

APSDAA Newsletter



9. Daggers' Column

Reminiscences of our dear Classmate – Major Uday Singh, Shaurya Chakra (Posthumous), Sena Medal (Gallantry)

- Lovingly penned in Uday's memory by the 1992 Batch

While most Daggers might associate Maj Uday Singh with his two busts that each adorn the entrance intersection of the school, and the academic block, there is so much more to be said about who he really was, a side to him that was known to only those who saw him at first hand.

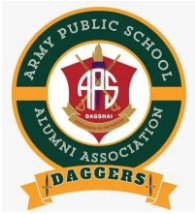
This piece endeavours to provide a window into Uday's persona, his mindset as well as present him in flesh & blood, and more importantly in spirit.

By far, the most mischievous of all the boys that were at the school from 1988 till 1992, he had a perpetual crooked grin, one that spoke of some mischief being afoot somewhere! Uday was unconventional, full of originality, and lived life at his own terms. An avidly jovial & social person, an absolute extrovert - and a gregarious one at that, interacting & making it a point to get along with just about anybody & everybody in the school, and outside of it, no matter the age, the profession, the social standing, or any other category criteria that a person could be placed in. He just had it in him to be a people's person.

Uday lived in the moment, and never in the future. For him, it was the 'Now' that mattered, and was utterly fearless in his pursuits. Most of his friends regarded him as a daredevil of sorts, if no one could do it, there was always Uday at hand! When his buddies were in trouble and asked for assistance. He would always be forthcoming and do whatever it was within his means to get things right for others. He wasn't just a team player, but a team leader at getting things sorted out.

A born leader, a role that he always assumed with confidence and success, and lived up to it, to the very best. As the House Captain of Patel House in Class 12th, many a time on a whim he instituted different drills and traditions, some of them outrageous as can be, and yet his initiatives were accepted without question by all.





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Dagger' Column article on Maj Uday Singh Continues..

Such was his convincing power. He was a master at having others to agree to his point of view, based on both logic and josh - a rare combination in a boy that age. If a conflict came up his way, more often than not, it was he who emerged as the victor, by the force of his arguments in favour of what he believed in.

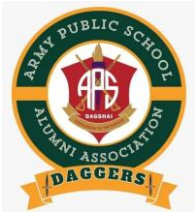
Uday's belief in his own abilities was his greatest strength, and this is what propelled him forward when faced with a challenge. He was spontaneous in coming up with ideas, planning a strategy, and then executing it with a spirit of daring. This is amplified for when he cooked up a stew of the washer-man's rooster, which he had appropriated on yet another daring mission. The stew was later served to all his friends, another feather in the playfully wicked cap that he wore those days!

An optimistic to the core, even in the most pessimistic situations, his mental toughness was legendary, none of us ever recall him asking for help. If anything could ever bother him, it was probably a toothache!

Refraining from schoolboy mischief, just wasn't his way, which in hindsight used to add a dash of colour to an otherwise stereotypical routine at school. One of his favourite modus operandi to confound the teachers in the evening prep, at the academic block was to light up an incense stick fuse attached to a cracker bomb, and timing the explosion so well indeed, that it would explode at the very moment that a monitoring teacher was in the classroom, and answering academic questions put forth by Uday Singh himself. A perfect alibi to declare himself a non-suspect in the explosive act! That was him!!

The mischievous side apart, Uday was an all-rounder, good at contact sports, thanks to his hulky frame, and participated in dramatics as well, and to great applaud, specifically English plays, as also dance performances on Founders'. He used to be selective in studying for exams, and make the factor of probability of a question appearing in the exam, work uncannily to his advantage. As a consequence, had this unforeseen ability to get good pass marks without having to study hard enough.





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Dagger' Column article on Maj Uday Singh Continues..

Mrs Malhotra, the teacher of Political Science, exasperated at his stubborn doggedness, once commented in the class, "Uday Singh, whenever I look at you, I get reminded of the famous dialogue from 'Sholay' movie,"Tera kya hoga, Kaalia". Hopeless as the teachers may have perceived him to be, in not being able to change his ways, little did we all know at the time, that he was going to be proving everyone wrong by immortalizing himself as a national hero!

To the people that knew him well, underneath the hard macho shell, Uday was a private person, had a sensitive nature, and wasn't very open about his inner most thoughts and feelings. That gave him a tough exterior, which is how he wanted others to perceive him as. It was easy to see he had a heart of gold, and had deep feelings for the welfare of those who mattered to him. Extremely close to his family, he often showed us their pictures which were usually glued to the inside of his cupboard in the dorm, of happy memories of moments past. His dad was his role model, whenever he used to talk about him, it was always with a sense of awe and deep respect. No wonder he followed his father's footsteps, in donning the maroon beret & the blue wings of the Paratroopers.

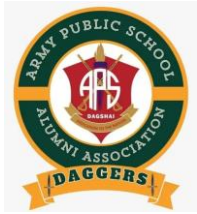
'Been there, done that'- was what he lived by, having achieved most in his bucket list as a youngster itself! And 'Who dares wins' was an another adage he lived in practice, right since we knew him. Uday was an unrestrained force. Exploring the forbidden, and pushing himself to face it head on, was his way forward, with a burning desire to face daunting challenges, that others would normally shy away from.

In hindsight, it's not difficult to join the dots, and conclude that as a school boy he was naturally angled to be either a Mafioso Don, or a daring Special Forces Officer.

Uday, our dear buddy, we so wish you had been careful on that final fateful mission in Nov 2003, and for once considered your own safety first. You would be with us today, middle aged and greying, perhaps with a doting wife and grown children.

But that was not to be, you lived a hero, and died as one. Lived young, and lived to the fullest. Achieved in your short span of life the spirit to dare and accomplish, that we your friends might not achieve in a lifetime. Your memories will stay alive in us, till our dying day. Till we meet again.. with love from all of us, who grew up with you!





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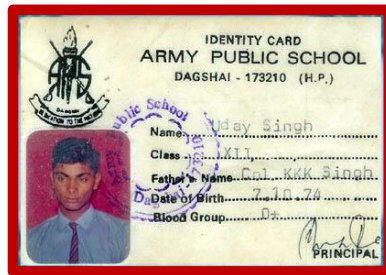


A picture gallery of Maj Uday Singh, SC (Posthumous), SM

Little Uday with his Mum & Sis



School Identity Card



The Dagger in School



The IMA Gentleman Cadet with his parents



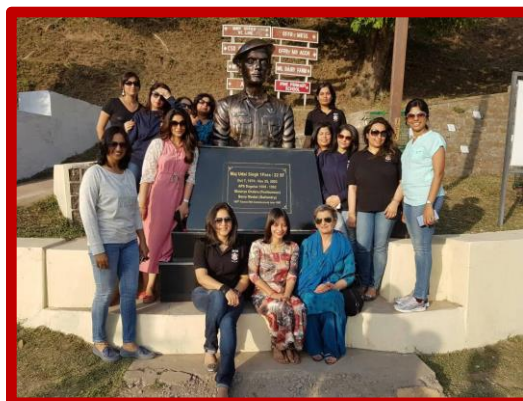
Dagger Classmates in Special Forces With 2 Lt (Now Col) Rishi Raj Bath



The Officer in 1 Para (Commando)



Remember and Never Forget



At the entrance to the School, with his sister Lalima, class girls, wives of classmates, and Mrs Ghumman, at the Silver Jubilee celebs of the 1992 batch in 2017

“To every man upon this earth, Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, And the temples of his gods”
— Thomas Babington Macaulay

