



THE OLYMPIAN

No. 196

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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Think About It

What matters is not the size of the dog in the fight but the size of the fight in the dog

—Anon

EDITORIAL

He was wondering, "Who am I gonna dance with..?"
She was thinking, "I hope someone nice asks me.."
He turned. Their eyes met....

His heart skipped a beat and the blood in his veins ran high. There, before him, stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen... Her eyes.... so perfectly round like the moon had a touch of hazel in them. They were starred with bristly black eyelashes that curved outward. Crowning them were dark eyebrows that slanted upwards and cut a startling oblique line. High cheek-bones were supported by a small chin and full lips. Her magnolia-white skin shone intermittently under the dim disco lights. Her hair stretched backwards beyond her neck and splashed her back. Her 24-inch waist and proportionate figure set off to perfection, the fairly tight fitting salwar-kameez that revealed the gentle curves on her hips. She was stunning....

She too, was swept off her feet... There before her was the best-looking guy she had ever seen... His crisp black hair was neatly combed back upto his neck. He had perfectly shaped grey eyes that seemed always to be in deep thought. Slightly prominent side jaws went with a divided chin. Small signs of a growing beard seemed to make him even more attractive. Broad-shouldered, he wore a smart-fitting trouser and attractive shirt that clearly outlined his muscular cuts. To top it all, he had this masculine smell.....

Mouths dry and eyes longing, they stood

staring blatantly at each other, not knowing what to say. Then both moved.... Five minutes later, they were rocking the A.C. hand-in-hand.

Although that sounds like something out of a fairy tale, that's exactly what happened to a lot of twelfthies on that 'social' night.

The 'social' invitation which was initially rejected by the WGHS authorities was later accepted on account of consistent persuasion on the part of the girls. Well, we (a forgiving lot) readily agreed and a date was finalised for the 'social' evening as soon as possible.

The socials was an absolute success, if I might call it that. A lot of hard work had been put into it

by the twelfthies. The girls were very enthusiastic and we definitely gave them a gala time. Remarks of appreciation were heard all through the socials. Anyway, thanks a lot girls - we all had a good time.

But what troubles me are the consequences. Rock music is suddenly out and love songs have hit the top of the popularity charts for the twelfth class. As may be evident, beards have begun to be neglected (which in the case of a few are looking outrageous owing to their high growth rate), shoe-laces untied, the once neatly partitioned hair is left rumpled, shirts unbuttoned and what haven't you?! Even some

(1)





sporty basky players have turned into lethargic loungers under the shade of trees. I hear it is no less in the case of a few across the border. Cupid must have shot ten arrows at a time. I know how it must feel.....!!

Switching to another issue, I feel it imperative to tell you that 'PH' has now become synonymous with 'Pathetic House'. Halfway through summer already and we still haven't got the promised relief. It is ironic that there was once talk of installing a fully equipped computer in PH and other such gadgets when even some of the fans and coolers are still under repairs. It has become almost impossible for a day to pass without electricity failure for 3 to 4 hours at a stretch. Invariably, most electricity failures take place at night. The boys are unable to sleep as the mosquitoes intend to take full advantage of these situations. Half the nights are spent on the P.H. balcony where the boys, drenched in perspiration, await the return of

electricity while occasionally slapping themselves to ward off mosquitoes. For the past one or two weeks, PH'ites have been completely devoid of undisturbed sleep and to add to their trouble, they are expected to be on time and present for all classes the next day. It is difficult to concentrate on studies without sufficient sleep. An important task for the school right now, I think, is the improvement of living conditions in P.H. On behalf of the twelfthies, I propose to the school authorities that the money set aside for the improvement of P.H. should first be spent on a generator.

A meeting of the Prefect body and the senior teachers of the school was held recently. I can describe the scenario as nothing short of a cacaphony as teachers and students yelled across at one another. Finally, the meeting came to an abrupt halt as the students were not given a fair chance to speak.

Lots in my next issue.

