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The Doon School WEEKLY

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Happy Teacher's Day!



Regulars

2

TeacherTalk

3

An Olive
Wreath

5

Riddles

Teacher's Day Special

6

Of Teachers and Students

Mr Debasish Chakrabarty writes about the myth of the great teacher and the ideal student.

A great professor of mine once told us over some well-deserved, post-presentation coffee, of his understanding of the teaching hierarchy. He said that “Tuition teachers” are just that, they tutor students through *bazaar* notes—all the variables—the notes, the teacher and the students are eminently forgettable; their relevance last till the exams. The next category are the “Classroom teachers”, the so called subject experts. They train students to have passion for their subjects. Through professionals, they touch the life of a few students, they are only remembered in the context of the subjects. At the next level are the “Good teachers”. They teach themselves irrespective of the subjects they teach, they are life gurus. They have fixed philosophies and do not touch the souls of too many. Yet, the ones they touch, they influence deeply and change the course of their lives. Finally, there are the “Great teachers”. These teachers have a lasting impact on the life of a wide range of students—for exams, as a professional, in life and in a myriad other ways. They, however, critically impact perhaps a handful of students in their lifetimes. They hold themselves up as a mirror to their students in which the students may see the world and their place within it. They seek, among their students, the ones who will become mirrors instead.

“ I will reframe the story for my young readers on the eve of Teachers Day. This is my tribute to my Guru. ”

We were young graduates then, irreverent and cheeky. We asked the great professor, “So, which category are you in, Sir?” He smiled with his benign eyes behind his half-moon spectacles, patted my back and said, “I am a poor tuition master, who teaches his subject using his original notes so that his students may pass on to become something. I am still looking for my mirror, my child!” We nodded knowingly, understanding very little. Professor Kapoor, knew our predicament. He went on tell us a story from the *Yoga Vashishtha*. I cannot re-tell it the way he did, but I will reframe the story for my young readers on the eve of Teachers Day. This is my tribute to my Guru. Like all old stories it must begin with, “Once upon a time, there lived a King....” Naah.... Let us rephrase that.

Once upon a time there lived a ruler. She was exceedingly beautiful. Born to a clan of mighty rulers, hers was a case of rare departure from norm. She was brought up to be a proficient general, a statesman like few others, a shrewd financial genius with the old soul of a hermit. She was well-versed in aesthetic, spiritual, and liberal arts. She had the curiosity of a child, the heart of a mother and the mettle of a warrior. She looked like a flower. Poets wrote reams of poetry praising her beauty. She was quite like a phantom of delight, a fairy, a sprite, a hoar.

Quite obviously, as a child, our princess had the best teachers of the Kingdom, but her parents were wise, they sent her to a boarding school rather than have the school brought to her in the palace. She grew up in blissful anonymity, one with the children of people from all walks of life, for it was mandatory to educate all children in this Kingdom. She was a good student, though she loved her mid-term hunting expeditions, she also liked her austere music classes and the rather technical numeracy sessions as well. Her heart, though, was captivated by the knowledge that allowed her to reach out to the world and read it like a book. She did venerate the quiet master of the mysteries. Whenever they met they talked of many things, but rarely about themselves.

In time, the princess grew up to be just what the people expected their ruler to be. Unlike other kingdoms, there was a generational clause to the throne of the Lord here—only a true descendent may sit on the throne. After much ado, the princess got married to a nice prince-like fellow, who agreed to move in with the princess. He kept to himself and his scholarly pursuits. He advised the new

(Contd. on Page 3)



Regulars

Statesmen

A delegation of **ten students** participated in the **20th Cathedral Model United Nations Conference**, organized by the **Cathedral and John Connon School, Mumbai**, held from **August 19-21, 2016**. Devang Laddha and Arjun Singh were declared the **Most Outstanding Delegates** in their committee. Vedant Mehra received an **Honourable Mention** while Arunav Vaish was **Verbally Commended** for his performance.

Kudos!

