

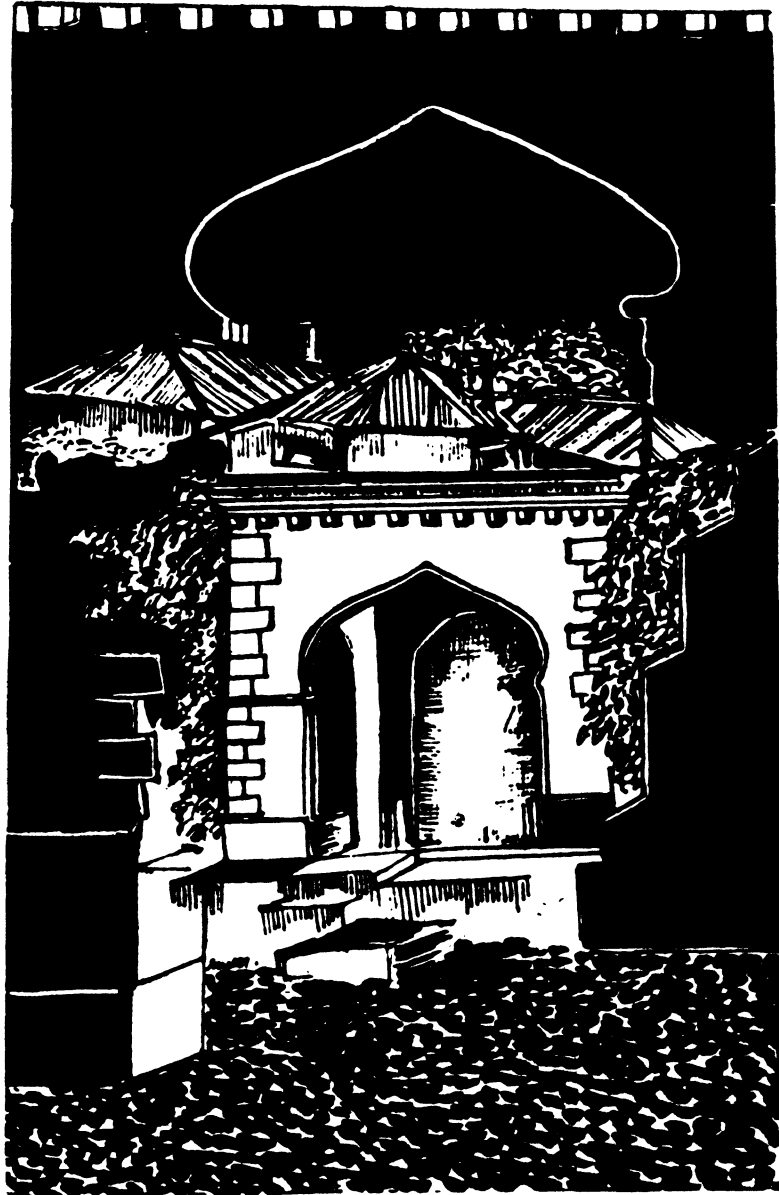
# THE OLYMPIANT

No. 146

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

30th October 1993

Tenth Year Commemorative Issue  
Founder's Day Special



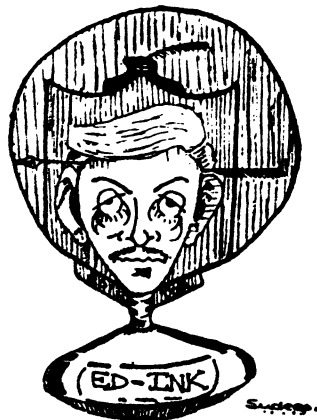
*The Welham Arc...*

## THINK ABOUT IT

Young men think old men are fools; but old men **know** young men are fools.

□ George Chapman

Nostalgia creeps in as I write my last editorial for this coveted magazine. The Founders Day special is always an annual gala issue, and this time coinciding with the tenth year commemorative issue, makes it all the more important and prestigious. And, once again, I go on to do my bit though religiously hoping that my earnest and loyal leaders will enjoy reading it.



favourable thing which will, result owing to this shift is that there will be no seating problem !

Going a step further, the seniors have decided to keep the venue of the jam session also the same. I mean, the end room on the top floor, and not the main hall, but ofcourse ! was the new venue selected to make it a real 'jammy affair' ?

For the Welhamites, Founders is the last time to 'freak out' because after it is over, the 'dreaded' annual examinations which have been the 'Waterloo' of many, are drawing near at an increasingly alarming pace. For the twelfthies, Founders is even more significant keeping in view the impending ISC's in March. Solely for this reason the whole class stayed back during the mid-terms much to the disapproval of the Principal. Some of the teachers too stayed back, but—as foretold by quite a few—the end result was that the break could have been more productively spent.

For some Welhamites it was a boon in disguise. For the 'bed lovers' – they had the time of their life sleeping through the entire day or should we say through the holiday with intermittent disturbances for a meal. For the 'movie mads' there was enough time to cover all the cinema halls in town. The sportsmen had the whole day to fulfil their needs while the 'gourmands' had the option of dining in town, and they too—for once could be choosy. And lastly, for the 'revellers' every night was a Saturday.

This time as planned, the Founders Day play is being staged in the recently inaugurated Activity Centre. Complete with advanced lighting and sound system, and acoustics, and the specially built stage, it seems to be an ideal venue for the setting of the play. One more

As we all know, the school is considering to go co-ed. Welhamites have been over excited on this prospect and are eagerly waiting for it to be implemented. But, unfortunately nothing has materialised to date. As proposed, initially it would be only for class XI and XII. So, for the inmates of PH it could be a dream come true—"Girls to the right of them, Girls to the left of them, Girls in front of them, Girls behind them; Into the valley of dreams, marched the seventy residents of PH"—The boys are unanimous and outspoken in their views, but the million dollar question is whether the school will finally turn co-ed, and if yes when ? What do the parents think or have to say about this long pending issue ?

Although, there is a strong urge in me to write more about my school, in my favourite magazine, but keeping in view the limited space and my readers' interests, I think I should stop now.

But not before I can record my most grateful thanks to my helpful, inhesitatingly cooperative colleagues, for their invaluable assistance and of course you, my readers, for your support. It has given me immense pleasure writing for the Oliphant and I will cherish my association long after I have left Welham. Goodbye.

□ Prashant Goenka

## Message From The Principal


In March 1983, I sent a message to the Oliphant on its first issue—of course there had been a forerunner in the form of an annual magazine and an occasional cyclostyled broadsheet. In it I had conveyed my best wishes and hoped that it would mirror the events in the school and, to mix metaphors, be a channel of communication for boys, teachers and old boys. That it is widely read, shows that it has lived up to the promise.

Your tenth year of publication is a good time not to rest on your laurels but to think of the future :-

We must now begin to gear up more of our reading population to contribute to the publication: we should, (now that we have acquired a Mackintosh) go in for complete in-house DTP; we should have more columns where original thinking from the Boys and Staff is published, dissenting opinions aired and I am sure the Editorial Board can think of other things.

My congratulations to all the editorial teams that have worked over the years, often against heavy odds like electricity breakdowns and inefficient printers, to say nothing of absent typists !

Best wishes for your next 10 years.

  
(S. Kandhari)

On behalf of the Welham Boys' Community a draft of Rs. 14,171.00 for the Maharashtra Earthquake Relief Fund has been sent to The Times of India Relief Fund. The students and staff collected the amount by skipping their lunch, tea and snacks on the 4th of September. The students also contributed from their pocket money.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed.

