

THE OLYMPIANT

No. 161

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

December 1st, 1994

Think About It

There is hardly any grief that an hour's reading will not dissipate.

--Montesquieu

THE EDITORIAL

I've always wondered (Well, not always but ever since I became the Editor) if other authors would contribute a paragraph or verse to my column what would it be like ? Apart from getting the opportunity to meet them I wouldn't have to write more than the first paragraph which is :

School's dusty and we're all praying for rain which explains why I spent two days in bed. It's freezing cold in the mornings but some macho guys are seen in only in their game clothes. The LRC council met after a year. All the members turned up expecting the promised grub (last year some money was set aside for the purpose). Not only the teachers were playing sycophants this time, the Ed and the Computer Designer were also seen shaking their heads at everything the Principal said. My hopes of helping to direct a play in May were shattered. I take this opportunity to thank the staff for all the help they have given me so far and to tell a staff member keen on cricket that he has an excellent pair of legs and that he is a great actor. I am sorry that I could not put my first aid knowledge to proper use when I saw him sprawled out on the pitch. I guess it was a particularly sexy look that made him rise for the occasion. I'm pleased that someone wrote to me appreciating the efforts of the Hindi teacher. Thanks to her I managed to get a distinction in Hindi and beat the 'Sampadak' in doing so. Talking about letters Rumaan Kidwai where's your letter about the Schoolie that you promised with fanfare? Yours Authoritatively,

Sudeep Chaudhuri

We were working in an untidy office in school. The office was crammed with books, maps, drawings, plans etc. The boss had made the maximum renovations the landlord would allow. He almost never, even by mistake through a piece of

scrap paper in the dustbin. When he congratulated me on becoming the Editor 'my cup runneth over.' When the Mac went 'BUST' his 'temper runneth over.' And hard work flowed down the drain too swiftly. However, when we told him that there would be two more issues this term, his 'cup runneth over.' (**Michael Caine**)

It had been well said of the staff that when they set their hands to the plough they do not stop to pick daisies and let the grass grow under their feet. Many men in their positions, having undertaken to start the cricket season, would have waited for a more pleasant afternoon when the Head could have been present. It can't have been much more than a half past two, when fortified by a couple of chewy chappatis and cold dal, they were observed approaching the main field. The staff team no doubt had a special posse of tough supporters. It was with no little gusto and animation that after some time they set out for the tryst. In the second innings a prominent member of the staff club, widely known for his effervescence and vivacity began to display his happiness. You might say he was on top of the world with a rainbow around his shoulder. He was full to the brim of Vitamin B. I have

seldom seen a sharper attack of euphoria. (P.G. Wodehouse)

Has something gone wrong with the Ed recently. He doesn't shave or have his hair cut decently. But have you seen the badge he's flashing,



He thinks he looks pretty dashing.
 The Dow-Jones of his heart is depressed,
 With his first editorial attempt, no one seems impressed.
 He thinks his arrogance, temper, sulks will get attention,
 So far in life it's carried him further into the sixth dimension.
 He's trying to move with the times,
 By copying my famous rhymes.
 Why the stupid crass,
 Yesterday he not only borrowed my lines, he pinched my ass.

(Vikram Seth - Ex-Welhamite)

Behind me were family, home.
 What lay ahead was what I may become. About me lay the freedom of the press who's boundaries I did not know.
 What tales I had heard from previous editors helped me. The Chief bore no grudge against me so I was appointed the Ed. I had tracked and stalked my ambition well. I had manoeuvred amongst the right people that is why I became the Ed. I had been asked to 'light a shuck' from the Board many a times, without horse or saddle.

The new Board has been announced. They have saddles and horses now and they are no ordinary cowpunchers. They are brave men of the writing frontier. Being the sheriff I'd like to introduce my new deputies. Welham Now is kept peaceful by Abhinav Agarwal, the Literary Affairs are handled by Ankur Nigam, the Ringside View marshalls are Prashant Singh and Akshi Saxena and the Computer Designing is shot down by Ankur again. After the dust raised during the appointment jubilation settles they will be using the freedom of the press like matched pearl handled Colts. This freedom may be shot down by the staff rep. who has the fastest gun in the West. (Oliver Strange, J. T. Edson and Louis La'mour)

The boys stood on the burning deck,
 The fire of the Lampoon upto their neck.
 The critics ripped them to little bits.
 In the end it proves they were just 'TWITS' !!!
 (Spike Milligan)



Brothers in Arms!

They are out there. Boys in games clothes up early on cold mornings for P.T. before some prefect can catch them bunking. All of them sulky, hating everything, the time of the day, the place they are at, the people who take P.T. In the GYM they stick a weight in someone's hand and - motion to the spot they aim for him to work out in. See someone lifting 200 pounds and forgets his lack of sleep.

(Ken Kesey)

It was a quick trip. He bought tickets for two to Ranchi and Calcutta. The purpose of the visit, he explained, was to organise moral, political, and financial support for the school. Time was important but parents complained about irregular letters and dirty underwear.

(John Grisham)

It happened during the Tennis open,
 With the Badge I deserved, the Ed was elopin',
 For that badge I was gropin',
 I guess it's all part of the scopin'.

Over the past two weeks a lot has happened,
 I've fallen in love and my ambition has dampened.
 The staff played the boys in a cricket match,
 Such a farce to describe in words is a hard catch.

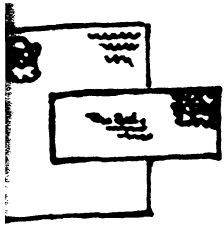
I'm savin' an elegy for the last issue,
 I hope you don't use my hard work as toilet tissue.
 My American accent is getting the better of me,
 It's tough for my American love to see.

