

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
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BACK IN THE DAY...

Old Boys reminisce about experiences shared with some of their masters.

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THE DUKE'S COURT

A satire on a politically vibrant Humanities class.

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ENGLISH CLASS

A poem on the antics of a certain Master.

Page 5

A Master Recalls

Mr. Philip Burrett *reflects on the life of a Doon School Master.*

When Teachers Day comes around, I am reminded each year of the teachers who inspired and supported me when I was a school boy. Mine was a very austere, all boys boarding school where sport, music, art, and the outdoors played a large role in shaping us. Yes, we had to pass the academic hurdles and sit those exams, but what I remember most vividly is those who cheered me on, always willing to help me outside of class with my problems, and were at the finish line to applaud – they also told me where I was wrong without ever making me feel worthless.

Some of these men were instrumental in me becoming a teacher as their lives and dedication were inspirational to a young 16 year old.

The canvas I call Chandbagh is embossed in my mind like a collage of changing colours, images and challenges.

I had had 11 years of teaching experience when I arrived

in Chandbagh in 1985. One walk around School with Mr Ramchandani and I was offered a teaching assignment. Things were very different back then; two Dosco masters who had known me from our days in Delhi had recommended me to GR, and that was more important than any other qualifications!

At Doon, the fit needs to be right. Teachers need to believe in and love the life of a master; they need to be good at more than one aspect of the job- even if that happens to be classroom teaching. Someone excellent at teaching may not be suited for Doon and vice versa. I'm not saying I was the perfect fit but I tried to grow into what School needed.

As a young teacher, I often left my house at 7.30 AM and returned following post-lunch House visits to my tutees, after having supervised my STA and played more than one sport. After a bath

and tea, many of us would return to the Houses to meet the boys again, sign chits, and watch over music and other practices, only to flop into bed exhausted. And yet, life at Doon was far simpler back then. We had more time to reflect, read, play, and enjoy the life we had come in search of. Today, apart from all that, changing times, increased bureaucracy and the academic load have placed heavy demands on teachers and students alike.

I have seen these changes, sat through workshops to accept them, yearning for older days. But, that's not how life is lived — we must change to stay alive.

In the 80's, there were only 35 teachers on the staff, and yet it was the genuine student-teacher relationship that made Doon so special. There was ample time to sit and talk, to laugh and to play together. Mid-terms were far tougher (some did slip off to Delhi and Chandigarh as they do now), and PT as well as Mid-term treks were done right till the last term of SC form. Academics were fun and taken in one's stride, and there were always those aspirational students who did their A-level year in England, going on to Oxbridge. Careers guidance was nonexistent and the food, abysmal. YC giving and receiving was taken seriously and prefects were debagged by the HM at Assembly. The long walk to

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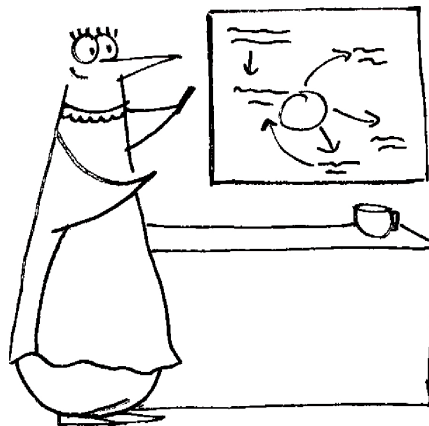


THE GREATEST SERVICE

25 Years
Ashad Qezilbash

20 Years
Pankaj Joshi
Kamal Ahuja

15 Years
Manoj Pandey
Debasish Chakarbarty
Anand Mandhian



10 Years
Mohd. Istemdad Ali
Rahul Luther

5 Years
Aanchal Negi
Ankur Khare
Aseem Tripathi
Mohit Sinha

BREAKING EVERY WAVE

The **Inter-House Swimming Competition** took place from **17th August** to **26th August**. Following are the results:

Juniors

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

Mediums

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

Seniors

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

House

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

Congratulations!



Anyone who stops learning is old, whether at twenty or eighty.

