

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

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THE PRICE OF JOY

Can money buy happiness? A new perspective to the age-old question.

Page 3

ON HOUSE SPIRIT

A time and place for everything.

Page 4

TERM GONE BY

Inter-House mania, Trials fever, Founder's frenzy, new Prefects.

Page 6

The Urban Canvas

Yashovat Nandan | *Winner of the Bakhle Essay Contest (Senior) 2023.*

Imagine yourself trapped in a despotic society, plagued with human rights violations and eternal violence. The graffiti that you create is the face of this adversity, and becomes your voice and your expression. It inspires the huddles of people walking across the same streets which are patrolled by soldiers armed to the teeth, giving them the strength to find resilience in these trying times.

Unknown to most, graffiti is not a new concept. Its history can be traced back to periods of the French revolution, when visionaries began using them to undermine the authority of the crown. From the immense power it held then, to the proliferation of the form at the turn of the 20th Century, it is evident that graffiti has the potential to bring about tangible and monumental change. To group it into a clique, however, is a lot harder, considering the rather loose definition of 'art'. Proponents of the opinion that graffiti is obscure often argue that it adversely impacts the children who end up looking at it by stating its often explicit nature. What they fail to realise is that the fact that works of art that are credited to be amongst the elite, such as Michaelangelo's David, also fall in that very same category of explicit material.

Vandalism on the other hand is a lot easier to tackle. Defacing a person's property, especially in an

attempt to derive joy, is a particular activity that flippant teenagers of today's age tend to engage in. This sort of graffiti simply cannot be bestowed the title of being an art piece, for that would severely undermine the rest of the pieces who have a hard-fought spot about that which can simply be cast aside for falling under the category of public nuisance. To that end, the Danish government, in a pilot scheme, had demarcated a few areas of the city Copenhagen in an attempt to rid the public of unwanted graphics. It was however met with significant resistance by the populace who claimed that it had become an integral part of their culture. What was even more shocking to some was the support that the cause garnered from older stratas of society as well. This goes on to underscore the way that unbeknownst to us, this 'art' form has managed to percolate its way through society planting seeds of opinions along its way.

We also cannot conveniently choose to ignore the historical importance and aspects of graffiti. The Berlin Wall is a prime example of this. Although the wall represents a rather dark period in Germany's past, portions of the wall which featured certain pieces of graffiti have been painstakingly preserved and restored and have now found their way into Berlin's most prestigious and magnificent museums. I had the pleasure of

visiting one of the exhibitions when I was there for an exchange program from School last year, and the reverence that the locals gave to that wing of the museum was unmatched. One of my classmates told me that it was a harsh reminder of the past for her, but at the same time it also propelled her, much like the rest of the nation, to do better by serving as a relic and delivering a warning at the same time.

Conversely as I discussed earlier, when banners and posters are covered with insipid images and scenes of unsavoury content it does point toward blatant vandalism and we must acknowledge this. The fact remains that irrespective of what a particular work of graffiti is attempting to convey, defacing public or private property is not the way to spread awareness of knowledge about a particular issue. When a work of art is flawed or immoral at its very premise, its value plummets greatly as it defeats its very purpose. Tens of thousands of dollars worth of damage is inflicted on several buildings and locations throughout certain cities and in some nations, the taxpayers end up bearing that cost. One's expression at the cost of others must simply not be facilitated. Rather it should be condemned because until graffiti artists find a way to productivity express themselves, not at the expense of others, governments across the world will continue to

LEADERS OF TOMORROW

The following are the appointments for the year 2024-25:

Clubs and Societies:

Bharat Vani: Aryavardhan Agarwal
Public Speaking (English): Zubin Dhar

Publications:

Yuv Arpan:
Editor-in-Chief: Sriyash Tantia

STAs:

Cycling: Bhuwan Agarwal
Cooking: Rahul Kapri

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Around the World in 80 Words

A temporary truce was struck between Israel and Hamas and hundreds of captives taken by Palestinian Armed Forces were released. The USS Thomas Hudner, a US warship shot down drones fired from Houthis-held territory in Yemen. Heavy floods in Somalia, Africa killed 53 and displaced 456,800 people. Australia defeated India in the finals of the 2023 ODI Cricket World Cup. The rescue operation in Northern India to rescue 41 construction workers trapped in a collapsed tunnel reached its final stages.

“

Feeling confident or pretending that you feel confident is necessary to reach for opportunities. It’s a cliché, but opportunities are rarely offered; they’re seized.

