

Summer
2018



Sandesh

“The Message”

A Newsletter from IndUS of Fox Valley

From Editors' Desk

Summer has arrived in Wisconsin. It is that time of the year when we take a deep breath, relax and enjoy the best of the season. Gardens bloom, kids whizz past on their bikes, campers light bonfires, hikers get lost in wilderness and readers get lost in books. Shades of green all around us create a sense of calm.

This is also a time when we remember summers of the past. We are ready to lose ourselves in those thoughts of Good Ole Summertime. This Sandesh comes to you with memories of those 'Good Ole Summer times' from the last five decades starting from the 1970s to 2010s. As it happens our memories are often embedded in the context of time and social, political, cultural changes shaping that decade. They range from being immersed in nature in earlier decades to living in cyberspace in the most recent decade. They may evoke some of your own summertime memories. Enjoy

Sandesh

**An IndUS of Fox Valley
Publication**

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President's Message

By Sridevi Buddi

I am sure you will find this edition of Sandesh as crisp as the Wisconsin summers. A big kudos to the team for their creative ideas, for encouraging budding writers, and for involving the younger generation!

We are honored that Nancy Heykes, our board chair received the 2018 Walter L. Rugland Community Service Award for Lifetime volunteer leadership. This award recognizes an individual who has, over many years, positively impacted the quality of life in the Fox Cities through his or her leadership. Nancy has generously shared her award money with IndUS.

Our executive committee has been actively working on the programs developed because of our collaborations with other non-profits, who share our common goals of fostering diversity, education & outreach, and giving back to the community. You will read about these in the news on education and outreach. "If you knew what I know about the power of giving, you would not let a single meal pass without sharing it in some way". In accord with this quote by Buddha and in

continuing the 25-year tradition of Seva in Appleton, we received an overwhelming participation from our Green Bay volunteers in cooking and serving meals at the community shelter in Green Bay starting from March this year on a regular basis.

I urge you to renew your membership to IndUS if you haven't done so already. It will ensure your participation and in making important decision during the upcoming general body meeting on Sunday, September 17, 2018 from 3:00-5:00pm.

Our volunteers chose an educational and thought-provoking topic 'Role of women in India' to be showcased as the theme for our 20th annual banquet on November 17, 2018. Please mark your calendars and we would like to see you involved in planning this event as well.

Looking forward to seeing you at the various IndUS events and wishing for you to make beautiful summer memories with your family, friends, and community through your continuing acts of generosity and inclusion!

EVERYTHING GOOD, EVERYTHING MAGICAL
HAPPENS BETWEEN THE MONTHS OF
JUNE AND AUGUST

JENNY HAN

1970s an Eventful Decade

By Sandhya Sridhar

Summers of my childhood in India bring back memories of those carefree times lolling around with cousins and friends. When the days were too hot, we played carom and cards. As soon the sun started descending we ran out to play cricket, lagori and sur parambya on a mango tree. Sur parambya is a game played on a banyan tree. It sends its roots down from the branches. They root in the ground and grow as thick as the main trunk. When fully grown, you cannot even tell the original trunk from the newly formed pillar-like structures. The game involves climbing the tree, sliding down on those roots (parambya) and stack tiles to form a tower without being tagged, dashing (sur) back to the tree to avoid tagging. It is a great game for developing agility, coordination and fitness. Unfortunately, we had to do with a well spread mango tree because we didn't have a banyan tree in our yard. We must have looked like a band of monkeys jumping off and on that mango tree. That tree, a fixture of my childhood in no more and I grieve for its loss. It had branches that formed a seat with a back rest. I spent hours up there reading a book.

Fast forward to 1970s, the decade that was truly transformative for me. I changed roles from a student to a careerist to being married and getting ready to move to US. A lot was happening on the social, cultural, political scene in the decade. I remember sitting on the university lawns, early in summer, when I heard of shooting at Kent State University, in Ohio. Many students across university campuses were protesting the unjust war. In our corner around the world, in Mumbai, there was a call to boycott classes for those four students killed by the National Guard.

