



*The Doon School*  
*Weekly*

*October 10, 2009, Issue 2230*  
*Founder's Day Special Edition*





**Dhruv Velloor**  
(Editor-in-Chief)

(This is one of our better kept secrets.) At our previous Founder's Day celebrations (when, as I take pleasure in reminding, we did not have swine flu in School), the Chief Guest, Lord Chris Patten inspected the exhibition put up by the members of the Board of the *Weekly*. Sounding completely interested and sincere he asked us, "How often does the *Weekly* come out?" And while I must admit, all of us fought tooth and nail to keep ourselves from giggling then, we managed to summon up a suitable, almost completely unsarcastic reply: "The *Weekly* greets our readers *every* Saturday morning". Ah, of course.

But while that question suffered several failed attempts at an entry into the Unquotables section, it was successful in reminding us, on the Board, of the worth of the publication we worked for. This was the *Doon School Weekly*, the flagship publication of The Doon School, which publishes (and it's no surprise) every week. As we on the Board gloat, every publication in School runs on *our* license. We publish so often, I sometimes feel we're either superhuman or positively foolhardy to be able to work and publish through trials and epidemics (which are similar situations). The *Weekly* is the oldest, most prestigious publication in School, and has never missed an issue since the School's inception. We have a right to be proud at being able to continue a legacy that has included some of the best writers, journalists and commentators in India, and, through this institution, try to eclipse them as well.

But it would be vain to rest on old laurels and past glories. The *Weekly* has a duty to perform that is as relevant now as it was some seventy-four years ago. As one of the few legitimate media of democracy in School, it has to review and reflect on issues that affect us. It must be unafraid of asking the uncomfortable question, and it must strive to challenge dogmas, baseless tradition, and unjust action without compromising on or euphemising its criticism. While we do not crave controversy, it is important that we confront the evils inherent in our system.

Over the past year, we have made a conscious effort to include articles from members of the School that serve this essential purpose. We have, of course, faced much scorn from many a master and student due to this (partly because, according to some, it would be 'better to say nothing at all than say the hard truth', and partly due to our own indiscretion). But then again, if we have made enemies (and Churchill springs to mind now) it means that we have stood up for something at some point. It means that we have tried to do what is right, when we could have done what was easy. We'd much rather have our critics.

And while the year gone by has seen great change both in School and for the *Weekly* in many regards, I cannot overlook how much the *Weekly* has changed me. I stepped onto the Board an inconspicuous, diffident C-former, whose only achievement till date had been that he had managed to make the grade into Doon. And though that C-former remained that way for quite some time (indeed, I think it was only in my S-form that I acquired some sense of identity), he was kept occupied. It was way back then that the *Weekly* became such an inseparable part of me, and it was then that I decided what was worth pursuing in School. Things gradually changed, for the better, after that. I became more confident. I gained a reputation in School. I wasn't just the scrawny, buck-toothed junior who would come every Monday to take the Opinion Polls (or who would not come when he was too scared to) anymore. I became someone who could write well, someone who could think for himself, someone who mattered. Because of the *Weekly*; because the *Weekly*, unlike the Indian education system and unlike the process most DoscOs go through, made me this.

As I stand at the threshold of my departure, I can safely say in retrospect that the *Weekly* has done good things for me, and for the School, as it will continue to do for its Board members and the rest of the community. Philistines may continue to badmouth it, and the puerile will continue to mock its members, but for me and so many others who understand its true value, it will forever remain the voice of sense and reason in a School so vulnerable to the inherent ills that its own systems have propagated.

Let this, my final issue, then epitomise what is best about the *Weekly*, about an institution that many forget is part of School, and integral to its functioning. I can only hope that after reading it, you will share some of my pride in it and respect for it, and feel somewhat like I do about it. I take your leave now, almost prescient in the hope that the *Weekly* will go on to greater things after me, but also sure in the belief that the *Weekly* will continue to perform, continue to function, and continue to prove its worth.

(Photo credit: Sookrit Malik)

# On Founder's, 2009

*Headmaster Peter McLaughlin reviews the month gone by and the truncation of the Founder's Day celebrations*

The Chandbagh estate has been busy this week, but in an unusually subdued atmosphere and mood. The normal frenzy of preparation for the Founder's Day weekend has been replaced with a quieter air as we face celebrating this important event in our calendar in a much reduced fashion. Disappointment that the normal round of speeches, entertainments, meetings, exhibitions, celebratory dinners, parental visits and outings have been cancelled, or severely truncated, as a result of the swine flu pandemic is almost tangible. The only consolation is that we are not alone: a number of other schools in Dehradun have had to follow suit. In our case, this situation is not unprecedented. Just fifteen years ago, Founder's was cancelled outright as the political turmoil triggered by the Uttaranchal separatist movement engulfed the state.

“No sooner had I left the swine flu panic behind in Britain – I thought, optimistically and prematurely – than it spread to India, seeped towards Dehradun and reached The Doon School.”

Despite this, and in true Dosco spirit, life went on, everyone made the best of it, and the School soon returned to its normal routine along with its usual calendar of special annual events.

It has been an odd year for the School. My predecessor, Dr Bajpai, left the campus in March

after a highly productive and successful term of office and Mr Burrett stepped into the breach until I arrived in mid-July, the third Headmaster in six months. No sooner had I left the swine flu panic behind in Britain – I thought, optimistically and prematurely – than it spread to India, seeped towards Dehradun and reached The Doon School, seriously disrupting my first term here and forcing some tough decisions upon us.

But the pre-eminence of The Doon School in India lies, amongst other things, in the fact that the School is greater and stronger than the sum of its individual parts and any one event. By world standards, we are a young school. Many British public schools are five hundred years old and a school of two hundred years is considered a teenager amongst the more historic institutions. Even by Indian standards, we are not long established, but with youth come vigour, strength and optimism. In the seventy-four years since the first boys made their way to this strange new school being set up in the foothills of the Himalayas, at a time when the world was in the throes of a deep economic depression, the struggle for liberation from British rule was at its height but far from certain in its outcome, and fascist regimes were unleashing aggression across the globe, it has become India's most famous, admired and respected school.

“Swine flu has been a minor sniffle in our history compared to most of them. We shall all be looking back on what happened this year with wry humour and, once again in true Dosco spirit, with a few good stories to tell.”

The Doon School's Founder, SR Das, never lived to see his vision for this school become a reality. But it was such a powerful vision that others dedicated their lives to taking it forward and to creating The Doon School so many have come to know, respect and love so well. Here we are, seventy-four years old and in rude good health, looking forward to the decades ahead with the same excitement and sense of purpose as those who gathered here for the first time in 1935. Our Founder would have been proud of us.

# The Times They Are A-Changin’

*School Captain Sriyash Kishorepuria reflects on the functioning of this year’s prefectorial body*

*In dreams begin responsibilities. – W B Yeats*

This year’s prefectorial body dared to dream and had a plan to translate their vision into reality. After a very enlightening prefects’ workshop in February, the team returned not only united but with an agenda. I am proud to say that though we did have the occasional hiccup, all the prefects acted maturely and worked very hard to ensure that the discipline in School was not only maintained but improved.

Of the many ‘dreams’ that we did have for the School, some of the more important ones were reviewing the punishment system, inculcating in a Dosco the idea of self-discipline, fixing attendance at public events in school, and, above all, making life for all boys on campus more relaxed, yet subject to a form of benevolent monitoring.

I cannot say that all our dreams came true. We had set out to make this society into as near a utopian one as one could realistically hope to; one without trouble and grief or rather, difficulties. Yes, not all of our endeavours were successful. We did not quite get the notion of

self-discipline into every Dosco’s head. Neither did we manage to effectively change the punishment system. Yet, what I think really matters is that we tried and experimented. For a couple of weeks, prefects were bold enough to cancel all traditional punishments, and life went on, without any major disciplinary issues surfacing. We showed the School, and ourselves, that one does not always need to fear punishments to do the right thing, that doing the right thing is more a virtue than a necessity.

Please do not confuse our efforts to be lethargy. For the first time in my six years in School, the entire A,B, and C forms were called out on Skinner’s at 6.30 on a Sunday morning and given an Extra PT because we felt their discipline was not up to the mark, and all prefects were not only present, but also actively involved. There was a prefect present for every talk held this year. If you do ask anyone who did attend these talks, the attendance was more than satisfactory. People were always seated on time and were well behaved. This was an improvement from last year’s attitude. Prefects met every fortnight and discussed problems with discipline in School and then worked towards fixing them.

I feel our biggest accomplishment this year was that we managed to change a certain attitude in School. From a society where senior-junior relationships were not the most pleasant things to talk about, we changed to one where the good relationships could be acknowledged. A junior’s life in School was not a very merry one. I am glad this has come a long way from what it used to be, to what it now is. People in School do not live in fear, and that I feel has made all the difference.

At the end of my tenure as School Captain, I can say that this year has gone well, and I have the prefects to thank for this. It is difficult to believe that in another two months all of this will be over, and perhaps to some, it will not even matter, but I am glad, as School Captain, that we tried to be the change, or at least tried to make our decisions be the catalyst for change. I do sincerely hope that batches in the future go on to do so much more, and serve the School we all call home.

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# Silver Years Ago...

On the eve of his Silver Jubilee, **Sanjiv Bathla**, ex-158 TA '84, reflects on the twenty five years that have gone by

*And I say hey what's goin' on  
And I say hey...  
And I say hey what's goin' on  
25 years of my life and still  
I'm trying to get up that great big hill of hope  
For a destination...*

The Class of '84 was woven together by ninety five of us, most of whom joined in 1977 and a few in 1978. We have two girls in our batch, Prabha and Archana.

A handful left school after A-form, yet remained friends. This week we will all be together from near and far, most with families and kids. Some of us are even re-living school life through our children studying here in the same House and some with even the same numbers. A few of us are, sadly, no more, and can only be with us in our hearts.

Believe me, there was not one dull moment since we joined School in our E-form. I can never forget the friendships we made and the great time we had.

I remember the day I joined School on January 19, 1977. My father had left me at the Delhi party bus and told some of the Tata House seniors present to guide me to my Housemaster, Mr. R N Kunzru. My first bus journey to Chandbagh made me anticipate how wonderful the years to come would be. My guess wasn't wrong. The bus had hardly pulled away a hundred yards when the waving hands were now hugging friends, and the tearful eyes were cheerful again.

I remember waking up from a nap at the turning at Mohund Pass, crossing the tunnel with sounds of blowing horns and temple bells. It was raining, cold and already becoming dark, but nothing could dampen my spirits.

My first step on the Tata House grounds, and I felt as if I was frozen. Dragging my trunk, a hold-all, and a small suitcase, I was soon standing outside my Housemaster's study.

I saw him first by lantern light, the power having failed. A senior was appointed as my guardian for the coming week. There were no holding houses then, we had to 'hold' ourselves in the main house.

Hurray! Soon I had something called a toye, my own bed with a *machhar daani* tied to bamboo poles, two and a half clothes pegs and my suitcase perched on my bedside locker. Not too soon, afraid and shy, I discovered the loo, all by lantern light. The electricity came back on on January 21. Generators, phones, internet, computers, showers, cars on campus, were non-

existent in those days. We bathed with one hand blocking the hole of the sink and the other hand manoeuvring a soap dish to wash

ourselves.

By flickering lamp-light, I also discovered two room mates, Sahib and PeeChow. It was comforting to know that they too had joined School that day and wore the same accent. In raincoats and gum boots and by torch lights we left for supper. The bells seemed to go on forever. There were bigger lanterns in the CDH. We all saw our plates and more faces and came back to slowly discover a giant of a House Captain and more giants in the Sc form. The gaps bridged as we grew up. Confined to our rooms again, the next bell was for lights-out. "Lights-out without light?" was my first question.

Hungry that we now were, PeeChow opened a *martbaan* of home-made *mattri*; he said even the pickle to go with it was home-made. I remember the lump in my throat as we silently nibbled the tuck away. In the pickle jar, our fingers went deeper, as did our friendships. The pitter-patter of the raindrops on the Tata House rooftop sung a lullaby that night. Between the sound of a nearby tap and wishes for my head to rest on my mum's lap...it's been 25 years for our batch. *And I say hey what's goin' on...And I say hey...*





# The Institution

*Narinder Kapur's narrative explores the struggle of an individual against a nameless, abstract authority*

"So am I to understand that I will not have the right to free speech?"

"We never said that."

"Then why am I being treated so? I am not allowed to air my opinion, whether in a public or private forum. I am being threatened with persecution, and God only knows why."

"We cannot help it."

"Then, if you can't help it, who can?"

"We do not know."

"Am I being taken lightly? Has my article expressing my views already been classified 'seditious' and left in a file without being read through at all?"

"We do not know."

"Then who does?"

"We do not know."

"Who are you? What is this 'we'? Are you an automated service, or an actual person behind the receiver who has only learnt to say 'We do not know' his or her entire life?"

"We are not an automated service. We are the ones who care for you and expect nothing in return."

"Except forcing everyone to conform to your views."

"Is that a crime?"

"Yes, it is."

"We do not classify it as one."

"It is not up to you to classify crime."

"No one has told us what crime we have committed, so until then, we stand innocent until proven guilty."

"Enforced conformism was, is, and always will be a crime."

"We did not, do not, and will never think that it is a crime."

"Who runs your organisation?"

"We do."

"Who is in charge?"

"We are."

"Am I ever going to be allowed free speech?"

"In the proper forum, yes."

"But there is no forum present, whatsoever!"

"Then we cannot help it."

"Then I shall have to do something about it."

"Anything under the law is acceptable to us."

"Whose?"

"Ours."

"And if I do something not accepted by your law?"

"Then we shall have to do something about your seditious activities."

"Is that a threat?"

"We do not classify it as a threat, only as a warning."

"Which, if I do not follow, then I shall be removed. Aren't I right?"

"We do not know what you mean by that. All we know is that something shall have to be done about your seditious activities."

"You are nothing less than criminals."

"We do not know of any crime we have committed, so we stay innocent until proven guilty."

"Why do you keep your answers running in circles?"

"We do not know."

"Who are you?"

"The Institution."

# “Students Are Granted Sufficient Freedom of Speech in Doon”

| Point |

**Abhinav Mittal**

People in every institution must have the freedom to express themselves. The same applies to School as well. We simply must have the freedom of speech.

We can express our views through many avenues in school, the School Council being the foremost. A healthy discussion ensues on every proposal. Of course, the final decision is taken by the Headmaster. A person who occupies that post can be trusted to have the wisdom to make the correct decision for the school. Giving students more authority would be ridiculous as they may not be qualified to make such decisions.

Besides the School Council, a student also gets the opportunity to make his views public through the Monday and Saturday morning Assembly talks. We may speak out on any issue that may or may not pertain to School. We have been witness to a number of rather controversial speeches on Websense, religion and politics, to name a few knotty issues. Further, the very publication you are reading at the moment is an effective way of making our views public. The *Weekly* has been a platform of rather heated discussion, in which members of both the student body and the faculty have taken part. This shows the freedom of speech in school.

Some people say that we should be given further privileges in School in this regard, consolidating it by saying that a student practically ‘cannot’ try to correct a teacher. I beg to differ. I myself have had rather heated discussions with many teachers on a number of issues including a subject, basic table manners, and the relevance of some rules in school. If one says something rudely, the chances that he gets a positive reply are rightly poor. There is a certain way and time of saying something. This has nothing to do with infringing on our freedom of speech. The same applies to many senior boys, but such cases require considerable tact and courage.

