



The News and Views, May 2014

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Therefore, do you perform your allotted duty; for action is superior to inaction. Desisting from action, you cannot even maintain your body.

Bhagavada Gita, 3:8

Editorial

Dear Readers,

It has been an exciting albeit hectic term. With Music and Dance being held separately and the Golden Jubilee basketball tournament along with the commemorative week all happening in quick succession, there has hardly been any time to notice anything. Those witnessing the mayhem of this term for the first time might be a little dizzy but most of us seasoned warriors know just how to get things back on track. Though as all the drama and the energy unfolds in front of me I cannot help but notice the calm and the quiet that has settled over the school just two weeks before heading back home.

The weather has also been very unfair and the many croaking voices on campus are proof of that. The heat might have taken some enthusiasm out of all Welhamites but the 'News and Views' correspondents. Working late into the afternoons while most of our readers were busy catching up on their sleep, we strove hard to put together the first edition of this term.

'News and Views' has always tried to mirror the thoughts of the school and hence everybody was free to pen down their reflections and submit them. The results have been truly encouraging not only because of the number of articles we have received but also the clarity with which they have been written. It has been truly inspiring to see such remarkable efforts. We all know that good writers make good readers and so I know that our labour of countless hours and lost sleep will be appreciated.

With the test weeks round the corner all I want to say is that I wish all Welhamites the very best of luck and congratulate them for all the milestones they have achieved this term-both in and out of school.



Signing off for now,
Vedika Tripathi

School Captain's Address

Dear Welhamites,

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate each and every one of you for going the extra mile and keeping the Welham spirit alive, despite the unexpected disturbances to our jam-packed April-May term. We have had a term bursting with a number of interschool events, including sports tournaments, conferences, debates and various fests and seminars all of which proved to be highly successful and entertaining.

I commend each of the houses for the immense effort put into making the Inter-House Music and Dance Competition a success and hope to see the same enthusiasm for the upcoming inter house events.

I would also like to duly note the efficiency with which the whole school adjusted to the gate timings and security measures. It is commendable to have juggled a number of activities along with restrictions on the liberty of crossing campuses and other new rules.

In the end even though each one of us gets busy with our own work and schedules, we must remember that we stand together as one community, one body and must work together towards greater heights and achievements!

With class tests upon us and the school calendar showing no signs of lightening up, let's hope that we emerge successful from a term as maddening as this and prepare for the year ahead with more enthusiasm and conviction than ever.

Cheers,
Kanishka Gupta



Welham Girls' School

From The Sidelines

{Mrs. Sadhna Sharma is the founder of the Women's Association of Uttarakhand. The following are excerpts from our conversation with her.}

Editorial Board: You are the establisher of the women's association of Uttarakhand. What were the events that motivated you?

Mrs. S. Sharma: The state of the women in this country even in the 21st century is pathetic. Our country has been independent for many years now but the women are still shackled by our systems, beliefs and traditions. The newspapers are filled with countless instances of rape, murder and torture all directed against women. When my daughter was born in this country the nurses refused to accept any reward from us, for the conventionally obvious reason - "It is a girl". This is an evidence of how women downsize their own kind. These are just some of the things that motivated me.

EB: What were the problems you faced in establishing it?

SS: The lack of funds was one of the biggest problems. We could not even hire an office space but due to the grace of the newspaper I was working in as a reporter, we were permitted to use one of their rooms. We have come a long way since then.

EB: What are the objectives of your organization?

SS: We live in a time where women participate in everything. They make up an integral portion of the work force. They have to face people who consider them inferior and feel the need to constantly prove their worth. With more girls stepping out of their safe havens, it is our duty to ensure a secure environment for them. This is one of our main objectives. To do so we need a solid front such as the *gulabi gang*.

EB: What are your views on the topic of the debate- "Democracy is synonymous to anarchy"?

