

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot

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Is This Really Service?

Samayak Jain writes on the current role of social service in our community.

"Not all of us can do great things, but we can do small things with great love." -Mother Teresa.

Social service has always been a big part of The Doon School curriculum. Our story of service began when the first Headmaster said on the opening day, "The boys should leave Doon School as members of an aristocracy, but it must be an aristocracy of service inspired by ideas of unselfishness, not one of privilege, wealth or position." This is the path that we walked all along, a path where service lies in the soul of every Dosco and every Master. The years to follow witnessed boys helping out the local community of Dehradun; they also went out for Social Service Midterms to assist the community outside of Dehradun. As they graduated out of School, they passed down this passion and spirit of service to the batch of upcoming Seniors. DoscOs not only worked to make the lives of the underprivileged better, but also gained experience that set them apart from everyone else. It was these interactions that they had and these bonds they created that made a Dosco ready for the real world outside the four walls of Chandbagh, preparing them for interacting and working with people from different socio-economic backgrounds.

Today, we need to do more work for this mechanism to function the same, or perhaps even better. Social

work by DoscOs took a massive hit during COVID-19. Both Social Service outings and Midterms were halted. Despite that, the two years we were at our homes, several DoscOs aided the community in any capacity they could: mask and sanitiser distribution, fundraising, and several Seniors running an online teaching platform for the less privileged.

After the Pandemic, when DoscOs were back at School, for a few consecutive months there were no outings or in-school service of any form. Luckily, social service finally picked up momentum last term with our return and frequent outings to the several initiatives. This raises the question: is service being done in the same spirit as it was being done in the pre-Pandemic years? The answer might not be simple. Social Service is now seen by some as only a CV add-on to get into a competitive program or merely as hours for IAYP or CAS. This is not just the case with the Seniors, even Juniors now have the same mindset. Social service initiatives are popping up faster than ever, all with Instagram accounts and glorifying pictures, with not much actual work getting done. This is really upsetting to see as a Dosco, since we as a community are clearly damaging the very foundations that we were built upon. Even though steps have been taken to revive the spirit of volunteerism through social

service stalls at Founders, resuming the B-Form in-school service and increasing the number of Social Service outings, they are not enough if our sole focus is on the material benefits that such service brings. Luckily, an ulterior motive is not on everyone's mind, there are initiatives that highlight the caring side of DoscOs as they take online sessions for students even in their vacations. I hope this becomes the case for everyone because it is important to understand that although there is no harm in using social service to enhance one's CV, it should not be the only factor that motivates service.

The holistic development we all seek at Doon is not only about building our CVs, it is about gaining experiences and values which we can gain at no place else. Service to the School and the local community is what makes up a third of Doon's promise. The aristocracy of service had instilled a value system in our past generations which helped them not only to make the nation a better place, but also made them the leaders they are today. It is time that we start thinking of social service as a means of the betterment towards others rather than the means to serve our ulterior aims. Working towards a better world is what should motivate us to serve others. If we collectively remember this, the spirit of service will come back stronger than ever.

This Week in History

1194 CE: Richard I (the Lionheart) is crowned King of England for the second time, after earlier surrendering his kingdom to the Holy Roman emperor Henry VI.

1526 CE: Babur, the ruler of Kabul, leads Mughal forces to victory against Sultan Ibrahim Lodi, establishing the Mughal dynasty in India.

1961 CE: Cuban leader Fidel Castro's forces repel the Bay of Pigs invasion, which was financed by the U.S. government during the Cold War.

1995 CE: A truck bomb nearly destroys the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, killing 168 and injuring more than five hundred people.

EN PASSANT

A team comprising Rushil Jain, Shaurya Agarwal, and Taarak Harjai represented the School at **The Inter School Chess Tournament** organised by the **Kasiga School, on 10th and 11th April, 2023.**

In the **U-18 category**, Shaurya Agarwal, won four matches and was judged **3rd place**.

In the **U-16 and U-14** categories respectively, Taarak Harjai and Rushil Jain were judged **4th place**.

Congratulations!

“

**It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;
what is essential is invisible to the eyes.**

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
from 'The Little Prince'

THE WHO?

Who is John Branca?

Vihaan Lakhotia: A Dentist

Enaith Habibullah: A Cricketer

Samarth Pundeer: A Musician

ABE: A Singer

John Gregory Branca, born December 11, 1950, in Bronxville, New York, is an **entertainment lawyer** and **manager** who specializes in representing rock and roll acts. He is also **co-executor** of the Michael Jackson Estate. The highlight of his career is being the **manager** and **lawyer** of Michael Jackson.

