

Vol X, Issue-I (Bi-Annual) | March 2016

The Rimcollian

(Newsletter of the Old Boys Association of Rashtriya Indian Military College, Dehradun)



RIMC@94

Air Chief motivating boys to join the Armed Forces





Bi-Annual Newsletter of the Old
Boys Association of Rashtriya
Indian Military College,
Dehradun
Vol. X, No 1
(March 2016)
RNI No. DELENG/2005/15400

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Printed at
Om Printers

Cover photo
RIMC all lighted to welcome
the old boys and their families
for the reunion

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Chander's Notes

Welcome you all to another edition of the Rimcollians. The course reunions have added a lot of color and there are numerous occasions for respective courses. Do please share your experiences with us such that we can carry the same for the reading pleasure of the fraternity. Happy reunions to all courses in advance this year who are celebrating the same.

I am glad to announce that the habit of the quill has shown a great improvement for Rimcollians community. Every year with your support we the old boys fraternity not only contribute twice a year for this magazine but also one combined book, and the theme this year is rather reflective, the food at school. Let's hope both Sidharth and yours truly continue to get your support and as the saying goes let "a thousand flowers bloom". In the year that has gone by one is aware that two Rimcollians have written a book each. Can I request them and through the medium of this magazine and to all aspiring authors, please do send a small write up and a photo of the cover jacket, such that we too feel proud of your achievement, and can announce it to all concerned.

I have a special request for those who did not don the uniform. We are carrying a series in all the magazines titled "Beyond Uniform", which is the story of old boys who did not join the forces. These stories are very encouraging and show the grit and determination of the alumni. They are very motivating for the school cadets, and showcase the aspect of character building which is imbibed. Please do share your achievements with the rest. The challenge to keep this beyond uniform series requires some urgent pushing as I really have to scratch my bald head for your contributions. Please do be more willing to write for this theme.

We are also devoting space for the families who bear us through thick and thin. Please do contribute as your views are unique and for a lot of gentlemen schooled in an all boys environment, the better half view is wisdom and well deserved.

The Rimcollian community continues to do well our congratulation to one and all including the various award winners. It has been a bad year we have lost many a budding young Rimcollians and friends, the loss is irreparable.

Happy Reading to All and do please continue to send your various contribution as they add to the essence and flavour of this magazine.

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VIVA RIMC
Dehra Dun

CS THAPA
Brig (Retd)
Pratap 64-69.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT



एयर मार्शल पी पी रेड्डी पी वी एस एम वी एम ए डी सी
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PRESIDENT'S NOTE

I take this opportunity to thank one and all of the Rimcollian fraternity for extending your support in day to day affairs of the ROBA and its office bearers in numerous ways to strengthen the affinity and camaraderie. It has been a rich experience and privilege to be associated with the alma mater while focusing on its requirements over the past one year.

In the past twelve months, few dignitaries visited the School including the Hon'ble Raksha Mantri and Chairman COSC. Hon'ble Raksha Mantri appreciated the ambience and training aspects and promised his support for the betterment of RIMC. The past year has also been grievous as we lost quite a few senior and young Rimcollians. I extend our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved families.

At this juncture, I would like to remind you all that the Centenary Celebrations are just 6 years away and comprehensive planning is of utmost necessity to make it a success. As a curtain raiser to the Centenary and to coincide with Reunion 2016, the first Centenary Cycle Rally is planned from Shimla to Doon from 09-12 Mar 16. To keep up the tempo, Rimcollians are requested to join the Core Team for conduct of the Centenary Celebrations.

Finally, time has come to hang up my uniform and I would be settling down in Bangalore. As I step down from the Presidency, I wish my successor all the very best and I am sure he would guide our endeavours to ensure RIMC scales new heights. I would also like to convey my sincere gratitude to the ROBA Working Committee members, Board of Trustees of ROBA Trust and the Regional Secretaries for their immense contribution towards the smooth functioning of ROBA.

I wish all Rimcollians and their families a very happy 94th Founder's Day Celebrations in India and abroad.

GOD BLESS THE RIMCOLLIAN FRATERNITY. ICH DIEN !!!

THE COMMANDANT'S DESK

By Col HS Bainsla, SM

It gives me great pleasure to communicate with the Rimcollian fraternity through this customary 'Magazine'. I write to share with you the various activities undertaken by our budding, dynamic and highly talented boys. The cadets have been performing exceedingly well in all spheres of activities and have made us proud.

UPSC NDA Results The fervor and the motivation to join the National defence academy continues unabated amongst the cadets. A total of 33 cadets joined the NDA, both in the Spring and Autumn term. In each term four cadets figured in the top 20 All India Merit List. Cadet Chetan Kumar was all India No 2 during the Autumn term. Our cadets continued making us proud by winning the top medals at the NDA too. RIMC boys bagged all the three top medals in the batch which passed out from NDA in November 2015.

Hobbies, Clubs and Creative Writing. There is a wide variety of hobbies and clubs from - Golf and Young Newtons to Horse Riding and Photography. Precision shooting, a unique and very costly sport is available to cadets and has been taken up enthusiastically by them. Many other hobbies, like journalism, encourage the students to be creative. In the All India Kashi Naresh Hindi debate organized on 12 Sep 2015 at RIMC, a total of 19 schools participated and RIMC was Runners Up.

Naval Cruise. These have uniquely become part of the routine. Every year a cruise to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands and Lakshadweep Islands is undertaken. A lot of effort and coordination goes into planning these and they are singular to our institution. In Dec 2014, 28 cadets visited Vikshapatnam and Andaman and Nicobar Islands. All thanks to our Senior Rimcollians in the Navy.

Adventure Sports. 15 Cadets participated in Wind Surfing Course at AANC,



at the Air Defence Centre, Gopalpur from 03 Jun to 12 Jun 2015. 17 Cadets participated in White Water Rafting on River Ganga near Rishikesh from 01 Jun to 10 Jun 2015. Nine cadets qualified in the Adventure Training Course held at NIM, Uttarkashi from 03 Dec to 18 Dec 14. Fourteen Cadets qualified in the Adventure Training Course held at HMI, Darjeeling from 20 Dec 2014 to 03 Jan 2015.

Sports: Sports have always been an area of strength and it continues to be so. Four Cadets participated in the 11th Gen JJ Shooting Championship at Mhow held in Feb 15, RIMC stood at 6th posn in overall championship out of eight teams. In IPSC equestrian Championship in Feb 2015, RIMC Cadets won 01 Silver and 01 Bronze Medal and overall third position. In the Delhi Horse Show at Army Polo and Riding Club Delhi Cantt held from 27 Mar to 06 Apr 2015, eight Cadets participated in the Horse Show. Cdt Hritvick Patiyal won Gold Medal in DHS Children Jumping Gp-1 & Silver Medal in Children Hacks, Cdt Vickrant Raj won Silver Medal in YR & Junior Jumping Rescue Relay, Cdt Kapil Krishan Pandey won Bronze Medal in

Children Hacks Gp-I and Cdt Yasodhan Ishar won Copper Medal in Junior Jumping Top Score.

The College Shooting team participated in 14th Uttarakhand State shooting Championship at RSS Shooting Range, Dehradun held in Aug 15, RIMC Cadets won 04 Gold, 04 Silver and 03 Bronze Medals. In 12th Uttarakhand State Inter School Shooting Championship-2015 held from 01 Oct to 04 Oct 2015. A total 25 School participated. RIMC won 07 Gold, 04 Silver and 03 Bronze Medals and bagged 3rd position.

The RIMC Soccer team participated and secured the Runners-up position in the tournament held at Doon School and Cambrian Hall School during the month of August 2015.

In the District Athletics held from 31 Oct to 01 Nov 2015, 45 Cadets participated in the event and won 33 medals (17 Gold, 10 Silver and 06 Bronze) and become the District Champion in boys category for the yr 2015. Athletics has always been a strong sport and we have been the District Champs in continuity.

Motivational visits were organised on 30 Jan and 28 July 2015 to important military/civil establishments located in Dehradun. It was a great learning experience alongwith a day out for cadets. 25 Cadets witnessed Ex-Jal Tarang" at the BEG Centre, Roorkee, where they were educated on various tasks and functions of the Corps of Engineers. The trip was very educative and motivating for the cadets.

All in all our cadets have done well in all the spheres of activities. I can see the zeal and enthusiasm in them to excel and strive to better themselves. Overall I am more than satisfied with the state of affairs. Well Done Boyz. I also thank the Rimcollian fraternity for their whole hearted support.

**Wishing You All
A Very Happy Reunion.**

V I S I T

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL ARUP RAHA

Air Chief Marshal Arup Raha, Chief of Staff Committee and Chief of Air Staff, Indian Air Force, made his maiden visit to RIMC on 20 Oct 2015. Air Chief Marshal Arup Raha was accompanied by former Chief of the Air Staff Air Chief Marshal NC Suri, Air Marshal PP Reddy CISC, President ROBA.

Air Chief graduated from the National Defence Academy, Pune with the President's Gold Medal in 1973 and was commissioned in the Flying Branch in Dec 1974. He has held many operational assignments such as Commanding Officer of a MiG-29 Squadron, Station Commander of Air Force Station Bhatinda in Punjab during 'OP PARAKRAM', Air Officer Commanding Air Force Station Adampur and Advance Headquarters Western Air Command, Chandimandir. He has also served as the Deputy Commandant Air Force Academy, Hyderabad and Senior Air Staff Officer at Headquarters Western Air Command.

Air Chief was received by Maj Gen Shammi Sabharwal, General Officer Commanding, HQ Uttarakhand Sub Area and Col HS Bainsla, Commandant, RIMC, at the Helipad of the DSOI. After a brief meeting with Commandant at his office, the Air Chief inspected the exhibition organized by Cadets the various hobby clubs of RIMC. Air Chief Marshal Arup Raha, former Chief of the Air Staff Air Chief Marshal NC Suri and Air Marshal PP Reddy had an exclusive interaction with cadets and members of the staff of RIMC over high tea. Air Chief appreciated the standard of training imparted to the boys and the effort put in for the visit. He along with the former Air Chief motivated the boys to choose a career I uniform and even motivated them to join Air Force. They also went around the college campus and witnessed the Horse Riding Show organised by the cadets. Air Chief also took keen interest in display organised by the Aero modeling hobby club and Shooting club by the cadets. Later he also addressed the Cadets and members of the faculty at the historic Bhagal Hall of the RIMC.



VISIT OF DEFENCE MINISTER MANOHAR PARRIKAR TO RIMC

By Brig CS Thapa (Retd)

The defence minister of India in a rare departure visited the graduation ceremony of the passing out course at Rashtriya Indian Military College here at Dehra-Dun. Till date in 94 years of the school history he is the third defence minister to have visited the prestigious institution. Another Member of Parliament Mr. Tarun Vijay was also present and strongly voiced his opinion that the political class should mix more freely with the defence forces and should do away with the British legacy. He was of the opinion that in their respective constituencies the political class too requires to be present and mix more freely with the military. When he was politely reminded that military protocol did not permit such meeting the MP again reiterated that the political class required to mix more and learn about the excellence of the forces, something that this veteran too agrees with.

As an alumnus of the school it was great to have the defence minister who was easy going and absorbed well about the going on of the school in his visit. He mixed freely with the media and spoke to them. He met the cadets and the parents met the old boys and in an easy simple manner put across his views to the audience. He laid a wreath at the war memorial and while posing with the old boys for a photograph was quick to point out that his hands were by his side and not in his pocket.

The defence minister's key message was expansion of RIMC for which he said he is ready to fund provided the excellent standards are maintained. Giving numbers to the expansion plan he spoke of an initial expansion to strength of 350 cadets and further expansion to around 500, with additional role. He was a little nostalgic



and was reminded about his young days at his engineering college seeing the splendid campus. He came across as a person who because of his high academic knowledge and excellence has worked his way up, when he asked students to dream big but work hard to achieve it. For this he was quick to point out that they needed to work hard.

He wanted the school to be a role model for all military schools in India, and stated the unorthodox for a feeder establishment whose prime role is to provide cadets for National Defence Academy. He stated once the school

expands it should be able to provide not only students for training to the NDA but also as leaders in civilian life as modern world required leadership at all levels. This will certainly set the cat amongst the pigeons within the strong but small school alumni who are discussing the role of RIMC beyond the centenary celebrations.

Currently the school does have a strong base of its alumni who have qualified for the prestigious IIT and IIM, the debate in colloquial terms is called "beyond the scotch egg debate".

He quoted the example of IIT and sent a message to the alumni to do more for their alma mater. He said he was aware of the role of the old boys but they needed to do more. His most important messages were two expansion of RIMC, and another message that the school must not be limited to military alone, which could be a tough nut to crack.



50TH YEAR OF CHANDRAGUPTA SECTION

By **Thamil Selven**

Chandragupta Section came into existence in January 1965. Cadets of all the terms from the three pre-existing Sections were drawn to constitute the new Section with a total strength of 53 Cadets. During January term this Section functioned without a name but was called the 'New Section'. Army Headquarters had approved a new name for this Section called Chandragupta towards the end of the term.

Mr SR Jaiswal was appointed as the new and first Section Master on 1st February 1965. Cadet BK Chaudhary was appointed as its First Section Commander. He was also appointed as Cadet Captain in the first as well as the

second term. The main achievement of this Section was that its Cadet Captain and Section Commander stood First in Rifle Shooting and Cadet JS Oberoi was awarded the UN Jha Memorial Gold medal for the first time in 1965 for topping the All India Merit List in NDA.

This year, 2015, marks the 50th year of Chandragupta Section. Within a month we managed to top in two different events, that is, Squash and X-Country Competitions. We will work hard to top all the competitions so that we would celebrate this 50 Anniversary as Champions during Reunion.

Another interesting fact which I would like to share is that it is not only the

50th year for the Section, but also our college had adopted the new Crest of Peacock Feathers replacing the Ostrich Plumes, the Ashoka Chakra replacing The Crown and the Motto 'Bal Vivek' replacing 'Ich Dien' 50 years ago itself.

