

***Think About It...***

*Is God Man's own mistake  
Or is Man, God's own mistake*

*- Anonymous*

## Editorial

"A Country gets real joy out of just hollering for their freedom than they do if they get it". India is a perfect example of this. When we were under British rule for more than two hundred years, freedom was the dearest thing to us. Sixty years have passed since that fateful day, that day when Pt. Nehru proudly unfurled the tricolour, and the essence of freedom seems to have got lost. Yes, we proudly celebrate our Independence Day but do we really mean it? Or is it just another run-of-the-mill holiday?

A free India...an idea which seemed so special those days but now that we are very much independent, we have started doubting our own freedom. The present state of the nation makes one wonder, "Were we actually better off under the British?" Earlier we Indians took refuge in our culture and now when it is almost non-existent, we only boast of a growing economy.

At a time when the world is welcoming India with open arms, it is depressing to look at our own backyard. Apart from the economy we seem to have ignored everything else. Right from the environment to the vast rural population, everything remains neglected. In this era of the 'Global Indian', the real Indian seems to have

got lost. The Indian, who has been the backbone of this nation, tirelessly toils day in day out, while we, the pseudo Indians bemoan the lack of infrastructure and look on.

With this issue, Oli has tried to make those people feel cared for, who make life in Welham a lot easier and special for us – the support staff. They are the ones who are always there, and yet many a time remain unseen. It is they, who put in massive efforts behind those 'little' things which we take for granted like the early morning tea, arranging the classrooms which we leave in a mess, and a hundred other things.

Keeping all this in mind, we Welhamites dedicate our Independence Day to the Support Staff. But is it enough to make them feel special for just one day of the year and then forget about them? Oli implores all Welhamites to take that one extra step towards them, and make them realize that we respect them for what they are and not what they do.

*Ashish Chowdhary*  
(ASHISH CHOWDHARY)

## Welham Now

- The school hosted the Round Square Regional Project in the Yamuna Valley from 30<sup>th</sup> May to 11<sup>th</sup> June. WBS was represented by **Ayush Agarwal, Suryanshu Vashisht, Prakarsh Ravi, Krishnanand Singh, Randhir Kumar** and **Ravi Ranjan**. They were escorted by **Mr. Karna Puri**, the project leader and **Mr. Manish Pant**.
- **Sudipt Juneja** represented Uttaranchal in the Junior National Basketball Championship held at Anantapur, AP from 10<sup>th</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup> June.
- Consequent to the departure of **Mrs. Meeru Pande, Ms. Rashmi Rawat** has taken over as H.O.D English.
- The following have also left the Welham Community: **Mrs. Pratibha Kandhari, Mr. Suneith & Mrs. Eva Sukumar** and **Mr. Sameer & Mrs. Seema Upadhyay**. We wish them success in their future endeavours.
- The following have joined the faculty this term. **Mrs. N. Bhatnagar** has joined as the Junior School Co-ordinator. **Dr. Bidyut Bose** has joined the English Department and is teaching the senior classes. **Ms. Aniha Brar** has joined as the Public Relations Officer and is helping Welham News and the school's other publications. **Mr. Dharam Nath Dubey** has joined the Hindi Department and is teaching the Middle School and class 9. **Ms. Geeta Louise Joseph** has also joined the English Department and is teaching the Middle School. **Mrs. Anita Joshi** has joined as an Art and Social Sciences teacher in the Junior School. **Mr. Jai Ranjan Kagdee** has joined the Department of Social Sciences, and is teaching Geography to the Middle School. **Mrs. Neelam Chachra** has joined us as Housemother for Ganga B. Oli wishes them all a long and fruitful stay at Welham.
- Practice Examinations for the Board classes were held as soon as the school reopened from 16<sup>th</sup> to 20<sup>th</sup> July.
- The House system has been revised with effect from 4<sup>th</sup> August. There will be only four main Houses now, Krishna, Ganga, Jamuna and Cauvery with three divisions - A, B and C. 'A' will comprise the Senior School, 'B', the Middle School and 'C', the Junior School.
- The new hostel was inaugurated by **Mr. Darshan Singh**, Chairman, Board of Governors, on 9<sup>th</sup> August



Mr. Darshan Singh inaugurating the new hostel on 9<sup>th</sup> August

and dedicated to the memory of the late Maj. Gen. Ranbir Bakshi (MC). Also present was the Charman Emeritus, Mr. Gulab Ramchandani, and other members of the Board.

- The students of Jamuna A & B and Ganga A & B have shifted to the New Hostel early this term along with the students of Oliphant House. Consequent to the shifting of the students to the New Hostels, Krishna B has shifted to the old Sutlej House and Cauvery B to the old Jamuna House.
- The Round Square Junior regional conference was held at the Rashtriya Indian Military College from 27<sup>th</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> of July. We were represented by **Meraj Nisar Khan, Abhineet Kanodia, and Kunja Shrestha**.
- **Kushagra Prasher** and **Rishi Anand Rawat** participated in the Inter-School Extempore English Debate held in Convent of Jesus & Mary on 31<sup>st</sup> July.
- A Vox Populi was conducted on 31<sup>st</sup> July; the topic of discussion being 'Are women in India treated equally?'
- A conference on 150 years of 'The Uprising of 1857' was held in Delhi on 3<sup>rd</sup> August. **Kushagra Prasher, Rahil Walson, Ishan Singh** and **Akash Godara** represented WBS, and were escorted by **Mrs. Monica Tiwari**.
- Students of class 9 and 11 participated in street theatre on drug abuse on 6<sup>th</sup> August, at various locations in town.

## Letters to the Ed

Dear Ed,

I regularly receive your Magazine 'The Oliphant' and I read it with great interest.



I came to know during my visit to India that a Welham Girls School has also come into existence in Dehra Dun but the letter published in your Magazine of February 2007 by Miss Manisha Grover has confused me.

Do you have a separate girl's school or is it a mixed school of boys and girls?

Miss Manisha's letter was impressive and speaks so highly of gender equality and how wonderful it is for the two genders to study together and make friendship with each other. I also read the Principal's address and address of Mr. Wajahat Habib Ullah your Chief Guest. I have a feeling that Mr. Wajahat Habib Ullah was the student of Welham Boys School around the time when I was there i.e. from 1944 to 1946 when Miss Oliphant was the Principal.

Do tell Miss Manisha Grover that I enjoyed reading her article.

Your ex-Principal, Mr. Kandhari (who has since passed away) and his wife were my guests in Lahore in the early 1980s and they were very popular with the old Welhamites. They were also impressed with Aitchison College where I was a student.

I was later made a Member Board of Governors – Aitchison College and stayed as such for 27 years. I am a Monnoo and have contributed in the buildings at Aitchison named after the Monnoo.

I wish Welham all the best, that is where I got all my basic grounding and contributed to my success in my profession which is business and industry.

I note that Welham is 69 years old that means it was founded in 1938. I have also realized that I joined Welham 6 years after its founding that is in 1944.

Ask Mr. Lahiri your present principal to visit us and I promise we will send him back with pleasant memories.

With regards,

Shahzada A. Monnoo  
(Batch of 1946)

Dear Sir,

*It is more of a privilege than pleasure to be replying to you. It is very encouraging for us to receive letters from places such as yours and from people as senior as you.*

*Much to our disappointment, the school has not turned co-ed nor do we have a separate girls' school. Miss Manisha Grover, along with a few more, happen to be the children of our teachers.*

*Oli hopes that the magazine continues to capture your interest.*

## Film Review: Maqbool

**Director:** Vishal Bharadwaj

**Starring:** Pankaj Kapoor, Irrfan Khan, Tabu, Naseeruddin Shah, Om Puri, Masumi Makhija and Piyush Mishra

**Music:** Vishal Bharadwaj

'Maqbool' is an Indian version of Shakespeare's Macbeth in a different time and space. Maqbool takes the emotional content of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" moving the characters to Mumbai's underworld. Hence the witches become two corrupt cops who make prophecies which come true. Enter the king(pin) Abbaji (Pankaj Kapur). He is a don of the Mumbai underworld. He rules the world around him in his own unique style. Lady Macbeth becomes Nimmi (Tabu), Abbaji's mistress, who has her love interest in Abbaji's right hand man, Maqbool (Irrfan Khan).

Maqbool is an obedient servant of Abbaji's. He will do anything on his command and Nimmi thinks she and Maqbool will be sidelined by Abbaji after some Marriage of his daughter. So starts a dangerous game for power, lust and revenge.

In 'Maqbool', Vishal Bhardwaj has once again dared to do something different and with success. His control over the narrative is impressive. In every scene he is able to bring out inner emotions subtly. He has also done well with his self-composed songs and music.

Tabu's level of performance makes the general acting standards of Hindi cinema redundant. Even in her most horrific moment, her body language and the way with which she displays her emotions are beyond evaluation and this takes the film to greater heights.

Irrfan Khan again proves his brilliance. His "Maqbool" goes from stern self-denial to tortured crime, agony and retribution. He speaks well with eyes.

Another surprise is Pankaj Kapur. He displays expressions of utter compassion and power. His body language, style of walking all show that he is a complete actor.

Naseeruddin Shah and Om Puri, who portray corrupt cops and narrators, bring black humour to the movie. Their style of kundali making is hilarious. Also the parody on the Police as witches is excellent especially in the context of current events.

- Welham Boys Film Society

## Are we really Educated?

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen  
Lend me your ears, for I come to bury Caesar and not  
to praise him”

These lines have been echoing in the Indian classrooms for five decades but no one seems to question the relevance of the text in a student's life. This problem does not lie in one particular subject, but all.

Rude as it may sound reality bites. Most Indian course books are devoid of practical knowledge. A school graduate's knowledge extends only as far as course books which generally consist of impractical content. He may have secured above ninety percent but may not have the confidence to voice his views. He may have scored ninety five percent in English but might not be capable of speaking fluently.

No syllabus in the Indian curriculum includes intensive research, analysis or understanding. The syllabus is so vast that the student finds no time for other activities and schools are forced to limit the board classes from taking part in all major activities. The system has confined education to mugging up vast texts and ‘vomiting’ them out during the board examinations. In fact it would be wrong to say that our system educates us; I think it only makes us literate.

We are taught that an educated person is someone who reads enough, someone who understands the curse of ignorance, a person who acknowledges half-truths as worse than lies, and most importantly, someone who will go out and create a difference in the world, not just be another face in the crowd. However what the system demands from us is entirely contrary to the above.

Commission after commission like the NCERT have been set up to suggest changes in the system. Every commission diagnosed huge loopholes and made suggestions. However the changes that could change lives remain only on paper and in files which eventually add up to the heap of unattended ones in government offices.

There is only one solution - an amendment in the system, a change which will develop our minds to think out-of-the-box, a modification which will produce responsible youth and possibly put an end to corruption, a generation which will actually take development to the real and rural India and not just to the ‘Sensex’.

- Praharsh Agarwal  
X B

## Letter to the Principal

My Dear Mr. Lahiri,

I was delighted that during your visit to the UK you were able to join me for tea in the House of Lords.

I also very much enjoyed our conversation about Welham, its heritage and its future plans. The school is obviously run on a high pitch of collective enthusiasm and pride. And the distinction of your alumni speaks for itself.

Too often our debated about education policy here in parliament can become so inward-looking, so parochial. As a government spokesperson on the subject, I know how hard this outcome can be to resist. And so, just listening to you talk so fluently about India in the modern world – the prospects and challenges facing her young people, the traditions and opportunities defining her forward progress – was every bit as refreshing as the Earl Grey!

But it was what you said about friendship and family that really hit home.

As my old friend Neil Kinnock once said, in this crowded, dangerous and beautiful world what really matters is just how much solidarity we can each of us – as parents, as teachers, as students, as leaders – make happen every day. The stronger our connections, one to another, the greater our ability to defeat the evils of our time: poverty, terror, waste and misery. And I make that point thinking out loud, as you did, about the young citizens of India and Britain, together in mutual awareness and affection, over the decades to come.

Mr. Lahiri, let me wish the Welham School success in every theatre, academic and sporting, in the years ahead. It is clearly a highly impressive institution, nourished by the best values, such a credit to the democracy it serves.

With best wishes,

- Baroness Christine Crawley  
(Government Whips Office)  
House of Lords, United Kingdom

## Paranoid

It's something I really wanna avoid  
Some kind of a paranoia  
Like I am on the right track but on the wrong train,  
Help me out – its blowing out my brain!

It doesn't matter how hard I try  
Thing is I don't wanna say goodbye;



Wanna fight my way out - up 'n' away,  
Wanna throw colours into this life so grey...

My brain just won't stop the burning  
Feels like everything in it is churning-  
I want it to stop but I don't know how  
Everything's so painful like a battle ground.

