



# RIVERSIDE

October, 2015

NEWSLETTER OF THE WELHAM OLD BOYS' SOCIETY

Dear Welhamites,

I hope all of you will enjoy reading the second edition of Riverside which has been long overdue and much delayed. Thanks to the submissions in the form of articles/poems/ photographs made by many enthusiastic Old Boys and above all to Ajitesh K Kir (255 /C, 2007) for chasing members of the WOBS community including myself and following it up till he got what he wanted. He has done a great job at compiling and editing the present edition; thanks a ton Ajitesh! This endeavour - Riverside, will need a lot of support and effort till it's up and about for it to become a regular feature of the alumni calendar. I am sure that many more members will add value to the future editions of this Newsletter.

Even though we have not been able to somewhat fulfil the agenda we had set for this year, WOBS has made considerable progress in terms of generating interest of a large section of the community in the activities of the society. This augurs well for the future of WOBS. Participation has been and will be the key for us to grow stronger as an alumni association. It should be our endeavour to connect and stay connected with other members and also with the school.

WOBS has taken some important steps towards responding to the needs of the social environment around us. A big thank you to all the contributors to the Nepal Relief Fund, especially Rupinder S. Thind (302/C, 1988) and Gurjyot Singh (230/C, 1991) for their initiative and perseverance towards the cause. I am sure that we will be able to take up many more causes and contribute towards the needs of the society at large, across all spheres, in the future.

Welham has been thriving under the guidance of Ms. Gunmeet Bindra and a lot of us are aware of the achievements and advancements made by the boys at school. It makes us proud to see our alma mater shine on the educational horizon.

Our 78th Founder's Day is approaching and the invites from school and WOBS to all members will be sent out soon. Hope we can turn up in large numbers and make more memories to be cherished and enjoy another year of "Welham-hood".

Till then,  
Take care and God bless,

*Lokesh Dutt Vashist (391/K, 1991)*





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# OLD BOYS' CORNER

- **Anshuman Reckwar** (274/ J, 2007) passed away in a tragic road accident on 19th August, 2015. Anshuman had a brilliant record in sports as a student at Welham. After school, he had obtained degrees from the Academy of Maritime Education and Training (Chennai) and the University of Bedfordshire (U.K.). Anshuman will be remembered by his friends at Welham as a jovial, adventurous and kind-hearted person. May his soul rest in peace.
- **Saurav Sinha** (235/ J, 1991) has joined Welham as a faculty member in the Department of English. Saurav is also assisting with the publication of The Oliphant.
- **Parth Parashar** (228/ J, 2006) has also joined Welham as a faculty member. Parth has been assigned to the Department of Social Sciences.
- **Lokesh Dutt Vashist** (391/ K, 1991) and **Nikhil Kripalani** (210/ J, 1990) conducted a communications workshop at Welham for the senior classes.
- **Rajbir Grewal** (77/ G, 1989) has donated a telescope to the Laboratory of the Geography Department in the memory of Mr. S. Kandhari.
- **Shahbaz Singh** (356/ G, 2008), currently studying at the faculty of law, University of Delhi, represented the University of Delhi at the All India Inter University Shooting Championship held at Patiala in January, 2015. Shabaz was awarded the following medals:
  - Individual Gold in Trap Shooting;
  - Team Gold in Trap Shooting;
  - Team Gold in Double Trap Shooting; and
  - Team Bronze in Skeet Shooting.
- He also qualified for the India camp trials for participation in the World University Shooting Championship to be held in South Korea in 2015. Keep it up!
- Congratulations to **Arshjot Singh Bedi** (243/ C, 2007) on his marriage to Seerat Matharu on 7<sup>th</sup> February, 2015.
- Congratulations to **Samarjeet Srivastava** (313/ G, 2008) on his marriage to Ritika Kalra on 29<sup>th</sup> May, 2015.



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# WOBS EVENTS: December 2014 – April, 2015

## KOLKATA, DECEMBER, 2014



I was visiting this city after nearly 14 long years. Upon our arrival on the day of the event the hosts, Harsh and Vivek Bansal, had sent a chauffeur-driven Mercedes for our pickup. Traveling through the city towards the Bansals' residence brought back vivid memories. We could feel the warmth in the air but nothing compared to what we were about to experience at the residence of the hosts.

The organization of the event at the venue i.e. their residence was by far exceptional. Every little detail had been meticulously thought through and we could see the pride in the Alma Mater shared by them by looking at the huge banners announcing the event. Harsh Bansal, Vivek Bansal, and Surya Todi - hats off boys for a spectacular show!

It was a wonderful get-together with participation from various batches. The interaction between all was very warm and friendly. So much so that wives/fiancés along with children participated in the get-together with a lot of enthusiasm. The upbeat tunes from the live band enlivened the ambience, creating the ideal venue for a social gathering and nostalgic conversations.

Needless to say, the Bansal Brothers served the finest alcohol. India's much talked about single Malt, 'Amrut', being the highlight along with other finest scotches. A few drinks down and the Karaoke took over in full swing. A special mention here to Raj Maheshwari, who does the Welham Music Department more than proud. The food laid out for the afternoon was

spectacular with a variety of dishes catering to all palates.

All the memorabilia carried by me at the event was sold out and everyone attending the event also contributed towards our Voluntary Annual Subscription Scheme that we started at the last AGM held on 30.11.2014. There were more donations received from various members towards the Society. The details of total collection for the WOBS at the get together was Rs.1,49,500.00/- from Sales, Voluntary Annual Subscriptions and Donations, the details of which shall be made available to all by the Treasurer, Gurjot Singh, upon his return from the United States.

As the evening drew to a close, all present bid their goodbyes. It was a day I reacquainted with a lot of people from our Welham family. I was graciously put up by Harsh and Vivek at a

posh city hotel where I retreated for a quick change. I was later taken out by Harsh and Vivek and treated to a fantastic authentic Bengali dinner at a restaurant called "6 Ballygunge Place". After a scrumptious dinner we all retired for the evening, promising to meet up over breakfast the next morning. True to their promise, the duo along with Surya Todi and his better half took me to the all time famous "Flurys" on Park Street for breakfast. After a hearty breakfast I bid farewell to my hosts. My visit to the city was concluding and now their Beamer with a chauffeur was ready to take me to the airport.

All through my journey back I pondered of what a great institution Welham is - the kind of bonds it creates between strangers for a lifetime. For someone like me who never knew Harsh, Vivek, Surya and a lot of





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others back in school and vice versa, I got treated like an elder brother and family. I felt like I had known them all my life. The love, respect and camaraderie shown by all has left me humbled and this event will stay etched in my memory for eternity.

I am privileged to have been a student at Welham and being part of a now global Welham family. May we always grow in every which way 'from strength to strength'.



**Rupinder Singh Thind**  
(302/ C, 1988)



# BENGALURU, JANUARY 2015

After graduating from school in 1996, I have attended only one reunion: the 1997 Founder's Day. Since then I have not had the opportunity to attend any WOBS get together; living outside of India has certainly not helped.

During this time, I have often looked at the photos of various alumni events on the WOBS website / Facebook page and wondered how these gatherings pan out. Do they actually live up to the hype? Are such occasions really relevant? Do these events serve any purpose other than one of a big party?

Last year, I moved to Bengaluru for a short consulting assignment. Coincidentally, around the same time, WOBS announced that a get together would be held in

Bengaluru in January of this year. I was excited! I finally had an opportunity to attend a WOBS get together and to re-connect with some of the people I had grown up with.

The venue for the get together was 'The Tao Terraces', a chic roof top Chinese restaurant that offered nice views of the city's skyline. In the build-up to the event, about 10 alumni confirmed their attendance. Scepticism, nah! I was excited about attending this get together and hoping to catch up with some of the guys from school.

