

Think About It...

Women's rights are men's duties.

- Karl Kraus

Editorial

Whatever happened to promises repeated year after year about providing every Indian with *Roti kapda aur makaan*? Our granaries are overflowing yet more than half of our population can't afford one meal a day, while others spend thousands of rupees in gourmet restaurants. We produce enough fabrics yet there are so many who have barely enough to cover their nakedness. As for houses it's still a distant dream for most. This is India for you...

The only thing in India which is rising is the sensex. The real Indians are not the Azim Premjis, the Ambanis or the Vijay Mallyas. The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. For every millionaire there are thousands of people who earn less than Rs. 20 a day. We talk about corruption reaching it's zenith in India yet we are willing to pay an extra hundred rupees to the electrician to change the metre reading.

The real Punjab is not what we see through Yash Chopra's eyes, where the farms are always flourishing and people are always singing and making merry. Punjab is poles apart than what we saw in *Veer Zaara* and *DDLJ*. As landholdings shrink and an adverse sex ratio makes women scarce, wife buying and sharing is no longer frowned upon in Punjab's Malwa region. The sex ratio has come down to a depressing 874 females for a 1000 males. And you thought that polyandry died with the *Mahabharata*!

It has been revealed that our female foetuses are disappearing faster than we would like to believe. Even more disturbing is the fact that the 'girl deficit' is more prominent among educated families. The educated class is a bunch of hypocrites as they are the first ones to misuse ultrasound technology. As long as we keep

believing that the son is the *budhape ki lathi* and the daughter the *paraya dhan*, we will never be the India we dream of.

Economic and military power will get us nowhere if we continue to carry the baggage of caste and gender discrimination, communal problems, crime and corruption, etc.

The educated have the power to deliver but they do not. They blame the politicians for throwing the country to the dogs but they could not be bothered to be in their position. From the largest democracy we have become the largest demon-crazy.

Our Criminal Procedure Code and Evidence Act are 150 years old, when honesty was the best policy. Though the judge knew that Manu Sharma murdered Jessica Lall in the presence of 500 people, he had to give him the benefit of doubt.

Instead of protesting against Coke's practices in India and other important issues we quarrel over Baba Ramdev's honesty, a person who is asking people to lead a healthy life.

Most of us Welhamites talk about co-education and say that even the world is a co-ed. But will it change the way we think?

All of this reminds Oli of what one of the wise old men used to say, "Men haven't learnt to whistle at women's brains. The day they do, there will be gender equality".

An Argumentative Indian

Ajitesh Kir

(Ajitesh Kir)

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Welham Now

- * The Scholars Recognition Day was held on 25th February. It was also a graduation day for the outgoing Twelfth. The Scholar's gown was awarded to **Rasik Goyal, Akshay Agarwal** and **Archit Agarwal** while the Scholar's Scarf was awarded to **Apoorv Singh** and **Sudhanshu Khemka**.
- * A Film Society has been started by Mr. Sameer Upadhyay and Chirantan Singh. The two movies screened so far are Iqbal and Forrest Gump.
- * Some of the boys stormed the city by organising a Street Theatre at Astley Hall and Clock Tower. The theme was 'Drug Abuse'.
- * The one-act-play competition was held on 4th March. The judges for the evening were **Mr. Arjun Rao**, a history teacher at the Doon School, **Mr. Bakshi**, our ex-Principal and **Mrs. Basu**. Cauvery House took the trophy while Ayan Mukherjee and Sarbjit Sengupta were declared the best actors.
- * **Mr. Alam** has joined the school as an Art teacher.
- * The Sports Captains for the year 2006:
Cricket – **Chirantan Singh**
Soccer – **Kunga Namgyal**
Hockey – **Monish Khera**
Basketball – **Dhairya Karwa**
Athletics – **Manishek Gupta**
Volleyball – **Sarbjit Sengupta**
Badminton – **Sheriff Bajwa**
Table Tennis – **Chandan Agarwal**
Tennis – **Shaurya Taragi**
Gym – **Mayank Rai**
Squash – **Pratyush Agarwal**
Shooting – **Jubin Nautiyal**
- * The Middle school English Debate was held on 8th March. **Jatan Soni** and **Jaskunwar Kohli** were adjudged the Best Speakers and the Best Rebuttal was also won by **Aashutosh Todi**. Cauvery House was declared winners.
- * The Middle School English Elocution was held on 10th March. **Jatan Soni**, **Parambir Singh** and **Samroj Lama** came first from class 8, 7 and 6 respectively. The Elocution was won by Cauvery House.
- * A workshop on table manners was held on 18th February.
- * The Junior School and the Middle School gave a remarkable folk dance performance on the eve of Holi.
- * Class 12 had 'Socials' with Hopetown School's class 12 on the 11th of March.

- * The Senior School English Debate was held on 14th March. **Ajitesh Kir** was adjudged the Best Speaker while **Kushagra Parasher** was declared as the Most Promising Speaker. The best Rebuttal was also won by **Kushagra Parasher** and Krishna House lifted the trophy.

Letters to the Ed...

Dear Editor,

It's been just four years since I've left school yet they felt like four decades. I have just finished my training as a Marine Engineer from the College of Nautical Studies Glasgow, Scotland. Now I am going to sail as a 4th Engineer in the Merchant Navy and I'm working with a British Company called Stena.

I take this opportunity to thank my school, my teachers and my friends who have helped me to be the person I am today. For me being a Welhamite is a feeling words fail to describe. We Welhamites are different and have certain traits which make us stand apart from the general crowd.

When I sit in my cabin, I miss my twelve years at school the most. I miss the morning jogs across the road (hope you people still go for the jogs) and the craze for basketball. I miss sitting at the main field steps and sipping on Bethany's tea while seeing the school grow with me. Welhamites – you should make the most of your invaluable time in school. A bit of an advice – do study in the last two years for there is an extremely competitive world outside those walls of Welham. Remember that if you want the rainbow you have to put up with a little rain.

If you wish to contact me for any guidance/help regarding my profession, you can mail me at abhinav_kir@yahoo.com

- Abhinav Kir
(Batch of 2002)

Dear Abhinav,

It's wonderful to hear from you after all these years. Oli knows very well how a Welhamite feels when he misses school and appreciates that you took out some time from your busy schedule and wrote to us. It feels great to know that Welhamites are going places and we would be even happier if we kept on getting letters from more exies.

