

The Doon School WEEKLY



"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
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The Spirit of Adventure and Enterprise

Shivendra Pratap Singh *reflects on his growth through adventurous expeditions.*

It is often one's most valued passions, or pushing the boundaries of quotidian life that result in some of the richest of experiences. It not only teaches you rare lessons for life, but also takes you to dimensions where your truest self is revealed in your actions, and your words. I have had the pleasure of going through many such experiences at various points in my life already. Some of the more vivid ones have been really valuable for they have taught me much, even shaping how I react to different situations. This one was from an excursion that my family and I had taken to the Spiti valley, in Himachal. We knew the place to be full of secrets and enchantments, but little did we know that an array of trials awaited us, guarding the entry into and the exit from its pristine gorges.

As we made our way to Kinnaur, we faced our first challenges. What is noteworthy about these secrets is that they never reveal themselves until you are right at their threshold. After covering a mere 20 km from Sarahan, as the crow flies, we discovered that an entire hillock had detached itself, and fallen into the roaring Sutlej, taking with it all habitation. Our driver, being a local, like all Himachali drivers, was adept at

finding alternative routes. He took us along a new road on the verge of completion, though still closed. So, undeterred, we clambered down the sand-smitten road to reach Reckong Peo by 9 at night.

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The way to Spiti, is strewn with trials – it enunciates itself, calling out to us by parading its gorgeous chasms, which, coincidentally, are the abyss in which many a fallen bus and jeep rest. To be fair, we do consciously risk ourselves by venturing into these lands. So, we undertook this very perilous journey risking our lives to experience the magic of Spiti.

Landslides, 'sturxstroms' (rock avalanches) and invasive *nullabs* peppered the way. But as Spiti lifted its veil, we felt rejuvenated

by its ravishing beauty and the temporary escape from the toil we had undergone on the way. It truly was an Elysian valley, one which my mother described as "a moonscape of the most original form". Centuries-old monasteries dotted the landscape, straddling the high arêtes giving colour to the otherwise-desolate terrain. We stayed at Kaza – the divisional headquarters – for three days, absorbing the valley's overpowering and sometimes overwhelming charm.

On our 4th day, we left for Manali in the wee hours. Soon, we found ourselves climbing the Kunzum Ridge, from which we crossed over to Lahaul via the Kunzum La. Treacherous terrain came back to haunt us as we descended down the rocky slopes on the leeward side. With characteristic unexpectedness, a *nullab* from the glaciers above came showering below with rage akin to Indra's himself. Known as the Bara Nullah, it is the epitome of destruction and devastation, as next to it, flowed the tsunami-like river, Chandra-Bhaga. Rockfall on one side and certain death on the other made the situation a kind of high-wire walk. No car passed the *nullab*, which was virtually running

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SERVING THE LAMP

The following have been appointed as **School Prefects** for the forthcoming year;

School Captain: Nandil Sarma

Hyderabad House

House Captain: Arjun Singh Bajwa

Prefects: Adhiraj Singh Palaitha, Pradyut Narain, Sanjum Dhaliwal

Jaipur House

House Captain: Shiv Sharma

Prefects: Anay Shah, Ansh Raj, Varad Singh Mann

Kashmir House

House Captain: Paras Gupta

Prefects: Armaan Thapar, Manan Agarwal, Nikunj Bansal

Oberoi House

House Captain: Pranav Goel

Prefects: Konark Malhotra, Madhav Mahajan, Shreyansh Shukla

Tata House

House Captain: Samarth Mehra

Prefects: Karan Sampath, Naman Kejriwal, Siddharth Raman

Congratulations!

“

We are not makers of history. We are made by history.

Martin Luther King Jr.

DASHING DELEGATES

A delegation of 12 boys represented the School at **Rato Bangla MUN** held from **14th January to 17th January 2018**, held at Kathmandu. Following are the results:

Siddhant Shyam won the **Best Delegate** award. Nandil Sharma, Sanidhya Gautam, Shataayu Patil and Vikram Jain were adjudged **Outstanding Delegates**. Bhavya Rajgarhia received an **Honourable Mention**, while Firas Khullar and Ojaswin Verma received **Verbal Mentions**.