The very fact that we are discussing this issue in the *Weekly* and that I am about to make my views public, shows that we have enough freedom of speech in Doon. Whether we (as members of the student body) use it, or misuse it, is a matter for another discussion.

| Counterpoint |

**Kanishka Malik**

Questioning what is wrong is at times the most frustrating experience in School. When a senior is unreasonable, it is difficult to reason with him. Usually when one tries to reason with him one is either castigated or, occasionally, is even punished through physical means. In order to appear obedient, boys have to comply with certain unethical practices developed by fellow DoscOs. If a group of SCs govern the House in unreasonable ways, rarely does anyone stand up against them. Boys have to suppress their views as they are afraid of the repercussions. Most DoscOs don’t feel free to openly express their views against someone who could harm them in any way possible way. If an SC former unjustly bathes for half an hour, which junior has the nerve to question him?

Also, I have heard boys criticizing the idea of cheering on several occasions. But I have never witnessed an event where a boy questioned the captain of a sport about this. This too implies that the freedom of speech in School is significantly curtailed.

A person countering my view would probably say that there is adequate freedom of speech for covering the needs of students in School. He would give the example of organisations like the School Council. Indeed, the School Council is a liberal organization but it can’t address certain problems of the School because boys don’t feel free to address them.

Speaking logically, then one can conclude that certain traditions in School, such as compulsory cheering, would have been left to one’s own decision long ago, if we really had the freedom of speech. The freedom of speech is restricted and because of this many problems of the students cannot be addressed.



## Opinion Poll

Do you feel there is sufficient freedom of speech in School?

Yes 34%

No 66%

(240 members of the School community were polled)

# Friends of Doon

*Shashank Peshawaria and Vivek Santayana exchange a few words with some members of the administrative and support staff who have contributed to the School for twenty-five years or more*

Name	Department	Years in service
R K Mishra	Workshop	30
Azhar Khan	Workshop	30
Furkan	Design & Technology	25
Sri Ram	Workshop	27
Kishan Lal	ART	25
Lallo Ram	ART	30
Manohar Daniel	Workshop	26
Ram Gopal	Kashmir House	25
Yashpal	Workshop	25
Sachitanand	CDH	45
Anwar Hasan Khan	Jaipur House	25
Mohd. Aslam	Hyderabad House	25
Rajinder Singh	Hyderabad House	25
Mahipal Singh	CDH	31
Ali Bux	CDH	29
Ram Naresh	Garden	31
Ram Shankar	Finance	37
Rehmat Ali	Ground	39
Rajinder Singh	CDH	27
Ravi Singh	CDH	36
Rajinder Singh	CDH	25
Virender Mani	CDH	25
Anand Mani	CDH	25
Jaiveer Singh	Martyn House	25
Brij Mohan Negi	Jaipur House	25
Lakhsapat	CDH	25
Rajinder Singh	Hospital	30
Virbhan	Oberoi House	25
Lakhi Ram	Kashmir House	25
Raj Kumar	Music	36
Raj Singh	Hyderabad House	29
Shyamu	Jaipur House	25
Sheesh Pal	Hyderabad House	25
Rajinder Prasad	Foot House	25
Subhash Chand	Hospital	25
Dhiraj Kumar	Ground	25
Siya Ram Maurya	Ground	25
Jaglal	Garden	25
Gangadin	Garden	25
Shiv Prasad Pal	Garden	25
Virender Kothari	Physics Department	25
Satpal	Workshop	25
Tripat Ram	Workshop	25
Ranjeet Prasad	Foot House	30
Ved Prakash	Ground	25
Deep Chand	Martyn House	29
Shiv Prasad Pal	Garden	29



**Kailash Chand Maurya, IT**

Department

**Joined:** January 1, 1984

Known to everyone as KC, he has been in School from his childhood, as his father worked here. Owing to a scheme instituted by Gulab Ramchandani, the children of the members of the administrative and support staff were also kept in School, which led to their strong bonds with Doon. He joined as a ground 'mali' in 1984. He was subsequently transferred to the Rations' Store and the Accounts Office. He served as a bell ringer for three years before joining the IT Department in 1990. He was involved in various expeditions, including a cycling expedition from School to Kathmandu in 1986 and a trek to Kokthan Peak in 1987.



**Murti Ram Thapliyal, Biology**  
Department

**Joined:** September 1, 1973

Murti ji still recalls the old days, when boys used to respect the lab attendants. He initially joined the Physics Department, and was eventually transferred to the Biology Department in 1983. Even today he has no lab assistants, and singlehandedly manages the logistics of the Biology department, which is laborious indeed after the coming of the IB. He laments rising costs of living and the difficulties of old age.





**Ram Avtar**, Music School assistant

**Joined:** February 1, 1979

He joined at the age of nineteen, and has worked for the Music Department ever since, although he had no prior experience of handling musical instruments when he joined. He worked under Ashok Roy, who was then the Director of Music. The School Music Captain then was Gaurav Gupta, who Ram Avtar *ji* recalls to have played the sitar. He has seen both Animesh Singh and his son Jaspreet, both of whom played the sitar. He has seen three Masters-in-Charge, and will soon be under the fourth, and also six Headmasters.

**OFTEN,  
THEY MISS  
THE  
STANDING  
OVATIONS...**



**Yusuf Khan**, Despatch Section

**Joined:** August 1, 1984

He served as an attendance clerk for his first year, and it was a time when the daily attendance wasn't computerised. He could be seen going from class to class, collecting the attendance sheets, and then handing lists of the boys who were absent or late to their respective Housemasters by the sixth school. He joined when he was eighteen years old, while he was completing his education. He acted in a Founder's Day Staff Play that year, *Bade Aadmi*, which was directed by U C Pande. After his first year, he joined the despatch section and worked there for the next 23 years. He is now in charge of the inventory section. He can recognize most boys by their number.



**Sagir Ahmed**, Hyderabad House bearer

**Joined:**

February 1, 1984

Sagir *ji* has been in School since his childhood. His father was the head bearer of Kashmir House. Sagir *ji* was first appointed a hospital bearer, and he worked there for eleven years. Rahul Gandhi had once been admitted under his watch. He was then shifted to the CDH for five years. He has been serving at Hyderabad House since February 2000, when Mrs Lali was appointed Matron. He has seen four matrons during his tenure.



**Subhash Chand Sharma**, Admissions Office

**Joined:** January 1, 1983

Being part of the Admissions Office has a charm of its own, according to Subhash Chand Sharma, a feeling that is difficult for most of us to understand. He has prepared the admission papers and files of every student and has been in charge of registration and admission for all these years. He joined School under Gulab Ramchandani's Headmastership and has been working in the Admissions Office till date. He has seen a great deal of change in School, starting from the construction of the Swimming Pool to Oberoi House.



**Mohammad Subhan**, School barber

**Joined:** February 1, 1984

Subhan *bhaiya* joined a year after his father, Abdul Haqim (who served from 1948 to 1983), had retired. In fact, his uncle, Zameer Ahmed, was the first School barber. Subhan *ji* is still nostalgic about the earlier days, a time when he felt the boys were more respectful of the support staff and were more cooperative. He often tells junior boys that he had cut Rahul Gandhi's hair, and he remembers a couple of other Old Boys, too: Jyoti Raje Scindia, Sanjiv Bathla (SJB) and even the actor, Chandrachuda Singh. He humorously reminds us of earlier days, when military haircuts were the standard.

# The Dosco Philistine

*Dhruv Velloor*

Sensibility in Doon is dead and buried, and the much-heralded Dosco is not what he is made out to be. Ostensibly, he is intelligent, well-mannered, confident and civilised. In reality, the average Dosco is little short of a brute, a lowbrow, the product of a dumbed-down education and what has now become a tribal form of student governance. Dwaipayan Bannerjee, in an article entitled *Stop Fooling Yourself*, writes, “The Doon School, considered by some to be a self-sufficient, self-reliant oasis is, in fact, a desert of ignorance and mediocrity...We, at The Doon School, are living on the vestiges of past glory...” The Dosco of today is, more often than not, someone who finds it all too easy to boast that his school has produced a Vikram Seth and an Amitav Ghosh, but cannot even read decent literature (does he read at all?).

I have noticed a trend – no, it has stayed a fact of life in School for at least three years now. There is no longer any place for the creative, for the cultured, for the intellectual in The Doon School. Those who dare to think otherwise, who are inclined towards such pursuits as writing and debating, are considered weak, considered pansies. These people are cast out by the system, forever abandoned, by a populace composed of mediocrity. This is the state of affairs in one of the most respected schools in the country. And I thought that the School did not permit social boycott.

It actually happens from the very beginning. What starts out innocently – expressed in junior forms in terms of a boy being considered ‘studly’ if he excels on the games fields – manifests itself monstrously a few years hence. This student worship of the athlete metamorphoses to such an extent that the intellectual is no longer considered, no longer valued. Credit is no longer given to creativity or academic brilliance, and yet we refuse to budge from our state of ecstatic glory when we win a soccer match – a match that does nothing to stimulate the mind, or inculcate virtues, or serve as something that will be useful in the future. In fact, we can even forget about sports, because what the Dosco of today truly values isn’t athleticism or sportsmanship. The Dosco only appreciates a neanderthal mentality, which explains why those who have ‘respect’ in

this school are those who have no qualms over muttering abuse or dishing out physical punishment, or using unfair means to get ahead. What runs in the minds of the majority of those in School is that person X has achieved something and has the respect (‘fear’ is not a part of their dictionary) of so many in School.

Masters cannot be free from the blame, because not enough stress is laid on the freedom to do what one chooses in School. At times, even masters adopt the ‘House mentality’: if a boy involves himself in an activity too greatly that does not provide some sort of ‘benefit’ to the House, he comes to be regarded by the masters attached to the House as being a liability to it, and the activity in question is found, without evidence or ‘looking at facts’, to be a distraction. According to some housemasters, football is not a distraction and cannot be detrimental, but the *Weekly* is and can. According to some masters, travelling out of School for week-long sports tournaments does not adversely affect one’s studies, but a three-day-long Model United Nations Conference does.

Supposedly, we are open-minded, tolerant of opinion and perception. The Dosco, it is believed, has kept up with the times. How untrue. The Dosco is nothing but a prude and a hypocrite. Doscos take great pleasure in staring at Page 2 of the *Times of India* in the bathroom, but when an article that makes a reference to homosexuality is read, the entire School is up in arms, because in *The Doon School*, even talking about homosexuality makes you a criminal, a sinner. No one worries too much about the (‘manly’) debauchery some of us indulge in. The few fora remaining in School that grant us freedom of expression are left subject to the mercy of these anti-intellectuals, who believe that we are not meant to be ‘liberal’. We are deluding ourselves if we believe that by being democratic, we are functioning as a democracy.

If our systems have become thus, what then is the average Dosco? The answer: a hubristic, unintelligent, uncouth youth. An obtuse young man, unworthy of the praise granted him due to his school. A boy who clings for dear life to tradition in School, but is oblivious of the School’s traditional values. But most disturbingly, a philistine.



## 'Classic' Consumerism

*Vivek Santayana analyses the reasons behind iPod sales and describes how the product is no longer what it was originally intended to be*

The *iPod Classic* adopted this suffix, not because it was the 'classic' model of the *iPod* which had immense memory capacity, but because Apple Inc proclaimed it to be a 'modern classic' because the *iPod* as a device was so prolific. It accounted for substantial percentages of Apple's revenues and became a success story of its own, with an ordinary concept (which was already very popular) and a design that was developed in less than a year, but marketed with impeccable strategy, selling over 220 million pieces. It was intended to be a more portable media player with internal storage, but now, of course, there's an *iPod* for everyone, coming in different shapes, sizes and colours. An *iPod* today sells, not because of the brilliance of the device, but because of its consumer-oriented marketing.

Planned obsolescence plays a major part in the sale of consumer electronics. In order to generate long-term sales, products are designed to have a very short lifespan or are rendered obsolete very quickly by introducing replacements and by ensuring incompatibility. Now that consumer electronics follow a trend of integration, the simplest thing to do would be to make hardware changes and add modules that further widen the product's functionality while rendering previous models obsolete. As is typical of Apple, older models of its products are abandoned completely, the most glaring example would be of the *iPod Mini*, which had been replaced completely by an entirely new product line, the *iPod Nano*, which in turn had four 'generations', the last having an in-built video camera, pedometer and whatnot.

But there is a second, more effective strategy of marketing: fashion. By proclaiming it 'a modern classic' and a symbol of youth at the launch of the *Classic* in 2007, the strategy for marketing an *iPod* has gone to an emotional level. As it is so symbolic of our generation, we simply *must* have an *iPod*. Everyone has one (or at least something like it). Apple's all-time sales high was last holiday season, mainly because of the fourth-generation *Nano* and the second-generation *Touch*. Both those models are currently obsolete by one generation. Imagine the number of replacements bought. These specific products sell the fastest, the *Nano* because of its smallness and the *Touch* because of its design and interface. Both models are more fashionable to keep, being small, light and more convenient to carry.

Strangely, the music functionality of the *iPod* is almost absent. All you can do with an *iPod* is play music and organize a music library. Apple's 'Genius' is clearly a misnomer, not knowing the difference between, for instance, hard rock and country. Having space is simply not enough. Then again, no portable media player focuses on more media utilities but aims at compressing a music library.

Parallel to the *iPod* industry, we have a plethora of fringe products, specially designed for the *iPod*. Ironically, it's very easy to come across a set of *iPod* speakers that cost more than the *iPods* themselves. We have an entire segment of the consumer electronics industry piggybacking onto one single product. In turn, all of them will have their own strategies of obsolescence and replacement.

When we buy an *iPod*, we buy it to momentarily satisfy ourselves. We cannot ever be content with any consumer electronic we buy because that is the one product the industry does not sell, contentment. As a matter of fact, it sells you a dearth of it by making you want something, giving it to you and then rendering it useless, by which time you want more. The *iPod*, unfortunately, is the most prominent of such products, being profitable, prolific and 'a modern classic'. It looks good, feels good, works fast and will give you 'hours of entertainment', while simultaneously putting Apple's online store to some use and perpetuating its own sale and dominance on the industry. The wasteful spiral sustains itself.

An *iPod* does reflect the zeitgeist. It is a symbol of our generation and reflects the Americanisation of all markets, the trend of integration and increasingly wasteful consumerism. Apple already has a very negative environmental record. Added to their sheer success, it makes me wonder what we're really buying. Are we buying *iPods* because we love music or because they are marketed well?

Contentment is  
the one product  
they do not sell.