The world was becoming much more intertwined. It was also the decade when I completed my graduate degree, what we called post-graduation, and started working in my favorite field of human resources. My career involved psychological testing and interviewing prospective candidates for various bank jobs. Headquartered in Mumbai, I traveled to cities around India. I remember enjoying summertime business visits to arid but colorful Jaipur; humid, chaotic but politically alive Kolkata; and balmy and sleepy Bhopal. I especially treasure a dreamlike memory of flying by white snow-peaks

of Himalayas, jutting above immense expanse of fluffy white clouds in bright sunlight. The outlines often blurred making it even more like a dream.

I met and married my best friend on a beautiful summer evening in an outdoor garden and moved to be part of his family from megapolis Mumbai to Bengaluru, a charming cosmopolitan city on a high altitude in the South. This was a new beginning with a new family and a new job in a new city. I didn't speak the language and it didn't matter because lingua-franca at work was English. I could communicate in English with most members of my new family. Slowly and surely the local language Kannada started making sense to me. It was spoken all around me. Before I knew it, I was managing limited conversations. A Kannada-Marathi dictionary, a gift from my brother helped. He had inscribed the first page with: "This is for you to learn Kannada, and not to teach your in-laws Marathi."

It was the decade of Watergate scandal and talk of Nixon's impeachment, blood bath by Pol Pot and Khmer Rouge. India went through a political upheaval when the prime minister Indira Gandhi declared internal emergency, censored the press, and jailed thousands of political dissenters. In a dramatic show of democratic power, her party was kicked out of power in general election. Summer that followed broke several news stories of infighting in the new administration leading to an early election. In another dramatic show of power, she was brought back in a landslide victory. Democracy was strong and kicking!

By the last part of the decade, we were back in Mumbai making good progress in our careers and itching to do something more. Migrating to US and pursuing higher studies became an appealing prospect. It needed planning, hard work and patience. We also suffered unexpected setbacks in losing three of our four parents, in the last three years of the decade, but we plodded and one day landed on the other side of the globe. We went from living a good life in a big city to being struggling graduate students once again. No regrets, given a chance, I would do it all over again. When I relax and think of good old summers of 1970s, all those memories and more come rushing back. What an eventful decade it was!



Dr. Sandhya Sridhar is a semi-retired university professor who migrated to US in 1980. She completed her doctoral studies in Business Administration at Ohio State University and moved to Wisconsin in 1988. She taught management courses at several area universities and raised her family in Appleton, Wisconsin.

1980s Cultural Memories of Appleton

By Nancy Hykes

The kaleidoscopic lens through which I viewed the culture of the '80s was as:

- a new homeowner of a “fixer-upper” on Appleton’s south side
- a young parent (children born in 1981 and 1984)
- both of us employed outside the home, and for much of the decade,
- having one of us in grad school (Paul 1984-88, me 1988-89).

With full-time professional jobs, we thought we were on top of the world – but with two young ones and with a 14% mortgage (rates peaked at 18% in 1981), we had to watch expenses carefully in an inflationary economic environment. This included getting around with one car for much of the decade, since we had seen gas prices triple from the early 1970s (\$.36) to the 1980s (\$1.20).

Amid all this busyness, we were immersed in an explosion of popular culture. There were so many new sources of entertainment, and the decade saw new media developments that began to shape what is now our current media landscape.

With the little ones at home, we watched a lot of television. Sesame Street and Mister Rogers' Neighborhood were already fixtures along with Levar Burton's Reading Rainbow. After the kids were in bed we enjoyed some great new series: Cheers, Hill Street Blues, St Elsewhere, The Wonder Years etc. Many colleagues at work were devoted to the evening "soap operas" like Dallas and Dynasty and I got the weekly update without watching them. There were plenty of action packed shows: The A Team, Magnum P. I., Miami Vice, Knight Rider and lot of comedy as well - Cosby, Murphy Brown, Family Ties, who's the Boss and Mork and Mindy. The three broadcast networks vied to create whole evening of programming, so that you often stayed locked in to their evening lineup without switching channels.

