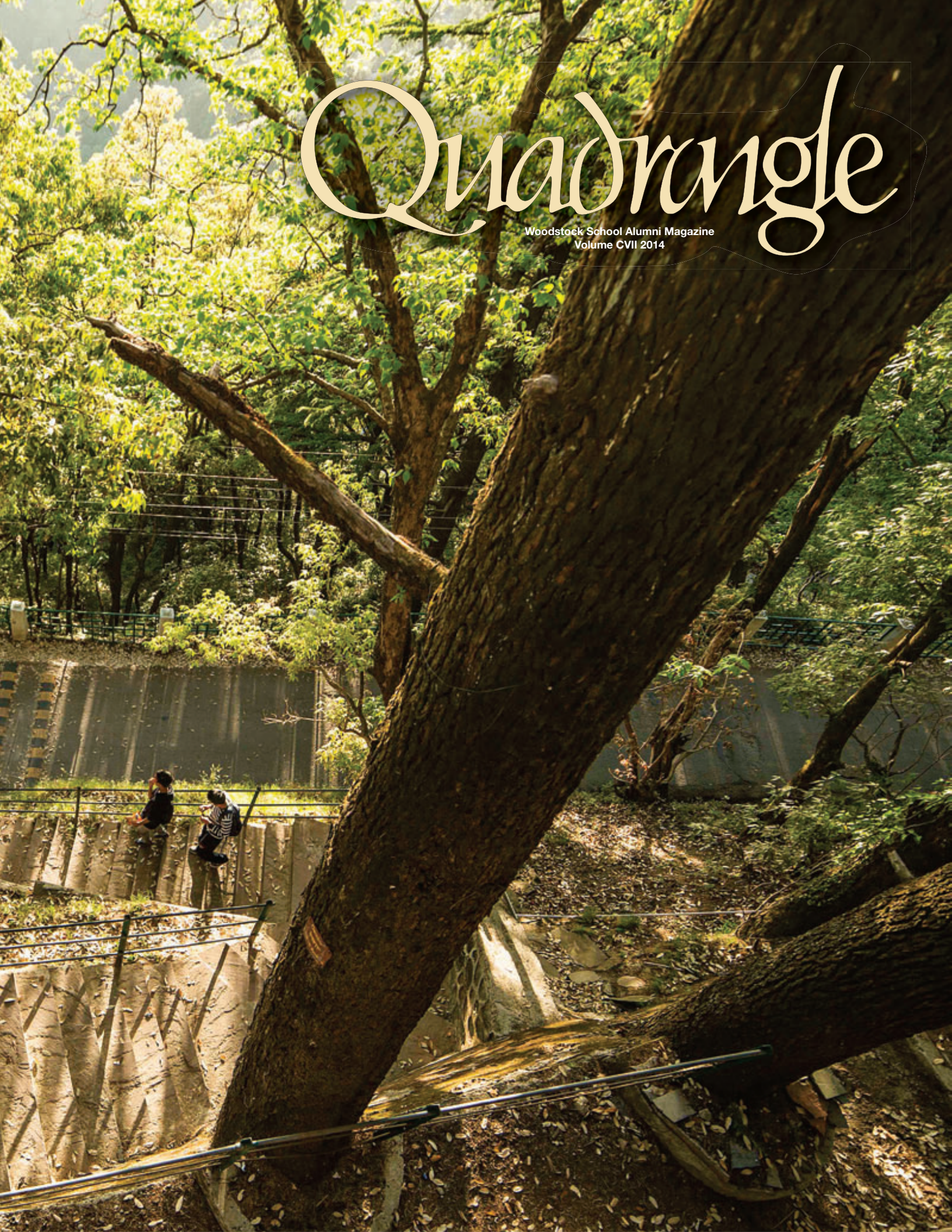


Quadrangle

Woodstock School Alumni Magazine
Volume CVII 2014



Woodstock & Minnesota: The Headwaters



FRIENDS OF WOODSTOCK SCHOOL

2015 Annual Meeting & Reunion

July 10-13 - University of St. Thomas, St. Paul, MN USA

Drawing inspiration from the source of the beautiful and mighty Mississippi River, our 2015 gathering will focus on the “confluence” – the coming together – of many people, ideas, and experiences that shape our Woodstock community today. We especially welcome the Classes of '60, '67 and '87 who will host special class celebrations, and former St. Olaf Student Teachers.

Stop Human Trafficking

Andy Matheson (WS Staff 1979-92), Keynote Speaker
OASIS International, International Director

“A House Called Askival”

Merryn Glover '87, Author

The Glenburn Tea Estate – A Family’s Quest for Quality Teas

Darjeeling and Assam Tea Tasting

Sudhir Prakash '76 & Shalini Prakash Agarwal '72, Chaiwalla Family of Dehra Dun

- Meet Principal Jonathan Long and key Woodstock representatives
- Friday Americana Cookout & Performance by Christabel Corazza '87
- Saturday Khana Dinner & Honor Ceremonies

Optional Activities

Twin Cities Tour for Spouses

Saturday Morning (9am – Noon)

\$48 per person. Boxed lunch provided.

Mississippi River Cruise

Sunday Afternoon (1pm – 5pm)

\$40 per person. Cash Bar - Light Appetizers.



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Woodstock School Alumni Magazine

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Photos: Woodstock students and staff

Any ideas for improving Alumni services?

Write to us at alumni@woodstock.ac.in

From the Principal Of Kings and Lyre Trees

Dr Jonathan Long, Principal

*Storms of a hundred years have bent your branches,
Snows of a century have crowned your head,
Over the hills you've watched Spring's soft advances,
Summer and winter under your boughs have spread
Needles of green and needles of gold that shower
Over the students passing beneath your shade.
You have been waiting this Centennial hour
Facing your life of struggle unafraid.
Teach us your steadfastness, your quiet growing,
Sending your roots deep into the living earth.
Tell us the sacred peace you gain in knowing
Sunshine and sorrow, solitude and mirth;*



Mary Burgoyne's poignant poem, "the Lyre Tree" prompts vivid emotions these days. Written in 1954, at the time of Woodstock's centenary, it was first read after a competition was held to choose a new symbol for the school. Before 1954, the Woodstock symbol had taken various forms – at one time a Deodar tree and at another, a maiden with a torch.

These days, the once splendid Lyre Tree carries the weariness of age in its tired limbs. The thorough concreting of the surrounding area many years ago may well have been an unintentional

fatal blow which has only now become apparent as a devastating one. We still have an "expert" advising us on a possible remedy but, as is the fate of all things natural, the tree is in terminal decline.

Of all the challenges we face at Woodstock, the demise of the Lyre Tree may prove the most insoluble. Its transition from symbol to metaphor may well be inevitable – at least if the experts are to be believed. Some of the pine cones have been collected. In fact, a good friend of mine who is a senior executive in Nestle was visiting us some months ago – he took a number of seeds and promised to see if he could have them "cloned" and grown at the Nestle research laboratory in Vevey, Switzerland! It'll be cloned school Principles next, I know it!

Miracle of modern science aside, the Lyre Tree remains a powerful symbol of some fundamental Woodstock "truths". It's no surprise that metaphors drawn from the natural world often accompany careful reflection on the nature of education – to see the need for firm roots and good nourishment; to recognise the secret rhythms of seasonal change and the potential for growth reaching ever upwards and outwards. These are the enduring qualities which characterise the essence of a Woodstock education. And if we are looking for meaningful symbols, we are surrounded by them – for in these inspiring Himalayan foothills we find ourselves embraced by majestic forest.

When Charles VII ascended the French throne in 1422 after the death of his father Charles VI, the crowd chanted, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" (The King is dead, long live the King!). One King died and sovereignty transferred immediately to the next. The Lyre Tree may be dead and dying – but "long live the Lyre Tree!"



Around the Sundial

Ben Bowling, Head of Communications

A summary of the academic year 2013-2014

June Multi-day cloudbursts cause catastrophic flooding and landslides in Uttarakhand. Thousands of lives were lost. Kedarnath and Uttarkashi were hit the hardest.

July Woodstock Staff return to campus and to their first professional development sessions with the University of London.

August Students return to the hillside and enjoy a welcome back dinner and Senior School dance. A performing arts troupe from the Punjab presented at the school leading up to Independence Day. During the celebrations, Chaplain Brian Dunn presents a message about embracing the Indian way of life and Sohail Das, the longest attending Woodstock student, raised the Indian flag.

The annual Big Brother Big Sister day is held where junior school students enjoy the perks

of being a younger sibling with the help of senior schools students.

In collaboration with Mussoorie Church Fellowship and Landour Community Hospital, Woodstock raises adequate funds to provide emergency supplies and monthly rations to 4100 families affected by cloudbursts in the Thatyur area.

Woodstock students visit the Doon School for Model United Nations and the school hosts the screening of the award winning film, Kush, written and directed by Woodstock Alumnus Shubhashish Bhutiani. Sports are in full swing including interschool competitions in squash, badminton, basketball, volleyball, table tennis and soccer. The month ends with the ever popular Goal-a-thon which raised money for the Flood Relief Fund and the Employees Benevolent Fund.

September A group of 15 students from the University of Pittsburgh arrive on the hill-

side to take part in the inaugural Pitt in the Himalayas Programme. Through the Hanifl Centre, these students take part in a variety of academic courses and excursions into Himalaya, including village stays and treks in Uttarakhand.

Cross country and badminton competitions are among the sports events this month. The Board of Directors and General Assembly are welcomed to the campus for the annual meeting.

Flood relief efforts continue as Woodstock engages private schools in Mussoorie to educate them about the situation at Thatyur and encourage them to help provide ongoing rations to the affected families.

October Woodstock Alumni meet on campus and around the world to celebrate World Wide Woodstock Day. Events of this month include the Grade 7 and 8 RE retreat, parent-teacher conferences and the fall play Our Town, where drama teacher Vijay Chaudhri gives students a chance to shine.

Woodstock students go far and wide across India and abroad for the annual activity week. Grade 10 students go on trekking expedi-



Urinetown captivates the audience



Students enjoying the newly renovated Alter Ridge



Glow in the dark at Sadie Hawkins



Woodstock 1/2 Marathon runners



Students enjoying Sadie Hawkins



Goal-a-thon



Cross Country

tions in Uttarakhand, Grade 9 students live in Garhwali Villages while others go on a Rajasthan camel safari, visit Rajaji National Park, learn about the religious diversity in Dharmasala or serve in Manali. The lucky members of the Jazz Band go all the way to Austria to play some gigs and attend the Vienna Jazz Festival.

Woodstock adopts the villages of Dunda and Nikurchi in the Tathyr region. The 75 families in these two villages lost their cash crop of the year and their irrigation system was extensively damaged, making any further agricultural farming impossible. Woodstock raises INR 8.5 lakhs to buy pipes for irrigation.

November Music students have the opportunity to showcase their talents during the advanced student recitals and fall concerts.



Girls football during interhouse fun day



Celebrating Independence Day

Woodstock welcome the members of the Board of Directors to campus for the second time in the semester. Several groups of students visit New Delhi including those on a field trip with their Indian History class and others who participate in the New Delhi Half Marathon. Senior School students revel in the radiance of the glow in the dark theme of Sadie Hawkins. During Interhouse Fun Day students flood into the gym to support their houses in basketball, squash and table tennis competitions. Condors top the Eagles and Merlins.

Woodstock hosted the annual Mountain Writers' Festival where music, literature, poetry and stories are shared with staff, students and visitors. Among many worthy guests was



Table tennis during Interhouse fun day



House spirit on display

William Dalrymple, who shares about his book *The Return of a King: The Battle for Afghanistan*. The Mussoorie Half Marathon is hosted over the same weekend, with many staff members and students participating and volunteering.

Woodstock employees enjoy the annual Employee's Day, where they spend the afternoon competing in sports at Hansen Field, tea at Alter Ridge with an Awards Ceremony and a movie in the evening.

Through a cash-for-work programme, the irrigation system is restored at Dunda and Nikurchi. Students of Grade 8 re-level the path to Dunda with the help of children at the village. Students in Grade 7 test water from drinking water sources at Dunda and report on results with recommendations on



Urinetown brings humor and a social message



Students shine in Our Town



Mussoorie Writers' Mountain Festival



Jazz Jam in the Quad



Interschool table tennis



Chaplain Brian Dunn '89

appropriate treatment procedures.

December The fall semester comes to a close with a flurry of Christmas celebrations including the Junior School Christmas performances, the all school chapel, and the staff banquet.

Worthy of note is that over the course of the semester, four staff families welcome baby girls into the world and two little girls are added to another staff family through adoption.

During the winter break Woodstock helps purchase potato seeds worth INR 2.5 lakhs which are planted by villagers.

February Staff return to cold weather and the second session of professional development by the University of London. Students follow shortly, with Grade 4-8 girls squealing with excitement over the beautifully renovated Alter Ridge Dormitory. The school hosted the annual book fair and PASSAGE activities for the Spring Semester began. A TED talk by Conservationist Boyd Varty was shown to all students and staff and the South African philosophy of Ubuntu becomes a theme for the semester. Ubuntu celebrates the interconnectedness of all human beings and is best understood through its anthem of "I am



Model UN hosted at Woodstock



Student talent show

because you are."