## YfU mvl t

yhrJà"l tC Nt~

mvl t,  
 stuNhm „tunt, t ni, ht, fltu  
 .....l é" bñ  
 vh xq „t l né  
 .....l é" fl mt f,  
 sthe hn „t mcn ntl uvh Ce  
 .....l é" xq l ufl ct" Cē  
 ycſ dtZvl au, l t vh „the ntust „t ni,  
 yth yDhuflut Otdt  
 "q...h „fl rFla „t a~t st „t ni  
 flt~e cl thme mtze mš  
 stua~ hnt ni, ôJĒl mt nš  
 stul né a~ hnt ni, Jn Ce ôJĒl mt nš  
 vtältuflut flzuni....  
 yl iCq „gti „thflut me,  
 Cthe yth ~m~me,  
 vtũ WXtl uvh Aq „t ni veAu  
 .....dnht rl Ntl š  
 yth b,i "uOtdž,  
 l né mbS vt „t rfl Jn rl Ntl  
 ôJĒl bücl t ni....  
 gt....  
 ôJĒl ne cl t ni Jn rl Ntl š

## xfUhtJ: YfU ctiõfl ytJëgf „t

hultk, l tgh

nb YmurJëJ bü hn „u ni stumbg fl mt f mt f  
 c"~ „t st hnt ni, YfU Ymu "N bü sturJflut fl Oñ vh  
 l ta hnt ni, YfU YmurJ' t~g büstuytOml fl rJõtti yth  
 l gu „heflut fl c~ vh „hç fl fl hnt ni

mVU~ „t fl r~gu c"~t atrngu stunbthe vmt l e  
 vlvhtytü bü ytJëgf fl vrhJ „d ~t flh mövko yth cm „h  
 vlvht fl öftvl t blorfl flh ytv atnuCd „rmh fltu  
 ~igt bti t l ytst" fltu "tl tüne flk „flthe fuyth "tl tl  
 l urJStn flh "N fltu vh „Rt „t mu catl u flt vlt EgAl  
 rflgt ftl gr" Jumc ydktü fl dñ tbe fltu Bgtü flt Ägtü  
 ôJeflth flh fl RmuRëJh fl ögJöft btl flh mk „p hn „u  
 „tu "N yts Ce ydktü flt dñ tb ntu, tl ybheflut bü  
 btlxl ~gh flld simu~tdt l uyëJy, tü fl mt f ntu hnuclu  
 c „tol fl rF~tVU ytJts WXtRo yth yts Jn "N Wané  
 ~tdt fl flthK mVU~ „tyt fl rNFh Aq hnt ni htst  
 htbbt ml htg l u ct~ rJĴtn, "nš, Cñ-CtJ ytr" fl  
 rJhõ ytJts WXtRo rsmfl vrhKtbôJÁvl yts nbth  
 mbts büguEftYäflVle n" „fl flb ýRonj

Jtö „J büct „tugn nifl bl ig flRocth yt~ög,  
 zh ytr" yJdktü fl a~ „ufltb mucal ufl r~guröfr „fltu  
 gftJ „TôJeflth flh ~u, t nš dtDe, xidtm, ytRöxtRI ytr"

büflA Ymt ft stuwänümtOthK ~tdtümuy~d cl t „t ni  
 RI mcl umDMo flh fl yvl uctiõfl yt~ög muAxfutht  
 vtgt „ft yvl u yth mbts fl r~Y YfU l Y htö „u flt  
 rl btK rflgtš

YfU Jõttl fl sc flme l Y rmötk, fltuöftrv „fhl t  
 atn „t ni „c Wmuvmt l urmötk, fl flrbgtü fltuEflx flh l t  
 vz „t nš gr" mCe Jõttl fl Ear „ rmötk, tü fltu Bgtü flt  
 Ägtü ôJeflth flh l u~dl „tunb yts Ce gne mbS „u fl  
 vUJe cñtaz fl ceatucea rôf „ni yth Rmflut ytfuth avxu  
 „i „usmt nš

W' tcl yth ögtvth fl Gft büOeÁCtRo yöct l e YfU  
 czt l tb nš Wl fl vrhJtrh fl m"ögtü l u Wank l tflut  
 DtdM „flh r"gt fts Wänt l u RI mc ct „tñ vh flt l l né  
 r"gt yth yvl u „hefl mu yvl u ögtvth fltu sthe hFts  
 Wmflut vrhKtb yts mCe fl mtbl unš

EAgfl "N fluytst"erJStn fl ct" EtĒ „ýRonš gntä  
 „fl fl sc ytv flme nt~ bü Flt l Flt u st „u ni „tu  
 Jntä Ce c"~t fl r~Y ytv mum~tn btide st „e nš stu  
 ögryl, mbts, "N rs „le sÖ"e vrhJ „d fl l çs fltu  
 vnatl ~u, t ni „ft WmuytAbmt „flh ~u, t ni W „le ne  
 „se muEdr „flh „t nš

yts ydh „is yth muOtvko Jtnl ni, xü rJsl  
 yth flöëggh ni, "q-mkath fl cn" muOts l fl mtOl ni,  
 „tu flW~ Rmr~Y rfl nbl u vmt l e mta fl bñflc~u l Ro  
 mta fltu „hsen "ēš

bnt l „t ~efl munxflh mta l ubünt „e ni, yvl e ct „  
 fltu Fñ flh flh l u bü ntu „e ni, mze ýRo vlvhtytü fl  
 rF~tVU ctü l ubünt „e ni yth mAg vh zxuhn l ubünt „e nš  
 rJëJ fl rs l flk „gtü l umbts flt anht c"~ flh hF  
 r"gt ni JumCe rJStn fl "l fš flld yägtg fl rF~tVU  
 ctü „tu" rJäe yth btRfl is~tu l u flt~t yth rJõtti fl  
 mnthu yvl u rJStn fltu ôJh r"gtšRm cthu bü YfU Ermö  
 Ctr „fl Jõttl fl flt fl fl rJNMÁv muWÖ~f l eg ni -  
 Eflr „Wmuvhõfl „flh „e ni stuwml rF~tVU rJStn flh „t  
 nš

## dhñ - rNíg: c"~ „umöcD

rNJtfl rmh

Cth „eg mōflr „fl yl mthl dñ Jn ni stuyõtti „t  
 fl yDflth fltu nxfth nbü õtti fl htñ l e bü sel t  
 mFt „t nš Rm bñt büdhñ fltumc Ávtübü "Ntgt dgt ni

dhñcñt dhñJíKw dhñ"ultu bnëJh:š

dhñ: mtGt „lvhcñ „öbi ñe dhJul b:šš

Ntö"ttl büflht dgt nifl bt „t fl Crýl muRn~tfl,  
 rv „t fl Crýl mubAg~tfl yth dñ fl Crýl mucñ~tfl  
 fl EtĒ „ntu „e nš ë~tfl flA Rm Eflth ni -

bt „EÇAg Rbk~tflrv „EÇAg „wbAgbkš

dhñmñMgt ÄJwk cñ~tflkmbël „šš

vht,,l flt~ būdĀ - rNíg flt möcĀ rv,,t - vřt fl  
mbtl ýyt flh,,t fřs rNíg yvl uđhŷytūflutbt,,t - rv,,t  
fl mbtl ôftl yth möbtl r"gt flh,,ufš Wl fl ytŷlb  
bühnl ufl y~tJt Jn Wl fl "il fl fltgübüCe yvl t ntř  
cĀkt,,ufš

yts rôfr,, c"~ dRonš Ymt l né nrfl mthe d~,,e  
đhŷytūfle gt flw~ rNígtūfle ne nš yđh đhŷytūfltu"řk  
,,tu yts đhŷ flt ôftl flw Ymu~tđtū l ur~gt ni stu  
rfl,,tce ôttl ctik flh yvl ufl,,ôg fle vř,, mbS~u,nš  
Wank Rm ct,, mu fltRo b,,~c l né ntŷ,t rfl rJ' třw Wm  
ôttl fle CtJl t fltumbS hnt ni rfl l nš rNígtūfltuyc  
cm yGh ôttl rmFgt st,,t nš

rNGfl flt zh Ce flrĀ cth rNígtūfltu yôttl ,,t fle  
yth ~ust,,t nš mJt~ vřl ubüzh Ce Wank yđflth fle  
yth Féa~t,,t nš mJt~ vřl ubüzh rNígtūfle rsôttmt  
vh htřfl ~dt "u,t ni stuWl fle yvl e Fř fle mřa yth  
rJathôtht fl vl vl ubüYfl ctô t cl s,,t nš

Rm gđ būrNíg yvl uŷřgtvfltkmuflRmöcĀ l né  
hF,,uyth Rm řř~l rJathôtht fltu yvl tl ubüyvl e Ntl  
mbS,,u,nš ,,s hŮ,,th muc"~ l uJt~e "nl gt būJu yvl u  
đĀ fltu cm Yfl flxvř,,~e btô t mbS,,uni stuvmt fl c~  
vh Wl fl RNthtk vh l tadtš vmt sÁhe ni ~řfl R,,l t  
sÁhe l né fle Wmfl r~gubtl , mbflth yth dthJ fltu Ft  
"l t vřš

vht,,l flt~ būdĀ fltumJđřX btl t st,,t ft yth  
Wl mučĀkt~e st,,e fš Atô t yvl uđĀytūfltu yvl ubtä-  
ctv muBgt"t möbtl r"gt flh,,ufš Rmfl Yfl W"tnhK  
Yfl~ôg flt ni rsm l u yvl t yđřt fltx flh yvl uđĀ  
Štkatgo fltu đĀ "rGkt būCĀ rřlgtš ~řfl yts fl gđ  
bū vřh"đg c"~ dgt nš rNíg fltvle Wæáz yth  
ytĀbflš,, ntŷ,t st hnt nš

đĀ flt fltgo flw~ rJ' t flt Ēath flhl t ne l né  
crôfl rJ' t fle hGt flhl t Ce nš gn ,,Ce mĀJ ni sc  
rJ' t flt möbtl ntŷ rJ' t fltu ĒtĒ,, flhl uJt~t Wmfl  
Wra,, Wvgđ flhš gn Ce Wra,, l né nrfl rJ' t fltu flw~  
Ol vtl ufl Yfl btô t flthK mumeFt stYš Rmmuct~ fl  
fltu Ntřfl yth "ř mu ytst"e l né rb~,,e šRmu  
htbarh,,btl m būRm ,,hn řřnt dgt ni-

nhRorNíg Ol mřfl l nhř

mtuđĀ fltk e l hfl bn vřš

Jn sturNíg fl "ř fltu "ř l né flh,,t, Wmmu cm  
Ol YK,,t ni sĀb sĀb ,,fl l hfl būvzt hn,,t nš đĀ flt  
fltb flw~ bl fle rNGt ne l né crôfl ,,l fle rNGt "l t  
Ce ntŷ,t nš rsm ,,hn bl yth ,,l Yfl "řhu fl rcl t  
yOřuni Wme ,,hn Yf "řhu fle rNGt Ce Yfl "řhu fl rcl t  
yOře nš

Ētmt"ôg rJl btKubř rCrůthvG,,š

„fl seJl ôgt"ti cřĀagbvG,,š

rsm Ēflth bn~ fl r l btK flhl ubübiřg "eJth fle  
ytJęgfl,,tt ntŷ,e ni Wme ,,hn seJl fl ythôC būčřĀago

YJkNheh fl ôJtôřg fle ytJNGfl,,t ntŷ,e ni, sturbūđhŷ  
fl Ātht ne rb~,,t nš

bi FNI mec nřfl břu yts ,,fl rsl rNGfltk l u  
vřtgt Jm c bnel ufl yř, būyvl e vđth fl ačflh bi  
l né côfle břuôttl "l u fle fltuNN būfš bne RēJh mu  
Ēřđ t nrfl mc flt l mec bhusmt ne ntš

sĭb

Ētis~ mřh

guflme xem ni,  
""očgtĀntuhnt ni?  
bhumtbl une,  
bht Fđ  
vtl e fle ,,hn  
cn,,t st hnt nš  
bř fl "řt ,,t  
bi hř, būyvl u  
rl Ntl Ātřust hnt nř  
vh būfltkuaCuni,  
ynmtm flh hnt nř  
čgt ""ořl rcl t,  
flw rb~,,t ni?  
yts Fđ cnt ni,  
,,Ce ,,tubht rl Ntkni,  
mbg-mtdh fle ~nhüCe  
Rmfl ytm vtm mu  
awatv rl fl~ st,,e nš  
ntĀ! bi flw nř!  
Rme htô,,uvh sc fltRo  
Cř t Cxfl ytgđt  
,,tustl stgđt  
řfl bi JntĀ  
Wmmuvn~ubtisř fřš

mt"ul ŷ,t

yrCMfl

nt~ būflš mhflth fl bkôgtūyth fltđh vřxw fl  
v"trôflthgtū fle gu fltuNN hne ni rfl Fatū būyrôfl mu  
yrôfl ca,, fle stgš flnt st,,t nrfl Rm Ēflth fle ca,,  
"N fle ytlřfl ōgJôft fltubscq, cl tl ubüb"" flh,,e  
nš vh mĀatRo,,tugn ni rfl guvřt yrCgtl Yfl l tĀřfle  
cl flh hn Ētgt nš Rm mřa būbhumtř "N fle Bgt"t,,h  
sl ,,t Ce nš Jtô,,J būrJath būflRô d~,,e l né ni, ntĀ  
Wmfl fltgthJgl Jmt l né ntvtgt simt atnt dgt fřš

rvA~u bnel u Yfl NeMo l ŷ,t l u Rřl tbe č~tm bū  
gtôtt flš "řhu l ŷ,t l u Fatū būřlxti,,e fle l men,, fltu yth  
Ce yrôfl döCeh,,t mur~gt yth xĀ mu gtôtt flš Rm  
btb~u fltu řle Ym. Yb. řřřt, řle ĒKJ břřs q ve.  
ra"öchb yth NrN řĀh ytr" l u yth Ce ytdu cřtgt

„ft RfUtp tbe c~tm mumVuh flt ytl à” r~gtš ntâ gn  
ct, sÅh ni rfu fÅh se l uYfu sdn RfUtp tbe c~tm  
fltu flx~ c~tm „flu flh r”gt gtrl stl Jhtü flt „cflš  
bnel uCh „flu bəzgt l uRme flt mFgkcl t “š bdh  
bəzgt gn ct, „tuCq̃ ne dge rfu l u, tytū flt mhg vt  
rfum fl”h Faorfugt st hnt nš l u, t ~td vtā rm, tht  
ntx~tū būzht zt~uvzuhn, u nš dtrzgtū flt be~Ch ~öcu  
fltrVU~ufu rcl t Ju~td mzfū vh l né W, h, š

gn „tu stle bt le ct, ni rfu bk’gtk flt vtm  
yt~eNtl cld~untu, uni yth Jucrzgt mucrzgt dtrzgtū flt  
ytl à” Wxt, u nš Rmr~gugumt”de flt „btNt bšSurmVū  
Yfu bFtkt ~d, t ni, Yfu Ymt bFtkt rsmfū veAufftRo  
ym~e anht “f ne l vtgš flCe flCe „tu bhu bl bū  
rJath yt, t ni rfu flbFaofū l tb vh guJtx sxtl u flt  
fltrOl Roat~ „tu l né nš RēJh fūhrfū bht rJath ma l  
ntš

Yfu „hVU „tubRte RfUtp tbe c~tm bū~”u~”umVuh  
flh hnuni yth “mhe „hVU gne bRte Wme rJbt l muW, h  
flh yvl t hF Wm Nnh flt mcmuyt~eNtl yth bnldu  
ntx~ flt „hVU flh, u nš yrOfū, h l u, t „tumtOthKsl fl  
cea st, une l né yth stustl u flt r”FtJt flh, uCe ni „tu  
WmbūFtF~tv l ne S~fl, t nš

mt”de flt ct, flhū „tunb bntÅbt dtDe murs, l t  
meF mfu, u ni W, l t Ntg” rflume mu l nš Wl flt hnl -  
mnl, Ft l - vtl, vnl tJt ytr” mc mt”de flt se, e  
std, e rbmt~ fts bntÅbt se flt mt”de meDe māae fe  
yts flt „hn Ztd l ne š

sc RfUtp tbe būa~ l u flt ct, ytRo „turflume l u flnt  
rfu RfUtp tbe c~tm būVUR~ vZl u flt sdn l né ni yth  
rflume l u flnt rfu mhg l né nš bš “f Rm ct, flt l né  
yts flt l u, t l mt”t seJl Wāa rJath l flt W~xt ne  
mtā, t ni crOfū Rm ct, flt ni rfu sl „t rVA~uctmX  
mt~tūmRm yāgtg fltuawatv “f Ce hne nš