I recall that people were also loyal to particular TV networks and stations for national and local news. The evening newscast was an hour viewed by most people you knew. Walter Cronkite had just retired and Dan Rather was in his spot on CBS. Peter Jennings was on ABC and Tom Brokaw on NBC. Ted Turner brought his Cable News Network onto the scene in 1980. Early on, it seemed that only the real “news junkies” were excited about the availability of 24 hour news, but by the middle of the decade, over 50% of all households subscribed to cable TV. The Fox Network went on the air in 1987 and for a while, was known primarily for “Married With Children”, perceived as an on-the-edge comedy. A local newscaster named Pat Sajak also made the switch from news to game show in the 1980s - Wheel of Fortune.

Behind the screen, much was changing in the economic environment for media. There were both Hollywood actors' and writers' strikes during the decade, seeking to capture some of the expanding profits of video. Corporate consolidation across media sectors was also beginning, including the Time-Life-Warner merger. The music scene in the 1980s was abundant and diverse. My new Toyota includes a 3-month complimentary subscription to Sirius XM radio, and I've enjoyed driving around for the past week listening to “The '80s on Channel 8”.

What have I heard? Prince's “When Doves Cry”, Madonna's “Like a Virgin”, “Eye of the Tiger” by Survivor, Queen's “Another One Bites the Dust”, “Physical” by Olivia Newton-John, Blondie's “Call Me”, “Living on a Prayer” by Bon Jovi, “Billie Jean” and “Beat It” by Michael Jackson, and “Say Say Say”, his duet with Paul McCartney, “Every Breath You Take” by the Police, “Girls Just Wanna Have Fun” by Cyndi Lauper, U2's “With or Without You”, “All Night Long” by Lionel Richie, “Endless Love” by Diana Ross, “Sweet Child O' Mine” by Guns N' Roses, and Culture Club's “Karma Chameleon” and lots of R.E.M.

Who didn't we hear much from on Top 40 radio? The Beatles were regrouping into solo projects and other collaborations after John Lennon's 1980 murder. Some of the 1970s stars, like Elton John, struggled through the 1980s with addiction problems. We also began to listen to album-oriented radio, which became “classic rock”- an inexpensive way to program all the new FM stations coming on line. By the end of the decade, we also began to see the emergence of grunge bands from the Pacific Northwest such as Green Day and Nirvana. Country music radio was still something very separate during the 1980s. Only occasionally did you see a country singer crossover with a Top 40 hit, such as Kenny Rogers and “Lady”.

One of the biggest developments of the decade was the marriage of music and TV with the launch of MTV in August 1981. Once again, economic struggle led to innovation. There was a recession in the music business during the early 1980s and MTV became an effective advertising medium using music, visual elements, popular culture icons and the socializing effect of TV to drive its selling message. It made stars out of artists like Madonna and Guns N' Roses, and revived the careers of artists such as Elton John. MTV borrowed its format from Top 40 radio, with its “veejays” introducing songs and adding patter in between.

After living our college and early married days in Madison where we went to at least one film a week, living in Appleton and having jobs and family meant that we didn't go to the theater as often. But we still saw many of the popular '80s films: Back to the Future, Ghostbusters, Raiders of the Lost Ark, The Empire Strikes Back, Amadeus, Purple Rain, The Goonies, The Shining, ET, The Terminator, Breakfast Club, Pretty in Pink, Sixteen Candles, St Elmo's Fire, Ferris Bueller's Day Off, Terms of Endearment, Cocoon, Mask, Footloose, Dirty Dancing, Fatal Attraction, The Big Chill, Scarface, Platoon, Karate Kid, Top Gun, Witness, On Golden Pond, Blade Runner. I recall being most moved and haunted by several powerful films that presented the realities of racism and discrimination such as Spike Lee's Do The Right Thing, The Color Purple, Kiss of the Spider Woman, Sophie's Choice, Out of Africa and Rain Man.

