

# THE OLYMPIANT

NO. 153

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

1st May 1994

Think About It  
When all else is lost, the future still remains.

- Bovee

## EDITORIAL

Yaaahh ! ..... - splash !! Their nose shut and eyes squeezed to the point of tears ... the boys jump into the swimming pool. Now-a-days the in thing is swimming. Suddenly the school campus looks like a laundry. Everybody seems to be carrying socks wrapped in towels, wet shirts, their hair dripping. There seems to be water every where and watery trails left by the swimmers in the dining hall of course (including the drip from bags from school teams which have come to play in the Golden Jubilee tournament) But most importantly there is water in the bathrooms for a change.

Well now its also time for a bit of stick swinging hockey. The enthusiastic hockey captain was taken sick ; that meant no practice. I actually saw a few of the twelfthies embracing each other out of excitement and visiting their captain : not to enquire about his welfare but to find out how long he would remain in bed.

The main attraction at present, however, was the Activity Centre. With the Golden Jubilee Basket Ball tournament in full swing this is flooded with boys not necessarily there to watch a match. One is often asked, 'Is there a match today ?'

And by now I have learnt to anticipate the next question, which without fail is, 'Are the girls coming?'

However the junior school has proved how earnestly enthusiastic they can be when Welham is playing. They shriek at the top of their voices to provide whatever support they can. Not only the junior school but the staff need to be thanked for their eager cooperation in the tournament. It is

a great encouragement to see the staff cheering and prodding us. Their participation has brought in a new enthusiasm amongst the players. Enthusiasm reminds me of the hospital where a few junior school chicken pox victims have made the hospital inaccessible. They run to any person and the staff too is not spared, and catch him ; trying to scare him of infection. Believe me, they're scary with their sound effects. Perhaps its their only form of entertainment.

Talking of breaks, other unfortunate souls are the eleventhies. All they get is change-in-breaks and other such wonderful creations. The badminton courts in PH are referred to as 'Baddy Courts'. A Welhamite's part to discipline can be categorised into three main ones :-

First, in junior school when he has to stand in the corner and face the wall as a punishment. Second, in classes 6 to 10 ; a complicated procedure of taking ones hands through the legs to hold ones ears ! Finally in class 11, the badminton courts where, among other things one has to hold his head

from getting crazy in the mid-day heat.

Readers will no doubt agree that our School is a many splendoured institution. There is so much to do, to see and gaze and to wonder. Studying and play do take a lot of time but to the observant and wandering eye, each day can be mystery.

I leave it to you to find and fend for yourself....

-- Kirtiman Singh



## WELHAM NOW

The Inter School English Elocution Contest was held in the Activity Centre on the 22nd of April. It was a pleasant evening. Teams from five schools attended.

The Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament was held with great enthusiasm and gusto. Welham triumphed once again.

The Baisakhi evening was pleasant. It was enjoyed by all members of the school community.

Readers will be glad to know that the students are doing the pagemaking of the OLIPHANT in the school on computers. The computer design is by Jayant Gokhale who has been inducted as a member of the Oliphant Board.

Results of the Kandhari English Essay Writing Contest held on 6th April, 1994.

### Group C - Classes 6 and 7

I - Rahul Churaria

II - (Jointly) Ujjwal K. Chaudhary and Karan Gulaya

### Group B - Classes 8 and 9

I - (Jointly) Digvijay Lamba and Abhinav Pathak

II - (Jointly) Ankush Sachdeva and Arcaprava Dutta

### Group A - Classes 10, 11 and 12

I - (Jointly) Gautam Khattar and Sudeep Chaudhuri

II - (Jointly) Vijay Bishnoi and Rumaan Kidwai

The Hindi Story Telling contest was held on the 21st of this month. The results were as follows :-

