



club Life

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Delhi Gymkhana Club, 2, Safdarjung Road, New Delhi 110011

A monthly in-house newsletter for private circulation only

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK



Dear Members,

As winter gives way to spring, the premises of the club look spruced up in different hues with flowers blooming everywhere. For the evenings we have added more colour to the Thursday evenings starting with calling in artistes to perform. The first such performance by Sherry Sharma was a huge success and drew unprecedented numbers members. This will continue. We are planning to begin this for Friday nights also but to make it cost neutral, are still on the lookout for sponsors. Those who can help please do get in touch with us.

The last few weeks also has been a

testing period for us and for me. We suddenly found ourselves immersed in legacy issues with a couple of organizations and had to work hard to overcome them. We are still in the process of concluding the paperwork although we had complied with the requirements of the various agencies while work was in progress. I assure you my best foot is forward in the interest of the club.

We have because of these events of the recent past received a flurry of letters and personally delivered advise by, understandably, concerned members. A wide range of them have requested that an audit be conducted on recent projects of instruction, renovation and farms just to ensure that all was well. Following their advice we will institute a Committee to provide oversight into these projects. A distinguished former Union Revenue Secretary Mr. Pradeep V. Bhide would head this. I have already requested all members to send in their views and suggestions to him. For my part, I would request the team once formed, to also provide an oversight into our future construction and renovation plans, just so that

we are suitably advised of their cost effectiveness and also from the point of possible revenue generation for the club if they are to move forward.

I have to add, tongue firmly in perplexed cheek, a quaint but significant statistic that I have encountered in the past few months of my task. Most of the complaints we receive in the club as also those made by our brethren to agencies outside of the club seeking their intervention, are indeed made by the more privileged members of the club- those who have held office as Committee members or more. While we pay heed to their observations just as much as we do other members; this is a point we need to introspect. Sadly, this is the very reality that is mirrored of our country.

However, to ensure we open the door even further, we intend to shortly announce our intention to have an open forum to effect any mid-term course correction required.

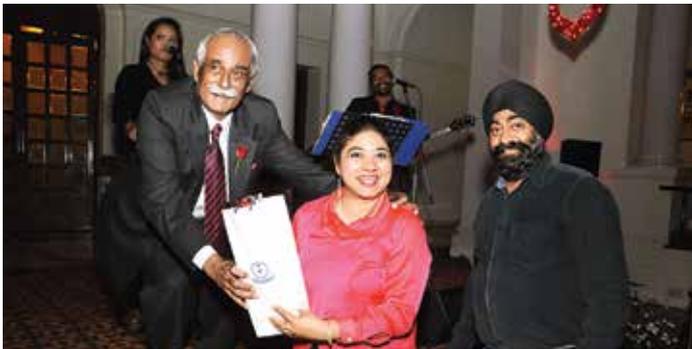
Adieu and with my highest regards.

Prashant Sukul
President

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Valentine's Day - 14 February 2018



Book Club Event - Atima Mankotia - 16 February 2018



PHOTO COMPETITION

V K Arora (P-1901)
Winner of the Photo Competition
'Bonds between the Young and the Old'





THIS YEAR'S STATESMAN CAR RALLY

A notice on our Club Notice Board announced PHD Chamber's women's car rally on 30-31 March and took me back to the CALTEX car rally for women in 1970 in Vizag when my wife won it – the first prize, believe it or not, was TWO GAS CYLINDERS (I think they cost Rs 16 then!)

The Statesman vintage car rally this year on 11 Feb was very well organised. I participated in our refurbished 1961 Standard Herald convertible for which I had bought the soft top of a Triumph Herald in London for 50 pounds and Tauhid of Quadir's Garage in Malviya Nagar fixed it.