It's time for me to realise the 'Real Things.'
 The exams are bringing on hard times.
 If I had the time I'd write my family tree,
 In the meantime , " Please Forgive Me."

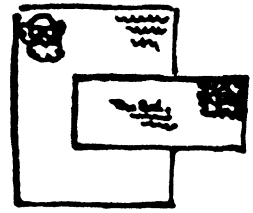
(Ankur Nigam)

With eleven to go,

Sudeep



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sir,

*'When the cat is away,
The mice will play.
And as long as the Princi's away,
We'll have a jolly good day.'*

It looks like our school is out to prove this verse. We had a jolly time when the Principal was away on a trip to Ranchi and Calcutta. He's back pronouncing 'Shonko Cher V'iyuha Lata' the way it is meant to be pronounced. He even calls the editor Shudeep. When he saw what we got for pudding on Wednesday, there was a line from the Suitable Boy. I quote, "Gulab Jamuns ! The bheri mhemory of them maiksh my shalibhary juishes to phlow !"

We had free schools like there was no tomorrow. Teachers who were generally inconsiderate task masters suffered from a momentary lapse of reason and were whistling while the class dozed in the library.

We wish that next time when the Principal leaves town, he appoints a Sherlock Holmes to keep an eye on all the teachers.

Yours Truly,

The Bunkers.

Ed— *I too am a Bengali and had a great time 'Bhonking the Pheeriods.'*

Dear Ed,

Seeing the Computer designer work in the computer room I'm awed by the reserve of patience he has. There is one particularly disturbing element who hammers on the keys and when asked if it was good to hammer keys replied that it was illogical, to ask such a question. It tests everyone's patience to listen to the incessant hammering.

He has started calling the Designer Barre Sahab' and 'Jaanemun.' He wears wool-lens from a retail outlet in Delhi and wears them to resemble an Eskimo out of an igloo. On Saturday he walked in the middle of the match to hand a bunch of keys to the wicketkeeper. The keeper was amused as were the rest of the players. The keeper not only had to watch the ball but his temper too.

Yours,

A Concerned Spectator

Ed— *I've got the hint ! I too marvel at his resources of patience. I seem to have exhausted my own. I*

Dear Ed,

There is definitely one prefect at the moment who sets himself apart from the rest with a new language called Modern English.

Popular hearsay describes an incident at Mussoorie International School where classes XI and XII went to watch a play and eat some snacks. At the time of departure when the girls said, "Thanks for coming," with confidence our young, responsible, modern, prefect replied, "Welcome for inviting."

Also overheard at the Krishna House cash raid, "Guys, if anyone has cash own up..... If he is caught with dough, he'll be expelled and if he's caught once again, he'll be even more expelled."

Heard by a nurse in Coronation while class XI was getting punished at the PH badi courts. One prefect - "If any of you are caught shamming your punishment, the time of your punishment will be increased. Siddhant Sharma, that goes especially for you." The hero states almost immediately, "Lovish Sharma that goes for you also."

Heard from juniors some days back being punished at the peacock stage - A few guys are seen waiting at the stage due to the orders of various prefects. Suddenly an eleventhie comes and asked another why he was standing there. Stud sees them talking and asks why they are talking. The eleventhie tells him, "I was asking him a question." So our stud replies, "Do you have to talk while asking a question ? Why can't you shut up and ask him ???"

Please note that I take no responsibility for the authenticity of this hearsay. Anyways, thanks for publishing.

Yours,

A Close Friend

Ed— *Welcome for writing.*

Dear Editor,

Please convey my thanks to all my dear students, who gave me such a precious award of my teaching life, although this remarkable success was the outcome of their own efforts.

I wish that their humanity survives forever and wish all of them a bright, prosperous and a studious future.

Yours etc.,



LITERARY AFFAIRS

SINCE I DON'T HAVE YOU

*There's not much I can do, since you've made up
your mind,
Just that I thought you'd be slightly kind.
I'm neither too rich nor a very big shot,
But a heartfelt of love and affection I've got.*

*Before I first met you, I had but a lonely tear,
So I had drowned myself in whisky and beer.
I'd given up all hope to fall in love again,
But the very sight of you made my resolution
change.*

*Once more the visions of reality I perceived,
Again blessings in the form of love I received.
I learnt what caring was all about,
The world was mine there was hardly a doubt.*

*Now when I recall those days we spent,
I realise how much to me they meant.
They were great for me, a blessing in disguise,
But now those promises seem like lies.*

*Now that it's all over and you don't regret,
I guess I'm the one who will have to forget.
Forget that you were wrong and just played with
my heart.
Forget that you were a farce right from the start.*

*Just promise me some things and I'll forget the
past,
Of all your opportunities, here lies your last.
Tell my wounded heart that you were'n't a fake,
Come on! Say it darling, that's all it will take.*

*What's wrong in me that you don't wanna stay,
We've only just begun, ahead lies a long way.
'To err is human, to forgive divine,'
Haven't you ever heard of this line ?*

*Those moments of togetherness, were they too put
on ?
Those days when we talked from night till dawn.
What about the time when you just sat next to me ?
And did not even blink when you stared at me.*

*Those are the days I remember and cry,
I couldn't even imagine you could be so dry.
That time I thought it was all so true,
But now I don't have a thing, Since I Don't Have
You.*

—Ankur Nigam



MODERNISM IN WELHAM

*'Oye! Ganwar!!', this was what an ex-
Welhamite used to say when he heard someone
humming a Hindi song. We all know him well-
'The jumpin' guy.' (A.C. from U.K.) He did not
come from United Kingdom but Uttar Kashi.*

