



SquarePetals



Global Webzine

Real Stories
Debauch in the Himalayas
We will make it

Short Story
Kind Lady

Photography
West Coast

Personal Development
Solitude is an Attitude

Flavor Special
Dhokla Burger

Tourism
Vijay Vilas Palace, Kutch

Poem
Books are a World

Art & Craft
Madhubani Art on Pumpkin

Cover story

Juliet Mirasol

*Mrs. Universe Continental Asia 2021 &
Mrs. Philippines Globe 2019*



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2021

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FROM THE DESK OF Editor-in-Chief

Hello friends,

Rising Sun
Is soothing calm
Kindles day
Radiating warmth.

November is a beautiful month as mild winter brings flowers to bloom and sun shine seems pleasant and comforting. This year it was more special as the festival of lights, Diwali was on the 4th. Wishing you all happiness & prosperity from SquarePetals. In this edition we have the inspiring story of Mrs. Philippines Juliet Mirasol who has shown how a confident women can shine even if she begins her career after taking due care of her loving family. This indeed is true beauty. Another inspiring thriller is 'We will make it', don't miss reading the narration of a true incident, and then try out our new Flavor Special recipe. We are privileged to publish in this edition, a glimpse of Indo-China war, 'Debacle in the High Himalayas' written by the soldier himself. Halloween Pumpkin decorated with traditional Indian Madhubani art is something unique, and sure you will love it. Happy reading.

Regards,

Sansriti Johri

Dr. Sansriti Johri
Editor-in-Chief

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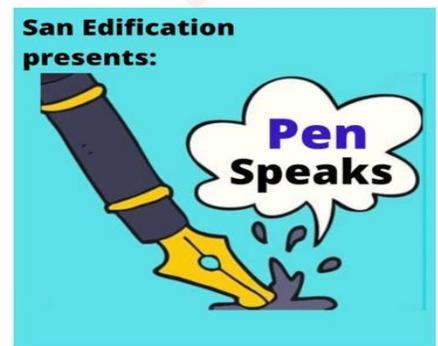
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**Healthy Lifestyle:
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Speaker:

Dr. Sansriti Johri

Author, Officer, Entrepreneur



San Edification Presentation

Cover Story



Juliet Mirasol

Mrs. Universe Continental Asia 2021

&

Miss Phillipines Globe 2019

Mrs. Universe Continental Asia 2021 & Miss Philippines Globe 2019 Juliet Mirasol Julieta Mirasol is from the country of beautiful beaches, delicious fruits and hospitable people, Philippines.

She is an accounting pundit turned beauty queen, tied up in both worlds of finance and pageantry, She have been married for 22 years and a proud mom to Jef, Ram, and Gabby (21, 19, and 18, respectively). The stunning beauty Miss Juliet Mirasol has won two prestigious

crowns in national pageants. In 2019, she was hailed Mrs Philippines Globe Classique. In the same pageant she won special awards Mrs. Philippines Globe 2019 Career Woman of the Year and Mrs. Philippines Globe 2019 Most Elegant Woman. Recently Ms. Mirasol was crowned Mrs Universe Continental Asia 2021.

Juliet is a Certified Public Accountant and she completed her Masters degree in Business Administration at Philippine Women's University. She is currently works as Senior Assistant Accounting Manager in one of the biggest conglomerate in the country.

Ms. Juliet started her modeling career at age 44, a bit late, but she makes sure it serves her life purpose. She participated in fashion shows for a cause especially for the benefit of children in need.

In her free time she loves to cook healthy food and bake



cakes and pastries for her family. She also loves planting vegetables in her garden.

Juliet is a traveller. Some of the countries she visited are Australia, Belgium, Canada, China France, Germany, Indonesia, Italy Japan, Malaysia, Netherlands, Singapore, South Korea, Switzerland, South Africa, United States of America Taiwan and Vietnam. It is her dream is to see as many countries in the world as she can.

Ms. Juliet Mirasol is an empowered woman who wants to make a difference. To be remembered as a symbol of inspiration through her achievements, charitable works and life story is the legacy she wants to leave behind. We wish her all the best in all her endeavors.



