

THE OLYMPIANT

No. 198

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

11th May 1997

*Think About It
Good manners will open doors that the best education cannot.*

- Anon

EDITORIAL

It has always been customary for me and it gives me intense satisfaction to ponder over the day's events, lying in bed at night. Had I done any good that day? What should I have avoided? Torn between these thoughts, I gradually drift away into oblivion! And so, as this term comes to an end, let's take a walk down memory lane and think over the various happenings in school.... However, don't fall asleep in this case!

The term kicked off with the appointment of eight proud owners of authoritative badges. Following this there were appointments of numerous other students to various positions of responsibility. The Sherrif and his team have certainly done a wonderful job this term. No doubt they will do the same the next term.

Subsequently, cricket fever hit school with full gusto and a few 'hona-walaa' Kapils and Rameshs were actually discovered. Cricket season finished as abruptly as it started and hockey commenced. A defeat in the Councils Finals has almost put the Hockey season to rest but for the Inter-House matches.

Before I forget to mention, the twelfthies were given the luxury of having the whole of P.H. to themselves this term. What they could do with more, as irrelevant as it might seem, are better living conditions. I see no point of having a hostel that looks like (and is almost) a bombarded concentration camp out of a second world war movie. Talking of P.H., I was just reminded of the surprise raid that three senior members of the

school conducted, and which has left a bitter taste in the mouths of the twelfthies (that however, has almost been fully compensated for now by the extra shares of ice-cream that the twelfthies grab at!).

Love lives haven't been too encouraging except for a few. A 'social' evening was organised between the twelfthies of Welham Boys' and Welham Girls' this term -- all went well (I hope).

Following the socials, was the 'summer'-festival (I don't know if you can call it that). But for the unexpected rain, it was enjoyable.

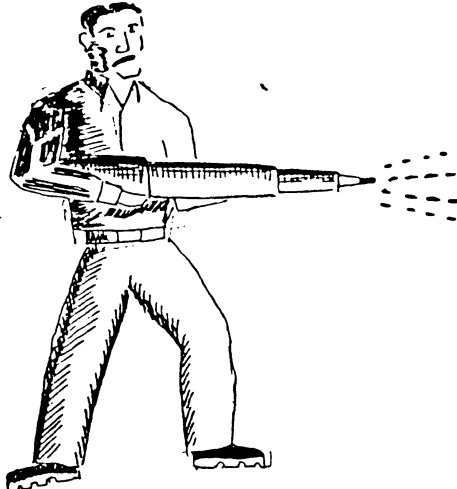
JP practice commenced over a month back now and expectations are certainly high. Since the JP cast and the over-populated directing team finished biting off all their finger nails long back, I hear they have now reverted to the toes! To the JP team -
- All the best!

When the cat's away, the mice will play. For the school,

holidays have kind of begun already as Mr. Kandhari left recently on a flight to (far-away!) America for a duration of almost one month. P.H. is almost ablaze now and has become a cacaphonic mosaic of rock music and the P.H. 'zestos' are at their nefarious activities once again. Triveni, the once perpetually (and miraculously) neat hostel has now been reduced to the state of a dingy pig sty!! Underwears hang from ajar doors, socks (stinky of course) adorn the corridors and a few unidentifiable(?) and rather embarrassing items can add to a visitor's distaste. Attempts are made to bunk classes or some boys are leisurely lounging in



the A.V. room (which is of course, booked for the rest of the term). Smiles have certainly broadened on the teachers' faces too. It is rumoured that two of the non-teaching staff even forgot that they were adults and were all set to tussle over a petty affair in the dining-hall. Tch, tch. In any case, I think what we all should realise from these incidents is the incredible control Mr. Kandhari has over the school. I must blatantly confess, I do admire him a lot.



... SHOOTING FROM THE HIP...
EDITORIAL WARS

The long-awaited and trained-for 'honeymoon' (as I called it) is finally a few days away. The enthusiasm is obvious on the faces of the guys. The list of the lucky(?) ones has finally been drawn. It consists of lovey-dovey Adhir Bhatt, junky funky Rishab Bhadoo, lazy daisy Dhindsa, sticky wicky Rohan Sood and last but not least, the self-proclaimed leader -- Commando Datta. Have a great war romance!

Conditions in P.H. have reached an unimaginable state. Power failures last as long as

from 12 A.M. to 7 A.M. Boys spend the entire night, with swollen red eyes, waiting on the P.H. balcony for the return of electricity. Then, as if nothing happened, they are expected to attend all classes the next day. Mosquitoes have increased in number to an alarming degree. They seem to be throwing an eternal party for themselves and the fat is beginning to show! We were happy to be reassured that corrective measures are about to be initiated to refurbish, not only P.H. but also the other hostels.