Now a brief reference to my article that appeared in earlier Club Life about a 1947 Red MG I owned in Delhi in 1961. I was Flag Lieutenant to the Naval Chief then and one morning when the Defence Minister wanted to see him urgently and there was no official car at hand I had driven my Admiral in the two seater. We drove along the sunken road of Rashtrapati Bhavan, then Dalhousie Road (rechristened very recently Dara Shukhon) and South Avenue into 19 Teen Murti Road bungalow of Mr Krishna Menon. Well known for his sang froid, VKKM waiting in the verandah did not show any surprise whatsoever on seeing his Service Chief emerging from my little 'buggy'! I had bought that car in 1958 in Vizag from the Raja of Daspalla, a Princely State in Orissa, for 4500. She had to go for a mere 5200 in 1963 – it was a very sad and reluctant parting but it became unavoidable when my wife expecting our first child could no longer tackle the long reach of the brake and clutch pedals.

Comde M B Kunte, AVSM (M-006)



BOOK REVIEW

ONE OF OUR THURSDAYS IS MISSING

Jasper Fforde, Hodder 2011

What if characters in books had a life of their own when no-one was reading the books they inhabited? The marvellously named Jasper Fforde runs (all over the place) with this meta-fictional conceit in the inventively whimsical *One Of Our Thursdays Is Missing*.

His BookWorld is a meta-textual realm (a vast planet? dimensional plain? or alternative universe?) inhabited by every fictional character ever to appear in print and where competing genres – i.e. Racy Novel and Chick Lit – often overlap and sometimes clash. A potentially cataclysmic all-out genre war is in the offing, and to avert it requires the services of diplomat-detective heroine, the real Thursday Next - who appears have permanently retired to the Real World. Or has she? Her sudden disappearance a week before the peace talks could be for reasons far more sinister...

The written Thursday Next, filling in for the missing heroine in her novel, is hastily recruited to investigate by the Fiction Police, also known as Jurisdiction. Under the guise of being an occasional part-time investigator for the Jurisdiction Accident Investigation Department, written Thursday takes up the trail from Conspiracy via Thriller – and there recruits an unlikely ally, Sprockett, a wind-up clockwork butler with a penchant for creative cocktail combinations!

What follows is too enjoyably convoluted to easily summarise, but the colourful cast of characters (such as Pickwick the Dodo and Mrs Malaprop) and the hilarious exposition of fascinating facets (especially for book nerds) of the BookWorld propel the story nicely onwards.

Fforde is very funny, witty, and playfully tongue-in-cheek. He packs this meta-fictional comedy with plentiful literary puns, allusions and metaphors. He also manages to imaginatively poke fun at various targets that span self-publishing, fan fiction, e-books, etc. And his absurdist parody of Agatha Christie is an absolute hoot that has to be read to be believed!

Ravi Vaish (U-2869)



AN ANONYMOUS VIP

If there is one statistic in which our country is high, it is in the number of people designated as Very Important Persons (VIPs). Whether it is a matter of pride or a dubious distinction, is a value judgement. Such designations are of interest to us, ordinary people, especially when it impinges on so many aspects of our daily life. The VIP tag is the password to a range of privileges. It not only defines their status in the pecking order, it also endows the VIP with many privileges like housing in specially earmarked areas, retinue of 'khidmatgars' at their beck and call, security at a designated level, of his/her person and that of his/her kin and establishment, travel by rail and air in superior class of accommodation and seats of choice. We know about the ruckus created by an honourable MP recently over the seat allocated to him on a commercial flight, that he deemed was not in keeping with this status. It was an instance of carrying self-importance to the extreme. Let us take another example; exemption for VIPs from pre-embarkation frisking at airports, as also access to special lounges which is extended to our VIPs, is also enshrined in the Blue Book.

Coming to movements by road, the Government, in a recent order, has abolished the 'Lal Batti' on VIP motor vehicles. But can you really abolish the VIP culture and mindset by a mere government order? You have to only see the convoy of escort vehicles when a VIP travels by road; the number in the motorcade is deemed to signify the relative status of the personage. There are innumerable instances, when VIP movement causes serious inconvenience to ordinary citizens. The gun-toting masked contingent borne in the escort vehicle look and behave more like hired hoods than a security detail. In many instances, even ambulances carrying seriously ill patients are stopped to ensure a green channel for the VIP. The condition of many patients has been reported to have aggravated en-route to hospital, owing to the VIP obstruction. However, the VIP cocoon ensures that he is untouched by such tragedies.

