In My Time...

Alumni of the School comment on the infrastructural and routine changes that have taken place in School.

Twenty years is a very long time, since I left school, a lot has changed in Chandbagh. Change chits were signed outside HM's office; Chota Hazri meant carrying tea & snacks from the CDH to your house's Linen Room before first bell, and waking up the house by second bell; PT and assemblies were a daily affair, the students sang songs louder than the choirs; jamming any class was a YC, and very rare; phone chits were more limited and precious than outing chits; S formers were jacked by the SC form regularly; Saturday night movies were great evenings in the MPH, and everyone had to play sport and do everything - the concept of making choices was extremely limited. The things listed above can still be found in traces "in my time". However, technology and its inclusion in our curriculum has been the biggest game-changer. In 1999, there was one laptop in school and five mobile phones (the bricks), all with the boys. I remember watching a movie on the Laptop (8 SC Formers, tucked in a changing room, two boys on guard outside) or maybe a game or two of Need for Speed. Today, our School has done exceedingly well in including it, and boys in being able to balance their load in their presence. The impact can be witnessed across the board, from classrooms, to the way we research, to the amazing things boys are able to do, and even some of the things you end up missing - can all be attributed to technology.

- Mr. Arjun Bartwal

At Chandbagh, as elsewhere, change is the only constant, and in my ramblings around campus, I realise how much has changed. Sometimes, as I walk in from the Main Gate, through the corner of my eyes, I see a rectangular pink building, from which emanate the ever-familiar strains of Lab Pe Aati... But, as soon as I turn my head, the only thing I see are the various Science Block buildings. I have to quickly remind myself that the Music School is not there anymore, but next to the Rosie. On the way, I pass Martyn House. And if it is March or April, the sleek new building that stands there disappears. What welcomes me instead is the sweet fragrance of sweet peas in the beautiful lawn that is sprawled out under the chestnut tree, in front of the old Martyn House. I scurry past, reminiscing about the many happy hours I had spent playing around there. I cross the Nursery, and walk into the Rose Bowl. Today, the Rosie's smooth red steps aren't littered with dry leaves that crumble underfoot; the stage isn't a funny shaped kidney anymore. Then, there's the Art School that I can only visit in my memories — the one with murals of graceful dancers. And, there's the old Pavilion, and the CDH. Oh, I could go on and on! But I am grateful I still live here, because despite all the changes, every time I squeeze my eyes shut, and walk through campus, it still feels like home anyway.

- Bipasha (Ex 61-J '14)

In brief, I just love all the renovations and newness of it all while maintaining the very “look” of Doon, the new masters’ houses and all the new/rebuilt buildings, whether it is the Music School, the Art School, the labs, the new Audi, or the new sports areas/facilities etc. - I just love it all!

As for the routine and boys at School, overall, nothing has changed, except that, as I am told, PT is no longer on the schedule and then a few years later that it’s back. Sometimes the sports uniform is out and replaced with something else, and then again a few later the uniform is back. Sometimes, rest hour post lunch is on, and sometimes abolished. Same with the Changes-in-Break, other punishments, Sunday call over etc. An important change I notice is the amount and frequency of outings. This is despite the internet and landline access kids have. I suppose it’s ok, but from an era where there was no such thing, we all managed very well! However, this point is irrelevant now, as things have moved on.

- Mr. Vikramjit S. Chopra (Ex 467-T '87)
**UNQUOTEABLE QUOTES**

If you are in classroom, you should behave like classroom.

AKS, motionless and boring.

The water is dried.

Abhay Jain, thirsty for attention.

I studies well.

Rohan Taneja, clearly.

I am awake when I am asleep.

SRT, and full before you eat?

A for insulin.

CRK, B for diabetes.

I won an IPSG gold in the Inter-House.

Nirvan Chhajed, overachieving.

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**ASTUTE ACADEMICANS**

Divyansh Nautiyal and Keshav Raj Singhal have been awarded the Scholars’ Blazer.

Congratulations!

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**THE READER’S CHECKLIST**

Which book are you currently reading?