The Final Lap

The results of the **Inter-House Swimming Competition, 2016** are as follows:

Juniors:

- 1st: Jaipur
- 2nd: Tata
- 3rd: Oberoi
- 4th: Kashmir
- 5th: Hyderabad

Seniors:

- 1st: Hyderabad
- 2nd: Jaipur
- 3rd: Tata
- 4th: Oberoi
- 5th: Kashmir

Mediums:

- 1st: Jaipur
- 2nd: Kashmir
- 3rd: Tata
- 4th: Hyderabad
- 5th: Oberoi

House Cup:

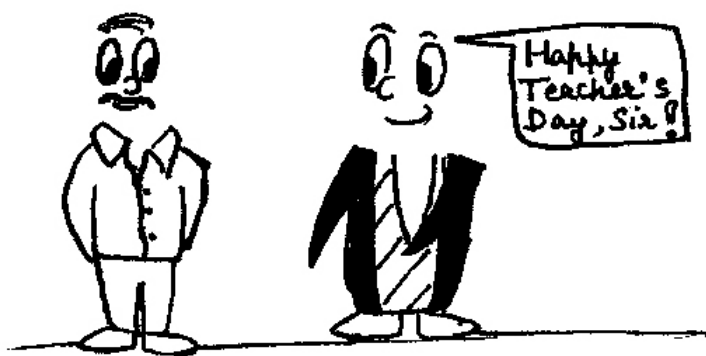
- 1st: Jaipur
- 2nd: Tata
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Kashmir
- 5th: Oberoi

Well done!

Obituary

Mr. Ranjeet Singh Wallia who joined School on the **1st of June, 1970** and retired in **May 1998**, passed away on **30th August, 2016**. He was the first to take over the CDH when unified dining started in School. The Weekly mourns his passing, and his two sons and wife have our deepest condolences.

Dosco Doodle



"Man needs his difficulties because they are necessary to enjoy success"
- A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

Speak-out

The School participated in the **Landmark Knowledge Conclave** held at **Genesis Global School, Noida** from **August 25-26, 2016**. The team comprising Aryan Chhabra, Aryan Bhattacharjee and Yash Dewan were adjudged **runners-up**. Aryan Bhattacharjee was adjudged the **Best Speaker** in the **Extempore Round** while Yash Dewan and Aryan Chhabra were adjudged the **Best Speakers** in the **semi-final** and the **final** rounds respectively. At the same event, the School participated in the **Quiz Competition** and reached the **semi-final** round.

Well tried!

A Tribute

A day for the celebration of educators owes credit for its observance to Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. An eminent scholar of philosophy, he remains a notable figure in Indian political history, having served the nation as a diplomat and public intellectual. Post-independence, he was elected as the second President of India, following two terms of service as the nation's first Vice-President. In honour of his illustrious service and numerous contributions to the nation, his birthday is celebrated as Teacher's Day across the country.

Around the World in 80 Words

North Korea is believed to have executed its Vice Premier for 'disrespectful conduct'. The Islamic State's spokesman and chief strategist was allegedly killed in Syria. Donald Trump declared his plan to meet the Mexican president. The European Union ordered Apple Inc. to pay €13 billion following the breaking of state-aid laws in Ireland. PV Sindhu and four other athletes were awarded the Rajiv Gandhi Khel Ratna. Yogeshwar Dutt declined the offer of an upgrade of his London Olympics Bronze Medal.

Wishing Well...
Kushagra Bansal





teachertalk - TEACHING TO YOU IS...

“Teaching is the difference between existence and fulfilment, between neglect and flourishing and one of the few things that we contribute to a society that doesn’t come at anyone’s expense or line other people’s pockets. Teaching, at its best, is an empowering and political act that should lead to learning and to the understanding of our shared humanity and place in the world.” - **Mr Matthew Raggett**

“Engaging with students to discuss the fascinating concepts in physics which help us to understand the mysteries of nature. It means identifying the current levels of understanding of the student and taking him further towards a better understanding of nature’s laws by helping him develop the skills and tools necessary to become an independent learner.” - **Mr G. Gyaneshwaran**

“For me teaching is not about learning to memorize facts and figures. Education is not about preparing a student for one part of his life but more about learning about deeper issues such as greed, conflict, empathy and prejudice; all of which will enable a pupil to survive in a world fraught with disorder and animosity. This is my primary concern as an educator.” - **Mr Ishaan Saxena**

“If you want to build a ship, don’t drum up people to collect wood and don’t assign them tasks and work, but rather teach them to long for the endless immensity of the sea.” - Antoine de Saint-Exupery

If I have *one* first principle for my choice of career as a teacher, it is this: I am stirred and moved by these words from the author of one of my favourite books, *The Little Prince*. As a teacher, I get to engage with so much potential, it’s nearly always frightening, and always inspiring. I love to walk the mysterious and evergreen paths of my subject with my pupils, and no, it never gets repetitive or boring, because you see, each group of students finds a different nook or brook to wonder at! I could teach the same play or poem for a hundred years, if need be, and it would be different every time! Which other profession would allow that magic?