*What does being mod mean. Is it someone
who is an authority in Western Music or someone
who wears 'Calvin Klein.' A.C. could have well
explained 'ganwar' as he was the one who used it.
In our community to be mod (the current abbrevia-
tion of modern) is simple and easy. Just watch
Channel [V] for a couple of days, learn some latest
beats and lyrics and then indulge in conversation
about some sort of musical group, probably 'G 'N'
R', Hey, Presto!*

*The other way by which you can be mod'
is to grow long hair, similar to some rock star from
the so-called Wild West. Talking about hairdo's
from the West, why don't we copy the basketball
players like Michael Jordan. He is no doubt a star
from the west. In order to be really modern, should
we lead a meaningless life which is nothing but
party, party and more parties. Drive a convertible
Mercedes with a babe in the next seat.*

*I'm not trying to prove that getting hold of
catchy western songs, having a party is wrong.
Everyone has a different approach to life. The
point is that our own culture should not be ne-
glected. It is a pleasure and an honour listening to
some great artists like 'Bhimsen Joshi' and 'Us-
taad Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan,' in the hostel. Such
classic music is played by some student admirers.
There is hope of retaining our culture and music.*

*Remember when the 'Singh Bandhu' sang
in our school courtesy Spic Macay ? They came
under some criticism. But was it lack of under-
standing or lack of interest ?*

*A neighbouring educational institution
organised a concert performed by the rap artist,
Sanjay Raina who does not deserve to be called a
star. His performance was greatly appreciated.*

*Being modern is the manner in which a
person presents himself, his sense of dress, man-
ners, confidence, ability to be an extrovert, com-
mand of topical subjects and ability to converse.
These are some things that matter.*

*Why is it that some of us avoid our own
culture and tend to fall for what comes with the
western winds. Our culture is rich. Though we
know this, still we tend to avoid it and hesitate to
accept it as our own. Remember, the 'sitar' came*

before the 'guitar.'

We must not let our culture die; like good citizens of this great land, we must let the world know that 'The Golden Bird' still holds great wealth of knowledge and culture.

Now that's what I call, "Really Modern."

—Sharad Poddar

Class XII

A HARLEY AND SAND AND MORE SAND

Dusk set in. The horizon at a distance rounded perfectly, undisturbed by the waves of the ocean. The setting sun was camouflaged in its own reflection on the ocean surface. A few seconds passed. 'Ahh.' I said to myself. It was an involuntary remark. Everything was so oblivious of its presence yet it was all in perfect harmony. Thus the remark.

A rattle under me set my eyes upon my bike. I ran over a pontoon bridge. The road terminated there. I was on an unmetalled path, rather close to the beach sand. The path had gravel all over. My soles could not feel any roughness. I realised it was a Harley I had under me. It reminded me of the Harley Davidson advertisements I loved so much. One said, 'There is a mystique about a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Part history, part performance and part folklore.' I was being silly. I smiled to that. I drove on. The orange of dusk was beginning to glow. The wind hitting against my face was beginning to get monotonous. It was an orgy of dust, sand particles and water vapour. I felt like pulling out a piece of cloth or tying it over my face and nose. It made me think of an Arabic Sheikh on a camel. I wasn't on camel-back. I was on a Harley. Guys on Harleys don't do such things. I dismissed my thoughts as complete poppycock. I concentrated on riding. Thinking about what I was thinking made me smile. Silly me! I forgot all about my destination.

A slight movement of my wrist simultaneously increased both the noise and acceleration of the bike. It was a great feeling. I loved this about a Harley. It made so much noise.

I was riding on the soft beach sand now. I thought about the impression my bike tyres left behind on the sand. I wondered if high tide would wipe them off. This depressed me. It was only momentary though. The sun was rapidly shying away into the ocean. The orange was superseded by violet and indigo. I could do a canvas here.

On my right was the soft beach sand. On my left was the soft beach sand too. They differed in colour though. The sand on the left was rat grey.

The sand on the right was golden. Quite an interesting landscape.

It was getting darker by the minute. I suddenly thought about my destiny. Where was I heading? 'Ahh!' Yes, to see the man by the seaside. I had seen him earlier, ten years ago. He was old and thin. Might've got older by now; ten years older. The man was a fortune teller. I had compelled him to predict my future earlier. I was going to do the same again. I felt compelled to compel him. I was desperate. High tide was coming. The waves hitting the rocks only got fiercer and fiercer and bigger too.

A sharp bend from some rocks only led me to more beach, more sand, more ocean. A tiny hut broke the monotony. Thank God for that. I wanted to thank God for a lot of things. But for now the fortune teller. Locals from the nearest village called him 'Sayer.' Because he said too much. Too much for an old man. Also because his mail box read 'The Soothsayer.' He felt bad about the missing 'Sooth' each time he's called 'Sayer.' Every meter closer to the hut made it look much bigger.

Soon I was there. A slight excretion of adrenalin made me shiver. Time ticked and passed. I grew a shade whiter. I got off my bike. For a moment I couldn't hear anything. I missed the rattle 'it' made. The splashing waves soon broke the silence. I approached the fence. My heart missed a beat. I was afraid. I was afraid. It was fear of prediction, fear of misfortune. Fear of an unfortunate rendezvous. Somehow, I expected one. I had to make sure. If it came.....

I walked on. The door was open. My walk was reluctant. My legs felt twenty pounds each. The door shrieked open on a single tug of my elbow. The room inside was luminated by an oil lamp. The moisture, dust and the burning oil's smell was typical as it had been ten years ago. Nothing had changed. The cobwebs too were there. They were nets now. Spiders and lizards thrived.