On 8th August 1965, the first meeting of Chandragupta Section was held with the first batch of First termers in the dormitory with the then Section Master and Section Tutor. To commemorate this occasion, we celebrate this day as the birthday of Chandragupta Section. This year we celebrated by cutting the cake in the same place where the first meeting of Chandragupta Section was held 50 years ago.

RIMCO COMMANDANTS OF IMA

By Ali Ahmed

Of the thirty-eight Commandants of the Indian Military Academy (IMA) since Independence, ten have been Rimcollians. In an inimitable hat trick, the first three Indian Commandants were Rimcos. Closer to our times, the last two Commandants have been Rimcos, including the last one, Lt Gen BS Negi.

Given the centrality of IMA to creation and sustenance of the Indian army's unique leadership ethos, this is a distinction the RIMC can claim with considerable pride. It points to the College consistently turning out a caliber of officers that are then set by the army to hone the officer ship of its officer corps.

Major General Thakur Mahadeo Singh was the first Indian Commandant, succeeding five British officers who had held the reins pre Independence since the founding of the IMA in 1932. Stepping up from his earlier appointment as Senior Instructor in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he took over from the last British Commandant in November 1947 on promotion to Brigadier. He was at the helm when, on 1 January 1949, IMA was converted into the 'Military Wing' of the new entity called the Armed Forces Academy.

The 'Armed Forces Academy' had two Wings, the 'Inter Services Wing', that in the mid fifties shifted to Khadakvasla as the National Defence Academy, and the 'Military Wing' that was IMA. Thus, Thakur Mahdeo Singh, who led the AFA in the rank of a Major General, can be credited with raising the first inter-service establishment in the world. The Inter Services Wing that was later

renamed the Joint Services Wing. Sardar Vallabhai Patel reviewed the ceremonial inaugural parade of this institution.

He handed over the AFA, renamed the National Defence Academy in end 1949, to his illustrious successor, Maj Gen KS 'Timmy' Thimayya. At the time, the IMA was the 'Military Wing' of the NDA. When the NDA moved to Khadakvasla, the IMA was initially called Military College, till it regained its pre Independence name in 1960. Thus the first three Rimcos Commandants were not only Commandants of the IMA, but also of NDA, a double distinction for the College.

Thimayya was already a national hero at the time of his taking over. He was the first Indian to command a Brigade, a distinction he earned in the Burma theater during the Second World War. He had gone on to create military history in Kashmir; the most famous episode being his employment of tanks at

Zoji La. India having become a Republic in January 1950, it was decided to rest the King's Colours at the NDA. The parade to mark the occasion was reviewed by Sardar Baldev Singh, who had Army Chief Gen Cariappa and NDA Commandant Maj Gen Thimayya flanking him at the podium. Thirty five regimental Colours were laid to rest at Chetwode Hall.

Wadalia who stepped into Thimayya's shoes had been Cariappa's BGS when 'Kipper' was Thimayya's boss as Western Army commander. At Independence, he had been a company commander at the Academy. Since he was a services' squash player and, as a cavalier, an accomplished horseman and polo player, these inter alia received his attention as Commandant. Mrs Wadalia is credited with planting many trees in the appointment house occupied by successive Commandants since the first, LP Collins. Wadalia went on to being the Deputy Chief of Army Staff, then Vice Chief equivalent.

The command of IMA reverted to Brigadier level after shifting out of NDA. A Rimco great, PS Bhagat, took over befittingly as Commandant when war clouds were inexorable advancing across from the Himalayas in June 1962. He had earlier served on staff at IMA under its first, Rimco, Commandant Mahadeo Singh. The Academy received its first Colours on 10 December 1962 when he was Commandant from President Radhakrishnan, to replace the one presented by Earl of Willingdon in 1934. The photo of the occasion has Bhagat escorting the Rashtrapati, behind a Rimco ADC to the President, Capt Zaki,

HE WAS A SERVICES'
SQUASH PLAYER AND,
AS A CAVALIER, AN
ACCOMPLISHED
HORSEMAN AND POLO
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ALIA RECEIVED HIS
ATTENTION AS
COMMANDANT



Maj Gen SC Sinha



Lt Gen MA Zaki



Lt Gen MA Gurbaxani



Lt Gen Manvender Singh



Lt Gen BS Negi

who two decades later went on to head the IMA. Bhagat barely had time to oversee the consequential after effects of the war on training, in particular the expansion of the officer corps and training of emergency commission officers in the early sixties. He was appointed secretary to the commission that looked at the war record of the Indian army and was thereby the principal author of the report that continues to bedevil the Indian security establishment, so much so that even the current government ruled out its release, the Henderson-Brooks report.

The next Rimco Commandant of IMA in the sixties was K Zorawar Singh. A Sword of Honour winner of his course, he led Central India Horse in its relief of Rajauri in the 1947 War. He met his Greek wife while his regiment was stationed in Greece in the World War. She recounts her time in the six acre colonial bungalow that served as the Commandant's residence in the Ton's valley in her illustrated autobiography, Love and War. The IMA history notes his interest in furthering co-curricular activities in the form of 'clubs' and in games. He stabilized the training once again in the pre-emergency patterns with an emphasis on turning out military leaders.

Taking over a decade later, the only Rimco Commandant in the seventies was Maj Gen SC Sinha. He had been by the side of Brig Mohammad Usman, when a Pakistani artillery salvo took a toll of the Brigade HQs, killing his commander and injuring him. He oversaw the changes in the mid seventies stemming from modernization, principally the balancing

of service subjects with academics. Graduates were now gaining the officer commission and there was a need to ensure balance between service and academic subjects. He undertook renaming of the battalions at IMA, rightly including two Rimcos among the four they are named after: Thimayya and Bhagat.

The eighties were a blank. The first Rimco Commandant in the nineties was also one to serve for the shortest time in the appointment. Lt Gen Zaki was recalled to Kashmir, this time as Adviser to the Governor. He had come to IMA from command of 15 Corps in the period that the nation faced its most severe internal security challenge. His four month stint at IMA was nevertheless notable for its emphasis on field training, especially field firing. Insights from the short tenure held him in good stead when as Vice Chancellor of Jamia Millia Islamia he was able to initiate a makeover for the central university into being one of the foremost universities in the national capital.

Lt Gen Gurbaxani was the other Rimco to head the august institution in the nineties. He is well known for his own physical fitness and propensity to join the units being inspected on their battle physical test runs. Those who passed out in his tenure won this nation the Kargil War. The 2000s, like the eighties, did not witness a Rimco heading the IMA.

However, this decade there have been two Commandants, Lt Gen Manvendra Singh and Lt Gen Negi. Lt Gen Singh was in the news for the visit of the royal couple to IMA. Since the Prince of Wales

could not visit RIMC, established by his predecessor nine decades back, the Commandant RIMC and cadets met him at IMA. It is a comment on the priorities of the times, that the Doon School stole a march on the occasion over RIMC in its inveigling the Prince to visit it!

Lt Gen Negi, having been a platoon commander at IMA in the late eighties, clearly knows where the shoe pinches, and can be expected to set the compass of the institution along the straight and narrow. A written history of the Academy dates to 1992 and, a subsequent unauthorized one, was published in 2007. Therefore the details of exploits of the later Rimco Commandants must await the next edition. However, his resume of three blues, a double MPhil and enroute to his second doctorate, along with extensive trekking and biking in the Himalayas, indicate the 'brains and brawn' approach he has. However, as is the wont of MS Branch, he is off to take over Central Command, much too soon to leave the impact he could have otherwise had on his alma mater.

This brief review of the contribution of Rimcos in turning out an officer corps in sync with the Chetwode motto suggests continuing need for 'more of the same'. The earlier prominence of Rimcos in higher ranks has been diluted owing to the expansion of officer numbers. Fewer numbers reach higher ranks and making a wider impact in today's relatively impersonal conditions is confined to only one's immediate environment. These constitute all the more the reason for a Rimcos' sure hand at the 'cradle of leadership'.

THE SCHOOL IN BOOKS

By Col Shailender Arya

It was a cold winter morning of late January 1990, made tolerable by a bright sun. It was my first day in RIMC, and my father had accompanied to drop me to the school. While I went to the Holding Dormitory to deposit my unwieldy black trunk, he proceeded to the Commandant's Office. When we again met after some time, he was completely impressed with the Commandant, Colonel SD Mohanty, and rather satisfied that his son is in good hands. In a long chat with my father, Colonel Mohanty (later Major General) outlined the aims of the school, gave his philosophy for RIMC and quoted about the school from a Philip Mason's book.

The book was evidently popularised by the Commandant and hence easily traceable in the school library. Few months hence, I read the book, 'A Matter of Honour: An Account of the Indian Army, Its Officers and Men', searched for the paragraphs about RIMC and obtained a vague notion about the Army in days of the Raj, the vaguest that an eight standard boy can obtain. Philip Mason impressed me. In this book, apart from everything about the British Indian Army and some praise for PWRIMC, the author says "we should judge these men against their times". Later I read his another well-known book, 'The Men Who Ruled India', a masterly distillation of Philip Mason's two classics, 'The Founders' and 'The Guardians' which were written soon after British withdrawal from the subcontinent.

Those were the initial days of PWRIMC. The selection process preferred boys with British-style public school education and affluent backgrounds and, as Stephen Cohen observes, boys from 'politically inert' families. Stephen Cohen briefly writes about RIMC in his book 'The Indian Army, Its Contribution to the Development of a Nation'. Later, once in senior classes, we were all handed over a copy of a book by a Pakistani Rimcollian,



Gul Hassan Khan. The book was titled 'Memoirs of Lt Gen Gul Hassan Khan: The Last Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army'. It covered the PWRIMC days, his years with Field Marshal Slim during the Second World War, and Pakistan's two wars with India.

PWRIMC also featured extensively in the book 'The Battle Within' by Brigadier Mirza Hamid Hussain of Pakistan Army. He was a cadet at the PWRIMC between 1926 and 1932, and the book captures those days vividly.

We got to Dehra Dun railway station at about eight in the morning and were received by the Adjutant, Lieutenant Sardar Khan. A few cars awaited our arrival, and it was here that both the old students and the newcomers had assembled. The old students could be clearly recognized because they were attired in blue blazers and white shorts that made up their uniform. It was here that I first met the new batch of young

boys who were joining the Prince of Wales in the August term of 1926. We were six, altogether. Two of the boys wore turbans, and I was informed that they were Sikhs, who in accordance with their religious beliefs never cut their hair. This was, in fact, the first time that I had seen or encountered a member of the Sikh sect.

Later, we were conducted in batches to the Mess and the dormitories. As there were six of us, we were paired up and divided into three sections that existed in the college and each of which was named after a former commander-in-chief of the Indian Army - Rawlinson, Roberts and Kitchener. The young boy who was assigned to the Roberts Section with me was Taj Mohammed Khanzada, who later went on to become a famous soldier of the Indian Army and was the proud recipient of the most coveted of military awards - the Distinguished Services Order and the Military Cross. Strangely enough, we both joined the same Indian Regiment when we passed out of RIMC.

I soon settled down in my new surroundings and found the college to be the best in the whole of India, for I had seen both the Aitchison College in Lahore and the Chief's College in Ajmer and neither of them compared favourably with the RIMC. The layout of the College was delightful and the field guns that dotted the landscape gave the surroundings a very martial look. The block that housed our living quarters was in the shape of a large square, and had a beautifully kept lawn in the center with a wide path running along the middle of the grassy square. No one, barring four boys, were allowed to cross the lawn, and these were the Section Commanders and the Cadet Captain who was named thus because he was the senior-most cadet at the college.

Another book to highlight PWRIMC exceptionally well is the biography of General KS Thimayya by Humphery

Evans. The book is titled 'Thimayya of India' and has a very interesting chapter named 'Dehradun' on the school. It is a must-read for an introduction to RIMC of yesteryears and to the indeed varied background of the boys who joined the school. Following his graduation from RIMC, 'Timmy', as he was affectionately known, was one of only six Indian cadets selected for further training at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He later rose to become the Army Chief, the first chief from RIMC.

The first book printed commercially and focusing exclusively on RIMC was 'Where Gallantry is Tradition: Saga of Rashtriya Indian Military College' by Sidharth Mishra and Bikram Singh. The release of the book coincided with the Platinum Jubilee of RIMC in 1997. My course could not attend the celebrations in Dehradun, being under supposedly rigorous training at NDA, but of course we obtained the book. The book also reproduced the chapter 'Dehradun' from 'Thimayya of India' and had excellent contributors; HS Sodhi, K Bahadur Singh, Inayatullah Hassan, Nand Lal Kapur, Jasbir Khurana, Salam Kiron Singh and Bir Dodraj Mansingh - to name a few.

RIMC also finds a mention in the 2013 book 'Nothing But! : Book Two: The Long Road to Freedom' by Brigadier Samir Bhattacharya. Written in a story form, the book covers the period from 1920 to 1947 up to Independence. In this book, an elderly Kashmiri named Sarfraz Khan is trying to secure admission to the PWRIMC for his grandson Ismail Sikandar Khan by requesting Colonel Reginald Edwards. The narration is dramatised to add colour to the book.

"The institution today is the cradle for producing some of India's finest young military officers, some of whom incidentally are already serving the British Indian Army, and maybe someday when India becomes a free country these very officers will become her military brain and leaders", says Reggie. "May your golden words someday come true Sahib and may Allah give you a long and happy life and may you and I live to see that great day", said Sarfraz Khan as he clutched Reggie's hand and kissed it. That day as he

lay in bed, Reggie thought about his lovely days at Gilgit and of late Sikandar Khan's family who were so very close to him. But on that very evening there was some bad news when the resident announced that Queen Alexandra, the King's mother had died. It was 25th of November, 1925.

The book 'Capital' on Delhi received excellent reviews in 2014. As I look at it, this narration from 'Capital: A Portrait of Twenty-First Century' by Rana Dasgupta (pages 178 - 182) can only about RIMC.

Defence Colony is one of south Delhi's leafiest and most desirable neighbourhoods. Its spacious plots were given out in the years following Indian independence to officers in the armed services. The original inhabitants are now elderly and lead lives of archaic rhythms: brisk walks in Defence Colony's many parks at six in the morning - sometimes accompanied by sessions of energetic clapping or synchronized group laughter - followed by breakfast and the newspaper on the balcony at seven.

