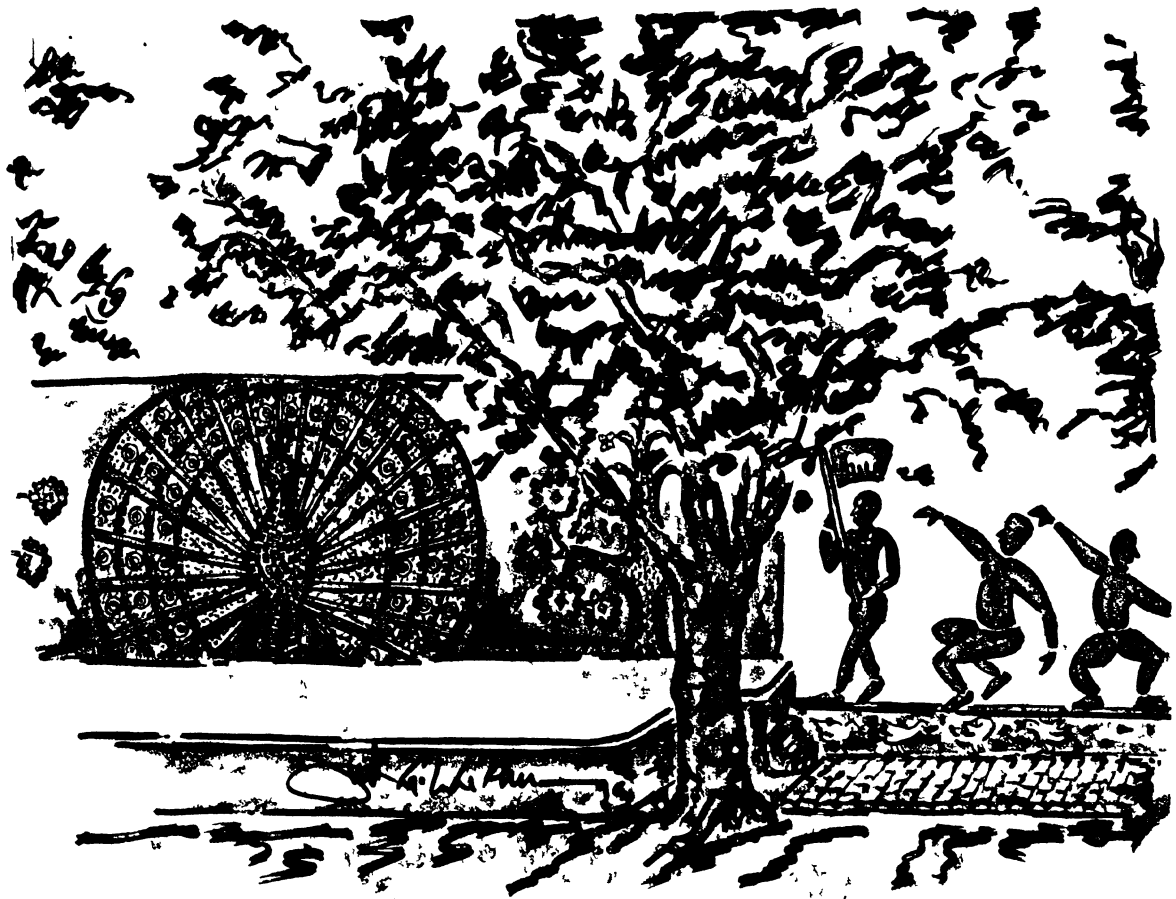


THE OLIPHANT

No.189

FOUNDERS' DAY SPECIAL NUMBER

26th October 1999



Think About It*The ignorant talk, and the learned listen.**--Anon***EDITORIAL**

How quickly time flies, here I am writing my last Editorial, hardly had I settled down to the task of editing the Oli, when the time has come for me to hand over.

Having being rafting for the seventh and perhaps final time, I have returned the school refreshed both in body and mind (a premature return, as my pocket got picked in Rishikesh).

As usual, we have all developed our pre-founders narcissist tendencies. The harried tailor once again tries to please every touchy individual and his weird individual tastes. One can see everybody busy preening themselves with greater passion and care this time around. Natural, considering the fact that this Founder's is the first 'Occasion' that one can dress up as we were not included in the few 'Occasions' that happened earlier.

The school campus has been spruced up, exhibition concepts are being planned and executed and yours truly and his faithful board have been working round the clock on the Oli.

Looking back on a few achievements in the past few months, the captains of both Hockey and Cricket maintained a 100% success rate through their respective seasons. Overall, the school has had an exceptionally good sporting year thus far. A brief summary of the various events is in the ringside view, painstakingly compiled by our able correspondent. The school is soon to be a proud member of the International Round Square Conference. Much has been achieved but much remains to be done. This is invariably true of any growing institution. Now with the Diamond Jubilee due in 1997 major plans are about to be initiated to implement far reaching improvements in facilities for the students.

