



# THE WELHAMIAN

No. 192

WELHAMBOYS'SCHOOL

February 17th, 1997

*Think About It  
Life is a mind game  
--S.T.*

## EDITORIAL

Change is inevitable. Hopefully, this one is for the better. I guess I should consider myself to be nothing short of lucky to have been chosen as the accidental heir to the Editorial throne. My predecessor, recently appointed the 'schoolie', knowing that he would have too much work on his hands, subsequently decided to relieve himself, that is the burden to me. So here I am- 'The Lucky One', all agog, biting my nails thinking of what would be most appropriate for me to write in my first issue.

The prefects' investiture was held on the 3rd of February. Some were delighted, some were surprised, some were exhilarated, some were sad, some were kicked, some were envious and some angry, while a few others didn't feel a thing. Many can now be seen melancholy faced, crooning the lyrics of 'Unbreak my heart' but certainly, no one can miss the handsome new bunch stalking the school campus in smart coats and well-ironed trousers, looking like they've got a lot to do. 'Congratulations' to you lucky eight (which includes yours truly) and all the best!

Valentine's Day is a-coming. Already, one can see many lost in thought. To the Prefects' surprise, untied shoelaces and unkempt hair (and beards in case of a few) have risen to an alarming degree. Tch, tch, tch, sheer signs of love-sickness. Some have even gone to the extent of making nightly expeditions to Rawat's to catch a glimpse of their valentines. Who ever loved that loved not on Valentine's Day!?

Talking of expeditions, a joint venture is being organised by Welham Boys' and Welham Girls', sometime in June. This 'honeymoon' (as many look upon it) is probably going to be packed with fun, but has only one little snag. The number of

boys permitted for the expedition is limited to a mere five. Second to the gold rush in California. I have never heard of or seen anything like the number of guys that almost swamped Tenzin Motup, the adventure sports in-charge, who was assigned the perilous task of collecting the names of the guys who were interested (?). Among them, not to mention, were six members of the prefect body. Whew!

There is talk that relief is soon going to reach dilapidated P.H. that has suffered almost everything from Diwali grenades to hockey sticks. Needless to mention, the changes forthcoming are welcomed by the P.H.'ites in view of the torturous summer ahead.

Apparently, P. T. has suddenly taken top priority in Welham as two teachers rise earlier than the cock crows to come and shake the P.H.'ites awake. It is even rumoured (?) that one of them has said, that one could skip late night preps. (a consequence of electricity failure in P.H.) if getting up for P. T. was put to risk. Times are definitely changing.

There is little sign of spring; days and nights continue to be shivering cold. Autumn has not been recognised except for the falling leaves of the Gulmohar and the remarkable change in colour of the Dudhi trees. The Sheesham is bare. Other trees are looking green as ever.

With the clock ticking, the I.S.C. and I.C.S.E. exams are drawing nearer. The tenthies and twelfthies are occasionally seen scurrying off to quiet corners with piles of books. A good sign!! I earnestly hope they do well.

More in my next issue.

*--Sourab Dhungel  
(1)*

# WELHAMNOW

1.) The Prefects' Investiture was held on the 3rd of February '97. The following have been appointed:

School Captain: Varun Puri  
School Sports Captain: Bikash Gurung  
School Prefects: Sourab Dhungel  
Vipul Munjal  
Sumant Pai  
Vivek Sharma  
Yurendra Basnett  
Pratyush Prateek

For the first time, along with the prefects, four school monitors have also been appointed. They are responsible for their respective fields.

Estate Planning: Digvijay Lamba  
Adventure Sports: Tenzin Motup  
C.C.A.: Arcaprava Datta  
S.U.P.W: Faisal Burza

2.) The following have been appointed captains of their various sports:-

Cricket: Manas Patodia  
Soccer: Bikash Gurung  
Hockey: Varun Puri  
Swimming: Varun Puri  
BasketBall: Pratyush Prateek  
Volleyball: Sourab Dhungel  
Badminton: Arcaprava Datta  
Squash: Rohit Lohia  
Tennis: Sumant Pai  
Athletics: Amit Kumar

3.) During the winter vacations, three Round Square conferences were held which were attended by our delegates. The first one was hosted in Kenya and was attended by Mr. Kandhari, Mrs. Kandhari, Mr. Bhushan, Varun Puri, Pratyush Prateek and Arcaprava Datta.

