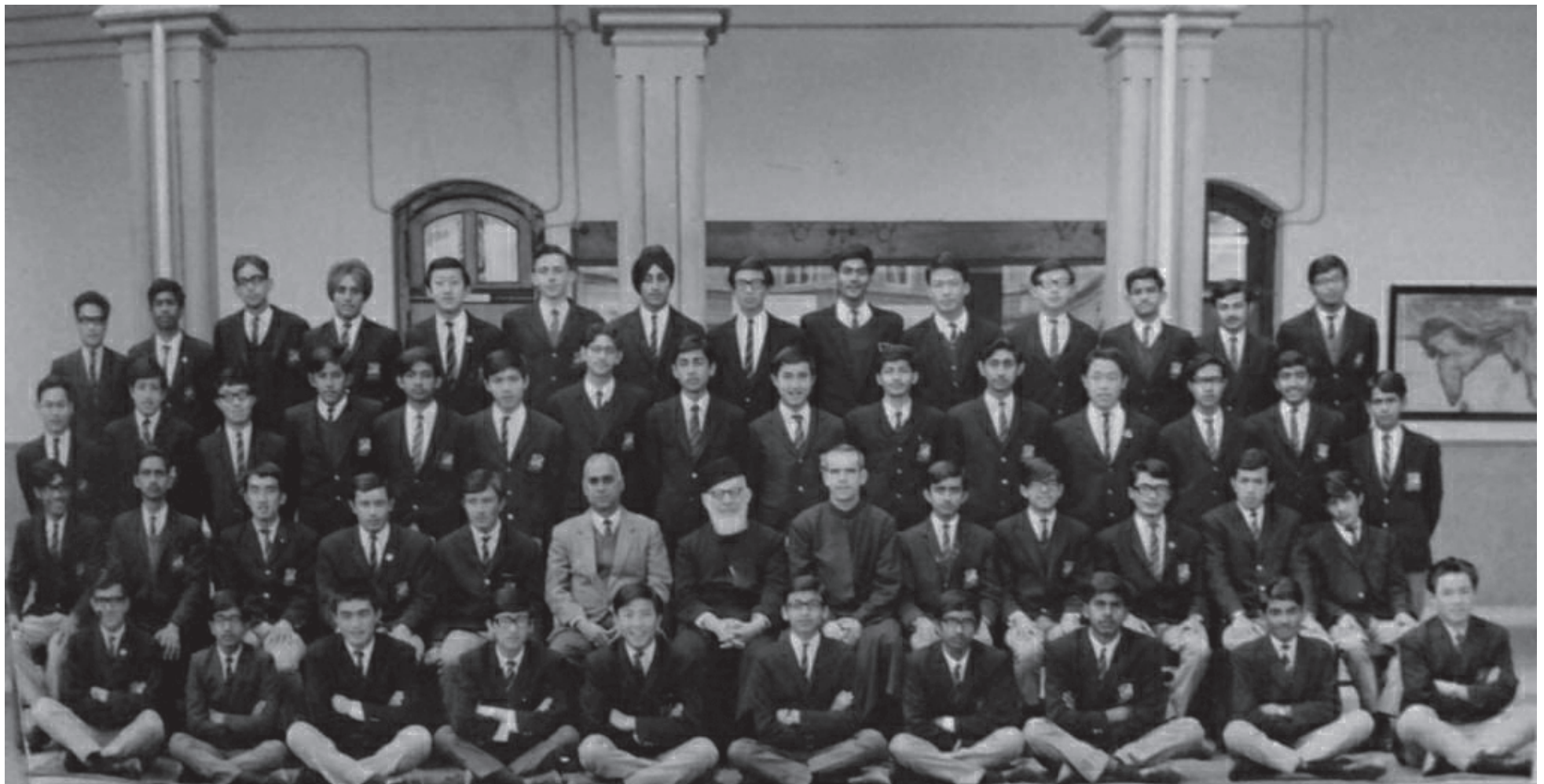




GOLDEN MEMORIES

Reminiscences of the
NP Class of 1970





North Point 1970 Class Photo

Sitting Ground L To R: NR Basnett, S Ghosh, U Namgyal, ST Norbula, Khandu Wangchuk, PK Singhanian, A Dutta, CL Thakur, Arup Mitra, HY Liang.

Sitting: Subir Das, SP Tiwari, T Bhutia, KD Chettri, LK Pradhan, Mr. Maurice Banerjee, Fr. M Bauwens, Fr. Hank Nunn, Sanjay Singh, LP Sharma, Rinzin Dorji, AK Moktan, GP Sharma,

Standing Middle Row: YP Chiu, R Das, TW Wong, R Connolly, S Biswas, MC Amphai, S Madan, D Ghosh, T Thondup, G Misquita, MP Sahi, Tanden Dorji, VK Arya, Rana Mukherjee, Surojit Sen.

Standing Last Row: KF Chiu, D Gupta, S Sachdev, SS Dhatt, TD Rinchen, R Guinan, MS Dhatt, TW Barphungpa, PK Das, Wangdi Norbu, NP Rinchen, Sudhakar Singh, PK Chatterjee, Asit Mukherjee.



Foundation and Pillars of North Point

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From the Rector's Table

I am tremendously pleased to know that the 1970 batch had decided to bring out a Memoir in the form of a school magazine to coincide with the Golden Jubilee Celebrations in October 2020. As I sat to pen down few lines for the magazine, it struck me that I'm writing on behalf of Fr. Gerald Leclaire then rector (1966-1972). It made me wonder what the Late Fr. Gerald Leclaire would have written about this 1970 batch? I'm sure he would have been very much satisfied with this batch. This batch is unique in all sense, winning all the important trophies in hockey, football, cricket and athletics. Not to forget that they also excelled in academics, securing the best ISC results of that time. With these results, I'm sure Fr. Gerald Leclaire would have been very proud of you all. On the other side your batch was also a blessed and privileged batch to have all the great stalwarts like Fr. Van, Fr. Nunn, Fr. Bauwens, Fr. Tucker, Fr. Stanford and Fr. Burns to be present in North Point.

As the old saying goes, 'everything happens for a reason'. It's unfortunate that in 1970, the school could not bring out the annual magazine, for reasons unknown. That gave you the golden opportunity to come back as North Pointers fifty years after to pen down your feelings, sentiments and gratitude.

On this occasion, as the present Rector of St. Joseph's School, I congratulate the editorial board and other members on their tireless efforts in bringing out this publication of 'golden memoirs'. I also extend my sincere thanks to the persons who have contributed to this issue and enhanced its perfection and beautification through their memoirs.

My dear North Pointers- where ever you are- you are always and will be North Pointers. Lift up your hearts is our motto (Sursum Corda!) and live high as a North Pointer. God bless you all!

Fr. Stanley Varghese SJ
Rector



Rev. Father Gerald Leclaire, S.J. Rector of St. Joseph's College, North Point from 1966 to 1972, whose kind encouragement, cheerful friendliness, able administration and dedicated work has meant so much to North Point and to North Pointers.

Stalwarts of North Point



Rev. Fr. M Stanford



Rev. Fr. G Van Walleghem



Rev. Fr. H Nunn



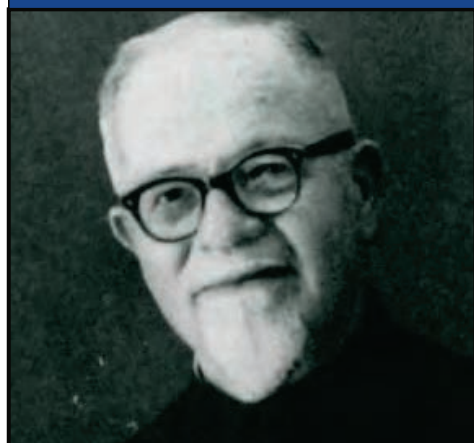
Rev. Fr. E Burns



Rev. Fr. Victor Tucker



Rev. Fr. M Bauwens



Bro. J.B. Udovc

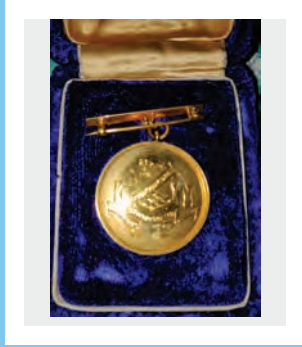


Mr. Karma Tshering



Mr. Chandan Singh Rawat

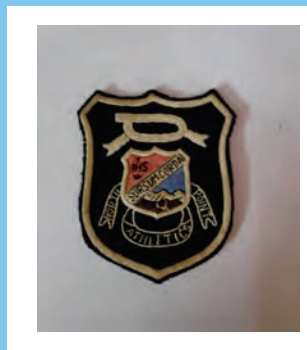
Awards 1970



**PK Das, Head Boy & recipient of
Depelchin Gold Medal**



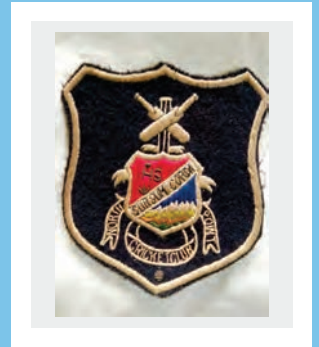
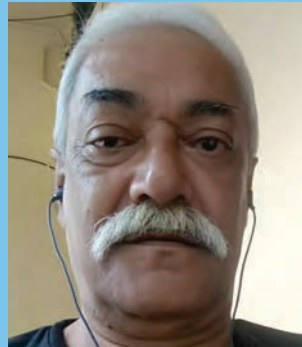
**Soumitra Ghosh, Silver Medal for
Essay Writing**



**Garth Misquita, Colours for
Athletics.**

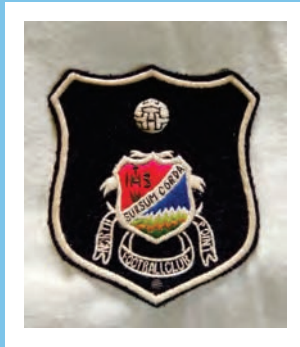
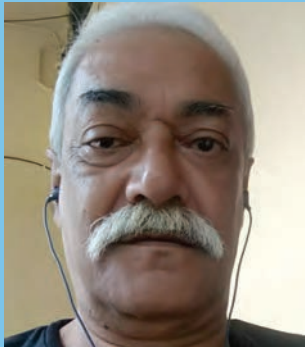


**HY Liang colours for
Basketball**

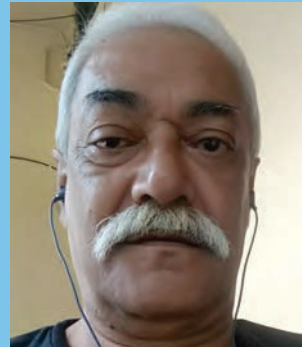


**Subir Das Colours for
Cricket**

Awards 1970



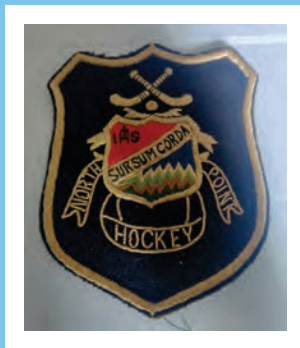
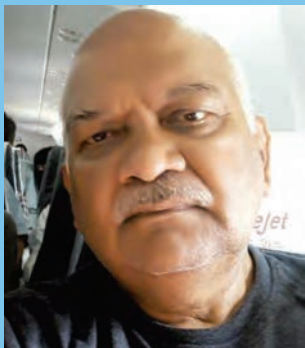
**Subir Das Colours for
Football**



**Subir Das Badge for Football
Darjeeling District Athletics Association**



**PK Das Colours for
Cricket**



**SP Tiwari Colours for
Hockey**



**Manjeet Dhatt Colours for
Hockey- College 1974-75**



Golden Jubilee Celebrations of the North Point 1970 Batch



Govind P. Sharma

on behalf of the Editorial Team

Man proposes and God disposes. This adage would be apt for the North Point Class of 1970. Here we are, after more than fifty years, gearing to celebrate the past and relive memories of our glorious school days at the iconic institution of North Point at Darjeeling. We, the organizers of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of the NP 1970 batch, had planned on a grand Reunion at Darjeeling in October, 2020. Many of us were eagerly waiting for the gala event. But alas, tragedy struck! The tragedy manifested in the form of the global coronavirus pandemic. Our dreams of meeting school friends from childhood have been dashed. Due to the COVID-19 pandemic sweeping through the world, the Reunion has been postponed, and as of now, a future date for the event is yet to be fixed.

The most eagerly awaited event in our school calendar would invariably be the days preceding the annual Puja Holidays. We held the Fancy Fair, Annual Sports Day and the Rector's day spread over two to three days, before the school took a break for the Pujas. We thought it would be reliving the past of our youthful school days if our Golden Jubilee celebrations coincided with these dates for 2020 as well. The Rector of the school had been most receptive to the organizing committee's request for the timing of this event and we are indebted to him. The Darjeeling Chapter of the NPAA had also been very helpful and cooperative in assisting the organizers and to whom we are truly grateful. Sadly but appropriately, this get-together had to be cancelled owing to the pandemic. However, we hope to stage the Reunion at the school as and when we decide on our Reunion dates in the future.

It is amusing to note that some of us secretly harbor the belief that the 1970 batch may have been jinxed. After all, it is the only year in almost one hundred and fifty years of the school's existence that the school failed to bring out its Annual Magazine! This popular batch of North Pointers excelled not only in sports having won all major trophies in cricket, football, hockey and athletics but also in academics, having produced one of the best ISC results of the times in 1970! But, unfortunately, even though all the material for its publication had been prepared and finalized, the long and eagerly awaited 1970 NP Annual, cataloguing our youthful achievements never made it to our homes. The reasons for this unfortunate lapse would only be known to the school. As the COVID-19 pandemic rages, thwarting all our efforts to organize a memorable get together, it is therefore understandable that the NP Class of 1970 feels that fate has intervened and dealt a cruel blow on them once more.



The organizing committee had decided earlier to bring out a Memoir in the form of a magazine to coincide with the Golden Jubilee Celebrations in October 2020. An Editorial Board was formed, and preliminary efforts of conceptualizing the layout and content of the magazine, collecting articles, selection of photographs, etc began in earnest in January. However, this work hit a pause as no work could be done due to the pandemic-related disruption of activities. Now, five months later, the country is undergoing a slow and tortuous unlocking process. The Editorial Board has again been mobilized in an effort to bring out the Memoir by the year-end to coincide with our fifty years of school-leaving, even though we have agreed to postpone our Jubilee meet to a later time.

The Editorial Board has taken on the ambitious undertaking, despite these challenging times, to bring out this Memoir to not only to commemorate the event, but also to serve as a surrogate School Annual for 1970. We face a daunting task in this regard. The slow transition to a modicum of business normalcy has been difficult as the pandemic continues its course, and one needs to be cautious, lest the virus snares us too in our advanced age. The problems become all the more challenging with the mandated mobility restrictions to curb the spread of the deadly virus. Despite these difficult “once-in-our-lifetime” circumstances, we have scrambled hard to assemble the Memoir, and hope the finished product is presentable and readable.

Memories of school days are very vivid and strong and recording them for posterity has been our catalyst for action. Such memories are meant to be shared and relived! The indomitable NP spirit galvanized us into action, and here we are with our Memoir in hand to greet each other again, after a lapse of almost half a century. Even a pandemic of the nature of COVID-19 has not been able to quench the never-say-die NP spirit that was nurtured in each one of us. We have shrugged off the frequent lockdowns in the confines of our homes and the stuporous fear of the deadly virus to bring out this Memoir. We fervently hope that it is able to fill in the void that has been felt by the batch mates throughout these past years. We shall feel honoured if this publication is treated as part of the NP Annual for 1970 and given its due place in the school records, archives and the website- as has already been verbally approved by the school authorities.

Despite all the trials and tribulations, the preparation and publication of this Memoir has been a rich learning experience and a blessing in disguise for us. The school archives did not have any photographs pertaining to the year, and nor did Das Studio, the official photographer of the school. It has proved to be a journey of discovery, aided by the advances in modern technology and today's information era. None of the batch mates who volunteered to work in the Editorial Board have any fundamental knowledge of publishing or printing. Rummaging through old photographs, scanning and WhatsApping to the group, virtual group meetings, discussions over phones, etc. have all been a rewarding experience and helped to forge a tightly knit team. The pleasure in searching and contacting once-forgotten friends, discovering disfigured and discoloured photographs in some discarded boxes and crates, contacting each other by mobile and hearing voices of friends after many years, and the euphoria generated by these seemingly mundane activities has been



truly memorable! This priceless time together has been unique and an added bonus in our lives and we thank all of you for being a part of it. As the famous poet T. S. Eliot says, "Sometimes things become possible if we want them bad enough". This has been so very true in our case.

Amidst our bonhomie, the sheer joy of re-connecting and laughter, we remember with a deep sense of gratitude all the school administrators, teachers, coaches, stewards, matrons, bearers and all the others who helped to mould us during our formative years to the persons we have become today. This Memoir is thus a befitting tribute to all of them, the Jesuit fathers and teachers who instilled a sense of determination, discipline, justice and fair play in each one of our young minds. To them we owe our strength of character, personality and moral values. A few of these inspirational people spring to mind- Father Van, Father Nunn, Father Bauwens, Father Tucker, Father Stanford, Father Burns, Father Leclair, Mr. Maurice Banerjee, Mr. Vaz, Mr. Matthews. And there are many others- listing all our mentors here would be a voluminous task. Let it be said that wherever they are, living or dead, the batch of 1970 North Pointers shall forever be grateful to each one of you for your invaluable contribution in making us into responsible, kind and caring human beings.

We take this opportunity to pay our deep tributes to our missing and departed friends who are no longer with us today. T.W. Barphungpa, L.K. Pradhan, Roger Guinan, Tobjor Bhutia, P.K. Chatterji, Rinzin Dorji, L.P. Sharma and N R Basnett are very much in our hearts. Though they are not amongst us today, sweet memories of our friendships live on. We cherish these absent friends and we pray to the Almighty to provide eternal bliss for their souls in heaven.

Along with all of these gentle souls, we also remember the hundreds and thousands of anonymous lives that have been lost during the last several months of the pandemic. We take this opportunity to thank all the health workers, doctors, nurses, security personnel and others who put their lives on the line so that people like you and me could live!

We are all sincerely thankful to each of our batch mates and the Editorial Board members in particular for their cooperation in bringing out this Memoir. Your invaluable inputs have gone a long way to help bring out this Memoir. We do hope that you can participate in the happy occasion of the Reunion when it eventually takes place at a safer time. In celebrating these anticipated joyous moments, we will again relive our memories and share with each other our many rites of passage! We shall meet as friends only to part as friends forever as "onwards through life we go!"

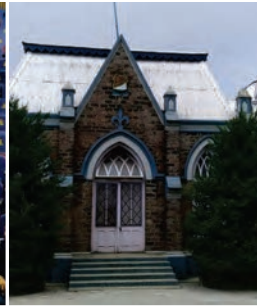
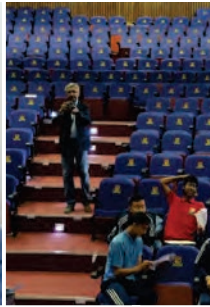
As William Shakespeare rightly says in Julius Caesar "Why! If we meet again we shall smile. If not then this parting was well made". Wishing you all a long healthy and happy life and pray that we meet soon!

Thank you all once again.

Mini Gangtok Reunion



Mini Darjeeling Reunion





Golden Memories Publication: A Labor of Love

Saranjit Singh Dhatt

As I sit at my desk along with Jaswant our designer to assemble and plan the layout of the articles and photos for our magazine, my mind travels back to when and where this all began.

I joined North Point in March 1958 at a tender age of just over five years. Here during my stay, I was moulded and forged into what you may call a thorough North Pointer by the time I left North Point in December 1970 after our ISC final examinations.

After we left the twin towers, we all went our different ways throughout the country and some across the seas to countries all over the world. We seldom met or communicated but for when we visited Darjeeling, Siliguri, Calcutta or Delhi where some of us completed our further studies.

We had an antiquated telecom system and equally slow postal service and sometimes resorted to writing to one another. It was only in the early 90's that internet was introduced and some of us had e-mail. Later in the 90's mobile phones arrived, followed by Facebook, Messenger and WhatsApp. These social media platforms opened the floodgate, and with the help of Facebook we found many friends who helped us contact more friends. We formed our year's WhatsApp group North Point '70 and shared messages and talked for free on voice and video calling.

A post in Face Book caught my eye a few years back. Govind Sharma was visiting his son at Delhi, and I sent him a WhatsApp message and invited him to Chandigarh if time permitted. A rescheduled doctor's appointment gave him two days off and he took up the invitation to come to Chandigarh. He and his most gracious wife Lalita stayed with us and we spent a wonderful evening and the next day together. It is here I could say, was a beginning to meet and bond once again.

Later in the year, Subir Das invited us to Kolkata to attend his daughter's wedding. Govind Sharma, Sanjay Singh and I attended the wedding. We met all the Das brothers except for departed Tapan Das, who was my brother Gurdeep's classmate. May God Rest his soul in peace.



It was here that we discussed commemorating the approaching 2020, that marks the 50th year since we left the Twin Towers, by organizing a Golden Jubilee 1970 batch Alumni meet and celebrations.

A few months later, we had a mini-reunion of sorts at Gangtok and Govind Sharma and Chandrika Lal Thakur played hosts to us. Ananta Moktan from Katmandu, Santanu Biswas and Sonam Sherpa from Darjeeling, Subir Das from Kolkata, I from Chandigarh and our Gangtok hosts attended the meet. Deepak Pradhan of Gangtok could not join in with us. We spent time sightseeing and having parties at Govind's house, a restaurant on MG road and the Hotel. We also spent an enjoyable evening which was graced by the presence of a senior from school, T. P. Dorji. We also took time off to go and visit Diki Barphungpa our late friend T.W. Barphungpa's widow to pay our respects.

The actual planning began in this Sikkim meet and we charted out when and where we should hold the 50th year celebrations. We had a mini-reunion of sorts at Kolkata later in the year. A group of us, met at Pradeep Singhania's house for cocktails and snacks followed by Dinner at Calcutta Cricket and Football Club. Ashish Ghosh, Vijay Arya, Subir Das, Pradip Das and I attended, and we were joined by Rajesh Poddar of 1971 batch. Here we apprised all about our plans to hold a 50th year celebration.

Then some of us decided to travel to Darjeeling to interact with the NP School authorities and the DNPSAA to see if we could involve the school and coordinate with them for our golden jubilee celebrations. North Point had already planned to invite the 25th and 50th year pass outs to attend the Sports day, along with the school play and the Rector's day celebrations to follow, which they would be doing every year. We also planned some of our own functions where we would call the School Authorities as well as the DNPSAA. Our Host was Sonam Sherpa who very graciously put us up at his hotel just below the Central Hotel. The committee comprised Govind Sharma, C. L. Thakur and Deepak Pradhan from Gangtok, Subir Das from Kolkata, me from Chandigarh, K. D. Chettri from Siliguri, Santanu Biswas and K. F. Chiu from Darjeeling and of course our host Sonam Sherpa. We did not see much of our old haunts in town, but we did make it a point to have a sumptuous breakfast at Keventers followed by their famed milk shake. Deven Gurung, the President of the DNPSAA, arranged for us to visit the School. North Point looked magnificent, spic and span, and very inviting. We went on a tour of the new building additions which were very well designed and maintained- a new Auditorium building, Gymnasium, swimming pool, dining halls, Clock Tower and a new pavilion on the UD field. We were invited to meet the then Rector Rev Fr K. L. George who hosted us to tea and snacks on the deck terrace adjoining the swimming pool and clock tower. He assured us all help during our celebrations. We were all set and were pleased with ourselves that we had somewhat come to a point where our dream of having a meet and celebrations was finally taking shape.

The Darjeeling and Sikkim members consisting of Santanu Biswas, Sonam



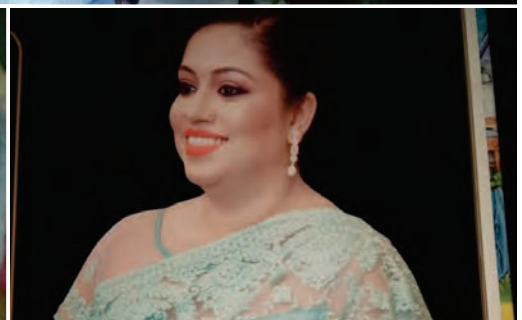
Sherpa, Deepak Pradhan, Govind Sharma and C. L. Thakur were given the task to meet, interact and plan the meet. So, they planned and met at Govind's resort in Baiguni, Sikkim to crystallize the arrangements.

Then the Corona virus struck, and we had to reconsider what should be done. As it was a profoundly serious pandemic, we decided to put the meeting on hold indefinitely as of now and reschedule it as and when the situation was under control. We however did not lose heart and decided to go ahead with the designing and publication of the magazine that we had planned to commemorate the occasion. Govind Sharma, Santanu Biswas, Subir Das, and Vijay Arya met to discuss how to go about the publication, and we brought in Soumitra Ghosh from the US to assist with the efforts. A Core Editorial Team consisting of Subir Das, myself, Soumitra Ghosh, Deepak Pradhan and Govind Sharma took charge of shepherding the publication of this magazine. We had already started collecting articles penned by our group. We requested The Rector of North Point, President of DNPSAA, Mr. M. Coutinho, Fr Kinley Tshering and Lorraine Banerjei Sibal to contribute. We received a treasure trove of photographs of our days at school from our batchmates, and as well, their current pictures that we could include in the publication. The school authorities were made aware that there is no official record of the 1970 batch in its Annuals listing. They therefore enthusiastically supported this magazine undertaking and agreed to include it in the School Year Book records to serve as a surrogate record.

