



CROSSWINDS



OLD LAITKORIAN'S ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

DEJA VU '22

1ST OCT 2022: VENUE - APRS SHILLONG

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

The announcement of the dates for Déjà vu generally accompanies hectic planning, sharing of information, passing of messages and announcement in the OLA School Group and various Chapter WhatsApp Groups. ARPS has always promoted teamwork and hard work, then be it the interclass Vinod Duia Memorial Cup Football, the inter house sports events- Boxing/ Basketball/ Tennis or the various Hobby Clubs/ One Act Plays/ Quiz Competitions, putting heads together and delivering comes naturally to us Laitkorians. So it was that as the date to the event started creeping closer, the activity reached a frenzy. Even as I write this, OLAs are filling the registration forms, paying the fees or sharing pics of their travel arrangements.

My team of editors and I contacted all the past students who wanted to share some of the many old memories they had neatly wrapped in the mind trunks. We called up past and present teachers, from the first batch which passed out in 1986 (Class X) to the batch which passed out in 2008 (Class XII) to contribute something, an article, a photograph, heck even advertisements! The result is in your hands now.

Crosswinds, our annual magazine is a much anticipated aide to all our annual events. It is a piece of history for you to carry back, a bundle of joy for you to share and reminisce, a collector's item for each one of you to hoard and maybe pass on to the next generation. We can guarantee, you will get a whiff of pine cones after spell of shower on the rolling hills, the faint echo of the PT Bell or even the memory of the view of our school from atop a car as the sun set and the moon towered overhead!

This edition we have for you a curated selection of articles and memories from **Dr Devjit Srivastava** about his tryst with Sanskrit, or **Sondhi Ma'am's** recollections of her teaching days under the guidance of our beloved Tankha Sir and even **Shrilekha Ma'am** as she discusses the finer nuances of communication. We have the inspiring stories of an entrepreneur- **Dr. Ranabir Paul** and an edupreneur- **Sanen Imchen** as they recount how they set a target and went about achieving it. Then we have two novelists and playwrights, **Sandeep Roy** and **Ashutosh Sharma** who also happen to be batch-mates writing about Media-one Social, the other

Audio- Visual. We also have an army man; **Maj. Zosangliana** sharing a double whammy. Our friends from Nepal- **Sher Bahadur Chhetri (Sr.)** shares a hilarious anecdote while another from Bangladesh **Md. Mahfuz Ul Islam**, who answers a question he is often asked- Why Shillong for education? To top it off we have real life stories of how ARPS changed the lives of two students- **Mrinmoy Borooah** (How ARPS made him a good dad) and **Dipankar Baidya's** tribute to our teachers. I sincerely hope our edition of the Crosswinds 2022 will be a cherished read for you.

Collecting the articles and messages, designing and laying out the content, proof reading the work and sending the final copy to the publishers is enough to grey the hairs but none from my team will share any of that gore...we would willingly do it all over again only for you to share in the camaraderie. With the small wish to forgive any oversight and partaking only a slice of success, my editorial team and I would like to sign off!

- Editorial Team



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Satya Pal Malik
Governor



RAJ BHAVAN
SHILLONG - 793001
MEGHALAYA
INDIA

MESSAGE

I am glad to learn that the Old Laitkorians' Association (OLA) is hosting the Annual Reunion of Past Students and to commemorate the occasion a Souvenir "Crosswinds" is being released.

I compliment the Old Laitkorians' Association for its continuous efforts in providing a forum for connecting the Association regularly and recognizing their contributions in their own fields. I extend my warm greetings to the Association and their families.

I wish the Association and the reunion all success.

Satya Pal Malik
(Satya Pal Malik)



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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Shri Shaju Achandy
Principal

Assam Rifles Public School (Sports)
Laitkor, Shillong, Meghalaya

“When the roots are deep, there is no reason to fear the wind.” – African proverb. The heritage happily has deep roots in the old Laitkorians. It is a matter of much elation that our alumni association is in the process of bringing out another volume of the ‘Cross Winds’ during their reunion in October 2022.

The heirs to the Laitkorian heritage are a family of remarkable human beings with myriad of skills and personal characteristics which make them extremely successful and well regarded in their careers. Laitkorian heritage highlights the schooling environment – home of happy schooling. The Laitkorians constantly impress by their accomplishments whether in academics, co-curricular activities or sports. Assam Rifles Public School (Sports) has remained the most sought after residential school in the North East. Since its association with the Sports Authority of India for archery, athletics and fencing and with the Bhaichung Bhutia Football Schools for excellence in football it has become the unique place for all seeking a brilliant career in sports. It is one of the leading schools in India ranking First in Meghalaya and 61st in India as a day-cum-boarding school by the 2021-22 edition of rankings by the Education World – The Human Development Magazine. ARPS (S) is a privileged member of the Assam Rifles family.

We are a great school, we can be even greater. I am sure your ‘Déjà Vu’ will help further the sense of community and belonging. No doubt, the old Laitkorians are staunch ambassadors of the values and ideals of the Assam Rifles Public School (Sports) and enrich their alma mater in terms of experience shared and expertise volunteered. I hope you agree you can be proud of ur school and will continue to support in making the institution and the impact it has even stronger.

My thanks on behalf of the school go to the president and all members of the OLA. I congratulate every member and extend my best wishes for all of your noble endeavours. Best wishes for the ‘Cross Winds’ and the ‘Déjà Vu’.

Jai Hind!



Mr. Sebastian P. George

TGT, SO.SC., ARPS, Laitkor P.O.,
Shillong-793010.
9612496689 (M)

I am very delighted to know that the OLA is organizing its re-union at ARPS, Laitkor, Shillong on 1st October, 2022 after a break of few years and releasing its next issue of the magazine **‘CROSSWINDS’**. I convey my hearty congratulations and best wishes to the editorial board and the OLA family.

On this occasion, it is good to recall the contributions of OLA to the development of their alma mater. I sincerely appreciate their valuable services which they have rendered towards the growth and welfare of their young ones and the school, especially in the field of career guidance. Career guidance will help the students to fulfill their aspirations by setting up realistic goals. Career choice will determine the future of the students not only by providing them their dream job but also by providing them a better future with job satisfaction. The alumni who have done well and in higher positions in the defence services and other professional fields are always found ready to render their valuable services to the younger ones whenever they are in need.

The effort taken by the President OLA, M. Abhijit Nath and his team in selecting the resource persons for providing career guidance to the students of ARPS is really admirable. This has definitely helped our students to find their deserving place in professional institutions beyond North-East Region and abroad.

Once again, I wish all the success in your future endeavors.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT OLA



Abhijit Nath (AC-39)
Dean of Administrative Affairs Spring
Dale International School, Guwahati
Founder Director Global Edureach

It is an honor to serve as President of the OLD LAITKORIANS' ASSOCIATION (OLA) since its official inception in 2010.

The OLA as the alumni body of ARPS was formed in 1986 with the passing out of the first batch of ARPS to network its alumni and strengthen our bond with our alma mater. I am lucky to have been part of its first Class 12 batch which passed out in 1986 and today, our station in life is a gift of our School.

For those who are not aware, I would like to mention that the mission of OLA is to network the Laitkorian alumni and foster our school days' bond. Our Vision Statement aims to establish interactive relationship between alumni, ex teachers and the school. The objectives of OLA are to give Laitkorians a common platform, promote goodwill among fraternity, provide our services to students in developing skills, strengthen lifelong bond between alumni and the School by engaging in educational and social activities.

While the idea of OLA was coined in 1986 by our Founder Principal Shri M.N. Tankha, it was latent between 1986 and 2010. Old Laitkorians met casually, focused leadership and coordinated approach was missing. Dejavu 2010 was a landmark event when the OLA came out with a synergized plan. The period between 2010 and 2016 saw reorganization. By Déjà vu 2016, our Apex body, the Executive Committee was fully in control and we decided to strengthen our Chapters. It's heartening to see Old Laitkorians meeting and interacting at Foreign/ State Chapter Levels, helping school mates pursue higher education and guide schoolmates for professional enhancement. While the Executive Committee can doff its hats, we are thankful to all our Chapter Heads and Chapter Coordinators for their noteworthy contributions.

Dejavu, the Laitkorian's School Reunion, is just not about coming home but a pilgrimage to the holy land where we spent the best years of our life, attained education and inculcated some of the best values under the tutelage of some of the best teachers. Today the alumni diaspora of ARPS is present in every walk of life and is spread in every state of India and across the globe.

To my dear members of OLA... I say "A BIG THANK YOU" - where ever you are. Without your passion, zeal and love for school and each other... the OLA is nothing. We, the Laitkorians; were groomed with cherished values of Unity in Diversity, Secularism, Universal Brotherhood, respect for Knowledge, faith in the law of land, rich Character and above all "to be a true public school product".

I am happy that each one of us has lived up to this faith.... You all have been fantastic members of this Association - Disciplined, Dedicated and Decisive. We all are the brand ambassadors of ASSAM RIFLES PUBLIC SCHOOL, LAITKOR, SHILLONG. I look forward to active participation of all old Laitkorians in all our meets.

Finally, I wish the all Laitkorians best wishes.

Abhijit Nath

With Best Compliments

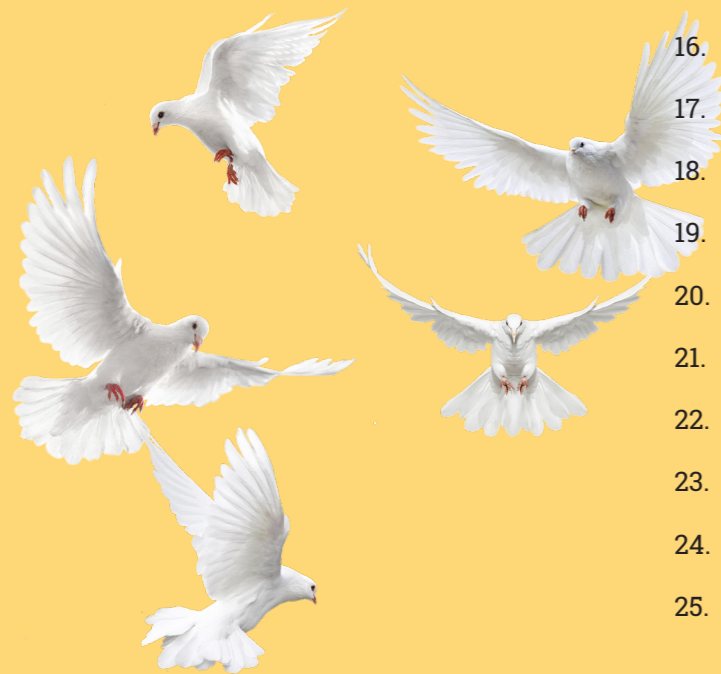


IN MEMORIUM

The Lord has given us, and the Lord has taken away'

(Page 13, School Prayer Book)

This is a list of Old Laitkorian Brothers who have left us in the prime of their lives. We the living remember them and pray for the eternal peace of their departed souls.



