

THE OLYMPIANT

No. 167

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 6th, 1995

Think About It

Graffiti on a London Bulletin Board: 'Smart people speak from experience. Smarter people, from experience, do not speak.'

--The Times, London.

EDITORIAL

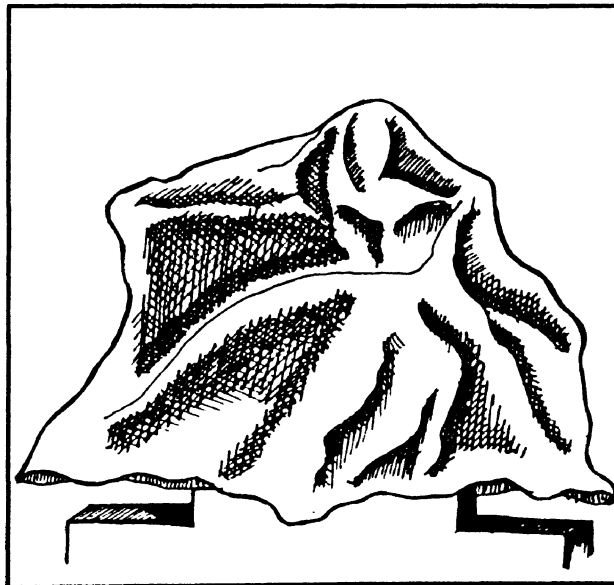
*The heat is on,
I've been hunted for like a con.
I'm writing the fortnight's memoirs down,
The computer designer's typing with a frown.
He's got three magazines to design,
And the one that seems to
be affecting him is mine!*

*The issue is late once
again!
My imagination has
flown down the drain.
The staff rep has his guns
out,
Whether I live or not is
still a doubt?!!
The Princi's caught me
skipping an issue,
He wanted to rip me limb
from limb, tissue from tis-
sue.*

*Summer is here to burn
everyone's soul,
At the moment school is like a hell hole.
And unfortunately for all us boarders,
Have let loose a variety of armpit odours.
Out come the deodrant sprays of the upper crust,
But they're useless in the valley's heat and dust.*

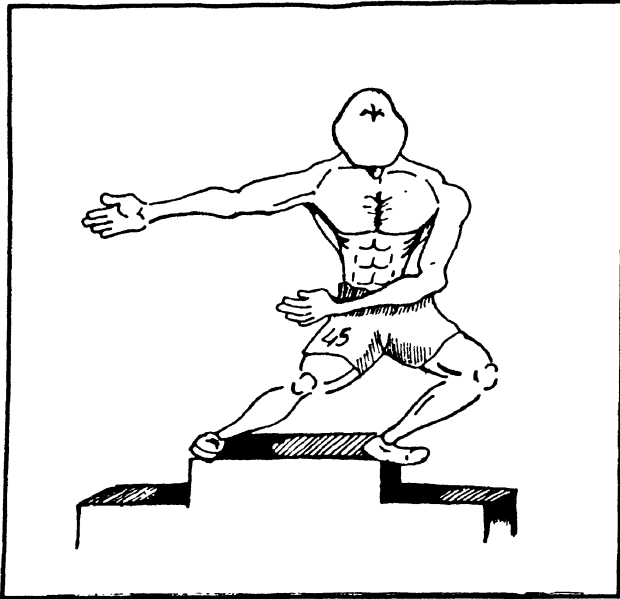
*The school pool is now open,
For their swimming trunks everyone is gropin'.
The area is one full of screams and squeals,*

*The big boys swim like fish, the little ones like
eels.
While some pose, some sun bathe in their trunks,
Some jump in after hockey practice, smelling
like skunks.*



*The Gym was host to a
body building contest,
The bodies displayed
were some of the best.
"Beneath that shirt lie
rippling muscles" Some
said,
After the contest one
realised, who was hun-
gry, who well fed!
There were no specta-
tors ,but those who did
see,
From the odours of
sweat and oil want to
be free!*

*The Head said the ultimate
judges would be from Welham Girls High
School,
They would really decide whose physique was
good, whose was cool.
The one who came first did not deserve it,
But he had given blood, sweat and had sheer
grit.
It was all over in an hour and a half,
It provided all those who watched it with a*



'healthy' laugh!