March With just over a month to prepare, the entire cast and crew of Urinetown manages to put up a hilarious and entertaining musical that leaves the audience wanting more. The spring RE retreat is held at Torch Bearers and was heavily attended by seniors. A guest speaker from Minnesota comes to inspire students and teachers share testimonies about their spiritual and personal transformations. Students celebrate the spring festival of Holi, with organic and washable colours provided by the school. On the academic side, students take TOEFL and preliminary AP exams. Conversations between Woodstock and villagers of Dunda begin regarding rebuilding of Primary School. AP Art students took a field trip to Delhi to learn about historical and contemporary art. They visited the National Gallery of Modern Art, contemporary galleries around the city and an exhibition of street art in Haus Khas Village.

April A handful of students and staff spend mid-term break running the ½ Marathon at Corbett National Park. The weeklong break was followed by parent-teacher conferences and a flurry of campus activity. This includes the Woodstock Model United Nations, a



Trekking to Nab Tibba



More shots from the star-studded Urinetown



Jazz Jam rocks the Quad



Pizzeria Club

lively student talent show, Easter Chapel, STUCO day, Indian Music Concert, and Outdoor Learning Weekend. During the month, Woodstock welcomes Board members and a group of students from St. Joseph's Technical Institute to campus. April ends with Woodstock hosting the All-India Win Mumby Basketball Tournament where the boy's team lose to Welham in the finals and the girl's team win over Welham for the championship.

May Dr Jack Stamp, Professor of Music at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, spends a week working with bands and conducts part of the spring concert. The Quad is filled with the thrilling sounds of lively music during Jazz Jam, with The Lyres, The Accidentals and the Woodstock School Jazz Band create the perfect atmosphere for students and staff to get up on the dance floor. Even visiting alumni from the Class of 1984 join in the festivities.



Win Mumby

Woodstock sends three students to South Africa to participate in the Round Square Conference while the students remaining on campus work hard studying for AP and IGCSE exams. In the Quad, Junior School students perform songs from around the world and livened up the days of all those present. Fairs and special assemblies fill out the remainder of the already packed schedule. This included the Science fair, the Festival of Ideas, the PASSAGE fair and the year-end sports assembly.

June The first week of summer weather brings the semester to a close with the baccalaureate ceremony and commencement, held on 7 June. The end of the semester also brings the realization that the Lyre Tree was dying. In more hopeful developments, a crop yielding INR 48 lakhs of potatoes is harvested at Dunda on the first anniversary of the severe cloudbursts. The fields have enough water to plant again immediately after the potato harvest.

From Ahmed to Ziegler

The Joy Rugh Memorial Library in the Alumni Office at Woodstock contains a growing collection of books written by Woodstock alumni. We are always pleased to receive additions to the library. If you are a published author, please consider sending us a signed copy of your work.



monicaroberts@woodstock.ac.in

A Sister-in-law Gives the Gift of Life

Renu Singh Agarwal, Class of 1988

Monday, July 1, 2013, started out as a normal workday. However, at 11:30 a.m. my husband, Manish, called my office, "I'm outside your building. Come out now. I have something urgent to discuss." We drove to a nearby café and once seated Manish said, "You know I started seeing a new doctor recently." I nodded my head, and Manish continued, "Well, he found issues with my kidney and I need a kidney transplant. I have 6 months to live, maximum 12. We've checked and double checked." I asked about dialysis, but due to low hemoglobin levels, and Manish's reluctance to pursue dialysis, this option was off the table.

100,000 to 1 chances Shock. Disbelief. For the next hour we discussed our options. "All of the donor lists in America are 1-3 years long," Manish told me. We were going to have to find our own donor kidney. And the chances of finding a match outside of a blood relative are almost 100,000 to 1.

At first I didn't tell anyone I did my own research regarding donor lists, and took Manish's reports to my own doctor to get my own second opinion. From the look on my doctor's face, I could tell we were in trouble. I went straight from my doctor's office to my sister Ena's house, (WS '89). She was in the kitchen washing fruit when I barged in and burst out crying. I could barely get the words out. When Ena finally understood, she started to cry. Then, her husband, Neil, walked into the house. "What the hell happened?" Neil asked. Ena explained to Neil what she had just heard, and then there was silence.

I only need one kidney "Take my kidney. I only need one," Ena broke the silence. I didn't know what to say. I mean, really? What was the likelihood of Ena being a match, and of it coming to this? My brain seemed to slow down. I thanked Ena, but in my mind, I assumed we would find someone else. We had to.

July, August, September passed. By October first, we had only a dozen volunteers. During our search we learned that the younger the kidney the better. No blood relative that volunteered from Manish's family was a fit. Either they were too old or too sick. Ena and I were at the top of the list, along with my neighbor and a family friend. It was time to get tested to see if we were matches.



Then we discovered that the transplant center had undergone a change in management and, frankly, didn't have its act together. We called and called, asking to schedule us for matching, to no avail. Finally, we called the CEO of the hospital and threatened to sue. That worked, but their process was lopsided. First, the volunteers underwent psychological counseling and a physical exam before their tissue was matched.

"You don't understand. Manish's kidney will last only until December. If the first person is not a match, we don't have time to get another volunteer tested. If you can't tissue match immediately, then I'm changing my transplant center and filing a complaint," I explained. Finally, they agreed that the volunteers would first be tissue matched then continue with the rest of the evaluations. The transplant coordinator first called up our family friend to see if she was suitable for kidney donation and could come for testing. However, after finding out that she was on pain killers for a slipped disc, she was taken off the list.

Next on the list was Ena. After receiving the call, Ena immediately texted me "I'm going in to be tested tomorrow!" "Wow. She seems excited," I thought to myself.

In November, we got the call. Ena was a full match.

From death sentence to survival The feelings overwhelmed me. At first it was relief and happiness. I felt 50% of the battle was over. Immediately we called Ena, Manish's family, my family and our close friends. Everyone was excited. However, I kept my real feelings to myself. Although my husband's life had gone from a death sentence to a chance of survival, it was at a great cost: my sister's kidney. My sister, who has two young children of her own. In addition, there had never been any love lost between Manish and my sister. Their relationship was civil, but Manish had never shown affection toward my family.

I have learned a lot during this process. Everyone makes mistakes in this life, and if we do not correct our mistakes on our own, life will force us. I have made mine and Manish has made his. However, I am lucky to have been born with a generous sister who was able to see past a person's mistakes and save his life.

On December 6, 2013, Ena gave her kidney to Manish. Manish is grateful for the gift he has received, and his relationship with Ena has improved. He is doing well and has returned to work.

How Woodstock Ruined Me

Rossella Laeng



In 2007-08 I attended Woodstock for my senior year of high school. My mother, Deirdré Straughan '81, had been campaigning for me to leave Italy and attend school at Woodstock my entire life.

After graduating I moved to Texas, Australia and NYC, and only returned to Italy to visit. Because my year at Woodstock School represented the end of my life as I knew it, I ended up shutting it out for a long time. I kept in touch with classmates, but I've only now started to seriously think back on the experience and all that it meant.

I made the decision to apply to Woodstock after having truly reached my limit with the Italian school system. Throughout my youth, I found school to be as painful as birthing several breech babies at once. From bad grades to vicious arguments with teachers who seemed to really dislike me, for a long time I felt as if I was destined to fail at everything forever.

During high school I was an avid photographer, to the point where I wouldn't leave the house without my SLR. I had a group of artsy friends with whom I'd arrange photoshoots on weekends; we'd scout out cool locations such as an abandoned 1960s amusement park or a green open field for a picnic-themed shoot. I was befriended by several event planners in the area, and I ended up shooting their fashion shows and parties in exchange for rides to and from the venues and free drinks. Before I even knew what networking and creating a portfolio meant, I had successfully built a reputation for myself around town as someone with a useful skill who was easy to work with. But none of this seemed relevant to the people whose opinion mattered the most, i.e., those who were grading me. Yes, I volunteered to take

every single class photo one year. Yes, I talked my homeroom nun into letting us watch *Born Into Brothels* in English with subtitles during class. Yes, I coordinated a field trip to the local hospital's coma ward with the doctor who came to our school to raise awareness about organ donation. But did any of this initiative-taking and enthusiasm earn me any brownie points? No.

I was on the verge of flunking out of school for the second time in a row, when I decided I was willing to risk losing it all for the sake of getting out. I applied to Woodstock, was accepted (surely being an alumni kid helped), purged my Italian Club Girl outfits by giving them away to friends (an inconceivable gesture that represented the end of one life and the beginning of a new one), packed my SLR, and off I went.

The first thing I learned was how quickly strangers will bond over a shared physically and emotionally stressful situation. After I met up with the rest of the exchange students in London we flew together to New Delhi and spent a couple of days there in profound culture shock, then made the long trek to the foothills of the Himalayas. You really cannot remain strangers for long when, as a group, you are experiencing severe jet lag and "Delhi Belly" followed by altitude sickness and everything else that first hits you when you get to India.

We made it to the school and realized the adventure had barely begun. We came to terms with the fact that "we white folk" were by far the minority in this community, something I found incredibly fascinating and understated. I had never even heard of countries like Bhutan, and I was soon to be exposed to Tibetans, Nepalis, Koreans, Japanese and many varieties of Indians.

Ironically enough I was the only Italian, and I quickly eased into my usual role as the perpetual outsider: not quite American enough for the exchange students, definitely not at all Asian, but somehow a little in between all worlds. The only difference this time was that it did not seem to matter. Once again we were all bonding over the same unique experience, despite our different backgrounds.

I think the fact that I finally got the chance to let go of who I thought I was supposed to

be culturally enabled me to truly embrace who I am. I was immediately encouraged to be myself and explore the things I was interested in. Obviously there was a curriculum and standardized testing, but all of a sudden I was being invited left and right to explore other stuff just for the sake of it.

For the first time in my academic career, I enrolled in drama, art, politics and government classes, as well as classes that involved reading books and then discussing what I thought about them (rather than being told what I should think about them).

I took the ball and ran with it, ecstatic about the fact that I had found a place where I could join an a cappella group if I wanted to. Why not? Never picked up a guitar before? No better time than the present. Oh, you like to paint? Well there's a blank wall in the Indian Music Classroom that has your name on it.

All of this freedom resulted in my self esteem skyrocketing, to the point where I began to believe that I was truly capable of achieving anything. I remember one time, towards the end of the school year, it was my friend Elisa's birthday and I decided to stand up on stage in front of the entire school and sing "With A Little Help From My Friends" to her. I sang the first two verses solo, without any form of musical accompaniment, before some friends joined in. I do not think back to this because I believe my performance was particularly spectacular, but because I haven't had the courage to do something like that before or since. This incident perfectly illustrates the level of confidence I had towards the end of my year there, and boy, was the real world a rude awakening.

Woodstock ruined me because, in real life, many people do not want you to get up on stage and sing for them. For reasons that I have yet to understand, the ability to take on any challenge or task (or at least the confidence to give it a try) is often frowned upon. I left Woodstock a full grown tiger only to find that employers expect me to be a hesitant cub, to slow down, act more modest, and to take all of those qualities that make me a supposedly sought-after independent self starter down a notch.

As it turns out, talking about how you grew up in another country and went to school in India

sounds more threatening than cool to most people, and the enthusiasm with which you were taught to voice your ideas at Woodstock, tends to come off as overbearing and bragging.

Woodstock ruined me because it taught me not to sweat the small stuff. After living in a third world country and growing accustomed to cold showers in the winter, why would I ever want to complain about the line at Starbucks or keep up with the Kardashians? I've now learned this makes me incredibly pretentious.

Woodstock ruined me because it gave me the gift of a worldwide network of people to stay with when I travel, which makes me that girl who says "I was staying with a friend in Helsinki" at parties, and everyone

hates that girl.

Woodstock ruined me because it taught me how to chase off a pack of rabid monkeys, and how to get my nose pierced in a bazaar back alley for two bucks. I have yet to find a way to put these skills to good use here in America.

Woodstock ruined me because it condemned me to only fitting in with a much smaller and harder to find community of people: the people who get it.

And last but not least, Woodstock ruined me because it instilled in me a ridiculous sense of ambition that is becoming harder and harder to keep up with. With a portfolio of alumni ranging from multimillionaires to

high-ranking government officials, I'm terrified at the prospect of being the only one at the high school reunion who isn't saving the world.

I've once again come to a crossroads. I think the first thing I have to do is wallow in my comfort zone for a little while in order to get my confidence back up. So I booked a ticket to Japan (I have a friend from Woodstock there who will show me around), and I started a blog so I have a place to spread my pretentious wings and write my overly ambitious heart out.

I may also take advantage of the fact that I have the apartment to myself during the day and belt Joe Cocker songs in solitude. Maybe that will cheer me up, we'll see.

A Double Tribute : A War Hero and an Artist of Mettle

Lalitha Krishnan

Remembering Robert M Hanson '37



- Congressional Medal Of Honor
- Navy Cross
- Distinguished Flying Cross
- Air Medal
- Purple Heart

It takes twenty years or more of peace to make a man; it takes only twenty seconds of war to destroy him. - Baudouin I, King of Belgium

"Robert Murray Hanson (4 February 1920 – 3 February 1944) was the son of Methodist missionaries Rev. and Mrs. Harry A. Hanson of Massachusetts, who were assigned in 1916 to India, where Rev. Hanson became principal of the Lucknow Christian College. Robert was born in Lucknow; he, his brother Earl and sister, Edith all attended Woodstock. He excelled in athletics, winning wrestling championships of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh; Hanson Field at Woodstock was named for him.