Having been a student for more than a

decade, I have literally seen the school go 'From Strength to Strength.' On every successive Founder's the school boasts of new and improved facilities, be it a vast new library, a new Activity Centre or new sport and academic facilities.

Every year the Head proudly adds another feather to his already feathered cap. Students and teachers can rely upon on availing additional facilities.

A stupendous achievement for which full credit must go to the Head and his colleagues.

An area in which I feel we are still lacking is the teacher-student relationship. Unfortunately, it is difficult for most students to relate to their teachers. I hope, in time this too will come about and the teachers-students will share a healthy, mutually enlightening relationship.

The athletics season is underway and in full swing. The controversial captain has belied all expectations by actually winning a few important races. In doing so he has effectively silenced his numerous detractors. Hats off to you A.N.

Lastly, I would like to thank my colleagues, readers and an extremely inspired and creative friend who writes under the pseudonym of 'The Unknown Soldier' for constantly having contributed brilliant articles whenever I have asked him. I would also like to thank the staff rep. for his guidance. (even though I feel he was, on occasions severe on some touchy topics and used his pen with a vengeance).

My Cup runneth over so with a heavy heart, I bid goodbye.

--Aditya

OLD BOYS' NEWS

A meeting was held in New Delhi on 13th of October, 1996. The meeting was presided over by Mr. S. Kandhari, president of the Old Boys' Society. The agenda was the 'Diamond Jubilee Celebrations.' The following members were present :

Name	Batch of	No.
1. Mr. Nikhil Kriplani	1990	210
2. Mr. Parth Arora	1990	373
3. Mr. Jagjit Singh	1983	378
4. Mr. Sanidhya Sindhwani	1995	510
5. Mr. Kratu Khana	1989	92
6. Mr. Janme Jay Rai	1990	273
7. Mr. Puneet Trehan	1990	68
8. Mr. Anurag Kumar	1992	440
9. Mr. Waseem Ahmed	1995	496
10. Mr. Arif Burza	1995	498
11. Mr. Sajan Gambhir	1993	350
12. Mr. Varun Sood	1993	429
13. Mr. Kshitij Saxena	1993	145
14. Mr. Tanuj Sethi	1987	134
15. Mr. Sanjay Sahni	1987	212
16. Mr. Kundan Veer Singh	1987	63
17. Mr. Danish Ansari	1995	533
18. Mr. Alok Mehta	1995	522

19. Mr. Davinder P Singh	1995	535
20. Mr. Ashish Mathur	1995	694
21. Mr. Ankush Bansal	1990	56
22. Mr. Samir Gambhir	1995	468
23. Mr. Rana Randip	1995	500
24. Mr. Sekhar Tyagi	1993	368
25. Mr. Dhruv Seghal	1993	459
26. Mr. Humayun Khan	1993	527
27. Mr. Sachin Jain	1993	456
28. Mr. Udit Mittal	1992	248
29. Mr. Manav Seghal	1996	587
30. Mr. Manav Khullar	1993	426
31. Mr. Rajiv Sharma	1983	123
32. Mr. Ashish Goswamy	1989	178
33. Mr. Mayank Gupta	1993	410
34. Mr. Sandeep Sawhney	1991	21
35. Mr. V. S. Lamba	1993	101
36. Mr. Rajiv Vashist	1989	192
37. Mr. Naresh	1982	172

Parth Arora suggested a film be produced on Welham, the cost to be funded by the WOBS. This was agreed to and an initial contribution of Rs. 10,000/- has been received from Tanuj Sethi. Ex 134-K

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

As this is the last issue under you, i.e my batch, I feel I just have to relate of my short but sweet sojourn in this school.

These last two years have seen me come crashing down to earth.

Coming from Bombay where I earlier studied, life was different and faster. I landed here full of conceit and will be walking out of here a more humble and mature person. For this I thank 'Welham' and my friends, for literally having changed my entire outlook on life.

Welham has changed me not only mentally but physically too. From being over weight and lazy, these two years have helped me rediscover my love for sports and have instilled in me a spirit of adventure.

Thank's 'Welham' for all you have

taught me because I felt that I will walk out of here a much better person.

Yours gratefully,
Sohrab Mulla.
Class XII

Dear Ed,

With reference to the letter by 'A Nouveau Brahmin' in the last issue, it is rumored that you wrote it yourself. If you did not, then who did?

Yours truly,
Rohan Sood.
Class XI

Ed: I do not write to myself, and as a matter of policy, I cannot divulge the name of the correspondent.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Whimsical Priest & The Sycophantic Laughter

They respected him, that's why they were there. Did they really? Or it was just that they pretended to. I don't think they really understood or appreciated him but I guess it was en vogue to pretend that you did.

He was attired in his usual leather jacket, vest and dungarees. He had tattoos all over and every imaginable part of his face, save for his eyes, was pierced. Metal glares protected his eyes from harsh reality and his bald scalp shone with sweat. A strong whiff of grass is smelt as he pulls a long, last drag from his joint.