*There was the Oliphant Inter School, we did well.
School turned up in clean clothes and hair gel.
The organisation deserved praise,
The Inter School English Elocution was the next phase.*

*I was speaking, using some dreadful language,
At which most of the contestants took umbrage!*

*Mr. Nagalia has decided to get married,
His heart from his soul has been carried.
The prefects to his marriage have been called,
By the size of their appetites he is going to be appalled!
The joy of festivities are in the air,
What's his wife gonna be like? Pretty, exotic or fair.*

*Next on the cards was the IPSC Badminton,
The opening ceremony was crazy, everyone
marched at random!
It was an opportunity to bunk lots of classes,
The chance was well appreciated by the masses!
We sat and stared at the lovely girls,
And admired lips, eyes and curls.*

*After the tournament lots of cold drink bottles
were found,
But questions about who drank them still
abound.
The Chief Guests sofa looked like it would fall
any minute,
The possibilities of the ensuing chaos were infi-*

nite.

*The contestants forgot the oath in the opening
ceremony,
The Baddie cap was nervous and to prove that
I can give testimony.*

*The Welham Girls had their summer fest,
The guys went to the Jam Session and danced
with zest.*

*When they came back,
(That's when they did manage to turn their
back!)*

*They decided which 'chicks' were the best,
Who the prettiest was, who the best dressed.*

*The swanky summer schedule hasn't changed
a bit,*

*The early hours of class seem to be keeping
boys fit.*

*The Dean is often seen in constant slumber,
But he's not zapped! He can in the late book,
still find your number!!*

*By the time we go for PT, it is so hot,
One thinks the prefect who is taking it should
be shot.*

*There are only a couple of days for the Joint
Production,*

So better get your introduction.

Make friends now if you have to,

*If your partents are coming staying alone is the
thing to do.*

I think I like acting,

BUT! I've got a lot to learn about reacting.

*The Head has said there are two issues yet to
come,*

*I can't make a claim of suffering from writers'
thumb!*

The very thought of it makes me shiver,

*But if they don't come, I'll be skinned sliver by
sliver.*

*I'll be kicked from end to end of the hard and
dry mainfield,*

Hopefully the scars from crossing it have healed!

*We were grieved to learn of the demise
of Sultan-I-Rum (who was the school's first No. 3
having joined the school in 1937.) The Board
on behalf of the school extends heartfelt con-
dolences to the bereaved family.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

This is to inform you that **Sumit Chaturvedi** (Ex-187/Batch of 1987) is employed with Siemens Co. At present he is posted in Munich, Germany where he is working on a project in Transmission & Telecommunications.

Incidentally, the *Oliphant* makes a good reading. Probably I would not be surprised if it becomes the major contender for the leading magazines of India. No pun intended.

Do include *Through the Keyhole*.

I am presently doing my second year at Y.C. Engineering College, Nagpur.

Yours etc.,

Abhinav Chaturvedi
(Ex-430/Batch of 1992)

Dear Ed,

Since this issue of the mag is coming out during Joint Production, I decided to add to it in my own special way. I actually am not directly involved in the play but go to watch the rehearsals daily. Actually, it helps me with my text.

What I see and observe everyday seems to have become a common phenomenon for the people on the cast but it is definitely very intriguing for the outsiders.

The junees are all gathered together on one side of the steps alongwith the light and sound guys and the stage com guys. They seem to be quite happy amongst themselves. But the seniors, ie. The Duke, the Steward, the Shipwrecked twin, the Servant, the Drunkard, the Sea Captain, the Prompter and the Musician(s) seem to be having one whale of a time.

The Duke is so plastic and self concious on stage that he can hardly do what the director tells him to. He is more engaged in trying to find ways in which he can kiss his own hand when the director tells him to kiss the girl's hand. The steward, is actually maintaining a very good well balance between acting and socialising. He does his part extremely well and then comes to talk with the girls and to walk them back.

The ship wrecked twin can't act to save his life but insists that he is too cool. He how-

ever does pay a little attention to what the director says only when he finds time from flirting and pulling someone's or the other's.

The servant is always up to some thing or the other and thinks he is soo funneee. He is very kicked these days. Actually he's been kicked ever since he went for the Girls' school fete and danced his way through the chicks.

The drunkard is definitely the best at the moment. Now if it comes naturally to him or not, is a very debatable topic but he is doing his job very well. Full marks to you and.....

The sea captain is the luckiest of them all. Due to his short role, he freaks out the most because that leaves him with approximately 5 hours to while away in the company of the fair maidens.

The prompter, that's whenever he's around, has the toughest time out of all the people in the cast. He has to sit with the script throughout the practice time and give the budding actors their words whenever they fumble with them.

The musician(s), are variables. Sometimes it's one and the next day it's two. It's actually the studios mentality of one that forces him to attend class instead of beguiling the time with the ladies. The other one is always present, well before time and waits patiently when the girls are late. I wonder why?!?