The most interesting part of the mid-term last time was the fishing trip with the Boss. Now we know why stirring Moss retired from the track (He probably saw the Principal drive). And the few hours we spent there, we caught only bait and no fish. However, he did lose a fair number of bait. He came back covered with river weed and entwined in fishing line looking like Don Quixote. One thing we did learn was never go fishing with him unless you're in line to be hooked (scopers this ones for you), you want a course in deep river and sea diving (looking for his bait) or you want to learn Zen and the Art of Principal Maintenance.

Yours.....,  
for The Principal.

Ed. : "Next time you go "bait" for me."

Dear Ed.

The guys are back from the mid term. Sun tanned. Long live the Klu Klux Klan and the works. However, they seem mighty kicked after five days of driving their escorts "Off the cliff". We, in one way contribute to the littering of the hills. (God knows how many teachers left their souls up there) No wonder most teachers came back in a neat package, a straight

jacket and tongue tied. Now school can make a nice large donation in terms of inmates to Cheshire Homes.

Hope we can help,  
Yours senilely,  
Randle Patrick McMurphy.

Ed. : "Lobotomies are the in thing."

Dear Ed.

I shall not be able to submit my article as I am suffering from writer's thumb, a form of athletes foot.

Yours apologetically,  
MS.

Dear Ed.

God help us ! We've lost our appetites and so has the caterer. The school lunch seems to be becoming something out of one of James Herriot's prescriptions for dogs suffering from foot and mouth disease. And if the editor is not suffering from a severe case of indigestion (that is if he eats) we hope he can help us if not with digestion but atleast the swallowing. We've having "headaches in our stomachs."

Yours ungluttonously,  
Bay of Pigs.

Ed. : "Last time somebody wrote to me to turn the tyrannosaurus rex principle from questioning machine to Helen Keller. I obviously prize my job and I do not intend to lose the three free meals I get. However, school food does help in a way "it dissolves your Taste Buds."

## OUR CHIEF GUEST

Mr. Duleep Mathai started his career as a tea planter. He was later called to the Chairman's office of Tata Sons and Tata Industries and worked with Mr. JRD Tata.

He is a member of the Court of Governors, Indian Institute for Science, Bangalore. Mr. Mathai was the chairman of the steering committee "Project Tiger." He was the founding trustee of the World Wide Fund for Nature India. He is the Vice Chairman, Board of Governors, Indian Institute of Forest Management. Member of 3 successive Government delegations to the meetings of CITES (Convention on International Trade on Endangered Species). □

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Mr Bhushan to Mr. Jagjeet Singh

Sir, No smoking allowed in School.

Mr. Jagjeet—Sir, I am not smoking aloud.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Bhatia—There is no electricity but how come the music is being played.

Dr. Saxena—That is because they have lit the candle.

★ ★ ★

Class X-B is waiting for Mrs. Aruna Mehra (A.M.) after fruit break.

Suddenly Ankur comes running.

Ankur—Guys, AM has gone.

Class X-B—Yey, really !

Ankur—Ya, and PM has come.

★ ★ ★

While witnessing a football match Kohli is getting angry.

Kohli—Hey, look at that chap, he is not making an attempt to kick the ball, he is not even stopping the ball. He should be thrown out of the team.

Simran—Do you know why is he inside.

Kohli—Why ?

Simran—Because he is the referee.

★ ★ ★

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## Old Boys' News

Ankush Bansal (Ex-'92) is in the IIM, Ahemdabad.

Indervir Shergill is doing Masters degree in Marketing in Pune.

Alankar Singh is a Commandant in Coast Guard and is posted in INS Shivaji.

Mohinder Bedi has joined the Indian Army and is in the OTA College Madras.

Sandeep Rawat is a Lieutenant in the Indian Army and is posted in Roorkee.

Premal Betail is working as a Stock Exchange Broker and Financial Consultant. Anurag Chadda is also working as a Stock Exchange Broker and Financial Consultant in Dehra Dun.

Niladri Ghosh has joined AFMC, Pune.

Atul Gupta has done a Masters degree in Management from Rochester State University, USA.

Rajneesh Agarwal is doing Mechanical Engineering in the University of Dayton, Ohio. □

## My Dream

One day I was walking on the beach, Suddenly I saw a tree. I started climbing it. There was a nest on the top most branch. I soon reached the nest. In the nest there were three Sparrow's eggs. I took the eggs and I started to climb down. Suddenly I slipped and went straight into the sea. I went on going down into the water until I reached a castle. There a crocodile took me into the castle. As soon as we reached the castle, he said to the sea king "Your Majesty this little girl stole the sparrow's eggs. The sparrow wants justice." The sea king said, "Yes, the little bird will get justice, and our minister, the crocodile will give the punishment." The crocodile then thanked the king. He was just about to give me a lash with his tail. Suddenly I yelled and woke up. I was in my bed. I had had a horrible dream. But I will never steal eggs of birds.

□ Neha Joshi  
III-B.

## Welham Now !

1. Nitin Bhanot stood first in the Uttar Pradesh Sangeet Natak Academy Music Competition held in Luckow on the 9th of September.

2. On 17th a Hindi debate competition was held by the Rotary Club, Dehra Dun (West) in the Doon Club. Our school was represented by Anubha Pant and Simran Nurpuri. Simran secured the third position and the school came second.

3. The following were commended in the Hindi Handwriting Competition :-

Class X, XI & XII		Class VIII & IX	
<b>First</b>			
Nitin Bhanot		Amiya Setu	
Shaad Ali		Vivek Garg	
		Gaurav Dubey	
<b>Second</b>			
Vijay Bishnoi		Varun Shyag	
Surya Todi		Ankit Agarwal	
		Nikunj Gupta	
<b>Third</b>			
Vikas Kumar		Sachin Dhir	
Manish Kumar		Abhishek Verma	
Shivank Siddhu			
<b>Class VI &amp; VII</b>			
<b>First</b>		<b>Second</b>	
Mehul Mayank		Arjun Trivedi	
Abhinav Pathak		Prashant Khemka	
Rohit Bagaria		Raja Talwar	
Rahul Chauraria			

### Third

Ashish Agarwal  
Ashok Roy  
Anirudh Chauhan

4. The following boys stood first in the I.P.S.C. General Knowledge Test in their respective classes.

Class	Name	Percentage
IV	Amish Mulari	68
V	Prateek Khurana	83
VI	Sandeep Jha	88
VII	Kumar Abhinav	73
VIII	Arcaprava Datta	78
IX	Saurabh Sinha	74
X	Aneesh Kapur	81
XI	Anurag Agarwal	80
XII	Mohit Mehta	82

5. On 11th September an English Essay Writing Competition was held, the following were awarded :

Class VI		Class VII & VIII	
1st	Karan Gulaya		Varun Puri
2nd	Kumar Abhijeet		Ankit Agarwal
3rd	Shivank Sud		Rohit Bagaria
Consolation Prize—Shashwat Sarda			

Class IX & X		Class XI & XII	
1st	Sudeep Chaudhary		Himanshu Gupta
2nd	Sunit Mehta		Anubha Pant
3rd	Kaushal Kishore		Vijay Nishant
Consolation Prize—Inderneel Sharma and Surya Todi			Vijay Bishnoi

## Literary Affairs

### YOU BET I

I looked to the left, I looked to the right  
And there he stood in the broad day light.  
I counted my steps as I moved by and by,  
But nothing could stop the 'big guy'  
A shiver ran down my spine,  
I reassured myself the bout was mine,  
My steps not sure as I took them one by one,  
Making it seem all in fun.  
Those looks they say could kill,  
It was all the matter of my will.  
I felt my forehead and it was dripping wet,  
Just because of a little bet.  
I moved to him and he moved to me,  
He was twice my size and I was half of his.  
Above his broad chest lay his staring face,

I could feel no ground, I could feel no base.  
The tension built as it grew from big to bigger.  
I began to say,  
And it rubbed him the wrong way.  
He was all set,  
And I thought about the silly little bet.  
Should ? thought I, or should I not ?  
For it was all becoming a bit too hot.  
I had crossed the limit, the so called 'point of no return'.  
For the heat now made me burn.  
The last I remember his heavy hand on my head,  
And here I lie in the clinic bed.  
I wondered to myself what it was,  
Then I remembered it were none other but the 'big boss.'