SS: It is a topic that makes one think personally I do not agree with it. The very fact that we can raise our voices against our system means that we do indeed have rights. But I would agree that our leaders need to be better. They need to be more educated and should not have any criminal records. Only then can we have a good democracy.

EB: What are your views about the present generation?

SS: Looking at the present generation I feel proud of the fact that we have such bright young minds in our country and that they are the future of the nation.

Write A Line



Recently, I went to The Doon School for a Literary Festival. There, the Headmaster inspired me through his words. He said, "Write, even if you write three pages a day in half a year you'll get yourself a book". People like me who enjoy reading often want to write but can't really figure out what is it that we would like to write about. At times, we fail to try because we assume that what we write may never be published or that no one would appreciate it but here's the thing : you have to be selfish while you are writing a piece . And, I don't mean "concerned chiefly with one's own interests or pleasure" - selfish but the Oscar Winning Actor Matthew McConaughey's selfish - "when you start concentrating on yourself and not on what other people think of you".

So go on and write. Write about things positive and things negative; things clichéd and things out of the box; things you believe in and things others might not believe in; things that matter to you as an individual and things which matter to the world; things which make sense and things that don't. When you cannot find a word, create it (C.W. Lewis did that and look where it got him). It is only when you *feel*, that you can write. After that it doesn't matter if others would like it or not; all that matters is that you wrote what you felt and you wrote for yourself, you wrote because you wanted to and at times because you needed to.

So, pick up that pen, find that scrap of paper and the rest will come to you.

-Tushita Bagga

"Stringing" notes together

SPIC MACAY organized an invigorating and enthralling afternoon of Rajasthani folk music presented by Bhatte Khan and his troupe.

Also, thanks to SPIC MACAY, Welhamites had the pleasure of witnessing a stellar performance by Pandit Vishva Mohan Bhatt in the month of March. He performed Raga Patbeep and his Grammy award winning composition "A Meeting by the River" on the Mohan Veena that left the audience mesmerized.



A Year in School

I recently completed my first year in school and the experience has been nothing short of a roller coaster ride. Now with the start of another year it feels like the ride has ended and my heart can beat normally again. It seems like another lifetime when I worked as a *khadi-kurta* donning journalist, hovering in the back alleys of the city's shady areas and looking for scandalous headlines in the hospital corridors. This perhaps justifies the tattoos. Because, honestly, where do you find an inked Secretary to the Principal?

My tattoos have brought me a mixed bag of reactions. From the senior girls who found them to be "cool" and "can't wait to get one of my own" to junior girls who have wanted to know "which marker I had used"; teachers who have asked me "if it hurt as much" to those who have simply stated, "but why?"

However, of all the reactions, the one that amused me the most was Dheerja didi's' who has a very cool, albeit tribal, tattoo on her inner elbow. The first time I met her regarding a missing flower arrangement meant for the Commemorative event. A hassled Dheerja didi came in to the office demanding to know where the missing vase was. She then stopped and looked curiously at the tattoo on my forearm, then looked at hers and back at mine. I waited for her to look at me and as soon as she did I said "*aapka jyaada achha hai*" (yours is better than mine). Her million dollar smile lit up the office and her beautiful flower arrangements have brightened our office since then.



- Ms. Shefali Thapliyal

A Dystopian Fairytale

Princess Aurora slept away the years waiting for her Prince Charming to come and rescue her and Princess Crimea of the real world is following a somewhat similar path. The only difference is – in this century; even royalty isn't guaranteed a happy ending. Princess Crimea seeks a better life outside the secure yet restrictive castle walls of Ukraine. She detests the evil sorcerer Obama, who grew the wretched creepers and thorns that keep her knight in shining armor out. She hasn't yet thought of the possibility that the supposed 'villain' of her tale, famous for his CARE plans, might actually be protecting her; if only to serve his own purpose of pricking and bleeding Prince Putin dry. The sorcerer cannot allow him to conquer kingdoms by rescuing the princess. All this while, the princess sleeps with a sweet smile, dreaming of a certain buff, raven haired prince, riding up on his white charger and introducing himself to her in his roguish Russian tone. "Hello, fair lady ~ I'm Vlad-ee-meer." Following which he would sweep her off her feet and take her away from the castle forever. The walls and thorns are certainly a hindrance, but Prince Putin seems determined to foil all the efforts of his opponents to keep the princess away from him.

