



Mr Gurdial Singh (Padma Shri & Arjuna Award winner)

Revered Guru

Born on a New Year's dawn, a dare,
A teacher, a dreamer, a mountaineer.

His heart entwined with spires rocky,
Their secrets whispered in his ear truly.

From Lahore's hallowed halls to Aligarh's gate,
He treaded scholarly paths, destiny's twist of fate.

Yet beyond the classroom, where textbooks yield,
His heart found solace in aquatic fields.

Swimming, his muse, the water's gentle sway,
Claimed his attention, where dreams would play.

In strokes and ripples, he carved a legacy grand,
A mountaineer's soul, forever etched in the sand.

So let the Himalayan winds whisper his name,
For Mr. Gurdial Singh, the peaks shall proclaim:

"Here walked a scholar, a swimmer, a seeker,
In life's vast expanse, a mountaineer and speaker."

Source:





The Doon School

With degrees, he strolled to Doon School's door,
A teacher seeking adventure, a life to explore.

Sight unseen, was welcomed, a vacancy filled,
And Guru's legacy on those hills distilled.

The Doon School, his very sacred ground,
Where geography met adventure abound.

He nurtured young, kindling flames tall,
Mountaineering culture, a legacy for all.

Past maps, coordinates, he taught exploration's lore,
And his students listened, hungry for mountains' roar.

In his classroom, Schubert's notes soared high,
An unfinished symphony, echoing through the sky.

"Did you hear the cuckoo?" he'd ask, clarinets in play,
As students glimpsed eternity in each musical sway.

In the heart of Doon's verdant embrace,
Where the Himalayan winds whisper grace.

Stands Jaipur House, steadfast and true,
A beacon for dreamers, both old and new.

Gurdial Singh, the housemaster bold,
Guided young hearts, their stories untold.

He wove mountaineering tales with care,
Igniting flames of courage in the mountain air.

And when the winds whispered secrets at night,
Gurdial Singh's legacy danced in moonlight.

His spirit, a compass, guiding their quest,
Jaipur House forever etched on their chest.

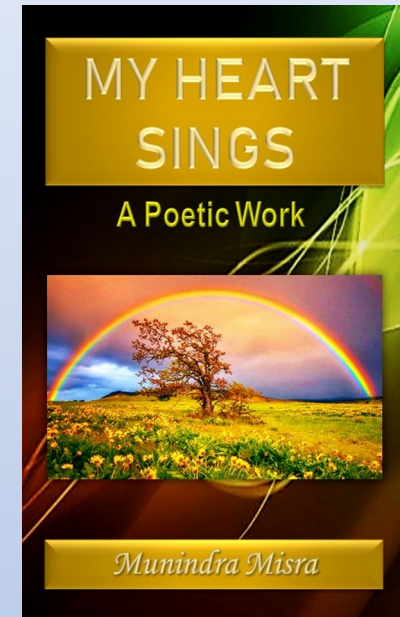
So raise your ice axe, Jaipur's kin,
To the housemaster who taught us to begin.

Gurdial Singh's flame still burns bright,
In the Himalayan heart, where dreams take flight.

34 years at Doon, Deputy Headmaster's role,
Yet the call of summits tugged at his very soul.

Gurdial Singh, the geography master who soared,
Leaving footprints on peaks, forever adored.

Source:



MunindraBooks.blogspot.com



The Mountaineer

Gurdial Singh, the mountain's embrace,
Scaling peaks with courage and grace.

Mountains whispered, ancient tales untold,
To Guru, whose heart of adventure was bold.

From plains of Punjab, he rose to the heights,
A true mountaineer, scaling peaks with delight.

With Martyn, Gibson, and young hearts ablaze,
Painting mountains' canvas in adventurous haze.

In '58, he scaled the Mrigthuni's crest,
A pioneer's heart, with relentless quest.

With Moddie by his side, they roamed free,
Through Nanda Devi's sanctuary, a world to see.

Holdsworth, pipe, smoking mountaineer, led the way,
To Kamet's peak, where thin air danced and sway.

Gurdial followed, step by step, heart aflame,
Love for mountains burning brighter than fame.

From Sonamarg's glaciers to Everest's icy crest,
Gurdial trekked, his spirit put to the test.

And to Everest, the ultimate prize,
With Mohan Singh Kohli by his side.

A quest that echoed through his veins,
They etched their names in icy chains.

Source:



MunindraBooks.blogspot.com

Our Guru

Arjuna's honor, Padma Shri's acclaim,
His passion for peaks, an eternal flame.

In '83, the IMF Gold Medal gleamed bright,
By Mrs. Indira Gandhi a beacon of light.

His legacy transcends mere accolades,
In every snowflake, every rugged space.

So raise your eyes to the lofty peaks,
For he lives on, forever climbing steep.

Feel Guru's spirit ever in the thin air,
A mountaineer's soul, beyond compare.

Lifetime Achievement, Tenzing Norgay's kin,
Guru's name etched in adventure's hymn.

"Guru", they called him at Doon School's gate,
Where ethics met summits and dreams await.

"I am a mountain, loving human," he declared,
His spirit forever free, in thin Himalayan air.

For fame or summits, he cared not,
Just mountains' whispers he sought.

Ninety, nine years etched upon his face,
A life well, lived, a legacy to embrace.

Bedridden, yet his spirit soared high,
Hitches, as Himalayan storms, passed by.

And when the chikungunya winds blew,
And hip fractured, body frail askew:

Guru, the mountain's whisperer sailed,
Ascended to the heavens, leaving his tale.

Source:

