

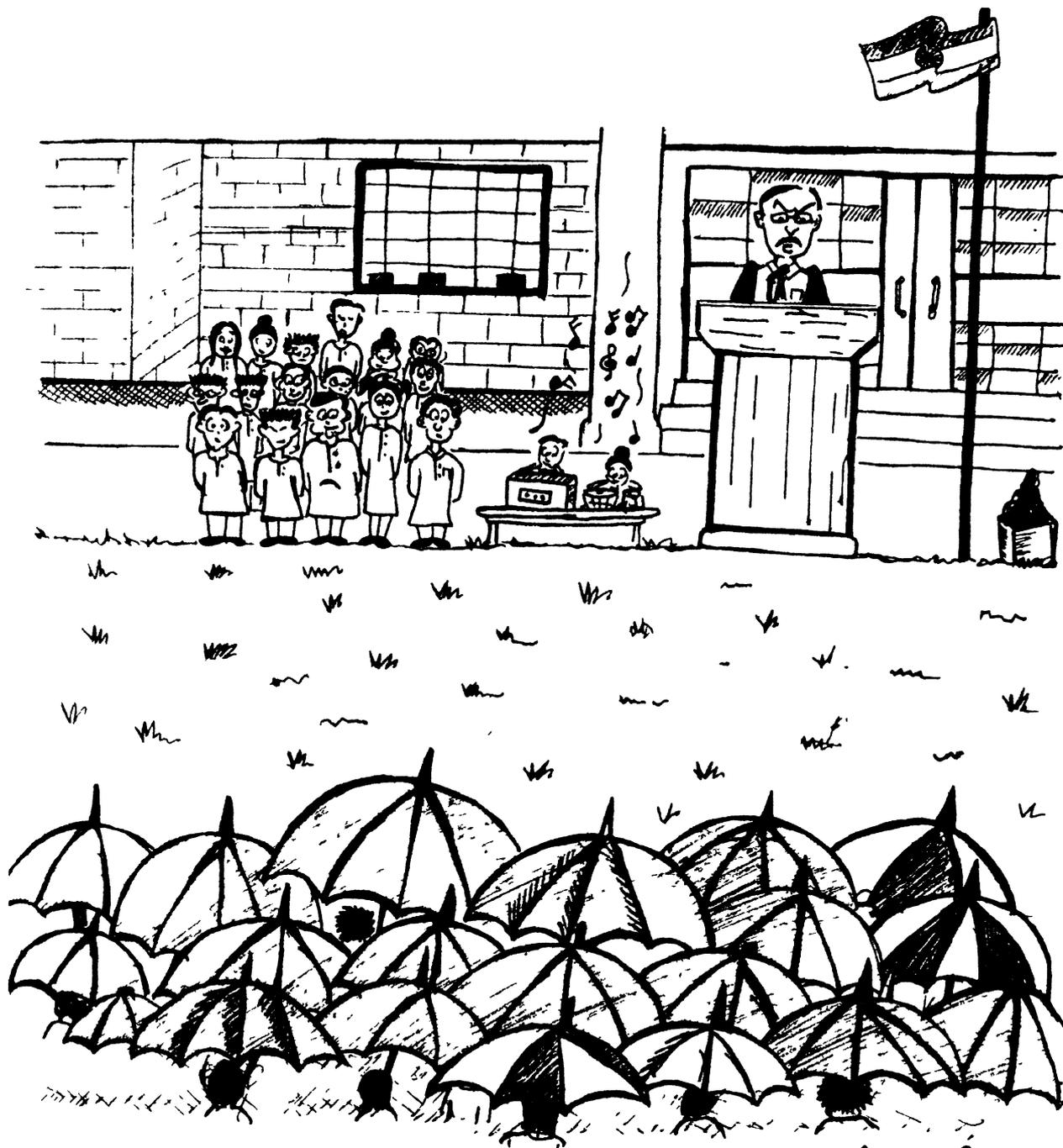


The Elephant

No 308

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th August, 2005



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EDITORIAL

Let bygones be bygones. Till when, no seriously, till when we will all come together on this wonderful day of August the 15th and marvel at the heroic deeds of our freedom fighters. At least try and fight this wondrous effect of the anaesthetic called conventions. Just break on through and realize that this Independence Day can bring forth and stimulate much more than the chronology of events spanning from the great 'Uprising' to Nehru's 'swearing-in' ceremony. Of course we respect, and in fact treasure the ultimate sacrifice these patriots made, and without doubt we will always do. However we should not forget that eventually the beacon has been handed over to us after burning brightly in the hands of the freedom fighters. India today is in our very own hands, which is a great privilege and we Indians need to have shoulders firm enough to shoulder this responsibility. Let this Independence Day yield an invulnerable desire for all of us to march forward and lead India to prosperity and excellence, and yes make it a better place to live in. If successful in this respect, then this 15th is actually what we have been waiting for since 1947, as we might have got 'independent' that year, but are still far from achieving 'freedom'.

Such a need for a deviation from tradition also made Oli the Elephant concoct some alterations in the traditional 'Independence Day Special' issue. Thus, shedding the cliché of 'what freedom means to me, etc, he has tried to focus on a very relevant contemporary issue. This issue tries to equate patriotism with humanity. The 'Oliphant Focus' in this issue tries to get deeper in this equation. What emerges out from such analysis is that though we Welhamites are proud Indians, we are concerned human beings as well.

Also, one would believe that the 'Response Column' has got just the response it needed for its maiden appearance. We hope it only gets better in issues to come.

The only conflict Oli seems to have with himself is because of the balance he needs to create between humour and intellect. He would certainly want to make The Oliphant more intellect stimulating but he also realizes that the monthly has recently gained immense popularity as a 'fun magazine'. But of course, even in this issue he has tried to satisfy all kinds of readers, and one would expect him to be as successful, as he always is.

In Oli we trust,

Nishant Joshi
Nishant Joshi

RESPONSE COLUMN

In the last issue we mentioned that we were bringing to extinction the column Letters to the Ed, and instead formulating a comprehensive medium for the suggestions, criticism and appreciation by our readers. Thus now, such important reactions of our beloved readers are included in this 'baby' column, THE RESPONSE COLUMN. Of course, for the board and Oli, this is one of the most important regular of the magazine.

Dear Sir,

At the onset I must congratulate the Editorial Board of the Oliphant, on what I consider to be major improvements in the content of the paper. From a magazine of a few pages packed with superficial articles on issues of little consequence and silly romantic daydreams, it appears to be graduating to a more mature publication demanding to be taken seriously.

On the May 21st issue, without taking anything away from the other articles, I was particularly impressed with Ankit Sahay's 'Young is Beautiful', Karthik Vishwanath's introspective farewell to Mr. Gusain (Dalton...Hitler..) and the works by the now well-budded poets Parth Parasher (Time Flies) and Nishant Joshi (A Different Perspective). The account of the immensely successful 'socials' with Hopetown, and the fervent preparations for it, by Vishal made for entertaining reading. All in all, a good read; a well-balanced and cohesive issue. Perhaps just a touch short on perception and incisiveness.

Having said that, I find that the Oliphant's arrival is awaited with unabated excitement on campus and with some eagerness by the growing legion of Old Boys. It should, therefore, have a definite periodicity, unequivocally state what it is and then strictly adhere to it. Admittedly, not an easy task; but a definite pre-requisite for a paper wanting to be taken seriously by its readership.

Yours etc
Prabir Basu
Vice Principal

Dear Sir,

As your opinion is a high priority for Oli, he is rather flattered on having received such an encouraging response from you. Of course, on the issue of periodicity, Oli will try his best to supervise the regularity of the monthly - something he has done successfully this year. Also, Oli assures you that in the issues to come you will certainly have more 'entertaining reading' as he has made sure that Vishal is all geared up to write the follow up to his last article, with new inputs from the second 'socials', which should be around the corner!

Dear Editor,

I managed to get my hands on one of the issues of The Oliphant and I must compliment you on the style, selection, and presentation of the stories in the newsletter.

It was more due to compulsion of nostalgia that I got down to reading the Oliphant (having studied in Welham Girls') but what kept me to it were the varied and interesting write-ups. Rather informative too, considering they come to use phrases like "from the other side of the LOC."

Don't know if it hurts "the other side of the LOC" to know that the boys are having socials with 'the others', but to me it was weird. I guess the vanity of the so-called fairer sex always leads her to believe that she has right over too many things.