READERS CHECKLIST

What members of the School community have been reading this week:

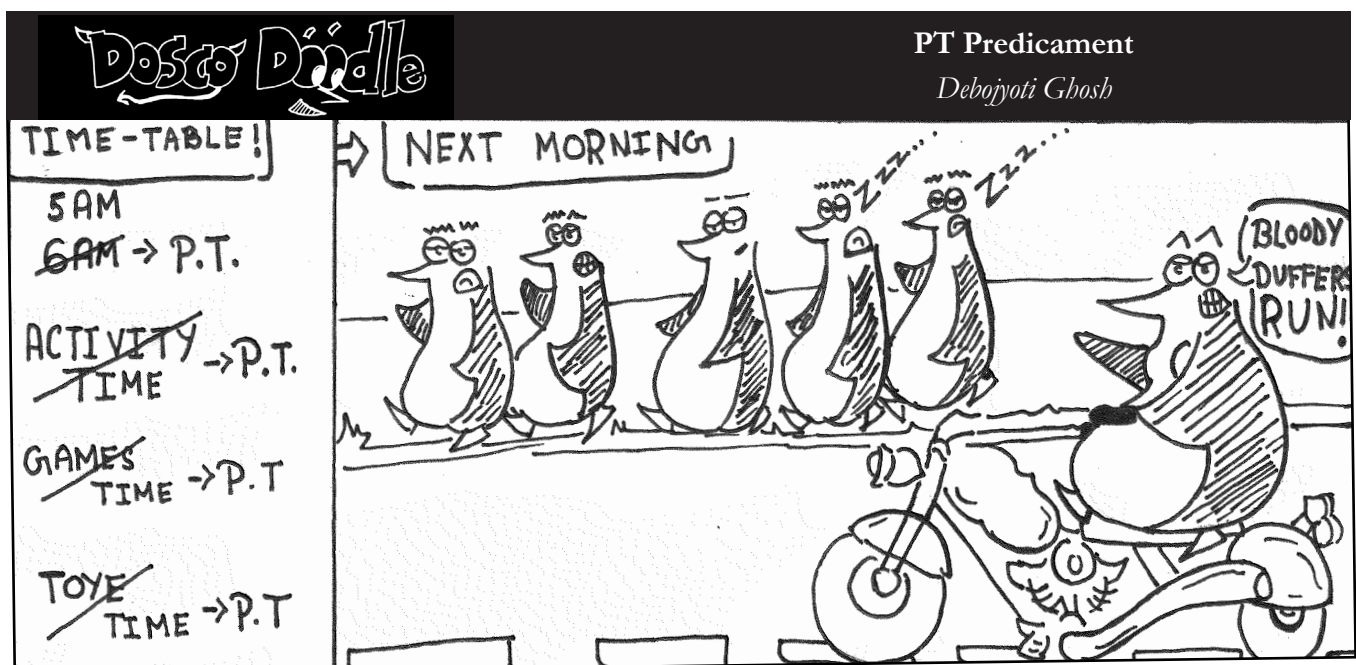
Atharv Jain: *Train to Pakistan* by Khushwant Singh

Rehman Chadha: *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini

Trijat Sah: *Rich Dad Poor Dad* by Robert Kiyosaki
and Sharon Letcher

Around the World in 80 Words

Violence broke out in Sudan over how RSF paramilitaries should be incorporated into the Sudanese army, killing over 185 people and injuring 1,800. North Korea completed the development of its first military spy satellite and Kim Jong Un ordered officials to proceed with the scheduled launch. Apple opened its first retail store in India, the store was inaugurated by Apple CEO Tim Cook. Real Madrid beat Chelsea 4-0 on aggregate to advance to the Champions League semi-finals.



The Labyrinth of Drama

Ayaan Mittal reports on the recently concluded Dramatics Workshop.