But keep going guys, these are the days that you'll reminisce when you grow up and remember them as the Wonder Years.

Yours Jealously,

Shakespeare's Green Eyed Monster.

Ed. : 'How now, art thou mad?' What the hell are you talkin' about? This is all very 'mid summer madness all giving us more matter for a May morning.' Nothing like this ever happens in rehearsal time. I myself go there and check if anybody is playing the fool there but as you know, 'Nothing that is so, is so.' It is not what it appears to the eye. So stay cool, and keep off you 'Ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin faced knave, a gull.

Dear Ed,

You're late again! What happened to the issue that was supposed to come out last month. I think it's happening too frequently. You would rather spend your free time pumping iron rather than helping out with the magazine now that the scoping season is over.

As it is the magazine is becoming a propaganda issue and one can point a finger accusingly towards you, you and you. In your last issue, there was a letter about hairstyles. What's your hassle, can't you keep your mouth shut? I also want to know who the distinguished backside was in your letter?

Unfortunately for us, your editorials are far too personal. Are you running a school magazine or a abridged biography??

What's happened to your censorship committee? What's happened to quality writing? What ever happened to the supposedly intellectual geniuses and Welham's literary Elite? I would have shown you how to run the show but I'm too old, I'm too tired, I'm too illiterate!!

You, Akshi, Ankur and Prashant, where are you guys?

Yours' Peeved off(ly),

Eye in the Sky.

Ed.: Be sure to send me your name, so that I can put you on the Board and next year, who knows, thanks to the Oliphant, you might be the School Captain. I buttered my way up here and I'm open to anyone if he wants advice on how to do it.

You want to antagonise me, antagonise me you idiot. Get in the ring pal! I'll kick your bitchy little ass. If you write ever again, you'll be writing it under 'A Hole in the Ground.'

Dear Ed,

For a change here is something serious for this column. I find your column an interesting read but there are too many letters written under pseudonyms.

Getting down to the crux of the matter, I'd like to appreciate in print the efforts of some boys who I had the honour of watching at the body building contest.

Anubhav Gera proved that asthma didn't daunt him and came third in his category.

4.

One should appreciate this steadfastness of purpose.

I would like to congratulate him through a medium which is read by all.

Yours appreciatively,

Sudeep Chaudhuri

Ed. : Thanks a lot. It is about time someone appreciated this column. The column is basically a comic piece which is open to criticism but by having it, we don't generally use it to kick someone hard up the back side.

Dear Ed,

Whatever happened to cartoons, do they still exist? Whatever happened to cartoonists, do they still work?

Is a cartoonist's job only to draw pictures of himself and the Principal? Is your cartoonist still floundering for his spectacles like last year?

Yours Grotesquely,

The Lion King

Ed.: Thanks for reminding me about the other half of my job. Like I have often stated in my Editorials, it's been taking considerable effort 'to pick the buttercup of my imagination.' Hopefully, now I will take time off from playing 'Beauty and the Beast.' Once I find my tinted lenses you will be sure to see lots of animated characters.

Dear Ed,

Don't you just love the LRC? I mean I've seen you all propped up in those comfy sofas like you don't know how to sit.

But have you used your power of observation and been upstairs to see the hundred volumes of Mahatma Gandhi's greatest works? Have you been freaking out on a book called 'The Outrageous Affair?'. Incidentally, where is it? Have you seen the book called 'Partners?'. But it's amazing, the medley of bad taste that is now visible in the selection of books. This is 'What They Don't Teach You in Harvard Business School.'

Yours,

One

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Green Eyes in a Land of Brown

"And what is your good name madam?"

This was not the first time I had been asked this question since I had embarked on my travels. But this time it was different.

Having alighted at the city bus station, Mysore, I found myself occupied by an aged gentleman, sporting a threadbare lungi, two soiled checked shirts and an unshaved chin. His right hand bore a red and white striped bag; his left, a black umbrella which had obviously seen better days. His veteran feet boasted a pair of flip-flops. In recording the minutiae, I am neglecting the most unforgettable characteristic of this dignified old gent. The glint in his eyes!

I had not invited him to join me on my amble through the bust streets of this Karnatakan town, but he needed no invitation. He was old (perhaps even ancient); he claimed he was a 'retired school teacher' and came from Sravanabelagola. Within a moment, his walking ceased, so did mine. He proceeded to tell me that that was not only a holy place but his birth place.

Somewhat dismayed to discover that I was not going to discover his birthplace, he insisted we continue our walk. He led; I followed; many people looked.

"Must walk in shade. You not well. Shade will keep you healthy and wealthy."

It was true that I was unwell and that the cool of the shade was probably the best option for one's health, but whether or not the shade is auspicious for affluence, I cannot say.