Sheryl Sandberg

This Week in History

- 1700 CE: Louis XIV of France proclaims his grandson Philip to be king of Spain, beginning the War of the Spanish Succession.
- 1863 CE: U.S. President Abraham Lincoln delivers the brief but renowned Gettysburg Address at the dedication of the National Cemetery in Pennsylvania during the American Civil War.
- 1877 CE: Shortly before her death, Anna Sewell publishes her only novel, Black Beauty, the first major animal story in children’s literature.
- 1878 CE: Lord Lytton, the viceroy of India, launches the Second Anglo-Afghan War.
- 1936 CE: Germany and Japan form the Anti-Comintern Pact against the Soviet Union.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

- Don’t you dare misquote me, man.
- SRT, Oops!
- The class does not say when you end.
- Shaarnjai Singh, timeless.
- Draw a straight circle.
- Reyansh Sekhani, reinventing Geometry.
- What are you having dinner yesterday?
- Atiksh Kasana, time traveler.
- There is a redundant information.
- Krishiv Jaiswal, ironic?
- Why are you guys losted?
- JTR, searching for treasure.
- Pass the throw.
- Kaif Khanji, ambitious C Former.
- My grammar is good, but my Maths is gooder.
- Rahul Kapri, evidently not.
- Close your nose and take a deep breath
- Ikjot Singh, meditation 101.



(Continued from Page 1)

rain fury down on them and their work.

In conclusion, it is quite difficult to deem graffiti to be an act of vandalism or the creation of art

for the nuances and intricate knowledge of each scenario are what facilitate us to discern between the two. The sheer level of power that this form possess cannot be undermined, but it must

be executed in the right manner in order for it to be meaningful.

Each artist aims to tell a story with their work, and to understand it, we must first be willing to listen.

Lost at Sea

Hrishikesh Aiyer | *Winner of the Bakble Essay Contest (Junior) 2023*

A tiring day in the rat race ended with me lounging on that one couch, in front of that one T.V. so dear to me. Protected by the loving walls of my home and sustained by the bitumen streets below me. This was absolute comfort. The same neighbourhood, which remained the only constant through thick and thin, or the same sweet grandmother down the street, who shielded me with her protective gaze. The support of every movement I got, from this whole environment was electric. Just to know that there was a backbone behind me, gave me the freedom to act without being burdened by societal pressures. Yet this was all to change.

Dumped into a shark tank was I, moving to a new city. Now my only reminder of home was the memories of being there. Everything now turned grey. The violent drilling below, the pompous celebrations of just about anything, and the clutter in and around me, made me feel cast out and alienated. The essence of everything wore away. Those calm streets were now home to hawkers and peddlers. The warm embrace of the suburban air was not a hit in the face with a cloud of smoke. The people around just bothered about getting seats on the bus, without a second of thought for anyone else, and to be fair, the environment instilled this in them.

It was time for me to get ready to fight off each and every hungry shark. As the saying goes, “birds of a feather flock together”, and I had to find the right flock for me.

Every effort I made was shot down with consternation and disgust. The days just seemed to be getting longer, the more time I spent here. The once calm and sonorous walls of my house were not replaced with faded maroon walls, covered with layer after layer of poorly applied paint. A musty smell forever flooded the air, and the loving care and comfort I once got, was now gone.

Each passing day made me reflect and introspect,

why did I come here? As I walked my daily beat, there was something that made me think. What do the people living here feel? As I passed building after building, I saw a group of people sauntering down the street. Something about them appealed to me. They were modest, laughing and enjoying themselves, so I thought what made them so happy? Their unity and camaraderie is what was so vital to them, in this trying atmosphere. From an outsider's perspective they were not much, shabby clothes, and grotty hair, yet to me, they represented mutual affection and support.

They were a symbol of fraternity in this rat race. They represented the power to stand together, and to stand for something. They represented a voice, and to me, their group was a school of fish, with each opinion, each concern, each voice, being upheld. In my life, I have always remained quiet, and that explains why my alignment with the most absurd of things, like the street I lived on, or the senile smile of the old lady. As I moved to this city, at the very core, I had lost my support group. I did not have a pillar of support and no spine or skull to go into any challenge put before me. Now, no matter the size of the problem, it seemed monstrous. Everyday to me was a grind, for achievement, yet the demons within me held me back.

Well, now, there was a goal I had to work towards. I had to find comfort in the world around me. Be it the people of the city itself. It was time for me to get ready to fight off each and every hungry shark. As the saying goes, “birds of a feather flock together”, and I had to find the right flock for me.

