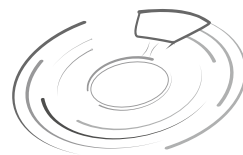


THE ROSE BOWL



Since 1985



DSOBS Vision

To foster fraternity amongst Old Boys,
support School, and serve society.

THE ROSE BOWL 
SINCE 1985

NEWSLETTER OF
THE DOON SCHOOL OLD BOYS' SOCIETY

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Crowd Control, Or: How I Learned to Stop Freaking Out and Admire These Modern Indian Kids



This buffalo is most definitely not ready for his closeup

So, the one second you're safely ensconced in middle-class, middle-aged, middle-American (by way of the West Coast, but hey, what do I know, I stopped studying “geogo” after ICSE) life, and the next, you're face to face with a very uncommunicative, and uncooperative water buffalo as a crew of 200 very antsy film people wait for you to make him hit his mark. And yes, I know, we're losing the light, and the drone operator's daily charges means he won't be back tomorrow, and we can't afford the overtime, but you try reasoning with a one-ton animal in the middle of dacoit country.

I mean, I had heard of the Chambal Valley. Okay, maybe I hadn't heard of it (like I said, no “geogo” after ICSE), but I had definitely heard of Phoolan Devi, and this area was home to her and other famous *daakus*. Be careful, I was warned as I traipsed about in my NRI hiking boots taking my NRI photos, this area is not to be trifled with. I realised I definitely wasn't in Kansas anymore when I heard whispers of a precious metal heist in Agra and the police investigating close by.



The Chambal... beware! Danger lurks at every turn!

When you work in this industry you get used to such quaint regulations like twelve-hour turnaround times, and safety meetings, and meal penalties, and days off; it takes having a snake wrangler on set to slap you out of your comfort zone (and no, the closest hospital, a mere two hours away, does not have anti-venom on hand).

It's these kids, I tell you, that point you in the right direction and keep you from killing yourself. Like the one that grabbed me and stopped me from falling into the valley below (judgement is not your strong suit when you're operating on four hours of sleep a day).

It's these kids who help you out when you find yourself walking to the Taj Mahal at 4:30am because there's no Uber near you, and Agra isn't quite the cashless society you thought it was (what, no Apple Pay?).

It's these kids who inflate a "moon" to light up the jungle for a night scene. No really, I swear I thought it was *the* moon rising when I saw it slowly make its way up into the night sky.

And these kids who come to your rescue when you find yourself trying to corral 10,000 college-age kids as they

chant up to their hero while he's in the midst of his super emotional scene on the balcony (What secret film?! Word's out, and all the hawkers are already selling bootleg versions of the book the movie's based on!). When I tell the kids I've got it, I'm on crowd control, they laugh... let's say encouragingly.

These kids who manage to talk to all those thousands of extras who show up in the early hours and stay till the

late nights, doing the same scene again and again (that age-old directorial saw "Perfect... now do it again!" see-sawing with the production mantra "Hurry up... and wait!").

Or the kids who carefully guide all the period vehicles as you film in the most secure location in the nation's capital, making sure the actors don't get hit by actual traffic.

These kids, who were once engineering graduates, accountants, law school applicants, B.Com-ers, med school hopefuls, are now skiing in Bulgaria with Ajay Devgan (does his own stunts), dancing in front of the Taj Mahal with Akshay Kumar (business savvy), filming

commercials with Shah Rukh Khan (nice guy), or driving Ranveer Singh (flirty) because his driver failed to show up. These kids from faraway exotic places like Lucknow, Leh, Mumbai, Kolkata, Jaipur, Chennai, Cochin, Jammu, Patna even, filming in all four corners of India. Movies, TV shows, web series, dramas, comedies, commercials, shorts, documentaries, they're doing it all. Six, seven, eight days straight, they're going strong. Go to bed at midnight up at 4am, sure, why not, they're young. Their boss yells at the person below them, who yells at the next person in line, who yells at the kids, it's all water under the bridge. Mobile phone payments, carshare services, smartphones, GPS, and you're sniffing the mutton *handi* at some out-of-the way place at 2am knowing full well you have to be back to work by 6am (only sniffing, *you* try explaining your NRI pescetarian/Egg-Veg-With-Fish dietary restrictions...). Today it's a remote jungle village,

tomorrow it's an abandoned train station, the next you're in the heart of the bustling city with traffic that would make San Francisco have a heart attack. 12, 13, 14, hours at a time, hey, a Red Bull and a cigarette, and these kids are as good as new.

I marvel at these kids. I ask them, why do you do this, don't you get tired, did you ask your parents for permission, what about a stable job, what about... Permission? They laugh (again, encouragingly I hope). We don't have to ask for permission, we just do it. Why? Because, you only have the one life, might as well make the most of it.

These kids, I tell you, no respect for their seniors. Now, excuse me, while I set about making the most of this life they're talking about...

...right after I lose most of this weight I gained sniffing all those mutton *handis*. After all, they might be kids with their super-fast metabolism, I, sadly, am not.

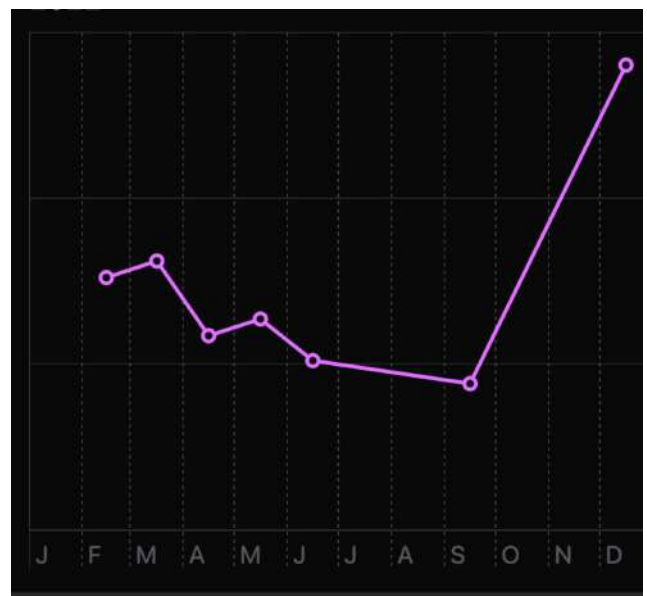
Pratik Basu 442 T, 1993

Editor-in-Chief

PS. After we left the idyllic Chambal I found out that the police ended up recovering most of the loot from the Agra heist... in the village we were filming in. No wonder the buffalo was being uncooperative. The chap was probably in on it.



Crowd Control, or, in my case, too much crowd, not enough control!



My doctor's heart rate spiked just as much after seeing my weight gain!

PS. Questions? Comments? Suggestions? Corrections? Articles? Photos? Weight loss tips? Please email me: BasuRoseBowl@gmail.com

We've Got Mail

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I joined Doon School in 1941, and was privileged to be part of The Doon School fraternity until 1947. The academics aspects apart, it resulted in lifelong friendships, some of which I am happy to say still continue. I was also fortunate to be a School Captain without being a House Captain, a singular honor which I cherish to this day.

After graduating in 1947, I joined the Pakistan Army Aviation Corps and retired as a Colonel. I started my own

business in the UK after my retirement.

I was lucky to do well with the foundation of an excellent schooling at Doon to stand up to the challenges of life.

Mohd. Zafar Khan
8 J, 1946

Dear Editor,

I read your *Dear Sir...* tribute to AD (Mr. Amarnath Dar) with great interest. Like many others, I, too, benefited greatly from

AD's inability to take no for an answer. His badgering, or should I say cajoling, made me join *The Doon School Weekly*, and my eventful time with the publication under his tutelage proved to be life-altering.

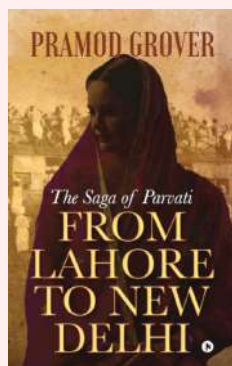
I wanted to thank AD, and the other Masters at School who refused to judge me by my cover and pushed me to achieve my potential.

Jatin Dev Bobb
411 T, 1993



St. Anthony Praise Waddo
Near Club Nyex, Anjuna, Goa

Old Boys' News



Pramod Grover (308 H, 1957) has been awarded the Ukiyoto Award for his book *From Lahore to New Delhi*. Congratulations!



Sudhir Sahi (116 T, 1963) presented to the HM and **Anoop Singh Bishnoi (112 J, 1975)**, Chairman, Board of Governors, IPSS, Mr. RL Holdsworth's (RLH) 1931 Kamet and Valley of Flowers Diaries, including Mr. Gurdial Singh's foreword. A sincere thank you to Sudhir for stewarding a vital part of the School's history for all these years.



Sanjeev Kassal (295 T, 1974) has been elected the President of the International Lawn Tennis Club of India (IC). The Club was formed in the UK in 1924 and has 42 member countries with all the top players in the world members of their respective ICs. The world body will be celebrating its centenary year in 2024 at Wimbledon. The IC motto is "hands across the net and friendship across the ocean." Congratulations Sanjeev on such an honour (and for meeting GOAT Roger Federer!).



Congratulations to **Sanjai 'Banjo' Banerji (387 H, 1976)** on successfully running a full marathon at the Tata Mumbai Marathon in January. He ranked 126 in his age category. All this after giving a lecture on mountaineering at the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT) Bombay the day before. Truly an inspiration, especially for those of us a bit behind on those pesky New Year's resolutions! Very impressive!



Avinash Singh Alag (160 H, 1984) and the prodigies from his school, Gyanoday Vatika, were feted at a recent event co-sponsored by The Doon School Old Boys Society. The program was inaugurated by **Mr. Manoj Pant (MPT)** and attended by numerous Old Boys. Best wishes for Avinash's continued success in his worthy endeavours.



Three Old Boys represented their respective States in the recently held HCL National Squash Championship: **Jatin Bery (233 K, 1991)** – Delhi (pictured), **Shravan Mehra (24 H, 1996)** – Punjab, and **Dhruv Dhawan (95 K, 2002)**– Delhi. Well done!



Dr. Rohan Mehra (65 K, 2008) was awarded the Dr. RN Singh Young Achiever's Award for his significant contribution to Ophthalmology in India by the Uttarakhand State Ophthalmological Society (UKSOS), becoming the youngest ever recipient of this award. Congratulations!

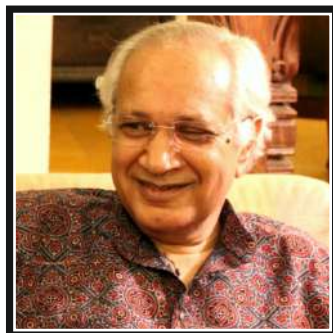


Siddhant Gupta (170 H, 2016) recently accepted a position at Lionsgate UK, a leading global player in the entertainment industry, where he will be responsible for International TV Sales. Previously, Siddhant was at Endeavor Content in Los Angeles where he started his dream of pursuing a career in the entertainment industry. An inspiration to Doscos in the notoriously hardscrabble world of show business the world over!

In Memoriam



With deep regret and profound grief, we inform you of the passing away of **Ranjit Banerji (188 K, 1947)**, brother of the late Arijit Banerji (196 K, 1952), on September 29th, 2022. Our heartfelt condolences to all members of the family.



Hindal 'Badru' Tyabji (302 H, 1957), brother of Adil Tyabji (291 H, 1960) and Khalid Tyabji (294 H, 1973), passed on January 16th. Deepest condolences to Adil, Khalid, and all members of the family.



With deep regret, we inform you of the passing of **Lt. Col. (Retd.) Baljit Inder Singh Sodhi (193 J, 1960)** on October 17th, 2022. Our heartfelt condolences to all members of the family.



We are extremely saddened to inform you of the passing of **Deepak Nirula (165 K, 1968)**, younger brother of Lalit Nirula (142 K, 1959) on October 4th, 2022. He was President of The DSOBS between 1998-2000. Our heartfelt condolences to Maya, Ramni, and all members of the family on behalf of the entire Dosco fraternity.



Sumantra N. Deb (23 J, 1983), passed on January 29th. Condolences to all members of the family and his friends.



With deep regret, we inform you of the passing of **Prabhjot 'Jyoti' Singh (159 J, 1984)** on Jan 2nd. Our deepest condolences to his father Sardar Trilok Singh, his mother, his wife Inderjeet (Rosy), son Chitwanjot, daughter-in-law Sanam, and daughter Ruhani.