□ Rakshat Singh  
XII

## AN X-ier MEMORY

Dear students of Welham,  
Here in grief I'm vested,  
With just the few old mates,  
to console our hearts,  
with memories of the wonderful past.  
Though we know; the years at Welham,  
the feasts that were, the naughty past;  
is now miles beyond the present.

Here in the Capital, moments are restless,  
as each of us, marking concrete,  
eagerly in bide, anxiously, in anxiety,  
with patience generated, look forward,  
to be there; there in the valley,  
at "Budia's", at Welham thus moulded from.  
To all of you, that carry the spirit,  
Thrive to rise above the rest,  
to show your worth;  
the worth of a WELHAMITE.  
Yet never endeavour to resist the temptation  
to draught down your throat,  
a C.D. at your neighbour's (Budia's),  
keeping in mind our Principal's  
spying agencies,  
always there to check you out.

Guys, at your stage (a sensitive one),  
its a feeling to watch us arrive  
at different occasions, in searching Gypsies  
without silencers (special effects)  
engines roaring loud, most of us,  
Smoking as Chimneys, with  
Rothmans, Wills & Marlboros  
smoking the effect,  
but it is for you to believe the fact,  
that there is no feeling  
powerful enough,  
to overcome the feeling of being at WELHAM.

Each teacher at Welham shall strike your thoughts,  
the worth of their contribution to build you up,  
Since they are the key to our success in the forthcoming.

Its getting too long, thus as I conclude,  
there's their one thing I'll bring to your knowledge;  
Here as I reside, I know,  
with all those things around;  
people in vogue, film screens next door,  
the always wanted free world,

with no teachers and Principal,  
to turn down your mood and hamper your plans,  
glamour and girls (as appealing as ever),  
there's nothing like Triveni and P.H.  
nothing like school, where you are known to all,  
And all care for your presence, there's no  
place like WELHAM.

Wherever I am, I have with me,  
confidence and self reliance,  
the confidence of being a WELHAMITE,  
thats' the one thing I shall carry  
forever [undetachable from my soul].

□ Vikrant Lamba  
Ex-1993

## A STORMY DAY

One winter morning,  
the sky grew dark.  
Without a warning,  
A storm was going to start.  
Black clouds hid the sun,  
Just to create some fun ?

Lightning struck the trees,  
The electric wires too.  
The birds in the air,  
Did not know what to do.  
A warning bell was rung,  
Cause' the storm had just begun.

Rain poured on the earth.  
The trees swung to and fro.  
There was howling in the air.  
The maids began to shout  
The kids were most happy  
But knowing not what its was about.

Buildings collapsed  
Huts tumbled down  
Then not a sound was heard  
'Cause' all dead bodies lay around.

□ Vivaan Menezes  
VII-A

✓  
"YOUNG GIRLS PLAY A FEMINISTIC GAME, BEHIND THE BEAMS, UNDER  
THE BLUE BEAM"

Young Girls,  
I meet and see them all,  
From the 'Blue', 'Brown', 'Black', 'Grey'  
Windows, I hear them all,  
They go a rounding.  
play, play playing.

The Sarcastic Games they play,  
They drape themselves, in the white  
Satanic soft Silk with Beauty,  
That looks like a Blue Rose  
The acrimonous staircase they build  
The 'Caustic Games' they play  
They skip along that long  
Skipping rope, ther dancing free  
They twist and turn like a  
Mermaid up in the air  
Out of the deep blue sea.

The innocent boy starving,  
For young love, Gives in, his hand  
Annexes himself to the Girls' playful band.  
He's proclaimed the 'prince of light'  
In the dark sardonic hands  
They together play in heaven surrounded by hell.  
One fold, another one and one mcre  
His eyes are covered  
by a black scarf, he is blindfolded.  
Poor Passionate boy !  
Whose, mother they say never ever seddict.  
He ran behind, They were always  
Ahead, Those Mystically Mystifying Satanic Girls  
Lost, the passionate child into swirls  
He'd fallen for girls  
with soft and silky hair without curls.

He ran He's running  
He gets a'beauty, He falls for her  
The beauty herself walks up to him

With love softly resting in her hand  
The elegant exquisite graceful  
Charming daughter of Venus  
Walked rhythmically into his life  
She was never never his, yet his  
Together they leapt into a world of fantasy  
He flew with the 'ravishing ecstasy',  
He thought, She loved his 'ability'  
His tranquility his agility  
They meet in the eve behind the Sunset  
They sat in the river's flow not at all wet  
The 'False lovers' dated on the moon  
In the blue sky, on a Gold beach.  
The silent world became a loud paradise  
The humming birds were the angles  
Their song and flight was out  
of common man's sensitive reach  
They swam in the river drank in the old sea,  
Days Nights, Day and Night again  
It was the 'Silver stain'  
On the black sky, that brought the time,  
The most passionate time of love,  
The peak of what he called Romance.

His beloved was close, close to him  
Breath after Breath the time came close  
And then suddenly the lovers broke

She stood up from his life  
Walked out, out, out, away.....  
Leaving him, In Isolation to cry  
Like a female like females  
As they play the game  
She too did the same,  
The female played the feministic game  
The Girl had pricked the crimson soul  
with a thorn, The young boy wept  
His tears rolled on and on.

His heart leapt into the desolate,  
 Melancholic dark purple sea  
 The Irregularly shaped pebbles of time  
 Were filled with misery  
 "She walked up to him  
 With love softly resting in her hand.  
 The elegant exquisite graceful  
 Charming daughter of Venus,  
 Fell in love with him."  
 But that was just a shot dream Not Actuality.

Young Girls, I still faintly see them all  
 From far off, I hear their fused murmurs  
 Distinctly I can hear them all  
 They're Skipping on a long Skipping rope  
 Still Give their observers a "yellow hope"  
 The Abstract and sardonic games they play  
 Disappear behind the beams,  
 Time After Time Give 'Crying' screams  
 After they've put you in  
 The long transparent spiral of dreams.  
 "I can see them all play games."  
 "Young Girls play a Feminine Game  
 In between the beams  
 Under the Blue Beam".

□ Saurabh Narang  
 XII

## WHO IS IT ??

I loved her so, with all my heart,  
 How could I know, we had to part.  
 From day to night I dreamt of her,  
 To touch her skin soft as fur.

It all started at a tennis match,  
 I should've known I'd be her catch.  
 After the game to her I proposed,  
 Already in my mind, ideas arose.

Her lovely face had not a wrinkle,  
 Her deep brown eyes shone a twinkle.  
 In her I found an irresistible charm,  
 Her very prescence made me warm.

My love for her was an endless stream,  
 She was the queen of my heart, the lady of my dream.  
 My burning heart justified my love,  
 Timid as a lamb, graceful as a dove.