Thing is these wounds just won't heal;  
Something in me says it ain't a big deal-  
I just don't understand myself  
I try but I can't no matter how deep I delve.

I just go on, on and on  
To early dusk from the crack of dawn;  
Bearing it all, like I always have  
Constantly being pushed and backstabbed...

I wish I knew what it was  
A huge mistake or a chain of flaws,  
All I want is to take it all back,  
Forever and ever I will keep it packed.

But you see it's heartless time  
Which for me just won't rewind,  
Like a cruel king snatching rights away from me,  
From you too, you have got to agree.

It was like an earthquake in my mind  
Which left destruction - one of a kind;  
One that can only be undone with time  
All it has to do is *once* rewind.

I'll go back and forever be good  
Once and for all starting from childhood-  
I promise I won't mess up again,  
As I have done every now 'n' then.

All of this is but a pipe dream,  
In the real world I still scream;  
Like I have been doing all these years,  
Help me somebody, I want back my cheers...

I still live like I always have;  
In this dark corner I am stark raving mad,  
Mad at myself for making me who I am:  
A ragged person with a life...but second hand.

- Jaskunwar Singh Kohli  
IX B

## In the Books of M/s Achievers

For the month ending 31st July, 2007

Extra Classes a/c

Dr. (Debit)

to Games a/c

to CCA a/c

to Mid-term Break a/c

to Afternoon Nap a/c

(Debit what comes in, Credit what goes out)

Much as I would love to embrace reality; I would love to loathe it too... the winds of change have finally struck Welham; leaving most of the senior students perturbed. Though the world around us has long been entrapped in the "percentage" phenomenon and the flicker of the lamp had always seemed distant, it has now transcended boundaries and is finally shining strongly on our heads.

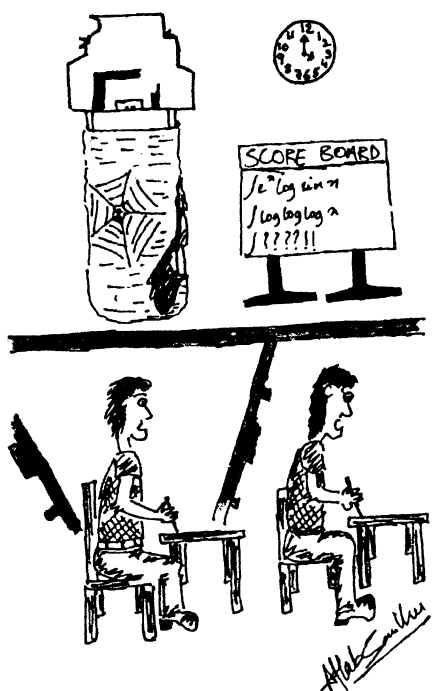
It has seemingly taken a few years for us to grasp the fact that no one is going to get into any good university in India without a whopping percentage! We've long been clinging to the belief which reads, "...but we have so many things to do in a boarding school. How do marks matter when we can do a lot of other things well?"

An interesting thought nonetheless, but littered with towering idealism and a sense of the future – where you get to do what you want to, but at the moment the stakes are on a different objective altogether. Get the percentage "beta"!

Where the senior most class in school was used to living in ultimate royalty and with utmost comfort... things have boiled down to (1) books, (2) books and (3) more books! The changes have not been sudden but we have been 'fortunate' enough to bear the final blow of the timed 'process'. Everything started with the 12thies being booted out of 'PH', then the power of the Prefects was watered down, the winter camp was made compulsory, the amount of time spent on playing and practicing sports was restricted, the number of preps were increased to three, no sports team could include board class students in the team for outstation tournaments, the number of exams were increased and parents started receiving 'the letters'! More recently – extra classes have taken over games time and the advent of the Academic captain has only further strengthened the fact that, "We're talking serious business here."

Quite a few of us have never forgotten what it was like in 'olden' times but it's evident that the fundamental nature of a boarding school runs for cover when it comes to year ten and twelve. It seems that in the years to come ingredients such as social work, sports and public speaking will have been put under lock and key and those who dare to unlock it will not be spared!

The most unfortunate aspect of this reality is that it is thoroughly about short term gains and is rapidly leading the country to develop an insatiable hunger for



'Tutions'. The situation in schools across the plains, ravines and highlands of this country is outright despicable. No wonder then that Indian CEO's are the least paid in relation to counterparts in other developing nations.

The problem is that we do have a knack for rote learning and hard work (the only positive outcome of our 'reality'), but fall miserably short where standards of leadership are concerned. It's a highly questionable practice, and therefore I for instance would be better off using my brains to crack it. For those who are still apprehensive about it, at the moment we really have no choice (till the time somebody comes and shakes the rust off the system), nobody really cares about anything other than those marks...certainly not the university you are planning to get into!

- Sudipt Juneja  
XII - C

## Lampoon Things that will never change in Welham

The only thing constant is change but there are exceptions to every rule. So here in Welham there are a few rituals which have stood the test of time.

'*Ek pyala cha*' is the mysterious elixir which kick starts every Welhamites' day. No matter who runs the kitchen this magic potion has tasted the same for decades.

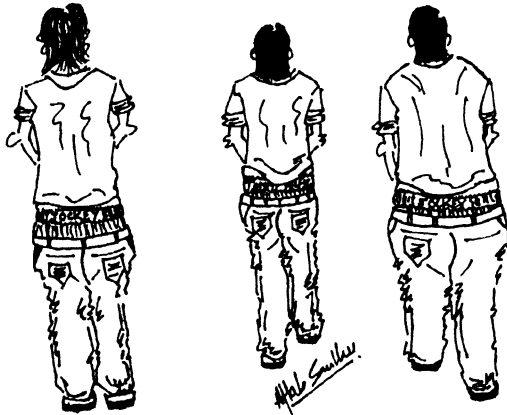
Butter chicken needs little introduction. Even the most exotically prepared dishes in the best restaurants feel like something the cat dragged in and are overlooked for butter chicken. In some (un)fortunate Catch 22 situations when the desperate Welhamite has to choose between butter chicken and *but tikkis* he does what he does the best - has both.

It is strictly against the religious principles of every debonair Welhamite to dress conventionally. His shorts must always cover his knees and his pleated trousers must barely defy the laws of gravity. The macho Welhamite always has the sleeves of his scented shirts' rolled up as if he is on the lookout for any *panga*. Even with his tight schedule he manages to maintain the graceful and dignified Welhamite sense of dressing. Nevertheless he never fails to impress the opposite sex.