### Class - 5

I - Paritosh

II - Archit

III - Rahul

The consolation prize was awarded to Neeraj

### Class - 4

I - Ashwin Todi

II - Abhishek

III - Sukant

The consolation prize was awarded to Atir Ansari

Mr. Bakshi escorted Gaurav, Jayant, Sameer, Rumaan and Zayed to Modern School, Delhi from the 15th to the 17th of April to participate in the workshop on the format of International Debates. The workshop was organised by Mrs. Kaul of Welham Girls' High School and amongst the participants were the students and staff of W.G.H.S., Doon, Modern, Springdales and Air Force Central Schools. The guest speakers were Mr. V. Chaudhary and Mr. V. Chandra, both ex-Stephenians.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanjaya Sharma have been blessed with a girl. Our heartiest congratulations to them !

## LITERARY AFFAIRS

### LIFE IS A LEMON AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK

We' enter 11th and the season begins,  
All the juniors are now our kins.  
All of a sudden our behaviour change,  
And of course everybody finds it mighty strange.

Oblivious to them, we continue all the same,

(2)

Isn't it obvious, we're doing it for our aim.  
Our morals change, our respect is lost,  
We gotta get what we want, whatever the cost.

With teachers too, we don't argue,  
After all their votes, carry weight too.  
All the tests are taken on time,  
Even the weakest of students perform just fine.

Eventually in studies and sports we excel,  
In every other activity we strive to do well.  
If our impression on the teachers improves,  
Then right in the end we can make our move.

Throughout the year we act this way,  
And try to remain happy and gay.  
But what's inside we only know,  
It's a feeling that we cannot show.

It's a fact of life which is often denied,  
It's a lovely pain which doesn't subside.  
Before doing a thing we always think twice,  
That for our future will it be nice??

For that high post we all are groping,  
You know what it is, it's called 'scoping'

— Ankur Nigam  
Class XI - Science

## THE LOST FRIEND

Bombs racked the field. Missiles were continually causing havoc. The sound of bullets hammered into our ears. My friend Rakesh and I were hiding in the bushes while dozens of bullets whizzed past. We answered by returning firing. Two of the enemy soldiers fell on the ground. They were dead. Our bullets had found their targets. We moved on and kept on firing time and again. A tank approached us. Rakesh hurled a grenade on the tank.

The tank exploded and only bits of it were left. Soon a dark blanket fell over the field. Rakesh and I found a good hiding place and dug ourselves in the long narrow trench as a shelter for the night. We could still hear the noise. Since we had no food with us we picked some grass and cooked it. It did not serve as a proper meal but we were very glad that we at least had something.

When we got up in the morning the noise had ceased to some extent. We got up and had the last sip of water because now our bottles were empty. We had gone only a few yards when we had to face a mine field. We picked up some stones and kept throwing them at the mines. They kept on bursting till there were no more left. Now we moved into a dense area. Combat over here would be more difficult as compared to open areas. We turned out to be right. As we moved a grenade fell right next to me. With a flash I jumped aside

taking Rakesh along with me. Suddenly a bush moved. We both opened fire at the bush.

As we ceased firing two bullet riddled bodies of the enemy soldiers fell out. It was mid day by now. I was now hungry. I desperately searched my combat bag. Luckily, I found remnants of chapatis, which we both ate. When we finished eating, we were desperately thirsty. A few yards away a stream was flowing. I thanked God from my heart for being kind to us. After we had drunk water we kept on walking till we reached the open area. I was totally surprised because no more enemy soldiers were there. Suddenly a van overtook us. The driver shouted that we had won the war. We both looked at each other with excited faces. But as we were about to approach the van a mine which had been effectively hidden exploded as Rakesh stepped on it. There was an explosion and a cloud of dust and fire appeared. When the dust settled I rushed and saw Rakesh lying. I checked his nerve and heart, they had stopped working. I understood, tears slowly trickled down my cheeks. I took him in the van. I had indeed lost a friend.

