

Established in 1936



# The Doon School WEEKLY



Saturday, September 1 • 2012 • Issue No. 2320

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## “So you think you can dance?”

Agni Raj Singh reports on the recently concluded Inter House Dance Competition, held on August 20, 2012



So far, 2012 has seen Doscos redefining the word ‘prolific’. Being productive is what we have proved ourselves best at, while producing quality results in sport, co-curricular and academics. This term’s calendar also promises a great deal of work ahead for everyone in every field and with regard to music, it had its first category of the Inter-House music competition on August 22: the Inter-House Dance competition.

One could feel the excitement in the Multi Purpose Hall rising as the time for the first performance drew nearer on the night of the performance. Hyderabad House, which was choreographed by House Dance Coordinator, Shreshtha

Verma and I, opened the dance competition, presenting a cultural clash, titled *Gold*. The title signified the spirit in each culture, dancing to prove their worth for the ultimate reward in human endeavour: gold. The culmination of the performance, which layered Bollywood and modern dance, culminated in the formation of a gold ‘H’, signifying the house’s winning spirit.

Next in line was Jaipur House’s dance choreographed by Gaurav Garg, with quite an uncommon theme, *The Game*. While representing the world of digital gameplay, Jaipur House kept up their stellar quality from past years. With impeccable coordination, immense creativity and high individual technical skill, Jaipur House’s performance sent a wave of ebullience through the audience. For me, the highlight of their performance was the ‘DJ Deck’ that the dancers made and also Abhinav Kejriwal’s fantastic expressions as the ‘DJ’, which brought the whole deck to life.

Kashmir House, choreographed by Shreyas Keyal, was up to perform next with the theme *Entertainment, Entertainment, Entertainment*. With a combination of chart-toppers and popular music, Kashmir House had the whole MPH grooving. Their steps hinted at an amalgamation of contemporary choreography and popular hip-hop routines, making it easy to connect with and the enthusiasm of the dancers transferred to the audience with ease. Aahan Menon’s previously unknown solo prowess, seen to advantage, thanks to the clever use of stage space (right up there, on the platform alongside the stage ‘ceiling!’) along with Abhishek Kakkar’s precision, made sure that the frontline of Kashmir House provided what they had promised; entertainment in triplicate.

The defenders of the Inter-House dance cup, Tata House, gave to us, *The Flavours Of India*, a definite proof that east or west, India is the best. The dance, choreographed by Arjun Midha, explored various facets of Indian music while delving into different genres and different dance styles. The intelligent selection of music proved vital for their dance, as the diversity of the folk rhythms actually brought out the extensively varied genres more prominently. The LED-embedded kurta worn by Arjun Midha was a very interesting touch to the dance as it successfully brought in another variety of showstoppers to the school’s Inter-House dance competition.

The last performance for the evening was given by Oberoi House, titled *Tryst With Destiny*. The title itself aroused curiosity and as the dance began, the audience just watched, stunned. Choreographed by Rohil Mehrotra, Animesh Jain and Rishabh Kothari, Oberoi House gave all of us a display of grandeur with quality choreography, colours enhanced by the use of neon and UV, while leaving me with only one word for their coordination: perfection. The combination of expressing nationalist sentiments with well-sequenced steps was unique, and, I feel, was an equally difficult idea to execute, but Oberoi House carried it out with aplomb, confidence and conviction.

The results saw Oberoi House emerging victorious while Jaipur House bagged the second position. Hyderabad and Tata shared the third position, followed by Kashmir House.

This year was different from every year past. Not because the standards rose or because there was increased participation, but because, maybe in a long long time, an Inter-House competition saw every single house at an equal footing with no one falling behind in quality, hard work and dedication. The effort put in by each and every troupe on stage, both individually and as a team was evident, and is a clear pointer to the future of dance in Doon.



## BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM

The School Soccer team played a match against **Tibetan School** and **won** 8-0.

The School Mediums Soccer team played a match against **MCR XI** and **won** 3-1

Well done!

## HINDI DEBATES

The following are the results of the 4th Round of the **Inter House Hindi Debates, 2012:**

**Tata vs Jaipur**

**Winner:** Jaipur

**Best Speaker:** Sanat Kumar Thakur

**Most Promising Speaker:** Ritesh Shinde

**Hyderabad vs Kashmir**

**Winner:** Hyderabad

**Best Speaker:** Yash Raj Agarwal

**Most Promising Speaker:** Arnav Joshi

Congratulations!

