

The Elephant

No. 266

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

3rd November, 2001

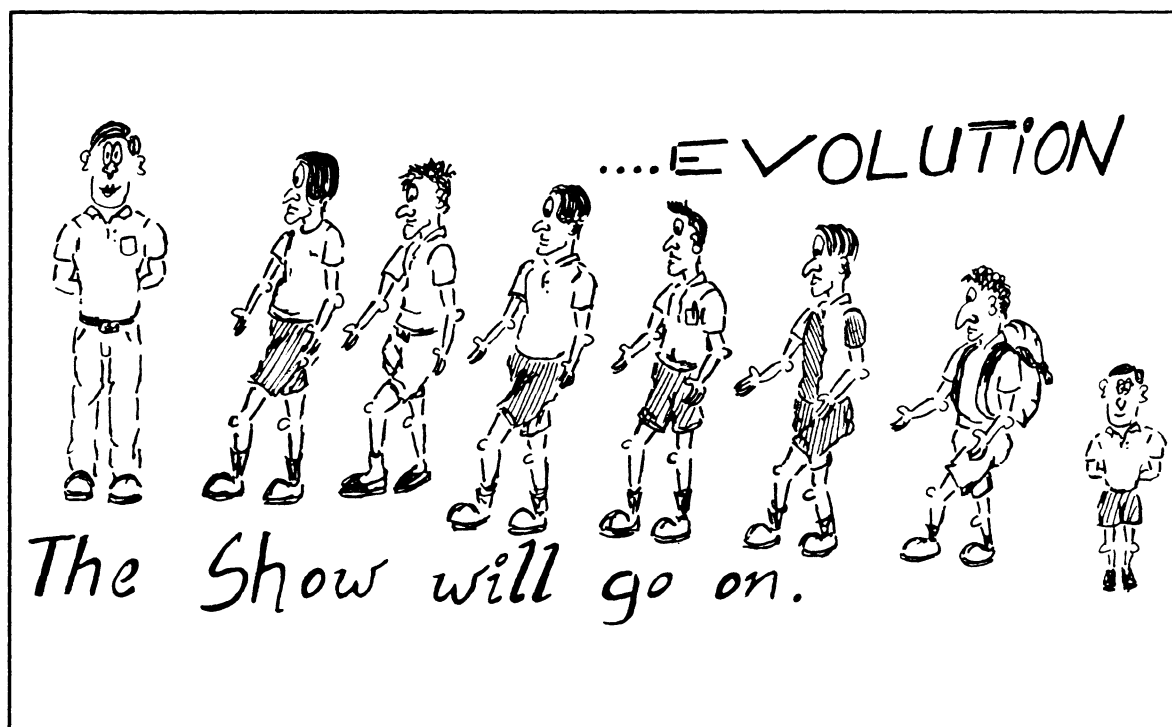
Think About It...

The darkest time of night is just before dawn.

-Spanish Proverb.

EDITORIAL

After years and years of being involved with the school magazine, I can't finally believe that the day I feared most would finally come. Well, all good things come to an end, and so has this pleasant outing with the Staff Rep. and the boys. As I look back with nostalgia, days just seem to have flown by. In the future, should I look back at my life, I shall never forget the impact Welham has made on my life. The very core of my existence revolves around this place, and blankness engulfs me in my efforts to think beyond



Welham.

Now that I am leaving in a few months, the time has come to pass on the reins to our successors, and friends. Our incumbents certainly seem talented, and it is up to them to carry on the tradition that is Welham.

The year that passed has been one of continuing change. Starting with a new principal to a new caterer, there has not been a single area where this phenomenon has not occurred. The board seems unaffected though, with the exception of the Staff Rep who has tightened the arrangement using his new found post. One cannot adapt to change quickly, and maybe that's why we feel difficulty in adjusting to many changes in short time. But we need to carry on, since life doesn't always present itself in favorable

terms. It is this adept handling of life and in succeeding that makes one a man in all senses.

In this year's Chief Guest we have a man who has the ability to lead in unexplored areas of darkness. He led the first ever Indian expedition to Antarctica; and on lands where survival needs courage it is not always luck that leads one to success, it is the determination to achieve. We welcome you, Sir!

The outgoing batch has been one to take up challenges in every sphere. There has been an impressive all-round contribution to the community. Many of them trace their relation to this school since primary level, and it is with broken hearts that they allow themselves to be called "Ex- Students". The value system that they abide by encourages all coming batches to uphold the spirit of the school. The concern that they have shown for the school's fame is certainly praiseworthy.

With recent events that have surely changed world history, the pricking thought of an ideological war seems absurd to the rational mind, yet it surely exists in its most potent form. Another revolting idea to have crossed our minds during this whole affair has been the fanaticism and insanity shown by so-called freedom fighters in the name of religion. This whole concept of fundamentalism versus democracy seems so sordid and garbed that it is virtually impossible now to think of religion as a path to God. Yet we must note the irony- the snake that bites the free was raised by them.

From being woken up for nightly pees to getting up 5 minutes before the first class, it has sure been a long way. With more of ups than downs, the ride has taken all of us to different avenues, yet we shall always remain the people whose "mind is without fear and the head is held high".

With tears that seem either way, I take your leave.

