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Pallav Deka
wins Gold in
Badminton at
State Games of
America



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Pallav Deka wins Gold in Badminton at State Games of America

Pallav Deka of Omaha recently won two gold medals in Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton at the State Games of America held in Colorado Springs on Aug. 1. Pallav, a native of Guwahati, is a graduate student in Exercise Science in the School of Health, Physical Education and Recreation at UNO and a graduate assistant at the Exercise Physiology Lab. He has continuously represented the State of Assam in various age categories in different Zonal and National level tournaments and Championships in India for 16 years. The State Games of America is the premier national multi-sport event for athletes of all ages and abilities held every biennium under the banner of the National Congress of State Games. Medal winners from 49 State Games nationwide earn the right to compete against other winners, as well as Colorado athletes, and match their skills and competitive desire in a national arena. The State Games concept was developed in New York in 1978 with the Empire State Games. Annually, more than 400,000 athletes compete in State Games nationwide..

In the United States of America:

- Gold Medal Winner of "A" group Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the State Games of America at Colorado Springs, Colorado- August, 2009
- Gold Medal Winner of "A" group Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the Corn Huskers State Games, Omaha, Nebraska- July, 2009
- Gold Medal Winner of "A" group Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the Midwest Regional



Badminton Championship held at Louisville, Kentucky- March, 2009.

- Silver Medal Winner of "A" group Men's Singles Badminton Event at the New York Open Badminton Championship held at New York- March, 2009.
- Gold Medal Winner of Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the Spring 2009 Iowa State University Badminton Tournament- Spring, 2009.
- Winner of "A" group Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the Ray Scott Memorial Badminton Championship, Omaha, Nebraska- July, 2009
- Winner of "A" group Men's Singles and Doubles Badminton Event at the Corn Huskers State Games, Omaha, Nebraska- July, 2008

International Achievements:

- Played for India at the Asian Satellite Badminton Tournament held at Lucknow, India -2005.
- Played for India at the Sri-Lankan invitational tournament held at

Colombo (Sri Lanka) and was the Winner in Men's doubles event and secured 3rd position in Men's Singles event -2002.

- Played for India at the Asian Satellite Tournament at Mumbai (India) and reached the men's doubles pre-quarter finals-2002.
- Represented the Junior Indian Team at the Dutch Open held at Harlem (Netherlands) -2000
- Represented the Junior Indian Team at the German Open held at Bothrob (Germany)-2000
- Represented the Junior Indian team at the Asian Badminton Confederation Tournament held at Yangon, Myanmar-1999.

National (India) Level Achievements:

- All India National School Games Champion, under 19 yrs (Teams and Individual boys singles)-1997.
- All India National School Games Team Events Runners-up, under 19 yrs boys -1996.
- All India Sub-junior boys (under 16 yrs) Singles National Champion -1994.

- Runners Up in Junior Boys Singles in All India Ranking Tournament held at Guwahati -1999.

Zonal and State (Assam) level Achievements

- 2006: Senior State Doubles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Men's Singles in Assam, India.
- 2005 : Senior State Doubles Runners-Up and Ranked No. 2 in Men's Singles Assam, India
- 1998 -2004: Senior State Doubles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Assam, India.
- 1998, 1999, 2002, 2003, 2004: Senior State Singles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Assam, India.
- 1994-1999: Junior (under 19 yrs) State Singles and Doubles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Assam, India.
- 1994: Sub-Junior (under 16 yrs) State Singles and Doubles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Assam, India.
- 1992-1993: Sub-Junior (under 16 yrs) State Singles Runners –Up and Doubles Champion in Assam, India.



- 1991: Mini (under 13 yrs) boys State Singles and Doubles Champion and Ranked No. 1 in Assam, India.
- 1994, 1995, 1997, 1998: North –East Zone (India) Inter State Junior Boys Team Event Champion.

- 1999, 2000, 2003, 2004, 2005 & 2006: North –East Zone (India) Inter State Men's Team Event Champion.