The second one was held near Dehra Dun, in the village of Ramgarh. Our team consisted of Mr. Das, Sumant Pai, Nikunj Gupta, Manu Talwar and Ritesh Pandey.

The third was held at Lawrence School, Lovedale. The participants were from class 5 and 6 escorted by Mr. Das.

4.) A seminar on Disaster Management was held on 12th February in the L.R.C. A team from New Delhi had come to conduct the seminar.

(2)

5.) A Sports committee meeting was held on 5th February in the staff dining hall. The minutes of the meeting are as follows:-

1) The houses were informed that daily attendance was being taken. House masters are getting daily reports of their houses. Everybody agreed that there had been a lot of improvement in attendance. Mr. Das suggested that P.T. should be supervised by house prefects, everybody agreed.

2) The games time table has been put up on all house notice boards. Boys are not following it strictly. House masters were asked to see that the seniors guide their juniors.

3) The details of the Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament have been given in the school calendar. All the houses were informed that two out-station teams will be invited besides local schools and others from Mussoorie.

4) Anubhav Gera suggested that a few more stations should be installed in the gym. He was asked to prepare the list and hand it over to the person in charge.

5) Staff and boys alike suggested that video cassettes pertaining to various sports should be shown to the boys in their spare time so that they could learn the correct techniques. A V.C.P. should be made available for this purpose. This was to be considered.

## ANY IDEAS.....?

Since the past few years the school buildings have increased. The latest acquisition is the office block and the Lichi orchard.

It is intended that a detailed Campus Development Programme be prepared in the near future. Your suggestions in this regard and ideas on possible changes in the campus would be most welcome. Be it planting trees, creating gardens, constructing water tanks or reshaping footpaths. It is obviously important that we take an active part in such programmes. We are the ones who will benefit and it is for us to support such changes for the further improvement of the school.

—Digvijay Lamba

# OLD BOY'S NEWS

1. Our heartiest congratulations to Siddarth Agarwal (batch 1992-93) and Archita who are getting married on 16th February, 1997.

2. Balbir Saluja and Malavika got married on 14th December, 1996. Our best wishes are with them.

3. Our best wishes to Shantanu Srivastava and Jyoti who got married on 13th December, 1996.

Mohit Oswal (Ex-113) School Captain October 1978-82. After passing out from school did his B.Com and subsequently his M.B.A. He got married in 1992 to Meenakshi Kilim (M. Phil, M.B.A.). They are now proud parents of a 2 year old daughter. Mohit manages his own business of manufacturing components for Maruti Udyog Ltd. His address is 103-1 New Colony, Gurgaon-122001, Ph. 0124-321429, 320111.

## Minutes of the W.O.B.S. meeting held on 19th January, 7:30 p.m, May Fair Garden, New Delhi.

Members present were:

Names	Batch		
1. Nikhil Kriplani	1990	24. Rajver Sharma	1983
2. Akash Kumar	1990	25. Rajiv Vashist	1989
3. Anurag Kumar	1992	26. Lokesh Vashist	1991
4. Avinash Kumar	1990	27. Rana Randeep	1994
5. Himanshu Agarwal	1990	28. Rakesh Seth	1965
6. Prashant Gupta	1990	29. Shivang Sidhu	1996
7. Puneet Trehan	1990	30. Inupreet Chadha	1996
8. Mohit Seghal	1990	31. Puneet Singhal	1996
9. Parth Arora	1990	32. Gautam Punj	1992
10. S. Kandhari	1946	33. Rajesh	1992
11. Arjun Bhatia	1995	34. Taha Islam	1996
12. Rahul Rai	1991	35. Kratu Khana	1990
13. Thakur Neeraj	1990	36. Dhruv Seghal	1993
14. Haundu Mann	1991	39. Manav Seghal	1996
15. Darshan Singh	1991	40. Sachin Jain	1993
16. Jagjit Singh		41. Dilsha Atwal	1991
17. Nirmal Gaur	1957	42. Amit Arora	1993
18. Ravinder Goel	1957	43. Raj Kamal Phukan	1991
19. Haripal S. Gill	1960	44. Harjyot Singh	1991
20. Balbir Singh Saluja	1957	45. Gurjyot Singh	1993
21. Ankush Bansal	1990	46. Ashish Goswamy	1989
22. Piyush Jain	1991	47. Danish Ansari	1995
23. Kush K. Sharma	1980	48. Sandeep Sahney	1991
		49. Ankur Nigam	1996

The Minutes of the meeting are:

1. Mr. S. Kandhari informed the members present that since the Diamond Jubilee year was on, it was for the members to start active participation in planning various aspects of the Jubilee celebrations.