With this backdrop, I recall an incident that took place

in the Indian Embassy at Bonn, the then capital of West Germany. I was serving as the Naval Attache in the Embassy, when Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was assassinated on 31st October 1984. As is customary, a condolence book was placed in the Ambassador's office room to enable people to record their condolences. There were three officers from the Armed Forces serving in the Embassy and it was decided that each of us, in ceremonial uniform, would take turns to keep vigil in that room. People came in large numbers to sign the condolence book -- young, old, officialdom and as well as private citizens in their individual capacity. Through the two days that the book was kept open, there were long queues of people waiting patiently for their turn to pay homage.

During the proceedings on the, word came that Mr. Karl Carstens, former President of the Federal Republic of Germany would be coming to offer condolences that forenoon. I may add that Mr. Carstens had visited India while holding the office of President when he had interacted with Mrs Gandhi, the then Prime Minister.

We set about organizing ourselves to receive him with due courtesy, if not ceremony. I was on vigil duty and one officer was positioned at the entrance to receive and escort the dignitary, as he drove in. Naturally, the Ambassador was to be informed of Mr Carstens' arrival. Time was ticking by as we kept a sharp vigil for this distinguished visitor. While there was no motor car, let alone a motorcade to announce the arrival of the dignitary, one of us saw a somewhat familiar face in the queue, waiting to record his condolences. A hushed message was sent to the Ambassador who came into the assemblage and confirmed, that it was indeed Mr. Karl Carstens, the former President. The Ambassador greeted Mr. Carstens, in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion and invited him to take his place at the head of queue. The gentleman, however, politely but firmly declined, stayed in his place in the queue, recorded his condolences and departed with equally quiet dignity.

The Ambassador was quite put out that our colleague, assigned duty at the entrance, had neither received the visitor on arrival nor informed him (the Ambassador). It was then found that our colleague was still waiting for Mr. Carstens at the entrance! On further inquiry, it was learnt that Mr. Carstens had travelled by the local underground train, walked to the Embassy and quietly

joined the queue without announcing his presence. His arrival, in total anonymity, had therefore attracted no attention and, on his part, he did not expect any special treatment or fuss either. He had neatly flummoxed the well planned arrangement at our embassy.

There was a lesson for us in the simple, austere manner and humility of this man who had held the highest office in his country. His conduct was truly in keeping with the solemnity and dignity of the occasion. What

could have been a more fitting tribute to our late Prime Minister? Contrast this with the cacophony that accompanies an Indian "dignitary" in his/her single-minded pursuit of craving attention and adulation from the hoi polloi. Can we really hope that our VIP culture will change in the near future?

**Vice Admiral Avinash Chandra Bhatia,
PVSM, AVSM (Retd) (P-1680)**

Diplomats Social Tennis Tournament - 11 February 2018



Organic Festival - 04 March 2018





ALL ABOUT A PLACE TO SIT

During my seven years stint with FICCI, arguably India's apex industry body - as Additional Secretary General - there were many challenges, but none more than finding the right seat for everyone at our innumerable events. Whether it was a small meeting with 30 odd participants or a mega one - like the first *Pravasi Bhartiya Diwas* where, for one particular morning we had over 5,000 guests - satisfying everyone with the seat meant for him / her was always a difficult task; and often cause for people getting mildly annoyed or deeply offended, depending on their sensitivities and moods.

All of us managed to swiftly move from a subject like, say, the Indian Film industry to Global Warming or from Problems of the Domestic Insurance Industry to the India - Hungary Joint Business Council. Some quick 'thinking on the feet' and with able help from colleagues who passed on 'talking points' sheets in real time, these 'mind switch overs' were not an issue. However Seating Arrangement was always a no brainer and often cause for some tense moments.

Even our own 'distinguished past presidents' were sensitive and touchy about their seniority - notwithstanding the never ending debate about whether the one who had retired only 2 years ago was more senior or the one who had done the honours 20 years earlier - and often made no secret of their annoyance if they found someone perceived as a "junior" sitting a row ahead or even closer to the chief guest.