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DEBACLE IN THE HIGH HIMALAYAS

(Ajay Singh is a renowned writer and historian who has written five books and over 200 published articles)

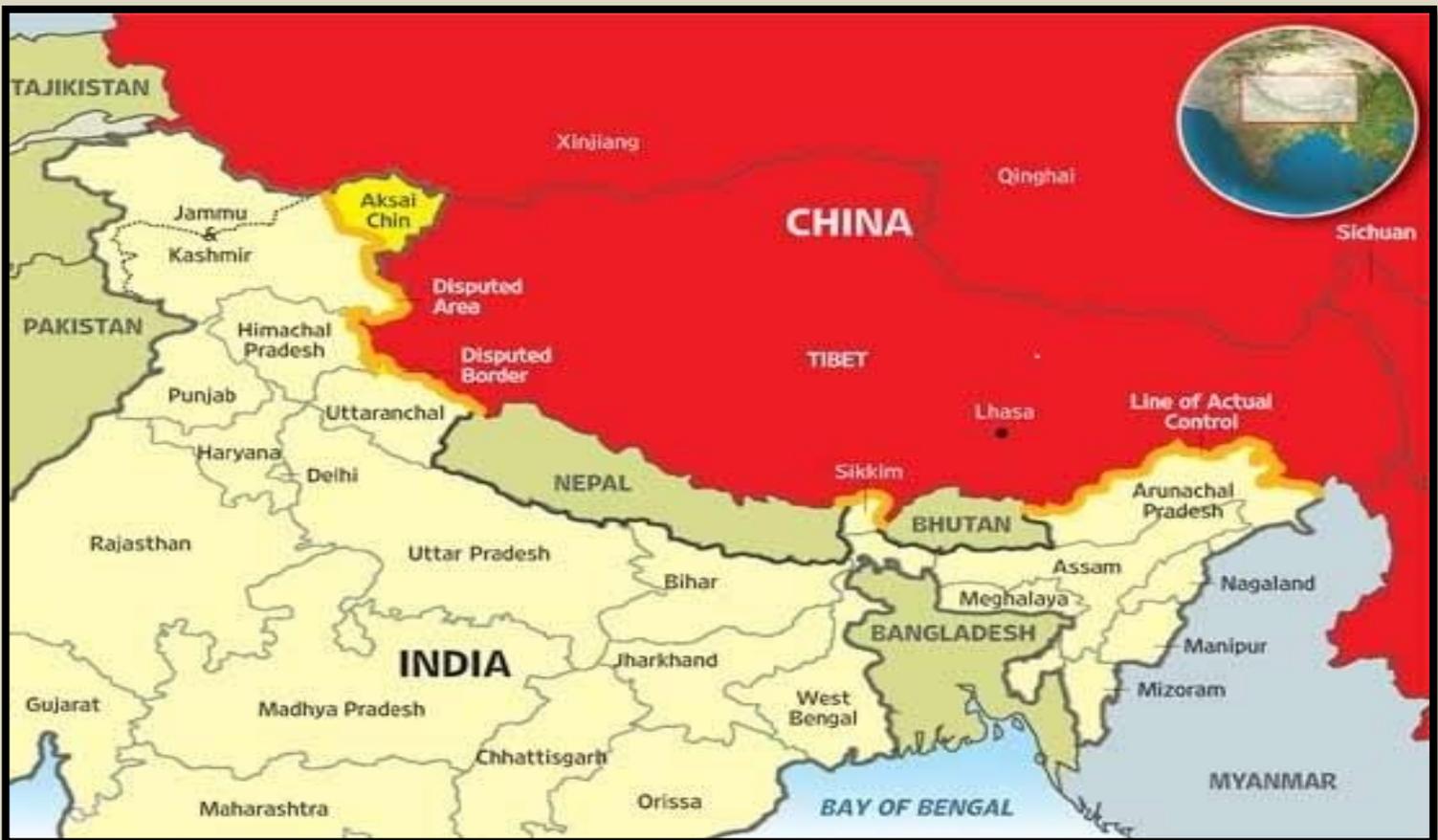
Around this time, 55 years ago in November 1962, the Indian Army suffered its most humiliating – and only – defeat – since independence. It was a body blow to the young nation, then only 15 years old, and left an impact on the Indian psyche that remains even today.

To understand the story of the debacle, we must go back to its history and the geography. The Problem began in 1950 when China annexed Tibet and India and China became neighbors. The line dividing the two nations

was the McMahon Line, an unclear, demarcated line between India and Tibet which the Chinese never recognized or accepted.

The Indo-China border runs 3800 kilometers from Burma to the East to Kashmir in the West. In the Eastern Sector, the Chinese claimed the entire area upto Arunachal Pradesh as ‘Southern Tibet’. In the Western Sector, they claimed all of Aksai Chin in Ladakh. In spite of this dangerous portend, the government remained blind to the threat, with Nehru pinning his hopes on a ‘Hindi-Chini Bhai Bhai’ policy.

