

The Doon School



Saturday August 26, 2006 . Issue No. 2125

Opinion

HINDUSTAN TIMES

Dilsher Dhillon reports on an internship with the Hindustan Times during the summer break

the Hindustan Times

helped us get ac-

quainted with the

hard realities of

On June 22, my brother, Mansher, and I found ourselves standing outside a rather intimidatingly large building in Connaught Place, known to people as the 'Hindustan Times Building. We were there as interns, a.k.a. junior correspondents, for a month. And what a month it was!

We were assigned to the HT Saturday section, the other sections being Sports, Defence, HT Sunday etc., all of which had their own cubicles with correspondents working in them.

The HT Saturday paper in Delhi is a recently started section. It gives us all the major news stories with in-depth analysis, making them interesting to read. There are a lot of articles by prominent people like Barkha Dutt and Khushwant Singh (who have their own columns). There is also a leisure page Our internship at

in which the reviews of the latest movies and books are given.

On a Saturday, people usually have a lot of free time. Thus, one can read the paper properly and in a relaxed mood. This is how the idea of a special Saturday edition of the Hindustan Times came up. Two months later, with its enticing headings, copious but reader-friendly articles, and with a whole page dedicated

to the opinions of the people of the country on various social issues in society, this paper is going as strong as ever. On the first day, we did not do anything much, except

look at old editions to understand what this section was all about. But doing no work on the first day was definitely not a sign of things to come! Here are some of the things we did:

I once went to the Rashtrapati Bhawan with a senior reporter to cover something called 'The Kitchen Museum.' A lot of old crockery and cutlery of the Viceregal, later Presidential, residence is on display. The items were huge. For instance, a bowl and a thali were about the size of a Main Building desk!

We used to sit in the HT Saturday cubicle helping our 'co-workers' by pin-pointing errors in their articles and giving inputs on how the article could be made 'a little less boring' (in their terms). Apart from this, we used to write our own articles and a few of them were able to survive the editor's knife.

Every week, the career graph of an actor, sportsperson or celebrity is summed up in just seventy to eighty words and is placed inside a small box, next to the Leisure Page. I did one on Narayan Karthikeyan in a modest attempt to alleviate the burden on someone else in my department.

One Friday, Mansher had no work to do and the edition was coming out the following day. Nandini the senior editor, spoke to him about possibilities and subjects to write a story on. It was then that the idea of 'homework delivery' struck him. He waited two hours before Namita, the editor of the Saturday HT, approved of the idea, and, armed with a notepad, a pen, and accompanied by a photographer, he went to Gurgaon. He then met a stationery shop owner. Amarieet Kaur, whose shop did students' holiday homework. He asked her a few questions and asked the photographer to take a few snapshots of her shop. An hour later, he was back in the

office, working on the article. The next morning it came on the front page of a newspaper with 1.2 million readers, much to his delight.

One remarkable thing about the people working there was their natural friendliness and amiability. The atmosphere there was very easy-going and relaxed, with sporadic bouts of laughter and enthusiastic voices emanating running a newspaper from different cubicles. At the same

> time these committed journalists maintained a truly impressive work ethic.

> We had four co-workers. First there was Jairaj, a 20- year old ex-Mayoite. He had the Rolling Stones and The Doors playing almost always on his computer, much to the annoyance of the people from the neighbouring cubicles. Then there was Ripur, a 25year old, who always lifted the spirits of the 'disgruntled bunch' in the department with her witty anecdotes.

> There were also Ashish and Vinavak, the two senior correspondents who could always be seen throwing words of motivation on Friday nights before the release of HT Saturday. Our Chief Editor, Namita, a gregarious person in her forties, was a force to reckon with, especially on Thursdays and Fridays. Her jokes were appreciated by everyone (or else!)

> Our internship at the Hindustan Times helped us get acquainted with the hard realities of running a newspaper. It helped us to utilise our holidays in a productive way, and at the same time, it provided a medium through which we could express ourselves and elucidate our points of view. To end, we would like to say that it was a truly amazing, hands-on work

1. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, August 26

REGULARS

SHANTI SWAROOP

'The following are the results of the Shanti Swaroop Science Essay Contest held on August 7, 2006: 1st: Arui Shukla

2nd: Vishnukaant Pitty and Pradyot Shahi.

Oberoi House was the runner-up with 359 points while Jaipur House won the contest with 386 points. Well written!

DEBATING IN SCHOOL

Akshit Barra and Chetan Aggarwal represented The Doon School in the regional round of the Mahhubul-Haq Memorial Debate, held in the Kilachand Library. Eleven schools participated in the debate. Alshit Itaira was adjudged the Best Speaker against the motion. The school was placed first and has qualified for the national finals to be held in Delhi in October.

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In the first round of the Inter-House English Debate held on August 19, the House positions were as follows:

1st: Hyderabad House

2nd: Kashmir House

3rd: Oberoi House

4th: Tata House

4th: Tata House 5th: Japur House

Shikhar Singh was adjudged the Best Speaker of the debate. Ashish Mitter was the Second Best Speaker.