It was the most unexpected place, where I ran into a bustling night market. Walking through the market, my fear was heightened. Yet, through the alleys I went, until I ran into a quiet, dainty little shop. As the bell rang on their door, I was greeted by an old woman, who shared an uncanny resemblance to the grandmother who cheerfully greeted me. As I took a deep breath, the incense filled the air, went through my chest, and with every breath, I was rejuvenated. As my eyes peered around the shop, they stopped on a marvellous wooden chair set. As my senses agitated by the market finally calmed down, I sat down and heaved a sigh of relief. I was home.

On House Spirit

Himmat Rana (ex 464-JA, Batch of 1993) *expresses his concerns on the diminishing House spirit in School.*

“When I joined The Doon School I was told, an Eagle’s wings were made of gold...”

This was my initiation to Doon on my first day. I remember it like it was yesterday. It was the Inter-House PT competition, one of the most coveted and sought-after trophies in School. Unlike other sports, PT and Cross Country were the only two Inter-House competitions that required each and every boy’s participation. It was truly an Inter-House Competition, where even the slowest or smallest uncoordinated effort contributed towards winning or losing the trophy. The focus was on inclusivity and participation. This is how I learnt the true meaning of spirit at Doon.

I remember as a B Former, Aitchison College Lahore had come to Doon for an Inter-School Sports Competition. This was an annual fixture between the two schools at the time (when relations between India and Pakistan were a lot better) and a huge and sportsmanlike rivalry had emerged over the years. Every single boy and every single Master was on the Main Field cheering the Doscos. No, it wasn’t made compulsory by the School or the Prefects, but the sense of School spirit that every boy just wanted to see their fellow Dosco play well and do their part in ensuring the School’s win. This show of School spirit trickled down to Inter-House competitions. It was great to see boys that were not participating about the field playing their part for the House or School by standing on the sidelines and yelling their lungs out. This was how a new boy got inducted into The Doon School. This was how he got inducted into his House and felt a sense of belonging and inclusivity. It is also an integral part of the formation of the inter-batch bonds that tie boys together in School, and for years after, and what makes Doon and its alumni network so unique.

The great thing about Doon in my day was how its curriculum clearly outlined a time and place for everything — there was a time for studies and there was time for sports, there was time for STAs & SUPWs and time to goof off...

has somewhat changed in School, and while the spirit is still alive, given the higher number of activities and responsibilities now as opposed to back in the day, boys are perhaps not involved as regularly with following their School or House teams as they once were. The great thing about Doon in my day was how its curriculum clearly outlined a time and place for everything — there was a time for studies and there was time for sports, there was time for STAs & SUPWs and time to goof off (and even some time to visit Welham Girls). Time management was key and the boys were groomed to understand what that meant.

And the lead for this comes from the top... Seniors have — and always will — play a huge role in every young Dosco’s journey — in most cases even more than teachers and parents given the time they spend with each other in these formative years.

And the lead for this comes from the top... Seniors have — and always will — play a huge role in every young Dosco’s journey — in most cases even more than teachers and parents given the time they spend with each other in these formative years. Seniors have a great deal of influence on the behaviour of younger boys and whether they realise it or not, are looked up to as role models. I honestly believe that it’s the responsibility of every Senior to live the spirit of the School and showcase this by their actions. This is how this stellar Dosco spirit and tradition has been passed along for years and this is how it has to be passed down for generations to come.

I look forward to coming down to School in the coming months and years and standing on the sidelines cheering with all of you, be it for football, basketball or the next Inter-House PT & Cross Country competition.

I feel that over the years this level of participation

The Price of Joy

Nanda Karumudi *gives a fresh perspective on the notion 'money does not buy happiness'.*

In a school full of broody people like myself, I have always found myself deep in thought, pondering the age-old debate of whether money can buy happiness. You see, I've been stuck in the same echo-chamber, with different people all telling me the same thing: money can't buy happiness. As a curious soul, this got me thinking. It made me reflect more on the topic, and today, I bring my article to the *Weekly* to share a fresh perspective with the community of Chandbagh.

Now, before we embark on our journey, let's establish one thing: this article is not a mere platform for me to espouse my personal views, dear reader. No, it is a platform for me to present a cogent argument on why money, contrary to popular belief, can indeed procure happiness. So strap on your thinking caps and let us delve into the intricacies of this philosophical quandary.

