

The ‘Terms’ Gone By 3	Letter to the Editor 5	The Final Call 7	Holiday Checklist 8
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“Please say a few words...”

Dr. Peter McLaughlin *bids farewell to the School community.*

How many times have I heard this: “I would request the Headmaster to address the gathering and say a few words...”? Hundreds, if not thousands of times in my career, but the words I have most dreaded being asked to say or write are these – my farewell words to my beloved Doon School. In the past few weeks I have tried to stem the tide of emotion which seems to have engulfed me as I have savoured the last of the many experiences and traditions which make up the life of a great public school such as ours. It is almost as if the grief of all those many thousands of boys and masters who have also wept on parting from this enchanting corner of the world we call Chandbagh, our own Himalayan version of King Arthur’s Camelot, a place of magic and myth and drama that grips the imagination, fills our souls and seizes our hearts, has been channeling through my veins as my own departure approaches.



These have been the most rewarding seven years of my life: the toughest work I have ever had to do, but the most deeply satisfying and fascinating period of a career in education that has now spanned over forty years. Collectively, the boys of Doon have been the best group of young people I have ever worked with anywhere in the world. Those of you who know me well will understand that I would not say that if I did not mean it. This is not to say that there have not been frustrations in dealing with five hundred testosterone-fuelled alpha males gathered by destiny to live out the drama of those years when they transform themselves from boys into men. To be the Headmaster of The Doon School one has to love the “boyiness of boys”, and their noisy and often turbulent masculinity as they test their own limits and the boundaries of the world around them. Mrs. McLaughlin has dubbed Doon “Manland” because of the tsunami of testosterone she encountered when she first came here; with her decades of experience in girls’ boarding schools and some years in co-education, she had not expected such a strongly male world. I prefer “Boystown”, a community in which boys are free to be boys as they grow up, one in which we act as if anything and everything in life is possible if only you set your mind to it. The antics of the teenage male are also a deep vein of humour. As Mr. Nair so often says in his ever cheerful fashion when some new incident has cropped up, “There is no shortage of entertainment at the Doon School”. But fun and games aside, I often experience the exhilarating feeling that the potential of this school is almost limitless, as is also the case with the individuals chosen after an arduous selection process to live and work here.

Much has been achieved in my tenure with the help of Mrs. McLaughlin, without whom none of my work would have been possible, and, of course, the hundreds of masters and other staff who make learning and our daily lives possible and so enriching. However, I am one of those headmasters who goes to bed at night thinking not about what I have accomplished during the day, but about what I have not done and what still needs to be carried out. I have always been hostage to my own school’s Latin motto “*Tot facienda*,

(Contd. on Page 4)



Regulars

HAM Radio

The following students have qualified in the **Amateur Radio Station Operators Certificate Restricted Grade Examination**, conducted by the **Government of India**: Mahip Aggarwal, Ravshaan Singh Mangat, Prabhsharan Mamik, Adityavardhan Agarwal, Rana Sunjog Singh Thind and Gunit Mittal.

Keep it up!

The Duke of Edinburgh

Anant Mohan and Siddharth Jain have been awarded the **Silver Standard** of the **Duke of Edinburgh's International Award**.

Raghav Kumar and Yash Killa received their **Gold Standards** at the award's Diamond Jubilee Celebrations Ceremony held at **Buckingham Palace** in the **United Kingdom**.

Congratulations!

Around the World in 80 Words

President Obama announced the end of the 41-year U.S. arms embargo against Vietnam and ordered a drone strike which resulted in the death of the Afghan Taliban leader Mullah Akhtar Mansoor. Narendra Modi ameliorated ties with Afghanistan and Iran by agreeing to invest \$500 million in the enlargement of the Iranian seaport of Chabahar. On the sports front, Louis Van Gaal was superseded by former Chelsea manager Jose Mourinho while RCB made its way to the finals of the IPL.

"O he, who lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."
- William Shakespeare

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Write a poetry.

Madhav Singhal, don't write.

I grew two feet in school.

Yasir Nizam, crawl out of here.

You would have droven me insane.

Arjun Singh, job well done.

All the Jaipur House are studs.