Border incidents along the demarcated border had been occurring since 1959. In 1960, to



counter Chinese incursions, Nehru, wrongly advised by the defence Minister Krishna Menon and the Intelligence Bureau, embarked on a 'Forward Policy' This meant India would establish posts all along the border in the area we claimed as own. It was a disastrous policy that send troops in penny pockets, and often cut off, in indefensible positions, without any means of support.

The flash point came in June 1962, when Indian troops occupied a post at Che Dong (which was actually inside Chinese territory). The Chinese responded violently and occupied Dhola Ridge, a feature inside Indian Territory. Unknown to Indian intelligence, the Chinese had been preparing for over two years and had built up 54th Army in Tibet for this operation. Indian strength was woefully short with just one brigade (7 Brigade) holding the area. Worse, the responsibility to defend the area was given to a newly raised 4 Corps under

Lt Gen B M Kaul, an incompetent officer, with no battle experience who was related to Nehru. Indian troops were sent forward towards Dhola ridge, to 'throw the Chinese from Indian territory 'as was reportedly said by Nehru. This was the provocation the Chinese were waiting for and on 20 Oct 62, the Chinese poured out of their concealed positions to launch a concentrated attack in both the Eastern and Western sector.

The Chinese Attacks

At 5 am on 20 Oct, the silence of the Himalayas was broken by the roar of artillery guns as the Chinese began a two hour bombardment of Indian positions all along the border. Two Chinese divisions poured down the road from Bum La to Tawang, overrunning the Indian 7 Brigade. This brigade had been ordered to occupy a virtually indefensible position in the Namka Chu Valley and in less than six hours of fighting was virtually wiped



There was literally nothing but the spirit of the soldier. On 17 November, the Chinese launched their second phase of operations which outflanked the Indian position at Se La. Se La was strongly held but was ordered to withdraw prematurely. In the confused withdrawal the Chinese attacked. Sela was the worst battle of the campaign which claimed 1800 casualties in just

2 days. The Chinese advanced from Se La to Dirang to Bomdila as the Indian army withdrew in disarray. In each case they followed a standard tactic of infiltrating behind own positions, attacking from different directions, and cutting off our own troops. They were aided by a poor military leadership that gave no clear directions, and ordered panicked withdrawals when they should have held firm. Then when Chinese were virtually at the foothills of Assam, on 21 Nov, they announced a unilateral ceasefire and withdrew back in to their own territory.

out. They now moved forward relentlessly towards Tawang which they occupied by 23 Oct. ironically, the Indian shortcoming of not developing roads till the border now came to its rescue, as the Chinese were forced to develop a road from the border to Tawang to funnel in supplies. There was a pause in operations as the Chinese built their road, in just 14 days, which provided some time for the Indians. Using the pause in operations, Indian troops were pushed up. But the troops were from the plains, with no knowledge of the area, in summer uniform, with no heavy weapons and just their pouch ammunition. The neglect of the army and in using troops in superfluous activities such as building barracks at the expense of training was showing and the troops were unprepared. They still held on to vintage single shot .303 rifles since the new automatic rifles had arrived without ammunition. There were no logistics or supplies. The leadership- both military and political – was poor.

2 days. The Chinese advanced from Se La to Dirang to Bomdila as the Indian army withdrew in disarray. In each case they followed a standard tactic of infiltrating behind own positions, attacking from different directions, and cutting off our own troops. They were aided by a poor military leadership that gave no clear directions, and ordered panicked withdrawals when they should have held firm. Then when Chinese were virtually at the foothills of Assam, on 21 Nov, they announced a unilateral ceasefire and withdrew back in to their own territory.

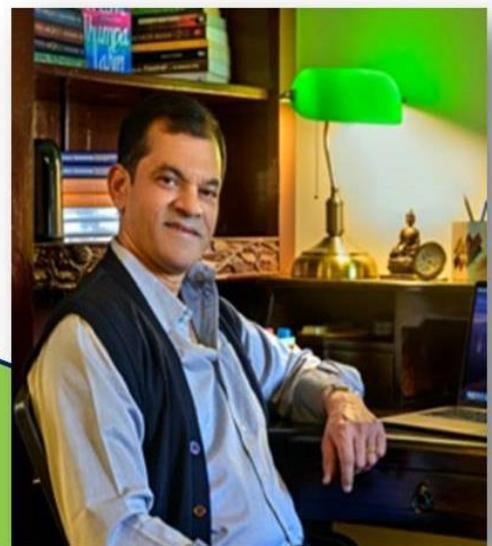




The Curtain rang down on this tragedy of arms. The war raged from 20 Oct – 21 Nov 62, but the actual fighting was for less than seven days. Yet the Indian army suffered 3078 killed, 3018 wounded and 3587 taken prisoner, a grievous loss. The only saving grace was that the army learnt, reorganized itself and focused on training and modernization. In the years that followed it developed into a more professional and cohesive army that more than held its own in every other battlefield. The lessons of 1962 had come at a high cost. Let us hope that we never forget them.