The evening itself started off on a quiet note as people were slow to trickle in and I was one of the first to arrive at the venue. The slow start afforded me an opportunity to query Rupinder about how WOBS has evolved and the direction in which it is

headed. Lokesh, in the meantime, had quietly sneaked up behind us. Unknown to us, he was furtively observing us in a conversation that was seemingly deep (at least, that's what we thought!!). He, ultimately, revealed himself in the true manner of a surreptitious detective having caught thieves red handed. From then on, the party gradually picked up pace as all of us tried to catch up on old times. It suddenly came alive as, unexpectedly but pleasantly, a bunch of graduates from 2014 turned up.

For me personally, it was great talking to them and catching up on their experiences of transitioning from boarding school life to college life. It appeared to be some sort of a déjà vu! Some things simply don't change!

Catching up on times, old and present, with lots of people, I didn't realise how quickly time had passed. It was time for us to say our goodbyes!

I felt a tinge of sadness. However, I was happy too. I had had the opportunity to catch up with all the wonderful people who had attended this event and for an opportunity to once again witness the enduring spirit of Welham!

On a parting note, I would like to say a big thank you (on behalf of all of us who attended this get together) to Sumesh Suri for organising this event in Bengaluru.

Until next time...Adios!

**Abhishek Mohan**  
(577/ J, 1996)



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# CHANDIGARH, APRIL 2015

The reunion got off to a glittering start at the CGA Golf Range on the evening of the 4<sup>th</sup> of April 2015. The alumni in attendance included participation from across all Batches, starting from 1988 up to the youngest Batch of 2014. The percentage wise participation across various Batches is as below:

1988 = 21%	2002 = 2%
1990 = 9%	2004 = 2%
1991 = 19%	2007 = 5%
1992 = 7%	2008 = 2%
1995 = 12%	2010 = 2%
2000 = 7%	2014 = 9%
2001 = 2%	

A live and a vibrant band, which belted out music from the yester years, further energized the evening. The nostalgia was evident and tales and folklores from the school era echoed around the venue. The alumni were

in full attendance with their families who enjoyed a pleasant evening in serene surroundings reminiscent of the lush green environs of the Doon Valley. It was also heartening to welcome Jina Chandran (Batch of 1988) from Kerala and Amitabh Sinha (Batch of 1990) from Russia who especially made the extra effort to attend and catch up with friends from School. Sanjeev Bhadoo (Batch of 1988) was felicitated as the Super Senior for the evening. He attended the alumni dinner along with his young son Navi Bhadoo (Batch of 2014) who is also a Welhamite. Inayat Singh Bains (Batch of 2000) and his wife were the youngest couple in attendance.

The spouses who attended the evening in large numbers expressed their appreciation for the Band and the lively and spirited conversation

they managed to share amongst themselves. It was indeed a pleasure to see so many spouses attend the reunion.

The 5<sup>th</sup> morning saw the golfers make their way to the Forest Hill Golf Course with picturesque surroundings amidst a lovely April breeze sweeping the landscape, to participate in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platinum Jubilee Golf Cup.

The participants included Arjun Malik (2010) a young upcoming Amateur golfer on the cusp of turning Professional, Mohinder Bedi (1990), Gurbinder Brar (1988) with a Handicap of 12, Parampreet Sandhu (1991) with a Handicap of 12, Charanjeet Mann (2000) with a Handicap of 10, Rajbir Grewal (1991), Rana Preetinder Singh (2001) & Rana Karanpratap Singh (2001) who took to the course. Gurjyot Singh (1990)

a known face as far as sporting events go also gave golf a try and managed to hold his own for six holes till he was called away for work.

The 'Nearest to Pin' competition was on the second hole, a wicked 225 yards away. The entire yardage from the Tee to the Green was a huge water body and an excellent test of golfing grit. The Longest Drive was organized on the 9<sup>th</sup> Hole, which required lofty hitting. The course was a challenging one where there were obstacles of numerous water bodies and tree lined doglegs.

The tournament concluded with the prize distribution ceremony. Param Sandhu conducted the ceremony and Ms. Ginni Sandhu and Ms. Yoland Singh gave away the prizes. Also on the podium were Gurbinder Brar (1988), Mohinder Bedi (1990) and



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the young Keshav Agarwal (2014). The 'Nearest to Pin' was won by Arjun Malik by nailing the tough Green 25 yards to the pin. The Longest Drive was also won by Arjun Malik with a massive drive of 290 yards. The overall winner of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platinum Jubilee Cup was again Arjun Malik with a score of 6 over par. The ceremony concluded with a vote of thanks to the Forest Hill Golf Club Management and staff for facilitating the tournament and for providing a hearty lunch.

We would like to thank Rajbir Grewal & Param Sandhu for organizing the reunion at Chandigarh and we would like to give a special thanks to all the Batch representatives who made super efforts for the eventual turnout.

A special thanks goes out to the following individuals/ organizations for going the extra mile in helping the reunion become a grand success:

1. Capt. Jaswant Singh of CGA Golf Range,
2. CGA Golf Range for the Venue,
3. Mr. Pandey of Garima for the superb Flex Hoardings of WOBS,
4. Mr. Simran Sethi for an excellent golf outing.
5. Forest Hill Golf Club for making the golf course available.
6. Mr. Verma for the beverages etc.

The Punjab Chapter is also pleased to announce that we are putting together the WOBS Punjab Golf Team to

take on other WOBS Regional Teams and also Teams from other Public School Alumni Associations in this region such as The Doon School, Lawrence School Sanawar, Bishop Cotton School, etc. The proposed team comprises the following:

1. Arjun Malik (2010)
2. Mohinder Bedi (1990)
3. Charanjit Mann (2000)

4. Parampreet Sandhu (1991)

**Team Manager:**  
*Param Sandhu*

**Logistics support:**  
*Rajbir Grewal, Keshav Agarwal*

Once again would like to thank all who attended including the spouses and a big thank you to all concerned for making this reunion a memorable one.

We sincerely hope that other regions take cue from this and organize all forthcoming WOBS reunions with equal passion and zest and take our Society and the name of our Alma Mater forward from Strength to Strength.

**Rupinder Singh Thind**  
*(302/ C, 1988)*





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# RIVERSIDE FOCUS: BOARD EXAMINATIONS

## THE DAY THE SKY FELL - HISTORY EXAMINATION, 1986

I was reading the last page of my book, when suddenly my classmate entered and started pulling my shirt sleeve. "C'mon we're getting late for the history paper", he screamed at me. I looked at him and then back to the last page of 'Archies-where are you'. "Okay", said I, "lets go."

We were in the middle of our tenth board exams. Every morning was a challenge. Getting up, getting ready, having breakfast, rushing through final pages of the subject books and then running to the new examination hall, which was once upon a time called NG (new ground). Everything was becoming new in school. Ever since Mr S Kandhari (sweet kid) became the principal of our school there was some kind of army style overhauling of the infrastructure. New hostels, new classrooms, extension of the dining hall and of course, new teachers. Our school also got permission to go up to the class 12<sup>th</sup> from class 7<sup>th</sup> initially.

Well, long story next time, right now we were rushing down the stairs of the brand new Triveni hostel. I had the privilege of being in Ganges house and we got to occupy the top most floor. Meant a lot of climbing but I also got to sit on the heads

(figuratively) of Cauvery and Jamuna houses. LOL! So I was quite satisfied. We crossed other classmates, shouting out for last minute clues as to what was expected as answers. Questions never mattered. Luckily I was a little smarter (study wise only) from many, so managed to shout back some answers, while also maintaining my balance, speeding down the stairs.

