



# THE OLYMPIAN

No. 170

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

6th September, 1995

Think About it

The trouble with being on time is that no one is around to verify it.

—Mel Tobias in Taipan, Manila

## EDITORIAL

The 'yahoo' days are over for the 'yahoo' bunch of boys and they don't have much time for 'yahoing' because the teachers seem to be getting oddles of 'yahoos' by giving tons of work. The cloudy overcast rainy wet hot damp stinky weather is getting on everybody's nerves. The guys have come well prepared for the weather with exotic expensive stinky perfumes eau de toilettes and deodorants ugly out of uniform school shoes gleaming light colourful sneakers. Hair-styles have changed with the weather or the tall dark handsome Milind Soman. Most boys are looking obese fat huge and some have got ugly beer bellies. Using my grey cell to fill this page is difficult, not easy because my unimaginative imagination is pretty grey. I decided not to write about overdue late delayed issues because someone told me it seems to have become an obsession which is boring tedious tiring to read about. So far this editorial seems unusual absurd and vague. The holidays seem to have had their effect on me. Talking of the holidays they seem to have helped the barren misused ill-treated main field. There's fresh green soft grass growing all over it. The Soccer team is practicing slides dives lunges on the grass. The Princi's back from the land of crocodiles and his pate is as shiny as ever. After hugging koalas and devouring crocodiles steaks

he too is back at the grind stone crocodile dundee style. Class XII seems dejected depressed sad because the socials with MIS were called off. Dreams of Romancing the Stone were shattered and nobody seems to be 'girl happy.' The GYM is full of body builders attempting to become muscular big strong men.

However a number of boys are content studying in an attempt to finish courses get excellent marks do well in college earn lots of money and enjoy sleek cars and sleek women. The new schedule which actually we've had for years is back and is siding with the requirements of sleep of the studious bunch. The Dean has made his best decision so far and he is greatly admired respected liked for it. The old schedule is like a forgotten punishment. Mr. and Mrs. Basu have returned from Wales after having a 'wale' of a time. The former is looking like an artist with long hair

accent but all that is missing is an earring. Ms. Blaire Davies has left and it has saddened a lot of boys. One misses the mispronunciations of names and the accentuated hindi. Her bouncy energetic hysterical euphoric blissful presence will always be remembered. She will go down in the history books as the only one who could make Twelfth Night interesting and funny. Signing off after this vulgar show of a warped sense of humour. Yours lately tiredly schmucky Subsep.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

What's happened to the 'School Magazine'? Issues seem to be dominated by a particular person. Is there a lack of writers in school? There is definitely a lack of common sense in the running of the Oliphant. Reading one page of Editorial mishaps is bad enough but seven pages of a nature freak's work is like seven large glasses of barium meal. One wonders if he is a nature freak or a freak of nature.

Yours frankly,  
A pain in the neck

Ed: I know it is a sign of cowardice but I couldn't help altering your name. (It also buys me some time to think of an answer.)

Dear Ed,

I think this the umpteenth time someone is writing about the lack of cartoons in the magazine. I read the Oliphant regularly (but never in one sitting) but column after column of prose becomes monotonous. All I can say is that your cartoonist is dying of some wasting disease and I can't help but call him a 'Rotting Schmuck.'

Yours bored,  
A furious caricature

Ed: If you want a comic book go someplace else. You'll have an excellent variety to choose from. This is a magazine for the literary elite.

Dear Ed,

Why do you always portray us in bad lights? You write about us as being a bunch of drunk guys who scream during school plays. You comment on our English which you thought we threw away like a dirty undergarment and about our not understanding the Oliphant. You have turned out to be 'A serpent under the flower'.

Yours angrily,  
An Exie.

Dear Ed,

Why do you and the board always hound Mr. Kanchari and what he does. You are like the European paparazzi who do not stop at anything. Look at what he 'has' done for the school. We have the Activity Centre, the Learning Resource Centre, the Squash Courts and last and certainly not the least 'P.H.' That's quite an achievement and I think he deserves more credit. He has taken Welham 'From strength to strength.'