**A renowned writer and historian ,
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over 200 published articles.**

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We Will Make It...

Their bows ploughed through the waters and the foamy salty waves cascading over them incessantly drenched all on board - man, equipment and rations. The winds headed the yachts and the beat against the winds was grueling and tiresome. The vintage wooden hulls tirelessly groaned in protest against the unrelenting surge of the raging sea. Every rivet, every bolt and every joint that fastened the hulls and spars was stretched to their extremities. Wave after wave bashed them with the might and ferocity of a hurricane. They should well have splintered like matchsticks and been scattered and lost in the depths of the waters. But they held on...

The hulls were taking in water at an inexorable pace. Hands worked frantically to keep the hulls above the water line. Every tranche bailed out was replaced by a quantitative onslaught of yet another crashing wave. The

crew was pitted against the fury of Mother Nature in her most ferocious form...

Albatross and Rajhans had braved the seas over the many decades since they had been crafted in the workshop of some intuitive sailor with a passion for the sea. Over the decades, they had made passage after passage over the seas and had served their crew with steadfastness and aplomb. They had a glorious past to brag of and had brought fame and adulation to many a sailor who had sailed them. But now they were well past their prime...

Would these two mascots spell disaster for the young hands on board and the dreams they imaginatively cherished? Would their battered hulls and age old spars withstand the fury of Mother Nature over the long passage they were expected to make? Would they bring glory to the crew they carried or would they attain finality in the watery grave of the cold ocean depths?

This time they intuitively sensed something other than the usual sailors resolve and enthusiasm... something different...

They sensed something that was patently discernible - a conspicuous purpose, a steadfast resolve, an unyielding commitment....they sensed that this passage was not just about reaching a port of call but was, in fact, a harbinger to a much larger purpose, a longer journey, a journey that would in time traverse the contours of the land and waters and defy time and space. They instinctively knew the vitality of their role in the larger canvas of life and emotions...

The crew was bemused. Young, unshaven lads who had set sail brimming with childlike enthusiasm were perilously caught in a dogma – surely this is not what they had bargained for! The scorching rays of the unforgiving sun betrayed the tempestuous relationship between man and Mother Nature. Their skins were swathed with layers of salt deposited by wave after wave of sea water and their lips parched and cracked giving them an almost ghost like appearance. The sinews of their muscles were stretched to tearing as they battled the implacable onslaught.

But their hearts sang one and one song and in complete unison – we will make it! Failure was not an option, it never was. They had set sail to make it and come what may, they would! Remnants of aspersions on success had been jettisoned well before cast off. Strong hands

adjusted the onboard sheets, steady hands steered the rudders and maneuvered the hulls through the choppy waters...their eyes reflected their steely resolve, their unflinching devotion and yet their nimble innocence. Like Albatross and Rajhans had sensed, they too gauged the magnitude of the moment and were overpowered by dogged determination and fearlessness. They knew, come what may, they would make it...

The winds chimed with the sounds of the fury of the sea. Strong southerly currents were throwing the yachts deep off course. The crew did all they could...but the currents were overpowering and the strong North Westerly winds unrelenting...the crew was helpless...but unwavering in their tenacity.

They were but two small specks in the vast expanse of the open sea, far from home and safety. They were completely cocooned from the hustle bustle of daily life, relations, prejudices, envy...they had only themselves to cling onto, themselves to share their fears with, themselves to laugh and cry with...

Where was that tiny speck of an island in the vast ocean they had set sail to reach amidst the wrath and ferocity of Mother Nature? Where was that tiny speck touching the shores of which would catapult these young souls into the league of brave hearts? Their eyes peered

across the horizon in search through a veil of ceaseless exploding water...

Days and nights went by...time seemed to have no end. Rations and water dwindled...they were battered bodily but not in spirit. The aging hulls and spars stood their ground and bristling spirit prevailed...despite being out at sea for much longer than anticipated, there was no turning back...