The architecture of our buildings was great. There were tall buildings (especially because we were short) and robust in nature made out of bricks and stone. Some had sloping roofs which added an old world charm to the campus. Our new exam hall was an old two floor red brick building with white lines crisscrossing at various levels. It had a huge sloping roof. Initially it was a huge dormitory with 60 beds. I spent my 3<sup>rd</sup> grade days in it, so had a kind of a nostalgic attachment to it. Seven years later, I was to make history by appearing in my history paper in the same building. Or was something else destined.

The bell sounded and we all trudged in, looking for our roll numbers written on our desks. This was the first time that ICSE board exams were

being held in our school. The year 1986 will be remembered for that. The hall was spic and span, with desks lining in neat rows along the length of the hall. At the end was a stage on which a few chairs were kept for the teachers (invigilators was a word I learnt in college). I still remember the external teacher was a huge lady with spectacles staring at all of us. We were hostellers and were quite used to such stares from childhood, but probably she was not aware.

Anyway, the interesting part was that the hall had recently been coated with a new Sound Proof material on the roof and walls. It was a dark brown material which resembled like cardboard sheets pasted on the walls. The problem was that now we could not whisper answers to one another. The sound would be quickly absorbed by the sound proof material. Children are smart. Everyone noticed it almost together and there was a loud rumble of protesting. The huge lady with spectacles tried to stare down at us, but that did not help. Then she suddenly shouted "quiet!!" and that did the job.

We all crept back to our seats and waited for the bell to

sound again. The papers were soon distributed and now a serious silence took over the hall. The first half an hour was always like this. Everyone got down to attempting at whatever they could make out of the twisted questions. I, with a few of my studious friends would enter into a competition of filling up answer books. With silence taking over, the huge lady teacher seemed quite pleased with herself.

But God didn't seem to like the silence. There was a soft cracking sound. Everyone looked around but nothing happened. Then the sound escalated. I first thought someone was playing some mischief. But suddenly there was a loud thud. A huge cloud of brown dust emerged in the centre of the hall. Almost on cue other parts of the hall also had clouds of brown dust. Someone screamed... soon followed by many more screams. The sky was falling!!!

The teachers rushed to open up all doors of the hall. The huge lady teacher was standing on the stage with her sari covering her mouth and shouting for everyone to run out of the hall. I was impressed for a moment, because she kept standing there while we all ran out to



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safety. The glass fibre based sound proofing material fell off the roof surface it was sprayed onto. The huge sheets had come crashing down onto the unsuspecting boys who were shocked and screamed as no one knew what was happening. Our bearers and other helpers came running in with water and other cleaning material. All affected children were cleaned with a brush and water. Some boys who bore the brunt of the main fall were given a bath.

Luckily, the insulation material was very light weight so no one was physically hurt. I was sitting in the last corner so was least affected by the sky fall. It all happened in slow motion... a huge brown mass falling from the roof, many chairs rolling over, boys rising from their chairs and scampering towards the examination hall's doors. The dust almost blurred everyone's vision and above all the din, I could see the huge lady teacher waving her hands and shouting for everyone to run out of the hall.

Once outside, the atmosphere was very different. It was almost festive in nature with all boys laughing and patting one another. Answers were

being shared and books were flying from one hand to another. It was as if God had given a second life to all those suffering from history. Oh yes, history was being made. A group of teachers quickly had us huddled together in a line and we were to wait for half an hour while an army of bearers got to the task of cleaning the examination hall.

For once, I was scared of going back inside. The complete insulation was removed by poking sticks

into it so as to prevent another incident. The huge lady teacher was mellowed down and was looking at all of us in a worried manner, probably praying to God that all of us were safe. A huge feeling of respect for her washed over me. All of us paraded back in the hall, one by one, heads down.

Thereafter, the exam was over with a half an hour extension. The story of the sky falling made several rounds for months to come, in various versions and

colours. Stories of courage and bravery spread out by the protagonists saving imaginary children managed to keep the evening crowds entertained. Our juniors were in awe of us, as if we had returned from battle. They kept the story alive for many years and the legend came to be known as 'the day the sky fell!'

**Mukul Goyal**  
(410/ G, 1988)



Cartoon by Omit Gurung (246/ C, 2007)



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# BEYOND THE CLOUDY SKY, BOARD EXAMINATIONS 2005

The year was 2005 and I was in class 10<sup>th</sup>. Here is an incident, upon whose narration I would try to do justice to this segment. I'm certain that there are worthier stories and more exciting experiences, but I am making a feeble attempt to give a fresher perspective.

The formative years of my life were spent within the walls of the paradise in the lap of the Himalayas... like the Garden of Eden minus the eves. But, didn't many of us feel tied down in the routines of the school? There were times when at least I had felt tied down and had craved the free world, almost as if there were shackles pulling me down, forcing me into monotony. Though there were friends and new incidents, yet I felt as if my kaleidoscopic glass had broken, refusing to show all there was to show. To add to such morose thoughts, my outings outside the gates of the paradise gave me happiness that was momentary because on my return I felt even more helpless, craving for the joys that were being denied to me. Not only would such realisations torment me, they would force me to contemplate on things that were not being handed to me on a daily basis. Countless days of my life in the paradise seemed like days in a penitentiary and I felt like an inmate without having

committed a crime and with no respite from what had been handed over to me. Such undulated pessimism had gradually seeped into my very thinking and I slowly became bitter as days passed. At first it was just my complaining heart but as the days turned to weeks and then months, my very persona became as vile as my thoughts and it began to show in whatever I did and gradually everything turned topsy-turvy, even as the spring showered bouts of cool breeze and birds chirped, the dimness of my heart didn't change. Oh how I needed some breeze to fill me with happiness. Such was the state that I had inflicted upon myself by the virtue of dissatisfaction. Such was the state that I had brought about by my weakness to want more than what was already there. These walls of our paradise, these walls that were holding me back, these walls that were blocking my view of all that was there, these walls that had within a few months transformed in front of my eyes every beautiful memory of retrospect into a horrifying reality. I felt like someone who could not savour any moment, event or occurrence. Sadly, every passing moment was even more agonising and I only had myself to blame. I was being pushed to desperation. Having a few sad moments

now and then looks like God's plan but perpetual sadness killing any room for happiness is entirely different. And all of this was just me!!

Yet as they say that the day is darkest before the dawn, so the light was showered to me in the form of the dreaded examinations. It struck me all of a sudden about a week before the pre-boards. This self imposed sad trip quickly evaporated when my stupor was shaken up by the announcement in class for the exams to be conducted. It was at this moment that I realised that I absolutely did not have a clue to go forth with the preparation. Anyway, I feverishly began to reassess my approach towards the exams, this being the first time I was going to sit for them. Gradually as the situation began to sink in, my life became surrounded by the various disciplines and theories and concepts; from Shakespeare's Caesar to law of demand and supply, from the periodic table to trigonometry. I became engrossed with the preparation. The pre-boards were quickly over and ushered in the dreaded final examinations. Having scored poorly in the mock segments, my confidence was shaky. The only solace was to see all classmates nervous too. Perhaps it was our first experience which was the

reason. What was really a pro was the elevated status of the board classes which allowed us ration (maggie, rusks, cheese, etc.) and exempted us from the daily rigmarole. I felt that I had been cured, quite like the Buddhist manner of treating pain when another pain is inflicted to divert attention. Thanks to this event my whole monotonous life was transformed into a high intensity battle of resoluteness against discomfort and uncertainty. As the D Day approached, a feeling of calmness and clarity began to take over. To call it a surge of confidence would not be appropriate, what would, however, was knowing that the task ahead was not a challenge or a test of what I had known for a few months or a year but a question on my entire educational experience. My unsettled thoughts and emotions were quickly overpowered by this sudden taste of challenge and my focus was redeemed. On the day of the first examination, I walked into the hall without an ounce of hesitation or any melancholy in my heart. I knew that I had been cured of the maladies of heart and mind.