Henry Ford

CULTIVATING TALENT

School hosted the **Junior Football Tournament** from **August 27-31, 2019**. The School team were the **Winners** of the tournament.

Kudos!

AZURE ATHLETES

Varad Singh Mann and Vijayaditya Singh Rathore have been awarded the **Games Blazer**.

Congratulations!

Around the World in 80 Words

Indonesia announced the change of its capital from Jakarta to East Kalimantan. Hurricane Dorian hit the Bahamas, and is now heading towards the United States. Carrie Lam, Chief Executive of Hong Kong, has agreed to withdraw the extradition bill that had sparked the months-long protest within the city. The world's first artificially-cultured corneal transplant, derived from STEM cells, was carried out by Osaka University, Japan. British Prime Minister Boris Johnson lost in a voting to withdraw Britain from the EU.

Dosco Doodle

Words of Wisdom

Anant Ganpaty



(Continued from Page 1)

the HM's office was like one to the gallows.

Today's Doon is a gentler, more humane place where students wish teachers, know a lot more than boys back then, and have stopped using derogatory words from the Doon lexicon on fellow DoscOs.

One change that hurt me, however, was the abolition of the UP Scholarships that allowed boys from humble backgrounds, from within the state, to join Doon each year. They were called the 'Scholars', and were easily picked out by their limited skill with the English language. These boys were worth their weight in gold and not only did they excel in sport and academics (one even went on to be the Chief Editor of the *Weekly*), they were disciplined and appreciative of the opportunity they had been given. The Scholars pushed the others in class so hard that struggles for the Markers Cups were cut-throat. These lads were a teacher's dream in class, for good students make good teachers.

A significant change began in the early 90's when two of

my Headmasters left to open educational consultancies (a hitherto unheard of profession). This led to masters leaving to head other schools that were mushrooming all over the country. Their departure was a break from what I had been told when I first joined- that teachers don't leave Doon, they are just carried out horizontally, feet first! This big change left spaces that were quickly filled by others and people were challenged to grow. Older teachers mentored the newer ones and made place for them by giving them opportunities to grow. I remember Mr. A.N. Dar calling me over to his residence and telling me I should get ready to run soccer in School. Somebody else gave me the IAYP (The Duke of Edinburgh's Scheme, in those days and a darn side more difficult to get than the currently watered down IAYP).

The School was challenged to recycle its paper, run its own ambulance service, and keep the Junko moving. The staff Art Gala as well as the boys-staff doubles badminton tournament, and the staff teas in S.R. Das' drawing

rooms after a victory over the boys are all etched in my mind. The election of the School Captain was only introduced about 13 years ago; before Dr Bajpai introduced the ballot boxes, the Headmaster just picked his captain and that was that.

I know I am old from the way I can't stop rambling on about Doon. It is, beyond doubt, a beautiful school which has tried to keep ahead of the curve and grow and change while other legacy boarding schools have chugged along, sticking to tradition, doing what they have always done. All we are asked to do is to take care of School while we are here, and to give back to it as we go, a lesson that DoscOs have taught me.

At the end of the day, no matter what happens and whatever the marks on our transcripts, it's the quality of interaction, the opportunities taken, the friendships forged, the number of times we have picked ourselves up, and the lessons learned for life that truly matters--and often it is our teachers that help us along. So perhaps today is a good day to spare a moment to think of them!

Back in the Day ...

*In an attempt to celebrate all those individuals who have shaped the lives of generations of DoscOs, the Weekly presents the memories of a few **Old Boys** who wrote in for this special issue.*



My English teacher SJD (Sunil John David) who taught me in C-Form is one person who left a lasting impression on me and changed the way I would approach English for the decades to follow!

To be fair, all the English teachers who taught me were wonderful and that includes Henny, AND and later RPD who incidentally was also my Housemaster at my years at Tata-A!

