

Summer

2015



Sandesh

“The Message”

A Newsletter from IndUS of Fox Valley

From Editors' Desk ...

When the sun rises earlier than usual and lingers longer, we know it is summer. It is time to relax with family and friends, enjoy all that the season implies: picnics, hiking, biking, swimming, camping, afternoon reading or just lazing. In this summer special issue, we bring to you a variety of summer memories of childhood in India, in Switzerland and adult years in the US, reminiscing the summers past and planning for summers future.

Enjoy reading.

Sandesh

An IndUS of Fox Valley
Publication

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Waiting for Summer

By Natasha Prabhakar

It was August 2003. They said summer was here.

My first summer in the Midwest.

I was clad in two layers yet.

Invited to a friend's, we were warmly welcomed into their home. Our Indian friends, who had visibly spent longer time in the country, were dressed in what could be described as a close approximation to beach clothes. On entering their living room, I felt a shiver as a draft of cold breeze hit me. I exclaimed, almost involuntarily, “the fan's on!” My hostess matter-of-factly commented that it was hot, to which I indignantly retorted –“It is only 23 degree Celsius (about 72 degree Fahrenheit) and I'm waiting for summer to arrive!”

Fast forward 12 years.

(Note: in this next paragraph any reference to temperature is in Fahrenheit.)

I'm sitting at my desk in a fair-sized office room. It is a warm summer day says the weather on my phone. The air in my office is set at 68 degrees. I have now haggled with my co-workers for the temperature setting to be maintained at 80 degrees attempting to be reasonable and sensitive to their comfort while establishing a survival strategy for myself. A compromise is reached. The AC thermostat is set at 72 degrees. I sit shriveled in my corner of the office trying to get my cold fingers to move on the keyboard. After several minutes, I turn on the heater under my desk. This was given to me by a sympathetic co-worker a few years ago. Another colleague conducts his daily morning ritual of filling his giant mug of ice with chilled soda. My frozen fingers reach

for my hot cup of tea. Most people on the production floor have been dressing in shorts and sleeveless shirts weeks before.

Even though it's not quite summer according to the calendar, my friends and co-workers comment on the “warm weather”. For me the temperatures do not yet indicate any change in clothing from a few months ago when we had scatterings of snow on the ground.

At work, I am faced with the daily barrage of comments from my incredulous co-workers as they come around to my corner of the office - “Are you really cold?!”, “Is that a heater you have on?!”, “You've got to get some meat on yourself girl!”, “You've got to give up your vegetarian diet and eat some meat!”

While I've tried to make peace with weather conditions in the Midwest for the most part, I have reconciled to the fact that my tropical metabolism, which is accustomed to less than a degree or two of temperature fluctuation through the seasons, may never concede to the 15-20 degree temperature fluctuations within a few hours. Hence, my rules are to either dress in layers or carry a jacket with me no matter what the weather forecast.

(Sort of like I would carry a jar of Indian pickles or green chilies in my purse whenever we ate outside of home to make the food palatable!)

After several years in Wisconsin, I have come around to appreciate family outings to the beach and the water parks as I sit on a beach towel, a pool chair or the hot tub at a safe distance from the splash of the cold water.

I will admit I have grown to enjoy outdoor activities like bike rides and jogs and you might even occasionally catch me in a single layer of clothing! However, I am nowhere close to referring to the weather as 'hot' on what can best be described as a cool spring day. But I digress, this was supposed to be about the illusive Midwestern summer.

Summer to me here means taking my car off all-wheel drive, stowing away snow shovels and plows and being able to step out into the morning without the struggle of winter gear! But summer also means planning vacation time with family, attending local festivals, hiking, visiting nature centers/parks or simply taking a relaxed afternoon walk with friends or family. It has meant, trips to the zoo, a

Brewer or Timber-rattler game with a bunch of kids or simply a summer potluck picnic.

