter would take 3 weeks at the earliest to get from one end to another. Nobody looked forward to the dreaded Telegram or the Wire which usually meant bad news. The first phone call I made to India was probably in the late 70s and if I remember it was very very costly and you could hardly hear the person. It was tried more like a novelty. The party in India had to be in Bombay and they had to be rich enough to have a phone. It was indeed an ordeal to put your name in queue with the AT and T operator with absolutely no guarantee that your call would go through or you would be able to converse with the person on other end. Letters saved the day for most of us in those early days in America. As I reminisce on my early days here I wonder the anticipation of my parents waiting for my letter which was far and infrequent.

I looked forward to visit my parents and finally was able to do it after long eight years it took me to be financially able to make the trip. Going back was exciting enough to forget all the long hours of flight from Chicago to Bombay and then a long halt before embarking on the shortest and sweetest flight to Dabolim. Goa was a quiet,virgin beautiful land sparsely populated and everybody knew each other. The beaches were unspoilt and clean, free of both human crowd and the garbage which is a common sight now. I would run miles and miles, occasionally bumping into the local fisherman who were gracious to offer me tender coconut water.

That was and is our Goan hospitality. While the suitcase which went with chocolates, perfumes, sarees and anything electronic my eyes would find would come back filled with home-made Mango jaam, beeyaaache laadoo, chakri , khajey, Chivdo all prepared at home by mother and my loving sisters. Saying bye to them was very painful and emotionally wrenching. No matter how many years I spend in USA it never diminished that feeling while saying bye to my loved ones in Goa.

As years went by I took more frequent trips to Goa and my sisters also were able to visit me in the USA. My nephews and nieces joined me in USA and extended family slowly grew.

Being Goan means to me not only language, culture, customs, food including fish!, but a sense of love of family and friendship, and the universal Goan traits of being pleasant and easy going, (Susshegaad) ,sense of humor, gossip and tendency to exaggerate things, and most important love for family, food, art and music. And I will always be a Goan.

BEST
COMPLIMENTS
from
**VIJAY & ARATI
WARTY**

BEST
WISHES
from
**KESHAV & LATA
VARDE**

Jokes

A Goan gentleman was asked, "When you are old, which one of these two ailments would you rather have - Parkinson's or Alzheimer's?"

The old shapai answered: "Definitely Parkinson's. Because it's better to spill half a peg of Feni, than to forget where the hell you kept the bottle!"

A Goan farmer walking through his field notices a fellow drinking water straight from the pond with one hand.

The Goan shouts, 'Arre baba, tem udaak pienaka. Tantun gorvan ani dukor hagtat!', (which means, 'Don't drink the water; the cows and the pigs crap in it!')

The man shouts back, 'I don't understand your gibberish. Speak English, you idiot!'

The Goan shouts back in English, 'Use both hands, you'll get more!'

The angel Gabriel came to the Lord and said "I have to talk to you. We have some Goencars up here in Heaven and they are causing problems. They're swinging on the pearly gates, my horn is missing, they are wearing kashtis and saris instead of their white robes, they are riding Mercedes and BMW's instead of the chariots, and they're selling their halos to people for discount prices. They refuse to keep the stairway to Heaven clear, since they keep crouching down midway eating Sannas and Sorpotel. Some of them are even walking around with just one wing!"

The Lord said, "Goans are Goans. Heaven is home to all my children. If you want to know about real problems, give Satan a call."

Satan answered the phone, "Hello? Damn, hold on a minute.." Satan returned to the phone, "OK I'm back. What can I do for you?"

Gabriel replied, "I just wanted to know what kind of problems you're having down there."

Satan says, "Hold on again. I need to check on something."

After about 5 minutes Satan returns to the phone and said, "I'm back. Now what was the question?"

Gabriel said, "What kind of problems are you having down there?"

Satan says, "Man I don't believe this.....Hold on."

This time Satan was gone at least 15 minutes. He returned and said, "I'm sorry Gabriel, I can't talk right now. These Goans from the Gulf down here have put out the fire in hell and are trying to install air conditioning!!!

Teacher: Where were you born?

Rahul: Maharashtra m'aam.

Teacher: Can you spell it?

Rahul: Actually I was born in Goa.

**BEST COMPLIMENTS
FROM**

**VITHAL & AJITA
KASBEKAR**

**BEST WISHES AND CONTINUED
SUCCESS TO THE GOAN
CONVENTION**

**FROM THE NADKARNI FAMILY:
SHYAM, SUNI, ANISHA
AKSHAY, SMITI
&
BABY SAJNI ~~~~~**

(THE NEWEST ADDITION TO OUR FAMILY)

Spring Brings a Message

BY JAWAHAR SAWARDEKER PH.D.

After the long winter, one simply wonders at the marvel of how nature knows that it is time to begin the life cycle all over again. It is extraordinary and happens every year and it is called SPRING. Spring is an amazing, exciting and invigorating experience. The spring is the season after winter and before summer. This is the time when the vegetation begins. It is the best season for blossoming of flowers. It is synonymous with the warm days, people opening their windows, taking evening walks, taking children for rides, playing outside sports, etc. The days become longer. Just one or two extra hours of sunlight mean so much for people after the long winter because they can enjoy sitting out in the backyard to relax or sip a cold drink. Magically the quality of living improves so much.



That is not all. The most wonderful and extraordinary thing is that Spring never fails to come, year after year, no matter how severe the winter may be. So when we have ups and downs or severe setbacks in our lives there is a natural tendency to be discouraged and sometimes even give up in despair. While we should learn from our setbacks, we should remember that the most important part in the human experience of the welcoming of spring is the belief that spring never fails to come, kindling the hope that one always can have a second chance or make a new beginning.

Viva Spring.



Best Wishes from
Dr. Jawahar & Mrs. Prabha
Sawardeker



GOA

In ancient times, along with many other names **GOA** was called **GOMANTAK**, meaning "fertile land with plentiful water."

2 DISTRICTS - North & South



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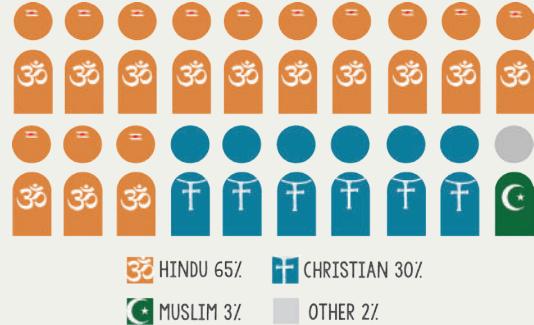


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- 1996 QUEENS, NY**
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- 2000 LOS ANGELES, CA**
- 2002 HOUSTON, TX**
- 2004 TORONTO, CANADA**
- 2006 CHICAGO, IL**
- 2008 SAN JOSE, CA**
- 2010 SECAUCUS, NJ**
- 2012 DETROIT, MI**



Map of Goans in North America
Interactive map by Ankit Sardesai: mapofgoans.ankitsardesai.ca

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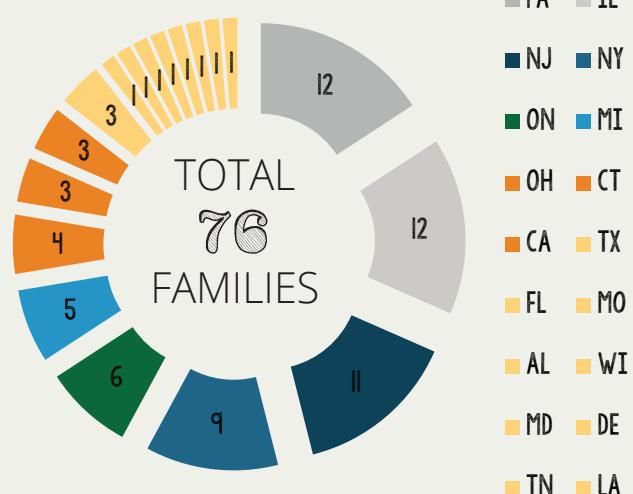
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Anu Kenkre

A Tribute to the Sandwich Generation

BY DR. SWATI BHODE

A few generations ago the role of the women was confined to the house and mostly in the kitchen. Women had no say in any matter. At the most the only time they could throw their weight around was when they became mother in laws.

Women were raised to be good housewives and subservient to men. There was no empowerment of woman and they suffered silently. Things changed a generation or two ago when some woman took the courage to step out of the traditional boundaries assigned to them. They faced a lot of difficulties at home and at work.

In Goa, traditionally Hindu women were not seen in the workforce till midsixties. A few of them, the trendsetters as I would call them joined medicine or teaching. This article is a tribute to them. I write this article from a very personal angle. My mother was the first girl from her village Madkai to join the work force. She would recollect her struggles with balancing the household and a career without much help from either.

Growing up in the rural village of Madkai my grandmother saw no future for her kids and sent them to live with her brothers in Agashi so that they could get decent education. Travel from Madkai to Agashi was nothing short of torture. Walking for miles than catching a vodee/ boat to ferry across the Zuari

and then walk back to mama's home with a heavy heart was always looked upon by my mother and her brother with heavy heart. After finishing all the education Goa could offer before liberation, my mother decided that the only way she would be able to empower herself would be by becoming financially independent. She mustered enough courage and with the kind assistance of her friend approached the Director of Fazenda asking him for a job. The director or Diretor as he was called was a Portuguese gentleman who was taken aback by the courage of a young 19 year old to walk into his office and tell him that she was seeking financial independence and therefore needed a job. He offered her a job right away, asking his peon to get the necessary forms and since my mother did not carry any money with her he paid for the necessary fees from his own pocket, never ever taking back the money from her. (Fast forward half a century and now the jobs are going like a paavni at the village zatra).