The much awaited and abhorred exams are round the bend. The number of activities has shot up to an exorbitant degree. On behalf of the board members, I beg for the teachers to show a little leniency to the entire school (especially the Oliphant board and others who've got their fingers in too many pies) during the exams. To the boys, 'All the Best'.

Ciao,

—Sourab



FINAL COUNTDOWN (7)

The 'ball' is no longer in his court,
The cast is his only 'support',
He is suffering a lot of 'pain',
Due to excessive ment and physical strain.

The sun is supposed to be out,
It might rain, no doubt,
But even if it rains,
Nothing will go in the drain,

Everything has been organised and is fit,
I just hope that the play is a hit

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Thank you for according us the status of a 'panchayat'. In our defence of sharing a taste, I would like to relate an incident that occurred at Breakfast today.

A teacher was waiting at his normal seat-- but there was no chair. A young lad very kindly whisked a chair around with the agility of a bull-fighter, only to find that he had whisked it from

under the nose of the teacher who was to sit there!

Perhaps, if each staff member had a place, a spoon and a plate, they might not have to go chasing around every meal-time.

yours etc.,

" The Sarpanch "

P.S- There seem to be no comments on the 'Prefect panchayat' that occupies centre-stage in Bethany.

Dear Ed.,

This letter is in reference to the difficulties experienced in receiving our much awaited mail.

I'd like to relate a certain incident which recently occurred and which is perhaps somehow or the other related to other boys of our school, who have run out of gas waiting for their letters or parcels to arrive. I was supposed to receive a very important parcel from my parents on Monday (it was to bring me some tuck) and after visiting the office on four or five occasions, I was informed that my parcel had not yet arrived. You can imagine how I slept with an empty stomach for many endless nights! It was on the sixth day that I was informed that my parcel was lying in one of the drawers in the office for the last four days (by then the perishable grub could not be offered even to the dogs!!).

On another occasion, a teacher's letter was

found in a dustbin and was later handed over to him by an inquisitive(?) student who was perhaps searching for something in the dustbin. Even the letters received by some of the P.H. boys are occasionally found to be torn and subsequently stapled.

The school rules clearly state that students are not allowed to keep cash in any form. But whenever you go up to the person at the postal department and ask him for some stamps, he demands cash. I think I have written a lot, but the fact remains that I am waiting for my next parcel. I keep my fingers crossed and just pray for the best.

Yours hungrily,

The starved student

Ed: As you know, school rules prohibit the receipt of tuck by mail or any other means. No wonder your parcel was neglected.

WELHAM NOW

1) Mr. Khandari left for America on the 7th of May 1997 and he is expected back during the summer vacations.

2) The preliminary rounds of the Science quiz were held on the 2nd of May, 1997. It was organised by the present class XIIth batch in the Activity Centre.

The house positions were as follows:

First : Krishna with 80 points

Second : Ganga with 65 points

Third : Jamuna with 64 points.

3) On the 3rd of May, Mr. S.S. Khaira and Mr. Jagjit Singh attended a programme called "Tree Walk" relating to the identification of trees at the Doon School.

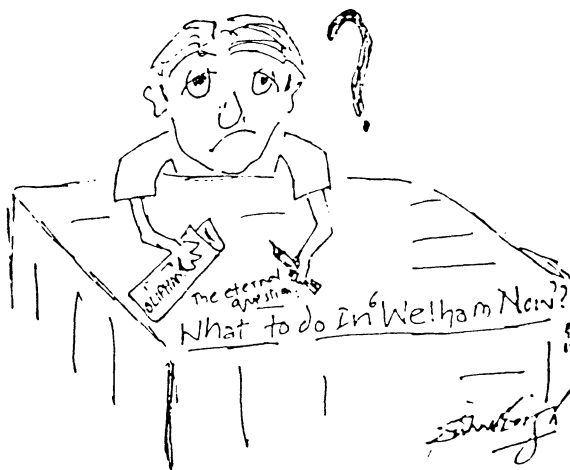
4) A team from our school recently participated in the "Tiger and Leopard Census" which was held in the Rajaji National Park from the 5th to the 7th of May. They were able to identify the pug-marks of a tiger and a tigress in the Dhaukand area (Beat). The team comprised Digvijay Lamba, Salim Singh, Anshuman Singh,

Amish Mulmi and Amber Sahai. They were escorted by Mr. Jagjit Singh.

5) The Inter School English Elocution was held in the Activity Centre on the 3rd of May, 1997. Our school was represented by Abhinav Pathak and Owais Burza who participated in the senior and junior section respectively. They were unable to secure the first three positions but performed fairly well. Six schools participated in the contest. The Convent of Jesus and Mary and the Doon school stood first jointly.

