

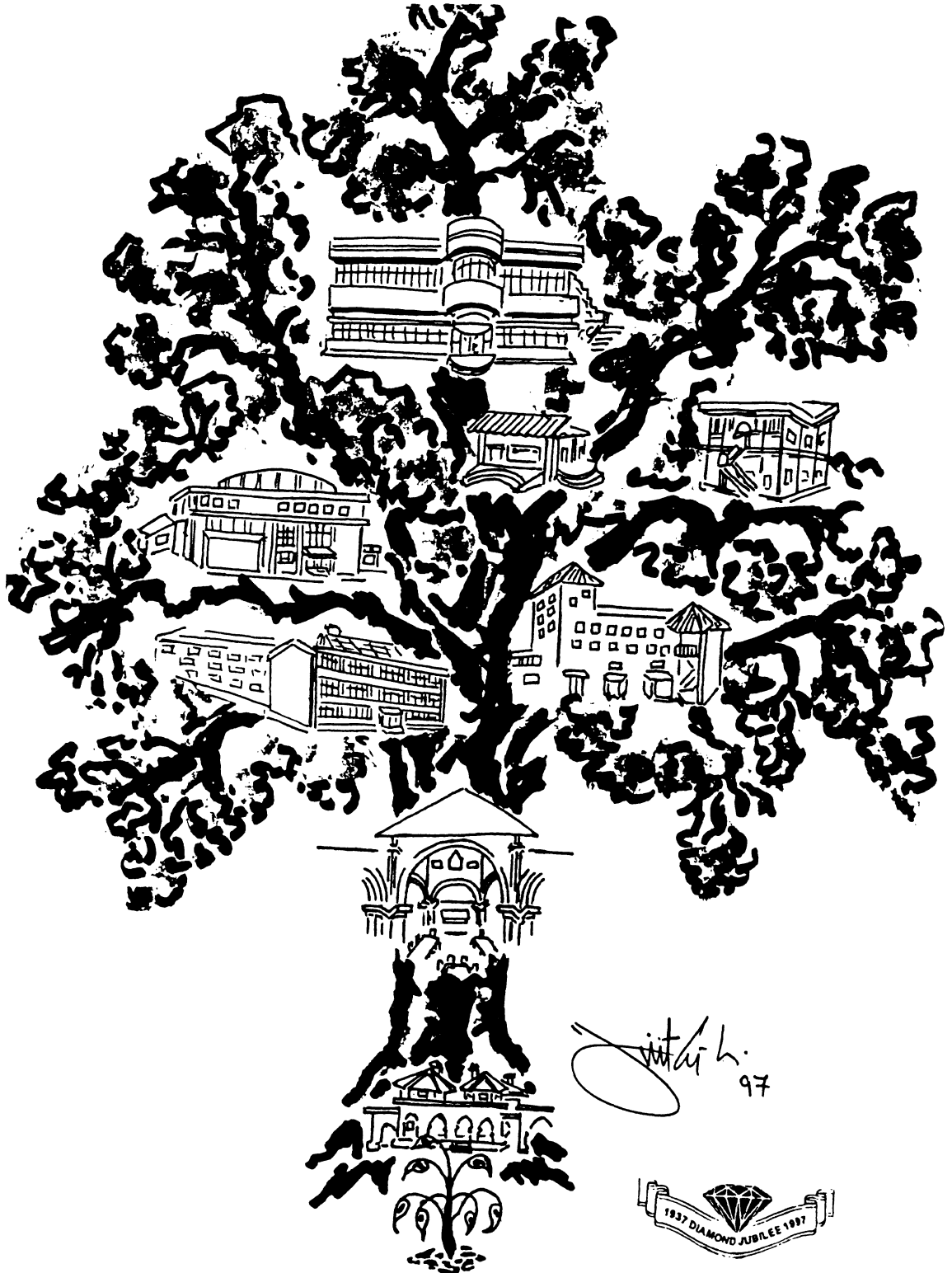
The Elephant

No. 204

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 26th, 1997

DIAMOND
JUBILEE



Think About It

To think is not good enough; you must think of something .