But however perverted the logic, the Jain insisted, "Keep to shade. Stay healthy and wealthy."

It was his intention to take me to the bus stand from where I could take a bus which would pass my hotel for a nominal fare of one rupee.

"Scooter too costly", he said.

With his sole purpose in life seeming to be that of transporting me safely, but cheaply,

to my hotel, he seemed somewhat offended when I said that I was going to walk.

Yes, it was true that the heat of the day seemed to be troubling me, but that no longer disturbed me.

It was the sudden recollection that I was a stranger in a foreign land which brought me to my senses or allowed fear and suspicion to infiltrate my mind.

Who was this man? Why was he talking to me? What did he want from me? He had to want something. There had to be an ulterior motive for him to be helping in this way.

In answer to the first paranoid question, he himself had already volunteered that information. He was Surendra Kumar and claimed he was sixty years of age.

Either he had misunderstood my question as he was deluding himself. If I were to speculate, I would suggest that the man had celebrated his sixtieth birthday many many many years ago. He was eighty five at least!

The stoop and curve of his back, the slow pace of his own, but steady feet, and the steadfast assurance of someone knowing where he was going were not characteristic traits of a sixty year old. They were features to be associated with having lived and survived eighty five years in this torrid, shadeless land.

"I will take my leave now. I will walk back to the hotel."

His gait accelerated at the sound of these words but he was soon to stop.

"You teacher, I know. But I teacher and you my pupil now. I give good instructions but you no listen. You show me no respect. You pupil in India. There is everything to learn in India. India all new to you."

Aware of having offended him, I tried to alleviate the situation by assuring him that I would take care to walk in the shade. Fortunately, these words seemed to pacify him.

He laughed at me, inhaled some snuff and recommenced his sermon.

"Snuff keeps you healthy and wealthy, smoking gives you lung cancer and heart diseases."

To his delight I agreed with his endite words on the dangers of smoking and from behind the cataract eyes came, what by now had become, the familiar glint. Those eyes had certainly seen a lot more than mine could ever wish to see.

How could I have been so conceited to think that this man wanted something from me? What had I, after all, to give him? Money perhaps? But money would not improve the quality of this man's life, for this man's life didn't need to be improved. He was already happy. Why then was I simultaneously impelled and intimidated by the charisma of this wise, old man? Because he resembles my grandfather in so many ways, instinct urged me to trust him, but reason encouraged me to be on my guard. I was, as he had said, a stranger, in a foreign land and there was a lot I did not know.

His eyes understood my fear, and when his aged hand reached out to mine and held it in it's tight grasp, I knew that he had forgiven me.

"Lead a good life and God keep you healthy and wealthy", were his valedictory words. And we parted ways.

Standing alone again, in the piercing heat of the afternoon sun, intuitively I knew that the Jain was a good man. Before I continued my journey, I watched his frail body manoeuvre through the frenzied crowds. His steps were not those of a weak, senile man but of one who rejoiced in life; who daily celebrated the existence of every living creature and who had unconditionally befriended me.

So Surendra Jain, you were correct when you said that I had a lot to learn about India and about life. But you were wrong about one thing. Contrary to what you might think, I have the deepest respect for you.

The shell of your body has witnessed years of oppressive heat but thr spirit within is still young.

It was merely a forty minute lesson; forty minutes of my life spent with you.

But it was enough. It was enough.....

**--Ms.Blair Davies
(English Department)**

Excerpt from a letter to Mr.Kandhari from Lt. Cdr. Mallya:

'I am sure you will be surprised to get a letter from a total stranger like me. I am a Naval Officer working in Naval Headquarters and happened to be at Auli from 16th to 29th of March for a Skiing course. I came across a bunch of boys from your school. I was indeed impressed by their polite behaviour, warmth and courtesy shown to elders and extremely friendly nature.

I was extremely touched by the polite and courteous behaviour of your boys to Lt.N. Miglani who is one of the first few lady officers in the Navy who also happened to take part in the course.

I am sure when this bunch of guys grow up they will be an asset to the nation. I am proud of being with them. Keep It Up.'