Tributes



Mr. NP Painuli (NPP)

Mr. NP Painuli (NPP) My Father, My Rock of Gibraltar

Meghna Shailen Painuli 536 T, 1995



NPP directing *Andher Nagri Chaupat Raja*, circa 1985

Mr. NP Painuli, my father, joined The Doon School in 1973 as a Hindi teacher and then went on to become the Housemaster of Martyn House. He was a reputed and established teacher of the Hindi language and literature.

By virtue of his passion for the subject and a penchant to share his knowledge with students, he gave his time and effort in conceiving and executing many school plays like *Natak Bandh Karo*, *Andher Nagri Chaupat Raja*, *Do Kalakar*, and several others.

My father gave his prime years to the School in myriad ways and he was extremely proud of his association with the School. He was loved by his students for his enthusiasm for his subject, his ghost stories on mid-term trips to Chakrata, and his sense of humour. As a kid I remember him being ready early in the morning, smartly dressed, in crisply ironed clothes, organised and always on time. He would be ready before the school bell rang and this continued till his last day. Some habits don't change.

After his stint at The Doon School ended in June 1995, he went on to become the Founder Principal of Vikas Bharati Public School, a residential school in Gorakhpur, UP. He spent 20 years turning 100 acres of bare land into a lush green haven where the students could study close to nature.

He was an avid writer, and his articles would often get published in the local magazine *Kalyan*. He also had a liking for writing poems in his free time which he would very enthusiastically recite to us. One of my favourites is:

समय से छला -

कहीं सुबह

कहीं दिन

कहीं रात -

समय - समझा था सत्य जिसे-

वो भी असत्य निकला

Another of his poems is about his travels. He loved travelling and trekking, always challenging himself. In his younger days he would travel by his scooter to places near and far, famous and obscure, with friends, cousins, and by himself. When he came to Doon he got the chance to travel more because of the tradition of the mid-terms. He trekked twice to Amarnath, a notoriously difficult trek. He made it all the way to Hemkunt Sahib on his scooter. He trekked to Gaumukh with minimal help in the middle of a snowstorm. For him it was the journey, not the destination, as he would often get totally mesmerised with the places he visited.



Hemkunt Sahib on scooter!

इतने ऊंचे चढ़ चुके कि, बादलों से भी ऊपर
आ गए हैं हम... ये पहाड़, ये जंगल
ये पत्थर, ये कोहरा लगता है -
अकेला छूट गया है संसार और -
अपने से घिरे हुए हैं हम।



NPP on his Gaumukh trek

He kept this up during his stint as a Principal of Vikas Bharti. Children who had never even moved out of their comfort zones were taken to places like Kedarnath, Badrinath, Gangotri, Tungnath. His trips soon became the highlight of the students' time at the school. My father was a man with a plan, always organised down to the last detail, and this extended to our birthdays. He would start planning well in advance. He was very creative, something I got to know about him once I had my own daughter. He surprised us on her first birthday with beautiful mugs with our photos, and an extremely special birthday calendar which he designed. From that day on, each birthday of my daughter had a special calendar, which was a wonderful reminder of the time gone by. This tradition was passed on to my brother's daughter, who now has a few to remind her of her grandfather's creativity and love.

Perhaps his most meaningful gift was the one he got for my daughter's 14th birthday. The gift was beautifully wrapped, but came three weeks in advance, almost like he knew that it would be the last one my daughter would ever get from her beloved grandfather. She will treasure it forever.

He was an amazing husband, father, and grandfather. Anything I say about him will never be enough as he was my rock. He will continue to live on in our hearts and memories.

"Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime, and, departing, leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time." – HW Longfellow



NPP and Mrs. Painuli with their granddaughters Aanya and Taarini

My Mentor

Mr. MC Joshi (MCJ)



MCJ and NPP on the Main Field

When I joined the Hindi department of The Doon School in 1979, Mr. Navendu Panuli (NPP) was one of the teachers in that very dedicated and energetic department. Mr. Painuli was a very popular and effective teacher who taught both Hindi and Sanskrit with equal attention. He was enthusiastic and passionate about teaching. He took an interest in every sphere of his working life at Doon, with caring attention to both the people around him as well as the task at hand. As a Master-in-charge of theatre and Hindi publications he guided students through one-act plays and street plays. Luckily, he dealt with the day-to-day unpredictability of working with adolescent boys with levity.

In those days there was only one handwritten Hindi magazine called *Arpan*. Throughout the year students wrote articles and short stories, compiling them carefully. These would then be arranged in serial

numbers as there were no computers. Students would contribute creative materials like sketches, cartoons, and paintings collaborating with the writings that produced works that were deep and often profound, and which traversed topics from school life to the events outside campus. NPP, along with the editors, worked on every single aspect of the magazine.

I remember clearly even now how Mr. Painuli persuaded then Headmaster Mr. Gulab Ramchandani to allocate some budget for a published Hindi magazine. After much deliberation and persuasion, Mr. Ramchandani agreed to it. Thus, Mr. Painuli and his student editors brought out the first published Hindi magazine, *Prayas*. The first issue of *Prayas* contained only 25 pages, not only due to financial constraints but also due to its reception by the school community. Mr. Painuli, while wanting a formal forum for Hindi publications, didn't want to waste school funds gratuitously. *Prayas* continued to be published till my retirement in 2015. I hope it is still being published today.

Mr. Painuli also directed Hindi plays for Founder's Day. I remember two brilliant productions in particular, *Singhasan Khali Hai* and *Ek tha Gadha, Urf Aladad Khan* that were received very well by the audience. As a recent graduate who had studied the theoretical concept of catharsis, I had the chance of seeing it in one of his plays. During the performance of *Singhasan Khali Hai*, the sincere commitment of the students towards the play led an actor to experience catharsis during the performance. After the play ended Mr. Painuli guided the actor with great care and explained the concept to the players on stage.

While holding auditions for *Ek tha Gadha*, he couldn't find a student from S and SC Forms who was able to do justice to the role of Nawab. One morning, while I was teaching A Form Hindi, Mr. Painuli entered the classroom looking for his Nawab. Finding A Form students perhaps a little young for the role, his search was still ongoing. He announced his requirement for a boy who spoke Hindustani with perfect diction. I suggested Mahmood Ur Rahman Farooqui (146 K, 1990), who was in the class, for the role. However, a stickler for tradition, he wanted to give a chance to the S and SC Formers for the lead character. As a perfectionist wanting to do the best for the play, he wasn't quite satisfied with the second round of

auditions. He ended up auditioning Mehmood for the role. He was very pleased to cast him.

Apart from activities related to the Hindi department, he took great interest in residential social service camps and the SUPW in the School and around Doon Valley. He was housemaster of Martyn House and would take the new batches of Doscors on mid-term treks with great joy. He, along with Mrs. Sushma Painuli, would take care of the young D Formers with great affection. After leaving Doon he started Vikas Bharti Public School, which was a great success. He later retired after many years of service.

One of the important traits of his character was his ability to extend his support to the newly appointed teachers in the school faculty. His classroom, as well as

his home, was always open to us for conversation. He not only helped me in teaching but also supported me when I needed advice both personally or professionally. Here, also, I cannot forget Mrs. Painuli for her love, judgement, and advice on many difficult days. Mr. Painuli's conviviality gave a chance to the newer faculty members to be close to each other, almost like a family. Due to this the School was not only a place of work, but of deeper connections and learning.

I remember Meghna and Dhruv fondly, both of whom grew up right in front of me. I have always considered them members of my own family.

He was a mentor and an elder brother to me. I miss Mr. Painuli a lot.

Life On His Own Terms

Mr. Madhav Deo Saraswat (MSS)



Holi celebrations with Mr. DM Sharma (DMS), Mr. Sheel 'Bond' Vohra (SKV), Mr. Neeraj Bedhotiya (NKB) and NPP

An immensely talented teacher par excellence. A poet, storyteller, theatre artist, wonderful chef, benevolent host, suave, and, above all, an extraordinary, large-hearted human being. Mr. NP Painuli unapologetically lived his life on his own terms. It was impossible not to

feel his presence in any given situation.

After our immediate family, it was Mr. Painuli who touched our lives the most. His all-pervasive affection not only steered my life at Doon as his colleague, but he also became a kind of a guardian to all of us. Caring and trust came naturally to him. I think that's where I learnt to be a trusting, caring, and supportive parent. He allowed Kanan, Kaushiki, and me to be part of the same family where Meghna and Dhruv were being raised under the care of Mrs. Painuli. We all owe a lot to him.

He is, and will always be, a permanent feature of our lives. All of us have wonderful stories and anecdotes to cherish and share for the rest of our lives.

Just Another Journey...

Valentina Trivedi 708 K, 1981



NPP and CKD after a Hindi play performance

"Shwetaank ne poochha... aur paap?"

It has been forty four years since I heard this line, but the exact tone, tenor, and the voice stays as fresh in my memory as if I heard it just yesterday.

It is the opening line of Bhagwati Charan Verma's novel *Chitrlekha*, and that was the text we were studying in SC Form. It was a novel about the philosophy of life and love, sin and virtue, and the voice that lives on in my head is Mr. Painuli's.

Mr. Painuli's deep engagement with, and excitement about, any text he taught was infectious. It pulled you into the text right away, and you stayed engrossed through the journey of the characters. It was a blessing to have a language teacher who could bring alive the text, and thoughts associated with it, so magnificently in our young minds. But Mr. Painuli was not just a Hindi teacher. He was an adventurer, explorer, learner, teacher all rolled into one. And it was all this that he brought into the classroom with him.

He and my father, Mr. CK Dikshit (CKD), shared an unusual relationship. Mr. Painuli was much younger and would address my father as "Gurudev" and my father was the only one who I heard calling him by his first name, "Navendu." Their inherent curiosity and excitement about all aspects of life, coupled with a deep interest in spirituality, led to many exciting conversations. Both had scooters and I remember them driving off late one evening to meet a yogi who was in town. Back in the late seventies, they also did a play together on the Masters' Entertainment Night, which was about a scientist in whose lab a robot suddenly comes alive. My mother played the role of the lab assistant!

Mr. Painuli got married in 1975 and another lovely young bride was added to the Chandbagh family. My mother and Mrs. Painuli shared a warm bond, and later my parents often enjoyed baby sitting their daughter Meghna.

I re-established contact with Mr. Painuli when he moved to Dehradun a few years ago. His encouragement and appreciation for my podcasts and performances was like getting a good chit for my work all over again.



NPP performing during Masters' Entertainment Night with MCJ

The sparkle in his eyes remained undimmed right till the last time I met him. The last time we talked on the phone, I told him of my plan to record his memories the next time I was in Dehradun. But, apparently, he had other plans. Just like the times when, as a young bachelor, he would just kickstart his scooter, get on it and drive off to the distant mountains, reaching Badrinath, or the start of the trek to Kedarnath or Hemkunt Sahib, he just upped and left this world suddenly; perhaps on another adventure... in another dimension of life.

He leaves behind a great lesson: of making the journey count and of never letting life run low on curiosity and excitement, irrespective of our common ultimate destination.

Dear Mr. Painuli

Kavita Prakash 794 T, 1981



Kavita Prakash, NPP, Pratyush Jaiswal, and Valentina Trivedi in 2006, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Batch of 1981

Dear Mr. Painuli joined School in 1973 and got married around the same time as our family arrived on campus, December 1975. I remember him as an effervescent, smiling, bubbly person with non-stop conversation and anecdotes; someone with a comic smile which naturally brought on ours.

He was the best Hindi teacher which I only realised after having been assigned to another teacher's class for a while. I promptly requested a shift back and was extremely grateful for it.

His wife was so beautiful that we couldn't take our eyes off her; a traditional beauty with a sunflower-beaming smile.

In School, I would become my own hairstylist to save myself the bother of cycling to town. He asked me once who did my haircuts. When I shared that I did, he could have fallen down with sheer amazement. He promptly said he would call me for cutting his daughter's hair but that never happened.

We met him at our 25th Jubilee celebrations, too. That was in 2006. He looked quite unchanged and once again there was a warm exchange. I definitely miss his presence when I am reminded that he's no longer in our midst.

The Happiest Smile

Pratyush Jaiswal 796 J, 1981



Dr. Hari Dutt Bhatt and NPP

I don't have many detailed memories of my time at School, only fragments and impressions. There are few incidents or memorable adventures that I am able to recall after all these years. However, one of the few teachers that I have fond memories of is Mr. Painuli. I am not sure when he actually taught me or when I interacted with him, but I remember him as always having a glint in his eye, and a very bright smile. His wife, too, had a cheerful countenance and a kind demeanour, and seemed to add to his joyous personality.

Mr. Painuli was an inspiring figure to me in that he was successful without having the polished English that was so prized in School, and I felt that perhaps I would make it, too, despite my awkward and limited English.