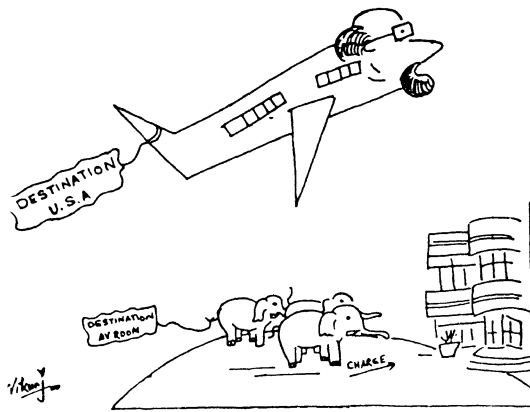
6) Mr. Ashish Ghosh recently came to our school and helped Sumant in the direction of the Joint Production play in which he was already being assisted by Parth Arora (an ex-welhamite). He also organised various dramatics workshops in the L.R.C for the junior school and gave them various tips on acting. A play was also

staged on the 5th of May on the 'Dramatisation of Rhymes' in the Activity Centre which was



appreciated by everyone.

7) The "Nepal Gymnasium" has been equipped with more gadgets and equipment. Under the leadership of Anubhav 'Tiwari' Gera, the boys will definitely achieve their aim of a V-shape(42-28)body.



8) Mr. Michael Dey from Giggleswick School, England is in school and the boys are attending his dramatics workshops in the

Monitors.

W.O.B.N.

A meeting of the W.O.B.S (Welham Old Boys Society) Steering Committee was held on the 15th April, 1997 at Chopsticks, New Delhi. The meeting was attended by the following members:

- 1) Mr. Darshan Singh (President)
- 2) Mr. Tanuj Sethi (Secretary)
- 3) Mr. Nirmal Gaur
- 4) Mr. Parth Arora
- 5) Mr. Rakesh Seth
- 6) Mr. Nikhil Kriplani
- 7) Mr. Jagjit Singh (Secretary of W.O.B.S)

The following are the minutes of the meeting :

1) Mr. Jagjit gave a report regarding the meeting held at Chandigarh. It was described to be a complete success in terms of the positive attitude shown by the boys present.

2) Raising funds for the school was strongly emphasized upon. The Registration Fee and the advertisement brochere were highlighted as the main source of fund raising.

3) It was proposed that Mr. Jagjit Singh should actually work out a rough estimate of the expenditure proposed to be incurred at the entire Jubilee Celebrations. This estimate was then to be brought to the table in order to decide what the Registration Fee for the Jubilee Celebrations should be.

4) Mr. Rakesh Seth emphasized upon 'value of the coupon', i.e., the proposed Registration Fees. Mr. Jagjit Singh had proposed Rs 2000/- for couples and Rs 1000/- for undergraduate old boys.

(4)

afternoons . Through these classes the school aims at tapping the best talent for our Diamond Jubilee play.

9) A boundary wall encircling our recently acquired land has been erected and soon the main gates will be built.

10) Sourab Dhungel and Prashant Khemka have been appointed the Computer

5) It was proposed to have maximum registration done before the actual function.

6) A W.O.B.S meeting was decided to be held in the first week of August. Mr. Rakesh proposed that an invitation letter should be drafted highlighting the meeting as a pre-Diamond Jubilee get-together and appeal to the old boys to attend the Jubilee Celebrations and get themselves registered possibly at the meeting itself.

7) Mr. Parth Arora reported that the progress made on the 30-minute movie on Welham was not too encouraging. He has now been handed hundred percent responsibility for the making of the movie.

8) Mr. Darshan Singh once again emphasized that the funds raised by the old boys are for the school and not for the film.

9) It was proposed to have the next Steering Committee meeting on the 23rd of May, 1997.

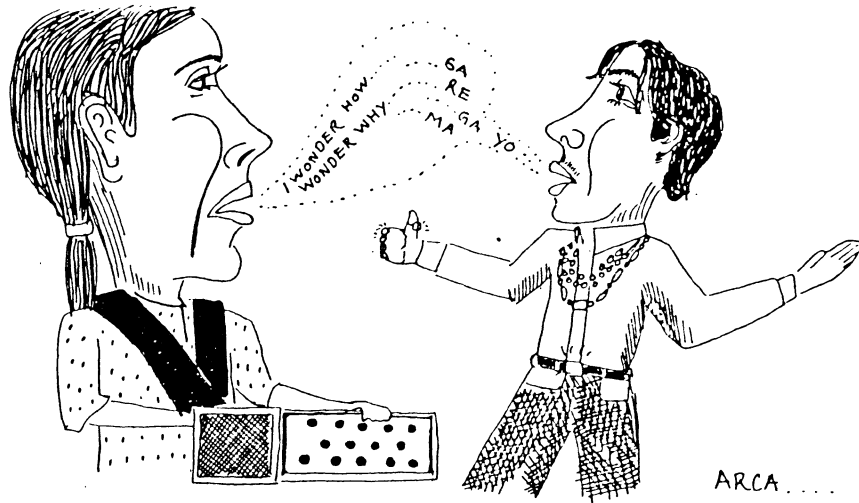
10) a) Mr. Jagjit Singh informed the committee that the school was working on getting the W.O.B.S registered.