I wondered if she could be mine,  
 If she said yes my luck would shine.  
 I was always scared to ask her this,  
 But of course I longed for a passionate kiss.

O ! Please say yes, That's all I'd sought,  
 Like a slave to her I voiced my thought.  
 "Just give me a chance, I'll love you much more,"  
 "Sorry," She said, "but I'm a whore."

□ Ankur Nigam  
 X-B





## The Tale of Uncle Chaplin and Tom

Long time ago in a village, there lived a rich, wealthy man. His name was Chaplin and he was cruel, stone hearted and proud. He had a nephew who was kind and good. His name was Tom. Tom's father was also a business man like his uncle.

Once Tom decided to visit his Uncle Chaplin. When he came into the house, he found his Uncle sitting on a new sofa. Seeing this Tom wanted to sit next to his Uncle and as he was about to sit when his Uncle said to him, "Hey ! How dare you sit on my sofa ? Look at your dress ? How dirty, if you sit on my sofa, then the beauty of my sofa will get spoilt, get up and get going." Tom felt very sad, but now he decided to teach his Uncle a lesson. He went to his house and said to his mother, "Mother can you give me some money, I promise to use it for a good deed." His mother replied, "Here take a shilling but don't waste it. Remember my words." Tom was happy; he went to the market and got himself a new dress, rented a horse and got something else for himself. He went to his Uncle's house wearing his new dress. When his Uncle saw him, he said, "How handsome you look my child ? come, sit with me and increase the beauty of my new sofa."

Then Tom said to his Uncle, "I have a goat that can tell you any month of the year you ask him to tell." Tom brought the goat and asked, "What comes after April ?" The goat said, "Maaayy" "Maaayy." And so Chaplin agreed to buy the goat from Tom. Chaplin then went to his friend's and said, "My dear friends, I have a goat that can talk, see it yourself." Pointing towards the goat he asked, "What comes after June ?" The goat said "Maaayy." Every body laughed at Chaplin. He then realised his mistake and went to his nephew's house. He said, "You have cheated me, I want my money back." Tom said, "O. K., come tomorrow and collect your money."

The next day Chaplin came to Tom's house early in the morning because he was afraid that Tom might run away. When Tom saw Chaplin he started to cry. Then Chaplin came up to him and said, "Why are you crying ? Tom said, "My mother slept yesterday night and hasn't got up as yet." "She is dead." Chaplin felt sad, just then Tom said, "I know, I have a stick that can make a sick person alright and a dead person alive." He then went inside his room and got a stick. He

took Chaplin to his mother's room (who was sleeping infact.) and hit her with the stick. She suddenly got up. On seeing this Chaplin was surprised and immediately was willing to buy the stick Tom sold it to him for 20 gold coins. Now Chaplin went to a hospital and saw many patients there. He went upto them and said, "I can cure you !" And without any hesitation he started beating the patients. The other people at once told him not to do so. Chaplin said, "I am curing them. Now they will get up from their beds,"

The patients cried out in pain and the Doctors and the nurses caught hold of Chaplin and trussed him up as if he was a mad man. Tom, however, spoke in favour of his Uncle who was then released and Tom said this to him, "Uncle do please be kind and good to others."

Chaplin realised his mistake & became a changed man thereafter.

✓  
□ Amrit Kar  
VII-A 756



WHEN I GIVE UP THESE WORDLY AFFAIRS  
AND RETIRE I HOPE TO SETTLE DOWN  
IN AMERICA!

*Amrit Kar*  
93

## “Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining”

The young star performed once again with his slender fingers moving smoothly on the keys. He was playing the classical theme—‘first movement’ from one of Vivaldi’s best known albums. With one or two drops of sweat randomly trickling down his forehead, he displayed his musical skill with utmost effort, enthusiasm and confidence. The vibrations of the keys played by the young pianist rocked everyone. He raised the tune to a roaring climax and with his fingers running wildly across the black and white elevations he ended the day’s exciting and miraculous show. The applause of the audience was overwhelming and the little master was thrilled at the success of his performance. His parents would certainly be impressed and proud too, because he was the only asset they possessed.

The kid pianist moved on to his dressing room and was greeted by his parents who were weeping in affection for their child. Both, the mother and father had brought him up in poverty and at times there was not even enough to feed their young one. But poverty did not steal away their self-respect and hard work. The mother worked as a maid in a landlords’ yard whereas the father seldom had a job in his hands. In fact all running income was provided by the mother and this is what infused determination in the child to earn and gain fame.

The kid, Pierre, was always inspired by music. He had a hang on music and at an infant’s age he learnt the key board well. The piano-master at school paid no heed to him but as the saying goes—‘when there is a will there is a way’; the boy made it to win the highest music award in the small French province. This was only the beginning; the child practiced day and night. He missed school and sat down by the pond, softly murmuring the notes of Mozart and Beethoven and Vivaldi. At night, he only dreamt of playing the piano and the crowd enjoying his rhythm with the greatest enthusiasm ever seen. He often slipped into the music room with no one’s knowledge and quietly practiced the various notes on the school’s old piano. Eventually on his father’s regular insistence and even

kneeling down to beg, the piano-master accepted the pain-stricken father’s request to train Pierre and lead him through correct channels. Pierre was very happy when he heard about it as he regarded the master as his mentor.

The interaction between the piano teacher and Pierre was surprisingly very cordial. The piano teacher was amazed to see the ease with which Pierre played on the keys. Pierre’s interest in the subject aroused the master’s feelings for him and the lad was taught every minute detail of the subject. He was given the background of pianists by which he was most impressed with the work of Vivaldi, the famous French pianist composer.

Pierre worked very hard and soon learnt all the famous works of men like Mozart, Beethoven. He had mastered the skill of playing at keys. At the school assembly, he played the piano and the school rocked left and right.

His dream first came true when the father of one of the boy’s who was real admirer of music came across Pierre. He was totally taken aback by the child’s talent and he vowed he would promote him. And so he did. He secretly arranged for a show in the ‘Pine Hall’ which he publicized so much that opinion of reluctant people changed and they bought tickets for the show just in case they did not have anything to do that evening. Mr. Miguel, as the father who arranged the show, was known and had talked to Pierre’s parents who without a second thought gave their consent.

Two days passed and the eventful day finally came. Pierre was informed by his mother about the show in a very encouraging manner. At first, he showed signs of nervousness but then it had to come—he agreed.

The hall was filled with audience of fifty as comparison to its capacity of seating two-hundred people. As evening darkened, the lights on the stage were focused and a ‘little wizard’ of the piano walked past the stage, bowed and took his place. There was

that firmness and determination in his feelings which made him play the piano so violently that the audience clapped their hands till they nearly bled. The crowd admired him and surrounded him to give a standing ovation and then the word was in the air. He became famous overnight. A celebrity in a few months by performing several shows and today again he achieved one of his early success.