The dark velvet skies shone like a carpet embedded with millions of twinkling stars. Their light reflected off the ruffled waters of the sea as the yachts surged ahead. Solitude and peace overwhelmed the hearts and minds of the crew...it was a moment of reflection and realization. Images of life as they had unfurled over the years flashed by...what seemed so weighty in the hitherto years, suddenly appeared so small and irrelevant. The moment of awakening was fathomless and intense. It was as if the shrouds of negatives and prejudices were completely peeled off and washed away from the bodies and minds of the crew by the surging waters of the sea. The crew felt a discernible lightness...their faces radiated a glow of humility and character. They had emerged anew...

The words of Edward Hale were transfixed on their minds:-

"It is wonderful what one person can do when he is dedicated to doing it. I am but one, but I am one. I can't do everything, but I

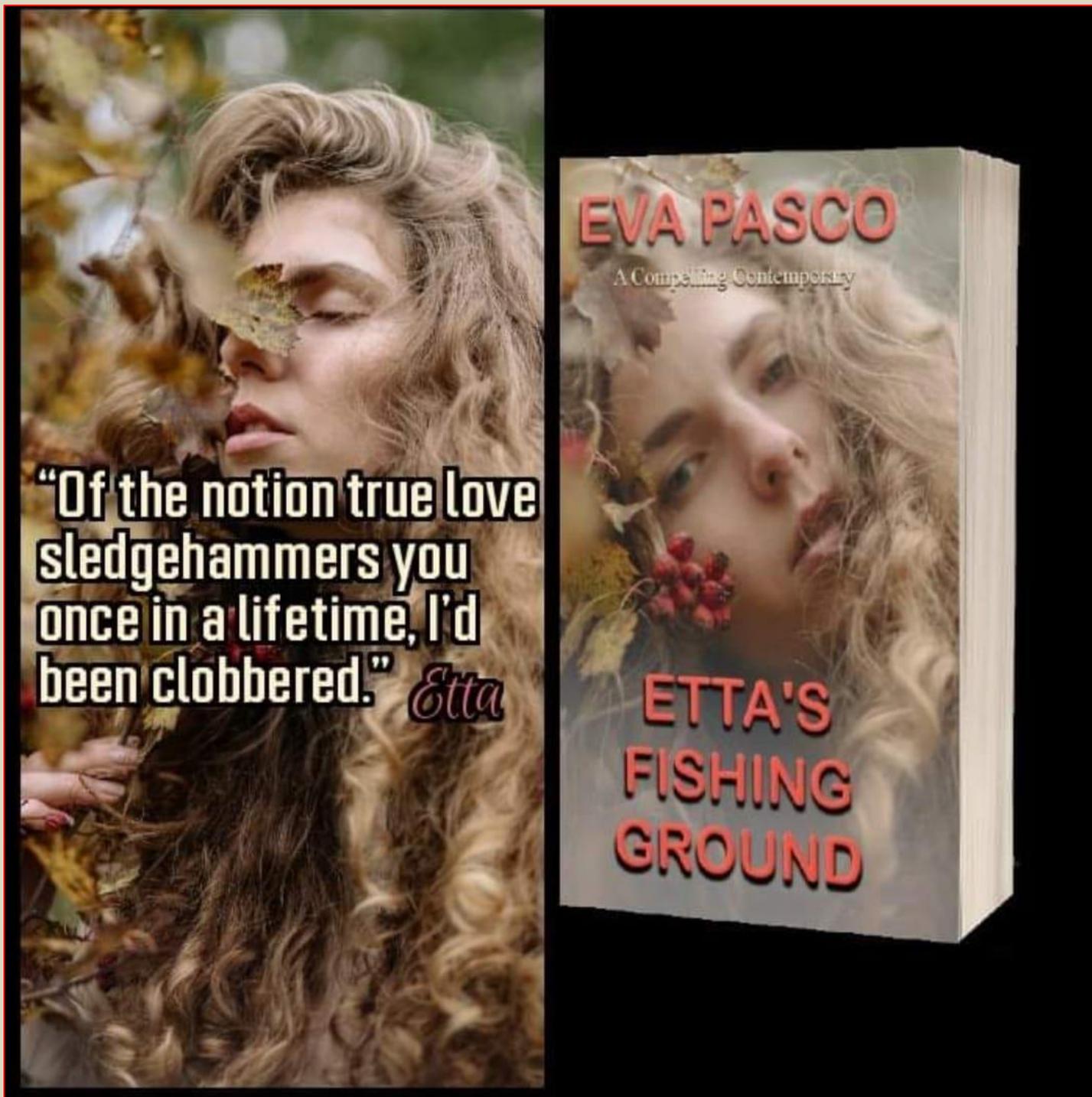
can do something. And what I can do, that I ought to do. And what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I shall do."