Hyderabad, Kashmir and Oberoi Houses qualified for the second round of the debate. In the second round of the debate, also held on August 19, the House positions were as follows:

1st: Hyderabad

2nd: Oberoi 3rd: Kashmir

In the Just A Minute (JAM) section, Manuj Vyas was the Best Speaker. In the Turncoat section, Varun Khandelwal was the Best Speaker, and in the Faccoff section, Ashish Mitter was the Best Speaker.

Hyderabad House and Oberoi House have qualified for the final round of the debate.

Well spoken, and best of luck for the final round to be held on September 2.

'BAD' BOYS II

In the District Badminton Championship held at Parade Ground, Mukund Nyati reached the semiinals in the singles Under-13 category, while Shubham
Gupta reached the quarter-finals in the singles Under19 category. In the doubles event, Shubham Gupta
and Abhimanyu Chandra reached the quarter-finals in
the Under-19 category.

Congratulations!

SQUASHING VICTORY

In the recently concluded State Squash Championship for Men held at Haridwar, The Doon School emerged as the wanner after defeating IIT, Rourkee, in the finals. This is the third consecutive year that the school team has won this championship. Eight teams participated in this event.

Kudos to our winners!

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

In the Independence Day Table Tennis Tournament held at Parade Ground, the school was represented by Arpit Panjwani, Amit Gupta, Ashutosh Kejriwal and Sagar Agarwal. The team reached the semi-finals.

Well played!

VISITORS

Shally Gadhoke, a psychotherapist who is also a consultant and trainer and engaged in national policy work in the UK, will be working in school till the first week of September. Welcome!

TALK TIME

A talk on college education in the US was given to the S and Sc formers by a representative from USEFI on Monday, August 21, in the AV room.

"Unquotable" Quotes

I'm very heggary.

Anuj Bhatia, poor boy.

I'm very hegging jun.

Anuj Bhatia, poore still.

Big ears are a rige of intellectgene.

Shikhar Singh, preparing for an election.

You are sweating like raining.

Tanuj Kumar has had a dry spell.

School meen mer brask-face kurna.

Saurav Sethia defends himself.

You're stepping on my puise.

RSF's skips a heartbeat.

Stop holding the class to hostage.

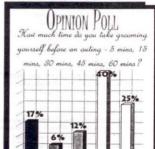
RSF's grammar gets hinken ded.

Are we getting eye, chicken at the ounder?

Aditya Kothiwal, still scared of bird flu-

You are a infinite!
Rishabh Gupta goes too far.
You want to a mock me?

SDA a-fraid of being mocked.



Next Week's Question: Do you feel inconvenienced by the building activity around school?

ME, Myself and I

Kanti Bajpai

What do we know about our Headmaster? Apart from the appearances at Assembly, the routine sightings at official dos, the articles he has written for the Weekly, the talks at the breakfast table which revolve around school issues, his sporting participation in the unending 'Friends of Doon' debate, I'm sure there is more to him than we know. Last weekend, the prefects went on a retreat with the HM and Dy. HM; which was when most, if not all of us, learnt a lot more about him. We all knew him as an HM, not as a person. That's why I asked him to be more candid with the school community in general, and not only with the prefects. So, in this article, Dr. Kanti Barpai tells us something about his life, times and what he believes in. Editor-in-Chief

What about me? I would have been born in Rome, but a family illness brought my mother back to Bombay, and so I was born in the 'flood capital' of India. Otherwise, I might have been Italian. I thrive on pasta. I am a Foreign Service brat, and came back to India when I was eleven years old. I had to learn I lindi and lost a year at school (St. Xavier's, Delhi).

I spent three years at Doon (ex-264 T '72). I would have come to Doon sooner, but my father kept postponing the day! My father was the first School Captain, which makes this rather strange (perhaps he knew something!). Eight Bajpais have come to Doon.

At Doon, I was A Bit of a Somebody, I suppose; House Captain, Scholar's Blazer, School Colours, Chuckerbutty winner, Best Actor's Cup (twice), English Marker (twice), Science Master's Trophy, Bakhle Essay winner, Secretary of the School Council, Chief Editor of the Weekly, PT Jersey. I also played every game for the House (including chess, but not including swimming, gymnastics and boxing). Impressed?

Less impressive: I didn't do too well in the ISC (didn't study), but it didn't matter much in those days (don't try this now). I got Economics Honours at St. Stephen's College, but chose to go to the University of British Columbia instead

I came back to teach at Doon in 1980-81 as KTB. I was a tutor in Jaipur House and taught Economics to the S form and English to the D and C forms. Some of my students from those years now have their children at Doon, so that I can mess them up twice over! Before Doon, I was a professor of Political Science/International Relations for fourteen years. My specializations in Political Science were Comparative Politics, International Relations, Civil Military Relations and Military History. My Phd is from the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign. I have taught at the university level since the 1980s -- in the US and in India. I was also a hostel warden for nine years at Jawaharlal Nehru University in Delhi, which I count as a great experience.

My research deals with international relations theory, international and national security issues (especially nuclear weapons), South Asian, and India's foreign relations. My most recent works are Roots of Terrorism and International Relations in India (2 volumes). I have worked at institutes and think-tanks in India, the US and Australia. The most interesting of these assignments was at the Brookings Institution in Washington DC, in 2000-01.