Very soon my mother realized that tongues were wagging and the village of Verem or Reis Magos where she was staying with her sister was having a field day discussing her brazenness to be an "Empregaad". My maushi and grandparents were supportive and told her not to let those bekar thavai affect her.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SANDWICH GENERATION cont'd

Most colleagues at work were Portuguese or Catholic and they were very supportive and encouraging too. Soon after my mother took her job Goa became independent and the vacancies caused by exodus of Portuguese and some locals who emigrate to Portugal was replaced by Deputationists or people from other parts of India who were called to guide the nascent work force of the newly independent territory of Goa. This Deputationists were very territorial and left no opportunity to remind my mother that her job was in the kitchen and taunted her by asking what she was doing in the office. All this was happening at a time when the transition from Portuguese to English was taking place and people like my mother were facing their own challenges during this period. She never let it bother her and carried on with her mission with active support of her parents and siblings.

Over the next few years my mother got married. Life after marriage had its own challenges. While before marriage my mother lived in a rented house in Panaji with her brothers after marriage she had to move across Mandovi to a joint family household in Brittona. My father being the only son had the responsibility of caring for my grandparents who were both ill. My grandmother was a loving person but somehow did not understand the plight of my mother and did not want to surrender the power which came with the title of mother in law. Being ancestral house every other

uncle or aunt of my father also was a part of the family. The role of my mother now was a traditional daughter in law in the kitchen while she was home and only rest she would get is when it was time to sleep. She was also subjected to more scrutiny by all the wise uncles and aunts who would taunt my grandmother from time to time. Things would get even more hectic with birth of children. The maternity leave was barely four weeks during the 60's. There was no consideration for absences for a sick child and my mother was very conflicted and hurt when she had to be home to take care of us. The deputationist most of them were rude enough to often say to her "why are you coming back? Stay home forever to take care of your kids." As a matter of showing their displeasure they would assign her more challenging responsibilities thinking that she would quit her job. The unflinching support of my father and his non interference in her work helped my mother carry on during those trying days in her early career.

My mother never blamed her in laws nor the Deputationists because she said believed that it was after all the prevailing the current at that time. She always thanked God for sending Radha Maushi in her life who would take care of the household and my grandparents. Radha Maushi would tell my Aaayee "Please do not leave your job, that the job is your sanity".

A TRIBUTE TO THE SANDWICH GENERATION cont'd

Now fifty years down the road, the Government of India gives 2 years paid maternity leave to its female employees to be used any time till the child is 18 years old. There are grievance cells and women in work force is very common. When my mother became the boss she would always remember her own trials and tribulations as mother of young kids and would sympathize with all of her staff and give them the peace to be with their children or family when need arose. Aayee stuck to the job and finally retired as the Deputy Director of Accounts in Directorate of Accounts or Fazenda as it is known in Goa. While she served public at work she was always kind and helpful to all. Many times when we would see the fruits of her good work. During Zatra times when the lines to get inside the temple would be long often times a police constable would spot my mother in the crowd and say to her " Madam hanga kidyaak raavlya, chal bhiter tuka haav varta, tu valkhuna mhaaka , poon mhaaka yaad aaasa, tuve mhajey gharjeche bill kitlya begin pass kelle, mhaaka paishaachi garaz aasli tyo disaani, tu Devi kashi paavli". The gratitude of people she served was in her eyes the biggest service she provided to people. She took voluntary retirement in 1996 to come and help me take care of my daughter. The sandwich generation was the most resilient, the most patient and most accommodating of all. They paved the way for other women to empower themselves. They jug-

ged and balanced the pressures of work with the expectations of their role as the lady of the house. They contributed to the financial wellbeing of the family yet forgot their egos and swallowed their pride. As we walk into the steps of the pioneers I salute my mother and countless others who were the first in the families to embark on this journey and show the light and courage to others.

Best Wishes
from
Dilip
and
Meenal
Sanvordeker

Assoldechi Zatra

BY BHASKER ASSOLDEKAR

My good friend ani gharcho manis bab Abhay (Vishnu Sheldekar) wrote on KS this morning, "Mahesh aaj Assoldechi zatra mare konkani speaksak amantran dina?"

My thoughts went back to that great event in our annual calendar – some fifty years ago- Assoldechi Zatra. (There was also a request by some members that I should write on my experiences of a Zatra. Hence this long note at the cost of my lunch which I skipped to enable me to write the memoirs of Zatra). Assolda will be celebrating this annual zatra of its Gramdevata- Shree Santeri on Magh Shukla Sashti & Ratha Saptami (which is today). So this is my tribute.

The grandeur of Assolde Zatra would sink into us just 5-6 days before Zatra itself as there would be Naman- (Prayer to Almighty by villagers to help in ensuring that everything goes smooth during Zatra and that nothing untoward happens), followed by The first mhed(Dry Stem of Supari tree) which would be officially placed to erect "Mallanco Matov" on Amavasya Day) (where Nataks are held). Within couple of days the changes to our daily time table would be announced by our " shala maaster"- (we had just one teacher for the entire shala). The reason? Shala which was adjacent to the temple was also used for "Yessayo" - rehearsals of the two Natka (one each on Sashti and Saptami)- the dramas would be mostly on Mahabharata . (For whatever reasons, Draupadi Vastraharan would always attract more crowd)!

The two sessions a day shala would be reduced to one and a half session and we would be free by 4 pm for those days. Moment we were free we would walk 1 km distance back home while simultaneously writing "pade" on the "pati". 1 to 15 on one side and 16-30 on the other side. The speed with which we wrote was such that we could complete all "pade" on both sides of Pati by the time we reached home! The reason for this alacrity?? Well, we wanted to be in time for Yessayo which would start by 5 pm. We would simply dump our "daptar" back home- drink water/tea and run back to the shala – we didn't want to miss yessayo- and we had to ensure we reach much before the start so that we get to occupy vantage seat during yessayo.

First two days of yessayo would be like "a dry run". But the tempo would suddenly pick up once Actress(Nati)- from Mardol would land in Assolda . Tukaram (Petiwalo) and Vidyadhar (Tabalji) would also arrive separately just two days before Sashti. (Name of actress is withheld out of respect to her and her family.) Arrival of "Nati" was invariably "The Talk of The Town" perhaps for reasons more than one. I still remember a crowd of almost 25-30 villagers which would go to "tarir" (bank of River Kushavati) in the evening waiting for "Hari's carrer" to fetch her. Clad in white saree, her gait would put present day "models on the ramp" to shame. She had a shrill , sharp voice . As she would walk from

ASSOLDECHI ZATRA cont'd

river bank to her host (about 500 metres distance) in the front accompanied by "haushi kalakaar" behind, the crowds would swell. With her occasional smile and brisk walk, she would remind you of Mahatma Gandhi on his famous Dandi Maarch. Irrespective of what drama it was, a wealthy, young landlord of the Village would invariably be the hero in the leading role with this actress. She would also stay for the duration of Zatra at his sprawling (with Raj angaan) House . The entire village would undergo a quantum change. There was mirth and laughter in the air.

On the first Day of Zatra,(Sashti) after dinner, all members of Joint Family would go for the Natak- (without doubt the greatest spectacle of Assolda – next only to Chovath) accompanied by a mundkaar carrying a Petromax . Petromax would never last till the entire route and would invariably stop functioning half way(adjacent to crematorium- hence it was attributed to manoeuvres of Bhut and Denvchar by some local experts !)

After occupying the Positions in the laps of respective mothers we would wait with bated breath for drama to start. But what was supposed to start by 9 pm would not get started till around 11 pm when some one like our very own Rayubab would go to the backside of the stage and give some gaalis as to why it was not started. They would then say "natyek haadpak vaita". For whatever reasons the smart looking actress was not traceable. Everyone would go around looking for her. She would then make a sudden appearance much to the relief of the whole village!(The importance of a Nati during Zatra and those Nataka can never be underestimated. It is no less than that of a Raanpi during a Chovath)

The drama would at last start with Naaandi in RAGA KEDAR.. "Prabhupadas ..naamito Daas.... saraswat charan kamal..ravi viharat kavi mandal"....That would simply wake up all and sundry in the entire Matow...Then the real Drama would Start. When it would be the turn of the Hero (whose green stripped half pyjama could be clearly seen through the white Dhoti) to take out his sword to hit the villain, invariably the sword would not come out from "Myaan"and would get stuck . He would prompt to the guy on the side" arre bhair yeyna mare ti. Hanv kitem koru??". Prompter would promptly say, "Yeyna jalyar yeyna Parti ghaal bhitar ani fudlem mhan re....ravta ani konaak"!

The tea stall- our visit with late father (along with Pradip Sheldekar and his late father)to that stall – father asking what we want to eat- my elder brother Rajendra (Shridhar) asking for Bhakkam pedha and our thrill of savouring them was priceless. There was no other hotel in Assolda then. And we had hardly moved out of Assoda till that age except for occasional visit to Mama's place(maternal uncle)

The sheer thrill of having tea with Bhakkam pedha, kandy bhaji was unmatched and no other Star hotel on this planet earth can ever match it. The Pleasure of being part of that Assolde Zatra was and still is unparalleled.