— Ayush Pratap Singh Negi  
Class 8-A

## THE BECKONING DREAM

In her dream the little girl was walking up the path of an old church graveyard. Her hair was long and seemed to be clinging to her. Around her she saw several horses just moving aimlessly. All at once she felt herself drawn irresistibly towards one particular grave. She couldn't help but go to it and when she reached it she had a horrifying sensation of falling. At that point she woke up in a depressed state.

The girl had the same dream over and over from the earliest time that she could remember, and it never varied in any way. At the age of twenty however she had an experience that chased away the haunting dream. While on vacation she got caught in a thunder storm. Alone on her way to her relative's house, suddenly she came upon the church of her dream. Exact in every detail. In fact she was living the dream. Her long wet hair clung to her. Some were ponies wondering about the area, and a certain grave drew her towards it. When she got to the grave she saw on the headstone - 'Died March 29th 1974' - that was her birthday. After this shock she never had the dream again.

— Gaurav Chaudhry

## FOR AND AGAINST

### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED IN ALL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS'

Corporal punishment should by all means be abolished in all educational institutions.

We have first 'Corporal Punishment' which implies the use of force as a disciplining measure. We then have 'Totally Abolished' meaning completely stopped. Lastly we have 'Educational Institutions' representing schools, colleges, universities and any other institution providing education.

Now that the topic is clear I will bring forth the reasons for my positive stand.

Firstly, nobody has the right to physically assault any other person as it is against humanitarian values. Secondly, when corporal punishment is allowed it can easily be misused and can therefore be used to carry out personal grudges against somebody.

Corporal punishment does not benefit anybody, as, if a student is slapped by a teacher, the particular student's rebellious blood begins to boil and he does everything in his power to intimidate the teacher as he bears a grudge against him or her as the case may be.

It can be psychologically demeaning and upsetting for someone to be struck, especially in front of his peers. Once struck, he would start feeling hurt, resentful and ashamed. This could seriously affect a person and totally change his mentality.

Corporal punishment does not reflect well on the culture of a school as civilised people are not seen going around beating up other people. If someone was to enter a school and see a student being hit by a teacher or anyone else, his impression of the school would surely be reduced to almost nothing.

Converse to this, simple methods, such as, severely reprimanding the concerned miscreant or cancelling an outing can prove to be rather effective and is a whole lot better than hitting someone.

With the current situation of the world, educational institutions of the world should impart better values for the youth of the morrow by taking a recourse to peaceful disciplinary measures rather than to promote savage and uncouth practices such as corporal

punishment.

— Rishabh Kidwai  
Class 10-A

### NIGHT MISSION

Captain Vedder was commanding the high risk mission which was to commence at 2300 hrs. on 6th April 1994, termed 'Mission Impossible' by the more pessimistic side of the crew. A handful of highly skilled pilots were selected and briefed on the mission. Most of them were indisciplined brutes who didn't care about Air Force regulations and were led only by the desire to kill. That is why they were selected.

These men were, Lt. Axl and his devastating co-pilot Slash. These two were an unstoppable team and were termed 'Air Hawks' due to their role which was simply blowing the enemy sky high. Tony and Flight Lt. Nikki really gave the enemy a run for their money. Capt. Bret along with his gunman Jimmy, were yet to press the eject button in their Tomcat. Last but not least is me, Capt. John Lennon, otherwise known as 'Ghost Rider'.

Our mission was to attack and destroy a developing enemy base around a hundred kilometers north of our present position. The reason for this attack was because this base possessed the new and very deadly XR37 experimental phaser jet. This is why it was termed as 'Mission Impossible'. No one had yet survived a dogfight with that deadly aircraft. What was worse that they didn't have one but a half dozen XR37s.

The plan was easy to follow, our ground strike force was to enter the enemy base, plant explosives and clear while we provided a distraction with a full frontal air-strike.