Since summer is my time for fearless driving, this is my time to plan road trips. However, summer also brings with it the joys of gardening, combined with some drudgery of yard work. This city-bred girl is happy to give up gardening and yard work for an afternoon visit to a local festival, a historical site/museum/park or exploring other unseen wonders of Wisconsin. For others like me, who do not have a green thumb, we anticipate the farmer's markets eagerly – fresh rhubarb, kale, cucumbers and hot chili peppers grown by the Hmong community.

On a concluding note, over the years I have realized that my intolerance of the

cold has less to do with the fact that I am from India and more to do with my personal unique make up. It's a case of a high "boiling point"! For me, summers will always be too short and therefore ample reason to relish the warmth the season brings. At the end, memories have a longer shelf life than seasons so I encourage you to take time out to build your own.

Originally from New Delhi, the author Natasha Prabhakar graduated from Indraprastha College, Delhi University with Honors in History. Thereafter she pursued a PG Course from the Dept of Tourism and worked for several years in Marketing, Operations and Customer Service before getting married and moving to Fond du Lac, WI. She now resides with her two sons in Fond du Lac.

The Smell of Wild Carnations

By Ruth Mansukhani

The moment I detect a whiff of a wild pink carnations I am transported instantly back in time and space...

It is the evening of the second Monday in July, 1964, and I am sitting on the steps of our old neighbor's house next to the Markthalle.

I am not alone on the wide stone steps between the fragrant pots of wild carnations: about a dozen neighbors of varying ages are together here in front of the impressive half-timber building. Susan and Bernhard are children, whereas, the Buehler sisters are in their 70s and grew up with my grandmother. In between we have several teenagers, including my brother and me, our parents, and the children's (Susan and Bernhard) grandparents. We are listening to the band playing on the nearby Thutplatz.

When the last notes of the boys' band's concert echo off the walls, we are all in a good mood and looking forward to the coming festivities. Then one of us, and I don't remember who, hums a tune of one of our many folksongs. One by one, we slowly join in. We look at each other happily and immediately continue with

the next melody. The feeling of timeless unity is overwhelming, and a deep happiness fills my heart as we sing one song after the other. Without even a word in between the songs somebody starts the next, and everyone joins in effortlessly.

Meanwhile, the baker next door has been working all evening to make the thousands of Wurstweggen to be sold next day. When the first ones come out of the oven Herr Favre, the baker, takes a break and lets us know that they are ready. We get to try the first batch! The tempting smell of the hot savory pastry, a skinless sausage wrapped in a flaky crust, interrupts our singing and we dig in. I feel so special and more part of our community than ever before and I think everyone else feels the same way too.

After a few more songs we say our goodbyes and head home in anticipation of next morning's Kinderfest, Zofingen's most beautiful day of the year.

Since we live right next to the church I am awakened the next morning at 6 am by the ringing of the 6 large bells in the church tower. I am then startled by the

reverberating bang of a cannon shot from the nearby hill. Moments later, still lying in bed, I hear the city-band marching through the narrow, ancient streets sounding the reveille.

By 9 am I am standing in the crowd watching the parade of the city's children. Over a thousand kids, between the ages of 5 and 16, wind their way through half the downtown to the church. The girls are in white dresses carrying bouquets of flowers, and the boys are dressed in their best pants with a white shirt and boutonniere pinned to their chests. After a funny speech and several songs by the children, transmitted over a loudspeaker to the church square, I follow the parade that continues through the rest of downtown.

I, like everybody else, go home for a lunch of Wurstweggen. At 12:30 the boys have to be back to assemble for the "battle" on the hill called Heiteren, next to Zofingen. I walk with my mother also slowly up the hill in the warm sunshine and amidst the sound of bugles, gunfire, galloping horses, and chatting children. We then sit on the slope of the meadow and watch the inevitable win of the boys over the adults.