However, does our prince truly love Princess Crimea? Does prince Putin have ulterior motives? Is the Ukrainian castle going to succeed in containing the Princess within its high walls? For the sake of the Princess, let's hope that her vote was in favor of the correct party. Only time will tell whether the kiss of the Prince will be life...or death.

-Sanjana Tanya Singla
and Varnika Gupta

The Human Dynamo

The alarm bell rings, intruding the peaceful slumber as the day begins for the human dynamo much before the break of dawn. All charged up and refreshed he is ready to deal with multiple tasks and execute them with perfection and to a great extent he does so. But the glutton desires more. So he pushes the horizon and goes another mile, feeling smug about his new accomplishment.

Another dawn beholds him striving ahead. And so he surges towards the "last syllable of recorded time", only to realize that somewhere far behind he had lost his way, his life had been no better than a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing." By then it was too late.

This life is ours and so is the allotted time. It is our prerogative to choose between a human dynamo driven by his crass desires and worldly ambitions or a humane individual striving towards His feet on the path of righteousness and duty.



"Women hold up half the sky"

- Chinese proverb -

A Letter In Return

Dear Mr. Terrorist,

This letter contains a series of consequences which 600 of us are facing due to your actions.

Firstly, your timing was just impeccable. Sending a threat right before our Inter house Music and Dance Competition, seriously? You have no idea how difficult it is to coordinate with one's fellow dancers when the only practice, with all of them present, happens once a day. Music and Dance is one of the biggest events of the school year and your extremity ruined it entirely.

Mr. Terrorist, what do you do after a tiring day of classes? Sleep? Well so do we! Now if one is, for some meager reason, stuck on the no. 12 campus in the afternoon with the hot sun beating down on her; believe you me, she is only one step away from exploding, bomb or no bomb. Only He can help us survive till the rule abiding guards open the gates to heaven, more commonly known as 'across'.

Due to that inconsiderate letter we cannot enjoy our lovely gardens. Not only that, but you have also managed to come between Welhamites and their only source of solace and hope, the Pir Baba. How could you do something so barbarous to us? Especially when this is the time we receive our final examination marks.

Also, the next time I call home would you like to handle my paranoid parents? Trust me, it is not a pleasant experience. The conversation goes along the lines of-

Me- Hi! How are -

Parents- Dear, are you fine? Is there any news about the terrorist? Did you see anyone shady around the campus by any chance?

Me- What? I'm fine. I-

Parents- I hope you are taking proper precaution. Are you following the school's safety guidelines? Is there enough security around school? I feel like bringing you back home.

Me- But listen-

Parents- The thought of you being there is so scary. Are you sure that there are no more updates? Are there no additions to the case? Hope you are being honest with me dear. You aren't lying, are you?

Me- I -

Operator- Your quota of talk time for this month is over.

Well thank you Mr. Terrorist, you just made management of the limited talking time more difficult than it already is. I would like to point out two things- Firstly, you will not receive any glory or satisfaction from harming young girls and Secondly, it is not a very smart move to annoy and call upon your head the profanities of 600 teenage girls living in a boarding school *all at once*. I hope this letter will make you realize the pettiness of your action and make you withdraw your letter so that balance is restored to the residents of the small world of Welham.

Sincerely,
A distressed Welhamite.
-Varnika Gupta



Whacky Welham Language

"Headie? What does that mean?" My mother asked when I apologized for being late for my outing on account of the aforesaid word. I laughed and informed her that it meant a head wash. We at Welham have created abbreviations for nearly everything. They may sound funny or even silly but they are an integral part of our 'language'. For instance the most delectable dessert of the school has been named 'Gulabo', which sounds more like it could be a girl's name rather than a dessert's. The same formula is applied to our sacred song book - Geeto!

