

THE WELHAMANT

No. 156

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

September 4th, 1994

Think About It

We all have the strength enough to endure the trouble of others.

- La Rouchefoucauld

EDITORIAL

The gods must be crazy or else the C.M. of U.P. is a reincarnation of the wise fool, Mohammed Tughalaq. Never in the history of Welham has the school been so involved in political activities (sometimes occasional ministers are shown the way out when they make a vain attempt to influence school authorities). Apart from the agitation and cheap cracks there have been pickets eyeing around and the police making their usual rounds in an absolutely miserable and futile attempt to make us feel a shade secure. The anxiety of the situation has caught on in a different manner in school.

The agitation is directly proportional to the extent of these unforeseen holidays. What about us? A few classes bunked as an additional bonus!

Everybody seems to have caught on to the bandwagon of dressing themselves in home clothes. Some look like Channel 'V' video jockeys and others far relatives of Clint Eastwood and the rest of his clan of Wild

West Barbarians. There is of course the Indianised touch of cheeky, shiny, checked and striped trousers and with our Indian designers confused between footwear and jeans, embroidered shoes as labels, not to mention the intricate details of the natural fall of the laces.

Suddenly, which is not surprising in Welham, the trend changed, or rather altered. It was a leap from the frying pan to the fire in which

many singed their feet: Conjunctivitis.

School was all at once taken over by the mushrooming of various types of degrees (not like mushrooms of course). There were boys sporting Ray Bans and Ian Botham would have been impressed if he glimpsed his fan following here evident from the numerous swanky, sometimes hideously ridiculous beastly looking glares.

The excuse: I may get Conjunctivitis. Prevention is better than cure you know.

When you come to expecting this as the general lullaby there is a slight alteration: Well, I have Conjunctivitis and I don't want to spread it to anybody. These sunglasses help eyes out of focus!

Even when the principal exploded the myth of visually being infected boys were not prepared to agree, still sporting them everywhere.

Well, all's well that ends well. Unless, of course the affected schools and stu-

dents suddenly wake up from their interim slumber and realise that the C.M. of U.P. has not offered a sweet wrapper as compensation for their now impaired future prospects.

On the weather front, the rains are threatening to peter out, autumn is now due and with it, the grounds will soon be covered with a myriad of coloured leaves. Many of the birds which had migrated during the wet summers have returned



Sunbird's Nest.

home with their fledglings having learnt to take independent wings. Though one still hears, surprisingly, pairs of the Pied Crested Cuckoo calling like ringing bells. The playing fields are a verdant green, lush and rich eagerly awaiting the stomping of foot-ball boots. It is good being in school after a long holiday and to see long time friends; each one of us proceeding towards our annual progress. Growing older, senior and some,

notably fatter! Enthusiasts crowd the L.R.C. which has been reorganised and has a new welcome look. The swimming pool is now out of bounds but to give it credit it gave welcome respite during the summer months. There is a softness in day temperatures and the urge to have a dip can be resisted.

Welcome back and have a great term.

- Kirtiman Singh

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

Baywatch seems to have left its impression on Welham. The GYM is now frequently visited by students of all sizes and shapes. The race to become David Hasselhoff has affected even members of the school fraternity. However one musical iron pumping member has given everyone an inferiority complex by lifting more than most people's own bodyweight! One even gets to see the Editor take time out from Baskee practice to lift some weight. The ex-computer designer too, with the literary man of Welham can be seen flexing their techno-literary muscles. It seems to be helping them with their girlfriends as they now seem happier than ever with no competition.

Yours Strongly,
Ashish Mathur

Dear Ed,

The school's security system seems to have been circumvented and exploded. The wardrobe thieves have struck yet again. And once again the victim is..... Yes you guessed it, Mr. Nagalia for the third time in a row. Do you think this could go down in the Guinness? However, the thieves seem to be literate this time claiming to be old students of his. They politely wished him Good Night and walked off with a pile of his clothes. He even claims that the thieves asked him for a helping hand to put the pile on their heads before leaving with a goodnight kiss.

Yours nakedly,

Alibaba

P.S. Mr. Nagalia's latches seem to be magical. All that the thief has to say is Open Sesame to walk out a rich man.

WELHAM NOW

Mr. & Mrs. Basu have gone to England on an exchange programme. We wish them all the best.

The school fraternity has two new members:
Ms. Monica Khanna &
Mr. Ashish Sharma

We wish them a long and memorable stay in school.

Mr. Sanjay Sharma has been appointed House master of Cauvery.