Conservation and Backyard

BY MARLON MENEZES

I grew up in the barren deserts of the Middle East in the late 1960s and early 70s. As children, we already had access to the various so called modern amenities such as TV, running water, air conditioning etc. We would make trips every few years to Goa. I remember going to my grandparents homes in Divar and Aldona in the early 1970's. They had no electricity then, and people lived by the clock of the sun. Mornings were incredibly refreshing, accompanied with cocks crowing and home fresh eggs. Those rich orange yolks were heavenly! There was no running water, which required pulling water out of a well, which meant that the more water you consumed, the more work you had to do to get it! At night, the sense of calm and quite would pervade the house, if not the entire village. No electricity meant that we did all our nightly tasks under the soothing light of candles. As a child, I found this experience quite spooky but invariably, also very calming. The magnified silhouette of a bug flying across the candle or the distant chirps of the critters of the night was initially quite unnerving. However the hushed and calm tones in which we all spoke to each other while eating dinner or the story telling in the balcony before we went to sleep helped usher a sense of inner calm and tranquility that I still vividly recall many decades later!

In this "modern" world, our needs have

become very resource and energy heavy. While it is almost impossible to replicate this romantic past, I have tried to take some steps to reduce our resource footprint at our home. I should hasten to add that there is no right or wrong way due to vast regional disparities in a large continent such as ours, not to mention our varying personal circumstances.

Many of us are attempting to go green, by putting solar panels on our homes. Before one does that, it is often more cost effective to reduce our energy consumption. The most obvious low hanging fruit is to switch to more efficient lighting such as LED and/or CFL. Next, if your home has an attic, adding insulation is also a very cost effective method to cut your energy bills. This can also be combined with relatively inexpensive fixes to re-seal all HVAC ducts. Other approaches such as energy efficient windows, AC, efficient roofs and appliances can become quite pricey and should be considered last. Many utilities have rebates for such upgrades. A good overall website to check for programs in your region is: <http://www.dsireusa.org/> Besides the local programs, there is also a 30% Federal tax credit that users can use to lower their net costs for solar.

The above website also provides information on local solar programs. There are two main technical approaches for solar - the most

CONSERVATION AND BACKYARD cont'd

common is "grid tied" in which you have no local storage of energy. In this case, whatever energy you do not consume, goes directly to the power utility (aka the grid). Likewise, if your panels are not producing enough or any energy (for example at night), the utility supplies you with the energy. The energy meter keeps monitoring the overall energy balance between you and the utility to keep track of the billing or credits between you and them. The alternate approach is "off grid". Here you have batteries to store your surplus (say during the day) and you utilize the batteries at night.

There are advantages and disadvantages to both. In the former case, you can count on having a steady supply of energy from the utility. In the latter case, if your batteries run out of juice - for example after many cloudy days, you are out of luck. The latter approach is also significantly costlier, and there is a recurring cost of having to replace the batteries every ~10 years. It should not come as surprise that the cheaper grid tied option is the most common. Due to some technical and safety reasons, there is one limitation with the grid tied system - if the utility has a power failure, your "solar powered" home will have no power. This is even if it happens during the day and your panels are producing energy! New hybrid systems are currently being developed that take advantages of both approaches, but it is still early days for

this. The bottom line is this: if your electricity rates are in the 10c/kwh range and you have no local incentives (besides the federal 30% credit), the ROI on solar may be very long. However, the price of solar keeps dropping and it is only a matter of years before it becomes competitive with the cheapest rates even without incentives.

Pulling out water from the well from my grandparents' home in Goa was not much fun after a few days into our vacations, and served as a natural means to restricting our extravagant water consumption. Fast forward some decades to the hot and often dry climes of Texas, where I currently live. If you have a garden, this can mean heavy water consumption to keep your plants alive during the dog days of summer, with the biggest culprit often being the lawns. There are several strategies one can use to deal with this. The easiest is to simply reduce one's grass area. Secondly, one can try and plant drought resistant grasses, while recognizing that the variety of grass chosen may potentially need to survive the frigid winters in your region. During the peak periods of summer, I do not cut my grass very short. The tall grass blades help to shade the roots, which helps to reduce water loss from the soil. Planting native shade trees also helps to reduce water loss from the soil. For the plants, the use of reduce their need for water.

CONSERVATION AND BACKYARD cont'd



Finally, if you get rain uniformly dispersed throughout the year, one may want to consider installing a rain collection system. Besides the tanks, the other key components of such a system are a "first flush" valve to divert sediment, a filter/mesh to block out the large dirt and the gutters to divert the water from your roof to your tanks. One key enabler with rain tanks is to use a pump to help you to direct the water to any location you wish. A small utility immersion pump that is the size of a large fist is plenty. Using these various approaches, I have been able to cut down my annual water consumption by over 75%, while simultaneously increasing the irrigated area. One should add that rain collection is not for everyone. A rain collection system will, not make sense if the rains are concentrated during a "rainy season", followed by long dry seasons. Storing capacities larger than several thousand gallons can become costly and will take a lot of space, thus making it difficult

to collect enough water for the long dry periods. Furthermore, in some places it is illegal due to concerns of it impacting groundwater recharge.

Another very popular backyard project that is easy to have is chickens! I still remember my trips to my grandparents' homes in Goa as a child and the immense pleasure I would get in playing with the chicks and picking up



freshly laid eggs from the coops.

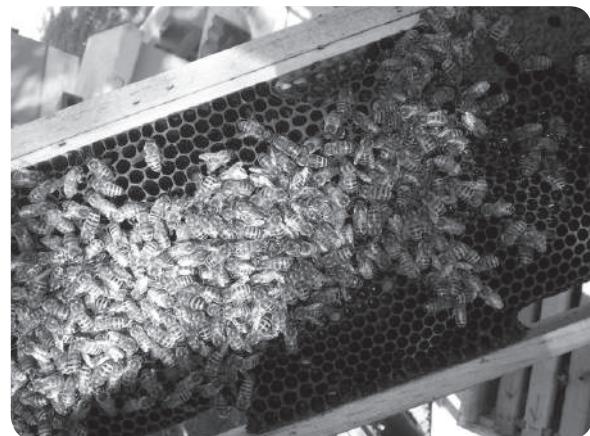
Chickens are easier to maintain than dogs or cats and you get fresh eggs to boot! You can choose different breeds that have different personalities and have different colors of eggs. People may be surprised to know that one can get breeds that lay chocolate brown, green and even pink and blue eggs. If one lives in the north, one must get a coop that is fully enclosable in the winters. In the south, an open mesh coop works well. You may also want to choose a breed that is suited for your local weather conditions. Besides

CONSERVATION AND BACKYARD cont'd

Besides the fun element, chickens are great for consuming your scrap food. The eggs from one's backyard chickens are far fresher and healthier, while the dark orange yolks look and taste better than the weeks old factory produced eggs. Even the shells are thicker. There are some negatives - if you let them free range, they can create havoc to a garden if the area provided to them is small. Furthermore, chickens also tend to leave their droppings everywhere. If done on the grass, it is actually beneficial. However, if you have a hardscaped patio, things could become messy after a few weeks or months, which will require periodic cleaning of those areas.

Finally, there is backyard beekeeping. This is potentially a little more challenging to set up as there is a longer learning curve involved. The rewards of beekeeping are sweet, as in the sweet honey and the bee's wax. They are also fascinating to watch - albeit from a distance ;-) Besides that, the yield from your fruit trees and plants may also increase. Ironically, honey from urban bees is actually purer than that produced in rural farms, where pesticides are more commonly used in agriculture. The honey is also be richer tasting as urban landscapes typically have a richer variety of plants and flowers than the monoculture that is often found in the farms. The subject of beekeeping is too complex to

go into great detail here, but basically, one can get bees and a queen and have them installed in your hive in your backyard. There are many books available on this topic and if one is interested in pursuing this hobby, it is recommended that one join a local bee-keeping club. Safety is a common concern, but generally speaking it is a risk that can be managed quite easily with the appropriate training and experience. In fact, honey bees are generally so calm that one is lulled into complacency when handling them. If one lives in the south, there is the added element of Africanized bees, but again, this too can be dealt with.



If any person is interested in learning more about any of these subjects, I would love to hear from you. I can be reached at mmenezes@gmail.com.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF GOA

BY DILIP R. SANVORDEKAR, PHD

PROLOGUE:

Living in the United States for the past forty seven years has been a wonderful journey for me. In part, it has been so because of a good nurturing in Goa prior to liberation and then post-liberation a desire to progress well with high value education in life with a Goan life-partner with similar community and family values and cultural traditions. Most of us attending this Goans of America convention in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. feel a strong bonding with Goa and its people from their past living and present interactions during the short but sweet visits to our home-town or city -as the case may be for many who have made this great country a place of their permanent residence. As I have grown older, reflective thoughts of the past, present and perceived future of Goa collectively enter my mind – partly because of my annual visits to Goa over the past nine years to attend Zatras of Shri ShantaDurga and Shri Manguesh at Kavlem and Mangueshi , respectively; and partly because of the surprising fall of our culture, traditions, konkani, Goan cuisine and values into the abyss.