If it really must be put down in words, The Oliphant adieu to Mr. Gosain made me feel the throng of sorrow one feels when one watches a faculty member leave.

The sorrow that makes you wish that you were still back there, in school.

Great issue guys!

Nadesdha Zareen
North American Desk
The Indian Express
New Delhi

Dear Nadesdha,

It was heartening for Oli to hear that he could actually change your initial nostalgia to approbation. The feelings, which The Oliphant's adieu was able to arouse in you are common to most Ex-Welhamites and the present ones wish to avoid such inevitable pain in the future. Well, the battalions across the LOC will always demand great interest from the Oliphant regardless of the lack of socials with them!

Dear Editor,

It is a pleasure to read such a great endeavour from young minds of the Doon Valley.

M.M. Sheela
Navbharat Times

Dear Ma'am,

It is a pleasure indeed for Oli to be able to provide you a good read.

Dear Editor,

The new Oliphant, with its inventive board is a magazine producing crème de la crème articles, which are highly influential and most importantly, have moral and realistic values.

Ankit Vinaik
XII Sc.

Dear Ankit,

Merci beaucoup!

Dear Editor,

The Oliphant portrays things as they exist in the Welham world, and thus gives the true picture of our school. Moreover, its articles give an insight to the think-tank of the world tomorrow (and to an extent- even today) as they reflect the thoughts of the young generation. This is magazine is the perfect forum and I recommend all Welhamities to take full advantage of it.

Vibhor Gupta
XII Sc.

Dear Vibhor,

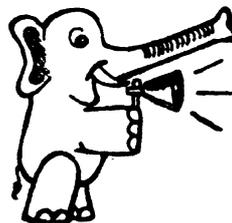
Oli completely agrees with your opinion of the Oliphant being a 'perfect forum', and backing your appeal urges all Welhamities to utilize it maximally.

Thank you all for your wonderful response, we do anticipate more of your such valuable reactions in the future issues.

We also urge all other readers to hit us with their response, as even if they hurt, we will still treasure them. The means to provide us with your opinions are same as ever and if you are still unaware of them, we will be most delighted to tell you. Most conveniently for our readers in school, all members of the Oliphant board are collectors in this case.

For the benefit of our readers outside school, our e-mail address will always be functional to receive your opinions (oliphant@vsnl.com). Also, you can always write on the following address:

**Response Column,
The Oliphant,
Welham Boys' School,
Dehra Dun.**



Oli says: Hey!! Don't make me a sidekick and address the letters to me and not to the worthless editor who gets a negligible salary!

Welham Now

- * The school reopened on the 18th of July and the boys turned up full of enthusiasm and expectations for the new term.
- * The following members of Staff have joined us this term:
Mrs. Tara Sharma who is going to teach Chemistry, Biology and EVS to classes VI to IX.
Mrs. Monica Tewari will teach History to IX to XII.
Mr. and Mrs. Sukumar have also joined us – **Mr. Sukumar** the Music Department as a Violinist and **Mrs. Sukumar** as a Classical Music teacher.
Ms. Erica Fuss is a visiting faculty from America and is taking Dramatics.
 We wish them all a very happy and fruitful stay at Welham.
- * The following boys represented the School in an Exchange programme :-
Arshjot S. Bedi - Ballarat Grammar School, Wendouree, Victoria, Australia
Udit Panjwani – The South Port School, Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia
- * There has been a 'minor' reshuffle of Housemasters with **Mr. Joy Arora** shifting back to Krishna House and **Mr. Chandrashekhar Yadav** taking over Indus House. **Mr. Ravi Lal** has 'taken over' Tapti House and **Mr. Sanjay Kuqsal** is now the HM of Ganga House.
- * **Mrs. K. Bajwa** has shifted to Tapti House as its House Mother and **Mrs. P. Dutta** to Krishna House.
- * New air curtains have been put in Bethany to prevent the entry of the mosquitoes and!!??
- * The Project assessment for ICSE 2006 began on the 29th July.
- * On 30th July we bade farewell to **Mr. Abdul Hameed, Mr Gunanand and Mr. Dalip Singh**.
- * The Shooting Range, 'Uttaranchal's Best', has become functional from 1st of August.
- * The School Under-15 team participated in the 1st Alok Soccer Tournament at The Oak Grove School from the 2nd to the 4th of this month.
- * **Ajitesh Kir and Ankit Sahay** represented the school at the AC Deb Memorial Inter-School English Debate at RRMA on 5th August and were placed second. **Ajitesh Kir** was adjudged the second best debater.
- * The School Shooting team performed exceptionally well at the recently concluded IPSC

shooting tournament at RIMC.

- * **Mr. S. Upadhyay** has been awarded the Order of Merlin conferred upon him by the International Brotherhood of Magicians for his 25 years of dedicated service.

Profiles

We welcome Mrs. Monica Tiwari who joins us this term, and will teach History to senior classes.

She has been in this profession for 12 years and earlier was at All Saints' College, Nainital.

On being asked why she chose to join Welham, she said that after having worked at a hill station for 12 years she wanted to work elsewhere. Welham gave her this opportunity to learn and study (more!) in a new environment, and further, she added that 'the fun lies in interacting with new students'.

Mrs. Tara Sharma also joins us this term and will teach Chemistry, Biology and EVS to classes VI to IX.

She was last at Hope Town Girls' School and has 20 years of experience as a teacher.

On her choice to shift to Welham she said that she has always loved working in a boarding school and as Welham has a good name for itself, she decided to come here. She feels that being here will give her an opportunity to interact with boys from far away places.

On being asked how she plans to go about teaching the boys, she said that as they are too young to know everything for themselves, she would like to mould them into becoming good human beings. She would like to 'discipline' them without blaming them.

Mr. Suneith Sukumar who also joins us this term is a violinist who was last with Woodstock School, Mussoorie, and will strength the music department.

We wish they all have a happy and successful stay at Welham, and want them to enjoy their work here.

Fare thee well...

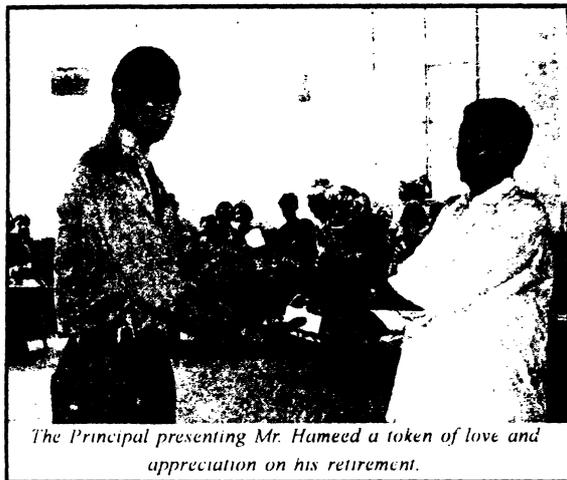
After working since February 1957 Mr. Abdul Hameed retired as an Overseer on 30th July, 2005.

Mr. Hameed who has had the distinction of working under all the Principals of Welham Boys' joined the institution at a tender age of 16 years. He looked after the estate management; repair, electric supply, telephones and what have you.

Remembering his time under Miss. Oliphant, Mr. Hameed clearly remembers how she fought for the possession of the Oliphant House so that 'her' children could be lodged there.

Apart from the other onerous responsibilities he shouldered, Mr. Hameed nostalgically remembers overseeing the construction of the Triveni House (1980) and how during the 1970s he arranged films to be shown to the children using the mundane projector.

He does feel however, that the L.R.C. must have a photo gallery dedicated to all the Principals that Welham Boys' has had. (*It will be implemented shortly!*)



The Principal presenting Mr. Hameed a token of love and appreciation on his retirement.

His only message to the boys in the school: "Give your 100% to everything you do". We wish him all success and good health in his retired life.

Mr. Gunanand too left us after having served the school, as a House Bearer for 25 years. A hardworking man he loved his innings at the School.

Almost at the point of tears at the emotional farewell Mr. Gunanand wished all success to everyone at Welham.

Mr. Dalip Singh also retired after having spent 28 years as a mason.

We wish them all a long and healthy retired life.

Are You Mad ?