Welhamites have always been different and Oli guarantees with pen to paper that Welhamites have the capability of making a difference to society.

Unbelievable, yet true that all the Twelfthies get up early in the morning and go for a jog across the road

(Well you know the reason!). One disease which no one has yet found a cure to is laziness amongst most of the Welhamites. It's only in the last few months that we wake up and realise that we have a Board Examination coming up and we have to get through the best institutions.

Once again Oli would like to thank you for writing and would like to wish you happy sailing.

Dear Ed,

It is really commendable to notice the rise in the standard of your school magazine. The latest issue was appreciated by all out here. The efforts put in by the members of your board have not gone unnoticed. We do hope that your magazine will grow 'From Strength to Strength!'

- Aparna Singh
School Prefect
Welham Girls' School

Dear Aparna,

Oli is really glad that it is being appreciated across the LOC! It is an easy job to take out a magazine but a Herculean task to be appreciated by its readers. Oli promises to keep upto your expectations and welcomes constructive criticism as well as the brickbats. We hope you find this issue of The Oliphant even better and more enjoyable than the last one.

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Movie Review: Iqbal

'Iqbal' is a movie about bravery and willingness to follow your dream in the face of adversity. It is attractive in its stylishness, its cast, its acting and its locale. The film, like Lagaan, is set against the backdrop of the national obsession, cricket. This must be one of the reasons for its wide acclaim. The lead role played by Shreyas Talpade is the most captivating part of the movie. Iqbal is an 18 year old deaf and dumb boy who lives in a tiny town of Kolipad. It is not easy for a debutant actor to play a deaf and dumb person convincingly. It needs a lot of dedication. And also the screen presence of a senior actor like Naseeruddin Shah just makes the acting even better.

Apart from the acting, the theme of the movie has nothing new to its credit. It is a same old story of a

poor disabled boy who with sheer determination reaches the peak. If you have watched movies like, 'For the love of Game', or 'Remember the Titans' then Iqbal is nothing but old wine in a new bottle. The director of the movie boldly points out the corruption that takes place in the selection of the national team. This brings to mind the question of Saurav Ganguly's exclusion from the team.

Iqbal won 5 awards and 7 other nominations including one for Best Film.

All in all the movie is a must see for all cricket lovers.

Here are a few views from people:

Rasik Goyal: It is a nice movie. It teaches you to follow your dreams. It also brings out the corruption that goes on even in cricket.

Kartik Vishwanath: Not an inspiring film. But a good way to pass time. The acting was good.

Erica Fuss: Lacks originality. An imitation of several foreign films.

- The W.B.S Film Society

Just 21 years?

Bethany's food will not be the same anymore as Shri Gunanad who was a cook for 21 years has retired from school.

Oli: Who was the principal of the school when you joined the mess as a cook?

SG: Mr. Kandhari was the principal at that time. He was a very humble person.

Oli: As a cook in Welham, any memorable incident that you would remember for all your life?

SG: Yes, couple of years back, in Mr. Kandhari's time Mrs. Shramila Tagore, Mr. Pankaj Udaas and Nawab Pataudi visited the school and I cooked for them with my own hands.

Oli: What other experience would you like to share as a Welhamite?

SG: I had the greatest pleasure working as a head cook for the last few years. I assure you, my team and I have tried to provide as delicious food to the students as we would to our own children.

Oli: What plans do you have for the future?

SG: I have not thought about it but hopefully will do something productive.

Oli hopes that wherever he goes he will never forget the memorable time he spent at Welham. Oli regrets that it could not catch up with Shri Darshan Singh who served the school for 41 years and has been with us since Miss Oliphant's time.

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5 Reasons as to Why We are Totally Messed up

Welcome to this democracy of hypocrisy, where we kneel before the ringleader of us worthless pawns. It's the system that rules us now, the 'man'. We have been turned into products of this system. It's an industry that churns out finished manufactured goods with no will, no opinion and no mind of their own. Institutions all over the world have people perched up on the thrones of power, from where they are constantly barking out orders, which we like loyal dogs are readily obeying.

I, myself, like to think of such thrones as toilet seats of authority. It's where tyrannical figures come and park their behinds, after having stuffed in and swallowed down teachings and preachings from all over. We've got sources ranging from Mahatma Gandhi to Deepak Chopra to the Aesops Fables to forces from GOD - 001 (toll free line). All this is then flushed down the drain, after minimal filtration, bus waiting fools.

They say the worst kind of hypocrite and war is the man who lies to himself in order to feel at ease. We people can't handle the truth. The bitter sweetness of it all frightens us enough to make us want to hide it from ourselves. That is why we are dishonest. The art of lying was not something which began with the existence of man. It is something we ourselves have created and developed. It is a gift, potent as well as dangerous, and we are exploiting it to the maximum.

Our world is dominated by corrupt, treacherous and deceitful minds. We are no less.

Why is it that every person on this planet has been classified and categorised. Let alone, race and colour, even differences in thought and opinion have created boundaries between us. Society is divided along financial lines. That means the more money you have, the more parties you get to go to. And the less money you have, the less you get invited.

Wanna show the world that you think you've class and taste for the finer things in life? Try on that Savile Row suit, for your cufflinks and pop that Cohiba.

Wanna show everyone that you're with the 'in' crowd, that you're happening? Pull your pants below your undies, and put on shirts either 10 sizes too big, or 15 sizes too small.

Comedy today, is the fastest way to sell anything, from toothpaste to insurance. If you can make it funny, then you're in business.

Do you wanna know why? Its because we love to laugh at ourselves. Its stupid I know, but so are we. Why do you think Charlie Chaplin is a legend? Is it perhaps because he insulted his own intelligence, as well as the millions watching him, by acting stupid the way he did?

And finally, why is life in teen movies always perfect? How do they always manage that happy ending?

Ever seen that movie where the biggest nerd in school is suddenly transformed by divine intervention, into the most popular chick magnet on earth. I wonder why such movies fail to provide any real life reference or eye witness accounts.

So there you have it folks. Five reasons as to why we're totally messed up, ranging from the ultra serious to the ultra stupid.

Its all up to you. The weight of humanity's big fat behind is on your shoulders. Take your pick, and see how you can make the world a better place for us to live in.

- Kartik Vishwanath
XII - Hum

Operation: Drugs Eradication

Standing at the corner in Ghanta Ghar with a bunch of aerated balloons and my younger sister selling flowers by my side, I waited patiently expecting someone to buy my balloons.