There he was. He lay with his back towards me. He lay on the floor. His hunch was even more acute than last time. He had shrunk. He reminded me of 'Yodah' the Jedi master in the movie 'Star Wars.'

I bent down to him. 'Sayer', I said. It went unnoticed. I shook him tentatively. He rolled over like a ball. He was there but still not there. I was devastated. I needed him. I shook him violently. I was desperate. He had to get up. He had to predict. I had to make sure. He had to understand my position. Do you understand my position?

—Gaurav Wahi

Class XII

WELHAM AND FILMS

*Saturday night,
It's full of delight.
Everybody is happy and gay,
I recall, it's Saturday.*

*Suddenly some voices come into my ears,
And it is accompanied by jeers.
I turn around to see,
That there are guys standing behind me.*

Would you like to see 'The Man With One Red Shoe'.

*'No yaar, I'd prefer Gandhi II.'
You should have seen the way Gandhi banged the
hell out of some studs,
As if they were a bunch of duds.*

*U.M.F. was really funny,
And the hero looked more like a bunny.
He was up to some stunts time and again,
But all his efforts were in vain.*

*'True Lies' was action packed,
And with Arnold it was backed.
The villians were thrashed by him everywhere,
They certainly objected it wasn't fair.*

*'Hard Target' saw Van Damme's physique,
And in the movie his actions were at his peak.
His grandfather was no less,
And may God him bless.*

*But the person who touched my inner most
chord,
Yes, you're right, its Harrison Ford !
He proved in 'The Raiders of the Lost Arc',
That he wasn't any stray lark.*

*Twelve terrorists, one cop,
Yes, Bruce Willis is on the top.
He is always spotted with a gun,
For him, its just a matter of fun.*

*Suddenly there was silence all around,
And I too whirled around.
I was just in time to see,
The guys go in the audi.*

— Ayush Pratap Singh Negi

As incharge of the Literary Affairs I would welcome more contributions from all the boys as well as the teachers. They should be short and please try to be as Indianised as possible. (I'm an Exception)

— Ankur Nigam

BEHIND THE STAGE

The hindi play Muavazae was staged on 29th of October, 94.

Muavazae is the tragic comic saga of a nation in turmoil where the unpredictability of times leads it's people into dramatic situations, and what surfaces is the undisputed victory of the animal cult which reigns in most times of confusion.

Ms.Khanna boldly took up the challenge to direct a play comprising a huge cast of 40. The best part of the play was that we enjoyed the play thoroughly.

Workshops at noon comprised of Yoga and improvisation exercises, movements to make a huge group depict an emotion. For example terror, celebration. We also did exercises to increase our concentration, vocal and enunciation abilities. All this did not only help us overcome stage fright and nervousness, but also to imbibe it into everyday exchange. Basically, they were meant to make us realise that we were one. Therefore the so called 'Performers' seemed to develop not only as actors on stage but also as people off it.

After regular rehearsals we were ready for the take off, where we received the news that Siddhant Sharma who had gone to play basketball would not be able to come as he had been hand-picked by the authorities to represent India. For a moment our little world seemed to collapse, we had no Muavazae and only three days to go.

The whole cast was plunged into depression for a few hours when finally Shailendra like young Lochinvar gallantly offered his services to the play the twin role of Jeevan and Commissioner with the whole cast applauding every dialogue he learned. Thankyou, Shailendra. Also thanks to Inayat Singh who played our favourite Janaab in the play inspite of a broken hand and to Shreddheya 'chic' as named by the cast who performed a girl's role better than a girl could do.

'Suthra' was the all time entertainment squad, accelerating between extremes of comic hysteria and sad emotional intensity. We remember the times when the situation seemed explosive and we were rescued by Siddhant's wise cracks. We all missed him.

It was an experience that none of us will ever forget. Once more we were thankful to our director who taught us so many things besides just acting.

—An Inside Co-Director.

THE END

I proceeded to draw. Draw the picture of my life. The first seventeen years. It would be all mine. Mine for the rest of my life. To communicate with, to have to myself in all those lonely hours. It would make me happy and it did for two years. It was all black and white, yet colourful, lively, enjoyable, exciting. I continued to paint with a joy I had not known all my life. I began to associate myself with it. Love it, respect it. Respect it more than anything else I had loved or respected in seventeen years.

Then it began to occupy more and more time of my life. Control it more. Suddenly colour began to enter my palette. To take my painting away from me. Snatch all that I had. Colour, I began to hate, with painting I got more and more obsessed. The love got deeper, the respect more but the hate more than anything else. It took too much of my time. And yet the painting enjoyed colour so much it seemed to have no time for me. I couldn't protect it. It began to enjoy colour more and more. I felt more incompetent, unable to complete it. I hated myself more and more.

Lose my temper, make it notice. It had worked in the past. Not this time. I didn't shave, I didn't eat. I became the subject instead of the painter. I thought I could mould it. I was wrong. Very wrong. Where did I get such a notion from? It was impossible.

People get boring after some time. For me they became an obsession. That things held interests for as long as they wanted was wrong, only in my case. I was an incompetent, unsuccessful, boring, loveless, heartless, obsessed fool.

--Maggie McGill

OF MIND AND HEART

*Sometimes I think that we are not free,
No, we are not and how my heart pains and aches,
Mind games are played, troubled are we,
Mind wins over heart, everything it takes.*

*Let us truly be free before it is too late,
The pain threatening to engulf us.
Is love not enough to make us great?*

*--Ashish Sharma
(Computer Department)*

Mr. Deshpande passed away on the 24th of November, 1994 following a massive heart attack. He taught in a number of schools in Dehra Dun including Welham Boys. The Welham Community mourns his death. Our deepest condolences to the bereaved family.