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Dinner and bed happen early for these five o' clock risers, but there may be time for an evening drink at the local club, where reminiscences are shared about the escapades of yore. They will talk about military college in the 1940s, before partition split the army too, into India and Pakistan. Half their college mates became the enemy at that point, and they fought them in three major wars, but this did not impede ancient affections (which sometimes even included surreptitious

cooperation across the line: "Hold off such-and-such target, old boy: my sister's son is holed up there") and still now they preserve friendships with their former colleagues on the other side of the border.

The affection of Ruskin Bond for all things Dehradun is well known. In his recent book 'Once Upon a Time in the Doon' - a collection of writings, anecdotes and musings about the Doon Valley, one of the chapters is titled 'IMA, FRI, The Doon School and RIMC'. It is written by Kunal Verma, an avid photographer who famously shot the Project Tiger in the 1980s. He writes about the circumstances leading to setting up of all these institutes and their initial years. Like a good Dosco, before he dwells into the history of RIMC, he introduces RIMC as - Spread over 134 acres of lush green countryside, it is not far from their arch rivals, The Doon School, against whom generations of Rimcollians have earned their spurs on the playing fields of the two institutions.

Though not specific to RIMC, another item which caught my eye in this book was a letter to a parent written by a Doon School master Jack Gibson (who subsequently was the principal of the NDA and Mayo College) where he wrote that 'each boy must train himself to think clearly so that he will be willing to come to conclusions that may be different from what he has expected and may point to something different from what we were brought up to believe to be the expected order. He must train his body to undergo hardships and be prepared for unexpected discomforts, and above all, he must awaken and sharpen his sympathies for and understanding of people outside his own class and circle.'

In the year 2013, 'Camphor Avenue', the first in the series of ten books planned by few Old Boys to commemorate the school's centenary in 2022, was published. The book was edited by Sidharth Mishra, a Rimcollian, an eminent journalist and now the President Centre for Reforms, Development and Justice, a New Delhi based think-tank. It book was a great hit and next year, in 2014, the next book 'Veerkumars of Rajwada' was published. The second book was dedicated to late Wing Commander

VG Kumar, who founded and nurtured the Rimcollian egroup since its inception in 1999. The third book in the series, 'Soaring Pines', edited by Sidharth Mishra was published in 2015 and was again very well received. In these books, all the contributors are Rimcollians, the themes are easy to identify with, and the narratives simple and straightforward. Resultantly, the books make a happy and nostalgic reading. The next one is now eagerly awaited in 2016.

The PWRIMC also finds a mention the 2014 book 'The Victoria Cross: A Love Story' by Ashali Varma, the daughter of Lt Gen PS Bhagat. An illustrious Rimcollian, Premindra Singh Bhagat was the first Indian to be awarded the Victoria Cross in World War II and later was the co-author of the Henderson Brooks Report on the Sino-India War. In the years following February 1941, when Prem Bhagat became the first Indian commissioned officer to be awarded the Victoria Cross, his face with the tilted cap became popular in England even before the news of it got around in India.

His instructors in the Indian Military Academy (IMA) must certainly have been surprised as they did not consider him a very promising cadet. IMA's Adjutant, the dreaded Captain AG Bennet, who, infuriated at Bhagat wearing his peak cap at a rakish angle despite getting checked for it, had him marched up. When the angry adjutant asked "What do you have to say for yourself?", Prem replied, "Nothing, Sir, I just like to wear my cap that way." When the Adjutant thundered, "Don't you know that only the Prince of Wales has the privilege of wearing his cap at an angle?" Imagine his plight when Prem replied, "Sir, I am no less than the Prince of Wales."

In 2014, another Rimcollian, Major AK Singh published his book 'Beyond Horizons: Around the World in a Sailing Boat'. Though the basic narrative of the book is centered on the circumnavigation of the globe in Trishna, it is also the personal story of Major AK Singh, the first handicapped yachtsman to sail around the world, the relentless pursuit of his dreams, his joyous days at RIMC, the eventful life in the Indian Army, and the

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unique experiences of sailing in the days before the advent of Global Positioning Systems and satellite communications. Many of us also had an opportunity to meet Major AK Singh in the Reunion in March 2015.

Lastly, a snippet from 'The Imperial Cadet Corps and Indianisation of the Indian Army's Officer Corps, 1897-1923: A Brief Survey' of what the Indian royalty was reading in the Imperial Cadet College, the forerunner to the PWRIMC.

Accommodation was formal at Dehra Dun: two lines, consisting of 12 rooms each, with attached bathrooms - uncommon even in Britain at the time. Book-learning was not emphasised. Per day, there were only three hours of

classroom instruction, 30 minutes less than the draft rules stipulated. Most of the classroom time during the first year was devoted to English language instruction and arithmetic. Among the books read were Lord Roberts' 'Forty-One Years in India', and RL Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'. While the first was a celebration of the Raj and its Indian Army in memoir form, the second was a 'boys-own' adventure, inspiring masculine values.

I am now posted at Coimbatore after a long spell in high mountains. It is thankfully South India where people do read books. There are excellent bookshops, few book clubs run by energetic book-lovers with book-reading meetings for the younger crowd and a Rent-a-Book near the Race Course Road. From this southern corner of India, I fancy myself reading The Hindu, sipping filter coffee and keeping a close eye on anything appearing in books about RIMC. Meanwhile, I have compiled a 'Rimcollian Bibliography' consisting of ten books which have a chapter, significant portions or the entire book devoted to RIMC. And for those, who think that reading is perhaps outdated in this era of smart phones and 24x7 television channels; to paraphrase Philip Mason, kindly judge us against our times. Happy reading and Viva RIMC.

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Aman Nugyal, Nasser Prakash, Jagdeep Kairon and Anurag Bisen

OXFAM TRAILWALKER 2015 TEAM NOT SO OLD BOYS

By Aman Nugyal

Four classmates, one from each section, converged from different cities onto the Western Ghats for participating as a team in the 100 kms Oxfam Trailwalk on 20 Nov 2015. Together, 31 years after passing out of RIMC, this was one incredible reunion. The rest of the class, joined by the social-networking glue, understandably accused us four of 'a momentary lapse of reason'. In our late 40's, visibly prosperous victims of our indulgent lifestyles, we looked the most unlikely

candidates for such (mis) adventure. Conscious of the inordinate grey in our team, we gallantly called ourselves 'Not So Old Boys'!

After an exultant night of shared nostalgia and boisterous profanities in a tent at the starting point, we rolled onto the trail (quite literally, if you see our round appearance) at dawn. Anurag Bisen, who ironically was the chubbiest at school, was now the only fit bloke amongst us, and it was he who had sold this idea to us.

When we occasionally walked by villagers, in the wee hours of the morn or late at night, they wore a quizzed look wondering what we portly urban-dwellers were up to. On hearing that we were on a 'shambhar' (100) km walk, their empathetic smile indicated affirmation of their belief that city-life made folks looney. In our numbed zombie frame of mind, we couldn't quite dispute that.

Inspired by the simple philosophy of 'just one more step', we walked across

the seemingly interminable distance. At each turn, we yearned for Jim Morrison's lyrics - 'this is the end....' - to come true. Alas, the Frostian woods were lovely, dark, and deep...there was yet another direction-arrow with 'TW' (trail walk) painted on a stone, pointing ahead to the 'miles to go before we slept'...

We dragged ourselves on, cursing Bisen for having conned us into this...hours slipped by, windy dawn morphed into blazing noon and then to a merciful dusk, eventually paving way for the quiet night with its cheerleading crickets...we 'kept walking' (alas w/o a drop of the drink with that clarion call)...

The trail was stunning - rolling Ghats, waist high dry grass meadows, numerous streams, forests with dense undergrowth making the trail vanish into a tunnel at times...but, as all of you would have experienced, the numbing agony of the next step made us tunnel- visioned to this beauty...all it meant was another steep slope to haul up our posterior, another prickly sea of grass to wade through, another rock-strewn stream to negotiate on groaning ankles....the only constant was us abusing Bisen, who stoically bore that with his Mona(lisa) smile...

Our captain, Jagdeep Kairon, pushed his weight stoically across the distance much to the awe of other walkers, who didn't know the sterner stuff he is made of....NasserPrakash, with his stamina-sticks acting as afterburners, gallantly brought up the tail, with Aman struggling on somewhere in between. It's strange how life keeps some things constant and changes others dramatically. Kairon, the medallist, used to set the track ablaze in NDA x-country, with Aman struggling in his distant wake into 2nd enclosure. This remained constant - Aman still saw the distant dust kicked off by Kairon's feet, but Bisen and Nasser - wow!!...these laid back 6th enclosure squanderers have now sprouted wings....they flew across the distance with such ease, that it hurt the stragglers more than the blisters and blue-toe-nails on their feet....kudos to them!



Well we did it...all sections hand-in-hand at the finish line 36h15m after having begun....and to our surprise and shock we discovered that amongst the 23 GOQi(the fitness band sponsor) teams, we finished first....not so bad performance by the 'Not So Old Boys'...

There were several old boys who were with us in spirit and who had also contributed generously towards the humanitarian efforts of Oxfam. Enroute, at 3am, at Check Point 6, we saw evidence of what generosity of people

like them creates - a beautiful school at Bhamwarde, which educates children without means from the entire tehsil.

The event was a great melting pot for warm-hearted passionate volunteers - trekkers, physiotherapists, nurses, etc, all volunteering to support the event across tough terrain and through 48 sleepless hours. And no matter how tired they were, they served with a smile, embodying the spirit of IchDien!

Our college's spirit is truly contagious..



Anurag Bisen, Satish Uniyal and Raja Bhattacharjee

THREE RIMCOLLIANS AT THE AIRTEL HALF MARATHON: 30 NOV 2015

Life has a strange habit of turning full circle.

What is special about the three Rimcollians in the photo is that all three belong to the 116th Course, Chandragupta Section. Back in school (1979-84), they were pretty different personalities. Satish Uniyal was the suave all rounder, playing cricket and tackling academics with equal aplomb, finding his way to the Navy. Anurag Bisen was the 'battering ram' of the Chandus who emerged to challenge the status quo of all bullies in the Course, a trait that took him straight to the Submarines in the Navy.

Raja Bhattacharjee was the quiet one who brightened the Academic trail, ultimately joining the Army.

Like old wine, friendships made in RIMC become richer with time. Separated in space but not in heart, connected digitally thanks to social media, and meeting sporadically on common ground as in the Airtel Delhi Half Marathon, the Rimcollian Community prospers.

None of the three in the photo were particularly brilliant on the running track while at school. But the gumption and can-do attitude

imbibed at School goes far, and erupts in the unlikeliest of occasions. Anurag is now an accomplished Trail Walker and Marathoner. Raja got motivated by a slim Bisen and shed 12 kgs to emerge fitter on the running trail. Satish emerged from the desks of the MoD to complete the trio.

A memorable day. A memorable picture. And they parted ways even without a goodbye.

Because goodbyes are for those who separate.

Long live the Rimcollian spirit of get-up-and-go and friendship!

C A M A R A D E R I E

By Unni Kartha

I am a Ranjitian, 1962-66, from 37/F in NDA. I joined the AF. Afterwards I led an uneventful life doing 'this & that', 'here & there', and never had a chance to visit 'Rimc' till 1996, or even remembered that I was a 'Rimcollian'. None asked me, and hence I never told these 'nones', that I am a Rimcollian, till I retired from AF in 1994. One 'L' is sufficient for 'Rimcollian', in Hinglish, don't you think ?!!

Sometime mid Feb 1988 I took over as the CO of 104 Sqn, then equipped with AS-11 Anti Tank Missiles on Chetak helicopters, located at Sarsawa (Saharanpur). I had neither been to Sarsawa earlier, nor to Manali, by foot, car, or flying, flapping my wings like the Biblical Icarus. My job was simply to induct the formidable ground attack helicopters, Mi-35s, into 104, move the unit to Bhatinda, integrate with army under JIP-87 and prepare the Sqn for high intensity, high density battle on the western front ASAP. The eventuality of war seemed very real at that time. Phew, huff & puff, one hell of a job. I was being lovingly goaded, and purposefully prodded, 'faster, faster', by a superior 'Armed Kaur' Rimcollian (then BGS in 10 Corps, later VCoAS).

Just a few days after I had taken over the Sqn in Sarsawa, there were the usual rounds of welcome parties. My subordinates bestowed their affections by insisting that I have Patiala, 'one for the road, and then one for the gutter'. So on one weekend, a Sunday night, when it was raining cats and dogs, I had more sycophancy than what I could imbibe, even in the gutter, and was just falling asleep, when the doorbell rang at 0230 hrs on Monday morning.

My wife immediately turned over in bed, pulled the blanket over her head. 'I have a migraine' she said. 'You handle



this', she commanded. Obedience is drilled into all Rimcolians, even if they are filled to the gills with rum & molasses. Hence, I had no choice but to obey.

I hitched up my lungi to half-mast and ran bare chested to open the door with much irritation since someone was persistently and continuously ringing the bell. 'What the phokes?', I roared, like a zebra turned 'Tiger' turned 'Gadha'. There was lightening, thunder and heavy rain in the background.

'Hai, You Bugger', said an apparition when I opened the door. He was in uniform, with pips of a Lt Col, soaked to the skin, water dripping even from his W-front 'chaddi'. There he was, Sec Cdr Ranjit, winner of the President's Gold Medal, 'Swapan Bhadra'. My classmate, whom I had not seen since we passed out of NDA in 69, almost two decades earlier. Swapan was just the same, tall, handsome, suave, sportsman extraordinaire, didn't need an introduction. The bugger has a record of winning all the medals clean

sweep, along with the sword of honor, in IMA.

'What the phokes?', I mumbled again meekly, giving him a zestful hug. Immediately he did commando style deep penetration into my drawing room dripping water all over the carpet and sofa. I should have closed the door on his face and told him to 'phoke off' when I had a chance. It was too late now.

'What are you doing here, at this time of the night?' I asked out of curiosity. After all there is a limit to civility at 0230 hrs, on a Monday morning.