Even the names of the houses have not been spared of this special treatment. Poor bulbuls! They are fondly referred to as 'bullies' even though they are anything but that. Everyday we get to see a hundred plus flies buzzing all around the campus. But it is not a thing to worry about as I am only talking of the Flycatchers. Even great football players like Messi have become a part of the Welham vocabulary. With five of them each in the senior as well as the junior mess, there is no goal which can not be achieved. The word pasted means 'to stick'. But in our school we use it in the following context, "I got pasted for not doing my homework." I think that this analogy will always remain a mystery to me. These are just few of the oddities that you will come across if you ever have the pleasure of conversing with a Welhamite though you need not be surprised if you discover much more.

-Sukhman Arora



Horizon

Sitting and pondering, the tide of life
Dejected and abandoned, the sands of time
Nine months, two weeks and a day, the steep climb
The teary farewell, the brave soldier, the sorrowful wife
The river a living reminder, a deeper wound, a deeper dive
The temple bells, the morning mist,
Breaking through was the sunshine
Red, orange, yellow, blue, painted on the skyline
The glistening stones, silent, just like my life.

Hope, looking at the scorching Sun
Hope, matching the shades of blue passing by
Hope, riding on the tide
Hope, memories of the past coming undone
Hope, soaring in the sky
Waiting, everyday, down by the riverside.

-Arooja Singh and Shimona Patel



Kali

As they burned me
Their eyes held an uncanny desire
The cry rang from town to town,
"The widow burns at the pyre!"

I cry for help
My allies cower away
Blinding rage in my eyes and theirs
Though for different reasons, I say

Do not mistake my piteous attire
As a symbol of debility
For insults and misfortunes ignite my fire
Burning away my 'supremacy'

"I shall reincarnate as Kali
And avenge every woman wronged",
I pledge as the fire chars my skin,
For this, my soul has longed

'Here I preach the gospel of self reliance
To you, fellow women
Raise your voices against injustice in defiance
Lest you be betrayed by your brethren.'

You too are capable of the dance of destruction
if man does not mend his ways
Let him see your powerful side,
Ten hands, red eyes, ready to attack
Rendering them immobile with fear.

-Ishrat Hans

Royally Caught

- Oriole SCs bunking PT, alarm clock and counterpane in hand.
- ShantiPriyal seen in a certain Captains room.
- Anushree Sharma carrying papaya peels, prepping for socials.
- A certain only body was asked to "freez" by the librarian.
- Mr. Malakar seen heading towards the field with a certain gang.
- Mrs. Datta nodding off during SAS.

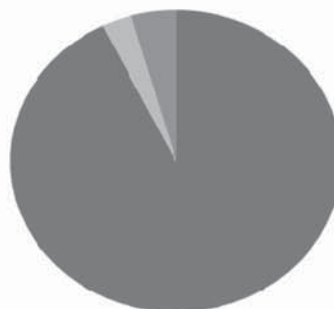
IN

Freedom
Pancakes
Posted Letters
Socials on Sunday
#Selfie
Bills
SAT
Hockey

OUT

Gate System
Maggi
Hand Delivered Letters
Socials on Saturday
"Sir!! Sir!!"
Bills
IIT
Basketball

Do we need a 'STUDENT COUNCIL' in school?



"Lotus in the Hand?"

FOR

AGAINST

With the elections to the 16th Lok Sabha in progress, questions and speculations arise in the minds of many. For the last 67 years, the Congress has proven its worth consistently in a country as diverse as India. I dare say this because the Congress leaders are able minded men and women who deliver what the people want and are most definitely aware of the country's history.

One cannot ignore the fact that the Congress is nearly a hundred and thirty year old association that has seen India through the independence struggle and the years following the rebirth of the nation. The leaders of this party have unabashedly led the country through three wars, an emergency and has yet managed to place India in "the family of great nations."