Yours fanatically,  
An Ardent Fan

## W. O. B. N.

Yusuf Anis Ahmed, Ex-654, Krishna, has just completed his 'O' levels in Stowe getting three A grades and two A+'s. Our congratulations. The various guys from last year's batch have got into the following colleges and institutions:-

Bhagat Singh : Harpreet Singh, Sanidhya Sindhwani, Sameer Gambhir, Rohit Jaiswal, Asif Burza, Gautam Khattar, Alok Mehta, Jai Amar Deep, Rana Randeep, Davinder Pal.

Venkateswara College: Amit Oberoi

Hindu : Kirtiman Singh

Kirori Mal : Sharad Poddar

St. Stephens : Jigme Lachungpa

Sri Ram College of Commerce : Ashish Mathur, Waseem Ahmed Trumboo, Piyush Sharma.

Sydenham : Gaurav Wahi

Pune : Jayant Gokhale

BITS, Pilani : Mayank Tiwari

IIT, Delhi : Sharib Khan, Batch of Class X in 1993.

Pittsberg, America : Nitin Agarwal.

Vikas Kumar and Nitin Bhanot are preparing for entrance in Medical Colleges.

Aresh Shirali, Batch of 1988-89, is the Assistant Editor of Advertising and Marketing.

Arnab Chaudhuri, Ex-220, G1988-89, is now working for Channel [V] in Bombay in the Animation Department.

# LITERARY AFFAIRS

## Wanted Dead Or Alive

I gave you a chance, but you didn't say yes,  
Now I'll do things to you, that you can't even  
guess.

I'll show you what it takes to say no to me,  
By the end of it you'll endure more than you  
have seen.

When I want something, I know how to get it,  
And if I can't then I just wanna break it.  
I'll do the same to you, I'll just crush you like  
an ant,  
I know you will wanna escape but no, then you  
can't.

Your happiness will disappear, your joy will be  
raped,  
And your future, by my hands, will be shaped.  
I'll torture you so bad that you'll be forced to  
be mine,  
I'll make bloody sure that I'm not wasting my  
time.

All the light from your life will be cut,  
All entrances and exits will be shut.  
Till you say you love me and agree to be my  
wife,  
I swear till that time I'll really mess up your  
life

You have to be mine, you got no choice,  
Twenty four hours a day, you'll hear my voice.  
You'll live in trepidation, you'll live in fear,  
I'll make your life so silent, your breathing  
you'll hear.

Even then if you don't succumb, don't give up,  
Then even the necessities of your life will be  
at

No clothes to wear, no bed to sleep,  
And without food for days you will have to  
keep.

Imagine life without music and without good  
food,  
I know I'm an idiot, insane, I am a crazy dude.

You'll work like a maid, you'll do all the chores,  
The way you are going, it'll all be yours.

Life for you will be worse than hell,  
Living in filth, it'll be worse than a cell.  
But I'll be good to you, there will be an option,  
You can live in style and in sophistication.

The day you agree you can well be my queen,  
But before that all you can do is dream.  
For your sores and wounds, you'll have no  
cream,  
No one will hear you as much as you'll scream.

You'll beg for death but it too will not come,  
And I'll sit and watch you, devouring all the fun.  
You said that you always had your way,  
But now it's my turn, every dog has its day.

I'll make it brutal, barbaric and utterly  
butcherous,  
I'll do anything it takes to be called treacher-  
ous.  
It'll be my territory, it'll be my law,  
And it will be carried out without a flaw.

Even then if I just don't succeed, I'll let you go,  
But in the condition you'll be in, even a brothel  
will say no.

Acid will have ruined your pretty face,  
Of your beauty, I won't even leave a trace.