1. Late Aboto Chishi, NL House
2. Late Akummeren Lemtur, AC House
3. Late Dr. Amitabh Choudhury, MP House
4. Late Apok Imchen, MP House
5. Late Ashok Saini
6. Late Anand Pratap Singh, MP House
7. Late Avinash Saikia, AC House
8. Late Bharati Pandey, NL House
9. Late Bharato Kits, AC House
10. Late Captain Bikramjit Singh Cheema, MZ House
11. Late Daroga Ray, MP House
12. Late Gautom Choudhury, MP House
13. Late Jai Singh, MZ House
14. Late Joseph Mangrou, AC House
15. Late Kedi Haralu, MZ House
16. Late Kukavi Jakalu, NL House
17. Late Kulwant Singh
18. Late Lalawmpuia, AC House
19. Late Manoj Batham, MP House
20. Late Mhasi, MP House
21. Late Mhunthung Patton
22. Late Nalin Singh, MZ House
23. Late Naveen Rathore, AC House
24. Late Nchumbemo Lotha, MP House
25. Late Pankaj Chauha, NL House

26. Late Paras Thapa, MZ House
27. Late Pradeep Kothari, MZ House
28. Late Prem Singh Samant, NL House
29. Late 2Lt. Pushpinder Guleria, MZ House
30. Late Raj Kumar Ram, MP House
31. Late Rakesh Bora, AC House
32. Late Ramakant Singh, AC House
33. Late Ranjeet Bhardwaj, NL House
34. Late Zekonieu Rio, MZ House
35. Late Rocky, MZ House
36. Late Rosangkima
37. Late Sainborlang Phawa, MZ House
38. Late Samarjit Phukan, MZ House
39. Late Sameer Saha, NL House
40. Late Santosh Gurung, NL House
41. Late Sash Bahadur Thapa, AC House
42. Late Shivam Rana, AC House
43. Late Thuang Lian Mang, NL House
44. Late Tokito Swu, MZ House
45. Late Tokuga Chishi, AC House
46. Late Vanlalfala, NL House(School Captain)
47. Late Vanlaluata, AC House
48. Late Victor Arambam, MZ House
49. Late Vinod Duia, MZ House
50. Late Wallam Shai, MP House
51. Late Yurijo Sawian, MZ House



52. Late Zoramthanga, NL House
53. Late Govind Singh Bisht (Sr), AC House
54. Late Athungo Ovang, MP House
55. Late George Thongam, MP House
56. Late Ravi Mishra, NL House
57. Late Amarjit Singh Boparai, MZ House
58. Late Pankaj Agarwal, MZ House
59. Late Lalthanzauva Chenkual, NL House
60. Late Ferdinand Lyngdoh, MZ House
61. Late Apok Salong, MP House
62. Late Nathaniel, NL House
63. Late Anand Singh, MP House
64. Late Mandeep Sihag, MP House
65. Late Lalthanzauva Sailo, AC House
66. Late Kawlhnuna, AC House
67. Late Mickey, AC House
68. Late Ronis, NL House
69. Late Yangsely Sangtam, AC House
70. Late Suman Singh, MP House
71. Late Praveen Chadhoke, NL House
72. Late Rakesh Singh, MZ House
73. Late Bikram Bora, AC House
74. Late Lalthanzauva Sailo
75. Late Kawlhnuna, AC House
76. Late Adam Angami, MZ House
77. Late Krishna Devdas AC House

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If you want anything



Dr Devjit Srivastava
Consultant Anaesthesia and Pain Medicine

Devjit Srivastava passed out of ARPS Laitkor in 1986 with the first batch of students. He trained in medicine and specialised in Anaesthesia from the prestigious Armed Forces Medical College, Pune, India. He also trained in hyperbaric and aerospace medicine to fulfil his Navy commitments at sea and on shore. He was the Principal Medical officer at INS Chilka, a top category A military training establishment. Devjit underwent further advanced training in the UK. He was the prestigious Macmillan fellow for Pain Management at the Walton Centre for Neurology and Neurosurgery, Liverpool and completed his Masters in Pain Management from Cardiff University. Currently, he is the Lead Consultant for Anaesthesia and Pain Medicine at Raigmore Hospital, NHS Highland, Inverness, Scotland.

He is a member of the Professional standards committee of the Faculty of Pain Medicine [Royal College of Anaesthetists, London] and also sits on the committees of the Scottish Acute Pain Society and the Acute Pain SIG [APSIG] of the British Pain Society.

He is currently involved in research in developing core outcome sets for Acute Post-surgical pain and on a genetic project on congenital insensitivity to pain. He has contributed the Oxford hand book of cancer pain and other books, published extensively in peer reviewed journals and is a reviewer for the British Journal of Pain. His clinical interests include peri-operative management of complex pain patients especially those undergoing amputation, developing core outcome sets and learning health systems.

He plays in the Highland squash league and the North of Scotland cricket league [as an ageing maverick who has seen better days].

I suppose I must dwell on nostalgia for this piece [my last maybe] as I have been asked to write on 'anything' by Abhijit Nath. I am trying to remember and visualize the early 1980s when I spent some of the best years of my formative student life at Laitkor. I can recall a menagerie of experiences and events but what really shines through is a strong feeling of being loved, encouraged, challenged, valued and respected. Over the years after speaking to other alumni, I realize that for many this was the best time of their lives. This is reflected in the unabiding nostalgia for the school amongst its alumni in recent years.

The journey of developing 'self-reliance' began early for us in 1981. There was no 'pucca road' from the main highway till the school and in August, even the military 'One Tonners' were having a hard time negotiating the slush left by the rains in August. The students were deployed to build a tarred road from the 'Dak Bangla' to the school by breaking large stones and laying these as the base. Today, I look back at this experience as one of the many such experiences that taught me self-reliance and to believe in what Napoleon Bonaparte once said

If you want anything done well, do it yourself.

I joined the school in Class 8 and had a head on collision with a subject called 'Sanskrit'. I had no clue about Sanskrit,

done well, do it yourself

Napoleon Bonaparte

much less its syntax and grammar. Still I was being asked to master this much revered but tough language in less than a year and also pass the examination. The Sanskrit teacher was a most interesting man named Mr. Ravi Shankar Vyas from Varanasi. Bespectacled with a thin penchant, he was a little older than the other teachers. Mr. Vyas taught us Hindi and Sanskrit. One way to cancel his class was to offer him 'comics' to read and assure him that we would all do a bit of 'self-learning'. That usually meant a trip to the 'Baniya canteen' for fresh bread and cream with our 'coupons'. We, in the first batch had a relaxed relationship with him and could laugh and joke with him. It is to Mr Vyas I went with my 'Sanskrit dilemma' and what he told me has remained with me throughout my life. On hearing my problem, Mr. Vyas told me,

**आदमी में अपार शक्ति है
भगवान को भी इस दुनिया में कुछ
करना हो तो वो आदमी का रूप
धारण करके पैदा होते हैं !!**

(Human beings have immense power. Even Gods are born as humans [avatars] in order to execute an action on this planet)

In essence, Mr Vyas linked me to the potential inside me and created self-belief. I believed him. I put in my heart and soul into the challenge of learning Sanskrit and achieved a decent grade. Life has often put me in situations

where I have had to swim against the current of conventional wisdom and thus land myself in situations where one finds oneself alone, mired in doubt, uncertainty and in a forlorn dark place. I have found sustenance and hope from this 'mantra' from Mr Vyas in those days. I have also fallen back on the great poet Rabindra Nath Tagore who communicated a similar view on self belief in 1905 succinctly by writing

**Jodi Tor Dak Shune
Keu Na Ase Tobe Ekla
Cholo Re**

("If no one responds to your call, then go your own way alone")

Recently, on a visit to Delphi in Greece, I discovered that the ancient Greeks were aware of the need to have a space in the community that was safe for voicing one's thought without fear of repercussions. The Romans had a God for it called 'Terminus' or the God of boundaries. The god created a safe space for free expression. This theme is picked up in Seamus Heaney's poems on the Irish problems. In fact, every free society should guard its 'terminus' with zeal from dictators, politics, feudal politics and more recently 'fake news'. I think most of the alumni would agree would agree that Mr MN Tankha's Laitkor was a 'Terminus' that allowed diversity of opinion. I remember the prefect's meetings where all prefects from Class 4 to Class 12 had the freedom to make their issues heard seriously. This encouraged us

to think through our issues and communicate our problems to the School management as we believed that we would be taken seriously. The understanding of the concept of how a meritocratic democracy could work was Mr Tankha's biggest gift to his students. This is very relevant for India where there is a real danger of irretrievable polarisation of the population [us vs them].

We felt loved. Away from home, this was a most element of our stay in Laitkor. Whether it was being fed in the kitchen of Sondhi/Sen ma'am, Mrs Pande's repairing our torn trousers or Mrs Tankha popping a rasgulla and applying 'Tilak' before our ICSE examination, we felt part of a family. Today that love is sadly lacking in our societies. We have modern social media and we should be closer but instead we see now a rise in stress related chronic illnesses across the world. When we perform a social network analysis of these condition, one condition comes up repeatedly and that is 'loneliness'. I would make a clarion call to all Laitkorians [old and new] to ensure that 'No Laitkorian ever walks alone'.

FROM DARKNESS TO ENLIGHTENMENT



Dr Ranabir Paul
3rd Batch of Class X, 1986

My early days of education had a pretty rough start at Guwahati. The reasons being many, family issues, my excessive interest in sports and of course the “Assam Andolan”, as it was called in those days. As days passed I fared disastrously, developed a complex at school etc, etc. and actually did not know where to look for help.

My father’s decision to put me away in a good boarding house gave me mixed emotions. After a few changes of school, I finally stuck at Assam Rifles Public School, Shillong and it is here where my days began to change. My perspective towards “Education” transformed!

My life changed quickly, in the chilling nights of Laitkor I slowly began to shake away my fears and confidence seeped in. I began to study hard, as my teachers, loving and strict, built in me the foundation that I yearned for. The pain of separation from parents and homemade food made me long for home at times for I belonged to a traditional Bengali family known for its delicacies in Guwahati Town. At times I pitied myself and often consoled myself by looking in the diary for coming holiday back home. Later the school diary which also had many things

besides the holidays in the list, had a huge role in involving me into the hostel life totally.

