



**THE  
SCINDIA  
SCHOOL  
GWALIOR**

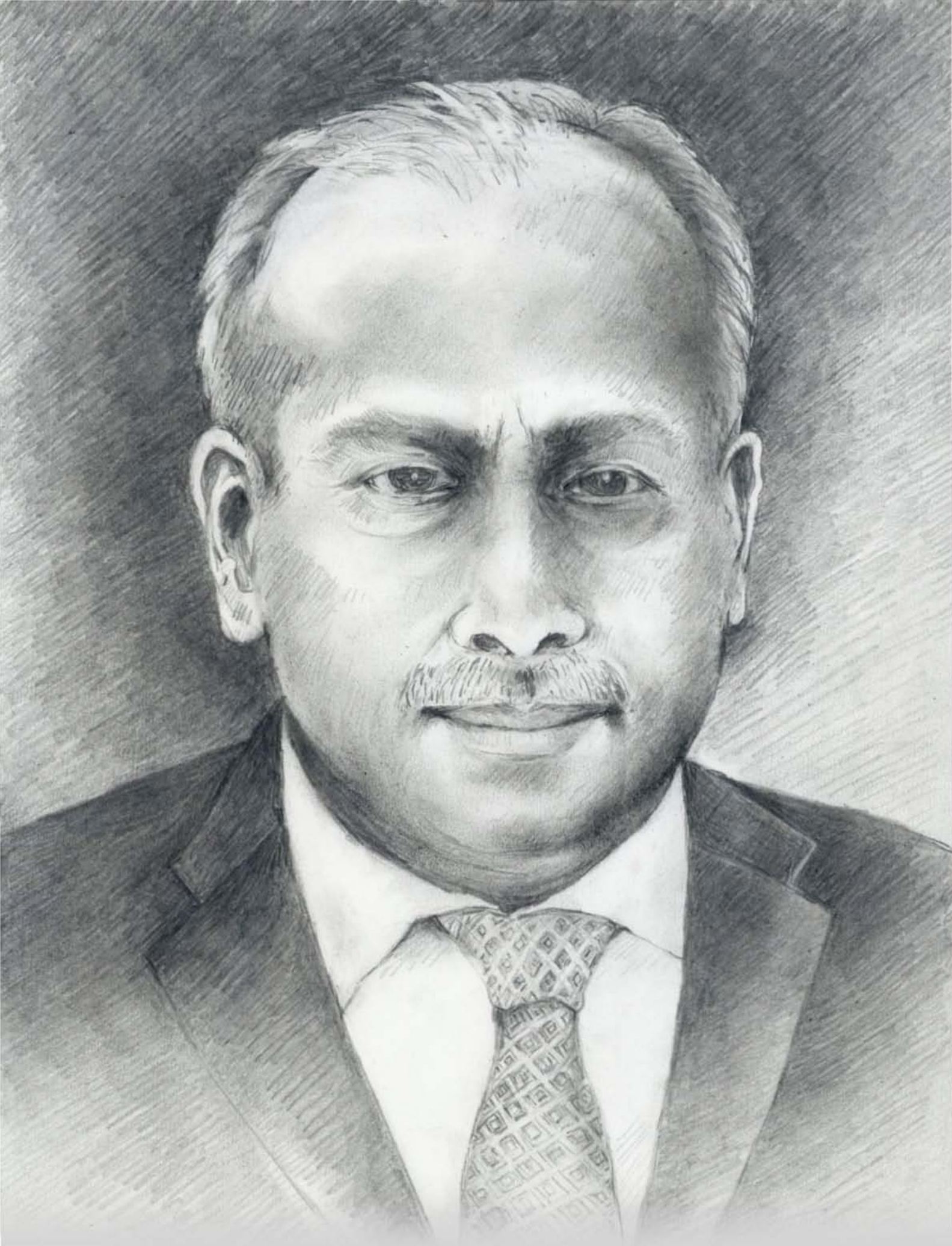


**Boys' Boarding School**  
by EducationWorld

# *Quarantine Quotes*

VOLUME 2





“Real education is about providing the correct references and appropriate stimulants to the students for their inherent goodness to express itself on its own”

- Dr MD Saraswat



# DOWN MEMORY LANE

A strong push from my eldest sister who studied in Kamala Raje girls' college and later in Victoria College Gwalior against the wishes of my mother brought me to my almamater.

Having studied in my hometown, Bhopal, for my primary education, I did not carry any baggage of distinction in any field when I arrived at the Scindia School. I was just an above average student in studies, carrying a whopping 110 pounds of Humpty Dumpty on my feet with obviously no distinction in sports.

I had a passion for field hockey (coming from a family of one of the founders of the Bhopal Hockey Association, known for its premier team-- the Bhopal Wanderers --during the Dhyani Chand-Roop Singh era, the golden period of Indian hockey). I understood the game but could hardly demonstrate on the field! I also was an ardent follower of radio cricket commentaries and could emulate the likes of VIZZY (Maharaj Kumar of Vijianagram) or Pearson Surita or Berry Sarbadhikari. I knew the fundamentals of playing cricket but nothing beyond to exhibit on the ground.

On the 10th July of 1950, accompanied by my father and mother, I arrived through the Urvai Ghati on the Fort.

At that time I had no cue about what lay ahead. The next 7 formative years were the most enjoyable years of my life.

I was allotted the Madhav house to the satisfaction of my parents as this would keep me under the eagle's eye of the Principal, Shrimant K.C. Shukla. Madhav being the closest house from the Principal's residence, had always a sword hanging over the boys. We called on the house master Shri R.B. Bhattacharya who, on my first recollection appeared to be a cousin of Neta Ji Subhash Chandra Bose. I can still recall his favourite sentence- 'you give your sweat and blood to your house, I will give you discipline, not freedom'.

I was allotted a solid wooden cupboard carrying innumerable wounds of broken locks and latches, a wooden bed, a cotton mattress, a twisted pillow and of course the blue bed cover with the school insignia. The rest was my business. Having stored my trunk under the bed and having spread the sheets with the help of Hari and his son Seva I was in the stalls. Both these house attendants along with our dhobi Narayan, who in later years was the guest house attendant were our trustworthy confidants to warn us of any impending perils from any corner or a

blind alley in our small or big adventures for the next seven years which kept growing in leaps and bounds. These entailed frequent escapades in town away from the fort and moonlit dinners of choicest dishes on Shivaji Parapet (courtesy the kitchen of my local friend Mohd Khusro and from Shree Sahib's kitchen).

Life at school started in the customary quizzing by the immediate seniors where they wanted to know whether I played in the position of silly mid- on or third man in hockey or a full back in cricket! Most seniors remained a bit aloof but one had it if one ever crossed their path. However, things soon started settling down and the sprouts of camaraderie started appearing amongst the batch mates and immediate seniors.

While I was learning to cope up with the tight morning to evening schedule a 'bomb exploded' when the house master called me to say that I have to represent the house for the Inter House Junior elocution competition and that I should report to Mr. Swami Sharan Shrivastava, the Hindi teacher of the school for further advice. I did not even know the spelling or the meaning of the word - elocution. I however did as I was told, including practicing my piece with the House Prefect who



made me stand outside the row of toilets reciting my piece while he attended to his needs inside. The result was that I came first, a position that was never compromised for next 7 continuous years in Hindi debates and elocution contests till I passed my 12th class in 1957.

My foray in dramatics also was made to flourish under Mr Swami Sharan, Mr Thakar and Mr. Khanolkar. They along with Mr JL and JN Dar (s) were the lead players in the star studded galaxy of teachers who not only taught us the subjects but gave us learnings for life. I would never forget principal K C Shukla who by walking the talk made us learn the lessons in Leadership and PR that has come handy throughout my journey as a professional in leadership roles. This by God's grace still continues. The training at school made me the first sports broadcaster in Madhya Pradesh in 1958 while I was in engineering college in the company of the famous Jasdev Singh. Mr. N.L. Chawla the station director of Bhopal-Indore AIR (later he became director general of Door Darshan), sportingly held an umbrella over my head as we broadcasted the finals of national hockey from an open air console in Bhopal as there was a sudden downpour of pre monsoon showers.

I vividly remember when our school Kathputli dance troupe, with me in the lead

role of the King, participated in the Republic Day celebrations at the National stadium (now Major Dhyan Chand Stadium) in Delhi in 1952. We were invited by Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru (with Mrs. Indira Gandhi acting as the hostess) and by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the first President of India. During a seven day stay in tents in the Talkatora Gardens, we got the opportunity of getting hugs from the likes of Maulana Azaad, Krishna Menon and Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri. I remember my embarrassment on knocking off a flower pot while giving way to Mr. Krishna Menon, the then Defence Minister of India, which flew out from the corridors of the first floor of Lok Sabha to the ground below. To my luck nobody was injured. Mr Menon smiled and patted me to assure that it was ok.