## I Nt

Atū Jō~p

nb mc l Ne~uv”tftū flt cthubüstl „u nš nb stl „u  
ni rfu Rl v”tftū flt “hVgtū flt chu vrhKtb ntū, u ni,  
~rfu gul Ne~e bti, ctsthtū būOzō~umurfū, e cgtūn?  
yth nb RmmuAwflht cgtū l né vtl t atn, p ~tdtū fltu  
l Ne~uv”tftū flt mu l flh l u flt furo flthK ntumfu, u nš  
flA ~td yts flt flt flix Che rsà”de mu Awflht  
vtl t atn, uni yth l Ne~uv”tftū muWanū Yfu flt b mF  
rb~ „t nš flA ~td l Nt Rmr~gu flh, uni cgtūfu JuRmu  
~fj~ btl „uni yth gne Wl flt „hVU ytfūm, ntl u flt  
Wl flt Yfu flthK nš flA ~td cm Ftustl u flt r~gul Nt  
flh, u nš yvl e rsk’de flt “f tūmu”p Ctdl u flt fltūNN bū  
Jugn Ce l né “f mfu, urfu “f flt fūYkmurl flt l u flt  
atn bū Ju l Nu flt FtRo bū rdh hnu nš  
~rfu bnÅJvKoct, gn ni rfu nbū l Nt rc~fl~ Ce l né  
flh l atrngš l Nt flh l umuWm l Nu flt Er, ~, v’r ntū, e  
nirsmmurl flt l t cý, bñefū nš OehuOehuyth Ce cý,

mu l flmtl r”Flu~d, u ni, simu Nneh flt flbsth ntū  
stl t, Jsl Dxl t yth ytfūrōbfl cēbtrhgts vtrhJtrhfl  
yth mtrsfū rhē, uCe l Nt „tē “y, t nš l Nu munbthe  
rsk’de l<sup>3</sup> ntust, e nš nbtht CrJig fW~ nbthune nt f  
nš Rmr~gu l Nt flh l umu vn~umti cth mtā Jhl t Wl  
~tFlt flhtztk ~tdtū flt „hn vA, tgdū stuRm “~”~ bū  
Vlūn arfu nš

## dtDe rak, l YJkytOml flt gud

Ec~rsà”~

ydh fltRo „wntu dt~ vh fēvz bthū „tu Wmfl  
mtbl uyvl t “mht dt~ Ce flh “tš ma ctū l t, flCe Sx  
l ctū l t, gr” ma ctū l umuzh, untu „tur~rF, Áv būne  
”u”tš ytv ~td gne mtā hnuntūrfū flme cnfle cnfle  
ct, flh hnt ni gt yts-flt flA Ce Atv r”gt st, t nš  
biydh ytvflē sdn ntū, t „tuNtg” bi Ce gne mtā, tš bi  
ytfūuyyc c, t, t nhrfū guōJgkbntÅbt dtDe flt Nc” nš  
ydh nbthe mtā Yme ntudge ni „tuCgt Rmflt gub, ~c  
ni rfu yts flt RcfūmJē N, tē”e bū dtDeJt”e rak, l  
y(Etmkdfū ntudgt ni? meDe-mt”e CtMt būctū ü, tūgn rfu  
cgt dtDedhe flt yts fltRob, ~c ni?

dtDeJt” flt Jn Áv stu yts mu mtX mt~ vn~u  
nbthū “N l uyvl tgt ft Ntg” yts ma būy(Etmkdfū ntū  
dgt nš yts flt gn WvCtūJtJt”e “ml gt dtDese flt mtX  
mt~ vmt l e “ml gt murc~fl~ y~d nš mtX „tuAtəzgu  
”m mt~tū būne “ml gt rfu, l e c”~ dge ni? yts flt gu  
”ml gt YmuCtd, e ni simu sld~ bū ytd flt ~vxš Rm  
„š “ml gt bū l „turflume flt vtm dtDeJt” flt r~gumbg  
ni yth l ne dtDeJt”e rJathOtht flt r~gubl būsdnš

yts nbthe mtā cem - vāem mt~ vn~u flt „hn  
hVJt”e l ne krOfū ytOml flt ntudge nš Sx mu cal u flt  
btāg, t fltu Atəz yc “m cthn mt~ flt cāat Ce Sx  
ctū l umu flt, ht, t l né nš WmuJn mc flh l t ni stuWmfl  
bt, t rv, t flt rmbxe yRomtā Wmu flh l umuhtfū, e nš 11-  
12Jē flGt flt At’ t Nhtc flt l Nt flh, urb~ st, uni, dtDe  
se flt yt”NoWanū cgtū l né htfū vt, p yts flt ht sl e,  
Ctū flt sbtJzt ntūdRonš dtDe se flt meFūWanū gt”  
cgtū l ne yt, š yts Ntg” ne fltRoYmt ni stufūCe Sx l  
ctū „t nš ct, flzJe ni, vh ymr~g, gne nš

yts mumti mt~ vn~u „fl ~td rmVū ytst”e atn, u  
fuyth stuCe ytst”e flt rJēJtm Wankr”~t “uJuWme flt  
veAuntu ~u, u fš mc ~td R, l u cnt”m „tu l né ntū, urfu  
rnkt mu yldš tū fltu Ctdl urfu fltūNN flhš Wāntū u dDese  
flt Vū~mVū yvl tgt rmVū Rmr~gu cgtūfu Ju ytst”e  
atn, u fu yth sc ~tFtū~td RflxKuntstgk „tuJn Jmu  
Ce yldš tū flt Awe flh mfu, u ni atnū rnkt mugt rVh  
ymkt mš

gn „tuhne dšhe ct, uš yts flt gud būydh fltRo  
rflume fltu fēvz bthuyth Jn yvl t “mht dt~ ytdū flh  
”u, tubthl uJt~t Wmusb flh bthdts

yk, bū ytv mune vAl t atnlt: cgt ytv l u flCe  
rflume mu Sx l né ctū t? flrK se l uCe „turfu, l u Sx



ctũ u fš ċgt ytv l u yrnkt Obo flũ vt~ l rflgt nĩ? htb  
flũ Ce „tuhtJK flũ mkt h flũ l u v h ne „tume„t ĄtĚ„ yRk  
fš yts flũ Rm „ml gt bũ nbũ dtDardhe bũ l tCtRo flũ  
mtf „tuyãAe ~d mflũ„e ni, ym~e „ml gt bũ l nš

dtDese flũ r~Y bhubl bũyvth ųlõt nš biatn„t nq  
rflũ bi Wl flũ rJathũ flũ mbSũy th Wl flũ c„t ýY htõ„uvh  
a~š ydh ytv flũ ~d„t ni rflũ bnt dtDese flũ mbSl u  
flũ „heflũ d~„ ni „tuytv bšumne „heflũ mbStRY,  
bnt r~ yth r~ btd Rm btb~ubũvq „hn Fw~t ýyt nš

## Cth„ htĩx±yth ctOfũ vrhřfr„ gth

ml „ flũ bth Xtflũ

Cth„ Jtme ydh yvl u ce„u flũ flũ gt” flũ h „tu  
Wl flũ rmh dJũ muQãt ntu stYdt š R„ l e Ol e mš flũ  
mbũumkth bũrflũ htĩx±flũ l nš ntde rs„ l e Cth„ flũ  
nš Cth„ flũ rbõe bũne yNtrflũ, ašdũ„ yflch, bnthtKt  
Ątv yth l stl urflũ„ l u NpJethũ l u seJl rc„tgĩš vtã  
nsth mt~ vht l e rmDw Dtxe flũ mċg„t mu Cth„ flũ  
ĄbtrKflũ Nũyt„ ni v h rJãtl tũ flũ yl mth Cth„ „tu  
”rmgtũnsth mt~tũmunš

Cth„ „ml gt flũ ”qht mcmu„s rJflũm flũ l uJt~t  
”N yth ”ml gt flũ mcmu czt Ąst„Rt nš ytst”e flũ  
ctmX mt~tũ flũ yã”h ctOtytũ flũ vth flũ„u ýY R„ l e  
Ądr„ rflũ Ce htĩ±l u l nek flũ nš Rm mc flũ ntu„u ýY Ce  
mtl u flũ rarzgt flũ~tl u Jt~u nbthũ ”N bũ yts Ce  
rJflũm bũctOfũ vrhřfr„gtũ flũ st~ mt cĩ t ýyt nš

Cth„ htĩx±gt Cth„ Jtrmgth flũ stumõbt l ”ml gt mu  
rb~ l t atrnguJtuy c Ce l nš rb~„tš nbthũ ”N flũ yã”h  
ne yã”h FtF~t flũ l uJt~e OtFtOze„ ~t~Vle„tNtne,  
DqFthe yth st~e bšt flũ cZ„t mflũ Cth„ flũ rJflũm  
flũ r~gucý„ ne nrl flũ flũ nš Rl bũ flũ~tũ flũ Y flũ ht„ bũ  
n~ l nš rflũgt st mflũ„tš Rl flũ r~gu Cth„egth yth  
mhflũ flũ Y flũ sũ ntrflũ Xtũ flũ”b WXtl untĩš

”qhe ctOt Cth„ flũ yvl u ĄNtm l bũnš Y flũ mJũK  
flũ yl mth 60% l u„t 60 mt~ mu Qvh flũ nš ytgw flũ  
bũg vrhKtb Wl flũ stN yth rsõttmt muhm„ ųgJnth mu  
v„t a~„t nš nbũ mkm” bũ l gu rJathũ Jt~u gwt yth  
yl ĄJN~ l u„t ”tl tũ flũ mbt l sÁh„ nš yts flũ gũd  
bũydh Ądr„ flũ„uhnl t ni „tũ l gu gũd flũ mta flũ mtf  
mbSti„t flũ l t vzĩdš ntã trflũ Rm aũ tJ flũ ct” mhflũ  
bũ flũ Rũ gũtytũ flũ sdn ”e dRoni ~ũ flũ yCe „flũ Rm  
rõfr„ flũ l e„ flũ yth v h l nš ”ĩFt dgt nš

bhubv„trcflũ Cth„ flũ Ądr„ bũstumcmucze ctOt  
ni Jn bq̄ Cq̄ r l btK flũ flũ bš sc „flũ ytb sÁh„ũsimu  
rcs~e, vtl e, bflũ yth mzfũ sime aesiũyb sl „t flũ  
vtm l nš „c „flũ flũ l gt flũ l u flũ cthũ bi mta Ce  
flũmu st mflũ„t nš Cth„ flũ yrOfũ„h ytct”e dtãtũ bũ  
hn„e nš dtãtũ flũ rJflũm„ flũ l u yth Jnth flũ ~tũtũ bũ  
stdÁflũ„t Vũ~tl umu Cth„ flũ bgt”t Vũg”t ntũdš rs„ l u  
rJflũm„ nbthũ Nnh ni W„ l une rJflũm„ ydh dtã Ce ntu  
stgũ„tũ~tũ dtãtũ flũ Atz flũ Nnh l nš ytgũduyth mtf  
ne mbũhtĩx±flũ Y flũ mtf Ądr„ ntũdš

Cth„ yCe Ce rsm dr„ murJflũm„ ntuht ni Jn Ce  
cý„ cze ct„ ni Ągtũ flũ rsm „hn flũ ”Ntũmu Cth„ rDht ni  
Jn Cth„ flũ „ctne ne atn„unš gq Ym. Y. simu czu”N  
gn l nš atnũdũ flũ flũ Rũ htĩx± Wl mu bgt”t Ądr„ flũ  
Rmr~gu Jn Wãnu l eaur”Ftl u flũ r~Y flũ NN flũ„uhnĩdš  
yc ael flũ htũ flũ t „tũ ymõCJ ni Rme flũ hK Jn  
vtrflũ„tl flũ b”” flũ Cth„ flũ”ct l t atn„unš

rflũ Ce htĩx±flũ rJflũm „Ce mõCJ ni sc mhflũ  
flũ sl „t yth sl „t flũmhflũ flũ mngtũd rb~š Rl bũ  
murflũ Y flũ flũ Ce l nš ntl umu”qũhv h cý„ yrOfũ Cth  
yt st„t nš

**cm aw hnl t....bãzgt flũ Ce flũ l ntu„uni..**



# Democracy in School

*Vivek Santayana on the democratic nature of Doon and its limitations*

While addressing the question of School's democracy, we must acknowledge that the School really has a democratic structure, an icon of which is the School Council (along with its various organs, the Mess Committee, Technology Committee, Academic Council, Games' Committee, Disciplinary Committee etc). We have to understand the true meaning of a democratic administration: it is not an administration where the public always gets its way, but rather is the administration where every individual has the right to express himself regarding everyday governance, and affect it. Each of these fora that School provides is a platform of school 'legislature', each having its own jurisdiction. Thus School essentially is democratic, because we elect our representatives to voice our opinions. Simultaneously, *The Doon School Weekly* aims to be a forum for further debate on School-related issues, giving each student a platform to put forward his opinion. Boys have far more power than they can possibly imagine. And if that isn't convincing enough, the redrafting of the Vision Statement and the codification of School policies began in the School Council, and that every student representative was asked to collect feedback or changes bears further testimony to this. The election of the School Captain can be considered a recent addition to our democracy.

The School administration is considered totalitarian because students often don't have their way. However, in order to uphold the spirit of democracy, this might just be necessary, because students would rather debate the provision of more phones in the phone booth or the allowing of *iPods* for Sc formers over School policies. Many proposals for the School Council are often trivial. We lack the required maturity to handle the controlling of School. We are focused almost entirely on satisfying ourselves and gaining momentary comforts. Because our primary focus is in satisfying ourselves, and not in the ideal functioning of School, we should be granted very limited powers. We lack experience, knowledge and, often, a sense of responsibility, for which we compensate with brashness and obstinacy. There is also an iron curtain in the School community between various sections: teachers and students, seniors and juniors, prefects and non-prefects and the renowned and the obscure. If we were to homogenise our thinking, perhaps it would lead to better judgement.

As far as the School press is concerned, we are not allowed to defame a member of staff, baselessly criticise the administration, whine or groan. But what we *may* do is raise issues of concern and write justified critiques of the School system. We have had letters to the Editor regarding the proceedings and decisions of the various decision-making committees and debates on issues such as the 'Friends of School' board and the censorship of the *Weekly*, to begin with. What's more, problems such as peer pressure, falling standards of discipline, bad behaviour and academic pressure on students have been identified and also discussed in print and also through Assembly speeches. We still have effective platforms to scrutinize the School community. The only thing lacking is the community making use of these platforms to good effect.

After having extolled the democratic values of Doon, the fact remains that the reason the School administration is perceived to be totalitarian is because students are not capable of utilising the institutions of democracy. If we are incapable of using the power we have, we don't deserve any greater authority. We always hope to be raised to the level of our incompetence. We have to learn to handle the power we have, and only then hope for more authority. The greatest leap for School's democracy would be if students became more responsible, mature and looked beyond themselves.