It was decided to first make the publication in a digitized form so that it could be launched and shared with the '70 batch in time by 2020 year-end. A final print version would be made available at a later time. This digital approach plan allowed easy sharing via WhatsApp and e-mail for correction, editing and approval. Multiple Zoom calls followed, and Internet connection snafus were successfully overcome. All the while, the coordination of work was seamless and highly enjoyable, a testament to our North Point spirit. I was entrusted with the job of identifying the designers and printer and supervise the job. I had some experience in the printing field and entrusted the designing to Jaswant Singh and Gurdev Singh at Chandigarh and to be final printed by Krishna Arts Chandigarh. A lot of slips along the way, but with the persistence and hard work of the Core Editorial Team, we have managed to almost complete the digitized version. It will be ready for launch on the 20th December 2020. We will be sharing the digitized version with everyone whose e-mail ID's we have with us. I am sure it will take you back to our days spent in North Point. Wish you all a happy 50th Year of our great group of 1970 and a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

SURSUM CORDA

Subir's Daughter's wedding.





My Recollections of the 1970 ISC Batch

Fr. Kinley Tshering SJ

Any request to do something connected to North Point is a delight. It brings back waves of memories, akin to that of the sea that is always churning. One thing that I have learnt over the years is YOUR NP is when you were there, and it is not quite fair to compare it with other times. As Heraclitus says, “No man steps into the same river twice.” I say that from my own personal experience of being at NP, first as a student from 1968 to 1975 and then as the Rector, when I had to abruptly end my term in 2012 to be the Jesuit Provincial of the Darjeeling Province. These two epochs were quite different, but both were imbued with “NP Spirit.”

Each group of North Pointers feels, and rightly so, that their batch was the best! Consider this- there was a time when the long pants allowed were so tight at the bottom and a time when they wore bell bottoms; a time when one had crew cuts and other times when fashionable long hair was permitted. One can bemoan that NP is not like when we were there! So, what is it that binds generations of North Pointers over the years? I have discovered that lodestar to be THE NP SPIRIT.

Indulge me to repeat this story yet one more time. Once as Rector, I was in Kalimpong for the Annual Anglo-Indian School Sports. The Sport's Day was ending with the relay which carried huge points as one will remember. NP was leading in 4 divisions and just a wee bit behind in 2 divisions, so all eyes were on the relay which would define our fate. NP was first in the E division and we exulted as we were trailing in this division and now, we were first. One after another, NP came in first and by the time we came to the A division, the Reverend Sister from SJC sitting next to me asked “What do you feed your boys, they are like horses.” I in my NP pride jested with her saying, “Sister, you can't afford it.” She insisted that I tell her the secret of NP boys winning all the 6 divisions and I winked at her with pride and told her our secret – THE NORTH POINT SPIRIT.

No matter which era you belong to, each with its distinctive historical backdrop, the one thing that binds all North Pointers across the years is OUR HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS – THIS NP SPIRIT. I am glad that the batch of 1970 is celebrating this same spirit and that too in their Golden Jubilee Year. Many are here today for this great day, with fifty years to look back to with affection and great nostalgia. A few have



passed on and we wish them eternal rest. I was there in Class 6, in the LD when this superstar batch was in their final ISC Class. I recall some names and events vividly when I jog my mind. Other stories that I came to hear about later give me great pride for their trailblazing.

Let me begin with what I remember – first of all the times of the late 60s and early 70s. Darjeeling was just recovering from the massive landslides of 1968 when the Teesta bridge was washed away, the Naxalbari movement was gaining ground, the railways was at its best and Darjeeling was still the small town as the British had left it. The Belgian Fathers who started NP were being replaced with the Canadian Fathers, and who in these post-Independence years, were gradually handing over to Indian Fathers. It was a simple time when we were satisfied with little treats. We delighted in receiving items such as a Madan's cup ice cream, a diluted glass of orange juice for a great Feast Day and Mr. Roy's dog biscuits. As Rector, I struggled to think of edibles to make the boys happy on a feast day because the consumerist culture had made the boys unreasonable!

I remember very well the “Great Wall of China” that defended the goal line of the NP football team, partly because this “Wall” deployed my countrymen – Khandu Wangchuck, Tanden Dorji and Ugen Namgyal, ably backed by Subir Das between the posts. We had S. P. Tiwari the strategist feeding the forwards, and Pradip Das as the right winger bringing off winners. The juniors in every institution look to find heroes among their seniors and we had galore to choose from in this batch. The Dhatt brothers from Gaikata are a distinct memory- Saranjit and Manjeet Dhatt along with H. Y. Liang, Reginald Connolly, Tanden Dorji, Tobjor Bhotia coming back to school to great applause after successfully winning the interschool basketball championship held in Dr. Graham's Homes. Again, Saranjit and S. P. Tiwari exhibiting their stick work and skills on the hockey field, with Sunil Sachdev, Ugyen Namgyal, Pradip Das, Subir Das, Chandrika Lal Thakur, Manjeet Singh Dhatt and Sudhakar Singh from this batch representing the school hockey team.

The Das cousins, Pradip and Subir earned North Point cricket blues for their exploits on the cricket field. Pradip was also awarded the Depelchin Golden Medal for his all-round performance. Subir Das also won school colours for football, and I believe he was the only schoolboy to have represented Darjeeling District Athletic Association in football for state organized district tournaments while in school. The interschool sports was organized at North Point in 1970 and NP brought home the trophy after brilliant displays by members of this batch. Sudhakar Singh's long distance run, and Garth Misquita's 200 meters sprint made the record books. It is unfortunate that none of these achievements are recorded in an annual for posterity.

The batch excelled in elocution and in drama. Dipanjan Ghosh earned distinction for the school in inter-school elocution contests, and his performance as Macbeth was a high point of the 1970 season. Roger Guinan, Reginald Connolly and others shone as well. All these boys were wonderfully coached by the legendary Fr. Stanford, Fr. Tucker, and our own NP alumnus and future Hollywood actor Erick (Nari) Avari.



In the field of academics, David McMahon, in the 1971 North Point Annual highlighted this gifted batch's achievements in the ISC exams. It had 32 first divisions, topped by Amitava Dutta and Sandip Madan with their brilliant 6 P aggregates. The batch's performance in each of the subjects were noteworthy. Twelve students earned 1 P in English literature. The late Rinzin Dorjee received 1P in History, and Manjeet Dhatt and Sudhakar Singh secured 1P in mathematics. M.S. Dhatt, Amitava Dutta, Sandip Madan, and N.P. Rinchen bagged 1P in physics, and Sandip Madan and Amitava Dutta gathered 1P in chemistry. A mention needs to be made of another jewel of this batch, Soumitra Ghosh, who was awarded the silver medal as the first prize in the school essay competition.

This batch's achievements were not limited to academics and sports. During the disastrous landslides at Singamari bustee in 1970 they provided physical labour and relief in the way of evacuation and carrying of building material to the affected area. They went on to organize a charity VARIETY SHOW with the Loreto Convent girls that received rave credits. The show's earnings were donated for the development of Singamari Bustee. This event was such a success that there were requests from the military to present it to their soldiers which was turned down by the school authorities.

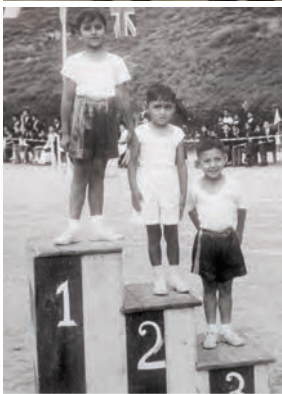
The 1970 batch mates from Sikkim and Bhutan also shone in their respective fields in their careers. Khandu Wangchuk went on to become the Prime Minister of Bhutan. T. W. Barfungpa and G. P. Sharma became Secretaries to the Government of Sikkim. Unfortunately, TW Barfungpa met with a fatal car accident in 2009 which ended his brilliant career. In fact, these two batch mates helped the school to stage The School Annual Play in Gangtok in 2004. Rev. Father Van and I travelled to Gangtok on the invitation of the North Point Alumni Sikkim Chapter to raise funds for the renovation programs at North Point. Tashi Tobden a senior North Point alumnus along with these two stalwarts of the '70 batch organized matters to the extent that we presented two back-to-back shows which recieved rave reviews and also received an appreciable donation from the Sikkim chapter.

While reminiscing about the achievements of the batch of NP 70, I couldn't help but admire the indomitable NP spirit that is still alive and kicking in these old North Pointers! I wish each one of them well and pray for their happy and healthy journey "as onwards through life" they go.

A Jesuit never retires and so I am back to Bhutan after 34 years in India trying to do my little bit for Bhutan with the wisdom gathered in India. I am what I am today because of North Point and I am grateful to God for giving me the privilege to serve my Alma Mater as Rector. I tried my very best to make it a unique school if not the best in India. All North Pointers owe a great debt of gratitude to what we are today. When we shine in life, NP shines and the batch of 1970 has shone brilliantly.

God speed and God bless you all!

Our athletes on the track and field





Remembering the North Point 1970 ISC Batch

Mr. Manuel Coutinho

Emeritus Teacher of North Point

I have been asked by a dear student of mine from the 1970 North Point batch to pen a few lines to commemorate the batch's Golden Jubilee this year. It gives me immense pleasure to do so. I was a teacher during their school years and witnessed first-hand their achievements in academics and in the playing fields. Unfortunately, the COVID pandemic has upended their plans for a 50th reunion. Undeterred, the Editorial Board of the NP 1970 batch has decided to release a memoir in the form of a magazine this year. The fact that they have got together from all the four corners of the world to bring out this memoir during these difficult pandemic times speaks volumes of their indomitable NP spirit. It is this spirit that we as teachers try to inculcate amongst our students.

This batch of 1970 had many stellar achievements but due to inexplicable reasons, the NP Annual of 1970 was not published. So, their decision was to bring out this magazine as the defacto Annual of 1970, and with the Rector's kind permission, placed in the school records. This is particularly commendable. I would like to affirm that as a teacher for 57 years, every student who has passed through the Twin Towers of North Point is equally important for us. I have no favourites. I have fond recollections of all my charges, and revel in seeing their achievements duly acknowledged and appreciated.

The 1970 school leavers possessed all-round abilities, making their mark at North Point, not only in academics but also in sports, social service and the public stage. This batch was phenomenal in academics, achieving almost 100% pass result in the ISC examination. A large number of students secured First Divisions in this difficult school leaving examination. These were one the best academic results that the school had achieved till then, and it set a high standard for the following batches to emulate. The school staged Julius Caesar and Macbeth during their final years, and these productions drew rave reviews for their interpretation of these classic plays.

This talented batch of 1970 excelled in sports. North Point won many major sporting events in cricket, football, basketball and athletics. The Das brothers from Kolkata, namely Subir and Pradip, were champion cricketers. They played a major role in winning the prestigious Edinburgh Shield in cricket. Thus, the NP 1970 batch represented the highest of our athletics tradition and set the benchmark for future batches.



North Point is a part of a global network of quality Jesuit institutions. It has a rich and glorious legacy of education. It has a special place in the great number of excellent schools and provides the finest kind of all-round education to its students. Every batch leaves something of itself at North Point and the 1970 group is not different. In the shelter of our “Home in the Mountains”, boys experience love, loyalty, integrity, a sense of honour and a great family spirit. They live up to and propagate the significance of our motto “SURSUM CORDA”. These are two Latin words enshrined in the hearts of every North Pointer-to lift up your hearts in song, word and deed to the Almighty – to preserve, foster and pass on all that is best in our tradition. The 1970 batch has enriched their era at North Point and helped in inspiring future generations. Above all they are armed with great values which they carry with them wherever they go. They are truly the embodiment of the Jesuit ethos – namely to be “Men for Others”

I have indeed been fortunate and privileged to be a part of this ISC 1970 batch who have enhanced the name and spirit of North Point. I pray to Almighty God, our Lady of North Point and our patron St. Joseph to bless them and be always with them in their future endeavors.

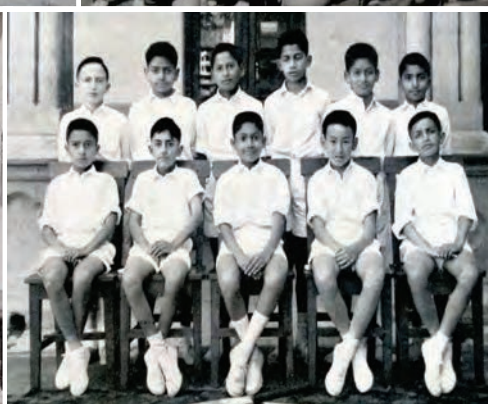
SURSUM CORDA

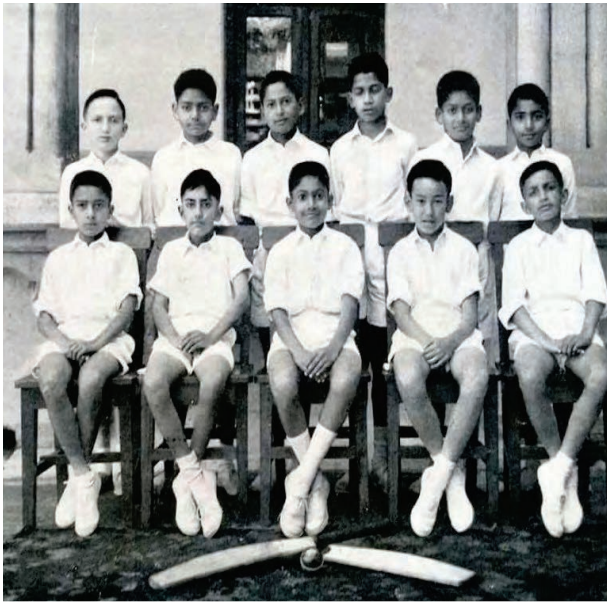
*Mr. Manuel Coutinho, a beloved and evergreen teacher, needs no introduction to generations of North Pointers. He has spent his entire life at North Point, starting in school and college and then 57 years teaching and mentoring countless students in North Point School.



Winners Edinburgh Shield 1970

Our warriors on the games field







“We Didn't Realize We Were Making Memories, We Just Knew We Were Going To School”

By Amitava Dutta

Please don't hold it against me, but North Point isn't the first or primary place that comes to mind when I think of my school years. Whenever my mind's eye travels back in time to those years, I invariably find my memories of NP to be inextricably tied to those about Darjeeling – the town and its immediate surroundings, family, friends and the local people amidst whom I grew up. I suspect it has something to do with the fact that I attended NP as a day scholar, making our school an important, but not the sole influence in shaping my memories of that time.

My everyday life spanned both the town and our school. I can still see myself trudging down from home to Chowk Bazar, through familiar sights, sounds and smells, avoiding stray dogs and the occasional drunk, getting into our contracted buses (which leaked during monsoons), arriving at school, being captivated by Mr. Dewan, Mr. Vaz, Mr. Maurice Banerjei and other fine teachers in the classroom, playing with classmates during after-class period, then working on homework at school for a while, getting back on the rickety buses and then dragging myself back home from Chowk Bazar by dinner time. Following this routine day after day for several years, coupled with the social interactions outside of school, you can probably understand why both the school and the town have become imprinted in my DNA, and it is difficult for me to revive memories of one without the other. This is also my first and last opportunity to acknowledge, with gratitude, a change instituted by our school authorities that had a significant impact on the lives of day scholars. When I first got admitted to NP in class 5, day scholars would come to school in the morning, attend class, and be transported back to town right after classes ended. Some years later, I don't remember exactly when, school authorities decided that day scholars should stay back after class, participate in sports, do homework, and then go back home – essentially to sleep. That made for very long school days, but it also gave us additional opportunities to mingle and bond with our boarder classmates in non-classroom settings. The inclusiveness, the intensity, and yes, even the thought of



putting together this 50th reunion effort is a testament to the positive impact of that decision.

Needless to say, NP has had a profound effect on who I am today. But rather than boring readers with philosophical ramblings, let me share some random recollections as a stream of consciousness.

- I remember when Fr. Tucker tricked us into memorizing Macbeth for the Senior Cambridge exams by staging a competition with Loreto class 11 girls on recalling quotations from the play (can you imagine the mortifying thought of losing to them?). I don't remember who won, but Fr. Tucker got what he was looking for – a bunch of students who learnt the play's text from cover to cover.
- A bunch of us day scholars (Santanu, Surajit, Bajrang Lal, Hemendra, Kusarye brothers among them) would cluster at the bus stop in Chowk Bazar to catch the bus to school. One of our pastimes was to observe and analyze Loreto day scholars who had no choice but to walk past our bus stop on their way to school.
- Soumitra lived in the house just above ours and his father smoked Burmese cigars. He pinched a couple one day (this was around fifth grade) and we started to smoke them in our house because my mother and father were at work. We both passed out after a few puffs. My father came home and saw us incapacitated in bed. The rest of the episode is classified.
- Miss Protima Mookerjee's disruptive influence on the sanity of students immediately around her wherever she happened to be on campus.
- Fr. Mike Parent's memorable cartoons of the protagonists when lecturing on Julius Caesar.
- Mr. Matthews' freehand drawn maps in geography class. I think his teaching of physical geography had something to do with my becoming a member of National Geographic 35 years ago.
- The way Mr. Banerjei held the chalk in his hand when he wrote on the board (does anyone else remember this?).
- Mr. Abedin's admonition of “youuuminkey”.
- Father Nunn's eyebrows
- Fr. Bauwens teaching us Indian History, upon coming across a picture of



Khajuraho in the book – “see how real the statues look. Don't you feel like pinching them?”. (I wonder how well this would go over today!).

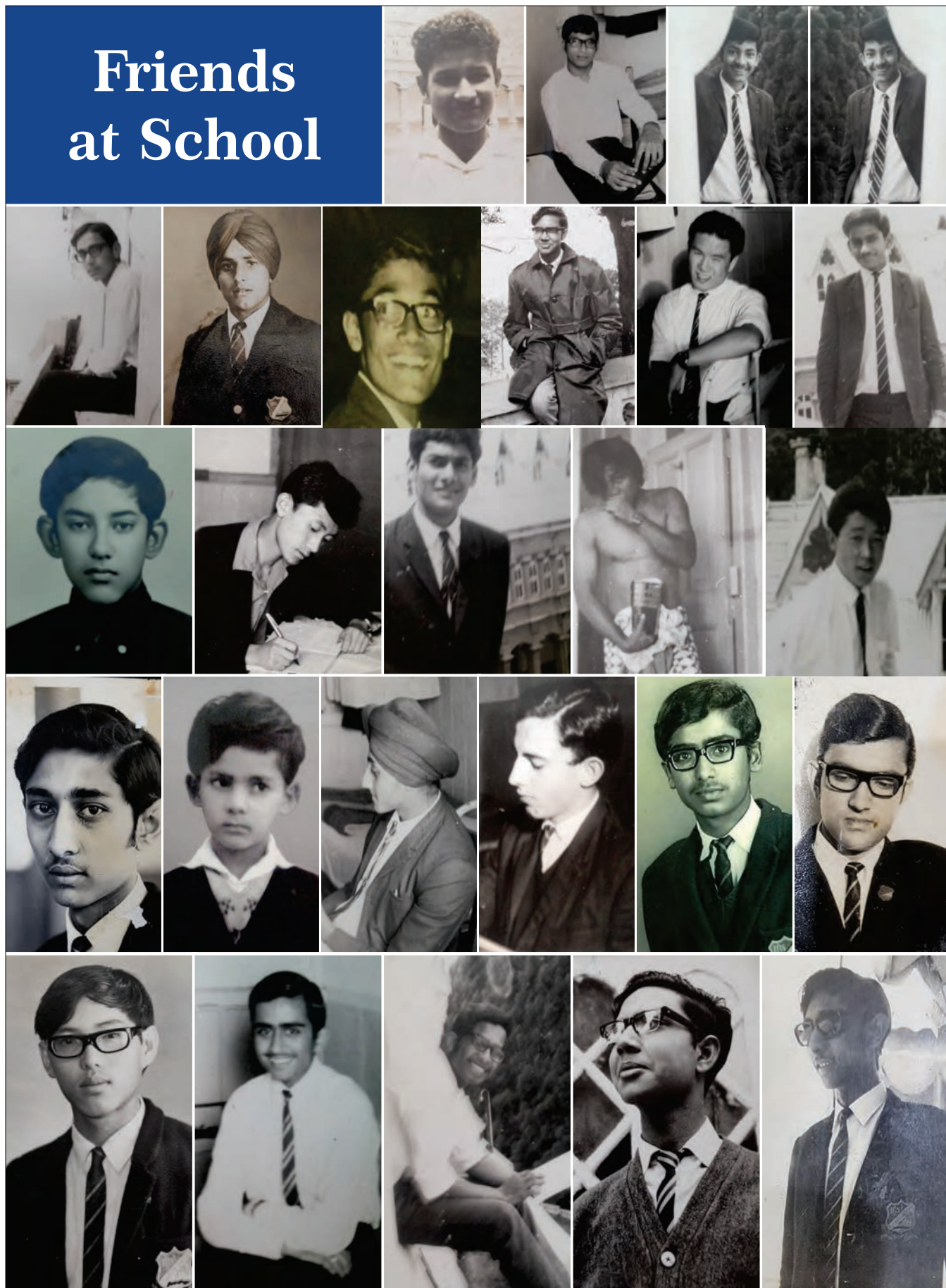
- **Watching the Das brothers between classes from Fraser Hall, work their magic with bat and ball against Mount Hermon on the UD flat.**
- **Watching Mr. Chandan Singh Rawat and Mr. Karma Tshering weave a spell with the football against the Darjeeling Police, Gorkha Rifles, Sikkim Guards and other teams with similarly imposing names.**
- **Mr. Dewan's physics classes. He didn't quite have Mr. Banerjei's flair, but man was he a great teacher.**
- **Both Mr. Abedin (Hindi) and Mr. Sanyal (Bengali) held their cigarettes in the same odd way – in a fist, between forefinger and middle finger, inhaled between the thumb and forefinger.**
- **Fr. Tucker's “we have to invert the pyramid” mantra in our English Literature class.**
- **Taking our Senior Cambridge exam in Fraser Hall in December with a coal anghiti in the middle of the hall. We would walk up from time to time to warm our hands.**

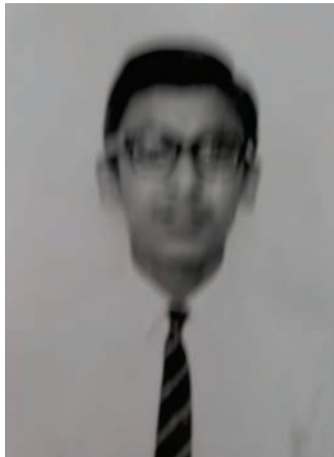
Ah, so many memories, so little space. And these are only from School. Permit me, however, to end with a memory that has nothing to do with school. The toy trains that came up to Darjeeling from Siliguri were often late, meaning that they would arrive just around when the sun went down. About that time, the hustle and bustle of the day would have wound down and the sounds of daily activity would have abated, lending a quietness to the surroundings. Then suddenly in the gathering darkness, from our home near the post office, I would hear the piercing whistle of the lead steam engine as it neared town, probably as it wound around the Kak Jhora bend. You probably will not believe this, but each engine had a distinctive whistle, and over time, each would make its presence known. Even today, I can close my eyes and imagine the engine towing its three or four coaches chugging into the station.

Well, the trip down memory lane has been fun. I am a Star Trek fan. In the words of Mr. Spock, my wish for all of you my classmates is “Live Long and Prosper”.

SURSUM CORDA

Friends at School







Memories Down the Lane

By Subir K. Das

As I sit here and anticipate the forthcoming golden jubilee reunion to commemorate the completion of the ISC Examination of the 1970 batch, I cannot help but wander down memory lane to those bygone days of fifty plus years where it all started. Those heady days, when a lad of six matured into a young man ready to face the challenges that the world at large threw at him. This maturity did not come overnight. It was moulded into him over the eleven years spent at one of India's premier schools. The Jesuits, the quality teachers, the staff, the fellow students helped shape him into what he is today.

Who can forget them? As a young boy, cast into a situation completely foreign to him. Not knowing the language was only one of the problems I faced. It was a strange world I entered. The normal necessities which were taken for granted at home could not be communicated. It was the sisters in charge of the primary division who took me under their strict but gentle wings and guided me through the initial period until I found my feet. Their faces sadly are vague, but they deserve my eternal gratitude.

I definitely will not forget Mrs. Matthews, my first teacher who I remember with great clarity. She was like a mother hen, fussing over her brood as she put us through our paces and taught us the alphabet, the nursery rhymes and the beginning of the learning experience. There may be many from this institution who have impacted my life directly or indirectly who I may fail to mention but it will not take away any of the gratitude that I have for them.

Mr. Moss was another such person who came into my life and taught me how to hold the cricket bat and possibly inspired me to don the wicket keeping gloves. His hard hitting was awe inspiring. he is said to have once hit the cricket ball from the UD field to the Fraser Hall. Though unbelievable, I always wanted to believe it. He was an inspiration indeed.

Brother Gurung, who amongst us from that era will ever forget him? He was as much of a child as I was. He was tough yet he was gentle as he was kind, he was more of an elder brother than a sub-prefect, but with the black cat he was a terror. A superb storyteller, he could keep us spellbound with his tales on many a rainy day.



Icons there were many, who impacted and influenced me with their talent, guts, determination and discipline. One of whom was P. C. Wong of North Point College, a talented goalkeeper playing for the North Point football team, extremely agile and competent between the posts. One would expect a person of such talent to be aloof, high and mighty and not give a snotty little kid any time of the day. Imagine my surprise when he stopped to watch me practicing at the goal and then saunter over to give me a few tips on goal keeping, I was in Primary Division then. He would make it a point to come in the evening to train me for fifteen to twenty minutes. I don't know why he stopped after a week or so. I used to hero worship him.

There were plenty of guys who were my idols and inspiration. Deb Mukherjee, Ronobir Sen, on the cricket field, of course Pradip Das from my own batch, the deserving recipient of the prestigious Depelchin Golden Medal and school colours for cricket, an all rounder in every sense of the word, an outstanding athlete, a footballer of excellence as well as a cricketer with his mesmerizing spin confusing batsmen with his variety of turn, pace and bounce. He excelled in studies also.