Most of you think that you know what it means to be mad. Ask a friend what is the meaning of mad and you will get an instantaneous reply, "The guys who have mental disorder, yaar." Or "Abe, those who live in the asylum." Both these answers are absolutely correct, no doubt but what exactly is this mental disorder? And you'll be surprised to know that we are mad...in our own little way.

Anyone who lives in this world is mad. Thus, there are different types of mad people like schizophrenics, psychopaths, maniacs, etc. While dwelling upon the topic I might as well add, as you all

know, that there is a thin line between insanity and genius. A schizophrenic is a person who, having nothing but contempt and dislike for the world, owing to some very bad experiences, creates his own world in his mind. A place where he is the one who rules. Where he decides what happens to him not someone else. A world where not him but everyone else is mad! Now wouldn't you call that genius? Its not that he cannot talk but that he does not wish to talk. He is happy with himself, no need for company as for him, it's only asking for trouble. He is not mad because he has this virtue to live and let live, but because he is of the very few that have it. It is only because the majority of the world's population lacks that special thing. Many a great men have been condemned just due to the fact that only they themselves could understand what they were saying no matter if it was the knowledge of life. Socrates, Galileo... them and many more have been victims of a majority of much more insane people.

Once a powerful wizard, in order to ruin a kingdom slyly made the inhabitants drink a potion that made them 'mad'. Only the king and his family were left 'sane' as they had their own well. The king tried to control the population and issued a number of orders to his officers but everyone thought that the king had gone mad and they marched on to the castle calling for his abdication. Soon the king had a brainwave and he along with his family drank the potion too. This made them the same as the other people and they lived happily ever after.

From now on just remember this little story before you decide to call anyone mad or talk about the pathetic state of mind of a 'madman'. It could very well have been that you were born part of the minority...these different people...or madmen as you call them.

- Ankit Sahay

The Great Land

Upon the thoughts in my head,
I do not understand,
With all the books I have read,
Which is this Great Land.

The words linger in my mind,
What does it really mean,
Have I left something behind,
Or is this place very green.

It says this is just,
It says the people there are kind,
Is it like a must,
That this is something I've got to find?

Even with an adviser,
With a fancy name like Scindia,
Can I find this Great Land,
Wait a minute, of course the answer is INDIA!

-Samroj K. Lama

My Lady...!

It was love at first sight! The most amazing little female that I could ever have imagined even in my daddy's dreams, stood in front of me.

Well, it all started one Sunday morning. My best pal, Pamela woke me up. "We're going to the mall today!" she said. I took a walk outside and did what I always did and then came back just to find my breakfast all ready. Hot milk and bread, my favourites. Pamela got ready in no time and looked as good as ever. We got into our car and like always, Pamela drove.

I loved going for a drive. I always stuck my head out of the window and loved the air gushing through my eyes. The other good part of going for a drive was, I got to see all the other beauties of my age. Some, walking down the footpath, and some like me, sticking their heads out of their cars.

We were there at 'Citiplaza' mall in no time. We got out of the car and Pamela took a parking ticket. While she was doing so, my eyes met the eyes of this angel. My eyes got glued to hers and my jaw dropped open. But then Pamela pulled me by the collar and we started walking to the elevator. I was still zapped about what I had just seen. "Was it real?" I thought. It was really, and for the first time, love at first sight. The elevator stopped and we walked into Pamela's favourite shopping department. While she was busy looking at the shelves for shirts, or whatever, I ran my eyes over the area, scanning every possible corner my eyesight allowed me to. But in vain, she wasn't there. Pamela meanwhile, bought herself a few shirts and we walked into another store. My eyes continued with the scanning while Pamela looked for some more stuff to buy. Wait a minute...Pamela wasn't buying anything for me! But I never bothered. I just didn't care. All I needed was another glimpse of the angel that I saw earlier.

Oh! My prayers were answered. There stood my ladylove, elegantly as if some fairy. She was white as 'snow-white' or maybe whiter. But what was that. She was with a man. Probably her friend. "There you are!" boomed Pamela's voice from behind, "You're acting strange today." I indeed was. I was in love. I had found the one and only one, with whom I could spend, the rest of my life. We were just walking away from the 'goddess' when Pamela shouted, "Austin?" Her eyes lit up like the bulb at the gate of our house, like the headlights of a truck in the dark.

She was looking at the man with whom my ladylove stood. He too smiled and shouted, "Pamela!" They ran to each other and hugged. Pamela was happy, Austin was happy too, and above all I was the happiest. My crush was single again.

"This is my dog, Sam!" said Pamela. "And this is mine: She's Torrie!" replied Austin. My tail wagged with excitement and all my wishes came true in just a day. Who says there is no God? There is a God and he lies within you. And shall do you good one day, says this golden retriever called Sam.

Pamela and Austin are married and Torrie and me are together now. Life goes on...

- Sameer Suri

Inner Happiness

The sweltering sun, the rocky slope and her tattered clothes were the things that made Alisha very happy. She was a girl to whom the gracious gift of luxury was unknown, the only place she had been to in her life was the small village of Rautpur, in the Himalayas and the place she called 'home' was a small hut she shared with her mother in the same village.

Yet she was the most cheerful person her village had ever known. She often made people wonder whether or not she was the same person who could barely manage a meal per day and was barely thirteen years old.

Her father's death had left Alisha devastated and it was then that a learned lady helped her discover the path to happiness.

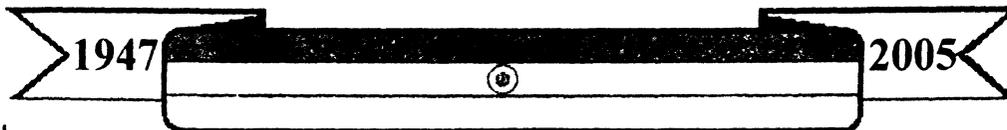
Alisha had learnt the power of praying and a habit of finding happiness in her surroundings. The power of the sun made her happy, the wind blowing on her face made her feel happy, looking at the trees made her feel happy and a chance to live everyday made her the happiest person in the world. In short, she had learnt to find happiness in every miniscule thing that we tend to miss in our haste.

People like Alisha exist within all of us, the path to happiness is always there, but in this fast moving world, the path is barely noticed. So tomorrow when you get up in the morning, wear the widest smile on your face...eventually you will discover the joys of happiness.

-Sudipt Juneja

Reach for the Sky

Do you know what is today?
It's 15th August our Independence Day!
The Indian flag is fluttering high,
And one day it'll reach the sky!



On this day we got our Independence,
 From this day all the Indians were not dependent.
 The Indian flag is fluttering high,
 And I am sure one day it'll reach the sky.

- Rajat

War...

Beginning of a new term with a fresh start. Similarly beginning of a new war with a fresh attack! Mankind has been fighting since it was born thousands of years ago. Empires were carved out and then destroyed. Weapons of war were made and developed into more fearful designs. Everybody fears weapons of mass destruction (WMD), but no one knows that machine guns have killed more than the WMD's.

The Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Persians, Mongols, Guptas, Aztecs, Malis and the Holy Roman Empire, all have come and gone. None have stayed forever. Those with might and mind have always won.

The Indian Forces have defeated Pakistan three times, but I don't think they still understand. India gained its Independence on 15th August, and today is also the day when India shows off its might to the world - metaphorically.

Today the world has developed great WMD's. But it all started in World War II. Modern warfare technique, modern assault rifles, modern carriers, modern tanks, fighter jets, modern bombs and the atomic bomb, all were invented due to World War II.

Some weapons have been used since a hundred years like bayonets, rockets and machine guns. Rifles like the Lee Enfield, introduced in the 1850s were developed through the time and are still in use. Tanks when introduced were thought to be of no use, but in World War II, Russia alone made up to 3,00,000 of these machines.

In World War I, the forces would go for a heroic traditional head-on charge and the enemy from its trenches would mow them down. Battalions were wiped out. In the Battle of Somme alone 2,00,000 died in two days. Hitler changed it all in 1939. Now instead of lakhs, only a few hundred soldiers are expected to die in a war. Gulf War I was fought completely in the air. The coalition air force destroyed the resources of the Iraqi ground forces and its capability to fight. Within weeks Saddam Hussein surrendered, and fled.

The Free World has formed the United Nations to protect the future from war. But do you really think it is being able to do so. It may have had some success, but really, no firm steps are taken until it is too late, like in Nepal. In the future more will have to be done if wars are really to be stopped.