The activities like Elocution, Quiz, English Drama, Debate, and Science Exhibition in which I was reluctant to take a part in the beginning slowly with compulsion made a huge difference in my outlook to life. It taught me to explore the unknown and helped me overcome the stage fear. It taught me “NEVER TO SAY NO!” in any circumstance. Little did my teachers know, that a little push from them would take me far and make a huge impact? I slowly managed to live my life on my own, and form my aim in life. My teachers Sarmistha Maam, Dasgupta Sir, Julian Sir, Banerjee Sir, Saida Sir, etc were my role models who made me decide finally I wanted to become a Doctor. Class X being over I ventured out into the unknown from close bonds of the known teachers who had undoubtedly instilled courage and guts in me to face the world. Thank you ARPS!

Having passed XIIth from Allahabad, I secured a seat in the MBBS course at Silchar Medical College. Assam was at unrest due to the Assam Agitation and its effects could be felt far and wide



in all the fields of life. Many things changed and I left my home again for Silchar. The huge load of studies, the exams, the ragging and bragging of seniors, made me tough. Life gradually advanced, and I completed my MBBS. Politically, Assam was still going through a deep turmoil and not keen on finish my DCP in Pathology from Assam Medical College, Dibrugarh I decided to join a hospital in Kolkata. The idea of ‘Entrepreneurship’ had smitten me by then, and I had already dropped the idea of Post-Graduation.

I returned back home, having lost my Grand Ma and my elder brother, deciding to stay back with my parents. Starting my venture of a Collection Centre for Samples of Blood, etc. with Ranbaxy Ltd in Guwahati which was then a virgin market and needed such centers. People discouraged the idea, pointing out how it wasn’t a wise idea to send samples across to Mumbai for testing etc. Times were not like today, there was no internet, and every report would take 7 – 10 days to be reported. Even a small Thyroid test was done in a particular RIA Lab of the then Guwahati, and samples would be stored for 7 days before testing.

Soon “**PANACEA**” my Ranbaxy Centre at Paltan Bazar Guwahati become the talk of the town. I then ventured out to capture the whole of the North East and huge sample lots started bunching up. Internet became faster and things moved on smoother than before.

From one center in the heart of Guwahati to two, and finally the “**LABORATORY**” at Silchar I was progressing, but beginning a Laboratory was a different struggle. I had approached the Company Management of Ranbaxy myself, and it really took some time before I could convince them about the viability of a Ranbaxy Lab at a small place like Silchar way back in 2007. The Specialty Ranbaxy Laboratories, Mumbai had by then spread its wings and the roots were found everywhere. The whole of Barak Valley had yet to begin its Medical Revolution in the field of Diagnostics. I remember it was my dream in those days to start this venture in this unexplored part of Assam and serve the huge unattended patient community. I even decided to relocate with family from Guwahati to Silchar if necessary to start up a Lab.

It took me some time before I was given the opportunity to open the Lab, and yes it took me some time before I could finally prove the Company Management wrong and set my Lab wheels moving faster than I had ever dreamt. With pride I named it “**BIOMED DIAGNOSTIC CENTRE**”, a name people of Barak Valley today take with pride for its quality service and genuine reporting.

I managed to persuade the Management to get a Loan of Rs 1.5 Crore Loan without collaterals. CIBIL Reporting hadn’t started and my Lab came into existence through partly Unsecured Personal Loans from 4 different Banks to start, rest remaining as credit with different vendors. I repaid my loans fully and God helped as the wheels of my Lab rolled on. My naivety, honesty, hard work, patience and blessings all paid off.

With gratitude towards all well-wishers, my parents, and my friends who helped me during those tough times – I wish to continue my services more dutifully towards the society.

FOLLOWING YOUR PASSION CHANGES EVERYTHING



Sanen Imchen

NL-94, ARPS Class of 1989
Founder and Director Maple Tree
School Dimapur, Nagaland

Early days: Seeds are sown

14th of March, 1983: The fateful day when I walked into ARPS as a first time boarder. Having been brought up as a bureaucrat's son with all the sarkari benefits, early childhood was a pretty cushy affair. Hostel life, on the other hand, was a different story. The first night was extremely hard. The hard pillows and the rough poky blankets made sleep difficult to come by. To top it, I missed home terribly. Next morning the Prefect woke us up at 5:30 a.m. to get ready for P.T. Probably seeing the pace at which I was struggling to get ready, which was now eating into P.T. time, the Prefect told me to just put on the school uniform instead of the house colored P.T. clothes. First lesson in compassion.

Hostel life gives you hard lessons but it also teaches how to survive the downs and sail the ups. Many of the values that have held me in good stead throughout my life were imbibed as a student at ARPS. Hard work, camaraderie, teamwork, problem-solving skills, taking initiative - these were the values hostel life taught me.

It was during the later years of my schooling that the bug of wanting to do something in the education sector first came upon me. What attracted me was the nobility of this call, and the realization of its immense potential to impact lives of future generations.

Although I continued to harbor this deep-rooted interest in connecting my life with education, life's mundane routine got the better of me. Like everyone else, I had to get a 'job' that would at least seem of some social standing and status. And sadly teaching was not one of them. I eventually joined the Civil Services and worked in Delhi, building a life for myself and my young family. The education bug did not leave me, however. I continued to nurture a strong inner conviction that if my life was to make an impact in this world, it had to be through the area of education.

I continued to struggle between my dream and reason until the birth of my son. This event moved me closer to my passion. The questions that I seriously faced now were:

what can I do to assure that this child will be able to lead the happiest life possible? What kind of an education would provide him with an opportunity to unleash his full potential?

Whenever such questions arose, I would fall back on how ARPS raised us. And the plentiful success stories of its alumni in varied fields. The thought of wanting to open a school, along the lines of an 'ARPS of our times', revved up within, and only grew stronger. Ideas started forming with ARPS as the blueprint, and me constantly extracting take-aways from it. Everything just seemed so doable.

Choosing the road less travelled

So one fine day, the penny dropped. I decided to quit my job and enrolled myself for a two-year education leadership program at I-Discoveri Centre for Education Enterprise. This experience gave me a strong sense of direction - it is here that my philosophy on how I wanted to run a school became refined. At this time, iDiscoveri was working on a curriculum program for schools - known today as XSeed - which was to be a departure from the way things were normally taught in schools. This, I found immensely attractive as it was very closely aligned to the direction that I wanted to head. This direction was driven by a passionate belief that there needed to be a change with how learning was happening in schools - particularly the practice of all children were being judged by the same scale, no matter the unique abilities of each.

Of course, a lot of people have questioned - what's wrong with the way things are? We have had successful careers ourselves and there seem to be nothing wrong with us? That is all fine and true for many of us. But what we miss out on is the great opportunity to unleash the potential of not one child, not a few children, but to unlock the potential of all children.

A school is born

And it is with this idea that The Maple Tree School was born in 2011, in the town of Dimapur in Nagaland. When we started out, we had very meager resources. There were innumerable

times when carrying out the project was quite overwhelming. But as they say, a journey of a thousand steps begins with one single step. Our first step was building a bamboo cottage, and a few small buildings to serve as classrooms. We had 49 children in our first year.

Eight years later, we continue to face our fair share of struggles, especially with generating resources and the continuous work in progress. But we have somehow been able to keep our head above the water. (Remember ARPS taught us to survive on a 10 Rupees pocket money?)

Today, we are a CBSE-accredited school with almost 600 students. Two years into our recognition as a CBSE school, we have produced 100% with first division for both years consecutively. Besides academics, our school life is fully engaged in diverse extra-curricular activities and clubs that our students participate in throughout the year.

If we were to zero in on one single factor for the success of the Maple Tree Story, it would be that that we focus on the process rather than the results. I think if you have a good process in place, results eventually come.

What motivates us to keep going are the changes that we see in our children: the shy child gaining the confidence to speak out; the curiosity of many to learn new things; the stress-free environment in which our children function and initiatives they take in carrying out responsibilities; the enthusiasm they show in coming to school! All these reinforce the belief that we are moving in the right direction.

Dream big, dream different

We will continue to strive to provide a model of 21st century education, rooted in learning skills, creativity, imagination and discovery. We aim to create an environment that gives children the tools to think creatively and critically, work collaboratively, and communicate their thoughts.

The smartest kids in school are not the ones who have the right answers, but ask the right questions. At the rate the world is moving today, rather than preparing our children for a specific point in time into the future, we need to prepare them to respond to whatever shows up. Studies by organizations like Mac Arthur Foundation suggest that 65 % of our early grade children will end up doing jobs that have not been invented yet. We need to equip our children with the flexibility and adaptability to meet these new challenges.

My personal dream continues to be that we are able to embed deep-rooted hope and confidence in each child that: 'I too can excel in this world'. Cherish each child's passions and interests. We need to raise them to dream big, and think different.

Today as I reflect back on my school days, I have sincere gratitude for all the teachers who taught and mentored me. Now that I am on the other side, I am able to connect and appreciate my teachers and students even more deeply. I am also thankful to ARPS for providing me friends for life, whom I cherish and whom I can always fall back on. This is a treasure that is truly priceless.

dream big

SIX YEARS IN LAITKOR



Maj Zosangliana Hualngo
SM (Retd)

Maj Zosangliana Hualngo, SM (Retd) studied in ARPS, Laitkor from 1983 to 1989, from Class IV to X. After graduation, he joined the Indian Army and was commissioned into the 5/3 Gorkha Rifles. He served in a number of places including Sikkim and J&K. While in service, he saw action during the Kargil Operations in J&K where he was wounded and awarded with the Chief of Army Staff Commendation Card. Later, during counter terrorist operations in Kupwara, he was awarded the Sena Medal for gallantry. After 8 years of service, he left the Army and worked for a short while in Mumbai. He now heads the Home Guards & Civil Defence organization in Mizoram as the Commandant General. He lives in Aizawl with his wife and son.

ARPS continues to occupy a sizeable chunk of my childhood memory, amidst a kaleidoscope of events, places, names, faces and emotions. When I joined in 1983 along with my elder brother, the school was still in its infancy. It had been recently established and was already up and running. Infrastructure was sparse, but not wanting. The main school building was not built yet and in its place loomed a gentle grassy knoll. The other present day buildings were absent then. I recall the long wide swathes of grassy slopes, interspersed with a few scattered pines. Now, numerous trees stand tall, a legacy of ‘vanmahotsava’ when we had planted tree saplings around the campus with muddied hands on misty rain hammered slopes.