I remember the time, we were hosting President Bush at the Purana Qila. On the 'front row' list, besides others we had two MOSs. Naturally we reserved adjacent seats for them, in the front row, perhaps 10 places away from the central point. One of them came a little earlier, was escorted to the assigned seat, graciously sat down and started chatting with the person next to him. When I was walking the other one to his seat, he happened to notice the Indian

Ambassador to US sitting much closer to the middle. That was enough to start him on a lecture about manners and grace and protocol; I was questioned about 'how long had I been in the job and whether my boss knew where the minister was being seated and how could a mere ambassador have precedent etc.' No amount of explanation about the need for the ambassador to sit close to a top American functionary cut any ice. Finally he was placated only when I switched his seat with that of my President - who was gracious enough to accept the change!

Another time, a cabinet minister, who had not confirmed his acceptance, walked in late - after the PM and the Deputy PM were seated and two 'would be *Bharat Ratnas*' - Pandit Ravi Shankar and *Ustad* Bismillah Khan - were ready to perform on stage - and loudly demanded a seat. Thankfully some kind soul got up and saved the situation; and my neck!

There were lighter moments too.

At the same function - with nearly 5,500 people seated in a makeshift hall - the Japanese ambassador came in from the wrong entrance and ended up reaching the barrier between the front 4 rows reserved for 176 guests and the rest. If he was sent back and requested to enter from the first gate, it would have taken far too long and some unseemly jostling. He caught my eye and asked how could he reach his seat in those front rows. Being a good friend I took the liberty of suggesting that, with his permission, we could lift him bodily over the barrier. The good man - without batting an eye - said "why not?" So couple of able bodied colleagues did a heave-ho and His Excellency was promptly seated in his assigned section.

One of the most hilarious incidents came during a relatively smaller meeting. We had put a few round tables in front, with a large RESERVED card on each and rest of the chairs were arranged in class room style. Suddenly, I noticed one of our 'usual suspects' - there were always gate crashers - sitting on one of the reserved tables, and someone much more 'important' waiting for his seat. I walked up to the 'gate crasher' and politely asked if he had not seen the RESERVED card. His response "Of course I did, and thought it was reserved for me" had us all in splits.

Krishan Kalra (P-4530)



OLYMPUS

I stand at the foothills of Mount Olympus and behold the wonders of its lofty peaks, laden with thick, white snow. I gaze at its ascensions in admiration and utter reverence, for perched on its pristine slopes are my sentinels, my guardians. They stare into the crevices of my mind and impart the wisdom they have attained through the tests of their experiences, nourishing my mind and grooming the thoughts that emerge from it. To them, I am forever grateful, for their watchful eyes and careful supervision have illuminated the path before me like a lodestar. I yearn to climb the steep slopes of Mount Olympus, the peak beckons me, my sentinels urge me. Yet it is reserved for the exceptional few whose achievements merit the pedestal they have been placed on and the immortality conferred on them through the brown and stained pages of History. The Mount Olympus I have so metaphorically described is none other than a seven foot by seven foot, pure-white bookshelf, the wooden platforms of which hold the crème de la crème of personalities that once traversed the Earth. At the peak of Olympus sits the Bard of Avon. With an unwieldy hardback of his complete works in hand and spectacles perched on his nose, he gazes wistfully upon the world's stage. Armed with extended metaphors and beautiful lyricism, he preaches the triviality of human existence, the pettiness of human action and eternity of time. I listen, absorb and reflect on his words with a sense of veneration, for the true connotations of his writing will forever remain beyond the capacities of even the most adroit literary prodigy. Beneath him sit the great thinkers, their works being the sole