Anshuman

LAMPOON

CHMUK

The other day in the LRC I bumped into our staff rep, "So Rana, what are you doing for the Founder's Special issue?" he asked, "well sir....ummm....oh....", I mumbled, as I tried desperately to search for an excuse at the back of my head. My search came to an abrupt end, when he added, "It better be good, Rana". No answer. Then he gave me a look, which I call the 'Nike Look', because it seems to be saying - 'Just Do It!' The Nike look triggered off a sort of a chain reaction in my mouth. "Yes sir, of course, definitely, sure.... when do you want it?" I don't know just how or when those words escaped my mouth, and I had to bite my tongue to stop any further utterance. The result of the chain reaction is very clear now, - here I am at 10:30 in the night sitting and writing an article, while my friends are busy discussing why India lost the series in South Africa. And the funny part is that I still don't have the slightest idea what to write on. So I will just scribble down whatever comes to my mind. And, anyway, why the hell are you sitting here reading this? Isn't it Founder's Day? Come on man, look around you, there are so many other exciting things to do. Go near the gate and help those poor vendors do some business. Have you tried the new ice cream from Kwaliti Walls yet? If you are a parent, go find out from the HMs and teachers what your child has been up to. If you are a teacher, help them do so. And if you are someone else, what the hell are you doing with an Oliphant....!! So you are still here. OK I will go on, but do not blame me if you get a headache or something. Okay!

So I am writing a Lampon, isn't it? A couple of days ago, I just happened to ask a junior, the meaning of the word 'Lampon'. His instantaneous reply was - "it means to 'kaato' someone I think!"

(don't ask me what!) His lingo might be confused, but he was quite right. Now don't tell me that you, after having read the Oliphant for years, didn't know or even cared to find out the meaning of the word. Do one thing, remember the big, fat, and rather costly book you were forced to buy in class 6 or 7 perhaps? (no its not a paper weigh!) blow the dust off its cover and open it. Find the letter L, then A, then M, and P, and O, another O, and finally the N. there.... you see, that's what it means. A very useful book indeed. It's called a dictionary, I think.

Now how can a lampoon be complete without the mention of our Oh-So-Dear neighbours. I thought I would write about their fete. How everyone was excited about it and how we literally showered ourselves with expensive colognes and deodorants. How we entered their 'Jam session' (disco) at the entrance of which it was written, - The Psychedelic Dream Temple, only to find inside, a mob of girls bouncing to the beats of 'Main Nikla Gaddi Leke'!! Psychedelic indeed. (ok our disco was also called the Temple of Sound, but it atleast had sound). But then I thought that it would spoil the 'good' relations we have with them.(I swear I am not being sarcastic)

The other day at the assembly, our principal asked the students and the staff how the preparation for the exhibition was going on. Everyone exchanged glances at each other as if to say, "which exhibition?" You see what I am getting at. No one is bothered about it, unless someone constantly pokes you, and at the eleventh hour, everything is done and put up, and there you are – an exhibition. So at the exhibition, if a parent suddenly bursts out, "Hey, I saw the same chart last year", you know whom to blame.

Also speaking of preparations, the play practices are in full swing. I happened to witness, one of the junior school practices yesterday. For a full one hour, I sat there seeing a bunch of kids dancing and gesturing at each other, on some old classical music. I nudged my neighbour and asked him, "hey when will they start the play?" "it just ended", he said. I was like – "what? That was the play?" Later on I was told that the play was a musical, meant for a mature audience (who? where?). come on, we are dealing with 5th and 6th graders here, whose parents want to see them act their age. Lets be practical, please. By the time you read this you might have already watched their play. Please appreciate (or atleast pretend to) the hard work and effort of those boys. As for the senior school play, don't ask me, ask the boys who have acted in it. But judging by the amount of coffee consumed by them every night, I am sure they will need sleeping pills till next Founders! P.S. - I stand corrected. I have just seen the final rehearsal of the primary school entertainment. It is outstanding. Do not miss it!!

So, have you had enough? I am pretty tired myself ridiculing so many people. Call me a cynic, but for god's sake, I am writing a lampoon here. You don't expect me to sing in everyone's glory, do you? So here is a last one – Last Sunday I was walking down Astley Hall, when a smart alec approached me. He stared at my hair with some really genuine interest. Then he said in that sarcasm coated tone, I hate so much, "Dude, is that really your hairstyle, or have you just been electrocuted?" Now, there is a popular belief that no one can ridicule a Welhamite and get away with it. I had to prove that to him, so I said, "Thank you. That's the way I like to keep my hair. But hey! What's that ugly thing on your neck?" Alarmed he inspected his neck saying, "what? where?" You should have seen him, when I turned around saying, "Oh! Sorry. That's your face!" I agree that was rude, but he started it. Now it would be a major misuse of my position to tell you that the boy was a Dosco! So I wont.

Writing a lampoon is a very dangerous thing. I have myself lost count of people and things I have ridiculed! So if you are out there with a gun, looking for me, let me remind you that I was 'asked' to write this. No hard feelings please. And to think of it, I didn't know what to write on! So, on an endnote, I will leave you with four excellent suggestions that might come handy to you, if in the future the staff rep asks you to write a lampoon:

1. Don't ever think before writing. Just start off, and you will have a lampoon ready. (Good or bad, that's your headache)
2. Ridicule as many people as you can.(but then, don't come out of your room for atleast a week!)
3. Don't ever promise, you will give four suggestions to write a lampoon, when you don't know what the fourth one will be!
4. _____

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The will to Write, The thrill to Love.

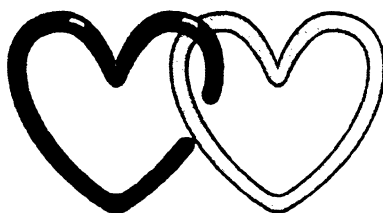
Dearest,

I finally found the will to write, and I am delighted that my good sense prevailed. Yesterday, I covered the last mile of the sandy coastline immersed in your thoughts and in your smile of a long time back. As daylight broke, warming the air, my heart warmed to a blemish-free desire. Contemplation would go on for eternity. I had done that during the previous 35 miles, beginning in the dead of night, with a sadness so forlorn and dark, as dark as the starless night. Not a soul in sight, and yet my senses were intact and wary, active yet unbothered. Perhaps, my sanity was resting on a thin balancing wire. But it was resting, so I was not bothered.