Picture a nervous new boy of Class V in the year 1983, standing by the old bell near the library above the basketball court. He looks to his right and sees the dining hall with NL, MP, MZ and AC Houses in vertical and parallel rows to its left. At the bottom of AC House is a small water spring which serves as a washing area. Holding House lies between the dining hall and Miss Gypsy’s quarter. Behind the library where the boy stands is the Principal’s office. Down below stands Meghalaya Hall with its green painted roof. The infirmary is near the Hall. The old classroom buildings stand to the right of the dining hall. The boy looks to his front and sees the basketball court and beyond it, the art room and temple. Down to his left and far beyond

the slope the Principal’s residence appears forbiddingly detached. The road to the games field and stables runs down the side of the basketball court, past the Bursar’s residence and past Miss Sondhi’s quarter. Near the games field, a tall wire fence marks the school boundary and beyond it a little stream with crystal clear water. Further, the ground rises in ragged disproportion to form the distant hills pockmarked with rocks and covered in patches of pine forests. The hills stretch across the horizon and beyond as far as the eye can see. He marvels at the cloudless blue sky, the pine trees and grass swaying and rustling under the cold spring wind, and the hills rolling away forever.

As our time in the school progressed, we observed that the seasons in Laitkor change in striking contrast and along with them, nature’s hues. Blue skies and lush green grass dotted with numerous colourful tiny flowers and butterflies evanesce into black grey clouds and tumbling white mist. The monsoon swiftly unleashes the rains with a vengeance. Merciless gusts of wind and rain lash the buildings and the endless drumming on the tin roofs accompany each waking moment. ARPS and its surrounding countryside become submerged in a world of wetness and damp. Hailstones come pelting down and bounce around like millions of tiny crazy white balls. Come October, the wild grass turns brown and the trees shed their leaves. Only the pine trees

retain their needles and their cones. The mercury plummets, and then some more. The water boilers belch out grey smoke, smoky white vapours shoot out of gasping mouths during morning PT, the dew on the grass freezes into vast sheets of silvery white carpets and warm caps and gloves become indispensable.

It is remarkable how smell is retained and associated with certain experiences. For ARPS, I simply close my eyes and breathe in once more the dank locker rooms, the smell of charcoal smoke and ironing at the dhobi shop, the freshly baked bread and buns at the bakery, the steely odour of the tumblers in the dining hall, the bubbling wax in the batik hobby room, the delightful aroma of the ghee fried puris at breakfast, the sharp tang of pine resin and needles, the fresh cement during the construction of the new school building, the pungent ammonia of the school lab, the disinfectant at the infirmary, the smell of wood, books and ink on opening one’s desk and the smell of fresh rain falling heavily on warm asphalt near the end of spring.

Over the years, we students had developed a vocabulary peculiar to the school. It was amazing to see how fast the new students would pick up the ARPS lingo derived from the different languages spoken at home. Some words were howre, khorat, Halley’s Comet, maal, jhapto and hmuamchi. To these were added the nicknames given to our

beloved teachers – Daante, Naake, Bange, Quile, Suppandi, Dariyal, Mithun and so on.

The occasional free weekend was a special treat after long spells of confinement. We’d eagerly push and cram ourselves into the overcrowded Smit and Nongkrem buses, some with grunting pigs in baskets and loads of vegetables tied to the back. A few hitchhiked and some even walked down all the way from Shillong Peak. It felt surreal to once again shuffle amongst the crowd at Police Bazaar, to gape at the huge screen in Dreamland cinema, to tuck into steaming hot noodles and soup at the Hong Kong restaurant and to browse through layers of music cassettes. A few students would saunter off towards Ward’s Lake and Bara Bazaar. Pocket money was always in short supply and we would make each rupee count.

Some days, a whirlwind of activities would consume us – huffing our way past the finish line during marathons, frantic filling up of minutes in our SUPW diaries, Scouts and NCC parades, House concerts, Founders Day preparations, Sports Day events, coaching camp, the dreaded exams. Other days plodded on at a leisurely pace. These were memorable and fun-filled in their own right – sunshine holidays, cricket at the Dhaka Stadium, swimming sessions at the stream, exploring the Rani caves, VCR movie shows in the Meghalaya Hall and the Nongkrem Dance.

Looking back, the days in ARPS seem both near yet distant. Some scenes remain stark and clear in the memory; as if they happened just this morning while others have faded into oblivion. I have not visited the school since the Class X board exams in 1989. I yearn to do so. But somehow, the unfounded apprehension of seeing an unfamiliar world stops me from veering up the highway onto the old windswept road. I hope to gather the courage to do so someday.

In the meantime, my last images of the school pop up again. It is the year 1989 after the Board exams. We have loaded our trunks and bags on the Assam Rifles bus taking us down to Shillong. The excitement and optimism is palpable. The driver revs up the engine and off we roar past the VP’s residence, past the main gate and up the road beyond. A student starts singing and a few join in. I look back as we top the crest overlooking the school. The view is excellent and the all too familiar whitewashed buildings are clearly visible. Nirmaan Jheel lies shimmering in the distance, smoke tendrils rise lazily from the bakery chimney into the blue sky, the house bearers are setting up the tea stalls outside the dining hall, some students have spread their clothes out for drying on the dormitory roofs, the school bell rings and a host of sparrows dart over the wet canteen. Then the road descends and the school slips away and I only see the faraway hills across the stream on the horizon, rolling on and on.



"ARPS MADE ME A GOOD DAD!"



Mrinmoy Boroah

Leadership Training and Enterprise
& Entrepreneurship Consultancy

I was in the first batch of the commerce stream at ARPS. With two master's degrees in finance and Human Resources, I spent 18 years in the corporate merry-go-round till I started my own firm primarily to make my diary more flexible to enable me to spend more time with my kids.

Since the last 6 years I have been managing my own firm where we deliver Corporate Training on Leadership & Management as well as Enterprise & Entrepreneurship consultancy.

I was asked to write an article for Crosswinds – the hardest decision was what do I write about!? What will make a Laitkorian pause while flipping through the pages? Two things helped me – reflecting on memories of our free and fearless boarding school days and second, I got my answer while I was just looking at my kids and their antics on a wet Saturday afternoon - they were indoors, bored but still happy and occupied like how we were growing up at ARPS.

Mixing both the above I felt that I must have learnt, embraced and picked up some things that makes me a decent parent. Then there is also a part of me where I think I am what I am today maybe for what I did not have when I grew up. After all, like all things in life – it is all about perspectives, right!? Haves and Have-nots, good and bad, rich and poor etc. So, I decided to delve more into it and again, putting it in 'perspective' I am going to use 8 real life reasons which I feel makes me a good dad and how ARPS had a part to play in the same. Also, I hope this would make most of you give a pat on your backs since you are most probably a dad too, and a jolly good one.

1. Help your kids with their schoolwork. This first one is very simple for me because from what I can remember, I did not have much with my homework – that's boarding school really! It might have been a good omen – making me independent, able to be decisive etc. but on the flip side I might have done my homework with broader information, may have added the virtues of "Attention to detail".

I see the excitement my children derive when they see their dad helping them with their projects, making things –

drawing, sticking, collecting. Trust me I gain as much pleasure seeing their excitement and happiness.

2. Take an interest in their hobbies. I learnt Photography – not just clicking, but actual developing and printing alas, not very helpful 30 years down the line with the advent of digital photography though. Then I have a vague recollection of Batic Fabric taught by Mrs Tankha, gardening which has stayed with me. Fortunately, I have a garden and out here in the northern hemisphere we do look forward to our summer months. The garden is in the forefront of all action for us as a family and for me and the children it is a big deal what flowers we will be planting as soon as the frosty spring nights turn. We go down to our local garden centre to buy the seeds, saplings and bulbs to bring in colour to our garden.

I still remember the pick axes we used to dig into the stony ground in the barren hillocks around ARPS. We cleared the top soil into small square areas evenly spaced, where we would plant the saplings. Those "Van-mahotsav" days which has resulted in today's tree-lined hillsides in ARPS – unrecognizable to some of the older laitkorians who may not have been back since they finished school.

My children do show interest and I am continuously keeping myself up-to-date with names of flowers and ideal growing months so that I can feed their appetite to learn about flowers and plants. School helped me to see for myself what greenery and foliage can help one's surroundings and I successfully teach my young ones.

3. When you advocate that they speak to you and each other respectfully. This is a very very important lesson

especially to this current generation. They have picked up a lot of habits which were not prevalent when we were at school. The I pads and screen-times that current crop of children traverse through have resulted in them having reduced attention spans, short-tempered and a lack of patience.

The pace of life is faster especially with a flux of migration to the cities in search of work. This has had a bearing in every household where the burgeoning cities means increase in competition for every aspect. But unfortunately, this has also resulted in negative connotations where people lose their cool easily, increases in violence – Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest" analogy is what comes to mind.

We in ARPS lived in our community and we respected and were respectful to each other - especially one dormitory to another. We were competitive to win trophies, but we did hold out to the ones who did not win. We can all remember the winners in boxing and their courteousness towards their opponents after the bout once the winner is declared.

I give the above examples and demand respect shown by my children in all situations. I can proudly say that they are two well behaved children in the school. It makes me proud when I am jokingly asked about what I feed my kids because in some situations they are setting high standards for other children to conform to. They are soft spoken amid adults but at the same time they can hold their own right with their peers.

4. When you just enjoy being with your children and they with you. All parents love being with their children – do they, always? Maybe not.

I can genuinely say that I consider myself to be their friend and as much as they respect me they are completely free and can sometimes embarrass me even in public with their display of affection. Misbehavior only requires a curt word but primarily they are completely free and natural in their demeanor with me.

I will mention my teachers at ARPS who raised us amongst them with a lot of freedom and without any display of rigidity. We were very fortunate to have relatively young but very talented teachers. There was not much of an age-gap between some of the older students and most of the teachers. On hindsight I feel they dealt respectfully with the boys because they were learning the game themselves - away in an alien landscape far from their comfort zones, just out to make an impression in their profession. There was a lot of mutual respect.

That is what I learnt – thought it through and that is what I am happy to say is what I have been able to make my children embrace. I am very pleased to have happy kids which is not the case in a lot of families.

5. When your son or daughter comes running to you when they get hurt. In a lot of similar situations, they will run to their mothers. In my home they run equally to me too. This does give me a lot of pleasure because I feel like they get the comfort and safety factor when they do that – I as a dad can give them that feeling.

In this analogy, I remember the feeling when we go home from school for the long 3 months winter break. I am bored in 2 weeks and longed to go back to school. It is that warm feeling we all got when we were at ARPS. Physically there were challenges – the toilets, the cold and howling winds etc. Yet, we loved going back to school because that was where all our friends were and loved being amongst them.

6. When your calendar is full of things to do with your children. I keep my children busy as we kept ourselves busy. In ARPS mundanity was never an issue – we kept ourselves busy with physical activity. I loved cricket – we had our matches next to Meghalaya Hall OR behind NL house over the hill next to the flat field by the stream – "Dhaka Stadium". These were matches played at full throttle and we were not ashamed to play them even when we were senior boys – we were passionate with our interests.