Vague Apprehensions

*Vague apprehensions arrest me,
In my journey to fate.
They arrest me in their vice-like grip,
And I'm forced to contemplate.*

*Every step I take is ruled by the unseen,
Every move I make is a carried out order.
My life will never be mine again,
Only nostalgic thoughts of freedom remain.*

*My life of bondage,
Is cruel in itself.
But I can't help feeling,
That one's brought it one oneself.*

*What I owned is mine no more,
And gazing out of the old wicker door.
I realised that I am now but a slave,
Possessed by the cruel wrath of fate.*

*My time is short,
I can breathe no more.
Soon I'll be gone,
Ike the breeze through the door.*

**--Rumaan Kidwai
Class XI**

I'm Reporting

Skin

*I entered his office, heart fluttering,
He was sitting, angrily muttering,
"You're in for it, watch out boy,
Stop handling rules, like toys.",
Frustrated he took out a pad,
and jotted a letter to my dad.
I was ashamed, seriously speaking,
The feelings of heroism started leaking.
I ran out of the office hiding my face,
I longed to get out of that place.
I looked arround to see no one there,
Remorsefully I clutched my hair.
Shamelessly I started to cry,
and made up my mind that I would try.
Through fearful eyes I gazed at the card,
I guess I got it where it hurts hard.
T:is hole in my career I want to mend,
I guess now I've started to repent.*

**--Ankush Sachdeva
Class X B**

She.... She and She

*Out of the dark, came she,
Into my life, and stood by me,
Blindfold, I went for nothing else could I see,
Only she..... she and she!*

*Rumours spread, accusations and gossip pierced
the air.
But I stood constant, constant like the stars and
the sun.
But I suppose this was not true,
It was a false image, I had of myself.*

*I was not constant but a variable,
A variable like a huge tree.
Which looks strong and firm,
But can so easily be chopped,
Even by the one who plants it.*

*And so too was I chopped.....
But the sad part,
The only regret was, the planter in this case,
Was no one else but She..... She and She.*

--He...He

*Sitting in his stone cold, bare room he
pondered about his miserable life which was
fruitless, monotonous, tiring, despairing
uneverating and barbarous. Never did he ex-
perience a moment of exhilaration in his life.
Joy, I suppose was not destined for him. His life
was dark and bare and the cause of all this was
his skin.*

*A feeling of hate and rage went through
his body. He hated God and his void creation;
Earth. He abhorred his parents from whom he
inherited the black pigment. He hated the white
inhabitants of the world. He loathed the colour
black and the word, nigger. He detested himself
and his life. He remembered vividly the abuses
and insults he had received. He recalled clearly
the mockings he had absorbed. The word nigger
rung in his ears and fire storm still hovered in
his mind. He had not forgotten the copious
abuses he had swallowed. Everything was still
inscribed in his memory. Life had become an
anathema for him. He was paying a price for
what he had not done. He was being sentenced
for a crime not committed by him but the Lord
himself. He had had more than his share. He
was tired of life and could take it no more.*

*"I'm a nigger, an outcast. I'm black, I
don't deserve to live", he shouted senselessly
as he danced a jig like a raving lunatic. He
pinched himself and scraped off his skin with
his nails still screaming those crazy words. He
picked up a butcher's knife and hacked at his
skin. A portion of his skin fell off like a chopped
water-melon. Except that this water melon was
black. He screamed the mad words with insani-
ty in his voice. Despite the agony of convul-
sion, of pain he kept screaming his head off.
The incessant banging on the door did not bother
him. He kept hacking and hacking till his voice
tapered to a complete maddening silence.*

*The door flew open and his neighbours
gazed at the gross scene. It was repulsive. Black
skin and red blood stuck on all the four walls.
In a secluded corner of the room, a heart still
palpatated and it seemed to say faintly, "They
judged me by the colour of my skin."*

**--Ankush Sachdeva
Class X**

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

The Poor Man and the Rich Man

Once upon a time there was a poor man and a rich man. The poor man used to sing songs and do his work. One day the rich man saw the poor man and said, "How fine he is in a small house." One day the rich man called the poor man and said, "Take these rupees." The poor man took them. That night he couldn't sleep as he used to sleep. Next day he got up and went to the rich man's house, and gave all the rupees back. He was happy with what ever he had.

--Aijaz Rasool
Class II B

Aloke and the Bullock

There was a boy named Alope. Alope was a good boy. One day Alope went to see a temple. He saw an old man sitting under a tree and groaning with pain. "What happened?" asked Alope. The old man said "I have fallen down from the bullock cart and got hurt. My bullock broke the rope and went away. Then Alope went to look for the bullock. He saw a bullock. He caught the bullock's rope and went to the old man. The old man was very happy to see his bullock again. Alope and the old man became great friends.

-Sarthak Johar
Class II A

Ponkey the Donkey

Once there was a farmer. He had a donkey. The donkey was very clever. One day the farmer took the donkey to the shop to carry back some things. The farmer bought four carrots. The donkey picked up four more carrots and put them in the bag on his back. The farmer took the donkey home. Then

it became night. They slept. At mid night a fairy came and gave them a lot of money and many presents. There were many nice things. They became rich and they were happy forever.