—Sourab

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed.,

I take this opportunity to congratulate the twelfthies for the super success of the socials. All thanks to their efforts, it became an event to remember. It was a delightful evening. I think it was a consequence of the efficient manner and the co-operation of the Prefects and the whole batch.

But there are some things about the evening that continue to hassle me. First of all, we were informed that there would be about 70 girls coming escorted by one teacher. We were presently surprised to have had the occasion of welcoming three teachers on the night of the socials. One thing however, was not understood - they did seem surprised that boys got along pretty well with the girls. We did enjoy the company of the girls and we hope they did too. Good food, good

music, good company, good dancing. Good fun.

Yours sincerely,
Pratyush Prateek.

Dear Editor,

I want to bring to your notice as well as convey to the entire Welham community that issues raised by boys are not sometimes taken into account by the school authorities. Some of these, especially coolers and the fans in the P.H. could have been repaired prior to the onset of summer. Even some issues raised in the Editorial do not get adequate response. This seeming indifference makes the students frustrated at times.

I humbly request the school authorities to take into consideration the student opinion and demands and take appropriate action.

Yours hopefully,

A concerned and suffering student

T.H : Tapti

P.H : Prayag

Before the final decision is taken, I would be grateful if your readers could write in to me by the end of May.

**Yours etc.,
Mr. Kandhari**

Dear Editor,

I have received various suggestions regarding the renaming of hostels. Tentatively, it has been decided as follows:

Woodseats: Alaknanda

N.G : Narmada

N.U : Sutlej

WELHAM NOW

1) The Sankalp Board has started typing the school magazine in the computer room after the introduction of the Hindi fonts in the Aldus Software.

2) The Inter House English Extempore' Debate for seniors was held on the 9th of April. The topic being debated was-"True liberty is impossible without self-discipline." The results are as follows:

First : Adhir Bhatt

Second : Sarthak Pany

Third : Arcaparva Datta

Most Promising speaker : Kartikeya Narayan

Best Rebuttal : Adhir Bhatt

Cauvery stood first with 151 points. followed by Jamuna with 146 points.

3) The Inter House Hindi Debate was held on the 10th of April. The topic discussed was:

lkEiznkf;d ln~Hkkouk ls gh ns'k dh izxfr lHaako gS

Individual awards:

First : Kumar Abhijeet

Second : Kartikeya Narayan

Third : Adhir Bhatt

Most Promising speaker : Atir Ansari

Jamuna stood first overall

4) The Inter School English Recitation for classes V-VII was held in our school on the 12th of April. The results were as follows:-

Group A : 2nd -Pranab Shrestha with 113 pts.

Group B : 2nd-Ahmed Faraz Khan with 113 pts.

Welham Boys' and Welham Girls' stood jointly first with 226 points.

5) The Inter School Hindi Debate for seniors was held on the 17th of April. Nine schools from Dehradun participated in the debate. Adhir Bhatt who spoke against the motion stood second while Welham Girls' won the trophy.

6) Miss Saroj Srivastava Inter School English Debate was held in Welham Girls' on the 12th of April. Our school was represented by Sourab Dhungel and Sarthak Pany who debated on the topic that "India has more to give to the world than take from it."

7) The 4th Annual Oliphant Memorial Inter School English Debate for seniors was held in the Activity Centre on the 19th of April. The topic that was put before the house was, "The past 50 year period in India has been one of degeneration". Ten schools participated in the debate included Mayo Boys', Ajmer: Scindia School, Gwalior and Lawrence School, Sanawar. The results were as follows:

First "FOR" the motion : Nikunj Gupta

Second "AGAINST" the motion : Sourab Dhungel

The award for the best rebuttal : Sourab Dhungel

The school positions were as follows:

First : Welham Girls' High School with 176 points.

Second : Welham Boys' School with 171 points.

8) On the 19th of April Miss Linnel Inter School Hindi Extempore' Debate was held in Welham Girls'. Our school was represented by Rachin Goel, Amit Sharma and Gaurav Dubey.

9) Mr. Painuli and Mr. Arun Sharma successfully completed the Basic Mountaineering Course at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering in Uttar-Kashi.

