



The Doon School WEEKLY



Saturday, November 17, 2007 • Issue No. 2171

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Power Punches

K.P.Somaiah reports on the recently-concluded Inter-House Boxing Competition



Your breath comes in gasps, but there is still an exhilarating feeling that leaves you craving for more. A rush of blood to the head and butterflies in your stomach combine in a heady mix in the moments leading up to the bout. These two sentences just about sum up the feelings of any boxer who is about to step into the ring.

Contrary to popular belief, amateur boxing is not a violent sport. It requires endurance, stamina and impeccable technique to make a successful boxer. This year, the Inter-House Boxing Competition witnessed reasonable standards in all categories. There was a change in the venue and the competition was held at the Old Basketball Courts, instead of the Rose Bowl, the former in my opinion, made for better viewing. A new ring and improved equipment saw the boxers ready to do their best.

Over the course of three days, the boxing competition progressed from strength to strength, and highlights included the hard-hitting bouts between Prateek Ghei and Dhruv Gupta, and the well-contested bout between Tanuj Bhramar and Srivats Chandra. Owing to Tanuj's experience and faster, better reflexes, Srivats conceded a defeat, but Srivats' jabs did give him a fighting chance. New talent was spotted too, as Arvind Sharma, Vikram Kejriwal and Abhinandan Rajan lived up to the expectations of their respective Houses and went on to win in their categories. Vivaan Shah also displayed remarkable temerity and his bout ended in a split decision, against his favour. Vivaan's aggression was contrasted by Dhruv Gupta's patient defence.

However, on many occasions, the boxers lacked technique and relied on brute force rather than skill. But, hopefully this will improve over the years and we only

need to give some more time to the sport.

The most awaited bout was that between the School Boxing Captain, Ashwin Bhaskar and Saket Mahajan. It was heartening to see their dedication towards the sport, and the audience, too, thoroughly enjoyed the bout. Even though Saket Mahajan took a pounding, he came back strongly and fought well. Ashwin's combination of speed and skillful parries, I think, saw him through the bout. Saket's calm composure was commendable and he fought with poise and some good moves, never letting his guard down.

Being a contact sport, boxing is bound to cause injuries to the participants. There were instances of nose bleeds and cut lips that led to the RSCs; however, the concerned boxers took this in their stride and timely medical treatment was at hand. And these incidences did not, by any means, adversely affect the competition.

The battle for the cup was closely contested between Tata, Kashmir and Oberoi, but ultimately Oberoi emerged victors by a margin of six points.

As regards the individual awards, Prateek Ghei was felicitated with the Best Loser's Trophy for his will-power and grit. The School Boxing Captain, Ashwin Bhaskar, was presented with the trophy for the Most Scientific Boxer for his stellar performance and technically correct boxing.

This year was fruitful for the boxers and their efforts. In spite of a short training schedule and hectic pace of events, boxers fully utilised their time and new equipment in order to make the event worthwhile, thereby reiterating that boxing is an integral sporting activity of the School and has great potential for development.

APPOINTMENTS

Hamza Iqbal and Arjun have been appointed as **Boys-in-Charge** of the **Electronics STA** for the year 2008.

The following are the appointments for the **Historical Circle** for 2008:

Secretary of the Historical Circle: Abhimanyu Chandra
Boy-in-Charge for Model United Nations: Akshit Batra
Organisation and Media Boy-in-Charge: Keshav Prasad
Secretary-General: Dilsher Dhillon

Gurbaaz Singh Sidhu has been appointed **Boy-in-Charge** of the **Quiz Society** for the year 2008.

Vikramaditya Chaudhari and Vishal Verma have been appointed **Boys-in-Charge** of the **Entertainment Committee** for the year 2008.

Anindya Vasudev has been appointed **Secretary** of the **Mess Committee** for the year 2008.

The following are the appointments in the **Hindi department** for the year 2008:

Chief Editor of Srijan Prayas – Kanishka Agarwal
Chief Editor of Yuv Arpan – Ankur Saxena
Secretary of Bharatvani – Akshit Batra
Secretary of Yuv Bharti – Akshay Nilendu
Hindi Dramatics Boy-in-Charge – Kshitij Paliwal

Shaleen Chikara has been appointed **Boy-in-Charge** of the **Nature Club** and Abhimanyu Chandra has been appointed **Boy-in-Charge** of the **Science Society** for the year 2008.