--Soumya
Class II A

Honey Bees On Our Campus

We have seen the honey bees which live on our campus. We have also seen honey being take out. There are three different kinds of bees - the Queen Bee, Drones and the Worker Bees. The Queen bee lays one thousand five hundred eggs in one day. In winter, the Drones are pushed out of the hive because they do not do any work in the hive. The honey comb is made of wax. Most of the honey bees make only half a tea spoon of honey in their lives. The cells are six sided. If the worker bee stings you, then she will die.

Drones do not have stings. The drones are fatter and the Queen Bee is longer. The worker bee does a dance making the figure of eight. That shows the bees where to go to collect nectar from the flowers. Some worker bees keep the hive cool by fanning their wings. The honey bees have two stomachs. One is for storing nectar.

--Tanmay Agarwal
Class III A

My Dream

One night I felt very tired and went to bed early. I dreamt that one day I went to the market to buy some fruits. When I was coming back, I saw a black door. I went inside the door. A man opened the door. His face was red, his eyes were green like leaves. I ran as fast as I could as he ran to catch me. I screamed loudly. When I opened my eyes I saw that I was lying on my bed. I thanked god that it was only a dream.

--Nishant Joshi
Class II B

Ramu the Poor Man

Once there lived a poor man called Ramu. He had nothing to eat and nothing to do. He just had a friend. He was rich and selfish. Ramu went to him and said, "Dear friend please give me something to eat. I am very hungry." His friend gave him a piece of chapati and said, "Dont come here again." He went back home sadly and ate up the chapati. One day he prayed to god. God came in his house and said, "What do you want my dear ?" He said happily. "I want to be rich." Then god gave him a lot of money and after that he lived happily in his house.

--Raunak Tibrewal
Class - II A

About the Poor Boy

There was a boy. His name was Vijay. He was a poor boy. His mother and father were dead. He was alone. One day when he was going to the temple, he met a boy. His name was Kush. Vijay asked him will you be my friend? Kush said yes. Kush took him home. They became friends and lived happily ever after.

--Arjun Manchanda
Class II A

My Grandmother

My Grandmother gives me sweets everyday. I like my Grandmother. She goes to the temple. She prays to Guruji. My Grandmother makes nice ladoos for me. My Grandmother does not sleep in the afternoon. She is never sad.

--Lokesh
Class II B

My Computer

I have a computer. My father brought it for me from America. My computer does all my sums for me. My computer is very nice. One

day when I was in school my servant played with it and dropped the cell. When I returned from school I cried and cried to see my computer lying on the floor.

--Mayank Daga
Class II B

Clever Grum

There was once a wizard called Grumtity Groo. He was very very rude to everyone. Once a goblin called Grum was passing his house when he pulled him inside. The wizard said, "Work!!" And so poor Grum had to work all day and all night. One day Grum asked, "Can you turn into a bag of sugar?"

"Yes", said the wizard and so he did. Grum immediately tied the bag with a rope and threw it in the well. A maiden had put some fish inside the well. The fish had sharp teeth. They broke the rope. At that moment the wizard was set free and appeared.

In a rage, he chased Grum all around the town. Grum ran through the Dynamite room and locked the wizard in it. Grum lit fire to the room and 'Boom' went the room. Grum saw the police and ran back to his village. There he saw his men frozen. He saw his wife crying. He went to her and said, "I will free all our people." Then he ran up to the top of the hill and said to the wizard, "Please can you free my people?"

The wizard forgave him and said, "Yes. You take this powder and put some on each one of your men." That is exactly what he did. And every one is happy now.

--Siddharth Chandra
Class II A

Dear Woodseaters,

Today we will tell you the exact meaning of 'Wacky.' We are sooooo sorry that we started a column on your name and did not tell you the meaning. What it exactly means is crazy, mad or peculiar. Now don't take the exact meaning of this as it just supposed to be humourous. But we can always change the name of the column if you guys feel like it. So, just keep sending in your suggestions. We'll pick out the best one.

WELHAM NOW

So much has happened in the last couple of weeks that if I were to give you all the details, the whole issue would be filled up with nothing but details, details and yet more details. But since time and space both are running short, I better shoot the details at you.

The Golden Jubilee Comemorative Basketball Tournament finished recently. Needless to say, we were the inevitable winners. A total of 8 teams participated in the esteemed tournament including two of our host teams namely Welham Whites and Welham Blues. This was the sixth consecutive year that we won the Golden Jubilee Baskee Tournament.