So, the walk in the park towards the inviting beach felt like a short cut to paradise. I needed to clear my head, as no mortal was capable enough. Everyone had failed and hence, I hoped the peace of the dark, creepy night, with the gentle frolicking of the cutting waves, could

help me and tell me something. I couldn't sit at one place. I have this bad habit of falling asleep. So I decided to walk. And walk did I.

Time lost its essence after the second mile, or it could have been the twenty second.



Surely I did reckon, though, what would be the reason so, behind my unrest and dissatisfaction; surely there had to be some action taken, to eradicate my sadness, and hence, excuse me for my madness, and as I groped about your fading interest, in my worldly affairs was there no interest? Truly said, yet falsely acclaimed, I never knew myself so tame; I never knew of how much I did miss you, and I never knew of how much I did love you.

But dearest, as the sun rose majestically over the hori-

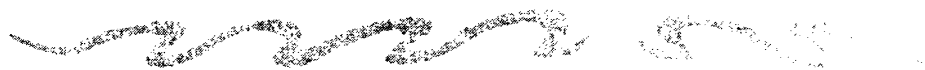
zon, I could not help but laugh over my foolishness. As I squinted my eyes and cringed my face, to stare into the mighty glare, I realized that I had always been afraid to face my dilemma. I had always been afraid to squint my eyes, and except the fact that the will to do something positive, always led to success. I had not discovered my will, but as I dared to look directly into the rising sun, I found the will to write to you, so that now I know, that the thrill to love was unlike anything experienced. Love me soon.

Sincerely yours,

Parag.

The writer would like to state that the work above and the event described (walking 36 miles from midnight to dawn) is a figment of his imagination. It is truly symbolic in nature and he would strongly discourage such an act, though radical and adventurous on the grounds of one's preservation of sanity and his/her health.

Parag Agarwal
Class XII



Broken Wings.

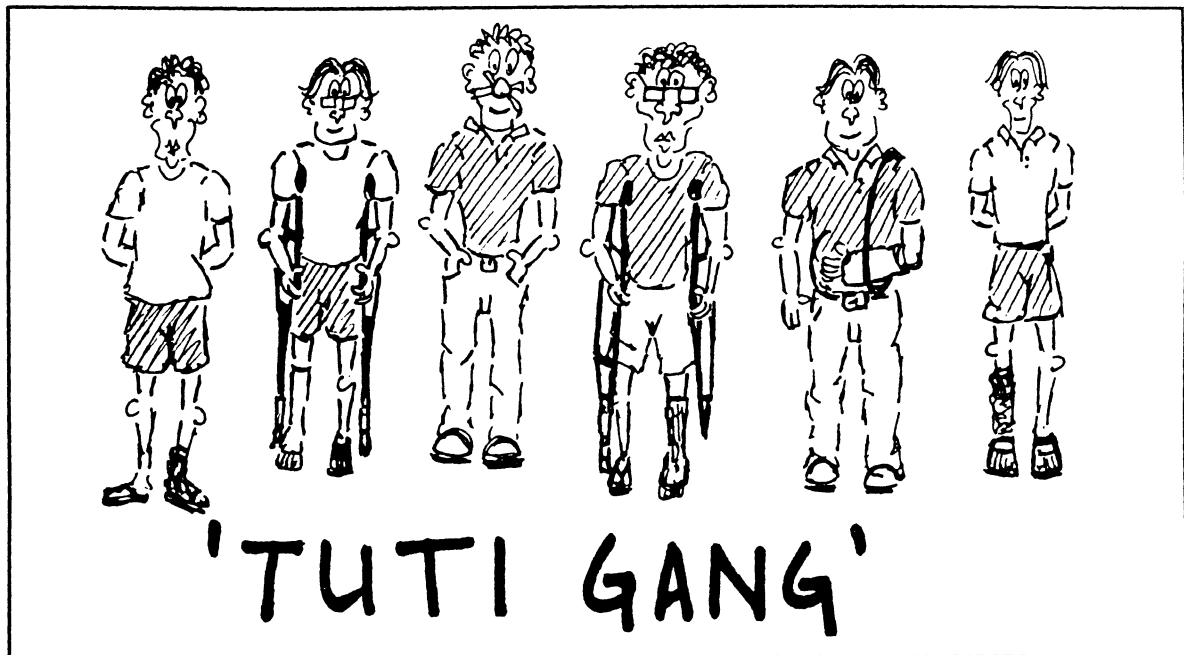
My own friends were mocking at me, but I did not mind. Yeah! This year it has been a pretty bad year for us 12th guys. A lot of broken bones.

It all started on the 29th of August, 2001. I must say, it was a fabulous day, and best of all, the much-awaited Inter House soccer started. All was going well when suddenly, I don't know how, I fell and injured myself. At first I thought it was nothing, but as soon as I picked myself up a shrill pain went up my spine. I

(4)

was in agony. My left wrist was throbbing, as if someone had hammered my wrist. At once I knew it was a fracture. Quite unfortunate, don't you think? Wait till you hear the rest.

I was taken to the hospital where my fracture was put back into place. On my way back to school I wondered how my friends would react. Would it be kind words like "How sad, Shrid". Get well soon!" or maybe "Ha, ha, dekh, iska haath tut gaya, oye guys Dhungel ka haath toot gaya." I expected the latter



and, well, that is what everyone said. I managed to go through the ordeal and now that it is all over. I once again (by the grace of god, I think!) live a normal life.