Saurav Sethia has been appointed **Secretary of the Senior English Debating Society** for the forthcoming year.

We wish all the above a fruitful year ahead.

LITERARY LAURELS

The following are the results of the **Bakhle Memorial Essay Contest, 2007:**

1st – Dilsher J. Singh Dhillon
2nd – Ramakrishna Pappu

The following are the results of the **Bakhle Literature Prize Test, 2007:**

1st – Gaurav Sood
2nd – Ashish Mitter

The following are the results of the **Dr. Shankar Dayal Sharma Essay Contest (Seniors), 2007:**

1st – Dilsher J. Singh Dhillon
2nd – Ayyappa Vemulkar

Congratulations!

MORE AWARDS

The winners of the **S.R. Das G.K. Prize Test, 2007:**

1st – Saurabh Tiwari
2nd – Ashish Mitter

Shivam Saluja and Pranav Matta have jointly been awarded the **J.S. Chowdhary Trophy for The Best Aeromodeller** for the year 2007.

Well done!

SCHOLAR

Eshaan Puri has been awarded the **Scholar's Blazer**. Congratulations!

D&T PRIZES

The following have been awarded **Design and Technology** prizes for the year 2007:

Karandhari Lall Memorial trophy for the Best Metal Worker – Anant Shiv Johri

Ishwar Chand Trophy for the Best Carpenter – Angad Singh

Metalwork

C-Form

1st: Ishan Khanna
2nd: Dhruv Sawhney
3rd: Ritvik Galhotra

D-Form

1st: Arjun Midha
2nd: Vidit Sadana
3rd: Sookrit Malik

Woodwork

C-Form

1st: Vikram Gill
2nd: Ajit Singh Brar
3rd: Prahlad Singh

D-Form

1st: Satvik Narain
2nd: Sidharth Kaul
3rd: Akansha Mohan

Special STA Prizes

1st: Saransh Seth
2nd: Arvind Sharma
3rd: Tejasvi Mathur

Congratulations!

RLSS UPDATE

The following boys are now certified **Lifeguards** with the **Rashtriya Life Saving Society:** Armaan Malhotra, Pratham Mittal, Dushyant Sapra, Devvrat Patni, Nikunj Nagalia and Vishesh Kochher.

Certified **Lifesavers** are: Raj Khosla, Nikhil Narain, Keshav Kalra, Varun Rai, Angad Bawa, Aayushya Bishnoi, Aaditya Bishnoi, Shivam Katyal, Kanishka Gupta, Hamza Iqbal, Yash Lalwani and Rahil Rai Puri. Congratulations!

CAREER CALL

This week, the Careers' notice board will focus on **Bio-Sciences** as a career prospect. All those keen on joining this field should look it up.

Unquotable Quotes

I will kill you till you die.

Samkit Sethia, dead man walking.

Can you photocopy the CD?

Samkit Sethia, in an antediluvian world.

First place: Dilshad Singh with a timing of two metres.

Nikunj Nagalia thinks big.

To make them prone to fight disease.

Samaay Mangalgi, the Louis Pasteur of our time.

You'll die of death.

Samaay Mangalgi, the fatalist.

The Gulf of Bay.

Prashant Bhandari, all at sea.

Dizziness is the state of feeling dizziness.

AKM is in a spin.

I am an underground swimmer.

Ujjwal Dahuja plumbs the depths.

The deers are here.

PBR, still counting.

Parikrama has performed in eight different cities of London.

Mehul Goel: and in how many cities of Dehradun?