Others might stress the fact that in a democratic institution like India's, the Congress has established a dynastic leadership but I say that in a democratic institution like India's, one has the right to choose their profession. In the face of this natural right, no body can argue against the Gandhi family, who for generations have been involved in politics not because it is easy but because each member has rendered great service to the nation and its people in their own capacities.

The underlying defect of a Parliamentary form of governance is that each general election brings in a new government, not merely a new Prime Minister. How does my opposition propose that Mr. Modi will get his own amongst member of a party known to be ruthlessly communal in its ideology ?

In these elections, the BJP has effectively used technology for hollow propaganda that sells Narendra Modi on false statistics of the "Gujarat Development Model." Granted that UPA II made errors in the past five years it was wielding power at the center.. How is one sure that given the chance, Modi would not commit the same follies?

The power stations in Congress are changing to incorporate the younger minds who promise great positive change seen through their great potential. It served a good ten years and may serve another five because it upholds a legacy of highly qualified and capable individuals who loyally and selflessly strive to be of service to the nation.



- Aarushi Aggarwal

If India is the second fastest developing nation in the world, then there has to be visible proof in areas such as emancipation of women, rise in literacy rates, Industrialization and many more. On looking at the available data, we realize that hardly any state has managed to live up to the proposed development module, but Gujarat. Gujarat is the state that adds to being the quintessential Cinderella; rising from the rags to riches much like the charismatic leader Narendra Modi and his party The Bharatiya Janta Party.

Since the election of the Congress to power in 2004 the Indian economy has been dragged into a downward spiral. Although the 21st century has shown considerable growth rates, it seems like most of the economic policies of the congress have been in favor of the bourgeoisie, while the proletariat continues to perish. Impracticable goals and false promises is nothing new with the Congress. Looking at the high number of scams that have taken place during the last ten years such as the 2G and Coal-gate to name a few, electing the Congress to power again would be like mimicking the situation in Egypt where the failed democratic system is veering back towards alarming dictatorship.

Moreover more than a body of elected representatives, the congress seems to endorse dynastic rule, for generations of the same family have held power notwithstanding their eligibility. They may lay a claim to noble designs such as service to the nation but I think everyone knows better by now! In order to lead a nation with a huge number of the population below poverty line it is necessary for a person to be familiarized with the hopes and aspirations of the 'common man' and who can do it better than a man who has risen from the rank and file.

Though my opponents may object saying that it is not possible to have a leader with very limited knowledge of the country's history, I reply by saying would

you rather have a charismatic man of action ruling the country, who has seen and experienced the worst or would you have an inexperienced youth who always gets his game laid out on the platter?



- Tahira Kairon

IPL Mania

With the Indian Premier League's first few matches being held in the United Arab Emirates, critics were of the opinion that this would bring down the IPL fever. The cricketers themselves judged the situation to be calmer and less hyped over there. Little did they know that people from all sections of the society winded up their work earlier than usual; teens finished their tedious homework before seven forty-five rather than the normal time of twelve o' clock, just to be able to watch their favourite IPL teams and players battle each other to win the title.

The IPL Mania begins much before April (when the tournament actually starts). It is just another moment of excitement for the fans to open their newspapers on one fine winter morning only to find their loyalties have suddenly shifted due to the recruitment of their favourite player by a different team. Economists are in for a big shock as stakes are too high for top class players. This year Yuvraj Singh was the "costliest" player and it was Royal Challengers Bangalore who got their hands on him.

Mumbai Indians are the current reigning champions after their controversial win over Dhoni-led Chennai Super Kings in the last season. The Mumbai Indians' have not had much to their credit this season, with them losing most of their matches. The surprise-in-the-box has been Kings XI Punjab so far. They have dominated every match with a much decorated score, with Mitchell Johnson taking the lead in bowling and Glenn Maxwell adding up high scores to his total. IPL is a boon in disguise for Indian cricket fans. They finally have something to be excited about as the IPL mania is finally replacing the election fever. May the best win!