10) Results of the Mid-Term Projects:-

Class VI

First : Avinash Agarwal & Aseem Sethi

Second : Harsh Rana & Kumar Rakesh

Third : Mohit Bansal, Aditya Goel

& Anirudh Agarwal

Consolation Prize : Surya V. Singh

Class V

First : Derek Ma

Second : Shomit Bhakliwal

Third : Tanmay Agarwal

Consolation Prize : Samridha Rana

11) Our students attended the Virāsāt Workshop which was held in St. Joseph's Academy from the 15th to the 25th of April, 1997.

12) Unprecedented in Welham History, an Astronomical Society has been formed of which Bikash Gurung and Yurendra Basnett have been appointed the boys in-charge.

Incriminating

'Passengers travelling from Berlin to London are requested to board flight B501.' The same message was then announced in German and then French. I took my handbag and walked towards Gate A. The plane wasn't very far away from the terminal. Once inside I started reading *The Times*. It seemed as if the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbour had brought U.S.A. into the war.

There seemed to be some commotion at the entrance of the plane. Suddenly two men walked inside. One man went inside the pilots' cabin and the other stood watching us. 'Would Mr. John F. Lester please step out.' I got up and walked towards the men. What could they possibly want? I was taken out to a parked jeep. They were apparently from the Gestapo and wanted to interrogate me on some matters related to stolen documents. My baggage was already loaded into the jeep. The jeep drove to a way side terminal. My baggage was taken out by two smartly dressed soldiers. I was pushed into a solitary room. My papers were checked and double checked. A British passport was always under suspicion.

My knowledge of German slang gave me an idea of their dislike for Britishers. My biggest

suitcase was opened. Clothes were flung out one by one. My camera was confiscated along with three rolls of film. The toothpaste and the shaving cream were squeezed out onto the floor. My jackets were torn apart. Even the shoes I possessed were stripped of their soles. Sometime while ransacking my second suitcase their attitude changed. A hushed conversation started between my 'interrogators'. They were speaking too fast for me to understand. My suitcase was carefully packed. Everything was put back in a seemingly tidy way. One of the men came out to me and said, 'We are very sorry for the misunderstanding. We shall now escort you back to the plane.' His German accent was greatly enhanced by his diplomatic politeness.

The jeep took us back to the plane. Both men kept apologizing throughout the way. A sense of respect seemed to have crept into their voice. My baggage was loaded onto the plane. I continued reading *The Times* till dinner was served midway.

My thoughts waved back and a faint smile crossed my lips. They had not opened the book 'Mein Kampf' by Adolf Hitler.

—*Nakul Bhuwarka*
Class XI

Images... Spring Flowers, Light Rain and An Indian

It was a bleak day for April. The etiolated sky was bloated with painted clouds but its bleached-out quality made the light seem curiously luminous despite the fugitive sun. A light drizzle obscured visibility. There had been no storm, no thunder just the steady swish of rain. Shivering in the gusty wind, people tucked themselves further into their coats as everyone moved along in a steady stream of humanity. I have always disliked the jostling crowd that marks the peak hour of office-goers returning home after a particularly exhausting and tedious day at work. I had barely managed to meet the deadline for the documentary. I had been filming for the B.B.C. I didn't relish the prospect of going to the cheerless austere little set of rooms that I called 'home' in this strange part of the world where people had no time for each other.

I had to pick up some groceries from Safeways for my dinner. As I was walking into the departmental store my gaze fell on a most ethereal sight.

Colour flamed vividly in a profusion of variegated reds and oranges intermingled with magenta and purple which paled to soft fading yellows and crisp whites from a florist's artistically decorated window.

It drew me closer like a loadstone till I could discern the pink and white cyclarmens, the exotic orchids of jewel bright colours, the transparent white of pale narcissi, the dark blood red tulips and those perfect roses. Interspersed among these brilliant hues and the more fragile tints were innumerable dark greens and light greens, the foliage so luxuriant and shining that each leaf looked as if

it had been individually polished to a glossy shine.