The 1980s also seemed to offer so much opportunity and potential for women in leadership. My 1977 UW Law School class was one-third female. When I was hired by Aid Association for Lutherans shortly before graduation, I became the first female lawyer in the organization. In 1981, shortly before our first son was born, I was appointed to my first management role in the law department. It was a decade of women in government positions on the world stage: Indira

Gandhi in India, Margaret Thatcher in the UK, and Geraldine Ferraro nominated as the VP candidate in 1984. Yet ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment to the US Constitution had stalled. By the 1982 ratification deadline, only 35 states had ratified the amendment, three short of the three-fourths of states needed. When Breaking the Glass Ceiling: Can Women Reach the Top of America's Largest Corporations? was published in 1987, it did seem to express the frustration of many women about the invisible barriers facing them.

One of the limitations of living in Appleton in the 1980s was a lack of ethnic restaurants; choices seemed limited to a Chinese restaurant on College Avenue, Karras' Restaurant which had Greek dishes on its menu amid other selections, and Victoria's Restaurant which opened in 1986.

When we moved last year from our home in Krakow, we discovered some flashbacks to the 1980s in our kids' toys saved over the years. The pile of dolls and stuffed animals includes Barbie, Cabbage Patch, Pound Puppies, My Little

Pony, Trolls, and Strawberry Shortcake. We had the Big Wheels and Fisher-Price roller skates that were so popular. There was also plenty of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle themed clothing and merchandise, along with GI Joe, Transformers, Garbage Pail Kids cards, Lite Brite and Legos – and Nintendo games. The nostalgia wave in toy marketing is now working on us as grandparents!

As we look back, it is interesting to note that although there was so much diversity in music, film and TV, there was still a mass audience for much of it because of the limited number of channels/sources. Our current environment includes so much more diversity, but also much more pronounced segregation into niche audiences, and many fewer shared experiences.

Nancy Heykes is semi-retired from careers in law, non-profit management and fund development. She and husband Paul are now based in a lake home in the woods in Hazelhurst, WI, but she continues to commute to the Fox Cities for consulting work, teaching and volunteering. Nancy serves as board chair of IndUS, and is constantly inspired by the organization's creative and selfless volunteers.

1990s Good Ole Summertime

By Anu Verma

Summer, a word filled with poignant memories and sweet longings. It evokes nostalgia for the good old times, cherished moments with family and friends, innocence of childhood, and the loss thereof. The word, 'third culture kid' or 'third culture individual', has recently gained credence to describe children living the amalgamation of two cultures. I feel I am a fourth culture adult and hence my summer memories span across three continents.

Most of my childhood was spent in the University town of Nsukka in post-colonial, post Biafran war, oil rich Nigeria. My family moved here from India in the early 1970s. Since my parents were educators, they were able to spend more time with us in the summer. Other than doing gardening chores with my mother, and spending hours peering into the microscope looking at slides in my father's research laboratory, ours was mostly the quintessential summer vacation.

My brother and I spent long idyllic warm days with our friends playing soccer, biking aimlessly around the campus, and picnicking on hill tops. We climbed trees in our back garden and plucked golden mangoes, pink guavas, and other fruits. The trees were heavily laden with fruits ripe enough for picking, and we always had basketfuls to share around. We took many road trips in our childhood. We sang songs, played word and memory games and most importantly, we learned to

peacefully resolve battles in the car. Invariably, fights would ensue between my brothers and I over rolling the car windows up or down, or what music to listen to on the car stereo.

My favorite road trip was the twelve-hour drive to the Yankari game reserve, now a national park in northern Nigeria. Swimming in the warm water springs and spotting lions and elephants in their natural habitat was nothing less than thrilling. However, the memory seared in my mind is when the baboons stole my one and only bathing suit which was hung out to dry outside of our hut.

Summer also meant birthday parties. My younger brother's birthday falls in June and mine in August. My parents invited our friends at our place and served Nigerian staples such as *moimoi* or bean cake and *chin-chin* (fried pastry) which wrestled for space on the table along with numerous home cooked Indian sweets and savories.

The highlight was always the birthday cake, which my mother painstakingly baked and decorated from scratch. We played musical chairs, statue, pin the donkeys tail, and Oga (a Nigerian clapping game); games that now seem to be part of an evanescent past. Every other summer or so, we would pack eight large suitcases filled with our belongings and a myriad of gifts. We would then take the long arduous journey back home to the Motherland.