He was always encouraging me, and everyone else, to aim higher, do more, and try something different. Anytime I was apprehensive about attempting something new or different, he would ask, "Why? What's the harm?" There was no good answer to his genuine question that I could come up with. I didn't always follow his advice, but it did slowly change my approach over time.

I didn't stay in touch with School or anything connected to it for many years. Fortunately, some good friends did and prodded me to return for our Silver Jubilee in 2006. It was great to see that Mr. Painuli had not changed at all. He was still the genuinely warm and affectionate person that he always had been. I will always remember him as the person with the happiest smile!

Ranjit Banerji (188 K, 1947)

My Uncle – Wisdom and a Gentle Wit

Ranjona Banerji



Ranjit Banerji

Ranjit Banerji was born in Delhi on September 22nd, 1932. His early childhood years were characterised by travelling around India with his mother Amiya, his father Jyotirmoy and, later, his younger brother Arijit, too. Jyotirmoy used education to raise his family out of poverty, eventually joining the Indian Forest Service. This was the work that took the family all over the country. After he retired, he and Ranjit's mother, Amiya, set up the Social Welfare Society in West Bengal, doing everything from re-greening the area to arranging feeding programmes for children from surrounding villages. Amiya also personally taught the local children, sitting under a tree as there was no school for them. From this tuition, they developed a school which, along with the hospital they also founded, was later handed over to the Indian government. Both still exist today.

For his own education, Ranjit went to The Doon School and then to St. Stephen's College in Delhi, gaining the qualifications which enabled him to go to the University of Oxford and study Law at Christ Church. There he met Sara, whom he later married after moving to the High Range in Kerala, where their three daughters were born.

Ranjit's first job there was as Assistant Manager of a Finlay's estate, but he soon moved on to work in the

headquarters, overseeing buildings, roads, and other infrastructure at the company's several tea estates. He also helped to modernise their operations by buying an adding machine to make the accountancy work more efficient. It was called a Facet machine; it cost the equivalent of £400 today and is now in the company's museum.

In 1968, they decided to set up a dairy farm in West Bengal, in the family's ancestral village of Gobardanga. They took Jersey cows there by train from across India. It was a brave venture which might well have succeeded had it not been for a combination of floods, violent local politics, and market forces. Ranjit returned to tea, this time in a new job in Assam for what had by now become Tata Finlay. The timing coincided with Bangladesh's war of independence, and the otherwise peaceful life of the tea planters there was shaken by the sounds of fighter planes passing overhead and the constant threat of air raids.

The family decided to return to England. It wasn't a straightforward process due to the immigration rules of the time which would have allowed them in if Ranjit had been British and Sara Indian, but not the other way round. But with help from Sara's mother, Ranjit managed to get permission to come to England with Sara and their daughters, and to spend two years studying for an MBA at Cranfield University.

Having completed his MBA, Ranjit began working as the Chief Economist at the Southern Water Authority. He joked that he was the only Chief, the only Indian, and the only economist there! After some years, he took, or tried to take, early retirement from Southern Water but was soon encouraged to return to work to help them through privatisation. His skills in this were in demand, and he ended up co-founding the Corporate Planning Unit with former Southern Water colleagues, helping several other companies through the same process, finally retiring to Oxford at the age of 58.

Retirement gave him time to enjoy his many other interests. He loved bird-watching, classical music, astronomy, philosophy, literature, poetry, and the arts. He studied astronomy and astrology and taught himself ancient Greek and Sanskrit so that he could read the original versions of the classics of those cultures. He also joined a philosophy discussion group, and he left behind an impressive body of notes distilling his thoughts and ideas based on his studies with the group.

When someone suggested he should take a philosophy degree, he replied, "I don't wish to be tested, I just wish to learn." The wisdom and gentle wit of this comment sums up his life and character.

Ashim Mukherjee (44 T, 1958)

Farewell – Till We Meet Again

Hari Shanker Singh 286 T, 1958

September 2nd, 2022, at 9:40pm, my friend Ashim Mukherjee left us for his heavenly abode.

Memories of our school days flooded back and it took me a while to grasp the reality. Even after School we were constantly in touch. I made it a point to visit him every time I was in Calcutta. Similarly, when he was with Gillanders Arbuthnot and later at Goodlass Nerolac, he would plan his trips in such a way that he could come and stay with me in Patna.

Not many know that he had two roll numbers. He joined school with 215. After a term, he had to leave because of his father's death. A year later, he was back as 44. I truly bonded with him on my first mid-term trek from

Chakrata to Mussoorie with Mr. Chakraborty. A short trek, perhaps, but truly a memorable one. A friendship started which was to last a lifetime. Later we undertook many treks, including a very strenuous one from Chakrata to Shimla.

Ashim was a God-gifted footballer. He was perhaps the first in school history to represent the School Football Team in C Form. The vision of him streaking down the left flank followed by a perfect centre begging to be headed into the goal will forever be etched in my memory. He got his Football Colours in B Form, another record I'm sure. He was spotted by Holdy for his phenomenal ability to fox batsmen with his off-spinners. He walked into the School Cricket Team and was soon



Ashim Mukherjee and friends



Ashim with the School Football Team

awarded his Cricket Colours. An outstanding sportsman, not only did he get his Football and Cricket Colours, but also his Athletic Colours and the PT Jersey. To note his versatility he was also the Tata House Music Captain. He was appointed the School Captain in 1959, and proved to be a very successful one.

A true Dosco, he remained in touch with School all his life. He contributed a number of articles to *The Rose Bowl*. In one of them he recounts how the four of us lifted Mr. Kunzru's mini car and put it behind the tennis court wall (I believe the wall has since been removed). The expression on Mr. Kunzru's face when he saw that

his car had vanished was priceless. His last article was, ironically, an obituary to our dear friend Randhir Singh (304 T, 1957) in the Summer issue of 2022. I'm not sure if he was able to read it, as his condition kept deteriorating.

My heartfelt condolences to his wife Shyamshree and daughter Ayesha.

Rest in peace, Ashim. Without you, Calcutta will never be the same for me.

Sarabjit 'Romi' Singh (298 K, 1964)

My Brother

Arjun Malhotra 325 K, 1964



Romi Bhai

I was devastated when I received the news that my friend, classmate, and housemate, Sarabjit Singh (Romi Bhai), had passed away peacefully at his home in

Chandigarh. Romi has been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer some months earlier. Pancreatic cancer is normally only detected at a late stage and has no known cure. Romi, with the support of his family, took the courageous decision not to take aggressive chemotherapy treatment. Instead, he used natural cures in order to have a better quality of life for the few months he had left.

I was fortunately visiting Delhi from the US after I got this news and was able to go to Chandigarh a few times and spend time with him and his family. His children and their spouses and his grandchild had come in from Australia and they decided to spend these months with him and Gunita, his wife. I was blessed to be able to see all of them together, and was touched by the love and care with which he was surrounded these last few months.

As I write this, in my mind I can clearly recall the many times I have stayed with Romi and his family in their homes in Amritsar, Calcutta, and Mussoorie. I vividly recall his parents (Abba and Ami to all of us), his grandparents (Dadaji and Biji), and his *chacha* (Chandji and Didi), and their love and how they accepted me as a part of their family. They allowed me to take for granted that this, too, was my home. And I really took advantage of this. Not just when we were in School, but when I went to college at IIT Kharagpur. I would come to Calcutta for the weekend and stay with Romi at his *chacha's* house. This continued when I graduated and

started working with DCM. I used to come on work trips to Calcutta and stay with him. It did not stop there.

When I started HCL, I initially handled the East from Calcutta, and then travelled there often and Romi's home was my place of stay. This continued even after Romi got married and had kids. His home was my home. I just took it for granted. After all, he was my brother. My parents saw him the same way, as did Kiran, my wife, and he was Romi Tiya for my children.

We trekked together during mid-terms in School, and even after that. I remember in the six months between our ISC exams in December and college starting in the summer, and after I had done my IIT Entrance exam, Romi, Yogi (now deceased), Farid (also deceased), Sandeep Bagchee, Shekhar Das, and I went on this trek to the Rohtang Pass. I made it back just in time for my IIT entrance interview and only because Abba in Amritsar was buying tickets to Delhi on the Frontier Mail every day hoping for the best. There was no communication



Sarabjit with Lt. General (Retd.) Deepak Summanwar (160 K, 1962) in Delhi, 2018

and no way of knowing when we would be back. Fortunately, I got back a day before the interview and was able to take the overnight train and get to Delhi just in time.

Next year during our summer holidays from college, Romi, his younger brother, Amarjit, Anil Loona, and I decide to cross the Rohtang and spend time in the Lahaul and Spiti Valley. We were in Keylong and Romi and I decided we wanted to try and climb what looked like the highest peak around there. There was a shepherd's hut we could see from Keylong that was just below the snowline. We decided we would spend the night there and then try to reach the peak. Once we got there, we discovered the entire floor of the hut inside was covered in thick ice and the only horizontal uncovered area was the narrow ledge near the fireplace, but it had small and midsize round rocks on the top layer. Both of us spent the night in our sleeping bags on that narrow ledge. We did get to the peak we saw from below but then discovered the real peak was behind what we thought was the top. We decided we did not have the equipment probably required to go that high and turned back. The return trip was another adventure and I leave that story for another time.

Romi has been a part of my life for over 60 years. He was always doing something different and interesting, like growing mushrooms or making special cheese. I already miss him. I was looking forward to spending time reminiscing with him once we retired and had lots of time to just do that.

For me the future is just not going to be the same without him around.



Sarabjit and his wife Gunita

Wg. Cdr. Satish Kumar Tyagi (257 H, 1964)

A True Friend

Mukul Sanwal 88 K, 1964



Satish Kumar Tyagi at the 1964 Batch Golden Reunion in 2014

Satish and I were classmates. We were not in the same House and that limited our interaction. We sat together in every class, at the centre of the back row. We had very different personalities.

Satish was an outstanding sportsman, and one of only three classmates awarded the Games Blazer. My bat and ball coordination was not half as good. Once, he saw me on the tennis court playing with someone at my level, came over, took me to the tennis wall, and explained patiently that this is what would pay dividends. On another occasion he persuaded me to try my hand at athletics, probably because it was an easy sport, and asked me to run the 100 meters with him. I did not do too badly and he encouraged me to practise. We competed for the best Hindi Debater Cup. We studied together in the final days of the Senior Cambridge exam, him clarifying my doubts.

A true friend accepts who you are and helps you to become what you should be.



Satish excelling on the sports field

Then we lost touch. Satish went to IIT and I went to St. Stephen's College. We met at a batch get-together, talked of old times and shared secrets, and where we had supported each other. We talked about our families and the future. He told me about his father's nursing home which he would be disposing of. That brought back memories of his father, who was a renowned physician, and it was then that I heard about Satish's ailment. It shattered me.

I remember Satish as a very warm person, level headed, more lowkey than effusive. Despite the limited interaction, our friendship was characterised by reciprocal understanding, concern, companionship, and shared activities. He walked in and out of my life and has left memories which I will always cherish.

All the very best, dear friend, wherever you are.

Loved and Respected

Shiv Dev Datt 61 T, 1964



Lalit Pande (84 K, 1963), Jai Prashad (110 H, 1964), Preet Davar (56 H, 1965), and Satish Tyagi at Chakrata captured by Adarsh Singh Puri (32 T, 1964) using a 620 Kodak Box Camera

I first met Satish Tyagi in 1956 when we were together in Welham Boys' Prep School, under the wonderful stewardship of Miss Hersilia Oliphant, the Founder and Principal. My standout memories of Satish are that he was an excellent all-rounder, both in class and in sports, and he deservedly went on to become the Captain of Jamuna Company. I was in the only other company,

Ganges Company, together with Ramesh Mediratta (148 T, 1964), Manjit 'Tunoo' Singh (157 J, 1964) and others. So, we clashed with Satish on the sports field in cricket, hockey, football, athletics, table tennis, and more. Satish was an excellent off-spin bowler, his deliveries were treated with great respect, as many who didn't found out to their cost.



Satish with his loved ones during a visit to the School in 2014

Our friendship carried on into The Doon School, and by the time I left we had known each other well for eight of our most formative years. We met again after almost 50 years at our batch reunions. It was a pleasure to see him again with his lovely wife Jenny. He had retired after a very successful career in the Technical Wing of the Indian Air Force.

He was much loved and respected, and will be missed by many. Rest in Peace, my dear old friend Satish.

Like a Colossus

Amrendra 'Twiny' Singh 34 K, 1964

Satish Tyagi was not only the most outstanding sports person, he was just as proficient in academics as well. He strode the main field like a colossus, he swam like a

fish, his diving was immaculate, and he was an outstanding gymnast on top of all that!



