Editorial

“Pens are most dangerous tools, more sharp by odds than swords, and cut more keen than whips or rods.” With these words, James Taylor, bluntly describes the power of an individual associated with the media.

Here at Doon, we have over ten student-run publications finding their way to our dining tables regularly - it is high time we gauge the power we wield. The publications in school give us a meal of poetry, creative writing, student opinion, food for thought, an analysis of the school and the performances of its various teams, world news, reviews, developments in science, issues affecting the school and also the world today. All this, not just in English but in Hindi as well.

For seventy years the Weekly has reported all the important day-to-day events of The Doon School, and, at the same time, it has provided Doscos with an outlet for their literary genius coupled with their imagination, which, trust me, can run wild! In this day and age, it is important for publications in a school like ours to give a holistic perspective on issues which affect today’s youth. This helps them deal with these issues because the world isn’t perfect and it will never be. The same applies to our lives – whether we acknowledge it or not. This is just one of the many plain truths of our world. There are myriad problems faced by a teenager growing up today: some real, some imaginary, and it is difficult for a teen to deal with these problems on his/her own. Actually, it is next to impossible, especially if he/she happens to be studying in a boarding school away from the traditional pillar of support – family. This is where the role of a publication comes in. People might say that there are plenty of staff members who can be approached, but this isn’t entirely true. Take the example of our school – out of a faculty of over fifty, each student has only one or two masters whom he considers approachable. It is therefore important to talk about these issues, some, if not all, in a medium that is accessible to all.

Before sitting down to write this editorial, I had decided that I would elaborate on a topic that I had touched upon once before in the Weekly - that of taking full advantage of the opportunities presented to us on a platter of gold, the gold platter being The Doon School. Most of the students seated around you, including myself, were born with a silver spoon in their mouth. Born with fancy trappings that could satisfy your wildest dreams, resources with whose help you could springboard yourself to a higher pedestal. The Doon School is such a resource; you can either use it or abuse it. There are many who don’t realize their true potential even after spending six years here, and we often wonder at the lack of awareness among Doscos. I feel that because there are so many opportunities around us, through our years in Chandbagh and even before that, we tend to take them for granted and believe that these opportunities will be available to us forever. Perhaps that is why we wait for a sunnier day? After our graduation from school, year by year, all these opportunities will vanish, leaving us with nothing. I came across a couple of quotes which put forth my point succinctly:

“The greatest achievement of the human spirit is to live up to one’s opportunities and make the most of one’s resources.” (Vauvenargues), and for the over-optimistic:

“Do not suppose opportunity will knock twice at your door.” (Chamfort)

Recently, there was news about an Indian diplomat being declared persona non grata in Pakistan. They had planted some documents on him and had thus arrested him. The man happened to be a Dosco and on being released he said that if it wasn’t for The Doon School experience, he wouldn’t have been able to survive that ordeal. I can’t think of a more apt example that can make us realise the power of our famed institution. It is the beginning of the end for the batch of 2007. We have already started the last lap of our Doon School life. And, as we gather our achievements, accolades, experiences and memories of our six years spent at Chandbagh, the form below us is already gearing up to become the next set of honchos of Doon. The Doon School Weekly has given me a sense of responsibility, achievement and has made me cherish my years here. For about a year I have been the head of something that I am truly proud of and something that has given me immense fulfillment and satisfaction. I thank Mrs. Bathla and Mrs. Chaturvedi for being guiding forces throughout my tenure and for ‘slogging’ it out with all of us on Thursday evenings (that’s when we wrap up the issue). I thank Ayushman Jamwal for his support and for kindling in me an appreciation for poetry (regardless of what I have said in the past about it). I thank Saurav Sethia for being a one-man army, and Shikhar, Ashish and Naman for their dependability and for making my life much easier this term. I thank all the other board members for respecting my authority and for giving the school community a quality publication every Saturday morning. I also thank Mrs. Kambatta for helping me cement this editorial, and for always appreciating my articles.

When I wrote this piece, I wondered if I would be able to arrest the readers’ attention with my point of view. I just hope that you have survived the ordeal. The Weekly’s legacy must now be handed down, as it has been, and will always be. Just the Founder’s Day issue rests between what has been and what will be.

So it’s here, the last time I’ll be scrutinized for the ink that has been put on these pages, the only time I have been privileged to write this page for a Founder’s Day issue of the Weekly, a privilege that has been shared by only seventy-six other Doscos spanning seventy years of reportage and creativity. Welcome to this year’s Founder’s Day celebrations of The Doon School, and its Weekly.

Akaash Pathare
Very often one is granted a wish but not immediately. The time lag between making a wish, and its fulfillment can be so long as to be relegated to a forgettable past.

It was as a young boy that he first went to Doon. He was going on a holiday with his parents to Mussoorie. They stopped at Dehradun for a day and since it was en route to the must-see Tapkeshwar Mahadev, they dropped in at The Doon School. It was, after all, the alma mater of the prime minister’s son, and their guide suggested they visit it. He was then a twelve year old – teeming with optimism and ambitions - who went to the best school in Calcutta and felt privileged to be studying there.

Soon after they entered the gates, he felt transported to another world. His own school with two playgrounds now seemed Liliputian compared to the sprawling campus with lush greenery all around. The fragrance of flowers and the quiet surroundings were such a refreshing change from the city.

He asked his father if he, too, could study there. He was told that it was out of bounds for ‘commoners’ - one needed to be not only very intelligent and rich, but also have enough influence to even think of being schooled there. Only ministers’ sons, royalty, and the like, studied there. His young mind had to accept the reply and suppress his desire as he walked wistfully around the ivy-clad buildings on the pebbled path. Doon for him remained a distant dream...

Nearly three decades passed. Calcutta, now Kolkata, was finally beginning to develop into a modern metropolis. He was now the father of a twelve year old boy who was at a very good school and doing well there. It was by chance that they came across a magazine survey on the best residential schools in India – The Doon School was ranked first.

Unaware of his father’s old wish, the son got interested in the school. He was perhaps more determined than his father had been, and wanted to seriously attempt admission to the school his father had longed to go to. Not wanting to discourage the child at the outset, the father went ahead with the formalities, not really believing that he would succeed. Doon still was inaccessible, or so he had heard.

Feeling that his son had very little chance of getting selected, he was afraid that his optimistic son might have to face disappointment. However, the young man’s confidence was justified, he got selected. All those in the know gushed – he had achieved the ‘impossible.’

After the initial euphoria came the misgivings. How would the young boy, who had lived such a sheltered life, cope with the rigours of a boarding school? The sensitive child that he was, he might not be able to cope with an entirely different milieu. However, the die had been cast.

Not sure that they were doing the right thing by sending the child so far away, the father proceeded with the preparations. Soon, D-day arrived, and he was back in Dehradun, now a state capital, but this time with much trepidation and a heavy heart. The city hadn’t changed much and the school looked very much the same as the image etched in his memory since his childhood. The pebbles (he learnt they were called bajri) were still there, as was the ivy on the main building. The greenery was even more lush and the scent of flowers still pervaded the air; but to him these didn’t seem appealing any more, for they were separating him from his son. Given the choice he would turn back; if Kolkata was good for him, it was good enough for his son. What would he learn here that he couldn’t in Kolkata? Then he looked at his son - wide-eyed and mesmerized by the surroundings.

"Thank you for bringing me here," said the son, and then, he realized, that his dream had finally come true.

(The author is a proud Dosco parent)
**Education: A Marketing Strategy**

Baljit M. Allik on the semantic incongruity of the term 'public school' course?

Given the glitzy world of advertising, of ephemeral page 3 fashion techies, of 5-star work and recreational culture, of Bollywood dream merchants, and of repetitive 24/7 electronic media, it is high time we first looked at ourselves in the mirror, then posed the two questions mentioned above.