The hustle and bustle of New Delhi,

India's rapidly modernizing capital city was a stark contrast to our quiet campus town. There we would visit grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins creating lasting memories that still bind us together to this day.

The sights, sounds, tastes, and smells of India never failed to create an impression. Riding rickshaws, scooters, and crowded busses was a novelty. The street food left us hungry for more. We savored *golgappas*, *chaat*, *samosas*, and *jalebis* all washed down with *nimbu paani*. Upset stomach was almost a given risk, we were willing to take at that time.

The typical Indian summer was hot and humid, something which we never experienced before therefore cooling effects of monsoon spells were a welcome change for us.

On the eve of Indian Independence Day, we joined the tradition of flying kits from the roof top terraces. Kites of different shades, sizes and shapes appeared to act like a splash of vibrant colors against a canvas of a clear blue sky, is one of my favorite memories. A memory that I still hold dear with all the smog and pollution that now resides in the city.

Life eventually brought me to beautiful but cold and snowy North Eastern Wisconsin. It was here that full realization dawned on me that summer was indeed manna from heaven. The shedding of heavy coats and boots

was liberating and brought about a quickness of step and a lightness of spirit. Summer came to mean long walks, bike rides, and connecting with neighbors all over again. Barbeques with fresh sweet corn, trips to the Farmer's market, botanical gardens, water parks, and roller coasters started with Memorial Day and ended with Labor Day. The endless amount of ice cream flavors to be sampled should be truly an all-American sport. The fireworks, festivities and patriotism of July fourth, music festivals, and Shakespeare in the Park now form part of my summer itinerary.

Ultimately reflecting pensively on summers past and present, I have a sense of immense gratitude. It has reinforced to me that even across oceans and continents, we are bound by our common and shared humanity. The fun of road trips, the love of ice cream, and the joys of connecting with people transcends all boundaries and cultures. That, for me, is the true essence of summer.

Dr Anupama Verma is a nephrologist living Green Bay with her equally busy husband, a son in college, a daughter in high school and a loveable poodle. She has a passion for creative writing, poetry and reflective reading. She believes that arts enable a deeper connection to the humane aspect of medicine.

2000s Transitions

By Sandhya Maheshwari

Transitions are not always easy to overcome, but they bring wonderful opportunities for growth. Moving to the US was like a reset button that changed everything in my life for a better future. Though you have enough assets back home, you start your life all over again. My story starts in the year 2001, when my husband decided to take a job offer in Appleton, WI. He was already in US at that time for a business trip – a 9-month project. I still remember the day he called me up from the US and told me that he was offered a job. He saw it as a great opportunity. For a moment, I couldn't think straight. I had never thought about coming to the US. I took a deep breath and asked him if he was sure about this offer and he said yes, he was. It was with a very heavy heart that we started wrapping up our life in India. We were at the airport, saying goodbye to our families with tears, emotions and hugs. It was not easy, but this was our choice. After a lengthy journey of 20 hours, we began to descend, and as I struggled to fasten my seatbelt, I began to think about the life we had left behind. What about our parents, brothers, and sisters? Who would take care of them? How long will it be before I can go back to India to see them? All my queries dissolved except one: What would be our new life in America be like?

It has now been 17 years since we have moved and lived in U.S. It has been a great journey. This beautiful place has brought many memories and experiences with the changing of seasons. Every season has its place in our lives. Since winter is long and harsh in Wisconsin, waiting for summer is exciting as everything around is now turning bright and cheery. Summer brings a new life and a new mood with endless fun. It is filled with so many flavors! My summer usually includes bonfire on warm nights, savory grilling in the backyard, inhaling the burning smell of wood at the camp site and long road trips to dramatic mountains and open lands.

My first camping trip was a great experience. Hiking around the woods and feeling the beauty of true nature was the best part of it. The smell of the pine trees and the fresh air could relieve all the stress. At night time, sitting around a campfire, kids having s'mores, smelling the burning wood, and looking up and seeing all the beautiful bright stars glowing in the dark night sky and feeling the breeze air moving through the tall trees, creating a melody for all to hear was a moment to enjoy.