Stoned, he saunters up the steps and foxtrot's into the church. A roaring ovation greets him as his pseudo-fans see him. Basking in glory, he strolls over to the dais wears his priestly robes and greets the assembly. Rapt silence, wonder struck eyes, jaws drop in awe as the priest proceeds with his sermon. Admira-

tion, envy, appreciation, awe fills the air as he carries on delivering a perfect sermon.

Never before have you felt more Christian than when hearing him speak. It is holy, it is sacred, it is pure. The assembly gave him yet another standing ovation as he walked to his chambers content at having done his bit.

They walked out quietly each wondering what to say. Mrs. Fletcher breaks the silence by saying, 'Isn't he despicable?' 'Yes' agrees Mr. Rafter, 'That old coot should be shot!' Everyone gathered outside the church burst out into laughter.

Humanity.....tsk..tsk, you have done me great wrong. I who have created you, feel let down by your hypocrisy and decide that I have made a mistake..... a very grave mistake.

--*The Unknown Soldier*

The Carpenter

Incessant rain, ominous black clouds and the distant roar of thunder kept the old carpenter awake. A single candle lit the room as a pile of matchsticks, ashes and cigar butts gathered on the heath rug. He puffed away at his umpteenth cigar as he dreamily stared at the small torrents of water that rolled down the panes in his black living room windows.

His battered old chair creaked as he shifted his weight with a change in thought. A weary grin covered his crinkly face as fleeting memories of the good old days greeted him. The boys..... yes, that's what they were, the picnics, the fairs, the boat rides on the lake, the talkies and Oh! How could he possibly forget the girls?!

'Those were the days' he thought aloud. School was but a brief interlude in his frivolous existence. Then suddenly, he got this ache to recapture the joy of youth, even for an instant, but it was not to be, as the rattling of the windows sent him off to get his tools.

--*The Unknown Soldier*

The Trek to Kedar Nath and Beyond

Why do we do it, climb the impossible and then lie flat on the top of Vasuki-Taal pass at a height of 16000 ft. in a t-shirt surrounded by an ocean of clouds with our heads splitting due to the lack of oxygen. Why? - because trekking (like a good many bad habits) can be turned profitable if you follow the camel of love.

So off I went once again for another trek during our mid-term break accompanied by Ganga house IXth Class students. Stuffed in a thirty five seater bus carrying forty three, to an area in the Garhwal which has been traditionally identified as the domain of Shiva, Kedar Nath. Although at times, the entire Uttrakhand, particularly Garhwal is referred as Kedar Nath the term appropriately applies to the tract of land lying between the valley of the Bhagirathi and Alaknanda. The word Kedar, it is speculated, refers in Sanskrit to a natural rock formation or glacial moraine. Kedar Nath, is infact, built on a huge platform of loose and unconsolidated glacial material. The temple may have been built on the edge of a glacier which has since retreated

about a kilometer and a half.

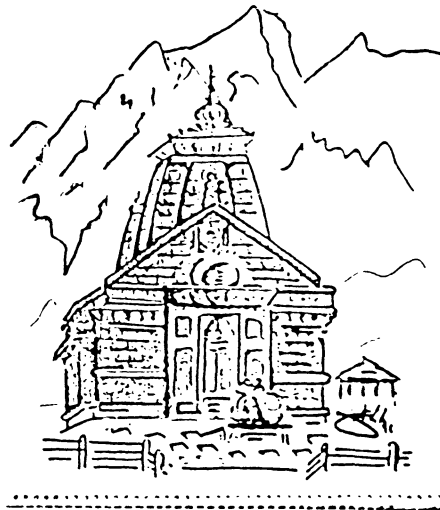
Round and round, up and down we made our twelve hour journey, till the base camp 'Gaurikund' crossing Rudraprayag the confluence at Alaknanda and Mandakani. In this trek Mandakani was with us all the way up to Kedar Nath. Not the Actress who is in Dubai somewhere, but the river. Why did Rudraprayag come into my mind. Yes, for the story which I always narrate to the middle-school students (the notorious man-eater Leopard of Rudraprayag shot and then narrated by the famous Jim Corbett).

I really thanked Lord Shiva when our bus came to a halt, finally at Gaurikund. Gaurikund is a small township with only one street. The Seventh Avenue has tiny shops on both sides, majority of them being 'Dhabas.' In ten minutes one can go to and fro the whole Seventh Avenue. After a hearty meal in a small Dhaba, we slept as we were really tired after having done nothing but sit in the bus and go up and down, the Garhwal rollercoaster.

We were up by the crack of dawn with the sky still silvery, the waters of the river made Gaurikund look pretty. As the first ray of sunlight hit the town, we had eaten our 'chota hajiri' and were marching up the new track. The trek had finally begun. As we trekked up, one could feel the nip in the air and see the vegetation change due to inaccessibility of the region and relatively fewer human habitations. Forest and fauna is abundant in the district. The forest cover in the region is 60-80%, housing a bewildering varieties of trees, flowers, wild animals, birds, fish and butterflies.