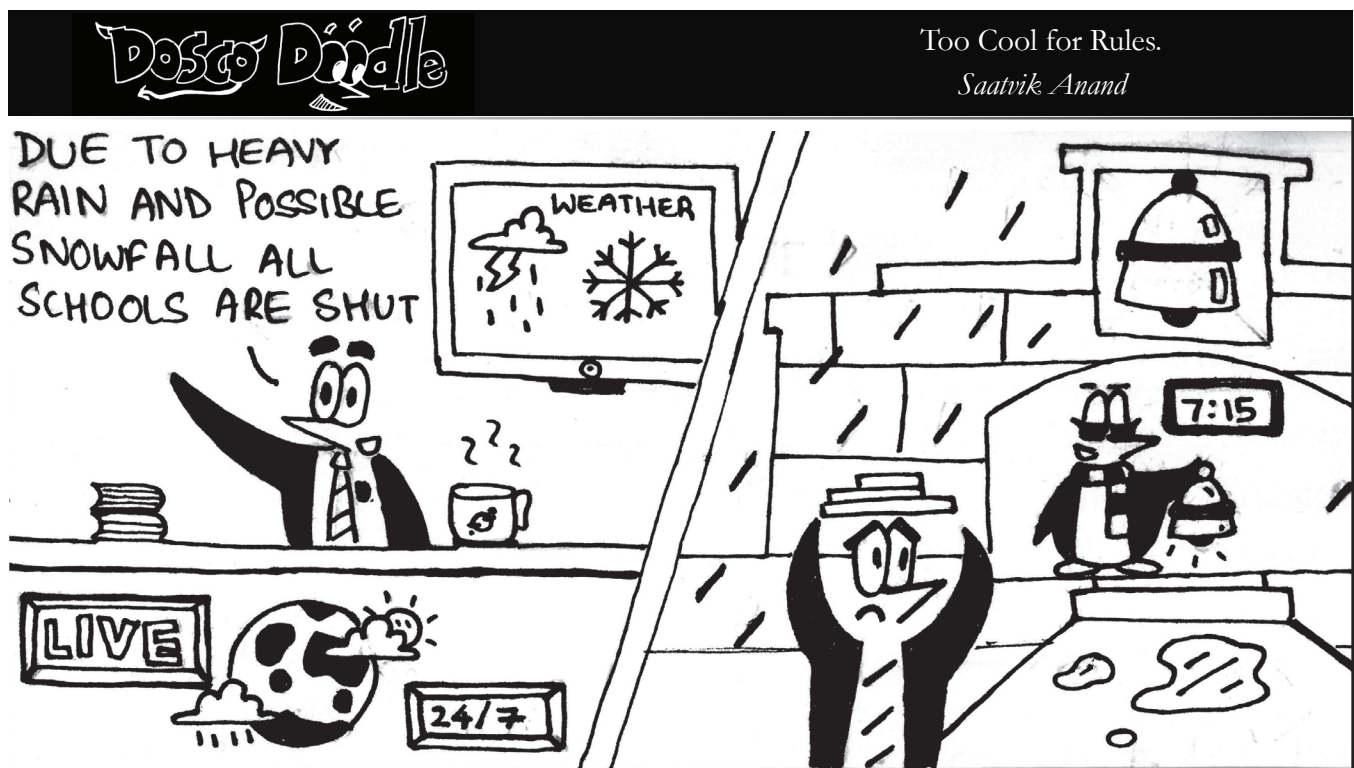
Well done!

On behalf of the school community, the *Weekly* welcomes Ned Marshall from Gordonsotun School, Scotland and Christian McGlynn from Herlufshom Skole, Denmark.

We wish them a fruitful time at Chandbagh!

Around the World in 80 Words

Piyush Goyal was appointed interim Finance Minister of India. Priyanka Gandhi joined the Indian National Congress ahead of general elections. ISRO released plans to launch military satellite Microsat-R. The Taliban detonated explosives at an Afghan intelligence base on Monday, killing at least 40 intelligence personnel. First Indian senator Kamala Harris is set to run for U.S. Presidential elections 2020. Venezuelan opposition leader Juan Guaido was recognized as the interim President. Naomi Osaka and Petra Kvitova reached the finals of the Australian Open.



Too Cool for Rules.

Saatvik Anand

(Continued from Page 1)

on the road, without getting stuck in slush. When our turn came, it sun had long set, and the sky had but twilight. We dashed into it, in the desperate hope that we would make it through. But luck bearing animosity, we got stuck. In such times, it is essential to follow the leader unquestioningly. So when my father told us to push the car from the back, while the driver revved the car to the maximum, we got going. As we pushed, with prayers on our lips, the car

shot out like a storm through the *nullab*. My father's friend from the army accompanied us in this daring attempt. Soon, the flood was behind us, but another worry dawned upon us- my father and the driver had been left behind without any light. With bated breath, we awaited their safe return. To our relief, they soon came wading through the icy waters.

