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A LOT OF MUN

Pranjal Singh reports on the Colombo MUN

On February 25, a delegation of ten boys comprising Dhruv Velloor, Amit Gupta, Aashray Patel, Vibhaas Pahuja, Govind Singh, Arjun Badal, Vikram Kejriwal, Sumaer Sandhu, Aashray Batra and I, left for Colombo to participate in the 15th Annual Colombo Model United Nations, 2009. With RSF as our escort, we arrived at Colombo the following evening. The balmy evening seemed to beckon us outdoors, but sadly, we had more pressing matters to attend to. Since the format of this Conference was different from any other we had ever attended, we all knew that it would be tough. What was tougher still, was Sri Lankan food in all its spicy glory!

We all prepared for the next day with vigour, and with encouragement from Mr. Sharfuddin, managed to bring forth viable policy statements in the required format. The next day was indeed more challenging than we had expected. We began directly with resolution-making. Since our delegation was the only one that had not attended the mock sessions organised earlier, all alliances had already been formed and resolutions seemed an empty dream for us. The only alternative was fiery debating and effective lobbying. In some cases, we befriended a few bouncertypes to deal with the more impertinent delegates. At the end of the day, all of us had at least one resolution to be submitted. We needed something to keep us energised,

A Military Experience

In January, Melvin Michael and I, accompanied by MLJ, represented the School in a seminar on leadership. This was part of the Silver Jubilee celebrations at the National Defence Academy, Pune, which encompasses over 5000 acres.

The seminar lasted from January 14-16, and we were to give a presentation on the topic "Is conventional leadership making sense in the light of technological advancement?". Representatives from numerous schools and national defence academies from around the world participated in the event. Melvin and I stayed in one of the barracks with the cadets of the Academy. It was a matter of coincidence that the mascot of our battalion was the eagle, as both of us are from Jaipur House. Our meals were at the cadets' mess which had a seating capacity for 1800 people and was handsomely decorated.

Our presentation was on the first day of the seminar

so we made a detour to *Mc Donald's* on our way back. Enjoying our five-star experiences in the evening, we slept more soundly than new-born babes.

The second day was one of formal debates. We went with our spirits high but the casualties turned out to be



higher still. All of our resolutions were voted out (up to three in the case of the General Assembly's 1st committee). All of it seemed a lost cause but that morning the stance had changed. All of us went up to the podium and breathed fire. We soon emerged like veteran soldiers from the committee rooms and headed

back to the pavilion.

To our delight, the third day's proceedings were to be in the Intercontinental Hotel, with the GA in the ballroom. As usual our delegates were brimming with comments and arguments. After a really tough day of changing strategies and "friends", along with trademarked speeches, we all found ourselves sitting in the same hall, waiting for the awards ceremony to commence. It eventually did begin, and ended on a pleasant note with yours truly being awarded the Best Delegate in the 1st committee and Dhruv Velloor being nominated from the 2nd committee.

We left Colombo the next morning, knowing that we would miss the walks along the beach and the moments of camaraderie that we were able to experience.

Vishnuu Mallik recounts his experience at a seminar held at the National Defence Academy, Pune

and it was followed by a question and answer session. Contrary to what I had expected, the presentation was successful. The acoustics and climate control in the auditorium were also impressive, and made us feel quite envious.

Eminent personalities such as Sri Sri Ravi Shankar and Mr. H K Dua, Editor-in-Chief of *The Tribune*, also expressed their views on the topic so as to broaden our points of view. The highlight of the seminar was the arrival of Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam as the Chief Guest on Army Day. After that session, we had a group interaction with Dr. Kalam. The NDA had organized special programmes for us at the end of each day's seminar session. One of them included a campfire by a lake on campus. We later found out that the naval cadets had to swim fifteen kilometers in the lake as regular exercise! We went

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Regulars

‘HEAD’ING IN

Dr. Peter McLoughlin, the incumbent Headmaster, and his wife, **Ms. Elizabeth Jane Clarke**, visited Chandbagh from Monday, March 2 to Friday, March 6. He was introduced to the School community by Mr. Analjit Singh, the Chairman of the Board, and Dr. Kanti Bajpai, at a Special Assembly held in the Rose Bowl on March 3. During their visit, they interacted with all segments of the community. Dr. McLoughlin will assume responsibility later this year in July. Mr. Philip Burrett, the present Deputy Headmaster, will serve as the acting Headmaster in the interim.