—Jules Renard

EDITORIAL



THE MAN BEHIND IT ALL

Love(!), Sex(!) and Violence(!) are three things I'm definitely not going to be dealing with in my editorial. Forgive me for using this age-old gimmick of trying to attract a little attention to this column that would have otherwise have gone unread. My apprehension and endless nightmares on my editorial not being read during the Founders and considerable warning from ex-Eds compelled me to put this wicked scheme to use. So far, so good..... Now, read on, pleeeeeeaaase...!

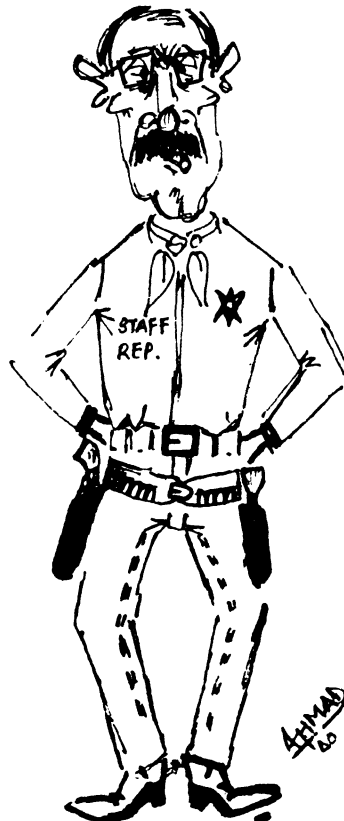
It was the evening of the 21st of October and after a tiring day for the entire school in 'preparation for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations' (this phrase has gradually become exceedingly popular in Welham), it was dinner time! Boy,...of late, you probably have no idea how much Welhamites look forward to this vital meal. Needless to mention, Welham has always been synonymous with food and I'm sure it is common knowledge that for a Welhamite, food takes top priority. Assuming you have a wild sense of imagination, I

(1)

leave it to you to think of the uproar that followed in the Dining Hall when the boys discovered that dinner comprised palak, aloo and chapati. Hungry stomachs growled because something better was expected. The Prefect body, in particular, seemed enraged at this unappetising menu. After a short 'meeting' outside the caterer's house, one Prefect confidently walked up to the silent (on his arrival, of course) school and said, "Oye guys, I'm sure you didn't like the food today". Whether the school answered in response to the food, or simply so as not to be in any disagreement with the Prefect, or merely to kick up a little fun and action, the Prefects requested the caterer to arrange the supplementary helping of scrambled egg on toast which he did. At times like these, it is not the grub that matters but the memories that are put away with all the fun and 'pep' (forgive me for using this word, but I'm a Welhamite to the very core). It is these incidents that light up our memory, highlight our school life and turn nostalgic wheels in delight. It is these incidents that have caused hundreds of ex-Welhamites to pour into school during the last few

days. To them all, a hearty welcome! I hope you can relive all those memories that you might have stashed away in your mind when here in Welham.

Switching to a lighter subject, everyone has taken on a smart look nowadays, what with the recent change of uniform from the dull brown shirt and contrasting white trouser, to the neat grey trouser, appealing white shirt, befitting tie and (especially for the twelfthies) a splendid blazer to be decorated by all of one's earnings. In the preliminary excitement that repeats itself every



THE BOARDS NEMESIS.

year, everyone is taking utmost care to see that he is immaculately dressed. The essential afternoon sleep hours too are forgone by many so as to iron their clothes or remove a little spot. Games hours have been cut short by many to spend hours before the mirror deciding which hairstyle would go best with the newly donned apparel. Dusty shoes that once seemed beyond repair have almost suddenly turned to polished mirrors. The teachers either didn't want to fall behind and in the last few days, they too have begun to don their best apparel. I must remark that some of them have discerning choice of clothes!