Boys of classes 10, 11 and 12 joint a procession of anti reservationists to show our solidarity for their cause. Members of the teaching and the administrative staff also joint the procession.

The squash courts are under construction behind the new basketball court.

The school dining hall has been renovated, and facilities for steam cooking are about to be installed.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Jairaj Singh - Sydenham, Bombay

Atin Sharma - "

Vidur Bahadur - St. Xavier's, Bombay

Mohit Mehta - School of Planning & Architecture,
Delhi

Neil Grant - Symbiosis, Pune

Sanjay Prasad - Karad, Near Poona

Jagmeet Kohli - Khalsa College, Delhi

Simran Nurpuri - "

Pavandeep Saluja - Khalsa College Delhi

Pankaj Yadav - Hindu, Delhi

Gautam Malhotra - Ramjas, Delhi

Amber Sinha - Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram

Gaurav Jain - "

Manvendra - Modern School, Barakhamba Road,
Delhi.

Anirudh Singh - Delhi Public School, Mathura
Road, Delhi

THROUGH THE KEY HOLE

Kirtiman - Anurag, doesn't anything funny take place in the science department?

Anurag - All that is out of course.

Devinder - (asking Abhinav Chaturvedi)-
Abhinav, why are you so cool?

Abhinav - Coz my name is A.C. (Abhinav Chaturvedi).

Vipul Bansal - Kataria, may I be excused?

Kataria - Oye! Don't call me by my surname, call me Deepak.

Vipul - Sorry Kataria.

Kirtiman - Puri, get me India Today, Sunday, Time, Business Today.

Puri - Which one?

Kirtiman - Either/And

Varun Puri (to Mr.Gurung)- Sir you played very well.

Mr.Gurung - Thanks, I was the man of the match.

Varun Puri - Sir, that's because the rest were all boys.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Rumblings Of An Unfortunate Soul

I woke up with a jerk: "Stop talking in your sleep, you twit!" "Shutup" "Quiet" "We don't want to know about your experience with the devil!" "You schmuck!" All I could hear was this incessant shouting and a whole lot of callused reaching out for me. Twisting my nose, pulling my ears, choking me. "You damn fool, get off the pavement." "I was dreaming of Mrs.Schmenckman." "Never let us sleep." "Oh these half Irish, half German schmucks."

Memories of days gone by came drifting back. I was Rip Van Schmuck the second. A rich schmuck. A civilised man in an uncivilised place. Uncouth, ill-mannered, and rude.

An old habit of talking in my sleep had got me into a lot of trouble. People did not like it. I couldn't control it. I had been kicked from place to place (bum and backside, included). Liked at first, and then thrown out in the middle of the night. They thought I was a messenger of the devil himself who had come to cleanse the earth of all good. I couldn't do anything about it. I liked my sleep. It helped me think. I liked the hippopotamus yawns and chimpanzee like stretching. I did not know I babbled, people told me I did.

My parents thought nothing of it at first. But my father seemed mad about it. He refused to believe that he could have wrought such havoc. I was called "Schmuck" from the beginning. I don't know why. It stuck. My father's name was Van Winkle or something. Everyone thought I was half German, my father too had his doubts. I was a lot of halves (according to people). Half the devil, half a schmuck, half African, half an ass and half a lot of disgusting names.

Finally my father decided that he had lost enough sleep listening to what I said and dreading my birth all the time. So he kicked me out of the house with enough money to find a place. He never educated me. My mother was depressed to see me go. She always thought that I was special (my father said she slept at the wrong end of the castle to hear me).

I left with my belongings in an expensive carriage with no driver, no one had volunteered. I woke up to find myself being looked at questioningly by the staff rep. He asked me why I was cursing and whipping horses (remember the carriage).

Rip Van Schmuck shall awake fifteen days later in the next issue (hopefully).

Maradonas In The Making

Soccer mania has spread all over school as usual. But this season there is something unusual. The inenthusiastic boys are turned into enthusiastic ones while the enthusiasts have turned into over-enthusiasts. All thanks to the World cup 94. Seeing the Welhamites practicing on the fields, I can

assume that they stayed up way past their bedtime during their vacations. Sitting a foot away from the T.V. with square eyes and dark circles under them, their eyes glued to the T.V. seeing today's soccer

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NOW AND FOREVER

She looked at me from the terrace above,
And I knew at once that I was in love.
My eyes met hers and hers met mine,
In them I found a passionate shine.