I owe my humble achievements in life to the values inculcated in me by my parents and my Scindia School. I have come across many brilliant persons in my long career, however when it comes to a balanced score card, there is nothing to beat a Scindian. The fellowship and enduring friendships cast in school are ever green. Even now, we, a small group of Scindians of 1950's (named SOFA by us) in Delhi connect with each other and meet every Friday over lunch (ofcourse without our better halves) and revel in "Those Were the Days".

Despite the recent Covid-19

lockdown conditions we have continued to meet-scheduling a Zoom meeting over a glass of beer or cola with peanuts by the side. Some of us who started this group have left for heavenly abodes but the flame of enduring legacy will always continue to burn around those who are still there. It is so gratifying to note that many Scindians in different walks of life are carrying forward this flame burning bright in the true Scindian spirit.

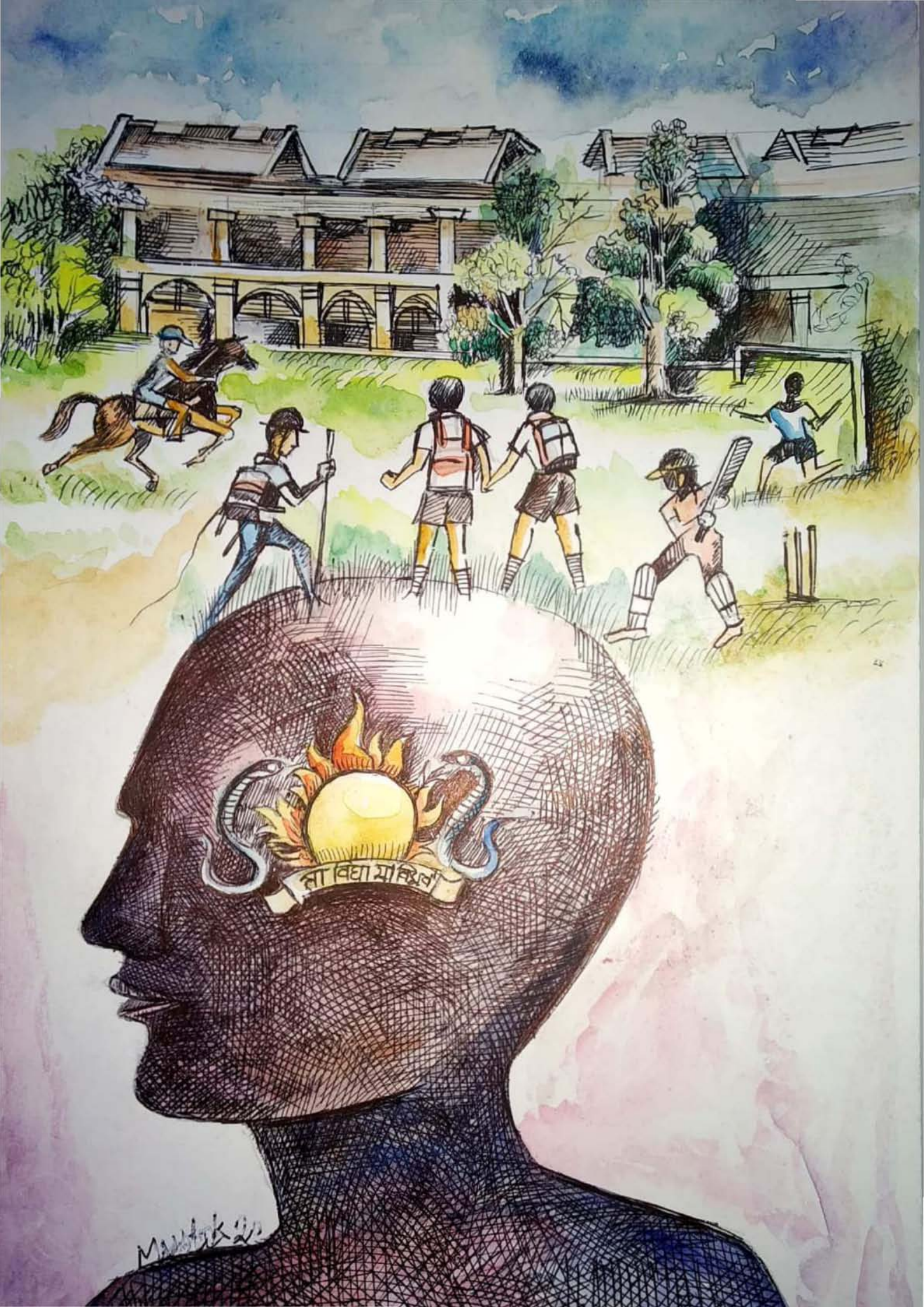
We are all extremely happy to note that the school has attained or even surpassed its old glory. And is now ranked as the best school of the country.

So, it was also during my time with so many stars shining in the sky in the shape of immortal teachers and luminary alumni. May this tradition continue till eternity..

As I learnt in School: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever"

Surendra Malhotra  
Madhav (1950-1957)







# Horror Hospital – A Lockdown Lament

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With a third stage gastric carcinoma thankfully in remission I was persuaded, virtually at gunpoint to run through several tests to see if I could be cleared for a place in the breadlines of the living. Reluctantly, I made my way to a rather well-known corporate hospital and stumbled over the first in a series of hurdles in my hitherto stress-free existence. The specific hurdle? Finding a place to park. After several circumnavigations of an increasingly depressing building, I exited and found a spot several blocks away to park my trusty steed. From that distance, I trekked through choking pollution despite a mythically lockdown-induced traffic-free zone convinced that my PET scan results would largely feature the suspended particulate matter I was inhaling by the wheezing lungful.

Finally, I staggered into a dark, dingy foyer, which was, I understand the atrium of a defunct hostelry, and inserted myself into a milling throng of persons that looked cadaverous and on the point of imminent expiration. I joined and waited patiently in a line reminiscent of the ration lines in the backwaters of rural India. At last, due mainly to the motive power provided by the rest of the snaking line behind me I reached the counter of someone I can only charitably call a dragon of immense proportions. I was asked what my problem was, and I replied that it was this information that I was hoping would be told to me by a medically qualified consultant rather than vouchsafing my own layman-like opinion. She then proceeded to ask me for a detailed litany of my medical history, at which she nodded imperiously and slapped down a four page form on the counter in front of her and asked me to fill it up. I flipped through it and discovered to my frustration and dismay that the form contained questions identical in every respect to the questions the dragon had breathed at me moments ago. After an infructuous and exhausting half an hour, I joined the back of

the line once again to submit the filled in form. It took twenty-five minutes to reach the head of the line once again only to be confronted by the dismal intelligence that the Dragon had retired for lunch, which I felt might involve some unclaimed cadavers in the morgue washed down with some expired plasma from the blood bank. I began to wonder if I could demolish the counter top, when I noted that they had prudently constructed it of black granite, and had I given vent to my ire, I would only have injured myself requiring me to fill up yet another form. After another annoying wait punctuated by the wailing laments and complaints of the people behind me, the Dragon flapped back to her perch licking her chops after quite possibly cleaning out the morgue. I then noticed that it wasn't the original reptile, but very possibly her twin who glared at me balefully and began to ask me the very same questions the original raptor had done. Stemming her barrage of queries, I triumphantly spun my filled-in questionnaire over the counter top to her. Stymied, she sulkily asked me to wait. By this time, I was getting used to waiting, so I returned to where I sat before only to find all the chairs occupied by people that looked sicker than when they first came in. One young, very obviously pregnant lady deferred to my advanced old age by offering me her seat, which I politely declined choosing instead to stand and wait. After what seemed like hours, but must have been only 15 minutes, I saw the original dragon flap toward me and roared at me accusingly that the doctor had been awaiting me for the last quarter of an hour. I began to try and tell her that her replacement had told me to wait but she'd already turned away while random patients cringed away from her as she passed. Anyway, I made my way to the imaging section which I reached after asking several uniformed people I came across loitering about chatting with each other with focused unconcern. After several mistaken turns, I was shown the right path by a kindly



fellow patient who was returning from where I wished to be.