Living as I do in an old colonial mansion in Lutyen's New Delhi, and in a 130 year-old vintage cottage in Kasauli, some of these questions came back to me with a thump and thud when I received a letter from my late daughter in 1991, then an eleven year-old, from her school in Rishi Valley. "Papa", she wrote “today working in the school farm, I carried a tasa of gobar on my head. And, for the first time in my life, I felt Indian". Has the organic gobar of public reality gone out of focus in our lives? Has a virtual world taken over from a real cosmos? Have we lost the art and knack of questioning ourselves and each other?

Last year I came for Founder’s and the Golden Jubilee of our class of ‘55 with a new metaphor in my life in the flesh and blood of my post-modern Dalit Adivasi colleague, Mary Tirkey. She is a metaphor, a brand, a patent I would like to engrave and ‘ingrain’ in the consciousness of Rishi Valley out of this fraternity, because I don’t believe Rishi Valley is or ought to be like public schools as they are today. Mary Tirkey and her people have taught me (a Sikh, one who learns) what education should be all about. It should be to learn how to grow non-toxic food, it should be to till the soil, to graze animals, it should be about how to make a house with bare hands, it should be how to till the soil, to graze animals, it should be how to hunt and protect animals, it should be how to dance, to sing, to rear friendship and family. It should be about “with the people, for the people, by the people”.

If we could learn to do all that, I would be proud to be associated with a well and truly branded, public school ethos and institution. Until then, I shall reserve my verdict about how public are public schools as we have them today.

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**In your opinion what qualities in a Dosco make him/her stand out?**

| Personality | 32% |
| Charm      | 15% |
| Etiquette  | 1%  |
| Self-Confidence | 52% |
Wonder Years on the Weekly

Kanti Bajpai tells us about his experience with The Doon School Weekly as a student and member of the Editorial Board thirty-five years ago

What was it like to be on the Weekly editorial board thirty-five years ago? One way of answering the question is to say that for me it was probably the best experience of my school life. I would rank it higher than acting in the school plays and being House Captain, which also were wonderful experiences.

I informally joined the editorial board in the first term of B form. Himmat Sher Singh (ex-114T ’70), senior by a year in Tata House, encouraged me to write for the Weekly, and soon I was dropping in to editorial sessions as an apprentice to learn proof-reading and editing. The Chief Editor in 1970 was Madhav Patwardhan (ex-60H ’70), a tall, smiling, literary S former who welcomed me into the fold gravely but graciously. I say graciously because I was only in my first term at school and a bit of an unknown, but Madhav never really behaved as if he knew anything about my recent entry into the community. He always talked to me as if I was a veteran. I was very grateful for his bland acceptance of me at a time when I was constantly being asked why I had joined school in the B form.

Not surprisingly, the rest of the Board was welcoming in a fairly business-like way. There was Ranjit Pandit (ex-297H ’70) and Arvind Chopra (ex-314H ’70), both S formers, Karan Thapar (’KT’, ex-238J ’71), an A former, and of course, Himmat. Ranjit was talkative, witty, and urbane, and probably the most efficient of the editors (he was also a generous and ironic presence. Himmat was a friendly, modest, and extremely clever.

By this time, the editorial board had changed. Madhav, Ranjit, and Arvind had left Doon after the ISC. Karan was Chief Editor, Himmat was his deputy. I was now formally part of the editorial board as were Sanjay Rajadhyaksha (ex-331K ’72) and Amitav Ghosh (ex-246H ’72). I am not sure how the new editors were chosen. Charlie had in all likelihood consulted Madhav but he didn’t fraternize with the editors. Charlie, much freer as a bachelor, would wander in and out of our sessions, picking up a proof, redlining something, offering advice on grammar, style, and editing minutiae. I never knew him to be wrong in these matters, although we would often plot as editors to catch him out.

Often, we would be back at Charlie’s place after dinner to finish the proofs, and he would be cooking in his ill-lit kitchen. He might offer us a snack of some exotic French dish he was preparing, as he strolled in and out of the verandah in his T-shirt and shorts and a drink in his hand. SD left us alone to produce the Weekly. Presumably, he would look over the materials and the proofs with Madhav, but he didn’t fraternize with the editors. Charlie, much freer as a bachelor, would wander in and out of our sessions, picking up a proof, redlining something, offering advice on grammar, style, and editing minutiae. I never knew him to be wrong in these matters, although we would often plot as editors to catch him out.

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At any rate, I suddenly found myself, in my A form, as the senior-most editor after Karan and Himmat, and already beginning to fantasize about life as Chief Editor! While we junior editors were not actively competitive in terms of trying to get ahead in the race to be Chief Editor, there was competition, existentially speaking. Amitav was already dauntingly literary. Sanjay was meticulous, modest, and extremely clever.

We did, all of us, senior and junior, try to outshine each other in terms of our knowledge of the English language, and quite some litres of blood were spilt over...
what was right and wrong stylistically.

Charlie’s verandah was probably the most intellectual space in Chandbagh, and we flourished in it. We would trudge in and slip away as we finished the proofs, to a slight feeling of melancholy. The editorial sessions were cozy, untrammelled by the usual protocols of school life, and our interactions seemed pure and direct. As we headed back to our respective Houses, our minds would once again be filled with all the usual concerns of boarding school life. I, at any rate, always found the walk back to T House somewhat bittersweet after the editorial sessions.

My romance with the Weekly was greatest in 1971. The following year was a bustling, busy year. I was House Captain and had all kinds of other responsibilities and was consumed by everyday life in school—the School Council, debating, acting, and, yes, somewhere along the way, studying for the ISC. Charlie made me Chief Editor, but it has always seemed to me that the year I enjoyed most on the board was my second year. Amitav too was House Captain, and his life at school had changed fairly dramatically as a result. SD thought it better he give up the Weekly—and so he did, formally speaking. In practice, though, he was very much a part of the board, dropping in to do the proofs, commissioning articles, and planning future issues. The board also consisted of three new A forms—Gautam Sehgal (ex-237J 73), Himani Bhatt (ex-409K 73), who joined us in January, and Sunil Khanna (‘Mankind’, ex-221H 73) who arrived in March.

Amitav and I probably took ourselves more seriously as editors that year than we should have; KT and Himmat had a lighter touch. Still, when we did get too argumentative and dour, we would be saved by Amitav’s massive, shrieking laughter, Sanjay’s puckishness, and Gautam, Himani, and Mankind’s cool competence and good sense. We missed Karan’s effervescence, Himmat’s outrageous snobberies (he was from the princely family of Kalsia), and the unflappable presence of Madhav, Ranjit, and Arvind, but the Weekly evenings of 1972, at least for me, were the best moments of school life.

I remember Charlie as being more involved in the editorial meetings in 1972. That said, he did not interfere in what was published. He saw the proofs, occasionally wrote a short article (on the flora and fauna of the estate or, deftly, on something that irked or impressed him in the life of the school), gave us ideas on how to plan the next issue, and commissioned pieces (such as reviews of the school play or other events). He fed us Old Boys’ news (which was a lively section of the Weekly) and pitched in with items for ‘News in Brief’. I know he contributed several pseudonymous articles, usually on a controversial aspect of school life, that were gems.

As for the editors, we knew the limits of what could be written in the pages of the Weekly, and Charlie never had to ‘lay down the law’. We rarely got incendiary material; indeed, I cannot remember a single occasion where we had to reject an article unless it was because the material was poorly written. On the whole, we thought of the Weekly as I believe it should be conceived: as a journal of record for the community, as a forum for balanced and critical commentary, as a vehicle for creative writing, and as a means of entertainment. I doubt that anyone saw it as crisply as I have just stated it, but I would say that deep down that is how we regarded the Weekly and our custodianship of it.