Founder's Day, 2007:
Chief Guest's Address
Mani Shankar Aiyar (ex-55T '57)

Governor Dhruv Sawhney, Members of the Board of Governors, Headmaster Kanti Bajpai, my young friends and spiritual successors at the School, my fellow classmates, parents, ladies and gentlemen,

To be a Doon School boy is privilege enough, but to be invited to deliver the Founder's Day Address – and that too on the Golden Jubilee of one's class, is surely indulgence *in extremis*. My grateful thanks to the Governor and the Board and to the Headmaster for this rare honour. A few years ago, a Doon School Old Boy, much more distinguished than I can ever hope to be, stood at this podium and explained why he had had such a miserable time at School. I think all of us would concede that five years here is not "*Roses, roses all the way/ With myrtle mixed in my path like mad*". (I owe that quote to a poem taught me here by a great and unforgettable teacher, Mr. S.P. Sahi). For one thing, adolescence is a terribly difficult time and to have to cope with it without the reassurance of a familiar home and friendly parents is challenge enough. Add the army of tyrannical School Captains, House Captains, Prefects and Monitors, in descending order of tyranny, and one begins to sympathise with those burdened by cowering loneliness. With that, mix the agony of those like me who were hopeless at sports, in a stifling atmosphere where brawn was certainly celebrated over brain, and the poison of remembrance starts rising in one's throat. And overlaying it all, the oppressive absence of girls just when all kinds of unknown hormones have started sloshing around one's system – and one knows why any true recollection of one's days at Doon cannot be those of Elysium remembered.

Then ask oneself how it is that if there was so much unhappiness, oppression, injustice and deprivation through those critical formative years, what is it that brings back so many of us to this Golden Jubilee celebration of our Class of '57? Why do we talk so fondly of the years we spent in these sylvan surroundings – so "pleasing to the eye and soothing to the mind" as I remember Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, later President of India, saying when he was Chief Guest at our Founder's Day in 1954, and I a wide-eyed 13-year old C former? What makes us feel so special? I, of course, came a cropper for feeling special when I went to a supervision (which is what they archly call a tutorial at Cambridge) wearing my Old Boy's blazer. My crusty supervisor took one look at my badge and sourly asked, "What is that?" "The lamp of knowledge," I proudly replied. "A pity," he retorted "they didn't light it while you were at school!" I still think I had the better of the exchange; for, after all, I was a Doon School boy - and he a mere Cambridge don!

To return to my initial question: what is it that makes so many of us – I would say almost all of us - agree that we had a rotten time here, which has left us with so many fond memories and such sweet nostalgia that we have returned *à la recherche d'un temps perdu* – which, for those of you who did not attend Mrs. Sahi's French classes, means "In search of a time gone by". I daresay there are as many individual reasons for this as there are Old Boys. But distilling the essence, I would hazard the suggestion that three or four causes are common to all of us.

First, the teachers. True, there were some bad 'uns. I remember one particularly aggravated Hindi teacher screaming at a Hindi-hopeless Tamil classmate of mine: "Murugappan, I do not want to hit you. I want to kill you. Blood! Blood! Blood!" (All, incidentally, in impeccable English!) But apart from the occasional ink-pot, thrown but missed to the vast amusement of the rest of us who were not the target, there were compensations in going up to another Hindi teacher who had spent his holidays in the Gir Forest to ask what he had seen. "Loins," he would reply and every one of us followed up with, "And how big, Sir, were the loins?" and got the innocent reply, "Very, very big loins." He never quite understood why all of us wanted to know!

But, all in all, it was, in a word, the most outstanding assemblage of teachers ever gathered together in one place. It is, therefore, no accident that my class immediately and unanimously decided that our first Golden Jubilee contribution should be towards commissioning a Doon School Old Girl, the sculptor Latika Katt (daughter of our Biology teacher, Mr. B.S. Sharma, who never quite understood our obsessive interest in the properties of Vitamin E – and if you don't know what those are, you are no Doon School boy!) to do a bust of Holdy, pipe in mouth, to adorn the new pavilion that is coming up on the edges of this Main Field. Nor any accident that our second contribution is to honour the greatest Headmaster of our generation, John Martyn, in whose memory a school for the less privileged is being run on the lines of our own alma mater. Nor, indeed, any happenstance that our third contribution is to the Shivalik Fund for scholarships for the children of Doon School Masters and, unlike us the lucky ones, kids born with a plastic spoon or no spoon at all in their mouths.