Next comes the girls' dance. The pianist, Frau Wolf plays Tchaikovsky's Flower waltz to accompany the movement of the older girls in floor-length wispy white dresses. The dancers move gracefully in and out of circles and so entertain the community. I am surprised to see how nice it looks after having hated participating in the dance until last year. All I could ever see then were the clumsy first hours of practicing that were filled with embarrassed giggles and plenty of imagined ridicule.

We walk over to the long, empty picnic tables and get assigned to one. We start setting up. We evenly place a sausage, a bun, a slice of Kinderfestkuchen on a napkin, and a cup for 15 children on

each side of the table. The benches fill slowly with 4th graders and we are kept busy refilling cups, cleaning up spilled drinks, and answering numerous questions.

Soon it is getting dark. Teachers reassemble the students and hand out, depending on age, a paper lantern with a candle inside or a 3-foot long torch. When all are lit the city's marching band leads the long glowing band of lights back down the hill between the cherry orchards and through the blacked out downtown to the Thutplatz playing the "Zofinger March" over and over.

The children form a large circle and soon all the burning torches are thrown into the middle of the cobble stone

square to build a huge bonfire. The community adds an outer ring to the circle and, while the fire reflects off the windows of the surrounding medieval houses, everybody starts to sing the final Kinderfest song. We will be staying around the fire in silence until the last ambers disappear.

I invite you to hear the bells at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mThG8kElsDE>

Ruth Mansukhani is a Neenah resident for the past 39 years. She is married to Ishwar Mansukhani and has two sons. She is originally from Switzerland and has also lived in Rome, Italy, and New Jersey. In her spare time, Ruth enjoys teaching kids science.

Summer Nostalgia

By Sonu Pareek

Every season arrives with the eternal promise and reassurance of slowly fading away, in order to appear again, in due course of time. As the seasons change, so does the landscape, scenery, colors, scents, and lifestyles. People acknowledge these changes externally but I internalize them, making it a very rich sensory experience.

Long before the arrival of summer in my hometown with its beautiful song, the warm spring air, bearing the smell of bougainvillea, would make me write a prelude to the season's song. Most of us think of summer as a season, but to me, it almost takes up a persona of a dignified songstress whose song can be heard in the sweet chirping of koels, cuckoos, and peacocks. This melodious song is carried far away by the breeze, touching the flower buds, and sung by the kids in their laughter. The summer season arrives like a visitor, who is glamorous, natural, carefree, and happy.

My nostalgia about summer takes me back to my childhood. The smells, aromas, and fragrances still invoke the presence of this season. Summer was in the air with its scents galore! The day would begin with the warm, sun-kissed smell of blooming lotuses in the little pond by the front gate of our house. The

early afternoon was filled with sweet smells of Frangipanis, Plumerias, and Tuberoses, tended carefully by my great-grandma in the backyard. I would never check the time on the clock, for these fragrances would become the timekeeper. The lazy, late afternoon would be greeted by sweet, ripe, mango smell, with a subtle hint of watermelon and cantaloupe, filling the verandahs. The afternoon would soon change to evening, where the delicate aroma of sandalwood welcomed everyone. This was because of the sandalwood paste that was applied before our evening bath. As the night descended, the entire spectrum of scents shifted to the night blooming flowers. The memory is vivid of the season and the smells, so rich and potent to still tantalize the olfactory nerves. Every summer night as a child, I slept on the terrace with my siblings and my grandparents. The floor was swept and washed, and upon drying, our mattresses were lined up with white sheets and pillows all wrapped up in the mosquito nets. My grandpa would order the fresh flowers to be picked and placed by our pillows, ensuring that we partake in the great scents of the season. The smells of Jasmine, Raat ki Rani (Night Jasmine) and Har Singhar (Coral

Jasmine) would blow in, creating a heavenly atmosphere of an enchanted garden.