APPOINTMENTS

Abhilaksh Lalwani has been appointed **Secretary** of the **Technology Council** for the forthcoming year.. Saurav Mediratta has been appointed **School First Aid Captain** for the forthcoming year. We wish them a fruitful tenure.

MUSIC NEWS

Sriyash Kishorepuria was placed 1st at the national level in the **Grade 7 Piano examination** conducted by the **Trinity College of Music, London**. He has been invited to perform at a concert organised by the Trinity College in Delhi, to be held in April. Congratulations!

SCHOLARS

Madhav Bahadur and Mansher Dhillon have been awarded the **Scholar’s Blazer**. Congratulations!

MUNNING AROUND

In the **15th Colombo Model United Nations**, Dhruv Velloor was nominated for **Best Delegate** in the General Assembly (GA) 2nd committee and Pranjal Singh was adjudged **Best Delegate** in the GA 1st committee. Kudos!

HINDI ELOCUTION

The results of the **Inter-House Hindi Poetry Recitation Contest** held on Saturday, December 28 are as follows:

1st: Hyderabad House

2nd: Tata House

3rd: Jaipur House

4th: Kashmir House

5th: Oberoi House

Well done!

LENS TALK

Shiv Singh Mann (ex-65 TA '01) visited School on February 21 and gave a talk on **Wildlife** and **Photography** in the Kilachand Library, which was attended by boys from the Photography STA and the Nature Club.

Unquotable Quotes

No one should be allowed to have more than one children.

Adhiraj Singh, forming a new constitution.

No one should have more than two child.

Shubham Dhingra, number conscious.

Brutus’ sister’s brother is Publius.

Chandrachuda Shukla falls off the family tree.

Two-Sign further notice, start changing legs.

Rishabh Kothari, scoping season has begun.

| Poetry |

Unrequited Dreams

Shashank Peshawaria

Your love didn’t warm my sad heart,
Nor kindle the dreams I had.
An awful pain my heart sensed:
I had just dreamt a lot.

WHEN I SAW GREEN LEAVES FALL

Kanishka Malik

I walked to see what the
Roads were made of.
There was a man,
Drunk on life
Shrunk with strife.
No scars on his face,
But on his heart:
No difference in his walk.
The skies and wind and the leaves,
Told his story to all those behind him.
Yet he never turned back to look,
At the ocean he had crossed.
But his voice said
He lived all years of life,
I, yet in the making, was a questionnaire
And questioned every crack in his voice.
His words were like a gust in the summer,
And the green leaves falling in his life
Repelled my questing fingers.
Yet the poem of his life
Reminds me of the landslides along life’s road,
On every man’s journey
Along every man’s journey.

The Moment

Piroune Balachandran

Time spent in idleness,
Susurrous whispers of passing,
Creation of a moment spent.
The flow of reason
Which now has been blocked.

The ever-widening rifts,
The dissolute thought
Of unprovoked rebellion.

The fragrance shed by Cronos
Cocooned in every moment
Which passed without a cause.

The clock, which stopped
Only once
To carry the dead,
To take a life.

CAREER CALL

The Careers’ Notice Board will feature **Oceanography** as a career this week. All those interested should look it up.

Where is Love?

Mansher Dhillon's Bakhle-winning essay

The question that's as old as time itself is preceded by another even greater question. What is love? Some would call it one soul's recognition of its counterpart in another; the less articulate would call it 'sharing a common heart' and the cynics of the world would call it 'pain'.

I, however, think it is an empowering feeling; it makes you feel stronger than you are for the simple reason that you have someone to give yourself to completely, someone to share and make a life and memory with. Love is completing yet exacting, bitter yet sweet.

But coming back to the question of where love is, well, it's a matter of faith. Some feel we humans have been defiling the planet ever since we arrived: killing, cheating, betraying, you name it. It is this revelation that gives us a cause to question love. But love is a beautiful thing; it is the cord that keeps this world together; that unites the human race; that gives us a reason to live.

Love can be wherever you choose it to be, wherever it is needed. Love is everywhere, a watchful protector waiting to be found in times of hate and despair. Some, however, take longer to find it. Livin Bitlon Jackson writes in her memoir on the Holocaust:

"Mother never came back home today. Father got thrown in prison. If this house has no love, where can it be?"