Eventually, I reached the imaging department and was met with the happy news that the attending doctor had just left for his lunch. Gritting my teeth with pained resolution, I decided not to create a fracas and start pulling the pieces of the equipment out one by one and consoled myself by looking at the uninspiring notices put up for the reading pleasure of the general public, that included admonitions to not smoke, not touch anything, to beware of low headroom, to remove my shoes and insisting that I shouldn't spit in the fire buckets. In addition to that there were cheering signs warning me of radiation hazards and sundry mishaps that could occur due to my carelessness. Suitably chastened by these signs, and having exhausted all the reading material available, I took refuge in a singularly uncomfortable metal chair, provided thoughtfully with several thousand tiny holes that would be certain to leave a lasting impression on my nether regions. The wait didn't take long. No more than 45 minutes. Eventually the doctor heaved into sight, and looked surprised at finding me awaiting him. Like the dragon sisters upstairs, he asked me what was wrong with me, a gambit that seemed to me to be the greeting phrase of choice in this hospital. I told him that I'd filled in an exhaustive form upstairs and he told me that he was not privy to what went on upstairs. He then asked me for my challan. Unfamiliar as I am with the vernacular medical terminology, I asked him if I had been illegally parked and been issued with a summons for moving violation. He didn't understand me and asked me again what was wrong with me. Giving up, I told him and said I had come in for a PET scan. He seemed very put out by that. Apparently he was the Radiologist and would not receive the consultation fee for a PET scan. The fee he mumbled would go to the gentleman who looked after the MRI/PET section next door. I trudged the distance with weary footsteps and surprise, surprise, found that the doctor was actually in his seat. Once again, he asked me what was wrong with me, confirming what I had observed earlier. I told him that this was the fourth time I had been asked this question since I arrived in the hospital. To save time, of which I had wasted a great deal since the time I arrived, I just told him.

He readied the equipment in the meanwhile paying no attention to my saga whatsoever. I said he readied the equipment, but in truth, he had his technician do it while he continued to sit at his desk watching his monitor with avid interest. He didn't even notice when I had finished the list of the things that had gone wrong with me. Eventually, the technician turned up and asked me to disrobe to ready myself for the ordeal ahead. He then led me next door and positioned me to his satisfaction and went into the adjoining observation chamber to possibly operate his rather alarming monitoring devices. The array in front of him looked rather like the master control facility that one finds at NASA or ISRO when they land a Lunar Excursion Module. However the doctor was conspicuous by his absence. A few minutes later, the technician came in and told me that I could change back into my clothes, an action that I performed with considerable alacrity since the gown I was wearing had several worrying stains left by previous users and I was anxious not to catch whatever it was that they had when they were making those stains. Still no sign of the doctor. I was then handed a note and asked to return the next morning to collect the report. I had horrific visions of having stand in another queue for hours and then once again be asked by the dragon what was wrong with me.

As it happened my report continues to languish at that hospital as I never went back to pick it up and continue, somehow to live my life untrammelled and unworried about my longevity.

Abhimanyu Acharya PhD.  
(Jayaji, 1969)





# Inner urge to learn

For me it is more of a break from nonstop travel since Nov 2019.

Realized that it is the best time and reason to help my mom with the house work, doing dishes and even cooking at times. I thank the Scindia School where as a boarder I learned to live and do any kind of work and enjoy every bit of it.

I always wanted to learn Pranayam, so this was an opportune time and I started learning and doing it. To heal oneself is the best hobby and most creative thing.

Always heard that how Shri Bhagwat Gita is useful and has helped humans to have a right mindset and learn the facts of life. So I started reading the Bhagwat Gita. However it is not easy to even read few pages in a day and to understand the meaning of it, but there is always a beginning. I am sure I will gain more interest in it and understand the true meaning what has been taught to us through those shlokas and explanations.

Rest usual stuff.

Anshul Gupta  
Jyotiba, 1993  
Mathura & Delhi





# I've Learnt ...

My friends tell me that I still live on the fort – maybe I never ever left it. I learn each time I step onto this Rishi Galav Ki Tapasthali.

It starts with complete belief in our school Motto, Sa Vidya Ya Vimuktaye – that is knowledge, which liberates. I believe that it is this one line that has helped me to be a student always, and apply my learnings and education for the liberation of mankind, as also for our dear planet Earth.

I have learnt a lot in school, and a lot of it was outside the classroom – while walking together from the House to the school, or on the games field – just like that ! We were blessed with some lovely teachers, who taught us in a lovely, holistic environment, a place where I love to visit, be in, and constantly absorb from.

I learnt to share and to care. I also learnt sympathy. Ours is a public school, so we have students coming from all strata of society, different regions and religions – it's a mixed bag. But, we learnt that each one has their good points, and it all depends on how we look at it.

Do we perceive someone as 'you' and 'me' or is it a feeling of 'we'? Am I able to connect with someone for the person that he is, or do I necessarily need to know his surname and financial status?

Boys will be boys. So, I learnt a few abuses too. Some choicest ones also. But one tight slap from my dear classmate made me forget all of them, just in that one moment. I will be forever grateful to him for that one kind act, 40 years back.

I also learnt to get up, all on my own, after each fall, as there were none to call out to, each fall, as there were none to call out to, at many times. It was much later that I read that whatever doesn't kill you, only makes you stronger.

Discipline came automatically to us, since our entire routine was chalked out by the minute, much akin to a regimentary life style. So, punctuality has never been a problem till date, much to the chagrin of some of my other friends and associates

We also learnt to live a modest life, making the best of what was available on campus. And, inspite of some students coming from relatively affluent families, once inside the school gates, we all wore the same clothes, ate the same food, and ran the same distances. We always had enough to eat, but there were some delicacies which were served in moderation. This made us learn their value in later life also.

If there is one single task that has influenced my thought process, I would mention the compulsory labour work that we went for. These tasks taught me the dignity of labour in such a fashion that it is a part of me, despite the passing of about 40 years of leaving school.

Our school is a small ecosystem in itself. But we all have a choice of what to absorb from it. And it's true. I've actually never left it ever.

CA Sandeep Agrawal  
1980 Shivaji  
Nagpur





# Doctor Speaks

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Friends, the Lockdown in India started as the Janta Curfew on March 2020 and now we have the 4.0 version. All media versions spoke about their interpretations of it - now it is my turn.

The entire medical fraternity including laboratories discover a new characteristic about COVID 19 almost daily. It is an enemy that is not visible, not alive and needs a host to multiply. Frightening to try and imagine. How can the unseen and unknown be striking down thousands worldwide? Fact - it is.

In the absence of solid scientific facts, five months down the road we cannot say that we have learnt anything definitive. Some media personnel deal in hypothesis, approximations or just ignorance. And, many ignored the fact that we are with a population of 1.25 billion staring at a pandemic in the face with limited comprehension.

As a doctor, I see this play out daily alongside my brethren in the medical fraternity. We put ourselves in the frontline to try and create sense of what is going on and to save lives. No heroics, just a sense of duty. I get panic calls from patients, friends, even strangers looking for affirmation that 'all is well' and 'no I don't have Covid 19'. And even to check out non proven and non-existent medication.

There lives an unspoken fear in all us Doctors - How do we go home to our families? Everyone does not have the luxury of separate entrances or spacious houses to keep them away of possible infection with social distancing because what we do know is that this virus in the form of exhaled breath or a nasal droplet can stay attached to clothes or hang in the air for over 24 hrs.

My advice to all: Maintain social distancing, wear a mask, sanitize/wash your hands frequently. Disinfect common surface areas like door handles, switches. Avoid using lifts in the company of others. If traveling in a car, one drives and the other sits in the back, keeping the windows open. Do not breathe the same air conditioned air within the confined space of a vehicle.

What difference do I notice in myself?

For starters, I have become more patient and have learnt I can do without our visiting my favourite kabab corner.

So you see, Dr. Shahamat 'kishamat nahi aai hai'. We must make the best of adversity as this is just a passing phase. A long one no doubt but as time does, this too shall pass, and we will get through it.

I AM A SCINDIAN AND WILL FIGHT THROUGH THIS PHASE TOO.

Dr. Shahamat Hussain  
Ranoji, 1988  
Gurugram





Muntak 20



# BARN

My time at the barn always takes longer than it should  
It is a place for me to meditate as everyone gets their food.  
It is where sheep gets some grain and the chickens eat cracked corn  
I on the other hand feel reborn!  
I can't sing like Bari Koral or Tim McGraw  
But I can hum in my heart with a draw  
We grew hemp but made no money  
But our bodies are fatigued and hives are full of honey  
Our barn is busy  
You have to learn to relax and be easy  
There is a pile of bales of hay inside the doorway  
That is kept to feed the ewes with baby to make it easy to carry away  
I placed a bench next to the alfalfa  
For me to sit and hear them baa baa  
There is hay on the ground all around  
If anything falls out of pocket it doesn't make a sound  
If my cellphone falls out of pocket it can't be found  
Unless you call it later after you have turned around  
The layers are in an enclosed place but they have room to run around  
They cackle and gossip at the slightest sound  
The ewes are in jugs further down  
With buckets of minerals and water filled containers tied down  
There are couple of roosters that are not confined  
They announce their presence often with loud sound  
I often sit down to rest my feet and sip on a Leinenkugel  
My mind rests and eyes close and the hand loses tone and I am awakened suddenly by an angel  
A kitty cat jumps on my lap like a stealth lover  
Gently meows with its furry arched Persian demeanor  
My right hand holds the bottle and the left hand becomes busy responding to the loving gesture  
I look at heaven and praise the Lord  
Thou art amazing and I dedicate my life to you forever!  
When the mind is at rest all sounds are silenced and peace cleanses all that is sensory that at times is unnecessary  
That's when you can hear the clapping of one hand and you know  
That is the state of Mahamudra.  
There are no flies to interrupt the sound of silence cause I spread organic wasp eggs  
That eat up the flies before they form in poop dregs  
This is where I dance and I sing much like the Nataraja  
This is the place where you can sing apple tree and honey bee or down the farm in ecstasy  
It is here I find my Maker and he doesn't care if I am at Simpsonville or Abuja  
He claims me, he is mine says He  
I will take him, he is in love with ME.