I'm a balloon seller today (and I thank God for that) but earlier I was something, something that



Tushar and Manishek performing at Ghanta Ghar

no one would want to know, something which was neither dead nor alive. I was a 'Drug Addict'!!

Whenever I recall those days my hair stands on ends and chills run down my spine. I still remember those horrendous days.....

I was finding it hard to control myself, as the drugs started taking over me. 'Oh God!' 'Help' my body was aching; eyes were half shut and a red fluid was oozing out from them; my mouth now had hardly any teeth; I could feel the yellowish saliva drip down my neck and into my shirt; my vision was fading and people appeared like ghosts, my ears too 'betrayed' me and refused to sense even the pale death and I still continued to sweat profusely. The effect of drugs still persisted and headaches, bleedings, vomiting, muscle cramps followed.....

I wouldn't leave drugs and drugs wouldn't leave me. I wanted to opt out of life. But someone up there did not want that.

Last year something unexpected happened that changed my life altogether.

There were a bunch of kids or rather 'Angels in disguise' (as I call them) who had performed a street play last summer in Ghanta Ghar on drug abuse. They



People watching the Welhamites at Gandhi Park

convinced me of the intensity of danger caused by drugs. Their message hit me right in the heart and a strong sense of determination to quit drugs filled me.

A few days later when I was selling my balloons I saw a bunch of kids in a gang. I took a closer look and was more proud than delighted to see students were performing a street play, like the one that I had seen a year ago. The theme was the same - 'Drug Abuse'.

Their uniform indicated that they were Welhamites and their face indicated their vigour and determination to eradicate drugs from the society.

People of all kinds were crowding around to see the performance. From butchers with their blood stained apron, and the eager 'paan - wala', to rich gentlemen and shop keepers all gathered around the Welhamites.

Each skit had a story and each story a villain-a villain who was actually portrayed as the spoilt brat. This young gentleman was rich, spent money, bought drugs, spent more money and bought more drugs, fought with friends and did what not - and ultimately ruined his life. There was also this other fellow who was considered to be 'the good decent boy'. This gentleman was acquainted with our 'spoilt brat' and as a result-both become drug addicts, both spend money and time taking drugs.....It was when one of them died due to drugs that a ray of realisation dawned upon the other. He then decided to change his life by quitting drugs. He met a man who advised him to go to a 'Rehabilitation Centre'. In the next scene we saw the 'spoilt brat' completely transformed and now helping other drug victims in the society.

Well, I'm sure I'm not the only one to be influenced by this initiative taken by the Welhamites-there are hundreds more.

I'm really delighted by this work of the Welhamites and more than that by their school which took the initiative. Till date, when I cross Welham Boys' School, only five words come to mind:

WELHAM - I'M PROUD OF YOU

- Kushagra Prasher

X - B

Bluffmaster or Draftmaster?

Mr. Prabir Basu was kind enough to spare some of his time and tell us something about Welham that everybody is anxious to know about. Mr. Basu is looking after the infrastructural development in school.

Oli: What are the future plans for Welham as far as infrastructure is concerned?

PB: We have planned of seeing a new Welham in the next 10 years, "Welham 2015." It is all under scrutiny by the board of Governors and I am heading this project called the Draft Master Plan. The whole idea is about using the space in a better way.

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The two new hostels under construction are the only things sanctioned till date.

As far as the infrastructure is concerned the following changes will be brought about:

- 1.) The Seven Seas, Hughes Block, Seven Oaks and all the buildings except the CCA block will be demolished and one building will be built which will include all classes.
- 2.) Staff quarters will be added at the back of the North Block.
- 3.) An indoor swimming pool will be constructed next to the squash courts.
- 4.) Infrastructure development in fields of:
 - Electrical wiring
 - Water supply
 - Rain water harvesting

We hope that this Utopian dream doesn't stay a dream for too long!

Om Namah Shivaye

Will I be able to see tomorrow's blazing sun? Will I be able to give them the light of truth? Will I be able to get the people back from the supernatural world. A ray of hope emerges, a ray of truth, a ray from the bottom of reality.

Following an age – old tradition, each and every member of my family visits the holy temple of Pashupatinath every Saturday morning. We get up early in the morning and get ready quickly. Then we go to the temple to wash away all our sins. Once in the temple, I pray to Lord Shiva to make everyone in my family successful and to protect all of us. I also try to threaten him that whenever something goes wrong, he had better come and help us out, or else I won't offer the goodies to him. Then I offer some goodies and some money to Lord Shiva. While doing this, my eyes turn over to the Pandit Ji, who is pocketing all the money that has been offered to God.

When we return home, I am quite bothered and tense because of Pandit Ji's behaviour. The disturbing picture of our revered Pandit Ji pocketing money flashes before me time and again. My curiosity takes me to my mother. I ask her, "Why do we spend so much on religious ceremonies? All the money that is offered to God goes directly into Pandit Ji's pockets, it does not reach god;

God doesn't want money. God just wants us to be clean-hearted. We can save that money for our future plans and retirement as it is essential to protect our future. We don't know whether we'll be as secure as 'Richie Rich' or be in a soup tomorrow."

My mother is silent. She doesn't have words to describe her feelings. I know that she was intrigued by my question. I know that somewhere in her mind she felt that I am not that holy and can see that she does not want my ray of truth to enlarge into a beam inside her mind. She tells me that I should let her and my father use the money the way they want to. I am disappointed.

I know that if I share my thoughts with others, they will think that I am not holy and God will punish me for that. If this message doesn't get across people, we will stay in the dark shadows of religion. I am not telling the people that we shouldn't pray to God. We should, but we don't need to offer so much money to God (Pandit Ji's). We should offer our hearts in God's service by helping other human beings who are his creation.

We all need to wake up.

- Abhineet Kanodia
VIII - C

The Nightmare that Wasn't

Reading is my favourite hobby. I like reading all sorts of books. Detective stories, mysteries, adventures and of course horror stories. I always read a little before sleeping. It was the last day of March. Like everyday I was reading a book, before sleeping. It was 'Tales to give you Goosebumps', a very interesting book. I went on reading it till it was quite late. Finally after I finished the book, I went off to sleep, with blood curdling tales about werewolves and vampires in my mind. Perhaps that was the reason for the breathtaking night I had....