'I have to reach Manali by 0730 hrs or I will be court marshaled', he announced unceremoniously. 'And you are going to take me there', he commanded. 'Give me a drink, Champaign, and something to eat, I have not had anything to eat since lunch yesterday', he ordered 'Din-Fast' (dinner + breakfast, on the quick, double march). I don't blame him, I was dressed worse than a 'Masalchi' of the Madras regiment on holiday in Kovalam. I poured him a drink and went to the kitchen to make 'Masala Dosa', with my lungi at half-mast.

While I was making Dosa and warming refrigerated Sambar, at 0245 hrs in the morning, Swapan told me his story hanging on to the kitchen door, sipping my Champaign, directly from the bottle. He does everything in style.

Swapan had been posted to DRDO's Snow & Avalanche Study Establishment (SASE) at Manali and had gone to Meerut to pack and dispose off his baggage, which perhaps consisted of several GFs too. He is such a handsome, suave, irresistible kind of chap that all neighbourhood birds watch him. Baggage is easy to dispose off, but not the birds. So he had over stayed his leave and had just few hours to join his

C A M A R A D E R I E ?

unit, or be court marshaled as 'absent without leave'. He was asking me to demonstrate camaraderie. Old boy's 'esprit de corps', to do or die, simply mumbling 'Itch Dien', whatever.

While I was making the third Dosa, at 0255 hrs, I evaluated the odds. I was drunk and not fit to fly. I could get court marshaled, grounded, all of which were worse than what could happen to Swapan, if he didn't reach Manali at 0730 hrs. The weather was bad, there was no way I could help him reach Manali, where I had never been to before. We could kill ourselves doing what he wanted me to do. I would lose my command before I even got used to having, 'one for road and one for the gutter', war cry of the boys under my command.

None of it sounded good. They sounded like laments of an old woman. I was a Rimcolian, got punched, ate vitamin XXX scotch eggs and then was made to run round and round the quadrangle to imbibe camaraderie and esprit de corps. It was time to show it, not act like a wimp.

So, Swapan and I got into his jeep at 0330 hrs, and went to my Sqn. There was only one of my airmen on guard on duty. 'Tham, KaunAatahai', he challenged with his Danda, holding it like a rifle doing a bayonet charge. 'Tera bap' I told him. 'Come here and help me push the hanger door open'. We pushed out a Chetak helicopter, which had its fuel tanks full. We kept pushing it down the taxi track till the ARC dumbbell, far away from the AF habitation.

At 0415 hrs, we got airborne as quietly as possible. It had stopped raining and the clouds had lifted. It was still dark with the eastern sky beginning to glow. 'You do the map reading', I told Swapan. He was holding the million map upside down. 'Yar I have never seen such a map, do you have a ¼" or 1" map like the army?', he asked. I was in serious trouble, the



Swapan Bhadra

'DID YOU GO SOMEWHERE EARLY MORNING?', MY BOSS THE STATION COMMANDER ASKED ME LATER. I WINKED AT THE OC FLYING, EX NDA FEW COURSES SENIOR, SEEKING HIS TACIT COOPERATION

clouds were sitting on our head at about 500'. I drove the helicopter like a 'Jonga', terrain following using the landing lights, heading for Manali knowing fully well that I can never reach Manali in such weather. But I had to show Rimcollian camaraderie, esprit de corps, didn't I?

To cut a long story short, we did reach Manali, somehow, never once going above Jonga driving height at full speed, around 140 kmph. Swapan went into Champaign induced sleep despite all the excitement and his batman kept jabbing my head from behind when I nodded off, rum induced sleep. The helicopter flew by itself and had more camaraderie than I. Moses used godly

powers to part the sea. With same zest I used willpower to try and part the trees, hills and the clouds. The helicopter knew where to go and what to do. Actually I didn't do anything, I was feeling very sleepy.

I dropped Swapan at Manali, refuelled and came all the way back on my own, just like I went, parting trees, hills and clouds like Moses. I had learnt to do all that and more, because of Swapan. I arrived back at Sarsawa as my colleagues were assembling for the monthly 'Station Parade' at the opposite dumbbell. So I quietly landed on the ARC Dumbbell and switched off. ATC began making frantic calls to figure out the mad man approaching at low level and landing at Sarsawa, so early in the morning, in bad weather. I switched off the radio to get the irritating ATC off my back. I ran to my office, instructed my men to push back the helicopter from ARC dumbbell, changed into uniform and ran to attend the parade.

'Did you go somewhere early morning?', my boss the Station Commander asked me later. I winked at the OC Flying, ex NDA few courses senior, seeking his tacit cooperation. 'I was just doing an early morning 'doo-shang', I told my boss with a straight innocent face, 'Just helping the compass to find the North, Sir'. Waffling was an art I had learnt in Rimc, and refined to 'fine art' in NDA. In love and war, always waffle, do Kathakali to win, that was my belief.

Nothing more was said or heard from Swapan, till we met a decade later in school on 13 Mar 98. We only hugged and said cheers, the Manali escapade remained forgotten. It was not anything special to remember.

I don't think this story is anything great. At best it was just a ruddy display of Rimcollian brotherhood. Do you think that is what is meant by 'camaraderie' or perhaps 'esprit de corps' ?!!

Life was not easy outside

By Karan Bamba

BEYOND UNIFORM



One day in early February 2012. Venue was the office of a Senior Management Executive in a leading business house in Mumbai. One could call it an Interview. He wanted to know more about me as a person. I told him that I was very fortunate that my Parents could give me the education and experiences I had in life. The next obvious question was why I said that. And I told him....

Flashback to January 20, 1979. We entered Thimayya Gate and drove down the road. Being a 'fauji kid', I'd only known that I wanted to join the Armed Forces. And I'd met some Rimcollians and wanted to join the RIMC. And here I was. Just 11.5 years, with no idea how the next 5 years were going to shape my life.....

VENUE WAS THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE IN ST. VINCENT'S HIGH SCHOOL IN PUNE. HE SAID HE WOULD BE HAPPY TO GIVE ME ADMISSION TO THE XIITH GRADE. ON THE CONDITION I LEARN GERMAN - IT WAS A COMPULSORY SUBJECT IN THE SCHOOL. HE ADVISED THE BASIC COURSE IN MAX MUELLER. I DID IT

Early January 1984. Venue was the Principal's office in St. Vincent's High School in Pune. He said he would be happy to give me admission to the XIth grade. On the condition I learn German - it was a compulsory subject in the school. He advised the Basic Course in Max Mueller. I did it.

June 6, 1984. No, not the anniversary celebrations of the "Longest Day" (aka the Normandy Landings). I was sitting in St. Vincent's - had been asked just two days earlier to appear for an entrance exam in Physics, Chemistry, and Maths. No warning. Just a Post Card. I did what I could.

One week later. In the Principal's Office. He was appalled. I hadn't scored more than 30% in any subject. How

could he give me admission? After all the school took outside students scoring more than 80% in the Xth. My XIth - 60 something in Maths. 50 something in Physics. And 35 in Chemistry! The school produced State Rankers! How could he take me? I had told him about RIMC. Seems he had missed the part about the NDA entrance and the SSB (result of which was the reason I was there in the first place). I told him again. And 'because I had cleared the NDA written', he decided to take me in. On the condition my Father gave a written acceptance that if I didn't do well in the school examinations, I would not be allowed to sit for the Board Exams! My Father did it. And I felt #S%^&&&###.....

The next one-year was a tough regimen. I played. I swam, and ran and cycled. More than I ever did in the previous 5 years. And I studied. Like how!

Early August 1985. My first day at the Welcome Address at the Government College of Engineering, Pune. One of the 9 kids of my school batch to make it. Cloud 9!

Engineering was a great educational experience. Classes 9 am-6 pm without a break, in the first year. The next three years just got tougher with assignments galore. I did it and learnt the local language and had fun with my share of "Crushes". I was aware of but I did not master the art of "Glass Tracing". Didn't need to. It helped. Later in life - at work.

July 18, 1989. Our Welcome Address at Siemens' Plant in Mumbai. One of the 6 selected from my College. In a batch of 23 who'd joined. Cloud 9 again! July 17, 1992 was my last day at the Plant. Not enough word-space to describe the three years in between. To many, the experience was worth 10 years. Did a lot of work. Some Engineering Innovations. Developed a very good team. And shocked everybody at the Plant. I was doing well. Had a great career ahead, and so on..... Also enjoyed the work. Had a lot of fun. After all, I'd passed the two tests for being a "Bawa". Looking like one. And behaving like one. I never disappointed them. But I could make a difference.

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NEXT BEST WAS
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To those who should have known, I was leaving to study. I couldn't accept that even in an Engineering Company like Siemens, an Accountant controlled what I could spend on. Both - the "When" and "How Much". I couldn't (rather didn't want to) be an accountant. So the next best was Management.

Finally ended up in Pune. Long story and path to "ending up in Pune". Two years were great. Lot of everything. That a Post Graduate Management Institute should be. And I actually ended up Topping my batch. Wow - my first Gold Medal. Never A Medhavi winner was I....

Spent 6 months working in Pune. When Siemens offered me a nice role. In Mumbai. At the Corporate Office. Dream come true! My first day at work. The world had changed. Desktop on every table, Windows and Mouse. I was lost. But I could deliver. "Bawaji" was on a roll....

October 1, 1995. I landed in Delhi. To join the newly formed Telecom Business. They wanted Commercials. And I was a Techno-Commercial. It was the 'big bad city' those days. But I wanted to join telecom. I had no knowledge, nor experience in this field. Technically or Commercially. But I wanted to do it. So my Boss let me....

We started the Private Telecom Operator Business. And grew the Business. And grew with the Business.

Managed the Business. And everything else that comes with it. Could manage the gravitational forces that try to pull you down.

April 1, 2007. No longer Siemens. But Nokia Siemens Networks. A different role, A different environment. In a few months, from managing a business, moved over to being an "Internal Consultant". We did a lot of work.

Life was going great. Settled. Comfortable. When I got the phone call that disrupted my life. One discussion led to another. And brought me to the chair opposite the Senior Management Executive. In Mumbai.

So HOW did being a Rimcollian make a difference in life?! I guess us Rimcollians know the answer....but to put it in perspective, and for the uninitiated readers....

Just 11.5 years and away from home. Leading a tough, disciplined life.... I think all the experiences we had, right from the third day in Class I to the last day of Class IV A helped shaping us up. Tremendous Physical endurance for any child of that age (today, mother's might even call it 'brutal'). And become Mentally Strong, Actually, Tough. Mentally very Tough.

I could deal with all situations. Academic, Physical and Inter-Personal. Because I could just go on. It may have been tough, but the Environment could never control the Mind. We're human, so it affects us. But just for the short-term. We can deal with it. Pressures in life, in the Corporate World, people out to get you.... The list can go on...

But those five years made us tough. We learnt not to take nonsense from anyone. Integrity, Loyalty, Commitment, Respect, Self-Discipline - these were not just mere words, but the very core of our value systems. OLQ - the outside world just couldn't understand it or deal with it.

We're Self Driven. We Can.

ICH DIEN!

**Pratap - 115th Course
(Jan 1979 - Dec 1983)**

BEYOND UNIFORM

RIMCOLLIAN CAN ACHIEVE ANY LEVEL

By Jayant Kumar

I joined RIMC in 1978. In fact my youngest brother also is a Rimcollian. I also passed NDA exam but could not make it at SSB. And this shattered all my dreams. At that time the course was only up to 11th Class.

You cannot get admission in any college without doing 12th. Let me tell you that 1 year was really a troublesome year.

But my salute to my friend Yash and his parents who also stood behind me. My first aim was to pass the 12th class exam. Some how I could.

My father and mother had great confidence in me. I was at home surrounded my books. My younger brother was also preparing for engineering exam. Being a Rimcollian, WE CAN josh was there.

Believe me I slogged a lot. I studied for 16-18hrs a day. I had to start from scratch since at RIMC we only prepare for NDA exam.

I appeared for Engineering exams. I could get through in ISM, Dhanbad and ranked 5th. I got the best branch of ISM i.e. Petroleum Engineering. After 4 years of pursuing my studies I joined OIL (Oil India Limited) through Campus interview in 1990. In 1991, I joined ONGC the Mahartna Company. I worked at Mumbai Offshore, Ahmedabad, Dehradun and presently working at Delhi. Today, I work as Deputy General Manager in PMBG (Performance Management and Benchmarking Group).

I got the opportunity to pursue my MBA from MDI, Gurgaon that was fully sponsored by ONGC. Infact MDI conducted CAT type entrance test exam exclusively for ONGC officers for the



MBA course and I was ranked No. 1 in the exam. For me one of the proud moment is receiving my MBA degree in front of my wife and daughter which rarely happen when you study.

I feel very proud to be a Rimcollian and all this could be achieved because we were taught in RIMC to face all type of situations and come out even better I adverse condition.

Being a Rimcollian, I have a few suggestions for the cadets of RIMC. The games etc are important but never neglect your studies. Always keep in mind if I do not get through in NDA what next. Take your 11th and 12th class very very seriously. That is going to change your life. Keep preparing for the professional course from the first day of 11th. That will keep your prepared for the worst because apart from NDA exam there is SSB and medical.

I understand that RIMC is for NDA.

But what next if one do not get through. The teachers have to take care for those who cannot get through. For cadets RIMC is everything. But let me tell you there is very tough competition and every student is slogging hard outside for professional course. Lets prepare our cadets to face the outside world. Today students are lucky that there is 12th class course in RIMC and they will not suffer like me.

But the best part about RIMC is that they make you mentally tough and builds in lot of confidence. Also in my case all my friends had got through in NDA and I was only left out. But seeing them it gives you more josh to do better in life. My good friend Sidharth Misra also went through the same condition after RIMC and both kept encouraging each other and still he is one of my ideal and a joshi Rimcollian.

**Shivaji - 114th Course
(Aug 1978 - May 1983)**

FROM THE CLASSROOM TO THE MESS

By Ratna Manucha

Brought up on a staple diet of Mills and Boon books (in fact, it was it was the Bible of all the girls back then) we bided our time at the all girls school all the while dreaming of Prince Charming who would one day whisk us away on his faithful steed.