We published our share of juvenilia, pretentious philosophizing, and harping on school and social commentary. We also did some rather foolish things. Amitav and I once wrote rather dismissive responses to an article by young Sanjay Vaswani who was a C former. This was foolish in the extreme since we had commissioned the piece and thought it good enough to print! I am sure we lost several potential contributors as a result of our stupidity. Old Boys Raza Bilgrami (ex-289T ’69) and Rajiv Sinha (ex-113T ’69) put us in our place in their rejoinders—I can still remember my embarrassment. My greatest disappointment was that we didn’t do anything pivotal with the Weekly. It went on, much as before. We talked a fair bit about change and new initiatives, but we didn’t fundamentally do anything new.

The Weekly gave me a lot. I was introduced to proofreading and editing. I learned how to collaborate with and lead a small group of talented, intelligent individuals. This was never easy but always invigorating. The editorial sessions were sometimes a refuge, sometimes an intellectual club, and sometimes a schoolboy romp. Best of all, though, the Weekly was the most adult space I inhabited in those years. SD and Charlie played a major role in providing the setting for that, but so too did my fellow editors. It was the one place where we could play at being more than mere schoolboys.

Looking back on it, serving on the editorial board of the Weekly was probably the coolest thing I did at school.
DSW: When and why did you join The Doon School?
Sati Puri (SP): The Board of Governors of The Doon School requested Mr. Analjit Singh to head the school's fund raising initiative in April 2004. Since I live in Dehradun, I was requested to be the focal point, or rather, serve as a connection between the Headmaster in Dehradun and Mr. Analjit Singh in Delhi.

DSW: What exactly does your job require you to do?
SP: I receive Old Boys, corporate houses and prospective donors in school. The majority of our donors are Old Boys who live abroad. The Fund-raising Committee has members at various locations in the world, namely New York, California, London, Hong Kong, Bombay etc. It is also my job to keep in regular touch with these various Committee members.

DSW: What were you doing before coming here?
SP: I worked for James Finlay and Co. Ltd. in Calcutta, which I joined in 1958 after college, and from where I retired as Senior Vice President.

DSW: How exactly are funds collected?
SP: Well, the Fund-raising Committee collects funds from Old Boys in India and abroad, corporate firms and other well-wishers of the school, with the help of its various members which, as mentioned earlier, are located across the world.

DSW: Where do you see this school twenty years from now? How vital a role will fund-raising play in the general growth of the school?
SP: The school has a Vision Statement laid down by the Board of Governors that the school should be one of the ten best schools in the world. I definitely see the school reach this goal in the next twenty or so years. The world around us is changing very swiftly, and for the school to retain its pre- eminent position, we must accept and manage this change. Funds are therefore being collected to improve the infrastructure such as buildings, sports facilities, educational facilities (namely, the introduction of IB in April 2007), and to increase the scholarship funds to enable 50% of the boys in school to receive scholarships, something that can only be done through funding. Fund-raising will help the school to meet competition from new schools being established all over India.

DSW: What do you do with the funds and who are the main donors?
SP: The main donors are, of course, Old Boys spread all over the world. They have, in the past two years of our effort, given back to the school community most generously. The funds collected have been used towards the growing needs of the school in relation to scholarships, infrastructure, information technology, sports facilities etc.

The cornerstone of the fund-raising initiative has been to assure Old Boys and corporates of complete transparency and follow-up in this effort. Regular updates have been provided to donors through The Doon School Fund-Raising Committee. Quarterly news on status of funds, application and projects is provided.

DSW: What are your views on the ‘Friends of School’ board and the controversy it has been subject to?
SP: Recognition of donors is a very important aspect of fund-raising, whether people like it or not. The Fund-Raising Committee has devised a system of recognition, whereby donations are recognized in the ‘Friends of School’ board, or the new signage on way-finders installed at various places in school.

Whilst all may not agree with the style of recognition, it is necessary. It is not possible to please everybody by introducing something else in school. Acknowledging these donors is as important as collecting funds, for that matter.

DSW: What do you like about your job?
SP: I consider myself most fortunate, as the fund-raising initiative of the school has given me the opportunity to ‘give back’ to the school which has given me and my family so much. Four generations of my family have studied here. I myself joined school in 1948 and left in 1952. This job has also given me an opportunity to relive my youth. All in all, it is a tremendous joy to be a part of the school’s daily routine again.

DSW: Do you read the Weekly? If so, what are your thoughts on it? Do you think it can be improved?
SP: I read it sometimes, as copies of the Weekly are put on my desk rather irregularly. Therefore, I read only the copies which are sent to me.

The Headmaster informs me that The Doon School Weekly has not missed a single deadline, since its inception. It is well-written and gives the student body, as well as the faculty, the opportunity to freely express their views. It leads to lively and stimulating debates and the articles are well-written and enjoyable to read.

Most things can be improved and it is upto the editorial board to devise ways of enlarging and improving the content.

DSW: How has Doon shaped you?
SP: I hugely enjoyed my days in school. One makes lifelong friends and nowadays a Doon greets you with open arms wherever he is or whatever vintage he is. School taught me to be self-reliant, to feel for those less fortunate than I, and to cope with the changes which were taking place in India soon after Independence.

DSW: What do you do to unwind after a hard day’s work?
SP: I go to my garden. I am an avid gardener. I also spend time with my Labrador, Tyson. I have a pristine sal forest at my door in which I walk daily. It rejuvenates my mind, body and soul: what could be better!

Money Matters

Mansher Dhillon interviews Sati Puri, a vital member of the school’s fund-raising initiative.
If music reflects the mood of the age, what does today's music say about us?

Music is a form of expression. It consists of the thoughts and feelings of a generation, surfacing in an aesthetic manner. A lot can be said about a personality by his/her taste in music. Music has always been referred to as 'soul food.' It nurtures and nourishes a part of us that nothing else can sometimes reach. However, it has faced a lot of criticism. Drugs, violence, excesses, vulgarity etc., have been associated with music. The character of musicians has been doubted and numerous accusations have been made. Music has, however, stood the test of time and thrives today. It is extremely popular in all parts of the world. It is not restricted to a particular culture, religion or nationality.

I am of the opinion that music reflects the mood of the age and current music symbolizes rebellion. It is a form of protest. The present generation strives to break free and that is reflected in today’s music. It inspires us to spread our wings and fly.

Today's youth detests protocol of any sort and is eager to be let free. They do not want to be bound by rules. They do not want other people’s opinions or ideologies to be thrust upon them. They have their own desires to express in a manner that is suited to their company. They have faith in their own beliefs and opinions and want to carve out an identity for themselves. They loathe traditions and customs which do not make sense in their social or political milieu. They want to live life on their own terms.

Punk rock, heavy metal, alternative rock and pop are popular genres of music. Punk rock bands like Blink 182, Sum 41, Bowling for Soup etc., are at the head of a revolution. A revolution that strives to bring about a radical change in society. These bands propagate liberty and freedom. They employ a very informal style of music. They sing what they believe in, and in extremely explicit vocabulary, tell us what they love and what they hate about the world around them. Songs like Smells Like Teen Spirit is a suicide note in the form of a song and would reduce even a stone to tears.

According to me, Nirvana, led by Kurt Cobain sparked this revolution. Though Kurt Cobain was highly criticized for his lifestyle, he was an icon for the youth in the late eighties and early nineties. He was God to many youngsters at that time. His suicide in 1992 shattered the hearts of millions of teenagers and young adults all over the world. He concluded his suicide note by saying, “It is better to burn out than fade away ...”. His song, Smells Like Teen Spirit is considered by many lovers of music to be one of the greatest songs of all time.

Music certainly mirrors society. What we hear is what we live in. Music is used as a means to communicate thoughts and feelings. Young minds today are restless, searching for an anchor, wanting to find meaning. The fact is that music is the only thing keeping many from insanity. It is much more than a form of entertainment. It is a symbol of freedom. It is a refuge.