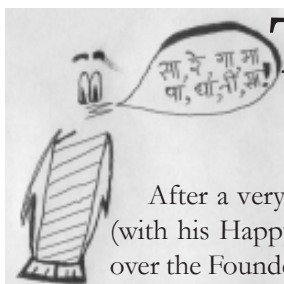
## doonspeak

*Democracy in Doon . . .*

Is a controlled democracy. – **PMV**

Is the prevailing ideology, but too much of anything is bad. – **PBR**

Is sometimes taken for granted. Our School has a democratic structure, but we don't respect it and, often, we exceed our limits. – **MCJ**



# The Year Gone By

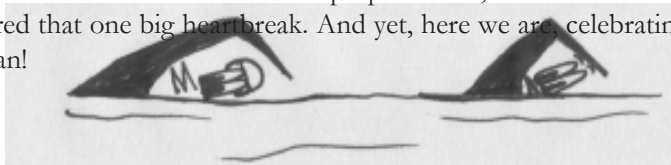


After a very sentimental and slow handover, the new Editor-in-Chief took over (with his Happydent smile). All new appointments were made, and the School got over the Founder's hangover and went on to brace itself for the next highlight: Trials! But on the way, we witnessed a couple of intense Inter-House competitions, Athletics and Boxing. Of course, we never let Trials get in the way of anything, and we managed to have a gala for everything conceivable! Following a few hastened *Yearbook* photographs, we went on to Special Assembly and Golden Night. Soon enough, we were on our way home. Of course, the *Weekly* never sleeps. We were working on the Founder's Day edition during the holidays! (Yeah right!)

Once back, we elected our new (and last) jack... who, with his new team, would go on to experiment with the punishment system later in April. But before that, the *big* exams took place. Cricket went on as planned. Sometime in the middle of March, Dr Bajpai took off, literally! Towards the end of March (and to the sheer agony of the then AT formers), the ICSE Geography paper was leaked somewhere in the country and the exams were extended by a week. In between, we witnessed mini-Trials for the first time, and they were indeed quite successful. Come April, and a School contingent went to the Sciences Po Europe-Asia Conference in France and brought home a Best Speaker trophy. Then, a handful of boys left for exchange and a little around six dozen joined as D formers. But that's not the *real* highlight of April now, is it? We're missing the big bang: the April Fool's edition of the *Weekly*. We next enjoyed a tiring weekend of "How's my son doing in class?" and "Should he take IB or not?" PT concluded (to the relief of nearly the entire School). We got to witness a heated House XI match during the Inter-House Hockey competition, which itself was quite a success. May's One-Act Play competition was memorable, being the first and highly successful staging of the competition in Hindi. But the end of May meant one thing: Trials (and test week for some) and all the associated groaning. However, this wasn't the end of life in School: there were a host of trips during June, one to NASA, one to IASS and an expedition to Kilimanjaro.



All of us got back to School, despite the torrential rains in Delhi and the terrible waterlogging en route. We began putting our hearts and souls into organizing the most ostentatious event of School: the DSMUN, 2009. The witticisms and criticisms set aside, the conference was indeed thrilling. The Inter-House Senior English Debates carried on. All of us were then gripped by the intensely close finishes during the Swimming competition. Soccer began soon after, and carried on into the first week of September, and, after appointing (and disappointing) the future MUNers of School, the beloved Faculty Advisor (with the even more beloved Romeo) left us for Bath. But what greater highlight in September but the dreaded swine flu! To the sceptics who believed that School would shut down when pigs fly, well they 'flu', and we enjoyed a surprise two-week holiday, which did derail the rest of our activities. But it must be our indomitable enthusiasm that kept us going, and we held a Music competition (without an audience, in some events) along with the Inter-House Soccer, and we managed to have a blast none the less. We bid farewell to GSS, who will be leaving us in a few days. As we plodded into October, still uncertain about the fate of Founders, we went full steam ahead to prepare for it, until we heard the final verdict and suffered that one big heartbreak. And yet, here we are, celebrating it in the best way we can!





## Old

**Narinder Kapur**

*(Runner-up in the English Literary Society*

*Poetry Writing Competition)*

*(reprinted from Issue 2214, dated March 23)*

Old.

Old, beyond reckoning.

Beyond recognition.

Old, and worn.

Torn apart, by this cruel world.

Death is what it craves.

And Life

Is what it hates.

A being,

So old,

That it can take no more.

Caught in its own age,

Trapped by its own inhibitions.

Lost in search of nothing,

Remembered for nothing.

It will never die,

No matter how much it wants to.

It will linger,

Linger, forever.

## Death of a Poet

**Kanishka Malik**

A heart of regret,

Fake laughter,

In a game played by the dice.

Such a thick line between the good,

And the bad,

I drew, with a heart that always fell

For I never had the serenity,

To accept two parallel worlds.

Who was I to write of pain?

When I only sat in my garden,

Like a jackal viewing them fight

For I was alive in the living

But hid it in these lines.

A man of his words

Only existed in dreams,

And so did I, for hypocrisy proved,

That I too was a devil,

Impractical in the making.

Now it is time,

Time to go,

For hypocrisy is what,

Led me to become the devil for all lines,

Where I was proved by the real man,

To be the laughing stock of soldiers.

## Falling

**Abhishek Chowdhary**

*(reprinted from Issue 2224, dated August 15)*

Walking the straight path,

The air crisp and fresh

With trees of red, gold, and brown,

I feel beautiful just being here.

A leaf will occasionally fall

And if I am lucky, I'll catch it,

Close my eyes and brush it against my red cheek.

The winds may send a gust

And the leaf will go free from my fingers,

I'll turn to watch it sail

Through the air with other leaves

In circles as they dance,

Teasing the other leaves

Because they are attached and cannot dance.

Looking at the leaves attached to their trees,

I'll understand them.

Wanting to be free from the world that protects  
me,

Wanting to dance and sail through the air.

Walking the straight path,

The air crisp and fresh

With trees of red, gold, and brown,

I feel so beautiful just standing there.

A leaf falls, and I try to catch it

The leaf falls short of my stretched hand

And I watch it fall to the ground

With the other leaves, unfortunate enough

To not have someone to catch them

And save them from the cold ground.

I look up at the other leaves still attached to their  
trees,

I understand them,

Happy to have something to hold on to,

Happy to have somewhere to belong.

I continue down the straight path,

And like a leaf, I silently wonder

If I do fall, will I have someone to catch me?

## Mistaken

**Shashank Peshawaria**

*(reprinted from Issue 2214, dated March 23)*

I hear your lilting laughter silently,

And see love in your happy face.

But soon the truth comes before me

As this I quietly trace:

The love you showed all the while

Answered another human smile.

## Chocolate

**Abhilaksh Lalwani**

*(Reprinted from Issue 2228 dated September 26)*

It all began with chocolate,  
Or at least I like to say so.  
She may not even remember.  
Or maybe, she doesn't let it show.

It was the last of the pack:  
A lone wolf with enemies twain.  
But she alone was to be his bane,  
For into him did she bite –  
Woe to me, I deemed it right.

The unsavoured half she handed me:  
To give in to her, was fallacy.  
But, is it not a truth to behold:  
In love, even blood seems gold?

## Sins

**Shashank Peshawaria**

*(reprinted from Issue 2208, dated February 14)*

In the evening, when you had left,  
When you were still in my heart,  
They came.

They sang of all your sins;  
Why you deserved punishment  
And blame.

At each complaint they threw,  
At every sin they named,  
For you my fondness slowly grew;  
I felt much less ashamed.

When those who had no eyes departed,  
Out my happy laughter darted.  
Your crime had made me love you more.  
I heard your tread on the floor.  
I sensed the approach of your joyous feet.  
You came inside and took your seat.

## The Moment

**Piroune Balachandran**

*(reprinted from Issue 2211, dated March 7)*

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.

## Junior Poetry Feet Feat

**Utkarsh Jha**

*(Reprinted from Issue 2210 dated February 8)*

I dodge the feet of a hundred humans,  
Especially the ones with mountains on their soles.  
The kind that can stab you.  
Click-clack! Click-clack!

It's all in my head.  
One step at a time  
Till I reach my den.

I scamper up the tree  
And watch those hundred feet  
Gradually become a hundred heads.

Carelessly I drop a nut  
On the head of a lady  
With one of those fancy hats.

"Eeeek!" goes the lady,  
Screaming a dignified scream.  
She grabs her handbag  
With her woollen hand  
And tiptoes away on her expensive feet.



## Alone

**Rahul Shrivastava**

*(Reprinted from Issue 2210 dated February 8)*

I look around in the dark.  
I don't seem to know how I got here.  
I walk into the unseen,  
And I find I'm in a forest.  
The trees are thick and possibly tall,  
But where is the end?  
I run; run faster than I ever have,  
And suddenly, I am stopped by a tremendous  
force.

It's a force that is invisible,  
But one that's stubborn.  
I push and I fight, but it hangs in there,  
And it seems as if nothing can dispel it.  
All of a sudden it breaks away,  
And I fall.  
I fall till I see the light.

# Missing the Point

*Shashank Peshawaria and Vivek Santayana on the need to change the common perception of achievement*

We live in an age of accreditation. Ironically, the average Dosco will only pursue his interests if he is given incentives: various standards of the IAYP, blazers, CAS hours and various awards of Colours. Where is this taking us? We have forgotten what we really enjoy doing. If you were to ask us why we write, we write because we enjoy it. We are often intoxicated by the immense independence that the pen gives. Every other perquisite has always been secondary. We had no prior notion of accrediting our work for the *Weekly* for anything. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around: because we are *already* on the Editorial Board, we accredit the hours we work for our CAS. Unfortunately, this is a rare piece of wisdom.

As we know, the handful of prestigious awards (barring the *most* prestigious one: School Colours) are based on a rigid point scheme: Colours for Debating, Art, Chess, Dramatics, the Scholar's and Games' Blazers, House Colours and, to a certain extent, IAYP. The objectivity of the point scheme keeps the awards unbiased, although this need not be fair. There is a maddening scramble for points and awards that takes precedence over friendship, form unity, moral values and all other ideals that we preach. By the time we reach S form, everyone enters a phase of pretence and hypocrisy. We falsify entries, exploit loopholes in award schemes and use leverage. Our friendships turn into races for power. We often lack faith in each other. Sycophancy becomes our motto. Within our forms, we backstab each other. The House, our friends, happiness, honesty, pride, a clear conscience – all of these mean nothing to us. And for what? One single award that will be forgotten? A line on an honour board? A certificate? Really, how significant are these things? Apparently, they are significant enough for us to forget our friendships and poison our relationships. *This* is real corruption: not simple, dishonest transactions for money or power, but a large-scale decadence of values in the lust for points.

We were told that it would be too idealistic to make every award honorary. Perhaps that's why no one questions the

awarding of School Colours. Who awards the General Proficiency Cup? How many points do you need to be nominated for School Captaincy? If the most coveted awards are so subjective, why are we asinine optimists to propose that all awards be honorary? Each of these honours comes after great deliberation. There is a long-drawn process of recommendations followed by incessant, clause-by-clause deliberation. Out of our ignorance, we assume these 'subjective' awards to be subject to prejudice and based on sycophancy. This 'blatant idealism' of ours of making all awards honorary is truly the solution to this problem. Otherwise, we will continue to beg our way onto house teams for the sake of House Colours, ask people to vote for our resolutions so that we get a Scholar's Blazer, compel captains or boys-in-charge to countersign false entries in order to fulfil the IAYP quota, etc. Even the company we keep depends on what we are aspiring for.

We need change. It's time. There are people who deserve a Scholar's Blazer more than those who get it, simply because points are not enough to judge a person's achievement.

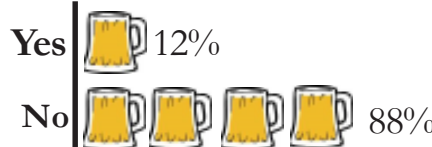
We are still looking for recognition. We need to be reminded of the real reason for our participation in all activities that give us what we want. Will things change?

“The objectivity of the point scheme keeps the awards unbiased, although this need not be fair. There is a maddening scramble for points and awards that takes precedence over friendship, form unity, moral values and all other ideals... *This* is real corruption.”

# Opinion Polls

This opinion poll dates back to the incident in Mangalore where girls were beaten for visiting pubs. The reason most of us voted 'no' was simply because very few of us come from conservative backgrounds. We are very liberal, and we believed that Indian traditions could be preserved alongside the pubs and bars. The handful of 'no's need not be conservative to a great extent, but may just hold the 'pub-and-mall culture' very lowly, basing their opinion on an extreme of the same.

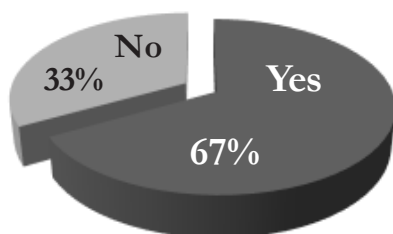
**Do you think the so-called 'pub-and-mall culture' goes against Indian traditions?**



*(364 members of the school community were polled)*

*(Reprinted from Issue 2208 dated February 14)*

**After the 26/11 attacks, do you feel safe living in Indian cities?**



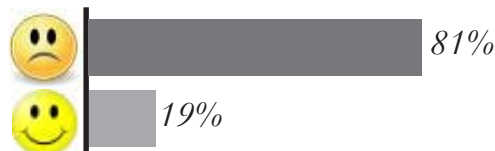
*(357 members of the school community were polled)*

*(Reprinted from Issue 2207 dated February 7)*

Very simply, we were either complacent regarding the security measures taken in response to the attacks, or we believed we were insulated within our homes, our little safe-zones. A majority of us probably feel safe because we do not visit public places that may be vulnerable to attacks, or because we have faith in the security measures adopted. Furthermore, the insecurity could be because of paranoia. The fact remains that security will always be a fight against extremely improbable circumstances.

With the School's autumn term being shortened, the School had tried to take measures to counter the effects of a stressful routine. Suddenly, a large amount of activities were crammed into the routine, with boys trying to juggle them in vain. The School tried to make 'rest-hour' compulsory, as it should be, and amend the lights-out timing. But the students were not satisfied, as with every decision School took, they thought their schoolwork should be going one step further.

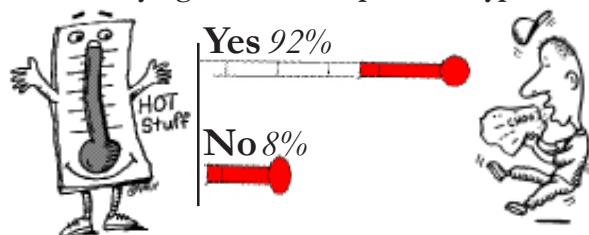
**Do you think the School has taken adequate measures to relieve the stressful routine?**



*(285 members of the school community were polled)*

*(Reprinted from Issue 2211 dated march 7)*

**Do you think that the School has been too cautious in trying to curb the spread of typhoid?**



*(324 members of the school community were polled)*

*(Reprinted from Issue 2204 dated November 15, 2008)*

If we were to rewind to the typhoid scare, we'd remember that the School stopped serving ketchup and desserts catered from outside (in place of which we got the most nauseating *halwa* possible). All these measures were justified and were enacted after careful deliberation. We have a tendency to neglect our health and well-being, and hence we deem any such measures taken by School to be superfluous. Typhoid was a very credible threat to the functioning of School.



# Bidding Farewell

*An excerpt from Sriyash Kishorepuria's speech at the School's farewell dinner for Headmaster, Dr. Bajpai, held on March 9 (Reprinted from Issue 2212, dated March 14)*

Dr. Bajpai understood the value of tradition but he understood equally, the need for change. This made him seem at times rather hard to understand, both in the way he functioned as a Headmaster and in his persona. During his tenure, a YC was given on an average of one in every four days. Yet, this apparent strictness went hand-in-hand with an informal and highly approachable manner in his dealings with us on an individual basis. Also, his serious demeanour hid an ex-Dosco with a lively sense of wit and humour, and an irrepressible desire to dance. The bottom line is that Dr. Bajpai has had the daunting task of being the Headmaster of 500 Doscos with all the skill and versatility such a task entails.