Dr. Timir Banerjee  
Jayaji, 1959





# Constructive catching up and contributing

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This Pandemic Lock Down was no doubt very much unexpected for everyone and we may not see anything like this again in our lifetime. So, it was very important for me to keep myself busy and calm and utilize these days constructively. I learnt a lot of new things in life during this Lock Down.

I spent my time attending various Webinars about the industry, banking, business management, etc., learning new ways of doing business during these global lock down times. I even started playing Carom Board and found it really interesting, also did some social work for the poor and our able Police Force by donating food and others things of need. Also enjoyed video calls with my friends and family, playing Housie and other games with them.

Most important was the time, which I spent with my family especially with my kids. My daughter is now in a boarding school and I got to spend a lot time with her which I could not have during the normal days. We should all cherish these days and use them to the fullest to make up for the things which we were ignoring.

I wish good health and a prosperous future for everyone.

Mohnish Jain  
Ranoji, 2003





# Accept the unexpected

**COPING WITH COVID-19** It was nearly 2000 years ago Roman poets wrote of black swans as mythical beings. When later discovered to exist in the wild, they become a metaphor for unanticipated events that capsize current social and economic assumptions and cause fundamental and disruptive change.

“Black Swan events’ as initially described by Taleb in his classical 2001 finance book “Fooled by Randomness’ have 3 primary attributes:

1. Each is rare and unexpected.
2. Each generates a massive impact that is broad in scope.
3. Each is rationalized.

We are all experiencing a tragic global pandemic that some have described as a once in a century event, regardless of what happens COVID-19 which was first reported by Dr Li Wenliang a 33 year old Chinese Ophthalmologist and later succumbed to COVID-19 infection therefore COVID -19 fulfils the criteria for a black swan event.

I am writing from the comfort of my sofa, being homebound since 21st March, I will continue to share a few observations about our community and about the lessons learned in these challenging times. Since a pandemic can induce significant anxiety so here is some stress management advise:

1. How can School captains maximize trust and minimize stress during the COVID-19 pandemic.

- Manage stress
- Share information with empathy and optimism
- Use credibility to build trust
- Be honest and transparent
- Provide regular communication
- Provide a forum for feedback
- Be a role model

2. How can students cope up better with COVID-19

- Social media may escalate anxiety more than traditional media
- Too much media of any kind can undermine mental health
- Lack of control, fuels stress
- Managing stress as soon as possible can prevent long-term troubles
- Don't forget the needs of health-care workers- doctors,nurses and paramedics

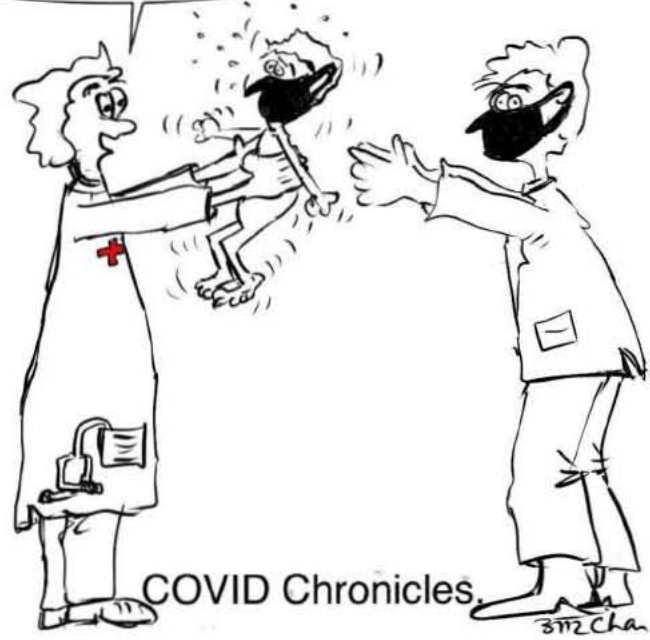
Dr. Manav Setiya  
Jayaji,1991





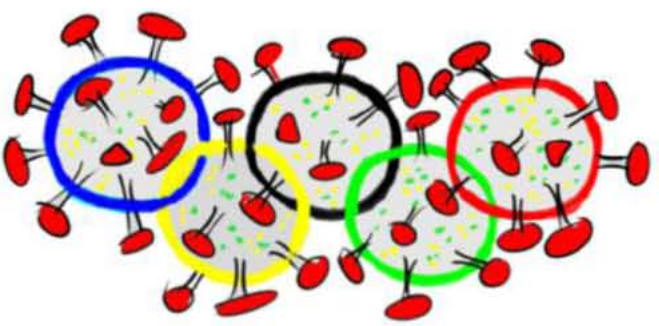
# Work of Mr. Rajeev Char called "Chartoons"

CONGRATULATIONS MR SMITH!  
IT'S A BOY!!!!  
HE HAS YOUR NOSE AND MOUTH.

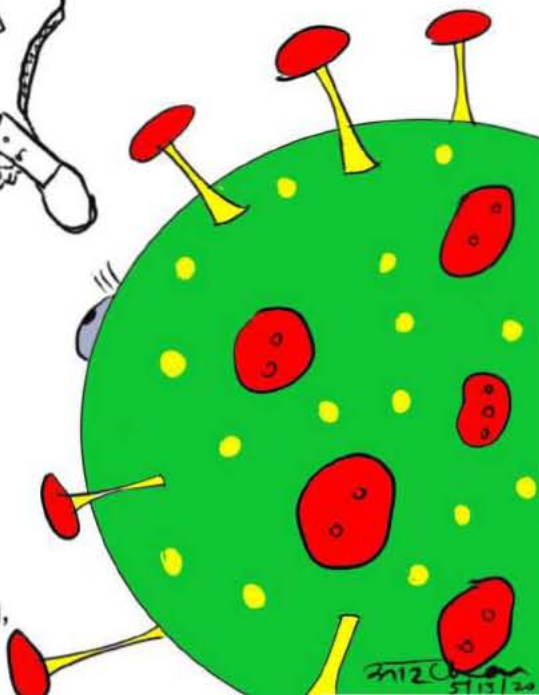


COVID Chronicles. 3/12/20 Cha 4/6/20

TOKYO 2020



3/12/20 Cha 3/24/20



COVID Chronicles - U.S. gradual reopening, it looks safe out there...



# पुनर्जन्म

पृथ्वी पर जीवन निरंतर चलता रहता है। अलग-अलग जगहों पर जलवायु के आधार पर अलग-अलग प्रकार के प्राणी पाए जाते हैं। पृथ्वी पर जीवन की शुरुआत से अब तक सैकड़ों प्रकार के जीवों की उत्पत्ति हुई और सैकड़ों विलुप्त हो गए, यह सब इस कारण हुआ कि प्रकृति अपने आप को संतुलित करती रहती है। जब भी किसी जगह पर विपरीत स्थिति बनती है तो प्रकृति अपने-आप को संतुलित करने के लिए भूकंप, सुनामी आदि का सहारा लेती है। इस चक्र में जो जीव अपने-आप को उस परिस्थिति में डाल लेते हैं वे अपनी नई सहन शक्ति के सहारे जीवित रहते हैं, कुछ नष्ट हो जाते हैं तथा कुछ नए अवतरित होते हैं। जो नष्ट हो जाते हैं वे कार्बन के रूप में भू-गर्भ में समा जाते हैं, इसके अनेक उदाहरण हमारे पास हैं, जैसे पेट्रोल, डीज़ल, कोयला, चूना, संगमरमर की खानें आदि। पृथ्वी पर पाए जाने वाले हर जीव-निर्जीव का कोई न कोई महत्व होता है, कोई भी वस्तु इस दुनिया में व्यर्थ नहीं है। इस जीवन चक्र में सूक्ष्म जीव जैसे बैक्टीरिया और वायरस का बड़ा योगदान होता है क्योंकि इनमें से कई ऐसे होते भी हैं जो अधिकांश जीवों की प्राण-वायु आर्तिऑक्सीजन में कमी या इसके अभाव में भी जी सकते हैं और अपना कार्य करते रहते हैं। इनमें से कई सदियों पहले भी थे और आज भी हैं।