I feel I have cloned my son, he is full of energy and is always ready to take part in all the physical activities he has been signed up for and is getting better and better at Cricket, Tennis and swimming. Likewise, my daughter does competitive swimming and is very active with tennis and scouts. They both also will give it a good go when there is a kick-about in their school ground with a football and my son is always the goalkeeper, sought out by even the seniors at school as there are not many boys who like playing as a goalkeeper.

7. When you calmly and gently discipline your children without yelling or screaming. Like I mentioned earlier, a bit of curtness is all that is required for my children.

I learned this from ARPS – but in terms of what not to do. I had observed some violence and admonishments by prefects and teachers but never felt that it ever worked. I have seen a lot of real life instances related to crime and punishment and always felt that it only contributes to a vicious cycle where there is never a right reason to raise one's hand. It does not work in society and only breeds hatred and revenge

8. When you tuck your children into bed at night and tell them: "I love you".

We did not get that soft touch and especially when the holding house small boys started school, I felt that they needed some cuddles. That is why we were all very close to our matrons – Pande Maam, Gypsy maam. They did a lot of the above without actually giving the hugs. I am sure all the boys passing out of ARPS have a real soft corner for our matrons because in some ways they were like mums.

So, since I did not have it, it gave me more reason to display my love for my children in a much more expressive manner and boy it does feel good!



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MEMOIRS



Maj Zosangliana Hualngo
SM (Retd)

Maj Zosangliana Hualngo, SM (Retd) studied in ARPS, Laitkor from 1983 to 1989, from Class IV to X. After graduation, he joined the Indian Army and was commissioned into the 5/3 Gorkha Rifles. He served in a number of places including Sikkim and J&K. While in service, he saw action during the Kargil Operations in J&K where he was wounded and awarded with the Chief of Army Staff Commendation Card. Later, during counter terrorist operations in Kupwara, he was awarded the Sena Medal for gallantry. After 8 years of service, he left the Army and worked for a short while in Mumbai. He now heads the Home Guards & Civil Defence organization in Mizoram as the Commandant General. He lives in Aizawl with his wife and son.

I joined the Assam Rifles Public School along with my brother in the year 1983, after studying a year at St. Anthony's School, Shillong. At the time, my father was on deputation from the Army to the 7th Battalion Assam Rifles, located at Jairampur, Arunachal Pradesh. Being army kids, we had studied in different schools across the country, depending on where the old man was posted. I entered Class IV, Holding House and my brother, Zohmingliana Hualngo entered Class VI, Arunachal House. In 1983 the School was still relatively new. I can imagine the initial problems the school must have faced, with batches of new students and their anxious parents on one side, and the administration of a new faculty and staff on the other. I joined the first year as a day scholar and my brother, like most of the other students, as a boarder.

Commuting to school from Shillong, my daily routine for the first year was naturally different from that of the boarders. I would rise early, my mother would hurry me up with my breakfast and uniform, and I would dutifully scurry down to the Dhankheti bus stop to wait for the school bus. As the bus usually arrived before the morning traffic and pedestrians, the road would still be quiet and peaceful with the occasional crow cawing away into the frigid air. Day scholars habitually wore the school blazer in anticipation of the long windy drive to school.

The bus, a Tata mini, would be driven by a stocky and cheerful gentleman whom we often joked could have driven the bus to the school blindfolded. The other day scholars were picked up at various points – Laitumkhrah, Jingkieng, Nongthymmai, Happy Valley, and so forth. The daily commute to school would be a small adventure in itself. I'd be happy just to grab a window

seat to the rear and gaze at the passing sights - an overloaded market bus from Smit or Nongkrem, the cemetery above Madanriting with its breathtaking view of Shillong, dilapidated Willys Jeeps with their trailers being loaded in stone quarries, fields of green, pine forests, the smell of crushed pine needles and cones on the road, swathes of white frosty dew during winter, clusters of gray stone monoliths amidst grassy meadows, tiny tea stalls cleverly constructed out of flattened tar barrels, the twin domed Air Force radars in the distance and unhurried grazing cattle with their pipe-smoking shepherds in chequered shawls. The bus would turn South from the main road before the Dak Bunglow and after a short distance, we'd top the rise before the school gate and up to the Vice Principal's residence from where the school layout would be sprawled out – the Dining Hall to the North with the long dormitories below, the school grounds and Nirmaan Jheel to the South. Down the road would lay the basketball court, with the Art Room and Mandir beyond it. We'd alight near the Infirmary and trudge down to Meghalaya Hall to join the students of our respective Houses lined up outside for the morning Assembly.

I entered hostel the following year into AC House, where my brother already was, as was the trend. It was the lower most dormitory near The Well. It would be time consuming for the reader to go through a detailed account of daily life in ARPS, which we are all too familiar with. However, nostalgia compels me to mention the morning inspections, fingernails and handkerchiefs held out, the botched permanent ink markings on my laundry clothes - AC 117, Sunday evenings with an armload of clothes to be pressed at the dhobi's, weekend video shows in Meghalaya Hall, the precious

coloured canteen coupons - blue for AC House, weekend dips in the nearby streams, free weekend trips to Shillong, Exeats, the School and House concerts, the dreaded marathons, Sports Meet, Scouts and NCC, afternoon hobby time - I'd shifted from carpentry to batik, my brother pointing out Haley's Comet to me on a cold spring night, getting pummelled in the Inter House Boxing Competition, the damp locker rooms, Sunshine holidays, forgetting half my lines during the Elocution contest, evening prep and sweeping duty, lunch and dinner serving duty, coaching camp, frog jumps, teachers trudging behind us at lunchtime with their black cloaks flapping darkly in the Laitkor wind, clandestine Bollywood video films at Nirman Cinema - and the list could go on forever.

The school followed an effective pattern of time management. The typical working day kept us on our toes but affording us with ample time to wind down with a TT game or a TV show. The routine, over a period of time, settled in as a matter of habit. The much awaited weekends provided us a well deserved breather from the hectic classrooms. Compulsory co-curricular activities such as Scouts, NCC, sports, PT and hobbies unarguably added to the creativity and physical dexterity of students. Topping it up with a band of dedicated and professional faculty, it's no surprise that the school has had an impressive array of former students who stand out as shining examples of success and achievement.

Talking of faculty, the towering personality of Mr. MN Tankha can never be forgotten. He had transformed a patch of wilderness into one of the best Public Schools in the country. Yet, success cannot be attributed to him alone. It is also due to the untiring endeavours



of a faculty that had rallied together and pioneered the establishment of a school prominent enough to figure in the educational map of India, leave alone the North East. I will not mention each of them by name. My gratitude is to all of them and to the school and all who sailed in it, faculty, staff and my dear fellow students of yesteryears.

I had the good fortune of commissioning into the Indian Army in 1997 after graduation. To my pleasant surprise, Maj (now Col) Rajeev Nagyal was one of the senior officers when I joined the 5/3 Gorkha Rifles. Later as an Adjutant, I welcomed to the unit another well known Laitkorian, Lt (now Col) Razzaque Adil Khan, who incidentally was a School Captain. We were three Laitkorians in one Army Battalion. Col Rajeev went ahead and commanded an Assam Rifles Battalion in Tripura and Col Razzaque now commands the 5/3 Gorkha Rifles. Both the Laitkorians command great respect in our Battalion. As for me, I hung my boots in 2005 and worked for a short spell in the corporate sector. During my eight year stint in uniform, I was wounded once during the Kargil Operations and was privileged to be awarded the Sena Medal for gallantry as well as the Chief of Army Staff Commendation Card in J&K.

In 2007 I joined the Home Guards organization in Mizoram as the Deputy Commandant General. In December 2017, I was promoted to the rank of Commandant General, which is the head of the Home Guards organization at the state level. As some of us may know, the Home Guards is an organization composed of volunteers and administered by a small nucleus of regular staff. Many of its officers and staff are from the Army as well as from the Police. In Mizoram, the volunteers are deployed as armed security guards

in jails, government installations, traffic police, banks, etc. all across the state. For a volunteer organization, the work is demanding as it consists of 24 hour armed deployment, many of them in sensitive areas and untoward incidents are not uncommon. Such an organization demands a substantial degree of military experience to administer. Hence, backtracking my blessings, it was the Army which had prepared me for this task but down at the core, the Assam Rifles Public School.

The recent incident concerning the near closure of the school was distressing and unsettling. Ultimately, the Laitkorian spirit triumphed. To me, this was an instance when the school saved itself. The very values and spirit which the school had ingrained its students with had inspired them into action instead of being mute bystanders. Their abilities shone forth as they overcame numerous diplomatic and legal hurdles. As a final witness to its spirit of resilience, the school stills stands firm. We owe our gratitude to the OLA team involved.

I've not had the opportunity to visit the school since 1989. I'd heard that there have been many physical changes since. It is not possible for me to visualize anything other than what is in my memory. Nonetheless, in my memory the old library still stands above the basketball court, near it, the well beaten bell hangs in its white tripod. In my mind's eye we are heading to the dining hall for lunch. It's raining sideways in massive sheets and the grey woollen socks in our gumboots are squishy with rainwater running down our trousers. The fir trees sway and dance in the wind. We're desperately clutching our umbrellas which the wind threatens to turn inside out and somewhere up ahead a Prefect is yelling above the din, 'START RUNNING FASTER...!!'.

A TEACHER'S TATTLE

Back to School



Indie Prakash (Sondhi)

Ma'am, do you recognise me? I'm; Hello, Ma'am, I'm Speaking from I'm from Laitkor, batch of 1980....1981.... I'm in Dubai.... Ma'am, how are you? I got your number from I'm a doctor, my wife's a doctor....I'm a senior officer in the IB..... I have two children.... Is this Ma'am speaking? Ma'am, I'm in your town and would like to come and meet you... I'm GM at ... I'm a lawyer with the Supreme Court.... I'm teaching at This is a constant refrain one hears from past pupils, but the following takes the cake – I'm out of the house and return to find written on my blackboard, in the most beautiful of calligraphy, "Guess who is this, Ma'am? --- A Laitkorian". And would you believe it, I never came to know who this "A Laitkorian" was till after a year when he finally rang me up to tell me – Zakir, coming all the way from Bombay to leave us in agony for a year, trying to figure out which naughty boy's handwriting had transformed itself so much!



Wind the clock and go back to September 1980, and we see the same boys piling out of the shaktimaans and army jongas, bedraggled, dirty, tired and homesick, but full of hope and enthusiasm to begin life in the hostels of our beloved ARPS. We loved them from the start. Our first experience staying away from home, (how old were we ourselves, 20 somethings ?) in a pretty as a picture cottage bang in the middle of the grassy greens, with the Alphonses on one side and the Pandes on the other. The enthusiasm and spirit of dear Mr. Tankha was so catching that all students and staff fell to with a willingness to learn and teach, to help and be helped, to support and guide each other on the grand journey of life that began that September, and we can truly say, which we know will only end when a greater calling will one day come for each one of us.