It was no wonder then, that when a young man in Olive Green rode up the driveway on his red 'steed' (read motorcycle) I thought it was a sign from the Lord above. So, with stars in my eyes and a song on my lips I followed him into the sunset without a backward glance!

This was my stairway to heaven and I was not going to let it pass me by! My perfect life was waiting for me around the corner- marriage, a beautiful house, flowers in the garden (which I would pluck and arrange on the centre table every morning) and two children (strictly in that order)!

But I was rudely awakened from my dreams when we were allotted a 'temporary accommodation'. Those days this meant that more often than not it was awaiting orders for demolition.

Someone in his infinite wisdom had cemented the western style toilet and so one had to climb two steps up to go and squat on the 'throne' in regal splendour!

One evening saw me in the Officer's Mess, suitably attired in a saree, securely held with safety pins at all the right places. I was being dined in and soon I stood before the CO who asked me whether I knew the colours of the battalion. That was easy!

"Red and yellow" was my cocky answer.

"Scarlet and the Gold", was the terse reply and I stood before him, suitably



admonished, my cheeks aflame in embarrassment.

Soon romance flew out of the window and it was replaced by a sense of resignation.

Combatting huge rats which came each night to frolic in my kitchen (Baramulla), grandfather langurs sitting on the skylight inside my bedroom, looking down at me in utter disinterest as I lay on my bed looking up at them quaking with fear (Kamptee) became a way of life.

Sintex water tanks had just made their way into India, so in Imphal they were placed outside the bathroom doors of each house and we would fill our buckets from there. They sat there in regal splendour and it was much later that they lumbered up on to the rooftops!

Packing and unpacking, attending and hosting dinners with panache became a way of life which I wouldn't have exchanged for anything in the world. Friends became family as we laughed and wept together, sharing our joys and sorrows. Some friends stayed on for life- others were forgotten as soon as we turned

back after waving goodbye from the railway station.

The railway station was another integral part of our lives, along with the ubiquitous black trunk, an important accessory, which when combined with another ubiquitous black trunk, would miraculously transform into a warm, welcoming settee. This was one piece of furniture that was a constant in every army house. The number of trunks judged an Officer's wealth he owned- and whether he needed a full or a half truck for his luggage when he moved on posting!

'Geru and Chuna' was our sole copyright and we used it with an intensity that would put today's Apex paints to shame.

Giggling like errant schoolgirls when the CO's wife issued instructions for the coming visits are memories I cherish. Beautiful moments were shared with like minded friends who crossed my path along this journey.

Trying to arrange flowers (the bane of every army wife) was always a disaster as far as I was concerned. I couldn't for the life of me manage it. and many years later, still can't! My first and the last arrangement was selected to be placed in the men's loo during the Raising Day. Honoured!

Life in the army was a roller coaster ride-with highs and lows-with the highs far outweighing the lows. I am fiercely proud of our soldiers and to me they are all my Mills and Boon heroes-men of steel, grit and honour.

Straight out of the classroom into the hustle and bustle of the service life, I grew up -with a lot of help from fellow wives.....and I wouldn't have exchanged it for any other life..

THE VISIT

By Ratna Manucha

The one horse town's a hub of activity
Everyone's humming around, as busy as a bee
They're even going into the nitty gritty's
Each one of them, eager to please.
Plans are made and then unmade
Orders are barked in no-nonsense tones
Menus planned-seating arrangements discussed- sun vs shade.
To top it all, the persistent ring of the phone.
Discreet enquiries reveal his tastes
And where his preferences lie
The mutton korma is flushed down the toilet-oh, what a waste!
It's got to be vegetables-oh! cook! Try again, please try!
The guest room is shining, all spic and span
Everything is exactly where it should be
Things seem to be going right-
according to plan
The cupboards aired- and even the loo is flea-free!
You see, the General's "paying a visit",
(Other lesser mortals just "pass through!")
The barber works around the clock-everyone has to look fit
Doesn't matter if they have to squeeze into their 6B's and slowly turn blue.
D-Day dawns, all bright and clear
The driveway freshly washed, is lined up with curious faces
A cry goes up, full of expectant cheer
And the men salute smartly-they're well up on all the social graces.
Come sundown and the missus' hearts are all aflutter
The cupboard ransacked-'cause the blouse and saree don't match!
The dressing table's full of clutter
Oh! How to disguise that ghastly and the patch! Now there's a catch!
Eager feet troop into the Mess
With ingratiating smiles
plastered on
My jaws are aching, I must confess
And by midnight I'm surreptitiously suppressing a yawn.....
The visit was a thundering success-
(One knows when the next day is declared 'Adm Day')
The Old Man struts around, barely concealing his happiness
And thumps everyone on the back.....
For all his orders
without a murmur
they did obey.

Teacher & the taught



Mr Watson & Air Chief Marshal NC Suri

- Mr Watson, House Master Kitchener Section
- This photograph relates to 1995 when Maj Gen Virender Singh and self called on him in POOLE where he lived in UK with his second wife.
- He passed away at the age of 97/98 years.

THE PENTATHLETES

Cadet Captain Sachin Kumar

The 'Hulk' of the College, an aero - modeler, soccer player, hockey player, swimmer, academician and what not, he led the College to greater heights. ICH DIEN, Sachin.



Cadet Section Commander Paras Singh

This soft spoken but highly spirited guy was an amazing basketball player. The College would miss his 'Ocs'. Sky is the limit, Paras



Cadet NCO Rajat Thakur

A great marksman he is also an equally great academician. He will be remembered for his 'ML's by all his juniors. Hasta la Vista, Rajat.



Cadet Section Commander Rohan Basnett

This 'Sikkimi' was never seen without a soccer ball or his guitar. An excellent athlete, soccer player and hockey player, he led Ranjit Section to victory everywhere. Sayonara, Rohan.



Cadet Amul Rawal

An athlete, soccer player, runner and much more, he was always a guy with a 'cool' temper. His dramatic skills will be adored and missed by all. Good bye, Amul.



Cadet Section Commander Chetan Kumar

This 'Bindra' of the College also set the swimming pool ablaze. Under his command, 'Shivaji' clinched the Shooting and Athletics Cup. All the best, Chetan.



Cadet Aditya

He could dribble anyone and everyone present on the field with his hockey stick. This fun loving chap was always seen motivating his juniors and will be missed by them. Best of luck, Aditya.



Cadet Section Commander Om Bawiskart

This 'Punekar' was an all rounder. Be it the swimming pool or the cricket pitch, he stunned everyone with his skills. He led his Section to victory by winning the X - Country Cup and the Squash Cup. All Revoir, Om.



Cadet Anil Kumar

Once he stepped into the field with his stick, every opponent trembled. A true example of 'ram rod straight', he was a firm believer of 'live and let live'. The College will miss his incredible javelin throws. Take care, Anil.



Cadet NCO Mrigank Shekhar

A silent killer, he is a deadly boxer and wild in the soccer field. He will be remembered by all for his helpful nature. Till we meet again, Mrigank.



Cadet NCO Prasenjeet Mehta

A runner, hockey player, athlete and an academician, he always had a smile on his face. His kind nature will be remembered by all. Will miss you, Prasenjeet.



THE PENTATHLETES

Cadet Abhijit

The soccer team was incomplete without this guy as he was the 'Great Wall' of our College Team. A fun loving chap, he will be missed by all. Wishing you the best, Abhijit.



Cadet Abhay Singh

The stables were his favourite haunt throughout as this rider raised the name of the College high by showcasing amazing skill and coordination with his horse. He will be missed by the Riding Club. To a brave, new world, Abhay.



Cdt Ujjawal Gupta

He set the athletics tracks on fire once he ran. He was the 'Mo Farah' of Shivaji Section and College Team and also set various records. He will be missed by all his juniors. Stop not till the goal is achieved, Ujjawal.



Cadet Rishi

A sprinter and soccer player, he led his Section and the College Soccer and Athletics Team to greater heights. He will be remembered for his peculiar way of speaking. Besties, Rishi.



Cdt Pratyush Nayak

Not only did he show his amazing skill with a soccer ball but also stunned everyone with his riding skills. Shivaji Section Seniors Team will miss their 'one man army'. Way to go, Pratyush.



Cadet Dhruv

He stunned everyone by his fabulous strokes in the pool. Also the Basketball Team was incomplete without his amazing coordination and skillful three - pointers. He also led his Section from the front in the Swimming Cup. God be with you, Dhruv.



Cdt Mukul Ale

This 'localite' was a monster in both the Boxing Ring and the Soccer Fields. His late night 'lotteries' will be missed by all. Best of luck, Mukul.



Cdt Vijayant Rana

This 'biggy' was not only an excellent debater but was also the 'Casillas' of the College Soccer Team. The J - Club will miss his literary skills. Onward Ahoy ! Vijayant.



Cdt Ishan Sharma

The silent killer of Chandragupta Section was as good on the Soccer Field as he was on the Basketball Courts. He never ran out of 'josh' especially on the Athletics Tracks. He will be missed by all his juniors for his late night chats. ICH DIEN, Ishan.



Cdt NCO Arunabha

He is an academican and also an amazing alchemist. He led the College Quizzing Team to greater heights. The world is your oyster, Arunabha.



Cdt Karan Bainsla

This quiet lad always believed that actions speak louder than words. His supple physique assisted him in setting the pools afire. Articulate and confident, he was an asset to Ranjit Section. Swimming Team will always miss his leadership. Wishing you all the success, Karan.



HONOURS / AWARDS WON BY RIMCOLLIANS

UYSM

Lt Gen BS Negi, YSM, SM, VSM**, PhD 1970-74, CHA

PVSM

Lt Gen Rakesh Nandan, PVSM, AVSM, SM 1968-72, SHI
Air Mshl PP Reddy, PVSM, VM, ADC 1968-73, SHI
Air Mshl BS Dhanoa, PVSM, AVSM, YSM, VM 1969-74, CHA
Air Mshl C Hari Kumar, PVSM, VM, VSM 1971-75, CHA

AVSM

Lt Gen A Chakravarty, AVSM, VSM 1968-72, PRA
Maj Gen CP Mohanty, AVSM, SM, VSM 1973-78, SHI

Sena Medal (Gallantry)

Maj RS Pathania 1997-01, RAN

Sena Medal (Distinguished)

Brig H Dharmarajan, SM* 1978-82, CHA
Col I Panjrath 1981-85, RAN
Col Kanwar Jitendra Singh 1986-92, PRA

VSM

Brig NK Khanduri, VSM 1975-79, CHA
Col Sanjay Kanoth, VSM 1987-93, RAN
Col Praveen Bhal, VSM 1986-91, CHA

ROLL OF HONOUR

Ser	Rank & Name	Unit/Corps	Year
1.	Lt Col Shushil Kumar Ghose	Corps of Madras Pioneers	14 Feb 1942
2.	Fg/Offr Subhas Kishore Ray	IAF	25 Oct 1942
3.	Capt Malvinder Singh	RIASC	1943
4.	Maj Madhav Gurunath Bewoor	421 Fd Coy	7 Feb 1944
5.	Maj Vishwanath Panchratnam	63 Fd Coy	19 Apr 1944
6.	Maj Codanda Ponnappa Machaya	12 FF Regt	1944
7.	Lt LM Pant	Engrs	3 Feb 1945
8.	Maj Somnath Sharma, PVC	4 KUMAON	3 Nov 1947
9.	Capt KL Shukla	4 SIKH LI	Oct 1962
10.	Maj Geerish Chandra Verma, VrC	3 DOGRA	6 Sep 1965
11.	Flt Lt Tapan Kumar Chaudhary	IAF (7 Sqn)	15 Sep 1965
12.	Maj Mohinder Singh Bal	7 CAV	23 Sep 1965
13.	2/Lt Pawan Kumar Singh	9 GR	26 Sep 1965
14.	Maj Jagdish Chandra Pande	2 MADRAS	29 Sep 1965
15.	Capt Subir Kumar Sil, SM	61 Engr Regt	4 Sep 1971
16.	Maj Shivinder Pal Singh	5 GR	28 Nov 1971
17.	2/Lt Deepak Kumar Das	12 KUMAON	3 Dec 1971
18.	Capt Daljinder Singh	9 HORSE	4 Dec 1971
19.	2/Lt Makrand Ghanekar	5 MARATHA LI	6 Dec 1971
20.	Capt Ramadas Ullattil	7 PARA	9 Dec 1971
21.	Lt Cdr RK Sen, VrC	Indian Navy	9 Dec 1971
22.	Lt Col Onkar Singh	10 GARH RIF	11 Dec 1971
23.	Maj Shyam Sunder Malik	9 Engr Regt	17 Dec 1971
24.	Dilip Him Shivane		
25.	Lt DB Singh	Indian Navy	14 Aug 1999
26.	Flt Lt Maheesh Trikha	114 HU	16 Aug 2002
27.	Capt Jitesh Bhutani	5 Armd Regt	15 Nov 2003
28.	Wg Cdr HPS Pannu	INAS 300	05 Dec 2005
29.	Capt Shashi Bushan Singh	Bengal Sappers	24 Jun 2006
30.	Sqn Ldr PK Chikkara	101 Sqn	21 Mar 2006
31.	Lt Cdr Saurabh Saxena	INAS 300	21 Aug 2009
32.	Flt Lt Nishant Rai		19 Nov 2010
33.	Wg Cdr Vikram Singh		30 Aug 2012
34.	Col YK Gautam	BIHAR Regt	02 Oct 2015

GET-TO-GETHER AT PUNE



We had a Social for the Passing Out Rimcollian Cadets in Golf Course, NDA two days before the POP. The Dir Trg and Div Offrs with ladies attended the same. Self and some CME offrs were also invited.

A gp photo taken by Maj Lenil Pal, Div Offr is sent for your info.

Shall intimate the names of the offrs and ladies later.

With regards.

Col Vijay Gidh

HYDERABAD GET TOGETHER - RSI 24 JAN 2016 (SUNDAY)

Dear Rimcollians,

Response to our Get Together for the contributory lunch-cum-drinks scheduled on Sunday, 24 Jan 2016 has been overwhelming. RSI has promised us delectable snacks and an out of the world Bengali Cuisine for lunch. Looking forward to meeting you all and raising a toast to our great Alma Mater. Please be there at the Gazebo in RSI positively not later than Noon.