.....OF MANY LIVES

The danger, dear frog, is in human institutionalisation..... ie.. when one mind wants to mind everybody else's... irrespective of the fact whether it has the ability to do so or not. It has power, undoubtedly, but only coercive power.... frightening power... the power to hurt. And this human institution believes only in one mind. Living solely it's own universe. And, it doesn't stop at that. It's strength is derived from rejection of everything else around it. For every other sentiment, thought and taste is unsuited for existence. This one mind must control all. Yet hate all. Scowling at the world and it's smallness through the whole in it's self styled walls. Living lives in social exchange of past accomplishments. Celebrating self-styled awards. Myopic, destructive creativity... elevating sculpturers dead soul remains.

This mind walks away from the source, the sun and it's light. It hides more than it reveals. For, it is difficult to reveal what one steals.

And !, In my appalling glory, witness it's dreadful existence. I see it grow in the little lives of these little men. I watch quietly.

*Who's worse..... tell me PEACE
FROG.*

Who deserves hell more ?

--Monika Khanna

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Bharat Bhushan Garg (XI) & Kumar Vaibhav (VIII)

Eddie Murphy & Rasheed the bearer (smiling)

Gaurav Wahi (XII) & Stylebhai (Pop Artist)

Mr. Rajiv Nagalia & Paresh Rawal & the guy in the Savlon advertisement.

Rahul Goenka (XI) & Mrs. Chandna

Kaju (17) & Puneet Pant (XII)

ADVENTURE IN MISADVENTURE

It was the year 1962. I was on a nature expedition to the equatorial South America with my friend Janamejaya. It was the third week of our expedition. A score of passengers boarded a sea plane from Georgetown to Paramaribo. Janamejaya and I were also amongst them. At the sight of the dingy little plane we were doubtful if it could take off. But within minutes it was soaring in the clear blue sky.

After some time it became suffocating with no beverages being served the irritation was doubled. The only relieving sight was the sun setting over the horizon and the sky turning into pale yellow and sanguine.

The plane was now gliding at a low height over thick rainforests. Most of the passengers had fallen asleep. Suddenly a loud noise was heard 'Thud ! Tar- r- r.' The plane jerked and there was panic. Things crashed on the floor. Then came the co-pilots call, " You are requested to tie your seat belts. We are preparing for an emergency landing. " Instead of flying fifty kilometres east over the coastal line the plane had been flying over a dense rainforest with not a spot of clear land. I was very Worried. I held Janamejaya's hand.

The plane was in a spiral as if being sucked by a whirlpool. Within no time the air craft's tail hit a branch of a tree and crashed into the foliage. Both of us were thrown out. I hung on the fork of a branch while my friend was on the ground. The luggage was scattered around.

I got down from the tree and assisted my friend. We checked the place but didn't find any survivors. We were in great distress : How will we get back ? How long will our food last ? Will someone come to our rescue ? These questions were bothering us. Still we were glad to be alive. We were in the center of the rainforest with hundreds of miles with thick vegetation all around. It was a chance for nature lovers to explore and discover the hidden secrets of mother nature. And best of all it was peaceful. These feelings were mixed with the fear of the unknown and the desire to live.

Twilight was fading and the nocturnal creatures became active. The first insect to gain my attention were a pair of beetles trotting. They chased each other in a mating dance. It seemed as if they were playing hide and seek. Then there was a mantice with it's long green legs. Janamejaya was amazed at watching this ugly insect. He was interested in animals and birds but not in insects.

He had hated insects since childhood.

Visibility was decreasing. Both of us lay our heads at the base of the tree trunks. And with the frustrating hum of the mosquitoes we dozed.

The next day we walked through the forest. We excitedly watched a horned toad hopping. There was no dearth of spiders, species of ants and amphibians. There were also snakes like the Mamba and the Boa about which I had read during my school days.

Then there stood a giant tortoise, so big that we could have camped on it's back. A pair of Iguanas (sort of monitor lizards) passed our way swaying their heads from side to side.

A colony of bats is what I always desired to see. Fortunately a few hundred metres to our was a tree with over a thousand bats hanging upside down. They only fluttered to cover themselves in their blankets. We stood next to the tree and watched in amazement for a few minutes and headed back towards our camp.

On our way we saw a colony of ants at work. It was amazing to see them eat up a whole plant within a matter of minutes. Our food stock was short and we would have to spend it intelligently. The sun seemed a fire. The air was humid. At four o'clock in the evening it rained heavily. The noise made by the rain forest was fascinating. Soon every patch of land was as damp as a wetland. Streams and rivulets sprung up all around us.

The scenic beauty of land was unimaginable. The sky turned yellowish red in the west and everything was washed down to the tip. The world around looked lively fresh and anew.

We lit a fire and sat around it and had some food. It was dark now. We saw an owl preying on a toad which was paddling in a puddle nearby. In the light of the fire every motion was visible. The toad stood still for a minute when an owl came flapping down from a tree and pierced a toad's back with it's claws. It picked up the toad and with two-three sharp jerks it killed it. Now it ate it's prey on a tree branch. We were glad to see this fabulous hunt. It was getting too late. We went off to sleep and hoped for a better tomorrow.

Early next morning a helicopter arrived searching for the crashed plane. We indicated with a piece of cloth. A ladder was sent down and we both climbed up dying to reach our homes and our dear ones.

—Digvijay Lamba

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

I regret the exclusion of this column in the previous issue due to computer failures, power cuts and lack of adequate space. The articles are very good. This is now going to be a permanent column as long as guys keep contributing. I hope they do. — Ed

DIWALI

We celebrate Diwali because Lord Ram came back from the jungle to Ayodhya. That is why we celebrate Diwali. I like Diwali. It is my favourite time of the year. We burst crackers. Some are loud. Some are soft. Diwali comes once a year.