All this you suffered, all this you endured,  
By my proposal you should have been lured.  
If you'd say yes, this you wouldn't have to bear,  
But now you will because what you did, you  
shouldn't have dared.

You won't get shelter, you won't get refuge,  
Just because my proposal you dared to refuse.  
Into this hell, you yourself chose to dive,  
'Coz baby you're 'Wanted, Dead Or Alive.'

--Ankur Nigam  
Class XII

## Au Revoir Mes Amis

The moon smiled at me last night. She was full bodied, glorifying in her radiance yet she smiled a sympathetic smile. . . . . my sadness had been understood.

As the lunar rays shrouded the old school buildings with a magical sense of the past, I felt restless. The buildings which had become so familiar to me; the faces which had greeted me daily were soon to become history.

Welham is steeped in history and as the moon observed me last night, she too knew that just as the tide ebbs and flows, so too did I have to come and go. India with all its beauty and squalor, opulence and poverty; with its omnipresence of God has been my home for twelve months. . . . . but I have to go.

There was no need for me to walk to the main field for I knew it would be flooded with light; the moon's light. The aroma of freshly cut grass would still be hanging in the air. The monsoon rains had transformed the parched earth to lush green grass, but now the soil was awaiting the swift feet of the soccer season to ravage it. Memories of a broken arm, failed attempts to prevent goals and eleven ties charging towards me were disturbed by the torch light of the Chowkidar.

Memories of my year in India will be infused with images of the moon, the unpredictable beam of a torch and the quivering flame of a candle. Never have I spent so many moments in darkness. . . . . sometimes playing hide and seek with the solitary candle which graced my small abode and on other occasions, simply allowing myself to drown in the dark void and let the silence caress me.

Silence from now on will always bring with it an orchestra of sounds; the lychee wallahs guarding their livelihoods, the toads partying in the pond, the nocturnal crickets like monks chanting their mantras, and the sound of breathing. . . . . the sound of one's own body breathing in the dark, still night. Diwali will explode on the tennis courts without me this year and the pleasant moon will wax and wane above the main field as we all grow older and wiser, or perhaps younger and more innocent.

The moon will keep her ever watchful

eye on all of us and when she speaks to me again, the cold waters of Swansea Bay will be shimmering with her light.

There are no Himalayas here I am going, only the waters of the Bristol Channel; no alfresco rehearsals under the star speckled sky, only enervating lunch time practices in a characterless hall; no buffalo slumbering beneath the cool shade of the bamboo, only cats prowling in the night; no pan wallahs stained with betel juice, only the twenty four hour garage selling petroleum for a smoother running engine; no milkman carrying his fresh produce on a bicycle, only prepacked milk purchased from the sterile shelf of a multimillionaire's supermarket; no playing at bumper cars around the clock tower, only motorists adhering to the rules and regulations of an unadventurous highway code; no vivacious verbal exchanges with shopkeepers, only fixed prices everywhere. Where I am going, there will be no one to say, 'And what is your good name ma'am?' Where I am going there will be no one to remind me of India. . . . .

But the moon will not change. . . . . she will be the same moon and she speaks to us all. . . . . if we want to hear her. So my friends at Welham, before the moon speaks to me again at the next Poomima, I will have whispered something to her. . . . . and listen carefully, for when you next catch a glimpse of her dancing bare footed on the main field, she will be carrying my whisper to you.

Apologies to those who find my words 'senti.' . . . . Blame the moon and India. . . . . they both have magic in them. . . . . and I am under their spell.

—Ms. Blaire Davies

(The author was an exchange teacher from Myndbach, Wales who stayed at Welham for a year. She was actively involved with the English Department as well as Theatre Studies. She was the director of this year's Joint Production which was greatly appreciated by all. She has definitely taken back very fond memories of school, it's boys and India. She learnt a great deal from us as we did from her.)