Sondup Tshering (the football magician), Jerry Basi, Mr. Chandan Singh, Paljor Tsarong, Ravi Thapa, Mr. Karma Tshering and others were all responsible for bringing many a trophy back home to North Point. I cannot conclude without mentioning the names of Khandu Wangchuk from our own batch who went on to become the president of the Bhutan Football Federation and later the Prime Minister Of Bhutan. Neither can I leave out Tanden Dorji nor Sheo Prakash Tiwari, both talented footballers. The Dhatt brothers, Saranjit and Manjeet, H. Y. Liang, Reginald Connolly and T. Bhotia were the guys who ruled the basketball court.

On the sports field, we had Glen Cowper, a record breaker with the javelin, and T. P. Dorji an accomplished discus thrower. How can I forget the heroes from my own batch- Sudhakar Singh who set such a blistering pace in the long-distance race that very few were able to keep up with him. He went on to win many a laurel later in his life. The lanky Garth Misquita excelled in the shorter versions, the two hundred and four hundred meters. He still holds the school 200 meters record till date.

The music scene was dominated by Ananta, Deep Singh Arora and Victor Norbula. These guys gave music to their own compositions that kept their audience tapping their feet. Deep Singh Arora still rules the roost in music in Darjeeling even today.

In academics, the 1970 batch came away with the best Senior Cambridge results in school history till that time with 32 First Division placements. Amitava Dutta and Sandip Madan secured six points each, followed closely by Soumitra Ghosh, Sudhakar Singh, N.P. Sadutsang (Rinchen), Govind Sharma, Manjeet Dhatt, T.W. Barphungpa, Arup Mitra, P.K. Singhania, Khandu Wangchuk, S.P. Tiwari, Reginald Connolly, Tanpa Thondup, Sanjay Singh, C. L Thakur, and all of the others. In this context, I have to mention the name of Dipanjan Ghosh who made us proud with his ability in drama, elocution and essay writing, and he certainly was an outstanding student. The members of the batch went on to secure admissions in the best colleges



of the country, IITs and medical college programs. Amitava Dutta, Soumitra Ghosh and Sandip Madan received National Science Talent Scholarships for pursuit of college studies.

The Belgian and Canadian priests are to be credited for churning out character and discipline among the students. Strangely we never had any problems with corporal punishment those days. It was believed to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Of course, no school is worth its salt without its teachers, and we were blessed with some wonderful teachers who were truly our friends, philosophers and guides. Mr. Maurice Banerjee, Mr. Dewan, Mr. Paulose, Fr. Tucker, Fr. Bauwens, Mr. Sanyal, Mr. Abedin, Mr. Bhutto, Mr. Vaz, Mr. Manuel Coutinho, Mr. Matthews were some of the teachers who prevailed upon me. Sadly, none of the Fathers nor the teachers will be around to greet us when we go back to celebrate our Jubilee reunion.

My batchmates have all left their footprints over the sands of time, and have all impacted society in their own way. As mentioned before, Khandu Wangchuk became an inspiration to us all when he became the Prime Minister of Bhutan. Tanden Dorji, the royal physician in Bhutan, T. D. Rinchen, physician to the Dalai Lama, and gentle Tanpa Thondup a successful paediatrician looking after the needs of child health care are luminaries in the medical field. Sudhakar Singh served in the army and became a successful and well recognized cancer specialist. Amitava Dutta, the jewel of our batch, is an outstanding professor in Information Systems and Operations Management, and holds an endowed chair position at George Mason University in the US. His research brings him to India to work with the IIMs. Sandip Madan served in the IAS, then directed his business talents to found a company focused on initiatives in healthcare, general management, finance and business development. Our own Soumitra Ghosh forayed to the biotechnology field, and his basic research in biology and drug development contributed to several therapeutic drugs, multiple patents and launch of start-ups. Govind Sharma is now retired from the position Principal Chief Engineer and Secretary to the Government of Sikkim, Public Works Department. A character like him can never be kept down, and he has now been appointed as the Chairman of the Institution of Engineers(India), Sikkim State Chapter. Special mention must be made of late T. W. Barphungpa who served as the principal secretary of the state animal husbandry and veterinary services in the government of Sikkim. He tragically lost his life in a car accident and is deeply missed.

These are only some of my batchmates mentioned here, I will love to meet up with the others and be buoyed by their success stories. We will definitely remember the memories of those who are no longer among us. These are the treasures, the memories and many more that I carry with me. Meanwhile, I await the time when it will be possible to catch up with my batchmates after all the years since leaving school.

SURSUM CORDA my friends, LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS!



Autumnal Reflections

Soumitra S. Ghosh

The season of autumn is magical - the summer heat abating to crisp, cooler mornings, the goodbye flourishes of the flower blooms in gardens, while the light turns golden in the evenings. This time draws us to reminisce, reflect, rejoice, shrug off regrets, and look for renewal. We have reached that autumnal perch in our lives, and we can look back with fondness at our school on the hill, where we received our educational foundation and values, forged lifelong friendships before striking out on our own. Each of us has traversed different paths, accumulated distinct life experiences, successes, and yes, even failures. In all our collective history, the school has remained a steadfast beacon, and a place that still reminds us of the world of possibilities, should we dare to dream and embrace.

The NP batch of 1970 is considered to be one of the best the school has produced. It is interesting to look back on the confluence of events and circumstances that helped to shape this group's talent to excel. The historical backdrop of the sixties in Darjeeling reflected the teething troubles and challenges faced by the new Indian republic. The '62 border war with China came perilously close to town, soon to be followed by the '65 and '71 confrontations with Pakistan. The stirrings in the tea gardens of North Bengal seeded the Naxalite movement that would envelop the state and spread elsewhere. Differences in political ideologies spawned party splinters and new platforms, and regional aspirations of greater autonomy began as well. Neighboring countries saw dramatic changes, with Burma retreating to isolation, a clamor for self-rule and then independence in East Pakistan, and the absorption of Sikkim into the Indian Union. North Point buffered its students during these turbulent times, and all the while, this Jesuit institution focused on imparting the best education possible, and its quiet, diligent service to the community at large saw us through. The day scholars who trudged every day from town saw some of these developments unfold- the war-related anxiety and misplaced hysteria about foreigners, blackened or newspaper-covered windows, the first police casualty, rationing, and massive troop movements.

The school then was seeing the last of the European Jesuits. Fr. Bouvez, impressive in his immaculate goatee, had spent a half-century at North Point. Fr.



Bauwens resembled a cassocked Old Testament prophet and Br. Udove possessed the greenest fingers in the hills. He tended the prized flower garden near Frazer Hall, and his entries were perennial winners at the Annual Flower Show. I will wager that his prize haul is still unmatched when compared to other silverware that the school has received. They were happy to chat with inquisitive students, and shared stories about the vaunted bravery of the Gurkhas in the WW1 French and Belgian battlefields. A transition began in the '50s with the arrival of the Canadian Jesuits. Frs. Van, Leclaire, Stanford and Forestell took the reins to run the school during the better part of our stay. Other Canadian and Indian Jesuits joined just before our graduation, with Fr. Nunn, Fr. Mike Parent and Fr. Tucker notably taking up the teaching mantle. These individuals were role models for their steady, unsung service and deep dedication to the school and the community. Weekend trips to Mother Teresa's charity home, organizing support for the victims of the devastating '68 landslides, and many other worthy causes attuned us to the needs of the wider society, reminded us of our privileged upbringing and our abiding social responsibilities. Fr. Van, Fr. Mackay, Fr. Leclaire Fr. Tucker and Fr. Parent went on to found or were associated with educational institutions in Mungpoo, Sikkim, Bhutan, and in China, respectively. The visionary Fr. Burns worked tirelessly to alleviate poverty, provide healthcare and housing for the poor, and founded Hayden Hall. Fr. McGuire founded Gandhi Ashram in Kalimpong to provide poor children a future through education focused on music. Fr. Nunn, a man of few words and acerbic wit, but a heart of pure gold, went on to dedicate his time helping people diagnosed with chronic psychiatric disorders in Bengaluru. Fr. Van, Fr. Burns and Fr. Nunn's passing drew many mourners, with each grieving for the loss of a beloved surrogate father figure and promising to continue their work. These were extraordinary men. Our '70 batch was most fortunate to be under the watchful wings of these exemplars, who mentored each of us to strive to live up to our potential and opened our eyes to the true meaning of lifelong selfless service.

North Point during our time had a mixed student body, with parents packing their children off to the bracing air of the hill station for a quality all-round education anchored by strict Jesuit discipline. It drew heavily from Darjeeling and environs and from Kolkata for its students, with a smattering from further reaches of the country drawn to it by its reputation. Bethany's in Darjeeling served as a preparatory school to funnel students to North Point and Loreto Convent. A fair number of the '70 batch joined school after Bethany's, and an early class picture shows a remarkable collection of earnest young faces destined to be professors, doctors, scientists, businessmen, hoteliers, and even a prime minister! There was also a sizable contingent from Bhutan, Nepal, Sikkim, and Thailand. In addition, Tibetan students from the diaspora and a transient Jewish émigré from the erstwhile Soviet Union found a home. During our time, the student pipeline from Burma abruptly dried when the country, renamed Myanmar by the ruling military junta, slammed the door shut. In the process, North Point was deprived of a talented athlete pool that had brought distinction to our school teams. This loss was made up by increased number



of students from Bhutan who were sent for training in Indian institutions to become the country's next generation leaders. Thus, we could learn a slew of languages that were on offer, and were exposed to people from many backgrounds, religions and cultures. The dining hall reflected this diversity, with vegetarian, mutton and beef tables set to dietary/religious preference.

In school, sports and studies were the order, buoyed by high spirits and high jinks. The school and the college division excelled in sports, with fierce rivalries with local schools and Darjeeling Police teams for bragging rights in cricket, football, hockey and track and field. Our batch was exceptional in sports and athletics. The incomparable Chandan Singh, Karma Tshering, and Jerry Basi from staff donned North Point colors, and our batch provided Khandu Wangchuk, Pradip Das, Subir Das, S.P. Tiwari, Tanden Dorji and several others to the teams that were magnificent to watch as they swept the opposition to rousing sideline cheers of “chikalakabhoomalaka who are we, we are NP, can't you see!” North Point was formidable in football during our time, and so was our cricket team, led by heroic exploits of the Das cousins. In our final year, Subir Das had the distinction of being awarded school colors for cricket and football and was selected to play for the Darjeeling District team in the West Bengal State-sponsored district football tournament. Pradip Das bagged colors for his excellence in cricket. The school's excellence was such that while I was relegated to the lowly Laenen House B team in football, I played for the St Stephen's College team for a while, with the far superior (and highly amused!) Khandu Wangchuk and K Thondup as teammates. Mr. Tshering's exhortation to be a true North Pointer was particularly memorable; be a true sportsman in the playing fields- “play hard, play fair, and be fair”, and be a gentleman when outside. This spirit of fierce but fair competition, with an acknowledgment of a worthy opponent, was a life lesson not just in sports but carried over to our studies as well.

Our batch in its middle period in school had untapped potential. Mr. Jack Vaz and Mr. Frank Matthews provided the sails that were then unfurled under the tutelage of senior schoolteachers during our final stretch. The legendary Mr. Maurice Banerjei took charge, and suddenly, physics, chemistry and calculus became not only comprehensible, but a joy to learn. I still marvel at the elegance of his teaching, his precise diction, and the way he revealed the beauty of the scientific process with his effortless exposition of mathematical equations and complex ideas. Many of us were in thrall of his teaching, and I still copy the way he crossed his t's when he wrote on the chalkboard. Mr. Dewan and Mr. Paulose were other notable teachers who mentored the science stream. It is worth mentioning that Mr. Paulose went on to lead several prominent educational institutions in Kerala. Mr. Banerjei's books on physics were brought out by NCERT and Oxford Books and were prescribed reading material for students across the country, reaching new generations of students with the clarity of his teaching.



Fr. Tucker joined North Point in our penultimate year and was the catalyst for our intellectual growth. He arrived with a stellar reputation, having launched St. Xavier's School in Doranda and achieving impressive results with its very first Senior Cambridge class. He transformed the way we studied, thought, and expressed ourselves. Daily vocabulary lists from Reader's Digest, word precision drills and creative writing classes expanded the dimensions of our language. A simple essay topic- "The best things in life are free" spurred our imagination to think expansively, and our earlier anemic efforts gave way to sparkling essays. He encouraged critical analysis of the literature books, Animal Farm and Macbeth, inspiring us to study the Russian Revolution and delve into Verity's annotations of Shakespeare's plays. Most importantly, he taught us to trust our imagination and intellectual capabilities and instilled a belief that we could compete with the best anywhere. Our batch's excellent Senior Cambridge results are a testament of his influence that many have carried forward in their lives.

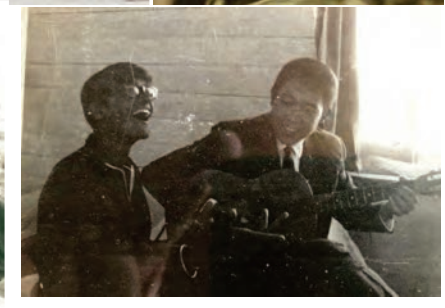
Our academic transformation was not the only success story. Our class staged Macbeth, a play considered notoriously difficult by thespians, in its senior year. The witches were magnificent, the heinous deed was done and Macbeth, played by Dipanjan Ghosh spiraled into ever-deep evil, Noreen Dunne as Lady Macbeth rubbed her hands in utter despair, Birnam Wood came alive to march to Dunsinane, and Robin Subba as noble Macduff brought the play to a rousing triumph over evil. While the school play stuck very closely to the bard's version, Deep Aurora, Ananta Moktan, Victor Norbula and others* conspired to present Act One, Scene One in a musical rendition, with a dramatic opening guitar flourish and a foot-thumping beat. Their inspired presentation of Macbeth's witches has never been so riotous and cool! Animal Farm did not escape their imagination, and the slogan "Four legs good, two legs bad" became a rollicking rock number.

It is now fifty years since we passed through the school's portals. One of my treasured memories is from our final weeks. The junior classes had left and we had the entire school to ourselves as we prepared for the final exams. Tanpa Thondup and I crept out before sunrise to the ropeway by the school. We had our books with us to study there in solitude. The rising sun slowly bathed the mountains with its palette of colors, time stood still, and mesmerized, we forgot our books and exam worries as we saw nature at its most magnificent display. It lifted our hearts then, and still does when I recall the scene. It also reminds me that we are not done yet, and have promises to keep. A number of us have reconnected, and the bonds remain strong. I have come to know some of the children of my class friends who are thriving in their respective callings and have imbibed some of our North Point values. There is at least another act to follow- Satan's Bad Dreams, please set the music!

SURSUM CORDA

* They named their band Satan's Bad Dreams.

With Friends at School





Picnics and Camping.





Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow....

By Sanjay Singh

Oft-repeated lines during school days. Of course with a different connotation. Till it came to our own parting.

That, my dear friends, was fifty years ago. Well almost, to date. Come end November, 1970, and our exams over, it was time to part. Forever, or almost forever. For those of us hailing from cities like Calcutta, Bombay and a few others, there was a comfort zone. That being in and from the same city, and so many of us came from these cities, we friends could meet on occasion. But for remainder of our classmates, it was the end of the road.

Despair was writ large on our faces. For each of us, headed in different directions, the chances of meeting each other ever again, was at best bleak. And as we prepared to leave our home in the hills, stark realization hit us. Parting, after all, was not “such sweet sorrow.” Rather, quite the opposite. It was bitter and painful.

As trunks were packed and dates closed in, we helped each other carry luggage down the wooden steps. Each step witness to the heavy heart, the teary eyed, the speechless, the emotionally broken. As the turn for each of us came, on successive dates, the story was the same. The scenario unchanged. Helplessness unchained. Each had to head to the waiting cabs or buses near Fraser Hall.

It was the poignant end of a yearly ritual: the waiting for a new academic session to begin, for friends to be coming in from holidays, for the cups of joy to be recharged to the brim and overflowing- because of reuniting with dear friends. And we would live with each other for the next 9 months, more or less. In our home in the hills. It was all over. The best years of life, surrendered to the passage of time.

From there, we have marched on in life. Months became years, and years turned to decades. The initial frenzy of exchange of letters, the only means of convenient communication then, became a trickle. And then dried up. All that was then left were the fond memories. They still remain.

But if the parting was 50 years ago, the meeting was many years earlier. Which means, our bond today, which we gather to celebrate, ranges from 51 to about 60 years



ago. Now that is a rock-solid foundation. Friendship slowly but surely built during schooldays, during childhood. And childhood friendships are said to last a lifetime. We have just proven it. Quod Erat Demonstrandum!

The fact that all of us are gathered to pen our memories is because of the technology we (people of our age) have invented for ourselves, in the years gone by.

With the passage of decades, our generation gave birth to the Internet, the mobile phones, the Facebook social media platform, and many other wonderful tools. And these means have helped the rebuilding and re-bonding of the old and close relations. And right enough, the labours have borne fruit. Had it not been for technology, we, so many of us, would not be gathered together, could not have possibly gathered again.

Yet, while time and our efforts have rewarded us, time has also commanded, demanded and extracted a price. Many of us, not fortunate to have received God's will to live on, have left us for their heavenly abode to reunite with Him. Leaving a void today which none can fill. Our loving and fond memories reach out to them.

Our wonderful Teachers gave us the knowledge and values we have today. Our school days gave us the opportunity to be naughty - to be good ; to be helpful – to be rude ; to break-up and then make up with a hug and a handshake. In short, it taught us to live.

The wonderful (and the occasional not so wonderful) memories that each one of us have, and would like to remind others of, could run into volumes. Like one of our Teacher(s)/ Prefect(s) once remarked about our NP lingo – he said if compiled, we could possibly have a parallel NP dictionary to the then exhaustive Oxford dictionary.

We also gather here to give our revered Teachers, our highest regards. Mr. Coutinho Sir, Miss P. Mookerjee, Late Maurice Banerjee, Late Karma Tshering, Late K.P. Pradhan, Fr. Tucker, Late Fr. McGuire, Late Fr. Henry P. Nunn, Late Mr. and Mrs. Vaz, Mr. Patrick James, Mr. Alexander Oomen, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Paulose (Biology), Late Frs- G. Van Wallegham, Bauwens, Bulens (“hurry up the last ones”), L'Hoir (for arranging screenings of wonderful movies), Bro. Robin (Treasurer), Bro. Mike Parent, Bro. Gurung, Fr. McKenzie, Mr. M.C. Roy and Chemjong handling the kitchen for us, and many others. Without their invaluable inputs, teachings and guidance, we would not be what we are today.

We also gather here to express our sincerest regards to all and so many other among the Staff members, without whom, our lives and experiences at School, would not have been what it was. Among them, we remember Sambha (on the LD field), Bhai (on the UD field), David (for keeping our Projector Room in top shape for the movies to be screened), our Dining Room bearers Petrus (he with an ever smiling



face!), Samuel, Peter, John, James, and many others, Bernard the broad- smiling, ever – friendly, (at the building's front entry, near the school Parlour), Elvis and his partner (the barbers), the Tailors in the mezzanine room near the LD Linen Room and infirmary, and Adolf (in the infirmary).

Talking of the infirmary, we cannot but remember Sr. Annie and her fabled APC tablets – the one-tablet sure-cure for all ailments. This brings to mind the story of a student- probably Kunal Banerjee- who went up to the Infirmary with a unique complaint/ailment. He was having difficulty in laughing normally. What then became “viral”, a term alien to us then but now common-place, was the fact that he too (hold your breaths) was administered “APC tablets,” and miraculously was cured in no time!

Time cannot erase from memory the sight of the majestic Kangchendzonga as one stood at the steps near the Shower Room, which descended onto the LD field. The morning golden glow/ white carpet of snow to the evening orange glow, or the greenish hue by moonlight are indelible in our minds. From the UD dorm, looking northwards, one could see the entire mountain range as far as eye could see from the left to the right – glowing by moonlight. Memories. Memories. All unique in their own ways. All priceless.

Many exciting inter-house and inter division matches that were played on the PD / LD and UD fields saw our shifting allegiances – cheering for the PD team when in PD, for the LD team when in LD, and for the Upper Division team when in UD. These were nothing but our experiences at maturing. Our school was taking us through it all. Teaching us to cope with successes and failures, victories and losses.

Games for the different seasons were so meticulously planned by the authorities – from end Feb/ early March when school re-opened, till first-term holidays in the later half of May, the game season was Cricket, ending with the Edinburgh Shield, which invariably, our great teams won. Thanks to excellent players like Ravi Thapa, Lalit Verma, Subir Das, PK Das, Subroto Das, (with his fabled leg spin), Chris Cowper, Jimmy Plant, and the left-arm swing bowler Sibabrata Mukherjee, to name a few.

The period from May (after first- term holidays) till around mid-August was reserved for the hugely popular Foota – culminating with the Malla Shield, which again, our great teams mostly won. This season and this game clearly attracted the frenzied attention of the entire Darjeeling District, with crowds thronging on the “Banks” of our UD field, mostly cheering and betting for teams playing against our mighty NP XI. Needless to say, the wishes of the crowds were rarely ever rewarded. Probably never. Mr. Chandan Singh Rawat, Mr. Karma Tshering, Jerry Basi, Paljor Tsarong and Ravi Thapa, magicians with their feet, ensured victory for NP, aided by other very talented players like our Goalee, Anil Pradhan (Kunni), S.P. Tiwari,



Khandu Wangchuk, and Kachen Dorji. I am naming a few remembered ones, and with apologies to others whose names I have missed. I blame it on a half-century gap, advancing age and failing neurons.

Finally, with the commencement of the third term, it was time for hockey and badminton. All this while, studies went on uninterrupted. Learning continued. As did Lawn Tennis and Basketball throughout the year (weather permitting, during monsoons). And during monsoons, which were indeed heavy, we would demand and be given sunshine holiday. Oh, what fun, it all was!

Preparations for the grand Sports Day, following which we would break for Puja holidays, would start during the monsoons. And grand it certainly was. And Inter-School Sports was the event, wherein the mood would be do-or-die. Here again, we had some of our own greats. Sanamani Singh and our own classmate Sudhakar Singh were favourites and winners at the Marathon. Charlie Dango's 100 metre dash was in an astonishing 10.5 seconds more or less (as I recollect), while the World or Olympic Record then stood at 9.9 seconds. Just imagine – a margin of 0.6 seconds from International records. He was clearly destined to leave all others in his wake. His record stands as a towering challenge for all other school sprint-enthusiasts till date. We had other sprinters who were to bring laurels for the school. Our unforgettable classmate, Garth-the-great-Misquita, whose 200-metre sprint record, created around 1969-70, still remains untouched. Garth and Charlie Dango were the dependables during the Inter-school Relay Race, which we won. Our Pole Vault and Javelin specialist was Subir Das. He won the Pole Vault event in 1970. Glen Cowper was another school legend in Javelin throw, while T.P. Dorji holds the record in Discus throw. One needs to acknowledge that there was something special with the Das brothers in sports, games and track-n-field events – Subir, PK, AK, Swapan, Tapan, and another Das, though not related to the brothers - Subroto Das (mentioned earlier).

The indoor games and competitions were innumerable. From Carrom to Chess, Checkers to Table Tennis, Badminton, etc., while the passage around the quadrangle was a favourite draw for the rollerskaters.

While these were the official games and sports, something else was unofficially becoming a favourite sport. Bunking. Bunking to Badi's shop across the Twin Towers for Momos and Tea. One thing was to lead to the other.

Ingenuity in naughtiness is a craft which every child develops, improves upon, and tries to excel in. We had our fair share. Vijay Arya got wires which he connected from God alone knows where. And he also secured an electric kettle, probably swiped from his home kitchen. Tea, sugar and milk were bought from contributions. We, some of us in the Seniors corridor, masters by then in the art of bunking to Badi's shop, would get momos while Vijay prepared tea for us. There would be a hushed party.



The merry making went on for some time. We were, however, oblivious of the fact that David (the person looking after our Projector Room) worked in the Meter room. He noticed very high ampere current being drawn, on occasion, on one of the meters. He started his investigation along with Fr. Nunn, and they eventually zeroed in on our little party point. The result- outings for all present in the room at that time were cancelled, and electric kettle confiscated. A stunned silence followed. Party time was over forever. But no, wait a minute.

Manjeet Dhatt was angrier than others and was determined to get his revenge back. But how??

And the craziest idea finally took shape. Rectors Day was around the corner. While we would get special dinner, the Fathers would have better fare, and the pudding was to be a cake. Manjeet was determined to “have” that cake. And eat it too. And also thank the Rector for it. But he had to have a team. Yet not too many, to “spoil the broth.” So, handpicked were Pronob Chatterjee (sadly, now no more) to stand guard on the first floor, near the steps beside the PD Dining Room, which led to the first floor. I had to stand guard at the door of the Dining Room where the Fathers were to have their dinner (First Floor again). Manjeet wanted the pleasure of purloining the cake. Immediately after our Rector's day dinner was over, and before the Fathers gathered for theirs, the gap of a few minutes was all that was available. The trio rushed. Mercifully the cake got picked up, and Manjeet left a handwritten card with bold inscription, THANK YOU. And then, all ran like mad. Rushed to the Seniors corridor, where the regular party makers were waiting. The cake was shared and devoured, and all evidence vanished in a few seconds. And the note, the only evidence the Reverend Fathers had, was written in a funky handwriting with bold letters only. They knew it would be the job of the Seniors. But who? No leads. They must have known they were outsmarted. For there was no hullabaloo. No talks from their end. No enquiries. Manjeet had taken his revenge. Even the party makers did not know the full story of how or where the cake came from. Till much later. For the Fathers, it was a matter of the cake - “Gone With The Wind.” “Gone in 60 Seconds.” “Too Fast, Too Furious.” – That was Capt. Manjeet – at the helm of affairs.

In the third week of June would be the annual St. Aloysius fete, and towards end September, early October, would be the Fancy Fair – to be thoroughly enjoyed by all. The wooden slide in the Fancy Fair was always a huge draw.

Another occasion looked forward to, would be the Loreto – NP Socials – an evening of music and dance, followed by dinner. Ever so thoroughly enjoyed by the girls from Loreto and our own boys. Many a dream, commensurate with that age, was built and lived. Blissfully.