The stark changes that have occurred in the family, cultural and traditional values of Goans post liberation of Goa have been astounding for those of us – Hindus, Christians and Mohammedans - living abroad. The question is why and how have we declined so fast in the past 53 years after liberation alias annexation of Goa with the Indian nation. To some, we are simply the statistical outliers as Goans “frozen in time” expressing views that are unrealistic; while to others we are thinkers and well-wishers of Goa with a bird’s eye view of the experience of the past, present experience and a perspective perception of things to come in the future for the new Goan generation born and raised in Goa by Hindus, Christians, Sikhs, Jains and Mohammedan families living in Goa. This essay represent my view and a collection of memories of Goa I knew and long for an annual visit since my retirement from the pharmaceutical industry.

A GLIMPSE OF GOANS AS PORTUGUESE CITIZENS

At the onset of writing this article, my memories flash back from the yester-years I was born and raised in Panaji, Goa. It has been recognized that lasting memories of the past are retrievable from our brain after we are eight years of age provided there are no perturbing genealogical effects that alter functionalities and psedo-plasticity of the brain. My journey of recalling my past in Goa begins in the late 1949. Some of our attendees at this convention -older and wiser than myself- may be able to share their experiences of the past Goan history with joy in our hearts and good recall of Goa as we knew... then. Prior to December 19, 1961, Goa was

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

ruled from Lisbon as a colony of Portugal. Panaji was chosen as the capitol of the Portuguese State: Estado de Portuguese India. As Portuguese citizens under the banner of Estado de India Portuguesa, we grew up in Goa witnessing, experiencing and following the Portuguese culture and their rule of law and civilian conduct as much as we could adapt to in our everyday life. In schools we had Mossidad Portuguese – an equivalent of the Indian National Cadet Corps (NCC). Events like holding a jamboree of well-dressed boys in Khakee shirt, pant and socks in combination with shining black shoes on the Portuguese Police headquarters in Panaji was a significant emotional event for most of us in the parade.

The Hindu community was subservient to the Christian community in that in the government offices, major administrative positions in all Communidades were headed by Christian administration staff alias "Administradors". Clerks were "Escrivao's" and many Hindus, including my father, held such positions till their retirement age. Panaji was a dream place to grow up for a variety of reasons. Cafes like Café Gaitondo, Café Tato and Café real were prominent places for government clerks and officials to take an evening break for tea, coffee or cold drink like Coca Cola and Vimto. Delicious mutton, veggie or chicken samosa or poori-bhajee and the likes were served hot at these restaurants. Clearly, Panaji city was the epicenter of news, trade and administrative actions by the government of Goa. Hindu as well as Muslim traders had shops close to the Government Secretariat in Panaji. Most Hindu traders were cloth merchants while others including Christians were agents or traders in alcoholic beverages, housewares and automobiles. One cannot forget the Mercedes, Peugeots and Volkswagens owned by Goans in the fifties and sixties. Horse-driven carriages called "Tango" plowing the streets of Panaji city and other city roads of Goa. By the time it was about 9:00 P.M., Panaji was a dead city. Maintaining a serene and orderly life-style was essential.

Public place defecation or urination was very much out of sight. The Miramar, Campal, Colva and other popular beaches during the late fifties and early sixties were maintained clean and served as a play-ground for young Goans of our generation. The Hindus were allowed to study in places of learning called Shalas for Marathi lessons and Aulas for Portuguese and Marathi lessons. There was an orderly conduct of communities that served as restive homes for Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans. Inter-religious and inter-ethnic marriages between Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians was unheard during the Portuguese colonial days. To transfer with a passing grade from 4th standard to 5th standard, every student had to pass a written and oral exam in Portuguese. It was called "Premeiro Grav". The dual education system for higher education – one in Portuguese and the other in English was allowed for students interested in studying literature, poetry, science, mathematics and medicine. Panaji, being

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

the epicenter of numerous administrative and cultural activities had Lyceum – alias “Lisseo” for seven years of high school in Portuguese after which most students either joined the high positions in government offices or continued studies in Medicine to become Doctors with a “Licenciado Medico e Serugia’on” – a LMS Degree.

A generation of our age group in the late fifties and early sixties grew up as Doctors with LMS degree conferred by the Portuguese faculty at the Goa Medical College at Panaji in front of river Mandovi. Those who were in English medium of education had the God-blessed opportunity to cross Goa boundary and educate themselves in science, arts and medical colleges of higher learning after graduation with S.S.C.E.

After eleven years of living in Panaji, we shifted over to my ancestral house in Sanvordem. With good mentorship from my high school teachers at the New Educational Institute, I was able to finish S.S.C.E and join my contemporary Goans to embark on a long and tedious journey for higher studies in India with a Portuguese passport stamped with an Indian Visa and a few Rupees in the pocket. Many of my age can describe better the hardship, tiredness and fear of travel by bus or train to Belgaum, Pune, and Mumbai. These memories have been etched as illustrations of our past. Difficult as it is, our second generation of children in the United States may not appreciate or understand what it was like for their parents to experience such adversities experienced during college days. Then and now we have learnt the value of hard work, a good education and money to spend wisely. I cannot say that of Goans living in Goa or our children of Goan diaspora in the North America.

Summer holidays in Goa after secondary school and college recess was full of fun and sports activity. Panaji did not have a piped water distribution system and since water wells ran dry, many Panaji residents had to take their families to their villages for at least two months to access water and enjoy the summer with the fruit season in full bloom with mangoes, jamuns (zambhalaa), guavas, berries of all sorts. These fruits provided ample satisfaction for about two months to many of our generation who spent precious time in the villages like Sanvordem, Veling, Asnoda, Jambaulin, Kurpem, Cuncolim, Assolna, Betul, Mandrem and Sheldem where our ancestors lived in the houses they built for their progeny to live and prosper in their lifetime. Our teenage years were spent learning to ride a bike, learning swimming in the river with elders keeping an eagle eye on new inductees and playing cricket with friends and some elders who coached us well to promote familiarity of the game. The teachers were honest,

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

inspiring and encouraging us to focus on our daily homework and potential questions in the final exams for the subjects. Needless to say, they did not engage in any special tuition for students to add income to their salaries. They did what they saw it in the best interest of the students during classes. Au contraire, the Portuguese government was notorious in that the books containing essays in English text books were cut out and thrown away as trash. Questions asked at the final exams on these lessons were left out unanswered by our generation during the Portuguese era.

The Goan mining industry had just begun in the early fifties and the Portuguese administrators promoted this industry then (and now by Indian administrators) for improving their sustainability of their tenure and profitability from exports of these iron and manganese ores excavated from mines in the hills and mountains of Goa. Hindu, Gujrathi, Marwadee alias Rajasthani and Christian entrepreneurs got licenses to explore new sites all over Goa. Sanvordem with river and rail outlets turned out to be a suitable storage and transportation site for moving vast tonnage of these mineral ores by rail and river barges to transfer the ores onto huge ships waiting in line in the port of Marmugoa or Vasco- a name commemorating Vasco De Gama – who made the first port of entry to Goa in search of India for spices and trading posts.

The entrepreneur house of Bandodkar, Dempo, Talaulikar, Mangalji, Agarwaal, Kudchedkar, Salgoancar, Neuguee, Shantilaal and many others had destiny carved out for wealth and personal prosperity from the growing mining of these iron and manganese ores. Sanvordem and other such villages became a mine workers town. Many local and “imported” labor force worked in day and night shifts. Living in a dust-laden village of Sanvordem and Curchorem, especially on the banks of the Zuari river and the train station area became difficult due to dust pollution. As years passed by, Sanvordem- Curchorem “downtown” areas began to look like a hellhole while our generation youngsters shifted to cities outside Goa for higher education.

The Portuguese governance of Goa was directed from Lisbon. Law and order was strictly enforced – especially to rout out any liberation forces in Goa. Clandestine activity for Goa's liberation was evident through the efforts of numerous Goan Saraswats. Mr. Uppendra Talaulikar, my grand-mother's brother, from Durbhat was jailed in the prison at Reis Magos for conducting such liberation activities with a Gandhian protocol. The Portuguese had a significant influence on our Hindu community. Our cultural and religious activities were restricted to our temples of worship. Most of these temples were allowed to be established in the Ponda (Fondem) province. Certain Hindu families like the Mhamai Kamat family were very influential

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

with the Governor of Goa and the family members were allowed to serve as protectorate of certain temples and religious /cultural activities. As citizens of Portugal, many Goan Hindus and Christians migrated to Portugal for better prospects in living a good life. Hindus as well as Christians who had their father or sons work in government offices brought home Portuguese words- good or bad -incorporated in our spoken language at home- our Konkani. Portuguese words like malandra, burro, vadv, filha de puta, bebdo, atrapalhad, abuzad and many, many more kept creeping in our Konkani we used for communicating with each other. In fact, the more words, Portuguese phrases and exclamatory expressions our parents said at home, the more we used them and they became a part of our vocabulary in Konkani- a version far different than Konkani spoken in Karwar or Mangalore. Today, as we visit our homes in Goa, one would find it alarming to see surprises on the faces of new generation of Goans when such words or expressive phrases are uttered in our casual conversations with them.