The School Football Team, circa 1963

Standing: Sushil 'Sheel' Sharma (345 K, 1964), Rakesh 'Pappu' Kanta (200 T, 1965), Rohit Amin (192 K, 1966), Yashdev Inder Singh (123 T, 1964), Suresh Sharma (245 K, 1963), Balbir Singh Saluja (358 T, 1965), and Girijit Majithia (212 K, 1964)
Sitting: Manjit Singh (157 J, 1964), Vikram Singh (150 H, 1965), Rajinder Singh (67 T, 1965), Satish Tyagi (Captain), Joyshil Mitter (316 K, 1964), Sayaji Rao Gaekwad (302 H, 1965), and Jairaj Singh (31 H, 1965)

In our class he was surely amongst the top five. His Hindi debating was most outstanding; he was proud to belong to the *Khari Bhasha* region of north India.

I remember him and his wife Jenny most fondly during our Golden Jubilee celebrations in 2014, when we travelled to Dehradun together. We had a great time during the journey indulging in school yarns. We spent a

most memorable time in Dehradun and Mussoorie. Our lunch at Devdar Woods courtesy of Anil 'Chunti' Agarwal (186 H, 1964) reminded us of our mid-term trek to Dhanaulti and its beautiful surroundings.

We will continue to cherish these memories of our buddy Satish Tyagi.

A Scholar and a Sportsman

Vinoo Hoon 201 H, 1964

I was deeply saddened when the news of Satish Tyagi came earlier this month. Since we were both in Hyderabad House we shared a lot of time together. We were roommates for a couple of terms.

Satish was quite a scholar and sportsman. He loved music and movies and was a Joy Mukerjee fan in the last few years at School. Our paths diverged when he joined IIT Kanpur, I joined IIT Madras.



Participating in dramatics: Sumanjit Chaudhry (7 J, 1963), Harsh Vardhan (45 J, 1963), Ajay Tankha (1 J, 1963), and Gautam Vohra (154 H, 1963), amongst others

Though 50 years passed, our get-together in 2014 seemed like we had never parted ways.

I was fortunate to spend a few days with him and his wife during a joint vacation a couple of years later. It

was a vacation that I will not soon forget as our shared memories brought us even closer together.

All things must pass. Goodbye old friend!

Memories of Midterms

Surjit Singh Dugal 282 T, 1964



Sandeep Bagchee (228 J, 1964), Avinash Vashisht (356 H, 1964), Dilsher Singh Gill (371 H, 1965), Michael Dalvi (370 T, 1962), and Satish Tyagi

The passing of Satish was sad, very sad.

If I recall, we all “tried” a midterm trek, Sahiya to Shimla many moons ago. Hyderabad House had a car to pick them up at Sahiya, Lucky guys! Us Tata House boys, Gobindar 'Gobi' Singh Chopra (76 T, 1963), Surinder 'Sundi' Singh (215 T, 1964), Adarsh Singh Puri (32 T, 1964),

Jasbir Singh Saluja (372 T, 1965) and myself waited to take a bus back down to Dehradun... and carried on to Shimla thereafter! We were simply “jamming.”

Those were fun days and the memories burn as bright as ever.

A Dashing Figure

Vinoo Mathur 188 J, 1964



This is an old midterm break photograph which has Satish, Arjun Malhotra (325 K, 1964), and others in it. This was probably during a trek from Chakrata to Shimla, stopping at Chaur enroute. It was unusual for groups from different houses to meet like this during midterms.

Satish was, of course, always a tough and dashing figure.

Avinash Vashisht, Satish Tyagi, Vinoo Mathur, Kapilesh Manglik (312 H, 1964), Navzar 'Taddy' Taraporvala (149 J, 1964), Ajay Pratap Singh (378 J, 1964), Harpal Singh (322 H, 1965), and Arjun Malhotra (325 K, 1964)



Kamal Nath (366 H, 1964), Satish Tyagi, Sayaji Rao Gaekwad, Avinash Vashisht, Anil Sahai (36 H, 1964), and Harpal Singh (322 H, 1965), amongst others

Prabhjot 'Jyoti' Singh (159 J, 1984)

A Heart of Gold

Dr Alok 'Owly' Ahuja 741 K, 1980



Prabhjot 'Jyoti' Singh

If there ever was a man with a heart of gold, it was Sardar Prabhjot Singh, our dear Jyoti.

Jyoti's departure has left a huge void in this world. From the lanes of Dehradun to all corners of the globe, Doscos across the world and spanning generations are in mourning – such was the impact of his larger than life personality.

Jyoti embodied brotherhood and service, two key facets of the Dosco experience. His readiness to host any Dosco event and delving into all the attending details with his dignified suave presence endeared him to all. The Dosco fraternity will deeply miss him.

Always the first to support a relief cause, exemplary with his large heartedness, and the epitome of affectionate hospitality, Jyoti may not be here with us today but his legacy lives on.

His full of life persona, warm wry smile, naughty twinkle in the eye, and the endless sprouting of witty one-liners made him the Prince Charming at social events. The perfect son, a loving husband, a doting father, a responsible brother, and a loyal friend, Jyoti's impact was such that words cannot do justice to it.

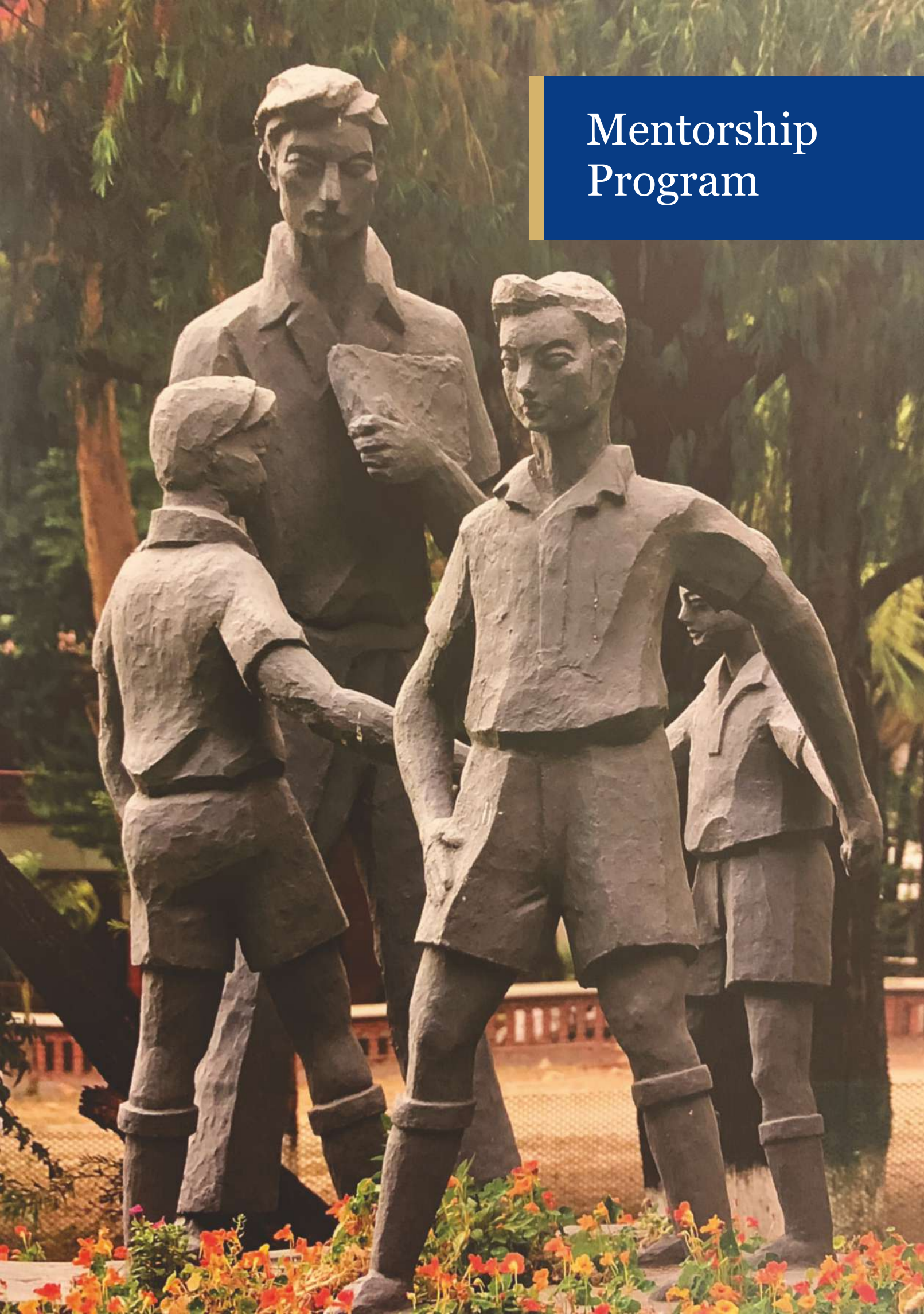
Dehradun has lost a piece of its soul in Jyoti's passing.

To Rosie, his graceful wife, his lovely children Chitwan, Sanam, and Ruhani, and all family members, our thoughts and prayers are with you and may the memories of dear Jyoti bring you comfort and peace.

Saying goodbye isn't for us Doscos. Instead, we will say that we look forward to seeing our friend again, each time we are reminded of him through a phrase, a joke, even an article of clothing. These are the things that will keep us close forever.

Yeh Jyot... jalti rahegi!

Mentorship Program



ANNOUNCING

The 2023 DSOBS Mentorship Program



**Give the gift of your experience
by being a Mentor to future generations of Doscors**

Programme starting in March for SC Formers

Be a Mentor from anywhere in the world

Mentoring Sessions over Google Meet at 7:30 PM IST

To register, please contact:

Rakesh Kaushik

603 T, 1979

rakesh.kaushik83@gmail.com

Akash Puri

230 T, 1998

akashpuri@hotmail.com

Batch of 1962 Philanthropy

Darshan Singh 90 T, 1962



Sameer Dhingra, Lt. Gen. PC Bhardwaj, Nirmal Gaur, and Darshan Singh

On December 2nd, 2022, a donation was made to Raphael, which is part of the Ryder-Cheshire Home organisation. Raphael has had a long and historic connection with The Doon School.

The donation, Rs. 5.6 lakh, was given to Raphael through Lt. Gen. PC Bhardwaj, PVSM, VrC, AVSM, SC, VSM, who is the Vice Chairman of Raphael. Raphael was started along with Cheshire Homes by Gp. Cpt. Leonard Cheshire, double Victoria Cross. Gp. Cpt. Cheshire had visited School when my batch and I were still students. We in the 1962 Batch are glad to have helped in a humble way.

An additional Rs. 1 lakh was given to the corpus of The DSOBS Post-School Scholarships. Sameer Dhingra (452 T, 1987), President, The DSOBS, Nirmal Gaur (281 H, 1962), Rahul Kohli (81 J, 1975), Former President, The DSOBS, and Mr. Jairaj (a well-wisher and former Chief Principal Conservator of Forests) were on hand to receive this donation.

I, and the rest of the Batch of 1962, hope this inspires other batches to engage in the kind of philanthropy which will have a positive impact on the School and the community around it which has given so much to us all.



Sameer Dhingra, Lt. Gen. PC Bhardwaj, Nirmal Gaur, and Darshan Singh



Sameer Dhingra, Lt. Gen. PC Bhardwaj, Nirmal Gaur, Darshan Singh, Rahul Kohli, and Mr. Jairaj

Dosco, Know Thyself

Dispatches from the Dosco Network

Rakesh Kaushik 603 T, 1979

Member, Executive Committee, The DSOBS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The stat-nerd in me couldn't be more excited for this regular column digging into us Old Boys and finding out exactly who we are! Kudos to Rakesh Kaushik and The DSOBS for this exciting initiative. As they say, stay tuned for much more...



Rakesh Kaushik hard at work analysing data

I was honoured to present an analysis of the Dosco Alumni Network during the AGM at our last Founder's Day. There was considerable interest from attendees in terms of wanting to know more and how we can utilise this information for the benefit of The DSOBS.

The network data analysis is quite powerful in telling us about “ourselves” as a network in terms of:

- Who makes up the 5300-strong DSOBS population?

- Where are we located in terms of countries, states, and cities?
- What professions are we engaged in?
- What additional characteristics describe us?

I then attempted to create two segments (batch groups by archetype life-stage activities, and geographic clusters) using an intuitive, experiential understanding combined with hard data. Finally, there is an interesting combination of the two segments for Doscos in India and overseas.

Here are some frequently asked questions:

What's your background with data analysis?

I believe when data is analysed strategically and converted to information it has the potential to generate very useful insights. In my various corporate roles in both supply chain operations and marketing I developed the interest to analyse data to both identify root cause problems as well as develop strategy to tackle those problems, and it almost always did wonders.