Shreyansh Goyal, we're doubtful.

My glasses flew away.

Atrey Guruprasad, only your glasses?

I didn't did that.

Amulya Agarwal, undoubtedly.

Be far from me.

Ujjwal Jain, with pleasure.

My brain got roasted in the toaster.

Anush Rathod, we can see that.

Don't you get we print next week.

Vansh Aggarwal, Editor-in-Chief of the *Yearbook*.

Please keep your head downs.

JKA, burying grammar.

Bullriders

The following are the results of **The Doon School Stock Exchange Summer Session, 2016**:

1st: Madhav Mall

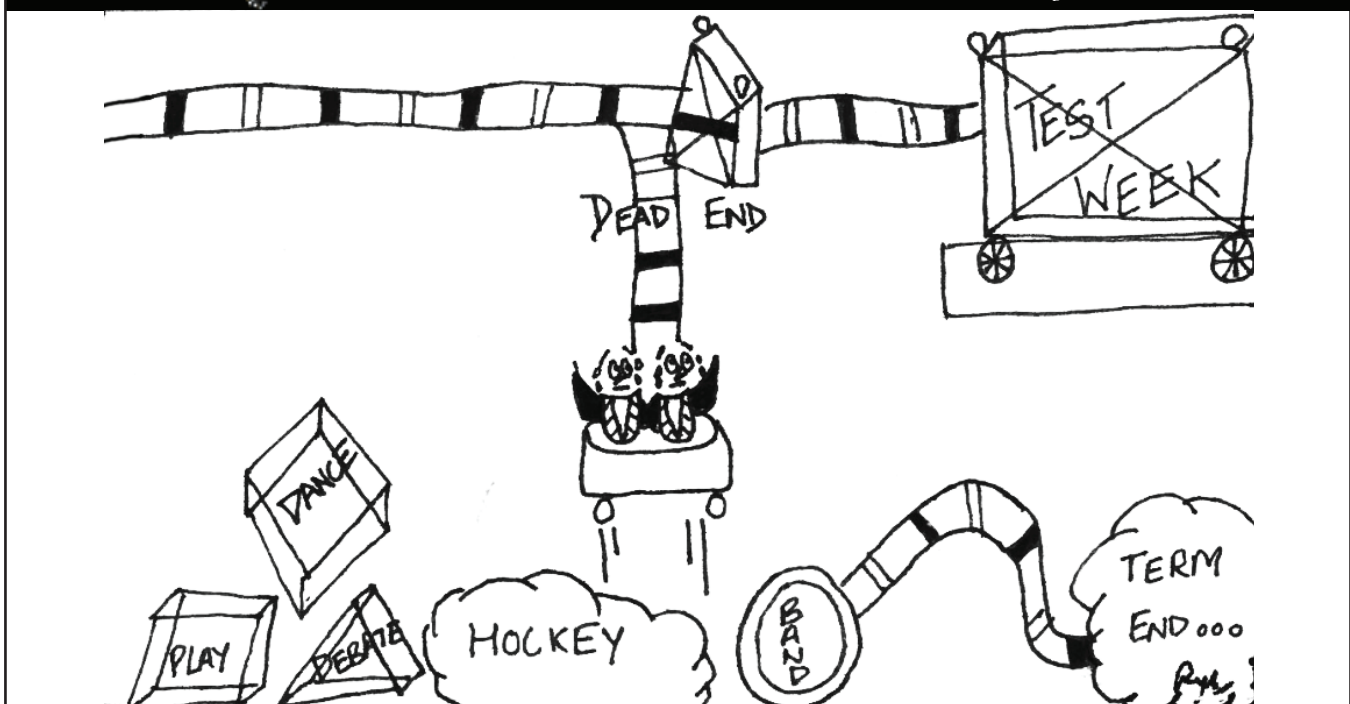
2nd: Armaan Thapar

3rd: Gaurav Bhandari

Kudos!