b) He also confirmed that an old boy from the 1937 batch would be the chief-guest for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

c) He also informed the committee of Mr. Darshan Singh having written to the school regarding a mountaineering expedition.

11) The President on behalf of the members present thanked Mr. Rakesh Seth for hosting the lunch.

CAST JOINT PRODUCTION



LAMPOON

Melancholy And The Infinite Sadness

Did you know that a wide network of 'gangs' dealing in underground and night time activities (mostly illegal) existed in Welham?

Well, this report is a result of my two week research on their methods of operation, their reasons behind doing what they do and... in some cases why they chose the easy way of getting into the limelight.

Here is a brief account on a few of the 'outfits' I discovered and later interviewed.

THE DRUGSTORE

COWBOYS: The name sounds more dangerous than what they actually do. Now don't think they supply 'drugs' to others, stupid! They merely pick up medicine in various forms from the hospital. I guess it probably gives them some sort of 'kink'. Weird!



THE BOOKSTORE COWBOYS: They are the librarian's nightmare. Very ardent readers of English novels (especially new editions) and magazines. The reason they said, behind doing this was that they loved seeing people gaze at the empty gaze rack. Wow!

THE DINING HALL RAIDERS: This is a fifteen member 'raid-gang' with eyes bigger than their stomachs. They do not leave a single extra share for anybody. Better known as servers, they are the dining hall incharge's worst nightmare.

THE 'TREND' SETTERS: A new gang of extremely hep and stylish guys who make incredibly bizarre fashion statements. Each of them has his trademark - The red bandana, the cropped 'commando' hairdo, the 'evergreen' stubble and the wild 'long hair.' **Strictly for the senior most.**

THE PHILOSOPHICALLY INFLUENCED: A small team who mean no harm to anyone except Jesus Christ. Their teachings have heavily influenced

a large number of confused minds of the school. Very frank and straight forward. Definitely the best of the lot. Their Gods are - Jim Morrison, Ayn Rand, Carlos Castaneda, Kurt Cobain and the like.

SEXPISTOLS: The most feared outfit in and around the school. Disciples of the philosophically influenced. Pseudo Sadists. Always talk about frustrated souls and the bluer side of life.

Their All-brawn-no-brains-but-still-to-go-for-the-kill-attitude has got them an almost hundred percent rejection rate from the school opposite ours.

I mean, what else can you expect from a proposal which goes like - *'I wanna be your lipstick- when you lick it.'*..... and you know what else!

This outfit regularly holds 'gym' sessions to take out their frustrations by pumping iron. Phew!

—Sidharth Singh

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Hammer

Vincent Vazzi was as blood thirsty and ruthless as his predecessor. Leonardo DiLena was the outgoing Hammer of the family. The Vazzi's were probably the last original Mafia clan left in the

world.

Forced to kill his first man at the age of sixteen, Vincent had killed his Uncle who had committed the sin of 'Omerta.' He had informed the

police about the Family's drug dealings which had resulted in the capture of his father.

Since then there was no stopping Vincent; he tasted blood and he couldn't get enough of it. On his twentieth birthday Vincent killed his twentieth man and qualified as an adult member of 'The Vazzi.' More over Vincent seemed to enjoy his job.

Then came the moment for which Vincent had waited for a long time. His grandfather, the reigning Don announced Vincent as the Family 'Hammer' and his first task was to kill Jimmy Santadio.

Just the mention of this name made Vincent livid and his face flushed with all the rush of blood into his head. Jimmy was the only man Vincent ever loved and admired. Jimmy was his foster-father. This was the last hurdle for Vincent and on clearing it he'd arrive at his long-awaited road.

On the fateful day, Vincent sat in his car with

his loaded weapon, waiting for Santadio. Santadio walked into the church at 9 am sharp and Vincent waited for fifteen long minutes before Santadio came out, slowly walking towards his car.