Who can forget the long slushy walks to the dining hall, (the barracks which in the beginning substituted for one), the orders sent to the town for sturdy North Star boots for the staff, for we had to perforce discard our stilettos' as we trudged up and down the rutted lanes and the sight of us in sarees and boots became part of the rugged scenery. The highlight of the weekend was the long walk in the rain - who can forget the constant rain of Laitkor - to Nirman Cinema Hall, across the pretty streams and past the placid lake, to watch a movie or two and visit the canteen there. The green cover all over the beloved hills of Laitkor has now come into existence thanks to the unrelenting and energetic efforts of the staff and the children who planted and cared for the saplings till, now, one can see those same saplings become huge trees. We remember Mr.

Tankha breaking a leg when he walked accidentally into a pothole readied for a sapling.

The first full length play, "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside" by Ashley Dukes, the first issue of "The Laitkorian", the first exhibition of hobbies, the practising of the School Song, the inter-house games fest, the end of term Dinner...are all etched so deep in our memory that it's difficult to forget anything that happened there, least of all getting to know the boys and settling them down in boarding school routine.

Though Rumees (Sen Ma'am to you boys) stayed on in the school, I left to get married and settled in Mussoorie. But I have been in constant touch with the happenings and the life of ARPS through her. The love and affection of everybody has been so rewarding that even today, the camaraderie among the boys and staff is as strong as ever, and be they in any corner of the world, come back regularly to meet us and to Laitkor as homing pigeons.

The word limit set by our Editors prevents us from regaling and reminding our readers of the details of the pranks played by every one of our boys, but whenever we are together, which we are, quite often, we can't help but reminisce about those halcyon days and thanks to social media, we are also in touch with most of the "old timers"! So we end here, wishing you all the very best of happy times with the beautiful words of the Scottish song, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? We'll take a cup of kindness yet for auld lang syne; we two have run about the slopes and picked the daisies fine, we'll take a cup of kindness yet for auld lang syne....." With lots of love and affection,



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ARPS- A MUSICAL JOURNEY 1989- 1993



By Ashutosh Sharma AC-242

Ashutosh Sharma is an HR consultant with a love for teaching and training, certified Master Trainer and Lead Assessor, NSDC, a hospitality graduate by education, a psychometric professional by choice, and a product of the cultures of Assam and Maharashtra, a voracious reader and a reluctant writer. He has published 'ISKUL' a supernatural thriller in screenplay format influenced by his years at the Assam Rifles Public School, Laitkor.

He can be contacted at nemalconsghy@gmail.com; or reached at 9864128260 (whatsapp) and 6000142279.



'Here in Laitkor, we are learning and playing...' is a tune that is familiar to all Laitkorians and OLA (past pupils association of the ARPS). On the 1st of October 2022 we are getting together at our alma mater (that Principal, Late Mr. M.N.Tankha, loved to use) Assam Rifles Public School after a gap of more than two years.

I studied at this august institution between 1989 and 1993, I left after my tenth boards. Laitkors verdant hills, the fir trees planted and yet growing, the crimson sky as the sun set yet again are visions forever etched in my heart. Our school, prided in providing wholesome all round development with many outdoor and skilling activities- Games, Sports, Athletics, Dramatics, Elocutions, Debates, Quizzes, etc. We were also provided with a variety of entertainment options like Hobbies, Library, TV in the common rooms, Music classes- both vocals and instrumental, House Evenings and Socials.

In our dormitories, after classes and in the evenings, we listened to a lot of music via the deck/ cassette player and speaker sets that were provided. While one could listen to both Western Pop and Hindi Filmy, I leant towards the latter and I wish to share some of my musical memories with you of the times I was there. I hope you like it.

Our morning assemblies in the Meghalaya Hall were legendary with School Song (quoted at the start) - being played on all important occasions and sung vociferously by the entire school. Our Music Teacher was Majumdar Sir a

man full of enthusiasm and charm. Each house had a House Song that was sung during the socials and other occasions- Holding House Song- **We shall be what You will make us...**, Nagaland House- **When the saints, go marching in...**, Mizoram House- **With tireless striving, we always conquer...**, Manipur House- **We the boys of Manipur House...** and Arunachal House- **Rise boys of Arunachal House rise...** still evoke misty eyed memories even today if any Laitkorian hears it. Also in the assembly were songs like **'Himadri Tunga Shrunga se...'** or **'Aananda Loke Mangala Loke...'** and **'Bharat Pyara Desh Hamara...'** to this day, we all beam with pride and join in whenever we hear these tunes playing.

Each house had a Musical Evening and at one such evening, I had the opportunity to sing a song called 'Hawa Hawa...' by a Pakistani singer Jahangir Hassan that was a rage. Now when I listen to him I realise he was discordant. To be different, I transliterated it into Marathi called **'Warya Warya...'**, though outright silly, it did become a hit; with my classmates remembering the words Pathi Pathi from my song, even today.

Another incident I remember was when during a musical evening, my batch and I from Arunachal House sang **'Jawan ho Yaara...'** from Jo Jeeta Wohi Sikandar. This peppy number described beautifully the aspirations of the young India in the early 90's and portrayed competition just like we had

in our school. This number has stayed with all of us I am sure.

Chitrahara on Friday evenings was sacrosanct! We boys used to gobble up dinner and hurry to our respective dorms to watch this half hour program of film music. Sometimes, when we were late we used to rush to the Mizoram House Recreation Hall (because it was on the way to AC house) to catch the songs. I remember one such number **'Samaa, yeh Suhana...'** from the movie Goonj which starred Juhi Chawla and a male lead none of the boys would remember because secretly we all fantasized the hero was us. Another song I remember watching at Nagaland Hall Recreation Hall was **'Jaane Jigar Jaane Mann...'** from Aashiqui (Music by Nadeem Shravan, Singers Kumar Sanu/ Anuradha Paudval).

ARPS always promoted talent in all the students and I remember a young and enthusiastic junior from AC House Tapasya Rai who danced very well. He was a big fan of Ronit Roy and he had performed **'First Time Dekha...'** from Jaan Tere Naam. This song was the rebel anthem of young love, fighting against social and family norms to claim his love.

Our sprawling campus, with trees planted with a foresight, going from one house to another was an exercise itself and the Holding House during my stay was shifted near the Principal's residence away from the other four houses but just a short walk away from AC House. On Sunday afternoons/

evenings, we were shown movies on a VCR. I remember watching Khiladi, the Akshay Kumar, Ayesha Julka starrer murder mystery at the Holding House. It had many a foot tapping numbers like, **'Khud ko kya samajhti hai...'**, **'Hoke man aaj magan...'**, **'Dekha teri mast nigahon mei...'** one heard those beats and tunes on many an evening as one walked past a dorm or the other. I'll walk past the dorms again this time.

In the 90's a small time cassette seller was making waves getting aspiring singers to rendition established singers. He was Gulshan Kumar and he became one of the top musical and film personalities of the 90s. He produced many small films that became big, one such film was path breaker- Laal Dupatta Mal Mal Ka which showcased the talents of Sahil Chaddha and Vaverly, with music composed by Anand Milind. Each and every song was a hit and many of my seniors and fellows would swear by them even today. How many of you still smile warmly to the songs **'Laal Dupatta Mal Mal Ka...'**, or **'Kya Karte They Saajna...'**, or **'Suni Suni Akhiyon Mein...'**, or **'Kuchh baat hai tumme...'** or even **'Ab dawa ki zaroorat nahi...'** This hit film soon had a sequel to it called Phir Leheraya Laal Dupatta.

If there was a lot of hamming in that movie, Yaara Dildara could leave you squirming too, but there was a song that was quite the rage in our times

'Bin Tere Sanam...', starring Asif Sheikh (could have been a star just like Shah Rukh maybe) and Ruchika. This had music by Jatin Lalit and busts charts even today.

Other chart busters of our times were songs like **'Tu Shaayar Hai...'** from the film Saajan, **'Premi, Aashiq, Awaara...'** from Phool aur Kaante, **'Tu Pyaar Hai Kisi Aur Ka...'** from Dil Hai Ke Maanta Nahi, and **'ILU ILU... ILU ILU'** from Saudagar.

Can any Laitkorian refute my claims? The reason these are our personal or school favs is because of the many memories associated with these songs, be it waking up at 5.30 in the morning for PT or returning back from Prep Class, practicing for a Musical Eve or simply returning from the Nirman Jheel.

One might feel that those were the most melodious years of our lives, there were also some hackneyed numbers of dubious origins like **'Chicken Chow Chow...'**, **'Operator, operator...'** and **'Jaane jigar...kuchh to kar'** (downright lewd!). Whatever be the fare we Laitkorians lapped it up. The words 'Here in Laitkor...' could have easily be replaced by 'Hear in Laitkor...' Today as all of us assemble yet again at this temple of learning, Assam Rifles Public School, Laitkor I wish to convey my gratitude to my school for bringing us together, nurturing us and helping us be whatever we are today.

Best Wishes
From



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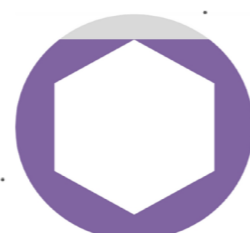
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COMMUNICATION. IS IT A TALENT OR INNATE?



Srilekha D. Purkayastha

Presently working as English teacher in Assam Rifles Public School; Laitkor, Shillong. Joined the school in 2001 and working here since then.

Few days back when I entered a junior class. A small boy came up to me and asked:

“Ma'am go to toilet”

For a second I was taken aback. Next moment I realized what exactly he meant. So, I asked him

“Who wants to go to the toilet, is it you or I?”

He replied, “Ma'am I”

So this is miscommunication. The child is still learning to communicate but somehow he could convey the actual message.

We often come across people who can convey their ideas in such a manner that it makes us bound to feel that the person definitely has a ‘gift of the gab’. Communication is no doubt an art. At the same time there are people who has many things to say, but because of lack of vocabulary and expression he/she is unable to convey an idea. Communication can create as well as spoil a situation. Some people feel dissatisfied with the feedback they get when they try to pass a message across. I have chosen this topic today because communication has become a genuine aspect for a successful person. It has become essential for a person to know the art of communication. We can deal with a situation better if we are aware of this art. Many a time a difficult work can become easier with proper communication and all of us will agree on this point.