Never question the whereabouts of love. It is a silent presence, that can creep up to you, permeate the inner reaches of your soul and give you wings, only if it is willed, only if you believe in it.

Love is a higher being, omniscient, present everywhere, saving us from the wrongs we do, and the bonds we break, giving us hope and setting us free from our demons.

It is the song of the sun, the leaves of a tree, the grains of sand. It is in the smile of a friend, the laugh of a baby, the warm embrace of a parent and the kiss of a lover. I could not have said better than *Wet Wet Wet* sang:

*I feel it in my fingers,
I feel it in my toes,
Love is all around me
So let the feeling grow.*

Love is in the distance between any two people, slowly drawing them closer. When these two people are united, into a harmonious whole, love takes residence in them.

Call me naive, but this is the way I envision love to be. Love is what we call the world, that attracts us to each other and makes us do things for each other that we would normally never do. Love is what makes a starving mother give her share of food to her child. Love is what drives us insane. Love is what makes us feel touched, moved, and alive. Love is a veil in front of us, that shields us from the world's ugliness. No evil can extinguish love. Love will never disappear, never leave us, and hopefully never give us a reason to question its whereabouts.

So where is love? Love is in me, in you, in every one around us. It is here, there, everywhere, emanating from every street, every home and every person. It is the wind in the air. We cannot see it but we can feel it. So never lose faith, never stop believing, and it will find you, and if not now, then soon.

A Certain Perspective

Pranjal Singh on being an Sc

I remember this little incident as if it were yesterday, though it happened in my B form. We were having breakfast in the CDH with our tutor when an Sc former walked in late followed by a couple of Sc Leavers. My tutor remarked casually that the students seemed to change drastically as soon as they reached Sc form. He went on to point out how the neatest and most respectful of boys also seem to lose all sense of what is appropriate, and even the most disciplined boy would start disregarding every single School rule.

At that time, I was unable to understand what he meant. But now being an Sc former myself, I feel that I can perceive the reasons for this dilemma. It's not the boys who change but the perspective of the School community towards them. For instance, when I went late for meals in my junior forms, my Housemaster called me careless and lazy, but now, when I'm late, by some stroke of misfortune, I am tagged impertinent, disrespectful and lethargic. Suddenly, we Scs, are seen as a potential threat to the School's law and order, a flaw in an otherwise perfect hierarchical system.

Are we actually a threat? Maybe. But more than that, we are just growing individuals who are trying to find their place within the system. We are older than all other students but younger than all those on the other side of the gate. We are not impertinent or rebellious but just confused. Where we need support, we are received with fear and suspicion. This is the fear of what we might do, of what we might want. Is it justified to make an opinion about us on the basis of a possibility?

This is not to say that we don't become impertinent at all. After all we have just been released from the yoke of favours and *naukarpanthi*. We have seen our predecessors act like kings of the School. We try to imitate them in a quest to find and explore our new place. We may not always be right, but sometimes, we *are*. Please, don't categorize us as impertinent and bossy. Please! Try to understand what it's like to go through this troubling phase.

If we act impertinent, it's not to show disrespect, but it does reveal our own psychological turmoil. When we try to break rules, it's not our lawless nature but our constant struggle to find our own niche. So, next time when you feel that an Sc former is being impertinent and disrespectful, remember to help him and understand his problem.



Opinion Poll

Do you think the School has taken adequate measures to relieve the stressful routine?

No ██████████ 81%
Yes ████████ 19%

(285 members of the school community were polled)

Next Week's Question: Should the celebration of Holi allow us more freedom, as it did until two years ago?

Roving

Eye

Ch. Ed. on what happened at COMUN (unofficially)

And finally, the poison pen has been brought back to life. Reinvented, rather. It's now the poison *laptop*, since we just don't seem to get enough IB logic into our brains. Actually, we just don't feel like writing anymore. In any case, a lot of us would like to apologise for our absence this week (you didn't miss us, we hope?) as we had been too busy MUNning around in Colombo, for COMUN 2009.