सभी प्राणियों का जीवन एक प्रकार के चक्र में बंधा हुआ है। एक प्राणी के द्वारा निमर्मत कचरा दूसरे के लिए खाद्य होता है चाहे वे सूक्ष्म जीव हों, मनुष्य हों, पेड़-पौधे हों या अन्य प्राणी। सभी उस जगह की जलवायु के अनुसार आपस में बंधे हुए हैं। हमारा अन्त निश्चित होता है, चाहे हमें आग के सुपुर्द किया जाए या दफनाया जाए, हम वापस मिट्टी में ही मिल जाते हैं और फिर इस मिट्टी पर गेहूँ उगता है जो वापस हमारे पेट में जाता है। यही खाद्य फिर खाद्य में बदल जाते हैं, मैं इसी को पुनर्जन्म मानता हूँ क्योंकि हम वहीं पहुँच जाते हैं जहाँ से निकले थे। इस चक्र में कहीं भी बाधा आई तो वह सभी को प्रभावित करती है। इसी कारण वायु-मंडल के अनुसार अलग-अलग जगहों पर खाद्य पद्धति भी अलग-अलग तरह की पाई जाती है। जहाँ पानी के साथ उपजाऊ ज़मीन है वहाँ शाक का ज्यादा उपयोग होता है, नदी या समुद्र के किनारे रहने वाले लोग जल-जीवों पर निर्भर रहते हैं तथा रेगिस्तानी इलाकों में रखने वाले स्थानीय पशुओं पर। इसमें जाति-धर्म का कोई लेना-देना नहीं है, यह प्राकृतिक है।

आज मनुष्य ने काफी तरक्की कर ली है, हम हर जीव के जीवन के बारे में जानते हैं, उसमें बायो-टेक्नॉलोजी के द्वारा बदलाव भी कर सकते हैं। हम पृथ्वी के अलावा ब्रह्माण्ड के बारे में भी बहुत-सा अध्ययन कर चुके हैं और हमारे वैज्ञानिकों का मानना है कि इस ब्रह्माण्ड पर हम राज करते हैं और जैसा चाहें वैसा कर सकते हैं। पर ऐसा है नहीं, प्रकृति अपनी चाल चलती रहती है। हम उसकी चाल का अध्ययन करके उसके प्रभाव को कम तो कर सकते हैं पर उसे रोक नहीं सकते।

हम अपने आप को इतना विकसित कर चुके हैं कि आज हमें प्रकृति पर निर्भर नहीं रहना पड़ता, हम कृत्रिम रूप से व्यवस्था कर प्रकृति की हर चाल को मात दे सकते हैं पर यह इतना महंगा होता है कि आम इंसान इससे दूर ही रहता है। उदाहरण के तौर पर ध्रुवीय इलाकों में तापमान शून्य से बहुत नीचे रहता है, वहाँ ऐसी व्यवस्था है कि आप जहाँ भी रहते हैं, कार्य करते हैं तापमान को कृत्रिम रूप से आपके सहने लायक बना दिया जाता है। दूसरा उदाहरण है, भारतवर्ष में हिमालय के ऊँचे स्थानों पर बर्फ के कारण वस्तुओं के विघटन में वॉर्न लगते थे जिससे वहाँ स्थित हमारे जवानों को पीने के पानी की समस्या हो जाती थी। हमारे वैज्ञानिकों ने एक ऐसे बैक्टीरिया की खोज की और उन्हें इस तरह परिवर्तित किया कि वे विघटन का कार्य तेज़ी के कर सकें और वहाँ रहने वालों की मदद हो सकें। हमारे खेतों में उपयोग किए जाने वाले कृत्रिम खाद और दवाएँ तो आज आम बात हैं।

लेकिन आधुनिकता के इस दौर में ऐसी कई समस्याएँ हैं जो हमें अभी भी परेशान करती रहती हैं जिनका या तो हमारे पास कोई समाधान नहीं है या हम अपने पूर्वजों के द्वारा अपनाई जाने वाली व्यवस्था को या तो भूल गए हैं या उसे अपनाना नहीं चाहते। ऐसी ही एक समस्या है कचरे की, दुनिया का हर देश इस समस्या से जूझ रहा है। आज प्लास्टिक, ई-कचरा तथा हमारा मल एक बहुत बड़ी समस्या है जिसका सही समाधान किसी के पास नहीं है क्योंकि हर जगह का अलग-अलग वातावरण है, एक जगह का उदाहरण दूसरी जगह लागू नहीं किया जा सकता। फिर उस का कोई उपाय ऐसा होना चाहिए जिससे वह किसी न किसी रूप में हम वापस प्रयोग कर सकें। यदि हम इसे कर सके तो ठीक है नहीं तो जिस प्रकार हम अपनी नदियाँ, पुराने कुँए, समुद्र, पर्वत तथा पड़ित ज़मीन को प्रदूषित कर रहे हैं, एक दिन प्रकृति हमें माफ नहीं करेगी तथा फिर कुछ ऐसा करेगी कि हमारे साथ कई जीव कार्बन की खदान में परिवर्तित हो जाएँगे। कितनी छोटी सी बात है कि पहले किसान धान काटता था, पुआल जानवरों का खाद्य बनता था, जानवरों का हम प्रयोग करते थे, सभी जीवों का मल-मूत्र जैविक-खाद्य बन कर वापस ज़मीन में मिल जाता था। आज मशीनों का प्रयोग होने से जानवर आ गए सड़क पर, सड़क पर ही गई यातायात की समस्या, पुआल जलाया जाने लगा, सरकार को बनाना पड़ा पुआल न जलाने के लिए कानून और मल-मूत्र पहुँच गए सीवर लाइन के द्वारा हमारे जल-स्रोतों को दूषित करने।

अगर हम इसी प्रकार अपने वायु-मंडल को दूषित करते रहे तो आज नहीं तो कुछ हजार वर्ष बाद हमारी प्रजाति मिट जाएगी और हमारी संतति प्रलय के कगार पर अपने पूर्वजों को कोसेगी। ऐसा मानना बहुत बड़ी भूल होगी कि आज पृथ्वी बचाने की जरूरत है। इस ग्रह पर जीवन हमारे किए-धरे से नहीं आया है, न हमारे मिटाए यह मिट सकेगा चाहे हम कितनी भी कोशिश कर लें, होगा तो यही कि जीवन का रूप बदल जाएगा। तो मसला पृथ्वी



को बचाने का नहीं है । मनुष्य की जात को खुद अपने-आप को बचाना है, अपने आप से ही । जीवन निरंतर चलता रहता है आज जो जीव हैं यह निश्चित नहीं कि कल वे होंगे या किस रूप में होंगे पर यह निश्चित है कि जीवन हमेशा रहेगा । हमें यह विचार करना चाहिए कि हम अपने बचाव के लिए क्या कर सकते हैं, अपनी आने वाली पीढ़ी के लिए क्या कर सकते हैं । मेरा आप सभी पाठकों से नम्र निवेदन है कि मनुष्य जाति को इस पृथ्वी पर बनाए रखने के लिए जलवायु को शुद्ध बनाए रखिए तथा प्राकृतिक वस्तुओं के प्रयोग को प्रोत्साहन दीजिए ।

Mr. Jitendra Jawale





# THE MIGRATION

Wingtip to wingtip they fly  
To cooler Northern climes  
White against a blue sky  
In picture perfect formation

Leaving a winter sojourn  
Now baking under the heat  
A long haul to travel still  
Over plains and mountains

Summer homecoming  
In valleys with melted snow  
Lakes shimmering afresh  
To welcome the flock home

The leader sets the course  
Beak and head resolute  
Seeing unknown markers  
To navigate with accuracy

A little late this year the travel  
It has been an unusual year  
Nature bedecked differently  
Delayed the migratory flow

Devendra Bhatnagar  
Jayaji, 1974

# MAN IS TURNING MODERN AGAIN!

Dear Mother Nature,

The uncanny enemy had struck the modern man,  
Defenceless, it paused, crumbled and collapsed,  
The rise of a new normal in the distant horizon,  
Gave us hopes of a living life again.