CROSSWORD

Across:
1. Noble gas
5. Three pointed spear
11. ______ ist - Jewish fundamentalist
12. Blessing
13. Serious conflict
14. City of the Taj
15. Fermented grape juice
17. Precious stone
20. Move to a place
21. Male child
22. Unrefined mineral
25. Topographical term
27. Conjunction
28. Long story
30. Male pronoun
32. Barcelona’s home ground - camp
34. A person who loses
35. Single egg
37. Microsoft
39. Small insects
40. Important Indian economic organization
41. Poverty Alleviation Programme
43. Electrostatic precipitator
45. Hesitating sound
46. Good conductor
47. A steady, brisk pace
48. Extra-terrestrial
49. German river
51. Nickel
52. Cosmetic brand
53. Argentinian striker
56. James Bond movie
57. Kingdom
59. British Broadcasting Corporation
61. Musical note
62. Tin
63. Spanish wunderkind
64. Male of a deer.

Down:
1. Freedom fighter
2. Firm
3. Tagore novel
4. Kerala festival
5. Preposition
6. What boatmen do
7. British architect -____ Jones
8. Female sheep
9. Sodium
10. To set off
12. Irish singer
16. Anti-virus programme
18. Scandinavian capital
19. Genetic identifier
23. Christian holiday
25. Media personality Sagarika
26. Leg-side on a cricket field
28. Reprimand intended to correct
31. Heavy chemicals company
33. Cricket official
34. Los Angeles
36. Blood group
38. Investment banking firm - Goldman
42. Poor person
44. Press Trust of India
46. Site of the Coliseum
51. Business news-channel
54. A loose, flowing garment
55. Substance of an argument
58. Ribonucleic acid
60. Counter Strike

Ashish Mitter
Winner of the Dr. Shankar Dayal Sharma Essay Contest 2006

The Doon School Weekly Saturday, October 28
The Art of Apologising

RJUL KOCHEAR

The person about whom I am going to write may seem an incongruous choice. For obvious reasons, a rustic, illiterate villager may seem to be the last person on the globe to write about. When this thought first occurred to me, I had similar apprehensions. I have been procrastinating about writing this for two long weeks, contemplating the subject's appropriateness. In the beginning, it seemed a slick trick, writing about a villager, someone simple and 'uncultured' in our ways of the world.

How wrong I was. How short-sighted and foolish not to value service, hard work and responsibility. Luckily, the mists of ignorance or foolishness, or whatever it was, cleared from my mind, and here I am, writing about someone who has served me and helped me.

I am talking about Ranjan. You may have never heard the name, but nevertheless, he is the very man I wish to write about. Ranjan is my attendant-cum-physiotherapist-cum-friend-cum-advisor-cum-twenty-four-hour companion. My school is not wheelchair accessible. There are a lot of stairs, pebbles and other obstacles which hinder mobility.

As a result, when I came back from the hospital post rehabilitation, I needed someone to help me around. Ranjan was the man.

He helps me get around school, to classes, seminars, parties, meals, appointments, exams etc., in record time. I hate being late. Ranjan helps me reach my destination before time. Besides that, when I was incapacitated, he helped me in all things from toilet management to my rehab regimen to my social obligations to general recreation (park visits, malls, markets, amusement parks, restaurants etc.). He has been with me through my ligations to general recreation (park visits, malls, markets, amusement parks, restaurants etc.). He has been with me through my darkest days. Literally, he has helped me stand on my feet again. He has been with me through my recovery. Literally, he has helped me stand on my feet again.

I respect him for that.

As a result, when I came back from the hospital post rehabilitation, I needed someone to help me around. Ranjan was the man.

He helps me get around school, to classes, seminars, parties, meals, appointments, exams etc., in record time. I hate being late. Ranjan helps me reach my destination before time. Besides that, when I was incapacitated, he helped me in all things from toilet management to my rehab regimen to my social obligations to general recreation (park visits, malls, markets, amusement parks, restaurants etc.). He has been with me through my darkest days. Literally, he has helped me stand on my feet again. We work as a team, from five in the morning till eleven at night. And just like any other team, our machinery too, runs into glitches.

First is the hurdle of misunderstanding. Due to the cultural and attitude differences, there are times when things don't turn out as they should. I say something and Ranjan doesn't pay attention to it. As a result, things turn out differently. Here is a small example: Ranjan knows that I have my yoghurt with salt and pepper.

But one day, I wanted it sweet. I told him so. But in his habit of not listening to detail, he brought me my yoghurt as it comes every day: salty. A small event, which when repeated over and over again would certainly get on one's nerves.

Second is the problem of forgetfulness. There have been times when Ranjan has misplaced or lost certain things. Once, I asked him to keep a physics notebook and my calculator carefully. The notebook belonged to a friend. Exams were in a week's time. When I asked Ranjan for the notebook, he looked blank. Imagine losing someone's notes before an exam! Not only that, Ranjan even misplaced my expensive calculator with the notebook in question. My lender friend got very unhappy about the whole affair.

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Edgy, irritated and tired myself and Ranjan out of bed to take me to the other side of campus for my work. Most times he has never complained. But one night, I mentioned to him the beauty of the lunar sky. Imagine that at two in the morning! When I asked him why he was so lukewarm in his response, he just cracked like a highly heated piece of glass. In the end, I realised how foolish I had been: first, for waking up in the middle of the night, then, for waking another man up, and finally, admonishing him when he did not join in enthusiastically appreciating the beauty of the night sky at that unearthly hour. I have been inconsiderate on many such occasions.

The examples that I have given you are seemingly trivial and may not, at first glance, deserve a mention here. But they hold a deep meaning. The mere fact that I remember these incidents underlines my fondness for my Man Friday. We bicker over small issues, just as others do. But we always find a way out.

They say— "To err is human, to forgive divine". I believe, and so does K Ann Thapar (in his column Sunday Sentiments— Hindustan Times, September 24, 2006), that "To err is human. But to apologise is the real divine thing to do." A 'sorry' is one of the easiest ways to atone for a trespass, but it is the most difficult to utter. A 'sorry' extracts us from all impasses, and that's what Ranjan and I say to one another after a fiasco.

Let's look at a typical scenario. How often do we say or do something wrong, and despite doing it, despite realising and accepting our follies, hold back from apologising? Even if we do apologise, do we not add the following— "I didn't mean to," or "I am sorry but..." to dilute our apologies? It is inherent in us all not to accept things as they are. 'Sorry' may be one of the simplest words in any dialect, in any language around the world. It may be one of the earliest words in our vocabularies. And yet, it is one of the most difficult to utter out loud.

Ranjan may be unversed in our ways of the world. But he is one of those rare men of power who has the strength to say 'sorry'. I realise my mistake the instant I commit it. I try and apologise, but that's it—I try. Eventually, I put on a façade, pretending I have nothing to apologise for. Deep down, however, I know whom I'm fooling. Ranjan comes right ahead with his apology, without any pretence. And I respect him for that.

I remember not to express my views on the moon at two in the morning: Ranjan tries not to get me sweet yoghurt when I want it salted. I am not perfect; Ranjan is not perfect. And in this imperfection lies the perfection of our symbiotic relationship. I could not have come back to school post my injury without him. He is the most intrinsic and irreplaceable entity in my life. It is because of him that I returned; because of him that I stayed on.

Ranjan doesn't know that I'm writing about him. Nor is there a better way of thanking him (although no amounts of it would suffice) for the service he has rendered unflinchingly.

Ranjan belongs to a very different culture, and has a very different set of ideas and perspectives. We have our differences. But at the end of the day, to me he is a godsend; to me he is indispensable. And in his own inimitable way, he has taught me one of life's biggest, simplest and yet toughest arts—the art of apologising.
PMV: When a boy, who I thought hated me, touched my feet.
GSS: Still waiting for one ...
AAQ: The staging of Macbeth, my first play in school.
PDT: When a whole lot of boys came up to me and told me why I should take up housemastership of MH.
ASH: There was a boy who did every wrong in the school and was often punished and reprimanded by me. He did not even meet me when he left school. However, a few years later, he came running up to me and said, “I’m in a hurry, but I came here to meet you and tell you that every time you punished me, you were right. Thank you.”
MHF: None.
HMD: Winning The Doon School Cup.
KLA: I am still waiting for it.