**Nirvair Singh**: Dancing in Cambodia by Amitav Ghosh

**GYA**: How to Write a Novel by Randy Ingermanson

**MAG**: Tiempo Entre Costuras by María Dueñas

**Kathik Subbiah**: Ex Libris: Confessions of a Common Reader by Anne Fadiman

**Armaan Rathi**: Herzog by Saul Bellow

**MNP**: Shabdon ka Safar by Ajit Wadnerkar

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**STUDYING TIPS**

1. Hoard tuck.
2. Procrastinate.
3. Tell yourself you’re studying (and stare at the syllabus).
4. Procrastinate.
5. Study waste time with your study groups friends.

All the best!

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**Around the World in 80 Words**

Storm Dennis, a cyclone, took three lives in Worcester, England, and triggered flood warnings as well. Utah passed a bill that decriminalised polygamy in the state. The COVID-19’s death toll exceeded 2,000. Tech mogul Apple lost an estimated 34 billion dollars in stock. Nine people were killed in shootings at German shisha bars in Hanau. Liverpool lost 1-0 to Atletico Madrid, while RB Leipzig beat Tottenham Hotspurs 1-0 in the first leg of the Champions League Round of sixteen fixtures.

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“**THE WHO?**

Who is Eric Marlon Bishop?

Sargun Mehram: An animal rights activist

Aarnav Sethy: A priest

Devstutya Pandey: A singer

Akhil Nakka: A basketball player

Praj Boiragi: An author

Eric Marlon Bishop, also known as Jamie Foxx, is an American actor, comedian, presenter and producer best known for his portrayal of Ray Charles in 2004 film Ray, for which he won the Academy Award, BAFTA and Golden Globes Award for the Best Actor.

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One of the truest tests of integrity is its blunt refusal to be compromised.

— Chinua Achebe

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**Through the Looking Glass**

Saatvik Anand and Sai Arjun

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**Doodle Doodle**

We will start with 21 and end with 21

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Saturday, February 22 | Issue No. 2563
It is quite satisfying to see that the layout and architecture of the School has been preserved despite the extensive restoration of many of the old buildings, such as the master’s houses. The new Art School has been aesthetically built, and although quite large, blends in remarkably well with the well-manicured surroundings. The Multi-Purpose Hall could have been better designed, though. Having the privilege to share my Dosco son’s experiences over the last few years in School, I find that although the essence of the education at school still includes a broad mix of academics, sport, art, music and extracurricular activities, they appear to be at the expense of the academic calendar. Yet, the School has done remarkably well to keep up with the latest international practices of learning, including the IBDP. The standard of the school plays and musical performances I have seen over the last few years could match any performance on Broadway, but the week-long extravaganza that Founders has become must be revisited. Whilst every citizen outside the walls has a mobile, electronics within School are thankfully still restricted, but how long will this last, bearing in mind the current trends of communication, and rapid changes in technology? Can they remain disconnected whilst they are actually not?

- Mr. Ankur Bahl (Ex 193-JA ’76)

**Italian town Teora hopes to lure new residents by paying their rent.**

The Italian town of Teora, which suffered a massive earthquake in 1980, is hoping to repopulate their city by paying the rent for their living there. Although many other places in France have tried to repopulate by selling homes for nothing more than a dollar, Teora has decided to try something different.

**The world’s biggest work-from-home experiment has been triggered by Coronavirus.**

In an attempt to limit social contact to slow the spread of Coronavirus, millions of employees in China and other affected areas are currently working from home. Some companies are looking into adopting this as a permanent measure, while other professions, like teaching, where social interaction is a must, have been impacted severely.

**Sir Elton John announces he has pneumonia while performing a concert.**

In the middle of a concert in New Zealand, famed pop artist, Elton John announced to his fans that he had pneumonia, shortly before stopping the concert in the middle of his piece, ‘Daniel’. His managers have also announced that future shows will go as planned.

**Will there be electric planes? Seems like a near possibility now.**

“It was the first shot of the electric aviation revolution,” says Roei Ganzarski, Chief Executive of MagniX, which worked with Harbour Air Seaplanes to convert one of the aircrafts in their fleet of seaplanes so it could run on battery power rather than on fossil fuels. The first electric plane test flight reportedly lasted four minutes before landing back.
Is Competition Good or Bad?

Mr. Gyaneshwaran Gomathinayagam analyzes the harms and benefits of competition.