Awards

- **1995:** Felicitated by The Badminton Lover's Trust in Mumbai for winning the sub-junior Nationals Singles Championship.
- **1999:** Abhiruchi sports award for representing the country.
- **2000:** Recipient of the N.N.Bhattacharya award for the Best Junior Sportsperson of North –East India.
- **2001:** Recipient of a Certificate of Honor, presented by the Sports & Youth Welfare Department, Govt. of Assam, as a recognition of excellence in sports.
- **2007:** Appointed Vice Captain of Assam Contingent and Captain of Assam Badminton Team for the 33rd National Games held in Guwahati.
- **2007:** Had the honor of taking the **OATH** on behalf of 8000 participants in the Opening Ceremony of the 33rd National Games held at Guwahati, Assam.

Prepared by Jugal Kalita, Colorado

Continued from page 7..

Futile Pursuit

again. She walked along the long corridor and tapped lightly on the door of Room Number 8. I hid myself in the corridor. Irene spent fifteen minutes in the room and as soon as she left, I asked an attendant, what relation the girl who had just left had with the patient.

“The girl is Ruby’s friend,” the attendant said indifferently.

“Who is Ruby?” I asked.

He answered quite politely: “The patient’s second daughter.”

I had never heard Irene mention that she had a friend by the name Ruby. Of

course, it was not necessary that I should know everything about her. I didn’t waste time there. Coming out of the nursing home at once, I followed her again. Would she return home now?

No. Walking some distance and then covering the rest of the distance by a rickshaw, she entered the college campus again.

Why? Didn’t her classes end at 11:35 on Saturdays? Could it be that her routine had changed? Could it be that today there was some special occasion at the college in which Irene’s presence was necessary? I waited outside for a long time and finally at one point getting tired, returned home.

My wife asked me when I arrived home: “Where have you been so long?”

I gave her a smile and said: “Your daughter is no longer a small girl. She can do a lot of things all by herself. She can

buy her own medicine, go to the nursing home and enquire about the health of her friend’s ailing mother. It’s just for nothing that we worry about her.”

A little bit of pride certainly mingled with the satisfaction in my statement. A kind of joy of success did glow in my weary body.

My wife stared at me for some time. I noticed tears forming in her eyes. I asked: “What’s wrong? Why are you staring at me like that?”

This time she cried noisily and said in a choked voice: “What happens to you sometimes? Three years have passed since Irene died. You followed some other girl! Why do you behave like that?”

The original story is called Eta Byartha Anuharan by Atanu Bhattacharyya, translated by Biman Arandhara

The day I met Poet “Saumitra” Kishore Kadam

“Do you want to be a part of my next project?”
“Yes, of course! I would love to be!”
was my quick and excited response.
“Ok, then be in my office tomorrow at 10 am.”
“Yes sir, I’ll be there on time, as always”, I said with a smile.

After my night shift at work I went to his office, obviously on time. He greeted me with a smile, and we were soon on the way to the scheduled spot on his Indica. He said, “Let’s listen to something different”, and played a CD. Gulzar was reciting a beautiful poem. And then, it happened; track number 17 came on, and the recitation touched me to the core of my heart. I was almost on the verge of crying. It was a poem depicting love of mother and beloved, recited by the famous Marathi acclaimed poet-actor, Kishore Kadam, who writes under the epithet “Saumitra”,

“He is going to work on our project!”, suddenly I came to my own.
“What? Really, that will be great”, I replied.

This was my next project as an Assistant Director for a Marathi feature film, directed by Yogesh Datta Gosavi, who was next to me driving his Indica. Yogesh is an old friend of mine.

A known face in Hindi and Marathi theatre and film, a playwright and poet, Kishore Kadam made his mark as ‘Harilal’ in “Gandhi Viruddh Gandhi”. He also acted in films like ‘Is Raat Ki Subah Nahi’, ‘Aaghat’, ‘Sanshodhan’. Born and brought up in India’s economic hub Mumbai of very simple parents, he graduated from Chetna College, Bandra. Theatre guru Satyadev Dubey noticed him and groomed him in his acting school. He acted in Dubey’s Hindi drama, “Sambhogse Sanyas Tak”, where he played the widely appreciated lead role. His way to national fame was

the role of *Devdas Gandhi*, the Mahatma’s son, Gandhi vs. Gandhi.