We all have our own KPB stories to remember. My favourite one is when, at a house feast, KPB pointed at SJB's black T-shirt and said, "That is so Delhi *TGIF* on a Thursday afternoon." He then pointed to his own black shirt and said, "Now, *this* is hot."

I believe that in him we had a Headmaster with vision. His achievements and the changes he made all point to that. It was this vision that made him rebuild and yet preserve the heritage of this School. This is evident in the construction of Foot, Martyn, and Jaipur Houses. Though we had to, and still have to, bear with those green barricades, the School is looking astonishingly beautiful and it is a pleasure to live on this campus today. He understood the urgent need for us to enter the 21st century along with the rest of the world. The introduction of appropriate technology was another such step, as was the introduction of the IB. Without such measures The Doon School could have become an anachronism in the world of education.

In Dr. Bajpai we have had a Headmaster who has made us aware of the privilege of being a Dosco and of the responsibility of being one. We have, each one of us, in some way, even if in different ways, been influenced by him, in these, our formative years. It is hard to believe that he will soon be a part of our memories and a black-and-white photograph in the distinguished gallery of such portraits, hanging outside the Headmaster's office.

*Excerpts from The Doon School Weekly's interview with Dr Bajpai*

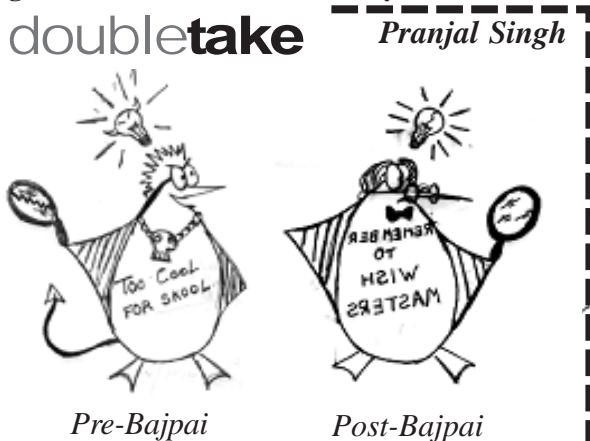
*(Reprinted from Issue 2212, dated March 14)*

**DSW:** Do you think that Doscos, as all-rounders, will be successful in an increasingly specialised workplace environment?

**KPB:** As I have said before, Doscos may or may not be Nobel Prize winners, but they are definitely great managers. Specialists get you into trouble. The '60s and '70s saw the cult of specialisation. It is the specialists who have caused the present global meltdown! I would feel much more comfortable with the all-rounder Dosco than the specialist who knows it all. Doscos have always been great team players, and can lead people because they are all-rounders and can see the link between things which the specialist cannot.

**DSW:** You've also spoken about the 'dumbing down' of education. Could you elaborate on this and also tell us how it can be remedied?

**KPB:** In India, we see that this is most evident in the Board examinations because these are marked so mechanically. Take the language exams. Markers do not look at grammar, spelling or writing style anymore. They only check to see if certain points have been covered in an answer and award marks accordingly. Perhaps this is a good thing, because it prevents language facility, particularly English, from becoming elitist. The Government is sensitive to public opinion, and has probably acted in to 'dumb down' English and other languages.



# facebook : a virtual disaster?

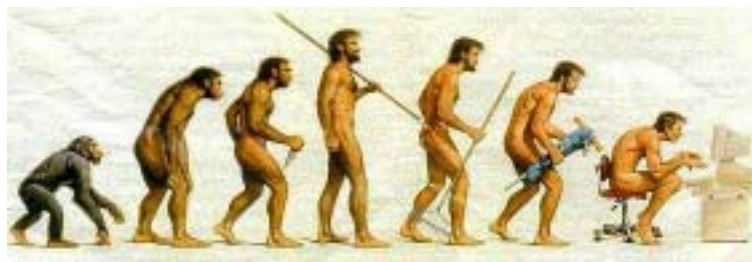
(Reprinted from Issue No. 2214, March 28, 2009)

**Dhruv Velloor**

I wonder why exactly we need social networking websites (Facebook, Orkut, MySpace, *et al*) so desperately. This veritable army of networking sites has managed to stretch its arms quite far, consuming several million people in the process. We hear that even the government has gotten interested in it as a medium to attract votes. But setting aside the obvious popularity of these sites, we need to objectively look at whether they are useful in an all-encompassing sense.

Admittedly, students do have social lives. Even I, an introverted and confirmed book-addict, confess to an occasional urge to hook up with a few long-lost, elusive friends. I, too, feel the need to shout something out to the rest of the world as a status message, at times. And Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do all of this.

However, what completely manages to elude my comprehension is our apparent state of deprivation when we can't glue ourselves to a computer monitor. We are *addicted* to Facebook. We need our daily Facebook fix, and, should we not receive it, the sky shall fall on our heads! (It is worth noting here that what Goscinnny and Uderzo's terrifying Gauls feared with such paranoia, did not ever happen, and is not likely to happen in this millennium, either.) Frankly, the two weeks during my holidays when I was unable to access the Net proved to be my most stress-free; that fortnight was a relief!



After Facebook, the Oxford English Dictionary ought to invent a new definition for the word 'friend', because the people the average Joe makes friends with these days are often not Joe's friends at all. In fact, most of Joe's (769 or more) friends are people to whom he has said the words "How are you?" and "Great weather today, eh?" an impressive *once* in his lifetime. The majority of us in School will admit that, in most cases, it is just the first phrase that defines 'friendship'. It is also common knowledge that the more friends one has on Facebook, the more respect one has among his 'group'.

At the same time, becoming socially extrovert on the Internet really means becoming more withdrawn from the real world outside the new idiot box (I recall a debating topic of mine: 'Who Needs Company? I Have Technology!'). An increasingly common occurrence is that students forsake their studies and hobbies to chat online, or post pointless comments on the message boards of people they have made friends with, or create childish and disgusting groups somewhere along the lines of 'I Love the Word Random' or 'Doscoss Name Their...[censored]'. Getting stuck to Facebook also makes people more irritable, more obese, less intelligent and more prone to get into trouble. And if I haven't already added, lots of Facebooking also means fewer people playing sports for the House.

That brings me to my final – and most worrying – point. Whenever we find something we can use, we will *misuse* and *abuse* it. The daily papers are rife with stories of students stalking other students through these sites. Some people create fake accounts of their nemeses to pursue silly vendettas, or even just for fun. Some people send unnecessary messages to their friends to ruin somebody they have a problem with. Schools are implicated too, forcing them to come down hard upon their students. The School and our parents should act more sensibly to help guide us – blocking Facebook on Websense is hardly the right way forward.

My conclusion is this: Facebook, along with the other members of its clan, is a drug. We are hooked to this drug. From a cost-to-benefit point of view, this drug has not done us much good. It has made friends we barely know status symbol goods and has caused actual, real interaction with true friends to decrease. It has reduced us to unproductive leguminous plants. Most disappointingly, it has turned us into malicious, vindictive people. We do not need social networking, but we have come to crave it. And when the School tries to take it away from us, we'll just be caught singing like Amy Winehouse: "You tried to make me go to rehab, but I said no, no no..." It's a pity then, that despite her great and heavily publicised addictions, Amy Winehouse has never been a truly great musician.

# The Ultimate Test?

**Shashank Peshawaria** reflects on the relevance of Board exams

(Reprinted from Issue 2221, dated May 23)

The Board results were declared only some time ago. While I was busy dialling and redialling my parents' numbers, others were busy stalking the Main Building corridors in nervousness, checking all the notice boards, or trying – in their own innovative ways (including the thought of busting into the server room!) – to know the marks they had scored before anyone else. ICSE causes so much movement, so much strain, fear, hullabaloo, noise, but what I have always wondered is what actually comes from this test? From this test that cannot judge anything but your capability to cram loads of material into your brain. It is really lamentable how the power of our brain – a part of our body which has its own system – is being turned into random access memory, how we are being forced to become things worse than storage devices.

“What if he doesn't get the score that the society demands of him? Will it say that he has no sense of the language, no knowledge of the environment?”

I hear of a friend who has faced pressure from his family, peers, everyone, to score (forget about just getting above ninety percent) so that he tops the country, even though he has a real loss of social life, lack of sleep, dark circles under his eyes; even though he loses touch with the music he loves to hear; the books he would have read and learnt more from, from Kant, from Camus or even from Roald Dahl; from the instrument he plays; from his grandmother, grandfather, from any poetic afflatus; from all the things that are shaping his personality. And for what? What if he doesn't get the score that the society demands of him, or if he doesn't even cross a ninety percent? What then? Will society laugh at him? Will it say that he has no sense of the language, no knowledge of the environment? Will his parents stop him from meeting his friends even on Saturdays and Sundays? What?

Really, society needs to change. We cannot weigh a student's calibre in the light of the marks ICSE gives him. What happens when someone gets a ninety percent? While others give him the name of a 'stud', he throws a party in celebration, and his parents get to talk about it in their friends' circle. That's it. Seriously, there's nothing beyond it. Marks don't define who you are, neither do they tell you where you stand among others. The problem lies in us, in the bunch of people who allow only a few people to be able to judge our potential and intelligence on the basis of just one exam. Will it ever change?

## Beyond the Boards

**Vivek Santayana's** response to the above article (Reprinted from Issue 2222, dated May 30)

It would be quite surprising for me to reply to Peshawaria's piece titled *The Ultimate Test?* in the last issue of the *Weekly* in the way that I am doing. At the very beginning, I would like to make it clear that I am not disagreeing with Peshawaria: I am simply answering the question he has raised. What I am writing is truly a personal disillusionment, and I wish to communicate the same, not only to him, but to everyone else who has faced/will be facing the Board examinations.

I do not think the Board exams are irrelevant. As a matter of fact, they are very important in the immediate scheme of things. They must be taken seriously; but they do exist, and we have to appear for them in order to take the next step. We get only one attempt. But what are we taking into account when considering the relevance of these examinations? These are standard examinations. They are a yardstick of the scholastic capacity of a student. They are, in no way, a measure of a student's potential, talent or capabilities. Judgement on the basis of these transcripts alone would be absurd for a variety of reasons. Firstly, it is just one examination. Anything could happen, like in that one test-week which we all have that doesn't go quite right, or that one match in the whole cricket season where we get out for a duck; judgement on its basis alone would be



irrational. Secondly, it's still just an examination. It only shows how well you have studied (how many gigabytes your mind has stored, going by Peshawaria's analogy). Your true brilliance cannot be reflected in these results. Understanding the *Critique of Pure Reason* is exponentially more difficult than cramming the geographical requirements of fifteen different crops. Hence anyone who can understand Kant should be able to get a 90% in his Board exams. He is intelligent enough to do so. But if he doesn't, for whatever reason, it doesn't mean that he cannot understand Kant.

**“Change must come from ourselves: we must stop overstating the importance of the examinations while blaming society and we must stop overreacting to results that do not meet our own expectations.”**

It simply means that something went wrong with that one examination. It's not a stain on his reputation, only a minor slip-up.

The conclusion is that a good Board result isn't everything. The cessation of all activities except studying, the abeyance of intellectual growth and the isolation of one's self for the sake of studying will not amount to a brighter future. The acquiring of knowledge is not the same as exam orientation. Board examinations truly are not the ultimate test. It's like saying that Trials are all that determine how our school terms went. The academic front is only one aspect of education; which is again split into acquiring knowledge and preparation for examinations, both of which are independent of each other.

As for the consequences of not meeting the expectations (which I can talk about from personal experience); the most severe consequences would be what the students do to themselves. We ourselves often take the examinations too far and overreact. We think that society is victimising us, while it is we ourselves who do so. It is perhaps natural for us to be disappointed. But when we think that society is laughing at us, we do so baselessly; it is only a product of our imagination. We imagine that everyone thinks that we are worthless. We often convince ourselves of our worthlessness, and then say that society thinks so. We take things too hard, and we blame society.

It is too hasty to assume that all of a student's calibre is judged by the ICSE examinations. Transcripts are only part of an application to college. Educational qualifications are only part of a CV. A good job is only part of a life. There is more. We ourselves must realize that, not just for the sake of denying the importance of the Board examinations, but for our own growth as individuals. The only changes that we require come from ourselves: we must stop overstating the importance of the examinations while blaming society and we must stop overreacting to results that do not meet our own expectations.

**Do you think the Board Exams affect the entire School community?**



(172\* members of the school community were polled)

(Reprinted from Issue 2210 dated February 28)

\* Note: It is highly likely that the Board Exam students were not polled as they may not have been present during meal-times

**doubletake**

**Madhav Dutt**



Before boards...



During...



And after.

The Examination Phase

# The 90's Club, 2009

ISC and ICSE Examinations

(Reprinted from Issue 2221, dated May 23, 2009)

## ICSE Examinations

Aayush Jain	95.2%
Aseem Kumar	95.2%
Yashvardhan Pokhriyal	95.2%
Shoumitra Shrivastava	95%
Saarthak Singh	94.4%
Harsh Verma	93.8%
Bhimavarapu Dinesh Reddy	93.6%
Jayant Mukhopadhyaya	93.4%
Arvind Sharma	93%
Abhishek Jain	93%
Itihaas Singh	92.8%
Arnav Sahu	92.8%
Uday Shriram	92.8%
Devashish Singhal	92.8%
Shahaan Pushp	92.4%
Umang Newatia	92.2%
Abhishek Gupta	92.2%
Milind Pandit	92.2%
Arjun Singh Sethi	92%
Shivam Katyal	92%
Vinayak Bhandari	92%
Varun Goel	92%
Prateek Agarwal	91.6%
Harshit Tiwari	91.4%
Ishaan Nagpal	91.4%
Abhishek Patel	91.4%
Darshdeep Hora	91.2%
Angad Bawa	91.2%
Vahin Khosla	91%
Siddharth Bidasaria	91%
Kanav Mehra	91%
Akshay Nilendu	90.8%
Utkarsh Gupta	90.6%
Shivam Pal	90.4%
Nilesh Agarwal	90.4%
Viren Kapoor	90.2%
Chirag Ambekar	90.2%
Uddhav Prasad	90%
Bharat Ganju	90%
Tanuj Kumar	90%

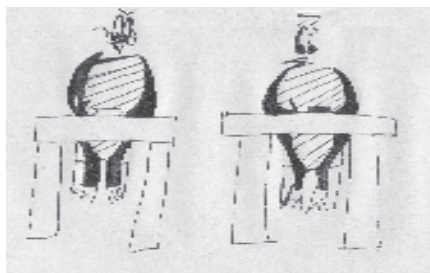
## ISC Examinations

Vishnukaant Pitty	96.75%
Mehtab Chima	96.5%
Saket Mahajan	96.5%
Shashvat Sikrora	96.25%
Varun Agarwal	95.5%
Salil Gupta	94%
Yash Aggarwal	93.5%
Madhav Bahadur	92.75%
Akshay Chaturvedi	92%
Gurbaaz Singh Sidhu	92%
Aadhar Sharma	91.5%
Shaleen Chikara	91.5%
Shaurya Kuthiala	91.5%
Rushil Singh	91.25%
Abhimanyu Malik	91%
Anirudh Gupta	90.5%
Rajat Gangwar	90.5%
Saksham Sharda	90.5%
Vinayak Paliwal	90.5%
Kshitij Paliwal	90.25%
Divyang Prateek	90%
Keshav Prasad	90%

## IB DP Examinations

*The following are the overall grades out of 45 achieved by candidates of the IB DP May, 2009 Examination*

Ayyappa Vemulkar	40
Dilsher Dhillon	40
Ankur Saxena	40
Akshat Jain	40
Abhaas Shah	39
Pratham Mittal	39
Abhimanyu Chandra	38
Mansher Dhillon	37
Hamza Iqbal	36
Ayush Agarwal	36
Akshat Khandelwal	36
Vikrant Jain	35
Naveed Chowdhury	33
Kushagra Agarwal	32
Anindya Vasudev	32
Shivaj Neupane	31
Divijinder S Oberoi	31
Vikramaditya Chaudhri	30
Kenilworth Yambem	29
Adheep Chopra	28
Manav Bhatia	27
Ambar Sidhwani	25



# Under the scanner INDIA

## PARTY POLITICS AND THE INDIAN MINDSET

*Arjun Badal discusses the failure of a democratic government owing to improper functioning of the multi-party system*

Analysis

The word 'politician' has acquired negative connotations, often associated with hypocrisy, corruption and false promises of development, subsidies and removal of all taxes (three promises which are impossible to keep in a nation like ours) and has become synonymous with a dirty, dangerous way of life that is undertaken simply to gain power and wealth. It is ironic, how, in a democratic nation such as ours, we loathe the very leaders we elect. But what's even more difficult to fathom than this is that we take this with a certain degree of acceptance.