The political will to prevent wars has to be there and the effort has to come from all countries. If politicians do not still realize the futility of war, it is then up to our generation to change things, as it's we who are going to inherit this Earth and surely wouldn't want a strife torn place, now would we?

Happy Independence Day!

- Anesh Gurung

RSIS Project

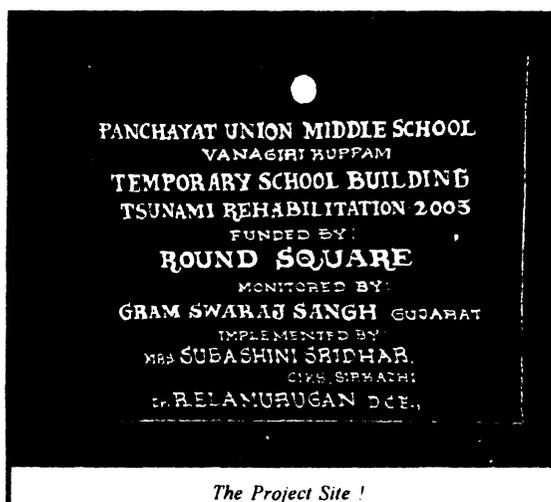
Every year without exception, Welhamites participate in various Round Square Projects, be it social service or conferences. During this summer vacation two separate groups experienced Jaidwar and Nagapattanam for the same. Welham had taken the initiative and we were the host school for both these projects. This is a report of the Nagapattanam experience by Karthik Vishwanath who participated in the project.

It struck the coast of India on the 26th December, 2004. This fateful day saw devastation, anguish and broken homes. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and alike; all were washed away by the waves as if washing away countless insignificant ants from the streets into the waters - the waters of eternal rest!

People wept at the loss of their loved ones, loss of their homes, cattle. The whole world wept with them.

Money, food and clothes, started to flow in from all corners of the world. Anyone, from a big-buck CEO, to a small town school gardener to the Mumbai Mafia were all welcome to come forward and help those affected.

At that moment, I am afraid, I was so wrapped up in my own selfish life, that for some strange reason, *Mangal Pandey* was not being released on the announced date, seemed to me a more pressing issue, than the horrible truth that several of my own countrymen were, at that particular moment, struggling to keep their heads above water, as the



enormous waves slammed their bodies against rocks and building debris.

I know this is something very shameful I should not have been confessing to everyone. But I also know, that this confession to myself, has made me realize the uselessness and futility of my existence (my parents and teachers will kindly confirm the above statement).

I guess this was perhaps what made me sign up for the Round Square project at Nagapattinam, Tamil Nadu. Also, maybe the idea that I could spend two weeks in some female's company, after being locked up in an all boys school for four months, seemed tempting.

But I doubt if I could persuade you to dismiss the latter as a less probable reason for my signing up.

Fast forwarding, to the first of June, the first day of the project. There were schools from all over India and even some 'Phoren' schools from Dubai. I shall now skip to the interesting and juicy parts about how we Welhamites were extremely successful in introducing ourselves and our widely intriguing personalities to members of the opposite sex (courtesy Kunga). The next day, we left Chennai for our destination Nagapattinam. On the way, we made a pit stop for tea at the residence of the Governor of Pondicherry. It didn't take long for the 'garbage cans' from Welham to clear the table of all its contents. Keep in mind, folks, the four hour long non-stop journey till there had completely worn us down.

After that, we left for Sirkali, the place where we were to stay for the next two weeks. Once there, we drove into the village school building (privately owned) where we were received by a Gujrati family, members of the Gram Swaraj Sangh, an NGO working towards the same cause as us.

Post reception, we got ourselves acquainted with:

- The room – 30 boys on floor mats – 6 fans
- The bath – a line of 6 taps with pipes jammed on.
- Granted luxury of bathing outdoors.
- The toilets – not worth mentioning!
- The food – I came back 4kg heavier!!!!
- The local market – I came back Rs.400 lighter!!

Our worksite, in a village of Vanagiri was a half hour bus ride from Sirkali. Our task was to build 2 classrooms for the children, at the small school at Vanagiri. Considering the fact, that we were, in the true sense of the term, 'Unskilled labourers', we were allotted the not so manly and demanding job of passing bricks and cement, till the actual masons could start putting the establishment together.

While we worked, the school children also came and started talking, playing and helping,



'Jackie Chan' with his fans!

sometimes bunking the classes, which was great. It was fun as we tried to communicate using broken Tamil, which they replied to in broken English. Luckily for Kunga, the children and he developed an instant rapport. The reason for this was when on the first day he walked into the village, children went wild thinking he was 'Jackie Chan'. Strangely but not surprisingly, Kunga returned their cheers with a few 'Kunga-Fu' demonstrations and many Jackie Chan autographs! So much for honesty and all that Jazz!

Talking to those kids left us amazed. How they were carrying on with their lives, trying to suppress their remorse, was inspiring. Walking down the village streets, everything seemed normal. Fishermen selling their day's catch, children chasing dogs and chickens on the roads, housewives cleaning their home entrances and old, pot-bellied, vest clothed men smoking on Rs. 2 cigars(believe it) !

But there were also those who had given up all hope of returning to their lives. They spent the day in their tiny, one room huts, living in the past, tears streaming down their cheeks.

It was these moments which made me realise how lucky I was, how lucky we all were to have what we did. No amount of empathy, tears and service was enough to satisfy ourselves.

So that was it, by the 14th of June we had completed the two classrooms and were set to go back.

Although none of us wanted to go back, I guess all good things come to an end. Dammit!

But one thing is for certain, even though we Welhamites were less in number, we made our presence felt in every brick we laid, every mother's smile, every child's laugh and every word spoken.

C u next term,

Bye !



The Elephant

No. 308

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th August, 2005

We remember...

It is with a deep sense of regret that we inform our readers of the sad demise of Lt. Col. D.P. Puri on June 27, 2005, in Dehra Dun. The funeral service held on June 28, 2005, was attended by a large number of people. Welham Boys' School was represented by Mr. Darshan Singh, Chairman, Board of Management, Gen. R. Bakshi, Trustee, and other senior Staff members.

A special function was held in the Activity Centre on July 3, 2005, to mourn the tragic passing away of Col. Puri, which was attended by Mr. Gulab Ramchandani, Mr. P.N. Mallia, members of the Board, and all members of Staff.

Dr. Dwarka Prasad Puri was born in a Punjabi family in November 1911. After completing his M.B.B.S. from Medical College, Lahore, he went to England for higher studies in Medicine. Upon his return he joined the Indian Army and served in World War II.

Highly respected by the medical fraternity for his professional competence both as a Physician and a Cardiologist, Dr. Dwarka Prasad Puri spent over 50 years in Dehra Dun.

Apart from being a doctor, Col. Puri was also associated with many educational institutions. He was the oldest trustee of the Welham Boys' School and his contribution as a trustee and as a member of the Board of Management was appreciated.



Lt. Col. D.P. Puri
1911 - 2005

In his personal life Col. Puri, a philanthropist, was always ready to help the needy. He was instrumental in bringing up some children who would otherwise not have had many opportunities in life. They are, thanks to him, very well placed today.

With the death of Colonel Puri the medical fraternity has lost a highly respected doctor, and Welham Boys' School, a valued mentor.

May God grant his soul eternal peace.

A Tribute...

We also mourn the sad passing away of Mr. Joshi, whom we tragically lost during the vacations.

Mr. Jai Ballabh Joshi was born in Bhatyana, a small village in Chamoli District on 14th November, 1947.

Due to his exceptional intellect he received a scholarship to pursue higher studies. He went on to secure the degree of *Acharya* from Banaras Hindu University.

Soon after his marriage, he joined Welham Boys' School on 3rd February, 1980 as a teacher of Sanskrit and Hindi. After a few years, due to his exceptional command on his subjects, he took over as the Head of Department. However, he made it a point to ensure that everyone around him was put at ease – always accommodating and guiding.

A very popular man Mr. Joshi always strived to impart good education and moral values to his students.