## MUSICAL MANIA

The following are the results of the Popular Band Category of the **Inter House Music Competiton, 2012:**

**1st:** Jaipur

**2nd:** Hyderabad

**3rd:** Kashmir

**4th:** Tata

**5th:** Oberoi

Well done!

## BADMINTON UPDATE

The School Badminton team played a total of 12 matches against **Summer Valley School** and **won** 6 matches.

Congratulations!

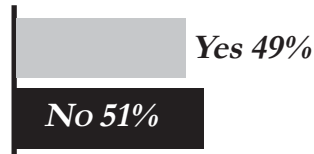
## TT UPDATE

The School Table Tennis team played friendly fixtures against **Summer Valley School** and **lost** 0-3.

Well tried.

## Opinion oll

**Do you think we should have PTM before Test Week?**



*(342 members of the School community were polled)*

**Next Week's Question:** Do you believe Social Service in School has any real impact?

## Paramount Confession

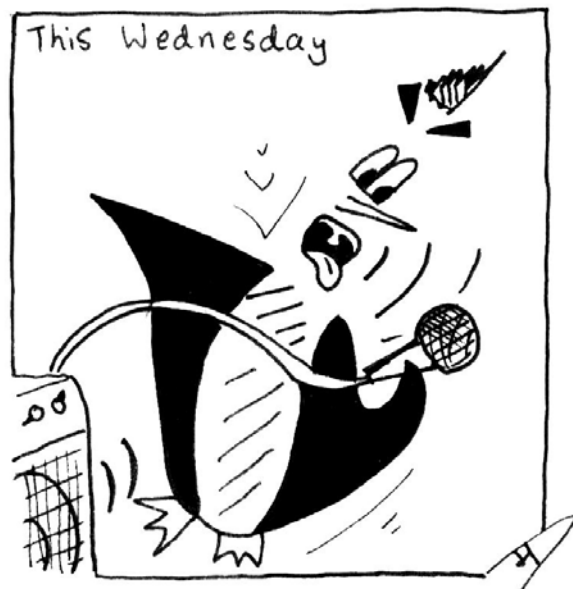
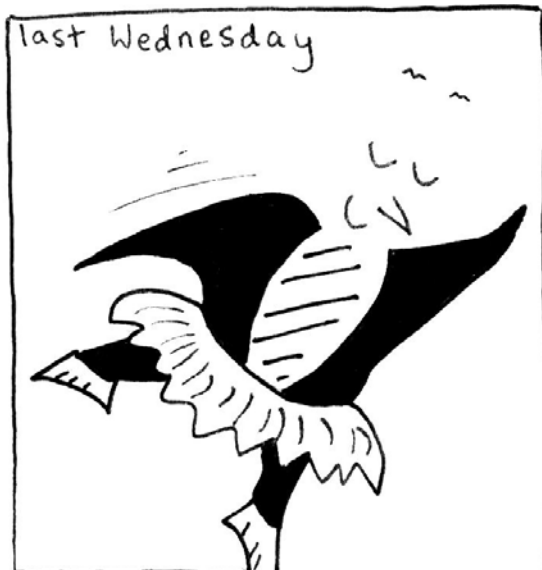
**Aakanksha Mohan**

In a place,  
I thought forever benign,  
I found someone,  
I'd left behind.  
Someone I can talk to,  
without withholding,  
Speak my heart,  
Without folding.  
When my mind  
Points out what I almost lost,  
When it tells me  
what it almost cost:  
I counter by saying,  
Look what I found!  
When we spoke,  
The second time around.  
Of the first time,  
I'm not particularly proud,  
It was almost as if  
I laid out my own shroud.  
What was amiss though,  
Is now far behind,  
Like a distant memory,  
In a distorted mind.  
I'm grateful, elated,  
That I can call  
You my friend,  
In spite of it all.

## Dosco Doodle

**Versatile Doscos**

*Madhav Dutt*



| Viewpoint |

# A QUESTION

*Aviral Gupta*

“The boys should leave Doon School as members of an aristocracy, but it must be an aristocracy of service inspired by ideas of unselfishness, not one of privilege, wealth or position.”

These were the thoughts of Mr Arthur Foot, the first Headmaster of the first public school of this country. More importantly, the thoughts stated above were to become one of the founding principles of The Doon School. The question that I would like to ask here is: as Doscos, do we still believe in what Arthur Foot wanted us to be?