Without wasting time he took aim, but for the first time he wasn't steady... his hands shivered and he was sweating all over. He knew that if he didn't kill Santadio, the Don's henchmen, hiding all over the place, would surely kill Santadio. Vincent would then be in deep trouble.

He wiped the sweat from his palms, took steady aim and shot... Santadio staggered and fell.

Vincent waited for sometime till he was sure Santadio was dead and then drove off. The murder was to be a 'Confirmation.' That meant that the body would be left for all to see. This was done with everybody who messed with 'The Vazzi.'

—Ahmed Ali Khan
Class XI

Escapade

I had to return home fast and contact William. Our work here was finished. In a few days we would leave for the border and enter Switzerland. I walked down towards my apartment. The sun was well below the horizon. It was not dark as yet but a dull twilight persisted. I always felt uneasy at times such as this.

The lane was dark and my eyes were slowly adapting to the surrounding darkness. There seemed to be a man standing in front of my building. I walked towards the building. He was reading a German newspaper, it was difficult to make out which one. I shuffled in my pocket for my keys. A single key fell out. The man quickly bent down and picked it up. Thanking him, I walked in.

The man outside reading the newspaper looked up. He saw a window light up on the second floor. He looked at his watch. Slowly he folded his newspaper and walked towards the corner. At the curb he stopped and looked back. All was quite. He heard a dog bark and somebody screaming 'Taxi' not far away. Slowly, he walked into the darkness.

Five minutes later an olive green jeep came in front of the building. Two men in over coats stepped out. Behind them were five heavily armed men. The man with the newspaper stepped out last. The man in the overcoat asked him in German

if he had informed the other team to guard the rear entrance. His reply was affirmative. They revised the plan again. The raid was a simple one. They would barge into the apartment, capture the British Agent and take him to headquarters. If he tried to escape he would be shot. They had been after him for long and had at last gathered enough information to nail him. He was a tricky chap and would be interrogated thoroughly after which he would be sent to a camp to serve with the rest of his kind.

The two men in over coats took out Mausers. They went in leaving two men and the man reading the newspaper to guard the entrance. They climbed up slowly. There was no way he could escape. Even if he killed himself they would still get the papers, and the British would lose a valuable agent.

A man carrying an automatic rifle pushed open the door. All five of them entered, shooting in all directions. They rummaged through the apartment. One man suddenly perked up and shouted that the agent was not there. The man in the over coat screamed at them to search for the papers. They searched everywhere. After fifteen minutes of searching they gave up hope. Nothing was to be found.

Around ten 'o' clock we crossed the Swiss border. What I liked about William was that he didn't take long to pack. He had been shocked to

see me arrive in a taxi with all the papers and baggage. It didn't take long for him to understand why men reading German Newspapers in the dark were so receptive to the dropping of a single

key. He had been waiting for me.

—*Nakul Bhuwalka*
Class XI

India : Educated Or Uneducated?

It is never late to draw up a balance sheet of achievements and failures, and to ask ourselves the question, 'HOW FAR HAVE WE COME AND WHERE ARE WE HEADED?'

The answer will obviously have both quantitative and qualitative dimensions of which the former provides a clear indication of our dismal performance while the latter, though not without controversy, will also reveal our lackadaisical accomplishment.

We cannot build our assessment on the basis of accomplishments made by the elite schools of the country because that will provide a very microscopic picture. The topic warrants a broader view across the spectrum..

Education is supposed to be a great leveller. It is supposed to level out the privileges of class and caste by birth and at the end of the process should provide equal opportunity to men and women. But our society has transformed this leveling instrument successfully into one that further ossifies and reinforces, in amazingly novel ways, the privileges of wealth and power by birth.

Quite surprisingly our achievements contrast with the early views and vision of our nation. It was a nation that was supposed to grow in leaps and bounds and, in the early, 1950s, was considered very promising by all the development *gurus* of the world. Japan, virtually written off by these very experts and eminent scholars, achieved 100% literacy amongst both females and males more than two decades back.

Many Committees have deliberated on how to establish an education system that can serve our development aspirations. The National Policy on Education holds forth on every vital concern. But we have not been able to translate each of these objectives into action that will generate good will at every step we take.

In fact we have tried to pursue these policies in isolation, and within the confines of the school boundaries not integrating them with the wider social milieu. And we have implemented them half-heartedly, without conviction.

Consequently, our education has failed to infuse a spirit of piety and inculcate a sense of responsibility towards civic norms and duties. Since the average school remains divorced from the community we have failed to provide a vision for our land and people, and to build a national character. (As an aside I may mention, corruption is the only feature we have successfully incorporated into our national culture and psyche over the past 50 years). We never had a truly pro-people education policy despite much talk about 'Operation Blackboard' or the 'National Literacy Mission.' De facto, we adopted a policy that laid more stress on career prospects and on how to earn more and more money rather than on character building, on the human in the human being.