Would I be re-born as a teacher? Yes Sir, Yes Sir, three births full!” - **Ms Priyanka Bhattacharya**

“To begin with I had never thought that I had it in me to be a teacher in the first place. I would like to believe it was the teaching profession which chose me, rather than the other way round. Left to myself I doubt I would have made the required shift from the government job. It was primarily the opportunity to mold the young minds and the challenge it posed in terms of answering never ending queries, both prosaic and sublime, which acted as a catalyst. Today I am glad I made that switch, and perhaps might have played a minuscule part in shaping up a young mind.” - **Mr M.H. Farooqui**

“Long time back I read: *“Allow your passion to become your purpose and it will, one day, become your profession”*... and that is what I have done! From a young age, I realized the importance of being educated and how it could change as well as improve the life of a person and in turn, a community. I don’t have a framed definition of what *“teaching”* means to me. When I think about it, a *masala* of words, concepts and images came to my mind: challenges, responsibility, freedom, devotion, commitment, recycling and exchange of knowledge, ‘feet on the earth’, hard work, creativity, ‘resetting’ the brain, ‘being a student for life’, long nights... and of course, D^a Onorina (my 2nd grade teacher, she was amazing!) and Eliseo (a student of mine who was from a Spanish “ghetto” and has become one of the best doctors in my region). The way I see it, *“teaching”* is not only a profession, but is also a way of being and living.” - **Ms Mercedes Alonso Garcia**

“Of all the things that have inspired and moved me, at both an intellectual and emotional level, music has held prime place, and so, teaching music, for me, is a privilege and a way I can serve the art that has so enriched my life. Understanding and performing music is a lifelong journey that aspires towards perfection, and I learn best through teaching. Indeed my students have taught me much: as much as I have tried to share with them.” - **Ms Priya Chaturvedi**

“Good teaching is to be a facilitator, to help a child achieve his or her true potential. Most importantly this involves providing experiences to children, not only in subject matter but also to prepare them for life in society. Teaching must entail reflection on one’s own practice and evolving this practice with the changing times.” - **Mr Manu Mehrotra**

“Twenty two years into teaching, it is funny that it was only when the Weekly asked me what it means to be a teacher, that I asked myself that question. When I asked myself that question, I was perplexed. As much as I would have been if I were asked what it means to be a breather or a walker...I find myself teaching all the time, in all my interactions, almost instinctively. To put it simply, being a teacher to me is being alive. And thank you students, for keeping me alive!” - **Ms Purnima Dutta**

(Contd. from page 1)

ruler on matters of state and took care of the children.

The Princess turned out to be the greatest ruler of her clan. She was a veritable personification of grace, beauty, power, wealth, knowledge and justice. Her friends respected her and her enemies were wary of her. Her kingdom's borders were safe, her people flourished. For once there was a kingdom, where everyone was happy. It was said that thieves, dacoits, black-marketers, loan-sharks and crooked people of all hues, found it more comfortable to live the life of law-abiding citizens than give in to their native excesses. The princess too worked tirelessly. On occasional nights of leisure, she would let her thoughts swim back to those carefree nights when she talked about the mysteries of the universe with her reclusive Guru. She had tried to reach out and find her favourite master of mysteries, but he had left the kingdom, they said.

On one such sleepless night she heard a soft call. It was barely a whisper—indistinct, but insistent. She tried hard to fathom where it was coming from, she summoned the guards. The grounds were searched—nothing. Doctors ascribed it to stress and recommended a vacation. She laughed on their faces and took on more work. Gradually the whisper became a call and then a cry. She thought she was going mad. Not that it hindered her work, but whenever, she sat down after a day's labour, it was this incessant call to leave everything and walk away.

Then came the night when she could not take it anymore. She ran to the nursery and kissed her children goodbye. Her tears were pearls that glistened upon their foreheads. She smiled at the sleeping form of her partner, promising to meet him again, in some other life, perhaps.

She spied into the royal stables, unhitched her favourite blue roan andalusian mare and rode. She rode like the wind for days leaving her home and her kingdom behind. Passersby thought they saw a centaur whoosh by. Mare and rider had become one body in their purposive sprint. The cry was intolerable now. Our princess would not stop to rest. She could not afford to anymore. One day her trusted mare bid her goodbye. The princess cried for her friend, but could not tarry.

She had to move on. The call was as incessant as the sound of her breathing. A thrumming sensation at the base of her skull. She set out on foot. She ran. Through forests, meadows, crags, hills, deserts. She barely stopped for food and other bare necessities. She lost her footwear first. Then, her expensive jewellery. She thought, well she could buy them anywhere and maybe someone else needed it more. The call was stronger now, it had a direction. Days of lack of personal care had begun to tell. She was still beautiful, but in a different way. Physically she had become unkempt, but there was another thing about her. One could not tell, really. Seasons had changed. It was colder now, but she barely felt anything.