Seventeen days after Albatross and Rajhans had left the shores of Mumbai harbour to begin their South bound voyage, they sailed into the small and narrow port of the tiny island of Kavaratti. The crew stepped ashore to a warm welcome, a beaming populace and a wonderful new world. The indomitable human spirit had prevailed! The Sappers had made history!

But for one amongst the young crew, the journey of life had just begun...

PS. The 1993 Mumbai – Kavaratti – Mumbai expedition took all of 35 days to complete and was the hallmark of the CME Golden Jubilee celebrations. It was credited with a number of firsts - first to successfully sail to Kavaratti in the 'Seabird' class yachts, first (and only) to navigate to Kavattati with the use of sextants (where the error in reading is approx 60-90 kms!), first to be undertaken in the tricky pre-monsoon period when the sea state considerably deteriorates. Kavaratti is located approximately 420 kms North West of Cochin and is merely 3.62 square kms in size!

The expedition was the last for 'Albatross' and 'Rajhans'. They now stand proudly displayed in the Corps Equipment Museum



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OLITUDE IS AN ATTITUDE “Attitude is everything.”

Solitude is a state of seclusion, or a state of desiring to be alone. It could be a time set aside for you to just be yourself.

Solitude could be for long-term or short-term. Long-term solitude may come from heart break, loss of loved ones, deliberate choice, mental disorders, and neurological disorders. There is a difference between solitude and loneliness. In essence these two words (Solitude & Loneliness) refer, to the joy and the pain of being alone.

Solitude is the path to achieving self-improvement. Great ideas, visions and insights only come when we submit ourselves into a solitary environment. Successful achievers, thinkers, inventors, writers devote time to work in solitude. Creative and productive tasks are more suitable in a place of solitude.

There is joy in being alone. At times you need to be alone. You need to stay away from the crowd, distractions and issues of life to have time for Yourself to think, mediate, brain storm and reflect over your life.

The best time to take care of yourself and refine your life is in solitude. The eagle at times needs to fly to a far away mountain to avoid distractions to under go self-improvement.

Most people mis-interpret solitude to be a dead end or a place of misery. It is far beyond such misconception. Anyone who desires self-improvement should master the life style of solitude. There is no boredom in living in solitude, the gate way to freedom. You need to be selfish at times. You have been taking care of the problem of others. It's time you take care of your personal problems. The ideas and solution you need to change your life are discovered in the place of solitude. Solitude is meant to empower and transform you to become better than you are. The eagle after undergoing the solitude process becomes

stronger and can soar higher. Same way, it is necessary for you to set yourself apart from the crowd. Take note, being in solitude doesn't mean you are lonely. In fact, there are many benefits that can be enjoyed by being in solitude.