With the launch of the Founders, the school is teeming with activity. A large amount was apparently spent on the Hindi Production being directed by Mrs. Hema Singh, in contrast to the English play with its meagre budget. However, with Mr. Nick Bowater and Dhruv Dhindsa putting in their best, it is probably going to be a big hit.

The entire school is in anticipation of the screening of the movie recently shot on the school. Some, I hear even went for special morning gogs so as to build up enough stamina to run from one part of the school to another, just so they could appear in the movie twice. Pathetic...you'd think, I bet. Well, I don't blame you. In any case, I guess that doesn't include me 'coz I appear thrice!

Sports Day is certainly going to be one big day, as Mr. Arun Sharma and Mr. Mehngaram are demanding rehearsals every minute of the day. Marching has been practiced to perfection, thanks to the Prefects. The athletes are also seen at practice day and night. The Chief Guest for the Sports day is the Irish Ambassador to India, his Excellency, Mr. Jim Flavin. It is definitely going to

be one good show. All the best to all involved!

Mr. Bittu Sehgal is the Chief Guest for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. Mr. V. Narain, a parent, will be the Chief guest for the Carnival.

Painted pomp or not, I don't know. But I do know that the one thing the Welhamites are looking forward to is the Carnival/the Pagal Gymkhana. The Jam session, this year, it is rumoured, is going to be better than ever. For starters, it has already been named the "Temple Of Sound"! I guess

the Sound God/Goddess is going to be quite put off by all the swinging of hips in the premises of his/her temple.

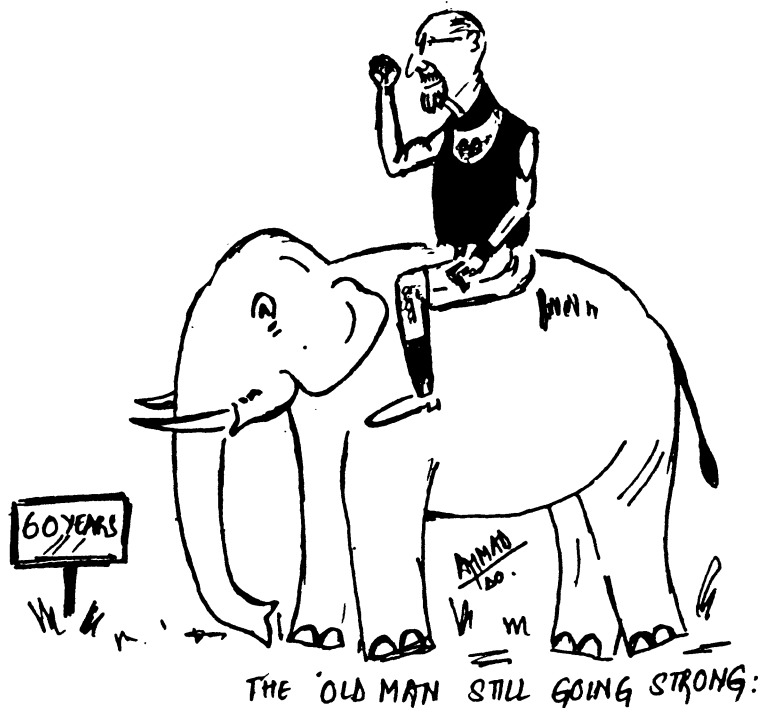
Sixty years is a landmark in the history of any institution. The school started with very few resources in terms of personnel and finance. But what was readily available was determination and perseverance and a vision. This was Miss Oliphant, so well remembered by us all. Our generation did not have the pleasure of having met her but one hears of her and what all she did to raise this school. She must have been a remarkable lady to have laid such a firm foundation that has enabled the school to grow 'From Strength to Strength'. The time is appropriate for us to acknowledge her efforts and sacrifice.

We need also to remember her successors who have nurtured the school to a position of strength which is enjoyed today. The teachers, the matrons, the coaches, the staff and all those who assist in the schooling of Welhamites. To them our thanks.