It was with heavy hearts that ten of us (three of our servants included) were marched straight out of the gates of Chandbagh to board a train on a balmy Thursday evening, led by Mr. Ubercool himself. It was rather odd, while travelling, to see an entire row of laptops being used (and you thought only IB gangsters were in on the act!). Accommodation for the night in Delhi (for the majority of us, at least) was to be provided by *Toota Foot*. *Toota Foot* also brought in a relative, *Phoota Hand*. Together with *Jala Hua* Toast and *Chhota Bulb*, this completed the A-form (deformed) delegation that accompanied six Sc-formers for the trip.

Day one of the real trip involved some running to the *havai adda* to get in time for a flight to Bengaluru, from where we were supposed to fly to Colombo. On board, while the young 'uns were busy sleeping or watching movies, some of us seemed engaged in watching something else. A certain soccer stud and his master-in-charge both tried to make passes at fleeting air hostesses, but the score finished goalless. A shot off target, it must be said.

Once in Colombo, we were to stay in the Taj (we vividly remember somebody guffawing at us the night before our departure, on being told that we might have to stay with host families; we guess he's not so amused now). It seemed that somebody had not acted *well* in showing some favouritism when allocating rooms. We soon also found that Mister Master didn't quite know how to operate a room safe, and refused to tell the hotel staff his code so that they could assist him. Due to this, he was forced to keep our money with 'somebody he could trust', i.e.; *Toota*. We hit the sack for the day, after a 'local' dinner that set our tongues wagging more enthusiastically than the canines you see on Pedigree ads.

We burned to death in Colombo's infernal heat the next day. The caucusing was alright by itself, but when one considered that it was to be held in claustrophobic rooms filled with a hundred and fifty delegates each, well, let's just say that the thought was enough to cause us to faint from dehydration. Fearing further forest fires, we decided on something safe: McDonald's for lunch and Pizza Hut for dinner. End of day three.

The next day was a little more hospitable for us – we were allowed to sit! The debates on the resolutions made began in full force, and in committee 1 the *Auntieji* was all too willing to chatter a whole lot, due to which he was almost suspended from proceedings (we hear that some under-table activities assisted his cause).

In the 'elite' Sec Council, our boy-in-charge would have

made Cato and Brutus blush with his 'bare' remarks. The same was tried by *Chhota Bulb* in the third committee, but no one really got the joke. In Committee 2, this writer exploded into a debating vein, arguing over *every single point* in an opposition resolution (he's probably practising for inter-house), even if what he said didn't make sense at all. Meanwhile, Mr. Kanpur Universe and *Bada Bulb* were busy making 'friends' in their respective committees. Our senior Nepal delegate was busy talking to a real Nepali, while his counterpart in the same committee was shouting at him to 'do something for their country'. Proceedings for the day ended with our dear Aunty getting shattered in each one of his resolutions. The rest of us were more fortunate. But after forcing him to wait in a hotel lobby for half an hour, we were made to swallow Master's wrath, even if no one took it the right way.

The final day of our MUN had us sitting in the glory of a hotel function room all together. *Auntieji* this time tried to get to know a member of the admin. staff personally, after he was blasted for passing notes in Hindi (we don't blame him, though!). Big Bulb had by now gotten to know a few too many people, while Mr. Kanpur was happy to be with (sorry, in) Micronesia. I was just happy to be holidaying in Mauritius.

Sadly, for all our social exploits, most of us failed to make good on the real awards, except for Aunty and this writer, who managed to save face. Mr. Boy-in-Charge, for all his pomp and show, offered the very plausible reason that his council (which had fifteen delegates) was more competitive than ours (which had about ten times more manpower) and it was left at that. We returned home, happy to have gone through a really great experience. The memories we carried back, the baggage that we almost left behind and the cellphone that we *did* leave behind are things that we'll remember for a long time.

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(contd. from page 1)

for a boat ride in the lake with the other participants. I was impressed by the imposing residence of the Commandant of the NDA.

On the last day of our stay, we visited the hut of remembrance ceremony, a sacred place at the Academy built in honour of the Indian Army officers who sacrificed their lives for their country. A tour of the campus revealed two Olympic-sized swimming pools, vast stretches of playing fields, grand buildings, a world-class gymnasium and many old ships, planes and tanks which had been put on display.

The trip proved to be a great learning experience for us. I was highly impressed by the discipline at the Academy and the hospitality of the cadets. Dr. Kalam's speech, too, was something I will never forget. Particularly, his emphasis on the fact that a true leader is one who can manage well not only in times of success but also in times of failure.

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