That is why we witness the impoverishment of the inner human in an average Indian and have ignored such ideals as *tyaktyen bhunjitha ma gridh kasyasvid dhanam* (enjoy the worldly pleasures through sharing). We should not forget that education is also a means of emancipation - *sa vidhya ya vimuktaye*. Education is an instrument for both vocation and cultural development.

Free India stressed upon technical and scientific literacy at virtual neglect of social sciences, arts, moral sciences and character building. Technical and scientific learning was to some extent rightly regarded as the foundation of the industrialisation and economic growth. However we forgot that what mattered was the human element in the human capital that fosters social and economic development.

Now the daunting task before us is how to impart inexpensive but quality education for an ever-growing population. And also, how to combine the vocational needs and spiritual aspects of education. The answer or, perhaps, answers lie in starting a mass movement and community involvement. Unfortunately, education is still a concern of the pupil and the parent, whereas it should be the responsibility of the nation to build a national character so that boys and girls grow up not only as individuals but also collectively, working together for freedom, equality and social justice.

Let us start off with an earnest desire to build future citizens for this nation. Social or physical scientist, doctors or engineers, bureaucrats or technocrats - above all they must be first class citizens. We may argue and debate about the technicalities of modern education, the techniques, tools and teaching aids required to convey Newton's Law. No doubt, these are important, but what is more important is to pursue freely learning and questioning and along with it practice with the students in our own classrooms the nitty gritty of

democratic functioning, the nuts and bolts of free inquiry and unprejudiced scholarship.

Our own scriptures had once emphasised the importance of moral education over technical and scientific literacy. The *Vyas Samhita*, for instance, mentions:

The result of education does not make one a hero, nor studies a wiseman. He who has conquered his senses is the real hero. He who practices virtue is really wise.

—Mr. V. Ghosh & Mr. S. Bhushan

Confusions Of An End

The First Chapter

Marching armies, stepping on scattered souls.
The winning bugle sounded like a scream, sharp
and unending. Guns, bloody rainfall, and life giving
way. The chime of the judgement bell went unheard
and unfelt. And then there was another scream, a
silent one, from the heart. The peace scream --

O' Great Creator of blood and breath,
Give us peace in every part,
In the mind, body and heart.
Look at the child, his wet eye,
The mother's tear and the widow's sigh,
The lust for power and the greed of an hour,
We all petition you with a scream,
The birds at dawn, and the butterfly in its
dream.
Shower upon us the good old days,
Where we laud love in many ways.
Give us trust and faith.

Let us believe in the divine philosopher,
And climb the steps of worldly prosper,
End the sounds of the great gun,
Hot barrels and clotted blood under the sun,
Light the dark corners of hate,
Let the babies' mind create and rule fate.
Fathers and mothers can live with smiles,
The older ones with thoughtful laughter,
Where the path of life is adorned with fragile
flowers,
Bring peace and love in fragrant showers,
Change the world,
For this one is not ours.

The Second Chapter

The change comes, and the celebration begins.

Bright sunshine and soft music fell on the dancing
and freaking out souls. The wine of affection flows
free, and all who drank it danced close. The young
stranger broke away. his car was glowing in the
moonlight. He got in, adjusted the mirror, and
gazed into his stoned eyes. And then spoke from
his heart. The divine revelation of the truth :

The music was loud and changed to suit
soul rockers,
The women swayed, ignoring the
mockers,
Laughing women and the new child's cry.
Men with beer gazed at the sky, nice and
high.
Children with loud screams on a swing,
Bachelors on the left, spinsters on the right
wing.

The young girl danced with him,
An enigma of the heart, struck together,
Soft lips, his chest hard, hers brown,
Their movement like ice, cool and smooth,
His mind began to wander, a scene of
abuse and arousal,
He moved her gently to the soft-pillowed
house,
A strange feeling of fear and anticipation,
She felt like Columbus on a new land,
The young man kissed her now,
She thought of thirst, hunger and fear,
Enough, she cried, I want to go outside,
He saw the tears of fear, he smiled,
His eyes gleamed like scavenger ravens,
In search of the kill,
She sat still, the cry on her lips,
Seduction begins with finger-tips.

He touched her thigh,
The sensation of a high.

The nightmare began, darkness, violence,
no air, the gasp came,
Suffocation smeared the dame.
He went out in the hot sun, leaving her,
Turning for a last glance,
He saw angels doing the morrisdance.
The white lights touched her, he smiled.