But, as days galloped and months sped by,  
As we chirped free and soared freely high,  
As we drank the nectar of the new life,  
Mankind stealthily laboured to hit back again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Our saviour would be defeated,  
The pandemic would be crushed,  
The humans would triumph,  
Our kind would famish for life again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Sky we fly across is not so blue any more,  
Air we breathe is not so crisp any more,  
Water pearls we drink is not so radiant any more,  
We cannot help but notice again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

The loud stillness of the day,  
The echoes of our chirps,  
The gaze of the watchful stars,  
The celestial show, we long again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Hear the billowing of human movement,  
Taste the specks of madness of men,  
Smell the human greed,  
See the mankind's insatiable crave again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Billions would be spent,  
Lofty protocols would be penned,  
Speeches would be abound,  
As the rhetoric rise, the Earth would die again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Crops in abundance, hunger would grow,  
Houses in plenty, many without homes for sure,  
Humans abound, no humanity to show,  
Alas! Deeds of men would be ironic again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

For the mankind would learn never anew,  
The trampling would go without any rue,  
Trapped in an invisible cage, we shall be,  
Pray to the Lord to the send our saviour again.

O' Mother Nature, we fear,  
Man is turning modern again.

Spoken by the children of  
Mother Nature

Noted by  
Devashish Bharuka  
Daulat, 1995





# EASEL AND THE ARTIST

Back in my school days, I was a sincere artist. But in the hustle of daily life thereafter, the hobby was lost in oblivion.

And then this fast paced life was shaken by a halting jolt of Corona virus, COVID-19...the Earth became motionless!

In this phase of stillness, amongst other things, my better half (my wife), being the lovely creative person that she is, started painting.

Her splash of vibrant colours uplifted everyone's spirits at home. Her work vehemently tugged me at heart, where this passion was buried deep within and inspired me to pick up the paintbrush after decades! After a straight 21 odd years!!!

I was initially reluctant to paint, fearing I will end up drawing amoebas, but then I

thought, "What the heck?!"

So, I followed my wife into donning my artist's hat too. And boy, am I glad!! Though I was grossly out of hunting, I had not entirely forgotten to hunt!

What started as a stochastic attempt, turned out surprisingly fine. And furthermore, I ended up making not just one but several (amateur) paintings!

These paintings I made, aren't exactly what you may call as "beautiful",

but it made me revisit and revel in the memories of those "beautiful" childhood days!

And that is enough said.

Pratik P. Munot  
Jeevaji, 2002

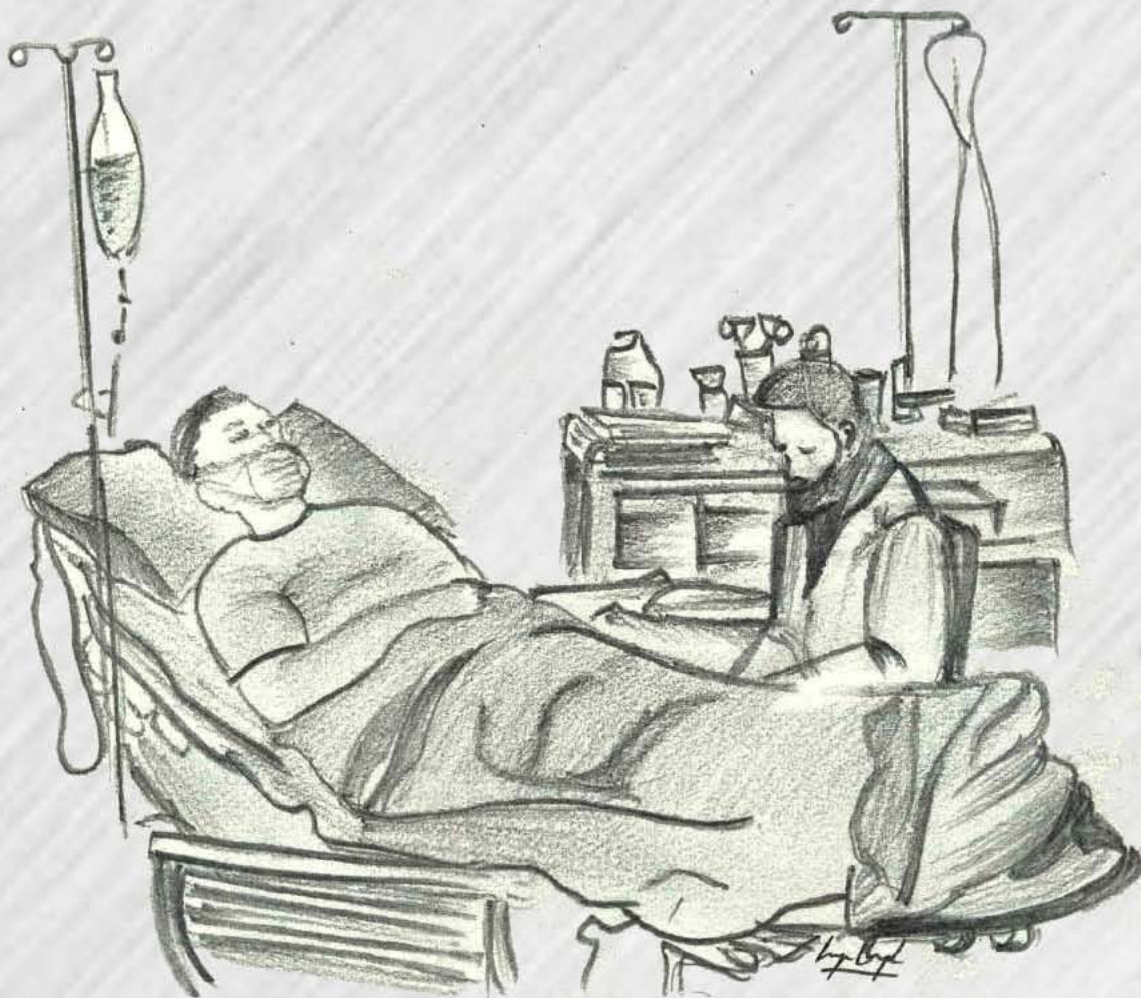




# A Tear Drop that Changed My Life

13 years of hostel life, 10 in Scindia and 3 in St. Xavier's College- didn't have parents around and the bond of affection was minimal. Parents became just a source of fulfilling financial & materialistic needs. I lived for myself. It used to bother me till I met with this accident. Last day of college, I was leaving but Mumbai didn't leave me. I met with an accident which left me in coma with my face split wide open. Police rushed me to the hospital and breaking news was flashed across my contacts. Friends rushed but couldn't trace me till my roommate identified me from the shoes kept beneath my bed. I was beyond recognition for all. My father arrived; I did not move or blink. The tattered look of my face hit him and he broke down to tears. That very tear drop in my father's eye, hit my soul. I had never seen or imagined him cry. He was the strongest human form for me. Suddenly, I wanted to talk and moved my broken jaw. The coma spell was broken and I was a changed individual. Responsible and all positive attributes one can assign to an ideal son. I couldn't speak but he understood what I was trying to say; I understood the value of parents and family. One act of responsibility, one helmet might have had saved me an ordeal of numerous plates fitted with multiple screws inside my face and a medical expense equivalent to the cost of 10 bikes. OR 'was it all worth, for that tear drop in my father's eye that changed me for the good?'

Abhishek Ramkrishna  
Shivaji, 1999





# Scindia: Mentoring Leadership

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I came from a very middle class family , but not once I felt pressured at school. Everyone was treated equally as per the school culture and no one bothered about the family background.

Secondly because of the multiple non academic activities that we were exposed to, we developed a lot of self confidence to face any challenge in life.

This is why we find so many Scindians doing so well in life and in their professions.

In fact I still remember Mr. K. C. Shukla's ( then Principal) prophetic words - We do not want to produce champions who excel in one field. We want every Scindian to be an all rounder who can contribute to society in various fields. So today more than champions, we have many whose contribution to society is immense.

Dr Sushil Shah  
Jeevaji , 1964  
Mumbai





# The best is often concealed within the worst

"Anything in excess is poison"

-Theodore Levitt.

'Anything'...that term even encompasses the so called 'leisure time', the paucity of which is bemoaned by all and sundry in the frenetic paced times of today. So, what happens when one day you wake up to discover that you not just have hours but weeks, days and perhaps months staring at you during which you would be restrained within the confines of your home. The profession that you had so painstakingly and meticulously crafted over umpteen years and which consumed most of your waking hours has unexpectedly come to an abrupt halt. For the health conscious, there are no longer any gyms or parks to wake up to; for not so health conscious, there are no longer any restaurants or bars to saunter into; for those simply looking forward to unwind there aren't any malls, movie halls or any recreational place to slip into...its just your home with endless hours at your sweet disposal. What then do you do with an 'excess of excess'...

I am a urologist by profession and though I can't claim to be busier than others on any given day, the fact remains that a surgeon invariably is entangled in something or other, if not physically than mentally, round the clock. To have that traded away with a bountiful supply of spare time wasn't an easy bargain. It was impossible to predict how long the lockdown would last, the duration hinged on umpteen variables all of which were likely to shift with time and so it was an onerous task to plan anything meticulously, all one could do was to live one day at a time...