—Siddharth Chandra
Class I

We celebrate Diwali because Lord Ram came back from the forest to Ayodhya. We celebrate Diwali by burning crackers. I like to burn crackers at night. I am going for an outing on Diwali with Karun-A. When I burn crackers at night I can see rockets going up and bursting.

—Aijaz Rasool
Class I

FOUNDER'S

We must remember Miss Oliphant on Founder's. This time on Founder's our chief guest was Prof.(Dr.) M G K Menon. He is a scientist of Physics. We run races on Sports day. We showed the dance called Lambada. Our parents come to our class and they look at our books. Jamuna, Ganga, Krishna, White House, Toad Hall and NU did marching on Founder's Day. I took part in the Potato race. I tried my best to come first.

—Faraz Khan
Class II

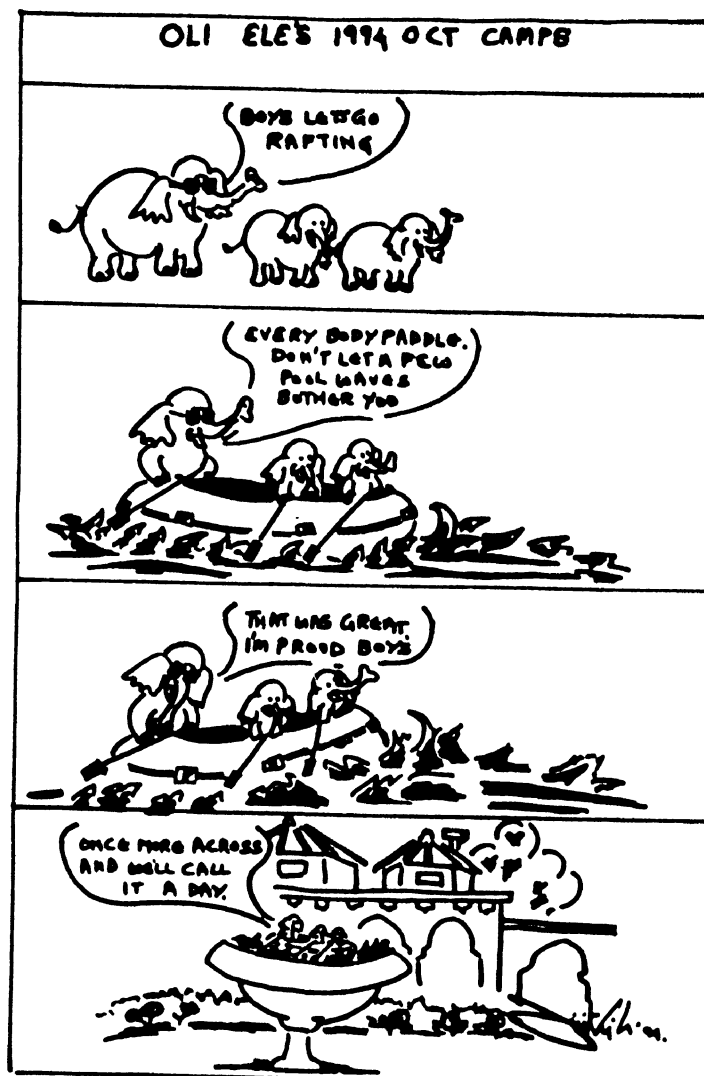
Today we remember Miss Oliphant. Miss Oliphant was our first Principal. She made this school. She started this school in 1937. On Founder's Day we did a dance to Lambada. We did not have a fete because of the strike. On founder's we had a race. I was in the Potato race. I liked my Founder's Day. But Sagar said that I cheated.

—Karan Mehrotra

THE BIRTHDAY BOYS

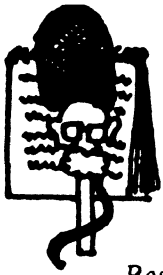
We hope that Mr.JK Sharma and Mr.SK Kandhari had a 'Happy' birthday. We hope they will have many more. We apologise that we didn't get a chance to say 'Many happy returns of the day' forgetting that it was their 'Happy Birthday.'

—The Board



I apologise on behalf of the Board for the incomplete printing of the cartoon 'Oli the Ele' by Mr.Jagjit Singh. Due to the problem of space it could not be accommodated fully on the page as a result of which, the punchline was missing. We hope this does not deter your artistic as well as literary efforts.

—Ed



WELHAM NOW

Results of the INTER HOUSE HINDI ASHUVAK COMPETITION held on the 16th of November, 1994

1st Nikunj Gupta 2nd Milan Gupta 3rd Vishwas Kohli

House Positions :

1st Jamuna 233 points
2nd Cauvery 207 points
3rd Ganga 187 points
4th Krishna 163 points

Results of the Debate for classes 6, 7, 8 and 9 were:

1st Nikunj Gupta 2nd Arcaprava Dutta
3rd Abhishek Sama

The award for the 'Most Promising Speaker' went to Arjun Trivedi. The trophy was lifted by Jamuna. The topic under discussion was - THE MORE TELEVISION SPREADS, THE LESS PEOPLE WILL READ.

Results of the Hindi Handwriting Competition were :

SECTION 'A'	SECTION 'B'
1st Rahul Choraria	1st Anil Jain
2nd Rahul Kumar	2nd Gaurav Dubey
3rd Kumar Abhijeet	3rd Rohit Bagaria
SECTION 'C'	
1st Nitin Bhanot	
2nd Vikas Kumar	
3rd Amiya Setu	

There was a lecture on Eco-Geography by Dr. Haripriya from the Department of Geography, California in the L R C.