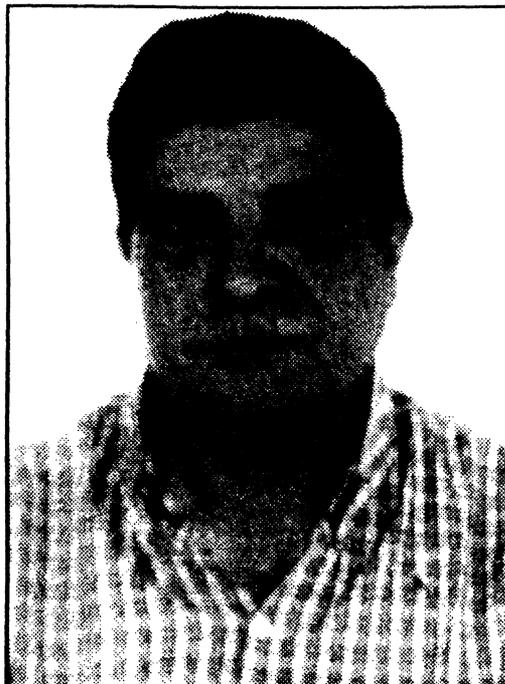
A very good cook, Mr. Joshi was very methodical in his ways. A man of all seasons, his presence was always felt on all occasions and at every school function. He was always the first one to accept any task assigned and was usually the first one to be called to perform various religious rituals in school.

A genuinely loved man, by all, his classes were always captivating and spell binding.

With the passing away of Mr. Joshi Welham Boys' School has lost the most valuable asset it had and his presence will always be felt by us all. Our heart felt condolence to the bereaved family in their hour of grief.

May God grant his soul eternal peace.

Adieu !



Mr. J.B. Joshi
1947 - 2005

Mr. Joshi, or *Panditji* as he was affectionately known to many of us, was one of those whose presence is not always noticed, but who is always there. And he was there through the proverbial "Thick and thin" for all of us. I remember numerous occasions such as Children's Day, when with his ready smile, his wonderful team spirit, and his quiet sense of humour, he would greatly enliven the occasion. I can also remember many a sad occasion, when last rites had to be performed and we would fall back on him. And he would perform those sad duties with dignity, grace and of course a high degree of competence.

As a teacher he was kind, considerate and gentle – never letting a child feel inadequate or without hope. His home and heart were always open and many sought refuge there. Joshiji will be greatly missed by all of us.

-Mr. Dev Lahiri

Mr. J. B. Joshi epitomized the senior schoolmaster that every good school should be blessed with. He had a quiet demeanour to his mature and dignified countenance. Never the one to be unduly excited in difficult situations, he kept his cool and resolved matters calmly and decisively. He was a scholar of repute with an extremely deep and wide-ranging knowledge of his subjects, Hindi and Sanskrit.

I held Mr. Joshi in very high personal esteem and will miss him immensely for his sincerity, his affability and helpfulness. The School has lost a major asset in his passing away, a void it will find difficult to fill.

May his soul rest in peace.

- Mr. Prabir Basu

* * *

Mr. Jai Ballabh Joshi was a man of all seasons who was always there for his students. Despite family commitments he ensured he never failed to accompany 'his' boys during the midterm breaks – it was fun being with him especially in the evenings when he would be in a joyous mood.

A dedicated teacher, he had full command over his subjects and was looked up to by the boys.

His absence from School, his classes, will always be felt.

May God grant his soul eternal rest.

- Mr. O. Das

Mr. Joshi was a man of great potential. A humble, friendly and cooperative man, he was always willing to help others. He could always be relied upon to organize prayers whenever needed for any occasion. His contribution to the growth of Welham Boys' School will never be forgotten.

- Mr. V. Painuli

The untimely sad demise of Mr. Joshi was an unexpected call to digest. Mr. Joshi besides being a colleague was our

neighbour for fair number of years. He was extremely innocent, wise and a peace loving person. Always ready to help, Mr. Joshi never used a bitter word to anyone in my memory. There are very few people whose nature match with a gentleman like Mr. Joshi.

- Mr. S.S. Khaira

* * *

Mr. Joshi's tragic and untimely demise has been a terrible loss for the school community. Though seldom heard, Mr. Joshi was always seen around, lending a sense of permanence to everything. May God grant the family the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss.

- Mrs. J. Anand

* * *

Everything, which starts in life, has an end. The abrupt end of our relationship with Mr. Joshi is unbelievable and shocking. It seems that truth and negation are amalgamated. He was a symbol of simplicity, humility and truth. A true tribute to Mr. Joshi would be to be inspired by his simplicity and generosity.

- Mr. R.M. Bhandari

* * *

Mr. Joshi was a kind-hearted man. In my long years of association with him I never saw him lose his temper. A God fearing man, he was always ready to help anyone who approached him. Our loss is irreparable. May his soul rest in peace.

- Mr. R. Shridhar

* * *

Mr. J.B. Joshi was a person of character who always wore a smile. A dedicated teacher and a *Shastri* in his subject. A person one could fall back on in times of happiness and sorrow. He was popular not only with his students but also with his colleagues. He was a man who had

no airs and graces about himself and lived a simple life. A person to be remembered and respected always.

- Mr. M. Hannah

* * *
In the past 13 years that I have spent in Welham, I accompanied him on many midterm trips and outings and I think I knew him very well. He was undoubtedly the person whom I respected the most.

He was always full of life and never looked sad, whatever conditions or circumstances. His departure has left us with a void that seems impossible to fill.

- Mr. Vinod Singh

* * *
Many years back when I had just joined Welham, a simple gentleman came up and spoke, showing his concern for me – a new teacher. In his own typical manner he guided me on how to adjust to the new environment. Such was the nature of Mr. Joshi, always smiling and willing to help, a friend and a colleague whom I shall remember most fondly.

- Mrs. Mimi Bajpai

* * *
A wonderful colleague, who will be remembered always. A very gentle, approachable and helpful person who got along well with everyone in the school community. He was immensely liked and respected by children.

- Ms. Nirupma Goel

* * *
There is a word in The Gita *vidyavinasampanne*, which roughly translates to “great learning brings humility”. Mr. Joshi, a man of immense learning epitomized humbleness. I guess that is why he was the most respected teacher in the school. As a teacher who is new to the profession I will always remember him for

his humbleness and try emulating it in my life.

- Mr. Aseem Tripathi

* * *
*There was but one, The noblest,
The most innocent.*

*His smile had the power of subjugation,
Imperious to the dilemmas of life,
With an aura of serenity, he imparted
bliss.*

*Oblivious to the rules of punishment,
He was a symbol of Love.*

I wish I could ask immortality to compensate for the loss of my departed ‘father’, but it would seem rather absurd, as it is just the flesh, which withers away, but the soul is immortal and is still with me. Now, often at nights, when I gaze through the dark world above me, the brightest star doth shines high smiling back at me, speaking words of wisdom...

- Geet Kashyap
XII C



The school also lost Mr. O.B. Thapa who passed away during the vacations.

Mr. Om Bahadur Thapa joined the School on 1st May, 1999, after a 24 years

stint in the Indian Army, and devoted all his time to his ‘new’ job.

Mr. Thapa will be missed especially in the Bethany, where the boys will miss his smiling face during the meals. He was an excellent cook especially of South Indian cuisine, and had many a boy licking his fingers - a testimony to Mr. Thapa’s ability to cook very well.

We pray to God to grant his soul eternal rest.

Realistically Optimistic

The Qualis was zooming ahead – almost trying to spread its wings and fly away into the horizon. The mighty wind, which had the audacity to charge right towards this flash of lightning, was getting dissected brutally into two halves by this unstoppable monster. Still, seated inside the luxury, we had little knowledge of the violence on the exterior. The music was exploding inside the car and everyone's feet were tapping involuntarily.

As we raced through the highly fertile land of the Indo-Gangetic plains, we suddenly reached a peculiar point on the highway. The highway was flanked on one side by this long strip of what everyone would call a slum, while on the other by an elongated stretch of farms. The driver was asked to reduce the speed, and everyone in the car, barring me, turned their heads towards the lush green farms, and were awestruck by the beauty of every speck of it. I, on the other hand instantly turned my eyes, and mind, towards the slums. While everyone else admired the beauty of Nature, and its strength guaranteed by the Goliath trees, I grieved at the devastation and sorrow of man, so evident from the broken houses and unsuccessful shelters which lay in front of me. The houses were blackened and over the years abused by the same agents of Nature (including man), who exhibited their magnificence on the opposite side of the highway.