In March of 1938 Robert, bicycling through Europe before returning to the U.S. for college, happened to be in Vienna when the Nazis invaded, and saw Hitler once again break the Versailles Treaty, this time by declaring "Anschluss" (annexation) with Austria to cheering thousands. In December 1941, while Hanson was attending Hamline College in St. Paul, Minnesota, Pearl Harbor was attacked. He enlisted for naval fighting training in May, earning his wings and a Marine Corps commission as second lieutenant on 19 February 1943.

Arriving in the South Pacific in June 1943, First Lieutenant Hanson distinguished himself for his skill, daring tactics, and total disregard for his own safety. On 1 November 1943 he became an "Ace" when he began his VMF-215 tour, which included the Bougainville landings. He was shot down on that day and spent

six hours in the water before being picked up by an American destroyer. Hanson was the most successful Corsair pilot in the Navy or Marine Corps, with 25 victories made between August 1943 and his death in February 1944 – 20 of these achieved in a 17-day period.

On 3 February 1944 Hanson participated in a fighter sweep. On the return flight over Papua New Guinea he left his flight path to strafe a lighthouse on Cape St. George that had proved troublesome as an enemy flak tower and observation post. His friends watched from above as Hanson's big blue-gray Corsair ran at the tower, its six machine guns peppering the structure. Suddenly they were horrified to see his aircraft shudder as its wing disintegrated from flak hits. The young ace tried to ditch, but his wing dug into the water, and his plane cartwheeled and crashed, leaving only scattered debris. Hanson would have turned 24 the next day; the next week he was to have returned to the U.S.

On 19 August 1944 in Boston, Massachusetts, Mrs. Hanson was presented with her son's posthumous Medal of Honor. The citation read in part:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life and above and beyond the call of duty as fighter pilot attached to Marine Fighting Squadron 215....fearless

in the face of overwhelming odds....On 1 November, while flying cover for our landing operations at Empress Augusta Bay, he dauntlessly attacked 6 enemy torpedo bombers, forcing them to jettison their bombs and destroying 1 Japanese plane during the

action. Cut off from his division while deep in enemy territory during a high cover flight over Simpson Harbor on 24 January, 1st Lt. Hanson waged a lone and gallant battle against hostile interceptors with devastating fury....handling his plane superbly in both

pursuit and attack measures, he was a master of individual combat...his great personal valor and invincible fighting spirit were in keeping with the highest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service."

Honouring James (Jim) Havens '57



"The year was 1965 and the place was the Philadelphia Museum. I had never seen a David Smith sculpture and it was like a blow to the solar Plexus: it took my breath away." – James Havens (Parallel Perceptions - Woodstock Art Book).

It's easy to comprehend why metal artist and ex-marine James M Haven '57, is inspired by the life of Robert Murray Hanson '37 (1920 –1944). His exquisitely sculpted, live-life bronze plaque dedicated to Hanson salutes his artistry whilst showcasing his empathy for war veterans and his lasting endearment for a WS fellow mate. It isn't the first time Havens' sculptors have been associated with the war cause. He recreated a 'Boy with the leaky boot' for the town of Wadsworth, which had scraped the original to donate to the war effort during WW11. The new bronze, "Sandusky's Boy with the Boot" was delivered by him in time for the Memorial Day celebrations. Havens was 76 and "came out of retirement" to bring back the statue to a very grateful Wadsworth community.

James was working with NASA in Cleveland as an electrical-mechanical engineer apprentice when he saw a David Smith sculpture that made him realise he was in the "wrong trade." To top it all, he had little experience in welding and had never attended art school. Before attending Woodstock, he lived in California, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Kentucky, Idaho, Wyoming, New York and Illinois. After graduating, he took a job as a welder's helper and later joined the Marine Corps.

Travelling around the world exposed him to several natural and man-made creations that he thought were "wondrous and beautiful". His first accepted work of art was a 14' Corten and stainless steel sculpture built in 1970. Stainless steel has remained his favourite medium. "It will never rust, corrode, nor oxidize."

James lives in Woodsville, Ohio; he owns Havens Studio and The Rose Bronze Foundry. He taught sculpture classes for several years and initiated 'Sculptor in the Village', an exhibit of Midwestern and local art works installed around a lake in Gibsonburg, a small rural town.

Haven's sculptures are self-explanatory and to some extent reveal the man behind the chisel. The 'Yellow Butterfly' draws from his connection with the natural world. His 'Peace sculpture' and the 'Gandhi' bust echo his pursuit of truth and simplicity; the common 'fibre' in all his sculptures. The Peace sculpture, Gandhi bust and now the Hanson plaque fill a permanent niche in the Woodstock psyche. We are grateful to the class of 1957 for donating all the three sculptures. Special thanks to Jim Havens, Robin Pilley, Rickey Solid, Mark Welch, Fred Koken and Dan Kobal for the Hanson plaque.

Eighty Years

Mushir Hasan '42

It was eighty years ago this past March that on a cold grey morning I reached Mr. Parker's office. The Principal's secretary was very kind and had me sent down to the boys' hostel. That evening I got chocolate cake – it was Mr Robert Fleming's birthday. It was also mine and I told that to him. The next year he, while on his way by ship to the US on furlough, sent me a birthday card posted from Australia – Brisbane, I think it was. That kind gesture remains in my memory.



I joined in second grade and our class teacher was Miss McGee. Being the smallest boy I shared the front desk with dainty little Margaret Wells.

That was the start of my five years in Woodstock. Memories get filtered with the passage of time and fortunately only the happy pleasant ones remain – like to hear the "All up" call at 6:30 in the mornings followed by the trudge up from the hostel to the school, especially Jacob's Ladder – at the top of which was the goldfish tank – or any of the squabbles or disagreements, and dare I mention the two whacks, which I for one often got for talking after lights out! But they fade away.

The happy memories which linger are of joyful companionship, youthful pranks, adventures, even misadventures. I remember spending free periods in the library; my favourites were the almanacs – the one for 1912 listed the many prominent people drowned with the Titanic. I remember the time spent on the playground, the tennis court below the hostel. But somehow studies don't feature in my memories!

To round this off, after school and university I worked as a journalist in Pakistan. I moved to Germany in 1960 and was taken on by American Express. Retired, I now live in a small town in the hills outside Frankfurt with my German wife whom I had the good fortune to meet while working as a journalist in England in the mid-1950s. For the record I must say in Woodstock my full name was Mushir Hasan Razwi; I later dropped the Razwi.

Past Paves Way Forward for Woodstock Alumnus

Alex Manton '84



“My father gave me my first camera in the Quad over 30 years ago.”

From that moment on, Alex Manton was hooked on photography, a fascination that would grow into a hobby and eventually a lifelong career. Class of 84, Alex lives in Singapore where he is managing partner for Asia Images Group, one of the most respected stock photo agencies in Asia.

Alex visited Woodstock in the 2014 Spring Semester to produce stunning stills (see cover) and beautiful videos to promote Woodstock. During his time on campus, Alex expressed his affinity for Mussoorie. “Some of the most significant events of my life have happened here on the hillside.” Ironically, Alex came “kicking and screaming” to Woodstock in 1980. When he returned to the US for 11th and 12th grade, however, his experiences at Woodstock had left their mark. He returned to India in university and spent one year in Varanasi learning Hindi and sitar and exploring the rich cultural textures of the city. By the end

of his time there, India had become an integral part of his story. “Woodstock was a gateway for me to India,” Alex expresses with heart.

The Manton family is familiar with deep connections to the school community. His brothers Ted '88 and Eric '90 also attended Woodstock. His grandparents lived at South Hill in the 1930s and 40s, his aunt graduated in the 1950s, followed by his father in '56 and two uncles in the 1960s. His great grand parents even lived on the hillside from time to time. “For me, coming to Mussoorie to use my professional skills at Woodstock is coming full circle.”

During his visit, Alex was struck by the enthusiasm of the community. “The energy and unity here is off the charts. I’ve never seen the vibe so positive.” Alex attributes the current momentum at Woodstock to solid leadership and unity of purpose among the staff and students.

By the end of his three weeks on the hillside, Alex had discovered how his past connections

might pave the way for the future. “This visit has opened my eyes to see Woodstock more clearly than ever. This is a really unique and special place and it’s my time to get involved and invested here.”

Alex has now started mentoring students in photography and videography. Shortly after he returned to Singapore, he was instrumental in helping Woodstock acquire a formidable collection of multimedia equipment for student use. Alex returned to Woodstock in the Fall Semester to shoot two videos for the Haniff Centre. He also hosted daily workshops for the students, who came with great enthusiasm. He concluded his time on the Hillside by leading an Activity Week multimedia group.

A professional communicator, Alex wouldn’t close our interview without expressing a call to action. “You don’t have to be a millionaire to make an impact at Woodstock. You have no idea how your skills and abilities are needed here until you take a look. Come find your place.”

A Lifetime of Experiences at Woodstock

Dana Crider

People from my hometown in Pennsylvania often ask me two questions. The first is "Don't you miss America?" There are actually only two things I have missed over the years: the fall colours of the Pennsylvania hills and family. The second question they ask is, "Why would you spend your entire life over in India?" Here are five reasons why I don't regret a single moment of my time at Woodstock in Mussoorie.

Remarkable experiences

Years ago I was walking through the air terminal in Vienna on my way to a conference in Budapest, when I heard my name called from the deep shadows of a hallway waiting room. There was an Australian graduate of Woodstock who was travelling with a group of Nepali men to a conference in Europe. That morning's coffee and prayer time with Woodstock family members will not be forgotten.

I enjoyed my time as a teacher at Woodstock, but by far my greatest experiences have come from relationships and challenges that happened outside the classroom. Residence life and acquaintances beyond the campus have been remarkable for their variety and richness.

Himalayan hiking

I went on my first real hike about four weeks after arriving in Mussoorie in the fall of 1979. A handful of students and I left school after classes on Friday and walked 50 miles to Old Tehri City. It was on that hike when I saw my first leopard cubs playing in the late evening sun a couple of kilometers before Buranskumba.

I have hiked innumerable miles over the hills and valleys of these marvelous Himalayas. One of my most memorable activity weeks was with a Middle School group of 14 or so students, two school cooks and two other chaperones: we packed our gear in the Middle School Math room and walked the whole way to Thature, Deosari, Nag Tibba, Lurntsu and the Aglar Source. What an adventure! One night we used run-off water for cooking, which looked clean in the dark. In the morning we discovered that our matter mushroom curry the night before had been seasoned with gobar (cow dung)! Our trip back to the school included jeep-hopping and carrying one of the students who complained of ankle pain (We found out later that she was walking on a broken foot!), but in the end, we walked over 90 miles. Unforgettable.



I have made it to the top of Nag Tibba six times and have gotten myself and groups of students lost at least three other times. I've have accompanied a Grade 9 group over the ridge between Hanummanchatti and Dodital. During another activity week we attempted to get to Sahastratal, a lake at 13,000 feet, but had to turn back due to cold and harsh winds. We spent the night in a flea-infested gujjar hut and were entertained by some local villagers who came off the top of the ridge with a ghoral (wild goat) that they had killed. We had an impromptu biology class and a good breakfast of ghoral neck meat the following morning.

Relationships

The privilege of enjoying relationships with staff and students and their families from such varied backgrounds has created quite a few unique stories and memories. Who can forget a Woodstock teacher with a heavy Irish accent teaching American history to a class of Iranian, Kenyan, Indian, Nepali, Thai, Japanese, Australian, Swedish, Ethiopian, American students? Or hearing AP Calculus being taught to the same motely crew in a strong Scottish brogue? Or the Aussie lad who put a matrimonial in the Times of India, only to find it being answered by a demur and veiled woman being escorted in full fan-fare to his side at the staff banquet as fulfillment of his wish?

During a late fall night in Hostel, we heard the news about the revolution in Tehran. As supervisor, I was aware there were several boys who were quite concerned about the reports of carnage, uncertainty, and international reaction. A lengthy time after lights out, I walked into a room to find some 30 boys reclining on each other, listening to VOA, BBC, Radio Teheran and Radio Lebanon and translating

the shortwave reports for each other. As I opened the door to settle the fellows for the night, one of the students came to me with tears streaming down his face, "Mr. Crider, why can't the world live in peace? We do." Those students were from all over the world including Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, India, US, Canada, Thailand, Bangladesh and Japan, to name a few places.

One evening while walking in the Grade 10 wing of the residence halls, I was convinced I could hear someone crying. I quietly made my way into the room to find one of the boys, face down into his mattress with his pillow crushed onto the back of his head. Of course, my touch scared the daylights out of him, but he looked up and said "Mr. C, I've GOTTA have a McDonald's Hamburger." His Gujarati parents had sent him and his sister to Woodstock from Southern California to Woodstock for a good Indian experience.

Judy and I also cherish the uncountable expressions of sympathy and condolences after our daughter, Bonnie Beth died. In fact, just a few weeks ago Judy met an Oakgrove Alumna who remembered Bonnie. She recounted her fond memories of running against Bonnie and her smile and manner.

Our children

All of our children benefitted greatly by their education and experiences at Woodstock. We now hear stories from them of their adventures, unknown to us at the time: khud climbing below Hansen field at an early age, or riding mountain bikes on the eyebrow trail from Media Centre to Suncliff on a full-moon night 'without putting our feet down once'. Now adults, our children's love of cross-cultural experiences and their passionate pursuit of education points clearly has its roots in the unique happenings during those formative Woodstock years.