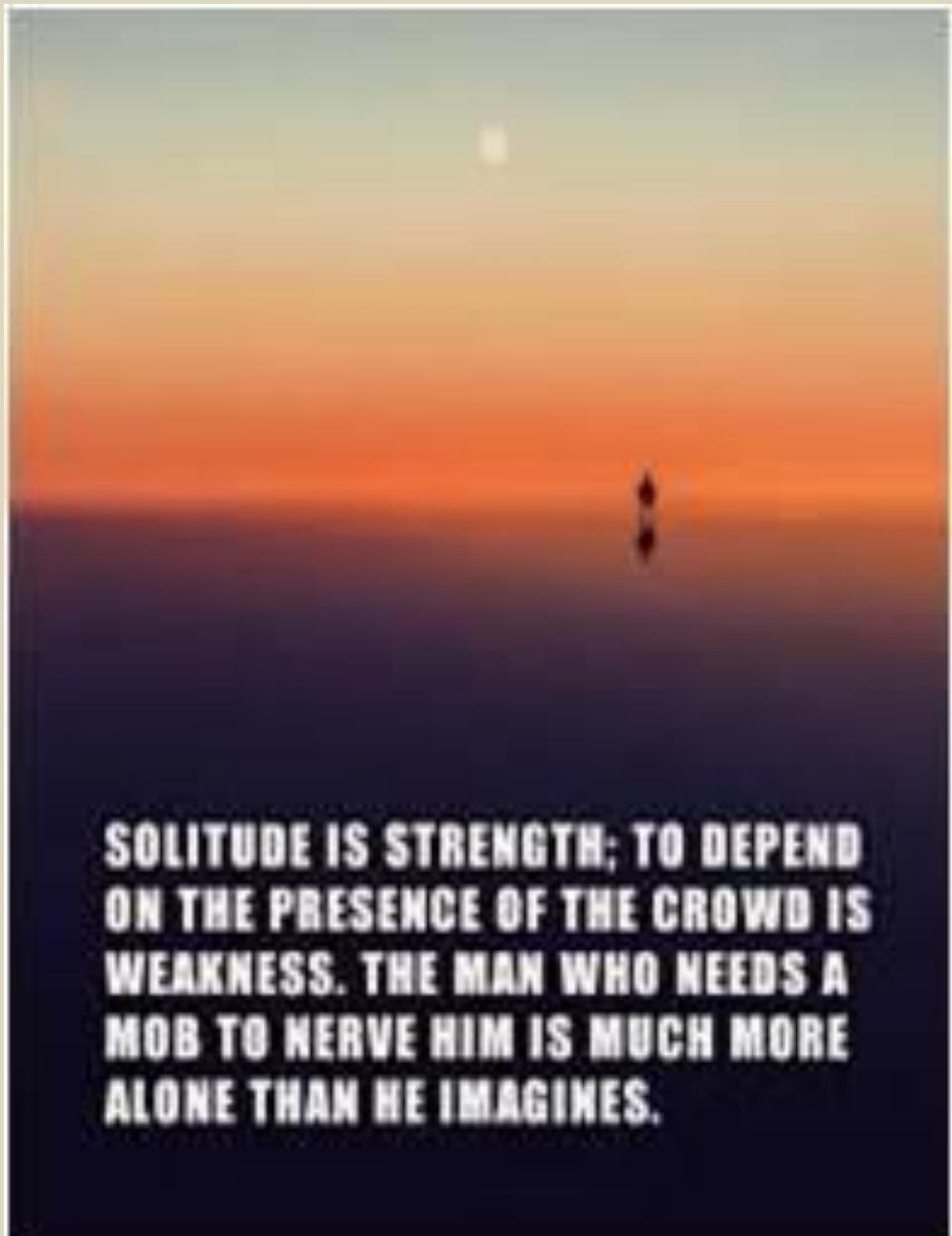
Solitude doesn't mean you are in a lock down. It doesn't give room for idleness and unproductivity. It is time to be creative, productive and industrious. I am an author of more than 200 books so far and people only see my books, they don't see me writing them. I write in solitude. No one sees me or knows what I am doing. Working in solitude breeds success.

Nothing hinders progress as distractions. It is in solitude that focus and concentration can be enjoyed. Great thinkers, leaders, inventors, writers, poets and prophets from history upto the present, dedicated their time and lives to solitude. There's nothing negative about it. It is good for emotional, spiritual and mental development.

Being in solitude is the key to self-improvement. Make it a habit to dedicate your time and life to living in solitude. Avoid distractions and disruption to focus on yourself. Solitude is the interlinked with great minds. Highly intelligent people invest their lives in solitude. If they don't go into solitude, they cannot concentrate, study, meditate and

think to reach enlightenment. You cannot think clearly in the midst of distractions. Thomas Edison, the great inventor claimed he could think better because of his partial deafness. He said; "The best thinking has been done in solitude. The worst has been done in turmoil."

Discover the joy and peace in living a life of solitude.



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Vijayvilas palace is located on sea beach of Mandvi in Kutch, it's construction began in 1920 and got completed in 1929. during the region of Raja Maharao Shri Khengarji in the mid 19th century.

Vijay Vilas palace is of historical importance and unique in having its own private beach which keeps the temperature of the entire place quite pleasant throughout the year. Therefore the Royal family of the Princely state of Kutch used the palace as their summer residence.

However, most parts of the fort were derelict after the earth quake during the year 2001 in Gujarat.

The well known features of this palace are its extraordinary architecture. The place is constructed in a land covering 450 acres of



lush greenery along with its unique sanctuary that protects the environment.

In Vijay Vilas Palace is preferred by the Bollywood for movies shoot location and the super hit movie 'Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam' won the hearts of movie lovers, was shot inside the fort.

Now a days the palace is used as a museum and a sanctuary where one can find blue decrease, jackals and occasional chinkara. People can also see the peacocks playing in the palace surroundings as well as partridges and other birds of the forest.

Thus one would surely fall in love with beauty of the Vijay Vilas Palace of Kutch, Gujarat, India.

By Vishwaa Thakkar

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Penguin Bus would to come pick me up but, for some reason, they had stopped running that week. With earphones plugged in while drumming fingers on the window, reading the names of the stores is my usual way of time pass during travel. ‘

"Beta," a frail voice called from behind, "would you mind giving me your seat? I'm quite ill, you see." I pretended to not have heard her. Why should I give away my seat? "Beta," she tapped on my shoulder, "would you mind giving me your seat? Just for some time." "Actually," I took out a book from my bag, "I'm currently reading a book, so, if I give my seat to you, it'd be impossible for me to read while

standing."