It took us five hours to complete the trek and it all happened after one bend, the valley opened up and far in the distance one saw the loft temple standing with the majestic backdrop of snow-capped mountains. My fore runners Shradhe and Shyam had already checked out the place and made the

necessary arrangements for our stay which was right behind the temple. To my surprise, Kedar Nath was the cleanest temple town I had ever stepped into. It was a delight walking through its narrow streets and at the end of the street, in a square courtyard stands the Kedar Nath temple dedicated to Lord Shiva, the holiest of all the Shiva shrines in the Himalayas. It is said that the Pandavas were advised by the sage Vysa, after their power had waned, to embark on a Himalaya pilgrimage to cleanse themselves out of their sin of 'gotra hatya' (slaying one own's kith and kin). When the wandering brothers reached Kedar Nath, Shiva - who had made more desire to accept the homage of the



fratricides - assumed the form of a bull and prepared to hide himself underground. The powerful Bhima clung onto the hind quarters of the departing deity and interrupted his vanishing act. The lingham at Kedar is a natural rock formation which resembles the rump of a bull. Shiva, never very difficult to please in the face of persistent devotion, relented and allowed himself to be propitiated. The four legs had in the meanwhile trav-

elled some distance and reappeared in Kathmandu where they are worshiped to this day as Pashupatinath or Lord of the beast; other parts of Shiva's body reappeared as fragments at different nearby places giving birth to other Kedars- the navel at Madhmasheshwar, the arms at Tungnath, the face at Rudranath, and the matted hair (jatas) at Kalpeshwar.

After checking in, dropping our heavy rucksacks, one sat in a small dhaba, sipping tea and waiting for the rest of the team to arrive. The stream kept on trickling till late in the evening and one group of class seventh boys walked in when we had already finished our supper. The trek had left no space for the boys to wander around but to hit the sack for the next days trek to Vasuki taal.

It was still dark when I heard a hustle bustle in my room, the boys were up and getting set to climb the 'taal.' We walked to the dhaba, sipped our tea and taking along with us packed lunch, started our trek. While paying the bill, I looked at the temple which stands at the head of Mandakani

river in the shadows of the Kedar peak. The sun had just crept upto the top ridge, which gave us an indication to get moving. We walked on our twos, crawled on fours, lay flat on our backs and finally reached Kedar taal surrounded by an ocean of clouds, with no energy to move further down. The time was 11 am and in the distance we could hear avalanches. None of us had, at this given time any energy to proceed further. Higher than the flight of the eagle, floating in the clouds of heaven, we lay flat. All of a sudden, the cloud cover cleared and one of the boys lying beside me shouted, 'look at the beautiful sapphire blue lake below.' Up on our toes we charged down the last 3 kilometers to Vasuki taal. On reaching the lake, it started to rain but this was no invisible rain. It was snow. The temperature dropped down and we were hungry too. After a quick meal, sitting on the rocks beside the lake we saw our guide who was a Brahmin, offering the Brahma Kamal or the Lotus of Brahma, often used for religious observances, this large flower is a sweet-smelling flower found in the higher reaches beyond 3000 metres. The boys and I also joined the 'panda' who after reciting a few mantras made us all offer the lotus to the lake. The weather now got worse and the cloud cover thickened. It was an indication for our march back to Kedar Nath. It was quiet easy coming down hill. Now we were down to the tree line: First sprawling, aromatic junipers and bigger bush rhododendrons, then the graceful, white barked birch trees, and then the outlines of the main conifer forest - the dark gothic spires of silver fir (*Abies*) and spruce (*Picea*). Lower down we found ourselves in an area of Christmas-tree like blue pine or of the great Himalayan Cedar or Deodar, with its flat branches and upright cones, and last the conifers, the massive long leaved pine which supports a profitable turpentine industry. Gnarled Himalayan Oaks of three kinds, and ringal (bamboo) have replaced the birch trees.

We were in time for the evening 'Aarti' and after that we sat in the dhaba and chatted with the local inhabitants till supper was prepared. They told us that marriages were arranged by family elders and usually take place within the caste. Both polygamy and polyandry are practised, the latter in the Fateh Parvat region of Tashil Purola. Among certain commu-

nities, such as the doms, shilpkas and khasas, the custom of purchasing the bride by giving the 'bride money' to the guardian is still prevalent in the ravine area, a widow is allowed to co-habit with a man called 'Kathala', for the purpose of begetting heirs. There is a strong feeling in favour of family co-hension, so as to avert fragmentation of land holdings.

Next day we returned to Gaurikund, and after having arrived, we took an early lunch and set off for Srinagar in the bus. The dwellings in the villages are adapted to climatic conditions and differ in the valleys from those on the hill tops. They are usually two or three stories high; the ground floor (*avara*) is used for housing cattle and the upper storey (*majyula*) for living. The walls are made of stone or wood and the roofs are covered with Deodar plants, or slate. A store house termed 'kothar', is built in the front courtyard for storing grain and utensils. Some of the older buildings have fine specimens of carved woodwork, which is now a dying art. New houses are built of bricks and cement.