It is home

Home is where you lay your carpet, I heard recently during the tribute for Dan Terry '65. Our carpets have been thrown open in Hostel for nine years, in Suncliff for ten years, in Hostel again for a few years, in Hostel Duplex for the next eight years and now at Pennington for the past six years. Over the last 35 years, Woodstock, Mussoorie and India have become our home. I don't think we will roll up our carpets any time soon.

Baccalaureate Address

Brian Dunn '89, Chaplain



Good evening to you graduates, parents, family, friends, honored guests, even familiar looking ones, and of course teachers and advisors

Just as you seniors thought you were seeing the end of me, you will have one more devotion from me up here. And it will be a very simple one, 'cause I will hope you will remember it for the future.

In the late 80s there was a book by the name of *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* by Robert Fulghum, and it's full of all kinds of innocent, some people might say naïve, wisdom.

This message I'm calling *Everything I need to know I learned playing foursquare in the Quad at Woodstock*. Now just for a little show of hands, who here among you Seniors has played Foursquare. Okay, so you know exactly what I am talking about.

Now did you play foursquare when you were younger, 'cause I know there is Sohil and Ugyen and Jacko and Haygil of course, who were here when I was here many years ago and I remember seeing them playing foursquare. Now how many of you seniors still play Foursquare? Very good. That's what I like to see.

As you can see, friends, family and honored guests, Woodstock has a very august institution called foursquare. We've been playing this for generations. And one thing you should know about me is that I am an alumnus of Woodstock, as well. And when I was 7, I played foursquare, in those very same spots in the Quad. They've changed the stones since then and they've repainted, but otherwise it was all as you would imagine it.

I played foursquare all through my elementary years here. And when I came back I had a lot of kids over time say "Dr Dunn why don't you come and play with us?" And I would watch them and it looked like some very curious stuff going on there. I have to say that the game of foursquare looks almost unrecognizable to me, there are a whole bunch of new secret rules

So what did I do, I consulted the ancient text, I went to the ancient scroll that has the original rules of foursquare. Do you want to hear them? Here they are:

- If the ball touches the line, you're out
- If you carry the ball, you're out
- Smashes – there is an etiquette about smashes, you couldn't over do it of course, and it couldn't be for any vindictive reason, it was kind of an unspoken thing
- Spins, yes, but you can't carry

That's it – there it is. Simple rules. These are the rules that I remember when I was a kid. But guess what, over the years people have been adding on to these. That's how big the scroll is now. Let's see if we can decipher some of these rules now.

There is a group of rules that I consider to be bending the original rules. You remember 'lines are out, carries are out?' Now, there are things called flights. There is also, when the ball rolls into the other guys square it's called a rolling redo. And of course this causes so much confusion that they actually have something called a confusion redo. It's amazing.

Then there is something that is called magic. So, what is black magic, do you know there is a black magic rule now? So black magic, if I understand it correctly, is when someone hits it into your square and you don't let it bounce and hit it right back into their square and they are out. Then I hear there is something called purple magic – I'm told that purple magic is as many touches as many bounces. This is on good authority from 6 Graders, so if you want to argue this go talk to them. You know where that thing appeared, right? It bounced twice in someone's square and they couldn't accept that they were out so they hit it up twice and they said "as many touches as many bounces" and then they called it purple magic.

And so the students say "Dr Dunn come play with us" and so I say "okay on the condition that I can add a rule." And so they say "okay, what rule?" And I say yellow magic. And they say "what's yellow magic?" Yellow magic is I need to go to the bathroom, everybody has to stop. I go do the yellow magic and then come back and I don't lose my place.

Then there is a whole group of rules called 'as' rules. Have you heard of 'as' rules? 'As' rules are rules that you throw out that while the ball is still in play. While the ball is still in play you can call a rule and it changes everything.

There is a rule called Dr Wood. Have you heard about Dr. Wood? No? You didn't know all these rules were there? You see I have my 6 Grade informants. Dr. Woods is you have to hit it with a flat hand like that. I don't know why that's there.

Again they say, "Dr Dunn why don't you come and play with us?" I say "okay on the condition that I can add a new rule. It's called Dr Dunn." And they say, "What is Dr Dunn?" Dr. Dunn rules is Dr. Dunn rules, okay, it means I am king, that's all there is to it.

Alright, so that's all of this nonsense here. And see how far we've come from some of the very, very simple original rules of foursquare. So what does this have to do with life? Some of the kids in the Junior School they stated talking to me in the Quad and they said, foursquare is no fun anymore" and said why? Andy they said as soon as I get in, they get me out and their friends stay in all the time. Worse, when they play there is modes you can play. There are modes called revenge and war. Of course you also have to have a peace mode, which as far as I'm concerned is original foursquare. But what you find is that some people are in all the time, and a whole load of little kids are left out. In fact you could say most of the smaller ones are excluded. And this became a big, big issue in the Junior School this year.

All of you lot are about to leave the comfort and relative safety of Woodstock to go into a world that is full of problems. It's a beautiful world, yes, but it is a world full of injustice. It's a world where big people make big deals. The take very simple rules that would have been fair for a majority and those big people who make big deals bend them to make them work for a small minority of them. There was

an interested study that was done last year, I think it was by UNICEF. And they found that the wealthiest 85 people, 85 people, I wonder how many people are here now,. The wealthiest 85 people own the combined wealth of the poorest 3 billion people. Did you come across that statistic? Now, hear is a question, "are you okay with that?" I personally am not okay with that. I'm not okay that that is the way the world is. And it is a result of big people making big deals and bending rules.

There is another thing that happens when that little group, the winners, like to stay where they are. They have something called front bucks and back bucks.

Do you know what bucks are? I think that is a uniquely Woodstock term, where you put yourself in front of someone. You don't stand in line and wait your turn in line, you buck. Right? Am I right about that? That is a term as old as the hills. That was here in the 80s when I was here as a kid. But you have front bucks and you have back bucks and in the real world of high finance that equals big bucks. Okay, because there are people who will put themselves in front of you and there is nothing you can do about it.

A few years back when we had that economic crash, we saw a whole bunch of 'as' rules put into play. And the rest of us were thinking now you guys must surely be out of the king's square because look how you messed it up. But no, rules were set and rules got changed and bailouts happened and then we had a rolling redo and then we had a confusion redo, and guess who was still king? The same people who were there before.

So these rules are in place, these rules are there whether they are in the Quad or in high finance. Black magic, turning around on the other person. We live in a world where the poor bear the burden of bad decisions that people in power make. And the people in power stay in power. Well, what I am proposing to you is that you return to the simple rules. Return to those very simple rules of foursquare.

Did you know that since I talked to the junior school about this - and this was a big investigation because this was a big deal in Junior School - they have now come up with a new term? And I'm trying not to take it personally because I don't think of myself as being ancient of days, but they call it the ancient rules.

The ancient rules are those original rules those first ones that I read out that I said I played when I was here as a kid. And so there is at

least one court there where they play by the ancient rules. Those of black magic people and purple magic people they can play in their own square. But now there is, you'll see, one square there that is for the ancient rules people.

Well, not much as changed between now and Jesus' day. Jesus too was in the marketplace. Jesus was in the synagogue. And he notices too that there was a few people who were always in charge. There were always the same sorts of people who were in the kings square.

And to be 'in' in the religious community, you had to follow a whole load of rules. In fact do you know how many rules? In Jesus' day, there were 613 laws that make up the Torah, the Jewish law. 613 laws. As if that wasn't enough, the teachers of the law added dozens more laws to that so that you wouldn't even get close to breaking those 613 laws. Just like these rules of foursquare you keep adding on, and adding on, and adding on, and you know what happens? The people who add those rules, add them because they suit them. Alright, And Jesus had a way of cutting through all of that nonsense.

Secret rules are always designed to keep a select few in power. And almost to keep the old boys club where it has always been. And Jesus looked around and saw the excluded. He saw those who were considered ritually unclean. He saw the foreigner, he saw the tax collector, he saw the prostitute, he saw the leper. And Jesus said those are the people I want to play foursquare with. Jesus said, those are the people that I am going to play with.

And at the same time, he didn't just start his own game and play by the old ancient rules. He challenged all those black magic people bending and adding rules to suit themselves. There is a very famous story from the gospels where a teacher of the law comes to Jesus and wants to stump Jesus. And he said, "Rabbi, what are the greatest commandments?" Right, knowing that there are 613 laws that make up the Torah. And the big question was, was Jesus going to talk about the Sabbath, was he going to talk about ritual purity, was he going to talk about some sort of moral laws, was he going to refer to the priestly code. But Jesus cut through everything, all of the 613 laws plus all of the many laws that the elite had added around them and he said, actually there are only two. The first is love the lord your god with all your heart soul, mind and strength. And the second is like it because it flows from it, love your neighbor as much as you already love yourself. Jesus cut through everything and out it in it's simplest possible terms. Those are Jesus' ancient rules

And I would ask you to consider abiding by these ancient rules. If you have trouble believing in God, love the universe with all your heart mind and strength, Whatever it takes. Love your neighbor as yourself. This is my challenge to you. Return to the ancient rules of fairplay. Whatever you go onto do, some of you may be doctors, lawyers, and only the really gifted among you might consider RE teacher, I promise you the pay is great, lucrative career. Account bankers, politicians. At least one of you is going to be a barefoot philosopher. And Ishaan, I thought of the perfect band if you ever wanted to form a band. It would be a reggae raga band ok, so fusion, Are you ready for this? This is the name - Vasudeva and the Medicinal Herbs. If ever you want to start a band, you heard it here first, I give you that for free. We all know about Vasudeva and his medicinal herbs.

I'm asking you as you go, you wonderful gorgeous. And look at you in your wonderful gorgeous headdresses. And by the way, know I no that Dongoli wasn't lying he doesn't put stuff in his ears, he just goes to bed with that headdress.

Notice the ones who are being excluded, and motivated by love, love for God, love for others, play the sport of game that includes everyone, as many as possible.

Have the courage to challenge the black magic of the markets, have the courage to challenge the 'as' rules of the people in charge. Those who are holding onto their place in the king's square.

Courage to say no to black magic, no to purple magic, no to front or back bucks, no to revenge and war mode. Can you do this? Do you have the courage to do this? Because the world has been in revenge and war mode for how many, many centuries and millennia. You can do this. It's time to return to the ancient and simple rules of love.

Graduates, in case you missed it, the 200 times you've heard this before, I'm going to give you the last word now. Love. Thank you.

Commencement Address

Shekhar Gupta



Thank you Mr. Stintchcomb

When somebody gives me high words of praise, my first instinct, as an editor, is to reach out for the blue pen and cut out the adjectives. But these days journalists get so little praise that when you get it you want to keep it. Thank you very much.

Thank you very much Dr Nicholson and Dr Long for giving me the honour of coming and speaking to all of you. And thank you very much and congratulations Woodstock Class of 2014, proud parents, teachers, ladies and gentlemen.

I am the High School Commencement Speaker today so I am expected to share wisdom. Or what we call it – ‘Gyan’ (which you hate). I have to tell you about the world outside. The challenges that lie ahead in college and beyond, and how you should tackle the rapid pace of change. But I am sorry that I am not going to do that. I am not going to do that for two reasons.

One is the more important reason, although you may think it is less serious. When my children went to school, though it was some time back, that was Sadar Patel, Delhi, I was forbidden by both of them from going to any school functions. Because they said, “it will be so embarrassing.” The only time I was expected and in fact, they insisted that I go to school, was for the PTA. “Because

if Mom goes she will get so senti, and then she will become difficult to manage, but if you go there, you don’t know in any case what is going on and you will start telling the teacher stories and she will get busy and give you no bad news.” So in fact, I did my parenting through those school years, just taking it at PTA and telling stories and in fact, at some interview, I said the other day, somebody at the magazine insisted and said, tell me about some regret you must have had in life. I said I was trained as a reporter, I can’t have anything, and if I missed their story I got beaten to one I would never admit it. But because she insisted I said that the only regret I have had is I didn’t know when my children passed their teen years. My children’s teen years for me are like a blur because I was so busy covering wars and just having fun. So that evening both my children sat me down at the dining table and said: ‘Oh would you rather that we had made our teen years for you more exciting.’ And I said: ‘No I am so grateful to you.’

The first time I went to their school to speak was after they had passed out. But they knew I was going to their school to speak so they were collecting intelligence. And once again in the evening I was taken to task. “And you said this: you must care for people who are not so privileged”. And I said, “Yes.” And you said this; “India is becoming an aspirational society” and I said “Yes”. And they said blah blah blah – they were accurately informed. I said, “Yes”. “That was a hall full of little children. You tortured them. Do you realize you tortured them? They hate you and they hate us for being your children”. So since then I have been very careful in going to schools. I know that you have worked very hard to get where you have got and your teachers are much better than me at giving sermons to you. So I’d rather spare you a serious sermon.

Number two and that is maybe a more serious reason. Because I have to say this with absolute sincerity and I am older than most of your parents that I still do not know much about the world outside. Though I have travelled more than most of your parents to places where most decent, well-to-do human beings do not go. And yet, I find that there is so much to know about the challenges that lie ahead and how to tackle the rapid pace of change. I struggle all the time to figure.