Five years on, the incident still remains crystal-clear in my head. Why it still outshines any memory from that trip is because it took

me to another kind of extreme, where I could discover the true meaning of 'adventure' – an unusually exciting and daring kind of enterprise. It embedded in me a sense of gratitude for my life, which I didn't possess before. Apart from that, it taught me a critical lesson – patience and resilience is the keystone of survival; give in, and it will cost you your life. Endurance may just help you. Cheers to the adventures my School has let me experience, and I hope there will be many more

Investing in Investitures

Aayush Chowdhry comments on the proceedings of the Investitures ceremony

As feedback has been given increased significance in our community, I feel that there is no better forum than the *Weekly* for us to opine on certain issues that may not necessarily be urgent, but certainly of consequence.

School's identity is one such issue and as we move towards a more international mentality, we have witnessed debates on the need to preserve this identity versus adapting to the changing times, with increasing frequency in recent years.

However, while striving to be more global, it is paramount that we keep in mind that certain customs and traditions, unique to us, continue to add the same value to our ethos, and in preserving our identity. Not being mindful of such traditions would lead to losing our very identity, which will lead to Doon no longer being Doon anymore. I refer here specifically to our identity as the aristocracy

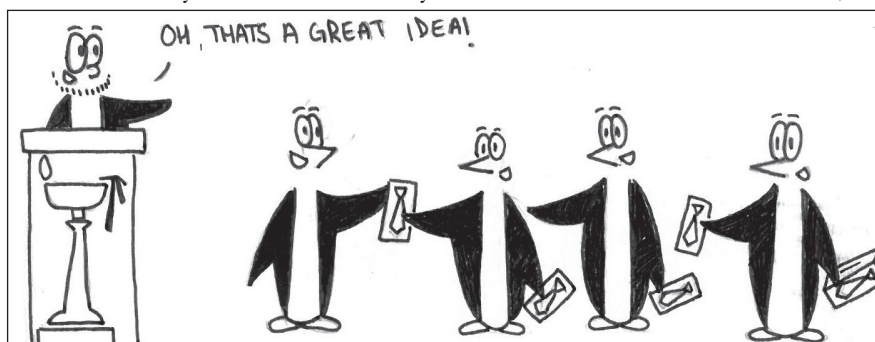
of service that also formed our founding principle. In this context, I feel that this year's investiture ceremony warrants a degree of reflection which will hopefully illustrate what I mean.

Despite the fact that we don't have any elaborate investiture ceremony, unlike some of our neighbouring schools, there is always the usual unusual energy in Chandbagh surrounding election-day. Taking the customary last walk as House Captain with my House Master, I was taken aback when Sir informed me that the investitures were to take place in the MPH and not the Rose Bowl due to the weather. There exists a sense of grandeur of standing in the student wrought Kidney in an unbroken semi-circle with the entire School looking down at us with the expectations one would have of the leaders of this aristocracy; the kind that is characteristic of the Rose Bowl, not

replicable elsewhere. Nevertheless, bubbling with anxiety we arrived at the MPH, almost choking with suspense.

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Attention to details and small acts of respect for tradition make all the difference between understanding a place and simply knowing it. One of our Assembly prayers being read out as the School community was seated was contradictory to our fundamental upbringing, in this school and at our homes. Such an act left many distinctly uncomfortable before what is considered to be one of our annual Grand Events. But the more important question is, if this is a time-honoured practice that constitutes a part of our customs



(Continued from Page 3)

and traditions, and consequently our identity, is there any harm in continuing with it?

Such discomfiture notwithstanding, I held on to the edge of my seat, waiting for the house-wise welcoming of the outgoing bodies to thank them, waiting to hear ‘House Captain of Jaipur House’, for the last time. Heartbreakingly for me, we were invited onto stage with a rather reductively casual “*Viksit and the other 18*”.

Grieved, but still excited to perform my last act as House Captain of handing over the tie to my successor, I stood waiting, looking down at School, instead of up (as it should be, in spirit of the leaders of an aristocracy of service- and as it is in the Rose Bowl). But that was up to vagaries of the weather, and beyond our control.

Familiar with the order in which the Houses would be usually announced as the outgoing body we deftly arranged ourselves in that order. The podium, however,

rendered the semi-circle— that unites an entire batch of prefects as they are appointed and as they step-out— broken. Moreover, announcing a prefectural body of one house together has its own significance. A joint appointment at the outset instills the feeling of a unit. A House Captain is appointed with his team because a leader is only as good as his team. However, even the announcement of the House Captains’ names was done separately, deviating from the customary and was succeeded by a cursory invitation to the ‘rest of the team’.

