

My School Days

Shri Jagadish Shettar – Former Chief Minister, Karnataka

My teachers inspired me!

21st Chief Minister of Karnataka (2012-2013) recalls his school days with 'School Magazine'

Excerpts

I studied in Basel Mission School, Hubli. It is a Christian organisation. My primary and high school education was in Kannada medium. Many teachers particularly during my school days inspired me. Precisely to share, Mr. Niranjan Walishettar was my guru in high school. He did lot of things; he taught us humanitarian values, gave us insight into history and present political scenario and developed leadership qualities. Hence I learnt lot of things in my life from him. And because of his inspiration I developed leadership in earlier days! In school I started participating in public functions like Independence Day and Republic Day etc. He always encouraged me to say something in the public meeting. Since then I developed leadership qualities. He played a key role in my life. Only after PUC I studied in English medium. In college I completed BCom and LLB degrees. Today's education system, I feel every young person should first develop their livelihood. Next, they have to take interest in the

politics. Now politics has become a profession unlike earlier days which is not correct. It should not be a profession! We should not depend on politics as our livelihood.

I practiced advocacy for 18 years subsequently I entered the politics. First individuals have to strictly practise a profession then only he/she can give clean politics in the politics scenario. That is my suggestion.

As told to:

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Mr. Shankar Mahadev Bidari

Former Director General and Inspector General of Police, Karnataka

"School days were my foundation days. Was very lucky to have sincere and devoted teachers."

Donating gold ring to National Defense Fund at the tender age of 8 years or helping the fellow students in their studies, Mr. Shankar Mahadev Bidari is large hearted gentleman. He feels every Indian should keep his/her nationality prior to the religion. He served the country as Director General and Inspector General of Police (DG&IGP), Karnataka. He gives 'School' a walkthrough to his childhood days that he regards as his key foundation to his success in professional life. He talks about his school and teachers. Excerpt-

Family

I basically belong to a place called Banahatti, Jamakhandi taluka, Bagalkot district, Karnataka. Our Banahatti was a medium sized town. My family was engaged in agriculture and trading, quite active in business during second world war and earned lot of money. We had about 28 acres of land, 18 acres was dry and the 10 acres was irrigated by well. Out of 10 only about 6 or 7 acres was used for farming and the balance land was used to grow fodder for the cattle. Unfortunately we lost about 18 acres in land reforms because we had given it on crop sharing basis. Now we have about 10 acres of farmland from our forefathers that is fully irrigated.

My mother hails from Galagali village located on the bank of river Krishna in Bilgi taluk, Bagalkot district. My



maternal grandfather was a full time agriculturist. My father worked as Secretary at Weavers Co-operative Society. I was born in August 1954. Being a naughty child I was admitted to the school at Bijapur only. It was a Government Kannada Boys Primary School. In those days there was no concept of pre-primary hence I was enrolled directly in first standard.

Primary School

Although it was a government school, it had regular schedule inspections by Assistant Education Officer and Education Officer. I still remember they used to come to the school once in every three months to check how the students are being taught. They used to take an update whether students have picked up learning or not. That was a very good feature!

Every year for summer vacation I used to go to my maternal grandfather's place. Once, post 3rd standard annual exams I visited my grandfather. He gave me about half a tola gold ring. When I was in 4th standard, the China war broke out. One day when I was coming back from the school then a procession came with a donation box, to collect money for the so called National Defense Fund. I didn't have anything but somehow out of a sudden I thought I should give something. So I took out my gold ring and put it into the box. My Mother observed the missing ring and after a thorough search, finally she came to know the truth. As expected I got the scolding but the satisfaction of giving was amazing.

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