I eased off on the throttle and with a blast I was up. As we drew nearer our radar caught jets headed our way. My heart started pounding and my breathing grew heavy. Before we could break formation the two XR37s were on our heads, blasting away with their deadly phaser cannons, whose accuracy was so deadly that they could see and destroy a Humming Bird within 200 feet.

First they shot a few warning blasts which Axl ignored and dove fired and cut between the planes and then suddenly one exploded with such intensity that I lost all control of my jet. While struggling with the

machine I saw Eddie ejecting followed closely by Axl and Slash whose planes were headed towards the ground assisted by the force of gravity. I knew I had to do something. Nikki and Jimmy were hot on the XRs' heels and blasting away, but with little success. I came in diving and signaling them to clear off jammed three heat-seekers towards the XR37's phaser cannon which I expected should be quite hot by now the way they were being used. I was right.

Half an hour later we were circling the enemy's base waiting for the explosion. That was plan B. If for any reason the ground crew failed to blow the place by 0100 hrs. we were to put plan B in operation. It was

0105 hrs. now and the base was still alright, we put all we had and aimed at their phaser generation room, which was the the heart of the base. Having done that we started making our way back home.

Just then I got a signal over my radio. It was the ground crew proudly declaring that they had completed their mission successfully and that this base would be history in exactly one minute. I turned around with an expression of shock on my face wishing that there was some way I could save them ... then it burst into flames.

— Arjun Punj  
Class XI - Science

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Class XII seems to be preoccupied doing other things than eating grapes. Grapes fly from the length and breadth of the long class XII lunch table. One particular class XII boy found himself in a particularly terrifying position as he almost got his brains blown out for being uncouth. The screaming seems to have taken its toll. They now behave saner and restrained as they think a pair of eyes is always looking at them. Making grape juice on peoples faces is now a nightmare. You have to think and look twice before even picking up a grape.

Yours,

A grape fan

Editor : I agree, apart from the courtesy of table manners must we waste fruit ?

Dear Editor,

You seem to have gone commercial. I liked your Robocop disguise and it seemed to have fooled the staff rep. for some time while he was hunting for the Editor and the Editorial. Hope to see you in Robocop Part II, III and IV.

Yours,

Terminator 2

Dear Editor,

The school food seems to have changed for ..... the worse. More and more guys seem to be suffering from indigestion giving them an excellent alibi to bunk P.T. (even the prefects are suffering) much to the Doctor's pleasure. The guys are saying :

Wind your body

Wriggle your belly

All in agony.

The caterer is being subjected to the worst curses in the books, and he cannot seem to cope with the left overs. (Now we know what we get for dinner.)

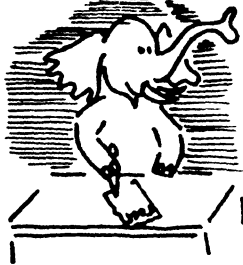
Yours in agony,

A Schmuck



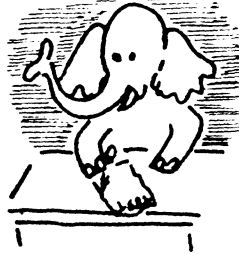
## OLI THE ELE

I EXAMS I WILL MAKE IT!



Q1. WHICH TENDONS ARE STRETCHED IN A SPRAIN?

II



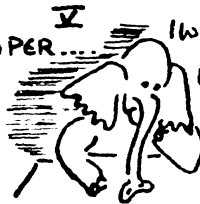
III HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHATS GOING ON UNDER A CREPE BANDAGE? OW!



IV SORRY MAAM THATS ALL I CAN ANSWER



V AFTER THE PAPER... I WAS GOING ALONG REAL GOOD WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, I PULLED A MUSCLE IN MY HAND AND HAD TO GIVE UP.



Signature

## THE ENVIRONMENT

### TOK TOK

I wish it was possible to go back again.