It was during this time, noted director Shyam Benegal noticed Kishore Kadam, and offered him work on his next feature film, “Samar”, opposite Rajashree Sachdev along with Seema Biswas, Jonhawiwi Forsywas, Rajit Kapur and Ravi Jhankal. He won critical acclaim for his performance in the lead role of the movie. This film bagged National Film Award for the best film in 1999. His other Hindi ventures were *Ek Chalis ki Last Local*, *Black Friday*, *Dil Pe Mat Le Yaar*, etc.

Kadam’s Marathi career boomed with Amol Palekar’s “*Dhyasparva*” with Seema Biswas, Mohan Gokhale, and “*Bangarwadi*”. We can see him in Marathi serial Asambhav, a major and famous serial.

Kadam’s poetic career started when he was only 16. He started writing down his feelings for his own contentment; afterwards writing poems became his passion. Now, he is renowned as the most famous Marathi poet of our time. At first, his poems were published in various journals and newspapers during his college days. He created history when his Album “Garwa”, was released a decade ago. With heart touching lyrics, this album has the “one subject-one concept”- theme, “Rain”. It created a revolution in Marathi poetry. People still love to listen to this “*heartthrob of the young generation*”, despite being released a decade ago. The lyrics were sung by Milind Ingle, Asha Bhosale, Suresh Wadekar and many other famous singers.

Kadam is a good friend of Gulzar, having acted Gulzar’s plays such as *Lakerien*, and *Kharaashein*. His latest poetic album is “*Tarihi*” meaning “*Even Thou*”, with Gulzar. It was released a few months ago; it is also a major hit. The album depicts the chronology of relationships in poems. He says “I believe, pain insists you to write poems”.



A father of a beautiful 3 year old, he always plays his role as an accountable father and husband. He believes his friends are like his own family. His book “*Aami Tarihi Me*”, a collection of poems was published 6 years ago. In this and other books, we can find 3 elements in his poems “Sea, Rain and his lovable mother”. The mother is his real life ideal. His favorite poets and writers include the great Albert Camu, Leo Tolstoy, and Fyodor Dostoevsky.

Next month he will be arriving at Guwahati to act in few dramas to be performed there. Some of the individuals working with Gulzar will also perform a few plays in Guwahati, Assam next month.

Kishore Kadam, belongs to the generation of heroes of Indian theatre and cinema, who enjoy a happy dual life on screen as well as on stage following the tradition and footsteps of Om Puri and Naseeruddin Shah. I eagerly wait for his future works with varied elements of acting and his melodious vocabulary in the form of poem and songs.

Pranjal Saikia, Pune



Rini Kakati wins Glory of India Award

On 18 July, 2009, **Rini Kakati** was presented with the prestigious “**Glory of India Award**” from the India International Society. The “Glory of India Award” ceremony was held at the St. James, Buckingham Gate, London. She is the first Assamese lady to receive this prestigious award.

An international organization of global repute and influence, it represents the people of India, now nearing one billion living in India and millions more in other countries and Non-Indians of various nationalities, who support India. It espouses humanitarian causes, promotes universal brotherhood and especially works for India’s development by campaigning for and mobilizing NRI and foreign investment in India.

The award recognizes those members of the Indian Diaspora from all around the world, who have etched their own distinct identity - socially, professionally and culturally by the virtue of their own excellence. These individuals have been proactive and instrumental in strengthening

Indo-British ties and encouraging foreign investment in Indian projects and thus contributing to the economic growth of India.

Mrs. Kakati was recognized for her outstanding career and community work, socially, educationally and culturally spanning 35 years, started at the Area 4 Department of Social Services and Community Health in

Brent Council. She was recognized for opening Neighbourhood English classes at Nicole Road Project Centre in Harlesden, and for establishing a local nursery for the underprivileged and a drop-in-centre for the women and children at Church Road. In addition, Mrs. Kakati’s many community and dedicated works were recognized. She was the first Asian woman Governor of the Newfield Junior School. She is multi-lingual and her asset to help the community at large in today’s multi-cultural Britain.