remnants of an age long gone and forgotten. They sit in pensive mood as they ponder over the very foundations of human beliefs and actions; the metaphysical realm is their playground and rational argument is their game. The staunch relativist Aristotle sermonizes political theory and morality, enunciating seemingly abstruse concepts with clarity and poeticism. His fiery passion moves me, inspires my intellect and bolsters my thirst for the knowledge he encapsulates. On the shelf below them sit Churchill and Gandhi. Churchill reminisces about his political and military triumphs, his grandiose notions and immodesty stand in stark contrast to Gandhi's humility. Yet his wit, humor and acumen are unmatched. They speak of similar events but offer contrarian perspectives; I accept some, reject others but am in perpetual awe of the place they have carved for themselves in the annals of history. Beside and beneath them lie Parks, Mandela and Malala, men and women whose grit, conviction and raw intellect have molded the course of civilization and dispelled the ignominious darkness with the illumination of knowledge and tolerance. They tell tales of hardship and discrimination, courage and triumph and remind me that the path to greatness is not one of resting, but of incessant and relentless striving, and unfettered determination. I yearn to reach the summits they have surmounted, to hoist my flag besides theirs and to leave an indelible mark on the canvas of humanity. For now, I am content with my small laurels but my ascent has begun and as I fall down the slippery slopes of Olympus from time to time, I shall look up to my sentinels, gain my footing and carry on relentlessly...

By Siddhant Suri Dhawan

*Head Boy of The Indian School, Al Ghubra,
Muscat, Oman
son of Mr & Ms Vishal Dhawan (No. U-1076)*

DELHI GYMKHANA CLUB LITERATURE & IDEAS FESTIVAL 2018 10TH - 11TH MARCH 2018

The Club hosted a successful Literature and Ideas Festival in the pleasant environment of the Rose Garden 10-11 March 2018. A new structure for the festival was tried combining book discussions in distinct panels, music demonstration and full fledged performance of Sufi gospel by Sonam Kalra on the evening of 11th March.

The Festival Director Suresh K Goel was supported by the highly experienced and capable team comprising Dr Anjana Neira Dev, Ms Ritika Kochhar, Sangeeta Badhwar, Dipika Nanjappa, Vinita Dawra, Nangia and Urmila Gupta.

Dr Dev and Ms Nangia had created a vibrant list of panels into which the various books mostly authored by the Club Members had been allocated. The quality of discussions in different panels brought home the richness of literary talent and genius in the Club. This also removed any doubt if anyone had on the possibilities of organizing such a festival purely within the talent pool available in the Club.

Inaugural speech by former Hon'ble Vice President Amb Mohd. Hamid Ansari questioned the creation of cultural boundaries. The panel on the Janus Face of Faith, moderated by Dr Ashok Vajpeyi carried the momentum further by investigating the multiple sides of a faith. The discussion on Foreign Policy Revisiting History, Defence Military Milestones, Notes from the Cultural Landscape of India, the Wildlife, Civilisational Mores and Literary Creation were enriching to the audience which was present in good numbers throughout the day despite untimely heat, who also asked penetrating questions from the panelists.

Amidst all this, conversation with Smt Sheila Dikshit, Former Chief Minister of Delhi and Dr Sonal Mansingh, the well known Orissi and Bharatnatyam Dancer were the crowning success to complement the festival. The concluding Speech by Bibek Debroy on Mahabharata was a delightful and exciting discussion into the nuances of this famous epic.

The Sufi Gospel Performance by Sonam Kalra proved to be a huge crowd puller and her full throaty voice carried the serenity and peaceful message of the inherent sameness of all beliefs to the crowd. The success is evident from the fact that the Bar and the Dining Room were full of club members even on a Sunday evening.

The Club would like to convey its deep appreciation to the team that organized the festival so successfully.



Chief Guest M Hamid Ansari and the Club President Prashant Sukul on the dais



Smt Sheila Dikshit Former Chief Minister of Delhi in conversation with Suresh K Goel on her book 'Citizen Delhi'



Sonal Mansingh in conversation with Suresh K Goel on her book 'Sonal Mansingh: A Life Like No Other'



'The Janus Face of Faith' from left to right Kavita Sharma, Indu Ramchandani, Ashok Vajpeyi (Moderator), A N D Haksar and Aruna Vasudev



'In the Natural Heart of India' from left to right Bulbul Sharma, Anjana Neira Dev (Moderator) and M K Ranjitsinh



'Military Milestones' from left to right K C Johorey, Shiv Kunal Verma (Moderator) and Hemant Singh Katoch



'Creative Innovators' left to right Simran Chadha, Kanwaljit Deol, R K Ohri and Radha Chakravarty (Moderator)