I dreamt, "I had been sent to a place called Camping Lane, to spend my summer at the camp. I didn't want to go there. I had heard stories about werewolves being there. It was rumoured that on every full moon day, the werewolves admitted a new member amongst them. But my parents didn't believe in such things and once they had decided something, nothing could make them change their minds. I had to give in. I went there praying for the best. At night I couldn't sleep as I thought I kept hearing the howls of werewolves.

The next day was a full moon! I expected the worst. Needless to say, I couldn't get to sleep. At midnight,

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I heard a loud blood curdling howl. The rumours were true after all. I crossed my fingers. I didn't want to join the werewolves. No. Just then....

A furry face appeared by the window, with its teeth shining in the moonlight. I was paralysed. My heart missed a beat. I couldn't make a sound. As I watched, the werewolf entered through the window and behind him came three other werewolves, their bodies covered with hair and their eyes staring at me hungrily. Then one of them stepped forward towards me. I tried to make a run for it, but the other three circled me. I was trapped! Nothing could save me now, and I knew it. I felt a cold hand clutch my shoulder and I could feel a hot breath upon my neck and the bare neck and the bare teeth inches away from my flesh....

I woke up with a start. My heart pounding loudly at 90 miles per minute. Oh God! It was just a dream. It somehow seemed so real. I tried to relax and get back to sleep. It was then that I noticed four pairs of pale yellow eyes, staring at me from the shadows of the dark. Just then the moon outside came out from behind a cloud and showered the room with its light, revealing the owners of the eyes. There stood at the foot of my bed four WEREWOLVES! I couldn't believe it. No, it has to be a dream, I thought, but unfortunately, it wasn't.

With a jump one of the werewolf came on top of me. I tried to push the face away with my hands and to my surprise it came off! Or rather what was 'supposed' to be the face. It was a mask and behind it was hidden the face of my elder brother! When the mask came off, he looked at me with a grin. Then suddenly my father, mother and sister also took their masks off and all four of them shouted, "April Fool!"

- Param Shah
VIII - C

My First Novel

I looked at the book of mine
Which had fallen from my hands upon the gravel.
And it was then that I suddenly realised-
I was going to read my first novel...

That novel filled with suspense....
That novel which required my presence...
That novel which would take me a while.
That novel which would make me smile...

I knew that after reading it,
Which would take me a bit,
I would feel quite warm and proud;
I would feel my shyness shroud...

I had bought it at a mall

O Hai Ba Trung street.

I spent five hundred bucks – after all

It was going to help me in English to hold my seat.

I knew to read it, I needed a mood
And also lacked influence.

I knew it was going to be rude,
And hence it really needed my presence.

Oh, a fortnight later,

I did manage to finish it.

I felt like a huge dark crater

Which had been well lit.

And now you'd be interested

To find out which book I had read.

It was none other than the Bestseller

Harry Potter....and the prisoner of Azkaban...

- Jaskunwar. S. Kohli
VIII - C

Examination

An examination is a botheration,

From generation to generation.

If you want to pass,

You have to neglect each relation.

In maths you need numeration.

In Bio you need identification,

In Chemistry you need filtration,

In Physics you need reflection.

From generation to generation.

Before examination we have a celebration,

But in the hall there is confusion.

Children pray for promotion.

On the day of declaration,

The result is demotion,

Then again preparation.

- Utkarsh Raj
VII B

Lampoon She's Mine!

"Is my Shirt ironed?" "Yes!" "Are my shoes shining?" "Yes" "Is my hairdo looking good?" "Yeah!" "Do I smell nice?" "Yes Yes Yes!" "Okay, last question. Am I looking fair?" "Ummmmmm..."

So much so for metrosexuality, all of us had slept early in order not to get dark circles.

"Phew! Am I late?!" "No man! They haven't even arrived yet."

Meanwhile in the bus...

"Damn it! Are all the cars in Dehra Dun on this very road or are we driving at 20 km/hr?" "Forget that. Tell me how I'm looking? What should I do if someone asks me to dance? Is my kajal okay?!"

The bus arrived in another twenty minutes and all of us waited near the L.R.C steps to usher in the beautiful ladies "Oh my God! Just look at her. The one walking in the last row is so pretty." "I know. I know. You've fallen in love again. Let me guess..... Is it the 129th time?!"

The girls entered and were amazed at the decorations. The school captain broke the ice and others followed suit.

"Hi. I'm Akash. What's your name?" "I'm Preeti" "So, do you want to dance?"

Soon all the Casanovas started kicking a beat to the DJ's numbers while the shy ones were still hesitant to speak up.

"So where do you live?" "I live in Mumbai" "What a coincidence! Even I live in Mumbai!" "Hey Akash! Sorry to interrupt but I just found someone from Patna and she's desperate to meet someone from her hometown." "Uhhh Preeti, I'll be back in a minute."

That was the last they saw of each other. In the meanwhile the mouth watering snacks were being served. "Are you sure you are not hungry?" "Yeah! The tuck shop opened in the evening so I grabbed some

sandwiches and I'm full to the brim" "Tell me about your relationships. I mean...are you out with anyone?" "Who me?! Naaaah! I never met someone My Type." "Ahem! Ahem! So what is your type?" "Beautiful eyes. Like yours. Cute dimples. Just as yours and ..." "Sameer where are you? Oh! there you are. I was looking for you. Here's your letter." "My letter?!" "It's from Radhika yaar!" "Radhika who?"

Some of the book worms used their brain as a weapon to win over the girls.

"What subjects are you studying?"

"Commerce, Accounts, Maths..." "Wow! That's a very tough combination. So if you have any trouble with maths you can always contact me." "Sure! I have problems with the chapter on Co-ordinate Geometry..."

While some of us were with no girls at all some Romeos carried off five at a time!

"What's your name?" "Shrishti" "Devyani" "Anisha" "Neha" "Priyanka" "One at a time. Please, one at a time. By the way my name is Raman..."

After an hour of dancing and lying to each other, it was finally time for dinner.

"Mmmm the food is very tasty. Why aren't you eating anything?" "Actually I keep a fast on alternate Saturdays Religious stuff you know..."

After the scrumptious dinner, everyone proceeded

towards the bus.

"So you're going?" "Yeah! We'll hopefully meet sometime later" "What's your email id..."

A few hours together created such a hullabaloo in the hearts of us youngsters. I'm trying desperately to sleep right now but my room mate has been bitten by the love bug.