However we may try, we cannot deny the impact money has on fulfilling our basic human needs. We all recognize the significance of adequate shelter, nutritious sustenance, and access to healthcare in leading a comfortable and secure life. And what plays the role of the key that unlocks these essential requirements without the constant burden of worry or stress? Money! With a sufficient amount of monetary resources, we can ensure the safety and comfort of our loved ones, provide them with wholesome meals, and cater to their healthcare needs. By meeting these fundamental needs without the perpetual anxiety of financial strain, we liberate our time and energy to focus on personal growth, the pursuit of our passions, and the nurturing of our overall well-being. Think of financial security as the solid foundation upon which the blossoms of happiness can thrive.

Money also presents us with a myriad opportunities for personal development and growth. With the power of those green bills, we gain access to quality education, skill-building workshops, and self-improvement resources that can exponentially expand our knowledge and broaden our horizons. These experiences not only stimulate our intellectual faculties but also bolster our confidence and self-esteem — a potent concoction for long-term happiness. Believe it or not, money acts as the gatekeeper, granting us entry to resources that enhance our lives in innumerable ways. Education, in particular, stands as one of the most valuable investments we can make. By harnessing our financial means, we can pursue top-notch education at revered institutions, unlocking doors to knowledge and expertise that have the potential to shape our future. From acquiring essential skills to gaining specialised knowledge,

educational opportunities made possible by money enable us to broaden our intellectual horizons. And let's not overlook the significance of skill-building workshops and training programs. These invaluable experiences equip us with practical abilities that not only contribute to personal growth but also enhance our career prospects. By investing in such workshops, we ensure that we stay abreast of industry trends and cultivate the skills necessary for advancement in our professional lives. Moreover, money affords us access to self-improvement resources like books, online courses, or coaching programs. These treasures provide guidance and insights into personal development techniques, enabling us to develop self-awareness, improve our interpersonal skills, cultivate healthy habits, and foster emotional well-being. By allocating our financial resources towards opportunities for personal growth, we not only elevate our confidence and self-esteem but also accumulate knowledge and skills that engender a deep sense of accomplishment, thereby positively impacting our overall levels of happiness. So you see, dear reader, money doesn't merely facilitate personal growth — it takes centre stage in the grand performance of our lives, akin to a director empowering us to develop our Oscar-worthy roles.

But wait, there's a bonus to this generous monetary offering: financial stability reduces stress levels. When our basic needs are met, and we're no longer shackled by the constant apprehension of paying bills or grappling with unforeseen financial emergencies, our stress-related health issues tend to dissipate. Various studies have evidenced that individuals with higher incomes tend to experience lower levels of stress-related problems such as anxiety or depression. When we're not drowning in a sea of monetary strain, we can focus on our overall well-being more holistically. It's akin to donning a life jacket while navigating the tumultuous waters of stress — money allows us to stay afloat and embark on a smooth sail towards happiness.

Now, pause for a moment, and let us scrutinise the fine print: yes, money alone cannot guarantee happiness. We must strike a delicate balance between material wealth and the intangible aspects of life that require a different kind of wealth — relationships, experiences, and personal growth. These intangibles, my friend, are just as pivotal for the cultivation of enduring happiness. So while money can procure comfort, security, and opportunities, we must employ it as a tool wisely and consciously. We must understand its potential while embracing the true essence of what

Term Gone By

Kanishk Bammi and Krishiv Jaiswal

Every time we think we are finally done with the task of penning down whatever happened this term, we have to go back and rethink because we always seem to have forgotten something. But well, that's just how any Autumn Term here at Chandbagh is, isn't it?

The term began with A and Sc Forms being given a warmer welcome than others, with the news that they would not be able to participate in Founder's Day and interschool events (which in hindsight, people failed to comply with) this year, much to the dismay of all, so that they could focus on academics. Even as this news was mildly processed, we were all sucked into the annual black hole known as YEC and DSMUN (amidst which an imposter in the form of the Kamla Jeevan Debates was spotted) where select DoscOs, donning immaculate suits (or so they thought) and ~~Louis Vuitton~~ perfumes Axe Body Spray, gathered in the hopes of swaying the reluctant visitors. After a *playful* time, the DoscOs swapped suits for studs as the Football Season (where hands came to be of more use) saw the high-flying Eagles fall in front of the Nizams, in what was one of the most entertaining 4 versus 1 battles in history.