The most vital daily ritual for me was the time that I spent in the gym. Exercise to the point of exhaustion is paradoxically what energises me physically and calms me mentally enabling me to think, function and sleep better. I desperately needed to find an

alternative which was easier said than done. I have always been a 'gym person' dependent on exercise aided by machines and free weights in a controlled environment at a time convenient to me. To switch to running on a concrete ground in my residential complex early morning before the sun started baking it (and me) required discipline and commitment that I hadn't extracted out of me since ages. I was forced to resort to strength training using my body weight, something that I usually avoided at the gym. I could finally restructure my diet, eating small portions at frequent intervals. After putting up with this rigmarole for a month I was amazed to discover that my botheration to mother earth had reduced by 4 kgms, something that I had not achieved even after several years of dedicated gymming.

One night as I went to the kitchen to fetch some water, I chanced upon a few insects loitering over the unwashed utensils in the sink. I cannot describe how repulsed I was at the sight knowing the origins and dwellings of the six legged pests scurrying over the appliances we were cooking and feeding from. I immediately ended up washing them and cleaning up the place and it has now become just another routine bedtime habit as brushing teeth.

The circumstances compelled me to chip in other domestic chores like sweeping and mopping the floors, washing and ironing the clothes and several others to maintain the sanctity and sanity of the environs. Of course the domestic helps will eventually return but for now I can vouch that the house and the clothes have never been cleaner and neither have the meals been tastier. We may continue to hand over the reigns of our lives including the upbringing of our children to others, citing the absolute dearth of time but the fact remains that no one can take care of your affairs more efficiently than you. That



we choose to relegate our responsibilities, the majority of which we can shoulder, is a realization that must have dawned on all of us.

The all-pervasive; 'I, me and myself', mindset has blinded us to the people and relationships around us. Can I possibly put a price on the time I got to spend with my daughter or can the unbridled joy I derived from teaching and playing with her be valued? Sadly, most of us would bemoan this time for the lack of financial gains and not celebrate it for the emotional enrichment that it has bestowed upon us.

Prior to the lockdown I would call my parents barely once a week despite my mother gently suggesting that I should call more often. One of the evenings, I along with my brother in law placed a video call to my parents and unconsciously it has seamlessly intertwined with our daily routine. Every single day, we all look forward to seeing and hearing from each other. The way my parents' faces light up, their eyes brighten and their spirits soar can simply not be described in words. I can only wonder why we didn't do this before, were we really so busy that we couldn't find time to connect with the reasons of our existence...to

me this course correction is by far the biggest gain from this period.

I really can't lay claim to any new skill that I have mastered of late but with each passing day if you could imbue even a teeny-weeny bit that empowers you mentally, physically, emotionally or spiritually... you have grown. By that benchmark, I really don't have much to complain about this period.

What never slows down is the inexorable passage of time, with each passing moment we are inching closer to the end of our ephemeral existence in the infinite expanse of time. Even though it may not appear to be so, time passes by at exactly the same pace...how we utilise it, is how it appears to be in retrospect.

I now finally understand the opening lines of a novel that I won as a prize in class VI.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...

-Charles Dickens, A tale of two cities.

Dr Ranjit Chaudhary  
1993, Madhav house





# Essentially Me

---

**Whilst others are in quarantine, I, go about my routine work as I have a petrol pump which falls under 'essential services'.**

My wife is a doctor running her nursing home and we have additional interest in agriculture. March and April is the harvesting season; petrol pump operations are running as usual with less footfall and so is the medical practice.

During this period I could do whatever was possible. We provided lunch packets for about 3000 persons, masks for needy ones, distributed some ration kits, and provided tea and coffee for all persons on essential services duty, like the police, health workers, and sanitary workers along with all needy people.

I believe in live and let live; be positive; hope for the best and do whatever good deed one can do.

Thanks for connecting all of us through the QQ.  
Wish everyone a good health.

Rakesh Kumar Jain  
Vivekanand, 1980  
Bina





The silence throughout the day  
 Music to the ears today it was  
 The birds I could hear chirping  
 Bereft of human background noise  
 Trees came alive, roads empty

I like to imagine, back in time  
 God, Adam and Eve taking a walk  
 Paradise would have been same  
 A breath of fresh air stretched  
 Scented flowers in abandon  
 An arbor that enticed butterflies

He would have said- I entrust this  
 Looking back He fell short a lot  
 His instructions lost in his beard  
 Man was not a good listener  
 And look at the mess we are in

Yet, indolent like most parents are  
 He will come to our aid again  
 And give us back our Paradise

Remembering his mistake then  
 He will say - I leave this not for you  
 But your children and theirs  
 Play not anymore with genetics  
 Enjoy my creations as they are

I look across the open skies  
 Innocent in its pale blueness  
 A vapour trail spreading wide  
 I would have me believe it is true  
 A wonderful phase awaits us all

Admonished we stand today  
 Baptism from fire yet may happen  
 From ashes will rise the phoenix  
 But the arbor is also plain in sight

Devendra Bhatnagar  
 Jayaji, 1974



What a lovely name to mull upon  
 Conjures image of gossamer silk  
 Delicate and full of promises  
 Slowly drifts with petals spread  
 To earth, to the base of the tree

A carpet of yellow for me spread  
 As I take my early morning walk  
 Last evening was a bunch of bulbs  
 All yellow hanging upside down  
 Adorning the tree with gentle grace

By daybreak half had flowered  
 And just the whiff of morning dew  
 On upturned umbrellas of petals  
 Parted from the rest to float down  
 Fresh to charm the summer morn

So dainty, so fragile the flowers  
 Charming their very presence  
 Half in shadow their existence  
 I for one am totally blown over  
 As some fall on my shoulders

I hurry back from work to catch  
 The day had been hot real bad  
 The tree and flowers desultory  
 Carpet of yellow trampled upon  
 Wilted with the burden of the day

The night breeze is yet to come  
 Will perk the bulbs to life anew  
 All in the few hours of the night  
 I for one will feel twice blessed  
 As I take my morning walk again

Devendra Bhatnagar  
 Jayaji, 1974





# Community Service & Old Boys' News



**SCINDIA FOR INDIA**  
A UNIQUE WEBINAR SERIES BY THE SCINDIA SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION (SOBA)

**SUNDAY MAY 31<sup>ST</sup> AT 6.00 PM (IST)**

**OUR SPECIAL GUEST**

**Parikshit Dar (Madhav 1990)**  
Co-founder & Director, Bookmyshow

**MEET THE MAN WHO TRANSFORMED THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY**

OPEN TO THE FIRST 500 REGISTRANTS

Soba Webinar on 31st May June 2020

Our Special Guest:  
Mr Parikshit Dar,  
Co-founder & Director, Bookmyshow



**Kheer Poori Nights**  
EPISODE 2 ON FRIDAY 5TH JUNE 2020 AT 6 PM IST

**Mrs & Mr P.M Khar**  
House Master - Madhav 1990  
(1953-1977)


**Moderator**  
Dr Amrendra Puri - Class of 79

**House boys in attendance:**  
Mr Dipak Haksar- Class of 76  
Mr Amitabh Malhotra- Class of 86

**Kheer Poori Night on Friday 5th June 2020**

Our Special Guest:  
Mrs. & Mr. PM Khar

Moderator :  
Mr Amrendra Puri



Mr Arindam Mukherjee (1991, Jayappa) is offering his art to all Scindians, who wish to have their digital portraits made. While in School, he spent most of his time in the art room, participated in the cross-country, and excelled in hockey. After passing out, he completed his Masters in Journalism from Indiana University, USA. He is a Digital content specialist having worked at AOL, Channel 8, Radio news, American Red Cross, ThePrint.in, India Today, Times Internet and Open magazine. He has family roots in Ranchi, and is now living in Faridabad. He has also recently helped in designing the soon-to-be released Astachal Magazine.

We wish him all the best in his chosen field.