He's murmuring in his sleep, "She loves me... She loves me not...She loves me...!"

*Young and Restless
Ajitesh Kir*



Mr. Economical

“Oye guys, its 7:35, you don’t want to be marked late on Saturday and sit for detention on Sunday and miss your outing.” Somehow Naveez, Rohit and I managed to be on time and escaped the terror of the ‘subway man’ and Mr. Bhandari who without fail are near the subway everyday to take down the numbers.

Ah! The beautiful Sunday morning and the goodly smell of money that we got for our outing.

Budget for the day: $3 \times 200 = 600$.

Now the task on our hand was to find a nice ironed white shirt for our outing. We were all seen running up and down Triveni, looking for a clean pair of clothes. Finally, we found decent shirts for the outing.

As we walked down Astley Hall, we found ourselves to be the only Welhamites outside while some others were sitting for detention and some still getting ready. As usual, the ‘blues’ had taken over Nirula’s. They were talking amongst themselves in a very heavy accent native to..... but we three, not to look small walked with our heads held high, as a Welhamite always does.

We rushed to Krishna Palace as ‘Rang De Basanti’ was being screened. We made our way through the long line and finally got three tickets for dress circle. The condition of the chairs was deplorable and we didn’t mind mice running over our feet while we watched the movie, sitting in the third row from the front. We didn’t mind looking up to the screen and turning our heads while the actor went from one side of the screen to the other. At least it fits the budget.

Expenditure $600 - 60 = 540$.

It was quite a wonderful movie and left us talking about it over lunch. A very provocative movie to some extent. Lunch was at Kumar’s but as bird flu had struck the nation, lunch was dull without butter chicken. We had to settle for Rogan josh and Roti which were equally good.

Expenditure $540 - 320 = 220$.

We headed back to Astley Hall where we meet our girls’ school friends; it’s always a welcome change to talk with girls after all the time you spent with the boys in school. The girls, Yasmine, Pari and Ankit demanded their chocolates as they tried to fool us by saying it was chocolate day. In return we demanded our kisses, because actually it was kiss day.

We had a long debate and finally settled on calling it ‘coffee day’ and we all headed for Barista. Budget constrained as we were three and we pretended that we did not want anything as we had had a heavy lunch. We ordered 2 mouth watering chocolate excess and four coffees. Naveez, Rohit and I fought over our chocolate excess. It was hard to resist the heavenly indulging treat. Coffee at Barista is fabulous. Especially when someone else is paying!

Expenditure $220 - 200 = 20$.

It was 5:30 by now and we had to leave. This was the saddest part of the day. We had to leave the girls company and walk back to school and back to our routine of looking forward to another school out. With 20 rupees in our pockets we had to walk back to school because no auto was ready to take us for 20 rupees.

We quenched our thirst with a ‘chhota’ coke each.

Expenditure $20 - 18 = 2$.

We saved the remaining for the Astley Hall kids.

As economical as ever

Arshjyot Singh Bedi

XII - Comm

Oliphant Focus

“Parents of very beautiful, very gori girl aged 22, looking for handsome Jat Sikh groom. Must have tractors, buffaloes and 5 acres of land” This kind of advertisement is very common in Punjab, considered to be economically the most well off state. Has economic empowerment solved the problem of women being treated as commodities? Let’s find out...

Man and woman are not equal. They were never equal and are not even supposed to be equal. When God made human beings, he made man different from a woman. He didn’t want them to be equal.

Does that mean that man is more powerful than a woman? Can man suppress a woman thinking her to be weaker than him? The answer is no, certainly not. I personally feel that if men are supposed to be physically stronger than women then women are mentally much tougher than men. As Margaret Thatcher rightly says, “I’ve got a woman’s ability to stick to a job, and get on with it, when everyone else walks off and leaves it.” Man has always tried to suppress women. I strongly

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feel that when a human tries to suppress another, it is actually because of something they fear in the other person. A fear that the other person will rise above them. When the Whites enslaved the Blacks and when they ruled over us Indians, they never even for once let them come up. No opportunities were given to them to rise up to their level. It was because they feared that one day these Blacks and the Indians would revolt and break free. Eventually this did happen. Since then we have come a long way as a community. But can we say that equality is present in today's society? Whether it is equality for Blacks and Whites or Men and Women, we still don't have complete equality. We can talk about respecting women and all that but are we prepared to see them rise above us, the so-called men? Time and again it has been proven that whenever a woman has been given a chance to succeed, she has not only availed of it but done so with dignity and grace and has achieved huge success. One of the biggest examples is right in front of us in the form of Sonia Gandhi, the leader of Congress.

Another such example of a woman on top is Condoleezza Rice, the security adviser to the President of the U.S.A.

In most of the Islamic countries, even today, women are not given the same rights as men. They are not allowed to express their views as freely. They still have to follow the purdah system. They are not allowed to wear clothes that show skin. The consequences of not following these social rules can be very bad. The woman may even be socially boycotted. A perfect example of this is Sania Mirza. Rather than talking about her achievements on the tennis courts, people prefer criticising her for wearing skirts etc. The Indian society has created such situations for women that people here are afraid of raising girls. There are millions of cases of female infanticide every year. This has caused a considerable drop in India's sex ratio. The dowry system, sexual exploitation etc. cause people to think that girls are a burden. With such things, how can there be equality for women? I feel that one will understand the true meaning of words such as 'equality' only if one has received a good education. It is mostly because of the uneducated masses that inequality still exists in today's society.

Putting all my views together, I feel that a lot has been done but a lot still needs to be done for men and women to be treated equally. And for this to happen, education has to play a major part.

- Chirantan Singh
XII - SC

It's all about following your dreams

Many men will rise,
Many men will fall,
I will rise above them all.
Many men will be born,
Many men will die,
Over them all my soul will fly.

Today sitting in the CEO's office, I ponder over my life and ask the question, "Does women liberation exist in this world?" The tragedies of my life started on the 1st of August, 1976. I was born that day. I was the first child of my parents and my father sure didn't like the idea, that I was a girl. His hatred for me was apparent in everything. When I was five, my younger brother was born. Parties were thrown, relatives came from all over to see him. It looked as if it was a grand carnival. I asked my mother whether the same had happened when I was born and the answer was a prompt yes.

But I have pretty good reasons to believe she was lying. My father's wrath towards me decreased considerably after Rajeev's (my brother) birth. It was not that he started loving me but he was actually too busy loving Nikhil to pay any attention towards me.