The debate on the pros and cons of competition has been on for a long time. While most of us would side clearly with one view, some (myself included) would be unable to determine the answer, feeling that there may be something wrong in choosing one over the other when the merits and demerits seem to be equally strong.

Merits of competition are that it provides the challenge and motivation to participants to continue striving towards excellence, thereby enabling them to move towards realising their true potential. The demerits are that it kills cooperation, and creates stress. Individuals associate their value and self-worth only with winning and defeating others. They may then try to earn respect and prove themselves worthy to others by trying to prove that others are less worthy of respect than them. This is obviously a very unhealthy attitude.

I feel that every individual is unique, invaluable, and incomparable, and that one’s self-worth should not be based on external factors like winning some competition. If it is so, then they are bound to lose at some point of time, since there can only be one winner in any competition, and one can’t win all the time. The pressure to keep winning in order to remain worthy of respect creates stress giving way to other negative emotions like self-deprecation, depression, and emptiness. This then raises the question: is competition good or bad?

After reading The Inner Game of Tennis: The Ultimate Guide to the Mental Side of Peak Performance by W. Timothy Gallwey, this dilemma was finally resolved for me.

It turns out that the problem lies in our flawed understanding of ‘competition’. It is vital that as parents and teachers, we understand the correct meaning of ‘competition’ and teach that to our children and students so that they lead healthy lives and reap the benefits of ‘competition’ without any ill-effects.

In his book, Gallwey explains that each of us has two selves which he calls Self-One and Self-Two. Self-One is the conscious mind – our ego. Self-Two is our subconscious mind – our true self. During matches, when a player makes a mistake and you see him cursing himself, “Keep your eyes on the ball, dammit! Focus!”, that’s Self-One admonishing Self-Two. The goal of all competition is for the participants to keep Self-One quiet and let Self-Two perform at full potential. When this happens, we typically say that the player is in ‘the zone’ and is ‘playing out of this world’, or ‘playing like God’.

Gallwey defines ‘winning’ as reaching a desired goal after overcoming some obstacles. Winning is not defined by defeating another person, though this does happen in a competition. Gallwey explains this using the beautiful example of surfing. While surfing the waves, you deliberately wait for the biggest wave (the toughest opponent) possible, because your victory is defined by the obstacle you overcame to reach the goal (here, the shore). So, in a competition, you should seek a worthy (tough) opponent who can pose a tough obstacle for you to overcome in order to make your win (if it happens) meaningful.

The individuals see their value and self-worth only in winning and defeating others. The individuals try to earn their respect and prove themselves worthy by trying to prove that others are less worthy of respect than them.

So, if you were competing in the correct sense of the word, during a tennis match for instance, you would want your opponent to get a good first serve in enabling you to test your skill and hit a good return. You would not be hoping for a double fault! The former attitude will also put you in a better frame of mind and ready you to give a good return when the opponent does get a good first serve in.

With this understanding that the opponent plays the vital and useful role of providing the obstacle against which one can test one’s skills in order to improve, one will be grateful and thankful to the opponent, and want them to perform at their best. At the end of the match, winning or losing won’t matter since both focus only on putting their best effort to overcome the challenge posed by the other; both benefit and grow from this effort. Their self-worth is not measured by their victory or defeat in the match. At the end of the match, when the opponents shake hands, they will feel genuinely grateful for the worthy challenge posed by each for the other, and the learning they both experienced as a result of their efforts to overcome that challenge. Thus, there are only winners and no losers in a ‘true competition’.
I opened my eyes; I looked up at the fan hanging above me and thought, “Damn; I woke up early again.”

I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep, worrying whether it’s time to wake up or not, until I remember that bhaiya rings the bell. So I go to sleep. Ring-a-ling-ring-a-ling-ring-a-ling. Not even a single wink? I rub my eyes and get up. Everything is still blurry. Doesn’t matter, I go to my locker, take out my toothbrush and paste, and brush on my way to the bathroom. I wash my face and look at myself in the mirror. Still blurry. Then it hits me; I have glasses. I walk back to my bed to find them. While my left-hand rummages for my glasses, I attempt to look at my surroundings as if I am handicapped.