On 18 July, 2009, “Glory of India Award” presentation ceremony held in London, were attended by distinguished dignitaries from around the world, including the award presenters invited as guests of honor. Mrs. Kakati was bestowed her award by **Mr. M.V. Rajasekharan** (Former Union Minister of State for Planning, Govt. of India) the Right Hon’ble: **Mr. Marsha Singh**, MP (House of Commons and chief guest), **Baroness Sandip Verma** (Member of House of Lords) and guest of honor **Baroness Prashar of Runnymede** (Member of House of Lords)

Manab Kakati, London



Bodo Fiction

The Bodos of the North Eastern region of India have today tasted a kind of self-rule after a long struggle. Their autonomous administrative unit is Bodo Territorial Council (BTC), although it is under Assam state. Bodo language has also been recognised by the government of India under the eighth schedule of the Indian constitution about four years ago.

Bodos or the Bodo-Kacharis who are racially of the Mongoloid stock of the Indo-Mongoloids or Indo-Tibetans, spread over the whole of the Brahmaputra valley (of Assam), North Bengal and parts of Bangladesh. This ethnic group is now one of the important tribes of the North East region of India with their distinctive cultural and linguistic features. Over the years, there have been cultural assimilations and fusions, yet the Bodos are basically stuck to their own identity. Histories have recorded that at one time Bodos also ruled Cooch Behar, Bijni, Darrang and Beltola. A section of the hill Bodos (Dimasa) ruled from the capitals of Dimapur, Maibong and Khaspur.

Though the Bodo language shares some common features in vocabulary, phonology, morphology and syntax with other sister languages of the Bodo group of tribes like Akas, Miris, Daflas, Mishimis, Rabhas, Kacharis, Garos, Mechs, it has assimilated much with Assamese. Even there are similarities between the Bodo language and Assamese with respect to grammar and Assamese is still the lingua franca. Unfortunately, the Bodo language had to remain confined to its spoken form till recently. Thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the newly awakened Bodo leaders, the Bodo language became the medium of instruction in the Bodo-dominated areas of Assam in 1963. It has now been the recognised associate language and the medium of instruction up to the secondary level. The Gauhati University, of late, has introduced the Bodo language as a subject in the post graduate course. In fact, written Bodo literature is only a recent phenomenon, although its folk segment is very rich. The Christian

missionaries were the first to publish books on religion, tales, rhymes and songs. These are, however, not regarded as proper Bodo literary productions by the present Bodo scholars who feel that with the publication of 'Bibar', the mouthpiece of Bodo Chatra Sanmilani (Bodo Students Association) in 1924 under the editorship of late Satish Chandra Basumatari, the Bodo literature proper came into being. Another Bodo journal named Alonbar was launched in 1936 under the editorship of late Pramod Chandra Brahma. These journals were the breeding grounds for young Bodo writers who were in fact the harbingers of the first renaissance of Bodo literature. Ishan Mushahari was the first recognised Bodo story teller whose story 'Abari' was published in the journal 'Hatharkhila' edited by Pramod Chandra Brahma in 1930.

In 1952, the Bodo Sahitya Sabha was set up and its house journal 'Bodo' was published under the editorship of Satish Chandra Basumatari in 1955. This journal had a catalytic role in moulding new consciousness among the new generation of Bodo writers. Meanwhile, there has been a rising trend of political movements too among the Bodos in Assam for establishing their all-round identity. The 1974 movement for Roman script for Bodo language added a new dimension to the world of Bodo literature. Magazines after magazines were brought out and a batch of promising writers, particularly of fiction, made their mark.