What made you interested in this?

After joining The DSOBS Executive Committee I was keen to understand our alumni community in much more depth and use that information as the basis to guide a lot of our work in the Society.

Where did the data come from?

The DSOBS Secretariat has created an excellent data repository of our alumni community around the world. Although there are still several



Batch Info (WHO)

Total Batches: 83
Years: From 1937 to 2021

No of DSOBS Doscors: 5,332
Age bands: 18 to 95+ years



Location Info (WHERE)

Doscors in India: 4,095
Doscors overseas: 938

No location info for: 299



Geo Spread (WHERE)

Total Countries: 45
Total Cities: 671

No city info for: 321



India locations (WHERE)

India Universe: 4,095 Doscors

No of States & UTs: 31
No of Cities: 258



Overseas locations (WHERE)

Overseas Universe:
938 Doscors

No of Countries: 44
No. of Cities: 413



Professions (WHAT)

Excluding students,
Doscors are engaged in
approx. 50 professions
Data Universe: 5,332
Info available for:
1,844 (34%)

information gaps, it is still rich enough for a very meaningful analysis. So I requested the EC to share the data with me after ensuring that all personal details of the members were suitably anonymised to protect their privacy.

Why did the DSOBS decide to do this project?

Our strategic intent is to connect and engage as many of our members as possible, and also to ensure relevance of our various programs. It was important to quantitatively understand the key numbers that make up various aspects of the Dosco Alumni Network. This can help us move from a vast network to more connected community groups in many regions across the world. The data greatly helps us to do that.

What are some highlights from the data that will be featured in future editions?

In future editions you will get to see the various segments that make up our Alumni Network, where DoscOs are located (by cities, states, countries) and what professional activities generations of DoscOs are or have been engaged in around the world. The data is powerful and can help us to understand by innumerable cuts which batches are represented in what. For example, the professions Canadian DoscOs are engaged in, how are the various Houses and age groups represented

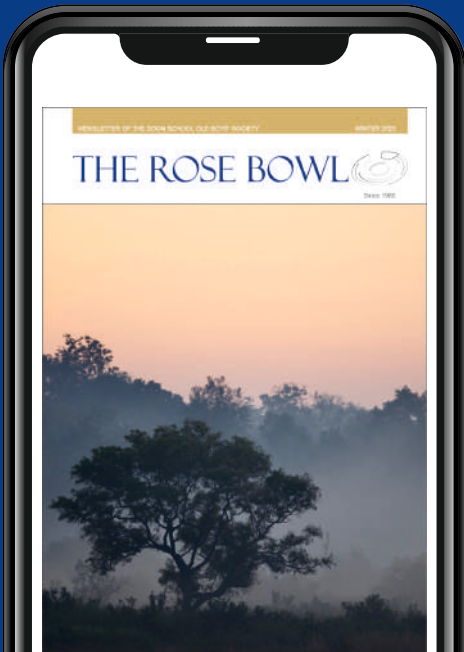
in the US East Coast versus the West Coast, how many DoscOs are pursuing a legal profession in the UK, how are career choices evolving across decades, and so on. We can also respond to a range of questions from DoscOs as well as from the School as per their interest.

Any asks from the Old Boys community that will help you with the work you're doing?

The single biggest help we request from all DoscOs is to update the database file of the Secretariat. We would like the younger batches of DoscOs to update when they finish college and move to their work locations. All others are requested to ensure the correct and complete details are available and these are updated in case of major relocations, career changes, etc. The biggest gap we have is in the professions of DoscOs (only 30% have provided this information out of approximately 5,300 DoscOs worldwide).

Ultimately, I hope this project will better connect and engage our Alumni Network as we get to know ourselves. *The Rose Bowl* will run a series on this for you in upcoming editions.

Rakesh Kaushik has worked in corporate business management at Unilever and GlaxoSmithKline plc. After stints in Africa, the US, Switzerland, and the UK, he now lives in Dehradun with his wife Sonya.



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THE ROSE BOWL

The Mela-Room

Tata House Boys of 1979: Then and Now

Anil 'KO' Handa 622 T, 1979

EDITOR'S NOTE: This edition of the Mela-Room, where we dig through Mr. Melaram's formidable photo archive, presents the Tata House boys of 1979...

We are a few Tata House boys from the 1979 Batch. The original photo was taken on our last night at Doon before literally “passing out.”

We were the first batch to get to Class 12, ISC to ICSE. The 1977 Batch that passed out in 1979, so I guess that makes us the Batch of 1979.

Here we are some 40 years later, standing in the same order, in those carefree days before the pandemic.

Sanjiv 'Sappy' Sapra (534 T, 1979) was the great opening batsman of his era and is currently a CA and helps the School out in a major way.

Rakesh Kaushik (603 T, 1979) was the brains of the outfit, now back from the UK and also helping the School in various endeavours.

I was the Boxing and Diving Captain, and currently an interior designer.



Sanjiv 'Sappy' Sapra, Rakesh Kaushik, Anil 'KO' Handa, Vivek 'Sophisty' Goyal, Aditya 'Point Blank' Rana, and Abhay 'Aaney' Mehta



Sanjiv 'Sappy' Sapra, Rakesh Kaushik, Vivek 'Sophisty' Goyal, Anil 'KO' Handa, Aditya 'Point Blank' Rana, and Abhay 'Aaney' Mehta

Vivek 'Sophisty' Goyal (236 T, 1979) is a banker.

Aditya 'Point Blank' Rana (107 T, 1979) was a Rhodes Scholar and arguably the fastest runner Doon had ever seen. He works for Morgan Stanley.

Abhay 'Aaney' Mehta (615 T, 1979) is a cardiothoracic surgeon in the US.

Hope these photos encourage everyone to keep the bonhomie high and our bonds as true as steel!

Please let us know if we misidentified or missed anyone in the photographs.



Mr. Avijit Chattopadhyay (ABC) Retires

Shubhojit Chattopadhyay 319 K, 2009



ABC being given a Guard of Honour by the boys

The School gave a warm farewell to my father, Avijit Chattopadhyay (ABC), who served for 39 years. He was, until that day, the senior-most-serving Master in School.

He presented a framed photograph titled *The Quintessence of Chandbagh* to the School.

Here is the speech that he made at the special assembly:

Thank you, Headmaster, for giving me the opportunity to address everyone here.

The story of my journey here is a long one...

I was fortunate to get the opportunity to be part of this great institution which was a dream of the late Satish Ranjan Das, our Founder. I truly enjoyed working with you boys and girls, my colleagues, and all other staff of the school over these 39 long years.

This journey would not have been as fruitful and enjoyable without the support and guidance of all the six former Headmasters with whom I have worked, the present Headmaster, Deputy Headmaster, the entire senior management, and

the EL Team. I am thankful to them.

I would have liked to individually thank all of you, my colleagues and students, but over so many years, that list has grown so long, that I would be risking all of you falling asleep. So, thank you, every one of you here and those that have been here before, during my time here.

At this point, I must specially thank every member of the music department for their constant support and help. Without them, my career here would have remained incomplete. The working of the Music School, just like a piece of music, depends on every note and every scale being in perfect accord. So, I thank my colleagues with whom I was able to work in balance, and I was able to be part of the great harmony that one sees in the working of the Music School. If I look at the Music School over the years, it has become one of the most happening places, where after classes, we regularly gather to nurture our talent.

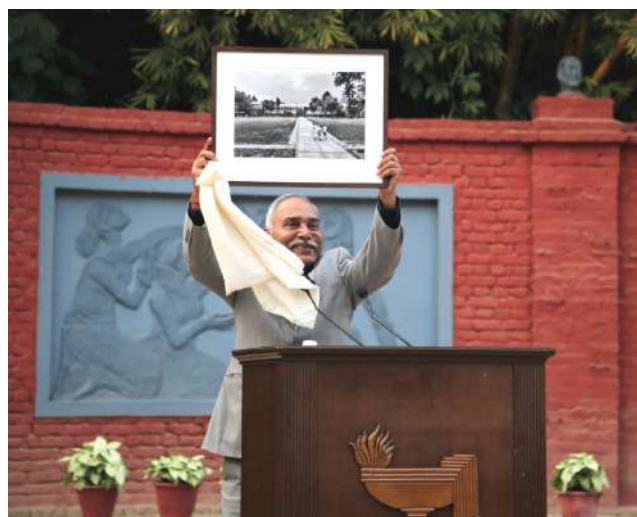
As for the rest of you in Chandbagh, I have learned much from many of you, perhaps way more than I have taught. School gave me far more than I could imagine. This was my home and purpose, where I experienced the sweet and sour of life. Now, I am in my sweet sixties, and



ABC presenting *The Quintessence of Chandbagh* to HM

*promoted to SC Form, in my case, senior citizen!
It is time to retire.*

My simple message to you is: You are all unique and have a variety of strengths, just like any other human being. It is a matter of privilege for both you and me that we have become a part of School. These ethics and values that you learn here will take you a long way in life. Do realise that many people are looking up to what becomes of you. We



ABC

become truly human when we practise humanity. This bestows a special responsibility on you and your peers. Tread ethically and win the world.

I convey my sincere thanks once again to the Headmaster and the entire School for helping me in every way over the course of my service. Time to say goodbye now.

Godspeed to you all.



Appreciation for a lifetime of service

Alumni Cricket Bash 2022

The Doon School, Dehradun

Amitoj Singh 285 H, 2004

Raghuvendra 'Donny' Singh 878 T, 1982

Convenor, The DSOBS Sub-Committee - Cricket



HM declaring the tournament open at the inauguration

Returning to the world of Mr. Sheel 'Bond' Vohra (SKV), the Main Field, and everything else that sparks the fulfilling nostalgic feeling of the Doon homecoming wasn't the only motivation for the DoscOs travelling in from far and wide. This time several Common Room meetings, albeit on Zoom and other channels, had gone into planning team strategy to end a losing streak against the formidable teams of Mayo College, The Daly College, and The Scindia School, which, unlike the DoscOs, play regularly, almost obsessively, with each other to crystalise each player's role.

DoscOs had not won the ACB tournament since its second year in 2016 and were runners-up to Mayo the last time it was played at Doon in 2017. December 17th and 18th, 2022, though, will forever be remembered as the comeback year of the DoscOs!

Raghuvendra 'Donny' Singh's (878 T, 1982) luck with draws or tosses wasn't as inspiring as his ability to pull off a seamless tournament or bring together a bunch of Old Boys. At the dinner the night before, hosted deliciously by Dr. Jagpreet



The Alumni Captains – Tejvir Juneja (The Daly College), Raghuveendra 'Donny' Singh (The Doon School), Banjul Badil (The Scindia School), and Vir Vikram Yadav (Mayo College)



Donny Singh receiving the ACB Rules Book from HM

Singh (HM), Donny's luck with the draw saw us relegated to playing both our Day One matches on Ground Two, Skinner's, where that lychee tree haunts fielders and bowlers alike. Batsmen fetch a four or six every time their shots hit it.

The round-robin format meant that all teams battled against each other for a place in the final.

Match 1: The Doon School vs Daly College

In trademark fashion, Donny lost us the toss but it didn't matter as Daly chose to bowl first, allowing us to bat, something we had hoped for anyway. Youngster **Ashwin Agrawal** (326 T, 2017) gave a classy attacking start with a 50 (33). Owing to the retire-at-50 rule for all batsmen in the tournament, Agrawal came back to a standing ovation.

Samridh 'Sam' Agarwal's (160 J, 2009) anchoring 43 (33) ably backed by **Viksit Verma's** (482 H, 2019) 31 (26) saw the Doscots notch up a competitive 171/7 in 20 overs.

Daly had pulled things back giving away only 10 runs in the last two overs, but better than their end with the ball was their start with the bat. The dangerous opening pair of Nitiraj Singh and Mayur Singh smashed 62/0 in the six powerplay overs. The seventh over is when Doon got the breakthrough. Two wickets in one over from Sam and Doon was fired up. Another wicket from **Vineet Kunzru** (706 T, 1982) of Daly's talismanic



The critical wicket: Nitiraj stumped Ashwin bowled Vineet Kunzru. This set Doon on its way to victory!

opener Nitiraj saw Doon get three wickets in the space of five runs turning the game on its head. Doon's on-field captain, Amitoj Singh (285 H, 2004), brought on three left-arm spinners in tandem and the pressure began to get to Daly. The final nails in the coffin came from Viksit. He had flown in from California just the day before. His solid knock with the bat was quickly forgotten when his first over, early in the innings, went for 21 runs. Daly's Puneet Ajmera was keeping the Indore team in the hunt and it was becoming a battle of nerves. Daly needed 42 runs off the last five overs with four wickets in hand. Viksit came alive in the death overs to take three wickets, not to mention an unbelievable one-handed catch on the boundary, handing Doon a 12-run victory.

