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, aka junior correspondents, for a month. And what a month it was!

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

The HT Thursday 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 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 Bhavan 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 platter were about the size of a Main Building desk!

We used to sit in the HT Thursday 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, Amarjeet Kaur, whose shop did students' holiday homework. He asked her a few questions and asked the photographer to take a few shots 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 spade-like bouts of laughter and enthusiastic voices emanating 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 Ripar, a 25-year-old, who always lifted the spirits of the 'disgruntled bunch' in the department with her witty anecdotes.

There were also Ashish and Vinayak, 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.
REGULARS

SHANTI SWAROOP

The following are the results of the Shanti Swaroop Science Essay Contest held on August 7, 2006:

1st: Arun Shulda
2nd: Vishnukanant 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 Batra and Chetan Agarwal represented The Doon School in the regional round of the Mahbub-ul-Haq Memorial Debate, held in the Kilachand Library. Eleven schools participated in the debate. Akshit Batra was adjudged the Best Speaker against the qualification. The school was placed first and has qualified for the national finals to be held in Delhi in October.

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
5th: Jaipur 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 Faceoff 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 semifinals in the singles Under-13 category, while Shubham Gupta reached the quarter-finals in the singles Under-19 category. In the doubles event, Shubham Gupta and Abhinav Jayaswal 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 winner 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 Parijwani, Amit Gupta, Ashutosh Kejriwal, and Sagar Agarwal. The team reached the semi-finals.
Well played!

VISITORS

Shally Gadhave, 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 haggery.
Anuj Bhatia, poor boy.
I’m very haggery again.
Anuj Bhatia, poorer still.
Big ears are a sign of intelligence.
Shikhar Singh, preparing for an election.
You are sweating like rain.
Tanuj Kumar has had a dry spell.
School mein mere break-face karna.
Saurav Sethia defends himself.
You’re stepping on my pulse.
RSF skips a heartbeat.
Stop holding the class hostage.
RSF’s grammar gets hijacked.
Are we getting egg chicken at the counter?
Aditya Kothiwal, still scared of bird flu.
You are an infinitesimal.
Rishabh Gupta goes too far.
You want to be mocked?
SDA afraid of being mocked.

OPINION POLL

How much time do you take grooming yourself before an outing - 5 mins, 15 mins, 30 mins, 45 mins, 60 mins?

Next Week’s Question: Do you feel inconvenienced by the building activity around school?
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 Hindi 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, Bahkle 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 political scene. I got asked for my autobiography 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: I 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 gesture! 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, prodigalness, 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.

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**Editor-in-Chief**

Kanti Bajpai tells us something about his life, times and what he believes in.
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 scorching 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, welding 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 duration,
Selling litchis, offering one to many, as a test of the best.

On and on, he cries out in his hawkers tone.
His tricks to sell,
Could outstrip the admiral'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,
Peens, and makes her exit.

WWW.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 skipnot,
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 crying.

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 we die;
Then over what is all this hue and cry?
We are but brothers, we share the same land,
Organisations, the Ku Klux Klan.

Where is your 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 Maker?
No, my friend, it's the Undertaker!