We would also like to finalise the date for our Reunion Get Together to celebrate our 94th Founders Day. Choice is between Dinner on 12 March (Saturday) or Lunch on 13 March 2016 (Sunday). Choice of Venue is RSI or MCEME. So, do come up with your suggestions.



Finally, we are still waiting for some of our Rimcollians to become Life Members of Hyderabad Rimcollian Association. Contribution is a minimum amount of Rs 5,000/- only with no upper limit. Do come forward and join us you big hearted Rimcollians sitting on the Fence. Please

bring your Cheque Books/Cash.

You all will be glad to know that our first installment of financial assistance to Cadet Vishnu Vardhan is being sent to RIMC as pledged by us by the end of this month.

- Rajendra Singh



THE NDA PASSING OUT PARADE

By VY Gidh, VSM (Retd)

Just as a visit to RIMC brings back nostalgic memories of the wonderful five years we spent at our Alma Mater, a trip to the National Defence Academy for all ex-NDA's evokes comparable sentiments. A trip combined with attending the bi-annual Passing Out Ceremony, the most spectacular among the end-of-term events at the Academy, is indeed an icing on the cake. The unique parade held at the Khetarpal Parade Ground comprises of over 1000 participating cadets bidding farewell to their senior colleagues. The haunting strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the Adjutant on his charger (horse) accompanies the passing out cadets to the Final Steps called Antim Path before they pass out from portals of this hallowed institution. And if the award winners at the Passing Out Parade (POP) all happen to be from RIMC, one can imagine the sense of pride and exhilaration felt by fellow Rimcollians witnessing the Parade. It was a similar situation when three of us—Capt (IN) Vijay Naphade, Col Paritosh Deb and self were fortunate to attend the POP of the 129th Course at NDA on 28 November 2015.

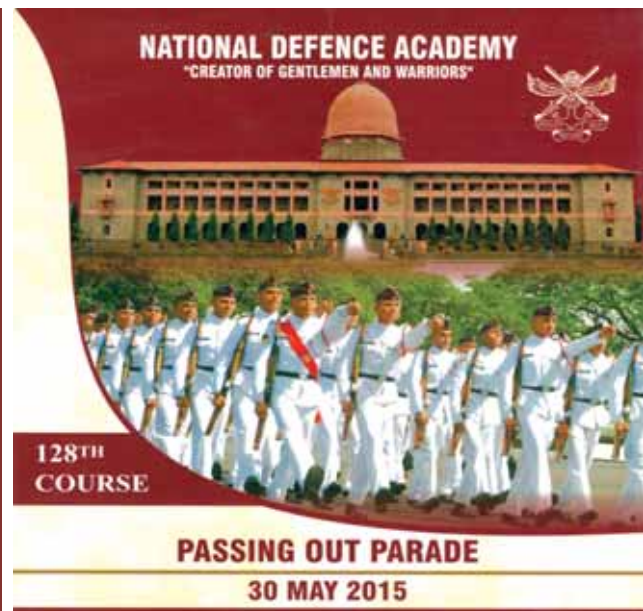
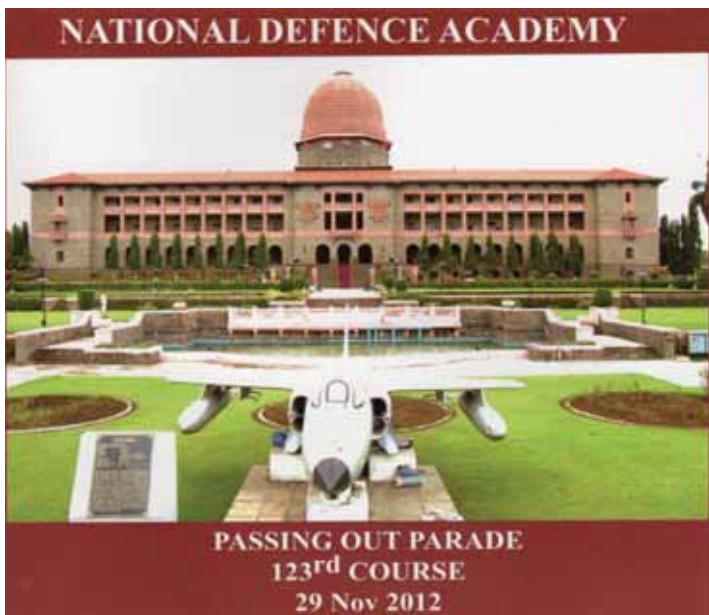
It was a misty Saturday morning when

hundreds of spectators including parents of cadets of the passing out course gathered at Khetarpal Parade Ground braving cold to witness the parade of cadets who successfully completed the three-year training at NDA. It had rained the previous two days and the temperature had dropped to 12 degrees Celsius, signaling the onset of an early winter. Soon, there was a sense of excitement as the Right Markers of the squadrons marched in smartly in the parade ground, followed by the respective squadrons. The Reviewing Officer, Admiral RK Dhowan, Chief of Naval Staff was received by Vice Admiral G Ashok Kumar, Commandant NDA. Initially the prevailing fog was an impediment for the spectators as they struggled to witness the parade but as the squadrons smartly marched past the Quarter Deck, the fog gradually cleared and everyone enjoyed the glorious event.

The most thrilling event for Rimcollians was the Award Ceremony. The President's Gold Medal was won by ACC PK Mohanty for standing first in the order of merit, the Silver Medal by BCC Abhishek Kundlia for standing second and Bronze Medal by ACA Anmol Rawat for standing third. The 'Panther' Squadron

bagged the prestigious 'Chiefs of Staff Banner' for being the Champion Squadron. The cadets of Panther Squadron will have the privilege of wearing their lanyard on the right like we do in RIMC, while the Squadron can have the distinction of displaying two cannons and flying the Academy flag.

Like all good things come to an end, the cadets eventually formed up for the grand finale—the marching out from the parade ground. Some first term cadets scrambled up the Mast on the Quarter Deck to bid farewell. As the combined bands played the old favourite 'Auld Lang Syne' and a sense of nostalgia filled the air, the junior squadrons marched back towards the QM Fort in slow march while the passing out course marched towards the Quarter Deck. The proud parents were seen trying to spot their young one as the passing out cadets approached the Quarter Deck. One could see the satisfaction when a few lucky ones were able to take an odd photograph of their son at the appropriate moment. As the ACC approached the Antim Path and the Adjutant saluted the Chief Guest, in perfect synchronization a fly-past by three Sukhoi30 aircrafts each in VIC formation marked the culmination of the



grand event. A total of 338 cadets graduated from the Academy, which included 229 cadets from the Army, 40 from the Navy and 69 from the Air Force. Besides, there were 16 foreign national cadets from friendly countries like Bhutan, Tajikistan, Maldives, Afghanistan, Fiji, Ethiopia and Lesotho.

The VIPs and cadets and parents of the Passing Out Course thereafter moved to the Salaria Square opposite the Sudan Block. We missed the usual Aerobatics of the Surya Kirans this time but the consolation was the 'High Tea' consisting of tasty snacks specially prepared from the NDA bakery. Some officers from the 29th NDA Course had also attended the POP to commemorate 50 years of their passing out from NDA and it was nice to meet Capt (IN) Vijay Paradkar and Gp Capt DC Gupta; and Gp Capt BK Prusti who had come all the way from Orissa. They were thrilled when I informed them that all the three medal winners were Rimcollians. The Rimcollians posted in NDA, Director Training, Capt (IN) Debanshu Rastogi and Cdr AS Siwach in NTT joined me for a photograph with the three Rimcollian medal winners. After the wonderful function, Vijay Naphade who was my Cadet Guardian in Shivaji Section in mid 1960s gladly dropped me home since due to a back injury some weeks back I had been advised not to drive. A fortnight later I sent a DO letter to the three proud parents of the award winners enclosing a copy of our group photograph and one taken during the Award Ceremony. It was nice to receive a Thank You note later from them. The newspaper cuttings of the NDA POP which appeared prominently in the local English dailies, were sent to RIMC for the information of the Cadets.

The Rimcollian instructors posted in NDA had organized a social at the Golf Hut for our sixth term passing out cadets two days prior to the POP. We were fortunate to also attend the same along with some officers from the CME. Though it was pretty cold that night, the Rimcollian spirit ensured everyone enjoyed the function. It was in 2001 when we had started this unique tradition, kind courtesy the suggestion given by the sixth term Rimcollian cadets. Since they all had been



cadets in RIMC during my AO tenure, I could not refuse them. It was nice to see the fine tradition being followed by the Rimcollians posted in the Academy.

This POP reminded me of our course POP in June 1975 which I had been unlucky to miss due to the unfortunate 'bashing incident' during the 48th Course Lima Squadron Social few days before the POP. The ragging had gone out of control and it almost became a 'free for all' event. Yours truly like a good Samaritan had gone to control the mob who were targeting one of the innocent sixth termers. The young crooks turned their wrath upon me and thinking that I had been a good boxer in School and the Academy, I willingly took on the thrashing on his behalf. Most of the sixth termers had hardly slept that night after enduring the agony, while two of them had to be hospitalized at night. Next morning was the Adjutant's Parade which I attended but complained of dizziness thereafter. I was helped to the MH where the doctors admitted me for back injury and severe exhaustion. A pail of gloom descended upon the Academy the next day as we learnt that one of our course mates who had been transferred to the Command Hospital, Pune, had passed away. My parents who arrived from Mumbai after two days were worried to see their son in MH but relieved when he finally managed to pass out a week after the POP.

Like a true soldier I had forgotten this unfortunate episode and our son Varun joined as a cadet in Lima Squadron in June 2000. Later when I got posted as a Battalion

Commander in NDA in 2000, my predecessor who happened to be from our NDA course showed me the book "The History of NDA" written by Prof TN Raina, our revered English teacher. It contained the chapter "The Sad Squadron Social" which mentioned about the unfortunate Lima Squadron Social in June 1975. Having missed out on my own final POP, I made it a point to attend all the POPs in NDA after my retirement. A trip to NDA brings back many pleasant memories of the three eventful years we spent at this premier training institution. The NDA has started a website www.nda.nic.in which gives good coverage of the Academy. After the documentary 'Cradle for Leadership' made by the Films Division in 1974, the NDA had made an excellent movie 'Standard Bearers' in 2002, which is its official movie. The NDA Alumni Association (NDA AAA) is a vibrant organization in Pune, which organizes regular events for ex-NDA officers who are its members. These include interaction with the cadets, special passes for the POP and other facilities.

Much seems to have changed at the Academy since we were cadets in early 1970s or even after 2000s when I was posted there. More than 33,000 cadets have passed from this Academy and they have served the Armed Forces of the nation with great pride. The present strength of cadets has gone up to almost 2300 and likely to increase further. There are five battalions now with 'Quebec' and 'Romeo' Squadrons having been raised. The cadets are awarded BA or BSc degrees while passing out. Naval cadets will now receive B Tech degree. The NDA Ball held every end of term is a major attraction today like the Navy Ball. It also becomes a stepping-stone for some prospective Femina Miss India Contestants. The tough ragging is a thing of the past. Yet, there is so much that has not changed, and can never change. The ethos, training and the attitude remain the same. Today, when I see the young cadets emerging from the academy, I realise that they are far smarter for their age than we were. Perhaps, it is in keeping with the present generation of human beings. The traditions, nevertheless, continue.

OBITUARY

MAJ GEN TV MANOHARAN	VSM	1948-52	RAW	29-Jun-15
MR HARCHARAN SINGH BUTALIA	IAS	1931-35	RAW	16-Jul-15
SQN LDR AMARDEEP		1996-01	CHA	9-Aug-15
MR ARUN KUMAR TANTRY		1981-85	RAN	7-Sep-15
MAJ DHRUV YADAV		1995-00	PRA	22-Sep-15
MR DINESH YADAV		2006-11	SHI	Sep-15
COL YK GAUTAM		1985-90	RAN	2-Oct-15
COL TARUN KANTI GUHA		1969-73	PRA	3-Nov-15
AVM KG BEWOOR	AVSM, VM	1964-69	SHI	20-Jan-16
LT GEN SAHIBZADA MOHD YAQUB KHAN		1932-36	KIT	26-Jan-16
MR DHIRENDRA SINGH		1966-72	PRA	29-Jan-16



MAJOR DHRUV YADAV

God is human. Like us, He too plays favourites. Every once in a while, He excels Himself and creates a soul nobler and purer than the rest, a soul that shines as brightly as a lodestar, and sends this soul down to Earth to light up our lives with joy and pride. Then, unable to bear remaining parted from this favoured son of His for long, He takes this soul back from us, to keep him forever by His side.

Forty-eight hours after Ajit's early morning phone call shattered my world with the tragic news of Dhruv's passing away, 48 hours of asking myself "Why, Lord? Why him? Why so soon? Why have you deprived his wonderful family, his loving wife and child to be, his noble parents, his wonderful sister, this selfless family, and all of us who knew him, in this manner, so soon? When he had his life in front of him, when he had yet to experience the joy of being a parent?", I am very gradually trying to come to terms with His infinite wisdom, trying to accept it and embracing His scheme of things, as we all have to do to cope with this tremendous tragedy.

Circa early 80s (1983 if my memory serves me right), self and my dear Rimcollian buddy Wg Cdr Rajvir Yadav were neighbours in Jodhpur Hostel barracks in Delhi. Dhruv was a toddler, my own children were 7 and 3. My 3-year-old daughter couldn't wrap her tongue around "Dhruv" and came up with her own version "Brut"! And within our family, affectionately Brut he became, and remained so till yesterday when I told my children in far-off USA.

Over the years, as I accompanied Rajvir to School for the reunions year on year, I saw the lad as a smart young Rimcollian cadet, all keen eyed and bushy tailed, the yellow Pratap Section lanyard complementing his fair complexion so well. Then a hiatus for NDA, and there he was - a confident, smart, wonderful young gentleman cadet on the threshold of life. Couldn't but get a feeling of pride on seeing him.

