

Think About It...

Everybody can be great, because anybody can serve.

- Martin Luther King Jr.

Editorial

Robert F. Kennedy once said, "You're happiest when you are making the greatest contribution". The increasing contribution we are making to the lives of the "children of the lesser Gods" makes me wonder if that's the reason one can come across so many smiling faces in Welham.

Community service seems to have become an integral part of our lives and all of us seem to be enjoying it. The Special Olympics...the Government School...a service project in Jaidwar, et al... With the spirit of service gaining ground in Welham, it is the right time to focus on 'community service'.

If you are wondering why the school seems to be wearing such a deserted look, it is because the Mid-term examination has got all of us engrossed in our books. The Board examination are about to finish, which probably explains it all. However, the school is also gearing up for the month of April, in which a series of events are lined up. With the Baisakhi Festival, which is being hosted on a much larger scale, two prestigious sports tournaments and numerous other events, the next month is surely going to have us all on our toes.

When it comes to doing something different, the Junior School always has something up its sleeve. They recently held their election for Prefects, with their own speeches and symbols. At a time when politicians are synonymous with corruption, the Junior School seems to be bent on making a difference.

The weather also took some inspiration from the Junior School, and according to most Welhamites 'it

snowed' a week ago. Though, it was just a very heavy hailstorm, nothing could stop the Welhamites from coming out and 'snowballing' each other and believe me, they spared no one!

The World Cup fever started with a 'josh' in school and ended as quickly with the loss of the 'Men in Blue' to both their neighbours. Knowing the Indian public, the only concern now, is their health! With the first half of the World Cup resulting in so much controversy, it surely seems to be losing its charm.

If you do come across gloomy faces in Welham, it is the outgoing batch of class twelve, about whom I could go on and on, but now that they are actually leaving, I am in a loss for words. The time has come, for those 'seniors' who have acted as brothers and role models for most of us, to bid goodbye to Welham.

The Batch of 2007 can rightly be called one of the most 'glorified', not just because what they did for us but also because Welham has become what it is today largely due to their efforts. The transformation of Welham over the last few years seems to have been completed under them and though, stoically we may bid them goodbye with happy faces, I really mean it when I say that they will occupy a special place in our hearts. I know I am speaking for the entire Welham community, when I wish them luck for their future endeavours.

Ashish Chowdhary

(ASHISH CHOWDHARY)

Welham Now

- The Scholars' Recognition Day was held on 24th February.
- Street Theatre on Drug Abuse was performed by the boys at various locations in town and was greatly appreciated.
- The Inter House Ramanujan Mathematics Quiz was held for the Senior School on 26th February. Jamuna House emerged the winners.
- Boys of Class XII attended the Vox Populi on 2nd March. The topic for discussion was 'Corporal Punishment'.
- On 26th February, **Shivesh Tyagi** and **Prateek Modi** represented the School at an Inter School Science Quiz at the Wadia Institute.
- **Kshitij Goyal** and **Param Shah** took part in the Inter School Hindi Essay Writing Contest, also held at the Wadia Institute, on 27th February. **Param Shah** won the third prize.
- The National Science Day was celebrated on 28th February. Class XII Science attended a talk on Science, again at the Wadia Institute.
- The Inter House Middle School Maths Quiz was held on 3rd March. Krishna emerged winners, followed by Ganga, Cauvery and Jamuna.
- An Inter House English Debate for the Senior School was held on 7th March. **Vanshaj Agarwal** was adjudged the Best Speaker while **Adhiraj Sen** and **Pradipta De** were jointly declared the Second Best Speakers. Cauvery House emerged victorious.
- Boys of Class X Commerce went for a field trip to Saharanpur on 17th March along with the teachers of the Financial Studies Department.
- **Mrs. Deepali Singh** has joined the Junior School and will teach English. We wish her a long and happy stay at Welham.

Film Review: Children of Heaven

'Children of Heaven' is a 1997 Iranian film, nominated for the Academy Award for the Best Foreign Film in 1998. It deals with a brother and sister and their adventures over a lost pair of shoes, while also touching upon the more serious subject of the political situation in Iran and the class differences in Iranian Society.

In the film, Ali takes his little sister Zahra's shoes to the shoemaker to be repaired, but loses them on the way home. The siblings decide to keep the predicament a secret from their parents, knowing that there is no money to buy a replacement pair and fearing that they will be punished. They devise a scheme to share Ali's sneakers: Zahra will wear them to school in the morning and hand them off to Ali at midday so he can attend afternoon classes. This uncomfortable arrangement leads to one adventure after another as they attempt to hide the plan from their parents and teachers, attend to their schoolwork and errands, and acquire a new pair of shoes for Zahra.

Ali enters a high-profile children's race in the hope of receiving the third prize - that of a new pair of sneakers. He accidentally comes first and wins another prize instead. The film ends with Zahra finding out that she will not get a new pair of shoes, but then an epilogue explains that Ali eventually achieves the large-scale success of a racing career. However a quick 'shot' of their father's bicycle at the end of the movie shows what appears to be the pink shoes Zahra had been focusing on earlier, implying that she got the shoes after all.

The film is shot in Tehran. It was attempted to keep the filming secret in order to capture a more realistic image of the city. The director has done a great job with the movie and he certainly deserves credit. The movie not only changed the way movies were being made but created an entirely different genre. 'Children of Heaven' is a touching and definitely a must-watch for all the movie buffs.

- The Welham Boys Film Society

Mathematical Art

To say that many people hate Mathematics is an understatement. Instead it can be said that not many people like numbers. One could also say that people don't like mathematics because they don't understand it. Some of you I am sure feel that if a person doesn't like numbers he certainly hates Mathematics, since Mathematics deals with numbers.