In the year 1969, Darjeeling and surrounding areas were devastated by landslides. Many were rendered homeless, with no food or clothes. That is when the girls from Loreto and NP rose to the occasion. We planned a long evening of variety programmes, skits, plays, songs and the like. The performance was to be before the Public at large for two days, and finally, for our own two schools, in our own Fraser Hall. The collections were to be distributed to the needy in the aftermath of the landslides. Thorough preparations with rigid timelines was pressed. For Final Rehearsals, our own Fraser Hall was chosen. And one evening, while we entered our Study Hall, the girls from Loreto came in for practice.



Debbie Bannerjee Née Roy. Rest in Peace.

Suddenly, the silence of the evening was broken by the opening words of a famous song of those days – “Rangeela Re.....” – the voice was unmistakably that of the great Lata Mangeshkar. Almost in a flash, about half the study hall emptied out, and ran down to see, to hear, to meet Lata Mangeshkar, face-to-face. Apparently, the Loreto girls had gone one up on us, and arranged for the great Lataji, to sing.

Friends- that was not Lata Mangeshkar but Debashree Roy from Loreto. Her golden voice such a close resemblance to Lataji's. That song was clearly the *tour de force* of the evening. Debashree (just Debbie to some of us who were close knit), went on in life to study further, to marry and to settle in Australia, where she held many musical programs and enthralled audiences. Very sadly, very unfortunately, and very suddenly, God snatched her away from our midst. She lost life's battle to an incurable ailment. We lost a wonderful friend, a wonderful person and a superb singer. But



Debbie- Rest in Peace and rest assured, we still very fondly remember you. And miss you.

As the end of the academic session drew near, it was customary for students to pool-in money and buy a parting gift for the Class Teacher, and with a citation, to present the same. We followed this custom, collected from our limited resources, and did all else – customarily. We handed our Thank You Gift to Mr. Maurice Banerjei. Now it was his turn to say a few lines.

He took a few moments to compose himself. Clearly, he was shaken. And then he said “ Boys, many people have asked me on how this year's batch is. And believe me – to no one have I said that this year's batch is good.”

We, the class, froze. We knew we had been naughty, even bad. We knew most had devils within. Yet, this was a time to forgive and forget, and to sum up with some nice, kind and/or encouraging words. For after all, our final exams were now ringing the bell. Yet, what could we possibly do, but to hang our heavy heads and hear it all out.

After a brief but seemingly interminable pause, Mr. Banerjei continued, his voice starting to choke. And he managed to say- “ To all who asked, I have only said – this year's batch is bloody good.” And as tears welled up in his eyes, he swiftly walked out of the class. Leaving us stupefied. Stunned. Speechless. Motionless. For here was a man, famous for his gentleman's language and behavior, who could possibly outshine the Queen at Queen's English, and he had just uttered bloody good.

These are just some of the thoughts and memories that are being penned on our collective behalf. If all were to be put in, from detailed inputs from many, not all, the pages would multiply hugely to turn this Memoir into a volume. Which, clearly, is not the want of the hour.

With these lines, we, the batch of 1970, who have gathered here, wish North Point our very best, and bless the younger generation, to come forth into the march of life, and set examples and do good in life, so as to continue to bring countless laurels to our beloved NP.

**Hurrah for our home in the Mountains,
Hurrah for the Monarchs of Snow.**

**Sursum Corda.
The Bloody Good Batch of 1970.**

NP & LC Variety Nite Show & Macbeth School Play





My LCD- NP Socials

By Sandip Madan

It was around April of 1970 in our final year when we had the Loreto - NP Social in Frazer Hall. It was virtually my first real contact with the Loreto girls. We boys were initially gathered outside at sunset, the cool ones comfortable in their coats and ties, while some like me stood stiffly and nervously to greet the approaching LC girls in sarees, shepherded by their nuns in black garb. Then we were all ushered inside and the Social began.

I quite knew my place at the bottom of the totem pole in what attracts girls. Gawky, bespectacled and bookish, I had just crossed 6 ft in height and 50 Kgs (110 lbs) in weight and would've done any scarecrow proud. I hung around as the girls gravitated towards suave royalty like MP Sahi, sportsmen like the Das cousins, Khandu Wangchuk, SP Tiwari, athletes, smooth operators, and the confident, tough types.

Finally, by chance or perhaps out of pity, a girl (let's call her Missy) accepted my awkward greetings and invitation to dance, robotic movements and all. The evening went magically with me by her side throughout. The food was good and an obvious attraction for our hostel boys though I was too taken up to notice or eat much. I don't remember the music either, except that I preferred the slow numbers when I could actually put my arm around this (or any) girl for the first time in my woefully sheltered life. A huge deal for me, even though all innocent and above board under the watchful eyes of our NP Fathers and LC Mothers.

I couldn't wait to see Missy at the next social a few months later. Meanwhile I had shifted as a day scholar for the final months to my uncle (and NP physics teacher) Mr S.S. Dewan's flat in Pharine Villa where the way to and from the bus stand took me past Loreto Convent. My height allowed my bobbing head (and thin neck and shoulders!) to be visible above the LC wall as I walked past. Loreto girls on the other side would call out, chanting "palm tree" (referring to my gangly build) and sometimes Missy's first name. My evening-long association with her in the Social was obviously noticed. I took that as a good sign - at least this one girl was "mine" and thinking of me too.



But at the next Social I caught only glimpses of Missy. As I'd head to talk to her, some other girls would approach me and engage me in conversation. That felt good (maybe I was popular now I thought!) But these girls invariably had another boy with them and rejoined the dance floor with him while I stood around and Missy was elsewhere. I ended up with a single dance that evening with one kind girl before she returned to someone better. As the evening drew to a close, I finally caught up with Missy to barely say Hi and Bye as the truth dawned on me. The other girls were Missy's friends (she had many, and I later learned, she was the prefect girl) who by distracting me were saving her. Saving her from the awkward geek who had latched on to her the whole time in the earlier Social and prevented her from meeting more interesting boys.

This NP experience was good learning, enabling me to handle subsequent rejections better in later life.

Epilogue: After NP, I was with Soumitra Ghosh for three more years at St Stephen's College (along with TW Barphungpa and Khandu Wangchuk) and he has remained an invaluable friend. In mid-1972 at end of 1st year of BSc (now a few inches taller, 50% heavier but not much wiser), I met an amazing girl from Miranda House, also studying Physics, and fell for her. Again, it was a one-way street. I proposed to her in 1973 and she promptly rebuffed me. The fact that I was a jobless 18 year old undergraduate may have been a factor, though her reasons for rejecting me probably went a lot deeper than that.

In the year that followed, I frequently sought out Soumitra to cry on his shoulder and receive counsel and comfort as my quest for her suffered one setback after another. Partly steeled by my brush-off in NP days I continued my pursuit of her for years till she finally tired of saying no. Anita and I have now been happily married since November, 1977.

NP Loreto Socials





Rock and Roll Adventures

Recollections of Ananta Moktan

Victor Norbula, Deep Arora and Ananta Moktan (all from the '70 batch) formed a memorable school band named the Satan's Bad Dreams (SBD). They drew inspiration from the Beatles, Rolling Stones, the Monkees and local Darjeeling bands of the seventies, most popular among them being the Hillians of the Mayalu fame. The band was backed by Victor's cousins Kesang (guitar) and Wangchuk (drums). Victor belted out popular numbers like Suzie Q, Bad Moon Rising and a host of popular Beatles songs, acoustically supported by Deep and Ananta during NP's talent shows, GLS nites and the school's annual fete and rocked appreciative audiences.

Their “classic” rendition, a composition based on the Act 1 verses of Shakespeare's Macbeth ominously featuring the 'three witches meeting upon the heath' instantly became a runaway hit, much to the delight of the ICSE students from



SATAN'S BAD DREAMS



NP and Loreto Convent. The late Reverend Father Tucker, who taught English to the senior classes, was particularly amused listening to SBD's rendition of the song at the talent show (October 1970). He, together with the English teachers and nuns of Loreto Convent were highly appreciative of the band's creative use of the bard's immortal opening scene. Incidentally, Macbeth was included in the ICSE English literature syllabus for the year 1970.

Ananta recalls the time when he was coaxed by two elderly nuns to explain how SBD came up with the song. Seated between the nuns at the dining table, during LC's return social for NP senior boys, the nuns continuously grilled him with questions about the song. Ananta, who was of shy nature during school days, swears even today that he drank more glasses of water at the table than the actual dinner due to nervousness.

While Victor and Ananta took up career driven jobs after college, Deep continued with his musical journey and later formed the popular rock band, the Forbidden Fruits in Darjeeling together with Paul Ghosh, a NP an alumnus. Deep is in restaurant business these days and runs the popular Park Restaurant in Darjeeling while still actively pursuing his musical calling. He is a strong believer of 'Age is just a number' and represents himself as a rock icon, complete with shoulder length hair.

The picture above gives a flash back of the Satan's Bad Dreams musical days back in 1970 at an NP talent show.

Sursum Corda.



Sursum Corda

By Deepak Pradhan

I started my academic career at Loreto Convent Darjeeling which admitted boys till class two during that time. Thereafter, my family tried my admission in North Point, as both my elder brothers were studying there and two of my uncles had also walked the corridors of the quadrangle. Therefore, it was a family tradition for us to get a North Point education. However, lady luck did not favour me as I was late in seeking admission, and hence the gates of Bethany's School welcomed me. My brothers tried to mollify me by saying Bethany was a preparatory school of North Point. I excelled in my studies there as I always stood first in class.

The two years spent at Bethany's sowed my seeds of friendship with Nabin Raja Basnett, Khandu Wangchuk, the late Lekh Kumar Pradhan, Tanpa Thondup, Victor Norbula, DS Arora, HK Chettri and a few others. These boys were with me at North Point as well when we transferred there. I was a dayscholar as I stayed with my uncle who was an advocate, just below Loreto Convent.

I was awestruck by the grandeur of the school buildings in North Point. Bethany did not have such magnificence to showcase and neither did Loreto. I thought I was in some public school in England. I used to see pictures of such schools in the Illustrated Weekly of India, a very popular weekly magazine then, to which my dad used to subscribe. He was an avid reader and our house in Sikkim, from where I belong, still has books, encyclopaedias etc. Besides the Weekly, he subscribed to magazines like Life, Australian Garden Lover, Plain Truth etc. So whenever I went home during holidays I used to devour the reading material, and leaf through and read these magazines with great pleasure. My favourite was the Phantom comic strip that used appear in the Weekly. This is how I got fascinated by books and periodicals and developed a reading habit which I still pursue.

In North Point I was a mediocre student and being a dayscholar, I could not take part in games and neither were we assigned to the school Houses. These were the privileges of the Boarders, who interestingly had three uniforms. For their daily



attire, they wore dark grey suits with their house ties, and during outings and special occasions they wore the official school uniform, which of course we as dayscholars had to wear everyday. And then the Boarders had blue suits on Sundays. So, you could easily identify the Boarders and dayscholars from the uniforms they wore during school hours.

Though I was a day scholar, I did get an experience of the life of a boarder. In 1967 before the school reopened after the winter recess all interested boys were asked to participate in a retreat, for a duration of three days, when the Jesuit fathers and brothers took us to the nearby woods and delivered lectures on morality and spirituality. During these days we had to stay in the dormitories and follow the routine of a regular Boarder.

As I look back now, I feel this segregation may have affected my unconscious young mind, and which resulted in a perceptible decline of my academic performance compared to my time at in Bethany's.

Of course, I did enjoy the classes, especially that of Fr. Bauwens, who interlaced true world war stories with his history lessons, stroking his long pointed white beard with his left hand at regular intervals. And Mr. Paulose's Biology classes were the ones I looked forward to.

During this period when I was in class 6, I was swept away by the glamour world of movies. There are several school-related incidents that I can recall. When Raj Kapoor, Simi Garewal and Rishi Kapoor visited the school for the shooting of Mera Naam Joker, I was greatly excited and did not lose any opportunity in getting their autographs, which I still have. Later, Rajendra Kumar and Saira Banu also shot some scenes in the school complex for their movie Jhuk Gaya Aasman. However this time I wasn't lucky to get their autographs as they refused to oblige.

Besides being a movie buff, I loved cricket and I hardly missed a match on the UD field. Lazing on the green banks with Rana Mukherjee (who too was a great cricket buff and used to tell me that one day he will play for Bengal in the Ranji Trophy) on a warm spring day, munching the roasted peanuts and horse grams is one memory which does not leave me. I still have vivid memories of cheering on a rainy afternoon for North Point stalwarts like Karma Tshering, Jerry Basi, Ravi Thapa and Anil Pradhan alias Kunnu, for a Herly Cup football game.

Years later, I had the good fortune of attending the Centenary celebrations of our Alma Mater in 1989, when I was able to with some of my classmates like Tanpa Thondup, PK Das, PK Singhania, HY Liang alias Mao, TD Rinchen. This was after 19 years of walking out of the Twin Towers.



The day of the centenary, 28 October 1989, was a bright and sunny day when Professor Nurul Hasan, then Governor of West Bengal inaugurated the centenary celebrations, which were held over two days, culminating with a dance and dinner. The inaugural program was held on the LD field. Besides His Excellency the Governor, the Bishop and other the Jesuit priests from far and near in their ceremonial attire were all present during the inaugural ceremony.

On seeing the grandeur of North Point, my son who was four years old and had accompanied me, said that he wanted to study in this school. Later when he was six years of age, I took him to school and met Fr. Van, a thorough gentleman and who I held in high esteem. Fr. Van counseled "Deepak don't think the school is the same as the time you were here. It has deteriorated, regrettably due to the Gorkhaland agitation. I advise you not to put your son here."

Those words from a person I looked up to and admired made me reconsider, and finally my son got admitted in The Scindia School, Gwalior.

It was a turbulent period in Darjeeling then. The agitation for a separate state of Gorkhaland was at its peak, and a general strike was called for forty days. Students had to come to the school to write their ICSE exams escorted by the Army.

After the Gorkhaland agitation, which had an adverse effect in the education system and life as a whole in Darjeeling, North Point beefed up its security system and installed gates on the Twin Towers and manned round the clock by guards. During our time anyone could just stroll through the Twin Towers. Now you have to navigate through the security checks, and yet, the school looks most welcoming.

It is most encouraging to see the transformation of the school after it was hit by the agitation and recurrent strikes and bandhs. It has demonstrated a resolute strength and is building on its past glories to emerge as one of the best public schools in the country.

Whatever it is, I still feel proud to call myself an ex-North Pointer. And I cherish the qualities of good sense and values that were taught and remain engrained in my mind. Someone has said North Point is "Alma Mater par Excellence", and I could not agree more!



“... As Onwards Through Life (in Oz) We Go.....”

By Reginald Connolly

My dear friends, North Pointers, Families and the Class of 1970,

It's my absolute privilege to write a few words about my journey since stepping out of 'The School on the Hill', late in 1970. Here goes!

I came to North Point (NP), as a ten-year old in the beginning of 1965. My elder brother David (NP-'68), had been at NP for a couple of weeks before I arrived. We had both just lost our mother a few short months earlier, and I was more than a little overwhelmed on arrival - away from home for the first time, in a new place, new people, in the largest and noisiest dining room I had ever experienced. Sadly, I announced my arrival by trying to escape from the dining room, succeeding only in crashing into my brother, who seeing my plight tried to assist, and then had to suffer the ignominy of me throwing up all over him and my brand new blazer. Oh dear! Hardly an auspicious beginning.

Let me digress momentarily. In the early 1970s when I was courting my beautiful (now) wife Maryann, I drove up to Armidale where she was studying at University. 350 km North West of Sydney, along a steep and winding road, in an old Mini 850, in which I could not select second gear. I replayed the throwing up caper, this time all over her horrified friends whom I had just met. Tragic really, but she let me hang around and this February we will celebrate our 41st Wedding Anniversary!

I know, I know, I can see our medicos, like TD, Tanden, Nobin Raja, Tanpa Thondup and dear Dr Sudhakar, nodding wisely and muttering, “Deep unresolved psychological issues”. Anyhow back to the story of Oz and perhaps a warning to stay away from me when we do return to Darjeeling for our postponed 50th reunion!

In 1971, my Dad who had retired from the Indian Air Force, (IAF), with his second



wife Pam, two very young daughters and two slightly older sons, emigrated to Australia. As you may know, migrating from India in those days was financially very difficult. I think I am correct in recalling that the family was afforded the grand sum of 150 British pounds, to set us up in Australia. It was a tremendous sacrifice for an Air Force Officer to forfeit his pension and other benefits accrued over 25 years of service, but it was a call he and Pam made to give us kids a better crack at making something of our lives.

I should note that Maryann's Dad also an IAF officer, and her Mum made the same choice for their kids and they landed in Australia in mid-1970.

Okay, so the romantics among you have already got the story worked out. Two IAF brats leave India, go to Oz, meet up, fall in love, and the rest is history. But did you know we first met in Bangalore when we were three and four years old and I complained loudly about this girl, with the swishy dress, who kept knocking my toys over, and my Dad famously said, "Son, one day you may want her around". Whoops, wrong story, back to adventures in Oz.

(P.S. I was thinking stars like Shah Rukh and Kajol could reunite and would be perfect for the Bollywood Blockbuster. If my memory serves me right S.P Tiwari could easily write the screenplay.)

We arrived in Sydney and took up residence in the leafy suburb of Mosman, on Sydney's lower North Shore. Greenery, parks, wide streets all sorts of amazing looking girls, sorry, I meant cars, and the surrounds oh so clean. Having survived my first ever escalator ride at Dum-Dum airport, (as it was called), first sight of TV in Bangkok, and the world's weirdest accent on arrival, I was ready for life in Oz.

Life was truly a ball. Long hair, Peace T Shirts, John Lennon Glasses, Pendants, Flowery Bell-bottom trousers and BARE FEET! David and I were so "Cool" as we strolled around, that some of our relatives took to calling us Hippies and threatened to disown us. Waste of time sending you two to North Point they said, may as well have gone to St Paul's!!

Shocking I know my friends. Uncalled for and way below the belt. Actually, I got to know a real Paulite here in Oz. Over many years he proved to be one of life's absolute gentlemen. Sadly, he passed away last year. I miss him.

My working life in Oz started early at 16. An apprentice motor mechanic, a bank teller and a clerical worker for a large insurance company followed. These were fun times. We worked not so hard but played hard. Jobs were plentiful, wages fair and I discovered the joys of ice-cold beer. Happy days indeed.



In 1972 I met Maryann again and started to fall in love. A long courtship followed. We were married in 1979.

Also in 1979, I went back to school. Night-school after work to attempt a Mature age version of the school leaving exam in New South Wales. Sadly, at that time my ISC results were assessed as being equivalent to Year 9 in New South Wales, i.e. 3 full years from finishing school in this State. Strange times indeed. I was successful in the exam and started a six-year part-time Bachelor of Laws undergraduate degree at University, once again at night, after work.

I graduated in July 1985 and was Admitted to the Bar of the New South Wales Supreme Court and the High Court of Australia in December 1985 and set out to gain employment as a lawyer.

I want to pay tribute here to Maryann who was my inspiration and rock in these difficult times. She was and remains a rock and safe place in my life. Any success I may have had in my legal career and life, to a large extent is down to her pointing me in the right direction and then supporting me as I climbed to some pretty impressive heights.

In the 1990s we were blessed with two lovely daughters. Larissa is a lawyer and Kareena is a Disability Carer. They are both gentle and caring young women. Maryann and I are immensely grateful for and very proud of them.

Late in 2018, I had a joyous moment when I stood in the Supreme Court of New South Wales, in Newcastle, and invited the Court to admit my daughter Larissa as a lawyer of that honourable Court. Oh my goodness! Benign smiles from the Presiding Justice of Appeal, sighs around the court room, smiles from Larissa and smiles and tears, from Maryann and you know who.

I had joined the Public service as a Clerk in July 1985. Absent any legal experience getting work as a lawyer was well and truly impossible. Fate then amazingly intervened. A Legal Manager in the Service offered me a few weeks legal work while a lawyer was on leave. I took the opportunity and have never looked back. When I finally hung up my Practising Certificate in 2016, I had been lawyering in one form or another for 30 years.

I have been ever so lucky. I spent 15 years on the Bench of various Civil Tribunals in New South Wales. A Tribunal member is similar to a Magistrate or a mid-level Court Judge. The major differences being a Tribunal member is not appointed for life nor does he hear any Criminal cases.



My daily workload involved determining matters in pretty much any issue a consumer could become involved in - Home Building, Consumer Credit, Tenancy, Strata Title, Retirement Villages, Consumer Transactions, Residential Parks and Motor Vehicles.

In the course of a Hearing there would be oral and documentary evidence, experts, barristers, solicitors and persons presenting their case for themselves. I sat in Tribunals all over New South Wales and when on circuit sometimes had the joy of packing Maryann and our daughters into our car and spending a week travelling to fascinating rural towns and cities in the State to hear cases.

Before I started sitting on the Tribunal bench, I asked my Dad what advice he would offer me before I started determining what people could and could not do with their lives/property and the like. His considered response was two words, humility and compassion. Treat people with humility and compassion son, and you will do all right. Time has proven him correct and I adopted those two principles as my touchstones in my time on the Bench.

During my time on the Bench I developed a reputation for fairness, patience, gentleness, humour, independence and fearlessness. Simply put I attempted to do the right thing in fact and law without fear or favour. Sometimes stepping on powerful toes did not end well from my perspective, but overall I guess I did all right.

Okay let me say a few things about doing all right. Very early on, I argued before a Credit Tribunal that a person's ability to actually repay a loan must be a consideration in a financier entering into a contract to lend that person money. A failure to do so was a ground upon which a transaction to lend money, could on review be reopened and or set aside as being unconscionable. After much toing and froing that principle was enshrined in law and is still the law in loans made to consumers in Oz. Sadly as the recently completed Royal Commission into Financial Institutions showed, Greed and Avarice can overcome principle and the law, most times.

Later on in my career I became a specialist in Home Building matters' Essentially if you had a residential house built or renovated and something went wrong, which you could not resolve without turning to the law, if you were in New South Wales, you would find yourself before me or one of my colleagues. In that capacity I heard and determined cases that ultimately redefined what 'residential building work' meant and later who could and how often a person/s' claim for defective residential building work could be fixed at the builder's expense. The latter also led to changes now enshrined in the law of New South Wales.

The good news brother Sanjay and my fellow lawyers is we now argue about what the new law may mean and who it could possibly apply to, or not. Happy days!



I have also been privileged to work with students in the Law School at The University of Newcastle and am told I have turned into a not bad and reasonably entertaining speaker at Law seminars and Conferences and the like. All those years of being hammered in Elocution contests by Dipanjan finally paid off. Dabu, stay strong my brother.

As I now consider from where those core values came, I can identify family, upbringing, self, morals, faith and importantly I believe North Point.

All those years ago as we stood up singing in Fraser Hall, about our school on the hill, I am not sure any of us saw those founding North Point principles about doing the right thing, equity and fairness percolating into our DNA. In my case they certainly did. Equally I know from those of my class who I have spoken with, and read on WhatsApp, even after my 49-year absence, those principles are still very much evident. Not surprising really, we are North Pointers.

I will close with noting in the class of 1970, I was surrounded by legends in the making in pretty much any endeavour one would care to mention. Academia, business, medicine, government, sport, drama, humanities and even the law. We absolutely nailed them all. As for me, I was the quiet guy with big ears, gentle sense of humour, an undiagnosed propensity to throw up and just plain lucky to sneak in with the legends of NP 70 Batch.

Thank you, legends, thank you so much.

Blessings to you all,

God willing, see you soon.

Reg aka Reginald, aka Reggie Connolly.

Rev Fr Tucker.....

“Connolly, What about you? Are you bald, fat, thin, what?”

Whoops, Ok, I'm 180 cm, about 95 kgs, have a full head of hair, have had a few medical issues but am doing just fine. Thanks Fr.



TRIBUTES TO SCHOOL TEACHERS

GOLDEN MEMORIES
Reminiscences of the NP Class of 1970



Recollections of Maurice Andrew Banerjei

by Lorraine Banerjei Sibal

Maurice Andrew Banerjei. To the people of Darjeeling he was a teacher at North Point and the author of science textbooks. To my sisters and me he was simply 'Daddy'.

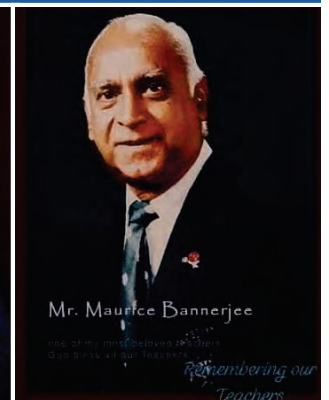
Daddy was a loving but strict father who demanded from us a disciplined lifestyle. No matter what time he went to bed, Daddy would kneel and say his prayers and wake up the next morning before seven o'clock to make the family their morning cuppa chai. We were woken up at the same time, and were not allowed to lie in or stay indoors the rest of the day as that would mean "missing the best part of the day". We were told to walk around the Mall, breathe in the crisp air and allow the mist to "work its magic on our skin".

A stickler for propriety, our father was always dressed impeccably and would wear a jacket and tie even at home on holidays. Every Saturday, he would polish his several pairs of shoes - wipe away the dust, apply a leather-conditioning cream, then rub in shoe polish and shine the shoes till one could see one's face in them! He stressed the need to have polished footwear and overall neat appearance. His barber would make a weekly visit to give Daddy's almost bald head a 'maalish' and a haircut!