What the Portuguese left behind was a well-organized civil administration code of regulations, a feudal "Bhatkar- Monkar" community dedicated to agricultural and farm land revenue for sustenance. They also left behind a legacy of conversion of Hindus to Christianity, magnificent churches all over Goa, knowledge of western style home architecture and public buildings, a sense of civility and community concerns and a focus for doing our best without entrenchment in political affairs of state governance.

A FREE FALL POST-LIBERATION OF GOA

The annexation of Goa with the Indian Union brought in a flood of cultural and sociological changes. Goans under Portuguese rule have had a "sussegaad" lifestyle. As long as Goans did not promote the liberation fights with the government, the Portuguese were quite tolerant to Goans who went about doing their work, business or labor work in the farms and rice fields. The mining industry got a boost from the Indian Government and a flux of labor force from neighboring states came into Goa for export of mineral riches mined out of the Goan mines far and near to many villages of Goa. Many Hindu Goan Saraswat families chose to sell their land, businesses and developed properties to business counter-parts from other states of India. Prime properties along the Goa beach fronts were sold to hotel magnates and entrepreneur conglomerates like the Tata group of Industries. From the late seventies onward, a raft of luxury hotels were built close to the Goan beachfronts. In Panaji hotels sprung up without any concern for city codes for residential, industrial and hotel industry. Money kept pouring in from all over India to buy local businesses in and around Panaji, Margao and Mhapsa - the three principal towns of business in Goa. Since the early seventies, a majority of merchandize

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

shops lining major roads of Panaji are owned by non-Goans –those who came in from other states of India to settle in Goa. Dayanand Bandodkar became the first chief minister of Goa for a brief post-liberation period. He managed to do a reasonably good job of administering Goa and protecting the shoreline of Goa. Since then, corruption, power grab and chicanery began to take hold of Goan political landscape.

Political maturity in a democratic state of Goa began to take a back seat and the prime objectives of good governance of Goa fell to a low level that precipitated into President's rule in Goa several times. With the phenomenal growth of tourism taking hold in the beachfront luxury hotels and residences in Panaji , Anjuna, Vaga Tor, Varca, and many other relaxing tourist places in Goa, crime began to show up its presence. The introduction of casinos along the banks of beautiful river Mandovi promoted revenue to the coffers of Goa government. However, over the long weekends, with tourists coming in from Delhi and neighboring states, the casino business also promoted and expanded money laundering, prostitution, illicit drug trafficking, drunken behavior and street fights in Panaji and neighboring Colva and Candolim beaches. Whereas the mining entrepreneurs kept their business export of thousands of tonnage of iron ore to China and elsewhere booming, illegal mining went on for years with an underhanded approach to such activities by the Goa government officials in Panaji. With the advent of financial boom experienced by Goans –at- large, the coming of the age of internet in the mid-1990, wireless telephony and modern amenities such as imported cars, motor bikes, video games and imported liquor in the early part of the year 2000, Goans, especially the Bhatkar, Mundkar clans and other Saraswats flush with money from mines and sale of land and farm holdings began to live quite luxuriously and comfortably in prosperity. As time passed by prosperity discovered numerous vices among the young and elite Goans – especially the entrepreneurial and Bhatkar Saraswats families.

Since there were no adversities to confront - virtues like respect for elders, spirituality, religious faith, compassion, community concerns, honesty, integrity, passion for education and be educated – all began to decline. Western value for materialistic wealth, clothing, cars and parties with booze began to rise in the late 1990 and for many it became a fashion with young Goans of Konkani speaking families to converse in English with parents, friends and visitors alike. More and more Goans of the new generation speak Konkani filled with English sentences than Konkani ones. That appears to be a single most incremental rise in spoken Konkani in in Goa. Such family promotional attitudes for “westernization” began to grow in Saraswat and Christian families alike.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF GOA cont'd

The Goan culinary art of cooking and preparing preserved dishes has been replaced with eating out in fashionable four or five star restaurants of Goa. Gone are the days of a good home cooked meal with homemade preserves like mango pickled with filled spices - "bhareele'n ambyanche'n lonche'n". Traditional dishes like "Zunko, kando bhakree, moorambo, kakaye, galmo kissmoor, soongtache'm dhabdhabeet, sukyo tisryo or khatkhate'm" are heading for extinction in the archives of Goan Culinary Art. Though it is tempting to ask relatives to cook and serve a home cooked meal with Goan dishes, one fears the repercussion of that request as few will answer the request in positive. On the educational front, it seems a new generation of teachers are delving in the business of making money, not teaching the subjects as needed appropriately. This cannot be said of all teachers and yet this new trend is troubling. Numerous sources, including my family members living in Panaji told me that daily lessons in math, physics, chemistry and English are held nominally with few challenging home works and more guidance by the teachers themselves to attend tutorial classes. Such classes are held by a kin of teachers or someone financially connected to the principal teacher making the recommendations. Alas, where have the old dedicated teachers of yesteryears have gone? Of course they have gone in the graveyard. The new ones have a field day with financial focus.

As we continue to progress into the 21st century, it appears that some efforts are made to salvage these traditional culinary taste and methods of Goan dish preparation. The Goan fish curry name has become a house hold name in menu list of hotels and hotel residencies all over the world - New Zealand to Australia to north and South America, as well as Europe. The big difference in the non- Goan dish is ---- taste, of course!!

The Goa government under Parrikar continues to promote and preserve Konkani in the legislative assembly. Local communities are hosting Saraswat cooked meal fairs particularly in Margao on an annual- bi-annual basis. Unless there is a massive approach to hold dinner or lunch sessions at home with Goan dishes made at home by the elders and taught to young ones, the Goan culinary art and traditional dishes will be left to fall into the abyss of time. Change in any town, city, state or a country is bound to happen as we continue our journey of the 21st century. What we seem to miss out is the concerted effort by the individual, the community and the state to conserve, protect and promote the culture and traditions of Goan Hindus, Christians and Mohammedans. Perhaps diversity is the root cause of our failure to recognize this. If one looks at the history of the French, the Germans, the Chinese or the Japanese, it seems the binding force on these people is their language, their culinary traditions and artistic festivals they preserved over centuries.

THE FUTURE OF GOA

Let there be no mistake on this subject. The future of Goa rests in the hands and active participation of the current generation in Goan schools, colleges and NGOs of Goa. A lot of bad water has flown under the bridge between pre-colonial and post-colonial Goa. If history repeats itself, it is because nations, states, communities and individual families do not recognize the long term effects change brings in and for a young democracy - such as India. The corruption virus has spread deep into the administrative system of governance and public life in Goa and the rest of India. Fighting the basic elements of corruption at each and every level in business or government can and should make Goa's future bright. For Goa, - a tiny state of India, such changes are easy to execute at any level of business or government.

Progressive changes such as building new connector roads, bridges, traffic signals – particularly in Panaji and Margao, auto rickshaw and car parking lots in combination with controlling traffic congestion in big cities should alleviate major choke points and promote business and industrial flow of good out of Goa . New biotech breeder industry set-up in the vicinity of a booming Verna pharmaceutical industry is a sure bet for a bright future for Goa to export of high tech pharmaceutical products in the 21st century. All the same, NGO programs for controlling environmental pollution caused by the mining industry can and should be funded by business and government to assure control of pollution that has caused numerous health ailments like dementia, COPD, bronchitis and asthma in residents of mining towns like Sanvordem, Shledem, Pissurlem and Sanquelim. This futuristic writing may be called by some as "A sermon from the Altar"- perhaps not- but the thought on this suggestive approach is that if we see the forest, we do not see the trees that make up the forest.

Although difficult to say it, I have elected to live in the U.S. for a number of reasons. For Meenal and I, visiting Goa every year for a short period to enjoy our friends, relatives and our ancestral house in Sanvordem is truly satisfying and joyful for us. The blessed beauty of Goa's forests, parks and arboretum remain fresh in my mind; and as many times as possible I shall visit Goa during the days of our Zatras of Shri ShantaDurga and Shri Manguesh. Om tat Sat!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This essay was written after some discussion with Dr. Swati Bhobe of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. I elected to write on this topic to express the reality as I experienced in the past and continue to experience during my annual visits to Goa. It is my hope that a reality check with efforts by the Goa Government, elders, NGOs and the new generation in Goa will support preservation of Goan traditions and culture for the bright and prosperous future of Goa.

*Best Compliments from
Vinoda & Radha
Kudchadkar*

BEST WISHES,
FROM THE HODARKARS
Jagadish, Rekha & Nikhil
Sanjay, Bharati, Rhea and Pooja

Konkani

PROVERBS/MHANNI

PROVERB: Dukor posunk vhelear roddta, ani marunkui vhelear roddta

TRANSLATION: A pig squeals whether you take it for feeding or slaughter.

MEANING: Some people are just whiners.

PROVERB: Ardhya maddar chaddoon hat soddcho nhai

TRANSLATION: One should not let go after climbing halfway up a coconut tree.

MEANING: Abandoning a job halfway can be disasterous.

PROVERB: Nachunk yenna, angonn vankddem

TRANSLATION: If you can't dance, the floor is crooked.

MEANING: Don't blame circumstances for your failure.

PROVERB: Faleam mortolo mhunn aizuch fonddatt poddchem re?

TRANSLATION: Just because you will die tomorrow, means you should jump into the grave today?

MEANING: Don't let anticipation of bad things stop you from living today.

PROVERB: Nakak dhorlear tondd ugtem zata

TRANSLATION: If you close your nose, the mouth opens.