He had killed her like the other child.
O Lord, confusions of the end,
Death in the beginning, the end and every
bend.
Do you feel the same way I do,
Do you understand truth and reality,
Can you forgive me Lord, for what I have
done.
Please.....

—The Last Child

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Hindi Class

Mr. Bhushan to the class: Boys, I'm giving you a surprise test tomorrow.

Maths Class

Mr Pant : Where is Vaibhav Bhargava (who is bunking the class) ?

Vaibhav comes in 35 minutes late : "Sir, I was working for the Oliphant".

Mr. Pant : " But aaa, son, that is no reason to be late, haaahn.... Why is ?"

Vibhu.S.Arya from the back benches : "No Sir,

actually he is a bit too early for the next class."

Geography Class

Mr. Khaira : All those boys who are absent, please raise your hands.

Mr. Bhatia's Class

Nikhil Agarwal : Sir, I want a new register.

Mr. Bhatia : Why ?

Nikhil : Sir, I've lost my previous register.

Mr. Bhatia : First, show me your lost register, then you'll get a new one.

WHAT'S IN AND WHAT'S OUT

What's In

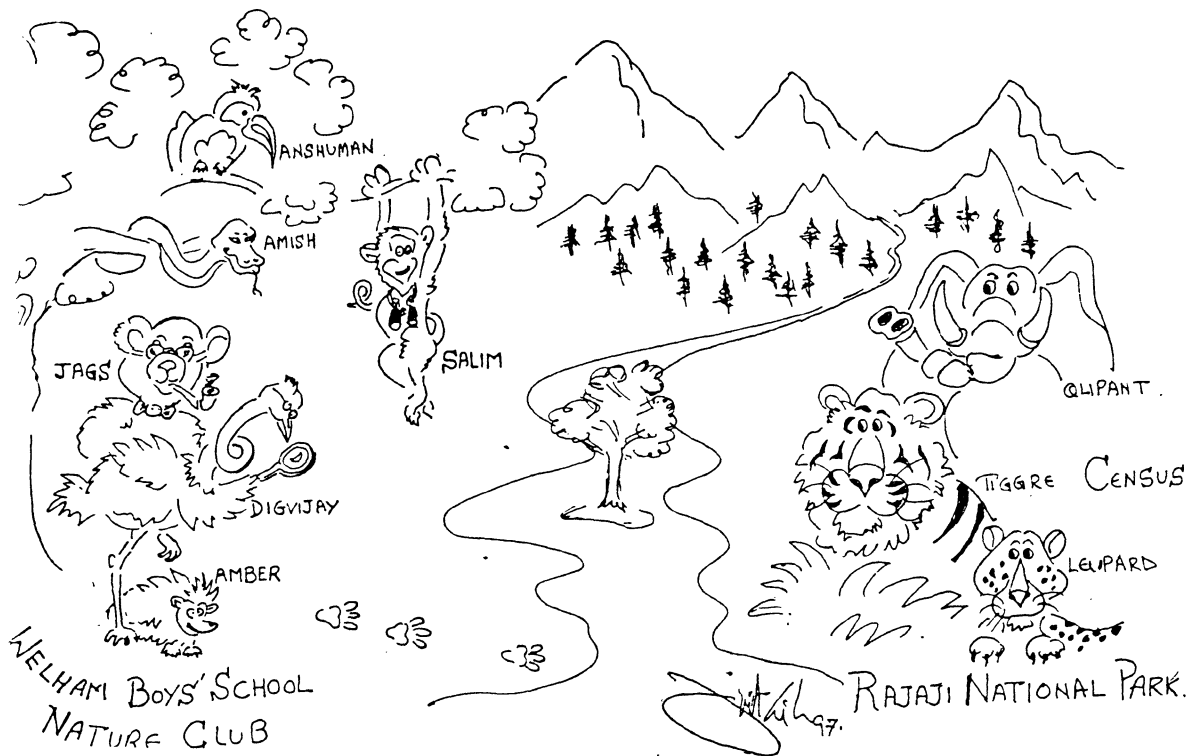
Manavjeet Singh Klaire
Rock
JP Directors
Tea Stall
200 ml Cokes
Mr. S. Dattbhatt
The Trio : J.K, S.H & M.P
Mr. Nagalia's cycle
'Moonsoon' Festival
Mr. Bhushan's Woodlands
Kingstreets
Body-fit Inners
Oranges
Empire Circus
Joint Production



What's Out

Rohit Lohia
Romantic Melodies
JP Actors
Quick Pick ('Q.P')
300 ml Cokes
Mr. Jagdish Madnani
Mr. Kandhari
Mr. Khaira's cycle
Summer Festival
Mr. Bhushan's socks
Caterpillars
Ranjeet 'ganjees'
Mangoes, leechies and water-melons
Koyla, Sapne, Ziddi and Mrityudata
Exams

Note from the Editor : To all readers, this column is going to be a permanent one from now on. Hence, I would welcome any contributions for this column .