-Nitya Khanna



The Socials' Hangover











After an evening full of unusual surveys and slow dancing, some of the SCs returned to school completely and utterly star struck. It started with a 'magician' casting his spell on an awkward child making her unusually normal. The brewing interest between a charming sports woman and a 'sili' dancer made us go "O"h! We also saw a 'couple' of people grooving to the beat near the main stage. One of our baby girls acquired the 'heart of a lion'. A chicken-'tika' also came back and sobbed over having to turn vegetarian. A certain House Captain realized that she would get her "Prasad" only if she would "kam"-down, while another one needs 'A-rush' of 'mayo'nnaise threats. On the other hand, the hockey captain seems to have left her fate in the hands of "P-rab" for her upcoming tournaments. Another Welhamite found 'entertainment' in staring deeply into her copy of 'Arms and the Man' while she danced with her 'Man'. We also saw the Zakir "Hussain" of the Doon school accompanying a 'lucky' 'Sengar' at her table while another lucky 'meen' girl tried to explore the 'Sach-in' yet another boy.

However, in the midst of all the happiness and excitement, a 'little' kangaroo missed her 'little' b-OY. Further more, post socials, a boy with certain three sentimental letters lettered his girl, crowning her as queen "S" though one of the 'messy' girls didn't quite achieve the "victory" she had expected. The evening deemed most of us socially hung-over for P.T the next morning, while some still remained "SAS"sy.

Roses

&

Raspberries

- | | |
|---|---|
|  Fresh pink fragrant roses to Mrs. Datta for being an excellent escort for socials and her eagerness to return them soon. |  Baskets of sour, rotten, fungus infected raspberries to the guards for ALWAYS waiting to shut the gates in our faces. |
|  A dewy bright yellow rose to each new member of the Welham family. We hope to make wonderful memories together! |  Truckloads of smashed, pulpy, trodden upon raspberries to all SC teachers for assuming that their subject is the only one we get prep in. |
|  A bunch of sparkling white roses to Mrs. Swati Singh for missing multiple history classes. |  Auditoriums full of maggot infested, putrid, foul smelling, squishy raspberries to the games department for shifting P.T timings by 5 minutes every day. |
|  Tubs full of red roses to the Bursar and the Mess Staff for giving us such scrumptious food. |  A plate of pulverized, gooey and rotten raspberries to Mr. Vachani for a 13 day Hockey Tournament. |
|  Showers of soft, fragrant, pretty pink rose petals for Mrs. Neera Kapoor and the NV Editorial board for successfully publishing a 10 page issue BANG in the middle of test week. Good work y'all! |  Garbage bags oozing with moth-eaten, putrid and horribly infected raspberries to the bus drivers for taking a longer route on the way to The Doon School for socials. |

An Inside to Welhamatopia

Welham Girls' School is a unique institution which has been manufacturing 80 odd specimens, give or take 10, annually. These individuals are scientifically named as Welhamites. Now we broach upon an extremely complex subject, one even the brightest sparks of our time have not dared to delve into. We fearless daredevils have come up with mindboggling conclusions. This land called Welham, being the paradox paradigm it is, gives rise to various unbalanced personas (to put it in simple words – every Welhamite is an extremist); some of which are catalogued herein:

CATEGORY 1: School Patriots vs. School Traitors

This category comprises the majority of the school (with a few indifferent shuttlecocks, of course!). The school patriots can be seen propagating their love for this institution in every syllable of their speech, equating the trees that grow here to the ones in paradise and drawing parallels between the evening squash and the 'Nectar of Life'. And while this unadulterated show of "I-live-and-breathe-Welham" goes on, our Welham Traitors look upon them with displeasure, their faces distorted with sheer disgust –for they (the Traitors, we mean) are the ones who fail to see the difference between Welham and Shawshank. The sinfully delicious "kadhi chawal" to most; is a common drudgery to them. They are the ones who bless the IM and are forever discussing the numerous drawbacks of Welham. But then– when they finally step out never to return as Welhamites again, they too hold back a tear or two, After all, Welhamatopia DOES grow on you.