I was not the only victim of this, shall I say, 'calamity'. A day or two later a friend of mine was also in action on the soccer field. A lot of cheering was going on and so was a lot of jeering. While going for a head, he hit someone else's head and then it happened-he broke his nose. And to think of it, he and I were from the same house. He too was rushed to the hospital and was taken care of. After a day of observation in the town hospital, he was brought back all fixed up. He was in a lot of pain, everyone could see that. But now he too walks and talks and eats like any other. After his accident the school ambulance was kept on duty on the field for any other surprising event.

It was a good thing they kept the ambulance ready, because we again had an unwanted 'accident' (we don't need anymore of them, please God!). It was like someone had planned to do this to us and he wanted to see us suffer. If it was that, I must say, his plan was working like a charm. Another friend of mine, again while playing soccer, broke his leg. He was carried from the field and he was shouting in pain. Again, he was a 12thie. The screams from the school hospital made a sick boy think twice before entering it, wondering whether that was what he was about to go through. The injured would not let a soul touch his leg. Only somebody who has gone through this can understand what he was going through. Poor guy!

Well... he too was eventually, after a lot of pain, fixed up. But the poor guy got a plaster for ten whole weeks. He is still fighting his way through the 'tunnel of life'. And that isn't all.

We had three more injuries after that. And all of them are twelfthies. One dislodged his fingers, the other tore his ligaments, and the third has a minor fracture. All three of them are hospitalized and I think of the time I was a member of their gang. In fact I was the founder of this gang. I am sorry if I have done some harm by creating this gang; the gang called the 'tuti gang'.

So, I sign off, hoping that no more harm comes to anyone. Good wishes to those on their way to recovery. Keep smiling.

The founder of the unwanted:
Shrid Dhungel
Class XII

1. Fundamentation (of any kind) troubles me. The world is too big and too intricate to conform to our ideas of what it should be like. In my experience I've found that most fundamentalists aren't so much attached to their professional ideologies as they are to take way in which these ideologies try to make sense of a confusing world. But the world is confusing, and just because we invent myths and theories to explain away the chaos we're still going to live in a world that's older and more complicated than we'll ever understand. So many religious and political and scientific and social systems fail in what is an inherently ambiguous world. I'm not suggesting that we stop trying to understand things. Trying to understand the world can be fun and, at times, helpful. But if we base our belief systems on the humble assumption that the complexities of the world are ontologically beyond our understanding, then maybe our belief systems will make more sense and end up causing less suffering.

2. It horrifies me that we allow prisoners to be treated so poorly. If someone is found guilty of committing a crime then we as a society have given ourselves the right to punish them by locking them up. But we also acknowledge that even someone convicted of committing a crime retains some basic civil rights. Unfortunately our prisoners (especially in the U.S.) are places where people's basic rights are trampled on pretty much as a matter of course. Prisoners shouldn't have to fear rape, abuse & murder while they're incarcerated. A civilised nation should concern itself with protecting and maintaining the rights of all of its citizens, be they prisoners or not. A prisoner should be able to pay his debt to society with ample, constitutionally guaranteed, protection from harm. And while I'm getting worked up about the rights of the prisoners, let me take a minute to point out the utter absurdity of consensual crimes in a supposedly free society. How can we justify locking people up for committing actions that have no demonstrable repercussions to anyone else? If someone's action compromises the rights or will of another individual, then fine, punish them. But if someone's action don't affect anyone other than the person committing the actions, then what business is it of the state's? I'm specifically referring to drug use. I don't use drugs, and I think that drugs can be terribly destructive and dangerous, but I don't see how the state can arrest an adult for doing something to their own body. An enlightened state should warn its citizens about dangerous activities, but it shouldn't be allowed to lock people up for doing things to themselves. I do not want any government making decisions regarding what I can put in to or do to my body. An individual's own body is not the jurisdiction of the state. Although we may find suicide, drug use, abortion, self-mutilation, etc., abhorrent, we cannot as an enlightened society make criminals of people that want to do these things to themselves, so long as their actions don't compromise our rights. Because we find something distasteful is not justification enough for us to deem it criminal.

MOBY.

Breakfast at Welham.

'And believe me much can be observed and felt while eating the simple egg, the irreplaceable tikki and the invincible buttered slices!'

I look forward to breakfast at the Prayag House dining section. For, it is at this time that I get the opportunity to interact with the young men who are on the threshold of leaving school to walk into portals of reputed institutions of their choice- be it in India or abroad.

It was during this time that the editor of the Oliphant- Anshuman Singh, asked me to write for the school magazine. After much thought I decided to write about our 'interactive breakfast'.

This takes me back to my college days when we students would discuss our dreams and our future over a cup of tea and snacks in the college canteen. Times may have changed but the students thought process is the same, and it is with indulgent interest that I listen to them.

It is amazing to these young men engaged in mature discussions at the breakfast table. Their broad spectrum of topics represents the true culmination of qualities, values such as of

refinement, social adaptability, leadership, and character Welham has always endeavored to impart. The effort that the school puts in over their journey through school stands justified.

They are aware of the tremendous effort that they have to put in to prepare themselves for the world of tomorrow, which is rapidly getting synthesized, and globalised.

There have been numerous instances where I have been a learner - the topics cover America's Terror, International cuisines to general activities or Founder's Day preparation are some vividly discussed. The enthusiasm generated reflects their zest for information. Interestingly as the topics develop and conclude the breakfast intake also assumes the same proportion. At times a rather healthy intake, showing a rather strenuous last evening's game. So, breakfast at Welham is no doubt an enjoyable meal where much information is shared.