## Who is a Father Anyway?

When the child was born, he didn't breathe with his wife,  
He didn't rock the cradle when the child cried.  
Waiting for his 'Papa' the kid would spend hours in dismay,  
And in would come he, shuffle his hair, "How's it going kid?" was all that he would say.  
When in pain he would shout "Something is wrong. He wants you, Kim."  
But never realised the child wanted him.

Sometimes he wanted to hug the child, when he would be sleeping,  
But never did, as he was a father, who on reaching home after work would give the kid a beating.  
What magical elusive quality does the child see in his father?  
"Is it the strength of the hands he trusts never to drop him when thrown in air?" would wonder his mother.  
Is it the fear that never surfaces or the tear that is never shed,  
Or perhaps love that is rarely accompanied by words and is never fed.

It is sad but true,

That he who never bakes the cake, irons the shirt, tells a story or goes for walks along the way, has given birth to a child who sits in darkness and wonders "WHO IS A FATHER ANYWAY?"

--Akshi Saxena  
Class XII

## She's Like the Wind

She's like the wind to my trees,  
She's like the night next to me,  
She leads me to the moonlight only to burn me with the Sun,  
She has taken my heart, she doesn't know what's she done.  
She's somebody close to me but I can't look her in her eyes,  
Her name is on my lips and like a fool I believe,  
But she's like the wind.  
I look in the mirror and all that I can see,  
Is that I am not a man with only your dream,  
I am just fooling myself living without her,

But like a fool I believe I am everything she needs,  
Her name is on my lips but I am a fool and believe that she's like the wind.  
Oh! P.S. I love you.

--Taha Islam  
Class XII

## THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

### RAINY SEASON

In the rainy season, we get wet. That is why we wear rain coats and boots. When it rains, the grass grows tall. When it rains, mosquitoes bite us. Some people don't like the rainy season. In the rainy season, we see lightning in the sky and hear thunder.

--Kunga Namgyal  
Class I

We wear rain coats and boots in the rainy season. When water goes into snake holes, the snakes come out. The flowers grow with the rain. When the rain stops after we get wet, the sun shines brightly, our clothes dry because of it and we can see a rainbow.

--Ajitesh Kir  
Class I

I like to wear a raincoat and play in the rain because without a raincoat, I feel cold. When it rains, the rivers are full of water. Sometimes, water goes into the snake holes and the snakes come out. I can see a rainbow after the rain stops and the sun shines.

--Manik Taya  
Class I

When we stay in the rain and get wet, we get fever. I like to stay in the rain and have fun in the water. That is why I wear a cap when it rains. The clouds are black when it rains.

--Sabair Pradhan  
Class I

# NATURE ' S      DIARY

## A Weekend Trip

There are many treks that are tiring. Completing one of these seems to give a sense of achievement. A trek which is difficult, passes through peaceful surroundings and is long, demands a lot of willpower. It is a rewarding experience.

Four of us, three boys and one escort, Mr. Navneet Singh went on a 42 kilometres long trek, Sahastradhara-Shavara-Dhrumala-Suwakholi-Mussoorie-Barlowganj-Jharipani-Rajpur on the 26th of August at 4 o'clock in the evening.

The sky was overcast with clouds. There had been rain during the first half of the day. We hurried towards the Sahastradhara chowk and bought our necessities from the nearby shops. The bus was late and by the time we started the trek, it was already 5:15 pm. The first few kilometres of the road seemed to have been motorable at some time long ago but later the trek became steeper and the track, wide three metres became a mere two feet.

Now from half way up the mountain we could see the sanguine sunset. The vegetation around us had grown thick and soon the sky turned dark. Fortunately the path again gained width. We switched on our torches. It was easy going but for the rugged rocky track. We arrived at a small village called Shavara (5000 ft.) at 8:15 pm. Then talked to a villager about the security and after a nice meal which we had brought with us we went to sleep in the verandah of a school.