My family's love affair with the fragrances was extremely passionate. It even showed in the foods we ate. Rose flavored milk shake would replace the warm cardamom milk, which we drank all winter. The water we drank from the earthen pots had a hint of Kewra (Pandanus flower extract). The dals were also garnished with mint instead of cilantro. For the long summer siestas, the room was cooled off with Khus Khus (Vetiver grass). The summer was a total delight to the sensory nerves.

Sometimes in my sleep, I see myself laying next to my grandparents and counting stars on the terrace of my ancestral home. The smell of Mogra and Chameli fill my space. The visitor - Summer, with her lilting variety of fragrances, stands by the grand doorway waving goodbye. She looks resplendent in her muted shades, still carefree and spirited, reassuring me with the eternal promise to visit again.

Sonu Pareek has been a long time resident of Fox Valley. She is an avid reader and traveler. In her free time she loves to socialize and entertain. She lives in Appleton with her husband and two sons.

My Summer "Fun Things To Do" List

By DeeAnne Priddis

Every spring I begin to make huge plans for the short Wisconsin summer. My summer plans usually include camping, biking, walking, swimming, spending time with family and friends, and several short trips. How do we fit that all in just 12 weeks of summer? We don't, but we sure have a great time trying!

I enjoy camping weekends with family and friends in our beautiful Wisconsin State Parks. Although we like trying new state parks, I limit my list to campgrounds with flush toilets and shower houses. Our favorites campgrounds are Devils Lake, Peninsula, Potawatomi, Willow River, and Perot. We usually make it to only one of these a year, but try to vary this each year. We are fortunate to have High Cliff State Park in our own backyard, which is great to camp with friends that may prefer to drive home at night to sleep in their own beds. This state park is a great hidden jewel in our community, as it also offers great hiking and biking during the day.

Biking is a passion of my husband that I

have recently learned to love with him. We are part of the Fox Cities Cycling Association (<http://www.foxcitiescycling.org/>), and participate in several moonlight rides with the group. This great bunch of people have also encouraged me to participate in charity rides within our community, as in the Best Friends Gourmet Bike Ride (<http://www.bestfriendsnm.org/news--events/gourmet-bike-tour>) coming up at the end of July. I am all about stopping every 15 miles or so to eat and take a break. Mark got me interested in the Door County Century (<https://www.doorcountycentury.com/>) ride last year by combining my favorite things of biking, Door County, and snack breaks.

A great way to cool off from a long bike ride is to spend time swimming. We are fortunate to have a pool in our backyard, which we can use for a quick cool off or an afternoon of visiting with family and friend. Although we do not swim in our pool as much as we wish we did, we are always welcome to the suggestion. I am actually looking forward to the heat of the summer in which the pool offers the

best relief.

Lastly, I enjoy taking many short trips during the summer. A weekend trip to visit family or friends is always fun. Since I often have a lighter schedule during the summer, we find it much easier to get away to attend a festival, event, camp, or check out a new area. This summer we hope to get away for a long weekend in Minnesota with our bikes.

Although we may not get to this whole list before summer comes to an end, I hope to make the most of summer. My goal is always to have a fun packed summer with great memories to help me get through next January and February in anticipation of next summer.

DeAnne Priddis has lived in Appleton since 1996 with her husband, Mark Priddis. They have two adult children - Brian also lives in Appleton, and Megan is a senior at Loyola University in Chicago. DeAnne earned her PhD in Communication from UW Milwaukee in May 2015, and will begin this fall as a full-time Communication Instructor at UW Oshkosh.

Moonlight Madness and Picnics

By Manjari Chatterji

Poets everywhere have waxed lyrically, sadly, ecstatically and drunkenly about the moon. Before the Moon Landing, before science "disenchanted" Nature, before telescopes and computers, the moon was magical and mysterious. She was held responsible for tides, for moods, and for the growing—or not—of vegetal life. She has been praised and blamed and painted and adopted as a symbol in countless ways. But few experiences can capture the charm of a moonlight picnic from the days when I was a child.