Dosco Doodle

The Term Gone By
Payas Hasteer



The Terms Gone By

Omar Chishti and Salman Mallick

This first term began in the familiarly cold month of February, with the annual School Captain elections being held on the first day, the daily morning P.T continuing to ruin all our lives (ATs were exempt, thank God) and the AT and SCE formers burying themselves in their books (and food) while regretting every single minute of their vacations spent ‘pseudo-studying’. This year’s prefectorial body proved to be a huge selection headache for Dosco gossip groups; it was presumably no different for the Housemasters’ Council. When the day of judgement dawned, the Rose Bowl was weighed down by the burdensome expectations that seem to grow significantly heavier with every batch. By the end of the Special Assembly, the Rose Bowl remained unscathed by the weighty decisions unveiled, while many of its occupants (and a couple on the other side of the world) emerged with their ‘predictions’ or expectations failing miserably. Speaking of which, a couple of next year’s hopefuls for the position of “officer-on-parade” have already started their ‘campaigns’. We wish them the very best of luck in their efforts!

However, that was about the end of the normality of this term. The first anomaly came in the form of an ‘evening assembly’, the first of its kind for all present. AT and SCE formers were heard indignantly protesting the loss of their ‘study’ time (debatable, considering the three hour long football marathons organised on the Main Field around the same time) but the nature of the news delivered then left the school shell-shocked. That’s covered on the first page though; it’s time for us to move on to March.

March ended up being a whirling maelstrom of Board examinations, Prize Giving, Holi and Cricket; from the ‘chocolate stash’ uncovered in the Board venue, to the washed out Prize Giving (even the heavens wept at the haunting rendition of *Auld Lang Syne* this year) and the equally washed out Holi, it was a month which ended before the spring weather had quite sunk in and it left us free to leave for our first Spring vacations. (Edit: It left us erstwhile AT formers free to leave for our extended break, while the rest of the school proceeded for midterms). The winds of change continue their work on school, and even Boards have their years in school numbered, with the onset of IGCSE. Speaking of Boards, most of us will probably know that our last ‘A-Transition Form’ has now passed (pun intended). In fact, with this form cracking the academic ‘sound barrier’ as well, our Headmaster declared what was another scarce commodity this term: a holiday and an outing, because of our Board results.

The school calendar came into its new avatar with the end of the Spring Term on the 1st of April, and the summer term (the first of its kind; we have been trained to think only about summer ‘holidays’) began from April 15th. That, however, was one change we were mentally prepared for, after having discussed it extensively for over a year.

The Batch of 2022 joined the school community two weeks later than usual, thanks to the ‘Spring Break’ till mid-April, while a sizeable chunk of the new S formers set out for far-off shores on Exchange. Accents will develop, far-fetched stories will be told (and subsequently investigated) and updates on the ‘Second term’ syndrome will be sought; business as usual for the exchange program at Doon. Meanwhile, the Oberoi juggernaut continued its flawless run in all competitions this year, when they clinched the PT Gong for a record third year, mirroring Leicester City’s run of form en route to the EPL title, until the May heat arrived to end the Oberoi fairy tale.

The last month of the summer term has been witness to a pseudo zombie apocalypse, with Doscos shuffling around, drained of energy and water in their bodies. However, the calendar proved to be as unforgiving as the sun, with a virtual minefield of events having been put out by the school. The Inter-House One Act Play was the first of these mines, with Hockey, Afzals, and May Trials to top it off. Internal Assessment Week (thanks to some clever politicking on the part of our Student Study Council) to top it off. Saying a final goodbye to the last of the SCE’s was salt to our already deep wounds. The string of *chaat* parties for our departing Headmaster proved to be a temporary respite from this crammed term. Case in point: Preparations are afoot for the Inter House Band competition by night, while scintillating performances are delivered in the Inter-House Hockey competition every afternoon and assignments are handed out by day. Thus, all that remains for us to say is to wish our Headmaster-designate, Mr. Matthew Raggett, the very best of luck in learning the *little yellow book* over the holidays and leave our departing Headmaster with a quote:

“How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard.”-A. A. Milne (Winnie the Pooh)

(Contd. from Page 1)

parum factum” (So much to do, so little done). This has been a great time of change as Doon has reinvented itself for the twenty-first century, a task given to me in 2009 by the Board of Governors to ensure that this traditional, legacy boarding school did not moulder away into irrelevance and insignificance in the twenty-first century like so many others in India and around the world have done over the past fifty years.