The most difficult part of the trek was when we had to make our way through a fresh landslide. It seemed to be full of risk but with great confidence and determination we crossed it unhurt.

On the morning of Sunday, the 27th of August we left early at 7:00 for trekking the more beautiful and refreshing but tiring part.

On our way we met a few people from whom we came to know why there weren't any orchards around, where did their children go to study, and about the wild animals one might come across. The most astonishing answer was

given by a college student who told us that he went down all the way to Sahastradhara and then to Dehra Dun every morning and returned home in the evening. He must have been quick on his feet! We wondered why one did not make him an ace athlete.

The weather was cool and there was some drizzle at times. I saw a Red Billed Blue Magpie on the way. After a few hours we reached Dhrumala (6000 ft.) where the PPCL Phosphate rock mine is situated. Here also I saw a few birds which we do not get to see at school at this time of the year. They were the Grey Wagtail, The Grey Tit and The Yellow Cheeked Tit. From here onwards we had to walk on metallic roads. We crossed the small village called Suwakholi and reached the conjunction of the PPCL and the Dhanolti main road. Dhanolti is ten kilometres from this point.

Hiking while one is hungry, is irritating so we decided to cook noodles at a roadside house. It was here that we realised the backwardness of the villages. When we asked the owner for clean water he gave a very positive 'yes.' But when we had a look at the water provided, we realised that it was actually undrinkable.

We rode on top of a bus and reached Mussoorie which was 15 kilometres from there.

In Mussoorie, we had some food at a dhaba and ice cream from a nearby shop.

Without losing the vital time in hand, we trekked down the hill from Mussoorie crossing Barlowganj (5050 ft.) and Jharipani (4500 ft.). On our way, we spotted a pair of King Vultures soaring above the background of the vivid Doon Valley. At 5:15 pm., we had reached Raipur. Hence being a total trek of 42 kilometres in twenty four hours.

From Raipur, we took a local bus to Dehra Dun and returned to school feeling refreshed and with a sense of achievement.

—Digvijay Lamba  
Class X

# WELHAM NOW

1. The term started with the students getting a view of campus development. The big gate and the turnstile in front of Woodseats have been removed and instead, two turnstiles have been installed. Also, the sandpits have been extended for the 'woodseaters' to allow them to fool around with more sand.

2. Five teams from our school consisting of three boys' each went to participate in the Survey of India Map Quiz held at the Survey of India Institute, Dehra Dun during the summer holidays.

3. There has been quite a few leavers and joiners in the Staff Community. Miss Monica Khanna, Mr. Asheesh Kumar Sharma, Mr. Manmohan Sharma, Mr. Virmani and Miss Blaire have left school. These teachers have been replaced by Mrs. Anand, Mr. Arora, Mr. Sharma, Mr. Shrichar, Mr. Pravesh Kumar and Mr. Alexander. We wish them a happy stay in the school.

4. Mr. and Mrs. Basu have returned after an year's stay in England and have shifted to Dr. Saxena's house. They have taken charge of their previous classes and Mr. Basu has been reinstated as the House Master of Cauvery House.

5. The Dehra Dun district team, which mainly consisted of boys' from our school, at the Mini-Basketball Districts Championship in Gorakhpur lifted the runners up trophy. The boys' were Parevesh Kumar, Sachin Kumar, Karan Singh, Mukti Bikram Shah, Ritesh Pandey, Sharad Chauhan, Akshat Agarwal (Captain of the team), Maneesh Shreshtha and Bishesh Shreshtha. Out of them, Parevesh Kumar, Ritesh Pandey and Mukti Bikram Shah were selected for nationals to be held at Ropar later this month.

6. Samarth Pratap Singh was the Captain of the Dehra Dun Youth Basketball team which participated in the 2nd U. P. State Basketball

Championship held in Bijnor. The team came third. Samarth was selected to play in the nationals.