If you believe me on what I say just see me compose an email on a mobile phone. I keep getting asked all the time, “Shekhar Gupta why are you not on Twitter? On Twitter you are guaranteed two million followers in three months.” So somewhat factitiously, I quote George Clooney: “I shall not risk an entire career on 140 characters.” But I am serious about it because I struggle so much. Once a month I send an email to the wrong person. Or once a month I transfer a message from one person abusing someone else. All journalists only abuse each other. They don’t abuse politicians so much. I forward one to the other and one to the other and they both end up hating me. I really struggle with technology and struggle with the pace of change, and you learn something; you are outdated. In fact I was just coming here and I saw a little baby, maybe a child of one of the staff, and she with a student who was holding a mobile phone. The student was showing the little baby a picture on the smart phone and the baby was moving their figure across the phone like this. I don’t have a smart phone because I’m afraid of it and I do not know what to do with it. So dealing with change is a big challenge. So if any grown up comes up to you and says, I know how to deal with change. I have figured it; he or she is lying. Don’t believe them. Because they don’t know.

On the other hand I am a reporter. I like to listen to stories and I like telling stories. This tends to come from knowing how unwise we are. So I will share with you some nuggets, pebbles I have picked up on the roads I have traveled. Although I have to confess that driving down to the school and watching nature on such a breathtakingly beautiful scale, the mountains and the trees, and remember I wrote this in Delhi and wrote wisps clouds, but I have the presence of mind to tell you that I found no clouds. - Before you say, “Shekhar Gupta you have used someone else’s text”- like a former Foreign Minister did. He went to the UN and did the Portuguese Foreign Minister’s speech. I am not doing any of that. But still, it is so pretty even minus the clouds, that my first impulse was to not show up, to go walking, running, getting lost in the wooded trails that crisscross Woodstock. One of the most beautiful campus I have seen anywhere in the world. And remember that this year I am a graduation parent. We just did one

appearance at a college in London for my daughter-in-law's PhD and we will be doing one for our son next month at MSC. So I know something about the excitement of graduations and yet I would like to disappear. And this beautiful campus has been a home to all of you these years and which you are now leaving. Leaving with this tremendous privilege; a head start that very, very few young men and young women your age have. So look at your years in Woodstock, all the good days and the bad days, the great books you have read, the pulp fiction you have devoured, the enduring friendships you have made, the silly and glorious pictures you have posted on Facebook, and cannot delete now, even though you wish you could. See each and everything as a privilege. As a gift your parents and teachers gave you. And some that you and your friends gave to each other. I say this all the time. My father-in-law, he is no more, used to say, "The most unfair relationships in life is parents and children." Because parents do everything selflessly for children. I find that an even more selfless relationship is teachers and children. I'll tell you why. This is a boarding school. Teachers are your parents for most of the time you are here. Your parents are like Uncles and Aunts who come visiting with gifts. Right? But even if it were not a boarding school, in all our cities now, as more and more parents are working and they are busy working long hours and they come back home and before they can have their evening cup of tea or glass of water, they switch on to one of these shout rage TV channels where they have 9 squares fighting each other and the volume goes up without you touching the remote control. So as a parent you have no time for your children. So even parents who send their children to day schools, they have outsourced parenting to the teachers. So really teachers are your parents now. So they are the ones who have given you the finest gift in your lives. And remember this; a gift by definition is something one is not entitled to. You got that gift purely because of being here. And because most of you came here because of the day you were born. Because you got a gift with not a single string attached to it. That is a gift of which pair of parents you inherited. Use that gift wisely. Gifts as pure as this one will be of short supply from now on in life.

All of you begin college in a few months where they will tell you that your growing up has begun now. So my advice is to ensure that you never grow up. One way to do this is to keep asking questions and to keep questioning the answers. That's the most

important thing. Infuriate your teachers. Stand up and ask. If you are shy catch the teacher in the corridor and ask them your questions. If you are even more shy, send them an email. With the 'WhatsApp' message, you can attach a sad picture of you angry or crying. That will help. With most teachers it will help.

The second way to do this is to ensure that you are the one at the end of the line, who touches the sleeves of the next person and says 'Look, look the emperor has no clothes.'

The third way to ensure that you do not grow up, is to be, as damaged as we are, is to be more generous and kind to those who do not have the gift that you have. You need to be kind not only because kindness is a good moral thing, but because being kind, being generous, means that you are being imaginative and creative. Kindness is about putting yourself in the other person's shoes and you cannot do that if you are not creative. So be kind because it makes you smarter and more cool. Look around yourself, the really smart people are the ones who were kind and generous with their faith, with their trust, with their ideas. I wish that each one of you has as many friends on Facebook and 'WhatsApp' as you wish, 100, 500, 1000, but above all learn to be friends with the most important person in that place. Can you guess who that person is? It's yourself. Which means learn to enjoy time with yourself. Learn to give yourself the gift of solitude. Because it is only in solitude that you will be able to listen to that voice inside you called conscience. The voice that tells you what is right, what is wrong. It is a soft voice. You don't hear it in crowds, because there is a lot of noise in crowds. So you need to party and party hard. I said this at a Commencement, remember. It does wonders to your ego, but you will still need to sit alone, which I am 200% sure you have done on this incredibly beautiful campus. I have not had the privilege of being here during winter, but I can imagine what it must be like. The amazing silence that only snow in the mountains can bring.

So be curious about the building you live in, the neighbourhood, about the people who live next door, about your city, about the news and about what's happening. Because only then can you ask questions. I know that you cannot read anything these days that is more than two sentences long, but take time to read. And remember, I say this as a journalist, at every journalism school, be curious, because everything is a story. (The

fact) I am the guest, I have been given the honour to be a Commencement speaker, is a story. Because you can google my life. I never went to school like this. In fact if you google me or go to Wikipedia, or go to even my official website, you will not even find anything on my schooling. Because if I did put it there people would say I am even being pompous. Because I would have to say that I passed. I did 10 years of schooling in 11 schools, all in Hindi medium. And not just that. Two very important years, class 7 & 8, in a school called Government Girls High School, Panipat. Why was I in a government girl's high school in a small town which you have all read about the three great battles of Panipat? Because in 1968-69, in the city of Panipat, the only boys school was across the railway line and there was still not a pedestrian bridge to cross the line. It was considered very dangerous for kids under class 8 to cross the line, so we were only allowed to go to the girl's school. So I was among the 9 boys in a class of 60. Can you imagine boys? In fact two of us have done quite well in our lives. I cannot find the others, maybe because I am not on Facebook. Maybe I would have found them also. My daughter found an old group photo from that school and I notice that all of us are wearing flip-flops. Nobody has shoes. And I said, "Look at this fellow." The boy sitting next to me, one of the 9, is now one of India's biggest vendors. And I said, "Look at him. Nobody thought he would grow into such a monster." And my daughter said, "And you thought nobody would think you would become such a monster?"

So I have no qualification to be here. Find a story. I do not have a house here in Landour. The story is I come to Lal Bhadri Shashtri Academy to speak a few times. I am curious, I come to Landour and walk. I make friends. I met Steve Alter. I think last time we made friends with him and with his dogs. In fact, I remember walking into his house and one of the mastiffs came and got my arm like this. And I remembered 'Sholay'. Have you seen the film 'Sholay'? Remember that line 'Apne hath muje dhedhe Thakur' (Give me your hand Thakur.) Okay, but why the right hand? And that friendship has led to such a story. So I am saying just be curious about anything. When I go to journalism schools, when I speak to young kids in many institutions, I say the same thing. I mention a scene from a film which none of you is supposed to have seen because you are not old enough yet, but I guess half of you have. But all of you have heard about it. It's a film called 'Indecent

Proposal'. Where Woody Harrelson gives away his wife, Demi Moore, for a million dollars to Robert Redford. I remember Art Buckwald wrote a column after that in your time saying if Robert Redford has to pay for it, something must be wrong with America. But the important thing is after that he has a fight with his wife and he goes home to teach architecture because he is an architect. And you can YouTube this. There is a sequence. In fact you can YouTube Louis Kahn and Woody Harrelson and you will find it. It is a wonderful scene. Speaking to his class of young architectural students, he picks up a brick and he says "What is this?" and everybody says "It is a brick." And he said, "No. It can be a bridge, it can be an arch, it can be a highway. It can be whatever; I don't remember the exact lines." But he says, "Even a brick wants to be someone." So remember I translate this to journalism schools by saying even the brick wants to be a story. So why is Shekhar Gupta there with his medium education? With his graduation from Neki Ram Sharma Government College in a place called Rhotak in the heart of Jhatland, is a little story. Everything has a story. Never stop being curious. Because that is the way of keeping yourself young.

That is why I said be curious about the building you live in, the neighbourhood, about the people who live next door. I am sure each one of you in this room has read all the epic books about Harry Potter and Lord Baltimore that began with baby Harry being left on the door step of house on the private drive. I am going back to my point about it is so uncool to read these days, supposedly. But all of you read that book. Do you know how many pages you have read? It is 4,000 pages. So that next time someone tells kids, parents, all of you. Next time you tell me kids don't read, that kids just need 2 minute video clips on their smart phone. I will tell you that never as kids did we or you read 4,000 pages of any one book. So read and read and read. There is nothing like that because reading helps you enjoy. It helps you enjoy solitude. It helps you ask questions.

One of my favourite essayists is Roger Rosenblatt. You can google him. When you write essays and all were to steal lines from him, you can always give him credit. He worked with Time magazine and when his daughter went to college, he wrote her a letter. It is a classic. And out of this one of my favourite things is when he tells her to spend more time with eccentrics not normal people. Normal is boring. Don't care about

serious thinkers he said. They pop up on TV, he says. In our case they all pop up after 7:00 pm, at 8:00 pm and 9:00 pm. Do you people channel search at night? Please go to sleep by 10:00 he says. Don't waste time listening to them. Turn a deaf ear to empty praise as much as to careless blame. Find out the strange, the weird, the uncommon and those who do not fit and then listen to them. One of the many gifts you have is a good stock in the world and in nature. Crafted beautifully you have friends from countries near and far. In a way you have lived in a beautifully pristine bubble. But a bubble that resembles best what the world is or what it should be, which is tolerant, diver, and plural. You have eaten, played, fought, did homework with those who do not speak in your language. Who do not pray to the same God as you, or in some cases may not pray at all. Each of you has a different set of histories and geographies, but your paths have crossed here in this school.

As you leave as you travel away from here, once again I would like to quote a few lines from Roger Rosenblatt and paraphrase them for you. What I wish for you is a love of travel. Travel will hold you back from doting on your troubles and once you have seen something of the world you will recognise foreign places as instances from human grains. Travel helps you appreciate the past. I would like you to see yourself as history. To wonder what you have done. Or ask when Mahatma Gandhi had come to Mussoorie. Just go back in time and think. History is important because the past is about memories. Don't let them wear you down and definitely don't let them wear down your dreams. Use them as anchors because dreams without memories waste away. Like balloons filled with gas that totally drains out. Not one of you in this room will ever have to worry about where your next meal comes from. And I hope that not one of you will have to worry about living in a place not of your own choosing.

So with these two freedoms you are ready to soar to be your own man or woman. Walk into the first day of college with Woodstock in your head and heart and whenever you face fear or doubt just remember that all your pockets are stuffed and overflowing with the fun and wonderful gifts which you have got at your school here. Good luck as you sail and I am sure because I am a curious reporter I am sure I will run into you in many places.

Thank you very much.

Mr. Gupta has emerged over the years as a respected voice on issues ranging from domestic politics and society to security and international affairs. He is currently editor-in-chief of The Indian Express and has to his credit some of the most significant newsbreaks in Indian journalism. Mr. Gupta also hosts an interview-based programme Walk the Talk on NDTV. In 2009, he was awarded the Padma Bhushan, one of the highest civilian awards in India, for his contribution to the field of journalism.

Under his leadership, The Indian Express has won the Vienna-based International Press Institute's Award for Outstanding Journalism in the Public Interest three times – the first time for its coverage of the Gujarat riots of 2002, the second time for uncovering the Bihar flood relief scam in 2005 and the third time for its sustained investigation into the Malegaon and Modasa blasts of 2008. Mr. Gupta was also responsible for uncovering LTTE training camps in India, and the truth behind the falsely implicated scientists of the Indian Space Research Organisation in a spy scandal. Seven years before the terrorist attacks in the United States on September 11, 2001, he travelled across Afghanistan, Pakistan, Germany, the US and the UK, to report extensively on the threat from pan-national fundamentalism, including its links with Osama bin Laden.

Mr. Gupta is a regular guest speaker at prestigious forums and has recently spoken at the Asia Society, The National Defense College, the Defense Services Staff College and the World Economic Forum in Davos. Mr. Gupta has authored several books, including; Assam: A Valley Divided and India Redefines Its Role.

Valedictorian Speech

Ein Jung



If there is one word that does NOT describe our class, it is conformity. We, the class of 2014, have never been submissive to rules and regulations. We never conform and sometimes we cause commotion. But at the same time, we carry within us a lot of talent and warmth. We burn. We dare to challenge and change what we see wrong with relentless words and persevering stubbornness. We strive for a legacy and fight to break the limits. But at the same time, we do not forget our sense of humanity. And that is really what makes us so special.