“ To be the Headmaster of The Doon School one has to love the “boyness of boys”, and their noisy and often turbulent masculinity as they test their own limits and the boundaries of the world around them. ”

without fear. A Doon education is a priceless thing of beauty in my experience, and in my opinion. Use it as a platform to change the world for the better and never forget why you are here when you pass and look up at Arthur Foot’s momentous words as you pass through the foyer of Main Building. Chandbagh will always be Chandbagh, Main Field will still be Main Field filled with boys doing P.T. after *chhota hazri*, *Lab pe aati* will still be sung at assembly, the hills will still teem with boys trekking on midterms, your House will still be your House forever. But Doon was set up to free this great nation and must now have the world sit up and take notice of its true genius, its history, its heritage and its contribution to humanity in the past, the present and yet to come. Make it happen, not by dreaming of past glories at school - though that is something that we must all still do – but by making our dreams of a better world for all citizens of the republic come true in keeping with S.R. Das’s extraordinary vision of a school where boys whatever their caste, creed, colour, state or socio-economic background could gather in one place as equals and create a free, democratic and meritocratic India.

And now that my last “few words” are at an end, I must soon go with Mrs. McLaughlin out into the world through the gates of Doon as Headmaster for the last time, both of us with great sadness but with the profoundest gratitude for the best years of our lives. Our paths will surely cross with yours again; I look forward to seeing you and my beloved Chandbagh once more in the not too distant future.

And now it simply remains for me to say: Doscoc Forever!
Jai Hind!

The great CEO of General Electric Corporation, Jack Welch, once said that all leaders look back and wish they had gone faster in reforming their organizations, but at the time we can only do what is politically possible. I should like to thank all of you who have taken on this burden of reinvention and coped so magnificently with the relentless pursuit of excellence and innovation that our Development Plan and our own aspirations to be a genuinely world class institution have required of us.

Before I sign off as Headmaster of this wonderful institution, I would enjoin all who live and work here, and all our stakeholders too, to embrace a changing world

“ A Doon education is a priceless thing of beauty in my experience, and in my opinion. Use it as a platform to change the world for the better and never forget why you are here when you pass and look up at Arthur Foot’s momentous words as you pass through the foyer of Main Building. ”

Dosco Doodle

Farewell...
Kushagra Bansal



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

This is with reference to Devang Laddha's article 'Rancour of the Right' in the issue published on Saturday, May 23rd.

The writer claims that intolerance is increasing in India. However, the claim is too much of a generalization. Judging the state of communal harmony of the entire nation on the basis of stray incidents like the Dadri lynching, abominable though they are, is a parochial approach. At the ground level, there is practically no communal friction. For example, in the communally sensitive region of Bareilly, Muslims showered rose petals on Hindu revelers during Holi celebrations as per a Times Of India (TOI) report. The populace is more concerned with battling economic predicaments rather than indulging in communal clashes.

As for the intellectuals who returned their accolades due to the rising 'intolerance', one wonders why they didn't fulminate during the previous UPA governments when the magnitude of communal incidents was the same, if not larger (as cited by a TOI article). Interestingly, the award returning drama came to a screeching halt after the prominent Bihar elections in 2015. It becomes evident that the purpose of this entire show was to denigrate the image of BJP so as to have an impact on the hustings, something at which it brilliantly succeeded. The complicity in doing so of the English media also cannot be ignored, as it was also responsible for amplifying the image of the India as 'intolerant' just for increasing and entertaining its viewership.

Moreover, the writer states that right-wing groups are gaining support across the country. However, the Right is gaining traction due to its economic programs spearheaded by Prime Minister Narendra Modi, not because of its fundamentalist beliefs. Furthermore, it is not breeding an atmosphere of bigotry. Yes, some of the junior members of the ruling party have been making contentious remarks with respect to minorities. To that end, the upper echelons of the ruling dispensation have put in considerable effort to rein them in, which has met with immense success. Consequently, we have been hearing less of Sakshi Maharaj and Yogi Adityanath's boisterous proclamations nowadays. Hence, to disparage India as 'intolerant' would be to malign its reputation as a nation built on the edifice of tolerance. Morally, it is utterly reprehensible.