Thanks must also be expressed to parents and old boys who are unflinching in their endeavours to assist the school with their time and resources. A happy, joyous Diamond Jubilee to all.

—Sourab

(2)



WELHAM NOW



Nikunj

1) The certificates of merit and badges have been given to the following boys who participated in the Big Babol Quiz. The quiz was held on the 17th October. The following stood first in their classes.

i) Atir Ansari, class VII.

ii) Rohan Varshney, class VIII.

iii) Anjane Kumar Sinha, class IX.

The school will now be represented by Atir Ansari and Rohan Varshney in the next round of the questionnaire.

2) The final round of the Geo-Map Quiz '97 on national level was held on the 19th October. After qualifying the preliminary test, the following boys participated:

i) Karan Gulaya

ii) Ajit Bajaj

iii) Sandip Jha

iv) Sameer Garg

v) Kumar Abhijeet

vi) Rahul Choraria

vii) Vatsal Arya

viii) Shyam Prakash

ix) Amit Gupta

x) Anant Goel

It is expected that on merit the boys may be awarded a prize in the inaugural function of the I.N.C.A Conference, scheduled to be held in Chandigarh on the 12th November, 1997.

3) The tree planting squad have completed the survey of the campus and have marked all the trees with their common and botanical names.

4) The physical map of India in the academic block is being made again by the Geography clay modelling boys and other experts under the supervision of Mr. Khaira. It is expected that it will be completed after the Jubilee.

5) The relief map of our school campus is being made in the middle school field under the

guidance of Mr. Jagjit Singh.

6) The Sports Day rehearsal for the entire school was held on the 22nd October.

7) The dress rehearsals of the Diamond Jubilee plays were held on the 23rd October.

8) The Sports Colours for the year 1997-98 were awarded to the following:

Volleyball

i) Ashish Kumar

ii) Inayat Bains

iii) Gauri Shanker

iv) Pradipta Rana

v) Sourab Dhungel

Tennis

i) Anand Divedi

ii) Arjun Trivedi

iii) Gauravjeet Singh

iv) Abhishek Gaurav

v) Sumant Pai

Soccer

i) Amit Prashar

ii) Saswat Prasad

iii) Bikash Gurung

iv) Sourab Dhungel

v) Faizal Burza

Table-Tennis

i) Akhil Bhanot

ii) Abhijit Agarwal

iii) Sulabh Arora

9) On the 25th October, the Post and Telegraph Department issued a "Special Day Cover" and a "Special cancellation postmark" to mark the School's Jubilee.

10) Sumant Pai, Vibhu Arya and Vaibhav Garg were awarded the Gold in the International Award for Young People by Prince Phillip at the British High Commission's Residence.

W.O.B.N

Messages:

Although it is unfortunately not possible for me to attend WBS Diamond Jubilee Celebrations, my thoughts are with you all at Welham. I hope you receive this letter during the Welham celebrations.

I remember Welham School with very affectionate and nostalgic feelings. I was there between 1942 and 43 when W.W.II was on. Miss Oliphant was the dynamic Head Mistress who was a legendary figure - she had two dogs in the house and a small cane and was a tall lady we small boys were rather in awe of.

At white house where I arrived in a tonga from the railway station I was made to feel at home by the staff and fellow pupils. Inder Vira, Satish Malhotra, Mazhar Tyabji, Ranvijay Singh (Ranu), Raju etc. were there.

Scottish ladies whose husbands were away fighting the Japanese in Burma taught us. Mrs Frazer taught us Treasure Island in the garden and the old sea dog at the Admiral Benbow was brought to life!

We enacted The Mad Hatters tea party of 'Alice in Wonderland' vintage. I remember Tejinder Singh made a striking Alice. I was the Mad Hatter who put Indu Vira (the dormouse) into a cardboard tea pot on the table in the drama, much to the delight of the audience!

Welham School had two dynamic Indian Masters, Mr. N.K. Gaur and T. J. Kurein. Mr. Gaur's Hindi dictation still rings in my ears.