The array evoked images of clear sharp sunlight on green meadows, trees bursting into tender young leaves, radiant azure blue skies. It brought to my mind the pungency of pine needles, the sharp tang of the solitary eucalyptus tree at the bottom of the garden in my real home thousands of miles away, the hills, the hiss and crackle of a hearth fire, the perfume of roses that always pervades my home and the aroma of ripening fruit in the neighbouring orchards. I thought of the magical little valley in the sunny and vibrant place that was my true home besides being my inspiration and refuge.

All at once I could feel the tiredness seeping away from my bones making me curiously light

headed. The din and roar of London traffic faded into the background. I was just another lonely Indian out in the grey streets milling with countless people. I felt someone bump into me and met the eyes of a startled man as he muttered a polite 'Sorry Sir' and hurried into the brilliantly lit entrance of the Safeways. The feelings of a moment before were shattered. The bright lights of the city, the unearthly overcast sky and the cold rain encompassed me again but the sights and smells of my colourful vibrant homeland came rushing back to me. The warm spark that had been kindled in me lulled me into a happy haze of memories. Everything looked beautiful around me wrapped in a glow of charm and a bit of the unexpected that adds a bit of spice to our lives.

*—Debashish Banerjee
Class XI*

The Violin

He could still hear the applaud, and the thunderous clapping, ringing in his ears, his father had received, that evening, once the concert was over. After all, he was the son of one of the greatest pianists ever alive.

His father's concert had gone of extremely well that evening at Royal Albert Hall. There were rumours, that the Queen was going to knight him. The 'Times' had screamed out in bold letters, that his father was the only one capable of bringing alive the music of Beethoven and Litz.

He had always been in awe of his father, an imposing and powerful personality. His father considered the piano, a sacred instrument, and worshipped it, and so did he, but it was not the way destiny had willed it. He was terrible at the piano. His father had tried to teach him, when he was very small, but had realised that although his son had the desire and the will to become a pianist as great as he was, he just didn't have the talent, but his doting father could never bring himself to tell his son so. He too had realised his lack of talent and from that day onward, never played the piano in spite of a burning ambition to do so.

His mother, although not an avid lover of classical music, possessed a violin which she would sometimes play when she was in a melancholy mood. She had never played a duet with his father, to do so would be sacrilege, as he considered the lively music of the violin, distasteful.

He had often seen his mother play the violin, sitting alone in her room, from the door, and its sad music would create a strange stirring in his heart. He himself had never played a violin, actually, he had never thought about playing it.

The winter of 1976 in London was an exceptionally cold one and he was already fourteen. His mother was away to play a hand of bridge, and his father was busy practising for an upcoming concert with the orchestra, at one of the seasonal concert halls in London.

Alone at home, he climbed up the stairs to his parent's bedroom and peeping inside, saw the violin lying on her bed. On a strange impulse, he picked it up and held it firmly under his chin, with his free hand he picked up the bow, and ran it lightly across the strings, the sudden burst of music, startled him. Then with greater caution, he began playing one of Litz's symphonies which stood before him on a stand. He had learnt how to read music from his father at an early age, and the vague notation came out as beautiful music from the instrument. This was what he had wanted to do all his life. That music that issued forth became the very essence of his soul and he was transported into a strange new dimension where everything blended into a harmony of sound.

When he looked up his father was standing at the door. His eyes brimmed with tears. It was the first time, he had seen his father's eyes welling up

with tears. Then in a choked voice he said 'Would

you like to play with me tomorrow?'

*--Karan Gulaya
Class XI*

Listen To The Whispering Wind

Listen....listen to the whispering wind,
Listen to what it says.
It carries my words with it,
Which I might never say, even after days.

They might go unspoken for years,
And you might never hear them, dear.
So please try and hear and feel,
What my words reveal.

Please do this for my sake,
As I am scared,
Afraid that the promises you made,
You might break.
Leaving me alone and unaware.
On that lonesome path that leads to nowhere.

I don't want to be alone again.

Wandering through the vastness of the earth.