It is highly convenient for us to sit here, in India, and to condemn the Europeans as 'intolerant' towards Syrian refugees. Rarely has anyone tried to empathize with the former. Imagine if such a massive exodus enters one's locality and takes away the accommodation arrangements, facilities, amenities, etc. I am not trying to justify any violent acts by zealots. I am merely presenting another perspective.

At one point, however, I am bound to concur with the writer. Gradually, it is becoming perspicuous that intolerance has crept into the land that is famed as a bastion of liberty, tolerance, free speech and the rights of man. The United States of America is increasingly becoming bigoted against the Islamic community. Donald Trump, being the astute businessman that he is, has capitalized on this. Part of the issue originates from the Obama administration's incapacity to crush Islamic extremism. If Donald Trump - the manifestation of America's intolerance - is triumphant in the US Presidential election, then the world's sole superpower will transform from a beacon of the rights of man to a land of vehement zealotry.

Yours Sincerely,
Devansh Sharma

| Humour |

The Heat Gone By

Zoraver Mehta

Sweat trickled down his forehead that morning, afternoon and night.

The heat situation in Doon has erupted into a full blown crisis. The Wellness Centre has been sending in aid by providing 'scientifically advanced' hydrator drinks throughout the day to contain this predicament. Some have also put toothpaste to 'better use' and taken refuge under the gilded air conditioners of the sickly sanatorium. However, the strict foreign policies of this institution can grant this luxury only to the most indisposed of refugees. Several *Doscos*, even seniors, are suffering from sleepless nights due to this calamitous catastrophe and have had to drench their beds in order to stay cool during the night. Speaking of cooling down, the swimming pool has unexpectedly become the most popular spot in school, with many a *Dosco* sighted there, unwinding under the cloak of darkness.

The lamp of knowledge burned rather brightly after the much celebrated 'double ninety'. However, the heat spread, and left ~~trials test exam-week~~ assessment week in ashes. When staples smelt better than common rooms and the infamous 'toe-jam' plagued the school; just when all hope, aspiration and optimism had left us, it came. The clouds obliged our prayers and little gleam-drops of silver dropped from the sky. Apart from having to rewrite half my article that day, the rain was quite certainly a blessing; right until it left the next day. On reading the weather forecast, I understand that dry days lay ahead of us (yet again) but this one mirage makes me forget the scorching heat penetrating my skin; the weather, very much like our School, is capricious.

Quod Sentico Quod Dico

Aryan Bhattacharjee gives his take on the importance of emotions in communication.

“Speak in a way that others would love to listen and listen in a way that others would love to speak”

It took man two thousand years to develop what we today call ‘communication’. But we have advanced so rapidly that we have lost the essence of true communication. Often we forget that it is not a one-way route of opinions and judgements. Communication is when two or more individuals express their ideas and emotions, freely and fearlessly, while at the same time listening to others’ views. The objective of this article is to re-establish what communication really is and make the reader aware of how expressing one’s feelings, emotions and ideas candidly without complaint or accusations could make communication so much better.

It is undeniable that facts are the basis of understanding, but just facts without a considered outlook disables a learner from ‘true’ understanding. Without understanding, learning is partial: restricted to just memory of disparate nuggets of information. The learner will now, most likely, follow somebody else’s perspective blindly without having his own. This will also prevent him from sharing his opinions and connecting with people having similar ideas. Understanding *The Merchant of Venice* would become a lot harder if our teachers wouldn’t share what they felt about a certain character or a particular plot, wouldn’t it? For the complete understanding of something, it is crucial to analyse it in every possible way. The numerous times our masters tell us to share with the class what we think about a character in a story proves just that.

Having one’s valid outlook based on one’s past experiences and respecting the other person’s outlook, which is based on his past, is the basis of true communication. Do you know that the founding aim of International Baccalaureate - started by Ms Marie-Therese Maurette in the wake of second World War - was to experiment if peace could be established by following a particular curriculum and pedagogy that focused on sharing of various perspectives through reflective inquiry and open communication, thereby making students open to other people’s ideas?