It was the average Monday afternoon, tiring with the monotone of the daily routine. I was eating the average, every day, never changing lunch when the announcement echoed through the CDH, “All enrolled in the Dramatics Workshop should assemble in the AV Room at 2:30 PM today”. I suddenly recalled how I had signed up for the same, thinking that it would be rather interesting. As I walked into the AV Room at the assigned time, I saw a group of DoscOs pacing around the room, awaiting the beginning of the Dramatics Workshop. Seated in the middle of the AV Room were our instructors who ushered us in to sit in a semicircle. After we had all settled down, we were told to introduce ourselves, but with a twist; we all had to use a different emotion! This trend continued throughout the days of the Workshop, where we were told to do the simplest of acts, portraying a wide range of emotions, in different contexts with different settings. We also engaged in several whimsical activities, aimed towards developing the two most integral aspects, the two pillars of drama-voice and body. One of these activities was Tableau where an individual had to lay the foundation of a scene and the others had to interpret what the scene was and make a contribution to the scene. To say the least, some of these scenes concluded in endings that would surpass a man’s wildest imaginations. We were

also assigned a character for whom we had to prepare a monologue and some of them were absurd. I was Iron Cat, a wealthy, arrogant cat with a superiority complex who had the power to make any girl instantly fall in love with it. We also did a mimicking exercise where we had to mirror the actions of the partner assigned to us, in order to build coordination and at that moment, I felt like a mime wandering the streets of Paris, impersonating strangers. To bring clarity to our voices, we all performed tongue twisters and our tongues were boggled! On the final day of the Workshop, we had to perform a monologue and prepare a short play with the team that had been assigned to us. We were given full freedom to alter the monologue and experiment on it and oh, did we experiment on it? The monologues given to us might have been the same but the monologues that we performed were all different, emotionally, physically and contextually. One delivered the monologue with melancholy, while another delivered it with fear. The plays that we performed were all very intriguing and amusing with hysterical themes, ludicrous characters and imaginative settings. The Workshop was a splendid experience as we all delved deep into the madness of drama, explored a labyrinth of emotions and honed skills that we will cherish for the rest of our lives.

Reflections

Aditya Koradia

Let me weave a tapestry of words,
A symphony of verses, like singing birds,
Let me dive into the depths of my soul,
And bring forth emotions, that make me whole.
For in making poems, I find my peace,
A sanctuary, where my heart can release,
A canvas, where I paint with words,
A journey, where my imagination soars.
Sometimes the words come rushing in,
Like a river flowing, with the wind,
Sometimes they trickle, slow and steady,
Like a gentle rain, on a flowerbed ready.
In making poems, I find my voice,
A means to express, and to rejoice,
To celebrate life, its joys and its pain,
To connect with others, and to explain.
So let me make a poem, or two, or three,
A gift, that I give, with love and glee,
A piece of my heart, in every verse,
A reflection of my soul, for better or worse.

Love All

Yash Adalti

I don’t know how to describe it,
Sometimes my heart is knit,
Woven from the people’s fabric.
Sometimes it’s like that scarf,
The one that grandmother wrapped around my neck
when I was little,
The one she made with her own two hands because
she loved me.
I wish I could hug her, tell her that
Life is good, that my scarf is still with me.
Even more than the distance between us,
We don’t speak the same language.
So I clumsily try to show her that I love her,
And so does she, and somehow, somehow,
We both know, nothing needs to be said.

Roving Eye

Ch. Ed and Senior Eds

The cloudless skies over the past few weeks, have been anything but fickle – we had scorching hot days followed by even hotter nights, but something seemed to be brewing in the wind as our first interactions with the guests from *Dalanwala* rapidly approached, leaving some visibly more excited than others. The anticipation coupled with the excitement of what was to come, plagued every Sc as the batch rushed to groom themselves through the week. Countless penguins were seen lathering sunscreen on their faces as a feeble attempt to retain their complexion, while others were seen frantically trying to change theirs. However, before we get on with anything else, the authors who venture out to write this piece have an apology to make: we, the Roving Eye, have been quite silent this term, but fear not, for the omniscient Eye is back once again to report on the happenings of a few evenings past which we are sure some will cherish for weeks to come.

...but something seemed to be brewing in the wind as our first interactions with the guests from Dalanwala rapidly approached, leaving some visibly more excited than others.

The happenings of the evening were kicked off with a few members of the Sc Form Welcoming Committee – at least the quarter of whom made it in on time – very evidently staring at the birds flying in through the gates, having forgotten the true scent of a woman over their last few months confined within Chandbagh’s gates. To their dismay, however, they were greeted with a rather pungent mixture of sweat and cologne.

To start off, a special mention must also be made for all our dear couples who continue to treasure their relationships through thick and thin. After delivering quite the performance, our in-house Arijit Singh chose to spend a rather private evening with the bird whose absence leaves him *bekhayal*. On the other end, our evening’s proceedings were frequently interrupted by multiple audio visual glitches as the electrician seemed to be rather busy with a rather chirpy ‘lightbulb’ in quite an exposed section of the auditorium. (In our humble

opinion, if the middle of our empty auditorium is not “exposed,” we don’t know what is.)