But even our extraordinary selves cannot stop the clock from ticking. We are leaving what many people call home. From what I can gather from the wise words of BBC and CNN, the world outside is not an easy place to survive. People outside are just as ferocious and wild as we are, if not more. As we step out of our Woodstock caves into new places filled with new people, we need to prepare ourselves with a few weapons and shields; tools that will ensure our safety and perhaps greatness in the wild. More than anything, like every generation of mankind, we all must ignite that fire that burns within our true selves. True greatness is that intense, scalding burn one feels deep inside.

But before I elaborate on this fire within us, let me first tell you two stories, one about a titan and one about a goddess. The first legend is about a titan who gave fire to humanity: Prometheus. I'm sure you all have heard the myth of this non-conformist who stole fire from Hephaestus' forge. Even though Zeus specifically forbade him to share the fire with the humans, Prometheus gave this gift to mankind, enabling them to progress and build

a civilization. But Zeus, the king of all gods, became angry. So he tied Prometheus onto a rock and let eagles devour his insides day after day. Eventually, Hercules came along and freed Prometheus.

The other story is about a goddess by the name of Hestia. She was one of the founding six of the Pantheon, and sat on a golden throne as one of the main gods of Mount Olympus. But when Dionysus was titled the God of wine, she gave up her golden throne and instead sat on a wooden chair by the hearth. From that day, she humbly tended to the fire.

Now, these two Greek myths are illustrations of legends related with fire. Through these stories, for us, Prometheus and Hestia together embody what true greatness is. Prometheus is an illustration of intelligence, truth, and progress. The guts to challenge and take risks, a drive for knowledge, and a desire for purpose all are essential elements of greatness that need to spark within, just like how Prometheus defied Zeus' commands. Now on the other hand, Hestia depicts the humanity and humility that one needs in order to balance out the drive and ambition. We need to be human and compassionate in order for our warmth to be felt.

In our lives, we need some of both Prometheus and Hestia to become a full human being: a person. In literature we can see the importance of the existence of both characteristics. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which we seniors read in AP Literature, was originally subtitled "the Modern Prometheus". It is clear that if either of the two characteristics (Prometheus's drive or Hestia's humility) fails to thrive within us, we will either destroy ourselves with pride- like Victor Frankenstein, or become victims of the cold reality of our world-like the monster.

As we've all figured out by now, greatness is not that easy to achieve. It requires time and commitment. Throughout our journey of life, we will feel pain and loneliness from the bitter criticism or ignorance of society when we try flare up that ember. We will sometimes struggle and fail. We will sometimes lose our dignity and prestige. But what we really need to focus on is the sense of purpose, hard work, and modesty. Not the honor and status we gain from accomplishments; though it is pretty ironic that I, the valedictorian, am saying these words. Nonetheless, from the two Greek myths, the Eagles that devour up your insides

and the wooden chair by the fire are challenges we face in order to become aware of what truly matters. Greatness thrives in individuals who show commitment and drive, along with enthusiasm and humility. So, we should not stop trying to become that great person; we all have the potential to be that person. After all, through the pain and anguish of seeking after real fire or purpose, there is something that we can all hold on to; what we like to call our friends and family.

At the end of the day, Prometheus was freed by Hercules. Hestia lives on till today to serve as that model of humility we admire. These two endings of the myths show the lighter side of our vicious world. Of course there are going to be a few individuals who make our life miserable. But then again, we have friends and family. We are not alone. The freedom that derives from the support of friends and family is unsurpassed by any other freedom. So do hold on to the people who truly care about your wellbeing in life. They will be there to help you ignite that fire within your true self.

Now, some of you might not agree with what I see as greatness and that is nothing wrong or new. I just want all of us to remember three things as we step into the real world. One, seize that fire; let's not lose the opportunity to fan that spark into flames, regardless of its current size. Two, let us be humble; humility will let us keep learning and improving. And three, keep tending the fire, don't stop reaching for greatness. Even if you might be asking, "what is my fire?" perhaps that question itself is the ember you need to tend right now. Let us dare to be hungry fools. And if nothing more crosses your mind after my eight-minute speech, let me just ask you this one question, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?

Salutatorian Speech

Ishaan Pathak



Good morning, Dr Nicholson, Dr Long, our honourable guest Shekhar Gupta, family and friends and the class of 2014. While it is an honour to be standing here as salutatorian for this class, I would be lying if I told you I enjoyed the idea of giving a farewell speech. I am not a fan of goodbyes, and to be fair I do not think anyone really is. To me they are always awkward moments of wondering what has come to an end and wondering when to stop looking over your shoulder. To be blunt, there is not a lot of good in goodbyes.

Which is why I refuse to make this speech about farewells, instead I choose to make this a dedication to the class of 2014, because it has been an honour to come this far with you, to be able to call you my friends and family. And let me be the first to say that this is no eulogy, for while we may no longer be in Woodstock, or stay together as a grade, this class and its spirit will live on through all of us, wherever we may be and whatever we may be doing. Because all of us have contributed to making this class what it is, have put effort into it and derived energy from it, meaning that when we leave we all take a spark from the fire that is 014. And the fire of this class truly burns bright, through the incredible diversity and talent that is represented among us. Diversity not only of nationality and ethnicity, although there is something to be said about rooms where every roommate represents a different nation, but diversity also of thoughts and beliefs. For this class encapsulates the whole spectrum of atheists, agnostics and believers and the many who fall somewhere in between. It represents varied and original ideas, but ideas that do clash with each

other, both amicably and every now and then with vehement ferocity. There is no dearth of talent in this class either. It has amazing athletes, some of whom have astounded us with their talent in this very court and others who have shown us sportsmanship in events such as cross country by making sure they never leave a friend behind, even if they do stroll in an hour over the time limit. It has musicians, many of whom you have seen in the performances the last few days, whose talents reach beyond the classical or a single instrument. But it also has musicians who teach us that music truly is expression of self, and that being tone deaf really does not matter when you have that microphone. Many of these athletes and musicians are also part of the grade's collection of artists which includes photographers, painters, designers and urban artists, people who have learnt, no matter the tools they use, that art is the power to express yourself onto a medium. And they are very good at such expression. Then there are the people who make each drama performance a spectacle, from the actors and directors to the stage managers, prop artists, designers and many others. Even these barely touch the surface of the skills that 014 represents or the potential that we still have to be better. Let us not forget the writers, speakers, organisers, philanthropists, chefs and those who have the talent of being incredible, caring people.

Yet, among all this diversity, the one thing this class manages to share is its spirit, an uncompromising energy that unites us and has allowed us to do some incredible things. It's this spirit that makes us one of the most vocal classes this school has seen, this spirit that gives us the energy to be running around the hillside at 11:30 on a Friday night despite going through a whole week of school, it is this spirit that allows us to come together and do incredible things or make incredible memories. Of the top of my head I can think of the JSBs and Sadie Hawkins we have organised or the times we spontaneously decide to go somewhere. Most of all, it is this spirit that means we always have each other's backs. That's not to say that this spirit has not landed us in trouble, those of you who were here in tenth grade must surely remember our first ever homeroom of the year, which consisted of a lot yelling and admonishments to "be more respectful" and "get it together". And I think we definitely have got it together since then,

even though we slip up every now and then and never really lost the rebellious nature that we started with.

Honestly, a lot of us have made mistakes or done things that we really should not have, sometimes through ignorance and on other occasions through pure teenage bluster. And yet most of us are still here, having grown from our mistakes and being accepted back into the fold of our class and the school. To me this stands to credit the fact that Woodstock is our home and this class is our family. Not because we spend a majority of our year here, but because we feel safe and comfortable here. Comfortable enough that any large enough surface is fair grounds to take a nap on. Safe enough that we never have to make any considerations when we step outside, no matter the time of day. And if home is where your family is then we have made this place home together as a bickering, dramatic but altogether supportive family. And a large part of making us a family and helping us feel at home here was the teachers and system we have had. While we may have had our ups and downs with them, they have never given up on us and have become more than just teachers. They are advisors, officially or unofficially, guiding us through high school life and feeding us when needed. They are friends who you play board games with, or who take you on hikes. But most of all, they are always there when you need them, which is why I want to take a moment to thank all the many, many teachers we have had over our years in Woodstock.

I had a revelation the other day. I am a fool. I'm not a huge fan of my revelations. Not that I see anything wrong with being a fool, Newton himself once said "I know not what I appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." No, I am a fool because despite having spent the last four years in a school, there is so much for me to learn and explore and because I know I will still have times when I make mistakes. There really is nothing wrong with being a fool, however as Socrates taught us, the wise man is one who knows how little he knows. Even the gods of the Pantheon were fools in

many ways, always being tricked, deceived or bested by other beings, whether it was Sisyphus tricking the gods into releasing him from the afterlife or Prometheus stealing fire. Due to their arrogance the Gods could not accept their mistakes, and this lack of humility prevented them from ever learning. Being a fool means that there is more for you to do, it means you can be better, and learn more. It means that you have never quite

reached the peak of your mountain, which is great because it means your adventure can continue. And if I have taken anything from Woodstock, it is not to stop being a fool but to be a compassionate fool, a caring fool. A fool who knows not to leave his friends behinds because they are also fools. A fool who knows that there is good and evil in this world and in us, and accepts responsibility for making the right decisions. A fool who

knows that no matter how daunting the circumstances or impossible the feat, if you have a dream you go for it.

So fellow fools, panties-on and killumatis as we go into the world today, carry your spark with you and let it burn bright. Never hesitate to follow your dreams and always do your best. And remember that no matter where you are this family will never be too far away.

Graduating Class of 2014



7th Row: Ishaan Pathak, Giacomo Samms, Manraj Bhangra, Mathai Puthiakunnel, Siddhanta Bista, Jeong U Kim, Kushal Mittal, Saw Yan Naina, Sumat Purewal, Raman Mathur, Utsav Garg **6th Row:** Prabir Pradhan, Michael Wiggins, Arpit Lall, Aryan Samuel, Rohan Kumar, Dilsher Khana, Ji-Ho Jeong, Ye Rang Lim, Madhav Nautiyal, Gamli Yonggam **5th Row:** Phuriwat Chiraphisit, Abhishek Mehra, Mila Sherpa, Sashwat Shrestha, Ishaan Rijal, Frederick Turk, Tushen Nayar, Nathaniel Park, Duc Ngo, Namrata Mohapatra **4th Row:** Yash Ghei, Kunal Nekiwala, Sohail Das, Jonathan Kurian, Param Shah, Rowan Limbach, Frederic Bonhour, Ayman Kabir, Abyaya Lamsal, Sasha Kenny, Seerat Jhaji, Sonam Deki, Ritsen Gyaltshen **3rd Row:** Ein Jung, Pia Taneja, Dechen Shrestha, Amber Kang, Hazel Ebenezer, Megan Moore, Asma Ebadi, Hope Wright, Sarah Kim, Malika David, Tara Sood, Nina Mandal, Monica Lall, Tanuvee Agarwal, Zara Ismail **2nd Row:** Ugyen Lama, Raageshwori Pradhan, Su Bin Kim, Yeshin Cho, Supriti Pradhan, Kethayun Mehta, Deki Tenzing, Navika Singh, Sara Pesavento, Devika Kothar **1st Row:** Jesal Parikh, Sohila Samuel, Anjuri Kakkhar, Nutcha Panaspraipong, Nivedita Dhammi, Mansi Kedia, Karina Shrestha, Tanya Lohia, Jihoo Park, Pema Selden, Rotluangpuii Ralte

2014 Awards

Each year outstanding achievements by Woodstock students are recognised through the presentation of awards, many of which have been established to honour the lives of former teachers or students. Below are the recipients of the major awards in both senior and junior school for the academic year 2013-14.

SENIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

Valedictorian Ein Jung (4.25)
Salutatorian Ishaan Pathak (4.15)

Best All-Round Student Award

Kethayun Mehta, Ugyen Tsezomla
 Lama, Abhishek Mehra and Kunal Kumar
 Nekiwala

Student Government Award

Hazel Lincy Ebenezer & Arpit
 Ebenezer Lall

Principal's Award

Awards Merged (Best All Round
 and Principal's Award) to be called as Best
 All Round Award

OTHER SENIOR AWARDS

Pratap Chatterjee Memorial

Science Award
 Abyaya Lamsal

Music Awards

- **Poad Music Shield** Ein Jung
- **Mubarak Masih Indian Music Shield**
 No Nomination

E. E. Miller International Award

Abhishek Mehra

OTHER MAJOR AWARDS

Centennial Shield Class of 2016

Mathematics Award No Nomination

Jimmy Cassinath Memorial Awards

- **Drama** Ugyen Lama
- **Writing** No Nomination
- **Art** Ein Jung

Hiking Awards

- **W. Lowrie Campbell Memorial Hiking Cup** Apurv Kaushik
- **Karen Krenz Cup** Laura Mc Roberts

Champion House Award Condors

Best Effort Award

- **Grade 10** Sorab Sandhawalia (1.30)
- **Grade 9** Sharhirah Mathias (1.18)
- **Grade 8** Tshokey Gyaltsen (1.31)
- **Grade 7** Ye Hyang Jang (1.31)

OTHER AWARDS

Community Service Awards Inwook Jung

Citizenship Awards Alter Ridge:

- **Grade 7** Khushi Agrawal
- **Grade 8** Tanya Sandhu

Midlands

- **Grade 9** TBD
- **Grade 10** Yejin Son
- **Grade 11** Samiha Thapa

Edge Hill

- **Grade 12** Anjuri Kakkar

Ridgewood

- **Grade 7** Aniket Singh
- **Grade 8** Arjan Purewal

Hostel

- **Grade 9** Bobby Sharma
- **Grade 10** Paritosh Garg
- **Grade 11** I-Hsin Yang

Community Center

- **Grade 12** Giacomo Samms

Writing Awards

Marina Popova, Hazel Ebenezer & Madhav
 Nautiyal

Journalism Awards

- **Writing** Hope Wright
- **Production** Phuriwat Chiraphisit

Drama Awards

- **Outstanding acting** Setse Bush, Ein Jung,
 Michael Wiggins
- **Stagecraft** Manvi Seth & Jahnvi Garg

Audio-Visual Crew Awards

Aman John & Jonah Kaplan

EXTERNAL EXAMS

Outstanding Achievement in External Exams

- **SAT (Math)** Ji-Ho Jeong & Ye Rang Lim
- **SAT Writing** Tanya Lohia

- **SAT Crt. Rdg.** Zara Ismail & Ishaan Pathak
- **SAT Subject (Math Level 2)** Ishaan Pathak

Rensselaer Medal Award

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute honors Nishant Aggarwal with the Rensselaer Medal Award for outstanding academic achievement in the study of mathematics and science.