**Pratik Singh**  
(282/ G, 2007)

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# AFTER WELHAM

It has not been that long since I left school - less than a decade. So my memories of passing out might be fresher than some of our more distinguished greybeards. Like with every other young man my age, those few years after school were tumultuous. To suddenly be on your own, without a housemaster or a senior, a principal or a prefect, was exciting and at the same time precarious. It was also the time to decide what our education had prepared us for.

I too was plagued by such apprehensions, as were the rest of my mates. We were like a school of fish, all moving together in no particular direction. Every now and then, one of the fish would swim away – but just for a short while – and then

it would come right back to the others.

After completing my graduation, I began searching for gainful employment. Having written a few angst-ridden rants for the Oliphant back in school, I convinced myself that journalism was the way to go. Travel and words – a life of adventure and romance. So I studied the trade for a year at a college down south and then joined The Hindu newspaper as a sub-editor. For those unacquainted with the newspaper industry, sub-editors are the people who matter least. They work abnormal hours, and they do a job they never get credit for. As a result, no one else in the office knows they exist. Needless to say, I wasn't particularly thrilled by my future.

And so the search began once again. This time it ended far from home, in a remote village in the Red Corridor of Koraput, Orissa. Kechla is a tribal village which is situated right in the middle of dense forests, hills and beside a large lake. A half-hour journey across the water, incidentally, is the fastest way to reach Kechla. There is no post office, no police station, and no government school here. The nearest tea-stall is 10 km away. The inhabitants of Kechla are the Parajas. They are a simple people, primarily occupied with agriculture and fishing. They live a quiet existence, as the village rarely receives any visitors. They do not have much need for nor interest in material possessions. Most now have mobile phones but

these are practically useless for two reasons. Firstly, cell reception is virtually non-existent, unless one climbs to the top of a hill. Secondly, power supply is erratic. Though on paper, the village was electrified five years ago, there is barely enough electricity to power a few light bulbs or occasionally charge a mobile phone. Consequently, the villagers sleep soon after sunset and rise well before dawn. The Parajas work only as much as is necessary. They grow and hunt what they need to, and go on the 7th of every month to collect their government-supplied rice, sugar and kerosene from the ration store in Koraput.

Everyone in the village knows everyone else. Most are related to each other by blood or marriage. A visitor



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sticks out like a sore thumb. Thus, theft or any other kind of crime is rare. Most villagers are illiterate. They have never been to a school. They speak desiya, a dialect which has no script and no similarity to Oriya. However most of the men, due to time spent in the town, have learnt Oriya and some even speak a smattering of Hindi. The children of Kechla are always content, one of the blessings of childhood. The younger ones run about the mud-brick huts completely naked, chasing after pigs and chickens, picking wild berries off the smaller bushes. The soles of their tiny bare feet are as red as the earth they run on. When they are older, about eight or ten years, the boys take the goats and the sheep out to graze, while the girls help around the house picking fruit, digging up yams in the forest, or fetching water from the village hand-pump. It is for these children that a school was opened in 2008 by a philanthropic organisation from New Delhi. This is a school that has no fixed curriculum, no text books and no examinations. According to most definitions, it would be difficult to even call it a school.

There is, however, a schedule. The children wake up at 5.30 every morning, wash up and get ready for shramdaan. This means that for the next hour they will engage in activities that are helpful to all members of the community- from working in the garden to cleaning the common toilets to cutting vegetables for the day's meals. After breakfast,

classes begin at 8.30 a.m. and continue till late into the afternoon. For a teacher, there is complete freedom to take up any task with the children. For the younger ones, the focus is more on building habits such as brushing teeth, using a toilet, and generally getting used to a school atmosphere. However, since the latter is not strictly defined, depending on the mood of the children and the teacher, the day could be spent listening to stories and singing songs, or milling about in the fields, or even by organising all the donated books in the library.

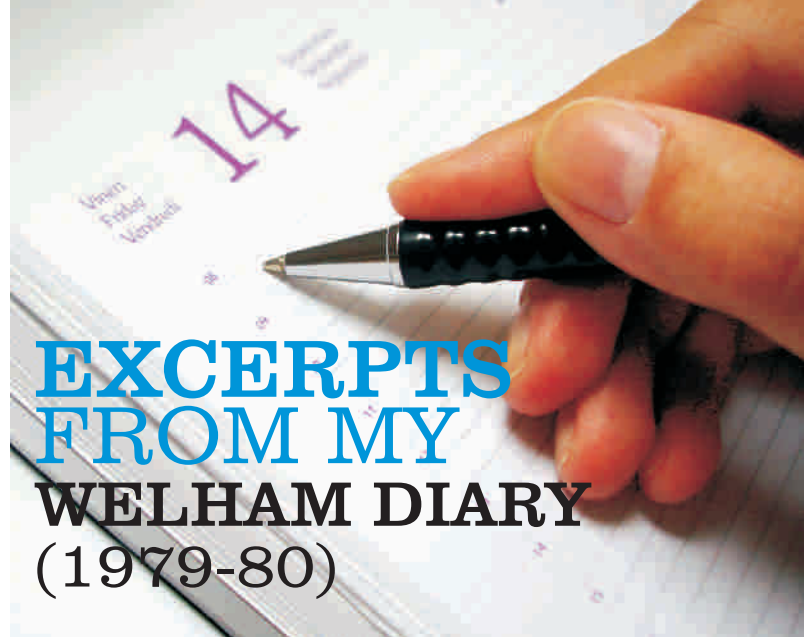
What is special here is that every action is given equal importance. And so, from a very young age children learn the value of looking after themselves and their surroundings.

After quitting my job at The Hindu in 2012 I spent the next two years in Kechla, learning to teach. We live in a world now where a school is no longer a place where information is handed out. The internet has made most members of the teaching profession redundant. It is difficult to negotiate this rapidly changing landscape – for the student as much as for the teacher.

Thus, we are no longer teaching what to learn, but how to learn. Or at least, we are trying to.

**Kartik Viswanath**  
(284/ C, 2007)

*(Kartik is currently teaching at the Shiv Nadar School, Noida)*



Visiting a zoo never excited me because somehow I felt guilty when I saw the animals sitting and staring behind those fences. It was as if they were complaining that because of our education needs they were put behind bars. It was just a feeling and whenever anyone suggested a visit to the zoo, I relented.

So it was a treat for my ears when it was announced in school that the whole class of 4th was going for a five day field trip to Jim Corbett National Park. We had just studied about natural parks in class and it took only 2 hrs in the library to understand what Jim Corbett National Park was all about.

In Welham, which ironically was called a zoo by our principal whenever we managed to ignite his imagination, the story was different. For us, wild life had a different meaning. In Dehradun we had a natural habitat of dense fruit trees

all over the campus. So it was a delight chasing a variety of coloured birds all over the place. Butterfly collection was another hobby which was taken seriously and it was cool to show off one's collection.

It was only after a lecture in class by Dr Salim Ali, the bird man of India, that we started noting down the number and types of birds in our school. And in the process we found habitats of other smaller animals like the rabbit, mongoose, rats, snakes etc. but we were scared of them and developed our own means of protection.

One of the favourite means was, besides the catapult, a blow stick. In those days we used to get red coloured lollipops on sticks as thick as pencils enabling us to use sharpeners to make them pointed. Once done we would get small iron curtain rods from the workshop and cut them to 12" size. Putting the sharpened pellet inside,



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we would aim and blow hard. The shot was good enough to make a hole in a leaf.

Preparations for the visit to Jim Corbett started four weeks in advance, much to the delight of our tuck-shop vendor who was bombarded with demands for the red lollipop. Each one of us were competing as to who would make the maximum number of pellets. In fact on the day of departure, I had to leave behind one t-shirt to accommodate my bag of ammunition.