All of us come from families which are a part of the educated strata of the society. We should be thankful that a safe shelter and the fulfilling of basic needs is not a worry for us. According to Abraham Maslow’s hierarchy of needs, we have already met our physiological and safety needs. Moving higher up in the hierarchy, now we can worry about our social needs, love and self-esteem. But the majority, who live outside the four walls of Chandbagh haven’t yet met their physiological or safety needs; to fulfill the prerequisites of a rich social life is out of the question.

Every year, boys pay lakhs of Rupees to go for International Service Projects which come under Round Square. Our students go outside our country to help others, when there are enough people who could be helped in our own country. I am sure that those lakhs could be used to change the face of a slum. But why should the lakhs be spent over a slum? After all, doing that wouldn’t help produce a certificate which could embellish a Dosco’s CV and help him go abroad.

The term has begun, and all boys are expected to meet the basic requirement of 20 hours of service- 15 hours of SUPW, which ranges from the service done inside school to the various activities that help the school community, and 5 hours of Community Service which must be done outside the Chandbagh Estate. 20 hours in 4 months (4 months equal to 2880 hours), and this requirement becomes a little difficult to meet looking at our busy schedules. What if no boy had to cross the bar of 20 hours this term? If the hour-system is cancelled, I am sure most of the school community would be relieved. After all, who wants to be forced to do service; I personally hate doing anything when I am forced to do it. But how many of you would actually spare time and go out of your way to help the needy ones?

I got involved with service in the early years of my school life, and I believe that I realized who I was by serving the bigger community outside these four walls. Some things that kept me going were the satisfaction that this activity assured, the smile on the faces of those whom I had helped and the good wishes they blessed me with. My perspective might be moralistic or idealistic in this regard, but I am sure that none of you would disagree with the fact that the feeling you experience after helping someone is out of the world. It might be momentary, but this feeling makes you feel complete.

Read again what Mr Foot had said and have a look at my rather incoherent statements. No fingers need to be raised and no one needs to be blamed. Just ask yourselves, do you fit into the words of Mr Arthur Foot? If you do get an answer, I feel my job here is done.

| Report |

# Archives Trip

*Rishabh Tusnial*

On August 9, while the rest of the School was fast asleep, four of us accompanied by ABQ and PKD left the campus for an archival escapade. It was 4:30am and before dawn broke, we boarded our train bound for New Delhi. The purpose of the trip was to encounter and familiarize ourselves with the professional techniques used in archiving.

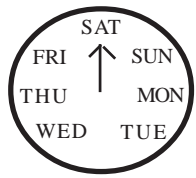
We reached New Delhi in the afternoon and unwound at the YMCA guest house. After a wholesome meal we set out for our first destination, The National Archives of India. We were informed about the inception and history of the institute, the procedures that are followed during archiving and were introduced to various methods that are necessary for the maintenance of old documents. Techniques such as micro-filming and fumigation fascinated the group. After a detailed discussion on how the employees managed the archives, we were convinced that archiving is not as easy as the lay man conceives it to be. We realized the complexities of professional archival procedures and witnessed how they use sophisticated methods to preserve the old documents. We were fortunate enough to view artifacts that dated back 3000 years. The methods of archiving were very different from what we follow at School and, having been impressed by the techniques in the official archives of the nation, we wish to inculcate some of the possibilities in our School’s archives as well. Overall, the first day was an eye-opener and an enriching experience for us.

On the second day we visited the Teen Murti museum, which is dedicated to the first Prime Minister of the nation, Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru. The building is the house that was given to Nehruji after he was appointed as the Prime Minister. We were shown around the edifice and observed how carefully they had maintained the entire structure in its original form. The highlight here was a novel display which recreates the Central Hall of Parliament as on the midnight of August 14-15 1947, showing an animated fibre-glass figure of Jawaharlal Nehru delivering the “Tryst with Destiny” speech. Unfortunately, we were unable to visit the archives of the museum due to a national holiday but were informed of the procedures they use in their institute. After such an informative visit, we went and wandered around Janpath market and looked for some souvenirs.

On the third day we decided to visit the Indira Gandhi Memorial. Yet again we observed meticulous procedures being employed in the organization of the museum. Unlike what we expected in a museum, there were many visitors who were visiting the memorial. Though we could not get some personal assistance during our visit to the memorial, we gathered that we could also create such a design in School as well. After some time at the memorial, we went to see Humayun’s Tomb and the National Museum. This was the last stop in our trip’s itinerary and soon we were school bound after three fruitful and exciting days in New Delhi.

This was the first instance when such a trip had been undertaken in order to witness some of the processes involved in archiving. Undoubtedly, it turned out to be extremely helpful for the development of the archives gallery in our School. We certainly hope to introduce some advanced methods and contribute to the progress of the Archives.