- Mimi Bajpai

Possessed.

Charles Manson called himself "the devil". Was he? Or was he merely a fanatical Satan worshipper who said that he heard Satan himself command him to murder people? Is Osama Bin Laden really a Fanatic or is he another worshipper of Satan, - an anti - Christ?? The Quran nowhere states that all Israelis, Americans and Indians should be eradicated. He could merely be using dogma as an excuse whereas his real motives could be purely Satanic. His hate for Israel, US and India could be largely influenced by possible belief in the Devil. Charles Manson was of course a complete contrast to Bin Laden. The 5'6", 70 kg, illiterate, ex - convict was not merely a loser acting on delusions. He was able to control a self - contained tribal family (consisting at any one time of twenty women and six men much larger than him), merely through his personality and level of confidence, which he says he gained through his faith in Satan. Manson, the alleged killer of the famous actress Sharon Tate in the '60s, a murder which oozed evidence of Satanism. Sharon Tate at the time was pregnant and ready to give birth, was brutally stabbed and slashed in ritualistic patterns. One of her breasts was almost chopped off

her body, her stomach had been cut open and the unborn foetus was brutally ripped from her uterus.

At Manson's ranch outside LA he had scores of women who lived with him and called themselves 'Lucifer's Slaves'. In 1968, Manson was quoted as saying, "All my women are witches and I am the Devil." This 'Manson Group' was but one of the many cults in the world. The numerous cults of evil indeed show us that there are hundreds if not thousands of people who do worship Satan, seriously or symbolically as a mark of their alienation but it does prove that the belief and worship of Satan is very real. If you can believe in God, then the others have every right to believe and have faith in the Devil. And you as a worshipper of God do not have the right to say that believing in Satan is wrong and that his values are immoral. What you find immoral may not be immoral to someone else because what you find moral is what God teaches you and what a Satanist finds moral is what Satan teaches him....

Kartik Mahajan
Class - X

Some Thoughts for my Students.

As I sit down to write this piece, on a request of Anshuman, memories of my school days come wafting out of the corners of my mind. School days, the best days of my childhood the beginning of adolescence and the foundation of a future.

My language skills are almost as good (or bad!) as they were, way back in 1976, when I appeared for my I. C. S. E. from Loyola School, Jamshedpur. My skills in Oratory were honed in school and polished through college. My acting skills and love for the theatre were discovered through school plays with Father Eugene. J. Purer, Society of Jesus, an American priest who

taught us Shakespeare.

In school I learnt how to get along with people. I also learnt how to tolerate what was, under most circumstances, intolerable. Respect for elders and an attitude of love and care towards juniors was also learnt in school.

Freedom to express one's views was part of the school culture. We had a "student personal office" or "S. P. O." which took charge of all discipline on school campus. It was the chief student officer (C. S. O.) of the S. P. O. and presided over a body similar to the Prefect body at Welham. None of us ever broke the dress code or any other rules in school. Our Prefect body was

looked upto by the boys and treated with respect by the school authorities. All of us achieved our potential in an atmosphere conducive to growth.

Achievement is basic to existence. If we do not achieve our objectives then we negate our existence. If you look at life today you can clearly see that it is very tough to achieve success these days. Life is an uphill climb rather than the level road it is used to be earlier. On an uphill climb you cannot remain stationary, you either go up or you will slide down. Some of us today are on the downslide and do not realize this downward motion till we reach the pits!

Our teachers were

very able. I still remember my teachers, their lessons, their manner, and their attitude towards us. I remember how our principal, father Michael Love, S. J., used to conduct meetings of our perfect body, where we could even talk about the shortcomings of our teachers. This helped the school improve teaching. We were sent to attend classes of new teachers in junior school and provide feedback to the principal and teacher concerned. Once a week prefects fanned out the classrooms and received feedback from the students. The entire atmosphere was of a team

trying to achieve a common goal.

I smoked my first cigarette when I got into fourth year engineering, at B. I. T. S., Pilani. The moral science and sex education classes in school stood me in good stead through hostel life in college. I lost friends to drugs and alcohol. I tried to help people kick the habit but rarely succeeded. I too smoked for twenty long years and gave it all up before joining Welham.

I came to Welham to make a difference to young minds in their formative years. God has given me exceptional communications skills.

My first love, Theatre Art, lends itself to the inculcation of communication skills in students at an early age. It is very important for all of us to learn how to write and speak well. I would like my students to stand out by virtue of their strong communication skills.

I expect all young men and women to be firmly focussed on their goals and objectives. Life is not as easy as it used to be. It's getting tougher every day. Pull up your socks and put your best foot forward. The future is now.

ATUL SHARMA.



All roads lead to *Kathmandu.*

"Please tighten your seat belts till the seat belts signs are switched off." Ah! Here I was, finally, after our ten hours long journey in the enormous plane, surrounded by people of all kind, and with the economist on my side who kept babbling about the state of Nepalese economy till I dozed off. Still, I could manage it. I was driven by my will to survive till the end so I could reach my destination-Kathmandu.

As I walked down the steps, I could suddenly feel the change. A change, that wasn't less than significant. Every thing felt different here, the custom official happily grinning away as he stamped my passport, the guard kept greeting me with 'NAMASTE' and even the taxi driver broke out in his best English when he saw me.

Kathmandu, here I was, after years and years of hearing about it from my parents: especially my father. You see, he met Mom in Kathmandu in 1971, and since then he considers this city the best place on earth. And now, I arrived, again hoping to find the Shangri-La my Dad had found.