As soon as that got over, there were a row of Inter School and House Literary Contests. Firstly there was the Inter House debate in English. It was held in the Activity Centre on the 15th of April. Ankur spoke very well and claimed the first position with Rumaan a close second thereby fetching the trophy for Krishna. Nikunj also rose to the occasion and secured third place. Sarthak Pani's speech was much appreciated and he was adjudged the Most Promising Speaker of the evening. Yurendra Basnett too, proved that there was more in mind than only fun. He received the prize for the Best in Rebuttal.

Following that was the Inter School Debate in English on the same topic. It was a very well organised event with 11 schools participating. The school was represented by Ankur Nigam and Rumaan Kidwai. Expectedly, Rumaan spoke very confidently and bagged the second place as also the prize for the Best in Rebuttal. The trophy was lifted by Mussoorie International School.

Close at heels was the Hindi Ashuvak Contest for juniors and seniors. In the seniors section, Nikunj once again proved he had the gift of the gab and stood first. Gurpreet Gambhir was second and Manas Patodia managed to stand third. In the juniors section, Mehul Mayank stood first and helped Cauvery to bag the trophy. Kumar Abhijeet also was impressive and claimed the second place thus leaving the third for Amit Gupta of Ganga.

As if that wasn't enough, Welham Girls'

hosted an Inter School English Elocution Contest for juniors and our school stood second in the overall positions. Sahil Vohra was exceptional in delivering his poem and deservedly received first prize in the individual positions.

To follow that was the Inter School English Elocution hosted by us. It was held on the Peacock Stage due to the ensuing Badminton championship. Sudeep Chaudhuri amazed the audience by (of course not by the language) his delivery of the extract from 'Scent of a Woman.' He deservedly stood first. Karan Gulaya also spoke very well and was second in his section.

Now this one is for bird watchers. The checklist of the birds found in our school has been compiled by some nature freaks and is posted up on the LRC notice board. It consists of a total of 88 birds.

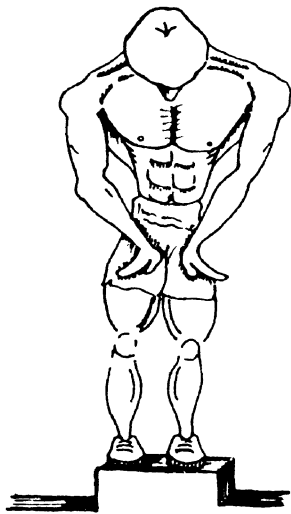
Towards more fluid pastures, a large water tank has been built in Krishna house and there seems to be no further water problem in that part of the school. The swimming pool too, was opened for the boys to use on the 16th of April. The boys definitely heaved a sigh of relief after taking their first plunge of the season.

The IPSC Badminton Tournament started on the 27th of last month. The teams had a very comfortable stay in the newly renovated Old Assembly Hall and the various other accomodations given to them. The Girls teams however, stayed at Welham Girls' but came here for their lunch and dinner.

And now to sports. The road races for the various sections were held recently. Cauvery seemed to be having a monopoly in two sections and Jamuna in one. In the juniors section, Amit Parashar and Yogendra Negi stood first and second respectively. Both were from Cauvery. They were followed by Mukti Bikram Shah of Krishna who secured third place. In section 'B', Saswat Prasad stood first and Shariq Ansari, a close second. Kartikeya Narayan was third. The seniors section was perhaps the most exciting this time. Isn't it always? Vishwas Kohli came first in this section and proved that he not burnt up everything and a lot still remained. Bikash Gurung following the footsteps of his senior, followed him stride

for stride and came second. Rohan Sood managed to secure a third place for himself.

For the first time in the history of Welham, a body building competition was held. It took place on the 26th of April in the Nepal Gymnasium. Sudeep Chaudhuri stood first in the below 55 category followed by a smiling Prashant Singh and Anubhav Gera. Manish Kumar stood first in his section with Samarth and Indraneel both putting up a good fight to secure second and third place respectively.



In the above 65 category, Ashish Dangwal was by far the most well built. Abhishek Mohan stood second in this section. The three winners of the various sections were tied up in the finals. The winner was decided on the basis of whose weight is least with equal points. But after the points had been given, it was found that Prashant Singh had more points than a finalist and so the final standings were decided. Sudeep came first overall and Manish was second. Prashant stood third but deservedly so. There was also a special award for Prashant Singh which was called 'Best Posing' which he earned because of 'Posing with a smile.'

The rehearsals for the Joint Production Play were on with a lot of vigour and vitality and you will see after it has been performed. I, on behalf of the Oliphant Board wish all concerned The Very Best of Luck.