Army Major Dhruv Yadav dies in freak accident

OUR CORRESPONDENT

NEW DELHI: In a freak accident, a young Army officer died during a training exercise in the Pokhran range in Rajasthan on Tuesday night. Son of a retired Indian Air Force officer, Major Dhruv Yadav was part of the 75 Armoured Regiment.

The 32-year-old Major, was struck by a splinter during a fire power demonstration involving Arjun tanks. According to unconfirmed reports, Major Yadav may have either been struck by a splinter from a misfired round from a tank behind the one that he was travelling or by a splinter from an artillery shell.

A post-mortem is being conducted to ascertain the cause of death and the Army has launched a full inquiry in the matter. Reports said that the Major initially did not realize the gravity of his injury and was told by fellow soldiers that he was



bleeding from the neck. Major Yadav finally succumbed to his injuries.

An alumnus of the prestigious Rashtriya Indian Military College (RIMC), Dehradun and National Defence Academy (NDA), Khadakvasla, Major Dhruv Yadav served as instructor at the Indian Military Academy (IMA) in Dehradun, before getting posted back to his regiment.

The deceased officer's parents, who live in Gurgaon, left for Jodhpur by an early morning flight for the funeral. Yadav is survived by his wife, who is in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

Years have a way of flying by, and next I met him was while he was posted at IMA, now with his ever so charming and cheerful wife Surbhi by his side. Two things struck me on seeing him then-one, that even in the elite crowd of IMA instructors, the creme de la creme lot of handpicked young men who were shaping the minds and bodies of gentlemen cadets to imbibe the Chetwodian motto in letter and spirit, Major Dhruv Yadav stood out by his smartness, attitude and demeanour. Two, theirs was a made-for-each-other couple; they complemented one another perfectly. With his being posted to his Regiment in Jaisalmer, I had sort of decided that I would go down in early 2016 for the desert festival. Now, desert

festivals will leave me cold forever.

Rajvir, Shalini, Namrata and Surbhi, we share your grief. We cry with you. Nothing can be more devastating that the loss of one's progeny, one's sibling, one's life partner. A wonderful family like yours does not deserve this. We pray to the Almighty to give you the fortitude and strength to bear up in the face of this catastrophe. The Rimcollian family has lost one of its brightest stars in the firmament with the going of this second generation Rimcollian. Dhruv lived up to his name, which means the Pole star, that remains unswerving and steady, a beacon for all to follow. Deepest condolences to 75 Armd Regt as well.

RIP, dear Dhruv.

"My dearest dearest Dhruvee,

That you laid down your life during a combat exercise, that the sun set on the Pokhran ranges while our son breathed his last, that you bashed on regardless to be taken away by a cruel act of God, has left a big hole in our hearts.

If..... If only you had gone to the Congo on the U.N Peace Keeping Mission....., if only you had ducked....., if only that shrapnel had grazed your shoulder. You would have been home by our side.

I cannot comprehend why God indulges in acts that make no sense at all. Why did he have to pick on our son who lived every moment like a hero.

I took your life for granted Dhruv. You were meant to be by our side, through the years. Hold our hands while we grew old. You deserted us that day as the desert blew up. It seemed as if every flower that bloomed on the desert was woven into those beautiful wreaths placed by the officers and men while you were draped in the tricolor.

I remember how hard you tried to emulate your father at Rashtriya Indian Military College (RIMC). How your father's chest grew two inches more when you were made the Pratap Section Commander. A silver torch at National Defence Academy (NDA) that eclipsed your father's boxing blue. And then the Indian Military Academy (IMA). And then the IMA again as an 'Instructor'. How you wore the Regiment colors with pride and 75 Armd Regiment became your very heart and soul.

And how we loved to see you wear your olive greens. I wanted to show my 'fauji' off to the world.

Surbhi and you were so happy. And so in love. I would give my life to have seen you'll bring up your little one together.

Namrata says she loves you and will miss your goofy smile. Most of all she's going to think of you whenever she has it all wrong.

That i felt so proud when you were given the salutations of a 'shaheed'. That you were referred to as 'Brave son

of India' who laid down his life with his boots on, firm on top of his tank - 'Sahasam Vijayate'.

I wish we had told you how infinitely proud we were of you, my son. I wish we had told you that you would have made a super father. I wish we had told you that you were the best son in the world. I wish.....

You were the Kohinoor in my crown.

Goodbye Dhruvee and God bless you and may you always make those around you happy.

**Goodbye my Dhruvtara.
Ma."**

It read

The Girl he left behind...

Iremember the first time I met Surbhi. Dehradun, Jan 2013. This new couple had joined the battalion, and we met each other at an informal party. They were an extremely good looking couple to say the least!

I also clearly remember the beautiful jacket that Surbhi was wearing, that was our conversation starter. On our very first meeting itself she promised she'd get me a similar jacket when she goes to Jaipur next.

That's Surbhi - warm, friendly and absolutely selfless. There's, of course, a lot more to her character. To start with, she's tiny (yes short) and absolutely stunning, and always, (and I mean ALWAYS) so well turned out. Even in her pjs she'd look so smart and cute. Maj Dhruv was also this tall and handsome officer, a little too fair may be, which would go red after a few drinks (that we found out later). The two of them complimented each other perfectly!

On day 1, I knew Surbhi would be a great friend, but I had to wait. I couldn't possibly force my friendship on her. We kept meeting at the fauji formal dos, till one Feb evening, at a party I got really sick. Food poisoning of some sort and I had to be rushed to the

hospital next morning. And guess who didn't leave my side all day till I got back home - it was Surbhi. That day I knew this friendship would last a lifetime.

And then started our adventures - the endless parties, the mindless giggles, the random coffee and shopping dates, the sleep overs, the movie nights, the social evenings where we danced till our feet hurt and a little more, the army ladies meets, the welfare meets, and a lot more embarrassing adventures which cannot be told here. We were making memories for a lifetime. Out of all the memories, we have our favourite ones too, and that was every time we went to Landour.

Once we went biking up there with our respective husbands. Maj Dhruv had this really really vintage bullet, he lovingly called 'Buddhi'. It had its vintage value no doubt, but taking it up there was really courageous of him, and Surbhi of course! I don't exactly remember how many times their bike stopped that day, and every time it did, Surbhi would spring down from the back seat, help Dhruv with the little push Buddhi needed and sprang back on the seat. It was like a drill the two of them were probably used to.

Landour was magical for all of us. And Surbhi especially loved that place. The free spirited soul that she is, every time I saw her there, it felt like she belonged there! We may have gone to Landour together a couple of times, but the two of them went over quite frequently.

And another thing about Surbhi and Dhruv - while the rest of us chose popular holiday destinations like Goa and Thailand, the two always chose to go to quaint little places. They picked beautiful charming hamlets and the quaintest of homestays for their holidays. And all they needed was each other and a couple of books.

Surbhi was always grounded. She was my rock. I was eccentric and immature. And she, unknowingly brought balance in my life. I always looked up to her, and learnt from her.

She had a child in her as well - as playful and carefree as ever; but she was grounded. She knew how to hold things together, be it her home or relationships. If you ever went to her place, you'd know how perfect she was aesthetically. Everything so pretty and dainty, sitting perfectly where it should be.

She had a collection of things from all over the country - cushion covers from Kashmir, blue pottery from Jaipur, linen from parts of Rajasthan and Delhi, and a lot many pretty things. Her home was as perfect as her!

Our parties always happened there. I remember Diwali 2013. What a crazy crazy night that was. We literally brought the house down. Their poor neighbours probably wanted to kill us that day.

And the only person to blame for all the madness was the host himself, Maj Dhruv. He was the bartender for the evening and only he knows what he did with our drinks! But you know the best part - while the rest of us had a tough time dealing with our hangover the next morning, Surbhi and Dhruv's home was back to looking picture perfect!

Surbhi also had this thing about taking too much care of her friends. Any time I was sick, she'd make me the yummiest of khichdi and go out of her way to make me feel comfortable. She was like my mother away from home, and my best friend who always stood by my side. We had so many fun things to do and talk about, that we never really had any time for any kind of negativity, like the usual bitching thing and the likes. She was always so full of positivity - laughing, smiling and taking things easy.

I always thought Maj Dhruv had the perfect partner. She was understanding beyond words. They understood each other so well, and why wouldn't they? After all they've known each other ever since they've known the world. They were just meant to be together!

While I gave my husband a tough time about not spending much time with me and playing golf on Sunday

mornings, I wondered how Surbhi would be so cool and sweet about Maj Dhruv doing the same! I had a lot to learn from her. And out of the zillion things I did, the most important thing was to never focus on the negative things in life.

And while we continued to make happy memories, I was also counting days till our posting out. It was Nov 18, 2013. Surbhi and Dhruv's second anniversary. Actually the night of 17th, we went over at midnight. Other friends joined in as well and we celebrated the two. While on our anniversary, most of us would like to get clicked together, I remember Surbhi sneakily clicking Maj Dhruv and his expressions.

Even on their second anniversary she was like a 13 year old teenager, with a huge crush on a school senior, gushing relentlessly with butterflies fluttering around in her tummy! We finally managed to get the two of them together in one frame while Surbhi continued to blush.

I think that was the last of our parties at their place, apart from our farewell dinner which was rather short, sweet and emotional.

It was a pain for me to leave Doon and settle down in a new place. And while I struggled, I kept Surbhi well updated about my daily rants. She listened patiently and always came up with a solution. And in case she couldn't, she'd just send me a virtual hug. In the army, changing stations is a regular affair and we all promise to keep in touch. But that rarely happens, apart from the occasional wishes and likes on Facebook. But with Surbhi, I talked regularly. 'Bambi' she'd call me lovingly. I thought it was cute. She was my best girl. She still is.

In March 2014, she came all the way to Bombay from Doon, to meet me. We had a ball of a time painting the town red. We had also been making plans for a girls' Euro trip. Our plans got stronger and more pronounced. We knew it had to wait, but we were determined to make it happen.

Surbhi went back to Doon and spent

the last few months of their Doon tenure happily strutting around with her Prince Charming, making those endless trips to Landour.

And then, in early 2015, she gave me the best news of her life. She was going to be a mother! Their happiness knew no bounds... Maj Dhruv and her always wanted to be parents, and this was it! With love, care and happiness they were counting down the days. The child would be born in Nov, round about their fourth anniversary.

She was in her seventh month and we were getting super excited discussing the baby's name and planning a maternity shoot. She complained she was putting on too much weight and I always told her she was glowing and looking prettier than ever! And I was also secretly making plans to give her a surprise visit when the baby arrives.

Meanwhile she hadn't met Dhruv for about three months due to fauji commitments. And though she rarely ever complained, she once said she was missing him way too much now.

Maj Dhruv was in Jaisalmer with an unit exercise in the firing ranges of Pokhran. He was a fierce tankman, true to his arm, bashing on regardless.

It was 22nd of Sep 2015, just an ordinary day, when he was taking a break from the firing in the evening. He had recently joined Instagram as well, and was trying to get used to the app. He left a comment on a random photo of mine on Insta, saying how good my husband has always been, because he left his game of golf half way, just so that he'd come back home before I woke up on a Sunday morning.

Maj Dhruv would never stop taking our case over that one stray incident. I was so embarrassed then, and I'm so embarrassed even now for that! And while I read his comment, I could totally imagine the wicked smile he must have had on his face when he wrote that.

His smile, people say, was infectious - sweet, naughty, wicked; you'd never know what he's thinking. And along with that smile of his, came "Saala"! He

had a particular drawl when he said that. And for a person who rarely used fowl words, that was one slang that was always on the tip of his tongue. Never in a bad way though...always fondly. If he ever called you "Saala" you'd know he loves you. And he loved to tease people. It's crazy how he'd remember the minutest details and pull your leg later about it. He didn't even spare his darling wife. Surbhi was way too scared of lizards, and Dhruv got a plastic model home which he'd place on her hand every day and torture her! That was their love...Stupid, crazy and immortal. They meant the world to each other.

On the eve of 22nd Sep, he sent Surbhi a photo of him on the tank, looking as dashing as ever. And the cutest thing was the heart he made on the photo before he sent it to her. Surbhi had been teaching him how to use all these cute things.

That night Surbhi went to sleep peacefully in her room, kissing the photo he had sent her earlier that evening. They've been waiting eagerly for the time when this long distance ordeal would end and they'd be together. And meanwhile, that night, Maj Dhruv continued to fire the mighty tanks at the field firing exercise...till something happened. Something so bad that would change lives forever. A stray shrapnel came from nowhere and hit Maj Dhruv in the neck. A shrapnel in the neck! He left us.

We got the devastating news and didn't know how to react. It wasn't sinking in. We stayed awake the entire night wanting to call Surbhi, and then stopping myself with the only hope that somebody would just shake us up and tell us it's not true. It's not him!

I arrived in Delhi a day later, completely shaken. I had no idea how I would face Surbhi, and what I would say to her. I reached her place and met her mother, and other relatives. There was a huge crowd. I was in a trance, my eyes looking for her. I've been constantly telling myself that I wouldn't cry and that I have to give Surbhi all the strength in the world. And then I met

her. She hugged me tight and said in my ears - "woh Chala Gaya"! I couldn't hold my tears any longer. We hugged and cried.

I saw all our Doon friends sitting in the room. We've been wanting to meet for a long time, but this wasn't the way it should've happened. Grim faces and teary eyes, there was silence in the room. Surbhi was strong and composed beyond imagination. She was having her weak moments and breaking down from time to time, but the strength she showed was exemplary. I noticed her tummy, she looked fully pregnant. Knowing how cute she is, I had longed to see her being all cutely pregnant. But now, I couldn't bear to see her! She remained brave, calm and composed - all for the little one.

Two days later, a memorial meet was being held for Maj Dhruv. Surbhi met everyone as gracefully as ever. The hall was filled beyond its capacity, just went on to show how much Maj Dhruv was loved. Friends and colleagues shared stories and anecdotes. We laughed. We cried. And then came Surbhi on the stage. She read out a poem in his memory, and finished it off with the battle cry of Maj Dhruv's unit. She had the same vigour and fierceness in her voice when she said it aloud. That was a proud moment for everyone sitting there. What a mighty brave girl she is!