I will therefore try and show that all those who don't like numbers do not necessarily hate Mathematics. I know many people who are not good at handling numbers and I confess I am also one of them. I do not want to do calculations. I have no problem as long as I am handling three to four digit numbers but when it gets to more than that I lose interest. I know many people

The camp was green - meaning it had vegetation! The tents were comfortable. There was even a 'beach' where we could play. In the morning we all went for a short hike around the camp. It was fun as we all got warmed up and on coming back, ran to the so-called 'beach' to play and have fun. After breakfast came the time for one of our main activities – slithering. In this we were all supposed to slither down a rope, from the centre of the bridge to the icy water below. The distance between the two must have been about 80 feet and just looking down scared us! We were all told about the sport and given a demonstration, which scared us out of our wits! Fear engulfed our minds and all sorts of thoughts struck us - what would happen if we slipped? What if

the rope broke? We all knew that these questions were senseless but we were still scared. Finally one boy mustered up the courage to slither down while we watched him. Then other boys followed. At first I was scared and thought I could not do it, but then I realized that the best way to get rid of my fear was *just forget it and do it!* So that's what I did and God, it was simply marvellous! I felt as I had never before, I felt I could do anything, I became fearless and wanted to go for it again but unfortunately the time was limited and we had to go for rafting too, so...

Rafting too, was great fun. We had two rafts and were supposed to cover 14 kms in two hours. We all had a great time braving the rapids and heading towards our destination. I think we faced about seven rapids of various 'levels'. The best one was the Three Blind Mice; it was a succession of 3 rapids, all level 4+. It felt wonderful dancing on the currents, going up and down and getting wet. We even did 'body surfing' and swam as well as indulging in water fights! We covered 14 kms and didn't want to get off our rafts but we had to. We went back to our camp by bus and after lunch and a short rest, began our journey back to school.

Once in town we had *bun-tikkis* from the famous *bun-tikki wala* in front of Dwarka Store. During our journey back all of us slept soundly as we were very tired after our adventures.

All in all it was one of the best trips I have ever had and an unforgettable one too.

- Param Shah

IX - C

Death

Life is long but who says sweet;
It is in the end but dead meat...
You live the life only to get
The solemn, noble, thy great death...

Death and its doors are never close;
It is but the ultimate dose;
Another great journey and a dream,
Another path illuminated by a beam...

Never fear thy great death,
Have in it your full faith;
'Cause it is the one path you have to take

As it is for your and your sake!
Death is the path to dear god,
Death is what snatches away your iPod!
It is the ultimate, sweet & sour fruit
And that...is the sole truth.

Live your life, live it soft,
Keep it hard but only un-of;
'Cause life is what you get just once,
No different but the cool feeling of trance...

Death sounds evil but is good
As it is what takes off your hood-
The hood raging with lies and deceit,
As a lie, in the end, always faces defeat...

Do as much as you can in life,
Destroy every sign of your strife;
Enjoy your life but leave behind your mark
So that the people see your mark, even in the dark...

Keep in mind, my dear friends,
In your life there are way too many bends;
There is absolutely no gain
Without the cruel, fateful pain.

Sing the song of 'Pain, Death & Glory',
'Cause you don't want to die feeling sorry!
You want to die the soldiers way;
Be glorious in death, and that's your day!

Close your eyes and imagine yourself
On the papers and on golden shelves;
Imagine the sign you'll leave behind,
A sign which worthy do the people find...

Death is great, never forget that,
But keep in mind this particular fact:
Death doesn't always touch you
The way you want it to.

You have to unforgettably make sure
That you die as a man so pure;
So that I, my friends and the whole world
Know that somebody who's you I this world swirled...!

- Jaskunwar Singh Kohli

IX-B

Drug Abuse Workshop

A very sickening reality of society in today's world is frequent drug abuse. From Hazrat Nizamuddin railway station to Parliament, drugs are everywhere. So, to stop this raging menace we, at Welham Boys School took the initiative to spread awareness about drug abuse among the ordinary people in Dehra Dun by conducting a Street Theatre Workshop, in collaboration with Nijaat.

We prepared our skits over a period of two days and decided to perform them at four different locations in town. After a discussion we agreed upon the Doon Hospital, the Railway Station, Gandhi Park and Jhanda Market.



The Street Theatre in progress amidst a large crowd at the Railway Station.

After lunch we got into our vehicles and went first to Jhanda Market. After a series of loud announcements and thought-provoking slogans, we were able to attract a group of about 30-40 people from all age groups. The first skit was based on a story about a small child and how he was dragged into a web of drugs. We received a warm reception after our performance.

We then began walking towards the railway station. On the way we continued our strong campaign against drug abuse and by shouting slogans. On reaching the railway station we gathered a large group of about 60 people and presented another skit.

This skit portrayed the life of two brothers in a new school and how one saves the other from the deadly 'clutches' of drugs. We received a great response here, with one ice-cream vendor throwing away his cigarettes and promising never to pick them up again.

A very funny incident occurred when a few boys, including myself were actually abandoned at the railway station as the rest of our vehicles took off. But with a little help from Mr. Ajay Bahuguna and Mrs. Tara Sharma we reached the Doon hospital in a 'luxurious' Vikram.

It was another much appreciated performance as a large number of people gathered to watch us. We received a lot of praise for our effort and also our great skit.

Our last destination was Gandhi Park. Initially we entered the Park shouting our slogan "*cigarette sharab, nasha chodo, zindagi se nata jodo*" and "*isse pehle nasha aapko maar de aap nasha ko maar do*". We then presented our skit at the entrance to Gandhi park. We received an amazing applause and our Principal Mr. Dev Lahiri was interviewed by a channel, TV 100. After a hard days work and finally had some respite as our vehicles reached Chocolate Corner

The news of our street plays was reported in the Amar Ujala and Dainik Jagran newspapers, the next day. It was great as a student to contribute to our society, and I feel it was a job well done.