Mealtime was sacred. Food was to be respected and meals had to be eaten only at the dining table. Daddy always used cutlery; he would use a fork and knife to eat a parantha, much to my embarrassment and, later, my daughters' amusement! He enjoyed his fried eggs and bacon at breakfast, a good curry and rice every Sunday at lunch and a wholesome dinner of pork chops and sides. His daily evening tippie would be a good whiskey which he sipped slowly while listening to the news or a sport commentary on the radio or enjoying my mother playing the piano. He enjoyed good music too and had a collection of records and spool tapes that he categorized and numbered. He introduced us to classics like the Hans Christian Anderson tales when we were kids and then to musicals like West Side Story, Oklahoma, Fiddler on the Roof and Mikado, the latter was a stage production in which he had performed in his earlier days. He took us to the movies too and a vivid memory I have is of him standing



**Mr. Maurice
Banerjee**
A tribute to
most beloved
Teacher,
Guide and
Mentor.





ramrod straight, singing the National Anthem; he would do this, arm across his chest, when he sang the NP chorus at school functions in the Frazer Hall. Daddy was an avid reader, Agatha Christie and James Hadley Chase being amongst his favourites. We sisters were encouraged to read and if we went to the Gymkhana Club, we had to go to the library and bring home a book to read. Once, after a painful tooth extraction, Daddy took me to Oxford Bookstore on Chowrasta to buy books to read while I recuperated; I requested for comics and he conceded with a condition - I got a comic for every two books I chose!

At social gatherings, Daddy would regale all present with jokes and humorous anecdotes. He had great comic timing, pausing for just the correct moment before delivering the 'punch line'. He had many an enjoyable evening at the Gymkhana and Planters Clubs, after which he, my mother and their friends would trek up to Tiger Hill! My sister recalls the time our father had a little more than the proverbial "one for the road" at a do at the Planters Club, tripped and hurt his right hand, his index finger twisting to a 90° angle. He told my mother to immediately yank his finger back into position as it would otherwise affect his ability to correct assignments and write on the blackboard. He quit his chain-smoking habit as he found it was affecting his voice and he did not want to risk not being able to speak in class. Another of his passionate hobbies was betting on the horses - the Royal Calcutta Turf Club was his bank - he deposited more money there than he brought back as winnings!

A deeply religious man, he would go to mass every Sunday and exhorted us to sit in the front pews, something I disobeyed and argued with him about. It was indeed a surprise to us and all who knew him that he agreed to all three of his daughters marrying boys of a different faith. On being asked by a friend about this, his reply was and I quote "better a good Hindu than a bad Catholic".

Daddy was a demanding husband but always acknowledged my mother's unconditional support which he said enabled him to be the teacher he was. Mummy would stay up late with him when he was writing the science text books, helping with the layout and typing text. It was his wish to be taken before Mummy as he knew he would not have been able to live without her. God granted him this wish - he was taken 22 years before she was, succumbing in mere minutes to a massive heart attack at age 70.

Gone but not forgotten by his three daughters, three sons-in-law and two grand-daughters. His two great-grandchildren will not ever know him but will hear much about the person Maurice Banerjee was!



Mr. S.S. Dewan (1928 – 1998)

By Sandip Madan, NP '70

My uncle Sarabjit S. Dewan was a year younger than my mother, the third of eleven children in a very close knit and warm Sikh family. He was fun loving with an impish sense of humor-a side he rarely displayed as a teacher in school- and yet a dedicated family man. He inherited his love for teaching from my grandfather who was headmaster and principal of the high school of the princely state of Kapurthala, Punjab.

After completing his graduate studies in science and education, he spent many years teaching in Delhi. In 1968 he joined North Point and taught mainly physics and some statistics to higher classes till 1976. He was known to be a devoted, meticulous and sincere teacher. He enabled us to understand physics and think through problems for ourselves, and he was widely appreciated.

For NP-ers in the science stream, our collective performance in physics in the ISC final board exam improved markedly from the time he arrived and over the next years. His efforts added to those of our other inspiring teachers (like MrBanerjei, Mr Paulose and Fr Tucker) to enable our 1970 class to shine, with this success continuing for our subsequent cohorts. He was a big reason I pursued higher studies in physics.

Mr Dewan was also known for his amiability, soft spoken ways, and immaculate appearance. My good NP friend Soumitra Ghosh adds "I remember him as a very kind gentleman who treated all with warmth and respect." He was class teacher for 10th and 11th classes over the years. His wife Surjit K. Dewan (Rani Aunty to me) taught Hindi at Loreto Convent in the later years of their Darjeeling stay. In 1971, Mr Dewan was selected for a prestigious Fulbright program fellowship and spent a year teaching in Waxahachie, TX, USA.

In 1976, Mr Dewan left NP to join Mata Jai Kaur Public School in Delhi as its founding Principal. With classes starting in 1977, it expanded over the years to have 2500 students. He settled in Noida upon his retirement and remained amazingly fit and active till the end. He had few grey hairs to show even at age 70, and easily did 30 pushups at a stretch. Tragically, he was killed in a traffic accident in Delhi in 1998. He is cherished and in the hearts of his family and friends to this day.



A Tribute to Father Henry (Hank) Nunn, SJ

By the Members of the Editorial Board

Father Hank Nunn was an unforgettable man, a formidable personality, and was one of the finest mentors that we had the good fortune to encounter during our schooling at North Point. He played a huge role in shaping us to become responsible and caring individuals and imparted in us a strong sense of purpose and commitment to social justice. He was a man of few words but armed with bushy eyebrows that conveyed a lot. When his eyebrows rose just a tad, he effectively got his message across to promptly get us in line. While we may have chafed at the disciplinarian, we could sense that his tough exterior hid a heart of gold. He was keenly aware that boarding school life could be stressful and separation from family could take a toll on young minds. He would have a quiet chat to enquire when he sensed that a fatherly figure was needed for reassurance.

It was his mission to get the best out of us. He did not tolerate any slacking and demanded that we give it our all. When the fruit of our efforts showed, be it in sports, extra-curricular activities, or in academics, there would be just a hint of a smile to let us know of a job well done. And that meant more to us than effusive praise. He initiated the training course with the '70 batch at The Himalayan Mountaineering Institute to teach students critical survival skills and the value of camaraderie. The heavy rains that triggered the devastating landslides in the Darjeeling hills in 1968 drew him to mobilize North Point and Loreto students for fundraising work for rebuilding efforts. He emphasized combining scholastics with sports to make us well-rounded. True to form, he did not say much when we lined up to say our goodbyes on our last day in school. A firm handshake and a steady gaze into our eyes simply conveyed his expectations that we should strive to be good human beings and work to make the world a better place.

We did not know much about Father Nunn while we were in school. Where did he come from, and how did he arrive at North Point? And what did he do after he left school? The record shows that he blazed a glorious trail that lit upon many lives in India. The information below is gleaned from various sources that are cited at the end of this article.



Fr. Hank Nunn was born in Halifax and completed his graduation in August 1951 from St. Mary's University, Halifax. He studied philosophy in Montreal with French speaking Jesuits, and at the age of 21, left Canada for Ethiopia to teach at a Jesuit-run school in Tafari Makonen, in Addis Ababa.

He requested a posting in India and was sent to Darjeeling. He began theological studies and learning Hindi and was ordained to priesthood in 1964 at St. Mary's College, Kurseong. Thereafter, he joined St. Joseph's School, North Point, Darjeeling.

He writes about his experiences in North Point in his book "Opening to Trust." He speaks about boys from Calcutta, surrounded by the beautiful views of the Himalayas for the nine months of the school year, but yet oblivious to the natural beauty and frustrated and pining for the excitement of the big city.

Father Nunn thought of counselling after observing the lives of the students which he describes vividly in the same book. He remarked that most of the students joined school in class one and spent their time in school from freezing cold February to mid-November before returning home to their families for the winter break. They would spend ten to twelve years of their lives in this manner. There were plenty of studies, games, dramas and outings that kept them occupied. He observed the resilience of the students as they learned to cope with family separation and the exuberance of the young spirits in their playful interactions with each other, and the way they challenged themselves to excel in sports and dramatic activities.

Father Nunn's concern for the well-being of his students led him to him realize the necessity for counselling to prepare them for boarding life and to face the future after leaving school. Being a psychologist, he realized that the teaching staff too required to be trained in the basics of psychology and non-directive counselling. Subsequently, he invited Carlos and Saroj Welch, who along with Dr. Prashantem and his wife had started the Christian Counseling Centre attached to Christian Medical College Vellore. Carlos and Saroj Welch spent a month in the school in 1973 and again in 1975. Their counselling sessions and their psychology classes were a boon to the teachers and helped students work through their teenage problems and homesickness. This was probably the first time in the annals of North Point history that this kind of counselling was initiated for the benefit of everyone concerned.

After spending 14 years in Darjeeling, he went to Bangalore in 1977 to serve as a retreat director and to continue teaching. This next phase of his work was immensely important. He co-founded a centre to treat young people suffering from serious mental disorders. In 1979, under his leadership, he invited a group of international psychotherapists to establish a community in Bangalore for the treatment of schizophrenia. He began first as a psychology teacher and counsellor, and later in 1997 as director of the Athma Shakti Vidyalaya Society (ASV), a unique therapeutic



community in Bannerghatta. At ASV, patients learn through holistic psychotherapy supervision to recognize, develop and use their own skills to treat schizophrenia instead of being dependent on medication. His institution has a 75% success rate in rehabilitation and treatment. Over the years, the centre enabled numerous young adults to return to normal life, while others have shown marked improvement in their ability to function. The patients would keep in constant touch with Father Nunn either through phone or letters. Father Nunn would write them long letters and always signed off "with love ...Dad"

In 2013, Fr. Nunn was recognized by The Times of India as a Bangalore hero. The same year he published "Opening to Trust" about his life helping people with mental health challenges.

In 2014, Fr. Nunn, along with colleagues Anando Chatterjee and Shama Parkhe, started an organization for treatment of schizophrenia and other mental health issues in Jeevan Bhima Nagar, Bangalore. This has been named Hank Nunn Institute as a tribute to his stellar work over 35 years in Bangalore towards the betterment of mental health. Now this organization has branches in Jaipur and New Delhi.

Fr. Nunn was active in FaceBook and kept in touch with a vast number of his students, patients and well-wishers. He breathed his last on July 31st, 2016, in Bangalore at the age of 86 years. The outpouring of grief, tributes and affectionate remembrances was truly remarkable. Many of the posts were addressed to Dad. It was abundantly clear that this wonderful man had enveloped numerous people with his love and compassion and was a shining example to all for his selfless work and devotion.

Sources:

Opening to Trust by Fr. Hank Nunn SJ. Prism Books Pvt. Limited, Bengaluru, Chennai, Kochi, Hyderabad and Kolkata. The book is also available at Amazon as an e-book.

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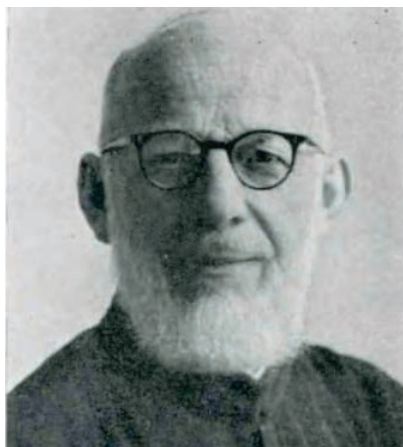
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North Point School Annual 2016

HMI Adventure Course 1969





A Tribute to Fr Michael Bauwens (1905-1981)

By Members of the Editorial Board

Belgian by birth, Fr. Bauwens spent a major part of his life serving humanity as a member of the Society of Jesus in India. After a long career in various parishes in Calcutta, he moved to North Point in 1960. He taught there till the end of 1972. North Point has always prided itself for its stellar teaching faculty who imparted academic excellence to the students. Fr. Bauwens was an exemplar of this tradition- a teacher par excellence and was much loved by his students. He returned to Belgium leaving behind a rich legacy. We were privileged to have Father Bauwens as our guide in history and the way in which he taught us remains ingrained in our memories.

Fr. Bauwens wrote a history book dealing with the medieval and Mughal periods of Indian history and he used it extensively when he taught us. This book was often referred to even after passing out of school. He had a unique style of getting the message across. His history classes were more storytelling sessions than anything else. Our young imaginations perked up at his inspired articulation. All his historical figures, who he considered heroes, were nothing less than six feet tall, broad shouldered and valiant warriors. The history lessons were interspersed with riveting accounts of valor, victories, deceptions and backstabbing as he discussed each and every historical figure.

We were especially entranced when he explained to us the differences in European, Islamic, and Hindu architectural styles. To this day, as we gaze at arches that grace modern or ancient buildings, we recall how Islamic architecture perfected the construction of the rounded arch, the principles of which were subsequently adopted by other cultures. He did this with the deft use of a projector and slides. He had a voluminous collection of slides featuring a variety of sculpture and art. It was a pleasure to watch him highlighting the beauty in each of them. We came to learn about the wonders and treasures that we are privileged to have inherited in India.

That he was a teacher of high calibre is attested by two students of 1968 batch who have happily shared their memories for this magazine.



From Kuldeep Bhal: I was at NP from 1964-1968, beginning in Class 7 and finishing Senior Cambridge, O level in my final year. I knew Fr. Bauwens well. He was a fine teacher, of the old school, who taught history in the traditional way. When time came to choose between Arts and Science streams, I opted for Science. When Fr. Bauwens came to hear this, he called me aside and urged/persuaded me to opt for the Arts stream. So, I changed to Arts. This changed my entire future educational, professional, and ideological trajectories. In a way I am happy. Remember "The road not taken" by Robert Frost.

My late friend, Pradeep Mahapatra, was also an ardent admirer of his. Fr. Bauwens was well versed in history and taught it well. His influence stayed with me and I have continued to read history since school. I remain immensely grateful to him for my lifelong interest in history. It has shaped my worldview and ideology. Today history is taught in a very superficial manner, with scant detail. He taught us to read history in depth, which inspired me to study Sir Jadunath Sirkar, Prof. Radha Kumud Mukherjee, and other noted historians.

I have very respectful and pleasant memories of him. If I remember correctly, he was our warden in Class 11, Senior Cambridge residential area. He was kind, gentle, helpful, considerate, and understanding. He was a chain-smoker of cigars and reeked heavily of them. Cigars left their unique stains on his teeth/dentures. He was always pleasant and jovial. While teaching and talking, he would often smile and twirl his thumbs in a distinctive manner while keeping his fingers interlocked. He was a very typical old school Belgian Jesuit, an exceptionally fine and superior human being of very high standard, who dedicated his entire life in teaching us and our juniors.

His history classes were loads of fun, and frequently punctuated by our delighted laughter at his antics which he sportingly acknowledged. On one occasion when he was dramatically emphasizing a point, out popped his false teeth. He deftly caught and put the dentures back in his mouth without showing any embarrassment and as if nothing had happened. He was forever brushing off the front of his black cassock which was perennially lined with snow (dandruff) from his beard. Wonderful memories of a wonderful and funny man!

Ronnie Bali relates another amusing anecdote that captures his playful interactions with his students:

The good father was revered, looked up to and loved. Short, bald, stout with piercing eyes and a flowing beard, he looked like one of those prophets figures straight out of the Bible.

I have a funny story, but it is tough to write it out.... much easier to enact. Anyway, let me try.



We were in the 7th Class. History lesson and Father Bauwens was lecturing us about Genghis Khan and the Mongols. As you know, Fr. Bauwens was always enthusiastic and excitable. But this was post-lunch and some of the boys were a little drowsy, especially Shankar Shah at the back-corner bench.

Fr. Bauwens was warming up to his account about how the Mongols, mounted on their swift horses, were excellent marksmen, feared no one and were absolutely ruthless. Most of us were enthralled by his description and antics- waving his hands, riding an imaginary horse and his volume rising.

Meanwhile, Shankar's snores were getting louder and those of us who noticed started grinning.

Fr. Bauwens then crept up to Shankar, leaped in the air and yelled at the top of his voice "And there came the Mongols charging over the hill!!!!"

The startled Shankar sprang up, looked around in panic and cried "Where, where, where"???

We just collapsed in a heap; it was too hilarious.

Shankar had a sheepish grin when realized what had happened, while Fr. Bauwens and the entire class were in splits! All in good spirit. A great sport, our Fr. Bauwens!

Rest in Peace, dear Father, you will live on in our hearts.



Tribute to Fr. Victor Tucker (1909 - 1988)

By Members of The Editorial Board

In Class 10, we came to know that the Shakespeare play *Macbeth*, George Orwell's classic "*Animal Farm*" and Sir Arthur Grimble's memoir "*A Pattern of Islands*" were to be the book selections for English Literature for our ISC exams. That year, we had begun practice drills on analytical readings of E.M. Forster's "*Where Angels Fear to Tread*" and on Julius Caesar, and we had also taken part in its stage production to get a feel for this drama. The literature classes were rather desultory when word arrived that Fr. Tucker would take over to prepare us for the ISC exams. He came with a formidable reputation as an educator, having guided St. Xavier's School, Doranda, a brand-new institution, to outstanding performances in the ISC exams. We wondered if his magic could turn our fortunes around at this stage of our ISC preparations. Not only did he do so, but his innovative teaching methods prepared us for a lifetime of learning and to strive for excellence in our individual pursuits.

Fr. Tucker was diminutive, with twinkling eyes and was unassuming. Within days, we realized that this man was truly a giant force of nature and we fell under his spell. How was he so effective, you may wonder. First, he instilled in us the importance of language, clear expression of ideas, critical thinking and in-depth reading to guide our learning. These attributes are the basis of effective communication in all endeavors of life.

Let us start with language. He emphasized a love of words, and their creative use in our writings. The vocabulary page from past Reader's Digest issues provided the daily quizzes that became a competitive but fun exercise, and soon everyone's vocabulary started expanding dramatically. Precision of thought was fostered by writing numerous precis of articles. Essays that drew praise were not necessarily those that had long, difficult words, but were able to express ideas with clarity, imagination, humor and humanity. He often invoked the writing styles of John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway to let us know that simplicity of language or a spare writing style were powerful by themselves. He encouraged us to be unfettered in thought and soar in our flights of fancy. As a result, we all developed distinct voices under his tutelage, and these are reflected in the many essays in this memoir.



The next sphere of his work was to coax us to read background material to get the historical context. For Shakespeare, it was perusing Verity's dramatic notes. The disillusionment of Orwell that led him to write the allegorical *Animal Farm* turned us to history readings of the dramatic rise of Communism. The line “power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely” resonated in our imagination as we grasped how autocratic leaders shaped the power structure of the erstwhile Soviet Union. History so often repeats itself, and we are seeing the same autocratic tendencies rear in many places of the world as we now recall our class lessons. He introduced us to Evelyn Wood's speedreading system and challenged us with passages of increasing complexity and quizzes to test our comprehension and retention. These tools became useful study aids in college and later in life when dealing with copious written matter. Our academic excursions were not tedious class exercises. They were enjoyable, made us inquisitive to understand the world, and at the same time realize the power of the written word. The pen, in the end, is mightier than the sword!

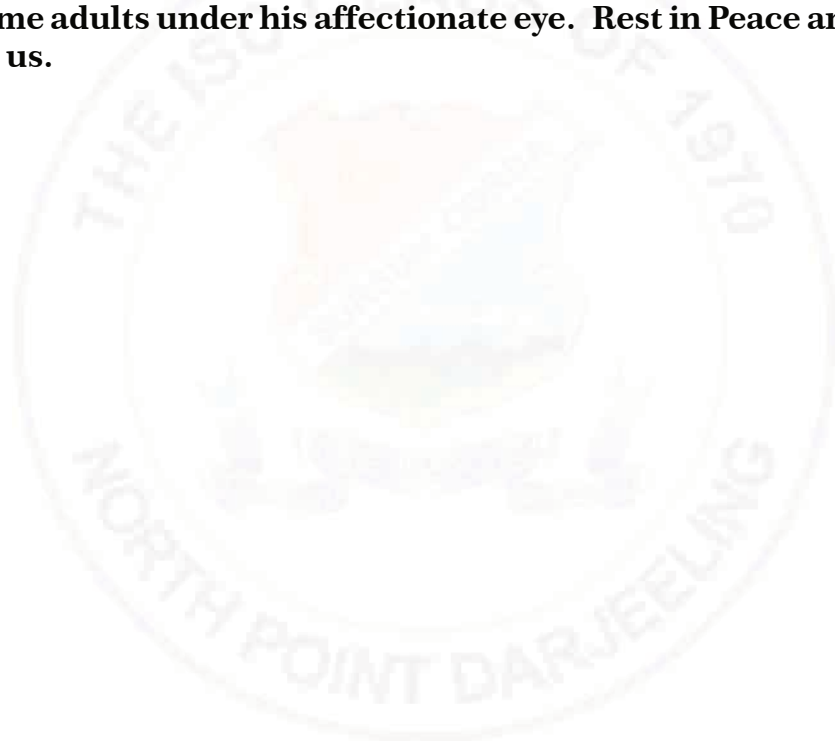
Finally, and most importantly, he transformed us from individuals, content to coast along, to rising adults with a self-belief that we were capable of bigger things. During the late sixties, North Point students had the academic talent and yet did not live up to their potential. While schools from the urban centres took the honours in the ISC exams, our school produced reasonable but not spectacular results. Fr. Tucker ushered in a change by giving us the self confidence that we could compete against the best in the country. Nothing was out of reach for us. The NP 1970 batch was the first of several school batches that he saw through the ISC exams that did very well in this rite of passage. We have reaped from his guidance and steadfast encouragement, and we owe him immense gratitude for helping us become who we are today.

These are our recollections of Fr. Tucker when he began his tenure at North Point. It is unfortunate that there aren't extensive public records available of this remarkable Jesuit who devoted his life to education and spiritual direction. What we know is that he was Headmaster of St. John's High School, Ranchi, when he was approached to start a Senior Cambridge School in the vicinity of Doranda in Bihar. He founded St. Xavier's School, Doranda in 1960 and served as its Principal and then Vice Superior. He guided the school through its early growth, and it is now known for its quality of education and academic excellence. He was associated with North Point till 1979 and was the school rector for two years during this time. During these years, he also guided the Tashi Namgyal Academy in Gangtok, Sikkim. Fr. Van Wallegghem mentions in the NP 1977 annual that he was grateful to have Fr. Tucker return in 1977 to assist with the school administration and to teach English to senior classes. Father Tucker left for Campion School in 1979 and was the Principal of the school from 1980-1982.



Years have passed since his demise, and his memories live on. When we have encountered students from Patna and nearabout, Fr. Tucker's name sometimes comes up in conversations. It immediately forms a bond through shared experiences and fond recollections of the man.

We end with two anecdotes. In the early '80s, Fr. Tucker visited the US and tracked down our batchmate Amitava Dutta, who was then a business school professor at the University of Rochester. Fr. Tucker spent two wonderful days with him. Amitava recalls that his wife was charmed to hear Fr. Tucker referring to Amitava as “my son”. He truly considered his students to be his children and was delighted to see them flourish in life. The other story is from an alumni of St. Xavier's, Doranda. They fondly remembered the discipline they had received from their then Principal Rev. Fr. Victor Tucker. Immediately after caning, Fr. Tucker used to embrace the child and say that he should never get another opportunity to punish him again! He certainly did not have to resort to any punishment with us. He treated us with dignity, and we learned to become adults under his affectionate eye. Rest in Peace and may your light always shine on us.



I.S.C RESULTS 1970

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
NORTH POINT
DARJEELING
I.S.C. RESULTS
1970

	Index No. A/290	English Language	Literature in English	History	Geography	Bible Knowledge	Language	Mathematics	Additional Maths.	Physics	Chemistry	Biology	Aggregate	Division
Agarwala, B. L.	1	3	3				L Hin	5	1	2	2	3	11	1
Arora, Deep S.	2	5	3	6	3		Nep	7	4				21	2
Arya, Vijay Kumar	3	3	3				L Hin	7		8	6	8	27	2
Barphungpa, T. W.	4	3	1	3	3		Hin B	6	3				13	1
Basnett, N. R.	5	4	4				Nep	8	5	7	6	6	25	2
Bhotia, Tobjor	6	9F	3	9F	5	9F	Tib	8	9F					F
Biswas, Santanu	7	6	2				L Hin	8		3	3	3	17	1
Chatterjee, P. K.	8	7	6	9F	9F	X	Ben B	3	9F					F
Chhetri, H. K.	9	3	1				Nep	6	4	4	5	3	15	1
Chhetri, K. D.	10	5	3	7	9F	9F	Nep	8	X					3
Chitrudi Amphai, M.	11	5	2				Fr.	9F		4	5	4		3
Chiu, Kai Fook	12	8	4				Nep	8		4	4	3	23	2
Chiu, Yuk Pai	13	6	4				Nep	6		3	6	5	24	2
Connolly, R.	14	2	1	6	3		L Hin	8	3				15	1
Das, Pradip K.	15	3	3	3			L Ben	6	3				15	1
Das, Subir K.	16	3	4	7	7		L Ben	6	7				27	2
Dhatt, Manjeet S.	17	3	3				L Hin	8	1	1	3	3	11	1
Dhatt, Saranjit	18	3	3				L Hin	6		5	3	3	17	1
Dorji, Rinzin	19	2	2	1	3		Tib	7	5				13	1
Dorji, Tanden	20	6	3				Tib	8	5	4	6	4	22	2
Dutta, Amitava	21	1	1				L Hin	4		2	1	1	6	1
Ghosh, Dipanjan	22	3	2				L Hin	6		3	3	4	15	1
Ghosh, Soumitra	23	2	1				L Hin	6		2	2	2	9	1
Guinan, Roger P.	24	3	3				Fr.	9F	6	5	4	3		3
Gupta, Dinesh	25	4	3				L Hin	7	4	7	6	6	23	2
Liang, Hung Yen	26	8	8				Nep	9F		6	6	7		3
Madan, Sandip S.	27	1	1				L Hin	4		2	1	1	6	1

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	Index No. A/290	English Literature	Literature in English	History	Geography	Bible Knowledge	Language	Mathematics	Additional Maths.	Physics	Chemistry	Biology	Aggregate	Division
Misquita, Garth	28	7	3				L Hin	9F	3	3	5			3
Mitra, Arup S.	29	2	2	2	3		L Ben	3	9F				12	1
Moktan, Ananta	30	3	3	6	6	8	Nep	7	9F				25	2
Mukherjee, Asit	31	3	2				L Ben	3		6	6	6	20	1
Mukherjee, Rana	32	2	2	2	3		L Ben	3	5				12	1
Namgyel, Ugyen	33	2	3	9F	6	X	Tib	8	8				27	2
Norbu La, Sonam	34	2	3	6	6	8	Nep	8	9F				25	2
Norbu, Wangdi	35	2	3				L Hin	8	3	4	4	4	16	1
Pradhan, Lekh K.	36	7	6	8	5	7	Nep	7	9F					3
Sachdev, Sunil	37	2	3	2	5		L Hin	3	6				15	1
Sadutshang, N. P.	38	2	1				Tib	3		3	1	2	9	1
Sadutshang, T. D.	39	2	3				Tib	3	5	6	7	4	17	1
Sahi, Mrigendra P.	40	5	3				L Hin	7		6	4	6	24	2
Sen, Surajit	41	3	3				L Ben	3	6	4	5	4	17	1
Sharma, Govind P.	42	3	1				Nep	4		3	3	3	13	1
Sharma, Laximi P.	43	2	4				Nep	5	6	4	9F	7	21	1
Sherpa, Sonam W.	44	3	3	2	3	X	Nep	8	8				19	1
Shrestha, Raj D.	45	5	2				Nep	7	6	5	5	3	20	1
Singhania, Pradeep	46	2	2				L Hin	4		3	3	3	13	1
Singh, Sanjay	47	2	3				L Hin	2	5	5	6	6	17	1
Singh, Sudhakar	48	2	1				L Hin	6	1	2	3	3	9	1
Thakur, Chandrikalal	49	3	3				L Hin	4		4	3	3	16	1
Thondup, Tanper	50	3	3				Tib	7	3	3	4	7	16	1
Tiwari, Sheo P.	51	5	1	2	2		L Hin	7	3				13	1
Wangchuk, Khandu	52	3	1	2	3		Tib	8	4				13	1
Wong, Tien Wei	53	6	5				Fr.	9F	4	3	6			3

1st Division : 32

2nd Division : 12

3rd Division : 7

Failures : 2



ANECDOTES

GOLDEN MEMORIES
Reminiscences of the NP Class of 1970



Lift Up Your Hearts.