This is the occasion for us to pay tribute to all those great teachers of our time who are no more with us – Messers. Jack Gibson; Sudhir Khastagir; old Gombar (despite some curious goings-on) and Webb, the New Zealander who taught us English for a while; the ambidextrous S.K. Roy; K.B. Sinha, V.N. Kapur and O.P. Malhotra; Kunzru and Nair; Ghushti and Gupta of the chemistry class; Viji Hensman; Shirodkar and Deshpande at the Music School; Joshi at Kashmir House; Kishore Lal of the carpentry shop and Mumtaz, I think his name was, the book-binder; Sister Gibbs at the hospital; Mela Ram, the photographer ("Ishmile Pliss!"); Darshan Singh in the boxing ring – and those I have already mentioned. As also those other great teachers of our time who are happily still with us – the "*paamwala gang*", chaired by Dr. S.D. Singh for the largest number of *paans* consumed in a single life-time; the Hindi litterateur who has made possible a career for me in our gravely *Rashtrabhasa*-tilted politics – Dr. H.D. Bhatt 'Sailesh' (some of whose short stories I translated as a schoolboy into English and who, in turn, translated my melodramatic adolescent outpourings into Hindi); Rathin Mitra at the Art School, and many, many others; above all, the immortal Gurdial Singh whom I had the honour, as the country's most unlikely and undeserving Sports Minister ever, to select this year for the Tenzing Norgay Award for lifetime achievement. For Indian mountaineering was born in The Doon School and made possible only because of the tremendous imagination, leadership and grit of the great Guru.

When I contrast this galaxy of greats with schools that

(contd. overleaf)

(contd. from page 3)

I know where the Principal comes drunk to Assembly, the Headmaster turns out to be a serial molester, and the Housemaster a thief, one knows that what makes the Doon School the Doon School is, first and almost last, its Masters and Staff. Thank you all for the great start in life you gave all of us.

The other great institution that has left the mark of a lifetime on each one of us and rough-hewn the destinies which we have been later left to hone for ourselves is morning Assembly. If secularism is the hallmark of a Doon School education its origins lie in the eclectic collection of non-denominational prayers and songs with which we started every working day, the thanks we were taught to give:

*For hills to climb and hard work to do
For all skill of hand and eye
For music that lifts our hearts to heaven
And for the hand-grasp of a friend*

Remember? And can you hear over the waves of time the deep and sonorous baritone of Headmaster John Arthur King Martyn subtly imbuing us with all that is of the best and the brightest in our tradition and the heritage of humankind? More, I think, than anything we were taught from text-books, it was the profound and eclectic lessons learned through our pores, as it were, in Assembly that have lasted longest with us, permeating our thoughts and actions with those instinctive values which make us the good and responsible citizens we have, by and large, turned out to be.

Third, I believe, is the lessons we were taught in the dignity of labour. We all came from extraordinarily privileged families. Few of us were required to look after even ourselves at home. It was an era of servants by the dozen and pampering for the asking. The School could easily have degenerated into a haven for neo-feudals, as so many sister institutions in India and Pakistan had indeed become. I think it was making our own beds, polishing our own shoes, compulsory labour – “quota work” as we then called it – and Tunwala that saved our souls. That – and fending for ourselves in the midst of mindless bullying, petty tyranny and the proud man’s contumely – that gave us the inner strength to face the world outside. It is a tough world outside – and the fact that it was even tougher at School made for a successful launch. I wish there were gentler ways of doing it but I wouldn’t know of any.

Fourth, a sense of community – a sense of community that is both exclusive and inclusive. The exclusion is the sense of superiority over all those who fall outside the walls of Chandbagh. It gives us Doscocs our well-deserved notoriety for snobbery and conceit. It also gives us our inestimable self-confidence, the belief, not unjustified, that the world is ours for the taking. (When I went up to St. Stephen’s, some guy said he couldn’t stand Doscocs. When I asked why, he said, “You chaps walk around this place as if you own it.” I replied, “We don’t. Neither do you. So, why don’t you walk around as if you own it?!”) The inclusivity comes from there being perfect equality of treatment and opportunity within these sacred walls. For there were among us, and I daresay still are, ridiculously rich scions of princely families and fattened calves of industrial magnates, children of the powerful, the famous and the merely vainglorious. But because we all received the same pocket-money and had to do for ourselves the same menial tasks and competed with each other on a level playing-field with no