When India gained her independence in 1947 and formed a democratic government, the people of India weren't used to a democratic, liberal country where acts of subjugation and atrocities even by the rulers themselves were unacceptable. For a long time, India was ruled by the Congress Party. Gradually, a democratic system emerged. People began to consider abuse of power by politicians, and government officers unacceptable. Meanwhile, many different parties representing different communities grew. This is when populist, vote-hungry and petty politics flourished in our country, with recurring manifestos preaching subsidies, low taxes, etc. More important issues of development and drastic social, economical and political change were ignored. Tough decisions were avoided and all parties did, and do even today, is appease the voter. Due to low literacy rates (governments exploit rather than raise), a majority of voters vote impulsively, focussing on immediate gain rather than long-term development (which most parties lack, anyway). People vote for candidates on the basis of the party they represent and not individual merit. More than just causing bad governance, such petty party politics widens the rift between people on the basis of caste, religion etc so as to gain votes of certain communities over others. A hypothetical example explains this: a particular constituency has a majority of Muslims, some Hindus (both Brahmins and Dalits) and a minority of Sikhs. The Bahujan Samaj Party would use the following strategy to win this seat: speeches on how Dalits have been ill treated and how the BSP stands behind these people, followed by heaps of praise for the great Dalit Chief Minister so as to ensure that the Dalits vote for them – as they usually do. Then a Muslim candidate would be put up to attract the large Muslim population coupled with communal speeches from the candidate. Finally, the Sikhs – who being a minority in that constituency would be underprivileged – would be promised a gurudwara and a few tube wells in return for their vote. How is this sort of power-hungry politics, which lacks ideology and care for the people, supposed to improve this nation?

**“Power lies in the hands of the heads of powerful parties who manipulate situations in a way that wins them votes.”**

Power lies in the hands of the heads of powerful parties who manipulate situations in a way that wins them votes. To rectify the current situation we need two things: firstly, a massive increase in education (which, hopefully, the Right to Education will ensure), enabling proactive decisions. And secondly, end of 'party politics'. The Parliament should be ruling India, not the Congress core committee. I feel that this can be done by introducing a system of primaries in each constituency which is made mandatory by the law for every party. Anyone who is a registered member of a party may stand for an election (which takes place in every constituency) to decide who the party's candidate for that constituency will be. This removes the power of the party 'high command' – who, more often than not, are not even elected members of Parliament – and will also bring in honest people who wish to do good instead of members of a dynasty. However there is no point of this if these honest members are pawns in the hands of party leaders (as are our current members). It should be coupled with compulsory inner-party democracy, which will further ensure that decisions are taken by a party as a whole and not a select few. Also, the Prime Minister must be a directly elected legislator, i.e. a member of the Lok Sabha. These vital changes that will greatly improve the effectiveness of the Lok Sabha and the numerous Vidhan Sabhas must be taken soon to ensure India's development in the coming years.



# The Lighthouse

*Bharat Ganju*

He sat there...the smell of the salt water, the monotonous sound of the waves smacking against the shore and the plaintive cry of the sea gulls all seemed to blend together. However, to him, everything was the same.

This was not the case a week ago. A week ago, he could have well called himself the happiest man on earth. He had been stationed at the lighthouse and had been given a simple job to do. He always felt good whenever he shone the light, as he felt like an angel; a beacon of light that could give forlorn sailors hope. He knew that without him, many ships would be kissing the rocky shores off the coast. A week ago, he enjoyed every little element of life, be it the chirping of birds or the rising of the sun every morning; they all made him brim with happiness. The thought of his wife-to-be standing on the shore waiting for him was his main reason to live, though. He always carried her picture in his upper left pocket and kissed it every night before he slept as he counted the days left to meet her.

Today, his eyes were dull and emotionless. They were the eyes of a man with a broken heart and a

torn soul. He raised his head from his rough hands and stared outwards towards the vast expanse of blue on which the sunlight sparkled like the ring that he had given his fiancée. He closed his heavy eyes once again.

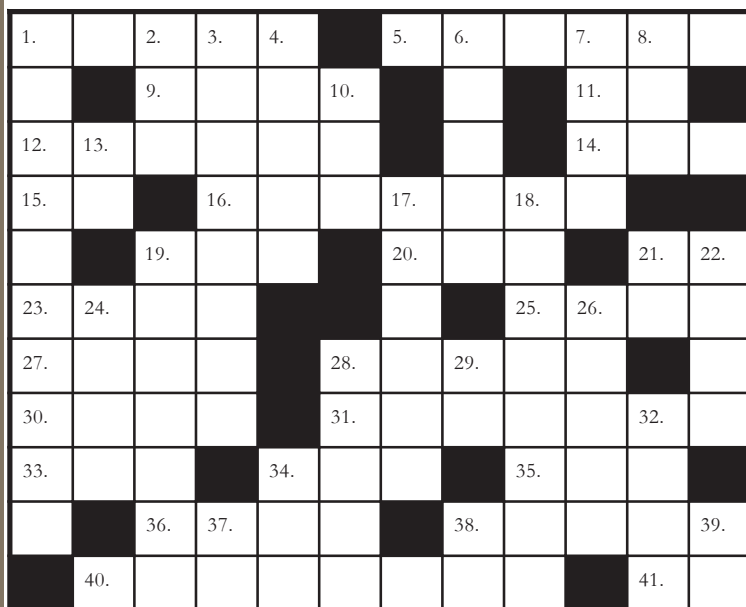
Before him on the wooden table lay the letter that he had received just a week ago from his love. He had read it over and over again till he could absorb the message. He still had the letter, her letter...a missive from the love of his life telling him that it was over.

She had sent the ring back; the ring, the symbol of his promise to her...a token to seal their love which he had placed on her finger two years ago, just before he left. He didn't keep the ring, he didn't want to; he let it fall towards the rocky shore.

He stood up and walked towards the wooden table. He picked up the letter and tucked it in his upper left pocket along with the picture. He walked to the colossal light, situated on the edge of the lighthouse. He had made up his mind; he followed the ring.



## Crossword



*Arnav Sahu*

**Across:** 1. US open ; 5. Eye defect; 9. Electric car; 11. American news agency; 12. Construction material; 14. Labour organization; 16. European Union; 17. Northern Europe; 20. Military airport; 21. Middle East; 22. Digital photography; 24. Skin disease; 26. Luxury; 28. Noble gas; 29. Bend; 31. Inland Navigation Europe; 32. Fox; 34. European Airlines Assoc.; 35. Vision; 36. European Inland Navigation; 37. Volcano 39. Economic Resource; 41. Skeptical;  
**Down:** 1. Dog breed; 2. Ranging radar; 3. Reluctant; 4. Reproductive organ; 6. Green leaves; 7. Purchase ; 8. Indian Premier league; 10. Plural;

13. Jewish Community; 17. Shine; 18. Bias; 19. Deviation 21. Nintendo; 22. Positive Health Injection 24. Give way 26. Tennis Grand slams 28. Music company; 29. Outlook express; 32. Vital; 34. Switch Virtual intefernce 37. Article; 38. Arsenic; 39 Ticket;

# The Very Best of Unquotable Quotes

*My father is a smiley gab.*

**Piyush Upadhyay**, talking about his happy dad.

*Jinnab was the lone surviving terrorist of the Mumbai 26/11 attacks.*

**Divij Budhhraja**, and Ajmal Kasab was the founder of Pakistan?

*Nikhil, tennis le aa.*

**Saarthak Singh** raises a racquet.

*Don't look at to me like nursery KG boy.*

**MLJ**, centre of attention.

*He was reborn after his birth.*

**Kamran Cooper** muses on the afterlife.

*Who's the opening bowling?*

**Shreyvardhan Swaroop**, aren't you?

*Stop hiding suspense.*

**Shreyvardhan Swaroop**, we won't.

*I am a scholastic.*

**Shatrunjai Dewan** goes publishing!

*You only speak without saying.*

**Devansh Khaitan** corrects others' speech.

*My keys of my locker are locked.*

**Devansh Khaitan**, tongue-tied.

*I'm applying UK.*

**Prateek Agarwal**, career-conscious.

*I didn't went there.*

**Mohit Seth**, then where did you?

*Why are you growing so short?*

**Sumaer Sandhu**, feeling tall.

*Stop cutting the Main Field.*

**Nilesh Agarwal** reprimands.

*Hello, intellect!*

**Nikhil Sardana**, the next generation brain.

*My paper is leaking!*

**Shreyvardhan Swaroop** raises the alarm.

*America went to Iraq on quest search of Obama.*

**AKM**, international political analyst.

*One more word and chappal comes!*

**Pranjal Singh's** fits of rage.

*It's nahi coming.*

**Shashank Peshawaria**, bilingual.

*Take it up a press-up position.*

**Harnaresh Singh** takes punitive measures.

*At what point in stage did you ask her out?*

**Rachit Malik**, Love Guru.

*I am pride of you.*

**Shubham Agarwal** congratulates.

*He tried to suicide me.*

**Divij Budhiraja** bears false witness.

*So many newses has happened.*

**STB** is up-to-date.

*When you asked me to ask me?*

**Piyush Upadhyay** asks.

*I will shot down the notes.*

**AKM**, Wild Wild West.

*Don't try to smart, my dear friend.*

**MLJ**, not to be outsmarted

*Rajiv Gandhi is Sonia Gandhi's son.*

**Piyush Upadhyay** reinvents relationships.

*You baded it?*

**Pranit Verma** finds what he is looking for.

*Now, we have the last performance of tonight's evening.*

**Shrey Gaurishankar**, Master of Ceremonies.

*I'm not as dumbest as I look!*

**Anuj Bhatia**, maybe.

*Just I take to HM.*

**AKS** just takes action.

*I've got one of the most hairs.*

**Vishesh Kochher** brags.

*She's my mouth spoken sister that I no stink more with.*

**Avijit Kumar**, spoken like a true brother.

*My unluck is too good.*

**Arjun Midha** needs some luck.

*Shut the damning up.*

**Vinayak Bansal**, as usual.

*I'm short because I haven't evaporated as yet.*

**Siddhant Gupta**, giving logical explanations.

*Fan ki speed on kar de.*

**Siddharth Bidasaria** feels warm.

*Eeshat has come blank-handed.*

**Abhilaksh Lalwani**, furious.

*My camera captures dark light.*

**Chirag Ambekar**, techy.

*We're independencing tomorrow.*

**Kanishka Malik**, celebrating.

*You can get swine flu with bird feathers.*

**Rishabh Gupta**, wildlife expert.

*There are two editor-in-briefs?*

**Devansh Khaitan** dresses them down.

*This marker is permanently permanent.*

**Kartikeya Luthra**, indelibly incorrect.

*Rathi, you dead you.*

**Shubham Agarwal**, the homicidal maniac!

*Who's that who's talking about Kelly and Sheats?*

**PCH** takes poetic license.

*A person from Paris is a Parsi.*

**Lanka Adarsh**, not quite.

*Are we selling free chocolates on Founders'?*

**Adhiraj Singh's**, entrepreneurship skills.

*That is an answer I'm not going to answer.*

**SRY**, is that a question?

# School Cricket Team, 2009

*Gursharan Singh reviews the performance of the Doon School Cricket Team this season*

**Aruj Shukla**, Captain. Left-hand slow; Right Hand batsman; Aruj was an early talent and first played for school in his C form. In his senior year he led the side and was the mainstay in the bowling department.

Aruj proved to be a fine captain. He had the support of the team and interfaced hell between team and management. He had ideas of his own and employed them judiciously and creatively. His bowling showed continuing maturity and he displayed the complete arsenal of bowler of his type.

His fielding though much improved was not outstanding and he was always short of agility. His batting too never really flowered although he could hit the ball very hard on occasion.

All told, Aruj served school cricket extremely well and for me personally it was a pleasure to be associated with him.

**Rajdeep Deo Bhanj**, Right Hand Batsman; Wicketkeeper; Rajdeep had a lean season with the bat. This may have been at least partly due to lack of practices due to his participation with board exams.

In my opinion, however, this stems from his reluctance to take steps to correct the lack of continuity in the flow of his bat. The arc between back lift and contact with the ball is broken and inconsistent. This will ensure his downfall every time he fails to judge the exact length and direction of the delivery he is facing. This is a great pity as he is a substantial talent and was the only batsman of class and pedigree we were able to exhibit in England last year.

I hope he will return to form and be the premier batsman of next year's School XI.

His wicket-keeping is of a good standard and I see him in the role of wicket-keeper and opening batsman next year.

**Skand Swarup**, Right Hand Batsman; Right Hand Medium; Skand had bundled opportunities in this team. He bowled accurately but at an innocuous speed. His batting was correct and he played a fine knock against the ONGC. He was a good fielder and provided the school with a reliable option.

**Itihaas Singh**, Right Hand Batsman; Itihaas showed a welcome return to form this season. He played some majestic strokes and he was organized, in both the technical and the mental aspects of the game.

He remains a poor runner between the wickets mainly on account of his complete lack of speed. He is very stiff as his range of motion in the lower body is severely restricted.

Itihaas is a senior player now and is expected to be one of the mainstays of our school batting next year. I hope he prepares himself for this role and fulfils his responsibility and justifies the large number of opportunities he has had here.

**Har Naresh Singh**, Right Hand Batsman; Har Naresh lived up to our highest expectations. He spear-headed the school batting with many solid and aggressive knocks that brought us some momentous victories. Always blessed with a wide range of strokes but lacking the ability to temper aggression with the instinct for survival he finally put it together and did himself justice achieving his highest possible potential and making the team proud!

He patrolled the covers effectively and had a safe pair of hands. His commitment to the team was second to none and we could not have asked for more from a senior player.

**Archit Kumar**, Right hand Batsman; Right Hand Bowler; Archit emerged as a genuine all-rounder and gave quality performances with both bat and ball.

His opening stand with Har Naresh against Mayo College was the best opening partnership under pressure I have seen at school level.

As a leg-spinner Archit always gave us hope that a wicket was in the offing. His excellent loop and bounce was always a handful for any batsman. He failed however to gain control over line and length and this diluted the threat he could otherwise have posed.

As a fielder he was smart, agile with safe hands. He had a good season and his contribution to the team's success was considerable.