Are we really Civilized?

"Oh! Good morning", "How nice of you, thank you", "How thoughtful of you" and blah! blah! blah! Does uttering these words make us civilized? Moreover, do we really know what civilized means? 'Oxfordically' civilized means, 'having laws that are fair and just'. But various aspects of the Indian society and other social evils prevalent in the world prove otherwise.

To start with communalism. A force that can either bind people or separate them; but tragically is being used for the latter purpose. There are very few nations in the world, if any, that are untroubled by this menace. Be it the 1984 Sikh riots or the more recent Gujrat riots, this social evil makes its presence felt in India every now and then. Even within religion, there are wars amongst castes and sects. The ongoing Dalit –Yadav controversy has taken a heavy toll in India. The Shias and Sunnis share a very *fractured* relationship in majority of the countries of the world. There are religious bigots present who are antagonistic and ever ready to kill in the name of religion. With such people around, we, as a world are hardly civilized.



Terrorism is another major problem being faced by several countries today. For terrorists, killing is their religion. Terrorism does not have a face and no one can be made accountable for it. In India, Kashmir is under constant attack by terrorists who claim to have been doing all this for the 'benefit' of Kashmir. The 2006 Bombay blasts or the recent 2007 Samjhauta Express blast, which killed numerous people, prove beyond doubt that we do not live in a civilized world.

Women, who constitute a significant percentage of the population, also do not enjoy a very good position in society. Age old traditions like Sati reappear now and then. In 2006, a woman, Sita Devi, committed Sati in Patna leaving all those who thought Sati dead and gone, baffled. Honor killing is lawfully accepted in over eighteen countries. Such an inhumane practice - and we say we are civilized. What a farce! The New Year's eve incident at the Gateway of India shows that women, even in 'urban' areas or even in a group, are not safe.

In our very own school, 'civilized' children break furniture and deface property worth thousands every term. All across the globe, drug mafias target schools, colleges and thus paralyse the very future of the world. With such people can we be called civilized? I am not trying to say that we are uncouth, blood thirsty devils ready to kill people every time. We have taken steps to improve from what we were a hundred years ago. But need to take a cue from Robert Frost's famous lines "There are miles to go before we sleep."

At times we are masterpieces created by Him and at other times we put Him to shame by our misdeeds. We need to do some real analysis to answer the grim question "Are we really civilized"

- Vanshaj Agarwal
XII- Hum

Recipe for Murder

'He had everything, I had none'

Preparation -

'And the award for the best all-rounder goes to ...' I knew the name before the ceremony began. Roy Trafalgar had everything that a teenager could dream about. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he had the looks and was a great sportsman. He had won every single award in the school calendar. And he had Renee. A very amazing girl, she had the looks of a most beautiful

queen and her lustrous aura could even pierce even the heart of a beast. You could say I liked her, but I never received anything from her. Trafalgar had been the greatest student, the greatest person for all, except me. He had humiliated me almost every time that we had met. He had called me names and even worse, things that are too obscene for me to write. I hated him, I envied him, I was jealous and there was only one thing on my mind and that was revenge. A revenge so nasty that it would change his whole life, or even better, end it. So I started planning for a pleasure filled chase.

Ingredients:-

I knew that a rich guy such as Trafalgar could never be caught at his house or at the school. So my only option was to catch him when he was about to board the bus. I took a toolkit which was full of sharp accessories (like knives, daggers and even thumb pins!) in case I needed them to tear at his eyes. I even found a person who lent me a gun for only 25 bucks a day. Chloroform and cyanide were bought in abundance, so you could say that it was an expensive 'accessory' list, but I tell you that it was nothing compared to the revenge I was about to wreak.

Procedure -

I stacked all my 'stuff' in a small bag and set out on my adventure. I felt that now I was an expert at stabbing people (after seeing The Whole Screen and I Know What You Did Last Summer movie series). I went to school and was happy to see my prey right where I wanted him. I know he wouldn't have thought, even in his wildest dreams, what a catastrophe was headed his way. I was happy. After the last class had ended we all set out towards the bus. Trafalgar was making his way to the toilet and I sensed my chance. I put the chloroform onto my handkerchief and set out behind him. As we entered the toilet, "Hey, hi Trafalgar" and boom, the handkerchief went in. The instance I put it into his mouth, he collapsed. After he was unconscious, I dragged his perfume-smelling body to the bushes behind the toilet.

I stared at his body lying in front of me. Then in a turbulent rage, I took out a dagger and stabbed him time and time again until I was sure he was dead. The stabbing scene somewhat reminded me of Julius Caesar's killing by the Conspirators. My plan had worked to the T, I thought. I dragged his body onto the garbage dump and covered him up with rotting vegetables. My job was done.

I was sitting at home when suddenly the doorbell rang. It was the local police, "Sir, we have to arrest you and you have the right to remain silent," he said. "For what?" I replied. And the reply was no surprise, "For murder." "Is there any evidence for you to state this?" I blabbered. "Sir, we found this, your id card near the dead body of Mr. Roy Charles Trafalgar." At that instant I thought to myself, I'm dead.

How the recipe tasted -

You must have guessed what happened next. An investigation was carried out. A court case was fought and I was found guilty of murder. I was sentenced to death, to hang till I'm dead.

And now I'm in my prison cell. I am thinking of a few lines from an old song of Tom Dooley.

"By this time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be, out in some lonesome valley, hanging from a wild old tree!!!"

- Jatan Singh Soni
IX - B

What is it about working with Young People that attracts me?

To the young mind everything is individual by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things seen in their nature, then three, then three thousand... discovering roots running underground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem... Emerson.