Those of you about my age, will agree that in India when we were growing up, the night sky was unpolluted by artificial light; the dark was really dark,

and full moons justly celebrated for their near-day-like brightness. Such it was in Allahabad when the tradition of the moonlight picnic was held during Sharad Purnima, when there was the faintest wisp of a chill in the air, and all the ladies of the households outdid themselves in making sweets and other festive foods. Because Allahabad had a long standing literary tradition, under the able guidance of Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice Chancellor Allahabad University, and literary scholar of renown, the picnic was transformed into more of a secular event with poetry readings, and fund raising for good causes through the sales of fancy sweets and confections.

The preparations were intense. In turn, once a year, members of the gentry offered their spacious and well-maintained lawns for the occasion. The grass was mown the night before and the lawn roller used to create a perfect, level green carpet, sprinkled with water to tamp down dust and awaken the scented flowers in the surrounding beds and borders: jasmine, moonflower, hasnuhana-- of course, and perhaps frangipani, shiuli, and angel's trumpets. The picnic started after the moon rose and flooded the sky. It was bright enough to read by! The lawn was dotted with wicker chairs and tables, that stood out starkly white, and at one end were long tables covered with cloths

where the foods were piled. The guests—about 200 people—arrived and admired the garden, the flowers, the decorations. Introductions were made, the poets established on a slightly raised, carpeted dais. The speeches began, recitations and readings....

The picnic was prepared by the women of the society with help of their retinue of cooks and bearers. The Ladies societies and purdah clubs of Allahabad are well documented and photographed. Women came together to discuss education, village uplift, folk medicine, literature, music and politics. The All-India Women's Conference was held at the Purdah Club, Allahabad, in 1934 with leading names: Lady LG Mukerji, Mrs. P.N. Sapru, Sheila Dhar, Miss Agha and many more. The spirit of service and national pride mingled with social elegance and joyous celebration on the occasion of the Moonlight Picnic.

My mother's particular expertise was the Bengali sweet called Sitabhog. This elaborate and very difficult sweet is an exercise in patience and accuracy. The panir is pushed through a special sieve and fried in heated, but then cooled ghee, so the panir does not turn brown, and looks exactly like grains of rice. It is then placed in syrup, but immediately drained, so the final effect is like a pilaf, with raisins and nuts and rose petals and saffron. This my mother made in many batches in huge quantities! Dr. Jha who loved this sweet, bought most of it—ostensibly for charity—but one suspects—no, he confessed as much—because he waited all year to eat it!

None of this mattered to me at four or five years old. It was the chance to stay up, to mingle in the moonlight, to eat unrestrainedly, to inhale the perfumed garden, and break with daily regimens. My sister, my cousins and I would sit on

the shallow steps of the verandah that faced the garden, and marvel at the fireflies we captured and placed in little glass jars. There they twinkled like little moons and stars and filled us with a wonder only children can feel. One hopes we let the little fellows out after a bit, so they could enjoy the picnic too, and add their tiny lights to the enchantment of the evening.

Manjari Chatterji, born just before Indian Independence, had a fun life relocating often as a "Railway Brat" learning Hindi, Bengali and Gujarati as needed. Her first teaching assignment took her to Darjeeling, Loreto College and then via Calcutta University to the US. Her husband and she went from New York to North Carolina and finally settled in Wisconsin, where she has taught at UW Oshkosh. She enjoys time with her family and friends, and of course her garden.

What Summer Means to Me

By Anusha Maheshwari

Summer is the warmest time of the year, when everyone gets together and has fun, but originally this was not what summer meant. This season was for families who farmed, so their children could help with the crops and tend to them, and also go to school. Nowadays, many of us are not farming families, but summer still means something to us.

What summer means to me are many things. This is the only time of the year where I don't have to worry about

school, grades, or homework. Summer is a time where I can just kick back and relax. However, this is just a small part of summer. The season has its many perks; like being able to go swimming, party with friends, go hiking, or even just having a nice time outside. There are also certain foods that you can only eat in summer, like watermelon and pineapple.