Good weather during school days was never a problem and we were always in a happy mood. Probably the fact that extremes never bothers young boys had something to do with it, but also the fact that one was surrounded by friends round the clock without adult intervention (except in dire situations) made every event very exciting.

Jim Corbett National Park was, as I remember, very pleasant in the month of October – sunny, with a cool breeze blowing and birds chirping in every direction conceivable. The forest guest house was a small lone two storied structure deep inside the jungle at a place called Dhikala. This old British building was situated at the edge of a cliff, with a deep dense forest behind it.

Only around 50 yards of forest was cleared around the bungalow to prevent any wild animal from venturing too close to the bungalow. This is what was informed to us during an orientation lecture. But not very true, as one of the forest guards who we befriended using an extra offering of jam-bread told us

that every night the bungalow was surrounded by the most dangerous of animals - which later proved to be true.

Well who remembers orientation lectures and warnings from old jam-bread loving forest guards? So we were back to doing what we did in school - running around trees, hiding behind bushes and trying to find routes to jump over the cliff. The cliff was interesting as it offered a great bird's eye view of the huge lake in the valley below. Actually, this lake was a reservoir of a dam further downstream which would dry up in summers and fill up again during the monsoon season. This lake was so blue that all of us wished we could bottle up the water to reuse in place of the chelpark ink in our fountain pens.

The bungalow also had some ancillary buildings around it. Some formed the servant quarters, kitchens, dining hall and most interesting of them all was a shed used for showing wild life movies. The most interesting part was the walk in pitch black to watch the late evening show. The distance was not much but we still huddled in bunches like sheep to reach the spot. And God bless the poor souls who would suppress the urge to go to the toilet for the entire 2 hour duration of the movie.

Jungle sounds were not new to us as Dehradun had its own variety of Jackal calls and chattering of rodents and peafowl through the night. However, shouts of elephants, barking of deer and an occasional growl from a not so far distance were new to us.

One night, all of a sudden, a guard came running to our cottage and spoke animatedly with our teachers who in turn went white and started shutting off all lights and pushing us to bed. It was soon dead silent with no one understanding as to what had happened. We were hungry, and being pushed into bed without food was something we could not cope with. Silently, with my group of friends, I crawled out of my sleeping bag to investigate.

We were in an inner room. There was a verandah before our room and another room opened to the outside. So we sneaked into the outermost room which had large French windows through which we peeped into the open verandah. What we saw remains etched in my memory till this date.

The moon light was bright enough for us to see that between the verandah and the edge of the cliff were three tigers! It was a female tiger with her two cubs. She was standing absolutely still whereas the cubs were playfully chasing each other in starts and bounds. The backdrop was grey with the black branches swaying gently with the breeze. It was against this backdrop that the faint orange grey with black stripes of the tigers could be seen. It was a shame that everyone had locked themselves behind doors. We enjoyed the scene right in front of us.

It was only when one of the cubs griped the leg of its sibling that the mother tiger came into action and shoed both the cubs into dark shadows. Then for a while we just saw the green dots denoting the eyes of the

tigers moving as they gradually faded away in the darkness.

Then to our shock, a voice next to us boomed with an instruction to switch on the lights. We saw that one of our teachers and a couple more brave hearts had ventured out when they saw us open the door to the outer room. We smiled coyly as we had disobeyed direct orders which was a punishable offence but none of that happened and soon all of us were served dinner in the same outer room.

All this while we had forgotten about the blow pipes we had all prepared before coming to Jim Corbett. But next day promptly armed with our pipes and pellets we ventured to the ground on which few hours ago in the darkness, three tigers had moved on. Of course, there was nothing to fear about as we saw a number of jeeps come in with very important forest officials. It was for the first time that tigers had ventured so close to the bungalow and thus made for a very important case study.

As children this hardly bothered us and soon we were our usual selves and enjoyed our five day stay at Dhikala. I have not talked about the elephant rides which were the most frightening rides I have ever been on. But nothing was compared to the adrenaline rush we felt on the night we saw the tigers at a range of hardly 10 yards from closed windows.

**Mukul Goyal**  
(410/ G, 1988)



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# GREY

From where I stand I see  
Vast spaces of barren land  
With no trace of life anywhere  
Just blankness  
And yet I believe in life  
From where I stand I see  
A life being woven stitch by stitch  
While forces are pulling in all directions  
The stitches are still holding on  
Waiting to finish the beautiful canvas of life  
From where I stand I see  
A love story being written  
While another one just couldn't be  
And yet both smile and walk their ways  
From where I stand I see  
Two extremes of the same world  
Both striving for a different dream  
And yet heading out with the same zeal  
From where I stand I see  
Independence and helplessness walk hand in hand  
Painting new realities every day  
And yet we believe in invincibility  
Where I stand  
I wish others would stand too  
And I could too see the other view  
The shades of Grey that we often miss  
Black and White is but a myth

Ayush Agarwal  
(63/ K, 2004)

# SIBERIA IN THE MOONLIGHT

One observes the beauty of the plain  
Snow filled eeriness, just white terrain  
The moonlight accentuates the darkness here  
The silence is screaming of the widespread fear  
Miles of darkness broken by one glimmering light  
One wonders who it might be and what life.

Gurjyot Singh  
(230/ C, 1991)

# A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS

Feed Me  
Seed Me  
Just call me even if you don't need me  
Marriage is a must, even if love doesn't succeed me  
I am soft, I am kind  
If you don't love me you must be blind  
Lily is how I like to pose  
Cactus is what I am if we are foes  
Love is wanted dead or alive  
I'll make you suffer, once I am your wife.

Gurjyot Singh  
(230/ C, 1991)





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# THE DISCOVERY OF COURAGE

**Sikandar was beginning to hate senior school. He couldn't believe his had to be the junior-most batch for a second year in a row. Ever since the new principal – imported from some day school in Delhi – had decreed grade six would remain in middle school, the seventh graders were once again the juniors, and Sikandar was once again the favourite water-boy of the seniors.**

So here he was, at midnight, filling water from a tap, only because this gave out 'cold' water. The senior-in-question, Iqbal Rahman, was a giant of a fellow, so Sikandar wouldn't try to spit in the water. There were rumours about what happened to the last fellow who did that, and Sikandar didn't want to join those ranks. Plus, there was the race tomorrow. The race, for which he had been preparing nearly a month now: the annual 2 km run, the only event to come close

to the 100-metre dash in ultimate stardom. The medal would be given out on Sports Day, and his parents would be there, and maybe some girls from the school across the road, but he didn't care too much for either. What mattered was that seniors would leave him alone – at least for some time – if he won the race for his house. He came close last year, but the last stretch made him falter. He finally settled for fifth place, but he knew he could do it this year. And who knows, he could even get a colour.

Sikandar wondered if all boarding schools were like his: being good at studies was great, but it was in sport that excellence was appreciated. It was as if there was an unspoken rule. The school gave out sports colours – medals for sporting excellence – for every discipline, but academia only had one: Best Student of the Year. And since Sikandar wasn't half as good in studies as he was in running, he needed to win. He wouldn't have to get up at night to wash his seniors' dirty socks, or bring him chips from the canteen, or even pass on a message to a senior from a hostel halfway across the school. He hated this idea of seniority. Why was a senior allowed to bully their juniors? And who said seniors deserved respect – why did 'respect' have to be

demanding? And worst of all, nothing, nothing indeed, could excuse a junior from being asked to do a 'favour' by a senior, not even a fast like the one he was keeping.