RINGSIDE VIEW

Ed: As there has been very little sporting activity in the short span of time between the publication of the previous issue and this one, the writer of this column has decided to use his space to express some of his thoughts which have been haunting him for far too long now.

Recently, I was going through the past sporting achievements of the school and believe me, I was not a bit surprised to see that over the last few years the standard of sports (of all kinds) has gone from bad to worse. But I was actually shocked when I realised to my horror that this is going to be the first term in the last ten years that our school has failed to win a single tournament in any sport. It is only then that I decided to use my bit of space in the school magazine to write this article.

Sports is no more a priority at Welham. Infact going by the attitude of a lot of people, it shouldn't be a part of our curriculum at all. Gone are the days when sport was practiced as a religion here. Now a days, some guys prefer to stay away from any kind of sport and some

teachers consider it appropriate not to encourage, if not discourage games.

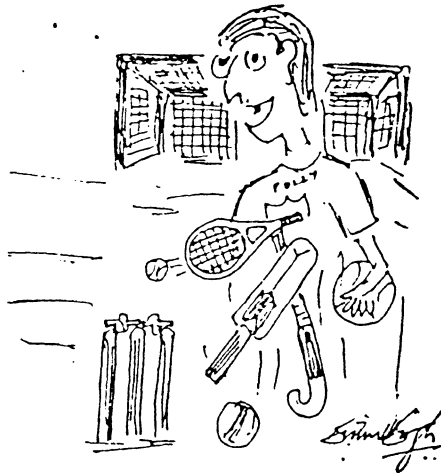
Some of the guys prefer to sleep during P.T. and the only reason they manage to sleepwalk onto the field (no assurance of their doing anything once they're there) is the presence of a Prefect. Even when the Prefects are around, some guys prefer to hide in their closets or the bathrooms rather than come and do their exercises. One wonders what attracts them to such obnoxious surroundings during the early hours of the morning.

What do some of the guys do during games time? SLEEP.

What do some teachers do at this time? GOD KNOWS.

Once again, like last year, the school hockey captain was forced to act also as the coach cum manager cum everything of the team. Reason-- a complete absence of veteran assistance during practice. Is it possible that none of the elders in our school know anything about hockey or is it just that their time is far too valuable to be wasted in a hockey field?

However, the team did extremely well (under



superb leadership of the captain) to make it to the Finals of the Council schools tournament. Before I go on to discuss the Finals against the DoscOs, I would like to point out that even for this match, the whole of senior school could not go along with the team to give them some kind of vocal support from outside as there were far more important activities to be attended back in school. Also, amongst those on whom there was no such restriction, only five or six (they're the regulars at all such events) turned up. Now that certainly was a large fraction of them!! The others, I'm sure had extremely busy schedules which could by no means have been altered for any such petty affair. After all, who cares whether we win or lose. For those of us who witnessed this match, it was evident that our players were individually far better than their Doon school counterparts. Then why did we lose? From the little that I know about the sport, hockey is a team game and it is important for someone to teach the players a couple of tactics and how to coordinate with each other. The quality of playing as a team is definitely not inherited. It has to be inculcated in them over a season of practice.

It is interesting to note that in the last fifteen days, we've had at least ten inter-school and inter-house non-sporting activities. Barring one, all of these were held during games. Besides, practice sessions for the above were without fail also held invariably during games time. Now how many times are the members of a particular school team

permitted to skip CCAs or SUPWs (forget classes) because they have to participate in some inter-school fixture?

Looking down memory lane, I can crystal clearly remember the time when I had just come into Krishna house (Mr. Bhatia was House Master then). One could hear the basketballs bouncing on the court adjacent to our hostel from right after lunch to almost about dinner time. Today, that same court wears a deserted look with an occasional glimpse of a deflated ball somewhere around it. At that time, 75% of the school Basketball team comprised my house boys. This year, out of the 30 guys who play for the school team, only two of them excluding yours truly are from Krishna. Whatever happened to the nursery of Welham Basketball?

Today, our school officially competes in eleven different games at the IPSC level. Sad to say, coaches are available for only four of these sports. The other teams are expected to manage solely with individual skills.

Welham strives to produce students who fall into the 'complete man' category. I think its about time we realise that for the overall development of a boy, sports is essential. We must not discourage those who think they have a brighter future in sports. After all, everyone has his own priorities and who knows -- we might just produce the first Indian to play in the N.B.A. or the next Dhyanchand?

—Pratyush



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