Communication is an art and everyone needs to learn this art. For example, a person may tell a story which will elicit laughter. At the same time when another person tells the same story,

it may fall flat. Here too one has to muster the art of expressing an idea in a proper manner as the situation demands.

Communication should be clear and precise. One should know the key aspect of the message to be conveyed. In this case the reaction of the listener is a key indicator whether the message has been communicated effectively or not.

Well, communication can also be considered as talent rather than innate, throughout our life we learn from various sources how to communicate effectively. It involves both verbal and non-verbal aspects.

Nonverbal communication is used by our facial expression, body language, gestures, postures etc.; etc. All these convey an information to the speaker how one is responding to the speaker's communication. In fact, nonverbal communication can be conveyed even in silence. A listener often observes a person's silent communication rather than what he/she speaks. It is natural and an unconscious communication which always speaks the truth.

Verbal communication on the other hand, is oral communication. It involves accurate words, voice modulation, tone and many more. In fact we convey more than the content of the word. The subject matter of verbal communication should target the audience always. It is here that the capability of a person matters.

Let us not forget, what we think and what we utter should always coincide. This can be the key to successful communication.



THE PROCESS OF THOUGHT



Sandeep Roy

Born of Bengali parents, Sandeep Roy grew up in Shillong amidst the most idyllic surroundings. He grew up in a boarding school away from home, and so, Sandeep always yearned for the love and care which he missed as a child. Sandeep has flirted with death, read voraciously, lost and recovered his faith, experienced the pain and pleasure of love and experiments with cooking. Undoubtedly, he is an excellent cook. He believes that, within ourselves, we have the necessary strength to find our own destiny. Besides being an IT professional and having his own business, he loves writing poems and has authored a book called *The Scooter Engine Rocket*. He is a person with a lively imaginative interest in life and letters.

think
P O S I T I V E
feel
P O S I T I V E
live
P O S I T I V E



As we move forward from the past decade, our presence on the social media open our life to the world. There is hardly anyone left who has not joined the process, my Mother being an exception. Our day starts with numerous "Good Morning" messages that we send to different members and group. This is followed by our status that we put in for the world to know. Our travel details, what we eat, how we celebrate, everything that we do ultimately find its way into the world of social media. I am no exception; I am also part of this race. The other day I received a forward from someone and without thinking a minute; I forwarded the message to twenty different groups. The message had a very interesting heading; Taiwan people hate Indians, why? Please read the message.

After spending about a year in Taiwan, an Indian gentleman had become friends with many people, but still he felt that the people there kept some distance from him. No friend had ever invited him to his house for tea. He was very worried about this, so finally he asked a close friend. After hearing what he told after a little hesitation, the senses of that Indian gentleman were blown away.

The Taiwanese friend asked: "How many Britishers stayed in India to rule 200 years?"

The Indian gentleman said that there must have been about 10,000!

"Then who tortured 32 crore people? They were your own people, weren't they?"

When General Dyer said "Fire" then who fired at 1300 unarmed people?

The British army was not there at that time. Why did not a single gunman, all Indians, turn back and kill General Dyer?

He just asked, "Can you tell how many Mughals came to India? For how many years did they rule India? And kept India enslaved! And by converting your own people, set them against you, who, in the greed of 'some' money, started torturing their own people! Started misbehaving with loved ones only!"

"So my friend, your own people are killing your own people for centuries, just for some money?"

"For your selfish deceitful, traitorous, mean-spirited, 'Befriend your enemies and Betray you're Brothers' mentality, we people really hate!"

He said that, "When the British came to Hong Kong, not a single person enlisted in their army because they did not have the courage to fight against their own people?"

"It is the hypocritical character of Indians that most of the Indians are always ready to sell out completely, without any thought?"

And the same is going on in India even today. Whether it is the opposition or any other issue, in anti-national activities and in activities for their own benefit, the people of India always give second place to the National interest.

For you guys "me and my family" comes first. "Society and Country" go to hell?

The message ended with a warning that this was the Bitter Truth. I forgot

the episode after posting it, but my eyes opened up the next day when someone questioned my stand. I am sharing what he wrote to me.

Really so sad. How gullible are we? How servile? To accept even a whatsapp forwards like this is a gospel truth. My dear brother, you are educated, well traveled, well read, a renowned author. While I understand you are surrounded by a certain mindset and you have to live in a certain community amicably and peacefully for your own good, but, deep within be the Sandeep you always have been. The Whatsapp forward is simply feeding the monster mind. Please do some study on this? You will find it very interesting. I am not going to agree or disagree with your forward. I am simply suggesting to the author to do a little research and understand the reality.

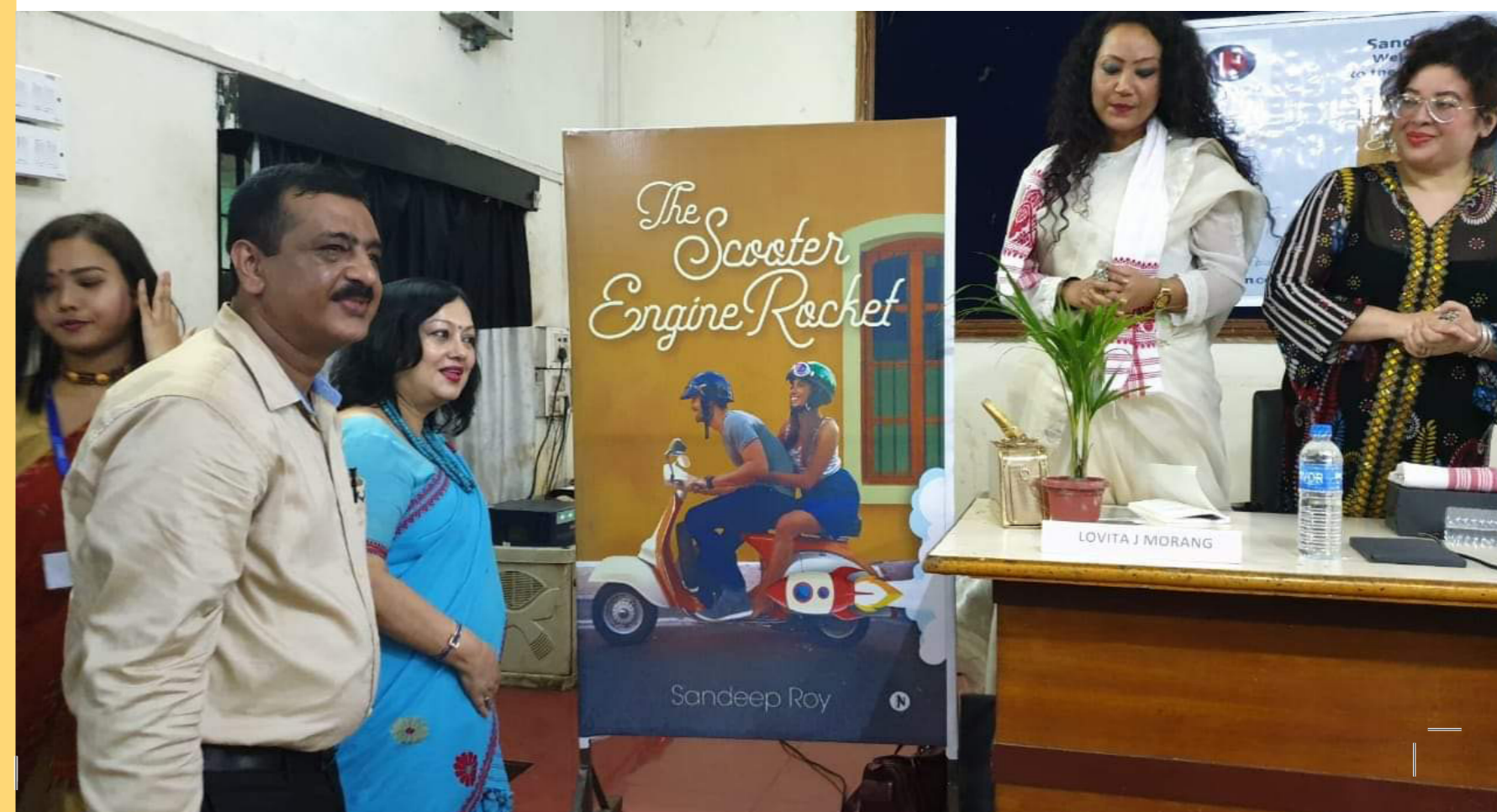
He was absolutely right; I had forwarded the message without any thought or research. I was standing at a junction where I had to ask myself a few question. Who creates these messages and the videos we regularly

forward? What is the agenda of the creator? Who pays for the creation of such content? Whose thought processes are we forwarding? Who benefits from these messages or videos? What is the gain or loss for the country? These questions kept me occupied and I finally told myself that I shall never forward anything without understanding the content. We silently give our voice by our act and damage the image of our country. It is probably time for me to return to my school days, away from the social media mindset and reframe my thought process.

My school day were the naughtiest but pure days. The concept of pre-conceived notion never existed for us. We celebrated all religious activities with the same enthusiasm and zeal. It was difficult to find our religious following and nobody bothered to dig in. The matter was very personal and silently everyone prayed to their deity. I would verify facts before commenting on any incident as I knew my loose talk could harm my schoolmate. I was

there to help anyone who wanted help without expecting anything back, the same was for others. I participated in every activity, be it sports or other extracurricular activity. Happiness was being part of the process and putting in my best. My mind was clear and the thought was clean. We had fights but the life of the silence was too short, it would end just the way it had started- suddenly. For the ease of management, the school was divided into houses and we had very intense inter-house rivalry but when the question was about the school, we were all one. We stood like a strong wall defending the honor of our school.

I need to bring the same thought process back into my life. There shall always be leaders and followers but I have to start looking at things differently and think differently. I can probably only than contribute my part in this life. Someone very wisely said, with great power comes great responsibilities. The power is waking up in me, it is time I become responsible.



ARPS DIARY

memories



Dipankar Baidya

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When I sat down to write this memoir, I was immediately transported back to my school days. It has been almost 21 years since I stepped out of ARPS, but the Laitkor hills are still the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart and soul. No matter who you are, what you do, how old you get, your memories from school will always remain one of your most prized possessions.

I joined ARPS as an eight-year-old kid in July, 1990. Like most children of my age I suffered from home sickness and alienation for first few months. But with the passage of time, I became a part of ARPS family and its verdant hills. In fact, there was something in the milieu of ARPS which helped me to become oblivious of my family back home.