favourites and no nepotism, it bred in us, I think, a belief in equality and equity, of justice and fair-play, the enduring conviction that “*It matters not who won or lost/But how you played the game*”. It also inured most of us from the temptations of corruption. If success has come to so many Doon School boys – and I think we can claim over the last 72 years to have produced more men (and a few women) of distinction in a wider variety of fields of human endeavour per capita than any other School in the country, I think that has a great deal to do with the rigours of our adolescence and the timeless and universal value system pumped into our blood stream by the best Masters the country and our generation had to offer.

Can any one of us forget Holdy’s injunction to cultivate the “bold, inquisitive Greek spirit” or his astonishment at finding our class, one month before our Senior Cambridge exams, failing to react to his remark, “*Let the punishment fit the crime/The punishment fit the crime.*”

On learning that none of us had heard the verse, he put aside all our books and over the next three days sang for us in his cracked voice the whole of Gilbert and Sullivan’s opera, *The Mikado*! Or Sahi reading out from some poor unfortunate’s Sunday essay on “Water”: “Human beings need water to live. So do animals. Without water, we would all die” – and more in the same vein, then throwing the note book back at the author crying, “*Hai paani! Hai paani!*”

I have but one recommendation to make as the School veers towards its Platinum Jubilee. When I was here, girls were a rumour. The cruellest irony was that Welham Girls started up only in my last term – and I had to wait till the 4x400 girls relay on this Main Field to discover what made them so deliciously different to us. When I eventually founded my family, I had three girls – all of whom went to a co-educational school, inferior in every respect to The Doon School except in that they learned about the opposite sex when they needed to. Our deprivation distorted all of us. I am glad none of my daughters is slated to marry a Doon School boy. For all the Doscocs wives here would agree that we are totally mixed-up inside! So my final plea to you is: make the School co-educational. I think this complex of Hyderabad and Kashmir House would make for a perfect girls’ hostel – besides the incidental advantage of reducing the number of H-House and K-House boys! (My T-House fellow, the Headmaster, would agree that this would considerably raise the tone of the School! (*boos and applause!*) When my eldest was born, I wrote to Headmaster Marytn and asked him whether I might expect Doon to become co-ed by the time she reached the age of eleven. He replied to say he hoped it would. Now, three long decades later, the School still remains a unisexual Victorian relic. I hope the Board of Governors will summon up the courage to make the ‘great change’ by the Platinum Jubilee! I urge them to do so.

I emerged from School a red-hot Marxist (– like Mukul Chhatwal in yesterday’s Hindi play). Others had a more intelligent reaction. I have since moderated my views (again like Mukul Chhatwal in yesterday’s play). So, I am sure, have my classmates. But on one point we are all agreed: it was great to have been here, a miracle to have survived, and a trauma we recall with affection and gratitude.

*“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very Heaven!”*

Thank you, School. And thank you to all who made this possible. Jai Hind!



Letter To The Editor

Sudhir Khastagir Remembered

Reading the issue, dated September 22, of the *Weekly*, brought fond memories to mind about Sudhir Ranjan Khastagir, the father of Shyamoli Khastagir who was interviewed by Shikhar and Ashish.

Sudhir Khastagir was one of Arthur Foot's most admired Masters. The story goes that John Martyn was sent by him to Santiniketan to seek Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore's blessings for an Art Master for the School. What we got was the enormous personality that Sudhir Khastagir was (Khastu, as we called him).

Those of us who knew him well will remember his many charming and disarming qualities apart from, of course, his brilliance as an artist. He was truly a soft-spoken, gracious and caring Master. Keen to impart knowledge and artistry, he was never known to glow in self-approval. He took great pains to tutor, nurture and encourage budding talent – be it in painting, stone or wood-carving, clay modeling or even book-binding. He was worshipped by Gulab Singh and Mumtazuddin.