People usually communicate with each other better if they themselves have gone through similar experiences at various points in their lives. For example, all Doscocs empathize with a person who has to write five hundred lines or get a ‘five sign counter’ and know how annoying it feels. Our perceptions and emotions are essential to understanding ideas and people. It is difficult for an individual to get along with another without making an emotional connect. By repressing our emotions, we do not allow ourselves to secure this deeper connection to other people and hence miss out on a very beautiful aspect of social relationships.

Allowing the other person into your field of thoughts and feelings through honest communication allows him to understand your perceptions, and makes it easier for him or her to accept it. By first expressing our true feelings and then decisions based on those feelings, we practice what is called non-violent communication. Nonviolent communication, also known as compassionate communication, is a technique for effective exchange of emotions between two individuals. This was developed by Marshall Rosenberg, an American psychologist in the 1960s. He believed that by expressing what an encounter made us feel, rather than accusing individuals involved in it, we reduced any misunderstandings and resolve issues quickly. Wouldn’t it be easier if we just owned up to a lie spoken to a prefect out of fear of punishment - rather than lie again, backing-up our lies with more falsehood - and the prefect pats our back in appreciation with complete understanding?

In my opinion, it takes longer to resolve a problem these days because nobody actually sits face to face and discusses these problems openly. People prefer to hide their emotions behind a computer screen and put their egos at the forefront and project a self-righteous image of themselves. It may also be possible that our means of communication have given us a very convenient way to hide our emotions. With the rise of social media, we are forced to project a certain image of ourselves all the time. It causes our communication to reduce into something that is extremely superficial. How often do you see a comment that goes “You are looking fat in that picture?” Social media, undoubtedly, is an extremely useful mode of keeping in touch with others. There is, however, a huge difference between communicating in person and keeping in touch through the virtual world. By talking face to face with people, we communicate in terms of our true emotions and minimize the number of misunderstandings with them.

In short, two monologues do not make a dialogue. Communication is not just an exchange of facts and information, but sharing of deeper emotions, feelings and ideas in a milieu that is open, receptive and non-judgmental. Finally, the intent behind every discussion or communication, is to arrive at an understanding of the matter at hand, in a higher light and an all-encompassing truth that allows a ‘foreward movement’ of the discussing parties. In a way, they should both evolve their understanding towards a higher truth beyond the apparent duality that separated them. This evolution, I believe, is the definition of ‘harmony’ and ‘goodwill’, the cornerstone of all communication!

YRSC: California

Varen Talwar, Rishav Misra and Sai Rajan
report on the recently concluded Young Round Square Conference held in San Francisco, USA.

A delegation of six students- Chetanya Baid, Sairajan MS, Rishav Misra, Armaan Batta, Arnav Jain and Varen Talwar were escorted by AKM to the Young Round Square Conference hosted by The Athenian School in San Francisco, USA from the 17th of April to the 22nd of April, 2016.

On the first day of the optional pre-conference, we visited the Golden Gate Bridge. The massive bridge stood tall and gave us a breathtaking view of the sea. We also visited the San Francisco Dungeon, where we learnt of the lives of the pre-1906 gangsters of San Francisco.

The next day we went to the California Academy of Sciences. We watched a planetarium show about the many mysteries of space. Then we caught a ferry to Alcatraz, an island that previously hosted a prison. It was one of the best experiences. We saw the prison cells, the kitchen, the library, the control room, the hospital and learnt about the place with the help of an audio tour.

The next day we went to The Athenian School, Danville. We trode on a short hike to the top of Mt. Diablo. After that, we were received by our host families and warmly welcomed.

The conference commenced on the same day with an opening ceremony. Post the ceremony, we went to the Tech Museum in San Jose. There we made a solar city and a windmill. We watched an IMAX movie about things which happen everywhere but are too slow, too fast, or too small to be noticed.

After this memorable experience we returned to the school where we were given a keynote speech by Mr. Bob Borchers, who was a part of the team which designed the first Apple iPhone. He talked about innovation and rightly described it as something that “changes the way the world works”.