2. Mr. Darshan Singh suggested that various committees be formulated to effectively manage

the Jubilee celebrations.

3. Mr. Balbir Singh Saluja was of the opinion that for fund raising we must organise a festive cricket match.

4. Mr. Kush Kamal Sharma suggested that there should be one common Jubilee dinner when the whole community could be together.

5. Mr. Mohit Saigal suggested that all the ex-students who had taken art as a subject should contribute one of their art works which could be

auctioned during the Jubilee and the money raised from it utilised to update the art department.

### *Extract of a letter from Ashish Debroy*

I was at Welham from 1984-'92, when I gave my I.C.S.E. examination in 1992. Currently I'm a senior (4th year) student at the university of Illinois at Urbana- Champaign.

My last visit to school was in April '93. The time has come when I can barely recognise the students whose names appear in the Oliphant. A rather sad result of the passage of time. Another result of the passage of time apparent from The Oliphant is the constant process of change that the school is going through, something which I note with pride. It's gratifying to see the school constantly growing and progressing with time, and we all as Welhamites owe much to Mr. S. Kandhari for his vision and foresight that keeps the school at the forefront of education in India.

After leaving Welham, I attended La Martiniere for boys in Calcutta. I am now studying at the University Of Illinois. I should be

graduating this May with a B.S. in biology.

I have been in touch with a few Old Boys over the years. I was in touch with Prakash Jaiswal for a couple of years in Calcutta. The ease of E- mail has allowed me to keep close contact with Bhavin Patel (who is at the University of Notre Dame) and with Surya Todi (who is at Iowa State University). I have also been in touch with Vikramjeet Singh, who was a cadet at the National Defence Academy the last I heard. A friend of mine who studies in the U.K. told me that Sunil Mittal is there as well. If anyone wants to contact me, my address is 111 S. Lincoln, Aptt. 210; Urbana, Il 61801 U.S.A. I would appreciate it if some one could see to it that the secretary of W.O.B.S is made aware of my address, so that the Oliphant can be made available to the same. If any student is thinking about the U.S. for his college education, please let him know that I would be happy to answer any questions that he might have via E- mail.

## *LITERARY AFFAIRS*

The town was large and grey. It matched my mood. I had spent many hours on the train and was exhausted. The mesmerising clikity-clak of the wheels on the tracks had prevented me from sleeping and had forced me to ponder endlessly on my purpose of moving to a new place.

My home is in the rolling hills of Nepal. The truth is the hills are not rolling but high and uneven. They have been tamed by man and have endless paddy fields which stretch far down into the valley. Our house is nestled amongst a grove of pines which whine mournfully in the wind. So long have we lived there that their noise has become a comfort. I am lulled to sleep by the mournful wail of the branches rubbing up against each other.

I left home in a fury. I was sick and tired of being told what to do by my father. He wanted me to become an accomplished artist and constantly brought me gifts of water colours

and crayons. My mother and father met in Nepal. My mother had been wooed there by the beauty of the country and by chance had met my father. She was an artist, and when she died my father almost went mad with grief. Thus started his obsession with art.

I am no artist. Instead I enjoy writing. I see beauty in words and expressions. The town offered me no inspiration, in fact I hated it. The tall cement buildings oppressed me, their grey walls offered me no solace. As I wandered down the paved roads I searched for colours and found none. Even the sky was black with pollution and dust. Maybe, I thought, maybe I will find what I am looking for in people. Maybe the locals will offer the inspiration I was searching for. So I spent time in wayside tea houses and small restaurants. The people were as grey as the town. Their clothes matched the sky and the cement. Their furrowed faces stared morosely at the world around them. They took no notice of me. When I tried to initiate conversation I found that my words were being thrown against stone walls.