As a child, I held my first paint brush under his tutelage. He had an amazing way of making you feel as if you were a Picasso or Van Gogh in the making. Tell me, who would not look up to a man like him? One of his most outstanding students was BN. Roy (ex-103T '56), the then School Boxing Captain and also Captain of the Tata House football team. Now, almost after 50-some years, I often ask BN (BN *da* to many of us) how he combined two such varying skills as boxing and painting. With a twinkle in his eye, he says it was the inspiration and gentle coaxing of Holdy and Khastu. By the way, not many people know that BN's mother was one of the finest amateur painters of her time.

There are many qualities of Sudhir Khastagir that one can extol, but perhaps the greatest and noblest was that he never flaunted his own skills and talent to dwarf the children he was destined to teach. He went out of his way to appreciate the most elementary effort by boys. Sadly though, others who followed him embarked on a path of self-portrayal and ill-conceived favouritism which denuded the sanctity and culture of the Art School. Khastu never displayed any trace of the grievous tragedy that struck him early in his married life. He bore this wound with courage and fortitude and never once allowed it to shroud his cheerful disposition.

Well, for those who may not have heard this, it is also said that one of the cottages that the revered Rabindranath Tagore lived in at Santiniketan was named Shyamoli, perhaps after the daughter of one of Tagore's famous disciples. Now, for one last titbit before I close: soon after we got married in 1966, my wife and I visited Santiniketan where we made it a point to locate Khastu's house, since he had settled there on retirement. I can still recall and feel the warmth and affection he showed us on that occasion. He went on to ask my wife in which school she had studied. When my wife said Gokhale Memorial Girls' School, Khastu's eyes shone bright and he said, "I am not surprised because Mr. Foot always said that Doon School boys will marry Gokhalites."

God bless Khastu's immortal soul – for men like him are never re-born.

(Ashim Mukherjee, ex-44T '58)

“The Reading Awards are an effective way to inculcate the habit of reading in our students.”

Point

Pranjal Singh

The Reading Awards, which were instituted about three years ago, in order to promote the habit of reading in students, have undergone much criticism on the account that reading is for fun and should not be involved in a competition. However, these critics ought to be reminded that what they say is what a habitual reader would say. They forget that not all people are acquainted with this 'fun'. It is for such people that these awards were introduced, as it was hoped that a reward for reading would attract more and more students towards books and the library.

A recent step in this direction was the implementation of the new award scheme which changes the previous format, which allowed for only three students each from the three categories (juniors, mediums and seniors) to get the gold, silver and bronze awards in their respective categories. The new format now allows anyone who reads the required number of pages in the given academic year to get one of the three badges in his/her category. This was done mainly to ensure that only a few acclaimed readers do not bag all the awards as it would, and did, turn out to be a major point of discouragement for the rest. The award has been successful as more and more boys are enrolling themselves for the award every year. This year alone, under the new scheme, many more boys are getting the various awards in their category. I hope these figures speak for themselves as to whether the award is successful or not.

Counterpoint

Vibhav Gaur

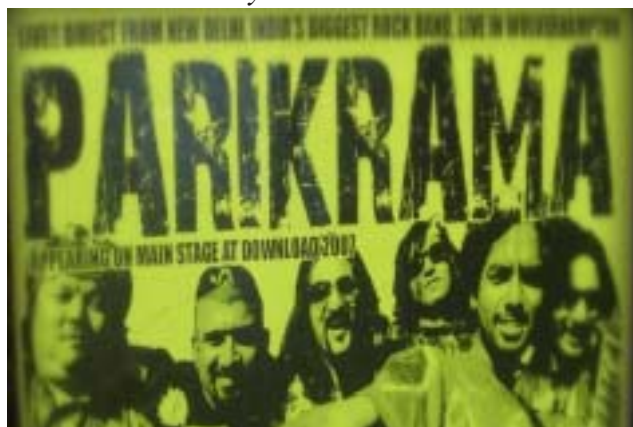
In our community, we have a variety of competitions and awards, whether individual or with a team. On of these is the Reading Award. This is a useful idea as the students' involvement in reading books increases and once that happens, it becomes a lifelong habit.