Exams start on the 7th of December so a lot of stooxies are seen all over the campus studying in various parts of school and at the weirdest of hours. We wish them the best of luck and we sincerely hope that the guys don't freeze under the sodium lamps. We also hope that no effort will be made to acquire papers by unholy

W.O.B.N.

Fewer old boys turned up for the celebrations this year, however, the number did not diminish the fun. The cancellation of the fete did.

It all started with the relay race against

the school team. Jairaj Singh turned up at the last moment and replaced Ved Krishna. It was difficult to get him onto the track as he was more bothered about living up to his image and was busy shaking hands with all his juniors. However, perseverance paid off and we managed to strip and change him for the race. (All on the field.)

Regular practice and youth paid off and the school team won by quite a margin. Our champs Samar Rautela and Sanjeev Sehgal were not there, so, thank God there were no dogs to jump over this time. We continued the trend of the old boys march past led by Mr. Gokhale (father of Jayant Gokhale).

In the evening there was a gathering of the W.O.B. at my place. It was enlightening and great fun discussing each other's careers and professions. Everybody got sentimental, and there were a lot of tears. We sat up till about two in the morning losing our heads. There were a lot of midnight zips. Everybody was out to break the landspeed record and we were having these crazy slalom races in cars all over the place. We had a great dinner or should I call it an early breakfast.

The exhibitions were great. Remembering all our old hostels and classrooms caused more than just a tear. Meeting all our old teachers was just another tearful occasion. When they remembered our classroom antics it was very embarrassing. We had a great time.

On the same night there was a dinner at the senior tutor's residence. People weren't smoking because they had heard that 'kissing a smoker is like licking an ashtray.' Harjyot Singh, Dilsher Atwal and co. turned up suddenly on the same evening. Mohit Mehta lost all his sleep when he found himself floundering in a tub of cold water.

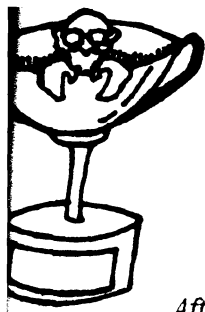
The next day the Old Boys got together in the LRC to elect a new president. Mr. Kandhari was unanimously elected president. There were a lot of ooh's and ahhh's when everybody had to pay two hundred bucks to keep his position in the soc. There was a big hand given to Viresh Sharda who donated Rs.10,000 for the squash courts. Everybody nearly fainted when they found out that Siddharth Shriram had donated 3 lacs. The meeting ended with a photograph of all the present members. The guys met for the last time for lunch in town. All in all, we had a great Founder's.

The news of the fortnight is that Prajwal Shreshtha has got into the University of Maryland, USA. He is doing a course in Hotels and Restaurants. Till I get some more news, Good Bye,

A Bearded W.O.B

Contributions from old boys in the form of cartoons, letters, praise, criticism and stories are always welcome.

—Jagjit Singh



RINGSIDE VIEW



After nearly a month of sporting in its most competitive form, we have finally arrived at the time when all of a sudden all sports and games come to a very abrupt halt. We had the much awaited tennis inter house for seniors as well as the juniors. This was the first time in school that boys of classes 6 to 9 had a separate section for themselves. We also had the inter house volleyball for various sections. This was followed by the table tennis inter house for all sections and that leaves us with a load of statistics to give to you. So, here we go.

The first match in the tennis inter house was Krishna v/s Jamuna. The match saw the school captain battling against Ankur. He didn't seem to be getting the serves in but put up a very good fight. The doubles too, was won by the Krishnaites at 6-3, 6-3. The second match was between Cauvery and Ganga. Cauvery was the hot favourite and beat Ganga by a solid margin.

Krishna and Ganga fought it out for the third match. Ganga were the underdogs and couldn't manage to pick up a set in the entire match. In the singles, Ankur beat Akbar 6-1, 6-1 and their victory in the doubles helped them to secure a place in the finals. Both the underdogs played each other for the third place in the fourth match. Ganga got the better of Jamuna and beat them. Jamuna suffered yet another defeat at the hands of Cauvery. Rohit drubbed Vijay 6-2, 6-0 and went on to win the doubles along with Ashish to play the finals against Krishna.

Ankur continued his winning streak following the footsteps of Boris Becker who beat three of the top seeded players in as many days. He beat Rohit 6-0, 6-1 and combined with Surya Sud to take the trophy after beating Cauvery in the doubles.

Surya Sud was adjudged the Most Promising Player of the tournament and Ankur got the award for the Best Player.

Incidentally, Ankur and Prashant won the Welham Open Tennis Tournament beating Aneesh and Harsh. Aneesh and Prashant were the discoveries of the year while Ankur was the Best Player of the tournament. We enjoyed their share of the prizes and so did the twelfthies.

Sports Day was a great success as usual. The Chief Guest for the occasion was Dr. (Mrs.) S. Gokhale. The finals of the most interesting races had been saved for this day. Everybody was looking forward to the result of the 100 mts. finals for

section 'D'. Rana Randip broke the fastest recorded time of 11.06 seconds set by Harjyot Singh with his timing of 11.03 seconds. However, expectations of him clocking 11 seconds flat were belied. He went on to win the 200 and the 400 mts. in his section. Vijay Nishant was adjudged the Best Athlete for section 'D'. The winner of the trophy for the section went to Jamuna.