On day four, we got into groups of six and participated in a scavenger hunt. We were given clues and according to them we moved from place to place through the city of San Francisco. Our final destination was Pier 39 where we had a conference photograph taken. On our return to the school Mr. David Weiss gave a speech on FundaField, his NGO which taught football to children from African slums. It was indeed an inspiring speech.

The next day we bade goodbye to our host families, and visited the Monterey Bay Aquarium. It was an extraordinary experience. We saw orcas, sharks, starfish, an octopus and various other species of the aquatic world.

At the Asilomar Conference Center, we discussed leadership in our *baraza* groups and enjoyed the beach by the Pacific Ocean. We also helped the NGO ‘Stop Hunger Now’ by packing over 15000 meals to help feed underprivileged people.

In the evening, we had an informal closing ceremony where we thanked everyone involved in the conference, and departed from the place after a very fruitful trip.

|Creative|

The Final Call

Divyansh Nautiyal

I ran and I ran faster than I could have. The air was damp and heavy and the beating of my heart was clearly audible. I was stuck. There wasn’t a way ahead. The woods encircled me and the darkness made it impossible for me to make a move. I was exasperated. My throat was parched and beads of sweat trickled down my body. The rustling of the leaves in the dead of the night made it all the more worse. The next thing I heard was the sound of footsteps and the rustling of dried leaves on the ground.

A shadow emerged from the dark of the wood. The moon came out from behind the clouds as if it was waiting for the arrival of what stood before me. The body of the creature came into the light. He stood tall and wore an armour of what looked like bones. His eye sockets were empty, or maybe it was that his eyes were darker than the dark. Underneath the armour was a black cloak that covered his body. A wave of cold swept over me and the little energy I possessed drained out of my body the way water does from a tap. The only piece of defence I possessed was a piece of rock: hardly longer than a foot that had but one sharp edge. He was equipped with a sword that was shimmering had the glow of silver as the moonlight fell upon it. The sword seemed to wield fear as it swayed something I had feared all my life: death.

I was weak, exposed and vulnerable. He was advancing. And then he retreated. He was toying with me, making me feel as I was being played with. He moved swiftly and silently. My voice had cracked like a boy’s. I failed to cry out for help. Nevertheless, it wouldn’t have made a difference. His ghastly presence made me shudder. He made his first move. I plunged back but his sword made a deep cut on my arm. Blood flowed and dripped onto the mud on the ground. The soil turned a shade darker. I was about to die a painful death. It was disheartening to realise the fact that I was close to giving up.

Flashbacks came so quickly, reminding me of the all the joyous moments I’d experienced. I had to hold on, I had to fight back. The very thought ignited the will in me to continue.

And then, I plunged into the fight.

Holiday Checklist

The best things to read, watch, play and listen to this summer.

Movies

The Conjuring 2	10th June
Now You See Me 2	10th June
Central Intelligence	17th June
Independence Day: Resurgence	26th June
Sultan	6th July



TV Shows

Orange is the New Black (Season 4)	June 17
Suits (Season 6)	July 1
The Night Of	July 10
Mr. Robot (Season 2)	July 13
Stranger Things	July 15



UEFA
EURO2016
FRANCE

Sports

UEFA Euro 2016	June 10 - July 10
Wimbledon Championship	June 27 - July 10
Tour de France	July 2 - July 26
British Grand Prix	July 10
England vs. Pakistan First Test	July 14-18

Music

Digital Distortion	Iggy Azalea
I Still Do	Eric Clapton
Songs of Experience	U2
The Getaway	Red Hot Chili Peppers
7/27	Fifth Harmony
Last Year Was Complicated	Nick Jonas



Video Games

Uncharted 4: A Thief's End	10th May
Overwatch	24th May
Mirror's Edge Catalyst	7th June
Doom	13th May
No Man's Sky	21st June



Books

The Last Star	Rick Yancey
Me Before You	Jojo Moyes
The Thorn of Emberlain	Scott Lynch
Infomocracy	Malka Ann Older
Night of the Animals	Bill Broun

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