Our very own Starboy and his Pink *Turban-ed* nemesis found themselves surrounded by woodpeckers and bulbuls alike, as they seemed to enjoy every moment of basking in the attention that they seldom receive. It was truly heartwarming to see our dear Starboy all grown up now! From drinking milk to drinking milk. On the other hand, our finest from Johannesburg managed to become the *centre* of attraction during the jam session, quite literally, while about half the batch chose to be his wingmen.

Even with quite the selection of snacks available, some connoisseurs chose to stick to focusing on their butter paneer and *gulab jamun* for the real *gal* deal seemed out of their reach. And while most focused on the eatables, there were some who chose to focus on the drinkables.

The Eye is sure that the School’s Poster Boy must’ve felt dizzy with excitement as he was spotted spinning on the dance floor. Trying to keep up, the ambassador of the House of Gentlemen seemed to be all too enthusiastic in his exploits on the dance floor as he was found dancing completely in sync with his ‘madam’. On a similar note, our *flying jatt* of the mighty Eagles was blessed with a rather touching experience. Overwhelmed, however, he was delighted to have made it back to his nest unscathed. Although all the captains seemed to enjoy their dances, the Leader of the Warriors seemed to have found himself in a rather peculiar situation as a result of Fido-Dido’s devious adventures that night, though we are sure they were not his last.

All in all, it was a rather eventful night for many; just as our dearest Editor-in-Chief often disappeared from time to time only to be seen with a special someone. From strained attempts at relighting an old flame that was eventually doused out by a light drizzle to a rather disappointing game of tag between the guards and a quick (but not quick enough) team of young birds, our batch’s first socials were truly something to behold. Not to mention, Ms. Manningham’s usual “specially-abled” antics and his commendable Joker impression. Hopefully he hasn’t scared all our fellow birds away as many more Scs now look forward to another night of food, drama, and motivation to hit the gym...

How were your first days in School?

Joining as a new B Former seemed like a herculean task for me at first. I had been informed by the School that this was the first time it had ever happened, so I had to brace myself. I had never been to a boarding school before, and more importantly away from my parents. As I walked into the School, I was hit strongly by the thought of leaving home and going away from my parents. This thought, so early into my journey here, made me question whether or not I was fit for this environment.

As I went to my House, I was welcomed by my formmates who were excitedly waiting for my arrival. I realised at that moment, this is not some hostile environment, but an environment of warmth and comfort, with people who were willing to guide and support me through any and all my difficulties. I was questioning myself at all turns, pondering whether I could cope with this environment, or whether I could handle living on my own. My Housemaster, Tutor and Formates supported me through each and every one of these problems, both trivial and significant ones.

After I got over my jitters, I realised this was a place where I could create lifelong connections with the people around me. These were the people who sleep with me, eat with me, laugh with me and even cry with me. At the end of these two weeks, I reflected on how fast time flew.

Coming here showed me the importance of making use of every last minute, be it the last minute of sleep in the morning, or the last minute of running during hockey practices. I personally think in just the last two weeks, I have changed a lot, and it excites me to see how much change School can bring about in me over the next four long years.

- Sagnik Biswas

As soon as I entered Chakrata Gate, I smelled the warm, fresh air of Chandbagh. I knew that a new phase of my life had started and that this place was now my home. I had a sudden surge of emotions. I felt happy, excited, and a bit sad as well. I knew that I wasn't going to see my family, my friends, my house and my home town for almost two months, but I also knew that I was going to make new friends who would treat me as family, and by the end of the term, I would be calling Doon home. My mother came along to drop me off at the gate, but my father could not make it because of a last-minute inconvenience.

After all the formalities, the Headmaster gave us all a speech about the Doon School, and once he had finished, we said our goodbyes to our parents. Many of my batchmates and their parents were crying but I knew that a page had to be turned in my book and a new chapter had begun. We proceeded to the AMC, where we were given a talk by the Prefects, about the ethos of the School. They even told us about their experiences when they were in our place.

Eventually, we were escorted to our dorms and we met with our Dame and Housemaster for the first time. We could relax for the first day but when we woke up the following day, the action started. The first thing I heard the next morning was the annoying, loud sound of the bell. Luckily, we did not have PT for the first two days, which was a relief. Nobody knew what to do and we were all confused as to where to go, where to get our clothes, and what to do. Finding the classes was a pain. I was looking for my Biology classes, and realised I was in the Physics block! After the classes, we had sports. The training was intense and the Masters wanted us to focus and be disciplined.