I began to go mad. This town was cold, unreceptive and ugly. I gave up trying to communicate and instead went for long walks along the crowded streets. I watched for signs of life, real life. I studied childrens' faces for any glimmer of laughter and found only scowls and pouting lips. I searched for birds, cats, dogs, anything which might indicate that nature still existed. All I found was a solitary cat stalking along the top of a wall. Its ribs were showing through its hairless skin and its round, yellow eyes glanced fearfully around.

At the end of the day I went home, alone and almost afraid. The room in which I stayed was adequate for one person. It consisted of a single bed in one corner, a small, stained enamel wash basin and a solitary chair. I had only a small amount of money so I could not allow myself either the luxury of hot water or electricity. I unlocked the musty padlock which fastened the door and let myself inside. Opposite the door was a narrow window which looked out across the street onto another grey wall. I drew the curtains and lit the candles which I had arranged carefully around the room. There were ten in all, for I felt that darkness in any part of the room would be unendurable. I found my shawl and arranged it around my shoulders. Alone in an unknown town, with no acquaintances or even familiar sights, I sank into a depression. My mind wandered back to my home and I remembered my warm bed, the cosy wall hangings, the bright electric lights. I longed for my dog and wondered if she was being fed properly by my father. I admonished myself, my hasty anger and abrupt actions. The silence of the room oppressed me and I could feel my eyes fill with scalding tears. I tried desperately to swallow them. I did not want to allow myself to cry. I picked up my book and tried to focus my eyes on the words.

I was surprised to discover that even though he was as lonely as me it gave me no comfort when I was alone again. Once more in my dark room I found my heart sinking and felt a dull throb in my chest. My thoughts turned again to my home. That night I made up my mind. I had to go home. I had to apologise to my father. Who knows? I might even take up painting.

The next morning I packed my meagre belongings and made my way back to the railway station. My heart soared. I discovered colour in the sky. It was a dull pink. The sun

illuminated the suspended dust particles. It was strange I had not noticed this before. I saw a woman weaving a blue sari, and a child with a large smile on his face. I saw a frisky little dog who bounced down the road with his tail in the air. I stopped at a tea house and bid farewell to the old man whom I had befriended. I told him I was leaving and almost decided to stay when his wrinkled old eyes filled with tears. I left him my candles for company and contrived my way to the station.

The train pulled slowly from the station. I said goodbye to the grit-speckled walls and the grey-coloured people. The train gathered speed and I watched the treeless town disappear behind me. Slowly the sky began to change colour, once again it was blue and sparkling.

My father showed no surprise at seeing me again. He smiled and opened the door to let me in. My dog went crazy with pleasure. She jumped on me and ran around the furniture in joyful little circles. She, I knew, had missed me. My father asked me why I had come back. I told him I had found no inspiration in the town. He knew that was not the reason but made no comments. For this I was relieved.

That night I snuggled into bed and fell asleep to the sound of the creaking pines. In my dreams I saw the old man, and the sun illuminating the grey sky with its golden orange rays.

*Annie Dowman  
Wood Stock School*

*This entry was adjudged as the best entry in the K. C. Joshi Memorial Essay Writing Contest.*

## *Silent Light*

The silence engulfed him. The silence and the soothing darkness.

The wounds on his lips and face stung from the torrent of salty tears that issued from his burning eyes. However, not a sound escaped his bruised lips, only silence. The image of him being beaten, flashed across his mind, in slow motion, like the pictures from an old fashioned cinema projector.

He had contemplated suicide by plunging one of those huge butcher knives, that hung in his

father's mutton shop, deep into himself. However, he knew he was a coward and could never bring himself to do it.

He felt it odd, that he should, for the first time, in his life not feel frightened of the devil, who hid under his bed and the absolute darkness which lay in wait to close in on him. Even stranger, he thought, was the fact, that he did not feel intimidated anymore.

A street light across the road suddenly lit up sending into his squalid attic room a shaft of pure light through the bare, curtainless windows.