"Okay, beta," she smiled at me, "when you're done reading, will you allow me to sit?"

Kind Lady

I was waiting for the bus early in the morning. 'It's almost time,' I thought to myself. Finally, I saw the bus. Screech! I got on the bus and rushed to the window seat. It was the first time I got on a different bus. Usually, the

"Sure!" I smiled. 'What kind of an old lady is she? She's so persistent,' I thought to myself. 'Why me, of all people?'

The bus suddenly stopped. The old lady almost fell down, but was saved by the bus handle. I felt sorry for her. Maybe...she's not lying. She got off the bus.

Are you sure you are okay?' Mother asked me, while tying my shoelaces. "Yeah, Mum," I sneezed, "I will...bill be okay."

I was sick because it rained the other day. I tend to fall sick when the weather changes abruptly. Although I took a good long rest, I wasn't able to fully recover. I got on the bus hoping to get a seat. To my surprise, all the seats were taken. I was in no form to stand for half-an-hour, given how weak I felt. "Beta," a familiar voice fell on my ears, "are you okay?"

"Yes," I turned around, "I am fine...thank you."

'Please sit down.' She got up. "If you keep standing, you might get sicker. Here take my shawl."

"But – " I said. "Don't worry," she took my hand and seated me. When I looked at her, I was

shocked. It was the old lady I had met the day before. I was too embarrassed to look into her eyes. "How is school going?" she smiled at me. "It's fun," I smiled half-heartedly, "Grand ma..."

"Yes," she bent over. "Umm..." I hesitated, "I am sorry about yesterday." "Why are you apologising?" she asked. "Well, you see," I stared at my knees, "yesterday, when you wanted to sit for a while and I didn't give you my seat...although you were ill. That was so rude of me. I did it on purpose. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Don't worry, Beta," she patted my head, "you don't have to apologise. I never got angry at you for that. Next time, don't forget to be kind to others." "Yeah," I smiled at her, "thank you."



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Photography



By Virendra Johri

Fishermen getting ready for the day as the High Tide started on the north-west coast of India.

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Falguni Thakkar

**Award Winner Chef &
Author of Hand to Heart**



Dhokla Burger

Ingredients for :

Rava Dhokla	Burger Tikki
Grind 1 cup Rava with	2 nos. Potatoes
1 cup yogurt	4 Toast powder
1 packet Eno powder	1 onion, 4-5 Green Chili
Water as needed	1/2 teaspoon turmeric, 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt as per taste	Cabbage, Tomato, Onion (Sliced)
	Cheese, Butter & Chat Masala

♥ Method: ♥

Take fine rava and mix it with yoghurt. Add water as required, make a batter like Dhokla, add salt and let it set for 10 minutes.

Put hot water in a pan. Now put a packet of eno in the set batter and stir it a lot. Put it in a

greased dish and let it steam for 10 minutes. After steaming, let it cool down. Then cut into pieces.

Take boiled potatoes for tikki. Add crushed toast, chilli, turmeric, salt, lemon juice and mash it. Make tikki and wrap it in toast powder. Once done, deep fry the tikki.

Now heat butter in an pan and fry the cut dhokla.

Now put butter and green sauce on one side of the 'rava na dhokla' pieces. Apply ketchup on the other side. Then place cabbage on it and then also put slices of onion and tomato. Sprinkle chaat masala. Garnish with cheese and mayonnaise. Serve with green sauce and ketchup.



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Art & Craft

By **Megha Mocherla**

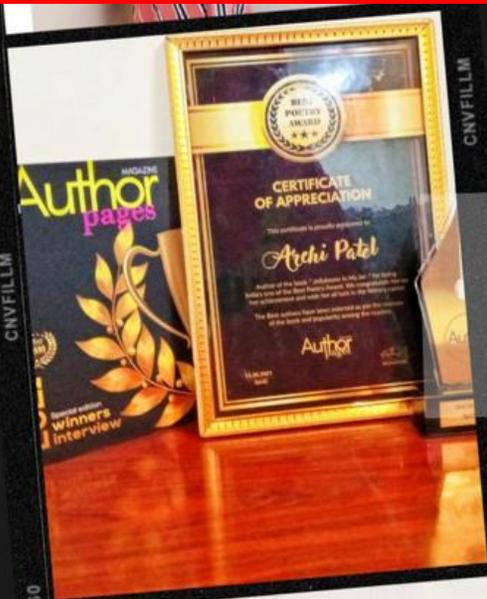
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