To discover "roots running underground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem" is I think the mission of both teachers and learners and to be a part of the process is the most invigorating experience of life. I know it may sound idealistic in this fast paced and techno savvy world where everyone is trying to like the other but then what is a teacher without values and ideals!

We often speak of the younger generation as being the key to a brighter future, but we forget the importance of educators who are responsible for showing young people the universe and guiding them to their place within it.

Leo Buscaglia, in his wonderful book about the largest experience of life 'Love' beautifully and very succinctly puts it, "Education should be the process of

helping everyone, each student to discover his uniqueness, to teach him how to develop that uniqueness, and then to show him how to share it because that's the reason for having anything". Imagine what the world would be like if all along the way, you had people say to you, "It's good that you're unique; it's good that you're different. Show me your differences so that I can learn from them. However, we still see the processes again and again, of trying to make everyone like everybody else. Why don't we say to our students, "Fly! Think for yourselves."? We give them our old knowledge (that too in a boring way) and say to them, "Now, this is what is essential. This is what is important." Could it not be that among our students there are greater dreamers than ourselves? I'm optimistic. I strongly believe there are. So, why tell them to be someone else when you are the best you. After all, you can only be the second best anyone else. The realisation of this huge responsibility is what makes our job the most attractive in the world.

There is no other profession where you get an opportunity to be forces for positive movement in our communities. As educators we can lead and guide our students to become involved.

Cultivating global awareness in our students, developing their capacity for leadership, opening our doors to children who can't afford our programme and taking a stand personally and professionally, for every child's right to education and to a world where weapons and violence do not take priority over food, shelter and human decency are some other responsibilities of teachers.

Even while trying to maintain the highest educational and professional standards in our classrooms and schools, I believe there is always room for activism on behalf of the children society leaves behind.

Constantly, we need to 'scream' at our students. 'Think what you are, and all the fantastic potential of you!'

Imagine, if I can, as a teacher even motivate one kid to think this way, what a mind blower it would be!

All this may sound like an ambitious agenda but in my opinion, the teacher and student have an important contribution to make in the shared future of this planet and this is a sacred duty of secondary school educators, who provide one of the last bridges adolescents cross on their way to adulthood.

Doesn't this make our job the most challenging and exciting in the world?

- Rashmi Rawat

None can describe my life in [PEOPLE PRAY TO GOD FOR HEAVEN,
WELHAM. These mere words JUST SHOW THEM THE WAY TO
have no meaning. They are "WELHAM."
as insignificant as I am to (Ruseem Choudhary) 2001-2007
this World. "IS IT NECESSARY TO LEAVE?" (TUSHAK SAINI) 2001-07

CARSHJYOT S. Beni 01-07
SO MANY THINGS I'VE COME TO REGRET
SO MANY THINGS I COULD NOT GET
FROM THIS PLACE, I'VE COME TO CALL HOME
NOW THAT I'M GONE I FEEL SO ALONE
BUT ALL THAT I HAVE, I SHALL NOT HIDE
A FEW CHERISHED MOMENTS I TAKE WITH PRIDE. [BARKU.V] 99-07
"WELHAM HAS TAUGHT ME
THAT FAILURE IS
SUCCESS TURNED
INSIDE OUT."
(ARCHIT NARWAL) 99-07
We joined as friends
But are leaving as
Brothers 95-07

It is very tough to sum up
what WELHAM has given me in
few words and so all I want
to say is that it has made
me a COMPLETE person.
PROUD TO BE A
WELHAMITE. (GAURAV MITTAL) 1998-07
I PROMISE TO LEAD BY EXAMPLE,
TO SET THE HIGHEST STANDARDS
OF INTEGRITY, COMMITMENT AND
UNSELFISHNESS.
TO EXECUTE MY DUTIES WITH
FAIRNESS AND KINDNESS,
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
AND IN ALL THAT I DO
TO UPHOLD THE HONOUR AND
GOOD NAME OF THIS OUR SCHOOL
... TRYING HARD AS
EVER. 95-07
DO YOU KNOW HOW IT
FEELS...
TO BE TAUGHT LIKE A SON,
TO BE LOVED LIKE A BROTHER
TO BE RESPECTED AS AN EQUAL,
I THINK I DO!
- (KIRI) -
Thank You
WELHAM. I'll
Always Remember
You..... (95-07) *Indira*

In the freedom of heaven,
In the brouc of life,
be not dumb driven
be a hero, be a
Welhamite!
Nothing can define
life in welham, but experience.
I just don't want to leave
this place
I want to pull
it with myself.
(01-07)

Two years back
it was difficult for
me to imagine how it
was different from
my old school.
(05-07) *Pranav*

"EXCELLENT" x 10²⁰ times
- This is how I define my life in Welham
I define my life in Welham
TIME WAITS FOR NONE AND
I AM NO EXCEPTION.....
SEPARATIONS ARE A PART OF LIFE
THIS ONE UNFORGETTABLE
Now if I feel that I am
alone... Good bye
29/07/07 Bawal (01-07)
NO MATTER WHO I WAS
NO MATTER WHO I AM
NO MATTER WHO WILL I BE
I'LL ALWAYS BE A TRUE
"WELHAMITE" (98-07) *Pranav*
LIFE IS AN UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY
WHICH WELHAM HAS TAUGHT ME TO EXPLORE....
25/07 95-07
JOINED AS A MERE BOY FROM JAMMU
LEAVING AS A FINE GENTLEMAN FROM
"WELHAM."
Amit (95-07)

