

Minutes of the DSOBS meeting held in October 1950 at Ottershaw, UK and published in the Doon School Weekly No.16, Issue No.352 in the year 1950.

### **D.S.O.B. Meeting—Ottershaw 1950**

*by Vishnu (Official Commentator)*

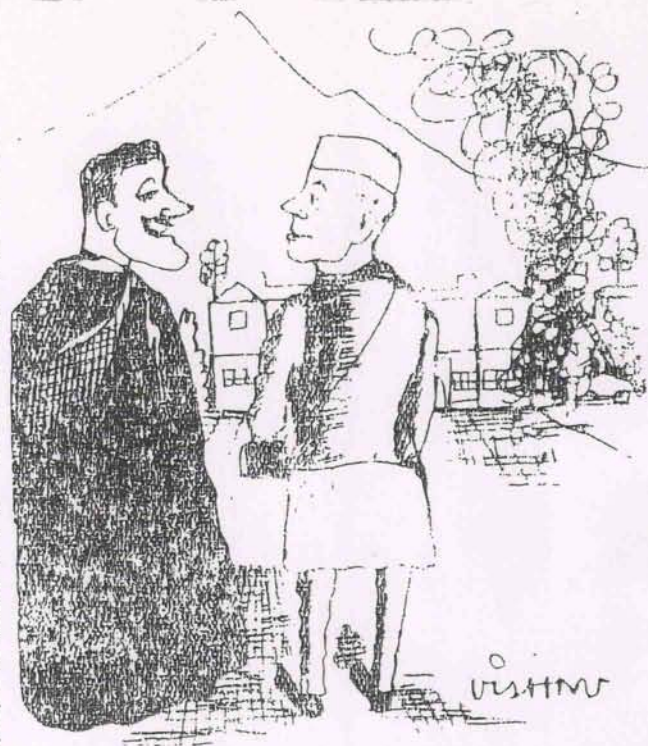
The excellence of the H. M.'s suggestion that Ottershaw should be the place for DSOBs to meet was amply borne out by the enjoyable gathering at lunch on 1st October. In commenting on it I should have liked to be a bit facetious but unfortunately I can't this time. Popular opinion seems to have thought highly of my last report and applied pressure on the newly elected secretary K. Rahim to get me to write an official account. Although I have to be factual I shall try and make it interesting and in view of my official capacity would be more modest to refer to myself as "writer" now and then.

The "writer" felt quite old to see the number of young faces at the meeting this year. Although the most enjoyable lunch, at an inn called the Otter, might perhaps say sumptuous, which was not so by having to pay an immoderate fare (as at Otter last year) we walked up to Ottershaw school, where we were met by enthusiastic Ottershaw boys who were most anxious to show us as much of the school as was possible within the limited time at our disposal. They asked a number of questions about

the Doon School of which the H.M. had shown them films the previous night. We on our part took the opportunity to learn as much of their school—of which indeed they were rightly proud. It is a magnificent building standing on rich green lawns and is modelled on the Doon School with regard to Toyes, dormitories etc. The Otter boys are much like boys at any school—some tall with spotty faces, others short and clubby, yet others thin intellectuals with spectacles perched on their noses, or stout and pretty clueless. It takes all sorts to make a school. We must have struck them as a pretty curious lot, some with loud American ties and cine cameras hanging from our shoulders, others dressed casually as at Oxford, or informally but smartly (as at Cambridge), Stockbrokers, embryo lawyers, politicians, tailors, rejectors and collectors, diffidends and aggressives, diplomats, tinkers (not thinkers). Some of us had accents and others had no accent at all.

The H.M. looked years younger than what he was when he came first to Ottershaw. Judy is growing up rapidly to look exactly like her mother. Mrs. Foot is still full of activity, and George was away at school (Winchester). Lovraj who in his usual stride has taken a BA BSc (Oxon) resigned his secretaryship. He had recently had an unpleasant encounter with Salmonella, (No, she is not a girl, look it up in a medical book) which made him very ill. K. Rahim was elected secretary amidst loud applause which Afzal converted into a "thunderous" tone. I fear Afzal who has completed his studies and is waiting for a passage, has been misguided enough to believe that the "Follies bergiere" is a special form of stagecraft which deserves close study! He offered to write my Obituary and send it into the weekly but when I assured him I was still alive he looked rather puzzled. Why should Rahim Khan of Jaipur Horse ride horses at Hyde park as a part of his industrial studies is a matter the writer cannot answer. There is no basis for the rumour that J. C. Malhotra is to act in Walt Disney's TREASURE ISLAND—he is learning to print, not etch as someone rudely insinuated. Jag mohan Kapur is to take up textile farming after his studies in chartered accountancy. What is textile farming? I dont know, and he never told me. Bakhle engaged in architectural studies has been refused a permit by the Ministry of Works to erect a suspension bridge which he had designed to span the Thames Estuary. He has been very hurt. Mahesh Doyal has been learning to milk cows to prepare him to take up Mechanical sciences at Trinity (Cambridge). Iqbal Shaib has thrown spanners into the works of three jet planes—"This is what comes of taking up aeronautical engineering" he remarked with a sigh. Hanid Said is to go over shortly to learn dress designing under Cristian Dior—at least the writer believes that is what he heard him say. His wife who is doing journalism made the writer blush by asking the writer the secret of his remarkable success in this line.

It will not be long before T. B. Aranda wears lots of red bits on his tunic and holds a cane tucked under his arm and pours over maps of Asia with brigadiers and field marshals. Kamal Jagtiani (I remember rescuing him from a bird bath when he came to Tata House as a very small boy) is now at Coventry. Ananda Rujan has an alarming habit of suddenly bursting into Carnatic music every now and then, which although warming to the writers South Indian heart, embarrasses him. He should try and conquer this habit especially in public. Jan Mahomed who is studying law is keenly interested in hunting for material for a book on "PUNS and how to make them". Nitoo Karani has returned from the States where he made a big impression on Wall street. B. N. Bhagat is at Trinity College (Cambridge). Vitthal Mallya (who used to mug like hell at Tata House) had just made an extensive tour of the Americas and paid a glowing tribute to Madame Peron. "Age" he said "has by-passed her". Very cryptic, dont you think? Rahul Banerjee is doing medicine at (Emmanuel College)



"I shouldn't take any notice of that, Sir. That's our Chemistry department."

Cambridge. He couldn't get rid of Sugato Chandri who kept admiring his marvellous blazer. N. S. Bakhle, H. Hussain, and Baljit Shergill spent their time trying to find someone who would make up a four. P. Koregaonkar collects film stars. He elaborated on what he meant by that. It wasn't shocking. Mehdi expects to join Magdalene College (Oxford) in the near future. At present he is learning Palmistry. Iqbal Vallani hopes to study child welfare. He thinks there are too many children in the world who are not cared for properly. "Its a big job but I know I can do it" he said with determination.

I think the writer has told you about everyone present except himself. What is he doing? He is a nervous wreck working for fast approaching examinations. One of his distinguished teachers has told him "I assure you there is nothing more terrifying than to qualify in medicine and find you dont know a thing about it". He is afraid to be put in this position some time next year. He is going off on a holiday next month spending night and day helping mothers to bring little brats into the world.