The first view of the city amazed me. It was totally unlike London. Broad roads imported cars: people dressed in business suits, yes all these were there. But who can overlook the sacred cows that walked on the streets, the thousands and thousands who walked in a multitude of human population. Here either you knew everyone, or you knew no one. Kathmandu was an intricate society in it's self, a mass of human in flow that kept everything else aloof but into traditions, it's temples and it's new face of global union.

When Dad came here, there was nothing; yet, there was everything in the nothing. Cheap hotel

rooms, friendly shopkeepers always expecting tourists. Foreigners meant dollars. Now, it was totally different. This place too was touched by Americanization, with multinational agencies swarming the whole place.

However, I knew where to go. I knew where I could find the Shangri-La my Dad had found. In the inner streets of Kathmandu, you can still feel as if you are transported into a world devoid of modern everything; Asantole, Indra Chowk and finally Durbar Square. Here, you could be back in the Middle Ages: this was somewhere time had stopped.

I walked down the busy road, with a tramp at my heels, in his best English calling out, "hey foreigner. you buy handicrafts? You want Khukuri? All sizes available. Only one dollar. Please?"

I kept reminding myself, I where anything could be expected.

ing a small god figure, for a dollar

It was funny that a dollar current exchange rate, I could sur-

ists meant dollars. That's how you

Finally I reached Durbar

ered with bricks where the populace

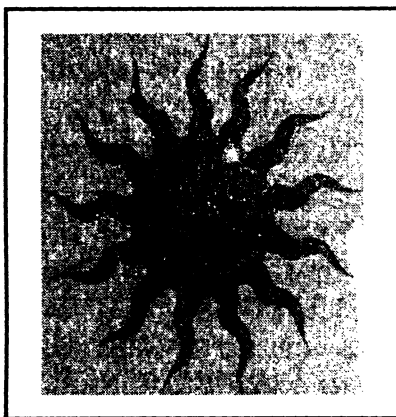
peared on the balcony. An immense

knew this was Taleju-the temple that

courtyard remained the same as my

reet shops selling everything. I

thankas all over the place, and began haggling over a beautiful Buddha



painting. Haggling was another thing

you cannot do without in Kathmandu, everyone haggles, and everything is bargained for.

I realized this wasn't the end. I knew my next destination - it was so finally implanted in my mind.

Thamel or Freak Street was a place to be. As I turned into the little alley that seemed to contain all the Bob

Marley I could face, I was suddenly pushed back into the flower power era. Woodstock was still here.

preserved in all its glory, while hippies weren't an absolute, out of earth word. I walked into a joint with Jim

Morrison singing away 'Riders on the Storm' (like a true rider of the storm, I had arrived) and immediately

realized-here was one place better than the best pubs of London.

In a corner, a bunch of tourists were having a ball while a waiter came up to me and asked "Saar.

you want anything?"

"Yes", I said, "I want the best beer, and the best smoke " he promptly agreed. and returned with

a Carlsberg and Marlboro (of course-Nepal was into globalization). As I prepared my first cigarette in years

and years, a woman from the group joined me.

"You want one?" I asked. "Sure, new man!"

Oh my god-new man. Was I really new to this place, or was she calling me new because I was a

new figure in her existence.

Was I preparing myself to face heaven, as was I plainly living in heaven

? Was it a question of simple living or was it a question of living in Kathmandu, the Shangri-la? Nevermind. I decided, as all roads led to one and only Kathmandu.

- Amish Mulmi

Class XII

A Positive Change.

Students everywhere face a dilemma when they encounter a situation where they must make a choice regarding the stream they have to pursue. Till a few years back; after a student passed his Xth standard, Science was considered the apt

choice. The mental tuning was such that from the look of it - Science was the only stream. which offered a lot of scope and opportunities.

But as times changed, so did outlook and ideas. Today, Commerce has emerged as a full-

fledged stream offering everything and more.

Students opting for Commerce are no longer the black-listed dull heads. On the contrary they are the intelligentsia of the school community.

My intention here is not at all to highlight one stream and to look down on the others, but to bring to light a very positive change that has occurred in attitudes and mentalities.

Today a child's essay on 'what would you like to be when you are older?' does not comprise merely of words like doctors, engineers and scientists. The kids are now open to new ideas of being businessmen, accountants, financial advisors, etc.

Commerce undoubtedly is becoming a very popular choice of ambitious and career-minded students. One finds a lot of Science students switching over to Commerce but the vice-versa is a rare phenomenon. It has indeed emerged as a subject that has somewhere along the line cut an edge over a lot of other streams.

So Commercies let your spirit rise to zenith knowing that you have the winning advantage with you. You and Commerce can really take the world in a cooooool stride!

- Joy Arora



It's just a game.... !!

'How I wish I could turn back time.... just a mere twelve hours. O God, please!!'

Twelve hours ago I had committed the biggest mistake in my life – in the semifinal playoff of the U - 16 Soccer tournament. It had been a decade since our team had reached the Final Four of this tournament. That time I could only watch those guys win, and now I was the cause of our misery. When people watched me twelve hours ago.... I committed the biggest mistake of my life.... I had scored the only goal of the game in the last minute.... and that goal was a self-goal!

I did not know where to hide my face after that. I had just lost the game for the Hunters. My teammates were angry with me and the coach had given me pretty 'rough treatment'.

I walked down the deserted road of the 'Big Apple' at night. I felt as guilty as a murderer. I had shattered almost all chances of our team reaching the finals. Now, we had to defeat the New York Reds in the second playoff by a two - goal cushion.