When a whole lot of boys came up to me and told me why I should take up housemastership of MH.

PMV: Tata House coming down.
GSS: The night of Jai Singh’s birthday.
AAQ: The first of April.
PDT: When every MH menace is transformed into an angel! I will then have no work left.
ASH: Walking towards K House at one o clock at night and seeing nobody there.
HMD: Losing all report cards just before the report card meeting.
MHF: Loneliness.
KLA: Yet to occur!

The Doon School Cup.

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The Housemasters respond to a rapid-fire round of questions

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What are your views on the senior-junior relationship?

PMV: It is better than before. There is more friendship.
GSS: It’s great!
AAQ: Excellent at the moment.
PDT: The seniors are role models for the juniors. The juniors adopt not only the good but also the bad qualities of the seniors.
ASH: It is much better than the yesteryears.
HMD: It is improving.
MHF: It is not perfect. The juniors must respect the seniors.
KLA: Generosity.

Name one tradition of your House...

PMV: There has been sincerity for PT in Tata House.
GSS: There has always been a lot of love for the House.
AAQ: No, there is no such tradition in Foot House.
PDT: Yes! Breaking windows!
ASH: K House has been known for gentlemen and the good humour of the people.
HMD: We do nothing that will dishonour us or our House.
MHF: There is a sense of commitment and sincerity towards the dignity of the House.
KLA: Generosity.

Qualities you look for in a house captain are...

PMV: Honesty, maturity and a zest for discipline.
GSS: Commanding personality.
AAQ: Integrity, sincerity and firmness.
PDT: A good human being.
ASH: Genuineness, firmness. He must be understanding and should be loyal to the House.
HMD: Integrity, leadership and a sense of responsibility.
MHF: Justness, integrity and the potential to stand up for right matters.
KLA: Leadership and vision.

Your worst nightmare is...

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**Careless Whispers**

Human beings have always loved to gossip, be it at the office or at home. After a hard day at work, it is a universally favourite pastime to sit and gossip, the more scurrilous, the better. Gossip carried in whispers from one person to another, oblivious of the harm it would cause to the person in question, is a phenomenon as old as time itself. It is indiscriminate and loose talk in hushed tones, indulged in just for a little fun.

When somebody demands secrecy or does not want to be heard by all and sundry, he whispers something into another person's ear. It may be about a beautiful person or about the happenings an hour before, but, what if these whispers become a cause of major embarrassment? What if these 'careless whispers' spread slanderous messages? After all, you do not care about what you are spreading, as long as you or your dear ones are not the victims.

I remember a tale, which my history teacher once told me about her experiences as a journalist back in Kolkata. Two eminent gentlemen were in a deep discussion over the personal life of one of India's top artists. Rumour has it that it was this clandestine talk, which led to a Delhi-bound flight being delayed at Dum Dum Airport. The official excuse: delay due to 'technical reasons'! Not only were they carelessly and discreetly exchanging ugly gossip about another person, they seemed oblivious of the discomfort they were causing the sixty-odd passengers stuck at the airport, desperately waiting for their plane to leave.

A careless whisper has been a useful tool, which our politicians have used to defame each other. During election time, every party sends people to different centres with gossip and other secrets about the rival candidates. This information may be spread via CDs, mails, letters or even verbally, and, mind you, it is information which only 'you' are meant to know. The whispers may vary from a person's finances to his personal life or even about his activities at a party. Unfortunately, the gullible public does get carried away by such whispers. Most of us have heard of the private conversations between Bush and Tony Blair at the recently held G-8 Summit, which revolved around Kofi Annan and the entire Lebanese mess. Careless about the presence of a microphone, the two statesmen spoke about things in language that put both of them to shame. Another world leader, Vladimir Putin, was embarrassed publicly for his sexist and insensitive remarks about another world leader. His 'careless whisper' will certainly cost him dear as the news reports have shown. Bush is not the only person to have been caught while whispering carelessly. Richard Nixon lost his presidency over his unscrupulous bid to access information not meant for him.

Today the word 'Watergate' signifies ugly gossip and slander. In India, the careless whispers made by George Fernandes, Jaya Jaitely, and a galaxy of other politicians to journalists from Tashkent even lost them their jobs, apart from the havoc it caused nationwide. It was a similar careless whisper that brought to light the fact that Zaha Sheikh was a puppet in the hands of a certain political bigwig in Gujarat.

Careless whispers are rampant in the world of entertainment. In most of the soaps that run in almost every Indian household after the day's meal has been eaten, a woman with possibly the biggest bindi of the most exotic colour, plays the trouble-maker who, thanks to her whispers to various people, is able to cause fights between husband and wife, mother and daughter, business partners, siblings, you just name it! The woman who whispers has every idea of the harm she will cause to the other person and does it with great zeal and enthusiasm. The private conversation between Salman Khan and Aishwarya Rai became a major sensation during that time, embarrassing both. It was talk made by two people completely unaware of what was happening around them. It just shows that for some reason, we forget normal conversations, but never the careless whispers...

**And The Years Just Flew Away**

SHAURYA KUTHIALA

I was looking through some of the old photographs in the Archives, and I saw various photographs in colour and in black-and-white, and a thought hit me. All those people smiling and looking at the camera in their times, did they ever imagine that one day they would no longer be in this world and that someone else would see them as they were, in those very photographs? Those people that we now know to either be elderly or who have passed away are there, looking young and enjoying the prime of their lives. I have often wondered since then, how will it look to someone else, while he is flipping through the by-then 'old' photographs, to see us smiling into the camera, frozen in that moment forever.

Time really does fly. I have heard many people say this, and I really do believe that it is true. Let me take benchmarks of time in the form of major events that have struck the world, and not in the conventional unit of years. For someone my age, it's not been really long since we entered the third millennium. I can still remember that night vividly. I was watching a TV show which featured excellent magic tricks. It ended shortly before midnight. I even remember wishing my family a "Happy New Year and millennium". That wasn't so long ago, was it? Then, the next year Al Qaeda struck, and brought down the Twin Towers and a good chunk of the Pentagon. Whenever I see a book written after that particular incident which mentions it, I think, "Quite a recent book," before I realize that it was a five whole years ago that it happened. To some, five years is not a very long time, but in my case, it's only a third of my life till now.

It also seems to us as we progress to higher forms that the previous form just breezed by. I've come across boys saying, "We were just in C Form, yaar. Now we're in A Form," and this shows what I mean. Now in A Form, I'll probably think in my Sc Form, "I was just recently in A Form. How can time fly so quickly?"

Thinking about what others may call idle speculation may seem a waste of time to you. To me, these topics are not a waste of time, but help me satisfy my curiosity. They help me to answer my unanswered questions, by discussing them with myself, and sometimes, others. I would like you to give some thought to this as well. Think along my lines, and you too will feel that time just flies by like an unstoppable force of nature. Isn't it strange to know that we too will be in those photographs for others to see one day, thus completing the cycle we are supposed to? Will it not seem odd to come back and point ourselves and our ex-formmates out to others when we near the age of sixty? Only time will tell.
"In the 21st Century, the Boarding School must 'change' to survive"

The Doon School today is changing, and changing fast. The evidence is all around us: the Art School and the old Music School have gone, so have the Masters' houses separating the Main Field from Skinner's; the school is introducing the IB as an alternative to ISC; there are plans in the pipeline to liberalize school rules for Sc-formers (an unprecedented step), and there is even talk of Doon going co-ed. But all this is not really unusual. The school has experienced greater changes in the past. In fact, the only constant we have in our lives is change, fuelled by an inherent desire to improve; to continue to create, as Mr. Martyn envisaged, 'men of responsibility, initiative and integrity', in a rapidly-changing world.