This term also saw new PT leaders get appointed, and with them came their reign of terror replete with 'fitness' sessions, shouting and doing everything else that is considered to be perfectly normal within these walls. Meanwhile, rumours about a much fiercer IT Policy circulated around campus in what was the biggest surprise of the term, the threats were not false, and certain individuals were left with no internet access (although they didn't have any other means of connectivity, we assure you). However, we had more important things to worry about as the School's bi-annual two weeks of no sleep — otherwise known as Trials — decided to make its appearance even as half of the Inter-House Football matches, as DoscOs were seen burning the midnight oil, in a desperate attempt to keep their promise of making the biggest academic comeback known to man, during the PTMs. Toyes could be seen overwhelmed with crumpled papers and untarnished notebooks, and rooms with contaminated bowls of Maggi, and a nauseating variety of worn socks. Along with sleep and grades, Sc Formers were in constant search for 'points' of any kind, only to be disheartened by the colourless House Feast.

Following intense weeks of ~~praying~~ revising, ~~cheating~~, working hard and drinking ~~coffee~~ coconut water, there was a "Report Card Meeting" which aimed at scrutinising the results of the Board batches, which even the toughest of us feared. After many days

of ~~making excuses~~ explaining the dreadful results to their families and regretting their life as well as subject choices at the ripe age of sixteen, DoscOs realised that the show must go on (of course, if you're not an A or Sc Former). From the middle of nowhere, the Football Season recommenced which saw the excitement resume with even greater fervour. The stakes were high, and as the final whistle resounded through the ground, the Eagles fell silent, devastated. People gathered to console the tenacious Eagles (trust me, we really did) who were left on the cusp of the title that would irrevocably change the way people, generations ahead, would see them.

Founder's kicked off bringing with it refurbished Houses and classrooms and good food, giving parents the exact taste of day-to-day life at Chandbagh. Moreover, Founder's this year was nothing short of a battlefield, with S Formers giving it their all in the final stretch to become 'in-charges' of their activities so that they can ~~gain unkat~~ become mentors. After a feastful Founder's Outing, Midterms arrived, giving DoscOs a much-needed break from the hectic timetable (in particular, the ingenious 8th School and Remedials so that we do not incur the fate of the S Form), except they really weren't much of a break; in fact, they were far off it. The entire School could be found freezing up there in the mountains, while a few decided to try their luck and stay a bit more *grounded*. As the battalion of warriors trekked back into Chandbagh with groggy eyes and sore backs, a select few boys were put *Under the Scanner* as School looked to take *twenty-one pilots* high into the sky and place them on a mantle that they had been yearning for forever.

Amidst a crescendo of Inter-House competitions (and the last time we might see it this way for they are soon to be 'festivals'), including Basketball, Music, Badminton, Swimming, and what have you, the drudgery of School life was further heightened as the winter set in, only inviting more pain for DoscOs as they trudged to PT before the sun came out. Synonymous with winter, the Athletics season started in full swing, characterised by aesthetic chalk lines, all thanks to the *Bhaiyas* who have worked tirelessly this term and delivered despite the relentless matches and an infuriating fixture schedule. The medals brought by the Athletics Team could be heard rattling as every now and then, we would have to get up from our dinner to acknowledge the efforts of the people. All this while, the School swiftly hosted the Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates and JEDI, as ~~people with anger~~