Brief Scores

Doon School: 171/7 (20); Ashwin Agarwal (50* off 33), Sam Agarwal (43 off 33), Viksit Verma (31 off 26), Shivom Rathore 3/31

Daly College: 159/10 (19.5); Puneet Ajmera (50* off 37), Nitiraj Singh (44 off 24), Mayur Singh (22 off 17), Viksit 3/33, Sam 2/20, Vineet 2/33

Man of the Match: Sam Agarwal (Doon)

Match 2: The Doon School vs Mayo College

A light (yeah, right) and nostalgic lunch at the Central Dining Hall (CDH) followed before Mayo won the toss (Donny was once again unflinching) and put us into bowl – a strategic decision to make Doon field back-to-back. Mayo had lost their first game to Scindia and needed a win to stay in the hunt for a spot in the final. In order to avoid bad light, the teams agreed to shorten the game to 18 overs a side. Doon's three left-arm spinners gave the hosts a split start reducing Mayo to 37/2 in eight overs. That's when Sharry Singh, perhaps the most dangerous batsman of the annual tournament, came into bat. Sharry, who usually knocks up a 20 or 25-ball 50 in most matches, fell to the wily bowling of **Adhiraj Singh** (591 O, 2013) after a 19-ball 34. Doon was looking good to restrict Mayo to around 120, until Mayo smashed 31 runs in the last two overs.

Young veteran **Raghav Mallik** (133 K, 1984) gave Doon's chase a solid start before falling for a 16-ball 21. At the end of 10 overs, Doon was cruising thanks to Ashwin and Sam at 93/1. But the duo



Raghav Mallik in full form against Scindia

with their eyes in fell within two overs to leave Doon vulnerable. With 39 needed off 36 balls and seven wickets in hand, Doon allowed Mayo to grab victory from the jaws of defeat. Mayo had saved their best spinners for the end and the incoming batsmen were unable to land the big blows needed. Despite a brave late cameo from Adhiraj, Mayo managed to win the thriller by 2 runs.

Brief Scores

Mayo College: 145/7 (18); Sharry Singh (34 off 19), Surya Singh Rathore (23 off 8), Yograj Singh (22 off 13), Adhiraj 2/21, Pratyush Vaishnav (2/32)

Doon School: 143/8; Ashwin Agrawal 43 (33), Raghav Mallik (20 off 16), Sam Agarwal (20 off 17) Adhiraj (18 off 7), Sanjay Joshi 4/15

Man of the Match: Sanjay Joshi (Mayo)

Match 3: The Doon School vs Scindia School

Doon's favour to Mayo meant all four teams were in contention for a place in the final and the second day's morning was essentially the semi-finals. Defending champions Scindia were a formidable

team who had the advantage of having played both games on the first day on Ground One, the hallowed Main Field.

Scindia chose to bat first but it was probably not the best decision given how much Doon was charged up from having let Mayo off the hook.

Doon's batteries against Mayo had been discharged by fielding 20 overs back-to-back and the men were sluggish when they arrived on the Main Field on Day Two. That all changed when the squad saw **Himmat Rana** (464 J, 1993) running laps on the Main Field. Himmat, ably supported by **Ankur Joshi** (281 H, 2004), another exceptional athlete in his time, became the engine room for the squad. From outside the field, Himmat and Ankur, double-handedly kept those on the field supercharged all the way to winning the tournament.

Okay, back to what happened in the match.

The opening left-arm spinners, the young **Kabir Kochar** (510 T, 2019) and the man who flies in



Huddling up with the age-old chant: "Go Dosco!"

every year from Singapore, Vineet Kunzru, shocked Scindia leaving them reeling at 38/4 after five overs. They had set it up for Doon's and perhaps, the tournament's most dangerous spinner, another left-armed, **Pratyush Vaishnav** (422 K, 2000), who happens to be a former School Cricket Captain and is the current House Master of Jaipur House. Pratyush, who has grown up with the Main Field as his backyard, took four wickets in no time as Scindia was bowled out for 74.

Doon's Agarwal (spelt differently) duo, Ashwin and Sam, put on a solid and composed display of how to chase tricky low totals taking Doon to the final with a 9-wicket victory within the 11th over.

Brief Scores

Scindia: 74 all out (18.5); Harpreet Singh (22 off 34), Pratyush Vaishnav (4/11), Ashwin Agrawal (2/15)

Doon: 75/1 (10.3); Ashwin Agrawal (39 off 36)

Man of the Match: Pratyush Vaishnav (Doon)

Match 4: The Final: The Doon School vs Mayo College

Mayo had surprised Daly and was upbeat about Doon. Thanks to an easy win over Scindia, they had some rest before the final. Donny finally won the toss (whew!) when it mattered most. Doon would bat first.

Ashwin and Raghav gave the Doscos a stable start notching up 68 without loss. Raghav fell for 25 (25) before Sam came in to take the game to Mayo. Sam's swashbuckling 51* off 28 was the game-changer. He ploughed 22 runs off 9 balls from Mayo's best spinner Sharry. Sam was ably supported by youngsters Ashwin and **Kabir Sethi** (5 H, 2014).

Sethi had come in overnight from Ludhiana, driving in the wee hours of the morning through dense fog. His 30 off 19 powered Doon past 170 with two overs to go. Cameos from Viksit and Amitoj took Doon to the highest score of the tournament: 189/4.

Faced with the daunting prospect of a chasing 190, Mayo decided to take the bull by its horns, shuffling their batting order to open the innings with their best, Sharry Singh. Doon's skipper Amitoj answered by bringing on Doon's best spinner Pratyush.

The battle was nerve-racking.

Sharry smashed two sixes and a four before Pratyush had the last laugh thanks to a sharp catch from Ashwin that saw massive celebrations from the Doon team. The crowd was amped up, too. From that point on tight fielding and tighter bowling from the other left-arm spinners Kabir Kochar and Vineet Kunzru never allowed Mayo to fully get going. The pacers in Kabir Sethi, Sam, and Viksit didn't let a miraculous comeback occur. Doon was even able to give some substitute fielders a chance to come onto the field with a 59-run win in the bag well in time.

After a long wait, we were champions again!

Brief Scores

Doon School: 189/4; Sam Agrawal (51* off 28), Ashwin Agrawal (37 off 32), Kabir Sethi (30 off 19), Raghav Mallik (25 off 25), Visit Verma (15 off 10), Amitoj Singh (14* off 6), Abhimanyu Pal 2/36
Mayo College: 130/9; Yugraj Singh (24 off 22), Khalid Mobarak (22 off 20), Sharry Singh (17 off 8), Kabir Kochar 3/20, Pratyush Vaishnav 2/26
Man of the Match: Kabir Kochar (Doon)



Amitoj and Pratyush excited about a pivotal wicket



To the winners go the spoils!
Junaid Altaf (209 O, 2003, VP, The DSOBS), Sameer Dhingra (452 T, 1987, President, The DSOBS), Donny Singh, and Amitoj Singh



Victorious Team Dosco!

Kneeling: Pratyush Vaishnav, Kabir Sethi, Itihaas Singh (324 T, 2011), Himmat Rana, Asheet Lanba, Donny Singh, Vineet Kunzru, and Shrivats Chandra (48 J, 2008)

Sitting: Adhiraj Singh, Kabir Kochar, Ankur Joshi (281 H, 2004), Amitoj Singh, Ashwin Agarwal, Sam Agarwal, and Viksit Verma

Man of the Tournament: Sam Agarwal (Doon)

Best Batsman: Ashwin Agarwal (Doon)

Best Bowler: Pratyush Vaishnav (Doon)

Best Fielder: Viksit Verma (Doon)

Best Youngster: Kabir Sethi (Doon)

Special Mentions

A few special mentions are needed:

To **Shrivats Chandra** for leading the Doon team's efforts throughout the year to get organised, play practice matches, and remain engaged when it's easy to drift apart leading up to a tournament. To **Asheet Lanba** (528 T, 1987), who has been the bowling mainstay of the Doon team for ages and his dedication to the squad remains an inspiration to all.



Sam Agarwal proudly displaying his Man of the Tournament trophy with Donny



Ashwin Agarwal receiving his Best Batsman trophy from Sameer Dhingra



Pratyush Vaishnav receiving his Best Bowler trophy from Sameer



The Dosco contingent with HM



From L to R: Donny Singh, Charu Sharma, Banjul Badil (President, The Scindia School), Col. Bhawani Singh (President, Mayo College), Tejvir Juneja (Secretary, The Daly College), and Sameer Dhingra



Viksit Verma receiving his Best Fielder trophy from Junaid and Sameer

A special mention to **Michael Dalvi** (370 T, 1962) for hosting the Alumni Dinner with HM at his Forest retreat, and the **Wasu Brothers, Anshul** (177 K, 2003) and **Aayush** (450 K, 2006) for hosting the Saturday dinner at their rooftop restaurant, Bungalow Bar & Kitchen.

It wouldn't be appropriate to sign off without a mention and a big thank you to all the sponsors of the ACB 2022, ranging from the Class of 1963 right down to the Class of 2013, spanning six decades of DoscOs! Now, that's some true school spirit!



An Aristocracy of Service

**Thank you sponsors for
supporting the event**

SIDDHARTHA LAL (235 K, 1991)

SAMRATH BEDI (471 T, 1993)

GAURAV SETH (562 O, 1994)

RAGHAV OBEROI (514 J, 1994)

FATEH SINGH AKOI (7 T, 1996)

KABIR SURI (327 J, 1998)

SUMIT KHANDELWAL (389 T, 1999)

S S JUNAID ALTAF (209 O, 2003)

ANSHUL WASU (177 K, 2003)

PRANAY BAHL (340 H, 2004)

AAYUSH WASU (450 K, 2006)

VIBHOR GUPTA (464 K, 2006)

SURYA MAHAJAN (98 K, 2007)

MANAV KOCHAR (183 O, 2009)

YASHASVI HAVELIA (514 J, 2012)

SANAT VERMA (540 H, 2013)



★ 2022 ★



An Aristocracy of Service

**Thank you sponsors for
supporting the event**

MICHAEL DALVI (370 T, 1962)

ASHOK KHANNA (29 K, 1967)

RAHUL KOHLI (81 J, 1975)

MOIN AKHTAR (467 K, 1975)

ANOOP SINGH BISHNOI (112J, 1975)

YADAV RAI (613 H, 1975)

ALOK AHUJA (741 K, 1980)

RAJNISH VERMA (668 H, 1981)

SANJAY AGRAWAL (86 T, 1983)

ARUN MURUGAPPAN (272 T, 1985)

MOHIT D JAYAL (527 T, 1987)

SUNJAY KAPUR (147 H, 1990)

TARUN SAWHNEY (234 K, 1991)

ABHIMANYU SINGH (259 J, 1991)

RAVI P SINGHEE (265 T, 1991)



★ 2022 ★

Still in Love

The Batch of 1971 Golden Jubilee

Parthik Malhotra 55 K, 1971



Members of the Batch of 1971

January 2021 marked a half century of our batch of 1971 passing out of School. Our class representative, **Jagdeep Rangar** (256 K, 1971) blew the bugle to commence planning our celebration. The Delhi-based made up a voluntary core group; planning started in enthusiastic earnestness. **Fats Andley** (Rajinder Andley, 272 H, 1971), being the most academically gifted, accepted the role of the bean counter. Appeal for advance funds were sent and promptly responded to.

Alas! It was not to be. Covid struck in its virulent lethal avatar. Dearest Fats was the victim and he succumbed to the dreaded disease. Planning went awry. Then, towards the end of January 2022, Jagdeep decided to go ahead with the celebration anyway, albeit a year later.

Amicable, acrimonious debates took place to

decide the location, duration, and the need for a coffee table book.

Recce trips were made from Delhi to Dehradun by Jagdeep, the reluctant **Melus**, and **Khattar** (Ravi Khattar, 66 K, 1971). The Dehradun guys were extremely helpful. **Buggus** (Ajay Garg, 134 J, 1971) **Sabu**, (Rajen Sabharwal, 275 K, 1971) and **Goofy Kapoor** (Sushil Kapoor, 172 K, 1971). They arranged hotels, cabs, buses, caterers, the gala dinner decorator (Bhanu Garg), and the band, which included a *Sardarji* who'd studied rock guitar in London!

The batch coffee table book was agreed upon. **Anita Vasudeva** volunteered to be the pivot to collate info and chase guys for their page. Little did she know about the difficulty of this, eventually drafting the **Commodore** (Kabir Vasudeva, 101 T, 1971) into the enterprise, her spouse!



