

In Memoriam

Name: Amit Laskar, 1971 CE

Date of Death: August, 2020



Details about Alum's professional & personal life

Amit Laskar, a CIVIL ENGINEER, graduated from Bengal Engineering College, Shibpur, in the year 1971, has left for heavenly abode this august--2020.

His class mate Shri Sarasij Majumder (1971 CE) shared a Memoir given below:

I met Amit, one of my CLASSMATES, couple of times before we got promoted to 3rd Year. But I really started knowing him when eight of us was bunched in a hostel room, at SLATER HALL, first floor. For Lunch, and Dinner—we had to go across to the Hostel—No.11. Gradually I became close to, Amit, Pranab (both, Majumder, and Moitra), Biplab, and Sandip. Most of the time, though, I used to stay with my Auntie, in-charge, KG section, Model school—residing in an experimental building made of HOLLOW BRICKS close to Downing, inside the College Campus. I used to shift in, and out of Slater just before any examination temporarily for COLLECTIVE STUDY.

Amit was a Quiet, quite handsome, and intelligent person. With a romantic mind, he used to talk softly, but wittily. One of his favorite heroines was "SADHNA".

Amit's was an old Aristocrat family, staying in Baliganj. He lost his father already. His elder brother was quite senior, and was a practicing Advocate. He took me to his house twice, and introduced me to his

mother—who was a lady with a very high personality. They also had many houses (27, if I remember correctly) in KOLKATA, all but one rented. Occasionally, he suggested me to accompany him to collect Rents from TENANTS. I accompanied.

Once on a Saturday, after college, in December '68, I took him to a NOON show at Bangabasi cinema hall, near Howrah Maidan, to show "BRAHMACHARI"—followed by a visit to RACE COURSE, where I put some money on 'TOP SPIN'—a Mare—who won the DERBY that day, and I made good money. I told Amit, he was my "LUCKY MASCOT" and took him to SAQI BAR at DHARAMTALA, and had some beer, with Kebab. Before boarding a tram to his way back home, he laughingly accused me that I spoiled his character, which was impeccable till that day!!

Next fateful incident in his life was tragic. During KALI PUJA, in the year 1971, he was standing at the Balcony of his house, when a flying spark of a Chocolate Bomb hit him in the eye. Immediately he was taken to CAMPBELL—but the eye could not be saved. I visited the hospital, when he was recovering, with a packet of DUNHILL- I was employed by then. My school mate Aniruddha was then a Final year student there. I took him to Amit, and he assured me of keeping an eye on hospital services being provided to AMIT, during his stay.

Soon, I joined DURGAPUR STEEL PLANT, and left Kolkata. My address was Room no. 44, first Floor, Steel House. Out of blue, one evening-- I found Amit at my place! We dined together, at my MESS, and he agreed to stay with me. He has joined Dr. K.D. Banerjee's farm, and came on site duty to drive some piles for Birla cement Plant. Dr. Banerjee was our teacher in B.E. College. Amit came to Durgapur for the same job, once more time, to collect payment, and stayed with me. We enjoyed a few nice evenings together, reminiscing our college days.

A few years passed. I got married, and settled in a single bedroom apartment. One Saturday evening, suddenly I find him at my door. Very elated, I welcomed him. He informed that he is now my neighbor, joined Eastern Coalfield Colliery- and stays alone a little away from Raniganj. Since then, on many of the week-ends, he used to be our guest—unless he or we go to Kolkata on week end. By then, he was married. But waiting for a decent accommodation to bring his wife. He used to drive a MOPED, to come to our house from his place of stay.

It seems—bad luck was still following him—in a car accident, his wife got injured severely, which ultimately compromised her mobility.

During late August 1980, me, and my wife visited his place, for a night stay. We picked up some KEBABS, KOSHA MANGSO, PAROTA, and FIRNI, from RAHIM's Joint, at Benachiti, and reached his Quarters, before dusk. He was ready with CHILLED BEER. We had a good evening, with moon-light dinner. The dark quietness of the place was getting pierced by occasional sirens, followed by BOOMERS of controlled blasting from a nearby colliery.

Soon I left DSP, and JOINED EIL, and shifted to DELHI. On two occasions, he visited me at my FLAT at KALKAJI Extension- spent the evening, always had SUNDOWNERS with me, but didn't stay.

His only son, also graduated from same ALMA-MATER got married to the only daughter of our another classmate-- Salil Roy Choudhury, and now settled in MUMBAI.

We couldn't meet after, over a long period – and was only in touch through WhatsApp. Last I saw him at the wedding ceremony of the daughter of my another Classmate- INDRA—a few years ago. His comment on the FOOD and menu was— “The Snacks are so much, and so good, that I may fail to reach to main dining stage!”

I never thought that that will be our last meet.

OM-TAT-SAT-OM.