By Subir K. Das

Saint Joseph's North Point, Darjeeling is an address many a student all around India yearn for. Undoubtedly, it is a premier school, one of the best in India., and can compare favorably with any quality school around the world. I am not saying this because I am a proud alumnus of this school, but because the grooming here is something special. It is difficult to explain it in simple words. It is not only the academics, nor is it the sports and athletics, which by the way is extremely good. There is something deeply ingrained in the student, and I think it is the spirit and environment that makes the school such a strong influence on the boys. No doubt, it is passed on by the Jesuit priests, the teachers, and the seniors to the younger generation. How would one explain it? The confidence, the guts, the never say die attitude at the face of any challenge. One can easily recognize a North Pointer by the way he holds himself. Head held high, the swagger, oozing with confidence with every step he takes. He does not know how to say no in the face of a challenge.

Allow me to give you an example! It was way back in 1968. I was in class 9, and some of us had just come back to Calcutta for our winter holidays. We were lazing around, when Arup Sengupta, a North Pointer as well, dropped in to visit us. After the usual respects to the elders, he came to the point. He was living in a flat on S. N. Banerjee Road, opposite the YMCA. He would look down at the YMCA basketball court as their team practiced. He had gone down one day to join them while they practiced but was refused as they said they were preparing for the upcoming Junior Bengal championship tournament and did not wish to waste their time. I do not know what came over him, but he introduced himself as a North Pointer and asserted that North Pointers had superior skills than the YMCA boys. He practically challenged them to a game the next day. Incidentally, the YMCA team was being coached by Mr. Subramaniam, who was an ex Indian basketball player.

To cut a long story short, he expected the five Das brothers along with himself to take on the YMCA team the next day. We hardly played basketball, and other than a few inter-house games, we had no exposure. But a challenge is a challenge, and even though we did not know what we were getting into we accepted. The Das contingent consisted of my cousin Tapan, who had completed his ISC in 1967 and was awaiting his results, Swapan, my brother who was appearing for his finals that year, P. K.-



another cousin in class 9, and Ajoy my younger brother studying in class 8, and myself. We and Arup went over to the YMCA to take up the challenge.

What Arup failed to tell us was that YMCA were the unbeaten Junior Bengal champions for the previous four years. It was a tough game; they had fielded 14 players substituted every so often to keep the players fresh and the game was fast. It but natural that we lost. Our inaccurate shooting was the reason for the disparity in our scores. What impressed Mr. Subramaniam were our stamina, the flair and discipline that we displayed and our guts and the never say die fighting spirit till the very last. He was amazed to learn that we were not the regular team. When he learnt that, he wanted to travel to Darjeeling to play our regular team.

Our boys in North Point were excited when they heard of the challenge, and prepped themselves, practicing at every opportunity even calling on the college boys for scrimmages. Father Cherian, an avid basketball fan and player, did not miss an opportunity to play with the boys and guide them. Drills of shooting, dribbling, positioning of players, passing and receiving passes- you name it- they practiced with gusto. Even planning their moves. It appeared that the team's total focus was on basketball and everything else had taken backstage. It was not everyday that state champions came to play against us.

Ultimately the D-day arrived, the YMCA team took the field, we watched from the sidelines their fancy moves as they warmed up, their cocky saunter as they showed off their skills. Confident, maybe a little overconfident about the outcome.

Then our team took the field. My classmates, Saranjit Singh Dhatt, Manjeet Singh Dhatt, Tobjor Bhotia, H. Y. Liang, Reginald Connolly, Tanden Dorji to name a few, ran on to the field to our rousing cheers along with Derek Windsor, a cool customer with the ball. They warmed up, but there was no fancy stuff here.

To be frank, the Junior Bengal champions did not know what hit them. Maybe they were not acclimatized. They were not accustomed to the way we cheered for our team. Our speed and stamina sent them reeling, and our accuracy in scoring combined with our strong defense left them deflated and stunned. Mr. Subramaniam realized that winning against local teams within Calcutta did not make them champions of Bengal. There was a big world outside the well. Our team played like the champions they were and deserved the victory.

Later that year, our basketball team was invited for the interschool basketball competition hosted by Dr. Graham Homes in Kalimpong, in which they emerged as victors. I regret that basketball in school does not get the prominence that it deserves, we are champions in this sport too.



Of Ghosts And Other Adventures

Who amongst us North Pointers has not heard of the ghost that patrols the silent corridors of our school at the dead hours of the night? There are vague accounts of the origin of this nocturnal spirit. Some say that it was the ghost of a North Pointer who committed suicide because, despite being an extremely gifted pianist, his results were far below his expectations when he appeared for his piano test. He simply could not bear the burden of his poor result. Another account relates to a boy whose father was a hangman. He was trying to emulate the hanging procedure as his father might have done. He had tied his tie to the overhead rod supporting the corrugated sheet roof while standing on the commode in the L. D. toilet, lost his balance when his feet slipped and he was strangled to death. It appears that he had screamed out in a strangled whisper “HELP....HELP....HELP” just before his death.

Whatever the origin of the story, the incident occurred long, long ago with no one around today to verify the truth of the matter. But it was a subject that invariably came up around campfires during camping trips along with stories of ghosts, churails, dains and what not. Invariably these stories would give us goosebumps every time we came back from camping trips.

The incident I am going to relate, occurred in 1969. It was in late November or early December. After most of the boarders had returned home for the winter holidays. Only the seniors had stayed back for their final exams. The school was uncommonly silent without the boisterous cries of youthful energy as most of the school had practically emptied.

One night, after dinner, the seniors who had stayed back for their finals were trooping up back to their cubicles, talking softly among themselves, joking, maybe discussing their upcoming exams. The only sounds that could be heard other than their soft chatter, were the clatter of their footsteps on the wooden stairs and the eerie sound of the northern wind blowing through the rafters. The lights were practically all switched off except for a few that sent weird shadows dancing on the walls. It was enough to send a chill down the spine. Maybe that was the reason why the guys stayed bunched together talking ever so quietly.

They had reached the landing, where the sub prefect's room was next to the upper division bogs, then came the upper division dormitory. On the right were the cubicles for the seniors. It was here that the boys came to a sudden halt. There was a noise. It was not a loud noise, nor was it a blood curdling sound, but it was a noise that sent shivers down their backs. They stood still for a moment straining to catch the sound, if it came again. Sure enough, it was clearer now as they perked up their ears. It



carried in the crisp, clear night air, again not loud, more of a whisper being forced out of a mouth clenched shut or maybe forced out of a mouth with a hand clamped down to cut off all sound. A strangled cry! By now all the boys were tense, ready to take on whatever was coming their way, but with a touch of trepidation also deep within them. The sound came a third time, a lot clearer, a little stronger and one could easily make out the desperation in the call.

The words could easily be made out! Gone was the courage, gone was the determination to take on whatever came their way. The boys turned as one and scrambled over each other in their desperate bid to get away as fast as they could from that place. The voice followed them as they scrambled, ran, jumped in their mad dash to get away.

The voice," H-E-L-P! H-E-L-P M-E!! S-O-M-E-O-N-E, P-L-E-A-S-E H-E-L-P M-E!!!

It seemed to be that strangled voice was begging for help before dying. The boys, frightened out of their wits, ran helter-skelter in panic, when they ran smack into Brother Mittleholtz. (I hope I have spelt the good Brother's name correctly. God rest his soul) The panic-stricken babble of the boys naturally alarmed the good Brother and he tried to quieten them down. He was able to calm them down some what till he was able to get a gist of what had happened. He resolutely led the procession up the stairs with the boys pushing and prodding behind him. Trying to make as little noise as they could. Our Br. Mittleholtz (nicknamed Holz) was a gentle soul, very mild mannered and was a nervous sort. With the prodding and pushing, our good Br. was getting irritated and losing his patience. He reached the landing with everyone quiet and not making a sound. He reached for the handle of the door a little apprehensively, with the boys practically breathing down his neck. He opened the door, put a step inside the dorm, the boys pressing against him and switched on the torch in his hand.

Again, the agonized rasping voice called out a lot weaker now, "H-E-L-P!!

The boys panicked, shoved Br. Holz into the dorm slammed the door shut in their anxiety to get away and ran. Brother came running out immediately, red faced, angry, annoyed and shaken. He scolded the boys in a rough voice, and with a resolute "Hail Mary" and a "Our Father," he set out again into the dark emptiness that served as a dormitory.

Any body from U. D. will know that the dormitory is a long hall stretching on and on and near the middle of the hall is the switch board. There was pin drop silence now as Br. Holz prepared to venture into the hall a second time. He stepped into the dorm, switched on the torch, searching every nook and corner for an unwarranted intruder or something out of the normal. Everything was quiet now, no desperate cry, no pleading just a frightening silence. Some of the boys trooped in behind Brother as he gingerly stepped forward, grimly determined to get to the bottom of this madness. His torch swung from side to side, illuminating the dark hall. The beam of the torch pierced the looming emptiness until it suddenly wavered, came back and there was a



collective gasp. A breathless question, what was it? A nervous energy seemed to engulf the group as everyone crowded together, having been drawn in too far into the hall to retreat quickly enough to the safety on the other side of the door.

There appeared to be something on a bed near the middle of the dorm, covered in black, inert, not a movement, not a sound. Emboldened by the sight of this dark object lying silently and unmoving, the group proceeded cautiously with thumping hearts towards the switch board in the middle of the hall. Brother Holz sent two of the boys to get the prefect or whoever they could find to come quickly to the dormitory. The boys were initially hesitant but then quickly turned and ran as fast as their legs could carry them slamming the door behind them. Br. Holz along with the other boys tiptoed forward towards the inert black object. As the beam of light focused on the object, it alarmingly took shape of a figure in black, and then a figure wearing a black cassock. The face, if it had any was hidden by the bedrest and too far to be made out clearly.

As the group neared the bed, a new sound penetrated their hyperactive senses, a sound of tortured breathing, a distressed sound painful to the ears.

At long last, after what seemed to be an eternity the group reached the switch board. Brother turned on the lights. There on the bed was a body, lying still as a corpse on the bed nearest to the switches. Turning over what appeared to be a lifeless body, they were horrified to see the pale, contorted, face of frail Father Hadyen lying unconscious, straining to breathe, his thin, bony hands covered by withered skin clutching his breast.

Soon after, the boys with Fr. Leclaire, our Rector, came onto the scene. He had one look at the agonized face and immediately bent over to give the last communion. One can easily understand the stunned silence of the boys as the reverend was whisked away to the hospital.

The relief on the faces of the boys as well as the Brother was palpable. The knowledge that this was a close call, not a ghost, not a dead body. Thank God they had screwed up their courage to the sticking place and taken the bull by the horns and ventured into the ghastly darkness in the dormitory and were able to save the stricken father. You can well imagine the relief in the smiles that followed when the seniors discussed this adventure back in their cubicles.

Apparently, it was Father Hadyen's responsibility to switch off all the lights before retiring to bed. After turning off the lights in the U. D. Dorm that night he suffered a heart attack and collapsed on the bed.

The rest is history as they say!! The doctors in the hospital were able to revive Father Hadyen (thank the Heavenly Lord) who had suffered a second or third heart attack. Luckily, he was taken in the nick of time to the hospital and survived to continue his mission to care for the poor and the ill. Today we have the HADYEN HALL in town named after him. May he rest in everlasting peace.

Mini Kolkata reunion



Meeting at Baiguni Sikkim to discuss the October 2020, 50 year celebrations.





Memories

Have you ever experienced this, when a memory from way back, from your childhood suddenly comes to mind and leaves you with a beaming smile much to the bemusement and puzzled looks from the people around you? At my age this often happens to me. When I try to remember the details, they elude me much to my consternation. Sometimes I try to delve deep into my mind, searching my overfilled memory bank. Something like this happened to me recently after I connected with one of my childhood school friends. He mentioned the name of a schoolboy who is not regularly active on social media and we had practically lost all contact with him. His antics in school made him a favorite person and almost everyone gravitated towards him. He was gifted in more ways than one. Good in studies, superb athlete, a class footballer, a handy cricketer and was able to hold his own in the hockey field. In short, he was an all-rounder to be envied. Blessed with a wide, winsome smile, he was always ready to extend a helping hand to anyone who needed it. To top it all he was a practical joker. We all loved this guy Sheo Prakash Tiwari. Called S. P. in short.

St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, during my time at St. Joseph's was considered to be our main rival school, though not much credit was given to them by us. However, we did look forward to any inter-school activity, be it on the field, drama, elocution, essay competition, etc, just for an opportunity to show them their place. Being on the school cricket team, I looked forward to our clashes on the cricket field, be it in the primary division, lower division or even in the upper division.

In my senior school, we had a cricket match coming up against St. Paul's and the team was all charged up to take on our arch-rivals and send them to the cleaners. Unfortunately, three days before the game against the Paulites, I landed awkwardly while playing volleyball in the UD flat and sprained my ankle so grievously that I had to be carried to the infirmary as the foot was swollen to the size of a watermelon. It was extremely painful, and I could hardly put any weight on it. I was in the infirmary for the next two days alternately applying hot water and cold-water treatment, massaging in a gel and even infra-red rays to bring down the swelling and of course taking APC tablets. To all who knew her, no treatment would be complete without Sister Anne's APC tablet. The swelling did subside, but I was still under considerable pain. By the night before the game, I knew that the sprain had put paid to any dreams that I had to take on the Chattawallas in the cricket match the next day.

That evening after dinner I was pleasantly surprised by an unexpected visitor. Fr. Henry Nunn dropped in to visit me and proceeded to tell me to be prepared to play the



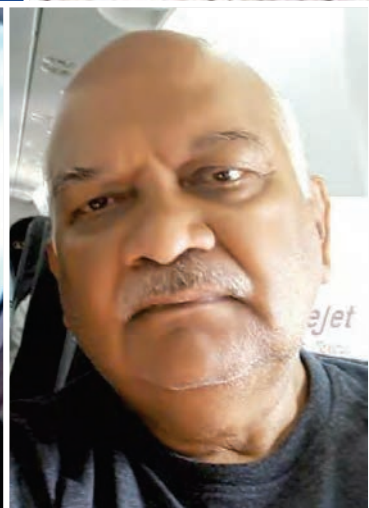
game the next day. When I tried to explain about the excruciating pain that I still felt in my ankle and that I could hardly stand on my leg, he brushed it aside as a lame excuse and proceeded to give me a motivational lecture about how much the team depended on me, that my will power would see me through and all successful people met with success only after going through pain and struggle, and so on. He would not take no for an answer. I resigned myself to the prospect of travelling to St. Paul's the next day to play the game.

The next day saw me in St. Paul's field, fielding in the slip position with a tightly bandaged left ankle, as we were fielding first. After a few overs I retired to the pavilion and allowed a substitute to field in my place. When our turn came to bat, I went in after the first wicket fell, accompanied by a runner. We went on to win the game and my contribution was of some importance as I had scored some forty odd runs. We returned to school to the cheers of our fellow students. Fr. Hank, as he was fondly called, greeted us with a wide smile and a knowing, "I told you, sort of look." Very much pleased at the outcome of the game.

The beaming smile on my face in recalling this incident was not so much for Fr. Hank prodding me to play that day with his motivational speech, nor was it for my scoring those forty odd runs, it was not because I was able to send the Paulites on a leather hunt, rather, it was at remembering the guy who ran for me that day. He was outstanding, simply brilliant! His cheeky singles and resultant overthrows on more than one occasion brought my heart to my mouth. It definitely sent our opponents up the proverbial wall. To be frank had I played under normal circumstances, as my usual self without a runner, I would not have dared to run those singles. S.P was an excellent judge of a run. It was not me; it was none other than my batchmate and friend Sheo Prakash Tiwari who scampered to gather those forty odd runs for me.

God bless you my friend, stay well wherever you are! Take care!

Fifty Years Hence...







Football Stories

By Pradip Das

**The year 1968.
Football season.**

I had replaced Subir as the goalkeeper, as he got injured early in the season. It was a Sunday, we had just finished lunch and leaving the dining hall when Ravi Thapa called out to me to go with him and represent the Darjeeling District team as the reserve goalkeeper. The match was against Assam Rifles in Goethal's ground in Kurseong. So there I was in my football kit and off to Goethal's. The game was on and just before half time our goalkeeper got injured and I took his place. I played an inspired game, but eventually we lost. Assam Rifles was certainly the better team. After the game we were leaving the ground, but were called to the pavilion for the prize distribution. The best player was being announced. The Assam Rifles captain, a very good player, was about to go to receive the prize, when my name was called out. So there I was, walking away as player of the match, to everyone's surprise, including myself.

I was involved with Khandu and some school and college guys in a memorable football-related episode. We were picked by Mr. Karma Tshering to play the finals for a particular team in Sukhia Pokhri. We had to descend from Ghoom for 4 or 5 kilometres to get to the valley venue. We won the match and started on our return trip. It was evening, the road was enveloped in dense fog, and most of the exhausted guys were dozing. Suddenly, there was a loud noise, a solid bump and the Land Rover stopped. There were two fellows standing on the rear door ledge who nearly flew off. Everyone inside the vehicle woke up wondering what had happened. We were told to get off slowly. On further inspection, we found the front wheels perilously hanging in the air. It transpired that the rear wheels had got stuck on the roadside embankment, saving us from a disastrous fall to the valley below. It was nerve-wracking for Mr. Tshering, as there was Prince DBB Shah from Nepal and the boys from Bhutan in the vehicle. We were close to Ghoom and walked it there. To soothe everyone's frayed nerves, Mr. Tshering bought us drinks, momos etc. It was indeed a night to remember!



Our Vaunted Discipline!

By Asit Mukherjee

North Point was well known for its academic excellence, superior sports, and athletics, and was basically an all-round finishing school, which made us unique from other institutions.

Apart from studies, some of the characteristics of this school was to teach you honesty, good manners, command of the English language, follow rules and regulations, and to maintain discipline, “As onwards to life we go”.

Today I want to elaborate on discipline. We did everything by the book, or rather I would say by the clock. We would wake up at a certain time, have meals, go to classes, play games, study, and have extracurricular activities all at certain scheduled times.

One such activity was taking shower. To the best of my recollection we would take a shower once or maybe twice a week. The rituals of shower taking followed a certain routine, as follows:

A group of 16 students would line up in their towels and dressing gowns with a box of soap in the dressing gown pockets. At a command or a whistle from the Prefect/Head boy, we would march to the shower room. All 16 of us would finish our showers in a total of 5 minutes flat. When we entered the shower room, everyone went to an independent stall, waiting for instructions to start and complete our shower.

Step 1, The person in charge in the shower room, would say “shower on” and we would turn on the shower.

Step 2, he would say “shower off/soap up”, and we would just do that.

Step 3, he would say “shower on/clean up”, and after a minute or so,

Step 4, the last command would be “shower off”. And That signaled the completion of the 5 minutes of shower taking.



In essence, 16 students completed their shower in an extremely disciplined manner, which was also a highly efficient procedure, given the intermittent shortage of water in Darjeeling during those days.

Now many years later sometime in 1983-84, I was in Chicago attending a regular weekend social gathering consisting about 6 or 7 couples. During the course of the evening, the topic of discussion specially among the men was about how undisciplined and unruly the state of West Bengal was, and how we the same people after coming to USA, supposedly become more disciplined.

At that point, I strongly objected and mentioned that due to my schooling at North Point, I was a highly disciplined person, and obviously different from the general population of West Bengal. Then, as an example, I mentioned that while in school, 16 of us took a shower together with a very disciplined approach and completed the task in 5 minutes.

The whole room fell into an awkward silence, the ladies were looking at me very peculiarly, my newly married wife of 2 years almost fell off her chair, and the guys found an excuse to refresh their drinks.

When I realized the effect of my remark, the damage was already done. All other methods of damage control I tried were useless. However, I did try to explain how exactly the event was conducted, stressing the importance of discipline.

As of today, I still wonder, if the people at that party believed me or not.



Chemistry Lessons

By Govind Sharma

We were in Class 8 in 1967. The late Mr. Karma Tshering (KT to all of us, bless his soul!) was our Chemistry teacher. He doubled up as a football coach and also played for the North Point team. Despite playing with thick glasses, he was fiercely solid in defense. His tenacity and skill had thus earned him a place in the combined school and college team. He was well liked by his students as he had a very affable personality.

Mr. Tshering's classes could be quite entertaining, as he conveyed concepts with an inimitable style. This had much to do with the way he used words and phrases- that to this day continues to draw fond chuckles from his erstwhile charges.

I remember one class in which he was explaining valency. He intoned that if we took two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen and combined them, we would get ONE water. The class roared with laughter, but the concept clearly stuck in our minds!

In another lesson, he was lecturing about poisonous gases and how inhaling them could be fatal to humans. Carbon monoxide was one of these gases and how we encountered it in everyday life as it was emitted from the exhaust of running cars. Hence, he concluded that one needed to be careful when handling such gases. He ended the lesson with the punchline, " So boys, never lock yourself inside your garage while your car engine is running.....you may find yourself dead the next morning!"

A serious point was made and yet the class burst into loud and boisterous laughter! I shall never forget the look of bewilderment and genuine surprise on his face as he hurriedly left the classroom, wondering what the commotion had been all about!



Victor Norbula Stories

as told to **Govind Sharma**

This is a recollection of two of Victor Norbula's Nepali story-essays that were written by him in Class X and XI during 1969 and 1970 respectively. They are based on oral narratives as no documentary evidence of the originals could be obtained. These recollections, resembling the original versions, have been translated to English by GP Sharma, a classmate and an avid fan. We have the permission of Mr. Norbula to publish these stories in an abridged format. Even after a lapse of more than half a century, these semi-fictional writings bring smiles whenever and whoever cares to recall them. Truly, unequivocal appreciation of genuine friendship and innocent humor know no boundaries of everlasting memories.

One Night-Out

One evening, we were returning to school after a night out pass to town to catch a movie and dinner. The time was around 9 pm and no taxis were plying to Singamari at this late hour. My friend and I decided to walk the three kilometre odd distance back to school. The night sky was dark and bleak with the occasional lightning and thunder, but without the rain. The road was dark and empty, illuminated in lonely spots by sparse lamp posts and the occasional flash of lightning.

We hurriedly crossed Loreto Convent, Kutchery Road and Sharma Garage without any incident and were just approaching the cemetery area when we both heard heavy footsteps behind us. We stopped and turned around but could not see anything or anyone. We started walking again, hoping that our imagination had the better of us. As we resumed our walk, we heard the footsteps again clearly behind us. We stopped, and the footsteps too stopped. We turned around to see, but again nothing.

This terrifying hide-and-seek with our invisible stalker, if it was one, went on for several more stops and starts. We had heard of ghosts being sighted along this stretch of the Lebong Hill Cart Road and I was apprehensive of encountering one that day. Just thinking of ghosts still give me the goosebumps!



We increased our pace, but the footsteps behind followed suit! We turned around abruptly and simultaneously, more from frazzled nerves than by agreement, hoping to catch a glimpse of the pursuer. Nothing could be seen anywhere! I started to panic. My friend's mental state was no better. We could sense each other's rising alarm and on instinct, we started to run. We ran and ran, not daring to stop, all the time registering sounds of our footsteps as well as of the pounding feet following us. My heart raced and my mouth felt dry.

We must have run for about ten minutes before we stopped to catch our breath. Panting and heaving, we again stole a look behind us, hoping to have outrun whoever had been following us. This time, lo and behold, we could faintly see a white outline of a running figure in our direction at a distance, briefly illuminated by a flash of lightning. If this sight was what I had hoped would bring us any reassurance, it clearly failed. We stopped and stared at each other in terror. The apparition was moving towards us and would be abreast if we did not move. My panicked mind surmised that this was more serious than anticipated and we took off once more. We ran as fast as our young legs could carry us, propelled by fear of this fast-approaching danger.

After several minutes of running and panting, we came to a bend in the road. My mind raced all this while with surprisingly clear thinking amidst this flight and fear. I thought that it would be better to face our pursuer, whoever or whatever it could be, sooner than later.

I gathered up all my courage and despite the fear, motioned my friend to stop. I hoarsely whispered to him that we should stop and hide and wait for the figure to catch up with us. Without waiting for him to react, I dragged him with me and dived into a clump of bushes beside the road. Well hidden in the darkness, we waited tensely and with bated breath for our pursuer to appear.