Through the changing seasons of the year,
Who will sit by me.....
I, who will be alone.

Don't leave me with those tears of loneliness,
Rinsing my memory,
And the tears of fear,
Building up in me.

So please forget all the fights, quarrels between us,
Let us break barriers and become eternal friends,
There is only one Lord,
And he is the father of you and I,
Please listen to the whispering wind,
Listen to what it says.

--20th Century Fox

W.O.B.N.

Our heartiest congratulations to Bharat

Vaid and Manisha on the birth of their son.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

CHEM CLASS

Mr. Gosain : Arrey, Gaurav Dubey, would you like to open the window and let the weather in?

HINDI CLASS

Mr. Bhushan : Meet me after 'LRC' behind the tea-time.

HINDI CLASS

On Monday

Mr. Bhushan : Amit, I am taking the 8th school

today.

Amit : Why, sir ?

Mr. Bhushan : Because no-one came yesterday.

Found scrawled on a desk in the Physics lecture room: "In the memory of those who died waiting for the bell to ring...."

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Parth Arora

&

Lucky Ali

Mr. Kandhari

&

Mr. I.K.Gujral

● RINGSIDE VIEW ●

The hockey season is on in full swing these days. Hockey sticks are not only being used on the field but also off the field for other more creative activities. There are lots of guys on the campus with black eyes and swollen foreheads. Obviously the hockey Captain is no novice to be fooled by these minor ailments and practice is much more rigorous and serious than ever before. India's dismal performance in the Olympics and the Champions' Trophy does not deter them one bit and they look all set to retain the district championships.

The hockey team recently played its first match of the season but the final score does not truly reflect the performance of our team. The RIMCOS who for long have dominated the hockey scene in this town actually did not quite live up to their reputation- had it not been for the poor finish of our team, the match would have definitely gone in our favour. On the day of the match we were a better team and dominated almost throughout the match. But at the end of the day, I think all that matters is whether you won or not and we certainly were not the winning side. But I see no reason to lose hope; we are a good team and with some more practice and a little guidance (coaching is one thing we have been invariably deprived of) we will definitely perform to our potential.

On the other hand, the junior hockey team is going great guns. They have maintained a 100% winning streak this season. They have got all the ingredients to make a perfect team at their level and I wish them all the luck for the forthcoming council schools hockey championship. Last week they thrashed the W.G.H.S senior team (they happen to be the District champions in the girls section) by a wide margin of 8 goals to nil. They then went on to beat the Doon School Junior team on their grounds. It was a comfortable victory and we dominated the game from start to finish. Vikrant Tomar, as usual, did the inaugurals scoring the first goal in just the

tenth minute of the game. He also set up some excellent ball placement for the others. The forward line played a near perfect game making the best of whatever came in their way and constantly keeping the Doscoc's defence on its toes. The final score was 2-1 in our favour.

Volley ball is the new craze at Welham. As a result of the on going Volley ball Open in school there seems to be a lot of practice going on all over the campus. Initially all the attention was diverted on the kinky names of the various teams. It looked as if there was a 'My team's name is funnier and more stupid than yours' competition going on amongst the teams. However, as the tournament went into the second week and knockouts were around the corner, the game took top priority. Matches became more and more interesting and the level of competition rose gradually.

Woodstock Invitational Basketball Tournament was the second tournament in which the school team participated this season. The first being the forgettable Golden Jubilee Commemorative where we made this time a semi-final exit. However, this time we went one step further but the title still eluded us. It was a fine team effort but they could definitely have won this one. A little bit extra on their part during practice could have changed the outcome of the final. I am not saying that they don't practice or that they are not serious, but all that I am trying to say is that they are not giving in 100% and that is all that is lacking.

The school badminton has just had a facelift prior to the forthcoming I.P.S.C badminton meet. Their bright and gaudy new T-shirts definitely add colour to their outlook. They will be participating in the All India I.P.S.C badminton championships to be held at the Doon school in a few days from now. I wish them all the luck and sincerely hope they are able to live upto the expectations of the entire school.

—Pratyush

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