To hear the Fantail Flycatcher call while on its flighty fanciful flights while spraying its tail in its enthralling tailwag dance. Early in the mornings and in the setting dawn. To see the abundance of the mango blossoms like flakes of snow and the richness of the blossoms of the Peach. To smell the earth with the first April showers, the headiness in the air before a storm and the Petunias among the last to have survived the winters. To be again able to feel the beginning of youth, the freshness of expectations and the anxiety to know. So much there was. Excitement in life, Each day was a mystery.

The miracle of a nest of the Purple Sunbird in the creeper in the verandah, the skillful art of the Baya and their colonies in the stately date trees, the downy pouch nesting in the fledglings of the Paradise Flycatcher, the rumble tumble of the Blue Jay and the antics of the Cuckoo. The freshness in the roses, in the colour of the hibiscus, the richness in the colours of the poppies and the abundance in the Phlox. Lets not forget the butterflies that daintily hovered - so many of them and in such miracles of design - over the flowering beds and

the dragon flies atop the lawn.

Too many clouds with so many silver linings and the rainbows that came so often. The breeze whispered secrets. And I was eager to hear.

There were tongas then - tok, tok, tok and vociferous tonga wallas who so endeared themselves to us school children. And Bedar was the oldest, the ruddiest of them carried six of us to school and back home. Huge as a pathan he was in his Salwar Kameez spotlessly white to my remembering eyes and till my first cycle, it was Bedar who was our gaurdian on the road.

I had a dream last night. I was there back again and Bedar and I met while walking on the road, he was looking older and grey and with the ruddiness gone. But he remembered me and said that he carried me in his arms to school. Things were different now - the walls had replaced the hedges, the stately silver oaks were not to be seen, the hills had cement plan and the mountains were being quarried. I asked him whether he atleast still had his Tonga. 'No tok, tok now but Phut, Phut - an auto rickshaw'

I shall not be going back there again.

## LIFE

A few days ago, passing a garbage dump, something caught my eye. I noticed a few plants growing in the midst of that rubbish. The plants were not simply existing, but thriving. To me this began to represent the qualities a human being ought to possess.

The first thing I thought of was the cycle of existence, the seed sown, the growing plant, flowers blossoming, blooming and fading away - a never ending

relationship continuing between man and its environment. If such humble creation can fulfil their allotted task without default why cannot man, who is supposed to be the master of all creations.

Each of the petal lends to the flower a perfect form. The colour adds to the beauty and charm. The flower radiates warmth and love which is born of faith and lives in the hope of tomorrow.

The cactus grows wild in deserts; through the divine caretaker it thrives in beauty. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness in the desert air.

When we see flowers blooming in the wild, there seems to be complete unity amongst them. Their unfailing commitment to nature to blossom, each in its own season.

Man, too, has seasons. He, too, passes through the same life-cycle of birth, death and re-birth. In the summer of his life he is ripe, blossoming individual, in the autumn passing from adulthood to old and he faces the harsh, barren, inhospitable winter of old age and dies. But man often disturbs the natural course of life for he is unwilling to share the fragrance and beauty of his adulthood.

In spite of man's degradations and abuse of his environment the humble plants and flowers conspire to compensate for human pollution.

By pondering over these apparently insignificant things of creations we learn the secret of humility and radiant happiness.

— Puneet Pant

## RINGSIDE VIEW

The 8th Golden Jubilee Basket Ball tournament was held from the 15th to the 22nd of May in which 7 schools participated. There were R.I.M.C., Doon School, Wyneberg Allen, M.N.S.S. Rai, St. George's Academy, St. Joseph's Academy and Childrens' Academy. There were two teams from Welham. The Welham Blues, which was the senior team and the Welham Whites, the junior team.

The tournament was declared open by Dr. R. Chandra. The first match was played between the Welham Whites and R.I.M.C. Our juniors didn't stand a chance against the tall Rimcos, but the fight they fought was worth watching. The Rimcos won 80 - 40.

The Welham Blues had their first match against Childrens' Academy but as the latter did not turn up our team got a walkover.