After what seemed to be an eternity, we heard thuds of heavy footsteps approaching the bend. We clutched at some broken branches that we managed to yank from the bushes and tightly held them to use as weapons.

A tall lanky figure, dressed in white robes, came into sight in the darkness. Without wasting any time, we jumped from our hideout, pounced on the unsuspecting figure, brought him down on the road with a thud, all the time showering him with blows after blows with our branches. We could hear groans, grunts and muttering from the now-prostrate pursuer. He seemed to be a large man not easily subdued!

Just as we thought the culprit had had enough and had paid for his stalking, my friend turned over his unconscious body on the tarred road surface. At that moment,



a streak of lightening illuminated his face to reveal a sight that we would remember for the rest of our lives! We were just able to recognize the bruised face, with its eyes closed, during the split-second flash. In the dark, my friend and I exchanged hurried glances as we could not believe what we had just glimpsed. But there was no mistaking! For in that brief spell of illuminated silence, we looked at the face of the Prefect of our school, battered and bruised.

We let go the body and left him lying in the middle of the road. His white cassock was muddied and crumpled from the brief struggle and the brutal thrashing he had just received from two of his own students! We bolted from the spot, more surprised than frightened, faster than the lightning that had been so illuminating just seconds before. We did not stop till we reached the Twin Towers. Outside the gate, we caught our breaths and straightened and brushed our crumpled blazer suits, grateful that we had worn them that day! We tried our best to appear as normal as possible as we pushed open the main school door, thanking our stars that no one had followed us!

To this day I wonder whether our Prefect, God rest his soul, suspected either one of us for the most bizarre incident of our lives!

Foot -In - Boots

It was the football season during the summer of 1969 in North Point school. It was not uncommon for some good footballers from the school team to play for some local out-station clubs. The school coach approved and encouraged such outings as the team would gain much needed exposure, experience and the taste of playing with some local talent as well.

My friend and I were invited to play one such match for a local boys club, about an hour and a half jeep ride away from the school. We drove to the place one Sunday afternoon along with our coach and soon reached our destination to find a boisterous crowd already cheering for their teams.

The game started soon enough amidst a din of crowd noise. Donning my favourite jersey No.10, we took up our playing positions. I normally play in an attacking on cum scoring position from the left flank while my friend plays in the mid- field or the feeding position. People said we always made a potent scoring/winning combination. However, this was not to be, as disaster was about to strike almost immediately after the kickoff!

Something was badly amiss that day. I felt uncomfortable, my feet felt cramped. My passes were not being received properly by my teammates, my kicks were going awry and haywire. To make matters worse, I started limping due to cramping in my



feet. I thought it was the rough jeep ride we had had just before the game, and it would be straightened out after my body warmed up as the game progressed.

All of us were surprised at this strange turn of events. The ground was certainly soggy and wet due to the morning rains. But these conditions were not alien to us. We always played in such conditions during the football season. Was it the ball? No, it couldn't be! This was one of those "new" Russian" balls having a valve instead of the hard leather laces. Was the air pressure enough in the ball? Yes, the headers were going alright! What could possibly be the matter? Could it be the weather? It was colder than Darjeeling. But that did not seem to bother my friend, who was at his usual best.

Things got a lot worse after the half time. The frequency of my mis-passes increased in proportion to the irritability of my teammates and the impatience of the crowd. Amidst all these strange and disturbing happenings and adding insult to my bruised ego, not to mention my reputation, I missed an open goal near the opponent's goal mouth! I rarely missed an opportunity to score for my team, but that fateful day, nothing was going right for me! I could clearly hear the crowd booing me and shouting "no 10 laainikaal" (take No. 10 off the field). Needless to say, we lost the game!

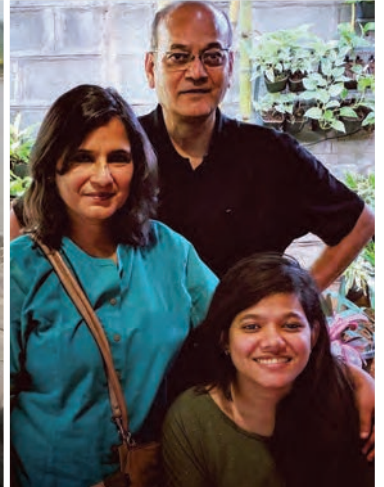
Back at the pavilion, I was subjected to a further dressing down by my coach. He warned me that he would have to reconsider my position in the school team if I continued my bad form. I started to change my soiled uniform as well as my boots. It was then I saw what had happened! I could not believe my eyes as I laid them on my booted feet. What an idiot I had been! Tears of relief came flooding in. The relief turned to anger and then to laughter! For, there on my left foot was the right boot and my right foot held the left boot!

Dear readers, you are the only ones who are privy to my closely held secret to this day and I rely on our friendship not to reveal this to my family members.

Friends & Families











You Want Trumpet Lessons?

By Deepak Pradhan

I cannot recall the exact year nor the class that we were in. But what I remember is Mr. Vaz announcing that boys who were interested in taking piano lessons should raise their hands. After Mr. Vaz noted the names of all those who had shown interest and was about to start his lesson, S.P. Tewari stood up and asked whether trumpet lessons were also available. Mr. Vaz retorted “Didn't I say piano lessons? And if you are interested in trumpet, come to my office after class and I will blow your trumpet.”

A Letter To The King

We had a class full of interesting personalities. Sitting just behind George Chambers, I observed him engrossed in writing something during a short afternoon break. Unable to control my curiosity, I asked him what he was writing. He said he was writing a letter to His Majesty the King of Bhutan.

I enquired why was he writing a letter to the King when he can get all information from Khandu Wangchuk. He replied that he was not requesting for information but permission to visit Bhutan.

But why the King, that too a personal letter? He said the King does have a soft corner for North Point so his request will be granted easily.

Then I noticed he had a match box, a small candle and a piece of sealing wax on his desk. What are these for? I asked him. He just said wait and watch. After finishing the letter, he sealed it in an envelope and placed some hot molten wax on the back of the envelope and on top of that he embossed it with the ring he was wearing which had the emblem of the Australian flag.

I do not know whether he posted that letter or not, and if so whether he received a reply. But it was certainly ingenious and charming!



A Love Story

We were in Class 8. I was quite friendly with a classmate who had a heavy crush on a girl from Loreto Convent. I was a dayscholar and so was the girl. I knew her from my prep school days as both of us studied in Bethany's. I stayed with my uncle just below LC. And this prompted my classmate to contact his crush through me on a daily basis.

I helped in writing his first missive. I had given him fancy letter head with cupid's heart and all, but he refused to use it and penned his thoughts on a plain sheet of paper instead. He asked me to deliver this letter to her which of course was a herculean task as I had to venture inside the "boys forbidden" premises of LC. Therefore, I had to devise a plan which I thought would be safe for all concerned.

Fortunately, on my way back home I met an LC girl who was a common friend. I requested her to hand over the letter to the Juliet in question. Next day my friend was all ears and very eager to know the result. His face fell when I disclosed about the letter handoff. But he quickly regained his composure and urged me to meet the LC go-between and enquire if the letter had drawn any response.

Days passed and there was no word from the other end. My friend looked anxious, didn't speak much and was even taken ill with the wait.

After eight to ten days my LC contact met me and handed over a letter addressed to our forlorn Romeo. On receiving it, his eyes lit up and he hugged me. Thereafter, I occasionally acted as a postman between these two. Eventually, the letter exchange stopped, signaling an end to this school romance.



Of Baths And Beyond

By Soumitra Ghosh

I have distinct memories of baths during my time in Darjeeling. Hot showers were something to look forward to, and a soak in a hot tub was a great luxury. When I was a day scholar, bucket baths were the norm at home. Water drawn from the bathroom tap was carefully mixed with steaming water from a kettle or a dekchi to provide water of tepid warmth. The entire bathing ritual was as quick as could be, so that one could get into warm clothes without catching a cold.

One of my earliest Darjeeling memories is of this character who performed his morning ablutions in Kakjhora. I would occasionally encounter him on the way to school. He loved to sing the bhajan Raghupati Raghav Raja Ram while bathing in the waterfall. His singing was a barometer of the weather. On warm summer days, the bhajan was leisurely rendered. On cold days however, the words would tumble out in a rush and at a higher pitch, invariably drawing sympathetic shivers from passers-by.

Boarding at North Point introduced me to semi-weekly showers. Boarders would line up for the showers in dressing gowns, with shampoo and soap dishes in the pockets and towels slung over the shoulders. A couple of well-to-dos carried scrubbing brushes. The coveted stalls had better shower heads and knobs to control the water temperature. So the position in the line was very important to make a successful dash for them. We were given exactly four minutes to bathe, and a Jesuit Father carried a shrill whistle to strictly mark time. We were given a half minute to disrobe and turn on the shower, and about two minutes to soap and shampoo. Over time, each of us honed the skill of applying shampoo and soap at the same time, coordinating one hand to lather the scalp while the other hand took care of soaping the body. Then, there was a half-minute to rinse and about the same to dry ourselves and exit the stalls. Tardy boys had their stall swinging doors kicked in, and the mortification of being seen in the buff was just not worth it. When we returned home for the holidays, additional effort was often needed to scrub out accumulated grime. To this day though, whenever I am hurried to get ready, the four-minute drill kicks in and I am out of the shower in a jiffy.



Which brings me to my most noteworthy memory. Amongst us was a student, a batch or two senior and who shall not be named, who had an “aversion” to water. He always produced notes that excused him from taking a shower. His hygiene habits were a matter of some consternation to those who sat by him. One day, to our great disbelief, he joined us in the shower line. There was no pushing and shoving that day. We practically gave him a guard of honor, propelled him to the head of the line and waited for him to choose the best shower to dispense heavenly hot water to lighten his dirt load!

Fr Rector- Can You Tell Us Where This Egg Came From?

Having spent time in residence at various colleges following my days at North Point, and after comparing notes with friends who attended other boarding schools, I have to say that the food that we were served in school was the best. Nevertheless, some food habits that I have picked up have NP origins. The first meal of the day had porridge or cornflakes with milk, unlimited white bread and tea, an inch dab of butter and an egg in some form. I can't remember if we had all the above served together, maybe we did. We were boys with ravenous appetites. I recall the parsimonious manner in which the tiny amount of butter was air- brushed over many slices of bread- each of us believing that the bread was indeed buttered. To this day, I like to see butter visibly spread on my toast and not melted. Seeing is believing!

Eggs were served in different styles – sometimes boiled, and on other days sunny side up or as omelets. The omelets were served in triangular shape, evenly paper thin that one could literally see through them. I remain in awe of the kitchen staff that could produce these design masterpieces- they certainly had talents that could be used in other vocations! The fried eggs were so small they triggered speculative discussions about their avian origin- surely they could be not have been hen-laid? The egg matter came to a head when a classmate was incensed by the miniature fried egg that he had been served. He sealed the offending item in an envelope and sent it to the rector demanding to know if the school was serving sparrow eggs to its unsuspecting students. The bottom line from these egg deprivations is that many of us harbor a deep love for “real” eggs, and the more the merrier.

March Past & P.T





The NP That We Knew

These verses are penned by Anil C. Rai*, '72 NP Batch. His stream-of-consciousness poem is written with humor and affection for our school and the teachers who were instrumental in shaping our young lives.

Can you recall the yester years,
when with eyes in a haze of tears,
small faltering steps first crept,
between the huge twin towers.
Strangers turned friends,
for errors made amends.
Through the years with peers,
shared joy as well as sneers!!
Good guys used to get the 'gilt',
the 'guilty-yellow' brought the jitters!
The sting of 'black chocolate's tilt,
Can you still feel on your 'rears'?
Growing up getting rid of,
real or imagined fears.
We played hard and cheered harder,
drowning out rivals' jeers.
Savoring night outs and on return,
cherry topping glimpse of LC sight.
Occasionally with 'Paulites',
getting into fist fights!
Perched along Fraser Hall railing,
sharing jokes or lost love bemoaning!
Reminding others of sparrow effigies,
we were lovingly called 'Spaggies'.
Some guys often slunk past unsuspecting 'Pop ',
to steal off to 'Freedom' or 'Baddis' shop
and savoring the 'Bun-anda' taste,
burped back over railing in haste.
To the Teachers of diverse hues,
we owe our gratitude dues.
Caring reprimands, a guiding,
did we then, appreciate the chiding?
The towers did not, end at the gate ,
for strutting around the quad we had,





giant intellects as role models clad,
towering inspirations first rate!
Walking stick and steps leaden,
we shrieved at the sight of Fr. Hayden.
Among the top pops sent by the Lord,
we had the inspiring Fr. Stanford.
A man of eloquence we declare
was the awesome Gerry Leclair.
Of serious matters speaking with élan,
we had the benevolent Fr. Van.
Literally looked up to by all,
was the lanky Leo Forestell.
Among those who could silently stun,
was the bushy browed Hank Nunn.
A hermit with façade stern as a gorgon,
but with heart of gold was the silent Fr. Morgan.
In lighter moments we talked movies in the foyer,
of Sunday treats brought by Fr. Lohai'r. (*more famous for.....rear?)
We cheered with the 'Haba-Haba' jargon,
brought to us by Fr. Bill German!
History was never dull for anyone,
when class was entered by Fr. Bauwens.
A great Teacher in any manner,
can you recall the incomparable 'Banner'?
or vigilant as the guard at Alcatraz,
the ever alert Mr. Jack Vaz.
From the tedium of math and physics,
we looked to English literature for succor,
And got rewarded with wit and wisdom,
offered by Fr. Victor Tucker.
Fret machine whirring through ply,
interspersed with curses that Bhotu sir let fly!
In Hindi class if we did blunder,
biting nails, Zabu came upon us with 'bunderrrr'.
Throat cloaked in scarf, low atop nose-bridge his glasses
we often heard tales of Mr. Sanyal's Bengali classes.
Among those who made life spring,
was the 'multiflying' Karma Tshering.
The library had books stacked so high,
tended with care by the knowledgeable G B Rai.
Sweaty trainings were not an easy thing,



with footballer, Olympian Chandan Singh.
Blue Miss and Bombay Duck were,
often the core of the boys talk,
Jealousy palpable seeing Ms. Mukerjee,
with the flamboyant Mr Coutinho take a walk.
In UD flat Bhai-Daju was king.
'John, Petros and Pascal' in dining,
with 'Boss' allayed food yearning,
after nasal grace begun by Br. Robin! (In the name..)
Workshop replete with machine and tool,
wielded skillfully by David Rai and Br. Krull.
Can we forget those golden years,
when NP taught us how to live?
Gave us spirit and planted conscience
that still onward steers!!
Can you recall the final days,
when yet reluctant feet last stepped
out ,with eyes again in teary haze,
and heart deep in Alma Mater's debt.

***Anil C. Rai studied at North Point from 1964 to 1972. Following his college graduation, he joined school as Asst. Teacher from 1983-1997 and then served as Asst. Headmaster and Vice Principal from 1998 to 2005. He has held Principal positions at ARPS, Shillong TNA Gangtok and GEMS Kathmandu, and is presently Associate Director, Himali Boarding School SELECT, Siliguri.**



Mr. Deven Gurung, President of the Darjeeling North Point School Alumni Association (DNPSAA), has been an immense resource for the planning of our batch's Jubilee Celebrations and has extended his unstinted support for the publication of this Memoir. While the DNPSAA has been in existence for over two decades, its excellent work has been unheralded. The Editorial Board of this Memoir requested Mr. Gurung to provide a historical narrative to introduce the North Point School community to this organization and urges alumni to support its activities.

A History of the Darjeeling North Point School Alumni Association (DNPSAA)

By Deven Gurung
President, DNPSAA, Darjeeling

The Darjeeling North Point School Alumni Association [DNPSAA] was born in the year 1996. Prior to this, an entity called North Point Alumni Association [NPAA] was in existence, run by N.P college graduates when the alumni association was for both college and school students. The NPAA was housed in Hayden Hall but was largely non-functional. Not many North Pointers were associated with NPAA, and that was one reason for its defunct status then, recalls Mr. A.C Rai. When Father Peter Papoo SJ, the Rector, called upon Mr. A.C. Rai, a North Pointer and then a teacher at North Point, to resurrect the defunct NPAA, Mr. A.C. Rai proposed that a separate North Point Alumni Association be set up to include only North Point school students. He christened it Darjeeling North Point School Alumni Association [DNPSAA].

On a July afternoon in 1996, a meeting was held in the Fathers' dining hall in school. Many North Pointers were invited. Besides Fr. Peter Papoo, Fr. Van and Mr. A.C. Rai, North Pointers who were present (to name a few) were Mr. Manuel Coutinho, Mr. K.K. Gurung, Mr. Austen Plant, Mr. Tashi Pencho, Mr. Sonam Yonzon, Mr. Tilak Chhetri, Mr. Gajendra Rai, the late Sasheesh Prasad, Mr. Ajay Edwards, Mr. Deepak Kusarye, Mr. Anurag Agarwal, Mr. Neeraj Agarwal, Mr. Noel Rai and Mr. Andre Lefevre.

Thus, the DNPSAA was born. Mr. Manuel Coutinho was appointed the first President and Mr. Deepak Kusarye was the first Treasurer, Mr. A.C Rai was the first General Secretary and served the alumni association as the General Secretary till 2002 and from 2004 to 2007. The new board also consisted of executive members Mr. Tashi Pencho, Mr. Gajendra Rai, Mr. Tilak Chhetri, Mr. K. K. Gurung, Mr. Sonam Yonzon and Mr. Binod Pradhan.



DNPSAA Committee

The next year, Mr. K.K. Gurung was appointed as the President, Mr. Anurag Agarwal as Treasurer, and Mr. A.C. Rai as General Secretary. During Mr. Rai's sabbatical in Canada, Mr. Andre Lefevre took charge as General Secretary during 2003-04. Mr. Rai continued to serve in this post upon his return till 2007. This board drafted the Memorandum of Association and later got itself registered under the Societies Registration Act W.B in 1999. Mr. Deepak Kusarye played an instrumental role by visiting the Kolkata office regularly to get the registration through. The first Alumni office was the former drying room above the Stationery. Later, after Mr. A C Rai was appointed as the Vice Principal in 1997, the Alumni Office was moved to the room next to the old Asst. Headmaster's office and later it was shifted to the room next to the Accounts office. Mr. Tashi Tobden and friends from Sikkim donated the desk for the Alumni office.

Mr. K.K. Gurung served as President from 1999 to 2007, alongside Mr. A.C. Rai as General Secretary and Mr. Anurag Agarwal as Treasurer. Mr. Deepak Rai briefly took over as the Treasurer in 2002-03 during this seven year period.

During these early years, DNPSAA devoted a lot of time and effort in creating various chapters of the alumni and establishing connections with North Pointers all over the world. The Sikkim chapter of DNPSAA was inaugurated in 1999 at Gangtok, and in the same year, the Kolkata chapter of DNPSAA was launched by Fr. Van and Mr. A.C. Rai. The Kathmandu chapter was inaugurated in 2001, and then Fr. Van and Mr.



Rai went to Mumbai in 2001 to inaugurate the Bombay chapter. One of the highlights of these years was C.L. Agarwal and DNPSAA Quizzes, the biggest of its kind in the Hills that were covered by Statesmen and Telegraph newspapers.

DNPSAA has contributed greatly towards the school, and here are some of the organization's noteworthy accomplishments.

The school lawn was redesigned by Mr. Sasheesh Prasad and remade by DNPSAA. Grass was laid from sod brought in from Pokhraybong with the help of Class XII day scholar volunteers.

A three day Millenium Programme, organized by DNPSAA, was held in June 2000 and largely helped revive the world wide North Point Alumni chapters.

The VISION 2000+ was crafted by DNPSAA, published in the Millenium Souvenir and was presented to the school at the Millenium Programme. Sasheesh Prasad was the principal driver for the contribution of ideas and he also designed the new extension wing of the school. The solar heater for the then indoor swimming pool under the Gymnasium, costing 4 lakh rupees, came from contributions raised by DNPSAA, with an additional sum of 1 lakh donated by the Sikkim chapter. The NP chorus chime clock in the newly added Clock tower was a gift from the DNPSAA.

The Bamboo School in Mungpoo started by Fr. Van received funding from DNPSAA, and for a short period the DNPSAA paid the salaries of teachers in the School. A Maruti van was donated to the Bamboo school, now called St. Joseph's School, Mungpoo.

In 2008, a new board was constituted with Mr. Jordan Norbu as President, Mr. Praveen Soni as Secretary and Mr. Pradeep Ojha as Treasurer. Mr. Soni resigned in March 2009 and Mr. Deven Gurung continued the work of the Secretary upon a request from Mr. Soni. The alumni continued to extend financial support to St. Joseph's School, Mungpoo. Since the school was only till Class VIII, students completing Class VIII were helped to secure admission in Gyanoday Niketan in class IX. From 2009 to 2011, fifteen students passed ICSE and are all doing well now. North Pointer Mr. Dhiresh Thapa, Director of Gyanoday Niketan supported greatly in this matter. This board under Mr. Jordan Norbu, organized career guidance talk shows for local students, inviting Dr. Mahendra Lama as the keynote speaker and organized exchange programmes on dramatics with Loyola College girls led by Mr. Parnab Mukherjee. His primary objective was to set up the alumni organization in Darjeeling as an apex body and house the secretariat at North Point. North Pointers Mr. Tashi Tobden and Mr. Jorgay Namkha drafted a proposed amendment of the constitution for the same.



On May 22nd 2011, a new board was constituted, with the late Mr. Sanjay Singh as President, Mr. Sonam Wangdi as Vice President, Mr. Deven Gurung as General Secretary, Mr. Sitesh Chettri as Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Palden Dukpa as Treasurer. The executive members were Mr. Amitava Banerjee, Mr. Palden Dukpa, Mr. Gagan Swarup Rai, Mr. Ashish Subba, Mr. Bal Bhushan Syangden, Mr. Shiromani Syangden, Mr. Anand Agarwal, Mr. Siddharth Pradhan and several others.

In the following years, annual reunions were organized to cultivate fellowship among North Pointers. During the tenure of this board, there were growing concerns about the wellbeing of retired North Point teachers. Sporadic news of certain teachers being in impecunious circumstances were reported by some alumni members. Saddened by such upsetting news, the board members decided to draw up a plan to extend support to retired teachers in need. Events were organized for the cause of supporting these retired teachers. One such event was “Le Esprit de NP” – ‘Lift up your hearts to lift a heart’. Paintings of Sir Bhotu Pradhan were exhibited and second copies were printed and sold to raise funds to support him. Mr. Sanjay Singh drew up a plan titled “Project 1 C” to create a corpus fund of 1 crore rupees. The interest earned from the corpus fund was to be used for the wellbeing of retired teachers in need and also to be used for alumni's outreach programmes, primarily health care and education of the underprivileged. The members of this board went to Siliguri and inaugurated the Siliguri Chapter.

THE PRESENT DAY ALUMNI WITH THE MOTTO – “SURSUM CORDA” – WE ARE “MEN FOR OTHERS”

In 2016, a new board was formed. Mr. Deven Gurung was elected as President, Mr. Ajoy Edwards as Vice President, Mr. Ashish Subba as Secretary and Mr. Anurag Agarwal as Treasurer. Executive members comprised Mr. Sonam Wangdi, Mr. Sitesh Chettri, Mr. Amitava Banerjee, Mr. Palden Dukpa, Mr. Gagan Swarup Rai, Mr. Bal Bhushan Syangden, Mr. Shiromani Syangden, Mr. Vivek Yonzon, Mr. Anand Gupta, Mr. Anil Gupta, Mr. Dawa N Bhutia, Dr. Teinlay Trogowa, Mr. Prasant Raj Pradhan, Mr. Ritesh Gupta, Mr. Saom Namchu, Mr. Vivek Bomzon and Mr. Alvin Lepcha. In 2018, Mr. Amitava Banerjee was appointed Secretary after Mr. Ashish Subba was transferred away from Darjeeling.

Under the motivation and guidance of Late Fr. Van, the new board was rejuvenated to realize the lines from the school chorus “here's a hand to a faltering brother, here's a lift for the lame and the slow”. SURSUM CORDA and “Men for others” became the main 'mantra' of the alumni members.

The new board members, inspired by Jesuit teachings of community service, ventured out beyond the Twin Towers and started reaching out to and rendering



services to the needy. The members of the board take active part every year in the Winter Camp for the underprivileged children organized by the school. In the month of January every year, the gates of North Point are opened for underprivileged children. They are taught and provided with meals every day by the school. DNPSAA members organize activities and short courses such as Classical Dance and Music, Modern and Classical Singing, Dramatics, Yoga, Zumba, Origami, Craft, Philately, Numismatics, and Art & Drawing. This has become a part of DNPSAA's annual outreach programme.

The DNPSAA has provided educational sponsorship for girl children from the winter camp. Many executive members have sponsored girl children as well in their personal capacity. Two students from very poor backgrounds and with exceptional musical talents were sponsored for training in Hindustani classical music at Sur Sarang School of Music. The board has undertaken costs for the repair and maintenance of leaking roofs and desk and benches and providing new classroom furniture to Kanchanjunga Primary School in Milan Busty.

Every year, DNPSAA organizes Golden Jubilee (50 years of school leaving) and Silver Jubilee (25 years of school leaving) 'Home Coming' reunions to coincide with the Annual School Sports, Major Production and Rector's Day.

During the 107 day strike in 2017, DNPSAA members distributed food provisions to 150 families in various tea garden areas and to the urban BPL category citizens who were in dire need. In the initial period of the Covid-19 Pandemic lockdown, members of DNPSAA visited various tea gardens reaching out to more than 150 needy families from 14 different samaj with relief supplies.

On 2nd January 2018, at the inaugural ceremony of the Winter Camp, DNPSAA donated an ambulance to Hayden Hall in memory of the late Fr. Gerard Van Wallegghem (SJ). Fr. Van always motivated the alumni to give back to society what had been received from school and parents. He instilled in us the importance of being alumni of the highest traditions of Jesuit teachings -----being “Men for Others” and currently DNPSAA members persevere to walk that path.