There is a fear that in our blind acceptance of change, we will lose touch with our roots; that change necessarily implies a revolutionary deviation from certain eternal values. This is a sweeping generalization as change, more often than not, is contained within the founding beliefs. There is a fear that our traditions, values and morals will be compromised in our hungry pursuit for change. It is imperative that these fears be gently discarded. After all, in the words of Roosevelt, 'the only thing to fear is fear itself'. Often, we cling on to the past because it is the past. We glorify our traditions and speak of them with overtones of awe and respect, not because they have any relevance today, but because they had relevance once upon a time. In the type of insulated and secure community that exists inside every residential school, there is a suspicion that change will compromise its security. This suspicion may not be entirely baseless, but we must look at the flip side of the coin. The world will not and cannot wait for you. A residential school resisting change is bound to be rendered redundant. In this era of globalization, parents have a wide range of schools to choose from for their children, and they naturally want the best. With quality educational facilities now being found in almost every corner of the world, residential schools will have to be able to provide the best: the best facilities, the best staff, the best environment for learning, if they want to continue to attract students. For this, they must be willing to change.

Moreover, they must change to keep abreast with the realities of the modern world. As the very basic notions on which society is based are redefined, residential schools must be willing to adapt accordingly. In any dynamic society, perceptions of secularism, equality, freedom, etc. are changing instantly. For residential schools to produce people whose (to quote Martyn again) 'sensibilities have been awakened and interests aroused in the many faces of life', these changes must be embraced.

A cantonment approach with a red-brick Library and an ivy-covered Main Building mark our inherited past. French windows, desks with Vikram Seth scribbled on them juxtaposed with computers, projectors and the glamour of multi-media aptly sum-up the 'change' we have undergone. Yet they are merely superficial, as the bedrock belief and tradition of the school is intact since time immemorial. The point is simple - 'change' is superficial, and something that times demand of us; however, it is the long-standing, ever-relevant philosophy of our school that has been the principal cause of our success.

I am here to defend a core belief, a tradition that has not changed in spirit but only been reinvented and interpreted differently with the passage of time. For instance, the introduction of the International Baccalaureate is a reconstruction of the old belief of Practical Education that best meets the beliefs of the school. This is, therefore, not a 'change', but a mere rejuvenation of our traditions. In fact, our standing as a leader in providing quality education stems from this strong foundation, and not the elegant ivy-clad buildings and well-equipped science laboratories.

It is also true that today, boarding schools are no longer the first preference for quality education. With the dawn of private education in urban areas, boarding has lost significance in the education market. Then, it is crucial to examine the reason for a select few to send their children to such schools. In principle, I believe that it is the 'philosophy of all-round development, secularism, and simplicity' that appeals to these parents. For change, the infrastructure and better teaching most day schools can also provide, but teaching students under a tree, or trekking on the icy peaks of the Himalayas only we can offer.

Boarding schools provide an atmosphere for community living and are crucial in making us independent and self-reliant. The core ethos of such institutions is not to provide 'textbook'-oriented education but to nurture and develop the talents of its pupils. Residential schools provide an arena of opportunities to expose the strengths of its pupils. This is instrumental in our development and preparation for life.

A common argument is that in a time of globalisation, integration of cultures is essential. However, I consider the foundation of boarding schools to constitute a fusion of diverse beliefs. Owing to its glorious historical past (the Vedic Gurukul system and Kurt Hahn's philosophy), our base is inclusive of such changes, and current socio-political trends are extensions of this belief.

To sum up, I believe that what a boarding school stands for is continuity, tradition and its ethos, and not the fluidness of trends and 'change'.

Point

Ashish Mitter

Counterpoint

Shikhar Singh
The Doon School Weekly Saturday, October 28

We bid adieu to Gordonstoun.

As we were to board the plane, a strong gust of wind put up by our boys was a runaway hit, with the crowd giving us two standing ovations! The duo of Mall and Sood absolutely sizzled while Chinmay impressed all with his ‘miniature drums’ (tablas). Rest assured, The Doon School was the word on everyone’s lips for the rest of the evening. Day 5 was ‘Adventure Day’ with everyone having to go on a specific adventure. A variety of options as diverse as golfing, canoeing, bouldering etc up for grabs. My choice was mountain biking and I had an amazing time going 20km uphill and 30 km downhill. We returned bruised, mud splattered and beaming from ear to ear. In the evening we all had to set up stalls in a pre-assigned area and talk about various social service projects undertaken by our school. We set up two stalls-one for Chennai and the other for Fatehpur. Surprisingly our stalls excited the most interest and were very well appreciated by others. Day 6 was a rather hectic one and we were addressed a last time by our third speaker, the above-mentioned Kriis Akabusi. It was 90 minutes of pure adrenaline pumping theatrics. His speech reiterated the motto of the conference. Discussions ensued and later we went for a presentation on the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Once again, I had the opportunity to meet royalty, the Duke of York, this time round, Edward Reel (a form of dance). Day 4 was a lecture by George Reid, Member of Parliament. His speech was about economics and dealt with the poor condition of people in third world countries. This was followed by student discussions in various forums called Barazas. That evening was a multi-cultural one, with all us Indians looking resplendent in kurta pyjamas. All countries had to put up an entertainment of sorts and believe me, the fusion music performance put up by our boys was a runaway hit, with the crowd giving us two standing ovations! 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"The past is only for reference and not for residence" - so stated Olympic, Commonwealth and European Games athletics champion Kris Akabusi on October 12. He was addressing an unusually silent group of 450-odd students from 60 schools worldwide, seated in St. Christopher's Chapel in Gordonstoun, nestled in the heart of North Scotland - in the last of a series of keynote lectures. A quote that has oft been repeated, in all practicality, is easier said than done - as felt by the seven of us, namely Gaurav, Harsh, Chinmay, Dilsher, Chitwan, Shrivats and myself. We have just returned from a fortnight-long trip that was rightly called by someone "ridiculously amazing - if you know what I mean". Most of us are still battling with the withdrawal symptoms and depression caused by the conclusion of the Round Square Conference - 2006. Our pre-conference tour of Switzerland and Germany along with four other schools, namely St. Stithian’s Boys’ and Girls’ (South Africa), Appleby and Lakefield (Canada) was a resounding success. A relatively new concept, the pre-conference tour involves a whirlwind, but highly satisfying tour of foreign countries, in our case, Germany and Switzerland.

Amidst a lot of excitement, we reached IGI airport on the September 29, at around 10.30 pm. Fond goodbyes and basic formalities done, we breezed through all procedures only to be stopped short at the Air France counter. The ground staff sheepishly apologized and informed us that due to technical difficulties we would fly KLM and via Schipol Airport instead of Paris and also apologized for all inconvenience caused. Talk about the perfect start to the perfect trip! Still, spirits high, we boarded the plane for a long and tiring journey. Seven sleepless hours later, with aching shoulders and numb feet, we disembarked at Schipol Airport, a global shoppers Mecca, with its four floors of duty-free shops.