CATEGORY 2: The Overachievers Vs. The Underachievers

Here we start with the latter- by simply describing them as ignominiously lazy

"They who are capable of a lot;

But whose accomplishments add up to a naught."

The former, do everything in their blood to try to achieve beyond their reach, dissatisfied with their achievements and lament that there isn't an "over-achievement" certificate.

"They whose aspirations are their inspirations."

This class will be found twenty years later holding the best portfolios in India and abroad. Our sincere respects.

CATEGORY 3: The Over Estimators Vs. The Under Estimators (The last, we think!)

Ever asked your desk neighbor if she was done with her Math course – only to be greeted by a grand nod of the head and an obnoxious expression which sends "Dude-it's-me-you're-speaking-to" vibes. Ask them to solve a doubt and you are dismissed with a wave of the hand. These are the Over Estimators, a particularly notorious clan reputed for making you feel like mere bajri next to their splendor.

On the other hand, the latter may have reached the stars and back, but claim to never have ventured even to the Lal Tibba. These, we declare, are the Under Estimators. They have a clear highway to success, with only self-destruction and lack of faith in oneself impeding their paths.

Now, nowhere do we daredevils claim that Welhamatopia is utopia or even dystopia. We're just hanging from the fragile noose of neutrality precariously balanced between the two extremes of joy and sorrow.

Signing off,

Mrinal Sehgal and Rajlakshmi Das



A Fortnight in W.G.S.

*When I came to Welham a new chapter in my life's storybook started,
On 8th April 2013, my parents left me and departed.
My eyes were full of tears
Because I was missing my parents who were very dear,
On the first night the thing crept on me was fear.
The next day we were guided to our classes,
My classmate was jumping and broke her glasses.
Then an adult came in with spectacles and short hair,
She told us to settle here and there, the decision was very fair.
She was our class teacher, Ms. Seth, she introduced herself,
For fun she started calling us Bills exuberant, mini elves.
Ma'am described the chart competition and explained it to us,
Everyone found the idea stunning, so, there was no fuss.*

*We put our hearts and souls in the charts,
In the end, the most amazing thing was our art.
During the chart competition I made new friends,
The taught me outstanding, new trends.
Hockey was the sport I tried,
I succeeded in playing, so, there was pride.
In the end I settled quite well,
It didn't feel like I was in hell.
During lunch we got scrumptious curry and rice,
In Welham after a fortnight I felt very nice.
Over here teachers are perfect and never wrong,
The journey in W.G.S. is very adventurous and long.*

- Arushi Agarwal

From the Archives

Remembering Ms. Linnell

Here is an excerpt from Miss Linnell's last Founders speech wherein she firmly speaks of the values the school still stands for.

So varied and so many are the interests offered in school that it seems surprising that there should be girls- and far too many among this years leavers – who have not found school to have any real value for them. Some have been with us for the whole of their school lives but they seem to have taken little and given us nothing. I am not speaking of those quiet and reserved girls, who may have no obvious contribution to make- such girls feel very deeply for their school and they come back as old girls with very visible pleasure and show the keenest interest in new developments. But there are others, who during their holidays at home have very different pleasures, from the relatively unsophisticated ones that school offers- These are the girls of the “boy crazy” type, whose values have been formed by the cheaper type of films and who are allowed- or even taken by their parents, to such haunts as Blow Up in Bombay and the Cellar in Delhi. After such experiences how can they be expected to enjoy school work or play? Such girls have a dangerous glamour for girls with a simpler background and if these latter have entered School without acquiring any firm and true values in their homes, they join the cheap and glamorous and form a group of seniors, noisy, lawless, utterly selfish, but not truly happy, and they are definitely a disruptive influence in school.