In 2018, as the world waited for the Football World Cup Tournament to commence, DNPSAA members formulated the vision of a “Clinic on Wheels”. This would be an ambulance equipped with a medical testing lab, doctors, nurses and lab technicians to serve the needy in the remote areas of the hills, tea gardens and busty areas. Poor people living in these far-flung places do not have financial resources to visit a doctor in the city and to have medical tests done. Hence, they stay home and perish without any medical treatment. The objective of DNPSAA sponsored “Clinic on



Wheels” was to visit these remote areas, examine patients, conduct medical tests, turn in medical reports the same day, and to provide medicines. To raise the funds for this dream project, DNPSAA members organized a massive event termed “Darjeeling the World Cup Town” supported by other organizations like Darjeeling Initiative, Kripa Foundation, Maarg and others. The alumni members embarked upon the task of raising funds required to acquire the ambulance equipped with a medical testing lab. Before the World Cup Football Tournament started, Darjeeling town had already started its celebrations. As a fund raiser, DNPSAA sold thousands of flags to school students and local citizens and organized a football march in Chowrasta on 2nd June 2018. Besides the football rally, the event featured other activities like a bike rally, face painting, cheerleader competition, Zumba, rap and musical performances etc. It was one of a kind of an event ever to have taken place in Darjeeling. Mr. Ajay Edward and Glenary's contributed immensely towards this event.

By organizing the event “Darjeeling the World Cup Town”, and with donations from generous North Pointers Mr. Vasu Gulab and his batch mates and Mr. Raj Bansal (the Kolkata Chapter President), DNPSAA was able to raise the required sum of money for the ambulance and lab equipment. There were other benefactors who donated equipment as well. M/s Puri & Company donated a microscope; Dr. Plabon Das donated the ECG machine. Later Mr. Pradeep Ohja donated a wheelchair and a nebulizer, and Mr. Nirnay John Chettri donated an oxygen cylinder and a nebulizer.

The dream of DNPSAA was realized on 2nd September 2018 when after a grand inauguration, the “Fr. Van Memorial Clinic on Wheels” ambulance rolled out of the Twin Towers for its maiden trip to the nearby Happy Valley Tea Estate. A record 71 patients were examined by a team of doctors, necessary medical tests done, reports handed out and medicines dispensed. All this was possible with the support of Dr. Plabon Das, Dr. Yasmine Grace Tamang and their team of nurses and lab techs from Planter's Hospital, and Dr. Deven Pradhan. Since its maiden trip, and till before the Covid-19 pandemic lockdown, the Clinic on Wheels has made 13 trips to various far-flung places and tea gardens. It's services have included the urban areas of Darjeeling and Pudung Busty area of Kalimpong Districts, and has cared for more than 1500 sick people and provided health checkup, medical tests and medicines. DNPSAA is thankful to Dr. Plabon Das and his team of nurses and lab techs from Planters' Hospital, and especially to Dr. Yasmine Grace Tamang, who has been on all the 13 trips and has been an integral part of the “Fr. Van Memorial Clinic on Wheels” team. “We Run to Save Lives” has been the motto of the Clinic on Wheels.

Every year, DNPSAA organizes get-together parties and the home coming reunions to raise fund to finance the regular operation of the clinic on wheels project. In these reunions old North Pointers contribute generously towards the cause. DNPSAA is very grateful to all the silver jubilee reunion batches whose contribution has greatly helped in running the Clinic on Wheels so far.



North Point Alumni Rector's Table:

In 2015, DNPSAA, and the Siliguri, Kolkata and Nepal chapters gathered in Club Motana, Uttoryan in Siliguri for a meeting convened by the then Provincial Fr. Kinley Tshering (SJ). The then Rector Fr. Sajhumon was also present at the meeting. The concept of North Point Alumni Rector's Table was discussed and a resolution was adopted that this body would generate funds for the welfare of the retired teachers in need. The Memorandum of Understanding was signed in school in January 2016. Major contributions have been made by the silver jubilee reunion batches and the respective Kolkata, Siliguri and Nepal chapters of DNPSAA to this corpus fund. Since then North Point Alumni Rector's Table has felicitated and extended financial support to seven retired teachers.

In ending, “Lift up your hearts” and being “men for others” have been the motto of the alumni members and the DNPSAA shall continue to do so as 'onwards through life we go'.

SURSUM CORDA



North Point School Anthem

**1. Hurrah for the home in the mountains
Hurrah for the monarchs of snow
For the land of the forests and fountains
And the torrents that ever flow
And the torrents that ever flow**

**Chorus: Toil up from the valley below
'Lift your heart' to the breeze and the glow
And our school on the hill
Here's a cheer for it still, (Hooray!)
As onward through life we go!**

**2. From the sweltering south and the islands
From the plains where the hot winds blow
We have met in the heart of the highlands
At fair India's gates of snow
At fair India's gates of snow**

**Chorus: Toil up from the valley below
'Lift your heart' to the breeze and the glow
And our school on the hill
Here's a cheer for it still, (Hooray!)
As onward through life we go!**

**3. Here's a hand to faltering brother
Here's a lift for the lame and the slow
And we stand boys, like men to each other
As onward through life we go
As onward through life we go**

**Chorus: Toil up from the valley below
'Lift your heart' to the breeze and the glow
And our school on the hill
Here's a cheer for it still, (Hooray!)
As onward through life we go!**



Acknowledgements

Over the last fifty years, members of the NP 1970 batch have scattered far and wide in the globe. Connections have been tenuous and communication was sporadic at best. About four years ago, Subir Das, Govind Sharma, and Saranjit Singh Dhatt felt the void and took it upon themselves to knit the group together again. Before long, long-lost friends were able to reconnect and catch up with life stories during small get-togethers and via the wonders of social media platforms. Last year, the trio of friends met again in Gangtok, now with a wider circle of '70 North Pointers, and the idea of a Golden Jubilee Reunion was born. The rich reminiscences of our time in school also fostered the proposal to bring out a Memoir to commemorate the event. The Memoir also had resonance to enable the correction of a historical omission. The NP Annual for 1970 was not published and there is therefore no formal record of the accomplishments of the NP '70 batch in the school's annals. Much to our satisfaction, Rev. Fr. Stanley Verghese has graciously agreed to accept this Memoir as a surrogate publication for the missing Annual.

The above-mentioned goals required considerable logistical planning and coordination. Santanu Biswas, Sonam Sherpa, Govind Sharma, K. F. Chiu and Deepak Pradhan began groundwork to plan the event in Darjeeling, and to arrange for accommodation and transportation. October dates in 2020 to coincide with major school events were set, with the approval of the school authorities. These plans ground to a halt because of the COVID-19 virus pandemic and the reunion is currently on hold.

Undeterred by the unfolding pandemic and disruption of the reunion planning, the planners set out to at least deliver the Memoir by year-end. This has been a labor of love and of seamless coordination. A Core Editorial Committee was formed comprising Govind Sharma, Saranjit Singh Dhatt, Subir Das, Deepak Pradhan and Soumitra Ghosh. The team took charge of the compilation of articles, their editing and the selection of photographs from the batch's picture trove for this special publication. We thank our batchmates for their wonderful contributions, Lokesh Sharma (Govind's son) for the design of the logo, Jaswant Singh and Gurdev Singh at Zirakpur for the magazine layout e-publication, and Krishna Art Printers for publishing the print form of the magazine. We would like to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. Deven Gurung, President of DNPA for his unstinted support and for serving as a liaison with the school. Finally, our heartfelt thanks to Rev. Fr. Stanley Verghese, Rev. Fr. K. L. George, Rev. Fr. Leo Alphons Raj, Rev. Fr. Kinley Tshering and Mr. Manuel Coutinho for their encouragement to make the publication of this Memoir a reality. We sincerely hope that readers will enjoy reading this tribute to our beloved school "as onward through life we go".



Govind, Subir, Vijay Arya and Santanu meet up at Kolkata to discuss printing of our Magazine.





Zoom Reunion of the NP Class of 1970

Meeting Classmates after 50 years since School Graduation

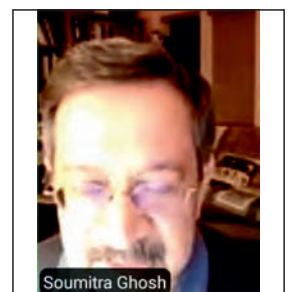
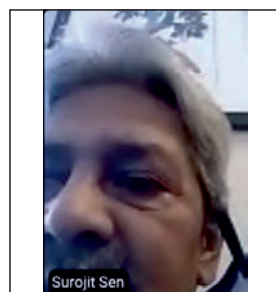
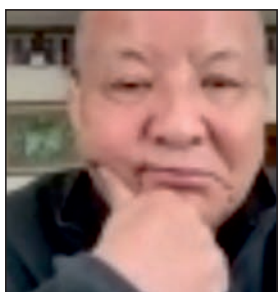
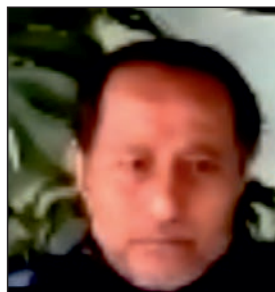
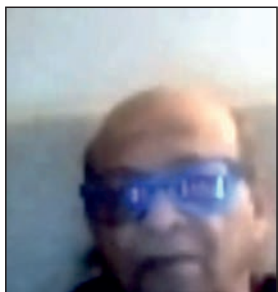
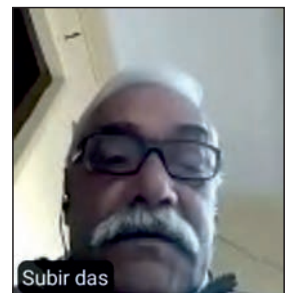
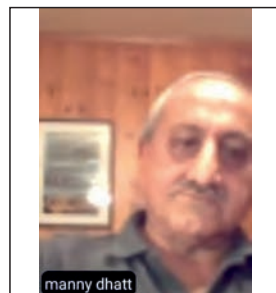
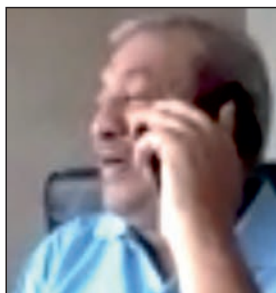
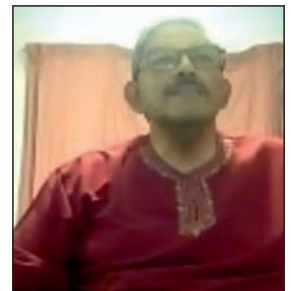
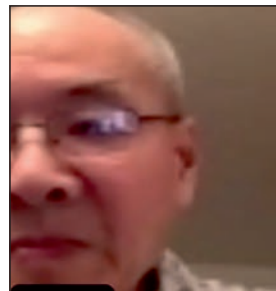
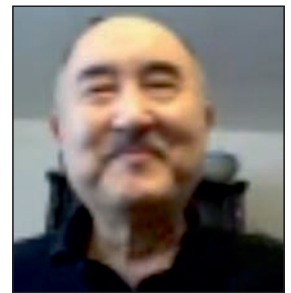
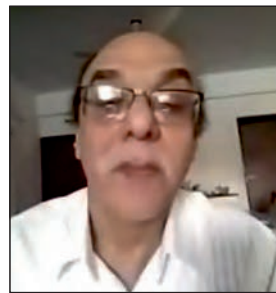
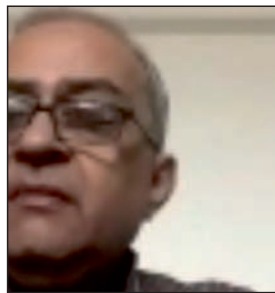
A Zoom video call was organized by Soumitra Ghosh, on behalf of the Editorial Board of the NP Class of 1970 on Dec 20, 2020. This meeting marked the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the 1970 NP ISC class by the release of a commemorative magazine in the form of an e-memoir aptly named "Golden Memories". The virtual meeting was a huge success and lasted over two hours, with classmates joining from India, Bhutan, Nepal, Canada, United States, Hong Kong and Australia. It was attended by most of the batch mates of the class, and included Amitava Dutta, Sandip Madan, Asit Mukherjee, H.Y. Liang, Soumitra Ghosh, Garth Misquita, Reginald Connolly, Tanpa Thondup, Manjeet Dhatt, Khandu Wangchuk, Ananta Moktan, Subir Das, Rana Mukherjee, Sanjay Singh, Sunil Sachdev, Pradeep Singhania, B.K. Arya, P.K. Das, Saranjit Dhatt, Govind Sharma, Surojit Sen, Santanu Biswas, Deepak Pradhan, Dinesh Gupta and T.D. Rinchen.

Soumitra Ghosh began the proceedings with a visual overview of the articles and picture collages in the digital magazine, Saranjit Dhatt and Subir Das provided a brief account of the collection of material from classmates, namely the articles and photographs, and the mammoth undertaking of the final publication layout. Govind Sharma, in conclusion, gratefully acknowledged all the contributions from fellow classmates in successfully bringing out the memoir during these trying pandemic times!

Hard copies of the magazine will be available to all interested friends at the earliest.

As we look with anticipation to a New Year, our school motto "SURSUM CORDA" is ever so relevant as we fervently strive for new beginnings for a safe world.

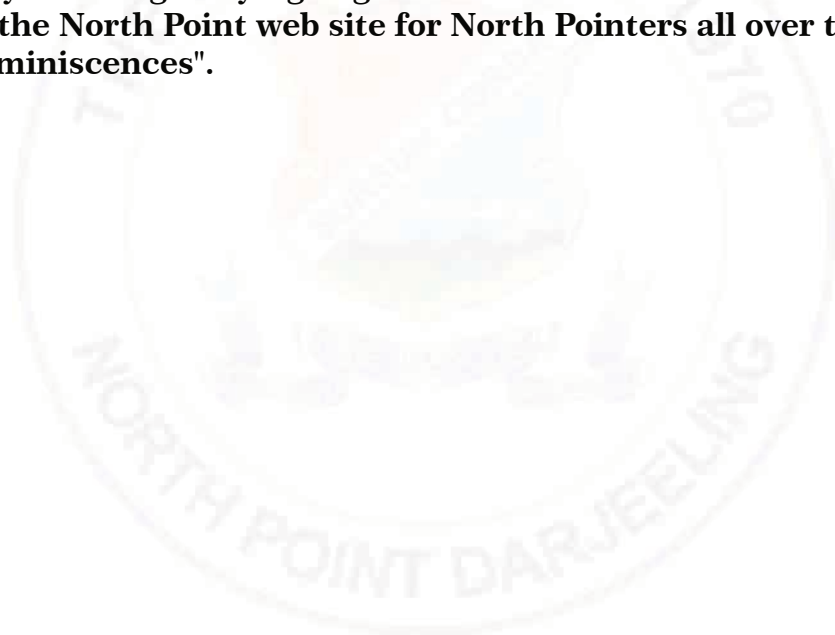
Zoom Reunion of the NP Class of 1970



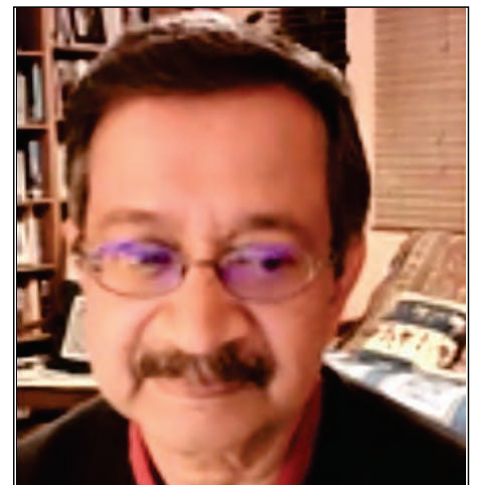
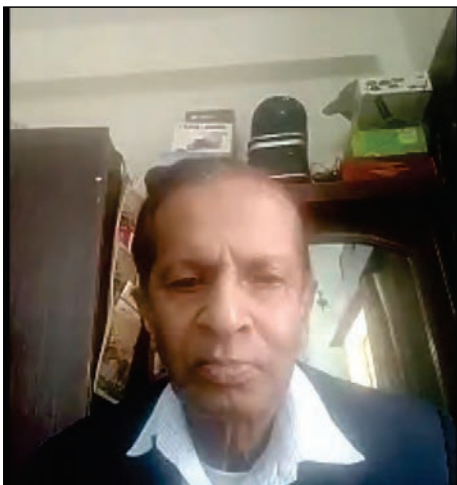
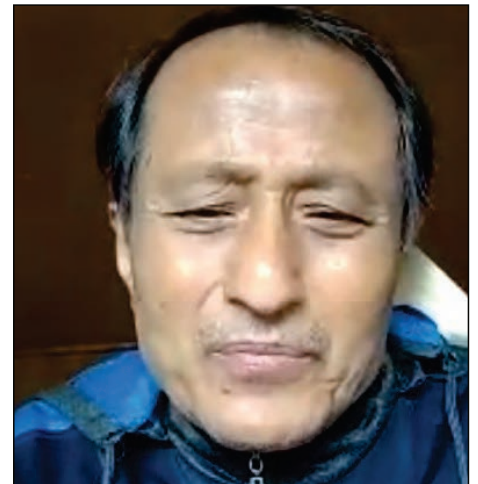
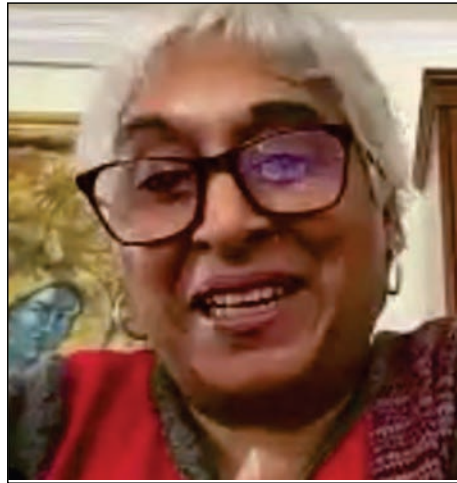


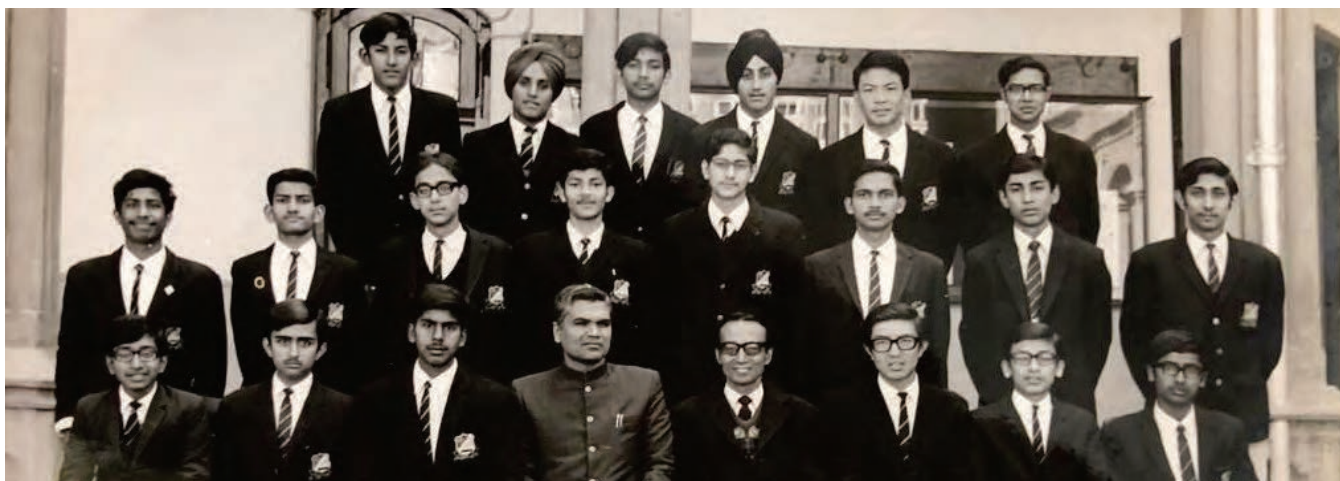
Zoom Call with Fr. Rector and Fr. Kinley Tshering

A Zoom video call was held on Dec 26, 2020 to introduce the e-Memoir to Fr. Stanley Verghese, Rector of North Point, Fr. Kinley Tshering, former Rector and Jesuit Provincial of the Darjeeling Province, and Mr. Manuel Coutinho, the only surviving teacher from our time at North Point. The meeting was also attended by Subir Das, Saranjit Dhatt, Deepak Pradhan, Soumitra Ghosh and Lorraine Banerjei Sibal. We were fortunate to have article contributions from Fr. Verghese, Fr. Kinley Tshering and Mr. Manuel Coutinho, and a heartfelt tribute to Mr. Maurice Banerjei from Lorraine. The e-magazine was well received by all, with commendations for the detail and the quality of the publication that covers an important period of our school's hallowed history. It was gratifying to get the assurance from Fr. Rector that it would be uploaded to the North Point web site for North Pointers all over the world to view our "Golden Reminiscences".



Zoom Call with Fr. Rector and Fr. Kinley Tshering





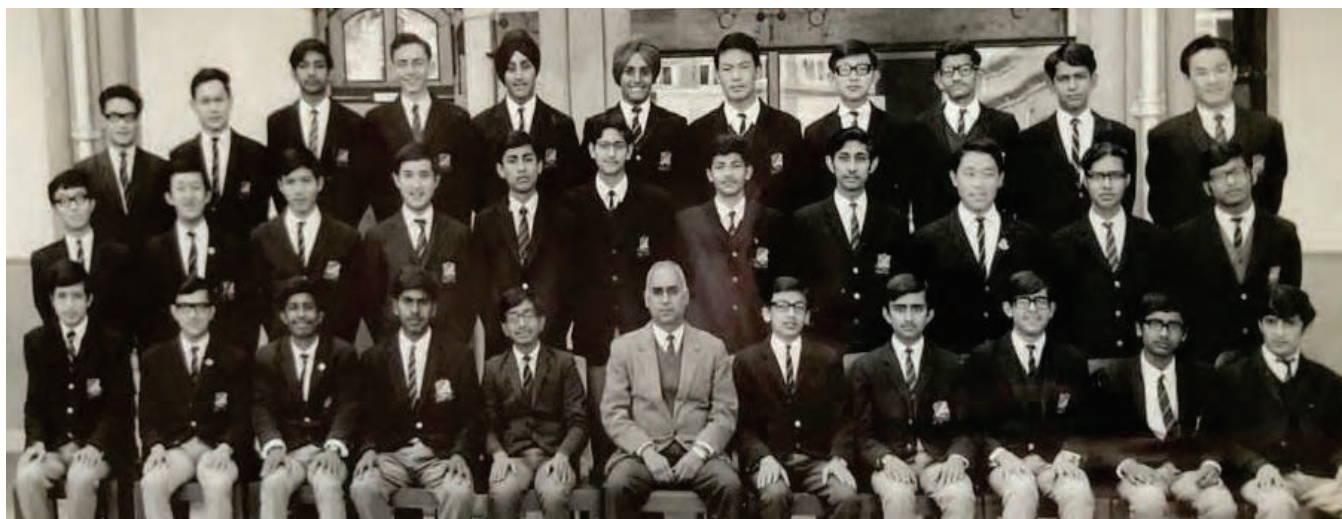
Hindi Class



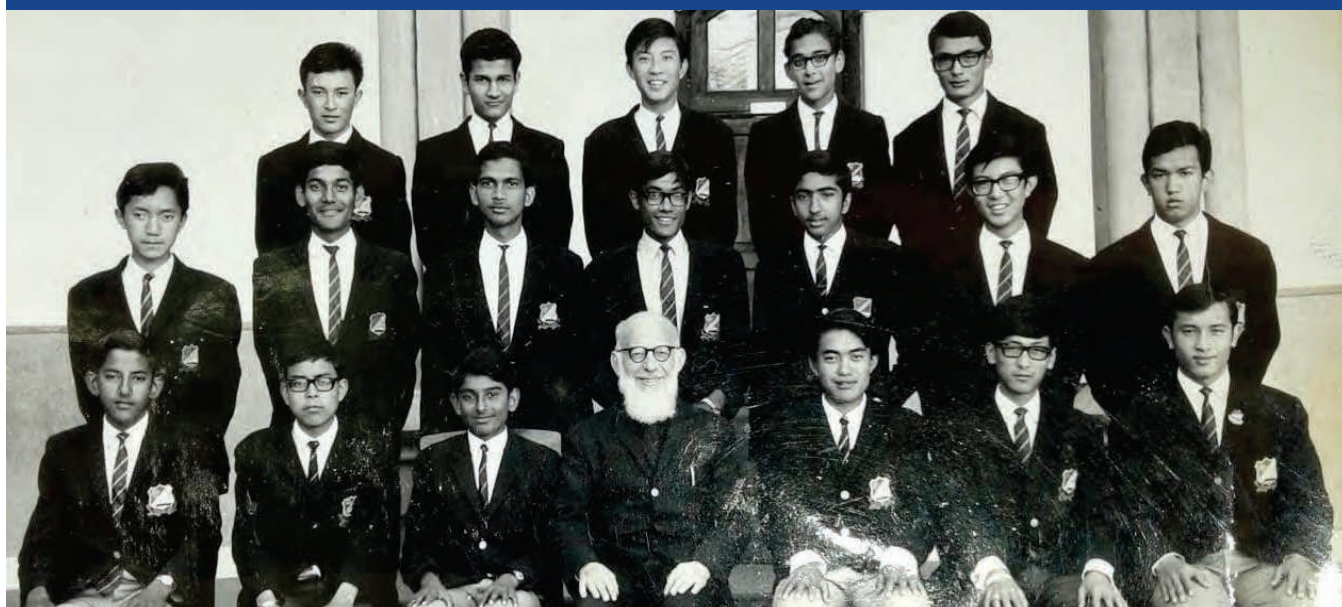
Nepali Class



Bengali Class



Science Section



Humanities Section



God Leaders Squad



St. Joseph's School

1970