We then proceeded to Geneva, from where we took the subway along with students from other schools and headed for the Swiss town of Eigle. We put up in a B&B courtesy the Aiglon Collegiate for three days and within that period saw the majestic Matterhorn and also took a guided tour of Aiglon. We were spectators at an ice-hockey game and visited the medieval castle of Chillon. We headed for Germany next, or more specifically, for the Schule Schloss Salem. We arrived in Salem on the night of German Re-unification Day amidst great festivity. But what really took our breaths away was the sheer magnitude of the Salem campus - which is a whopping 700 acres and comprised four campuses - one for the primary and middle schools and two, Spetzgart and Haerlen, solely for the senior students. After a not-so-brief debriefing we were allocated our dorms. Shrivats and I were housed with two South Africans and two Canadians. We then moved for the formal dinner in our uniforms. Half a dozen speeches later, the dinner began. It was a 'black-tie' affair with candles, live music, the works. Something out of the ordinary for us to see was when the teachers moved from table to table, wine bottles in hand, serving the students (smoking and drinking is allowed on the Salem campus for all above the legal age of 16, though we, of course, practised abstinence). The next day, with Salem students as guides we went on an exhaustive tour of all the campuses. We had to leave the next morning and were sad to bid adieu to such a great school! That day was almost wholly eaten up by travel. Wednesday saw us make an early start as we all bundled into the bus and went to Dachau - the infamous concentration camp. As we walked where, seventy years ago, thousands of Jews were mercilessly murdered, there was a palpable feeling of ill-boding in the air that was very intense. The very earth seem to cry foul over the atrocities committed all those years ago and the sinister words inscribed on the iron gates, Abeit Macht Frei (Work for Freedom) had their own story to tell - one of deceit and irony. The latter half of the day comprised a tour of Munich's famous city centre and a whole lot of 'retail therapy' for the 'starved' shopaholics. It is a picturesque city, often called the epicenter of fusion. Strolling along the cobbled pavements and freshly-tarred roads, we just couldn't get enough of the city. The next day we caught our flight to Aberdeen and were hit by the sharp Scotland air straight in our faces. Accompanied by a Round Square representative, we drove to Gordonstoun - the host school and one of the founding schools of the Round Square. As we drove through the gates, the general feeling was like the one we had had at Salem, only this time it was the sheer size and magnitude of the event that was awe-inspiring. 500-odd students from sixty schools across six continents plus all their staff members and heads were gathered together. It was honestly mind-boggling! Post supper saw us in the Chapel (their version of our MPH), sitting glassy-eyed as the entire ceremony unfurled before our eyes. That marked the end of Day 1. Day 2 saw the flag-bearing ceremony and also the first keynote speaker - Jamie Andrews. Once an avid mountaineer, Jamie lost both arms and legs in a freak accident but now with the help of prosthetics, leads a normal life. He is once again able to climb his beloved mountains. His passionate...
हमारा समाज और अंधविद्वार

चंद्रसेकर बुधन

जोशी कृति कला का एक उपलक्ष था जिसमें भेंड़ों के हंस के बाद में बताया गया था। लेकिन बोलने का तत्त्व था कि जिसे प्राप्त करने और अंधविद्वार करने वाले सभी हैं। इसी लक्षण का प्रमुख विश्वास का प्रमुख विरोध है।

इसी उदाहरण में लड़ाई में तो हमारे विश्वास का अंधविद्वार करने वाले हैं। अंदर में हंस के बाद हंस के बाद भी अंधविद्वार करने वाले हैं।

इसी तरह हमारे उदाहरण में देखा जा सकता है कि अंधविद्वार करने वाले हैं।
कहीं, महाराजा ......
(अफसोसी दांवी ब्रेव्स क़हती है, वेस्चुयास अस्तरस्तत्त्र और बुध बहस हो चुका है।)

दांवी, व्या हुआ?
सम से कहा जाता है?
(तालिका के भुजु दुर्गा में साधारण चूहिया का आकाश दुर्गा के राज्य हो चुका है।) आज सुरक्षा की लागू करेगी तो भी नहीं हुया किसी की.......
(महाराज की सीता के दर्शन के निवास में उठे और कात्यायन डॉक्टर से लिखा जाता था।) सम से तालिका के बाहर जोड़ा जा सकता है?

सुभाष -
गले, महाराज के आर्यों दिनों को करे।
(झी सुभाष का दिखा बनाया कंदू कर महाराज की गुप्ता का दुरुआर सामाग्री पूरे दुर्गे में देखा।)
(झी महाराजी जानती है)

दुर्घ -
जानिए, जानिए जुहुचा वही कि तिस तक सुभाष की सीता की तीरा में पुरुष का सुभाष के आशी पुरुष की तीरा के दृश्य में खुद की देखी होती है?
(सुभाष की जानती है)

दुर्घ -
वहाँ, महाराज की दुर्घ गया करते?
(श्रादा का बिजली तालिके की इजहार में लिखे और कात्यायन डॉक्टर से लिखा जाता था।) सम से तालिका के बाहर जोड़ा जा सकता है?

सुलबा -
सुलबा, भावना और सुलबा जानती है।

सुभाष -
महाराजी सुभाष की देशी बिहारी भी समय बरा लेने भारी है। दुर्घ जानकर की देशी के के दुर्घ सामाग्री का पुरुष मालूम बनाये?
(झी सुभाष का दिखा बनाया कंदू कर महाराज की गुप्ता का दुरुआर सामाग्री पूरे दुर्गे में देखा।)

दुर्घ -
बात आज तक की नहीं, आज तो बात नहीं है। कही अपनी राजनामा के आज के बाद महाराज दुर्घ की अर्थ से दुरुआर न जाए?

सुभाष -
तुम भी बताओ बात करायी की?

सुभाष -
पूर्ण सुभाष की देशी सामाग्री का भाग इतने समागम है।
The Doon School Weekly Saturday, October 28
लिखने पर विचार

स्कॉट शॉल

बच्चों की अपनी विद्यार्थियों के लिए अपने होशियार पत्रिका पर कोई लेख लगाने होता है तो बड़ी चुकाना हो जाता है। उसी भाषा में लिखना जाता है, काफ़ा शायद के पास से कहने में भी कुछ शर्म हो जाता है और कुछ कविताएँ जिन्हें चाहिए कैसे बनाने हैं तो बच्चों ने तथा ये ज्यादा खर्च नहीं करनी है। उसी भाषा में लिखने का अनुभव आदर की जाती है।

शहीद रहे कि यह भी काफी सुंदर है। अगर बच्चों के लिए भी कुछ लेख लगाने का प्रयास किया जाए तो साधारणतः उसी भाषा में लिखने का अनुभव आदर की जाता है।

तो इसे सीख लें, जो कि अब भी कुछ हुआ है?

स्कॉट

कैथलिक पाठ्यक्रम के उद्देश्यों के अनुसार शिक्षा का केंद्र है तथा एक चौथाई क्षण, जब यह उन्नति के लिए तत्कालीन विश्व में खोजी दिखाया जाता है। वहाँ के प्रत्येक छात्र और छात्रा का आस्था रखने के साथ-साथ वे भी उन्हें उन्नति को देखने से मनमोहक रहेंगे। ऐसी प्रारंभिक शिक्षा है, जिसमें बच्चों के लिए मात्र एक चौथाई क्षण है। इसे किताबें पढ़ने का काम नहीं, बल्कि उन्हें बच्चों के लिए दिशा देने का काम है। 

शायद इसे अनुभव करने के लिए ये उदाहरण आदर की जाती है। इसके अलावा इसका विशेष विश्वास इसकी बहुत महत्वपूर्ण स्थान बना रहा है। क्योंकि यह सब सरल उपकरणों को देखते ही उसे आशा देता है।
मोहनले के कुटों

अर्द्धसागीर सिंह

बालों का मोहन चल रहा था। बुधवार के उद्योग में चलते थे। कुछ दोस्त उठा रहे थे। कुछ सिंखी में सुजाता उठा रहे थे। वे अपने दोस्तों के साथ चलते थे।

तेल ही हमें सुजाता उठा रहे थे। कुछ सिंखी में चलते थे। उन्होंने दोस्तों के साथ चलते थे।

एक दिन दोस्त ने सुजाता के साथ चला। उनके पास एक सिंखी उठा रहे थे। वे अपने दोस्तों के साथ चलते थे।

बिनाही उन्होंने कहा कि, ‘तुम सिंखी हो।’ उन्होंने कहा कि, ‘तुम सिंखी हो।’ उनके पास एक सिंखी उठा रहे थे। वे अपने दोस्तों के साथ चलते थे।
The Doon School Weekly Saturday, October 28
ON THE ROAD

Philip Burrett on a journey that made him explore more than just his external world

I am not going to bore you with mundane details of my trip on two wheels to Ladakh this summer. Yet, it has provided me with much food for thought. There has been enough time between now and the event for me to reflect objectively on what happened to me on the trip; why I took it, how it changed me, and other such important questions.