I look to my right. Filthy, gross. I look to my left, a fitness nut already exercising. I look at the bed across, a sadistic demon. Filthy gross waves at me and asks me how my sleep was. Terrible. “The best sleep yet.”, I answer. Found my glasses. As I put them on, my head aches as it processes my surroundings clearly. “Ah, relief.” I sigh. As everything slowly slides into place, I remember, my bag was in the toy! As I arrive, the call over bell starts ringing. I look around for my bag, but it’s nowhere to be found. Then I remember yet again, I always leave my bag beside my bed! I sprint back, knowing how amazing I must have looked; jumping over sadistic demon’s outstretched leg, zipping around filthy gross’s girth, and somehow ignoring the fitness nut as well, who was sprinting beside me for no apparent reason. When I glanced at him, he shot me a thumbs-up and shouted, “HEALTH!”

I no longer hear the bell. I just picked up my bag. My breathing is laboured. Fitness Nut is already there for Call Over doing high-knee-action and shouting “HEALTH!” Fifty metres to the line. Can I Make It? I make a dash for the line, kicking up dust behind me as I go. I hear my form-mates cheering me on, and see the overlord of Call Over grinning maniacally.

Almost there! I feel my feet give way under me, sending me gliding through the air. I thought I heard ‘Flight Of The Valkyries’ playing in the distance. That day, I ran an excessive number of signs for excessive dramatism, and for being late for Call Over.

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**The House Feast**

Karthik Subbiah

The 6 ’o clock bell tolls in the distance
Time ticking with steady insistence
Towards that ever-dreaded moment
An acceptance of retirement.

A lifetime’s worth of memories
Scribbled on random sheets of paper
Nostalgia sways familiar trees
As our tenure begins to taper.

Juniors listen, unaffected
As we attempt to fight back tears
By such irony we are surrounded
One final summary of these years.

Manic dancing, joy on the surface
Bittersweet emotion underneath
Moving on, searching for purpose,
This legacy we must bequeath.

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**A Devil’s Game**

Arjun Prakash

Alone at home on a rainy day,
When the dull and evil come to play
Satan said: “Switch on your console”,
War has just started, “don’t go away”.

Allies come over to witness my fate,
Pressure mounting as I begin to wait.
FIFA it is, and so the battle begins,
The match of the Titans, let’s see who wins!

Ronaldo with an ankle break,
To kill of the devils sting.
The Muggle has the lead!
Let’s just settle this thing…

Arise from the shadows,
With a superb Neymar flick.
Not today! said the Devil in a fit.
Now it’s all down to penalties, a couple of kicks.

The men are victorious on the field today,
So the Devil quietly shyes away.
The Devil is gone, “Are you free to play”.

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**Malus-Days**

Yash Adalti

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The Week Gone By

Ahan Jayakumar

As another week comes to an end, let’s again have a look at the drama that unfolded in School. After another Assembly hosted by our own favourite, the Doctor, a growing problem that has petrified people across the globe no longer seemed to be even the smallest of concerns for any Dosco. All that mattered was the cough that plagued the entire Rose Bowl that fateful morning.

Meanwhile, on the battlefield in the AMC, the S-ISC boards rage on, and it has been quite an interesting one, I must say, as the events created a sense of *deja vu* from about two years ago. I hope the adventurous candidates are able to survive the dangerous terrain they tread.

We can now also see that the war against the cold is coming to its eventual end, as slowly (but steadily) heaters are being put away, being replaced by books. With the AT, the S-ISC and the SC Forms giving their Boards (and for some Pre-Boards) at the moment, the entire school has fallen into a sort of sickness, an epidemic that only occurs twice a year.

One can see a plethora of activities going on within the walls of Chandbagh, ranging from cricket practices to the (not so) friendly games of futsal going on behind Oberoi and Jaipur Houses, or even the dreaded FF evening fitness. It is by God’s grace that we have been given these three days of holidays, so fellow Doscos, I implore you please do study. Writing this makes me remember a saying from our beloved ex-Headmaster - Trials do come a “week too early”. On that note, I would like to wish you all the very best for your upcoming exams, and reiterating a point that was made before, please don’t be tempted to make the wrong decisions.

Maze

![Maze Image]

FUN FACTS

Benjamin Franklin

Benjamin Franklin went to school only for two years.

He reluctantly participated in revolutionary activities, until he became convinced that the British treatment of the colonies was unjust.

Franklin was a fashion icon in France, even though he dressed plainly and wore a fur cap.