10 YEARS AT THIS PARADISE
CHANGED MY LIFE ALTOGETHER.
NOW ITS TIME TO GO AHEAD &
CHANGE THE REST OF THE
WORLD. I'LL MISS U WELHAM.
WIT PANJWANG (1997-2007)
WELHAM HAS MADE ME
THE MAN THAT I AM TODAY.
Thank you, Welham.....
'MANISH KHERA' '96-07
Life is a solitary journey
and in this journey
I come across a place
called Welham, that
explained me the
meaning of this
journey. *Mayank Razi* (2001-2007)

IT IS SAID, PEOPLE EXPERIENCE
HEAVEN AFTER DEATH
BUT I HAVE EXPERIENCED HEAVEN
BEFORE DEATH DURING THESE
11 years in "WELHAM".
FRIENDS REPRESENT A WORLD IN US,
A WORLD POSSIBLY NOT BORN UNTIL
THEY ARRIVE. (96-07) (CHIRLEYA KAKKA)

The journey ends here, still such a long way to go,
So much I have learnt yet so much more to know,
Friends that I have made, I cannot live without,
Every moment spent here, makes me feel proud,
For the person that I am,
I owe myself to Welham.
Nothing in this world can
make me forget Welham.
People say that their journey is ending
but the journey has just begun
1996-2007



Oliphant Focus

Community service for Welhamites has become as important as most other necessities of life. And with the school recently hosting the Special Olympics, Drug Abuse Workshop and a service project in Jaidwar, it just goes on to say what we are doing to make a difference.

When can we rise from the shadows of our school and come to a stage when people talk about individuals being involved in community service? Why is it that our 'spirit of social service' starts and ends in the school itself?

Are we involved in social service just for our selfish needs? These questions definitely need to be answered.

"Let me be idealistic!" the intuition was shouting, "I have had enough of living in reality and not seeing things taking a positive turn around me, let me be free...let me 'believe'!"

This same voice rings inside most minds, minds like ours that we think are 'rich'. What we do not realize is that whenever we curb the idealist within us; we uncover Satan in the form of over-indulgence, selfishness and wealth in the form of money.

It takes courage to come out from under the warmth of the 'shawl' spun with threads of selfishness and accept that we do not belong to ourselves and will go as we came, naked and penniless.

It took people like Mother Teresa, Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi to make other people realize the power of selfless service, albeit in different fields.

The meaning of service is different for different people. Some take it as serving food to beggars on holidays, others set up schools for the underprivileged and many devote their lives to make the lives of the mentally and physically challenged worthwhile. Though meanings may be worlds apart, but the goal is the same – a better place to live with one's head held high.

Mother Teresa once famously said, "We ourselves feel that what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean. I think the ocean would be less because of that missing drop. I do not agree with the big way of doing things." Thus, it is very important for each one of us to make a contribution, no matter how small it is.

The thought about selfishness and money is a necessary evil related with devoting oneself to others. But contradictory to the way that most people

comprehend the terms, service is in fact the highest form of selfishness. Religiously, most of the holy books confirm this statement by more or less saying, "Serve the poor and you will have served the Almighty. Feed the poor and you will have fed God." Practically, the happiness that is gained out of serving is unfathomable and too heavenly for us to be able to describe.

As far as money goes; it is sadly but surely known that the more you get the more you want!

There are many who have tried this path and have been disillusioned and diverted. They are to be respected for they have at least tried. So why not give it a try, why not love the mentally challenged, why not care for the drug addict, why not teach the underprivileged, why not give to those who need it more than us!

Each ray of our shine will help the puddle of despair enliven itself with fresh energy and vibrancy...every single ray counts!

- Sudipt Juneja
XII - C

Answers

The name was all over the newspapers...people were praising it...everyone was proud of it..... proud of a school named Welham.

I'm talking about the last year when the much talked about spirit of service had 'caught' all the Welhamites. Every one was praising the way Welham was making a difference to other people's lives, especially the underprivileged and the oppressed. Boys went for service projects to work for those who had lost their homes due to the Tsunami, a group went up to Kashmir to present a cheque for the Earthquake relief, the Cheshire Home and Raphael were paid regular visits by Welhamites, and the list goes on and on...

It still makes us feel proud when we hear all this and why shouldn't it? After all they are Welhamites who all are doing all this. Isn't the name and reputation of Welham rising?

But, it makes me wonder, why are we doing all this? Just because it's become a compulsory one hour SUPW time in our schedule? Or maybe because when we go to Cheshire Home, we can sneak to the



nearby shop and have a packet of chips? Or because there are a lot of girls coming for the service projects?

Why is it that whenever we do something for others or in other words “community service”, we have another motive in our mind other than that of actually helping the community? When we were asked to give in our names if we would like to go Kashmir, a few of my friends approached me, asking me to join them so all of us could go together. On the other hand, boys giving in their names for service projects, would find out if girls would also be attending the service project.

The other day, a group of boys were discussing how to get their next IAYP badge. One of them mentioned that he would attend a Round Square Service Project and he would easily get the badge. Is the motive of IAYP to award those people who work and achieve for society or to those who do it get an IAYP award.

Some people, however, when going for such projects think more about their future. The Round Square monitor of our school was being constantly ‘bugged’ by a group of boys who kept asking him when they would get their certificate for attending a project. On being asked why they needed it, they replied, “Because it will help us in our college admission”. Is this why the Round Square organizes the projects, so that we can secure our futures?

It again brings me back to the question – why pretend to do community service when we do it just for selfish reasons?

When will we start feeling for the poor and needy from within, instead of someone reminding us we should feel so? When will we start ignoring all our selfish reasons and then do something for the weak and oppressed?

I do not have the answers for my own questions, and I leave it up to each one of you to answer them. But before concluding I would like to remind you of a prayer from our own Prayer Book –

‘Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to look for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will.’

- Ashish Chowdhary
XII - C

Sultana and Nadeera

[In Hindi]

“What is your name?”

No answer

“Where do you live?”