I met her thus on a stormy day,
The storm . . . not in the weather, in my heart it lay.
I asked her out on the Saturday night,
She reluctantly agreed, out went my fright.

Dumb as a fool, I told her what I thought,
Only a little place in her warm heart I'd sought.
I could've sworn I was out of my mind,
But what she said confirmed her love too, was blind.

The next thing I knew, she was in my arms,
And gradually that way we began to dance.
We danced on Bolton and we did on Sting,
Only goodness knew what this day would bring.

Late at night, I drove her home,
All of a sudden I was all alone.
I didn't sleep a wink, I was completely absorbed,
Of all my sadness I had been robbed.

Early next evening, we went out again,
And in my arms once more she came.
How satisfying I remember . . . Ooh! How warm she
was,
When I kissed her lips, how calm she was.

We couldn't bear to part, as though bound in chains,
We'd often walk down deserted lanes.
Her closeness made me feel so cosy,
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were rosy.

Some-time later, I went to her father,
It took all my guts, as much as I could gather.
Within some minutes my proposal was declined,
Where was my darling, her I could not find.

A few days later they said she died,
Couldn't marry her lover so committed suicide.
Who was her lover they did not know,
Because of me she died, I didn't want this to show.

O come on God, just give me a break,
My love was for real, no it wasn't no fake.
To love again I will not endeavor,
Coz' my love will remain, NOW AND FOREVER.

- Ankur Nigam
Class XI

AT NIGHT OUT OF DOORS

It was the 3rd of January, 1975. I was sent out of my house by my father for misbehaving. I was a very obstreperous child those days and my father did not like such behaviour. It was my punishment.

It was a dark night without any moon or stars. It was also very cold as it was snowing. I felt as if the snow was penetrating into my body and was cutting through it. I was not even wearing a cardigan.

Near my house was a bungalow in which an old lady lived. My mother and my friends had told me that the old lady was a witch. I used to feel very scared of ghosts and I dared not go in front of her. Now I was sitting outside my house and was waiting petulantly for my father to open the door

and let me come in. Time passed by and it was twelve o'clock. Now I knew that my father was not going to open the door and I was slightly scared. The cold grew outside as the temperature decreased.

There was only one way to save myself from the freezing temperature. I had to take shelter in the old lady's bungalow. I was provoked by the cold temperature to go inside the bungalow. Somehow I gathered all my courage and started walking towards the bungalow.

I soon reached the place. It was not a well maintained unit. I knocked on the door. A creaking sound was heard and I saw the door open. I saw the old lady for the first time in my life. Her face was wrinkled and she was holding a lantern in her hand. She asked me what I wanted. I told her my story and

asked her if she would give me shelter for the night.

She held my hand and took me inside and gave me a bed to sleep on. I looked around the room and found that it was unkempt and I saw all sorts of antiques and heads of animals. She sat next to me and asked me whether I was hungry. I told her that I wasn't hungry at all.

Then she started talking to me and slowly my fear started decreasing. Her speech was unintelligible but somehow I was able to understand what she said. I talked to her. Time flew as we were talking and soon it was two o'clock. I was not scared at all. I was feeling sleepy and so I went to sleep.

The next morning I found myself on the floor of the old bungalow. I looked around the

room and I was staggered to find the room empty. All the things had disappeared and I did not even know where the lady was.

I quickly ran outside the bungalow towards my house. I saw my mother and father in the garden having their morning tea. They were also astonished to see me coming from that old bungalow. I told them the story.

The fear of ghosts disappeared from my mind.

**- Abhinav Pathak
Class IX**

This was the prize winning essay in the 'B' section essay writing competition.

THE FIRST JOURNEY YOU EVER MADE BY YOURSELF

Every person in the world wants to visit places and explore. The lucky ones are able to but the poor are the ones whose dreams never materialise. I am one of the lucky ones. I had passed out from my school and my parents had allowed me to go the Nilgiri Forest in Ooty. I was really excited.