He was proud of his fast. He'd promised his mother he would keep one this year, even if he didn't pray five times a day like she did. His mother had carefully explained the rules to him. 'Do not eat after sunrise and before sunset and break each fast with three dates. Remember that Ramzaan is the month when God revealed his teachings to our Prophet,' his mother had said. 'If you fast during this time, God will give you whatever you wish for.' And so Sikandar had begun fasting and praying before he slept. Every night he prayed for the same thing and repeated the same sentence: 'Please God, make me win this race.'

He had been doing well so far. He knew he had to run, so he was careful about what he ate and how much he ate. The school had given him biscuits, noodles, milk powder and energy bars, and there was fruit, too. He looked forward to giving Iqbal his bottle of water, so that he could eat something before he slept, contrary to his coach's advice.

Sikandar wasn't particularly religious, or at least, school didn't give him the time to

be. His mother was the devout one in the family, who took him to the famous saint's tomb in Nizamuddin every time he came back home for vacations. He would be asked to kneel and pray for the saint's blessings, but all he could think about were the delicious kebabs they would eat after the prayers.

At school, however, it was different. There were classes every day of the week except on Sundays, and in the afternoons, sports took over. First there was the cricket season, then hockey, followed by football and finally athletics: this was the sports calendar for the year. No one thought of visiting a temple or a mosque in the midst of all the sports and studying.

He'd slowly gotten used to life in the hostel. It was difficult at first, especially in junior school. Sikandar would try to hold his tears back whenever he left home. There was no place for 'cry-babies' in boarding schools. So he would silently weep in the toilets, making sure there was no one around. He couldn't do that in senior school, because there were common toilets, and also because seniors found cry-babies disgusting and usually made their lives even more miserable. There was a new boy who'd joined last term, and he used to wail for



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his mother at night. Sikandar was extremely thankful that he wasn't that boy, as he was singled out by the seniors the very next morning.

Whenever he missed his parents, Sikandar would begin thinking about something else: history prep-work, library books, his running shoes, a new cricket bat. He'd made some good friends too, like Jagjit, who everyone called the Mad Sardar. Whenever someone cracked a sardar joke, Jagjit would laugh the loudest. Sikandar liked that about him. Jagjit also didn't call him names, like the rest would, even if it was in jest. Sikandar had learnt that in a boarding school, no quarters were given. He was expected to be a man, and learn to take everything in its stride.

He could see Iqbal waiting for him on the balcony. 'Hurry up, you stinking filth,' the burly senior shouted. Sikandar began to walk faster. The quicker he got done with this favour, the earlier he could sleep. It was already 10 p.m. and he had to wake up at 4 a.m. to eat the suhoor, the meal before dawn, then get ready for the race at 5:30 a.m.

As he entered the senior's room, he saw Iqbal and his two roommates chomping away on something. They were eating his tuck. His noodles, biscuits and cookies. They continued to eat while he stood at the door, his mouth unable to speak the words: 'Can I come in, sir?'

'What are you looking at? Yes, this is your tuck, the tuck you'd hidden from us. You think we wouldn't have

found it in your trunk, you idiot,' Iqbal glared at him.

'I have to eat that in the morning. I have to eat that and run,' Sikandar said, fighting the urge to shout and cry.

'You think we give a damn?' Iqbal shouted, 'Run on an empty stomach. Isn't that what the coach says? Leave the bottle on the bed and get the hell out of here.'

Sikandar threw the bottle and ran. He did not want these seniors to see him in tears. He went to his room and jumped into his bed. Everyone was already asleep and finally Sikandar could let his tears run. He covered his face with the blanket and started sobbing.

'Sikandar, what happened?' Jagjit asked from the other bed. He quickly wiped his tears off and mumbled, 'Nothing'. But Jagjit already knew, because he was there when the seniors had come to the room and asked everyone if they had something to eat, before they grabbed hold of Sikandar's trunk saying, 'This guy must have the Roza tuck.' He went over to Sikandar's bed and said, 'You should tell the house captain about this.'

'If I do that they'll thrash me.' 'But how will you run if you don't eat anything?'

'I will run. I will win this race. Then I'll show that fat mule.'

Nearly 4,000 years before Sikandar was born, the baby Ishmael was desperately thirsty in a valley in the Arabian Desert. Ishmael's mother, Hagar, ran back and forth seven times between the hills of Safa and Marwah, begging God to

help her son.

The angel Jibreel, bathed in the heavenly fire that arose as soon as creation began, saw them both, and swooped down to earth to help them. He plunged his flaming sword deep into the ground next to Ishmael. As soon as Jibreel withdrew the sword, water – the sweetest water Ishmael had ever tasted – sprang forth.

Sikandar loved the stories his mother told him, especially Ishmael's. He loved how God sent someone to help his followers. Jibreel, Ibrahim, Ishmael and Mohammed: they were all God's chosen ones, his mother said. That night, as Sikandar lay on his bed, his pillow wet with his tears, he realized God hadn't chosen him. If He had, Iqbal wouldn't have found the tuck. If He had, Iqbal would be burning in a fiery pit of hell by now. But no, Iqbal was munching away on his food, not worrying about the wrath of God, or Sikandar, or anybody else.

He held on to the locket his mother had asked him to wear. It was supposed to protect him from evil, but it seemed like it had failed. Sikandar silently sent one last prayer to the heavens: 'God, make me win this race tomorrow. I won't ask you for anything else ever again.'

That night, Sikandar dreamt. He dreamt of a golden meadow, where the blades of grass and the flowers shone yellow. Sikandar was running through the meadow, trampling on the poppies and daisies and lilies. He didn't know why he was running; all he knew was that he had to run. And he ran like his very life

depended on it. But the golden meadow didn't end; it just went on and on. Finally, after what seemed like a hundred years, Sikandar saw the finishing line. There it was, all his classmates cheering him on alongside the white ribbon.

But all of a sudden, he couldn't run anymore. His legs had frozen. He looked down and saw the field had turned to ice, and his legs were also made of ice and stuck to the icy golden-hued ground.

He looked helplessly at the finishing line, knowing that the race was doomed. And then, all of a sudden, he saw a mighty being emanating light. He shimmered in gold just like the frozen golden meadow that glittered in the sun. The being motioned to him. Sikandar couldn't make out who he was, but somehow he knew that he was being asked to run.

So Sikandar ran; he ran as if a mighty flood followed at his heels. The cheers went up again and the icy expanse began to melt, golden blades began to sprout through the ice. Sikandar thought he could hear someone shout out his name. Then, he could actually feel someone's hand on his shoulders. How was that possible? He had left every one far behind. The hand continued to shake him and finally jerked him upright...in his bed.

It was Jagjit. 'Dude, your race will start in ten minutes.'

Sikandar quickly put on his tracksuit and running shoes. He ran out to the ground, the memory of his dream fading into the cold mist of the morning. Everyone,





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including his classmates and seniors from the eighth grade, was busy with the stretching exercises. He waved, and some of them waved back.

They had to go around the track five times. At the end of every lap, their timing would be recorded. Most gave up after two laps, but there was a technique to the running. Like always, most started sprinting as soon as the shot was fired. But those used to running long distances knew the key was to preserve energy and give it their best in the last two laps. Sikandar had a different plan. He knew he would have to pace his laps. His stomach had begun to growl, but he couldn't think about food or its lack right now. He would have to take the first two laps easy, push harder on the next two and give his all in the final lap.

The first two laps went as Sikandar had predicted. Nearly half the runners pulled out, panting and collapsing on the ground. There would be others too, but Sikandar slowly started increasing his pace in the third lap. He could hear Jagjit and his other classmates cheering him on from the sidelines. He started inching towards the group of runners who were leading, all of them his seniors. He tried to match his pace with them step by step, and into the fourth lap, he began to run faster, inching away from the group. He was leading the race, and he knew he could continue to maintain the pace till the last lap.

As Sikandar neared the halfway point in the fourth lap, a familiar feeling began

creeping up. His mind began telling him that he just could not run any more.