Punctuality not being his greatest virtue, the time-strapped Welhamite sure knows how to be on time even when he is late for 1<sup>st</sup> school. Standard excuse range from "I went back get my books" to "My watch is synchronized with GMT". If he happens to be a senior then the ultimate "I was chucking out guys" always works. However most Welhamites live by the motto 'better absent than late'.

Hell for their day school counterparts spells nirvana for Welhamite - **The Boards Epidemic**. Both clans have sleepless nights but for completely different reasons. With rules bent to give them more study time, the studious and ever hard-working Welhamite dons the look which befits a *sanyasi*. Complete with a dusty shawl, Robinson Crusoe beard, long tousled hair with a 'hostel brewed' coffee mug in one hand and (maybe) books in the other. The spiritual instincts which are omnipresent in every human are suddenly invoked. *Tikas* and *malas* can be seen sported by any board - fearing Welhamite.

And finally the one thing which makes life in Welham complete (read bearable) is the unfathomable



bond between the *gurus* and their *chelas*. Even with its highs and lows this relationship has molded each in his own capacity. The '*maa ka pyaar*' is something every emotional Welhamite looks forward to in his teachers and he is never (ever?) disappointed.

Let's hope the fire of these ancient rituals never dies out and keeps the 'elephant' rocking.

- Shivesh Tyagi and Prateek Modi  
XII Sc.

## My First Encounter...

I sat there on the sofa beside my father,  
Waiting for our turn to come.  
Telling myself it would be alright,  
Trying to get my thumping heart to relax.

I had never been to a dentist before.  
So you can imagine my horror  
When Dad first announced in the morning  
That we are going to visit a dental doctor.

I had nearly fainted with terror  
Because, I am sure that you are aware,  
That for any child in the world,  
The first trip to a Dentist is a nightmare.

I had heard many blood-curdling stories,  
Regarding a first time dental check-up.  
And I tell you not ONE  
Helped my confidence to shoot up.

My father's voice broke my chain of thoughts,  
And announced that our turn had come,  
With my heart ready to tear out of my chest,

I walked towards the door, feeling my body go numb.

The door was gently pushed open by my father,  
With me behind him, fully prepared to scream;  
But the sight robbed me of my sound,  
It was beyond my wildest dream...

No two horned black faced monster  
With long pointed fangs, hanging over his chin.  
But a perfectly, human middle aged man  
Giving us a 'white-toothed' grin!!!

Surprised I took my surroundings in  
Feeling my fear vanishing like vapour,  
Suddenly my eyes caught something,  
And I knew there still was danger.

Right in the middle of the room,  
Like the throne of a king;  
Sat the dentist's chair majestically  
Surrounded by many evil and sinister things.

I could feel my fear rising again,  
Dad talking to the Doctor,  
While those scissors and knives waited patiently,  
To help the dentist in my slaughter.

Another minute passed and I found myself  
Sitting in the dentist's chair, watching in slow motion,  
My dad by my side reassuring me,  
And the dentist getting ready for the operation.

Then all of a sudden time speeded up,  
A pin prick, causing the numbing of my mouth,  
The 'whatever' instrument clasp something  
And with a yank the rotten tooth was out.

My mind was in a state of dizziness,  
My mouth busy vomiting blood,  
The dentist making me rinse my mouth,  
In my eyes, tears causing a flood.

Finally at last it was all over,  
And I was walking out of that place;  
Vowing I will never go there again,  
To the end of my days...

- Param Shah  
IX C



## Oliphant Focus

The ferocious rain was spitting at him, violent thunder roared at him. He had no car, no motorbike, no bicycle, but only two frail legs which were shaking in agony to help him reach his destination. His wet shirt buttoned up to his neck was sticking to his shivering ribs. Walking a meter or two, the trembling old man stopped – not because of the rain, thunder, cold or his old age but because of one tormenting thought, “Do I get the respect I deserve?”... He slowly closed his watery eyes and after a moment shook his head and wiped his tears...

He is one of the forgotten heroes. He looked incessantly for us, he is one of those men without whom the school could come to a stand still; he is one of so many we see daily but hardly ever notice. They spend their lives breaking their backs to serve the school faithfully. Yes, I’m talking about the people who are less talked about – the school’s support staff.

Those of you who have experienced life in the junior hostels would have hardly wondered that it was the ‘Aaya Ji’ or ‘Bearer Ji’, those who looked after you so well that they never let you feel your parents’ absence. They stood in front of you when you woke up and sat by you when you slept; they changed your pajamas and your bed sheets when you wet them at night. They smiled when you smiled; they consoled you when you cried. So immense was their love and affection. But have we forgotten it all?

Is the support staff nothing but lowly mortals to sweep floors and take orders? Have we allowed ourselves to get divided by rigid class barriers that we feel so ashamed to shake hands with them in front of everybody? When was the last time you shook hands with one of them? What deters us from thanking the very people who serve us?

Wake up Welham!! Rise and shine and set right the wrong. They’ve been serving us for years; it’s time to give something back. They expect nothing from us but a loving gesture. Believe me, the day you yourself choose to approach them and actually give them a hug could be the day you’ll never forget. You don’t believe me? Try it!! I implore each one of you to make their day, make them feel that they are a part of Welham as much as we are...because they deserve to know this much!!(Don’t they?) Think about it...

He was still consumed by the same thought. He entered the school, wet from head to toe and his throat was sore, his eyes moist. Shoulders heavy and his body tired, his trembling old legs brought him to me and he said in a shaking tone, “Do you remember me – your old bearer ji?” I stood still smiling looking at him, and then stretched my arms to hug the drenched man and whispered into his ears, “OF COURSE!!”

- Kushagra Parasher  
XI - Hum

Do the Support Staff get the respect they deserve?



☐ Agree  
☒ Disagree

### WELHAM PIE

Staff:	Yes: 17	No: 15
Class XII:	Yes: 10	No: 17
Class XI:	Yes: 7	No: 18
Class X:	Yes: 11	No: 25

## The Great Indian Demo(n)cracy

*Aadab. My name is Kabir and I am an eighty year old dying man. Ever since I was ten years old, I have been working at the local post office. From the days when my friends didn't start the Holi celebrations without me to the days when those same friends butchered half my family, I have seen it all. Even after seeing my parents being butchered and my sisters raped because we were 'encroachers' in their land, I decided to stay back. I chose not to go to 'The Promised Land'. I chose not to do the same as they did to me. For me, this was home and they were still family. But now when the sun is finally setting on me, I wonder why. Why even after so many*





*years, I am only a Muslim to them even if they are only brothers, friends and Indians to me.*

Welcome to Hindustan. The largest democracy (*read hypocrisy*) in the world which boasts of the most unique blend of people. From the richest of the rich, to the poorest of the poor. From the most modern to the most traditional. From the most liberal to the most fundamentalist. How much we Indians love classifying people, don't we? This rainbow cultured country of ours is supposed to be the guiding beacon for many countries of the world today. We are supposedly the epitomizers of 'unity in diversity'. Are we actually doing so?