The suddenness of the light took him by surprise. The room lay illuminated by the harsh

## *The Higher Minds*

The mind was calm, like the roaring oceans, creating images of three epochs, which were, what is and that will never be.

The images were like the mad yellow moon, grasping him like young lovers in a dark room-waiting and wondering. He probed deeper into the images smooth, soft, pleasing like some beautiful craze. His mind felt and touched and lived them.

The young mind rebels, that which was light was now coming like the dark, creating warmth and a gentle coolness like the summer rain.

The intoxicated mind likes the dark, it tells him to create, to create what he sees, the yellow moon, the smooth soft images, addictive pleasures, and all that beautiful sin. Nevermind-I'll pray to the lord your soul to keep.

*—The Last Child*

## *India Remembered*

India is a country of diversity, a country of many cultures, ethnic groups and ideologies.

The tastes of the people in different parts of the country vary along with their customs, both geographical and social. Today on television and on radio, one can see and hear different broadcasts, which glorify the beauty and rich heritage of the country. They all convey one message - that of brotherhood - to one and all. But how do Indians respond to different situations, pleasant and unpleasant?

Fifty years ago, the Japanese were taken aback by the Americans who dropped two atom

glare.

He shielded his eyes from the light using his hands. He could sense a fountain of warm liquid spray across his cheek. As his eyes adjusted to the bright light, he could see the slit on his left wrist, from where, the blood gushed out in steady spurts, with every beat of his heart like a dancing fountain.

Slowly the spurts became irregular and were reduced to mere trickle.

There was a faint smile on his face as the room closed in on him. Along side his pillow, gleaming in the lamplight lay a butcher knife.

*—Karan Gulaya  
Class IX*

bombs on them. The first one was dropped on the 6th of August'45 and the second on the 9th of August'45. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were all but destroyed. Even though fifty years have passed, the Japanese haven't forgotten it and they definitely have no intention of letting the world forget it. For the past fifty years, every year they have held a memorial service in memory of those who perished.

Just about fifteen years ago, fate dealt a cruel hand to the residents of Bhopal in the state of M.P. Thousands of people perished, in what came to be known as the Bhopal gas tragedy. It received a lot of coverage from the fourth estate - the media, both national and international. People saw the suffering of the survivors on their TV sets for days at a stretch and the whole world sympathised with India. But what was the response on the part of the Indians? A few angry remarks, some criticism and then it was all forgotten. The callousness of the Indian people and their government was made very evident after the tragic incident. Very few people received compensation of any sort from the government or other sources. There was not even a memorial service, let alone a shrine for those who perished. The government has not done anything nor has any individual.

Some time back in Belgium, over three hundred thousand people took to the streets of Brussels in peaceful protest against the Deutrox molestation. There was an uproar from all sides.

A similar incident took place in Delhi only some time back when a woman was shot dead, her limbs cut off and her torso burnt in an earthen oven. The incident hit the front pages of every newspaper in the country. The sales of all 'tandoori' items fell,

but that was for a brief spell. People soon forgot about the whole thing and acted as if nothing had happened. Among some, the incident began to be used as a joke and people referred to it as 'the chick in tandoori'. There was absolutely no public outcry. Similarly, people didn't show effective response when seven members of the Kalra family

were found butchered to death in the 'Geetanjali-murder' episode.

Times are changing but does it mean that we should forget the past along with those who have perished?

*Dhruv Dhindsa*  
*Class XI*

## **LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

Dear Ed.,

It is already bad enough that we have only one proper, well-sized playing field in the school. But a large section of the Welham community is making the scene even worse. They are gradually depriving the otherwise sports loving boys of Welham School of the one field that we have. I will not hesitate to mention that the junior school and also sadly, the elders are the main culprits in this case. They use the field as a shortcut for their already short walk from the academic block to the

dining hall or hostels and back. Also, it is used by some for an evening stroll. As a consequence the little grass that grows at this time of the year is being worn away creating a path diagonally across the field. I think it is the moral duty of everyone to ensure that the valuable field is not misutilised and that this misuse is stopped expeditiously.

*Yours etc.,*  
*Bikash Gurung (Sports Captain).*  
*Class XI*

## **THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS**

### ***My Dream***

In my dream I saw some thieves. They were running. Some were holding guns. One was holding a bag of treasure in his hand. Some were sitting on the horse. They were laughing. Suddenly I woke up and laughed aloud at my dream.