SJD was extremely approachable and really helped with my thought process plus grammar and showed the right direction as far as writing articles was concerned — all very patiently!! At that point of time, I was writing for 5-6 School publications and I would always go to him with my rough draft where he would make the corrections and show me the way things were meant to be done. Only after that would I submit the material to the publications concerned. This continued till I left School. I never forgot all those tips and today, while I edit our family-run aerospace magazine, I always incorporate

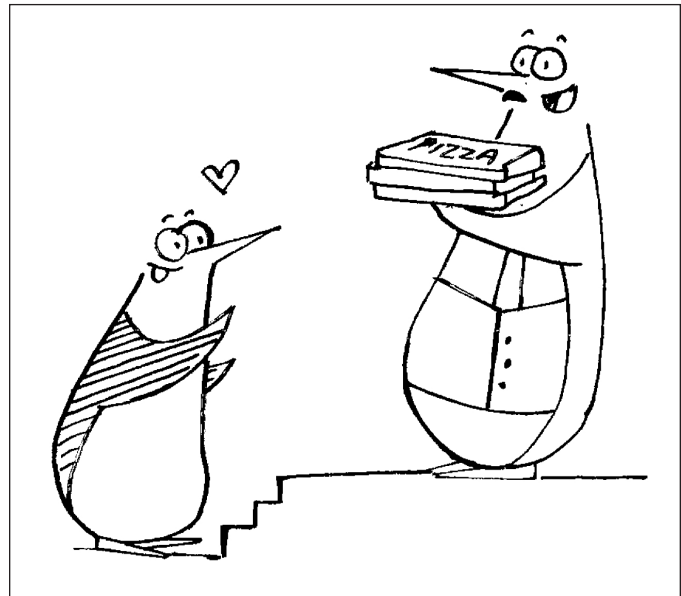
what I was taught! And also remember those great days while SJD would edit, I would raid his kitchen for any food I could find! The best part was that we had become friends by the end of it!

Miss you Sir!!

-Vikramjit S. Chopra (Ex 467-T, '87)

Sheel Vohra (SKV) bailed me out of some tricky situations with Mr Shomie Das (the HM) and Mr Devender Singh (Dean of Studies, my physics teacher- DVS) when I was in the wrong (one of the perpetrators of the paper heist) as he appreciated that I had the guts to confess to him. Although my propensity to get into trouble those days eventually got me suspended towards the end of my SC-Form, I am grateful for his understanding in this instance. However, SKV never held it against me. He just told me to sort myself out and prepare for the real world. I never got his famous *jhaaps* but was a recipient of many of his lectures starting with “my friend”. I remained in touch with him till he passed away.

-Bhavdeep Sardana (Ex 400-T, '93)

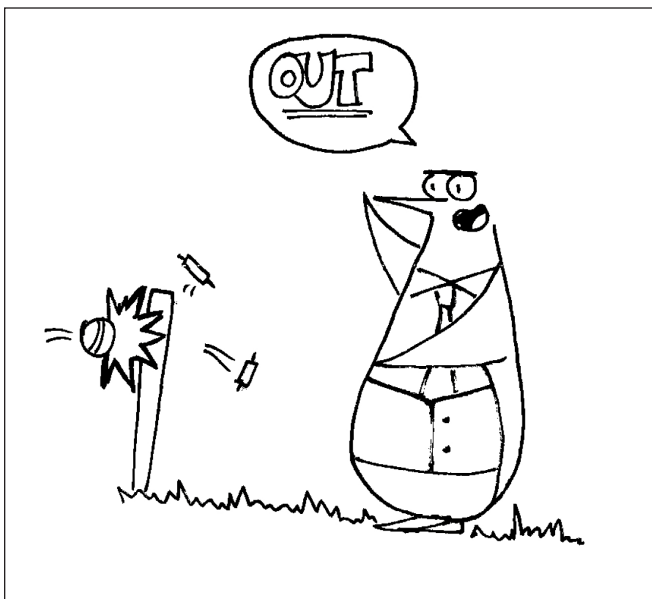


I was what you may call *vela* in my time at School. Mr. RP Devgun, was my House Master in Tata A (where the cool people come from) and always there to guide me through my many eccentric periods in School. From making me a fried egg on his *tawaa* in C-Form when I went to his house feeling hungry, to lending me his official study in SC form to prepare for my ISC and then unceremoniously also throwing me out it when he found that it had become more my place than his. Will always remember him fondly.