Among the pre-1955 short-story writers, notable were Siken Brahma, Ajit Narayan Brahma, Rathi Kanta Brahma, Jagadish Brahma, Manoranjan Lahari, etc. And their stories were published in different journals such as 'Akhaphaur', 'Alari', 'Mushri', 'Arau Sanashree', 'Nayak' etc. In the subsequent period, the journal 'Bairathi' edited by late Samar Brahma Chowdhury and the Kokrajhar College magazine too immensely helped in creating significant fiction writers such as Nil

Kamal Brahma, Hareswar Basumatari, Pramila Brahma etc.

The number of printed anthologies of Bodo short stories is, however, very small. 'Phaimal Mijink' by Chittaranjan Mushaharry is the first published Bodo short story anthology (1970). 'Thalim' is his second anthology in this genre. Thereafter, among the notable anthologies by different authors are: Nil Kamal Brahma's 'Hagra Gudumi Mai' (1972), 'Silingkhar' (1984), 'Sirinay Mandir' (1985), 'Sakhandra', Manoranjan Lahari's 'Solo Baidang' (1978), 'Saloni Solo' (1985), Dharanidhar Wari's 'Gandu Singni Lajjam Gangse' (1979), Hari Bhusan Brahma's 'Srimati Durlai' (1981), Satish Basumatari and Narendralal Boro's (jointly edited) 'Dukhuni Dengkho' (1980), Holowa Dal Ajaula Afad's 'Ajaula' (1980), Rohini Kumar Brahma's 'Mininglar' (1981), Satish Ramsiyari's 'Barkhau Manay Bibar' (edited, 1985), Nandeswar Daimari's 'Thangnayani Dooha' (1985), Banewar Basumatari's 'Annay' (1985), Katindra Swargiari's 'Rajalama' (1986, edited), Bireswar Basumatari's 'Jugami' (three volumes), Mohan Chandra Boro's 'Soo Bidoi' (1987) and Madhu Boro's 'Salo Saulay' (1990).

In sum, during the modern Bodo literature period, short story writers like Manoranjan Lahari, Jagadish Brahma, Nil Kamal Brahma, Haribhusan Brahma, Dani Ram Basumatari, Benoy Kumar Brahma, Heramba Narjari, Ranjit Kumar Bargayari, Bandhuram Basumatari, Hareswar Basumatari, Pratima Rani Basumatari, Siken Brahma, Pramila Brahma consolidated the foundation of Bodo short stories. Among the later group of fiction writers, prominent are Janil Kumar Brahma, Mangal Singh Hajowari, Dharanidhar Wari, Banewar Basumatari, Katindra Swargiari, etc. Even then, against the backdrop of the rising standard of short stories in other regional languages, Bodo fiction is only at a developing stage with young writers making endeavours for improved style and content. Bodo society is, by and large, socio-economically backward with widespread illiteracy and superstition. These pictures are almost vividly depicted in the Bodo stories, particularly by the young writers who don't want to spare the indifferent intelligentsia.

Joykanta Sarma, Detroit

Futile Pursuit

Today, all on a sudden I felt an unstoppable urge to follow Irene.

On Saturdays she does not have any lab class; the ending bell for her last theory class rings at 11:35 a.m. After that she is supposed to come home straight. But, does she do that? Where does she go? Since it is the last day of the week, doesn't she feel like spending a couple of hours having some fun before going home? I myself tend to do something out of my daily routine at times; doesn't Irene feel like doing the same?

My guess is that she will come into view under the *amlokhi* tree near the main entrance at quarter to twelve. Every nineteen- or twenty-year-old girl in the world does spend an additional fifteen or twenty minutes saying bye to her friends. Irene is twenty. Why shouldn't she fritter away twenty minutes like any other girl?

But, Irene took leave of her friends quickly. Within a few moments she stepped outside the college gate; she scanned the road for a rickshaw and finally, instead of heading home, she got onto a rickshaw moving in exactly the opposite direction, along the road leading to the market.

I was sitting on an old motor scooter about ten meters outside the college gate without being noticed. I was dressed in an old *punjabi* shirt and a pair of matching loose trousers. Moreover, in order to prevent my face from being seen I wore a full-mask helmet. To tell the truth, I almost never wear such disguise.