Pierre sat in his dressing room, feeling unhealthy and feverish. He confessed to his mother who called the manager of the show. The manager, thinking it to be a mild fever after a hectic performance, called a nearby local doctor. Pierre was given an injection and a dose of medicine and was advised to rest. He slept at home, as peacefully as ever. After all he had achieved great heights. A smile of victory appeared on his sleeping face. Suddenly he choked, gave a loud roar and began moving his legs and hand madly. The sudden shout awakened the parents who at once rushed towards his room. Till then he lay still with his eyes wide open. His father bent down at the side of his bed and asked his problem. Pierre kept still and quiet. This worried his parents and confused them. They called a doctor who immediately appeared and after giving Pierre an injection declared the most heart-breaking news to his parents. They were stunned and unable to respond. Everything was snatched away from them once again. Yes, it was true, Pierre had suffered, had had a paralysis attack due to overdose of the medicine. He wept and cried and tried to shake his body, but all in vain. Life became miserable for him. A little pianist suffered the worst trouble he could face. He was rendered helpless and life came to a standstill. Nothing could be done. All was over. He lay day and night on his bed, was fed by his mother who rejoined her job as a maid. The father began looking for a job. While looking for a job he came across a lame person running a bakery. Describing his financial sorrow, he mentioned about Pierre's tragedy. The lame suddenly listened attentively to the father and tears appeared in his eyes.

He told the father that he would try to regain Pierre's movements and at the day time the father could run the bakery. So it began and Pierre found a way to his life once again.

Everyday at dawn the lame, Francis, would take Pierre on a wheel chair to the riverside. He would infuse a new spirit in Pierre and provoke him to try to walk and move his fingers. The process continued with Pierre full of spirit practicing every possible movement that could assist his being able to regain the flexibility of his limbs. At night, when no one saw he practiced. Got up from bed limped across the room, falling sometimes but unaware of pain. While lying in his bed he tried his best to get back the regulation of plasma in his fingers. It pained but, helped and the happiest moment came rolling by within a few months of extensive exercise.

He could now jog and move his fingers fast enough to slowly play the piano. He was full of wonderful dreams once again and began playing at his personal piano which was gifted to him by Francis. Francis had experienced the same except that he had been an athlete.

Pierre softly played the piano in the lobby of the house where his parents sat admiring his determination. He could not, obviously play the piano as swiftly as he did before and neither could he perform shows but at least the 'young star' could play the piano good enough so that his parents could clap. They were happy and he was joyous too. He made no complaints. In their little world he was the performer and his parents the audience, who applauded him till he lay down in his bed at night with dreams of being a star once again. After all 'every cloud has a silver lining.'

□ Himanshu Gupta  
XII

(The winning entry in the English Essay Writing Contest, Group-A.)

## Roopkund : Not A Picnic

This was not the first time in the history of Welham, that a group set out for ROOPKUND, but unlike others we were the ones who reached this hard to reach paradise. We were a group of 13 boys, determined to make our mission a success.

On 5th of October we left for Rishikesh in the evening and reached at 9 p.m. It took us almost half an hour to look for a suitable place to spend the night. and another half an hour to look for a place to eat. This was one of the most satisfying meals we were to eat for the rest of our trip. We had four hours to sleep. Sleeping wasn't difficult as we were quite accustomed to bed bugs, because of our previous encounters.

Next day we left for Srinagar at 4 o'clock in the morning by bus. It took five hours to reach Srinagar. We halted there for the best part of three hours, as the journey ahead was hectic. It took us seven and a half hours to reach Debal, where we stayed the night.

Bus services from Debal being poor we decided to make it to Mundoli (17 Kms.) on foot. It took us seven hours. On the way we managed to load our rucksacks on one of the passing trucks. Some of us the fatigued ones were relieved. With the help of short cuts we managed to reach Mundoli before the truck. After having a satisfying meal at Mundoli we were all set for another difficult trek to Wan. People passed many discouraging comments saying that we would reach Wan by one O'clock at night. Our firm determination could not be hindered by these comments. To be on the safer side we hired a guide to Wan.

The first kilometre to Loharjing was a perspiring climb. The next 3 Kilometres downhill were comparatively simple. As we reached the valley, dusk had taken its toll. The eeriness and the plentiful beauty of the jungle were contradictory. As darkness fell we took out our torches but to our disappointment only four out of eight were working. With every moment of increasing darkness. it became even more challenging. We were holding hands and giving calls, such as 'a risen stone', 'a narrow path', 'Stick to your left', 'be cautious' The next one Kilometre was calamity stricken. One of the boy's fell into the

stream which was followed by everybody wetting their feet. The rest of the trek was uphill and stony. After six and a half hours of treacherous trek we halted a kilometre before Wan. As there was no electricity and little place, we barely managed to pitch two tents. After the rigorous trek the royal dinner awaiting the trekkers was 2 biscuits, a piece of cheese and 2 wafers each. With great difficulty the 13 of us fitted into 2 tents which were meant for 2 each.

Owing to the calamity that had struck us the previous night, we stayed back at Wan—this was due to the fact that all of us had wet our shoes. We were quite lucky to get help from a person of Wan, who also provided us with food. That evening we pitched our tents in a school ground. which was more comfortable as compared to the previous night. Something more interesting was that the volleyball we carried was of use. Guess what ! We played a match against the teachers of that school and proved invincible—(3-0). Being enervated we slept quite early.

The next day we got up early at 5 a.m. and set out for Bedni Bugyal. (Bedni Bugyal is a beautiful meadow enroute ROOPKUND). Bedni Bugyal was 12 kilometres from Wan and we were told, that it would take us at least six to eight hours. The trek was very steep and confusing, with too many junctions and to our dismay we finally got stuck in one of them. As no other option lay before us, two boys went back to Wan to get a guide. The two of them returned alongwith the guide (Harchandra Singh) in two hours. The remaining part of the trek was not as easy as expected, but was made easier by the presence of the guide. The trek was extremely stony and steep.

After three and a half hours of a steep climb, we reached plain ground for the first time that day. We were exhausted but excited too, as we could see the tree line below us (11,500 ft. beyond which no tree grows). Bedni Bugyal was another half an hour walk from there.

The very sight of the meadow drained away our fatigue. It was a place of flabbergasting beauty, which stretched for miles, with short grass as if it had been

mowed. On catching the first sight of the meadow we ran short of words to describe this place of immense natural wealth. That night we pitched our tents, next to the BEDNI KUND. The night wasn't a very comfortable one as the temperature had fallen to the lowest at  $-3^{\circ}\text{C}$ . The next morning we awakened to find our tents stiff and hard. The dew had fallen on the fly and had frozen.

We were to go to ROOPKUND via BAGUA BHASA the next morning and return but due to the malfunctioning of our only camera, we were delayed. The film containing the best photographs of this beautiful meadow, was exposed. We were compelled to change our plan. Now we decided to go to BAGUA BHASA and spend the night there rather than making it to ROOPKUND the same day. We were fortunate to get a camera from another group, which had been to ROOPKUND the previous day. They were a group of boys from Sainik School, Almora and were accompanied by four professionals.

The same day at noon we left for BAGUA BHASA which was nine kilometres from BEDNI. It took us four hours to make it to BAGUA BHASA. The trek was very dry and to make things worse there was lack of oxygen. The sunset at BAGUA BHASA was a sight worth watching as we could see the clouds below us with a purple glow of the setting sun. For the first time, we were able to see our destination which was magnetising. With great difficulty we spent the night at BAGUA BHASA, as we barely had enough place to sleep and the temperature was as low as  $-7^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

We started our day with a cup of black tea and a couple of biscuits each. Once again we were all set for a rough trek, but this time we were rather excited. When we started our trek the temperature was  $-4^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ROOPKUND was three kilometre from BAGUA BHASA but it took us one hour and forty five minutes to reach it. Oxygen being less and our noses dripping due to the cold all this delayed our arrival. The last stretch to ROOPKUND for almost 100 metres was the most difficult one, as it was almost  $85^{\circ}$  degrees steep. signs of vertigo appeared, but with great courage we completed the climb.