In the next match the Blues faced Wyneberg Allen. The match began with the Blues in the lead from the very beginning. Our team possessed skill and technique which the opponents lacked. The excellent shooting performance displayed by Siddhant and Akshi tore their defensive balance. Kirtiman (captain) and Harpreet jumped to the rings for the rebounds. It should

be noted that Samarth was down with fever and did not play. Our team won a decisive victory and entered the quarter finals to face 'M.N.S.S. Rai.

Theirs was a physically fit team and our team still lacked one player. It was a very close match. Our victory was uncertain till the last moment. Siddhant fractured his arm during the game. Akshi with Harpreet and Kirtiman controlled the situation. Welhamites were trailing through three-fourths of the game. Given an added cheer, however, Welham took the lead and maintained it till the end. The score was 57 - 51. A very exciting match.

The four teams who managed to enter the semi-finals were R.I.M.C., Doon School, M.N.S.S. Rai and the Welham Blues.

The Doon School lost to Rai. It was a close match and the final scores were 72 - 74.

We met R.I.M.C. though they had beaten our junior team, they did not stand a chance against the skill of the Welham Blues. Samarth was back in the team, but not Siddhant. The Rimcos were physically fit but talent still rested with Welham. We gained the lead from the beginning of the match. The final score was 65 - 35 in our favour.

The finalists were M.N.S.S. Rai and the Welham Blues. Victory was again uncertain.

The moves made by the Welhamites scintillated the opponents. The invincible Welham Blues beat M.N.S.S. Rai for the second time to win the trophy. As is the custom, the trophy was awarded to the runners up because the hosts do not compete for the trophy.

Samarth was awarded the best player of the tournament. Our good wishes to Siddhant for his early and complete recovery.

Meanwhile, the tennis team has been practicing hard for the Tennis Councils. We wish them the very best of luck.

We can see the hockey team practicing hard every morning. Though the hockey coach has not yet started his coaching, the talented Welhamites got a chance to prove their game in a match against R.I.M.C. It was played on their ground. The score was equal till the last minute of the game, when to the dismay of our players a goal was scored against us. Rumaan Kidwai kept very well and saved many goals.

The same day our junior hockey team also played a match against the R.I.M.C. junior team. They lost with a final score of 3-1. The goal was scored by Ashok Roy.

## ATTAINING YOUR COURSE TO EXCELLENCE

It would indeed be very uninteresting if it was all work and no play this would make boys and Coaches dull and gloomy. Sports is important for people of all ages. It helps one to keep physically fit, tones up the muscles and blood circulation and irons out accumulated stress. Sports is no longer taken lightly by those who wish to make a career out of it. It is not foolish to devote a larger part of the day to advancing ones' career in games. At the same time studies are equally important. With sports scholarships, training camps and quality coaching one can aspire to be a champ and also make a career of the chosen sport.

**Here are some tips on your choice to excellence :-**

### Define your goals :-

You may be adept at many games. Choose the game you like best. Once you have done this, devote a large part of your games time to playing the game. Some are born talented yet it is necessary to add weight lifting, stretching exercises and long distance cross country running to build general endurance and strength.

### Practice with purpose :-

Practice sessions do not mean playing technique or being content with winning matches. These sessions are vital for experience and experiment to use ones head to add variety, power, strategy and pace to your game.

### Play against tougher opponents :-

Once you gain confidence and have defeated your opponents comfortably it is important to play against senior and better players. This gets you acquainted with different styles and strategies.

### Think big, dream big :-

'Those who dream the most, do the most'.

'I can do it', this must be your positive attitude when you play a game. To lose is no disaster. A defeat must be like a shot in the arm which reminds you that greatness does not lie in not falling but rising every time you fall.

'The heights reached and retained by great men, were not attained by sudden flight, but while their companions slept, they were toiling upwards in the night.'

-- Mr. Vinod Vachani

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