The routine is very hectic and I am yet to get used to it. My parents and brother told me that being homesick is normal. I was homesick for two or three days, but it got much better gradually. It has only been ten days, but I already feel at home in the School. Something I really enjoyed is that I am always occupied throughout the day, and I barely have time to think about home. My experience at School has been great so far, and I hope that it will continue the same way.

- Tegh Patwalia

As soon as I entered the gates of Chandbagh, I knew this is the perfect place to learn, achieve and explore. The flora and fauna are breathtaking. When my guide told me about the competitive Interhouse competitions, where students are determined to achieve new heights for their Houses, I was in awe. The daily schedule always keeps us busy, making it impossible to get homesick. The Masters, my Seniors and my Batchmates altogether form a lovely environment for learning.

- Phongang Buchem

The Week Gone By

Vinesh Uniyal

While you read this, the weather outside would either be sweltering hot, enough to make us crave the almighty ORS solution, or murky with a strong chance of rain. Yet, it marks another rather fruitful week that has come to a quick and quiet conclusion. And thus, it's my imperative and solemn duty to pen down and recount the remains of this week.

First and foremost, it's crucial for one to talk about what is perhaps the most exciting and long-awaited event in an average Dosco's life: PFM Socials. As the Welhamites entered the Auditorium, the Doscos started hyperventilating and backing off to a corner, leading

one to easily conclude that they would rather sprint 20 rounds of the Main Field than face the herculean task of initiating forced and awkward conversations for the next two hours. An advice I have for my fellow romantics: Don't ask a single question and talk only about yourself and your achievements to showcase your personality as a narcissist someone who knows 'thysel'. And after five minutes of your lovely conversation, confess your undying and eternal love. Believe me, it works like a charm!

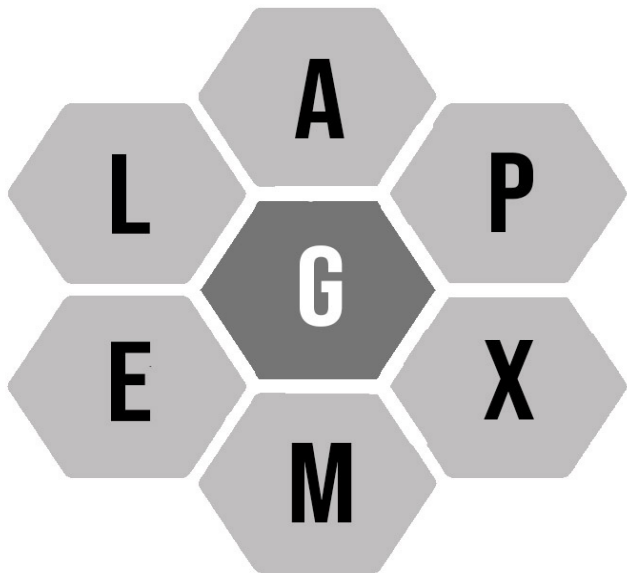
Meanwhile, the weekend witnessed the Old Boys versus School Team Cricket match where the School Team was bested and quite frankly humiliated by the Old Boys. The *Weekly* even decided to carry a cartoon for the sole purpose of mocking the team. For this, I extend my deepest apologies from the whole Board (they all came to a consensus, trust me!). On a more positive note, the School Cricket

Team seems to have recovered tremendously as they've shown great performances in the Kasiga Tournament, and hopes have been awakened that they will carry forward the momentum.

However, the Cricket Team isn't the only one facing tournaments as the Hockey Team awaits the taste of tournaments after being painfully rejected on multiple occasions. With the Interhouse Hockey competition approaching, many employ desperate methods to improve. Alas, such is the curious impact of Interhouses on the psyche of Doscos that drive them to have the relentless urge to improve and win.

Unfortunately, I'm afraid dear readers that time has run out. It seems too quick yet such was the case for this week, as I wish you all great luck for all your endeavours. Don't worry though, for I shall return, but until then, farewell!

Word It



The puzzle is to be solved by creating a word from the given letters in the polygon. Each word must include the master letter, which can be found in the centre.

1.Gale
2.Page
3.Game

Some answers to this *Weekly's* Word It

The views expressed in articles printed are their authors' own and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Weekly* or its editorial policy.

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