-Rahul Anand (Ex 516-T, '87)

“Who’s Jai Bhatia?” bellowed my math teacher. On my very first day in Doon as an E-former, I was rudely shaken out of my homesickness. He smiled and said, “met your folks last night; they miss you but I told them to get over it — you’re with me now!” The following Sunday, he took me for my first outing, where his family literally adopted me on the spot, and fed me some good old home tuck (finished off my meal with those legendary ‘Kwal Toffs’). Soon afterwards, he took on the role of being my local guardian. For the next seven years, JHH remained for me a tough but fair schoolmaster. He pushed me to deliver my best, in class and on the basketball court, and provided blunt but constructive feedback when he felt I had let myself down. I don’t think much has changed since then! Here’s to celebrating you, Sir!

-Jai Bhatia (Ex 348-H, '99)



I was playing an easy game of basketball – or so I thought - with my daughter Saisha. Her competitive sporting mind-set drove up the quality of the game and took me down memory lane to my years in Doon and on the School Basketball Team. The year was 1988 and Mr. Jayant Lal — the then new basketball coach and an ex-Dosco — worked our motley crew with such passion for the sport that that year saw Doon win all the matches and gain a formidable reputation. I remember him feeding the hungry boys food and dreams and when we won a tough match — which frankly, could have gone either way — he shocked us with tearing open his staid jacket – for under it – he had a t-shirt which said ‘Champions’. Obviously he had no doubts about who was going home with that trophy! That’s belief, team spirit, strategy, focus and fun – legendary.

-Rahul Khubchand (Ex 25-J, '89)

HCG 4

Ansh Raj

A frail voice comes from
A tongue sharp as a sickle
In a wisp of smoke.



English Class

Kabir Subbiah

We're scared of her at PTMs
Because she alone can spoil our outing.
For if one day, you forget your poems,
she'll give you a shouting.

Her 'Sirs' are like her Tamil insults,
Flying around in class.
A pleasure where from she exults,
Taking pictures of the sleeping mass.

No one dares bunk English,
Her eagle-eye will notice
For this, she is distinguished.
She knows if something is amiss.

She bullied Jayalalitha, myth claims,
When they were in school together.
Her red pen will send your notebook up in flames,
But you can't find anyone better.

The Duke's Court

Aviral Kumar

At the onset of a new week, a collective groan rings through the halls of Chandbagh; a groan of lethargy and irritation as the cycle of classes, activities and assignments begins anew. Many believe this frustration to be all-pervasive, but deep within exists a clandestine sect of Doscors who relish this cycle. After all, only through a change in classes does this bunch get to attend one class in particular - The Duke's Court.

The Court consists of a variety of political factions, each advocating its own agenda. At one end of the spectrum we have the Socialist Party led by Tata House, whose incessant attempts to destabilise the dukedom adds a constant element of tension towards court proceedings. Its antithesis comes in the form of the Loyalist Faction. The Loyalists, controlled by Kashmir House, are very public in their adulation towards the Duke, believing that through flattery they may attain the prize coveted by the entire court - The Marker Chalice. Right between these two lie the Nomadic Tribes of Jaipur, Hyderabad and Oberoi; never in one place for too long, their magical manipulation of the Macintosh Mirrors is beyond the Duke's understanding, and serves to consistently undermine his sovereignty.

But what of the eponymous Duke?
Our venerated ruler is a mythical figure, sporting a larger-than-life personality spoken of in the most distant of lands. His ability to impart genuine wisdom is unparalleled, further bolstered by the theory that he is perhaps immortal and unchanging in appearance, counting the likes of Socrates, Rousseau and Karl Marx among his contemporaries. This stately acumen has also earned him the role as the Minister of External Affairs, where he handles our interactions with political individuals of high repute.
Naturally, I have saved his best trait for last - his patience. The Duke possesses what can only be described as divine levels of patience and diligence, cultivated over years of practice. His ability to handle the chaotic machinations of his court in a stately and dignified manner is perhaps why we revere him most. Although the Court faces periods of tumultuous unrest, and the threat of civil war often looms in the background, it is undoubtedly a haven for education in the ways of the real world outside, imparted through all manner of fruitful debate and learning that takes place. For all this and so much more, we thank our ruler, for whom we have penned an anthem: - "God save the Duke!"