When I realized that I was the only one who was looking at the slums, while everyone else 'relaxed' their eyes by the sights of the green heaven, I suddenly started to justify, and comprehend, others' ignorance or my very own precariousness. I accused others of blinding themselves to the reality. They were reflecting the attitude of many people who refuse to rectify, or even acknowledge, the terrible state of affairs, which surrounds us. Such people, with an aura of ignorance, in the most inhumanly manner, dismiss tragedies as they don't have time to ponder over such insignificant things in their busy lives.

But then I thought again. Everyone else in the car was actually looking at the brighter side of the road and, in fact, life, while I restricted my vision to the darker side. Life is too short, so love, be happy and enjoy the good things in it, so how can people fight, regret and spend their time on sadder things. That was what they were doing- appreciating the good things in life. Their optimistic behaviour made me realize that I was in fact a pessimist. Maybe I needed to alter my perspective a bit and condition my stimulation and response to life. Or wait, maybe I was just being a realistic, I thought. How could I wear

a veil and cover my eyes from reality just to be merry? Then again, wasn't I being a pessimist? The fog of confusion around me was almost strangling me to death.

Suddenly I saw this little boy in front of one of the houses who was waving at me. He was this extremely innocent looking boy who had, most amazingly, an expression of satiety on his face. Even in such a place he was happy and had the heart to wave. While I could not rescue myself from drowning in the ocean of confusion, which was watered by my undecided stand, a clear stream of reason could identify the boy's. He had probably realized the harshness of life since the day he had been born and thus he was in touch with the reality, which embraced him. Still, amidst such a situation he was at least trying, if not being successful, to be happy. Yes, he was an optimist, a realistic one. I waved back with a smile on my face and the car moved on gradually, attempting once again to reach the horizon.

-Nishant Joshi

Utopia

In this eternal abyss of time and space,
there lived a boy who refused to grow,
his spotless mind had woven several ingenious
dreams,
but the dark obscure mystery of death he doth not
know.

He heard his hero, he heard him say,
that death makes angels of us all and gives
us wings where we have shoulders smooth
as ravens' claws,
But the intangible secret still remained and
forced the young dreamer to ponder, and
wander,
into the heart of darkness, the depths of
doom.

He met the Goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene,
and together they talked about immateriality,
transmigration rarefaction and platonic love, then
the boy after eighty long years showed himself to
the spiteful world, his beard seemed to touch the
ground,

and his body emitted super-sensual rays.

"Ah! I have found the answer" he
proclaimed in the streets like a madman,
"Our loved ones go to Wonderland,
where unicorns and fairies play on grassy
lands,
where little children chase the iris and the
transcendental active stream of love invites
men and women to wash their hands

Where happiness plays in the arms of
divinity,
In Wonderland,
palpable sunshine nourishes spotless minds,
every breath is a zest,
every breath is a celebration,
There is no place in Wonderland for the prejudiced
and proud,
there do our slaves and masters walk hand in hand.
It is a place where mermaids sing lullaby, on top of
mountains do the crippled stand,
Such is the place to where our loved ones leap,
when they close their eyes on earth for the
perpetual sleep.”

This dreamer claimed that on his request
Pallas Athene showed him the
Wonderland. He met his loved ones. He
met his grandmother who left him at the
age of six. She was surprised to see him
young and handsome. They talked about
her days on earth and about his journey
back to the dull place. He also met his
teacher. He found him euphoric and hale.
They shared their experiences. They cried
and laughed together and so when he was
about to leave he promised his teacher that
one day he would join him in Wonderland.

The return journey to his planet was difficult. He
was constantly reminded of his teacher,
grandmother, his promise and the cosmic corridor.
In the days to come he learnt that this world is filled
with monstrous and debauched souls, and the
Wonderland with all its gracious and friendly citizens
is immaculate. It started gnawing at his heart, his
culture. It was then that our dreamer decided to
swallow venom in order to cut the long wait short.
Sadly, this act deprived him of a citizenship in
Wonderland. His premise was lost in dust and sand.

However, on Pallas Athene’s request, the
God of all Gods, Zeus Himself, gave our dreamer
another chance. After centuries the dreamer was
reborn. He died a natural death. He met his school
teacher and grandmother in the place he called
Wonderland.

To see how happy they are,
One day I’ll take you there,

-Parth Parasher

* * *

Be proud to be an Indian. I – Independent, N – Non
Violent, D – Dexterous, I – Intelligent, A –
Affectionate, N – Nationalist. Wishing you a *Very
Happy Independence Day ! Jai Hind !!*

Oliphant Focus

Well, first and foremost, Happy
Independence Day. Of course,
we all are proud to be Indians
throughout the year, but being
an Indian on the 15th of August
is a special feeling all together.
It is such a feeling that is
common to all Welhamites
today, and it is such a feeling
that is the object of the analysis
in the Oliphant Focus.



I am an Indian

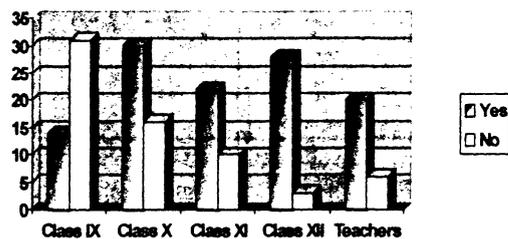
Are we too much of Indians today to
understand our broader existence as human beings?
Do our motives as patriots clash
with our duties as humans? In a
simple situation, in a war do we
kill others to save our country
or sympathise with victims on
the other side in the name of
humanity. We wanted the
Welhamites to answer such
questions for us in this Independence Day Special.



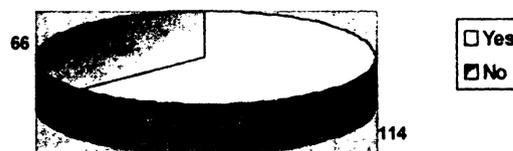
I am a Human

**Do we tend to forget to honour our roles as
human beings while successfully executing
our roles as patriots?**

Integrated Opinions



Welham Pie



Total Welhamites Surveyed: 180

No : 66

Yes : 114

Many a time while playing the role of a patriot one sheds blood - this is certainly not expected from a good human being.

-Mrs. J. Anand

I think we do, as we get carried away emotionally, we forget to be humans.

-Mr. M. Hannah

While saving an innocent fellow human being, if I happen to kill a terrorist, I would not feel guilty of being inhumane.

-Mrs. M. Pandey

Like in cricket, I like the game and I should appreciate a good game and a good team, but being a fanatic Indian, I would always support and appreciate India.

-Mr. A. Tripathi

If you are a true Indian, you can never be inhumane.

Rahul Wadhwa

Everyone calls themselves either Indians or Americans or Pakistanis, while forgetting to call themselves human beings.

Mariz Khan

For some people patriotism is just an excuse for terrorism.

Deepak Kumar

Yes. Killing fellow human beings under the tag of *Jihad*, a number of terrorist organisations have reduced Kashmir, once called 'Paradise on earth' to a place where tourists now fear to travel.

Suyash Gupta

No we don't because to honour our role as patriots we do not need to dishonour our roles as humans.

Harshit Agarwal

Well, as this is a universal issue and demands global opinion, we wanted to analyse the question from a non - Indian perspective as well.

Consequently, we requested Ms. Erica Fuss, an American who is a part of the Welham community for this term, to provide us the non-pro Bhagat Singh perspective!!! Don't skip this one, read on...

Shortly after President Bush decided to move American troops into Afghanistan and Iraq, France criticized America's aggressive actions. An outcry was then raised across the USA. "If you're not with us, you're against us!" was the general theme of this cry. An unofficial national campaign sponsored by late night comedians and redneck chatter spread across the country. Since most Americans think that Jacques Cherac is a type of champagne, the objection was not raised against French politicians or public policy or even the physical nation of France itself. No, America's cultural war was against the word "French," as in *French* fries and *French* toast. Patriotic Americans were asked to please substitute

the word "freedom" when ordering this food in restaurants or grocery stores. Those Americans who had the privilege of a college education or any freedom of thought scoffed at this juvenile form of protest against a nation who had every right to name America's imperialistic aggression for what it is. But a great number of Americans still harbor a vague animosity toward the French simply because they were told to.

While this example is humorous and appears rather harmless, it has a sinister undercurrent. People were told to scorn another nation, were given appropriate terms of derision, and threatened with the label of "unpatriotic" if they did not do as they were told. Is this scenario any different if the appropriate terms of derision are escalated to public beatings or destruction of property? The message is still the same, no matter what the means: "If it is patriotic to hate, then you must, no questions asked."