It reminds me of my childhood vacations. We used to go to our grandparent's house and spend our night sleeping under an open sky, or in our verandahs so we didn't have to be

afraid of wild animals. The road trips are my favorite vacations. They are a palette with which we can paint our memories that last a lifetime. I enjoy road trips, especially on scenic drives. They give me a feeling of coming close to nature. On long road trips, our kids to roll down the back seats and take turns sleeping on a make-shift bed. Despite their occasional sibling squabbles, they entertain each other making it a fun trip. Summers have always brought me sweet, relaxing and beautiful memories. Though, we should not forget happy moments do bring joy to the life, but there is other side of the life too. Life is like a coin- pleasures and pain are the two sides same as the summer fades and a new season starts.

I still remember one of the most terrible event which took place within our few months of staying here in US. I was going through my morning routine, which began with my Chai tea and watching the news. It was shocking and scary to hear the news about the attack that happened that morning on September 11, 2001, unfold at the World Trade Center, at the Pentagon, in a field in Pennsylvania. It was the most devastating foreign attack on American soil. This event had affected every American, every human being who had seen it or heard it. Many lives were lost and feeling of safety was threatened. After the collapse of twin towers, other buildings around the world Trade Center were engulfed with dust, smoke and ash. The leaders promised to bring end to terrorism. We all continued to feel uneasy. Every year memorials and honoring ceremonies with firefighters, survivors and relatives of victims have helped many to heal, but for others the memory remains painfully fresh. Although, 9/11 unsettled us, it also taught us a hard lesson of tragedy and loss, that gave way to the beauty of coming together and living in unity. At some point, this tragedy made us think, how safe are we here? Are we going to feel peaceful and unfrighten? In the aftermath of the catastrophe, we also witnessed hopefulness, kindness, teamwork, love and support. That helped us to develop a sense of belonging. We felt this is our land. We want to continue to live here, savor both the sweet and sour and enjoy the best years ahead of us.

Sandhya Maheshwari has been living in Appleton for 17 years with her husband and three kids. She likes to spend her free time with activities like hiking, gardening, socializing with friends, and being involved in the community work.

Summers of 2010s

By Sahil Baherawala

As cliché as it sounds, I remember the summer of 2011 like it was just a couple of months ago. As soon as the end-of-school bell rang, I exploded out of the doors of the building into the fresh summer air, both fists in the air like I had just won the Superbowl. This was a tradition of mine after every school year; it was my way of celebrating the beginning of summer.

Little did I know, however, that the coming months would come to form the best summer of my life. It began with me and a pair of brothers, my childhood friends Anant and Aditya. We kicked off the long break by signing up for the Vosters Park Playground Program through the local Parks and Recreation department.

Every weekday for about a month and a half, a handful of elementary age kids would congregate near a park bench where two counselors were worked on organizing various activities for the day. Most of the time the planning would involve some sort of vote on two or three possibilities, the vote almost always coming to a consensus on the popular game Sandman. Then, we would all hurry to the field where a dozen dodgeballs were regularly lined up for our daily dodgeball game. For some reason, we never got tired of playing the same games day after day; the exhaustion that should come from such rigorous activity under the hot summer sun never seemed to set in either.

After the morning was over, Anant, Aditya, and I all biked back to their house to eat lunch. It was almost always grilled cheese or pasta, the familiar tastes once again never growing old or mundane. Before we even finished lunch, we had already fired up the Xbox or our computers to play the same games while listening to the same playlist, every single day.

And then, I would head home in the afternoon, only to return the next day to repeat it all over again.

When I first thought of this summer for this article, I almost scoffed at how boring it sounded to repeat the same activities, play the same games, eat the same food, see the same people, and listen to the same music. But I realized after much introspection that the charm of that summer was precisely in its repetitive nature-- and for that same reason it was the first summer that popped into my head when I searched for a memorable one. The repetitive cycle of each day presented us with nothing new, thus forcing us to find the inner beauty of such a normally mundane summer.