Nevertheless, I would say that it also has some shortcomings. First of all, reading is a leisure activity and should not to be undertaken for awards. It should be understood by the student body that eclectic reading and the reading habit opens up your mind and is something by which you gain knowledge and not prizes. The desire for the latter creates an unnecessary competition amongst students and could become goal-oriented or an obsessive pursuit like any other, for which people will cross some or the other limit. Competitions serve a purpose up to a point. Reading, to my mind, is not a competitive activity.

You must also be acquainted with the fact that these awards fetch a point for the Scholar's Blazer, which is an honour to have. Thus, there is the danger of applicants putting fake entries of books that they haven't read. The result of this is not easy to detect. If not, then there is a long lasting dent on one's conscience. Also, it negates the very principles on which these awards were instituted.

Rockin' in the Rosie

Sriyash Kishorepuria reports on the recently-held rock concert by *Parikrama* in School



This Diwali, the lights and the fireworks were coupled with the experience of a lifetime. For the first time ever, *Parikrama*, one of India's biggest rock bands, performed live in concert at our very own Rose Bowl.

As a testament to the interactive nature of rock music, the Dosco community connected immediately with the band. There was a palpable excitement in the air during their performance and there was a surge of electric energy from the lead singer to the crowd which was returned to the band. In the past four years of my school life I had never experienced anything like it. One could till then just imagine the energy of a rock concert, but seeing it happening in front of us was an experience to remember. Song after song, the tension just kept mounting and a matching response from the audience was felt till the very end.

The band mostly played covers of hard rock and heavy metal hits. These included AC/DC's *Highway to Hell*, Iron Maiden's *Fear of the Dark*, Pink Floyd's *Another Brick In The Wall*, (with a rendition of *Sare Jabaan Se Achha* in the middle), Coldplay's *Yellow*, *Fix you* and the anthemic *We Will Rock You* by Queen. These covers were well chosen, given their appeal to a young audience, and delivered in versions faithful to the originals.

Apart from the covers, *Parikrama* played a few of their own songs, which were both innovative and catchy. *Rhythm and Blues* had an addictive melody, while *Am I Dreaming* and *Tears of The Wizard* had a haunting feel about them. *In The Middle*, another original, had a classic rock feel about it.

Even though The Doon School senior popular band performs such songs, what we do lack is good sound equipment and familiarity with the use of the setting to present the larger than life show that is a rock concert. The difference between a professional performance like this and one of ours is clearly evident now. *Parikrama* used 'extras' like multicoloured lights and fog to add to the overall atmosphere of a rock concert, and these special effects certainly went down well with the audience.

The bass guitarist, Chintan Kalra, gave some slick riffs and fill-ins, the violinist, Imraan, played imaginative and beautifully phrased solos in between the songs; the lead singer, Nitin Malik, thrilled the crowd with his spontaneous syllabic add-ons. The energy did not die out and in the end, Doscos were left with sore throats and fond memories of their very own rock concert within the walls of Chandbagh.

Opinion Poll

Are you in favour of Boxing continuing as a sport in School?



Next Week's Question: Rate the term gone by: Good, Satisfactory, Bad.

DOONSPEAK

Boxing in School...

AKM – It is just hitting one another. It is not worth it.

Sambuddha Naha – It's a man's game.

Vikram Gill – It represents the strengths of a man.

Ashutosh Kejriwal – A merciless sport.

Anant Aggarwal – Receiving a punch with courage.

Ishaan Nagpal – To some it is a vulgar, ruthless and notorious act of hitting and bleeding, but it is a passion.

Milind Pandit – A waste of time.

Akshay Sharan – Show of talent in physical skills, but also, at the same time, could be dangerous.

THE WHO

On being asked who Gordon Brown is...

A poet – **Pranay Shah**

A basketball player – **Aadhar Sharma**

The new Captain of the English Cricket Team –

Jayant Mukhopadhaya

Charlie Brown's friend – **Abhyun Chatterjee**

A singer – **Saadman Chowdhary**

When did Tony Blair resign? – **Siddharth Bidasaria**
(on finding out the correct answer)

(Gordon Brown is currently the British Prime Minister)

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