And yet, Irene was wearing a mind-blowing *churidar* and *kameez* set. She looked like some girl I didn't know at all in that purple dress. The *urna* over her chest was becoming restless in a light breeze. The shaking of the rickshaw and the mischief of the wind started annoying her. I somewhat enjoyed the scene. Like a skilled artist I began to concentrate on her figure and the immediate scene around her, as though I forgot my relationship with her.

A speeding motorcycle coming from the opposite direction whizzed past very close to my scooter. Two bicyclists overtook me and left me behind, cursing their displeasure at my slow speed.

It is very difficult to follow a rickshaw on a scooter maintaining a fixed distance. Even more difficult is for the pursuer to hide himself. On several occasions during that period I felt the urge to smoke a cigarette. Several times, I felt like overtaking her rickshaw. But actually, I did no such thing. I maintained a safe distance very carefully so that Irene would not notice me.

The people on the road were busy. A few college students coming to hang out after classes entered a restaurant. The hawkers were busy peddling newspapers from the stacks that arrived on the morning flights right on the sidewalks. The traffic signals at the crossroads changed colors frequently. At the autorickshaw stand, some easy-going drivers dozed off in their autos. A few customers who approached them, turned away disappointed and looked for other means of transportation. Irene's rickshaw stopped close to the autorickshaws. Hurriedly, I hid myself in the parking lot on the ground floor of a multi-storeyed building nearby, along with my scooter.

After dismissing the rickshaw-puller she headed for a posh hotel. I trembled within, in an unknown fear. Many things can happen in these expensive hotels within minutes! So much takes place in them in an evening! What business did Irene have here?

I was alarmed and thought of shouting out to warn her. But, with a full-mask helmet stuck to the head, calling out is not possible. As I removed the helmet, I noticed that Irene did not enter the hotel. Instead, she entered the photocopy shop by the side of the hotel, and took out a bundle of papers from her bag. I waited at a smoke shop nearby till she finished getting her papers xeroxed. Hurriedly having a few puffs of a cigarette, I wore my helmet again. Irene seemed to look in my direction once, but I she did not recognize me.

Next, she stopped by at a pharmacy. I understood that she had a prescription filled. I was worried again. Was she unwell? If she was suffering from something, I should have definitely known. I wanted to know what was the prescription for. But I did not dare to face Irene at the time. After

she left the pharmacy, I asked the salesman what medicine the girl who had just come bought. With a suspicious look, he ignored my question. I became a bit self-conscious and nervous. I realized that trying to get information from the pharmacy salesman would serve no purpose. It would be better for me to continue following Irene.

For a few tense moments Irene went missing from my sight. With much anxiety I looked for her in the cosmetics shops by the roadside, searched for her in a Chinese restaurant and after a few long moments, suddenly discovered her in a telephone booth. Concealing myself very tactfully I tried to see the phone number that showed in big letters on the machine. The number did not match any of the numbers that I knew. Of course, after listening with my ears pricked I was convinced that she had not indulged in any untoward conversation. I felt reassured for a while.

But after she left the telephone booth, a young man greeted her with words like 'hi' and 'hello', addressing her with a different name. Irene answered the greetings with a modest smile. The young man must have suggested a cup of coffee; it looked like Irene refused the offer saying she had no time. I enjoyed the whole scene, covering my head with a newspaper. I also liked that Irene behaved like a mature girl.

Forty minutes have passed since I started following her. Sometimes I wore the helmet, sometimes I got tired of carrying it in my hand. But, I couldn't think of stopping my surveillance because of that.

Today is a second Saturday. Since my office is closed I have ample time in hand. When I have the time I feel like doing many different things. On different days, under different situations I wish to observe Irene – the way she walks, her odd mannerisms, her mode of talking, etc.

Today Irene behaved as expected. There was no restlessness in her walk, no hesitation or doubt in the way she talked. She has been a responsible girl. She has behaved like a purposeful young woman. I am very happy. I am observing her like a satisfied pursuer.

Where would she go now? She stopped suddenly in front of a private hospital named City Nursing Home. Would she enter the nursing home? What business did she have there? I began to follow her

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