**Aazam Singh Jauhal**, Right Hand Batsman; Right Hand Medium; Aazam wore the mantle of the team's most decorated player with seeming aplomb through a busy season. His ability to make a telling impression with bat or ball at crucial moments allowed us a great deal of breathing space. We missed him terribly against YPS when we failed to chase down a modest score by five runs. His presence would have seen us canter through.

Aazam is a player in the cavalier mould. He is a complete natural and will never plod or scrape a performance together. What he will do is scalp wickets and plunder runs for his team. I would urge him to strengthen his knees and thigh muscles as he tends to collapse on the crease during his delivery stride.

**Tushar Gupta**, Right Hand Batsman; Right Hand Fast Medium; A genuine fast bowler at school level, he takes wickets by beating the batsman for pace. A smooth run-up and action should keep him injury free. He should be used in short bursts and encouraged to develop a well disguised slower ball and a straight bouncer!

Tushar is a good batsman and in the years to come he will lend depth and solidity to the school batting order. He is an excellent fielder in the deep and a dedicated team man.

**Vidur Yadav**, Slow Left hand Bowler; Right Hand Batsman; With his bouncy left arm wrist spin proving a handful for many a batsman, Vidur forced his way into the team as a third spinner and enjoyed a modicum of success despite lack of control over length and direction. His fielding was unreliable and batting extremely brittle. He will be remembered for the amount of turn he could extract from a dead wicket.

**Rohan Gupta**, Right Hand Medium pacer; Right Hand Batsman; Rohan had a good season with both bat and ball. He bowled fast and accurately in the beginning of the innings, extracting disconcerting bounce with the new ball. His batting at the top of the order or in the middle was solid but lacked urgency. He has improved his speed between the wickets. His fielding is sound and he has a safe pair of hands. He will serve the school extremely well in the years to come!

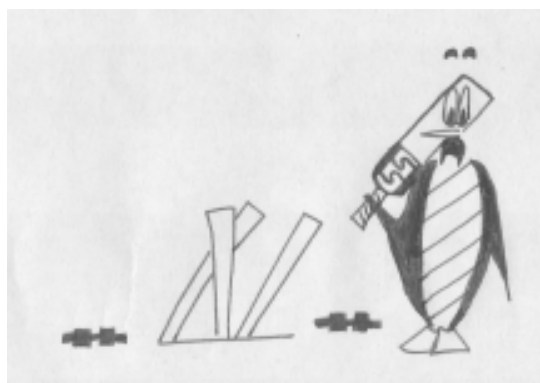
**Jai Sharma**, Right Hand Batsman; Jai never really lived up to the early promise he showed as a junior when he seemed sound in defence with many attacking strokes at his disposal.

Unfortunately he never blossomed and I blame the hectic nature of a middle-order batsman's role in the one day game, as I suspect Jai was a slow starter who needed time to get into the swing of things. As it happened, he failed to make the mental, physical and technical adjustments required to make an impact during the many opportunities he enjoyed. He was a fielder of moderate ability though he did take a couple of sharp catches at crucial junctures.

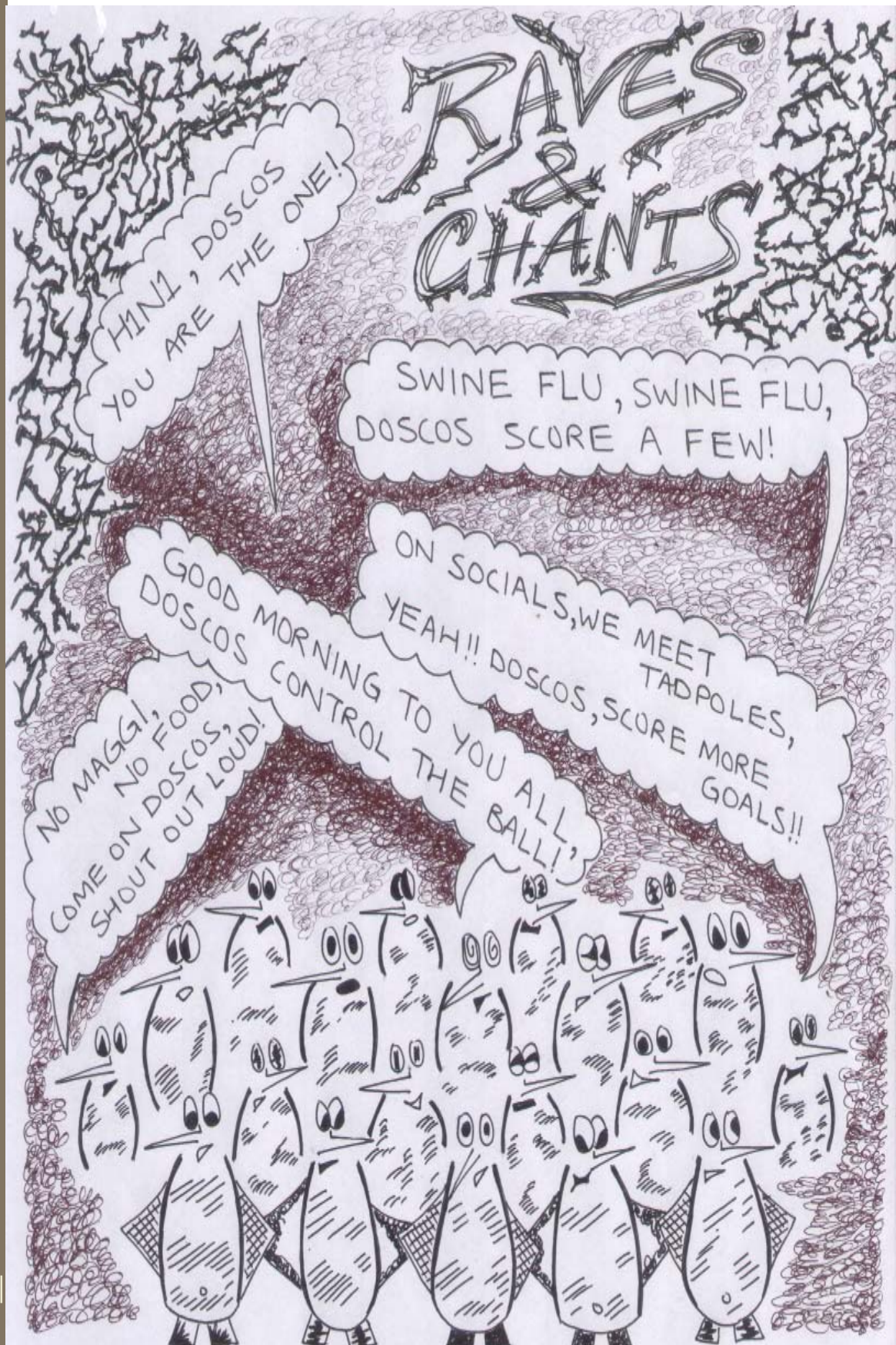
**Ashwin Dokania**, Right Hand Opening Batsman; He opened the batting for the school at the start of the season, displaying the characteristics of a sound opener i.e. temperament and sound defence. He needs to develop more strokes square of the wicket and add to his fine judgement of a run the requisite speed of foot. He is slow in the field and must improve his catching.

**Aashray Patel**, Wicket Keeper; Right Hand Batsman; Aashray kept wickets for most of the season with a fair bit of success standing back as well up to the stumps. He showed marked improvement over his exhibition in this role last season and took some sharp catches on either side. His movements were crisp and measured. He is an excellent team man.

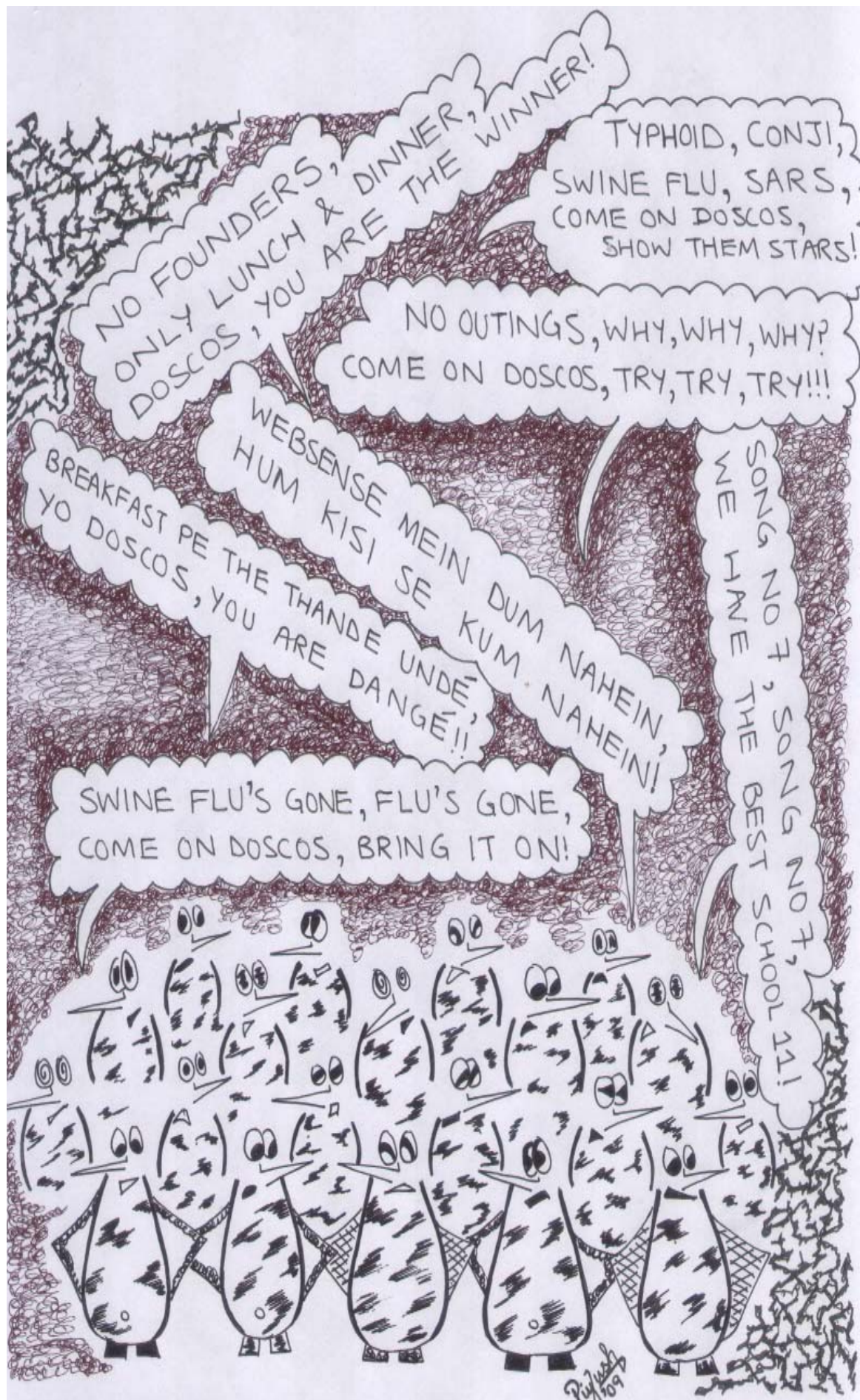
**Pranoy Bohara**, Right Hand Batsman; The advent of Pranoy in the school team was a revelation! With his solid, attacking batsmanship, and confident body language he brought special value to the team effort. He has an excellent temperament and is a fine fielder in any position. I hope he maintains his rate of progress and quality of performance.



*Piyush Gupta takes a satirical glimpse at the many cheers and slogans used in School in...*







# “PARTING WE LEAVE BEHIND US...”

*The outgoing members of the Board of the Weekly say a few last words*

I cannot say that I was always a major contributor to *The Doon School Weekly*. I cannot even say that I was always there like a shoulder upon which one could lean. Yes, I may have not always been present, and my contributions may not have been very large, but in my two years with the *Weekly*, I have grown greatly attached to it. It has taught me to think, understand and express thoughts and also, importantly, to race against time. I will never forget those Thursday evenings or Friday mornings, when an incomplete issue actually began taking shape, while the clock ticked its minutes and seconds away, and all we could do was work, and hope to finish on time. We always did finish on time though, despite the misgivings of the masters-in-charges and the seniors on the Board!

The 2007 Special edition of the Founder's said, "No full stops in *The Doon School Weekly* since 1935." I am glad it has continued to be this way in the Board of which I have been a part. The *Weekly* still remains a publication which typifies the best in School traditions: fearlessness in discussing controversial issues, recognition of talent and creativity and a sound work ethic ('no full stops'... remember?). So as I end my tenure as Chief of Production, I look back at two years of the most enriching and valuable experiences of my school life. I look back with pride at having been associated with the 'voice' of The Doon School and I am confident that it is a voice which will continue to be heard and heeded.

(Sriyash Kishorepuria)

"Hey Velloor, please tell PCH that the Hindi page will come by Thursday"... "Chandrachuda, I feel like killing you. Why is the Hindi page not ready?"

These lines are strange for most people but they are the definition of a dominant part of my identity. I have come to identify myself with the *Weekly*. There is no elation every Saturday, no perturbation every Thursday or any particular feeling of pride every time I attend a *Weekly* meeting. In short, I am used to the *Weekly* and it just goes on. Yet the very thought of not being on the Editorial Board sends shivers down my spine. Till the time I started writing this piece it didn't dawn on me that one day I too will be moving on, just like everyone else before me. As I write on, various scenes flash in my mind; PCH and STB angry with us for not finishing the *Weekly* on time, ASH sitting with us and finishing the Hindi page, our many moments of laughter and sadness in the Publications' Room... the list goes on and on.

Most people call us 'lends' and 'servants' with little in common with other DoscOs but somehow we have made this uncommonness our identity. Today when I am to give up this identity, I feel odd. I wouldn't want to sound overly sentimental, yet these words are seemingly just pouring out. The *Weekly* is a legacy that has been carried on by seventy-three batches. The *Weekly*, in my time, saw a rise in community participation. People seemingly woke up to the literary spirit that the *Weekly* represents. I sincerely hope this will continue and the *Weekly* will never again be called just an 'intellectual's magazine'.

With this I bid adieu to the Editorial Board, my heart brimming with emotion, wishing that the *Weekly* flourishes and remains a true 'Dosco' newsletter.

(Pranjal Singh)

It seems that we are bound by the obstinacy of human inertia. I will have to relinquish my position as Editor-in-Chief after this – worse still, I will have to leave the *Weekly* for good. I had always known that this time was to come, that I would end up feeling this way. And yet, as I struggle against the sentimentality that threatens to drown me in melancholy, I feel that I would have sold my soul to stay on for a few days more.

But that is not possible. I must move on as the *Weekly* must and will: this issue must be my swansong. At this point, it would be appropriate to reflect on my time spent on the Board. I have given my all for the *Weekly*, but it in return has made me so much more – it has overseen my transformation as a person. It has been more than four years of relentless work and countless days often wasted in what I called an 'old hole in the wall'. Most of my life in School has been spent in putting up first with (usually, though not always) tyrannical Eds-in-Chief and then (always) inefficient, annoying correspondents. It has been four years of [slowly] "Opinion Poll!" and [sternly] "Why haven't you carried out those corrections, Mr. Velloor?" But I have nothing but gratitude for the *Weekly*, and these years have been four of the most memorable. It will all always be worth the effort, worth the irritation and worth doggedly defending the *Weekly* in front of vicious form mates every Saturday morning for me. My last words will thus be these: thank you, and adieu.

(Dhruv Velloor)



## It never stops...



*(Photo credit: Sookrit Malik)*


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*The written word is set in stone.*