It has been six decades since the British left India. But this is not a complete sentence. Rather, it has been six decades since the British left a partitioned India and celebrations weren't the only feelings then. Till date, death and destruction of such magnitude has never been witnessed in any non war event. Over a million people died in the summer of '47. No one could ever believe how humans can actually turn into such ghastly beasts, ready to slaughter innocent lives. It seemed that all sense of righteousness and justice had been driven out of human minds and had been replaced by the sole motive of murder. Every characteristic that distinguishes us from animals seemed to have escaped the human body, along with emotions and feelings. No one was spared. Men were slaughtered like meat. Women were dragged into city corners and raped in full public view. No one seemed to be able to muster enough strength to do anything for them. Gradually but painfully, all of this subsided. Any rational human would have sworn to prevent something like this in the future. They say that we learn from our mistakes. But sixty years later I ask all of us, have we Indians learnt anything out of this?

In today's India, it is a sin being a minority. The prime target of all insinuations and insults, Indians seemed to derive sadistic pleasure in the suffering of the minorities. One such minority community in India is the Muslim community.

The descendants of the Arabs, Turks, Persians and Mughals, Muslims have been in India for ages now. It is foolish to say that they are actually foreigners. Hindu fundamentalists today, like in the 1930s and 40s, say that they are the true inhabitants of India and thus Muslims do not belong here. Historically speaking, India has been invaded by so many different people that today, a person

of no religion or sect can actually call himself an original Indian.

Muslims today are widely blamed for the partition of India. People of that generation still say that had it not been for Jinnah, India would not have been divided. A single person or group cannot be charged with being the cause of such a critical event. It was actually the shortsighted policy of the British in 1909 that sowed the seeds of partition. What we need to understand is that, post the uprising of 1857, the British embarked on their policy of 'divide and rule' to maintain their hold on India, their Jewel in the Crown. They realized that if the Hindus and Muslims were left united, they were capable similar political unrests in the country.

Communalism is an ideology. In lay man's terms, a communalist or a fundamentalist is a person who actually identifies himself on the basis of his religion, whose daily life is wholly and completely influenced by religion and who believes that a person of the other religion can never be his friend. If in a country, minorities turn communal in order to safeguard their interests from the majority, it can still be understood. It is when the majority turns communal that the real trouble begins. This is what actually happened in India. The Muslim League was formed to safeguard Muslim interests. But there is no reason justifying the formation of the contemporary Hindu Mahasabha. Weren't the Hindus the majority back then? Then from whom did they need protection? If one says that the Muslim League played havoc by inciting communalist and separatist feelings, how can one ignore the major contribution of Hindu communal parties in this? And just incase you did not know, it was our beloved 'Mahatma' Gandhi who actually coalesced religion and politics after his return from South Africa.

Moving on from the mid 20<sup>th</sup> century and coming to much more recent times. The world today is facing a major problem of terrorism. Innocent lives are being lost just because some radical religious bigots have chosen the path of the 'cult of the bomb' to make their voices heard. Here as well, Muslims are being targeted. One Muslim youngster is found associated with a terrorist activity, and we start branding the entire community as 'traitors' and 'blood thirsty savages'. The innocent people like you and I start getting threat calls and our lives are made miserable. When will we understand that whatever the terrorists may proclaim, terrorism has no



religion. It is a crime against humanity. Branding a particular religion and associating it with terrorism is actually creating an atmosphere for breeding this parasite that is eating into global society.

In India itself, the victims of terrorism are diverse. Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs, tribal people etc, all are affected by terrorism. Thus terrorists cannot be classified into one religion. India has lost two of its dearest prime ministers to the hands of terrorists who were not Muslims. Ironically, Gandhi, the 'Father of the Nation' was killed by a Hindu terrorist and we still want to blame the Muslims for terrorism.

Do you think there can be any justification for the acts of fundamentalist political organizations like the RSS and Shiv Sena in various cities of India? Do you think it was right to destroy card shops and beat up youngsters to protest against something as trivial as 'Valentines Day'? These acts are more condemnable than most terrorist activities. At least trained army and military officials are there to search and kill the terrorists, workers of such political organizations harm innocent, unarmed and unprepared people who cannot even defend themselves, even though these people are supposed to be 'educated' and civilized. Ahmedabad 1969, Bhivandi 1970, Tellicherry 1971, Jamshedpur 1979, Kanyakumari 1982, Bhagalpur, Maliana Communal Massacre 1987, the anti-Sikh riots 1984, riots post demolition of Babri Masjid in 1992-93 all bear testimony to the fact that blaming only Muslims is not only incorrect but grossly inhuman. All these communal bloodsheds have one thing in common – they all proclaim the demon of 'majority communalism'. The active involvement of the RSS in at least six of these events has been directly mentioned by the Commissions investigating them. The Justice Srikrishna Commission looking into the riots post the demolition of the Babri Masjid has named at least nine Hindu policemen who were provoking the people. Ram Malik, a BJP worker has been found guilty of inciting the mobs. Unfortunately, all this is just the tip of the iceberg. And we still say that Muslims are wholly and solely responsible for rioting in India. Where is the 'Mahan' of Mera Bharat Mahan now? Whatever happened to the proclamations of 'India Shining'?

We Indians condemn the entire Muslim community because of one misguided Muslim youngster who unfortunately gets involved in terrorism but when a

Muslim does something good, we don't attribute it to their entire community. Why is it that whenever a Shahrukh Khan blockbuster comes to the theaters, we don't miss it because he is a Muslim? Why is it that whenever Sania Mirza crushes her opponents on the tennis court, the fact that she is a Muslim does not mar our celebrations? Why is it that the same people who are the 'elders' of the society tell us how ultimately Muslims are the root cause of all troubles in the world, flock to hear the likes of Ustad Amjad Ali Khan? Why is it that Dr. Kalam is called the 'People's President' if he is a Muslim? Why is it that most recently the entire nation got united to make sure that the Taj Mahal, a MUSLIM Monument, was selected as a Wonder of the World? I guess Amartya Sen should have named his book, "The Hypocritical Indian".