Exhaustion was seeping through his bones and it was a miracle that he was still on his feet. This was the same feeling he'd experienced the previous year too, and as a result he'd slowed down, only to find others overtaking him. It was as if he'd come up against a wall, a wall that he could not run around.

His body seemed to believe what his mind was telling him. He could feel his calves straining under the pressure, his lungs collapsing and a terrible hunger gnawing away in his stomach. No, he thought to himself, not this time. But it didn't work. His body was refusing to obey his will, and there was nothing he could do. He slowed down... in a flash a senior overtook him... then another...and finally one more.

Out of nowhere, a fleeting glimpse of a golden meadow crept up in his line of sight. Sikandar remembered his interrupted dream and the stories that his mother told him suddenly made sense. No one was going to come from the heavens and swoop him to the victory line, he realized, it was he alone who had to do it. He began to run harder, forcing his already exhausted body to draw on whatever reserve of energy he had left.

Suddenly, Sikandar didn't care about the favours or the bully Iqbal. Surprisingly, he didn't care whether he won the race. He just had to finish the race – that was his test. He could not fail at this and it had nothing to do with his fear of the seniors. In fact, he didn't care what the seniors

did to him any longer. He had to finish the race in order to prove to himself that he was not a quitter.

With that thought in mind, Sikandar continued running. He was on the final lap now – the last 400 metres. He was coming in fifth, but he realized he could cover the gap between him and the fourth person. He began taking longer strides and although each stride was a Herculean effort, he didn't give up. He remembered Hagar in the desert, running back and forth in the hot midday sun looking for water for her son. She hadn't cared about exhaustion, and neither should he. He ran until he overtook the runner in front of him. After this the last 200 metres seemed much easier.

Cheers erupted around him. He realized that someone had already crossed the line; it was the same senior who had won the previous year. But Sikandar didn't care. He continued running, because it wasn't about the race any more. All of this – the race, the favours, boarding school – would end one day. After that, none of it would matter. At that moment, the race was nothing but a sideshow; winning it wouldn't prove anything.

Jagjit suddenly appeared near the track and began to urge him on. 'Dude, you can come third. Come on, push.' Sikandar's lips curled into a half-smile; he pushed himself towards the finish line. This, this is what would remain: his friends, his will, his courage. Iqbal would now be a speck of dust in his life. It would irritate him for a while, but he knew he could sweep it out whenever he

wanted to. There was always another year for the medal, and he could try out for the other races too, since he enjoyed running anyway.

As he crossed the finish line, he felt a tremendous sense of relief, as if a great vault of knowledge had opened for him. He broke into a smile. His mother would come to school next week for Eid with his presents. Yet, it felt like he had already received his greatest gift.

**Amish Mulmi**  
(973/ J, 2002)

*This short story was published by Hachette India in its Eid Anthology of August, 2013*



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# REBUILDING NEPAL: WOBS' ASSOCIATION WITH NEPALESE YOUNG ENTREPRENEURS' FORUM (NYEF)



### About NYEF

Nepalese Young Entrepreneurs' Forum (NYEF) is an apex body of young entrepreneurs in Nepal established with a vision of empowering positive business thinking. It aims at creating outstanding entrepreneurs through idea exchange, fellowships, education, training and advocacy among the Nepali youth. The forum was officially instituted on September 26, 2003.

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### Rehabilitation Initiative

Following the devastating earthquake, NYEF was active in the relief efforts through Federation of Nepalese Chambers of Commerce and Industry's FNCCI Operation Relief and Nepal Airport Relief Coordination Unit. NYEF's members were also doing all that they could at a personal level.

A week into the relief work, NYEF decided to focus on rehabilitation. The major focus of the rehabilitation effort would be to ensure that people are provided opportunities to lead a dignified life. For this, NYEF would focus on entrepreneurship promotion and livelihood development.

NYEF is following an integrated approach to rebuild Nallu village. This

means that although the main emphasis would be on enterprise and livelihood enhancement; shelter, education and sanitation would also go hand-in-hand to develop a self-sustainable model village. NYEF will also upgrade the existing health and education facilities and capabilities.

NYEF has signed an MOU with abalamban Laghubitta Bikas Bank Ltd. (SWBBL), one of the biggest Micro Finance Institution in Nepal, having presence in Nallu. SWBBL would provide collateral free housing loans to the villagers and NYEF would work on entrepreneurship development to enhance their loan repayment capacity. NYEF would use its network to ensure proper market linkages and buy back guarantees for the

villagers. NYEF will also partner with local organizations to ensure a successful implementation of the project.

In the pilot phase, NYEF will work with the members of the Community Awareness

Centre (CAC) in Nallu. The CAC members are the poorest of the poor in the village. Through this project, NYEF along with partners like WOBS, seek to set an exemplary example for an integrated approach to





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rehabilitation. This model can be replicated by other organizations to rebuild devastated areas of Nepal.

### Support from WOBS

Members of the WOBS showed their solidarity with the people of Nepal and large number of members donated money for the relief effort. The members wanted their contributions to reach the right hands and make a difference to the lives of those affected. After meeting representatives of several

NGOs working for the Nepal relief effort, the members of the Executive Committee of WOBS initiated a dialogue with Welhamites based in Nepal. The undersigned being the Vice President of NYEF was also contacted. The proposal put forth by NYEF for the rehabilitation project appealed to the Executive Committee of WOBS and a decision was taken to partner with NYEF in helping rebuild 'Nallu', a village that was severely affected because of the

earthquake. WOBS has committed to donate an amount of Rs. 15 lacs for the project. The same shall be disbursed to NYEF in equal installments.

An MOU was signed between the NYEF and WOBS in Nepal in June, 2015. The WOBS was represented by its Vice President, Mr. Rupinder Singh Thind, and its Treasurer, Mr. Gurjot Singh, who also visited 'Nallu' village. The members of the

WOBS plan to make regular visits to the affected area of Nallu village and monitor the progress in the rehabilitation work.

I am proud as a Welhamite that the WOBS has undertaken to assist the people of Nepal in such a noble project.

**Varun Lohia**  
(614/K, 1997)



**RIVERSIDE****Donation by the WOBS for the NYEF - Nepal Earthquake Relief Project**

Sr. No.	Name	House	Batch	Roll No.	Total Amount
1	Darshan Singh	Jamuna	1962	67	<b>20,000.00</b>
1	Gurpratap Singh Kairon	Ganga	1979	7	<b>21,000.00</b>
1	Vikas Verma	Krishna	1984	282	<b>55,000.00</b>
2	Mohit Oswal	Caurvery	1984	113	
1	Arun Khanna	Cauvery	1986	202	<b>8,000.00</b>
1	Shashikant Kedia	Jamuna	1987	152	<b>71,111.00</b>
2	Sameer Duggal	Jamuna	1987	72	
3	Kundan Veer Singh Bhullar	Ganga	1987	63	
1	Rupinder Singh Thind	Cauvery	1988	302	<b>2,92,026.00</b>
2	Mrs. Pritam Kaur Thind mother of Mr. Rupinder Singh Thind	Cauvery	1988	302	
3	Apoorv Mohan	Krishna	1988	194	
4	Kapil Gupta	Jamuna	1988	11	
5	Mukul Goyal	Ganga	1988	410	
6	Hemant Sharma	Krishna	1988	169	
7	Naveen Kumar Gupta	Cauvery	1988	256	
8	Atul Gupta	Ganga	1988	402	
9	Anurag Chadha	Ganga	1988	348	
10	Ashutosh Kochhar	Ganga	1988	458	
11	Pankaj Tyagi	Cauvery	1988	322	
12	Sanjeev Jain	Krishna	1988	168	
13	Pankaj Raheja	Cauvery	1988	424	
14	Tariq Azad	Jamuna	1988	218	
15	Viresh Sharda	Cauvery	1988	28	
16	Anil Bharwani	Cauvery	1988	82	
17	Indervir Shergil	Ganga	1988	5	
18	Sanjeev Bhadoo	Krishna	1988	403	
19	Ritesh Yadav	Cauvery	1988	4	
20	Manish Bajaj	Jamuna	1988	26	
21	Satyendra Shah	Krishna	1988	46	
1	Sanjeev Sehgal	Krishna	1989	151	<b>9,999.00</b>
1	Nikhil Kripalani	Jamuna	1990	210	<b>4,21,000.00</b>
2	Amitabh Sinha	Ganga	1990	291	
3	Mohit Saigal	Krishna	1990	30	
4	Manjot Chug	Ganga	1990	8	
5	Manpreet Hora	Ganga	1990	239	
6	Dev Raj Singh	Krishna	1990	358	
7	Himanshu Agarwal	Jamuna	1990	380	
8	Anand Matta	Cauvery	1990	412	
9	Amit Ranjan	Jamuna	1990	240	
10	Shantanu Srivastava	Jamuna	1990	466	
11	Rajeev Lath	Cauvery	1990	261	
12	Amitava Ghosh	Ganga	1990	291	