Still no answer

Her eyes seemed a bit shy, unlike those of most of her fellow classmates, who were still in class two. Perhaps she was feeling inferior, because of the apparent distance of our lifestyles and upbringing.

“What is your name?” I persisted, determined to break the barrier. It was my first time, trying to establish a conversation with a class two kid studying in one of the thousand unnoticed, maybe uncared for, government schools in North India.

My thought was interrupted by a timid voice.

“Nadeera”.

Finally! The little girl had replied. A little questioning revealed, the life of a poor child fighting her fate against all odds to another child, who by a stroke of luck had no worries or cares. Without a trace of emotion, empathy or even malice, Nadeera told me about her family. Her mother was in hospital, suffering from some disease which I could not understand. Her father worked as a bus driver during the day and a waiter late at night. His left profile, ear and eye had been severely damaged in an accident.

Nadeera was still going on, ignorant of my emotions or the amazement which I was trying to suppress. This little girl in front of me, who helped her father in a road-side eatery, wanted to be a doctor. And the determination showed in her six year old eyes.

Another boy in the third standard, Ravi, led a somewhat similar life, except that he had to work much harder, to help his father feed their six member family. He was one of the few enthusiastic guys who played soccer and kho-kho with unlimited energy. He was waiting to grow up ‘as fast as possible’ and join the DAV College team where his elder brother studied.

But even more touching was a little girl, Sultana. After ten minutes of consistent questioning she told me her name, which I couldn’t quite understand due to her lisp. Three of her siblings and her mother had passed away and only her father was alive. Her nose was

12 The Oliphant

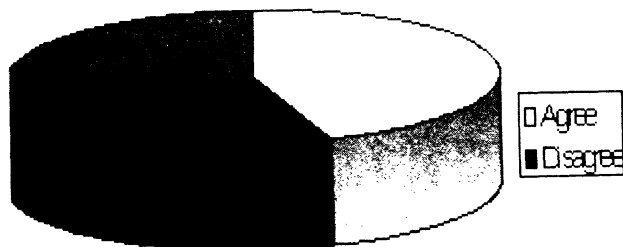
watery, her clothes dirty but not torn, her hair matted and unclean, yet her face showed no human emotion. I could only imagine her plight.

This one visit shook me out of my sheltered shell into the dark forest of reality around me - I feel lucky and fortunate.

- Prateek Modi

XII - Sc

The SUPW in our school does not have any importance.



WELHAMPIE

Staff: Agree: 2 Disagree: 15
Class XII: Agree: 8 Disagree: 18
Class X: Agree: 13 Disagree: 19
Class IX: Agree: 27 Disagree: 9

It has value because my SUPW is doing something productive.

- Ms. Indira Mahajan

It has importance. It encourages students to participate in activities in which they normally don't take part and also learn to care for others.

- Mr. Brahma Raina

But it does have importance, especially after the SUPW timings have been revised.

- Mr. Karna Puri

SUPW is one activity which brings us out of our shells and makes us 'work'.

- Prateek Modi

It's Time to Go...

I may not miss the buildings
My room at Cauvery I may forget,
But whatever I do and wherever I go
I shall miss those whom at Welham I met!

I shall miss laughing with **Saini**
He was my partner in every crime,
And arguing with **Archit** on petty issues
With **Manishek** wasting everybody's time!

I shall miss **Omit** teasing everyone
And **Aman** never spending a penny,
Kushal as a thorough gentleman
And **A.J** having girl 'friends' many!

I shall miss **Akshay's** moral lessons
Shaurya and **Kochhar's** craze for soccer,
Rasik's fatherly nature
And **Manik's** love for the *mithai* in his locker!

I shall miss discussing various issues with **Kartik**
And **Chirantan** scolding me like my mom,
Mayank and **Bothra** always quarrelling
And **Monish** disturbing everyone in the dorm!

I shall miss **Tah's** Delhi gossips
And working in the news room with **Chucky**,
'Chic-talk' with **POPS** and **Sheriff**
And **Mohit's** tuck if I sometimes got lucky!

I shall miss **Arjit's** funny one-liners
And **Quseem** for his *Roza* food,
Dhairya for his fear of girls
Abhijit as the *Amreecan* dude!

I shall miss **IL's** lessons
Gaurav and **Pratyush's** Indo-Nepali talks,
Akshat as 'Mr. I don't give a damn'
And **Suraj** for his late night walks!

There is this uncanny feeling in my heart
Which I just cannot show,
I can't believe that 12 years are over
And it's time for us to go!

For the last time,
- Ajitesh Kir
XII - Hum (outgoing)



Victimised 'The Indian Society'

When westernization is suppressing the very essence of our traditional country, when the common code of decency seems to be so ill-defined, it would not be wrong to say that our very own society has fallen to this very westernization and our originality seems to be entirely lost.

Today every section of our community has victims of what one calls 'Fashion' or for that matter a 'Happening' lifestyle. Today people are willing or let us say, compelled to spend a major proportion of their income on commodities which are referred to as 'in' by actors or by others in our society. This is because if people are not able to keep up with the fashion which is changing almost everyday, they may not feel comfortable at social gatherings and they may not be able to take part in discussions. Yes, today fashion has become a compulsion and to an extent that people only prefer to have fashionable friends or have no company at all. This very fashion has given way to a breed of people called the Lifestyle Addicts.

These are the people who addicted to fashion which may be music or just clothes. Still not clear? I'll give you the example of a lady in Bangalore who spends over fifty thousand rupees on clothes every month, even if she does not need them! A person's existence in the present scenario is not judged by his mind or attitude but how well he keeps up with fashion, the celebrity world or for that matter what Liz Hurley wore during her wedding and how expensive it was. This is all people talk about and a person not aware of all these things is often found to be alone.