Putting my pen to rest with the famous lines, *"Mahzab nahi sikhata, aapas mein bear rakhn, hindi hain hum watan hain, hindustan humara."*

Jai Hind,  
Vanshaj Agarwal  
XII - Humanities

## Welham Farms...

Welham has always been a school of great style and stature. And so also have been the 'Welham' hairstyles. A great collage of different types, Welham has always had great styles to offer. Let me take you through this Hall of Fame.

**The hippies** – This species of hairstyle has become quite rare in the last few years. These people do have some kind of farm on their heads and to maintain it use expensive manure. However, a few glimpses can be seen during the beginning of any new term. The main cause for this styles' disappearance has been extensive capturing by teachers and poaching by House masters and matrons.

**The shave offs** – This style is the extreme opposite to the former, as it is mostly found in the elder generation of Welham. We might say these people are Ronaldo fans, but they have a bad temper SO BEWARE. But they



are fine people with good hearts, and shiny smiles and heads.

**The super spikes** – These people have hair which quite resembles the “Leaning tower of Pisa”. No matter how much you suppress their hair, it gets up and stands up to fight. The greatest exponents of this hair style are found in the north and north-east of India.

**The “truly gelled” ones** – Well these people are the ones who are into some serious styling. They are true masters of the art of manipulation, manipulating their hair in ways one could hardly imagine. For this they use some secret potions and remedies courtesy of Revlon, L’Oreal, Garnier, Taft etc. Touch their hair anytime of the day, and it’ll be rock solid.

**The “chumpy” gang** – Well these people, seriously need a stylist. They smell oily and leave oil where ever they go. Their hair is always as lubricated as a wet bathroom floor. Touch their hair and it’ll leave a mark on you. Often, they turn out to be brainy as they have a ‘cool’ head.

**The very ‘decent’ guys** – Well, this species of hair style is the safest to have in Welham. These people have hair of a fixed length, no more, no less. And they maintain it to perfection. A very difficult style to keep, if you have any sense of fashion. These guys definitely make some great sacrifices. Way to go, guys.

**The signature ‘Tapti’ and ‘Sutlej’ cuts** – Well these are some seriously dangerous people causing even more dangerous hair cuts. They are hunters, and they hunt in bunches. These poachers are a fright for any Welhamite who has more than an inch of hair. They are lethal and finish what they started, the quest for a one inch haircut.

**The groovy punks** – This is also a fast disappearing breed of hairstyle in Welham. Coloured hair has often had a very controversial history in Welham. These people really know how to mix art with hairstyling. For an ordinary watcher these styles are extinct but look closely and you might find a few surprises.

- Jatan Singh Soni  
IX B

## The Bridge over River Seine

8<sup>th</sup> June, 1944.  
St. Nazaaire, France.

Sam crawled underneath the wires in the dark and soon disappeared. He did not return for quite some time. I feared that he had been captured or killed. Sporadic gunfire and bombs could be heard in the distance. We soon cut through the barbed wires and walked silently in a line till we reached a ditch. Suddenly a half-track (Pkwf-251) appeared and fired at us with its machine gun. The .30 fired back ineffectively. We were stuck. Germans were getting off the half-track and fanning out surrounding us. We were only five of us in the forward post.

In the morning light I saw the enemy figures faintly and counted about twelve or thirteen of them. I quickly ordered the lads to open fire but with care not to waste ammo. The fire made the Germans scamper and take cover. Soon we were under heavy mortar fire. More Germans came and we were completely surrounded. The battle had begun but we knew it would be our lucky day if we all survived. We retreated to the main post.

For hours the bombardment continued and soon we lost our only radio and medic. All that the boys could do was to hide in a hole or in a strong cellar until the firing ceased. Suddenly it stopped and everyone scurried to their positions because soon the Germans appeared in the streets and charged through the rubble. There was chaos all around. There was no defined line of defense. Everyone fought wherever they met. I tried to organize some sort of defense and soon we were holed up in a church covering the main road north of the town to the bridge over the River Seine. Another group to our east covered our right flank and the approach to the bridge from their direction. There were about thirty of us in the church and twenty in the houses across to our right.

All through the day, the Germans attacked us using their superior manpower but we repulsed them after heavy fighting. At one point they were inside the church and we were fighting in the catacombs beneath. Our position was under constant attack throughout the next day as well. Now the Germans brought in artillery into the fight and we could hear heavy tracks clanking in the distance and we clearly knew what they were. We had

no radio and the division had no idea we had already occupied the town with its valuable bridge but were barely holding onto it. Captain Miller was dead. A bullet had gone right through his head. Even Lieutenant Kansas was dead. So I took over the command.

I knew we would not be able to survive another strong assault on the church and now with artillery and tanks, the Germans were in a much stronger position. So I dispersed the men into groups and evacuated the church in the night under cover of darkness. We regrouped in a small inn down the street in front of the bridge with an open square in the center. It was half destroyed with no roof. But we needed only the basement and it had a strong one. The rest of the boys from the houses across also came over. They were now down to half their fighting strength. I became more nervous and unsure. All we could do was to wait for the Germans to attack. I sent Clark and James as lookouts.

The Germans attacked at first light. The bombardment was deafening. The whole earth shook. I shook with fear and was sweating all over. I buried my face in my arms. Then the noise stopped and we heard the tanks rumbling towards the church. They had advanced under artillery cover. James came down to the basement and reported to me. Clark was dead. The Germans were in full force and attacking the church. He also swore he had seen a Tiger tank. I quickly gathered the remaining twenty and went outside. We crawled outside and got into position. We covered the church from its right side and then waited. The Germans quickly charged and soon occupied the church. They found it empty and were puzzled. Within minutes some came in our direction trying to surround the church completely. We opened fire and they ran for cover. But they were in the open and soon all were dead. The Germans knew where we were now. But that was what I wanted. Five of us ran across into the church.

The Germans were now running over to the site of attack. The way to the street which we had occupied was a narrow alley from behind the church and the other was the open square. The Germans coming from the square were fired at from our sole machine-gun. All the while, The Tiger was making a slow U-turn towards the gun nest. The other tank, a Panther, was blocked by it and could not fire yet. The alley at the back was narrow and only the two of us could stop anyone trying to come from there. They tried and were cut down. The fight

was now on. The Germans were concentrating on the machine-gun nest. They got a Panzerfaust into action and fired indiscriminately at the position. Every time they fired, the boys had to stop firing and take cover. Using the brief stop, the Germans crept forward systematically.