But alas! It was time. The new School Captain was announced and a wide-eyed Trophy Squad junior gave the newly-appointed his tie. Both School Captains were robbed in that moment the opportunity to experience the sensation of being a torch-bearer. Unbearable, for me, I gestured to my School Captain to pass the ties around so that at least the other 20 could be appointed in the same way as we, and many before us, had been. Even the Head Master

agreed that preserving this time honored tradition was a good idea.

A little thought and inquiry into the way this ceremony has been carried out in the past would certainly make a difference in affirming our traditions, reminding us of who we are as Doscos. These seemingly little lapses, left many in the community disconsolate, despite the excitement.

If these changes were intentional, then I wonder what was sought to be achieved; if they were unintentional, then we must remind ourselves to be more mindful. As I said at the outset, it may not be urgent, but attention to such detail is what builds a Dosco’s and Doon’s identity and inattention can create a feeling of alienation. In the larger scheme of things, I hope that such details and traditions are given the attention and respect they deserve as after-all this is the glue that keeps the various distinct facets of our identity intact.

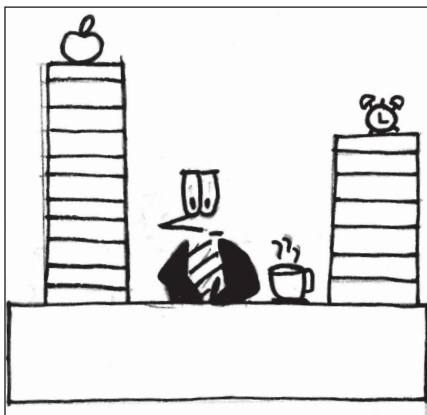
Adding a New Chapter

Aryaman Kakkar reports on his internship with the Roli Books publication house.

This winter I had the opportunity of interning at Roli Books which is a renowned publishing house based in Delhi. While I was able to avail this opportunity due to the generosity of one of our school’s Old Boys, Mr Sandeep Dutt(627-KB, Batch of 79) of the EBD, I worked mostly under

the guidance of the Design and Editorial Board. As an editorial intern, my primary job was to peruse throughbooks from the slush pile (books initially rejected by the Editorial Board) and find that one diamond in the pilewhich was suitable for publishing. I accomplished this bywriting reviews, extensively reading the manuscripts which weresubmitted and I also evaluatedtheir writing style. Occasionally borrowed by the Design Board, I researched images for their upcoming books by delving into museum databases for just the right look. In the process of releasing a book on the Harappan civilisation, I dredged through everything from carnelian

beads used in jewelry to broken pottery and cubic weight measures. I was also given the responsibility of deciding their social media calendar for the month of January. Recently released books were allotted different weekdays in the calendar to decide when they would be publicized on Instagram, corresponding with the days that they would be most relevant. Throughout my internship, I got to read exceptional manuscripts and had the honourof working with some of the mostcreative minds in the industry. It was an extraordinary experience, and I look forward to interning in the publishing industry in the future.



Flying to New Heights

Samarth Mehra *recounts his experience working with Mr. Rahul Kohli, President of the DSOBS.*

On a normal, not-so-busy Wednesday afternoon, I could not help but notice the (1) in my e-mail—alluding to the one unread mail I had. It informed me that I was selected to Intern with a company called ‘Fly by Night’, under the aegis of Mr. Rahul Kohli.

I started my internship with the Design and Sampling team. A complete stranger to design and sketching, I learnt some techniques on Corel Draw. By the end of the day, I had made a vector of a Pumpkin shaped coaster—my first attempt at designing! My second day began with sourcing for materials at Kinari Bazaar, Chandni Chowk. It was an interesting experience, to say but the least. After much deliberation, we returned with an eclectic range of products, of all shapes, sizes and colours—an exercise which required much imagination and creative thought. The Packaging and Costing Department guided me through the whole process of packaging—how the packaging went through a drop test from numerous angles, how the product was placed in the ‘inner’, which then went into the ‘master’, how the customs’ clearance conditions were met, among many other things. The Costing Department showed me how the cost of broken or damaged goods was recovered, and where and how the profits margins were applied. In the production department, I was made aware of all the tests (chemical tests, lead tests, etc.) that a product

underwent to ensure that it was of the best quality. I also saw the primary packaging and bar coding of the product and the colours that were assigned to each box, signifying the port that they were supposed to be shipped to. I learnt a great deal about POs and TRFs too. On my last day, I visited Chintan’s segregation centre, where all the factory waste went. At Chintan, a total of 4 tonnes of waste from hotels, households, and factories was collected on a daily basis and responsibly disposed. The people at Chintan were paramount examples of selfless service towards the environment.