For ten years, I was a pretty regular commentator on Indian and foreign television channels, where I dealt with international affairs and particularly India's policies. I got asked for my autograph once or twice (truly). My children switched channels whenever I was on the tube.

I am a 'dove' on foreign policy and national security issues. I opposed the nuclear tests, supported the government on the Indian Airlines hijacking, and criticized the deployment of Indian troops in 2002-03 against Pakistan. I believe there is a joint solution to the Kashmir conflict, and I once outlined this to President Pervez Musharraf of Pakistan. I doubt very much that China will attack India unless we do something very, very silly. I am convinced that force is not the answer to terrorism. I admire Gandhi and Nehru and Indian democracy. I am a political liberal.

I love reading and writing, teaching and research. When I finish at Doon, I will return to the university or go to a policy institute. I am trying to finish two books -- on India's strategic culture and on why nuclear weapons are a bad investment.

I listen to popular music recorded before 1984: 1 was seven years old in London when the Beatles and the Rolling Stones exploded onto the musical scene. I like Indian and Western classical music, jazz and the blues. I wish I could play soccer and the racquet games, but my back won't allow it. I enjoy dancing, but am told that people give me a wide berth when I gyrate! I once started writing a novel and training for a marathon (not at the same time). I am a decent cook. I can read, write and speak French (sort of). Whatever you hear, I am not a construction engineer!

I think that the greatest strengths of current Doscos are: versatility, prodigiousness, resilience, efficiency, resourcefulness and good humour. The greatest weakness of contemporary Doscos are: herding, anti-intellectualism, self -absorption, over-competitiveness, traditionalism and a lack of generosity. I am proud to have known every Doon HM (except, unfortunately, Arthur Foot).

I am sure Doon is good for India.

CAREER CALL

The Careers' notice board will highlight leading colleges and institutes in our country that offer Law and the study

All those interested should look it up.



At the Bus Stop

Rijul Kochhar

It's been a famishing day, Lifting loads in the gym. I sit back in the car, 'buckled', And enjoy the show

Outside, it's searing hot As if rods of iron, Hot from the furnace, Hit the world at full blast

The bus-stop offers a fleeting sight, As eggs fry on the bonnet, with delight. It's not packed at this hour, Since most occupants are busy in their showers.

A girl sits cross-legged, wielding a stick, Her eyes fuel the inferno at a fast pace. No, that's the heat playing its trick. I mustn't let my imagination race.

A billboard reads -'Cooler than the Alps, Now in the City!' Only snowfall could do the deed As fat aunts prepare for gossip in their 'kitties.'

But one individual catches my attention, And brings my wild melee of ideas to rest. He has been here for a long detention, Selling litchis, offering one to many, as a test of the bes-

On and on, he cries out in his hawker's tune, I lis tricks to sell, Could outstrip the adman's fortune,

And send him ringing the dreaded knell. With his skull-cap firmly on, He turns to Mecca at the call. Five times in a day he does so, Four on the road, and one when he arrives home.

> He eats the heat, And belches in delight. While he feeds the litchis cool water, And offers food for my mind.

A woman walks to the vendor, And asks him for a kilo. 'Forty,' he says. Thirty,' she bargains.

The man beams inwardly in delight, And portrays disgust at the world's sight. Nineteen he uses to buy more of the seasonal goods, And the rest he spends on his needs and food.

> And what of the girl, Wielding the formidable stick? Well, she takes a bus,

Preens, and makes her exit

WHITHER HUMANITY?

APOORVA JOSHI

Do you see friend, what I see, Is that really a rope on the tree? Who's that man who's kissing the rope; Is he in his mind or is he on dope?

What's going on? Is it the slipknot, Or is his life really that short? Is this our future, you and me, Is this what we fail to see?

Yes, they are a superior race, That's what their fuhrer says. See they are weeping, weeping and

The world is watching, watching and sighing.

The sky over humanity is overcast, Concentration camps, the Holocaust. The world has set off towards: where? Our blood's on the streets of Tiananmen Square.

Messengers of peace, the Vietnam war, We are guilty, yes, to the core.

With nothing are we born, with nothing

Then over what is all this hue and cry? We are but brothers, we share the same

Organisations, the Ku Klux Klan. Where is our hero, whose songs we sing: Don't we need a Martin Luther King? We are all equal, equality of sex, But it was me who killed Malcolm X.

We are diseased, there is no remedy, Holy wars, let's kill Kennedy. Voice of God, thus spake our mentor, Yes, it's down, the World Trade Centre.

What in his mind could really be? When he shot down Gandhiji.

Democracy hijacked, our voices halted; The doors to sanity firmly bolted. Man's fury, drip the chlorine tanks,

The world divided in two armed camps. Guns and bombs, the vile warhead, Humanity is safe, there is no dread.

He is still there, he is holding the rope. Yes, I think, he is on dope. He'll swing calmly in the breeze, Only then will his soul find release. Who is that in the distance, is he his

No, my friend, it's the Undertaker! thedoonschoolweekly@gmail.com

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