As a child, my mother always told me about great women and about women's liberation. Even I wanted to be one of them. I had a strong belief in women's rights. The first blow to my belief came when I was pulled out of school in class four. My father had suffered huge losses in business and he could not afford to send me and Rajeev to school. We shifted from the city to our old village house. They decided to send Rajeev to school as they felt that he as a boy needed education more than me. As for me, my fate thereon was confined to the kitchen and the fields. This however did not shatter my dreams. That day I took an oath that I will, no matter how, excel in this male dominated world. I left no stone unturned and started studying from Rajeev's books. He was 5 years younger, so my 5 years were wasted. But nonetheless I did all I could to keep my education going. Even Rajeev helped me a lot. In him I found a brother, a teacher and a friend.

Gradually father's financial position improved and when Rajeev was in 12th, we shifted back to the city. Next year he sat for his college examination and I sat beside him. Nikhil had convinced father in letting me go to college. Our results came and the irony of the

situation was that I got through, but Rajeev could not. Rajeev said to me, "I always knew you were better than me." I started going to college and made lots of friends. College went by and at the end of the 3rd year I topped in my stream (advertising). That was my first victory on this male driven world and it was pretty clear to me that many boys in my batch didn't like it.

As I was the topper I was picked by the best advertising agency of the country (Adeon). My father objected but Rajeev came to my rescue. I went to the office with great eagerness, only to find out that it was another male dominated arena, in which I had to wrestle my way to the top. I loved my work and so did my boss. In 4 months I was almost promoted. Almost because he asked for something I could not do. So the promotion went down the drain. But I did not lose hope and kept working in the same office. It was not just because I was determined to fight my way to the top. The office was like hell to me. Men whistled at me and even made comments which were very rude. I complained to the supervisor but soon found out that they were no better. My ride to the office every morning and evening was even worse. I had to take the bus and I was molested almost everyday for a month. Instead of getting on with it, I took a stand against all this. Soon my boss changed and within a month I was promoted, without any favours being asked of me. Then there was no stopping me, one success after the other. Everything came to a standstill on 24th of June 2004. I lost my only friend, teacher and brother, Rajeev in a car accident. Now all the responsibilities rested on my shoulders. Soon after Rajeev's death I was transferred to the company's main office as the Head. Exactly after a year I sit in the CEO's office and ponder over my life and ask the question, "Does women's liberation exist in this world?"

- Shalabh Agarwal
XII - Comm

Word War

During one of the assemblies, the Principal talked about the typical Indian woman and how she has been taken for granted all these years. He also talked about the liberation of women in today's society. One of the staff members strongly disagreed with what he had to say and had written a letter to him talking about it. The Principal was kind enough to reply to the letter and agreed upon putting it on The Oliphant.

Mr. Lahiri,

While I generally enjoy your assembly talks, I disagreed so strongly with what you had to say about

women's liberation that I feel the need to write to you about it. The picture of a typical middle-class Indian woman certainly displayed the strength she needs to possess to survive in the modern world. Your message that this woman goes unappreciated and even harassed by all the men around her was also directly on the mark. However, the woman you spoke of was not liberated. She is strong, maybe even stronger than her cultural predecessors and certainly stronger than most women I know in America. She is not liberated. The fact that you labeled her as liberated to the next generation of Indian men will only serve to further enslave her and her children in the generations to come.

The woman you spoke of is strong. She works two full-time jobs. She has to endure harassment on buses and city streets. She has to fight twice as hard in the office to achieve her professional goals as her male counterparts. She does this year after year, uncomplaining. Her only recompense is that as she ages and her looks fade she will no longer have her bottom pinched on crowded buses. She has the strength to become liberated, but the entire Indian social structure, from the family to the nation are blocking her way.

A liberated Indian woman would not have to get up every morning to take care of her family's needs before she leaves for work. Half the time her husband would get up first and manage the household. Or they would rise at the same time and one would take care of part of the work and the other would take care of the rest of the work. She would then be able to get on a bus and travel to her destination unmolested. At work she would be treated the same as her male counterparts. This means, of course, that she would not be harassed or have her work belittled because of her sex. But it also means that she is not given preferential treatment such as being put at the front of the line for tea break or having her files carried for her. When she arrives at home in the evening, again it is not her sole duty to prepare meals and tea and send the children off to bed. Her husband should be in an active partner in managing the household. If she had a particularly hard day at work, it is her prerogative to ask her husband to take over for the evening just as he also has the prerogative to ask for a night off once in a while. This is how the woman you described should be living to be liberated.

A truly liberated woman, however, would not necessarily fit into your narrative at all. True liberation comes when one is empowered to make her choices without feeling pressure from family or society to

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conform to a certain mold. A truly liberated woman should not have to get married unless she wants to. A truly liberated woman, if married, should not have to have children unless she wants to. A truly liberated woman should be able to live on her own, have a job and a full life and not be censured for her choices. This would not only include major life choices, but also daily personal choices such as dress. It is a poor reflection on society when a woman chooses to wear a suit and duputta over jeans and top so that she will not be raked over with lecherous eyes as she runs errands in the marketplace. However, she should also not be censured if she does choose the traditional role of raising children and managing a household. Conversely, the same choices should be made available for men with the same lack of censure. This would produce a society of liberated men and women.

I feel the need to clarify these points with you because the generation of Welhamites that have been entrusted to your care are very chivalrous, but because of that, very patriarchal. They may grow up to appreciate all their wife does for them and do small things such as hold open doors, but will think her extraordinary labor is the normal order of things. Your talk only helped to reinforce that attitude. At your convenience, I hope that we can speak further on this subject. I have shown this letter to a number of the female staff members and all expressed interest in continuing this dialogue. Welhamites should learn to view women as equals in all ways.

Sincerely
Erica Fuss

Dear Miss Fuss,

Many thanks for your letter of 12 March. It made for very enlightening reading though I daresay I do not necessarily agree with 'everything' you have to say.