Everyone was fighting while our small team crept in to the ruins of the church quietly. We had used our explosive for the bridge to create a small opening into the crypts below. We now used the small tunnel and were inside. Thankfully there was no German below. We came outside and saw the church had partially collapsed. We used the rubble to the fullest. I hoped the Germans would do as I expected. Soon I saw it and there it was. The Germans had their forward command post in the church. They had had no time to find a suitable place due to our sudden attack. There I saw an officer shouting orders to some Germans. One had a radio and that was our target.

We opened fire and the Germans had no time to react. All were dead. The officer was the first to be hit. We quickly grabbed the radio and ran. But the Germans outside heard the fight and rushed in. The exit was blocked. I turned and went out the main door. Right in front of us was the Tiger firing at the gun nest. The Germans near the tank were surprised when they saw us. But we were not. We cut them down and I climbed on to the tank. The rest covered me. I quickly took two grenades and sent them down the open hatch. "Merry Christmas, Fritz."

The explosion was loud and threw me off balance right in front of the tank. But then there was a louder explosion. It was in the rear of the tank and the rest of the boys covering me were instantly killed. The Panther had fired at the Tiger on seeing it destroyed and the enemy around it. The Germans inside the Tiger who had survived the grenade blast now had no chance. I was alone and hidden behind the destroyed tank, trapped between the enemy attacking us from the front and those at the rear. But at least the boys were safe from a tank attack. The destroyed Tiger blocked the path for the Panther. It became a 60-ton roadblock. But then the Tiger shook and moved. I was terrified and crawled out of its path quickly without thinking much. The Panther was literally pushing it. It was amazing. Then bullets hit the dirt all around me and I realized I was back in reality. I scrambled and ran for cover.



The boys had regrouped after the Tiger was destroyed. They provided me covering fire and I ran towards them. I barely managed and dived into a shell hole. I was in a terrible condition and exhausted. But we now were in a better position. The Tiger was not easy to push away just like that. The Panther was still struggling with it. The Germans only had infantry to use against us. The Panzerfaust was killed by us when we came out of the church right behind them. The fire fight continued and then the Panther entered the scene. But we were already on the move. We used the alleys and made our way back to the bridge. We didn't have enough explosive now to blow up the bridge but instead we made a make-shift mine out of it. It was connected to the detonator by wire and laid in the single-lane road leading to the bridge and away from the square.

Now there were only twelve of us who fought our way back. Some of us held up the Germans at the entrance into the alleys. The Panther was moving onto the same road to cut our escape and to get to our rear. It was followed by infantry in a classic offensive formation. But we were again a step ahead and ready for them. The panther clanked forward and triggered our trap. The explosions meant for blasting concrete structures were more than a match for metal tracks and ripped them off. It was immobile.

We sprang out of the alley and attacked the infantry from the sides. Instinctively they were rushing forward to meet the enemy. It was a small force and soon we were over the tank throwing in grenades. It went like clockwork and again we ran towards the square to stop any more Germans. Now the remaining two tanks were in the square but the German commander called them back and retreated. They began to regroup themselves. The German commander thought we were around fifty men with heavy weapons but was mistaken. Anyway we were overjoyed with our little victory. It soon began to grow dark. We regrouped and counted our casualties. Only twelve of us were alive with five wounded. All part of the 140-men strong company which had dropped into the war on D-Day. In the dark we searched the destroyed tanks. The Tiger was completely destroyed. But the Panther's ammunition rack was still intact. We took all the shells of its 75mm gun. We stacked the shells at various points of the bridge and attached all the explosives we had to them.

In the night a loud explosion was heard from the town. The German commander came running out of his

tent. He saw a huge fireball rise up in the sky and knew what had happened. A patrol later reported the town to be empty and the bridge completely destroyed.

- Anesh Gurung  
XII Hum

## Life's Kickabout

A prodigy was born, greatness stared,  
A genius in the making, and his vision rare.

The green arena lights up,  
His rivals are scared.  
Under the burden of expectation, only victory is fair.

His world was of glory, birds and booze.  
Fate he thought was his to choose.

His genius with the ball was unmatched,  
Alas! He was oblivious to the plot destiny hatched.

Money uncountable, his mansions too many,  
Destiny's betrayal, his fortune was now a penny.

His life was ruined, in a moment it seemed  
Tears now flooded his stairway of dreams.

'His career is over' the doctor screamed,  
Mortal and scrutable, the one man team.

Treated as royalty, his routine spelt goals,  
His medals now worthless, only supplement to coals.

The lights are dim, the cheers are now howls,  
With everything lost, his trophies are now bowls.

The breaths grew louder, his time had come,  
The dreaded final countdown had begun.

"Time will heal", he was told.  
"You are our salvation", they had written with letters bold.

"You belong to Jesus", said many a fan,  
The only thing they forgot to tell him was that he was a man.

- Shivesh Tyagi  
XII Sc.

## Sunset in Bali

It smiled benignly at me as it slipped down into the regular and smooth ripples of the golden glazed sea. The mixed colours of crimson and molten gold with a delicate shade of red kept ebbing as darkness like a hot knife on butter seemed to cut through its breast.

The final radiance of the setting sun shone on the golden sand spreading a message of peace, calm and tranquillity that surrounded me like a cocoon. Finally the molten ball of fire disappeared from sight looking as though it had taken a dip inside the sea which glimmered with the celestial light of the incredible body that has provided and sustained life for thousands of years.

Even when the sun is not apparent its glorious light awes the world with its magnificence which symbolizes that we can all make our lives worthy and significant and then after our death just like the rays of the sun that will also be remembered as our footprints will always be etched on the sands of time.

By now the sky bears the odd mixture of spellbinding colours which can only be produced in nature and not be reproduced in any painting or verse. The unique palette of colours in front of me, thus empowered me to live yet another day in my life with full gusto as I turn my back towards the young night unfurling itself upon the sky and horizon, and walk away...

- Abhinav Basu  
XI Sc

## Dude(s) of the Month

Phew! When The Oliphant carried a photograph of Mr. Panwar posing in front of a crane, not so long ago in the February of 2006, it suggested the addition of another feather in the crown of Welham's infrastructure.

It's been more than a year and now that we have the New Hostel building standing whole and hearty in front of our eyes, the heart skips a beat when one thinks about the hard work involved in overseeing the bringing up of such a large building over such a short span of time.