Doing the same thing each day made us realize the little things that mattered to us, and it strengthened our friendship in the process. Despite its innocent simplicity, the immense amount of fun I had that summer and the vivid memories I have of it all serve to remind me to always search for grace in what others would normally see as dull. Growing up in a smaller suburban city that the outside world surely viewed as obscure or plain, learning to do this made the world around me more interesting. Since that year, I have spent my school breaks traveling the country and the world in hopes of topping that summer I experienced so many years ago, yet I have still been unable to replicate the pure feelings of joy and fun I had almost every single day of the summer of 2011.

Social Media Summer

By Alok Ravel

Summer in the United States versus summer in India are two extremely different things. When I was younger, my mother who had grown up in India always recounted stories of going to the mango orchard, laying down outside at night, and naturally, enduring the sweltering heat. My father on the other hand grew up in a smaller town on the coast of New Jersey. His tales included playing flashlight tag, going down by the water, and eating popsicles on the front porch with the neighborhood kids.

As an Indian American living in the 21st Century, I have shared some similar experiences, some that are quite different. The things that have made the most impact on my summer memories are the advent of social media, something mostly everyone uses. The summer after 8th grade, my parents bought

me a Samsung Galaxy S4. My very first phone. Now some of my other friends already had iPhones and such, so I felt like I was finally able to be a part of some sort of exclusive club. The smartphone opened up a whole new realm for me. I honestly could not have cared less about my ability to text and call others. My focus was on the other forms of communications- Snapchat and Instagram. If you ask most kids aged 10 or older, they'll at the very least know what these apps are. That's how ingrained those two have become in our culture.

But back to the main plot: this phone had unlimited power all of which was at my fingertips. The biggest problem was that I had no idea what to do with it because I went to a school where our 8th Grade class size was 40 kids, most of whom I

highly disliked. Luckily, I attended a different elementary school for a while, so I had friends from there and playing sports in Middle School tacked on a few more friends. As soon as freshmen year rolled around, I not only had the friends I knew, but I had added some new friends, other freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, kids from other school districts.

This was only on Snapchat. My Instagram account was used to follow many different people, companies, and sports teams.

After freshman year, I pared my followers on Instagram and friends on Snapchat just to people that I actually have consistent conversations with. The summer after that, I spent time mostly with my closest friends as the club swimming season took up all of June, July, and August. Sophomore year, I slowly began to know more people.

Thanksgiving of that year we moved into a new neighborhood. At the beginning of that summer, my cousin was getting married, so the majority of June was spent out-of-state.

However, the “squad” (what Millennials call a group of friends) that had taken shape towards the end of the year was

still apprehensive about hanging out with each other. This is where social media came into play. We had begun to converse in an Instagram groupchat, just talking about sports and such (we’re all athletes), but someone came up with the idea to Downtown Appleton on a Friday night. That was the first time we ever hung out.

We eventually created a Snapchat group (when that became a feature) halfway through junior year. That’s when everything really started to turn us into the group of *relatively* obnoxious and easily-entertained group of guys we are. Memes were flying left and right, and eventually, we were hanging out nearly every weekend. Of course this spilled into the summer. Summer 2017 was wild, but the fondest memory I have is the Fourth of July. Around 6 PM, one of my friends picked me up to go on a photoshoot down by the Fox River. After the photoshoot, we decided to go out to an abandoned lot in Neenah to set off fireworks. Just your basic stuff, Roman Candles, Bottle Rockets, etc. I think we ran out of fireworks by 11, but that was a time that flew right by. Thanks to the apps of Snapchat and Instagram, I was able to preserve and share those memories with all of my friends.



IndUS News

Annual Banquet Showcase was held on Saturday November 18, 2017 at Radisson Paper Valley Hotel in downtown, Appleton. Royalty and regality were in full splendor at IndUS banquet 2017 and appropriately so as the theme was Royals of India! It was a complete sold out event with 530 guests in attendance.



The entrance and the tables were beautifully decorated reminding us of the opulence and romance of the bygone era. The banquet spread was the highlight of the evening with an array of dishes created from recipes by the chefs of the royal kitchens.

The night ended with an enchanting performance of the dances by Tarana Dance School from Chicago. The dancers presented various styles of Kathak performed at the royal courts



There were live and interactive exhibits with royal artifacts, posters and books. Young high schoolers dressed in period costumes, enacted short plays that gave insight into the era they represented.