Whilst I fully agree with you that a truly 'liberated' woman should not have to face belittlement or harassment, I do feel that 'liberation' can have different cultural contexts as well. The western concept of liberation does not always fit the Indian context. Does it ever occur to you that the Indian woman might find great joy in being the fulcrum around which the family revolves? That a lot of the things she does might appear to the western eye as being forced upon her, whereas the truth is that she finds fulfilment in that role? I am not for one moment condoning a situation where a woman is 'enslaved' or 'humiliated' in any manner. I am saying

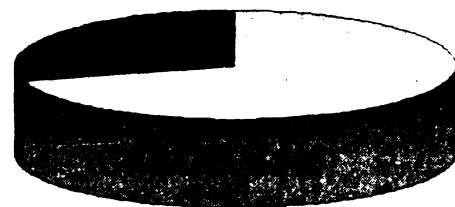
that there are cultural contexts in this country (alien to even us, the so-called 'Westernized' segment) where male and female roles are clearly delineated without any accompanying feelings of either 'overlordship or 'slavery'. To assume that a woman necessarily feels pressurized in these circumstances is to look at the situation through west-tinted glasses.

You must also keep in mind the audience I was addressing that day. This was not a sophisticated audience well versed in the nuances of liberation. This was an audience of young boys, brought up for the main part in very conservative homes, who first needed to be sensitized to the basic issue of gender. I, therefore, used the word 'liberation' deliberately in a very loose manner, mainly to demonstrate my point that women in this country were equal to, if not superior to the men considering the odds that they have to face. In my view, if we can take even that one small step forward, then we can move towards the more complex issue of 'liberation'. The boys must learn that the 'extraordinary labour' of our women-folk is truly 'extraordinary', and that they should never take it for granted. That in fact, was the whole theme of my talk and I am surprised that it did not come through, especially when I finished by saying "Don't you ever, ever take the Indian woman for granted".

I do hope that I have managed to clear any misunderstanding about what I might have said that day.

Sincerely,
Dev Lahiri

Is co-education a viable solution to solve the problem of gender equality?



Yes
 No

Class XII- Yes: 29 No: 9

Class X(outgoing)- Yes: 29 No: 19

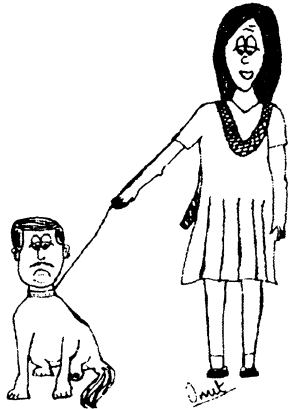
Class X- Yes: 38 No: 12

Staff Yes:22 No: 9

Rasik Goyal - Gender equality cannot be achieved by co-education. Equality is just a state of mind.

Akshay Agarwal - India should become an egalitarian society where all get an equal opportunity in all walks of life.

Mrs. I. Lahiri - Co-education is only a small step towards the solution of the whole issue. There are lots of other aspects of gender inequality that are to be dealt with.



So much so for Gender Equality!!!

Tales from Welham Shakespeare

Late nights practise, missing meals and bunking preps are what it took to put together the evening we witnessed on the 4th of March.

Hidden talent was seen flowing onto the stage as budding thespians from every house, let loose.

To judge the performances came Mr. Bakshi, our beloved ex Principal, Mr. Arjun Rao from The Doon School and our very own Mrs. Basu. This although not something new to the Welhamites ears had unfortunately



A scene from one of the plays

faded out. But now, thanks to Ms. Erica Fuss the times of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw are back (hopefully

they will not be turning in their graves.)

It was heartening to see Welhamites so enthusiastic about a project like this. They were even willing to go to the extent of bunking classes and preps. Poor devils.

May the best house win, is what I always say. And apparently, the best house did. Cauvery house enacted 'A day in the life of an author' directed by Arshjyot.S.Bedi and the protagonist played by Ayan Mukherjee, which won them the first position.

Looking forward to Oscar winning performances next year, for now, all well that ends well.

Dude of the Month!!!

He goes for morning jogs. He attends classes. He comes for meals. He plays in the main field and when he's tired he sleeps in Triveni.

You must be wondering what is so unique about this individual. Well this time, 'King' has been voted as



King - smile please!

the dude of the month. King is not only a dog but an active member of the Welham Community. You can spot him playing with the Welhamites or making a pass at the beautiful females. As a true Welhamite, he runs five kilometres every morning with the boys and makes it a point to stop at the Girls' School crossroad.

So the next time you see him sitting around the Dining Hall or lying down in front of Triveni, don't kick him or scream at him. Treat him like a 'King!'

Nature's Diary

On 5th February '06, 'The Friends Of The Doon' in collaboration with Welham Boys' organized a nature walk cum bird watching trail at Asan Lake area. It is

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located near the confluence of rivers Asan and Yamuna. Situated along the major highway (NH72) the lake is a paradise for Ornithologists and naturalists alike.

The objective of this programme was to motivate young minds and to train them as to how to identify birds in wetland areas. FOD had arranged one such program last year on 2nd October along Rajpur Road near Malsi Deer Park which was a great success.

The Doon School, Welham Girls' School, Hope Town, Scholars Home, Indian Cambridge School, Jaswant Modern School, Woodland School, Balmandir Public School and our school were the ones participating.

The first thing that was done there was that all the students were divided into 10 groups. Mrs. Dutta, Vice Principal Welham Girls', a keen bird watcher gave an introduction about Asan Barrage and the lake and its migratory birds. Asan Lake is a potential wetland area which has water most of the year. There are several kinds of wetlands beside the lake such as marshes, swamps, lagoons, bags and mangroves. They are home to some of the richest and most diverse and fragile natural reserves as they support a variety of plant and animal life.

She briefed us on a variety of migratory birds in Asan Lake. Brahminy Duck is another name for a Ruddy Shelduck. Mrs. Dutta also tipped off that a realization of the importance of wetlands in biodiversity conservations as well as their rapid degradation, deterioration and destruction led to an important global convention at Ramsar, Iran, in 1971 in which 65 countries including India participated.

Meanwhile the local guides joined us. They enriched the students about the flora and fauna of Asan area. They enjoyed the trails and jotted down notes.

Asan Lake attracts thousands of migratory birds every year. The lake is also a breeding ground for resident birds. Most commonly seen birds are Egrets, Herons, Lapwings, Mallard, Pochards, Tufteduck, Wigeon, Shoveller, Common Teal, Grabes Plovers etc. According to a Water Fowl census carried by the forest officials on 16th January 2005, there were 7689 birds of 41 species found, out of which 2400 were Ruddy Shelduck alone.

After two hours of walking, everybody gathered again on the left bank of the Barrage. By 12:45 p.m. we all left for Dehra Dun. Watching thousands of birds just a hundred meter from your feet in wilderness was indeed an unforgettable experience.