The Week Gone By

Priyanka Bhattacharyya

And what a week it was! Chuckerbutty, Inter House soccer, Teachers Day, frenzied prepping for the upcoming trials/tests and glorious, soul cleansing rain. It was hardly a week, if you ask me -- it was a juggernaut! So the 63rd Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates saw 31 debates in the course of 48 hours. That's one debate every 92 minutes. If you see the members of SEDS and JEDS and a few masters walking around with a glazed look in their eyes, unsure of their co-ordinates, clutching black scarecrow-style umbrellas with

CHUX written on them, be extra kind to them. Offer to make them tea, maybe bake them muffins, hold their hand. Some of the masters associated with the event are still working off the sugar buzz got from guzzling Frooti by the Imperial Gallon in the OC room while no one was looking. So, you can see them laughing wildly, or pirouetting with balletic grace down the main building corridors and twirling in and out of meals. Most importantly, Home the Cup Came. Sorry for breaking into Yodaspeak, but it is a peculiar affliction affecting those that in the OC room do toil. Ask Aryaman Kakkar for details you shall.

Then there was soccer. I saw K and H House draw a match two all, with the wonderful side effect of all

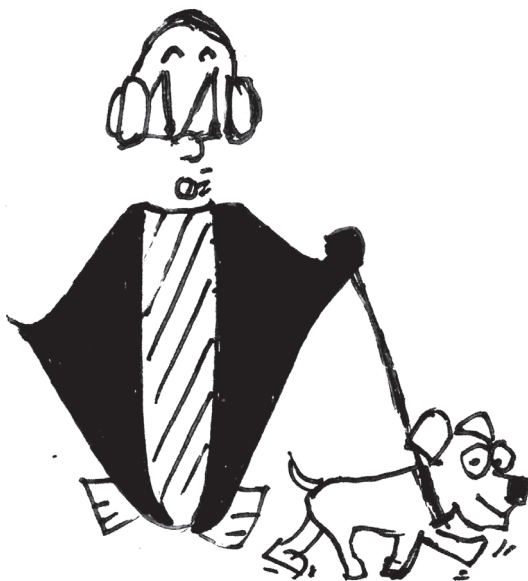
fingernails in both the houses being chewed down to the quick. The Housemasters are probably walking around with bandaged fingers still. Empathise!

Teachers Day went by in a haze of cake and *rasmalai* and sandwiches and *samosas*. The staff were beyond thrilled to see the decked-up MCR and receive hand made cards. Masters could be seen wiping tears of joy upon being greeted and carded. I know some of them won't be handing out late marks for just this week. That's what masters are like: all leathery on the outside, and gooey sentimental mousse within. On that weepy, 'senti' note, brace for the tests ye DoscOs. Work hard you shall, or the music face, and talking of the upcoming Inter House Music I am not...

Guess Who?

Things You Didn't Know About Our Masters

1. This master's age is the biggest mystery in School. (Hint: This master's son was KLA's batchmate!)
2. This master loves spreading propaganda for newly-opened authentic restaurants.
3. This master is an avid big-game hunter.
4. This master can fly a biplane, but cannot ride a bicycle.
5. This master has bowled out Gautam Gambhir.
6. This master is known to be a fan of the video game 'Mafia III'.
7. This master used to be a Hindi journalist for the *Dainik Jaagran* in Almora before beginning his teaching career.
8. This master claims that he can't be defeated on the badminton court.
9. This master enjoys cooking, and is particularly good at cooking Thai food.
10. This master is an expert on Indian archaeology.
11. Actress Pooja Bedi is said to have been romantically linked with this master in his school days.



4. P.D.T.	8. R.K.M.	11. P.M.V.
3. S.D.A.	7. C.S.G.	10. M.N.P.
2. A.N.C.	6. S.P.B.	9. D.E.B.
1. J.K.A.	5. P.T.V.	

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