One would think that such a thinly veiled message of hate would be quickly discovered and destroyed, especially by any nation who remembers the logical conclusion of hate at Auschwitz and Treblinka. But patriotism becomes a convenient mask to don to disguise our baser nature. When a family friend loses his livelihood it is easier to blame his loss on "those damn foreigners coming here and stealing our jobs" than on the man's own shortcomings or an intangible God or Fate. If a man is angry or strung out on booze and wants to hit someone, wouldn't it be patriotic, and therefore not wrong, to hit an ethnic minority than say, his own wife and kids?

When misused, patriotism is a very dangerous tool. It gives a man blanket approval over his actions just because he was lucky enough to be born to a certain nation. It says that the good citizens of that country can do no wrong as long as they are working for national betterment. The concept of the White Man's Burden was created along such twisted logic, but oh how convenient it is to believe that something as accidental as one's birthplace gives him worldwide moral superiority. Mob-induced patriotism doesn't stand up to logic, nor does it stand up to basic human decency. Love your country, but with a rational, questioning mind, not a mindless devotion.

- Ms. Erica Fuss

....and that was the Oliphant Focus. Please forgive Oli for focusing on such a non-patriotic topic in the Independence Day special issue.

However, you have to believe that Oli is a true and a proud Indian. But you know what, in life one has to play a lot of roles, and play them equally well.

1947

2005

Apparent Carte Blanche

Next time a politico tells you that you are absolutely free don't believe him. If your parents tell you that you are free, don't listen and if your Principal tries to appease you by saying that you enjoy all the fundamental rights, don't even bother.

Welcome to the world's largest Democracy or 'Demon'cracy, where everyone believes that ignorance is bliss; where every third person you meet is corrupt in one way or another.

1/4th of the milk, the *Doodhwala* gets, is water. And if you complain to him about the purity of the milk, he'll threaten you, "Take it or leave it."

Each time the clothes come back from the *Dhobi* one of them is missing. If you go to the Electric Department to pay your bill, you have to wait for at least 3 hours in the line (In case you don't want to, you have the *second option!*)

You feel odious when you are standing in the line for two hours to buy a railway ticket and at last when your turn comes, a person from out of the blue and is entertained before you – 'cause he's a V.I.P.

To get your telephone line repaired, you visit the telephone exchange everyday for a week and the telephone department gives you the same old excuse, "It will be done tomorrow, don't worry". And finally when you decide to fork out a hundred-rupee note, your telephone starts functioning from the next minute!

The policeman's modus operandi is just like that of the businessman. They halt cars on the highway whenever they feel like just to make some quick money. This often results in mile long traffic jams.

You have topped in your university and pass out with an excellent percentage. You apply for a job but the other person with half your qualities is selected just because his uncle's brother-in-law's friend owns the company.

There is still a great amount of discrepancy in the salaries of Indians and Europeans. In the merchant navy an Indian cadet who is much more hard working gets paid half the salary as his European counterpart. If your father is not a politician, you can't dream of being one. If your father doesn't have a law firm then you will have a tough time to survive as a lawyer. You go to a local district court in India; it's not the one you see in the Hindi movies where people like *Govinda* are shouting and howling at the judge and making a mockery of the judiciary. From the lowest paid clerk to the highest-ranking judge, everybody's pocket money is decided before hand. Pocket money first – work later.

The politicians don't care about the common man. They spend lacks of rupees on their elections and if the same money would have been used in removing poverty, then India would have been a better place to live in, years ago!

A group of villagers once asked a politician to build a road for them and the politician chortled in disbelief "Where are you cars that you need roads?" There were the benighted ones of Bihar. They get marooned and they drown because there are no roads to get them to safety during floods. The old and the ailing die because there are no roads to transport them to places where they can get care. Criminals waylay them because there are no roads for quick getaways or for help to arrive in time. Roads are life. Whoever was talking about cars?

We celebrate our Independence Day every year and take pride in ourselves on getting freed from the clutches of the British. What we don't realize is that we Indians don't relish the fact of being free.

Apparently British,
-Ajitesh Kir



Return of the
SUBWAY MAN.

... after a period of two years the Subway Man returned that too on a Monday morning!
The Result : 74 Gated !!!!!



WHAT'S IN

Staff Rule
Mr. Kelly
Krishna House
Mr. Das's Activa

Banquet Hall
Mr. Raina's 'Ray Bans'

Gated !!!

WHAT'S OUT

British Rule
Mr. Rana
IT lab
Mr. Kandpal's
'Th'antro
L.R.C
Mr. Lahiri's
'Ray Bans'
Expelled!

8. Finally, he should be ambitious and should always work towards being a Prefect-whether it takes 12 or 13 years!

So if you are eligible for such a reservation then do not worry, just send in all the documents of proof and REGISTER NOW because this is a year long opportunity!

-Karamveer S. Sohi

Blood for Blood...

See U when U get there..

Eleventhies ! This one is for you. All the 'scoping guys' who harbour the dream of becoming prefects should know by now that if you don't have enough leadership qualities or contribution to the School to back your campaign, you can still manage (by hook or crook) to have the privilege to sit on the Prefects' table with the actual deserving guys. The time is ripe for the people who have ample stock of good-quality butter back in their hostels, as there is a special quota for such people.

To be eligible for this reserved seat, a candidate should satisfy the following conditions:

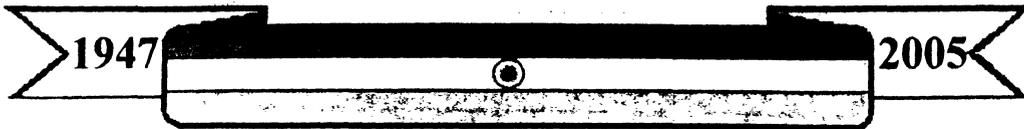
1. By this time of the term, he should have asked all the teachers about their holidays and assured them that though he couldn't do their homework, he would still work twice as hard this term in their respective subjects.
2. In that private and emotional one-on-one session he should have, turn by turn, told every teacher that he/she is his favourite teacher, and that he wishes to pursue his (the teacher's) subject after 12th.
3. He should have taken up Humanities, or if not, atleast be a regular visitor to the Humanities room.
4. He should take part in an anti-drug campaign regardless of the fact that he has direct contacts with the *autowalas* outside the school's gate.
5. He should be amusingly close to the 'Dean of Matrons' as she knows the Principal more than anyone else does.
6. He should be a brand ambassador for Colgate and should smile convincingly (!!) at all the juniors that pass by.
7. He should be extra friendly to the 'outgoing' Prefect body and always be ready to hear their expertise carefully-even if it's about jets in the toilets.

I was gasping for breath. The end seemed too near. I knew that I would but survive a few more hours. I could not believe this had happened to me. My best friend, Cross and my younger brother Mike, were sitting beside my bed in room No.42 of the hospital. Cross was crying uncontrollably while Mike had never ever cried in his life.

Slowly my life started coming in front of my eyes. I could still clearly remember the time when this had all started. My dad had been one of the five main mafia chiefs of New York City. We had always had many enemies. In the business that my dad controlled in New York, he was bound to have many enemies. He controlled the main casinos of New York and also controlled all the illegal gambling, supply of drugs etc. No one interfered with our business.

I remembered the time when my dad had been shot in the middle of the road in his chest after the deal with another mafia chief regarding the control over one of our casinos had gone seriously wrong. They were the people of the same mafia chief who were behind the murder. I was there with Mike when dad took his last breath and closed his eyes forever. As I was very short-tempered I had sworn to take revenge. I had after a few days called a meeting with the person who was responsible for my father's demise, for a re-discussion of the incomplete deal. He was very happy thinking that I was afraid and would easily accept the deal. He had even left his bodyguards outside the room. As we were talking, I took out my pistol from my pocket and shot the mafia chief straight between his eyes. As his brother got up from his seat, my finger once again pressed the trigger of the pistol and the bullet went right through his throat. The two people lay dead on the floor, which was now a puddle of blood. My bodyguards had taken care of the rest of the things.

I remembered the time, I had first met Cross. I had to flee to Spain to escape the police. It was in Spain where I first met Cross. He was the son of one of my father's friend with whom I was staying in Spain. I liked Cross the first time I had met him.