This school has nurtured me in various ways. The redoubtable teachers of this school not only imparted conventional wisdom and knowledge but also instilled in us rational and progressive ideas. For instance, I owe my habit of reading books to Arjun Sir. I am indebted to NP Dutta sir for teaching us the significance of extra co-curricular activities in our life. Then there was Gourangi Das Ma'am, who promoted scientific thinking and ideas. And how I can I forget the contributions of Dasgupta Sir and Sanyal Ma'am in inculcating moral and ethical values in us. It is worth mentioning that under the very guidance of Dasgupta Sir and Sanyal Ma'am, me and my illustrious batch mate Somnath Bhattacharjee won four consecutive Inter school quiz competitions. But we were dejected when we stood runners up during our fifth stint, and I was crying inconsolably. There was shock, denial,

grief and finally a resigned sense of inevitability. But predictably Dasgupta Sir acted like a true guardian angel when he narrated us a story about a man who cried as he had no shoes until he saw a man who had no feet. That day I understood the meaning of self-contentment. Like the aforementioned teachers there were other teachers whose contributions we cannot undermine. In fine it is due to these illustrious and magnanimous teachers that this school has a glittering alumni.

My memoir would be incomplete if I don't highlight some of the mistakes which many of us committed. These mistakes I am sure would serve as a learning experience for the posterity. To begin with many of us did not utilise the available resources of school. During our time ARPS was one of the few schools in India which had facilities for sports like horse riding, boxing, basketball, football, marathon, cricket and other indoor games. But many of us did not show interest in these games. Secondly some of us did not pay attention to the lectures given by teachers during assembly hours. Now I realise the significance of those motivational and didactic speeches. Last but not the least the school provided immense scope to develop the art of public speaking or articulation but many of us did not avail this opportunity. The great Greek philosopher Plato regarded education as a means to achieve justice, both individual justice and social justice. According to Plato, individual justice can be obtained when each individual develops his or her ability to the fullest. And I am proud of the fact that ARPS provided us ample opportunity to develop our ability to the fullest.

THANK YOU LAITKORIANS



~BEST WISHES FROM
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Md Mahfuz Ul Islam

HH-898 & MP-577
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*It Always
SEEMS
Impossible
UNTIL
IT'S DONE*

“The Highest Education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all Existence”- Rabindranath Tagore

It was probably 20th May of the Millennium year 2000 that I stepped into this beautiful campus of our beloved school “ARPS” with a steel trunk full of “Dreams” and “Hope”. I was a young lad from Bangladesh who was first introduced to the Principal of the School “Mr. SK Banerjee Sir” and then was taken to a small hostel called “Holding House” which marked my entry to the School. My first Identity was Number “**HH-898**”, and with that my daily school works and daily activities kick started and in a blink of my eye a year passed by. I suddenly realized that it was time for me to take the next big step and move to a new “House” or let’s just say the Color which would then become a permanent identity for me in my entire academic endeavors in Assam Rifles Public School.

In 2001 my identity “**HH-898**” changed to “**MP-577**” and with it I was shifted to the “Manipur House” from where I had to start my new journey and start things from scratch. From 2001- 2008 to be honest were the best years of my life because, the learnings and experiences I gathered in this period has made me what I am today. In 8 years of my stay in ARPS I have seen a lot of Teachers, Principals, House Masters, and School

Staffs who have had a lot of influence in my life, in my upbringing and in my academic development. I am thankful to everyone for their relentless value additions to my life in every possible way. I have uncountable number of memories and experiences which can't be described in words. Let's just say that I have kept them hidden in my memory lanes and will cherish them throughout my lifetime.

Today, I work with the Biggest Media and Communications Agency in Bangladesh “GroupM” and have also previously worked in the largest Conglomerate in Bangladesh “Square Group”. I have always tried to keep my ethics and morals correct no matter what situation I face in my professional career and that is only because of ARPS and the things I have learnt from ARPS. In my workplace I always face questions from fellow colleagues on “Why I went to Shillong/ ARPS to Study when I was young?” The only response they all get from me is “Thanks to the almighty that I went for else my life would not have been so amazing and fascinating”.

I guess this is where I should stop and give some space for some other OLA's to express their feelings and emotions for the “DejaVu 2022” and also the experience they had in ARPS. Please do stay connected as I am always available in mohammed.mahfuz@hotmail.com or +8801722050353.

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COMEDY OF ERRORS IN NEPAL (REAL INCIDENT)



Sher Bahadur Chhetri

Sher Bahadur Chhetri an ardent sportsman in his school days still maintains his consistency playing badminton regularly, and leaving no sports unwatched on TV in his spare time. The sportsmanship, leadership, and mutual cooperation fostered at ARPS, has been the lifeline of his involvement in sports, educational arena and social sector, and a predictor of success in his life.

Experience: 28 years: Education Sector (12 years as Vice-Principal and 16 years as Founder-Principal) Teacher Trainer; Writing cum Editing Text Books and Educational Magazine

ARPS Background: House No. AC: 07
Joined ARPS in Class VI in 1980, and passed-out in 1987.

Many students of my batch and earlier would be familiar with the Indian film director- Hrishikesh Mukherjee. If he were alive today this story of mine would have definitely have piqued his interest. Here is my tale of marriage and how I almost lost my family to a Bollywood twist.

Twelve years ago, dark clouds of separation were hovering in my life, my wife threatening to ditch me and my parents for concealing my second marriage from her.

After completing college, I moved to Nepal, got married and started a job in Pokhara. One of my classmates, Roshni (name changed), a family friend of my wife and well-wisher also moves to Nepal, gets married and settles in Kathmandu. Now, Roshni and I had been out of touch for close to a decade. But the story gets interesting when a Sher B. Chhetri, also from ARPS but a few years junior to me, comes and stays near Roshni's residence in Kathmandu. Once when Sher B. Chhetri (Jr.) is out of the valley, Roshni meets his wife and they have a talk.

After the initial pleasantries, Roshni is surprised to know that Mrs Chhetri is from Shillong. Further questioning yields the husband's name to be Sher Bahadur Chhetri. Alarm bells ringing she asks nervously where Sher Bahadur studied. The answer raises suspicions because the school in question is ARPS,

Shillong. Finally, Roshni asks where her husband is, to which she replies, 'he is out of town for the time being'. Like the proverbial nail in the coffin, Roshni excuses herself certain that her friend has married a fraud. In her bid to save her friend Roshni immediately calls my in-laws in Chitwan (154 kms from my location) to throw the bombshell. Naturally my mother in law and my sister in law surreptitiously call my wife suggesting her and my daughters to leave home immediately.

You can imagine my misery and the pleading, as I tried to save my marriage for over a month. It took a whole lot of explanation, meeting an OLA and convincing before everything was settled.

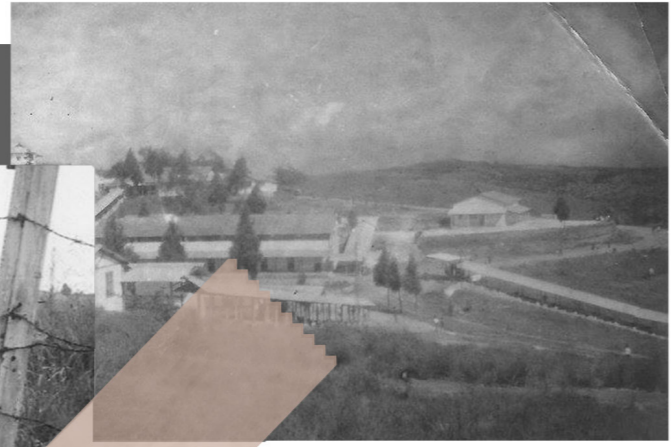
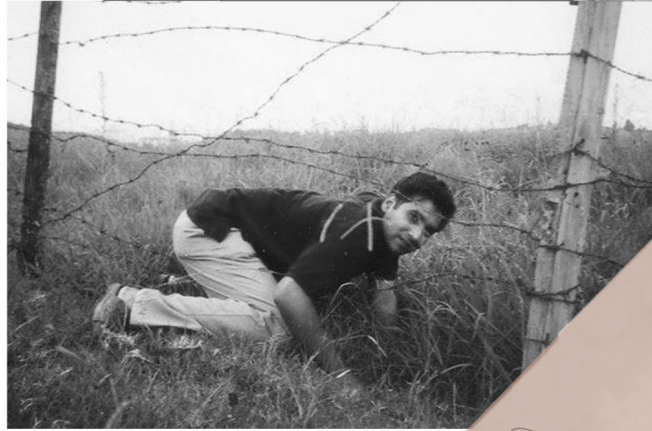
To all young brothers of ARPS, remember, your destiny is in your hands, identify your potential and live doing what you love. Set a target, and consistently work on it. Nepal is my motherland but India is no less a parent. Words cannot express my love for India. On behalf of all OLA members, Nepal Chapter, I would like to mention the name of our first Principal Late M.N. Tankha Sir and Ma'am, Banerjee Sir, Das Gupta Sir, Julien Egbert Sir, Gogoi Sir, Saida Sir who were not only our teachers, but our guardians and mentors. Their selfless dedication to shape our career can neither be underestimated nor ever repaid.

Long Live OLA India and Nepal Friendship!



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*Memories
of school days*



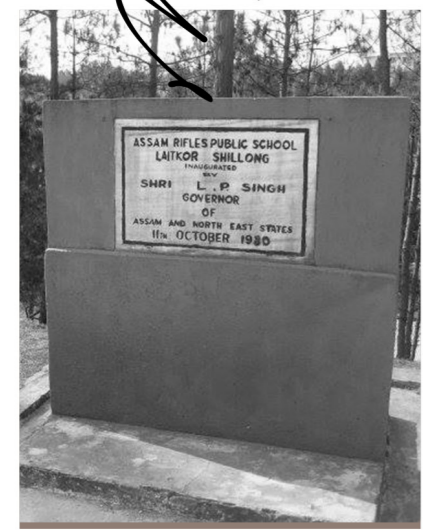
THE SCHOOL SONG

*Here in Laitkor we are learning and playing
India! Our country to give you our best
We thank you O Lord!
For this chance and the School
From darkness to light
We shall mend our ways.*

*Out on the playground or back in the class
We'll strengthen ourselves for the service ahead
Our lamps of learning burning bright,
In seven distant hills and vales.*

*Playing on the playground or climbing the hill
Always knowing it's team that survives
Never letting down the side,
Never supporting a lie
Always steadfast, always straight.*

Sometimes, it's better to bunk
a class and enjoy with
friends, because now, when I
look back, marks never make
me laugh, but memories do.
~ APJ Abdul Kalam



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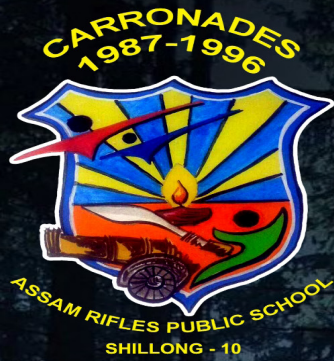


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