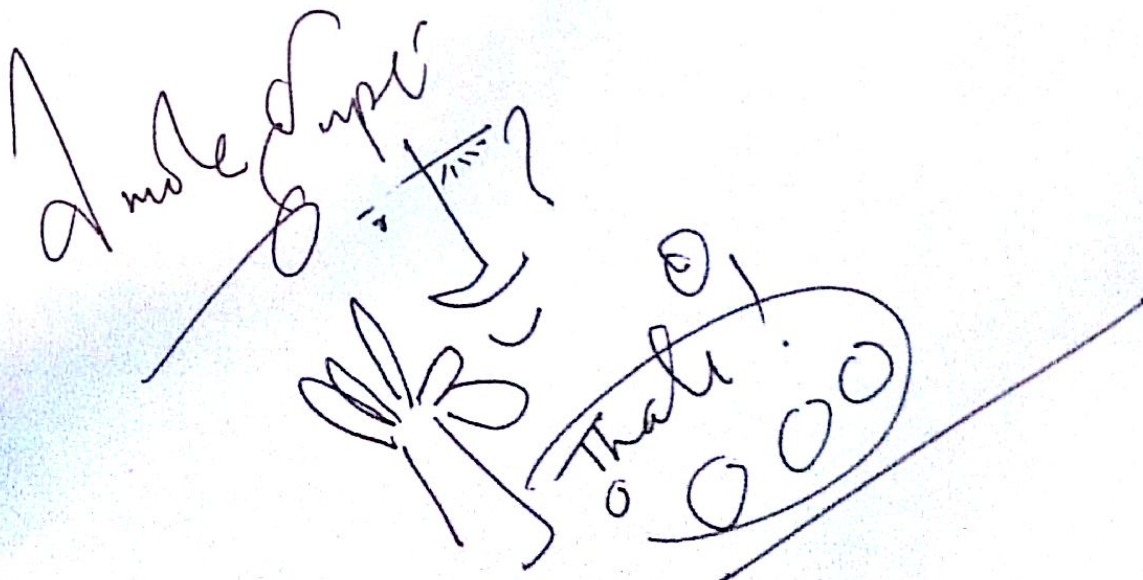


I wish there was no Alumni Association because I wish I never left those wonderful gates..my school gates. But since there is an Association, and so beautifully preserved by dear friend Yezdi Mody and his famous batch of '75, who are so deeply connected with alma mater HMPS, that I have to stand up and salute the effort of Yezdi and his band of boys. What is it that stirs the band of boys? I think I know the answer. From Nikumbh Sir, to Parmar Sir, to Namvar Sir.. my trinity.. to those who walked on that earth, which gave us rebirth- the fondness in Yezdi's voice and eyes when he recounts his meeting with Ramesh Bhai at his Vapi house, or the recounting of study sessions in Shri Y.N. Dave's quarters with goodies being served to children hungry for attention, love and of course Social Sciences!

On my part, I feel I can only smell the exciting fragrances of Parmar Sir's literature and cakes. Namvar Sir's irreverence I have inherited in good measure along with Nikumbh Sir's demeanour and ability. Kudos HMPSAA, for keeping it kindled.. Until the last day of our own departure.. Paradise on earth truly, HMPS! And it's denizens, HMPSAA! More Power!

Fondly... For every step I take... a mole gupte
(655 - Shivaji House - 1975-1978)



A mole gupte

Thank