If you think all this is limited to clothes and music think again, even relationships have fallen to this change. Yes, today a boy does not indulge in a relationship with a girl for friendship but for the sake of not being different from his other friends. A report in a newspaper shows that girls are forced to indulge in relationships with boys at a young age of eight just due to peer pressure.

The essence of our society has now become to destroy individual character and choice. So let us leave fashion where it belongs and improve our standard of thinking and stop distinguishing people on baseless parameters.

- Praharsh Agarwal
X B

Worlds Apart

The twilight was fading,
The west was getting brown.
I saw a young girl near the temple,
Her face had a frown.

Her body was glowing,
Glowing with vernal heat.
She was clothed in nothing but a rag,
She was sitting alone in the street.

I wondered what she was doing there,
I wondered what she was observing.
She was just looking at the people,
And was frantically coughing.

As I approached her,
A fancy black car came speeding by,
It halted right between us,
A girl got out and went to café nearby.

Bubbling with energy,
Shouting with joy,
Seeing her parents (I supposed) who got out after her,
I was assured they were there to enjoy.

Lost in her own world of excitement,
She missed a step and fell down; she looked much like
a dreamer.
Her mother came rushing to her aid,
Though I am sure she could have managed without
her.

Suddenly I remembered the girl,
The one sitting near the temple,
I made my way through the traffic,
But she was gone, and I thought her to be feeble.

I stood there In the middle of the street,
Dazed and confused,
I pondered over something,
And then I just moved.

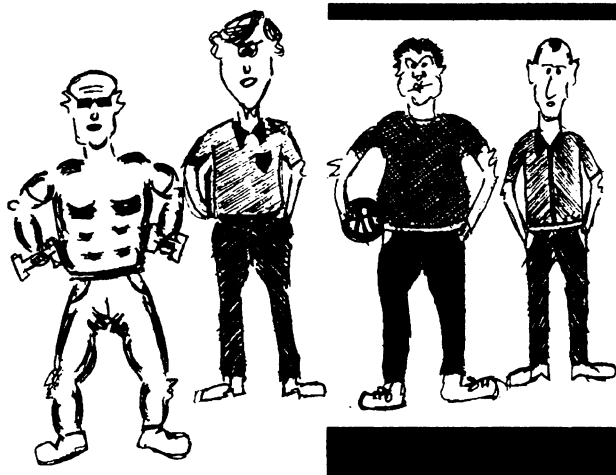
I seek an answer, an answer to a question from deep
inside,
Is life full of hardships, or is it just an easy ride?

- Vanshaj Agarwal
XII - H

Dude(s) of the Month

Sports in our school seems to have a renewed vigour and the entire credit goes to the Physical Education Department. These 'dudes' are bent on making us realize the importance of physical fitness in this 'studies – dominated' environment.

To start with, the sporting facilities have increased enormously. In the last few years, three new sports have been introduced - golf, shooting and horse riding. With increasing sporting facilities it has become very difficult for Welhamites to decide which sport to play.



The Special Olympics for the mentally challenged was hosted by our school earlier this month and the success of the event can be largely attributed to the Sports Department. The grace and the dignity with which these games were held, is truly commendable.

The sheer professionalism with which the Inter House tournaments have been conducted is also remarkable. The Cricket and Badminton Inter House Tournaments have both gained popularity just because of the manner in which they were conducted.

The Sports Department has its hands full preparing for the Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament and the Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament. The tournaments occurring in quick succession, doesn't really make their work easier. They are already organizing camps during our Mid-terms to prepare the boys for the tournament.

Here is wishing them luck for the weeks to follow and hope that they come through with flying colours.

Monthly Quiz

1. Why did the lawyers in Pakistan recently stage a protest?
2. Whom did Hidayat Ullah Khan refer to when he said, "We pray that Allah may give him 200 years to live"?
3. Who has Francois-Henri, fashion magnate, recently married?
4. Who won the 1st F1 race of this season held in Melbourne?
5. "If I was not a physicist I would be a musician". Who said this?
6. Which was Eric Clapton's first band?
7. "Another Brick in the Wall" was played on which historic event?
8. Which famous American president had all Rhodes scholars in his cabinet?
9. Which current non-test playing nation, won an exhibition test match against the West Indies in the 1960's, at a time when West Indies was regarded "unbeatable"?
10. Who received the Oscar for best actor this year?

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

Ans 1. Kumar Mangalam Birla.

Ans 2. Sidney Sheldon.

Ans 3. O.P. Nayyar.

Ans 4. Singur.

Ans 5. Nusli Wadia

Ans 6. PSLV stands for Polar Satellite Launch Vehicle.

Ans 7. Anurag Kashyap

Ans 8. Robert Adler.

Ans 9. Hugh Grant and Jemina Khan.

Ans 10. The Doors

The Pizza is sponsored by CHOCOLATE CORNER, Dehra Dun.

The Domino's pizza for the last issue's quiz was won by Abhimanyu Hannah, class XII.



Young Wings

Autobiography of a Rose

Hi! Everyone, I am Rose. My petals are red. I am so beautiful that the insects are attracted to me. Everyone plucks me and smells me. Sometime they pluck me and give me to their friends. I am very delicate and if the wind blows fast I am blown away. I look pretty in girls' hair.

I feel very bad when anyone kills me by plucking me; I always wonder why people pluck me. I live near Alfred's house in a garden. Alfred always comes and greets me in the morning. The bees buzz and take nectar from me and the butterflies bounce and play around me. I also like to play with them and I am proud of what I am.

- Akshat Jain
V A

Sunflower

I am a sunflower. I am very happy to be a sunflower. I am standing in the middle of a bunch of flowers. I have beautiful petals. When the sun rays come on me, my head moves towards it. That's why I am called the sunflower. My petals are yellow in colour. I am tall. When the visitors come and see me they feel very happy. My stems are strong enough to hold my body. I am very lucky because I shine like a sun. Some people pluck me. Still, I remain very happy.