## RIVERSIDE

Sr. No.	Name	House	Batch	Roll No.	Total Amount
13	Puneet Trehan	Ganga	1990	68	
14	Capt Mohinderjeet Singh	Jamuna	1990	404	
15	Aman Mehra	Cauvery	1990	372	
16	Sandep Aggarwal	Jamun	1990	392	
17	Rahul Singh	Krishna	1990	436	
18	Prashant Gupta	Krishna	1990	270	
1	Gurjyot Singh	Cauvery	1991	230	<b>2,98,500.00</b>
2	Mrs. Yolynd Lobo w/o Mr. Gurjyot Singh	Cauvery	1991	230	
3	Sandeep Sawhney	Ganga	1991	21	
4	Manish Marwah	Krishna	1991	246	
5	Sonaal Pandit	Cauvery	1991	10	
6	Piyush Jain	Krishna	1991	32	
7	Uday Walia	Jamuna	1991	175	
8	Vivek Mittal	Cauvery	1991	356	
9	Rajbir S. Grewal	Ganga	1991	77	
10	Suvig Mohan Sharma	Jamuna	1991	87	
11	Manav Chopra	Krishna	1991	236	
12	Sandeep Agarwal	Cauvery	1991	245	
13	Akshay Kant Purohit	Jamuna	1991	119	
14	Vikrant Jain	Jamuna	1991	19	
15	Vikram Chopra	Krishna	1991	463	
16	Ashish Shekhar	Cauvery	1991	89	
17	Sumeer Goyal	Krishna	1991	222	
18	Dilsher Singh Atwal	Cauvery	1991	182	
19	Parijat Saurabh	Cauvery	1991	451	
20	Durgesh Bhatia	Cauvery	1991	60	
21	Ashish Sharma	Cauvery	1991	382	
22	Premal Betai	Jamuna	1991	460	
23	Sumesh Suri	Ganga	1991	461	
24	Munish Avasthi	Jamuna	1991	445	
25	Saurav Sinha	Jamuna	1991	235	
26	Sameer Paintal	Ganga	1991	389	
27	Lokesh Dutt Vashist	Krishna	1991	391	
28	Harinder Mann	Krishna	1991	324	
29	Arvinder Singh Kohli	Jamuna	1991	278	
30	Nikhil Chaudhary	Ganga	1991	392	
31	Gagan Taleja	Ganga	1991	85	
32	Bhuvan Gandhi	Cauvery	1991	387	
33	Samir Singhal	Cauvery	1991	386	
34	Siddharth Tandon	Jamuna	1991	403	
35	Vivek Sagar	Krishna	1991	385	
36	Sanidhya Pratap	Krishna	1991	296	
37	Deepak Rishi	Krishna	1991	249	
38	Siddharth Shankar Goyal	Jamuna	1991	408	
39	Parampreet Sandhu	Ganga	1991	452	

**RIVERSIDE**

Sr. No.	Name	House	Batch	Roll No.	Total Amount
1	Prashant Kochhar	Ganga	1992	364	<b>65,000.00</b>
2	Parag Kothiwal	Krishna	1992	166	
3	Sahurabh Jain	Cauvery	1992	446	
4	Vishal Swaika	Jamuna	1992	397	
1	Sachin Jain	Cauvery	1993	456	<b>1,21,000.00</b>
2	Anup Kumar	Ganga	1993	421	
3	Hitesh Mahajan	Ganga	1993	90	
4	Atulya Pratap Singh	Krishna	1993	200	
5	Vikrant Singh	Cauvery	1993	101	
6	Rajveer Singh	Krishna	1993	431	
7	Dhruv Saigal	Jamuna	1993	459	
8	Dharmender Singh Gill	Jamuna	1993	455	
1	Kamal Raheja	Ganga	1994	300	<b>25,000.00</b>
2	Udit Raj Singh	Krishna	1994	214	
3	Gagan Dewan	Ganga	1994	138	
1	Alok Mehta	Ganga	1995	694	<b>30,100.00</b>
2	Jai Amardeep Singh	Jamuna	1995	478	
3	Rohit Jaiswal	Cauvery	1995	509	
4	Pawan Agarwal	Krishna	1995	692	
1	Shantanu Singh	Ganga	1996	611	<b>1,87,500.00</b>
2	Surya Todi	Cauvery	1996	584	
3	Ankur Nigam	Krishna	1996	600	
4	Yash Krishna	Cauvery	1996	590	
5	Manish Kumar	Cauvery	1996	601	
6	Sidhant Sharma	Jamuna	1996	549	
7	Nishant Pilonia	Cauvery	1996	572	
8	Manavendra Prasad	Jamuna	1996	597	
9	Harsh Bansal	Krishna	1996	540	
1	Vivek Bansal	Cauvery	1997	637	<b>50,000.00</b>
1	Anubhav Gera	Jamuna	1998	690	<b>7,100.00</b>
1	Sidharth Singh	Ganga	1999	740	<b>5,000.00</b>
1	Mohnish Rathi	Cauvery	2001	895	<b>10,000.00</b>
1	Gautam Mahajan	Cauvery	2003	9	<b>10,000.00</b>
1	Pavitra Arora	Krishna	2004	79	<b>20,000.00</b>
2	Amit Gupta	Ganga	2004	99	
3	Ayush Agarwal	Krishna	2004	63	
4	Kunwar Mehatab Singh Sandhu	Krishna	2004	72	
1	Aman Verma	Cauvery	2007	251	<b>18,100.00</b>
2	Rasik Goyal	Krishna	2007	296	
3	Ajitesh K Kir	Cauvery	2007	255	
4	Manik Tayal	Jamuna	2007	257	
5	Udit Panjwani	Cauvery	2007	283	
6	Ouseem Chaudhury	Krishna	2007	264	
1	Raja Ranjit Singh	Krishna	2008	338	<b>17,000.00</b>
2	Vanshaj Agarwal	Krishna	2008	325	
3	Aditya Gaddh	Krishna	2008	336	
1	Khyat Mahajan	Ganga	2011	546	<b>10,000.00</b>
<b>GRAND TOTAL</b>					<b>17,72,436.00</b>



# RIVERSIDE



- 1 Hockey Match: WOBs team vs. Welham Team.
- 2 The 'Theatron', constructed on the field behind the LRC.
- 3 The new swimming pool.
- 4 A newly constructed building which houses three squash courts.
- 5 Area where the erstwhile P.H. building and later, Krishna House building stood. A new building is proposed to be constructed on this area.



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