Certificate to be presented

Certificates for Outstanding Achievement In a Discipline

Mathematics Shaurya Dhingra

Science

- **Biology** Zara Ismail
- **Chemistry** Ishaan Pathak
- **Environmental Science** Rowan Limbach
- **Physics** Prabir Pradhan

Social Studies

- **Economics** Sohail Das
- **History** Mathai Puthiakunnel
- **Psychology** Supriti Pradhan

Modern Languages

- **Hindi** Sharhirah Mathias
- **French** Ein Jung
- **English** Zara Ismail

Visual Arts Subin Kim

Music

- **Orchestra** Ye Rang Lim
- **Band** Rohan Kumar
- **Choral** Su Bin Kim
- **Indian Music** Manvi Seth
- **General Music** Vatsal Jain

Scholastic Achievement with Silver Pin (3+ Awards)

- **Grade 12** Ein Jung, Ishaan Pathak, Tanya Lohia, Prabir Pradhan, Zara Ismail, Ugyen Lama, Sumat Purewal, Mila Sherpa, Joshua Das, Mansi Kedia, Seerat Jhaggi, Supriti Pradhan, Nathaniel Park, Anjuri

Kakkar, Sohila Samuel, Rotluangpuii Ralte, Hazel Ebenezer, Ye Rang Lim, Asma Ebadi, Su Bin Kim, Mallika David, Raageshwori Pradhan, Ju Eun Kim

- **Grade 11** Eriko Shrestha, Nishant Aggarwal, Manvi Seth, Shaurya Dhingra, Pranit Garg, Yeon Sol Lee, Aelin Kim, Kheytsun Rinchhen, Apurva Adit, Rattapong Owasiith, Hyun Young Baek, Amaani Mehra, Inwook Jung, Sang Hyun Park, Armaan Mehra, Tseki Lhamo, Aya Wakita, Sadrish Pradhan, Kyung-Ho Jung, Ha Hyeong Lim
- **Grade 10** Satyam Kedia, Devika Nautiyal, Yejin Son, Namita Jain, Marina Popova, Linh Bui, Sara Krishnan, Haesoo Park, Goun Yu, Shikhar Dhingra, Sorab Sandhawal, Ankit Ranjan, Wangchuk Sadutshang, Prapti Joshi, Jinkyung Lee, Rachel Mulavelil, Era Sarda
- **Grade 9** Ambar Sarup, Sharhirah Mathias, Shanti Mathias, Aseem Aggarwal

Scholastic Achievement – A students GPA on the first semester grades of the current academic year and the second semester grades of the previous academic year for Grade 10, 11 & 12 (except for new students & Grade 9)

For Grade 8, this is based on A Honor Roll on the first semester grades of the current

academic year and the second semester grades of the previous academic year (except for new students and Grade 7)

- **Grade 12** Abyaya Lamsal, Tanuvee Agarwal, Raman Mathur, Navika Singh, Rowan Limbach, Frances Wright, Frederick Turck, Syed Kabir, Jihoo Park, Param Shah, Nivedita Dhammi, Nina Kant Mandal, Abhishek Mehra, Pia Taneja, Yeshin Cho, Kunal Nekiwala, Madhav Nautiyal
- **Grade 11** Shivangi Kulshreshtha, Upasana Shrestha, Avni Rajpal, Rahul Patel, Angad Makkar, I-Hsin Yang, Hritik Nautiyal, Setse Bush, Laura Mc Roberts, Raya Kaplan, Shreya Gautam, Apurv Kaushik, Karl Ferro, Tenzin Taklha
- **Grade 10** Chaitanya Prashant, Mayuri Kakkar, Hannah Kim Yi, Duong Tri Dung, Elizabeth Khosravi, Varun Pant, Jiyeon Chun, Donald Blank, Dev Nalwa, Elesh Kasana, Rishi Thomas, Adityajeet Dagar, Hayoung Kim, Yeseong Kim, Loc Xuan Ngo, Aakriti Aryal, Bao Gia Tran, Amrita Yeshi, Saraf Khan Ray, Maitreya Rose, Nangsay Seldon
- **Grade 9** Saral Tayal, Tenzin Lama, Sara Bhatia, Aadeng Apang, Aashna Jain, Dechen Khangkyil, Kartik Rajpal, Tanushree Thapa, Viraj Rijal, Bobby Sharma, Meghna Das, Angel Yoanna, Kartik Adityan, Khanh An Tran,

Taegyeong Lee, Isabella Shaw, Vashisht Agrawal, Anh Quoc Bui, Yeshi Tshering, Aalia Mehra, Hyeji Jun, Jinhye Park, Yerim Lee, Dhruv Mukhija, Rishabh. Poddar, Satvik Sindhu, Su Lin Kim, Seungik Jang, Sonam Lanzin

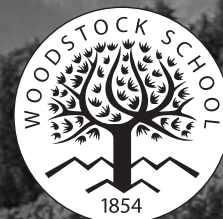
- **Grade 8** Tenzin Yigha, Avanya Joab, Jay Yunas, Phunsok Norboo, Hyechan Jun, Kabish Shrestha, Healeam Jung, Summer Kang, Joon Kang, Sophie Mero, Nikunj Dalmia, Abigail Gokavi, Vatsala Chaudhry, Sooyeon Park, Udit Garg, Aarushi Sachdeva, Tshokey Gyaltsen, Kavya Kataria, Mehar Bhatia, Tanya Aggarwal, Ameya Singh, Prasiddhi Shrestha, Madina Ibragimova, Ippolita Magrone, Tara Bajpai, Arjan Purewal, Eva Khanpara, Shivansh Singhal, Tanya Sandhu, Charis Crider
- **Grade 7** Jaydeep Bajwa, Yaeyin Lee, Kritin Garg, Shubham Tibrewala, Samuel Lee, Tenzin Taklha, Malsawmsangi Ralte, Khushi Agrawal, Yehun Son, Ye Hyang Jang, Alisa Husain

New National Honor Society Members

Isabella Shaw, Meghna Das, Jinhye Park, Rishi Thomas, Namita Jain Rachel Mulavelil, Hannah Yi, Amrita Yeshi, Devika Nautiyal, Setse Bush, Aelin Kim, Youn Jung Na, I-Hsin Yang, Parishma Shrestha, Rattapong Owasiith, Yeon Sol Lee

Let us know of alumni doing great work so we can share their story.

alumni@woodstock.ac.in



Distinguished Alumni 2014

Rahul Amin '71



Rahulbhai N. Amin is the chairman and managing director of the Jyoti group of firms. Rahul became managing director of Jyoti Ltd in 1997. Jyoti makes pumps, motors, generators, and more for India's water and power sectors. He holds an

M.S. from the University of Baroda and Master of Engineering from Cornell University (USA).

Jyoti Ltd was founded in 1943. Rahul's father and grandfather promoted both the business and its support of education. Rahul has substantially increased the company's size and technological mastery. Under his leadership, the firm registered three patents in his name in India and one in the U.S. He has received numerous national and international awards for his technical and business expertise.

Jyoti Ltd. set up the Navrachana Education Society, which runs CBSE, State Board-affiliated, and international schools, a school for under-privileged children, another in tribal areas and Navrachana University. Rahul provides guidance and leadership to these schools. The school for underprivileged children called Nav-Prerna enrolls more than 400 students from surrounding slum areas.

Amin supports multiple social initiatives including agriculture development, blood donation, rehabilitation of the disabled, animal welfare, art, and popularization of science. Jyoti has been a leader in offering employment opportunities to those with disabilities.

Rahul's personal integrity and commitment to the values that Woodstock represents is demonstrated through the various projects that he has been instrumental in developing. He demonstrates a high level of personal integrity in the managing of his organization and team members. He is committed to working with Woodstock on electricity consumption, water harvesting and sewage treatment.

He currently lives in Vadodara with his wife Tejal.

Jeet Singh '81



After cofounding one of the first computer software design companies in e-commerce, Art Technology Group, Jeet sold his interest in 2003 and shifted his attention to other pursuits. In addition to setting up the Winterline Foundation as a major arm

for his philanthropy, he formed a pop-rock band, *The Singhs*, which continues to release albums. In 2012, he cofounded Redstar, a catalyst for entrepreneurial ventures, and Redstar Media, a resource for multi-media artists and innovators.

Jeet is active in computer software design, multi-media, musical performance, and start-up promotion. He entered computing as a technical writer after he graduated from MIT with a political science degree. Prior to founding ATG, he was a marketing and business development executive at several firms in Boston.

Within the Woodstock Community, Jeet is known for funding the Winterline Foundation, which has supported projects at the school, from the purchase of Mt. Hermon estate to providing recognition and compensation for outstanding faculty. Over the years Winterline has made grants for visiting scholars, recruiting and retaining good teachers, software, awards to staff for leadership in global education, the Winterline Centre for the Arts and the Mussoorie Writers' Festival. Winterline Foundation also supports activities and projects outside of Woodstock, including training young people from Uttarakhand as trekking and tour guides and assisting Kaplani School and MGVS with village projects. Jeet helped his father, Madanjeet Singh, set up the South Asia Foundation, which funds projects related to the cultural heritage and development of the subcontinent. Jeet has been recognized by MIT, TED, Forbes magazine, and other prestigious publications.

Jeet has embraced Woodstock's goal of inculcating a tolerant, transnational outlook in its students. He recognizes the combination of ability and self-reliance these students still carry into the world, and he concluded they still display an unusual understanding of the richness, complexity and interrelatedness of the world, its peoples and its institutions.

Jim Taylor '52



Jim Taylor has made significant contributions to realizing Woodstock's ideal of education for a world of difference. As a recognized and accomplished journalist, creative writer and teacher, Jim strives to demonstrate how a vision of sus-

tainable growth with peace can unite people around the globe.

Jim managed a 300,000-circulation national magazine and founded a publishing house, Wood Lake Books, which became Canada's largest and most successful independent publisher of religious and spiritual materials. He also served as literary mentor to hundreds of novice and professional writers and has written 19 books and more than 2,500 newspaper and magazine articles.

Jim developed a training program named Eight-Step Editing, which he taught for 25 years. He also developed a short program in 1981 to help scouts reflect about religion; it is used now by scouting organizations around the world. Officially retired, he writes two widely read newspaper columns every week.

Taylor is the recipient of numerous awards from Canadian press and church organizations. He has been active in multiple roles in the United Church of Canada and the Boy Scouts both locally and nationally. As an active Woodstock alumnus, Jim Taylor is passionate about the Woodstock ethos and what it can mean in and for the world community. He continues to be a steadfast supporter of Friends of Woodstock School (FWS) and his class.

Jim Taylor's career has been driven by the conviction that there is an immense reservoir of potential in the human and natural worlds that is waiting to be tapped. He resides with his wife Joan in Lake Country, BC.

Do you have a nomination for the Distinguished Alumni award?

Tell us: alumni@woodstockschool.com

Woodstocking Our Way Down Under

Dan and Anne Lind (S) traveled to New Zealand and Australia in March and April, 2014. They visited many Woodstockers along the way.

In Opotiki with SALLY KIBBLEWHITE, English teacher at Woodstock in the 1970s.

Opotiki



Auckland



In Auckland we had an Indian dinner with a group, including GWEN WINDSOR (P), DIANE WINDSOR RUSSELL (72) and JIM, HEATHER WINDSOR DAWSON (76), GREG & CHRIS MUTTON (S), MARJORIE BEAN (S), HEATHER BEAN MCALLISTER (67), and GLENYS ROBINSON MATHER (67).

Auckland



Auckland



Auckland



During our stop at the Bay of Islands, GREG & CHRIS MUTTON came and took us out for the afternoon to see the area.

Bay of Islands



In Wellington, we got together with ANNA SILVER ZUREK (81), but only managed a short visit after her work day.

Wellington



At the Christchurch port, JOHN and RUTH CAUGHLEY (S) drove from the city to meet us and take us to their home for lunch.

Christchurch



Sydney



Mullumbimby



When we arrived in Sydney, ANDREW ALTER (78) met us at the dock.