The bus rolled into Srinagar, late in the evening. The boys partied in the most advanced town of Garhwal while the teacher was recuperating after the exhausting journey. Three days of 'aaloo' and 'gobhi' for all meals was tonight replaced by a change of menu for dinner. The staple diet of the people consists of rice, wheat, mandua and jangora. At higher altitudes, potato, phaphra and chauli are used to supplement the diet. In certain areas, the hill-folk are skilled in recognizing edible mushrooms which are considered to be a great delicacy. The Jads have their own version of tea, made from the leaves of the 'thuner' plant. Another local product which is widely used is oil from the 'bhekal' plant, which is considered second only to ghee. In the Rawain area, rice is taken with both meals but in place of lentils, the starchy liquid extracted from boiled rice is used with salt.

On the last day of the camp we drove from Srinagar to school after having a dip in wide sandy beaches of the river Ganga in Beasie, we returned to school. As the good old saying goes 'All good things come to an end' and so did ours.

--Mr. Jagjit Singh

NATURE'S DIARY

RETURN TO NATURE

With a white cloth tied to his waist he slowly trod the path through the forest. The dry leaves on the forest floor felt like a cushion on his bare feet. His facial expressions spoke for him. There was an air of satisfaction around him. He lacked the tension of a frustrated man. The long hair touched his shoulders. A light breeze filled the air with the scent of the amaltas flower. A robin chirped from the bush-top. Other than this silence prevailed.

Ratan Singh approached a thatched hut, which had served him as a house for the past six years. It now stood in front of him in a dilapidated state. His wife called for him from the hut.

She was preparing supper. A stream of smoke rose from the chimney into the otherwise clean air.

In all his life he had not experienced such bliss as he did now. He remembered how in his childhood he had wished to live in the forest, close to nature. His father was proud of him to have inculcated a healthy habit of appreciating nature's beauty.

School was the place where it all began. The cut throat competition compelled him to spend more time with text books. City life began to influence him more than ever before. What had been luxury before became a necessity as he grew in the metropolitan atmosphere. His earlier desires faded. He now looked forward to acquiring wealth and material goods. But there was no end to this greed.

Year after year as he grew older his burdens only multiplied. Work at office, and worry at home was all that his life was limited to. With years of hard work he made a lot of money. Still there was something missing. His life lacked the peace and happiness that he had always yearned for.

Time was running out. He had already lost the years of his youth and yet he had not achieved anything substantial. He began to

ponder on the aim of his life. It seemed that, sometimes over the years, he had lost the charity of thought which he had once possessed in his childhood. Where had he gone wrong?

Was it society, the people around him who had influenced him? A voice in him said 'Yes.' The politics, the selfishness, their inimical attitude were the culprits.

All humans have evil in them but what abets this evil is social practice. Man killing man, hatred between communities, wars, cunning politics and greed for material goods have turned man into a mere aggrandiser. His life is spent in earning a living. Neither does he know the aim of his life nor is he bothered to find it.

Ratan Singh was not fond of remaining a mere mortal. He wished to find the secret of life. The old thoughts of his childhood

rejuvenated in him. He renounced the world and went back to the home from which all humans have emerged, the forest.

Fortunate to have a wife who could accompany him, they now lived in the forest. A forest which provided seclusion, food, pleasure and happiness.

It was dusk and the sky had turned florid while Ratan Singh sat on a rock remembering his past. Perhaps he might be able to tell the story of his life someday, to someone who shared his views.

Man has been the product of nature and staying in harmony with it was the only way to attain the maximum out of life.

Ratan Singh is just one such example of many hundreds and thousands of people within whom lies the desire to unite with Mother Nature.

Ratan Singh is a Buddha in the making. There is one living in your neighbourhood also.

--Digvijay Lamba



OBITUARY

Yet another Editorial board completes its tenure. The Oliphant revelled in all its glory under their watchful eyes. I would like to congratulate them on behalf of the entire school community for a job well done. We will all miss them very much and therefore I take this opportunity to thank and bid them farewell personally.

Rumaan: This inspired individual had a short but distinctive tenure as Ed. of the Oli, before having to relinquish his post to assume his duties as School Captain which kept him occupied nearly all the time.

He thinks he's the Marlboro Man, a Harley Davidson biker, Shakespeare, Samson, Jim Morisson, Mike Tyson and Churchill all rolled into one. Very philosophical, he will never hesitate in showering you with ideas and opinions from radical schools of thought whether you appreciate them or not. You will leave him feeling either impressed or go running to a phone to call the looney bin.

The proud owner of a whacky sense of humor, he has often been whacked by infuriated people who feel prey to his wit. He did well for himself and we wish him all the very best.

'There was a guy called Kidwai,
I dunno, don't ask me why,
He was quite a dude,
Not at all a pseud,
All in all, a pretty nice guy.'