The way to the summit had to be cut through snow with the help of stones, as we did not have icepicks. Only eight out of the thirteen completed this trek. It was a feeling of utmost success and pleasure. The eight of us who made it to ROOPKUND were Ashish, Vijay, Rchit, Vikas, Mayank, Udai, Anurag and Biswajit. It was a terrific feeling standing at the height of 5,039 metres. The kund although frozen was a place of immense beauty. We were filled with pride and captured this memorable moment with the WELHAM BANNER in the camera.

This trip has left an indelible impression in our memory. Although our Housemaster worried on our returning one day late to school, he too was proud of our success.

We hope our adventure will inspire the posterity of WELHAM. Our trek to ROOPKUND after the completion of tough 92 Kms. trek in 8 days should enthuse them to greater challenges. After all our school motto is "From strength to strength."

**Roop Troop**  
Class—XI



'THE TARZAN' OF WELHAM



## BREAKFAST—HYSTERIA

The ever—hungry Welhamites can be noticed in their peak excitement during breakfast time when all of them are busy cracking their egg shells or brewing coffee. Let's discover breakfast time at Welham.

The typical Welhamite trait of unnecessarily talking ceases only when they stand in line for breakfast. At this time their lern and hungry look can be observed as they impatiently wait for a prefect to give them the signal to move in. The Welhamites before reaching the door of the dining hall begin to rush to corner tomato ketchup. Another bunch of boys grab for extras. But no, there is already someone who has bagged the first extra share of 'tikkis'. A defeated look comes on their face as if they have lost a battle. But don't misjudge their capability. They slyly go to the counter and ask the bearer to pass a samosa.

Having obtained a handful is a victory. The victorious boy with his chest out and a broad smile on his face, shows off amongst his colleagues his commendable prowess in the kitchen. He is the most satisfied and content boy throughout the meal.

Somewhere else in the dining hall the old economic tradition of the 'barter system' is taking place. One of the boys is exchanging the next ten days share of his 'bondas' with the other's one days fried egg. The former's mouth is watering and he is over excited but it is only the next day's breakfast time, that he realizes the error of the deal. The boy pleads and pleads but all in vain. The benefited one passes on the famous quote in Welham—"Given is given and taken is taken."

Boys can be seen quarelling with the servers for not being given their cheese toast. It is then that the caterer enters the scene, but not in the dining hall because as soon as 'The Badger' gets the feeling of shortages he flees on his scooter to someplace outside school, leaving the handful of hungry boys to feed on

butter slices. But these things only occur with boys who are inefficient. As the saying goes—"Where there is a will, there is a way," it is applied to the thin, lean famine-starved 'Shakti.' Afterall, one should understand his plight in getting **only** three times the actual share of breakfast. He is an expert he has asked some teacher or bagged a hospitalized boy's share; his roving eyes are efficient. Thus such people can barely manage to keep up with their minimum requirement.

Breakfast is a favourite time for the twelfthies as it is the only time they get to show there refinement. No sooner the server arrives with omelettes, there is a sudden wave of boys who rush towards his hands, snatch the plate throwing some of it's contents to the floor and finally settle down into their chairs. It is a matter of luck. Some get it and some don't. Different comments can be heard by the ones who are deprived—"Tough luck today. Lekin Kai Dekh Loonga" whereas the luckier ones exclaim—"Aaj to lamba haath maara." Thus everybody has his day.

Breakfast time is of great joy. "The children must eat heartily" as some teachers say, they are the ones most willing to share the extras. But they are not wrong, nor it is the fault of the boys to eat so ravenously because it is so aptly said—"From strength to strength".

□ Himanshu 'Dieting' Gupta  
XII

## WITS AT LARGE

When a boy passes out from school he has acquired education. But when one passes out from Welham he acquires two things : education and a taste for humour.

Blame it on the atmosphere or heavens, there are humourous incidents taking place every hour.

Our Caterer, once, in a disgusted mood, encountered a milk enthusiast :

"Sir, I want milk," The Caterer rushed on, but in vain.

“Sir, I want milk !” He seemed really desperate.

“Sir I want milk !” That’s what I call pestering.

“Sir.....”

An exasperated caterer said.

“Just let me know one thing.....am I a cow ?”

The student lost his appetite, he had pains in his stomach due to fits of laughter.

Poor sir, despite being the caterer he grows thinner and thinner, so much so that he’s got spectacles. I must admit it takes some amount of concentration to distinguish a Welhamite and a hungry street urchin with a bowl, especially when they come in dozens. He has been transformed from the jovial person that he was to a man who prefers claustrophobia in his house than face welhamites in the dining hall. He has deep circles under his eyes, and his shoulders droop. Well, he’s sailing in the same boat as most of the staff members.

Some teachers, of course are no match for the boys. The Commerce teacher has a distinguished sense of humour. Teaching Class II, Dr. Saxena put forward a flabbergasting question to one boy. Not receiving an answer he vented his exasperation upon him, with a tint of Commerce, of course.

“Hey man, your upper chamber’s bankrupt.”

Arnab Chaudhary once made a cartoon of Mr. Raina. In defence of his colleague Dr. Saxena said.

“Hey man, impose a curfew on your pen.”

The boys, though less mature, are witty enough.

During the hockey matches a new trend of humour was established.

Harjot singh, after a gruelling match of hockey was offered a cold drink by another boy.

“Of course ! Of course !” said Harjot.

Then came down the axe : “Go walk down to Budiya’s, she has lots of them !” Then came about jokes like :

“Who wants a treat ?”

“Yes ! Yes !” Even a mute welhamite will be able to communicate normally when it comes to food.

“Wait till lunch. You’ll get unlimited rice and dal and vegetables. A solid treat you don’t even have to leave a tip.”

It doesn’t cost much, except for a few curses for the wisecracker.

However wit abounds. A science teacher once questioned the boys, “What keeps cork in the whisky bottle ?”

A boy perked up :

“Self-control, sir !”

Experience counts, doesn’t it !

Well, these are just a few. Welham’s humour is distinct and trend setting.

Keep it up Welham !

□ Kirtiman Singh  
Class-XI

## Brain Teasers

- Q-1. Why is it that the moon revolves around the Earth and not the Earth around the moon ?
- Q-2. When a train approaches you, blowing a whistle, is it the loudness of the whistie increasing or the pitch ?
- Q-3. Two snakes are eating each others tail at the same rate. What will happen at the end of the fight ?
- Q-3. Do you think that Adam and Eve had navals ?
- Q-5. Why is it that a telephone dial has 0(zero) after 9 and not in the right order i.e. before ?
- Q-6. Which organ of our body helps us in keeping our balance and how ?
- Q-7. Where is ‘hammer’ situated in our body ?
- Q-8. Why can’t we lift ourselves with a bucket when standing in it, by applying an upwards force on it ?
- Q-9. Two men A and B are standing on a boat playing catch ball. The boat is moving from A to B. Which one of them has to apply larger force to pass the ball to the other person provided no air resistance.
- Q-10. Three astronauts are in space free of the gravitational field of any planet, are of equal mass and strength. One astronaut catch holds of another astronaut and passes him to the third astronaut. The third astronaut in turn passes him back to the first astronaut. The whole round completes in 5 minutes. How long will the game continue ?

Please send your answers to the Editor.

□ Milan Gupta  
X-A

## Goodbye

Another one bites the dust. Yes, another board of bored wierdos bite the dust. "We've been fired!" The literary elite of Welham will change once again. We've already been given notice so here I am writing our obituary.