*—Shaurya Singh Targe*  
*Class II B*

### ***My School***

My school's name is Welham Boys' School. It is very big. There are many boys. I am in class 1. In my school there are five fields. There are many hostels. There is a dining hall and two gardens. My hostel's name is Woodseats. It is in Dehra Dun. I like it very much. We get lots of tuck in my school. When we go camping we see lots of rivers and get lots of tuck. I love my teachers.

*—Prateek Modi*  
*Class I*

### ***My Dog***

My dog is black in colour. His name is Boozo. My dog plays with me and my brother. He is fond of eating bones. He likes to play with a ball. When I go home he jumps on me. My friend is afraid of my dog. When I show him a bone he comes running. One day I had a dream. In my dream I saw Boozo catching a mouse. He is very clever. I am fond of Boozo.

*—Sumant*

### ***My Grandma's Necklace***

One day my grandma went to the market. She was walking, some thieves were running after her. I was coming on my bicycle. I saw them. They took my grandma's gold necklace. Then they went to a house and closed the door. I got an idea. I climbed a tree. They were talking. I went to the police. I told them about the thieves. They caught the thieves. I brought my grandma's gold necklace back.

*—Omit Gurung*  
*Class II B*  
*(7)*

# RINGSIDE VIEW

The term started with cricket on almost everyone's mind. The Indian team was seeing everything but success in South Africa but that could not discourage the hardcore cricket fans from staying awake late nights to see their National side lose yet another match. But while there were many who were willing to sacrifice a lot to watch cricket there were very few who are coming on to the field to actually play the game.

Nevertheless cricket practice started on the very first day even though the coach arrived almost two weeks later. However, there were a few teachers who have a very good idea of the game were more than willing to help the school senior team with their daily practice sessions. On behalf of the entire school senior cricket team I would like to thank Mr. Ghosh and Mr. Jagjit Singh for all their help and immense support and do hope that they continue to back up. The school team played its first match on the 8th of February against Y.M.C.A and they played really well. They won the match quite comfortably. Amit bowled excellently and took five wickets while Varun was the top scorer for the side. Suman, Parashar and Vivek also contributed immensely to the win. Our next match was against the Sports Hostel and in this match almost nothing seemed to be going right for us. Except for Puri's knock of 40 off 35 balls there was nothing else that the team did that is worth mentioning.

Meanwhile the school junior team under the captaincy of the over enthusiastic Tomar played their first match against Hilton school on Sunday the 9th. They won the match almost effortlessly. A target of 94 in 20 overs was made to look like a chicken and hen feed because of a superb innings of 62 not out by captain Tomar. The school senior team is scheduled to play against the Old Boys team coming from Delhi on the 22nd of this month. Manas and his team are all hard at work trying to

ensure that the Old Boys don't go back victorious.

The various games captains were officially appointed recently and this led to better utilisation of the games time by most of the school. However, the Table Tennis team is without a captain and under a not so regular coach. The newly appointed ed. is also the Volleyball captain and gong by his comments in the sports committee meeting I am sure that Volleyball will receive more attention and will become more important than it has ever been in the past at Welham.

Rohit Lohia is all set to have a super year as the Squash captain. There is a new highly qualified coach for the game and both he and the captain seem to share a lot in common (including their size).

The tennis captain Sumant Pai is determined to ensure that the school does better than last year in the I.P.S.C meet. On one of my not so frequent visits to the tennis court the one thing that caught my attention was star player Abhishek (Teddy) Gaurav's designer outfit (his headband in particular) and his on court etiquette. He is definitely one of the most colourful sportsman in Welham.

Basketball is also on in full swing under the watchful eyes of coach Mr. Vachani but evening practices have been quite irregular over the past few days because the senior authorities in school have decided to lock the control room and most of the time nobody knows who has the keys to the room. Lets hope that sooner and not later a solution is found.

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## EDITORIAL BOARD

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Published By : **WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL** E-Mail: **Oliphant@giasdl01.vsnl.net.in**  
Registration No. :- 20208/86

Printed at : **EBD Printers, Dehra Dun.**

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