Goky: The roving reporter who moved from playing field to court with the alacrity of a speeding bullet. He acquired a pet name, 'STEALTH' for his knack of getting you the 'inside stuff' surreptitiously or otherwise. A modest guy who always underplayed his contribution on the field or court. He is the main member of the 'Kyool' Tennis Open team called 'Cool Dudes on the court.' His partner and he are all set to set the court ablaze during the upcoming Tennis Open. He has an unending stream of fashion accessories which he 'sports' on various occasions much to the envy of a few wannabe coolo's. I guess the best tribute to be paid to him would be that he was as good as a

reporter as he was a sportsman.

'There was a guy called Goky,
Who was always joky,
They called him Stealth,
His reporting was his wealth,
We'll miss him coz he'll soon be an exie.'

Siddharth: One of the most attractive personalities on the Oliphant Board and indeed the entire School Community. With his suave sophistication, impeccable dress sense and drop-dead smile, he has wooed many a maiden.....but that's another story altogether.

So conscientious was he about his work that he took it upon himself to cover everything from a major debate to the uprooting of a tree in the 'Welham Now.' A.D. took a special liking to lovable old 'Da' as he is fondly called by everyone, because whenever there was some space in the pages, Da always managed to fill it up with the results of a competition we didn't even know had taken place. Honestly, he did an excellent job of keeping the entire school community aware of all the happenings on campus and is indeed one of the best Welham Now Correspondent the Oliphant has had. He added an altogether new dimension to the 'happening' column. His successor has a tough job ahead of him as he has to match the standard set by 'The Incredible Da!'

'There was a guy called Da,
What a guy yaar, Wah!,
If you saw him in the light of the moon,
You'd fall back in a dead swoon,
Coz he had the personality of a star.'
(By the way, he's known as 'Sid The Kid' way out west.)

Ashish: The Desk-Top editor is in short.....brilliant. Ashish made sure he was always available when the Oliphant required him. He did everything possible within his reach (and believe me, that's a lot!) for the Oliphant inspite of his commitment to the 'Wavelength' which he co-edits along with Da or 'Sid The Kid' or 'Barfi' or whatever his name is.

Ashish has battled all odds including cantankerous editors, computer viruses, inadequate material, cribbing readers and teachers

with single mindedness to give the finishing touches to the Oli. He is definitely the means and the end of the publication.

'There was a guy called Gupta,
To who the board had to pay 'Hafta',
Coz if they did not do so,
He'd look for them high and low,
And there'd be hell to pay thereafter.'

Nawaz: A late addition to the board 'but nonetheless, a valuable one. A multi-talented individual who always has too much on his plate. Methinks he has too many fingers in too many pies, but if its alright with him, who am I to criticize?

Sudden bursts of inspiration caused him to piece together some very readable articles. Of late, if you want to catch a glimpse of A.N, all you have to do is go to the main field and try and catch up with him as he whizzes around the track trying to better his previous timings. Sadly for poor A.N, he is a much dispirited student as his main grouse is, 'When I do something right, nobody remembers, when I do something wrong, nobody forgets.' I can understand his sentiments and sympathize with him. I'd like to congratulate A.N for his pep about the Oliphant. Be it 'Leadership' or 'care for the poor', A.N

has got an entirely radical point of view that is well worth hearing.

'There was a guy called A.N,
Who to the staff was a royal pain,
He was quite a stud,
Always greeted you with a, 'Hi ! Bud.'
I wonder why they think he's insane.'

Aditya: After Rumaan stepped down, A.D. took over the reins of the Oli. He was far more...human for want of a better word. A.D. meant business. Less chutzpah but more substance. A more practical guy who never minced his words and did a wonderful job of covering all activities that took place in school. An extremely commendable effort of maintaining the high standard of the Oliphant. He is probably a bud that bloomed a little late, but as they say, better late than never. Despite his outward cynicism and his critical exterior (of which he is very proud) we'll all miss him for the guy he was. Well done A.D.

'There was a guy called A.D,
Who had ideas good and shady,
But when it came down to work,
Never did he shirk,
'For I am a workaholic', said he.

--*The Unknown Soldier*

LAMPOON

With the rising sun, the sons of Welham, P.H, welcome the day with teenage jargon and music as we call it or 'pollution' as they call it.

Before I leave for class, a voice full of pathos and melancholy comes from my friend Wahi, 'A.N, I have a splitting headache and was sick last night. Don't let my number be noted in the absent book.' I now regret his absence, presently my mornings are dry.

A delightful breakfast prepares us for the much awaited morning assembly (a really nerve wracking experience actually). The boss has given Hussain Zaidi a well deserved rest for having done his duty well. Rest is often given to prefects from time to time. It seems that Akbar has a query which is more of a smirky statement, 'Who will police the policemen?'

Thereafter, the afternoon drags on with perpetual compliments from the teachers, the prime recipients of such compliments being

Abhishek Bakshi, Amit Sekhri and Gurpreet Gambhir. During lunch, I come across the diamond in the gold mine, 'Ankush Salaria' who is a harbinger of good fortune(?) and a distant cousin of Ashish Gupta. The expression on his face suggests that the exchange programme between Welham and Mars is not working out. He will miss his blissful days on earth and above all, the Dean. Lunch is taboo for Sohrab Mulla who considers service to hotels and restaurants important. I vouch for his hardwork and suggest his services be considered for the D.E.A.S Gold Award.