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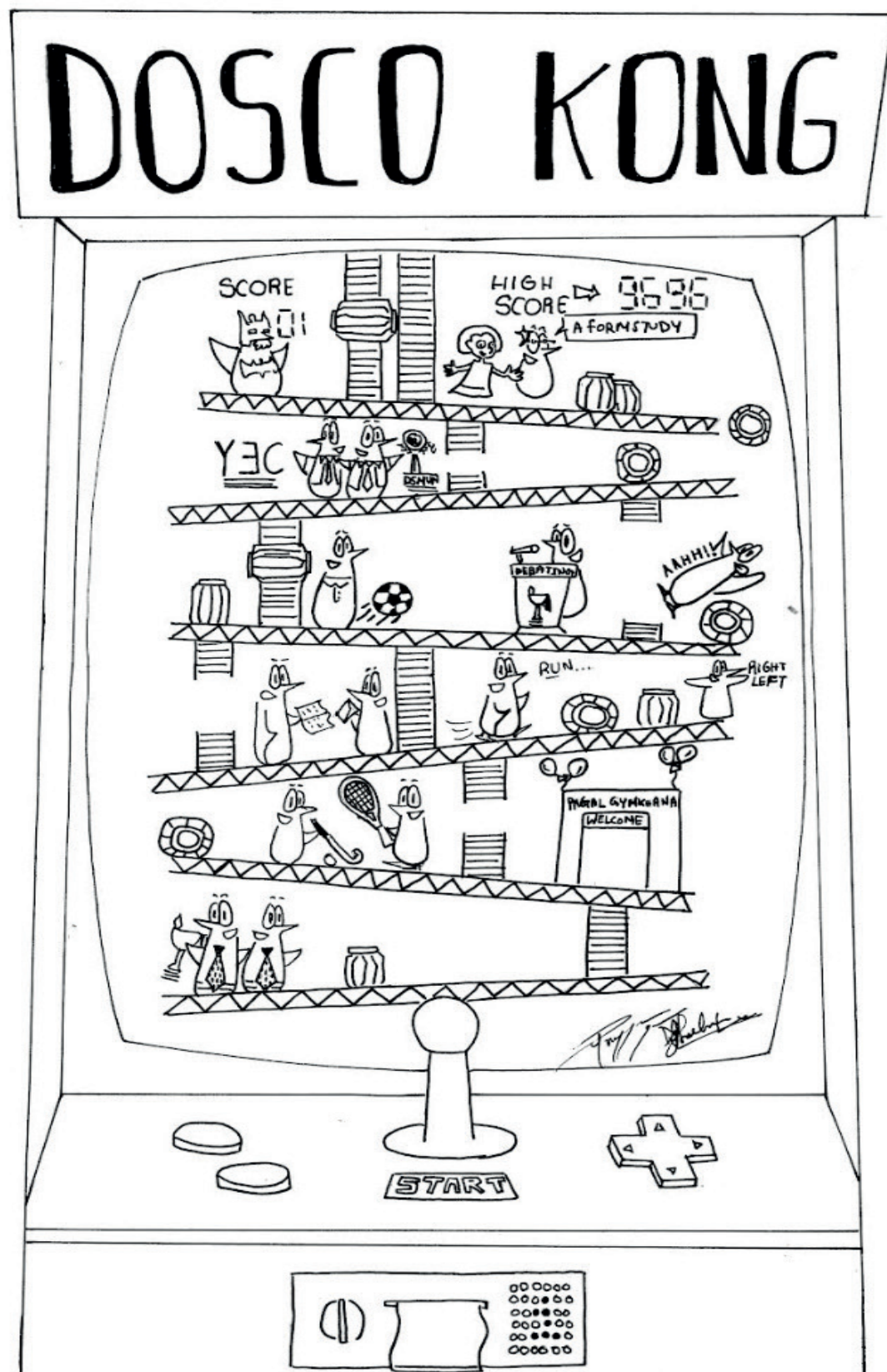
issues debaters from across the country entered the gates of Chandbagh. This period also saw the return of the Doon School Quiz.

This year, Children's Day and D-Day found themselves coinciding, with a few children grinning from ear to ear while others might as

well have found themselves at Normandy. A select few waited in anticipation of their names to be announced, only to meet the disappointing "Have a terrific Tuesday" (or was it tedious?).

Assuredly, the plethora of events didn't see the A and Sc Forms catch a breath, as standing Assemblies became a norm, courtesy the 'Mock'

Trials of the Board classes. The added incentive of being able to stay back in School (only for those with *special* grades) during the winter certainly helped in motivating us to study harder, and a long winter looms ahead with only a ~~Goa~~ Trip some family time in March fueling us through it. Until then, goodbye and happy holidays!



Holiday Checklist



Songs

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| Pink Friday 2 | Nicki Minaj |
| Before and After | Neil Young |
| When I Was Dead | Kodak Black |
| Savior | Green Day |
| Orquídeas | Kali Uchis |

TV Shows

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Percy Jackson and the Olympians | December 20 |
| Good Trouble (Season 5) | January 2 |
| Golden Globes | January 7 |
| Echo | January 10 |



Games

- Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3
Marvel’s Spiderman 2
Alan Wake 2
Prince of Persia: The Lost Crown
Tekken 8

Movies

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Genie | December 1 |
| Wonka | December 8 |
| Les Trois Mosquetaires: Milady | December 13 |
| Godzilla Minus One | December 15 |
| Aquaman and the Lost Kingdom | December 21 |
| Ferrari | December 25 |



Books

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| The Frozen River | Ariel Lawhon |
| The Book of Fire | Christy Lefteri |
| The Heiress | Rachel Hawkins |
| The Fury | Alex Michaelides |
| House of Flame and Shadow | Sarah Maas |

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