- Surjeet Singh Khara

Monthly Quiz

- Q1. Which famous Indian painter's work was sold at a whopping 1.584 million recently?
- Q2. Who was the first Indian lady to become 'Miss World'?
- Q3. Which movie won the award for the best music at the Academy Awards, 2006?
- Q4. Where was the fourth Pravasi Bharatiya Divas celebrated ?
- Q5. Which Hollywood beauty has been appointed as the goodwill ambassador for UNIFEM?
- Q6. Why were the IIMs in the news a few months ago?
- Q7. Who were the 'mixed doubles' winners at the Australian Open?
- Q8. Debutant director Homi Adajania's movie is starring Saif Ali Khan and Dimple Kapadia. Name the movie?
- Q9. Which band won the Grammy for 'Album of the year' at the 48th Annual Grammy Awards?
- Q10. He calls his weekly, 'The People's paper' and is the author of 'The Alchemy of Desire'. Name this personality.

The answers to the last month's quiz are...

Ans 1. Bofors case.

Ans 2. Weight Loss

Ans 3. Code Division Multiple Access is a digital cellular technology that uses spread-spectrum techniques.

Ans 4. Joaquin Phoenix for 'Walk the Line'.

Ans 5. Water

Ans 6. Shane Warne

Ans 7. The King Khalid International Airport in Riyadh, Saudia Arabia.

Ans 8. Vijaypat Singhania

Ans 9. It was because the Speaker had expelled the MPs involved in the 'cash for query scam'.

Ans 10. Gucci.

The Domino's pizza for the last month's quiz was won by Prateek Jaiswal of class 10.

What's In What's Out

Socials Fever
Chicken Mcgrill
Butter Mutton
Staff Room

Mr. Khera's under size Scooty
Detention on Sundays

Boards Fever
'Bun tikki'
Butter Chicken
Lok Sabha
Mr. Khera's Car
Detentions during
games

Through the Keyhole

Tushar Saini(late for first class): I'm sorry sir but...

Mr. Bhandari: Whats your number?

Tushar Saini: 9897623...!

Mrs. Lahiri: Students should be mature enough to take responsibilities.

Chandan Kumar: True ma'am. We should become a *student driving school*.

Sheriff Bajwa: Oye Guys! I will *tell to* Mr. Lahiri that *you don't talk english*.

Tushar Saini(trying to be confident during socials): So girl, where do you live?

Girl: Ghaziabad.

Tushar Saini: Great! *You Ghaziabad. I Ghaziabad. We both Ghaziabad!*

Aman Verma(pretending to be classy during socials): So what would you like to drink? *Coke or cold drink?!*

Ringside View

Rain is a spoil sport. Apart from ruining the cricket season, it has also sent many of our budding sportsmen to the hospital. As I sit here and ponder over how I am going to get the cricket inter-house completed in time, the duty of writing this article looms over me. I had planned everything and started the inter-house much earlier so as to finish it early. But rain played spoilsport. Now the cricket season is almost over and the school team has hardly played any matches. But what to do, nobody can do anything against God's wish.

Moving on to the sporting scenario in school, the last few weeks have been extremely active and a lot has happened. The ruling sport of the season, cricket, has seen a success but has also brought some disappointment. The highlight has been the victory of the junior team over Ambedkar School in the Districts Cricket final. They won in a fiercely contested match and have made us all very proud indeed. This was the first time that we have won a major trophy for cricket. They played as a united team and while on the field the pride for their school certainly showed. I only hope that they can continue playing like this and their successful run continues for years to come. These youngsters are truly champions.

The senior team on the other hand has performed reasonably well, the only exception being the shameful loss to Oak Grove School. Two wins in three matches is not bad I guess. After the match against the Doon International School the school team played the Doon School 'B' team and literally thrashed them. They were excellent while batting and the same can be said about the bowling and fielding too. Before this the outgoing twelfth and the present twelfth played an exciting match in which the seniors managed to scrape through with a win. The inter-house is going on at present and I will report to you about it with all the results and details in the next edition. Rest assured all I can tell you now is that we have had some very good and exciting matches.

Here are the scores:

~Welham Boys (Junior) 126/7 beat Ambedkar School 125 all out by 3 wickets in a twenty-five over match in the Districts Cricket Final

Shasheem Rathore was adjudged the Man of the Series.

~Welham Boys (Senior) 208/7 beat The Doon School (B team) 161/7 by 47 runs in a thirty over match.

Chirantan Singh: 65 of 46 balls and 3 wickets

Shaurya Singh: 56 of 70 balls

Welham...

By Omit Gurung



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~ Oak Grove School 160/8 beat Welham Boys (senior) 60 all out by 100 runs in a twenty over match.

~Twelfth (outgoing) 160/7 beat Twelfth (present) 146/5 by 14 runs in a twenty over match.

Chirantan Singh: 49 not out in 44 balls

Monish Khera: 46 in 40 balls

The basketball team has decided to stay back in school during the mid-term break to attend a camp. We can only hope that they rough it out and perform well in all their matches. The volleyball team too has won all their matches and are looking in extremely good shape for their tournaments. The skating team has been practising really hard and it has certainly paid off as they crushed the Doon International School 14 – 0 in their very first match. This was expected. For those of you who don't know about the game, they put on their skates and play handball in a rink. The other teams too are practising hard for their respective sports. Football continues to rule the Orchard.

As for the international headlines, the slots of the quarter finals of the Champions League have been filled with many big teams being shown the way out. The countries have started gearing up for the Soccer World

Cup with friendly matches against each other. The Formula One season has begun with Fernando Alonso making a terrific start to his defence of the title by emerging victorious in the Bahrain Grand Prix. But this time Michael Schumacher has already sent out signals

that the championship is going to be tougher than last time. India crushed Pakistan in the ODI series and now has beaten England in the second test to take a 1 – 0 lead in the series.

The headlines however have been stolen by Australia and South Africa as they played, arguably, one of the greatest matches ever. Australia made an unimaginable 434/4 in 50 overs, batting first, in course breaking the record for the highest ODI score. Nobody could have even thought that South Africa would even get anywhere near it. But in an amazing show of

courage, grit and determination along with national pride they fought back spiritedly and chased down that massive score. It was truly a nail biting match. I only hope that we Welhamites learn something from this incredible performance.

- Chirantan Singh



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