The one quality that defines Mr. Kohli and the kind of work that he does is integrity, which he showcases so palpably in every aspect of his life—be it the way he planned the construction of his factory, the way he disposes his waste, the way in which he treats his employees, to name but a few. For me, it was a moment of immense pride that it was an ex-Dosco, who cared so much not only for the environment, but also the people around him and truly leads ‘an aristocracy of service, inspired by ideals of unselfishness’.

To conclude, I would like to extend my gratitude towards Mr. Kohli for being the best mentor I could ask for, and everyone at Fly by Night who made my experience better. This has been such an enriching experience and I wouldn’t have an internship any other way!

Selfless Service

Harshit Aggarwal *gives an account of his experience working with the organisers of Kumbh Mela.*

If you want to experience India’s cultural heritage in its entire splendor, Kumbh Mela is where you want to be. Held in Prayagraj (formerly called Allahabad), 2019 Kumbh Mela’s true grandiose is the result of the whopping 4200 crore rupees which was allocated for this mega event. Five Doscos, including me, got a chance to intern with the Government Office for this Mela in December last year. As strange as the nature of internship may sound, it was one of the most profound learning experiences for all of us. We saw how the government meticulously organises the largest human gathering on this planet, an event where more than twelve crore pilgrims will descend upon the city over the course of seven weeks. Watching the government officials and the employees work gave us a sense of how difficult it is to complete tasks in a real-world environment, something which we struggle with even in such a protected environment like

Chandbagh. Working in departments like sanitation, traffic/transport, lost & found and social media, we witnessed the complexity involved in the planning and execution of different tasks. We observed official meetings in the conference hall and saw the intricate logistics which involved evaluating tenders and making elaborate presentations. As we aptly ended our internship with a holy dip at the freezing Sangam, we departed with an enriched perspectives of the practical world.



The Week Gone By

Aryan Bhattacharjee

As I walked past the Main Gate, facing that long winding road which is no less than the backbone of our School, stretching all the way from the library to Chakrata Gate, there was a warm surge of emotion amidst a chilly evening; the feeling of returning home after a long time. This is what our School truly is, our home, where everybody is a stakeholder. It is with that mind that I feel we should start our year, as family.

There comes a moment in every family when the baton is passed from one generation to the next; Monday was that day for ours. There is some speculation, I am told, that the Nizams and Chinars both made some last

minute changes to their bodies. The Big Eagle too added a twist to the whole affair with a rather surprising appointment. However, congratulations to everybody who was appointed; as you assume leadership, know that every member of our community supports you.

What followed was a string of consolations offered to the disappointed; the most prominent of which reflected on the Batch of 2020's email, featuring an utterly frustrated Nizam who regained his composure thanks to a combined effort – a spectacular example of, in the Headmaster's words, 'leading from the middle'!

The weather too reflected the Nizam's state of being: stormy, grumpy, then finally sunny over the past few days. Inter-House cricket practices, which have been in full swing over the past week, were temporarily halted to

prevent damage to the pitches. That, though, did not stop Tata House and their spirited Assistant Housemaster from displaying their cricketering abilities on the grass.

While a flurry of activities drives school towards achieving a rhythm, the SC form seems to be fading into the world beyond walls of red and white, and the barbed wire can't stop them this time. With their pre-boards under way, they are seen floating around campus with heaps of books, almost like ghosts in broad daylight. Some of them are scheduled to write ten papers in four days, inhuman to the point at which they've begun to treat these dress rehearsals with indifference. We wish them all the best, and hope, for my form's sake if nothing else, that there isn't too much of a discrepancy between their predicted grades and results.

Sudoku

	2	4				3		
5	1	3				7		
				1	3	4	5	
			4	9		1		5
	5	1		7				3
	6	7		5				
8	3	6		2	7	5	9	4
2		5	9	8		6	3	1
			6			8		7

<https://worksheets.byteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/sudoku/>

Key

The Doon School
Weekly wishes
everyone a very
Happy Republic Day!

7	2	4	5	6	8	3	1	9
5	1	3	2	4	9	7	8	6
6	9	8	7	1	3	4	5	2
3	8	2	4	9	6	1	7	5
4	5	1	8	7	2	9	6	3
9	6	7	3	5	1	2	4	8
8	3	6	1	2	7	5	9	4
2	7	5	9	8	4	6	3	1
1	4	9	6	3	5	8	2	7

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