'Civilizational Mores' left to right Basant Gupta, Reba Som, Sunit Tandon (Moderator) and T C A Raghavan



India's Neighborhood Challenge: From left to right Tilak Devasher, Brig Gurmeet Kanwal, Rajiva Misra (Moderator) and Skand Tayal



'Revisiting History' from left to right Rajiv Dogra, Reena Nanda, Sagari Chhabra (Moderator) and Arun Bhatnagar



'Notes from the Cultural Landscape of India' Rekha Surya performing Madhumita Ray and Mekhala Sengupta (Moderator)



'Literary Landscape' from left to right Dr Tripti Sharan, Mandira Ghosh (Moderator), Sagari Chhabra, N S Achreja and Braham Singh



Valedictory address by Dr Bibek Debroy, Chairman-EAC-PM

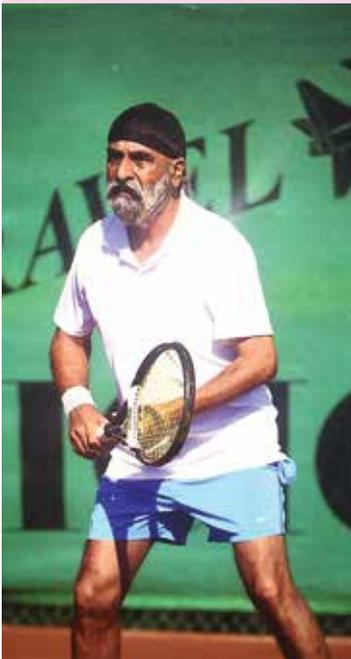


Vocal Recital of Sufi Music by Sonam Kalra



Festival Director Suresh K Goel with the Organising Committee and Library Staff

ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR MEMBERS



Mr A J S Chhatwal (P-2961) participated in ITF grade 2 Tennis Tournament in Taiwan during March 2018 in the 65+ age group with the following results

- Singles - Finalist
- Doubles - Winner

He is the only World ranked player in 65+ of Asian origin in the top 50 in Singles (41) Doubles (41) and Mixed Doubles (6)



Congratulations to the duo of **Manan Chandra and Pankaj Advani** for outclassing Pakistan and winning the inaugural edition of IBSF World Snooker Team Cup final in DOHA, Qatar#WORLDCHAMPS

Manan is the son of DGC member Mr. Tarun Chandra (P-6743)

Syndicate Rummy Tournament - 21 February 2018

Joint winner left to right Mr Ajay Raman, Ms Kumud Gupta, Ms Leena Anand and W/Cdr D Nath



BRIDGE RESULTS FEBRUARY 2018

TEAM OF FOUR

- 1st Mr Mukesh Shivdasani Mr Arun Jain, Dr R L Sanghi, Mr Y Tiwari, Brig V K Sawhney
- 2nd Mr Sanjiv Berry, Mr Vijit Berry, Dr Vikram Jain, Mrs Alka Jain, Mr Anil Gupta
- 3rd Mr MP Agarwala, Mrs Madhu Kochar, Mr Sunil Sood, Mr S K Uppal

PAIRS

NORTH-SOUTH

- 1st Mr H D Bhalla – Mr Sanjiv Bery
- 2nd Gen P R Dhawan – Mr Anil Sawhny
- 3rd Mr R Gambhir – Mr N Singh

EAST-WEST

- 1st Mr Devangshu Datta – Mr Vijit Bery
- 2nd Mrs Alka Jain – Dr R L Sanghi
- 3rd Mr Arun Kumar – Mr Sudhir Nayar



EDITORIAL



If there was a time to be busy with details it is the month of March when we have to pay our taxes, settle the accounts and dust off the year. Banks and business do stock taking and plan ahead. Schools finish exams and give students a breather before plunging them into another session of studies and assignments. Government Departments race against time to meet expenditure targets to avoid being censured for 'surrendering' funds.