He had something, which made him different from the rest. He was fearless and loyal and just the kind I needed to be my right hand man as I would now be taking over my father's business. During the one year stay at Spain, Cross had become like my brother. I had brought him back with me to New York.

We had now become the most respected among the mafia chiefs in New York. Everything was going on well. I married my girlfriend whom I had met in College. Since then we had been together. She knew everything about me, as I never hid anything from her. She was ready to accept me as I was and so we had finally married. We had two children, one boy and the other a girl. My aim was to make our business completely legal in New York so that it could be carried over from generation to generation. I had planned to do away with the illegal gambling and open some hotels. But this would take time.

Everything was going on smoothly when finally this day came. My wife and my two kids were going to the church when a car stopped in front of them and two men got out. They shot them in such a horrifying manner that I failed to recognize my wife when I saw her. I was absolutely disgusted. The people responsible for this were no other than sons of the mafia chief whom I had murdered. I straightaway went to them. Cross and Mike were following me. As I was going, my car suddenly blew up. Everything had been very well planned. They had known that I would come for them and so they had planted a bomb in my car. Luckily, I didn't die. Cross and Mike took me to the hospital. Everything started fading in front of my eyes. I made Cross and Mike promise to me that all this enmity would end there and then. They would not take revenge. Then I took a deep breath and that was it.

- Chirantan Singh

Nature's Diary :

Teen Paani

Teen Paani is a picnic spot recently opened by the Forest Department of Uttaranchal Govt. It is located along the Dehra Dun – Haridwar Road, 35 km from the city. Yes you are right – the name *Teen Paani* means three rivulets. These rivulets flow down from the mountains and meet at this place before becoming one big stream – Jhakhan Rao. Eventually Jhakhan Rao flows to meet the River Ganga at Satyanarayan, another lovely picnic spot that you can visit!

It's a beautiful spot – the stream surrounded by beautiful evergreen dense forest. The left bank of the stream is well paved, and the right has considerably high concrete stairs. The row of trees half bending their branches, create cool shadows over the stream. Sit, bathe, play in the shallow water, get relief from the unbearable summer heat. The atmosphere and environment of this spot is so heavenly that once you visit it, you will want to visit it over and over again.

A small walk further inside the forest, from the main spot is an exciting experience for the nature lovers; where one can enjoy the chirping of birds and jungle fowls. The rivulet is surrounded by a forest that is dominated by large trees such as Paniala (*Bischofia javanica*), Ghab (*Diospyros embryopteris*), Jamun (*Syzygium cumini*), Kanakchampa (*pterosperrum*), Gamhar (*Trewia nudiflora*) etc.

However, look at what we humans have done to it. The place is in a pathetic condition. Tourists visit this place and leave behind plastic litter – plates, cups, glasses, bottles, carry bags etc. There are no toilets, no drinking water facility, no dustbins etc.

This picnic spot could be another Lachhiwala! It is the need of the hour for the conservationists, public and Forest Dept. officials to maintain the pristine beauty of this spot and facilitate the basic amenities to attract tourists.

- Mr. Surjeet Singh Khaira

Dalanwala - Nature's Paradise

The connection of my family with Dalanwala goes back to the time when I was not even born. I have been coming to my grandparents on Mohini Road most of the time.

Dalanwala when I saw first was a place with big trees and good plantation but seeing Dalanwala now I ask myself where are all the trees now, did they disappear?

I came to Dalanwala when I was about 5 years old. My mother left me here with my grand parents. When I roamed around Dalanwala in the morning the fresh air and beautiful trees would make me active any day. My house on Mohini Road still has leeches, guava, custard apple trees. Flowering shrubs planted for their scent and beauty and sprawling lawns, but, on the road side there used to be big and beautiful trees which have all been cut down and a path made for people to walk. Houses the size of five star hotels are made now a days but what about all the green trees they have had to mow down? The orchards they destroyed.

Multi-storied buildings have come up on every road taking away all the ground water from the trees and for the birds, which twittered away with joy on the branches of these trees. Are we doing the right thing for this locality? Should we not stop before it's too late and think. We should have a more nature friendly environment, should we not?

- Anirudh Shrestha

Planet Earth

Earth is a planet of life,
On which lives husband and wife.
In the morning the sun gives us light,
But goes away at night.
Huge quantity of water is on Earth,
As such, trees have a wide growth.

Our Earth has many features,
And it contains various creatures.
After eating a cherry, everyone gets merry.
After drinking Sprite, they fly a kite.

Pollution is increasing day by day,
You can see it in March and May.
The streets aren't clean,
I hope you understand what I mean.
Garbage is accumulated everywhere,
But dustbins are used nowhere.

If you keep the Earth neat,
Then you will be treated with meat.
Before I conclude,
I would like to include,
Save the Earth from pollution,
And I am sure you will create a new revolution.

- Sagar Singhal

The Tri - Colour

Yesterday I saw a man,
A big flag in his hand.
I saw him as he ran,
In the north towards a stand.

The flag was saffron, white and green
And a small wheel in between.
It was my country's flag I had seen,
To proudly hold it high I was very keen.

-Shivank Singh

(15)

The Ringside View

The monsoon has not frustrated the will of the boys to strive to win. No matter how hard it is raining or how slushy like, the field is, everyone except for the 'bookworms' are found outside their respective Houses.

Even if the shooting range had not come up until recently, our own school team stood third in the IPSC shooting competition.

Golf has also been introduced as a sport and this inclusion increases the sports facilities



available to us. Hope that we have a 'Tiger' in school too.

Our under-15 soccer team participated in the 1st Alok Soccer Tournament, which was held from the 2nd to 4th of this month at the Oak Grove School, Mussoorie. With minimal practice sessions we eventually stood third.

The senior team will participate in their first tournament in Sanawar from 28th of August.

All the teams have been practicing very hard, even though the weather has been horrendous and unfavourable. However, the Vox Populi has also demanded the realms of authority of the Sports Committee and the validity of its decisions. I hope the message has reached the ears, intended to.

At the start of this new term, I would advice the budding athletes that pain would last for a minute or an hour or a week, but if you quit it will last forever and gnaw your conscience like canker.

Don't quit,

-Vishal Choudhury

Paralympics

A flurry of questions runs through a crippled man. What had he done? Cherished a life long dream to become a successful athlete? To do something for his country, to make a name for himself. What does he do now?

Paralympics is the answer. It's like the jungle for those 'tigers' raring to go. With their handicap these athletes have been imprisoned in a cage, being limited to its confines. The *paralympics* has at last set them free. That is their road to freedom. The road to show the world what they are and what they can do.

There are many examples of people who have succeeded at this form of the Olympics. These are the people who have won medals for their country under special conditions. There is Rodice Green of the U.S.A. who with the help of an artificial leg won three bronze medals at Athens. Considering that this was just his first *paralympics* it is a great achievement. According to him, "I wish to take part in the Olympics for my country one day."

Talking of India there is Devendra from Rajasthan who just swept the competition off their feet at Athens. He bettered his own record at the javelin. The nearest competitor was not even near his old record. This shows the sheer domination of the Indian in that arena.

Paralympics are held two weeks after the Olympics, at the same venue. The underprivileged have at last found a place to fulfil their dreams. The place where name and fame awaits them. They did not give up and fought their way up to that point. The result is in front of everyone. So before anyone thinks of giving up on anything that you've always dreamed of, think of these people who, not being as lucky as you have succeeded in reaching their destination.

'Believe in yourself'
- Aninda Choudhary

Tennis Season !!!!!

It's pouring! And the Welhamites are enjoying it with the soccer ball, seen in every field

during the games time. At this moment when the school is busy trying out the 'Beckham' stunts (which are never successful), when a Welhamite hears the word Tennis Inter-House or the Tennis season, he is definitely taken aback.



Yes! The Safin's and Agassi are back at the Welham Tennis court (beside Bethany, in case you haven't spotted it). You can even see guys drilling out even at five in the morning. With our young coach and Tennis captain, Karamveer giving out whatever they can and helping us in every possible way, we have every reason to come back victorious from the IPSC this time. Moreover with the Inter-House taking place in mid August, we can only hope for the more hidden talents to be discovered.

Tennis! It may never have been a sport on which Welham's prestige rested, unlike Soccer and Basketball, the pace with which our tennis team is growing, we are all geared up to take on any team in the future.

Busy stretching
-Prahars Agarwal

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