Golden Jubilee celebrations start off with a golf match

October 2022 dawned and everything was ready. The book, the memorabilia (monogrammed whiskey glasses and t-shirts), hotels, the bus to ferry guys from Delhi to Dehradun and back, all ready! We had planned to coincide our Jubilee with the School's Founder's Day. Then our batchmates started arriving in Delhi, Dehradun, and Mussoorie. We were amazed by the number of guys who actually attended. Out of a class of 73 guys, 43 turned up. Along with the wives, we were 70 in total!

The celebrations kicked off with a golf match in Delhi on October 12th, 2022 against the 1972 Batch. The same evening a dinner at the Gymkhana Club was co-organised with our 1972 brethren. In actual fact, it was their 50 years! We just parachuted our celebration into this year. Mingling with batchmates across our two years was fantastic. “*Oye yaar*, you haven't changed at all”, was a constant refrain heard all evening. Lubricated by *sharaab*, the bonhomie was infectious.

Before leaving, the controversial Class Book was

distributed. The final result was an absolutely stunning coffee table book. Each of us had a double-page spread, with our photos and write-ups. It will be revered as a repertoire of our memories.

The evening ended with our autocratic class representative Jagdeep ordering our batchmates to be on time for the bus departure to Dehradun. Our gala dinner at the Hotel Madhuban in Dehradun was planned for the night of October 13th. Dictatorial or not, it was his pushiness that made this whole celebration a great success.

Dinner, song, dance, and “*Japphi Puppy*” good-natured teasing was the theme that coursed through the evening at the gala dinner. A short speech by **Bammi** (Vivek Bammi, 362 H, 1971), followed by rocking on the dance floor, lubricated by wine and whisky.

The next day was spent wandering around School, visiting Houses, classrooms, perambulating down memory lane, and attending the Hindi Play. All of this was followed by the HM's dinner at his



HM receiving the Batch of 1971 coffee table book

splendidly beautiful home. What a change it was from our days, when afternoons were spent listening to LPs in Mr. Martyn's drawing room!

HM was exceedingly warm and generous in his welcome and hospitality. We met guys from other batches and reminisced about times gone by. Amazingly, our batch had the largest turnout.

The School looked nothing like it did during our time. Superbly maintained, beautifully manicured lawns and hedges, a deer sculpture adorns the now

empty deer park. Buildings all a-glitter and classrooms very modern.

When the morning of October 15th rolled around, cabs were ready to ferry us all to Mussoorie. We were to stay at the Kasmanda Palace, run by **Dinraj Pratap Singh** (117 K, 1968) whose family had hosted the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and The Beatles! Upon reaching the hotel, the hungry Doscas and their wives clamoured for chai, beer, and sandwiches, which we consumed sitting on the terrace overlooking Dehradun, soaking in the sun. That evening was a bonfire night, with lots of alcohol, snacks, and dancing around the two large roaring bonfires.

The next day was a picnic luncheon at the JW Marriott Mussoorie, on the way towards Kempty Falls. Luncheon and a live band on the terrace were a perfect setting for dancing facing the hills. Sunshine, good food, music, and lots of cocktails all created a convivial ambience.

That evening was a low-key barbecue soiree. Age finally caught up with us and the past few days of intensive partying had its effects. Gentle fatigue had set in. The next morning we left for Dehradun



Members of the Batch of 1971



Bonfire Night



Let's party like it's 1971



The 1971-ers enjoying the view

to catch the bus back to Delhi. The bus ride was fun filled and reminiscent of mid-terms. The half-way stop was mandatory to tuck in to *chole bhature!*

An astoundingly fabulous time was had by all. Guys and their wives came from across the seven seas! New York, London, Norway, Australia and Papua New Guinea, from the sands of Arabia, Goa, Mumbai, Calcutta, Delhi and its suburbs. Some we hadn't met in 50 years and would, in all probability, never meet again. Some we barely acknowledged whilst at School. The bonding, the affection amongst each other was incredible. Gone were the ego clashes, instead an universal communication with a deep sense of belonging made the alma mater glue strong as ever.

I still think about my time spent visiting School during our Jubilee celebrations, and one incident in particular. On my walk along Foot House, I was accosted by a young B Former who asked if I was a parent or a teacher. When I replied that I was neither, he asked me what I was doing in School. I turned to face Kashmir and Hyderabad Houses and replied, I was him 50 years ago. Overcome with emotion, I saw myself as a B Former.

51 years on, and we were still in love with each other.



50 and still going strong!



Bringing back memories of Delhi Party

"Truly, we mean that the boys should leave the Doon School as members of an aristocracy, but it must be an aristocracy of service inspired by the ideals of unselfishness, not one of privilege, wealth or position."

Arthur Foot, Headmaster, at the official opening of the School on October 27, 1935

Wise words from a wise man

Forever '71

Alexander 'Alex' Akbar Butt 92 T, 1971

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.

The Golden Reunion was planned in
advance, Even Covid never had a chance.
Jags was our leader, backed by the team,
The class of '71 had a special dream.

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.

It didn't matter where you lived,
Close or far, we all travelled,
In singles, doubles or online,
Just so we could roll back time.

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.

We sang and danced and ate and drank
like crazy!
In Delhi, D'Dun and Mussoorie.
At School we saw our dorms and toys
Filled the corridors with laughter and
joys.

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.

A special mention for our wives,
Who have touched all our lives.
Thank you for your love and affection,
Making this jubilee one in a million.

Lest we forget our dear departed,
From whom we are for now parted.
The batch of '71 will never forget,
And always remain in your debt.

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.

So here's to the future one and all,
Let's hope and pray for the next call.
The next reunion, when we meet again,
Forever '71 we remain.

The year of 2022 we shall never forget,
For six days in October when we met.



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Adi Mountvala at a recent exhibition of his paintings at the Jehangir Art Gallery, Mumbai

The Paintings of Adi Mountvala

Adi Mountvala 141 J, 1950

EDITOR'S NOTE: This has been reprinted from the January 7 issue of Parsiana.

Vibrant Works

Retired scientist Adi Mountvala's first exhibition of paintings reflects his lifelong interest in art

Text: Firdaus Gandavia

Photos: Jasmine D. Driver

What makes a person who has a postgraduation degree from the University of California, Berkeley, who has spent his entire working life in the field of scientific research and development, turn to art post-retirement?

But then, art has always been a passion for Adi Mountvala whose paintings were exhibited at the Jehangir Art Gallery from November 29th to December 4th, 2022. His family were among the top designers of jewellery in Bombay until the early 1990s. Even during his extremely arduous and time-consuming professional life, he never lost interest in art. Whether travelling for work, or on holiday, he would never miss an opportunity to visit museums and art galleries and view with awe and admiration the beautiful paintings which adorned their walls.

Post-retirement and during the pandemic, the octogenarian turned to painting, choosing acrylic paint as his medium. His work is generally full of vibrant colours and cheerful themes except for a

few dark images, where the situation so demands. He is a self-taught artist and has, in fact, never learnt art formally but is very comfortable with the medium of his choice.

Though Mountvala considers Maqbool Fida Hussain his favourite contemporary Indian painter and is extremely fond of Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Paul Gauguin's paintings of Tahiti, Pablo Picasso in his blue period and the later works of Vincent van Gogh, he has his own unique style and content. His first cousin, Adi Davierwala, who was older than him and whom he visited often to see his sculptures did not influence Mountvala's work but taught him to focus on art, artists and technique. Would he ever take up sculpture? "I did think of sculpting but I wonder if at my age it would be advisable. However, if I had to sculpt, I would certainly choose wood. I think that the wood work of Davierwala has a lot of grace and simplicity."

He firmly believes, "When you are interested in art and spend a lot of time going to galleries and



The Last Supper



The Redemption of the Rishi

exhibitions and seeing other people's art, it just seeps into you and how you distil it is a different matter and it is the distillate that comes down to the painting."

Mountvala has always tried to represent narratives in his paintings. How does he select these for his paintings? "I watched the film, *Mississippi Burning*, based on the 1964 murder of three civil rights workers by the Ku Klux Klan (KKK) and the



Bridge of Harmony



Salvation of the Maiden

next day I decided to paint a picture of two people hanging and two members of the KKK in the periphery. But sometimes ideas come from what is happening around me." A painting, *Indian Penal Code 354*, dealing with rape and molestation of women inspired a very powerful and vivid portrait of a man trying to take advantage of the virtue of a woman.

Several of his paintings have religious themes. In *The Last Temptation* Mountvala represents Christ shunning the devil, holding out his hand to avoid temptation and send the devil on his way. His *The Last Supper* is an interesting variation of the original. The disciples and Christ are seated not at a table but on a colourful floor. There is a lot of controversy in the original painting over whether the figure on the right of Christ is John the Apostle or Mary Magdalene; Mountvala does not leave this to conjecture and chooses to portray the latter. The painting includes a representation of Judas with the blood money at his feet and the rooster which was supposed to have crowed three times before St. Peter disowned Christ. The colours are striking with vivid blue, yellow, orange and white which stand out against the pink background.

It's not only Christian imagery which interests Mountvala. In both *The Redemption of the Rishi* and *Salvation of the Maiden* the subjects seem to be facing a conflict. However, whereas the maiden seems to be depicted as oblivious to the temptations of the world with a serene and contemplative look on her face, the expression on the face of the rishi, who looks more like a Catholic priest, shows that he seems to be battling temptation.



The Rishi and the Seductress



Adi Mountvala

“My favourite is the *Bridge of Harmony*,” Mountvala says and it is no surprise that he has chosen this painting to appear on the publicity material for the exhibition. A colourful arc composed entirely of jigsaw puzzle pieces extends across a chasm. One critical piece which joins the two ends is missing and can be seen in the hands of two figures. It carries the word “Aum.” But not all his work is serious; he has several paintings in a lighter vein like his depiction of *Jack and Jill* or the *March to Freedom*.

Did he ever regret not taking up art as a career? “No,” he says emphatically. “I had a lot of interest in science. I was a senior scientist at the IIT (Illinois Institute of Technology) Research institute in Chicago where, in addition to directing research and development projects, I was associated with NASA’s (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) Apollo space program. After I returned to India, I was engaged in consultancy and technology of CBRNE (Chemical, Biological, Radiological, Nuclear, Explosive) threat and vulnerability assessments, detection and identification and protection systems.”

When he was in Doon School, his proficiency and talent for art was noticed by his art teacher, the late Sudhir Ranjan Khastagir, himself a renowned artist from Shantiniketan. On his leaving school, the teacher asked Mountvala about his future plans and was not only disappointed but furious to know that he planned to abandon art to make his future career in science. If Khastagir were alive today, he would have been very pleased to see Mountvala’s return to art and his success in the field.



Society Lady

Adi Mountvala was introduced to art nearly six decades ago as a student at The Doon School by the late Sudhir Khastagir, the acclaimed artist from Santiniketan, and legendary art teacher. Adi led a life in science at the University of California, Berkeley, the Illinois Institute of Technology, and as a CBRNE consultant in India. In retirement Adi has returned to art in Mumbai, where he spends his days painting.

Young Old Boys

Doon's Role in Shaping Our Futures

Samay Mangalagiri 99 T, 2008

Member, Executive Committee, The DSOBS

EDITOR'S NOTE: I'm excited about a new regular feature, hearing from the younger lot amidst our, er, midst: the Young Old Boys. First up is Samay Mangalagiri, one of the younger members of The DSOBS Executive Committee.



Samay Mangalagiri

Most tweens back in the day were petrified when they heard the phrase “boarding school” as if it meant a long, severe punishment. My experience at The Doon School was nothing of the sort. Hailing from a smaller town in the southern part of India, with limited access to facilities and opportunities, I was more keen than my parents to embark on a journey to exploit the many opportunities that The Doon School offers in order to realise one's full and true potential.

Having been through the experience, I firmly believe boarding school education is not just about academics; it's also about character-building through the many activities we are exposed to beyond the classroom, and, of course, the relationships we build with our friends and mentors. These are what help develop a deep

understanding of values like confidence, humility, resilience, courage, kindness, determination, and hard work. Values that are only mentioned in passing in regular classroom teaching.

The power of peers should not be underestimated. A study conducted by The Association of Boarding Schools reiterates this power our peers have. 78% of residential school students reported that they are motivated by their friends at school compared to 49% of public school students. Great friends for life aside, boarding school graduates perform well, too. According to The Association of Boarding Schools, 87% of boarding school graduates said that they were well-prepared academically for college. Data from the study also suggested that 78% of boarders were confident that they had acquired non-academic skills like independence, social life, and time management.

I feel that the boarding experience at its peak might not be experienced so easily in our lives again. Having said that, there is a lot more for all of us to see and experience as our educational and professional journeys progress. When I look back to my tenure at Doon, it was the varied experiences across a wide spectrum which enabled me to hone a set of essential life skills that have helped prepare me for the future.