MEANING: One closed opportunity could mean the opening of another.

PROVERB: Von ranteleacho khuim ximur kaddcho poddta

TRANSLATION: Someone may be required to clean the nose of a person who is cooking.

MEANING: One may need to do a favor for someone who is doing good for us and others.

PROVERB: Handeer chedo sodtaan soglo waddo

TRANSLATION: Kid on the hips, but looking for him all over the village

MEANING: What you are looking for is probably right under your nose.

PROVERB: Aaplench daant dukhaitaan aaplench wonth

TRANSLATION: Your own teeth hurt your own lips

MEANING: Sometimes you or your people cause problems for you.

PROVERB: Bot dilyaar, haath giltaa

TRANSLATION: Give a finger, they swallow the whole hand

MEANING: Sometimes when you offer help you can be taken advantage of.

PROVERB: Aplo koito hataar boslear naallak kidyak galli?

TRANSLATION: If the coconut sickle cuts your hand, why curse the coconut?

MEANING: Don't blame others for your mistakes.

Quiz 1 - Easy

तकलेक त्रास

Answers on Page 68

BY DR SWATI BHOBÉ. THIS QUIZ FIRST APPEARED ON FACEBOOK FORUM "KONKANI SPEAKS"

A confusing homemade puzzle for you all. Hidden in each sentence are words which when translated in Konkani or substituted by a synonym in English and joined together will give you the Konkani name of a Goan flower.

There are 10 sentences. Last one has only one word to translate to make the flower.

- 1) If you want, you may come in.
- 2) If you like to see animals you can come here.
- 3) Love can be consumed uncooked unlike other things.
- 4) A good singer will use his notes wisely and sing.
- 5) That Indian noodle snack was too spicy, she could not handle it.
- 6) A fairy has no caste.
- 7) The night comes alive when the queen decides to smile.
- 8) A hot cup of this beverage goes well with beaten rice.
- 9) You can crush me, ask me?
- 10) None of my family members can talk but why am I called the mute one?

Quiz 2 - Medium

तकलेक आनी त्रास

BY DR SWATI BHOBÉ. THIS QUIZ FIRST APPEARED ON FACEBOOK FORUM "KONKANI SPEAKS"

Each clue points at the name of a flower found in the US. Name the flower.

- 1) Thank God Imelda Marcos did not fancy me.
- 2) Brad Pitt left Jennifer with a hefty alimony and this.
- 3) If Romeo and Juliet were neighbors what would they say to each other?
- 4) The convicted ex-governor of Illinois wished he was touched by Midas.
- 5) First love is special and nothing says it better than this one.
- 6) Hey guys you will never find me in Las Vegas, Macau, Monaco, Nepal or Goa, don't waste your time looking for me there.
- 7) Hey guys I am living and breathing, you must be crazy to call me this
- 8) whoever thought I lacked this virtue of forbearance, must have been hallucinating.
- 9) After a heart break, please don't come looking for me on the floor
- 10) Wonder how could anyone think of me as this contraption for this patriarch of Israeli people to climb?

Quiz 3 - Hard

तकलेक सामखो त्रास

Answers on Page 68

BY DR SWATI BHOB. THIS QUIZ FIRST APPEARED ON FACEBOOK FORUM "KONKANI SPEAKS"

A pictorial quiz. The photos are in pairs. Decipher the photos in Konkani or English as the need may be and join them together to come up with a name of place in Goa. There are three columns and four rows. The last photo is unpaired and stand alone. Rest are all in pairs. If this quiz causes undue confusion and stress I am sorry. Just my first attempt at putting up something like this. ENJOY!

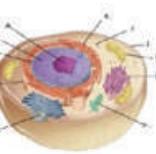
1.)



2.)



3.)



4.)



5.)



6.)



7.)



8.)



9.)



10.)



11.)



12.)



Traditional Goan Jewelry

BY SONALI WALKE NAGVEKAR



PHANAS KAATO BANGLES



GOTT, PAATLI AND TODO



NAV RATNA TODEY ANI
RUDRAKSHYA KAAKNA



GARUD PISSOLI



KANTI WITH TEMPLE
DESIGN



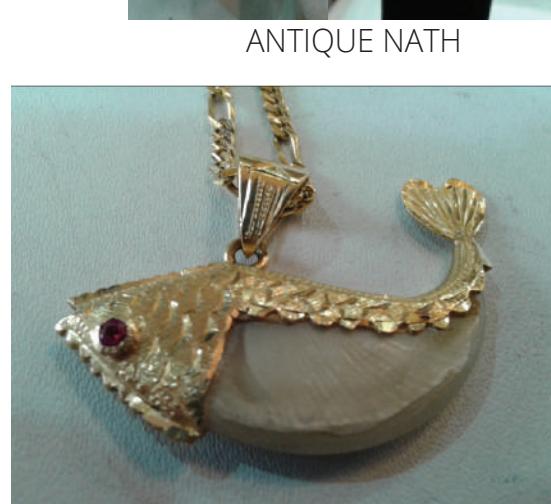
FLOWER PINS



ANTIQUE NATH



GIZBIZLEY



VAGHACHE DAAT LOCKET

मांडवी

BY DR. SWATI BHOBE

घेतलो जन्म प्यास एका जंगलान
नजर पडता गोया तुजेर, पडली हाव मोगान

घालून घेतलो जीव हावे मोगा तुज्या गोपान
वेन्गेन तुज्या रचले हावे अस्तित्व म्हजे तुज्या प्रेमान

पोसली हावे बरूगी तुजी नहीवैली तांची तान
पावळी तांका ह्या तेरान्तल्यान त्या तेरान्न
जगली आमी मोगा इत्लविरसा एका मेकाच्या सांगातान

फाटली बारा वरसा हाव भतिरल्या भतिर गळ्यता म्हजी दुखा
बोधूंक येतल्या वतल्या सोयर्ह्यांक जुगाराची सुखा
जाल्या म्हजी फाट रे जड
उभारून त्यो बोटी व्हड व्हड
जीव जाला म्हजो फुगार
त्या गुवा मुतान हाडला म्हाका बेजार
उलो मारता रे गोय्कारा तुका ?
आयकूक येता मरे तुका ?
काय घाटीन म्हणून सोङ्गन दलिया ?
तुये म्हाका वारूयार उड्यला?

आमची मायभास कोकणी

BY DR. SWATI BHOBE

गेली जरी आमी पैस गोयच्यान
तरी गोय मात सदाच उरतले आमच्या काळजान

वसिरची ना केन्नाच आमी आमच्ये आवैक
कोकणी जावून उरली दसि रात आमच्या सेवक
आवय कोकणीन दली आमका अप्रतग्नि माया
सदाच वावयली आमचेर नसीम आपली दया

बान्ल्या तणि आमका सगल्यांक
आपल्या मोगाच्या एका दोर्यान
घडोन हाड्या सगळ्याची एकवट
करूंक आमचे आवैची उदरगत
लपींधरमाक वसिरूया
भेद भाव सगळे फाटी घाल्या
झगड्यांचे वशिय मोकून पैस मारुया
आमजिादनि कोकणीचो दर्जो वाडोवया

Ode to Polar Vortex

BY DR. SWATI BHOBE

पैर आमचे कडे आयलो एक सोयरा
आमंत्रण नास्तना अकस्मात भतिर सरलो
नाव खय ताजे पोलार बवरो
खरेच जीव मात ताणे आमचो वटीन दवरलो

येताच आमका मारली एक वेंग सामकी थंड कुडकुडीत
एका मीनटान भायर उरत जाल्यार हाडा पाडा सामकी दुखली सणसणीत
हात पाय एका क्रषणात मुयेले
हजार सुयो तोप्ता अशे अनुभवले
कसो बसो जीव घालो घरान बरबरीत

चा करपाक उडैली सडसडीत

चाचो एक घोट हुन्हुनीत

पोटान पडताच सरसरीत

जीवान जीव आयलो टवटवीत

आज चल्लो आमचो सोयरा

आपल्या सदच्या घरा

भूरंगी मात मातशी पकिअर जाल्या

कारण फाल्या तांका परत शाळा

काबार जाली दोन दसिची सुटी

परत सुपुझाली इयूटी

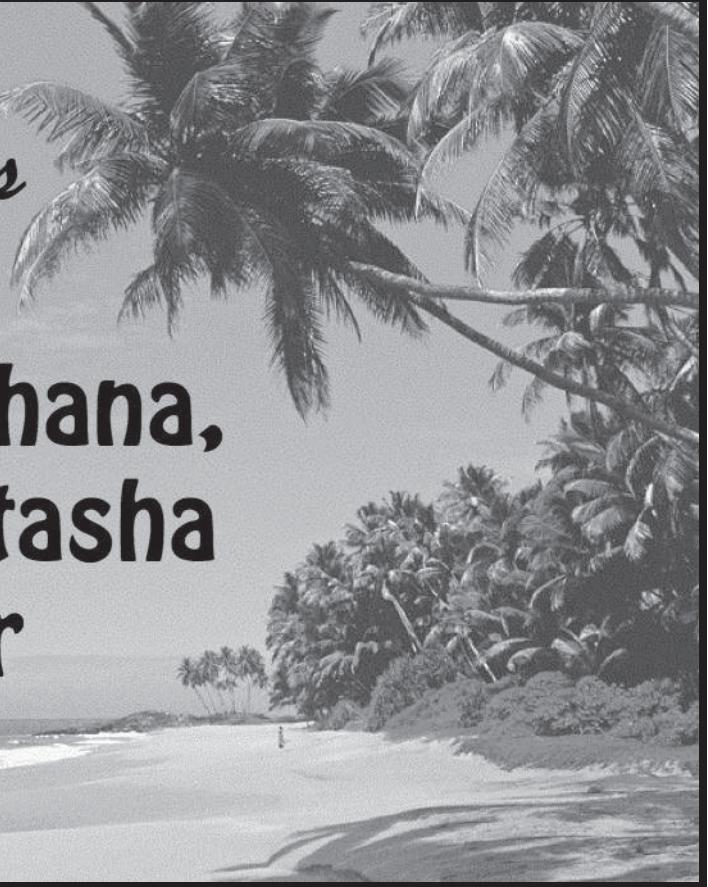
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*best wishes
from*