I beg your pardon as I have to rush to the hostel to see Gaurav Panjwani and Rohan Baweja treating each other with flavoured punches, while Varun Lohia, the catalyst, is spurring them on. After sometime the sweat and blood evaporate and the cycle of love-hate relationship continues.

It is gametime Vinayak (Bala) and Akash (Raka) are making their way to the Gym. Juniors, eye the two towering figures with petrified eyes, overcome with awe, they whisper soft 'hellos!' to the two. An indignant grunt is their response. As they say, 'Mess with the best, die like the rest.'

When the evening comes, we shall hear thee say well done. Sohrab is back and is swearing, for the umpteenth time in front of his house master that he will solemnly abide by the school rules. Sohrab's services were unable to reach the restaurants today as Mr. Bhatia met him on the way. Unfortunately, for Mr. Bhatia, there is no citation for such work but he does not

give up and nor does Sohrab, who renders service only on two days, when it rains and when it doesn't.

At dinnertime, the salt and spices go into my system through my ears when I hear Kunal ploughing through the crowd to reach his favourite 'Gulab Jamuns.' His honours degree in Hinglish is revealed, when intoxicated with delight he purrs 'Julab Gamuns are bilkul tasty.'

I return to the hostel, Goki is studying chemistry, a subject in which he is doing exceptionally well. I do not want to disturb him, so I turn to my friend Rumaan for peace of mind.

--A.N Khan
Class XII

WELHAM NOW

1. Ranjit Chabra and Amit Kaul of Class XIth attended a Post-Monsoon Basic Mountaineering Course at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering (N.I.M), Uttarkashi from the 13th of September. The course lasted for 28 days.

2. The third dosage of the Hepatitis-B serum was injected on the 7th of October to the entire school community.

3. The Sports Committee meeting was held on the 8th of October. Introduction of Squash Colours and Badges for Captains of various games were decided upon.

4. A Quiz Committee meeting was held in the L.R.C on the 15th of October.

5. An 'Indian Public School's Conference' General Knowledge test was conducted on the 16th of October for the senior school.

6. The road extending from the L.R.C to the Squash Courts is being tarred and is on the verge of completion. The construction of the staff-quarters is progressing too, and is expected to be ready for use by the end of the term.

7. The inauguration of the 'Canara Bank', which is near the Activity Centre, took place on the 18th of this month.

8. The School Committee meeting was held on
(10)

the 10th of October in the staff dining room. The minutes of the previous meeting were passed. The matters which arose during the meeting were:

(i) Mr. Vinod Singh suggested that there should be speed breakers made on the road between Woodseats and Academic Block. The Chairman said that this was not in the hands of the school but the various government officials concerned will be contacted.

(ii) Regarding Anirudh Chauhan's suggestion that the path from the dining hall to the academic block should have more street lights, the Chairman said that he would look into it.

(iii) Anirudh Chauhan suggested that the halogen bulb on the L.R.C steps should be reinstalled to where it had been formerly. The Chairman said that, rather than reinstalling it he would arrange more lights for the path.

(iv) Nimish Agarwal suggested that there should be larger beds for class IX and X. The Chairman said that this was already being carried out.

(v) Regarding Sohrab Mulla's suggestion of having a debate concerning various issues in the school, between staff and students, the Chairman agreed and fixed a date on which the debate was to be held.

(vi) P.H boys suggested that something should

be done regarding the inefficiency of the entertainment squad. The Chairman said that he would talk to the squad and discuss their problems.

(vii) Regarding class XI suggestion that the projector should be used to show certain programmes on cable T.V., the Chairman said that as soon as a V.C.R is arranged the programmes will be screened.

(viii) Class IX suggestion regarding the introduction of sports such as boxing, skating and shooting was not approved. The Chairman said that it cannot be done firstly, due to lack of space and secondly boxing was introduced earlier but was not a success.

(ix) Kartikeya suggested that the western music room should be separated from the Indian classical music room. The Chairman said that it would be done as one room in the Activity Centre would be allotted for western music.

(x) Regarding Aryadip's suggestion the Chairman said that button down cardigans cannot be introduced as they would not last very long.

(xi) The Chairman said that it was possible for the bus to go and drop the boys in Astley Hall on outing days. He would consider further details and then finalize the matter.

(xii) Regarding the appointment of a school Sports Captain, the Chairman said that he had no objections but the matter should be discussed with the Sports Committee first.

(xiii) The suggestion regarding a change in the school tie was not approved by the Chairman.

(xiv) The suggestion regarding the purchase of lectern was approved by the Chairman. He said that two new lectern with mike stands would be bought.

(xv) There was a suggestion regarding a change in shoes. The Chairman said that he could consider it for the senior classes provided he gets a sample of the shoes the boys wanted.