Until next time.....

RINGSIDE VIEW

There was definitely a lot of action on the sporting agenda of Welham last month.

Our Golden Jubilee Comemorative Basketball tournament commenced on the 18th of April in true and great style. We had entered two teams ie. Welham Whites (juniors) and the Welham Blues (seniors). The first match was played between Welham Whites and RIMC. We had not expected to do so well as we did. It was a very closely fought match at the end of which we won 56-55. The next day, Welham Blues played Doon School. It was quite a one sided match in our favour and we banged the day-lights out of the Doscos. The score board at the end read 68-48. The Doscos had before this, already lost to Modern School, Delhi and so were knocked out even before the semi-finals. In other league matches, Welham Whites lost to YPS, Patiala in a close match and Modern School thrummed Welham Blues. The first semi-final was between Welham Whites and Modern school. Modern was comfortable right from the start and beat us very easily. The second semi-finals were played between Welham Blues and YPS. Yet another one sided match, it was quite interesting till the first half when the score board read 18-14 in our favour but after that they lacked the pep and vigour that we had in us. We finally emerged victorious. The final match between Welham Blues and Modern School promised to be an interesting one. It lived up to it's expectations and was rather good. Amit of Modern played a game of high calibre but had no one to team up with. On the other hand, the Welhamites gave a display of excellent teamwork and beat the visitors hollow by a margin of 10 points. The trophy was, as expected, ours.

It was a pity that although the Doon School was invited for this tournament and ever shall be, we were not given an invitation for their home tournament, The Afzal Khan Memorial Tournament. On being asked why, they had no answer but that we were banned from the tournament for the next two years. Who had banned us, was a mystery to them too. Amazingly, we finally got an invitation, the day the tournament began. Thanks a lot. The tournament was won by Wood Stock, Mussoorie. The

irony of the situation is that we beat Wood Stock by a margin of forty points on their courts just before they left for Germany which was supposed to be the peak time of their performance. I wonder how we would have fared had we been invited..... slightly earlier.

To more pleasant happenings, our school had the honour of hosting the 9th IPS Badminton Tournament. Efforts were on from long back to make this event a really memorable one for the participants, audience and the school community itself.

The school captain alongwith his cabinet did everything possible to make the guests as comfortable as they could be. The Old Assembly hall was renovated and done so rather nicely for the accomodation of the players. Dr.Saxena's quarter was also given to some players as it was vacant. Some teams arrived a day before the tournament started which was a very sensible thing to do.

After what seemed to be a not-so-grand opening ceremony with a random marchpast in which no one seemed to know where he or she was going. The school captain delivered his speech and then motioned for the school Baddie captain to come and swear in the teams. Some time and confusion later, the Chief Guest for the evening, Mrs.Puneeta Nagalia came and delivered her speech and message and declared the tournament open. It was an effort to try to enthuse among the boys the true sporting spirit and the killer instinct without which one cannot excel in any field.

Since no official match was to be held in that day, veterans Mrs.Puneeta Nagalia and the 49 year old District Champion for 14 years combined and played an exhibition match against Ms.Babita of Mayo Girls and Mr.Mahesh Kandwal, our Badminton coach. The veterans did with experience what the youngsters couldn't do with vigour. They won

very easily.

The next day the tournament started with full bloom. Both the boys and the girls matches were held in the Activity Centre. In the team events after the league matches were over, four teams managed to reach the semifinals. The first semifinal was played between The Doon School and us. Old rivals as we are, nearly the whole school was there to cheer the participants. Akshi won his first singles match against the Dosco but that was all. We lost the doubles in straight sets and the second singles match, which Pathak played, was also won by the Doscos. It was a deserving win for them. They were better by far and reached the finals. he second finalists had yet to be decided between Modern School Delhi and TNA.

Modern School had the advantage of a coach who had once coached the Indian team but the dedication and hard work was theirs. They belittled TNA and reached the finals against The Doon School.

The fate of the girls teams was yet undecided. The quality of girls badminton was not as good as one would expect it to be. TNA reached the semifinals in the girls section too, and met The Air Force School, Delhi. TNA crushed them and went on to play the finals against Mayo Girls who had beaten Welham Girls' High School the day before.

The finals were most entertaining, at least in the boys section. Modern beat Doon quite easily but it was a well fought battle. The 'ill mannered' Welhamites only cheered for Modern and not for Doon School.

The individual championships were also played during these days. Manu Sanghi won the individual singles championship and Sardha Devi was the ladies champion. The most promising youngsters were Arun Singh and Tenzin Samdup. We'll be back next time with more on hockey. Till then, God Bless.

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