But summer also has its downside. Instead of seeing your friends everyday, like during the school year, you have to

plan where you can hang out. Sometimes it is too hot outside, so you have to stay indoors so you don't get sunburn, which is no fun.

Clearly, summer means many things to me, and it should for everyone.

Anusha Maheshwari is the eldest daughter of Yogesh and Sandhya Maheshwari. She will be an 8th grader at Classical Charter School in the fall of 2015. She enjoys swimming, biking, camping, photography, reading, and music.

To Summer

O thou who passest thro' our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,
Oft pitched'st here thy goldent tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.
Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our springs
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on

Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire:
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

- William Blake

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Visit our website at

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News ...

Presentation at Huntley Elementary School: January 21, 2015

IndUS was invited by Huntley elementary school to make a presentation on India. Sonu Pareek, Sridevi Buddi and Richa Mehrotra planned a presentation on the theme of "Festivals of India", mainly focusing on Diwali, a major festival of lights. A slide show was followed by a craft activity of making Rangoli designs. Each of the fifth graders got to paint and decorate a Rangoli on a pre-traced foam board. They also enjoyed tasting festival foods like samosas and mango lassi. The curious fifth graders wanted to know more about the staple food of India. They were shown a YouTube video on how to make staple Indian bread, "rotis". To our volunteers' surprise, the kids with their parents tried to make rotis by following the online recipe. They wrote about it in their letters of appreciation. The presentation ended with the students dancing to the Bollywood dance numbers. They wanted the volunteers to promise to come back and make this an annual event.

Diversity Fair at Neenah High School: April 24, 2015

Presence of IndUS volunteers has become an annual feature of the Diversity Fair at Neenah High School, ever since it started fourteen years ago. The teenage students stand in long lines to get henna tattoos. This year we



raised \$200, to be donated to a worthy local charity. New this year were samosas, tandoori chicken and mango lassi for sale. We also had Indian clothes

and bindis to try for free. The organizers of the fair appreciate IndUS volunteers' contribution to the fair. Our

volunteers enjoy sharing Indian culture with young teenagers. It is indeed rewarding to hear that they enjoy our presence at the fair.



Passage to India Concert: A concert by a celebrated world-class percussionist trio was organized by IndUS of Fox Valley in collaboration with ADIRE during a fund raising dinner titled 'Passage to India' on Friday, May 1st, 2015 at Celebration church in Green Bay. ADIRE is a non-governmental organization in India that strives to make villages in rural India self-sufficient by using natural resources and renewable energy. An exhibition



on the developmental work by ADIRE, with support from IndUS of Fox Valley and SHAMA, preceded the dinner. A silent auction and performances by local artist groups entertained the guests during the buffet dinner. More than 450 community members attended this event.

The concert after dinner featured three world-renowned artists.

Taufique Qureshi is the worthy torchbearer of a rich legacy of percussion, the son and disciple of the legendary Ustad Allarakha and brother of the maestro Ustad Zakir Hussain. Taufiq has been featured as a performing artiste on the 2009- Grammy award-winning album 'Global Drum Project'.

Ramdas Palsule is known as an intellectual tabla player. He has performed all over the world including countries like U.S.A., Canada, U.K., Germany, Australia, Africa and the Gulf Countries.

Milind Tulankar was born in a family with musical background. He started learning music from a very tender age and is now one of the topmost Jaltarang players of India. A BBC production film 'West Is West' has background scores on Jalatarang played by him.



IndUS Of Fox Valley
3600 N. Shawnee Ave.
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IndUS of Fox Valley

Presents

IndUS - 2015

Cuisines of India

Saturday, November 21, 2015

5:00 to 9:30 p.m.

**Radisson Paper Valley Hotel
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Exhibition

Social Hour

Authentic Indian Cuisine

Cultural Program