RINGSIDE VIEW

The last 'Oliphant' year has proved to be an immensely successful year for Welham. For the first time around, success has not been confined to a mere one or two sports and nearly every sports captain has a laurel to his credit.

Cricket:

Our Cricket team, though it did not play too many matches remained undefeated throughout the season. Yashab Zia broke the previous school record of 98 runs by making a very watchable 149 not out. This included 32 boundaries out of which seven were sixers. For the year 1996 the following were awarded cricket colours:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Ashish Patodia | 4. Samarth P. Singh |
| 2. Muzaffar Ali Khan | 5. Gaurav Katwal |
| 3. Akbar Ali Khan | |

Hockey:

The council hockey tournament went off unexpectedly well with the seniors winning it and the juniors finishing as Runner-up. The junior hockey team later on won the Dhyana Chand Hockey tournament. Vir Bhadra and Aditya Malhotra were adjudged as the best players. Rumaan Kidwai was selected as the goalkeeper for the under-22 Delhi hockey team. The following were awarded hockey colours:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Akbar Ali Khan | 5. Rumaan Kidwai |
| 2. Muzaffar Ali Khan | |
| 3. Yashab Zia | |
| 4. Gurkirat Aurora | |

Soccer:

The soccer team played extremely well beating all the local soccer clubs. In the council soccer tournament we proceeded to the semi-finals beating Constancia, C.B.S, and Hilton School. We played Doon Cambridge in the semi-finals but lost in the penalty shoot-outs, that too in the second sudden death shot. As usual the yearly soccer match was played against the teaching staff and class XII. The match ended with class XII winning 4-3. The following were awarded soccer colours:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Gaurav Katwal | 4. Muzaffar Ali Khan |
| 2. Bikash Gurung | 5. Samarth P. Singh |
| 3. Saurabh Dhunghel | |

Basketball:

Unsuccessful at Woodstock the Basketball team proved supreme once again at the Golden Jubilee Basketball winning it for the seventh time. In the I.P.S.C. Basketball zonals, we lost in the quarter finals to Daly College, Indore by a mere difference of 3 points. Samarth was selected for the trials of the under-22 Indian team. He is now chosen as the second stand-by for the Indian team which is supposed to go to Shanghai sometime in mid-November. Parivesh Kumar, Sachin Kumar, Ritesh Pandey and Mukti Bikram Shah were chosen from the school to represent Uttar Pradesh in the under-15 Basketball category. For the first time in the history of the school 6 boys were awarded the National Sports Talent Search scholarship by the Sports Authority of India. They were Samarth, Vipul, Muzaffar, Akshi (ex-612), Siddhanth (ex-549) and Pratyush. They all received a draft of Rs. 3600/- each. The team has also been having regular matches with the I.M.A. team and have managed to get the better of them on all occasions. Colours were awarded to :

1. Pratyush Prateek
2. Vipul Munjal
3. Sachin Kumar
4. Parivesh Kumar
5. Samarth P. Singh

Volleyball :

Volleyball has recently become a very popular sport in school. The school volleyball team defeated the team from Sainik School, Kunjpura to lift the trophy in the I.P.S.C. zonals. Ashish Kumar was adjudged as the Best Player of the tournament. Gurpreet Gambhir (captain) and Kumar Abhijeet have been chosen to represent the Dehra Dun volleyball team. The following were awarded colours :

1. Kumar Abhijeet
2. Saurabh Dughel
3. Ashish Kumar
4. Gurpreet Gambhir

Badminton :

The I.P.S.C. zonals was quite a success as we finished as the second runner-up. The

council tournament was well fought but we lost to Doon School in the finals. Colours were awarded to the following :

1. Arcaprava Dutta
2. Abhinav Pathak
3. Samarth P. Singh
4. Ashish Gupta

Tennis :

For the first time the school tennis team participated in the I.P.S.C. tournament held at Y.P.S. Mohali. The under-18 team which comprised Sohrab Mulla, Surya Sud and Gurkirat managed to reach the quarter-finals only to lose to No.2 seeds Y.P.S. Patiala, whereas the under-16 lost before the quarters. Over all they performed extremely well. Colours were awarded to the following :

1. Sohrab Mulla
2. Sumant Pai
3. Gurkirat Aurora

Chess & Table-Tennis :

Ashish Gupta became the council school chess champion in the under-18 category ousting all his opponents. The table-tennis team went to Pilani to participate in the I.P.S.C. tournament but came back disappointed as Akhil lost in the first round and Umar lost in the second. Table-tennis colours were awarded to the following :

1. Sulabh Arora
2. Akhil Bhanot
3. Gaurav Katwal
4. Umar Trumboo

Squash :

As squash is a new game in school one can see a great number of boys on the squash courts. The squash team played its first fixture with R.I.M.C. The under 18 team lost while the under 14 won. The under 14 team later played a match against Doon School but met only with 50 percent success. Overall there has been a distinctive improvement in the level of this sport in the school.

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