Contact details:  
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E : write2arindam@gmail.com  
W : <https://bit.ly/2YUFUVg>



**SCINDIA FOR INDIA**  
A UNIQUE WEBINAR SERIES BY THE SCINDIA SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

**SOBA IN THE MEDIA**  
A webinar with Scindians in the Broadcast Media

**Participants:**  
Kingshuk Bhattacharya  
Rahul Kulshreshtha  
Siddharth Kochar  
Ravi Kant Mittal  
Ajay Poonia


**TUNE IN ON ZOOM**  
**SUNDAY 6 JUNE**  
1800 INDIAN STANDARD TIME

SO INITIATED BY THE SCINDIA SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

**Kheer Poori Night on Friday, 12th June 2020**

Our Special Guest:  
Mr. UC Bharadwaj

Moderator :  
Mr Jitendra Muchhal



**Kheer Poori Nights**  
EPISODE 3 ON FRIDAY 12TH JUNE 2020 AT 6 PM IST

**Mr U. C Bharadwaj**  
House Master - Jayappa 1990  
(1977-1987)

**Moderator**  
Jitendra Muchhal- Class of 86

**House boys in attendance:**  
Sangram Kadam- Class of 84  
Raja Narula- Class of 89

**Soba Webinar on 6th June 2020:**  
Soba in the Media

Participants:  
Mr Kingshuk Bhattacharya  
Mr Rahul Kulshreshtha  
Mr Siddharth Kochar  
Mr Ravi Kant Mittal  
Mr Ajay Poonia



**Kheer Poori Nights**  
 EPISODE 5 ON FRIDAY 26TH JUNE 2020 AT 6 PM IST  
 With



**Mrs & Mr Tewari**  
 House Master - Mahesh House (1987-1994)  
 Principal (2000-2020)  
 Moderator

Rahul Kulshreshtha - Class of 81  
 Shomit Khemka - Class of 92

House boys in attendance:  
 Ambuj Kumar - Class of 90  
 Rajeve Kumar - Class of 90

**Kheer Poori Night on Friday, 26th June 2020**

Our special Guests:  
 Mrs. & Mr. NK Tewari

Moderated by:  
 Mr Rahul Kulshreshtha  
 & Mr Shomit Khemka

**SCINDIA FOR INDIA**  
 A UNIQUE WEBINAR SERIES BY SOBA



**PERSPECTIVE ON COVID-19**  
 A webinar with the Scindians views on COVID-19

Dr. SUNIL ADARWAL, Jn BS  
 Professor Surgery  
 Durg Medical College Jabalpur  
 President SOA SOBIA

Dr. MONISH ARON, Jn BS  
 Board Member and Co-ordinator  
 Surgeon in Los Angeles

Dr. SHARAD SINGH, Md BS  
 Head Dept. IT - Health India Hospital  
 Jalandhar (Punjab), New Delhi

RAJIV SINGH, Bn BS  
 Social Head of community  
 Top performer  
 SOBIA SOBIA

TUNE IN ON ZOOM  
**SUNDAY 28 JUNE**  
 1900 INDIAN STANDARD TIME

AN INITIATIVE BY THE SCINDIA SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

**Scindia For India Webinar on Sun., 28th June 2020 Perspective on COVID-19**

Presented by:  
 Dr. Sunil Agarwal  
 Dr. Monish Aron  
 Dr. Sharad Singhi  
 Dr. Rajiv Singh

Our School has started featuring Scindians on our very own YouTube channel.

This series is titled #SucceedLikeAScindian.  
<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCQ3cs0CTNhVgGk2nEQIRf-A>

The following alumni members have been featured on it till now:

- Mr Ravi Saund
- Mr Gagan Khosla
- Mr Rahul Kulshreshtha
- Mr Deepak Haksar
- Mr Anshul Anand Gupta
- Mr Sandeep Agarwal

All Scindians are requested to subscribe to this channel and watch these interesting stories, and also get in touch with the School on [office@scindia.edu](mailto:office@scindia.edu), if you would like to share your own story.

**SOBA CARE**

In light of the spread of the COVID-19 virus and the lockdowns in various countries, SOBA would like to reach out to all its alumni. There are many Scindians living abroad & who have parents and grandparents living in India and vice versa. In case any help is required by anyone, SOBA, with the help of all its chapters, will provide all possible support. They have been contacted by some old boys & have helped in many ways through its chapters and Doctors. Please contact any of the following for assistance:

- Mr Rahul Kulshreshtha - 9811811110
- Mr Banjul Badil - 9837072156
- Dr Anurag Dikshit -98399 11027

Email: [president.soba@scindia.edu](mailto:president.soba@scindia.edu)

**Kheer Poori Nights**  
 EPISODE 4 ON FRIDAY 19TH JUNE 2020 AT 6 PM IST  
 With



**Mrs & Mr Dhir**  
 House Master - Jayaj House (1987-1996)  
 Moderator

Ravi Saund - Class of 88

House boys in attendance:  
 Manmeet Singh - Class 94  
 Rohit Pal Sharma - Class of 96

**Kheer Poori Night on Friday, 19th June 2020**

Our Special Guests:  
 Mrs. & Mr. BS Dhir

Moderator: Mr Ravi Saund

Astachal Magazine to be revived in October 2020 by SOBA Delhi NCR & SOBA Kolkata.

Please email your entries to [astachal40@gmail.com](mailto:astachal40@gmail.com)



**ASTACHAL**  
 announcement

SOBA Delhi NCR & SOBA Kolkata announces the revival of the old boys magazine *Astachal* in October 2020.

The magazine will have a fresh look and feel. Both print and digital copy will be available.

Please email your entries to be considered for the magazine to [astachal40@gmail.com](mailto:astachal40@gmail.com)







Mr Kishor Dondlikar (1996, Daulat) is posted as Asst. Drugs Controller in Delhi. As part of his official duties in the Ministry of Health & Family Welfare, he is a part of the internal COVID19 Task Force involved in ensuring adequate stock of drugs, and continued availability of NLEM drugs in the country. He is actively involved with office of DCGI in coordinating with State Drugs Controllers and Stakeholders all

over the country in streamlining the various regulatory processes to ensure the safety, quality, efficacy and to achieve the early access of quality medical products to the population. While in School, he was House Prefect and School Review Editor. After passing out, he did MPharm from MSU Baroda.

Our best wishes are with him.

Contact details:

M : +91 72229 68087

E : kishoredondlikar@gmail.com

## Kheer Poori Nights

EPISODE 6 ON FRIDAY 3RD JULY 2020 AT 6 PM IST

With



**Mrs & Mr RS Garg**

House Master - Daulat House (1995-1999)

Ex-Principal (2001-2004)

Moderator



Subodh Agarwal-  
Class of 83



Sanatomba Singh-  
Class of 87

House boys in attendance:

Amit Agarwal- Class of 93

Raja Gopal Singh- Class of 93

Kheer Poori Night on  
Friday, 3rd July 2020

Our Special Guests:  
Mrs. & Mr. RS Garg

Moderated by:  
Mr Subodh Agarwal  
Mr Sanatomba Singh

Dr Akshay Kr. Jain (2000, Jeevaji) is presently working as a Medical Officer at the Quarantine Center at Advanced Medical College, Kolar, in Bhopal.

While in School, his family stayed at Bhind, and he took an active interest in all sporting activities. After passing out, he completed MBBS from Volgograd State Medical University, Russia.

He, along with team members, was recently instrumental in creating a 300-bed Covid19 hospital at an unused building, within a record time of eight days, receiving wide acclaim by the media and administration.

We wish him all the best in providing much needed healthcare to all of us.

Contact details:

M : +91 98107 86201

E : jakshay1@gmail.com

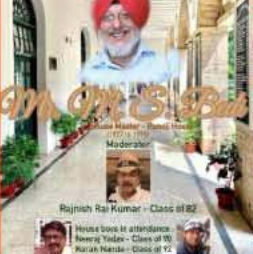


## Kheer Poori Nights

Friday, 29th May 2020 at 6:00 PM IST

With

Mr MS Bedi



**Mr MS Bedi**

House Master - Daulat House (1995-1999)

Ex-Principal (2001-2004)

Moderator

Rajnish Rai Kumar - Class of 82

House boys in attendance:  
Hemant Yadav - Class of 90  
Narain Mehta - Class of 92

Kheer Poori night on 29th May 2020

Special Guest: Mr MS Bedi

Moderator: Mr Rajnish Rai Kumar

# Community Service & Old Boys' News





Mr Rohit Khandelwal (1986, Madhav) has entered into a strategic partnership with Ironscales - leaders in email security. His present clients include the Large Corporates, System Integrators & the Big 4 Advisories. He would like to connect with Corporates, and offer customized solutions for threat protection through his Partners.

While in School, he was an active sportsman, representing his House in squash, football, cricket, table-tennis, and others.

He is widely travelled, having spent many years in South Africa, Dubai, Sri Lanka etc. He is presently located in Noida.

We wish him all the best.

Contact details:

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W : <https://bit.ly/3gHNjXo>





# Editorial Board

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Creative Director	: Memoy Mishra
Contributing Editors	: Mr Devendra Bhatnagar(Ex-JA, 1974), Mr Sandeep Agarwal(Ex-SH, 1980)
Photography	: Mr Kamlesh Singh
Technical Support	: Mr Jitendra Jawale
Special Thanks	: Mr RK Kapoor
Illustrations & Kind Help	: Mr MK Chaudhary, Mr Alok Ghosh, Mr Pawan Verma, Ms Mubashir Ahmed, Mr Anubhav Sarkar, Ms Sneha Bhagat, Ms Priya Bhagat

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