According to the lunar based Hindu calendar it's the month of Chaitra. This calendar, which has roots common to Greek and Jewish calendars, marks this month as the first month of the year. We have different forms of the New Year with celebrations of Gudi Padwa in Maharashtra, Ugadi in Karnataka and Andhra

Pradesh, Bihu in the East and our own Baisakhi in the North. The rhythms of nature follows the patterns of these agricultural inspired celebrations. We see the leaves falling from the neem tree - a golden ripening of our own autumn shades.

Is it then only to be expected that the celebration of Easter also falls in this month? The promise of renewal and resurrection and indeed a reaffirmation of life itself. The circle of nature binds us to the earth in its seasons even as spiritual thought and religion combine to create eternal energy.

A book that brings this to life with a subtle sense of humour is 'Elenor Oliphant is Completely fine' by Gail Honeyman. The book won the Costa Award prize this year and shines through as a unique voice in modern fiction. 'Elenor leads a simple life. She wears the same clothes to work everyday, eats the same meal deal for lunch every day and buys two bottles of vodka to drink every weekend'

Elenor is happy and 'completely fine'. Read it for a laugh, for a tugging at your heart ... read it to open a life to kindness and compassion .

The book that comes to my mind at this time when we have just lost a great mind like that of Stephen Hawking is a wartime novel 'All the Light we Cannot See' by Anthony Doerr which won the Pulitzer Prize in 2015. Set in World War 11 the best seller is about a blind French girl and a German boy whose paths collide in occupied France as both try to survive the devastation of war. The theme of the novel is the contradictory power of technology and the illumination of the human mind that Stephen Hawking too came to embody. As Anthony Doer says in the book 'So how, children, does the brain, which lives without a spark of light, build for us a world full of light?' Perhaps the same way Stephen Hawking stilled in a wheelchair mapped the energies of the universe.

Listen when you have a moment to Leonard Cohen's Anthem - 'There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in'.

Wishing you all Happy Navrati, Happy Easter and much sharing of light.

Mrs Neelam Kapur
IIS



On passing on of those cherished DGC Members who departed from the shores of life, the Club Fraternity solemnly pays its respects and condolences



Col Ravinder Sagar
(P-3812)



Mr R K Bhansali
(P-2651)



Mr S Narayan
(P-2126)



Col S P S Khurana
(P-1952)



Dr Kranti Prasad Jain
(P-1655)



Wg Cdr K K Gupta
(P-1561)



Mr P N Kaul
(P-1548)



Mr Shyam Sundar
Kapur (P-0830)



Mr Raj Kumar
Wadera (P-0780)



Mr T V Rajeshwar
(P-0722)



Col R K Khanna
(P-0651)



Mr R P Kapur
(P-0234)



Mrs Barinder Kaur
Dyal (L-1649)



Mrs Nirmal Sood
(L-1532)



Mrs S P Singh
(L-1176)



Mrs Leela Y Shah
(L-1011)



Mrs Santosh Sudan
(L-0967)



Mrs Ashwini Vidya
Bhide (L-0312)

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

25th March 2018

**"INDIAN CLASSICAL" music concert by
Pt. Ronu Majumdar accompanied
by Tabla maestro Sh. Pranshu Chatur Lal**
from 7pm onwards. Venue: Rose Garden

NOTICE

Members are informed that there is huge expenditure on printing of ClubLife and Monthly Bills. Postage/Courier charges can be evaluated accordingly.

Wef APRIL 2018, the Club is going for e-version of ClubLife & Monthly Bills. Therefore, members are requested to forward their email address (if changed) to the club so that the desired materials can be sent to members.

Your cooperation is solicited.

DELHI GYMKHANA CLUB STAFF WELFARE AND EDUCATION TRUST

The Club management has formed a trust for the education and welfare of the DGC staff children. Members desirous of contributing to the trust are requested to forward the cheques to the club in favour of **'Delhi Gymkhana Club Staff Welfare and Education Trust'**. All contributions towards the trust are exempted from Income Tax u/s 80CC.



Mr Sohan Lal Safai Karmachari, Mr Bishambar Das, Mason Helper and Mr Nawabuddin Head Tennis Marker retired from service. We wish them all a very healthy & happy retirement life.

Delhi Gymkhana Club Ltd

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and not the official views of the Club.
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