**Niteen, Prarthana,
Neha and Natasha
Sukerkar**



तयारी धुवेल्या लग्नाची

BY DR. RUPA VALAULIKAR

लग्न लागी पावले रे
कामां कतिलीं उल्लयांत रे

व्होवळीक पत्रां पावलीं काय
शेजरा स्वतः सांगुं जाय

देवा, सुयेर - सुतक नाका
अभषिक मागीर घालतां तुका

मंडपदेवता घेतली बसौन
शविराक जेवण घेतां पचौन

बेळगांवच्यान हाडलां सणाँग
खोशी जांव मांय - नणाँद

व्हकलेन शविण केल्या बरी
दोन डझन चादर-चीरी

शेठ - शपी प्रसन्न जांव
धांवपळ करतां यजमान हांव

घरांक भांगर, टेन्शन व्हड
गोयांक चोरयो जाल्यात चड

कार्यावळी वाढत चल्ल्या
मंटी, संगीत फेशन आयल्या

माटोव, कदेलां, फुलां, लायटी
सोयरीं आयल्यांत जाणटी-नेंटी

देवासपणाचो भटार भार
ब्यूटीशनां हाडल्यात चार

कसो वसिरुं म्हजो गांव

BY DR RUPA VALAULIKAR

गांवातल्या भावा म्हज्या आयकुन तुजें बरें दसिलें
गांवची आमच्या तुस्त आयकून हड्डे म्हजें फुलून आयलें

तुजो शीण समजतां हांव गैरसमज करूं नाका
म्हज्या हातांक आसलें जाल्यार शार - बीर कांयच नाका

शक्षिणाचो उपेग कुंक, पोटाखातरि दुङ्ग जोडुक
हांगां थऱ्य धांवचॅं पटटा, मोग माया सोडची पट्टा

तरी सुदधां नमीतत काढून, चवथ - नाताल चड करून
गांयांक म्हज्या धाडन येतां, बायल भुर्ग्यांक व्हडवीको सांगतां
आमी हांगां अशें करी आमी थंय तशें करी
तरी सुदधां इष्टा म्हज्या मनांक तूं राग धरी

जाणटीं आमर्चीं खोशी जातात भुर्गीं आमर्चीं धुडगुस घालतात
केन्ना सुटी सोपली कळना वतना पावलां जड जातात

तुजे सारखे इष्ट म्हजे, गांवांक रावतात हें सौभाग्य आमर्चे
आमच्यो रीती आमर्चे सैम, आमर्चे दायज, सांबाळ माच्छें

तुजें हें रणि म्हजेर, उपकार केन्नाच वसिरचोना
कशें म्हज्यान जाता तशें, गांवांक करतलो सुधारणा

समजून घे इष्टा म्हज्या आतां तरी माफ कर
फुडल्या फावटी येतां तेन्ना आनंदान स्वागत कर

भांगराचो सोस

BY DR. RUPA VALAULIKAR

गंगावनाचेर भांगरा फाती , हारांच्या वजनान घुसमटली छाती
भांगतळी लांबता कपलार , नाकपुडयांक लांबयल्यात नथी
वज्रा वेड दसिता सोभुन , कानार कान चापुन चोपून
भांगर घालपाक सुवात केल्या , कानापाळी तोपून तोपून
बाजूबंद तटतट्टा , बळाचो नाग वळवळटा
लें स घालून फटिंग केल्या तरी बायखुरी गळगळटा
गळयाक फांस सरपळेचो ; कंठी , गोफ , गळसरेचो
कमर बांधलां कमरपटटयान , आंबाडयाक बांध वळसराचो
माशकोत , कांकणां मनगटार ; पाखे माथ्यार , पखे कानार
केसांक , साडयेक भांगरा पन्नी ; चावयां घोस धोलता भेणार
गीजबजिलें लकिलकिता , वज्रां हार लखलखता
माणकां , मोतयां , पाचू घाललो नवरत्नां सेट चकचकता
लक्ष्मीक चपला तेकला , पसिळया मर्दीं चांद उदेला
कतिली ही वसिंगती , गळयांतलो डॉलर बरोच देंवला
गोंठ , काकणां , पाटली , तोडे ; घालता ततिलें भांगर थोडे
प्रत्येक बोटाक एक एक मुदी ; पायांक फालत भांगरा जोडे
मोठव्या केसांक जाय आटी , गोंठ पासून जाय दोट्टी !
बापुय -घोव बेजार जाल्यात , कदिं करया ? बाय हट्टी !
कदिं हो भांगराचो सोस , जायत्या जाणांक तीच खोस
इतल्यो वस्ती करप , घालप ; जीव तरीय ना धादोस !

आमचे गोय

BY SHAMA KENKRE

म्हंणताले पयली अशे
गोयच्या म्हज्या गोयकारानो , गोयच्या म्हज्या गोयकारानो
म्हणटा म्हणटा जाले कशे
गोयच्या म्हज्या रशयिनानो
जाले अशे हे कशे?
कोण जबाबदार करपी तशे?
गोयान आमच्या भोवताना
दसिताली कोकणी भास
आता वता वता थंय
सुटला रशयिनांचो वास
मेळता थय झगडी झुजां
नायजेरझिन , युरोपयिन करता येवून केस्तांवा
एका तेपार पोरतुगेजांक काढले आमी भायर
हाडले कोणे हे हपिपी परत गोयच्या दारार
तांका काडचे सोइन भायर
करतात पुजा तांची आमदार
लायतात भतिल्लया भीतर झगडी गोयकारांची
कोकणो , करीस्ताव करून जार्तीची
केन्ना जातले जागे आमी
करतले परकी सोइन आपले लागी
दलियात देवान चार दसि ह्या गोयांचेर
रावात रे बाबानो करून मोग मायभूमचिर

Facebook

BY SHAMA KENKRE

मार्क झकररबगाचो (Mark Zuckerberg) हो एक शोध
सगळे लोक करूंक लागले ताजो उपभोग
सगळ्या भूरग्यांक लागली ताजी सामकी चटक
दीस रात सुरु जाले ताजेर भटकप
करता करता वोचुक लागले जाणते नेणते ताजेर
थोडे कीदेय बरोंक लागले बसून, रातचे कोपाच्या नेटाचेर
पयली पयली आशील्ले घालाप फक्त COMMENT
करता करता पोळोक मेळे भपके आनी नेट
म्हणतासर घालूक लागले लोक फोटे मुदासाचे
मोग, लग्ना, वाढदीस, तशेच पाना फुलांचे
मागीर जाले तयार ग्रुप
राजकारण, भाषा, गाव, जेवण असल्यो तरा खुप
हजारांनी लोक जाले MEMBER
जाल्यो तांच्यो तरा शंभर
कोण उमेदीन बरेयता, आनी कोण कोण वाचता
कोण करता POST, तर कोण अपुरबायेन COMMENT
थोडे करपी फक्त LIKE, थोडे मेज्पी फक्त LIKE
थोडे मारूंक लागले झेत करून दुसर्यानचेर PICK
तर थोडे वचुन करी थय फक्त CREEP
थोड्याक उमेद काढपाची बसुन चूको बरयतल्यान्याचो
पुण थोडे करी तोकणाय तांच्या लीखाण्याचो

Cadence of Memories

BY DR V. G. SHENOI

Rani's remains swirl in the shallow brook,
The ripples expand in the gleam of sun.
She blends with pristine scent of the planet,
A grateful family chokes tears in unison.
The spark burns away in the tide of time,
Unheeded by the wailing of mortals,
Hovering over the hazy firmament
It seeks to enter the effulgent portal.
Formless, unseen and amazing the soul is,
The ancients extolled its eternal glory;
Will it unmask the mystic veil, and return
Life's main, to weave anon, a piece of history?
We are born in a bowl of finite time,
Cohabit as couplets for collective gain,
Perforce and after a brief sojourn,
On the surface of eternity, we part again.
Conscious energy of sub-atomic particles,
Evolves to manifest the body-mind material,
Impelled by whom does it take first breath?
At whose decree does it cease be existential?
Life on earth is given to enrich and recycle,
It has substantive meaning and sublime goal,
Making the world a better place and peaceful,
Blessed I was with a partner to finesse that role.