The trip for me was not about getting to a destination. Life, I believe, is more about the journey than the reaching there. After 1000 km towards Leh I had savoured enough, reflected enough and laughed enough and wanted to turn back – maybe all the other excuses were for the press. It was the breeze blowing through my helmet, the scenery drifting past, and the blue-domed geography lessons I learnt, that sufficed. I had set myself a challenge and by the time I turned back, I had given myself pass marks and I found there were no more fresh challenges along the way. There is also the question of losing interest in a task once I am past half-way; that, too, cannot be ruled out.

All journeys I have undertaken have had to do with people, and not places. Here, too, it was the camaraderie and friendships as well as the petty squabbles over money, what to eat, where to stop, who will grease the chains and the rest of it, that made the journey worthwhile. No trip can ever leave the human equation unaffected – bonds either grow stronger or they fade. Even when I have journeyed alone, there are invisible people who have inspired it or who I carried along or was running away from. It is difficult for me to think of a journey being only about machines and landscapes.

All the time I thought, what if we had a puncture, engine trouble or any of the myriad problems that could stall our progress? This is because, as a person, I am a planner and want to avoid problems. So I have back-ups and back-ups for back-ups (check what a man puts in his backpack for a journey, and you will learn lots about him)! As it happened, we had none of the problems that I had feared, but in the end, what experience had we gained? Not much, I am afraid. I have realized that if all goes well, one doesn’t learn much. If we had had a spate of impediments enroute, we would have learned how to overcome them, and, as a result, grown in experience, and learnt from our mistakes. We passed many bikers but only one of them was really in trouble with an engine that had no compression and refused to start. We stopped to help, but had to leave them in the wind-swept rocky wilderness and move on – rather selfishly, I thought at the time. On our way back, I had half-expected to see them being eaten by vultures, but that was not the case – they had solved their problems in some way, and had grown as a result and were more experienced than I was, because I still had to learn what to do in such a situation.

Travelling along long, lonely stretches in uninhabited terrain, one is likely to fall into a semi trance-like state, where there is no conscious thinking that is in progress. Marathon runners talk about this during training – when they are too tired to think and so are in a ‘thoughtless’ state. For me, this state is akin to deep contemplation and prayer. I am reminded of Pasternak who said he got most of his literary inspiration while engrossed in hard physical labour in his potato fields. When the mind is switched off, it forces one to live the present, which is therapeutic, almost mystical.

Yet, while there were times when one looked at the breathtaking scenery and wondered how things were back home, or when the car insurance was due, there were times when I slipped into what Eckhart Tolle calls ‘the now’, which leads to great inner awareness.

Before any journey, people will give all manner of unsolicited advice – mainly of the negative kind. They will tell you about the dangers and the problems. I say to you that if the ‘unexamined life is not worth living’ then the risk-less journey is not worth taking. Cheap thrills have never been my cup of tea, but risk in adventure which teaches one about who one really is, is well worth it. Plan by all means, dig deep into your experience, but you will always meet strange beasts and have unique adventures and yet you will survive. Sometimes in life, one must leap without looking. I think it is my midterms at Doon that have reinforced this belief.

I learned that there still lurks in me an impetuous child who is in need of adventure, and believe there is that child in all of us. Is this why I am a teacher? It is no child’s play to take small 150 cc bikes to 17000 feet and cross raging torrents and risk the elements, but it is the child in me that drives me to do such things and which refuses to surrender. I encountered this part of me and realized that the recognition of this and giving in to this inner child is what really makes me happy. Jung calls this the puer aeternus (eternal child) quality, and it is this that beckons me to leave the safety of the known and to venture into the unknown like a child exploring secret, hidden, and sometimes, forbidden places.

After a hectic term at school, where one comes in contact with so many people, exuberant boys, questioning parents, demanding colleagues, there is always an inner need to move to a quieter pace to confront the inner chaos and to reflect on the months gone by, and travelling into the wilderness of Ladakh provided this polarity between people and solitude, noise and silence, extraversion and introversion. While the journey was not always smooth riding, it did provide those quiet moments that bring peace and the wisdom that one absorbs from simple people and their unspoilt landscape.

Every journey teaches us something about ourselves and this one was no different. All of life is a groping for self-knowledge, and it is only in hardship that one’s true self emerges. Often one may not like the real self that one encounters – the fearful, the timid and the selfish people that we don’t know we are. But the truth is the only thing that really counts, and so I plan my next trip, perhaps along the Mumbai-Goa highway via Ratnagiri. Any takers?
"Fourteen year-old son shoots father because of scolding!" screamed the newspaper headlines. “Missing Daughter,” blazed another. Do you sometimes wonder who is to blame? The new ‘Gen-X’ wants to be cool, the image which you present to your friends is all that matters. It is an embarrassment to bring your friends home and have them see your mother wearing a sari, speaking in the vernacular, doing some household chore. Your father has to look slim and stylish and exude an air of material success. In short everything around you becomes just another fashion accessory. There is no room for time honoured values like love and respect and all that matters now is yourself and your personal freedom, even if it is at the cost of others.

I myself used to have friends like this in my old school and I feel sad to say, but their hurtful and uncaring attitude was born out of being neglected by their parents and loved ones. Scenarios in households where both the mother and father are working are now increasingly becoming a reality. The parents have no time to spare for their children in their hectic schedules. The result, the kids are left with a little money to go eat out or do whatever they like. The only person waiting for them at home after a tiring day is the servant, who doesn’t even care about them. Whatever happened to home-cooked meals where everybody ate together or the lovingly prepared ‘dabbas’ for school? The kids grow used to this routine, having little or no communication or guidance from their parents and in turn lose all consideration for them. Suddenly there are too many squabbles in the family. Everyone wants to do their own thing. The family goes to the multiplex together and everyone ends up seeing different movies. The children growing up in this kind of environment are horribly self-centred and ungrateful. They are not well-groomed or courteous because no one has ever taught them and are extremely insecure for want of attention. They grow up to be lonely, miserable people.

Then comes the exact opposite, the spoilt, rich-kid syndrome. They want for nothing. They possess all the fancy toys and latest gadgets. They always have their way and never care about getting into trouble, because daddy’s money will bail them out. They want to go to the most hip hangouts and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come and a lot of fun, so be there! Come everyone to our bash, promising a package of entertainment, excitement and a lot of fun, so be there! Come for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction. The prices are for the auction.

Make Your Day!

Where’s the party, dude? At Skinner’s tomorrow. Tata House hosts the Pagal Gymkhana on Founder’s this year. We invite everyone to our bash, promising a package of entertainment, excitement and a lot of fun, so be there! Come for the auction. The prices are falling like the leaves in autumn. Parents: Tambola time! Doscas: Stuff yourselves!

The Doon School Weekly Saturday, October 28
Winds of Change
Sanjiv Bathla's reflection on the passing of the seasons at Chandbagh

The season has changed - the reason hasn't. Winds of Change!
For a Change! Change?
Inevitable… Is change the only thing that is always constant? If yes, then where are the fossils and remains of change? Could we go back in time one day? Are we pacing too fast? Is it important to pause for a moment and look behind? Each day, as every Dosco wakes up to better himself, someone, somewhere, will always wonder what has changed in The Doon School. Each passing batch has the same query and leaves with the same apprehensions as to what all will undergo a change here after they have graduated from Chandbagh!

I have spent seven years (E to Sc form) at Doon and am now no longer the same. My desire to share my perspective stems from the view of an Old Boy, teacher and also a parent, as my son Siddharth today walks...