## The Week Gone By...

**Kunal Kanodia**

The past week was packed with activities with many Inter-house competitions taking place. After the huge success of the Dance event of the Inter-House Music competition, expectations surrounding last Wednesday's Popular Band category were understandably high. Needless to say, the participants did not disappoint!

The Inter-House Swimming competition kicked off on Monday. Despite most swimmers deliberately missing fitness drills conducted by their House swimming captains, the performances in general were outstanding and one even witnessed a few records being broken. The School Mediums soccer team played against the staff team on Monday. Although the Mediums team beat the staff team three goals to one, the effort put in by staff members was quite evident. ANC scored the only goal for the staff team.

The Inter-House Junior English Debates commenced this week. It was heartening to see inhibited and nervous B Formers mustering up the courage to speak before a packed classroom. The familiar grin on students' faces when PT is cancelled was seen on Monday night, but the reason for the cancellation remains a mystery. I say that as long as we don't have to go for PT, who cares what the reason is!

S Formers can be seen getting into the groove of the fabled second term. Certain S Form students have even begun to wake up early just so that they manage to get to the field first and have the privilege of taking attendance. To them I say, keep up the spirit!

| Poetry |

## The Filler Returns

**Utkarsh Jha**

Yes, I am here again

I know I cause the Masters In-Charge a great deal of  
pain,

I have the tendency to sneak in uninvited,  
This makes the readers very excited.

In many a breakfast conversation I was oft cited and  
sighted

Making me feel honourably knighted.

The last time around I did receive unbounded praise!  
For that I have demanded a regal raise.

But alas I am still a filler,

Though of the *Weekly* I am an integral pillar!

However, for now I must respond to the calls of the  
Editor

Who lurks behind me like a predator.

| Creative |

# GUILT

**Raniz Bordoloi**

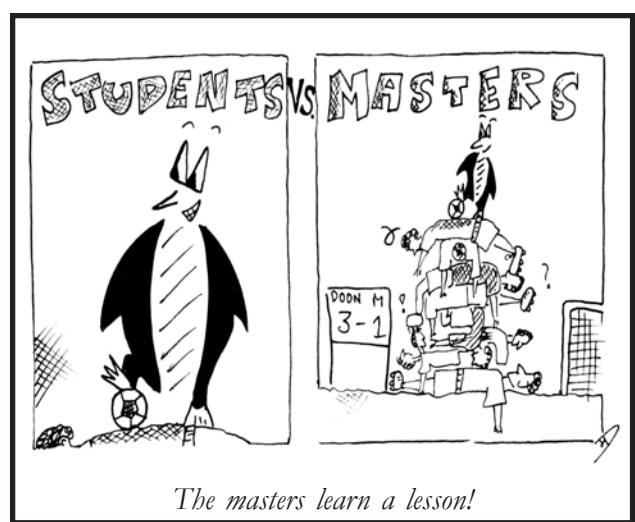
I watched Faisal as he stepped out of the room. He looked worried, perplexed about something. His smile had disappeared and he had morphed into a reticent loner, aloof from the world. He always seemed distracted, and that is what troubled me the most. Faisal had been a close friend ever since I could remember. I had few friends and amongst them, Faisal was probably the closest. He was the brother that I never had. I rolled my eyes and pondered. He was not the carefree Faisal that I once knew.

Even though he had an underprivileged upbringing, he had held his own throughout his life. Due to his hard work, he had brought himself up to a humble living. But this was not what made me look up to him. It was his sound conscience. He possessed a strong sense of morality and ethics. He had the courage to stand up for the right thing. However, this is what turned out to be the source of his discomfort.

When he was nineteen, he did chores for a prosperous family in order to survive. It was then when he made the decision that still continues to haunt him today. He did something regrettable, something against the very principles that he prized. He chose to steal money one fateful day. He knew that his master had enough wealth to last for generations to come. Therefore, he consoled himself by believing that fifty thousand rupees would not make any difference. He felt that the money was being put to a more fruitful use. He was desperate for the money. His sister, little Fatima was bedridden.

Today, he had no philosophy to condole himself with. The conflict continues to rage in his mind. It is the cause of his guilt. He took money from someone who did not even possibly need it. On the other hand, his sister was dying. Is it right to use a wrong method to achieve what is right? Faisal did not have an answer, and unfortunately neither did I.

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Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/publications/the-doon-school-weekly/latest-issue>



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