I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see an old woman clothed in street rags. We introduced ourselves. She told me that her name was Gabriel. Gabriel was a guidance counsellor who was immensely rich. She knew that only rich people would be able to seek help from her, as her fees were too high. She would come out at night, dressed as a beggar and would solve problems that the poor faced. 'What an angel', I thought. 'Her name goes perfectly with her game.' She told me that her husband did not approve of her going out at nights to help the poor and had threatened to kill her if she would continue to help the poor.

I related to her the proceedings of the day and she gave me encouraging words, which lightened my spirits. She advised me to do the best I could and not to lose my concentration while playing.

Just then there was a gunshot and the old woman dropped to the ground badly injured and bleeding. She clutched my hand in hers and said, "fear not that others may laugh at your mistakes. fear rather than god will say 'O you of little faith'." Then she breathed her last.

We won our second game against the Reds 2-0 and advanced to the finals. I had to sit on the bench each second of the ninety minutes.

The day of the finals arrived. We were back in Hamden and I knew I could not mess up here. Soon after the kick off the Boston Bear Cubs, the reigning champs for two years, scored a goal-followed by

another. We struck twice before half time. So, at half time the score was pitched at 2 - 2. I was substituted at half time. I found the ball at my feet. A clock was ticking ten minutes to the final whistle. I dodged the ball past two defenders, frantically searching for a teammate. I finally passed it to the team striker who shot the ball past the goalkeeper – and onto the cross bar. The ball ricochet of the cross bar and came back to me. I took a long glance at the goal and shot the ball into the goal. Three-two was the final score line. We had just defeated the reigning champs.

I heaved a sigh of relief and looked up at the sky. The only cloud in the sky was in the shape of Gabriel’s face. I think she was smiling - I think she was glad. Tears rolled down my cheeks - “this one was for you, Gabriel.”

This wasn’t just a game. It was the beginning of a new me.

I thanked her that night staring at the sky for the courage she had given me to over come obstacles. A star twinkled in the sky. I guessed that she must have been an angel!

Shaunak Valame

Class IX

WELHAM NOW

1. SECTION D - Athletic results:-

a. 100 m (Hurdles) -

1. Rana Raghubir - 966/G
2. Tenzing Deru - 46/K
3. Yoginder Negi - 944/C

b. 200 m -

1. Abhinav Kir - 936/C
2. Rana Raghubir - 966/G
3. Shabeer Grewal - 66/G

c. 400 m -

1. Prayaas J.B. Rana - 48/C
2. Abhinav Kir - 936/C
3. Pratik Shrestha - 54/K

d. 800 m -

1. Pradipta Rana - 959/C
2. Subhasish Thapaliya - 50/C
3. Sagar Sharma - 13/K

e. 1500 m -

1. Pradipta Rana - 959/C
2. Sagar Sharma - 13/K
3. Pawan B.J.B. Rana - 52/K

f. 3000 m -

1. Sagar Sharma - 13/K
2. Ayush Agarwal - 63/K
3. Pawan B.J.B. Rana - 52/K

g. Javelin Throw -

1. Kaushik Choudhary - 971/K
2. Suhail Kakpoori - 51/K
3. Tenzing Deru - 46/K

h. Discus -

1. Vir Bhadra - 969/J
2. Anshuman Singh - 937/G
3. Sarbansdeep Sandhu - 964/K

i. Shot put -

1. Anshuman Singh - 937/G
2. Sarbansdeep Sandhu - 964/K
3. Yoginder Negi - 944/C

j. Long Jump -

1. Amish Mulmi - 973/J
2. Abhinav Kir - 936/C
3. Pratik Shrestha - 54/K

k. Tripple Jump -

1. Yoginder Negi - 944/C
2. Pratik Shrestha - 54/K
3. Prabesh Shrestha - 73/K

l. High Jump -

1. Tenzing Deru - 46/K
2. Anupam Biswas - 91/G
3. Rana Raghubir - 996/G

1. SECTION C - Athletic results:-

a. 100 m (Hurdles) -

1. Derek Ma - 156/K
2. Manishek - 195/G
3. Kunal Ohrie - 112/C

b. 200 m -

1. Surya P. Singh - 117/J
2. Ankur Sharma - 170/G

3. Galdan Wangchuk - 145/G

c. 400 m -

1. Ankur Sharma - 170/G
2. Maroof Ahmed - 144/K
3. Parth Parshar - 228/J

d. 800 m -

1. Maroof Ahmed - 144/K
2. Ankur Sharma - 170/G
3. Dhairya Goel - 143/K

e. 1500 m -

1. Maroof Ahmed - 144/K
2. Tanmay Agarwal - 140/C
3. Faizan Ullah - 199/C

f. 3000 m -

1. Maroof Ahmed - 144/K
2. Dhruv Malhotra - 128/K
3. Dhairya Goel - 143/K

g. Javelin Throw -

1. Abhishek Kapoor - 135/C

2. Maroof Ahmed - 144/K

3. Aijaz - 193/G

h. Discus -

1. Asad Sultan - 168/J
2. Nishant Kumar - 142/G
3. Nishant Joshi - 205/K

i. Shot put -

1. Kunga - 248/G
2. Ashmeet Agarwal - 148/C
3. Arjun Manchanda - 184/G

j. Long Jump -

1. Manishek - 295/G
2. Ankur Sharma - 170/G
3. Fahad - 169/C

k. High Jump -

1. Derek Ma - 156/K
2. Manishek - 295/G
3. Surya P. Singh - 117/J

W.O.B.S.