The princess ran on. Wild animals were not threatened by her. Her spoor was like one of their own. The tree-line fell away. Food became irrelevant now. She was in the right direction, she knew it. The call was getting louder. She climbed the mountain and looked beyond. There was nothing there. There was a strange sense of apprehension creeping in. Unknown fears and uncertainties. Had she gone mad? She shrugged these feelings and moved on.

Suddenly, one day she came upon a meadow. It was dream-perfect. She had never felt so relieved before. Something happened within her. She could sense joy, fulfilment, a sense of purpose and peace. She saw a small hut at the edge of the meadow, just at the edge of the tree-line of the deodar forest. She moved in tentatively. An old familiar face greeted her. It was him, wasn't he? That old master of mysteries! He just held her from falling, led her to a neat grass mattress on the floor. No words passed between the master and the disciple. She knew he had called and he knew what she had gone through to arrive there. She lay down and immediately slept. It was a sleep like no other. The dreamless one. There were no voices, no fears, no pangs, no apprehensions. When she woke up in the morning, the old master just indicated to her the way to the stream. They had a lot to talk about, but first she must cleanse herself. The cold water made her realise how stiff she was. She could not recognize her reflection any more. Where was that regal look gone? Someone seemed to have transplanted faces. She saw greying hair, thought circles, a wrinkled forehead, but oh, such a radiant glow of peace. She suddenly felt embarrassed staring at herself. She hurried back, eager to know what the master had called her for.

The master pointed out the raised seat. He said that he had cultivated this hallowed seat of knowledge for long. He had waited for someone to whom he could hand it over. She was surprised. Wait! That's all? No magic words of wisdom? No secret texts? No treasure trove containing the mysteries of the universe? The master just smiled. He only said, his journey in the search of the mirror had ended, hers had just begun. She would now have to reach out and call for some to become her mirror. Thus saying, he departed, entrusting the seat to her care.

Then, this story seemed crazy, an anti-climax. As years went by and I became a poor tuition master, who teaches his subject using his original notes so that his students may pass on to become something, I have pondered on this mystery frequently. Today I realise that there is no great teacher, there are no good students. There are only teachers who inspire and students who are willing to get inspired.

So here's to all teachers and students on this Teachers Day: may you all find your mirrors!

“ Today I realise that there is no great teacher, there are no good students. There are only teachers who inspire and students who are willing to get inspired. ”

An Olive Wreath

Mr Anjan Chaudhary *comments on Olympism.*

As the Olympics in Rio came to a close, I was intrigued to look back at the motto of the Olympics in first place. Olympism, a philosophy of life, connects sports with culture and education emphasizing on fundamental ethical principles and respect. This triggered a question in my mind. What was my take away from the Olympic Games? Was it to get up early in the morning on Independence Day to watch the fastest

“ I did notice its global impact taking it beyond the purview of sports and even branded as the games-saddest winner. ”

man on the planet run the 100 m race for the last time? Was it to see my own countrymen perform the complex produnova volt and yet deprived of a medal but end up winning millions of hearts in the process. There surely will be a number of questions. So, I spent a day going around and asking this question to my students about what their take away was from these games. In my walk back before lunch with this young Dosco, I was pleasantly surprised to hear that for him it was the North-Korean and South-Korean gymnasts on the podium. No wonder, when I looked at depth in this topic, I did notice its global impact taking it beyond the purview of sports and even branded as the games-saddest winner. To take matters to a different level, there were concentration camp threats

to athletes and this put me back to think which component of Olympism was being addressed. Even the Ethiopian runner, Feyisa Lilesa is worried about going back to his own country as he raised his arms in solidarity of his countrymen.

In my quest to continue my find from the Olympic Games, I was pleased to hear that for another Dosco it was the collision in the women’s 5000m heats in which both the athletes were praised for their behaviour and definitely embodied the Olympic spirit. Interestingly, the philosophy of the Olympics is expressed in its motto: Citius (faster); Altius (higher) and Fortius (stronger). A true Olympian who lives by this motto strives for excellence. Who do you think was Usain Bolt competing against at Rio? After all, he was the fastest man any way and his performance this time was to excel himself and to prove that there was no end to seeking perfection. All in all, I was happy to see that our present generation students were sensitive to the motto of Olympism and playing their own role in creating a world of discrimination, and standing up for the cause of friendship, unity, peace and genuine intent towards fair play.



Coming home, I could see the change in the young mindset even in our school towards the sport played in Olympics and all of us coming together to watch the epic Carolina-Sindhu final. In fact, there was an interesting comment “Finally, India is watching some non-cricket sports on television”. The television rating presented by Broadcast Audience Research Council (BARC) India was 17.3 million impressions across television channels.