The Boss. Prashant Goenka, a classic example of the living dead. Hunched and unassuming. You wouldn't miss him if you ever saw a guy hanging from the fan in a room. Well he's the one who took his job most seriously and has been contemplating his sacking ever since he got the job. He's also been contemplating his death ever since. When it comes to seriousness—the Ed. takes the "bed." This unassuming personality was actually the Ed, hard to believe. But true. Always under cover he worked like a maniac. Can't write much about him, that's all I know about the guy. But he's an up to date robot on work. At the present rate he's programmed to self destruct. He's got a sense of humour that will make you scam. (An afterthought: he's cool (cold) with a capital C). It looks could kill he'd have been hung.

Simran Nurpuri of the "Welham Now" always regretted that his name wasn't spelt with a "C" and that he didn't have a third name beginning with "N" to form the innitials "CNN". However, he did have something better to brag about. Ya! you guessed it. "Pathankot". The long curly locks coming across his forehead, is the latest In Peter Arnett fashion. Simran's the one who revived "Through the keyhole" once the Oliphant had run out of locks. He's the "Link." Writing something this neat about him is tough because he's the one who went chasing us for articles and saw through our excuses. Simran brought the Oliphant to its present form and made the guys read it instead of letting it be literary toilet paper for the elite. Apart from being involved with crossfires with the printer and interviews and reports he's the cutest prefect you ever saw. He's also

a great actor. A future Danny De vito. One thing still remains as the board changes "Nurpuri was and is the greatest current affairs reporter. Long live Jimmy Hoffa."

Saurabh "more-bid" Narang was more than the Oliphant bid for. He joined "The workshop of Broken Souls" as a cartoonist and turns out to be a wait whitman (You'd have to ask a "shrink" to explain his poems to you. That's why he's shrunk to his present height). He's the 'Psychadelic Creations Creator' and he got an artistic stubble and John Lennon spectacles. He's an 'A' grade artist and an 'A' grade palmist (when you know the time s at which he tells you'd change your mind) when you sit next to him you'd enter a seventh dimension (Jokes apart. He's writing a book on it). When he's not in an artistic trance he's just great (not more) and when he is, his seriousness would make you laugh. He's the M.F. Hussain of the 23rd century. Saurabh's also got the wierdest taste in music. The last Founder's day special Number had a rock quiz compiled by him to which nobody has yet found a cure. I planned to get the answers and the prize over a bottle of ideas and Pink Floyd but he read it in my palm before I even tried. He's the most metalloïd character I've ever seen which explains his passion for heavy metal. With his sense of humour he'd probably end up marrying an "Iron Maiden."

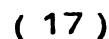
Ankur "snow" Nigam. "Who is it?" He thinks he's the hottest guy around. He's also the most broken hearted guy around. For him love isn't a wonderful thing its everything. And in his poems he doesn't believe in keeping anything in his "Soul Cages." He thinks he's Edberg (I've never told him he'd do better as a cross between MC Hamner and Michael Jackson) and is smitten by Steffi Graf. As he climbs the graf as being the the guy with a great sense of humour his poems seem to be getting soppiier and soapier by the dozen. He signs 24 hours a day



Shantanu Singh's favourite topic of discussion is physical training. When he's not stretching his muscles or dreaming of the back field he writes the most read article in the Oliphant. The "Ringside View." He's worked so hard at it, he's being promoted to senior correspondent. He is also a great doctor. He invented a cure for which there is no disease. One of his guinea pigs

Sudeep Chaudhuri. You'll never find him unless you go to the hospital. Most of his articles are written from the Doctor's table. He spends so much time there they're planning to give him an official room and office in the hospital. You'd never know the difference between him and the Principal. Infact he's so hunched he looks older and less fit. He loses his temper at the drop of a hat so dont even try locating him. When he's not thinking of Elvis Presley and Jim Morrison (which he never is) you'll find out he's the most wierd guy, You'll probably get asthma just listening to him. If they ever found out who wrote ths nonsense letters to the Ed, he'd be dead. He's also got an unbroken record He's been thrown off the board at least 60 times since he joined. He's one of "Hell's Angels."

**P.S. Sudeep Chaudhuri**



## New Arrivals in the Learning Resources Centre

### THE GRAIL TREE

Author—JONATHAN GASH. In the world of antiques the Holy Grail is a holy terror. Every month someone claims to possess the original. When an ex clergyman claimed to possess the cup, Lovejoy, the antique dealer, knew what to do. But someone else thought it was worth stealing.

A lively, irreverent view of the antique world, rich in reference, good reading.

### THE JUDAS PAIR

Author—JONATHAN GASH Lovejoy takes on the job of finding a pair of duelling pistols so rare that he even has doubts about their existence. He's on the track of an unsolved mystery as well as the fabled flintlocks. An interesting book.

### PRIDE OF PLACE

Author—NICOLA THORNE. The mesmerizing saga of a family tragedy and one woman's fabulous fortune. She made her fortune and then found her place in the world of love. Absorbing.

### BY STEALTH

Author — COLIN FORBES. Original..... Terrifying.....Tweed, Paula Grey and Newman in the thriller. Ships are disappearing in the East of Cape Town. Unbeknown to Tweed 2 ships which radar cannot locate are sailing on a deadly mission close to Denmark. Can Tweed detect the master plan in time? A good thriller.

### DECIDER

Author—DICK FRANCIS. A book which crackles from narrative energy and, in its clever twists of plot keeps you guessing to the end.

### REVERSIBLE ERROR

Author—ROBERT K. TANENBAUM. A killer is at work in the New York streets and noone seems to be able catch him.

A legal thriller that flies along.

### HOW TO ENJOY YOUR LIFE AND JOB

Author—DALE CARNEGIE. Dale isolates and explores the feelings of harmony, excitement and purpose that will enable us to transcend boredom, frustration and fatigue—making the best of our inner resources and realising our full potential. A useful book.

### THE JUNGLE BOOK

Author—RUDYARD KIPLING. The happy partnership of man and beast and the excitement and suspense of the tales do not date. The jungle boy and his animal friends will endure for many years to come. An ever loving book.

### EFFECTIVE DECISION MAKING

Author — JOHN ADAIR. A complement to his earlier "Effective Leadership."

### EFFECTIVE TIME MANAGEMENT

Author—JOHN ADAIR. Shows you how to eliminate time wasting activities leaving you with more time for your real priorities.

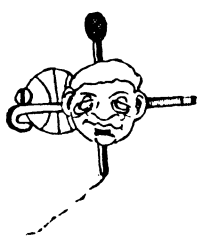
### OUR WONDERFUL UNIVERSE

Author—D. C. GOSWAMI. Lucidly and simply written.

### WHY ARE THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE

Author—G. VENKATARAMAN. A random walk in Physics. Very readable. □

## Ringside View



The year under review proved to be a year of many ups and downs for Welham in the arena of sports. Welham ran into a patch of badluck in Hockey and Football. We were unable to retain the Council trophies in both these sports. However, our Cricket team and our volleyball team performed commendably. We won the Hardline Runners up trophy in the IPSC Volleyball meet. We faired well in Basketball by winning the Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament for the 4th time in succession. In the IPSC Basketball meet we reached the semifinals.

### CRICKET

Regular practice was held under the guidance of our cricket coach. Shaad Ali captained our team to convincing victories over Veteran's Club, PPCL, Tehri

Dam Club and SJA. The only match lost in the season was to RIMC. The most memorable match was the one against SJA, known to be the best team in Dehra Dun. Winning the toss, SJA put us to bat. Welham piled up a respectable total of 120 in the allotted 25 overs, with the help of Mohit Mehta's flamboyant knock of 35 runs. The SJA openers started well by scoring comfortably in the early overs. However, Vidura changed the tide of the match as he wrecked the SJA innings by capturing 4 wickets. SJA was bundled out for a total of 92 runs.