7. Mr. Kandhari represented Welham Boys' School in the Round Square Conference at Australia.

8. Anrut Kar and Karan Gulaya represented our school in the Zee T.V. show, the 'Bourvita Quiz Contest'. They were accompanied by Mr. Shashi Bhushan.

9. Manan Verma participated in the U. P. Cross Country Marathon held in the summer vacations.

10. The Hindi Handwriting Competition was held during the classes.

11. A Staff Meeting was held on the 30th of August, 1995.

12. The members of the School Committee met in the Staff Dining Room after lunch on 31st August, 1995.

13. The School Soccer team went to Lucknow to participate in the Councils on the 31st of August, 1995.

14. Sunit Mehta and Rahul Goerka went to Pilani for table-tennis championships on the 2nd of September, 1995.

15. The Class XIIth socials with girls from Mussoorie International School were cancelled to the boys' dismay.

16. To the delight of the boys' the Dean has accepted to keep the school's schedule as it used to be before.

17. The Inter-School Science and Computer Quiz to be held in Welham Girls' High School on 26th of August was postponed to the 4th of September, 1995.

# RINGSIDE VIEW

Samarth Singh was declared the captain of the Dehra Dun Youth Basketball team which participated in the 2nd U.P. State Basketball Championships held at Bijrnr from the 16th to 19th of July, 1995. Dehra Dun team came third in the tournament and Samarth was selected to represent the U.P. team in the Nationals which will be held at Burdwan in West Bengal from 16th to 24th of October, 1995.

Nine boys from our school were selected to represent the Dehra Dun mini-basketball team in the recently concluded 4th U.P. State Mini-Basketball Championship held at Gorakhpur from 18th to 21st of August, 1995. The following boys' went : Parevesh Kumar, Sachin Kumar, Karan Singh, Mukti Bikram Shah, Ritesh Pandey, Sharad Chauhan, Akshat Agarwal, Maneesh Shreshtha and Bishesh Shreshtha. Akshat Agarwal was the Captain of the team. The team lost to the Banaras team and stood runners up. Out of the nine boys' the following from our school were selected for the nationals to be held at Ropar later this month: Parivesh Kumar, Ritesh Pandey and Mukti Bikram Shah.

The School Basketball Team played its first match of the term with D.A.V. College. After an exciting match the School lost by seven points. The score in the end was 93-100 in favour of D.A.V. team. Akash Sharma demonstrating tremendous skill played exceptionally well.

It is a matter of great pride that Mr. Vinod Vachani, who has completed over ten years of coaching in our school has been selected by the Basketball Federation of India to undergo the Olympic Solidarity National Basketball Coaches Clinic 1995 to be conducted in India by experts from 'International Amateur

Basketball Federation' for two weeks from the second week of October, 1995 at SAINIS South Center Bangalore. We wish him all the luck and hope that after his return he will be able to assist us in achieving greater success so that we can live up to our motto, 'From strength to strength.'

Switching on from basketball to another ball game - football. The term began with the usual soccer enthusiasts out in the field showing off their 'Maradona' and 'Baggio' skills. A number of them came for the school team practise. But after a few days coaching under our school soccer coach, many of them were seen stumbling back to their hostels 'puffed-out'. The number of the enthusiastic soccer players reduced considerably the next week as many wanted to survive for the athletics season.

The school team played their first match of the season against Young Club. Though playing well the team was no match for the 'clubbers' and we lost by six goals and were unable to score even a single goal against them. Their second match was more promising. They played against . This time after more practise under the coach, the team was able to perform better and we won by a goal. The score at the end of the match was 3-2 in favour of Welham Boys' School. Manish, our school football captain, was the star player and scored two goals. The third goal was scored by

After two weeks of rugged and vigorous practise, the school soccer team went to Lucknow on the 31st of August to play the Councils.

Rahul Goenka, the table-tennis captain, and Sunit Mehta went to Pilani on the 2nd of September to participate in the Championships held there.

## EDITORIAL BOARD

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