Oli would like to proudly declare Mr. Panwar and his estate management team the Dudes of this month! It is because we do realise the toil and exertion they have been through over the past year and a half and

more importantly while recently shifting 'three' whole hostels in the matter of a single weekend.

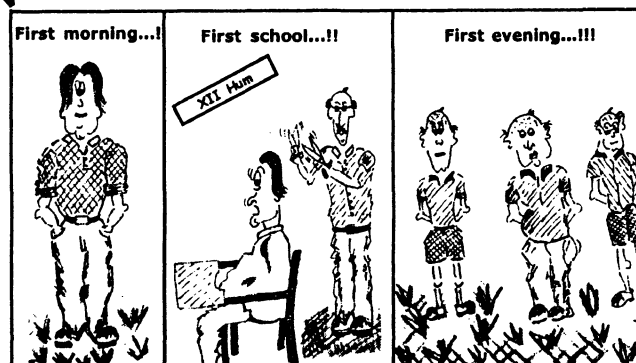


And not only this, it is also for the fact that they are inevitably involved in making things easier for us, whether it be the shifting of new furniture, replacing broken panes or anything for that matter. Doesn't matter if it is a Sunday or a Monday...they are here 24/7, just for us!

Congratulations and best of luck to them for the future...

Well hmmm...

By Kunwar Aftab Singh Sandhu





## Monthly Quiz

1. In which country do 35 million people still live in caves?
2. Cybernetics, a new branch of science developed by Robert Wiener is a study of?
3. Astigmatism, an eye defect, is caused by a defect in the curvature of the lens. What does it result in?
4. In which country are the Galapagos Islands?
5. Who is the new president of Nigeria?
6. Who was crowned 'MISS UNIVERSE 2007'?
7. How many sovereign states are there in the world?
8. Who is Goa's new CM?
9. Which team won the UEFA champions league in 1968?
10. Who succeeded Ms. Oliphant as the Principal of the school?

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

- Ans 1. Rahul Dholakia.  
Ans 2. Michael Phelps.  
Ans 3. Salma Hayek  
Ans 4. Sparta  
Ans 5. Albert Einstien  
Ans 6. Judas and Peter  
Ans 7. When the Berlin Wall was broken  
Ans 8. Salman Rushdie  
Ans 9. Ireland  
Ans 10. Years ago, the Rispana River flowed beside it.

The Pizza is sponsored by CHOCOLATE CORNER, Dehra Dun. The Domino's pizza for the last issue's quiz was won by Navandeep Matta of class XII.

## Through the Keyhole

Vikas Arya to his classmates: "Let's build the *swimming pool underwater*".

Kunal Khemlani after being asked by AT why he was late for class: "Sir, *my trousers broke*".

Visitors to Vikas Arya: "Where is the loo?"

Vikas Arya: "*Which House? Which class?*"

Harsh to Mr. Khaira: "Sir, why is there a hole in your umbrella?"

Mr. Khaira: "Oh...that's to *see whether it's raining or not!*"

Vikas Arya after hearing rumours of socials: "Guys, are we *having society???* *Ab khane ko milega!!!*"

## Separated at Birth

Mr. Sameer Dhingra

Professor Snape  
(Harry Potter)

Anshuman Kapoor

Kaka

Akshay Agarwal

Rajpal Yadav

Dr. Bidyut Bose

Shriyam Gupta

Aniket Nag

Eby Vincent Matthews

Raghav Agarwal

Varun Gandhi

Shivesh Tyagi

Fabio Capello

Mr. Painuli & Mr. Bhandari

Bade Miyan 'aur'

Chhote Miyan

## Ringside View

Back after a long break, all the stars are back on the field **slogging** it out. Fighting against the barriers Mother Nature is posing, they are moving on. Rain, mud, **blazing sun** – who cares? (Well, surely those who have been suffering from viral fever!!). Declared a football season but so what, everyone is out there or inside doing what they love the most.

Returning to school and seeing the fields is heart-warming enough for many of us. The football team is already showing signs of injuries and broken bones. No matter the size of the reserves, the captain always seems to have a manpower shortage. Quickly organising the team, the training sessions have begun with utmost priority and the school team played its first friendly of the season against the Doon International School. We won 2-1. The second friendly match was with the Sports College,







Raipur. But the match was heart breaking for the Welhamites after the 2-0 loss.

The basketball team schedule seems light for this term but there is no sign of the boys refraining from practicing. And now with their new Basketball courts and the court in the Activity Centre renovated, the boys have more reasons to pay back to the school.

The term has started with all the major sports gearing up while others have already begun their run for the silverware. The school took part in the Districts Badminton Tournament. We were represented by Nikhil Bansal and Amanveer Singh. Nikhil Bansal managed to reach the quarter-finals but could not make it further.

Also, in the IPSC Shooting Championships the school team did quite well, coming sixth overall. Navandeep Matta earned himself a gold medal in the rifle category and missed the IPSC record by just two points! He surely has a bright future ahead. Along with the gold medal, Welhamites won six bronze medals.

With the Premier League to begin soon, common rooms will be more crowded than usual. Chelsea already seems in a fix even before the season has started with its player spending more time in the first-aid station than on the field. Manchester United has already begun its run for trophies with one in its cabinet - the Community Shield. Man.Utd. after a boring draw with Chelsea won on penalties. The clubs have spent big money but let's see

who will have the 'maximum returns by the variable factor inputs in the long-run'.

Formula One also has captured the eyes of Welhamites. The recent race in Hungary was a treat for all. Again, Lewis Hamilton kept the pressure on the world champion Alonso and Raikkonen too. But Alonso has shown signs of wishing to leaving McLaren soon. Lewis has now stretched his lead by seven points. In his debut season, the British youngster has finished in the podium ten out of the eleven races. Impressive!! Even though Alonso came in third, McLaren could not celebrate as they suffered from a fifteen point's deduction in the Constructors trophy.

It was quite an exciting year for all the aspiring Indian tennis stars as their sport idol Sania Mirza entered the top 30 women players list. Although Federer continued to make the headlines in the world of tennis by winning yet another Grand Slam title and still remaining in the No.1 slot, Sania dominated the Indian news with her amazing feats.

As round two of the year starts for us Welhamites, the ring seems full of contenders don't worry all you fans out there, we will be passing on the news to you from the ringside as the fight carries on. Till then I take leave to enter the ring myself for a closer look.

- Anesh Gurung  
XII Hum



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**Printed at :** The English Book Depot, Dehra Dun