- Kamtar
V A

Through the Keyhole

Gurvijay (*boasting to his classmates*) – Guys, when I was in class IV, I hit a recycle kick!

Mr. Raina (*explaining the murder of Caesar to a group of class IX boys*) – They then took out their daggers and went (with action) *khach, khach, khach!*

Sanil Chawla during a house match – Guys, *just chill your cool!*

Aftab to Rohit - Who was Rajiv Gandhi's father?

Rohit - *Indira Gandhi*

Aftab - *She was his mother*

Rohit - *Sorry...Sorry...Sanjay Gandhi!*

Separated at Birth

Mr. Kuqsal
Mr. Ajay Kelly
Kartik Viswanath
Eshay Tobgyal

Manas Siyal
Tushar Saini

Shabaz Singh
Kailas Kher
Kartik Dadu
Anthony
(winner-Roadies)
'Chuiya' in Water
Muttiah Muralitharan

What's In

Moradabad
Photography room
Buntikkis
Sports Camps

What's Out

Egypt
Welham News Room
Burgers
Mid-Terms

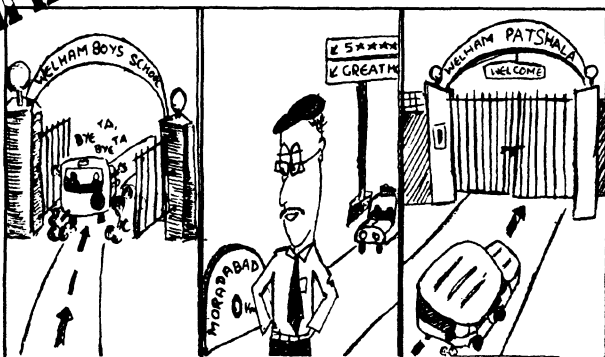
Ringside View

As the Sports Department is now in the 5th gear, it is the ripest time of the season for the ringside view. The body is as important as the mind. A successful person will have a balanced diet of mind and body and this is one of the toughest yet easiest challenges of life.

The cricket Inter-House is now over with the finals between Krishna and Jamuna. The match ended with Krishna taking away the silverware for the year. But Jamuna stood its ground and it was no easy ride for

Welham...

By Aftab Singh Sandhu





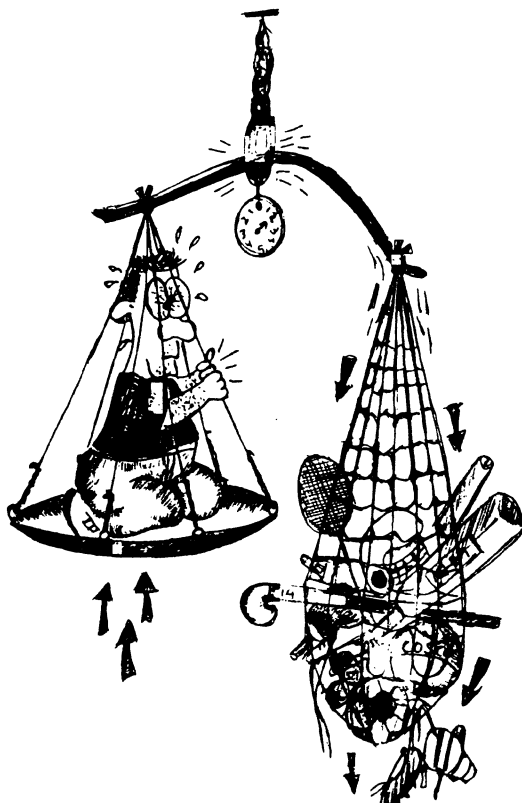
Krishna though Krishna won by 66 runs. However, Jamuna got back at Krishna by defeating them in the juniors category. Nonetheless, the Inter-House this year was full of interesting matches. The most interesting one was undoubtedly Krishna vs. Ganga which ended in a tie. It was a sad season for the Cauverites though. The defending champions could not hold on to their cup. Ganga also could not produce results as expected of them despite having a strong team.

Badminton was for Cauvery this season with the House winning in the Seniors and ending up as runner-up in the junior category, losing by a small margin to the eventual winners, Ganga. As the season for Cricket ends in school, the Houses are looking forward to the Hockey tournament to get their sweet revenge.

The Cricket World Cup has lost its gloss due to the murder of Pakistan's coach Bob Woolmer and the shock exits of the Sub-Continental power houses, India and Pakistan. The dismal performance of the Indian Team makes me fear what will happen to them when they return home. However, some of us are still being optimistic and hoping that Bangladesh may just lose to Bermuda!

The Champions League enters the quarterfinals stage without Arsenal or Barcelona (previous season

finalist). None the less, the remaining teams promise a treat for all the soccer fans around the world and especially in Welham. The names of the teams itself turn on the passion and fire inside these people. The leagues continue while the UEFA Cup also is reaching its last stages.



The F1 season has begun as Kimi Raikkonen promises Ferrari that it will not miss its legendary Schumacher and has proven it by winning the first race of the season at Melbourne. Starting at Pole position and trailing behind him all the way, Alonso, the two times champion, tried all tricks in the bag to overtake him. Ferrari's No.2, Massa also proved his worth by coming sixth, after starting sixteenth. The young Lewis Hamilton also showed himself to be not just a kid and gave the older experienced racers a tough time on the track.

So, that is all for this month. The next month is full of sporting action with many basketball and hockey tournaments and I'm pretty sure the teams won't let us down, unlike our Men in Blue!

- Anesh Gurung
XII - H

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