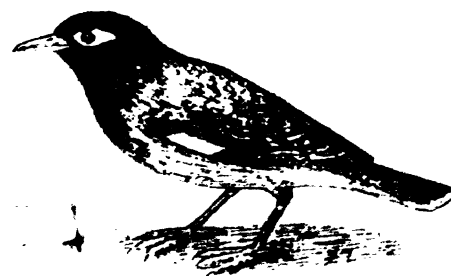
I headed for the forests the very next day. After some time I reached the forest. The roads were unmetalled. The car gave a bump ride. I came to know after some time that my car's engine had become very hot. I had to stop my car and needed some water for cooling it. My heart thumped hard because I had to find a river in the jungle for water. I went in with the fear of animals. There were tall and huge trees. Dry leaves had fallen on the ground like plain carpet grass. Walking on the grass made a terrible crackling sound which irritated me. It was quite scary. The tall trees did not let in the sunlight and it was dark. I kept thinking what I would do if I faced a tiger. My hands shivered as I walked down. I was lucky enough and I saw two spotted deer hiding behind a bush. There were birds twittering and singing a song. Suddenly I heard some leaves rustling. The birds started screeching and to my horror I saw a striped dark snake facing me. I screamed and with all my might ran and climbed the tree. It was very scary and I sat nervously biting my nails thinking how I would save myself. The tree started shaking and to my surprise I saw two round shaped things glowing. Something hairy was above

me. I realised later that it was a bear resting. Down below the snake started crawling. I broke a branch above me, entangled the snake in it and threw it far away. The bear started climbing down. I was very nervous when I suddenly heard a bang. The bear got frightened and ran away. It was the forest guard who came to rescue me. Later I came to know that they had heard my scream. I told them everything. They repaired my car and I set off to the rest-house.

This was a real terrible journey for me. This was my first journey I had ever made alone. Oh, what a relief !!!

**- Rahul Churaria
Class VII**

This was the prize winning essay in the 'C' section essay writing competition.



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stars and hoping they would be the Baggio of Welham.

A day after the term began, boys were pouring into the field for the team selection with images of their idols of Baggio, Romario and Stoichkov in front of their eyes. The coaches began the term with tough body conditioning sessions which might have shattered images of the idols of many who fail to understand that all this hard work will bear fruit some day. The boys are having regular training sessions since then and have even played two matches. The first was against the Dehra Dun club. We put up a good fight during the first half but failed to keep it up. The second half began with the score reading 3-1 in their favour and ended with a score of 6-2, the Dehra Dun club as winners. The two scorers of our team were Mukti Shah and Manish Kumar. We met with the same fate in our second match against Green Club. The scorers were

Gautam Khattar and Prashant Singh. All scorers deserve a pat on their backs while the rest a kick on their backsides.

The basket ball team has vigorous practise sessions. The uncanny symphony of bouncing balls and the thunderous voice of the basket ball coach prevails in the Activity Centre. Samarth, Akshi and Prashant are back from their visit to Pondichery where they took part in the national basket ball championships. We would like to congratulate them on this feat of theirs.

NATURE'S DIARY

Eco system means the habitat of living organisms. Most of the boys must be familiar with the much talked about environmental term. It is one of the most important terms in nature study. There are different types of Ecosystems like Wetland ecosystem, desert ecosystem, rain-forest ecosystem and so on. Each of these have different conditions prevailing. Therefore they have to be researched individually and for which many ecosystem research institutes have already been set up in India.

Each species of living organisms has adopted itself to a certain habitat or adjusted itself in an ecosystem.

An ecosystem is based on an intricate and fragile network of plants and animals. This network is called the 'balance of nature' meaning that each organism is related to another organism by either being a prey or a predator, due to which one specie control the population of the other and hence a balance is maintained. Therefore the downfall of one specie due to any external agent will increase the population of another specie and so on.

This also proves the interdependence of organism for food and survival. For example a tiger eats a deer and a deer eats grass and the survival of which is based on the amount of manure soil and rainfall. So if no rain there is no grass and no grass then no deer and therefore no tigers.

One method can be used for controlling population of certain species and their habitat, that

is suppose you have to increase the number of deer in a certain area of an arid sanctuary so you try increasing the water table in that area which in turn will give rise to grasses and other green foliage and hence will attract more herds of deer. This is actually the negative and if seen from the conservation view because you may surely attract deer herds but may actually damage the ecology of that area. We do not know each and every effect it has because the network is so complex that actual results cannot be proven with much accuracy because a little change affects a thousand other factors and the cycle continues which may prove destructive. Therefore we should leave nature alone to play it's role but that does not mean that we stop our methods to improve the conditions of natural habitats because these were destroyed by ourself. I consider human beings to be the only species to have evolved merely on the ability of its brain, and hence find it much different from other beings. We have evolved much more that we should have and therefore do not have any competitors which is leading us to destruct life on this planet. Therefore I have a small fact which I formed myself 'If a specie evolves much faster than any other specie, it could end life on this planet unless it gets destroyed itself by some natural means.'

- Digvijay Lamba
Class IX