Heading north from Sydney, we spent a few days in Mullumbimby with MARTI PATEL (71). (with her son Dominic)

From Mullumbimby, we continued to Armidale to visit BERENICE ROBERTS SCOTT (79), husband TIM and son SEBASTIAN.

ANDREW and FRANCES (S) ALTER joined us for a meal.

Next stop, Melbourne, where we stayed with ROSEMARY BLICKENSTAFF FLORA (58).

Armidale



Armidale



Melbourne



In the countryside



We spent a day in the countryside with REIS and NIMA (EUSEBIUS) FLORA (S).

Our last stop was Adelaide, where we caught up with ABHRA BHATTACHARJEE (92) and SANDRA, FARHAN, ARMAN, and TARA.

We ended our tour in Alice Springs, where we visited Uluru and Kata Tjuta. No Woodstock connections there, but incredible sights in the Red Centre of Australia.

Adelaide



*Celebrating the Woodstock spirit
of hiking and exploration:
Hanifl Centre Explorers' Map*



are MADE,

s is vaguely
gely mysterious, it is at once a
urce of ARCHEOLOGIC, BIOLOGIC, and

Do you have a nomination for the Distinguished Alumni Roll?

2014

Rahul Amin '71, Jeet Singh '81, James Taylor '52

2013

George H Carley '56, Dr Shobha Arole '78

2012

Jagdish Sagar '60, Philip DeVol '66

2011

Gabriel Campbell '65, Tom Alter '68

2010

Ashoke Chatterjee '51, Margaret Loehlin Schafer '56

2008

Bob Fleming Jr. '54, Chris Anderson '74

2007

Bhavenesh Kumari Patiala '50, TZ Chu '52, Dorothy Irene Riddle '60, Robert E. Scott '62

2006

Mark Kenoyer '70, Frank Mayadas '57

2005

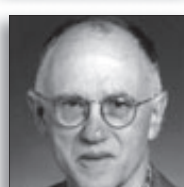
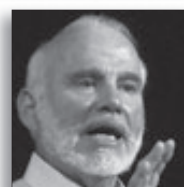
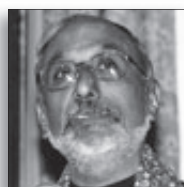
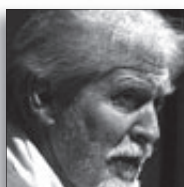
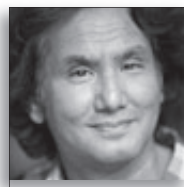
Marty Alter Chen '60, Richard Brown '58, Gerry Williams '42

2004

Brig. Hukam Singh Yadav '38, Smt. Nayan-tara Sahgal '43, Dr. Frederick S. Downs '49

2003

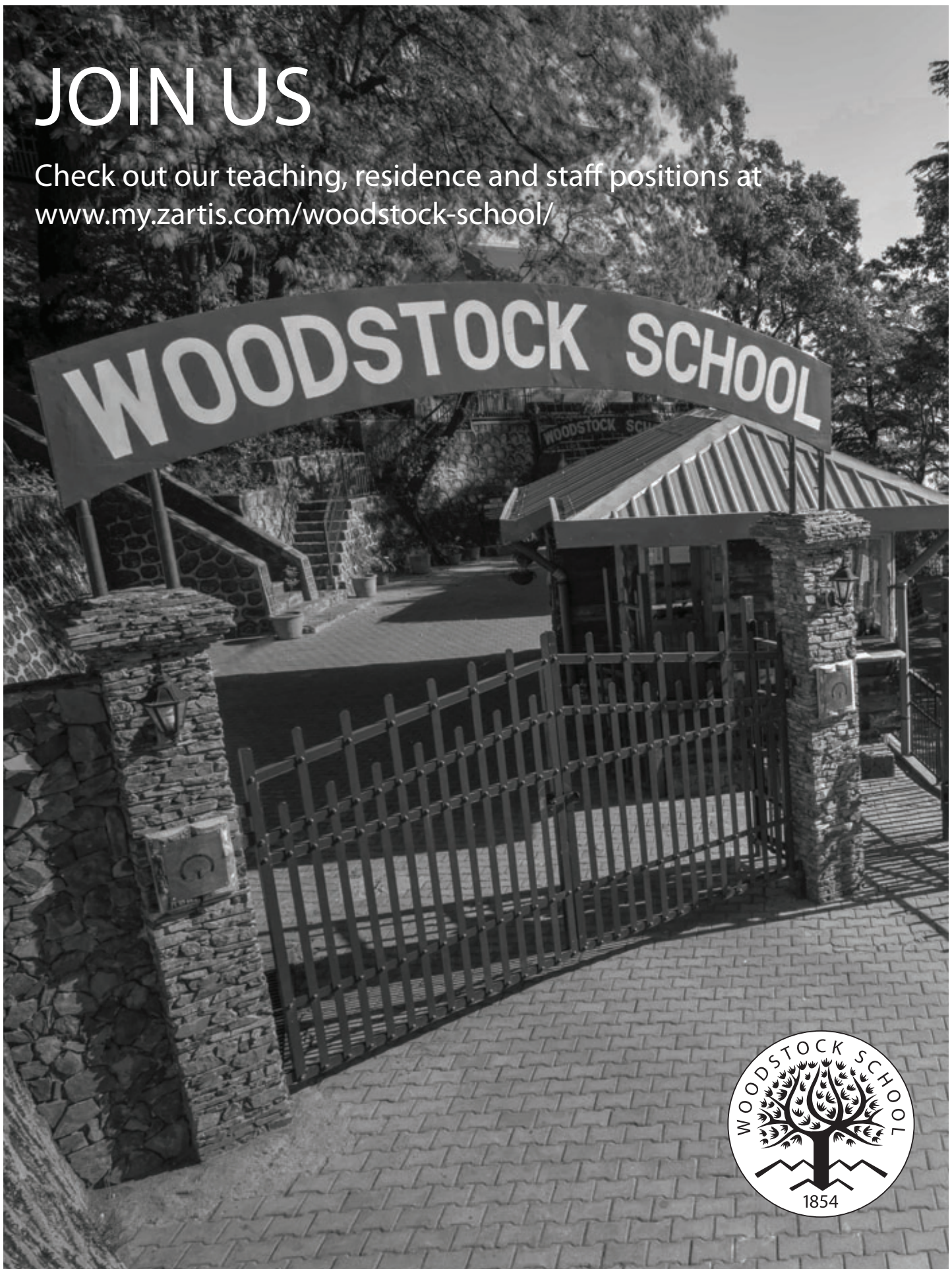
Dr. Robert C. Alter '43, Dr. Robert B. Griffiths '52, Dr. Carl E. Taylor '32

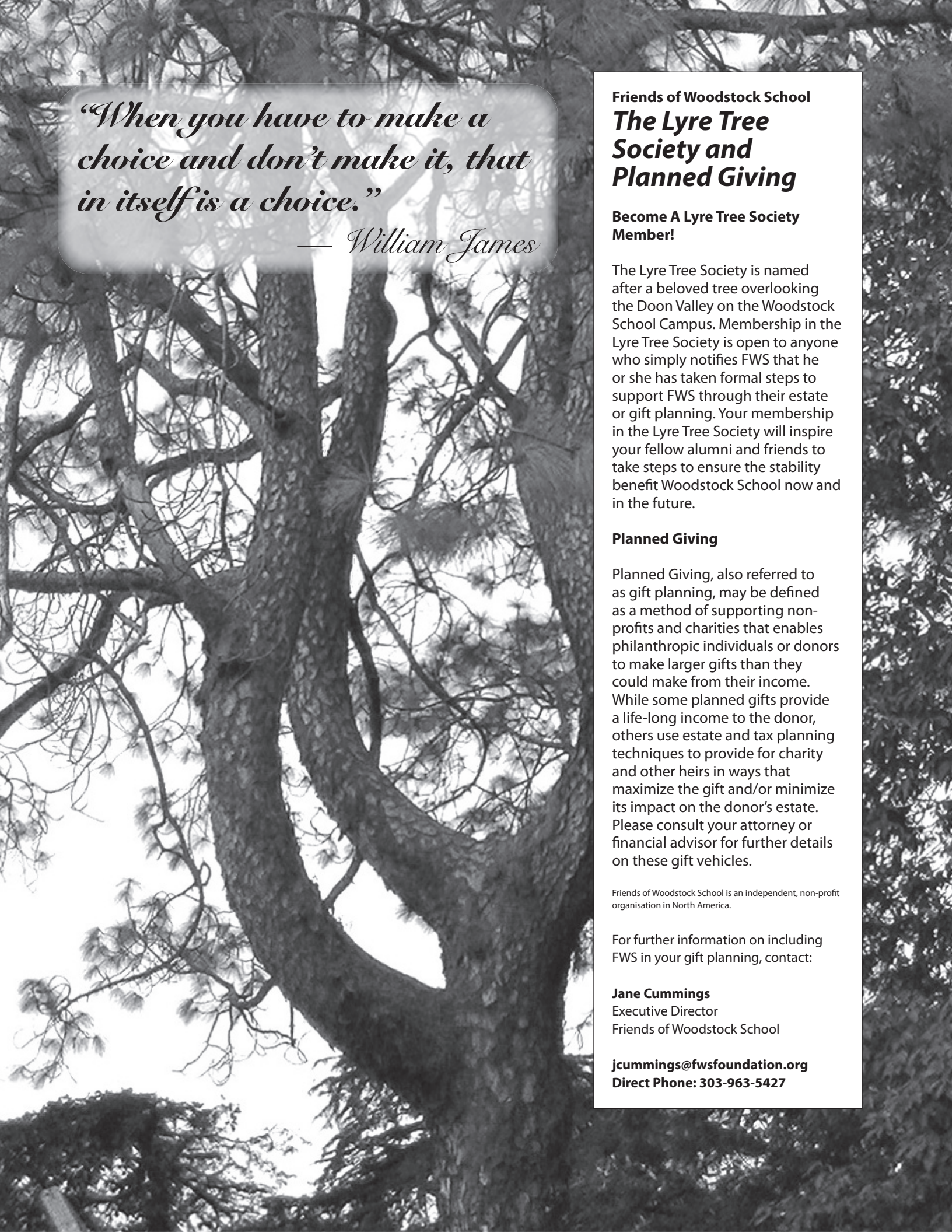


We'd like to hear from you – alumni@woodstock.ac.in

JOIN US

Check out our teaching, residence and staff positions at
www.my.zartis.com/woodstock-school/





“When you have to make a choice and don’t make it, that in itself is a choice.”

— *William James*

**Friends of Woodstock School
The Lyre Tree
Society and
Planned Giving**

**Become A Lyre Tree Society
Member!**

The Lyre Tree Society is named after a beloved tree overlooking the Doon Valley on the Woodstock School Campus. Membership in the Lyre Tree Society is open to anyone who simply notifies FWS that he or she has taken formal steps to support FWS through their estate or gift planning. Your membership in the Lyre Tree Society will inspire your fellow alumni and friends to take steps to ensure the stability benefit Woodstock School now and in the future.

Planned Giving

Planned Giving, also referred to as gift planning, may be defined as a method of supporting non-profits and charities that enables philanthropic individuals or donors to make larger gifts than they could make from their income. While some planned gifts provide a life-long income to the donor, others use estate and tax planning techniques to provide for charity and other heirs in ways that maximize the gift and/or minimize its impact on the donor’s estate. Please consult your attorney or financial advisor for further details on these gift vehicles.

Friends of Woodstock School is an independent, non-profit organisation in North America.

For further information on including FWS in your gift planning, contact:

Jane Cummings
Executive Director
Friends of Woodstock School

[jcummings@fwsfoundation.org](mailto:jcumings@fwsfoundation.org)
Direct Phone: 303-963-5427

Boundary Water Canoe Trip 2015

~ An FWS-North America Alumni Enrichment Activity ~

July 13-17

\$770 per person ~ All-Inclusive

Register before May 1

www.fwsfoundation.org

Explore of the pristine and rugged beauty of Northern Minnesota's waterways on a 5-day/4-night tour. Canoe guides knowledgeable about the local flora, fauna, history and geology of the area will lead us through the Boundary Waters. We will partner with Wilderness Canoe Base, a Christian organization. The 1-million acre region allows visitors to canoe, portage and camp in the spirit of the French Voyageurs of 200 years ago, adhering to the "Leave No Trace" standards of practice.



Program

- Limit 16 - includes all equipment, food, guides and permits;
- Departs Mon., July 13 at 9:00 a.m. from University of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota; returns Fri., July 17 at 3:30 p.m. to Fairfield Inn & Suites Minneapolis Bloomington (with free airport shuttle) and University of St. Thomas;
- Chartered mini-coach (6 ½ hr. one-way);
- Guides certified in Wilderness First Aid, Wilderness Water Safety, CPR;
- Must be 6th grade and up and physically fit. All skill levels welcome;
- \$100 non-refundable for cancellations prior to May 1 - No refund after May 1.

NOTE: You are responsible for lodging Friday night, July 17. To book a room at the Fairfield Inn & Suites Minneapolis Bloomington, 2401 American Blvd., Bloomington, MN 55425, call 952-858-8475 or go to <http://www.marriott.com/hotels/travel/mspbl-fairfield-inn-and-suites-minneapolis-bloomington/>