Finally, my take away from the Olympic Games was the forever debatable question “Who is the greatest Olympian”? Comparing athletes across sports is not a smart choice, moreover it is always the quintessence of any sports debate and quantifying might not be the right judgement. Moreover it will trigger more debates on whether the motto of Olympics was lived by, is it about the belief in medal tally or is it a way of life? Nirmal Shekhar, a very senior journalist of the Hindu, has expressed his view point about his top-ten sportsman. At the apex is Muhammad Ali who indeed was the greatest ever. He goes on to narrate Muhammad Ali’s statement that “Suffer now and live the rest of your life as a champion”. He spent quite a bit of his later life battling Parkinson after his sports. His list features Don Bradman, Roger Federer, Sachin Tendulkar, Michael Phelps and Usain Bolt as well. I leave it to my readers to ponder on this question.

So, amidst the humidity of a beautiful sport loving country and the scare of the Zika virus, the latest edition of the Olympic Games did have its take away from the Dosco community at large. In conclusion, the debate of our performance in Olympics will continue as the focus shifts to Japan, I am impressed by the wisdom of my students and made me revisit and reflect the true value of Olympism.

The Week Gone By

Mr Shrey Nagalia

The past week proved to be yet another week of excitement and activity; the highlight being the mock-earthquake drill that was conducted across all Houses. While the drill itself was conducted with all seriousness, a flavor of emergency and real confusion could have been added had the precise date and time of the earthquake not been mentioned in the School calendar book.

Moreover, a cosmic connection seems to have been established between Indian monsoons and CDH meal timings. Boys have been observed looking up towards the heavens expectantly, even imploringly, whenever they are about to enter the CDH for meals. However, one must not suppose that this has anything to do with the day they managed to miss the entire 7th school due to heavy rains that started during lunch.

While rains managed to keep boys out of the classroom after lunch on one particular day, they seem to have had no impact on the sporting spirit of the average Dosco. However, since the more important Founders' English Production is not taking place, the humble writer of this column has absolutely no interest in mentioning any other activity, not even music. Regular reportage of weekly events shall recommence from the next issue. However, if the readers really must know; the boys did pretty well in swimming and a host of other inter-school sporting competitions.

Rains also caused the most inconvenient Internet outage that caused a major disruption in the daily schedule of the students. Many of them even had to sleep on time, as no Internet was available. Academic *pundits* amongst the student community have predicted that the loss of quality research and study time that the Internet affords, will have to be accounted for while setting the trials papers!

Staying on the subject of Indian monsoons and their connection with Chandbagh, heavy showers accompanied by thunderstorms and high wind speeds have been predicted for Saturday. The area of impact is said to be highly localized; MPH being the eye of the storm. Caution has been advised.

Riddles

Teacher's Day Special

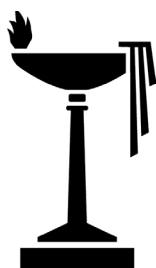
1. The Man who has sworn his allegiance to Tata House. (____)
2. The teacher who teaches English, History, Philosophy, Psychology, Political Science at the higher level in one IB class. (____)
3. The master whose larder is as big as her HEART. (____)
4. We strongly advise you to never be late for her class!!! (____)
5. She knows all the Welhamite gossip in School. (____)
6. The teacher who is click-happy at every event as the unofficial photographer. (____)
7. The teacher who still can't stop being a Dosco. (____)
8. The trend-setter, with his brilliant waistcoats and suit combinations. (____)
9. The man with the coffee flask. (____)
10. The Biker in School. (____)
11. Casually confident (pssst... he does not wear suits much to our relief!). (____)
12. The marathon runner of School (Forrest Gump). (____)
13. The teacher who will always beat you in an argument. (____)
14. The staunch devotee of Bruce Lee. (____)
15. Master-in-charge of ~~the Weekly~~... English Dramatics???! (____)
16. The 'Don' of School, who even makes the SCs run for his classes. (____)
17. The Dean of 'Everyone's' Welfare. (____)
18. The new R&AW agent in school. (____)
19. Quizzically yours???! (____)
20. The digital granny of Doon. (____)

7. PTV	14. GYA	20. JKA
6. VKL	13. PCH	19. ARD
5. MAK	12. MMR	18. HCY
4. PKB	11. MJR	17. AAR
3. PDT	10. PBR	16. DKS
2. DEB	9. IHS	15. SNS
1. SDA	8. SHS	

Answers to This Week's Riddles:

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