But I cannot cease without a word to parents, whose responsibilities were stressed by General Rajendra Parshad at the Welham Boy's Founder's Day recently. If parents do not approve the values we try to uphold here, they should withdraw their daughters, in fairness to the School, as well as to the girls themselves. Otherwise they only confuse their girls' values. What is a child to think if she is expected by the School to speak the truth and yet knows that her parents will lie to get what they want? I am not over painting the picture. Far too many parents have not been honest with staff members or with me and I expect Mr. Miller has had the same disillusioning experience. Such parents are not only teaching their children dishonesty but also selfishness. So whatever their daughters want they think they must and should have, regardless of the convenience and rights of other people. I know that this is considered the modern-the permissive-attitude and that it is prevalent in many parts of the world today, but this fact cannot stop us, who see this for the evil it assuredly is, from campaigning against it, as our school captain, Gita has tried to do this year.

WELHAM TODAY

April 11: Kanishka Gupta stood first in the Stamp Making Competition at the *Izhaar-e-Hunar* Competition at Hopetown Girls' School.

April 15: The Senior Basketball Team won the U-18 Districts at Welham Boys' School defeating the Doon International School in the finals.

April 18-19: The Annual Dance Competition was concluded on the 19th of April with Hoopoes as the winners.

April 16-21: The Junior Basketball team represented the School at the Major Jagpal Basketball Tournament held at the Pinegrove School, Solan. They won the tournament by defeating the home team in the finals.

April 21 : French workshop conducted by Mr. Romain Devaux from DIT.

April 22-24: Twelve girls represented the school at the regional round of the World Scholars' Cup at the Indrapuram School, Ghaziabad. They all qualified for the next round to be held in Singapore in the last week of June.

April 23-26: The Basketball team came back as runners-up after having lost to the home team in the 14th Win Mumby All India Basketball Tournament at Woodstock School, Mussoorie.

April 25-26: The Annual Commemorative Week was held in the last week of April. The Home team clinched the first prize in the Hindi debate with Dikshita Goel being adjudged as the "best speaker" against the motion and Dhruva Shukla as the "best interlocutor". La Martiniere for Boys, Kolkata secured the first position in Miss Russel Nature and GK Quiz and The Daly College, Indore won the English Debate.

April 30: The Nature Club enthusiasts escorted by Mrs. Reema Pant, Mrs. Aanchal Sondhi and Mrs. Jyoti Vasudev went on a cleanliness drive organized by the NGO "Waste Warriors" .

May 1-4: Welham defeated MNSS by a score of 53-27 at the Welham Girls' School 8th Golden Jubilee All-India Basketball Tournament .

May 3: Tahira Kairon, Kirpen Dhaliwal and Devansha Agrawal represented the school at Rajiv Khanna Memorial Inter-school quiz at the Scholars' Home. The team stood fourth out of sixteen schools.

May 3-4: Anushna Gugalia, Varnika Gupta, Banii Minhas and Ria Dokania of the SC class represented school at the Young Entrepreneurs' Conference at The Doon School and stood 3rd overall.

May 4-13: The 4th Welham Girls' School Invitational Hockey Tournament concluded with the home team emerging as winners!

May 9-10: The Inter-House Music Competition concluded with Bulbuls as the winners. The Hoopoes were declared as the overall winners of the Inter House Music & Dance Competition.

Jahanvi Sardana (Ex-W/780) was awarded the Khemka Scholarship offered by T-gelf worth \$10000/ year.

Tahira - I admire Gandhiji and I want to follow his footsteps.

Anubhuti- I know....!!.....he is sooo thin!

Brains aren't everything .In fact, in your case they are nothing!

Avya: What if a Sikh is born without long hair?

Are you always that dumb, or just when the NV members are around?

Shradha: "I was unpresent."

Mr. Dora:

Shradha: "I mean impresent!"

SC Comm.:

Shradha: "Sorry, I meant dispresent!"

Keep talking, maybe someday you'll say something intelligent!

BIRD BRAIN



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