Resilience and Adaptability

In order for an individual to thrive over the long term, being able to bounce back from a setback is a critical characteristic. “It's not about how hard you hit; it's about how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward.” Though I did not box in School, I first heard the quote from the film *Rocky* while I was there and it has stuck with me. The first and



Spending quality time with peers.

Photo by Shimona Shahi Rana (Welham Girls' School, 510 B, 1993)

probably the biggest test of resilience for a twelve-year-old is to leave his family, home, and comfort zone into an unknown territory with approximately 550 other boys of varying ages. It takes a significant amount of confidence and emotional commitment, and this is only the start. The mindset you build through the six years at Doon is that of one to continuously improve and better yourself. Be it managing Juniors 1 from Juniors 2, or making it to a House XI or even a School team before you reach SC Form.

Spending so much time with our peers contributes enormously to our social and emotional development. As students we are encouraged to actively participate in finding solutions and become an expert at understanding how decisions impact the community around us – making us more adaptable and agile.

Interpersonal and Conversational Skills

Being around people from various parts of India and the world at Doon, my interpersonal skills grew because it pushed me to adapt, appreciate, and immerse myself in different cultures.

The regular interaction with senior and junior Doscors, staff, and parents exposed us to differing perspectives and well-rounded discussions at a very young age. This not only taught me how to understand differing views but, also, how to deal with constructive criticism.

Throughout our lives, our opinions and ideas will fluctuate. It's a great thing because this is how we grow and mature. Being in school is the perfect time to challenge some of those preconceived ideas we might have about the world. It's an opportunity to gain knowledge and an understanding of the vast world around us.

Leadership, Self-Discipline, and Analytical Skills

Lastly, my experience at Doon made me more open-minded about situations, decisions, politics, entertainment, and life in general. In our highly globalised world, it is essential to have a mindset filled with multiple perspectives to succeed. Boarding school requires being motivated and organised with one's time and possessions; self-discipline and a growing maturity is necessary to adjust to living away from home. We are required to manage our academics and time in order to make sure we get our activities done. Meals, activities, practices, staying in touch with home – we have to learn to prioritise, plan, and juggle our time to manage all of these.

Candidly, it did take some time for me to see the good in the lessons that were instilled upon us during our time at School. But now I am thankful for each experience that helped shape me into the person I am today.

To both current and aspiring Doscors – I promise you will not regret it! What you learn at Chandbagh you will continue to use in different ways throughout your life. This appreciation for all that we gained continues to grow with each passing day.

Samay Mangalagiri is an entrepreneur with businesses spanning across renewable energy, technology, and trading in India, Middle East, and Africa. He spends most of his time in Dubai with his wife Devanjali.

Auld Lang Syne

The Batch of 1972 celebrate
their Golden Jubilee holidays
with their loved ones



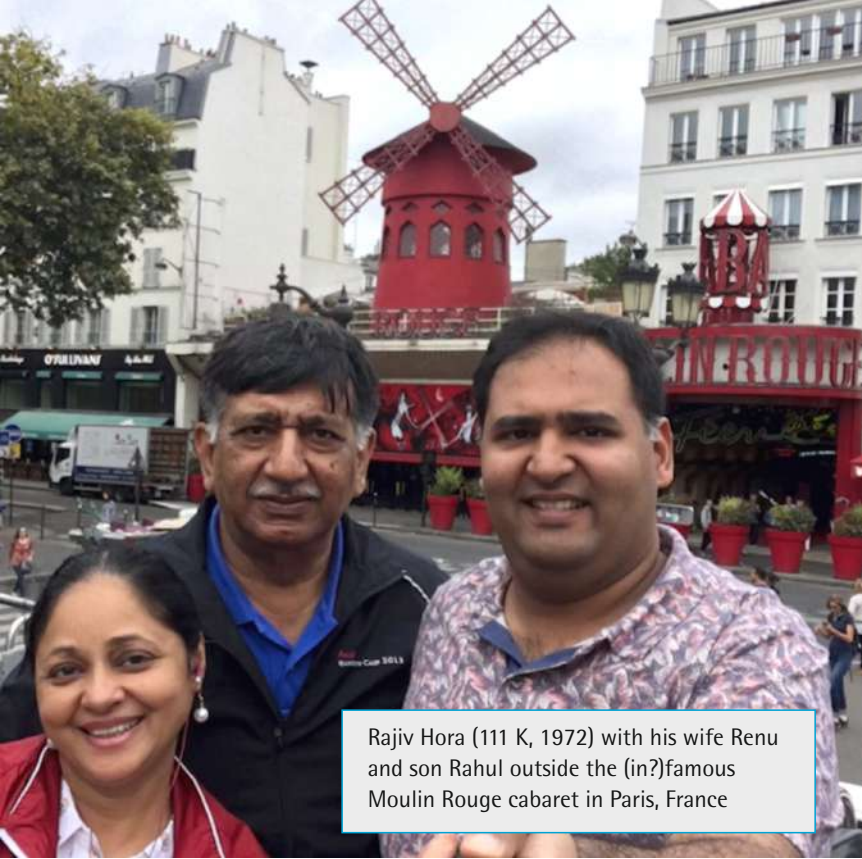
Atul Gupta (227 T, 1972) with his wife Ranjuli and children Anisha and Arushi braving the life aquatic on the coast of British Columbia, Canada



Rajeev Narain (51 K, 1972) and his wife Sandhya enjoying the beautiful waters of the Maldives



Raman Gulati (248 K, 1972) and his wife riding the Tungabhadra River outside Hampi, Karnataka



Rajiv Hora (111 K, 1972) with his wife Renu and son Rahul outside the (in?)famous Moulin Rouge cabaret in Paris, France



Abhaya Rastogi (125 T, 1972) and his wife Gauri by the Love Bridge



From L-R: Ranjan Bhalla (368 J, 1972), Henrik Stenson (former winner of The Open Championship), Nikhilesh 'Nik' Senapati (229 K, 1972), and Vivek 'Rumpy' Ramchandani (179 J, 1972) at the Emirates Golf Club, Dubia, UAE



Aditya Srivastava (83 J, 1972) and his family golfing



Alok Sinha (58 K, 1972) and his wife Anna warming themselves by the Christmas fire



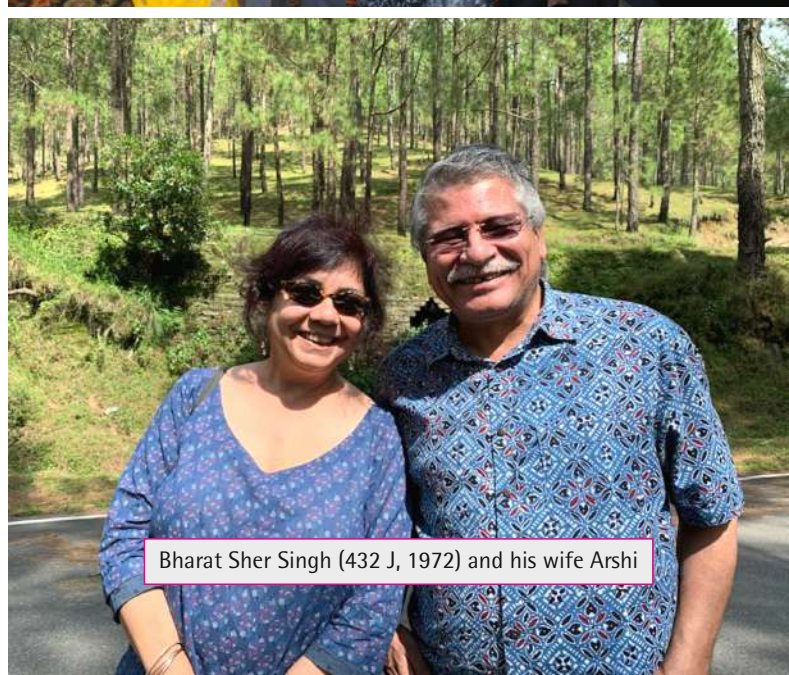
Amardeep Khosla (109 T, 1972) and Daniel walking an adorable pooch



Anil Sood (35 H, 1972) and his wife Rajni enjoying wine country



Atul Tandon (267 H, 1972) with his family, Pushpanjali, Raghav, and Kamakshi



Bharat Sher Singh (432 J, 1972) and his wife Arshi



Brothers in arms: Vijay Gupta (21 J, 1972) and Deepak 'Dan' Malani (14 J, 1972)



Harsh Rai (192 K, 1972) and family



Kapil Bhalla (214 H, 1972) with his wife Kavita excited over their cute grandchild



Nikhilesh 'Nik' Senapati (229 K, 1972) and his family



Manbir Singh (184 K, 1972) and his wife



Praveer Sodhi (191 J, 1972) and his wife Leela in Kochi, Kerala



Nikhil Mehta (251 T, 1972) and his wife all dressed up with someplace to go



Pratap Dube (226 H, 1972) with his family in Boston, USA



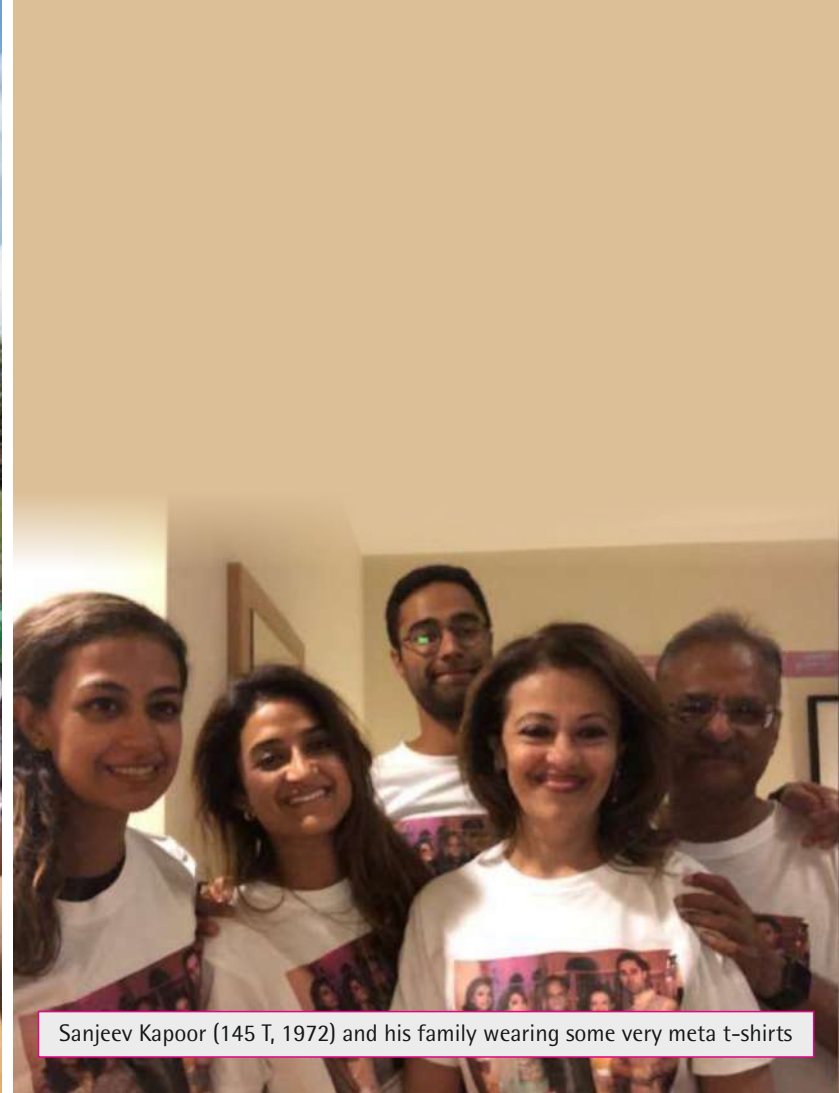
Praveen Goel (131 J, 1972) and his loved ones during a family vacation



Vivek 'Rumpy' Ramchandani (179 J, 1972) with his family on the beautiful beaches of Cancun, Mexico



Sanjeev Behari (156 H, 1972) and his wife visiting the famed Angkor Wat temple complex in Cambodia



Sanjeev Kapoor (145 T, 1972) and his family wearing some very meta t-shirts



Sunil Grover (141 T, 1972) with his family celebrating a birthday



Gurdeep Tony Uberoi (19 H, 1972) with his wife



Vivek 'Smiley' Prasad (365 J, 1972) and his equally smiley family



Iqbal 'Iky' Kumar (144 J, 1972) and family



Vivek Prakash (235 H, 1972) and his family with some beautiful bouquets

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