Dear Secretary W.O.B.S,

How are you and how is the WOBS? I understand Mr. Kandhari has left and you have a new Principal. Do give my regards to him. I will end with my best wishes to Welham.

Regards.

Man Singh (batch 1946)

RINGSIDE VIEW

Again, and finally for the last time, I pen down words that seem a part of me now. Every fortnight I am forced (really!) to jot down sports achievements and happenings, and by now I feel as if I deserve a special mention for reporting so well. Don't worry, Mr. Sports Captain, I won't harrow you with my newly found desire.

As the year comes to an end, it is with great sadness that I write, we couldn't win even a single tournament this year. A question that arises directly, what is the reason behind this. Can we blame it only on the infrastructure, or are we lacking in determination and enthusiasm?

The year passed on, as it usually does, but with a few surprises galore in the second term. Coming to that later, let's begin from the gentleman's game.

The cricket captain sure practised hard for his regular weekend matches, whereas half of the team's mind was set on the annual Sanawar

trip. When it finally came, we could only manage a draw, but our attitude packed a lot of punch with their people. But the zeal certainly showed a decline after this trip, however ironical it may seem. The Inter Houses seemed more interesting than those 40 over matches, and it was a worthwhile final that was played twice, Krishna eventually proving their worth.

Welham's traditional game was certainly more enthralling and exciting as we became Runners-up in two tournaments. Hockey seemed better, and the initial turnout surprised all. Whether it was because of the practices being in our neighbour's field or because of the excitement of the game, I seriously haven't yet known. However, the captain lived upto our expectations and we are still proud of the team, since it did a lot in a little time.

The new term began, and it was big shock to all Soccer lovers as they realised the Main Field

was all dug up. Especially the Captain, who seemed visibly displeased, and could be heard muttering under his breath- "why only with me?" However, the excitement of Soccer was visible, and everyone played with great gusto. Guys seemed inspired by the international stars, and under the 'able' guidance of our 'gymmie' we managed to pull off a few victories. Though the season was marked by various injuries, players enjoyed every moment, and the season finally ended with a great final, Ganga outplaying all the other opponents.

Basketball, the game that every Welhamite lives by, has certainly been on a new high, especially with our contribution to the Uttaranchal State team, where our Captain Yoginder Singh Negi and Abhishek Singh showed their talent. The players are presently playing a very unusual tournament, which

does not allow any substitutions. The whole year, has been more or less better than last year. We were second runners-up in the I.P.S.C.'s, while we won all our matches but three last term, that too only to Woodstock School, Mussoorie. On the whole, we have regained our status as a basketball powerhouse, which we were slowly losing over these past few years.

Athletics witnessed a very major change even before the season started. Gaurav, our captain

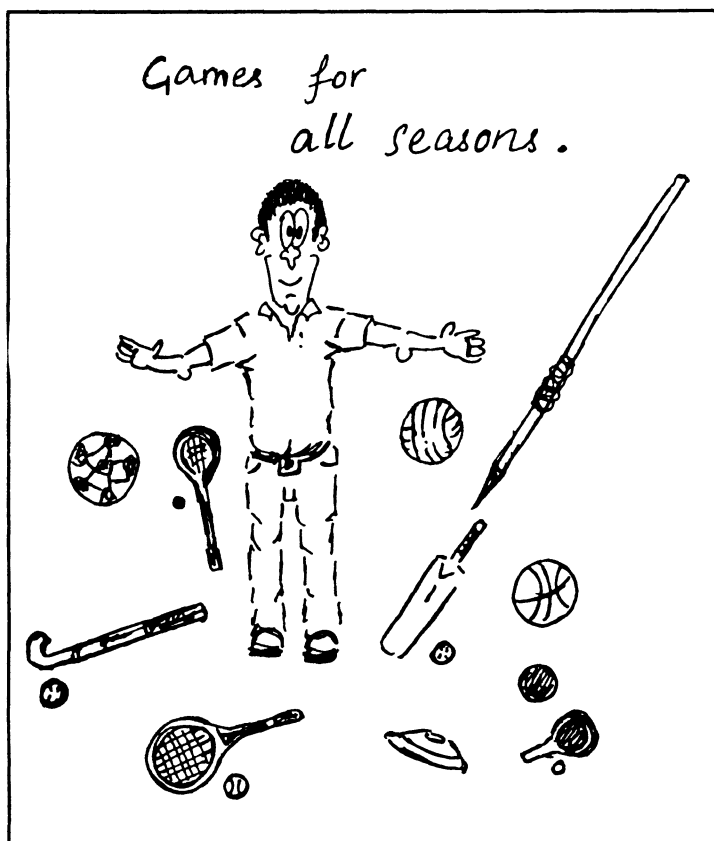
suddenly left school and so the job was left to Rana Raghubir, the 'fleetfoot' as we know him now. There have been expected results in almost all events except the short sprints, in which we have witnessed some surprises. The finals of the 100 meters are yet to be held till publication, but I can surely say there should be a very tight competition for the ultimate prize.

Other sports also have picked up during the year, though it seems like a temporary high in some cases. Tennis and Volleyball have found a few admirers. The recent conclusion of the Tennis Inter House allowed intense competition to end. Owais and Ankush lifted the trophy for Krishna. Volleyball seems as erratic as always, and although the same can't be said about Squash, we haven't witnessed much action except Inter House tournaments.

Badminton is on an all-time low; although our school did participate in the I.P.S.C.'s.

I have been indulging myself in the sports arena for a whole year, just to get the feel of the adrenaline rush. I have been successful, and it has driven me to write what I feel most about now. But above all appraisals, we must keep the spirit soaring high and keep in mind that performing and achieving is what we have to strive for.

- Rohan.



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