Poetry

BY DR. ADITYA KAMAT

एका नाण्याच्यो दोन बाजू

कामाबगर दूऱ्ह जाय
कष्टाबगर आराम जाय
मनशा तुं कितलो बदलला
असो कसो घडला

साधो निर्मळ मनाचो
सैमान निर्मिलो मानव
हजारांनी वर्सा फाटल्यान
आयज जाला दानव

इतर प्राण्या बशेनूच
निर्सगार मोग करपी
आयचो महाप्राणी म्हणपी
जाला सृष्टीची वाट लावपी

आयज ताजे धेव्य
कशेंय दुऱ्ह कमावपाचे
धेता सगळे श्रेष्य
जगाक साप फटोंवपाचे

ईश्वरा फाटोफाट तुं
पूण, राकेस जाला
सैमाचो रक्षणकर्ता तुं
आयज कर्दनकाळ जाला

हाजो विचार केल्यार
दोनूय वटेन फरक
एकाभशेन दुसरी
समस्तानी घेंवची देख

प्रारब्ध

आधयच्या गर्भात जन्मलो
पूण शानी नाशिल्लो
आकारान जगात आयलो
पूण गिन्यानी नाशिल्लो

आधयच्या गर्भात जन्मलो
पूण शानी नाशिल्लो
आकारान जगात आयलो
पूण गिन्यानी नाशिल्लो

धडपडत आंगापांगान वाडलो
आवयबापायल्या संस्कारांत
खांचीखलग्यातल्यान वयर सल्लो
सकल ओडपी जगांत

स्पर्कर्तुत्वान जिखपाक सल्लो
निश्चयान तेंगशेक पावंक
आगुष्यभर ख्यास्त्यो खाल्यो
नांव अजरामर कसुंक

बुधी काय अबुधी

मनश्याच्या बुधीची
खोली मोजूक येना
ताजी लंबाय रुंदाय
कशीच तपासूक येना

एकवेळ दर्याची
खर कांडू येत
मनश्याच्या बुधीची
श्रीम कशी मेजूं येत?

मेंदवाचे खांचीखळगे
हिमालयाच्या दोंगरदरी बशेन
मेन्दु लोण्याबशेन
तर निर्णय लेखणाबशेन

कुर प्राण्याची
बुधी मापू येत
मनश्याच्या बुधीची
कुरता मापू येत ?

मनश्याच्या बुधीन
सैमाचेर मात क्रेल्या
ताज्याच नाश्यान
मनश्याची बुधी अबुद्ध जाल्या.

दिमन - II

मन आनी दुसरें मन
मनश्याच्या आसता कुडीन
खंयतरी रावता लिपून
येता उफाकून उडून

मनस्याक एकूच मन
म्हाका केज्जाच पटलेन्ना
म्हण्टात कावळ्याक एक दोलो
हावें मात मानलेन्ना

एकाच बशेन दिसपी
दुसरो मनीस आसता
मनाभशेन दुसरे मन
जणएकल्यान नवकी आसता

मन काळजान वो तकलेन
आयजमेरेन म्हाका कळूना
म्हजीच मना म्हाका कळपान
वसीं वचूनय गोमलेन्ना

मनाची दोनूच रुपां
वो खुब रुपां आसतूय
म्हज्या मनाची दोन रुपां
थंड आनी तापटूय

एक मन अमूक करता
दुसरें भलतेंच ठरयता
झगडपान घुसपाणोंदोळ जाता
निमाणे ठरवपाचेंच उरता

एका मनाक तरणे आवळात
दुसऱ्या मनाक जाणटेंय
मनान मनान फरक कसो
मनांभितर हांव फसलों कसो?

Batata Bhaji

FROM THE FACEBOOK FORUM KONKANI SPEAKS

INGREDIENTS:

Potatoes
Jeera
Green chillies
Turmeric
Green coriander leaves
Ghee
Mustard seeds
"Hing"
Salt

1. Boil the potatoes and peel off its skin...make small squares
- SECRET:** The smaller you cut the pieces the tastier is the bhaji...Note tato bhaji's potatoes size
2. Marinate the finely chopped potatoes with jeera (coarsely grounded) small rings of green chillies, salt , turmeric and lots of green coriander leaves
3. Now in a pan heat ghee..(also add oil along with ghee)
4. Add mustard seeds, little bit of jeera, some rings of green chillies, some green coriander again, add powder hing
5. Fry it nicely until you get its aroma melted in ghee then add the marinated potatoes and mix well
6. Add water. Quantity of water should be 1/4 of the total bhaji
7. Cook it for 3 to 4 mins, add little ghee while its cooking
8. Serve with paav or mix it with chana tonak to make patal bhaji.

Vadyo

FROM THE FACEBOOK FORUM KONKANI SPEAKS

INGREDIENTS:

2 cups Grated ash
Gourd/ Kuvaalo
2 cups Udid Daal
Dime size Shankar
Shaap hing
2 tablespoons Chilli powder
1 tablespoon mustard seeds
1 1/2 to 2 tsp Methi/
Fenugreek seeds
Salt to taste

1. Wash Ash gourds well and grate it to make 2 cups.
2. Pour this grated Kuvaalo in a colander to drain all the water for couple of hours while the Uddid call is getting soaked.
3. Soak Uddid daal in water for couple of hours
4. Grind the Udad daal with the water from the grated kuvaalo.
- NOTE:** Do not use plain water to grind the daal. Make a thick paste, it should not be watery. A little dried than the one to make idlis is fine.
5. In a mortar and pestle, pound the hing and methi to coarse powder. Mix this with chilli powder and add to the ground udad daal.
6. Let it sit overnight and next morning add the mustard seeds and mix well. Add salt (2 tsps of salt should be fine) but you can play with the amount depending on your taste.
7. Mix well , you can add a few finely chopped green chillies too if you want.
8. Spoon tiny amount of this batter on a nonstick tray and let it dry in hot summer sun for 3-4 days.

Sweet Buns

FROM THE FACEBOOK FORUM KONKANI SPEAKS

INGREDIENTS:

1 cup flour half wheat
half all purpose
1 very ripe banana
1 tsp jeera /cumin seeds
freshly ground
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp haldi powder
1 tsp baking soda

1. Mash the bananas well
2. Sieve flour together with baking soda and salt. Add haldi powder and mix well
3. Add mashed bananas to the dry flour . Add jeera powder.
4. Knead with water enough to make a hard ball. It should not be too soft or moist.
5. Let the dough rest for 2 hours.
6. Then roll out like puris and fry in hot oil.
7. Serve with Tato style batata bhaaji

Poas

BY AMEETA AMBE

INGREDIENTS:

1 1/3 cup Greek yogurt
3/4 cup condensed milk
1/2 cup coconut milk/ full fat milk or
combo
1/2 tsp each of cardamom powder,
ground cumin, and turmeric.

Mix all ingredients, put in pressure cooker for 5-6 whistles. If not set cook for a while longer. Voila!! Poas at your table without depriving the calf! Enjoy!

Khaje

BY USHA NAIK, FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK BY MS SUMITRA WAGLE
RECIPE SHARED ON FACEBOOK FORUM GOANS IN AMERICA

INGREDIENTS:

2 cups Chana flour
2 tsp oil or ghee
½ tsp baking soda
½ tsp salt
Oil for deep frying

1. Make a dough of above with water.

Note: Dough should not be soft but has to remain on drier side.

2. Make rolls of dough and cut to 2" size and fry in oil till crunchy.
3. For making the paak take one and half vaati of jaggery, add freshly cut ginger and sesame seeds, boil all above in water to make a nice paak. Add the thick fried sticks to this paak and khajey is ready

Green Gram (moog) Gaatthi

BY ASHA KARMALI

INGREDIENTS:

2 cups green gram, (moong) which is about 14 oz.
2 cups grated coconut
4 tea spoons roasted coriander seeds
2 tea spoons red chili powder
1 spoon mustard seeds
1/2 tea spoon turmeric powder
1/2 tea spoon black pepper
1/2 tea spoon tamarind paste
1/4 tea spoon asafoetida (hing)
15 curry leaves
20 white cashews
4 tea spoons oil
2 tea spoons jaggery or brown sugar
2 tea spoons salt
Small pieces of coconut

1. Soak green gram overnight in warm water, change water once this will soften the shell of green gram for removal.
2. Next day try to remove the green shell of gram while gently rubbing it between the palms of your hand.
3. Boil for few minutes the cleaned gram with two cups of water, add salt and cashews(cut lengthwise) and pieces of coconut. Do not overcook.
4. Dry roast the grated coconut in a pan for few minutes
- NOTE:** Since grated coconut is frozen and not fresh, it tastes better if roasted
5. Add coriander, chili , turmeric , pepper, tamarind paste and grind to make gravy.
6. Add the gravy to boiled gram and cook for few

Quiz Answers

QUIZ 1

Answers: 1) Zaaa yo 2) Zoo yo 3) Mog raw 4) Sur gaa 5) Shev ti 6) Paari Jaat 7) Raat Raani 8) Chaa fo 9) Chiddo 10) Abolee

QUIZ 2

Answers: 1) Lady's slipper 2) Bleeding heart 3) Kiss me over the garden gate 4) Golden Rod 5) Forget me not 6) Red hot poker 7) Corpse flower 8) Impatiens 9) Love lies bleeding 10) Jacob's ladder

QUIZ 3

Top Row: Paan aji, Veling, Maar cell
Second Row: Miraa maar, Maar Doll, Bus tora
Third Row: Santa Cruz, Jaam Bauli, Farm a gudi
Fourth Row: Pil laar, Paan Vel, Mala

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