The Cricket season saw Vijay Sushant, Varun Lamba and Mohit Mehta chipping in useful totals for Welham. Shaad Ali spearheaded the Welham bowling attack which comprised consistent bowlers like Varun Lamba, Chirdeep Parasher and Shantanu Singh.

Best Batsman of the season—Vijay Sushant  
Best Bowler of the season—Shantanu Singh  
Best Allrounder of the season—Shaad Ali

## **INTER HOUSE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIPS.**

### **SENIORS**

Winners—Cauvery.

Best Batsman—Gaurav Jain

Best Bowler—Varun Lamba

### **JUNIORS**

Winners—Ganga

Best Batsman—Muzaffar Ali

Best Bowler—Yashab Zia

The following were awarded cricket colours—Jairaj Singh, Varun Lamba, Mohit Mehta and Shaad Ali.

### **HOCKEY**

The Hockey captain—Jairaj Singh led Welham to comfortable victories over SJA and GNA, in friendly encounters. However, we were held to a draw by RIMC.

Much to the surprise of many we could not retain the Council Hockey trophy. We were defeated in the semifinals. On its way to the semi-finals. Welham breezed past Colonel Brown School (4-0), STC (3-0) and Children's Academy (6-0). We faced SJA in the semifinals, a team we had already beaten in a friendly encounter. Welham did not seem to be in top form as our forwards could not capitalize on the mistakes made by our rivals. Although our forwards displayed an innovative game, our finish was very poor. As a result, the match ended in a goalless draw. Penalty strokes were taken, and SJA won by converting three strokes as compared to 2 by us. We could have made it to the finals, had we not lost a some precious days of practice, and not played an unorganised game. Manish, Danish and Jairaj were the prominent scorers for Welham in the Council Hockey tournament.

## **INTER HOUSE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIPS.**

### **SENIORS**

Winners—Krishna

Best Player—Jairaj Singh

### **JUNIORS**

Winners—Jamuna

Best Player—Amiya Setu

### **SUB JUNIORS**

Winners—Ganga

Best Player—Ashok Roy

The following were awarded Hockey colours—Parshant Singh, Mohit Mehta, Vijay Nishant and Jairaj Singh.

## **FOOTBALL**

The soccer team was put under rigorous practice by the soccer captain – Mohit Mehta, under the supervision of a NIS coach. With just two days of practice we played against Jai Puria School, Kanpur. Our out of form team performed satisfactorily with the match ending in a goalless draw. Welham registered its first win of the season by humbling RRMRA 6-0. Samarth played well to tuck in 3 goals. We vanquished STC and the staff of the British High Commission.

However, in the Council Soccer tournament we could not retain the trophy. Welham crushed Childrens' Academy in its opening encounter 4-0, Mohit, Manish, Samarth and Rajesh were the scorers for Welham. The next match saw us pitted against SJA. We lacked co-ordination and our forwards exhibited a poor game. A number of controversial decisions against us added to our misery. It proved to be a disastrous match for Welham as we lost to SJA with the score reading 2-1.

We participated in the IPSC Soccer tournament, held at Mayo College, Ajmer. We demolished Mayo (whites) in the first match. Manish struck for Welham in the first-half. Mohit Mehta's brilliant shot consolidated the lead for Welham. We beat our opponents, with the final score reading 2-1.

We were certainly unlucky to face TNA in our next match. TNA had been winning this tournament for the last three years. TNA played superbly to pump in 2 goals in the first half. This certainly let down the morale of the Welhamites. In the second half our players provided little resistance to the aggressive TNA players. Jairaj Singh showed the spirit to fight, but his lone efforts were of no match to those of the TNA players. The final score read 5-0 in favour of TNA, with Welham being eliminated from the tournament.

## **INTER HOUSE SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIPS**

### **SENIORS**

Winners—Ganga

Best Player—Mohit Mehta

### **JUNIORS**

Winners—Ganga

Best Player—Amiya Setu

### **SUBJUNIORS**

Winners—Ganga

Best Player—Yashab Zia

## BASKETBALL

Welham has always lived up to the reputation of having a good basketball team. This year our team registered victories over RRMRA, St. George's, Sanawar, YPS Patiala, Doon School, G.R.D., Daly College and YPS Chandigarh.

We were yet again victorious for the fourth time in succession in the Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball tournament. After crushing RRMRA (87-22), St. George's (72-32) and YPS Patiala (66-32) we faced our rivals-Doon School in the finals. We beat the Doscos 31-30 in the nailbiting match-a match which had all the spectators on their toes. Rajesh Sehgal played responsibly as a Captain and gave a sterling performance.

We were beaten by Doon School in the semifinals of the Afzal Khan Memorial Basketball tournament held at Doon School. Inspite of Siddhant Sharma playing marvellously, the final score read 70-58 in favour of Doon School.

In the IPSC Basketball meet held at Scindia School, Gwalior we trounced Daly College 66-17 and faced YPS Chandigarh. We under estimated our opponents and our ball handling was poor. However, we beat our opponents 44-42. In the semifinals we faced DPS Mathura Road, a star studded side, which had been winning this tournament for the last 4 years. Till the first half we trailed behind by a mere 7 points. However, the second half proved to be disastrous for Welham. DPS played aggressively and netted in several baskets. The final score read 70-43 in favour of DPS.

Siddhant Sharma and Samarth Singh did our school proud by being selected to represent the under 19 U.P. Basketball team. Our special thanks to Mr. Vachani whose dedication to Welham Basketball has always been tremendous.

Our Junior basketball team clinched the Junior Basketball Council Trophy by beating Pinehall in the finals. Our budding basketballers like - Bikash, Vivek Sharma and Abhishek Malla, under the guidance of Mr. Vachani, will certainly do wonders for Welham in the near future.

## VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball is one sport which has gained a lot of popularity in the recent past. We participated in the I.P.S.C. Volleyball meet held at Sainik School, Kunjpura. We stood 4th as we lost to the host team in the semifinals. Vikas Kumar played extraordinarily well to bag the award for the best player of the tournament.

Welham also made a mark in Badminton and Table Tennis. Udit Raj Singh and Chirdeep Parasher played well to reach the finals of District under 18 section (Doubles). They were narrowly beaten in the finals.

The Welham duo of Akhil Bhanot and Arjun Bhatia emerged as runners up in the District T. T. Championships (Juniors). Ramanpreet Hora has been selected to represent Dehra Dun in the Zonal T.T. Championships.

Table Tennis colours - Ramanpreet Hora, Sumit Mehta.

Welhamites also excelled in the Road Race organized by Doon Club recently. Nikunj Gupta notched up the second position in the Juniors Section with Saswat, Ayush Negi and Suman Saurabh also running well. In the Men's Section, Siddhant Sharma and Vijay Bishnoi ran well to bag the 13th and 14th positions respectively.

This year our performance in the field of sports was not extraordinary. Nevertheless we performed satisfactorily in all the sports. Our performance can be much better, provided we are all determined and disciplined to strive for success. Our juniors like Bikash, Yashab, Rinchin Wangchuk, Ajay Kumar, Abhishek Malla, Akhil Bhanot, Muzaffar, Samarth, Anshul and many others show a lot of promise. There is a lot of talent in our school, and if we further exploit our talent, Welham will certainly achieve greater heights in all sports. ☐

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