Manish set a record by winning all five events (Three track and two field events) in his section. He came first in the Broad Jump and the High Jump beating his brother narrowly in both the events ! What an athletic family !!! He also won the 100 mts., the 200 mts., and the 110 mts. Hurdles. He was obviously the Best and the most successful Athlete in section 'C.' Cauvery were the undoubted winners in section 'C.'

Section 'B' saw some of the more aspiring young boys from various houses. Saswat Prasad was adjudged the Best Athlete in this section and helped Jamuna win the cup.

The Marching cup was taken to the common room by the Krishnaites. But the highlight of the day was the relay race between the School and the Ex-Welhamites. The exies lost to us due to the absence of Samar Rautela and Sanjeev Sehgal. Ved Krishna was replaced by the sudden arrival of Jairaj Singh.

On the day of the outing, the exies demanded a soccer match against the school and the School Captain had no choice but to entertain their intoxicated demand. They were:

Jagjit Singh
Capt. S.S. Rawat
Sharib Khan
Vipul Bansal
Harjyot Singh
Shantanu Singh
Manvendra Singh
Dilsher Atwal
Sandeep Sawhney
Simran Narpuri
Shaad Ali
Neil Grant.

The new pony tailed Harjyot Singh played well converting 3 goals. A perfect example of the Baggio fan following. Sharib Khan showed that he was still in form by scoring 1 goal. Sandeep Rawat that the army was keeping him fit and he struck once. They beat us 5-3.

In the evening, in an even more intoxicated state, they demanded a Basketball match. Ankur

Nigam supplied a running commentary throughout the match although at times some exies did snatch the mike to comment in their mother tongues. They beat the school team for the first time in years. The absence of Harry, Lovish and Kirti explains the loss.

The school Basketball team played Woodstock on our courts. We beat them hollow by 30 points. The scores at the end of the match were, Welham 74- Woodstock 44. We played Woodstock on their courts and lost by 6 points. The scores at the end were Woodstock 41- Welham 35. Siddhant Sharma was the top scorer in the first match with 25 points to his name. Akshi scored 23 and Samarth 17. In the second match Harry was desicively the best player.

The inaugural match of every season is the staff v.s boys match. The cricket season too, started with an amusing game of cricket on a warm afternoon. Ms.Monika Khanna continued her spirited pursuit of sports and opened for the staff team. Luckily, no bones were broken this time. We wonder if maam still thinks it is unusual to be in the land of the wounded with all fours intact ?? Mr.Thakur contributed a valuable 13 runs to the staff total of a 108 in 25 overs with 2 wickets to spare. Mr.Bhatia also pooled a respectable 12 runs. Ms.Blair, Ms.Khanna and Mrs.Mahajan were also seen modelling in the field. Mr.Ashish Sharma provided the necessary entertainment alongwith Mr.Sanjay Sharma. Mr.Ashish Sharma proved that he had a respectable pair of legs by showing them off in the middle of the main field. He also showed how dispairing it was for a bowler to be hit for four by lying down on the pitch. Mr.Sanjay Sharma showed that he could do P.T without the help of Mr.Menga Ram. However, whenever the ball was near, he was quick and agile to avoid it. We missed the presence of the hunks, Mr.Rakesh Alfred and Mr.Mohit Mitra. Surya Todi was the highest scorer for the boys team and for once he showed that he was awake. Ankur also contributed 16 runs to our victory and also a lot to

fill up the Ringside View.

We should definitely have more of these matches because for once, it doesn't matter who wins or loses and it also bridges the gap between students and teachers. The presence of his Highness, the Principal was missed too. It would have been lovely to see him floundering in the field. We appreciate the sporting spirit of the ladies.

Results of the road race for various sections were as follows :

Section 'A'	Section 'B'
1st Shaswat Prasad	1st Tenzing Mortup
2nd Amit Prashar	2nd Rohan Sood
3rd Mukti Bikram	3rd Abhishek Verma

Section 'C'

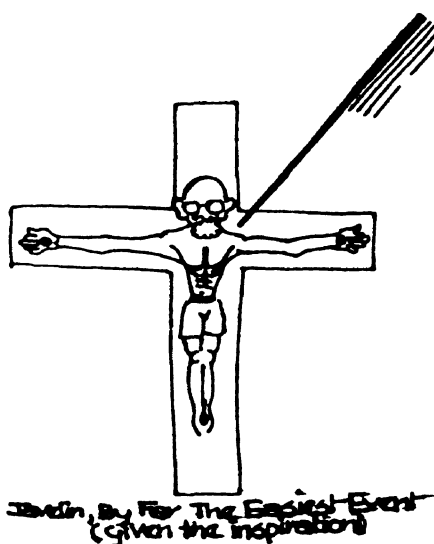
1st Rana Randip Singh
2nd Siddhant Sharma
3rd Vishwas Kohli

The Volleyball inter house was also held for all sections. The juniors inter house was although quite a painful experience for the captain. There was a tie between three houses thrice and the

inter house had to be played a fourth time. Krishna house eventually won the trophy in the juniors section and Charanjit Singh also from Krishna was adjudged the Best Player for the section.

The trophy for section 'B' was claimed by Cauvery owing to the excellent game played by Ajay Kumar and his teammates. As a result, Ajay Kumar was declared the Best Player for this section. The matches for section 'C' are still going on and the statistics will be ready for the next issue. The Badminton inter house also completed for section 'A.' Abhinav Pathak gave a brilliant display of skill and amazed everyone. Thanks to him, Jamuna took the trophy and Abhinav deservedly got the Best Player award.

The athletics I. P. S. C. meet scheduled to start some time last month was cancelled due to various problems. The boys were all set to go to Rai but their hopes were dashed. We'll be back next time with more news from the Sporting Arena. Till then, Goodbye and Happy Sporting.



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