Gradually everyone had to leave, including me and that is exactly what we didn't want. We didn't want to leave Surbhi alone in her misery. Her family was of course, by her side, but we wanted to be there as well.

I felt guilty coming back to my life. Even though I kept telling her that I'd be there for her, but was I actually there?! I kept asking myself. In our whatsapp conversations that followed, I couldn't dare to ask her how she was. Instead I asked how her health was. Thankfully she had been taking very good care of her health. We'd talk almost every 2 days, but it wasn't the same. I was scared to ask her anything. I was scared that I'd end up saying something wrong. I didn't know what to

say exactly except for the fact that I just wanted to be there for her. There were days when she'd be brave and strong and talk about practical things. And then there were days when her despair would just come through in her words. She'd ask how she would do everything without him, all the things that they were meant to do together...and then she herself would say that she knows Dhruv is with her, watching over her and he'll be there for her forever.

One day she broke down completely. The day when an official letter arrived where she had to sign as the "widow" of "Late Major Dhruv". How could she do it? Dhruv may have left, but she knew he'd be there for her always.

Surbhi is heartbroken. But this brave woman has been picking up the broken pieces and fitting them back in her jigsaw puzzle. The other day she sent me a photo of the collage she has made for her room. It has all the photos of Maj Dhruv, that she must've sneakily taken on their anniversary. It made me cry. I didn't tell her that though.

I've been waiting to write something about Surbhi and Maj Dhruv since the incident. But I refrained. May be because it had a sad ending. But today I did. Because amidst all the sadness, the silver lining that Maj Dhruv had left behind, has finally arrived in this world. Their little prince arrived on 15th Nov, and he's the silver lining who'll bring back happiness in Surbhi's life. We all are waiting eagerly to see that vibrant smile back on her face.

It also happens to be their anniversary in two days. They'll turn 4!

(Meanwhile, it's a promise to myself and to her, that once the baby is a little older, we'll go back to Landour to relive all the happy memories. And also we'll try and make our Euro trip happen, only this time it won't be just girls anymore...our little Prince Charming will be a part of the group).

Be the rock that you are my Darling girl Surbhi, and your Dhruv star will continue to shine on you!

DD.

16 Nov 2015

I N M E M O R I A M

Col Tarun Kanti Guha (Retd) Pratap, 1969-1973

Dear Tarun,

I am glad that I persuaded you to meet me on the evening of 03 November 2015. Little did we know that it was to be our last meeting and that another voyage for you was to commence the next day. We met at Churchgate station and you suggested that we see a movie before dinner. It was Tuesday and you displayed the power to strictly abstain from eating non-vegetarian.

Just as we would see movies in town while at RIMC, we saw "The Intern" that evening. Like good old days, we sat at the edge of the seats sharing a popcorn basket. We loved the movie.

Over beer, dinner and your sleep over at my place that last night of yours, you looked back at your life and you narrated all these things.

You were indebted to your respected father, late Shri AK Guha, whose address written on your weekly letter from RIMC was as simple as the name followed by Town Bardwali, Agartala. You explained how well educated and known your father was in the community and how liberally he spent on the education of all his five sons. You expressed gratitude that he afforded the expenses of sending you to RIMC and how that one action changed the course of your life.



You were indebted to all your teachers at RIMC and you specifically praised late Col HKL Johar for being such a wonderful Commandant and a model for all of us cadets in spite of his being from Army Education Corps. You mentioned how as Cadet Captain you rode your bicycle right upto the door of the senior block class room as you were late and the magnanimous Commandant conducting our class ignored your conduct.

You were indebted to your family for their loving support and how you looked forward to giving up flying in a few months' time and living a retired but busy life in your brand new home at Bangalore. You told me how happy you were with your only daughter and son-in law having found a house closer to

their workplace in Ireland.

We spoke about our classmates in RIMC (1969-1973). We recalled all 19 of them and how most of them had already moved on to another world through different exit points. You recollected that we four had gone in 2012 for the Rimcollians and now wanted that we get all our living classmates to come together atleast once in March 2016 at RIMC. You wanted all of us to come earlier by a day and spend a night in Mussoorie.

You were known for your love of labor and perseverance and I reminded you how you had won both the Silver medals on passing out from RIMC in December 1973. Col. Houghton's silver medal for standing first in HSC and another Silver for the Second Best All round Cadet.

We remembered how in 1980s in Nagaland you would fly in your Army chopper and supply rations to my infantry company post. We had even shared a meal together after you landed in my company helipad.

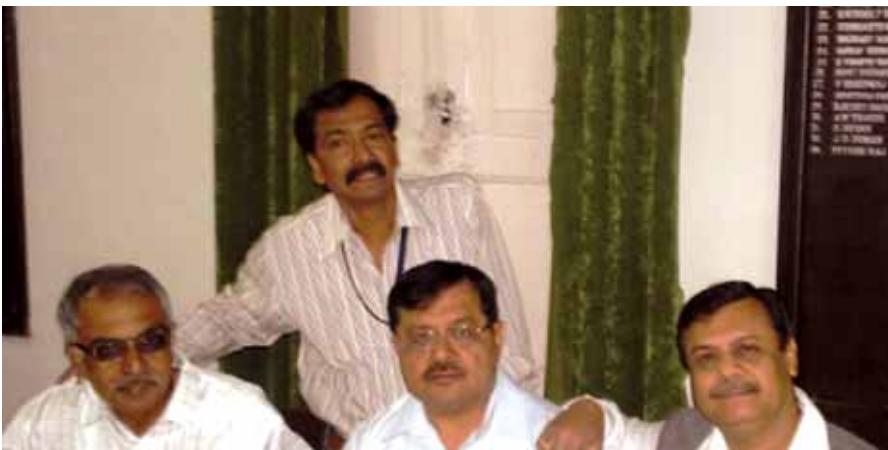
You lived a simple, good, pure, modest, and contented life. Your sincerity, benevolence and frankness endeared you to all. You had no love for superfluity and your fortunes included a good disposition of the soul, good emotions and good actions.

All our tales end in ash and smoke as death is nothing but a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded. God pulls the curtain and ends our Act when he wishes. You flew out to the ONGC rig at sea and never returned.

On the following Sunday, we had planned to see ShabanaAzmi's play, "Broken Images". I will catch you in another life. For now, I am Broken but your Image will always remain intact.

With love and prayers,

Rajeev Kumar
Col (Retired)
Pratap, 1969-1973



I N M E M O R I A M

Air Vice Marshal KG Bewoor, AVSM, VM (Retd) (Shivaji, 1964-1969)

The Rimcollian fraternity was deeply shocked to learn about the sad and untimely demise of AVM Keshav Bewoor in Pune on 20 Jan. The funeral held at Dhobi Ghat (Golibar Maidan) Crematorium, Pune at 1300 hrs on 21 Jan was well attended by retired and serving officers, relatives and well-wishers. All arrangements including Guard of Honour were meticulously done by Air Force Station, Lohegaon. The spirited Air Force veterans were in maximum attendance, followed by their serving personnel and the Rimcollian fraternity to bid farewell to their dear comrade.

Maj Gen PD Sherlekar (Retd), the senior most Rimcollian present, laid a wreath on behalf of President ROBA, Wg Cdr SK Sharma (Retd) on behalf of Chairman, ROBA and Col Vivek Singh on behalf of Comdt, RIMC. Maj MS Bedi (Retd) who was scheduled to attend, had to cancel his trip as his flight from Delhi to Pune was postponed at the last moment. Wreath laying was well organized by Col Vivek as per the directions of ROBA. In addition, Gp Capt KC Cherian laid one on behalf of 42nd Course NDA and Maj Gen Balraj Singh on behalf of HQ Southern Command, Pune. Later the Air Force Stn Cdr laid one on behalf of the Air Force personnel and the Army Cdr, Southern Command on behalf of Col of the Regt, 11 GR.

The most touching part was when Mrs Radhika Bewoor bid a tearful farewell to her beloved son after all present had paid homage. We all had moist eyes then. Though in her early 90s and ably supported by her daughter-in-law, Mrs Nandini and grand daughter, Janaki (Tulika) in a wheel chair, it was very heartening to see Mrs Bewoor otherwise calm and composed during the entire ceremony. Keshav's son Rohit



performed the last rites, assisted by Gp Capt Anant.

AVM Keshav Bewoor was our Sec Cdr in Shivaji Sec and later Cadet Capt when we were junior cadets. He was a fine example of an officer and a gentleman. Keshav had a distinguished career in the Indian Air Force and the Air Force veterans present spoke very highly of him. Among them, one was Keshav's Team Leader in the Thunderbolts aerobatic team, while another was his CO of the Mirage Sqdn when he shifted from the Hunters to Mirages. While posted as our Defence Attache, Keshav had played a prominent role in

improving our relations with Israel, a fact not known to most of us. Among the Air Force veterans present, few had been our Instructors in NDA or Staff College also.

A spirited Rimcollian, Keshav Bewoor was a regular attendee during the Get Togethers in Pune after his retirement. His absence will definitely be felt by all of us. On behalf of the Rimcollian fraternity, we all pray for the departed soul and offer our condolences to the bereaved Bewoor family. May his soul RIP.

Col Vijay Gidh, VSM (Retd)

I N M E M O R I A M

LT GEN SAHIBZADA MOHD YAQUB KHAN (Retd) (1932-1936, Kitcheners)



Ex Foreign Minister of Pakistan, Ex Commander Eastern Command Lt Gen Sahibzada Yaqub Ali Khan (1932-36, Kitchners) of 18 Cavalry Regt passed away died on 26 Jan 2016 aged 95. An Officer. An Administrator, a Diplomat & a Gentleman of highest order. He demonstrated his savvy in the military sphere in 1970 when, as a lieutenant general and governor of East Pakistan, he refused a superior's order to deploy troops to quell a mutiny there. His defiance ended his army career, but he was vindicated when his successor's crackdown led to a massacre, Indian

intervention on behalf of the insurgents and the partition of East Pakistan into what became Bangladesh.

Handsome officer! Brilliant Foreign Minister of Pakistan? ever has. Pakistan was respected across the globe in his times. ?Sahibzada Yaqub Khan? will always be known as a man of principles. One who lived by a strong moral code. True patriot. His services to the country will always be remembered.

Khan is survived by his wife Tuba Begum Khaleeli, whom he married in 1960, and two sons, Abdus Samad Khan and Mohammad Najib Khan.

DHIRENDRA SINGH (1966-72, PRA)

It is with very heavy heart and grief that I inform that Mr Dhirendra Singh, Pratap 1966-72 is no more. He suffered a Cardiac attack at 7.30 pm and left for heavenly abode at 8 pm on 29 Jan.

Dhirendra: the one we looked up to in our first term for protection from less generous seniors. Our banker of last resort to bail us out of helpless situations. Our pied piper when it came to cutting bounds. The then wikipedia on Bollywood. A gentleman to the core despite his muscle bound, six pack intimidating physique. More recently, he boasted of a fascinating range of head gear that he would adorn at the 13th March GTG in school. Am being unable to reconcile myself to this loss though I knew that his health was not holding up for a while.

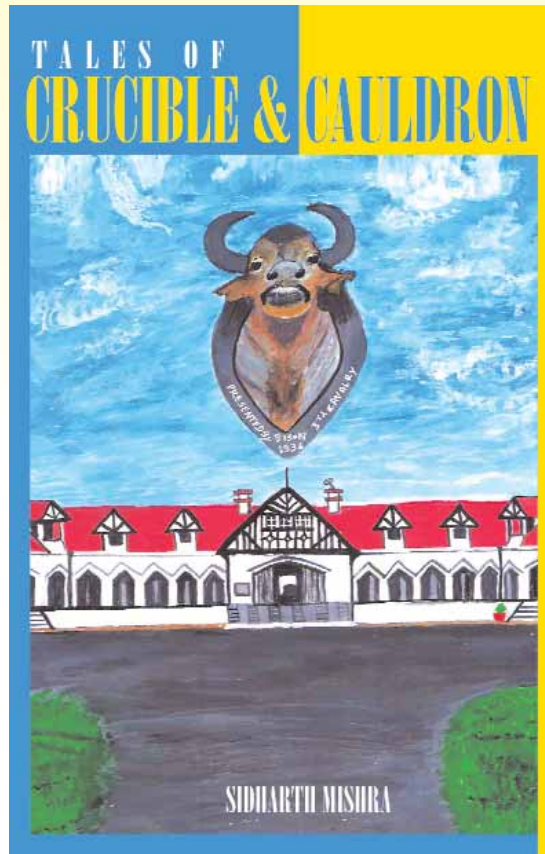
RIP Dhirendra. You were truly a Pratap Section icon.

In grief

CB
Pratap (68-72)



**TALES OF
CRUCIBLE & CAULDRON**
GROWING UP IN AND AROUND THE CADETS' MESS OF RIMC



TALES OF CRUCIBLE & CAULDRON: Mahatma Gandhi once said that to the hungry, God cannot appear in any other form than bread. Given the tough regimens at RIMC, for the strapping lads their Mess is temple and food their God. It's on the dining tables that the boys from different cultures come together in a communion to get absorbed into an inimitable mosaic.

On Camphor Series Books

Brigadier H Dharmarajan

Foreword

Brigadier CS Thapa

Authors

Brigadier Ujjal Dasgupta

Air Vice Marshal Mohan John

Chiranjit Banerjee

Commodore NAI Joseph

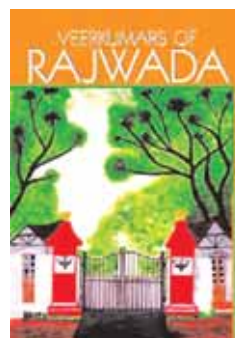
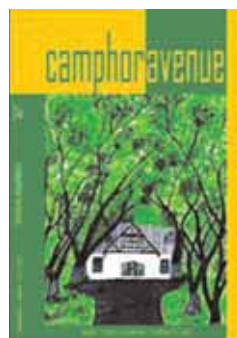
Colonel Shailendra Arya

Squadron Leader Mayank Kanungo

Anupma Khanna

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