Diversity Discovery Day was held at Building for kids on the Feb 11, 2018 from 12:00-4:00pm. It was a tremendous success with 1500 attendees. We had the theme of 'wildlife of India' to make it both fun and educational to the kids. IndUS middle-school and high school volunteers presented facts about various animals native to India. Younger volunteers performed a dance depicting various regional ethnic groups of India. Visitors painted and decorated pictures of wild animals. Free samples of Namak Para and Shakkar Para were served to the attendees along with mango juice.

IndUS News

Ferber Elementary School organized their multicultural night on April 20th, 2018. IndUS of Fox Valley participated in the event along with other cultural representations. IndUS volunteers had posters with pictures on Indian culture, customs, and landscapes as well as other artifacts for community members to enjoy. The students and families enjoyed listening to the presentation, sampled the food and the drink, and kids tried out Indian clothing and bindis. Henna, however, was the biggest attraction as usual! Over all, the stall received positive feedback from community members.



Kaleidoscope Academy organized **Asian Culture Day** for 7th graders as part of their curriculum on April 27th, 2018. IndUS of Fox Valley participated in the event to give students a peek into Indian culture for part of their day. Students were given a poster presentation on Indian custom, culture, landscape, and the history of one of the largest democracies in the world. Students were also given food samples, henna tattoos, and a question and answer session. The biggest attraction of the day, however, was the “Bollywood Beats” part of the program where the students danced to different Bollywood music!

The first annual Doug Dugal Paper Discovery Day was conducted by IndUS of Fox Valley in collaboration with the Paper Discovery Center on the May 19th from 12:00-4:00 pm as part of our education and outreach programming. Activities included paper making, kite making and a PDC tour. We received a good response with all the paper making sessions being full.



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Visit our website at
www.indusfoxvalley.org



Annual Diversity Fair at Neenah High School was held on Friday, April 6, 2018 from 9:30am-2:30pm.

IndUS booth has always been a popular spot for over seventeen years. There were long lines for getting henna tattoos. Samosas was the hottest selling item. The food sale and henna generated a profit of \$250. Teens showed a lot of interest in learning more and asked questions based on their classes from Indian history by the girls.



Girl Scouts World Thinking Day.

IndUS was invited on Wednesday, Feb. 14th to present Indian culture to all grades of Girl Scout Troops in Oakwood Elementary School in Oshkosh. Each grade picked a country to report on, displayed artifacts, and gave food samples from that country. IndUS volunteers took Bhel, Namak Para samples and mango juice to supplement the food samples brought by the girls. Our volunteers also made henna patterns and engaged the girls in a Bollywood dance workshop. Our volunteers also answered various questions posed by the troops and their guides select a theme for the next annual Banquet.



Green Bay commences SEVA: Seva is the charitable arm of IndUS. Seva, a Sanskrit word, means service without expectation. Established in 1993, Seva has been serving lunch at the Salvation Army in Appleton on Saturdays for the past 25 years. Thanks to the initiative of IndUS members in the Green Bay area and guidance from IndUS leaders, Seva-Green Bay started on Saturday, March 31, 2018. Twenty-seven families in the Green Bay area have signed up to be a part of this volunteer effort. We wish them all success.



Upcoming Events

IndUS of Fox Valley

Presents

Role of Women in India

Saturday, November 17, 2018

5:00 to 9:30 p.m.

**Red Lion Hotel (previously
Radisson Hotel) Appleton**

Exhibition

Social Hour

Authentic Indian Cuisine

Cultural Program

IndUS - 2018

IndUS of Fox Valley, Inc

Mission

IndUS of Fox Valley is dedicated to promoting Indo-American friendship and goodwill by serving the community through social, cultural, educational and charitable activities.

IndUS Of Fox Valley

3600 N. Shawnee Ave.
Appleton WI 54914

Summer is the annual permission slip to be lazy. To do nothing and have it count for something. To lie in the grass and count the stars. To sit on a branch and study the clouds.

Regina Brett