I wish the School all prosperity and I am sure

My congratulations to you all at Welham on your splendid achievements over the last 60 years and my heartiest good wishes to the school, the

Mr. S.S. Khaira, who has meticulously collected each issue of the Oliphant over the past 10 years has presented to the L.R.C his collection. We are thankful.

it will continue to thrive under your able guidance.

Another incident from those far off days. We used to see 'Silent Movies' one of which showed a person jumping from a height using an umbrella. Indu Vira and self (master sales boys) induced young Buddha (Raja Saheb of Bodokhemidi) to jump from the Ambala House staircase. He jumped

all right but hurt his jaw slightly - his cries brought swift retribution in the form of Oliphant Madam appearing with her dogs, torch, etc. at midnight and we naughty boys were gently caned next morning.

We used to visit Robber's Cave, Botanical garden, go for expeditions along the Doon Valley and these glorious years are fairly etched in my memory.

I remember the formidable dame of white House Mrs. Mcalprine who was possessing sharp nails and could pinch naughty boys. We respectfully dubbed her Miss Kalapani.

Welham school taught us our first R's. We did drama, music, painting as well as our studies - the wooden kalam was used to

write the devnagari lipi by Mr. Gaur. Govind Prasad and self school as headboys.

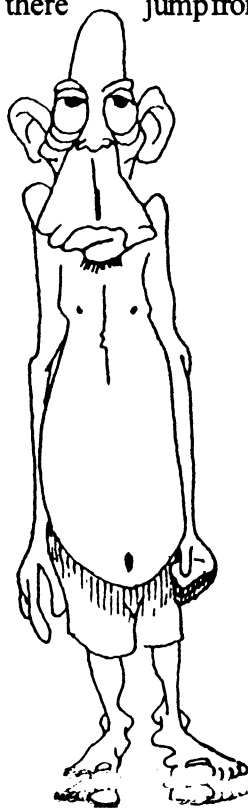
Bobby No. 1 (James Khadimali) Oliphant Madam's godson was the star traunt - he rode a tonga horse triumphantly into school and was always in trouble. Ms. Oliphant knew how to get the best out of all of us and I wish the old alma mater the 'Strength to Strength' success hereafter which she deserves.

—*Manohar Gokhale*

staff and the pupils for the future.

—*Peter L. Morris*
(London)

—*The Oliphant Board*



Sudeep's version of
Mr. Bakshi



Digvijay Lamba

It is massive, quick, fierce, and commands respect. The Tiger! It represents the Indian Jungle and if it is gone nothing will ever bring back that thrill and adventure of a walk in the Indian forest.

In May, 1997 the Nature Club boys, to their shock, found that the tiger is indeed in a pathetic situation. The tiger census conducted in the Rajaji National Park to which they had been invited was some what of a farce. Unskilled forest guards, who knew little about wildlife were deputed to go around and look for tiger pugmarks. They, as is the practice, are supposed to make plaster of Paris casts of the pugmarks but here they did not have any material. Not having done any such work in the past, accuracy in tracing the pugmarks made little sense to them. This appeared to be the condition of the forest department.

Leave alone counting the number of tigers, there is little effort made to turn Rajaji into a popular wildlife park. Because popularity brings

Nature's Diary

wildlife enthusiasts, who, in turn, make sure that people in and outside the park obey the laws.

Gujjars zoom through the park on motor cycles. They own brick houses inside the park. Can a community live in the premises of the park and call its lifestyle sustainable? Yet there are people who advocate such a cause. Their argument is primarily based on the fact that Gujjars have, in the past, lived in these forest, being cattle herders they are nomads and hence give time for the forest to regenerate.



*TIGER TIGER BURNING BRIGHT,
IN THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT.*

But the fact is that this is not the past. If the latest technology is used to improve living conditions while making the forest a home, the condition of the park will gradually deteriorate.

The Rajaji sanctuary is amongst the few sanctuaries where ghoral, cheetal, langurs, nilgai, elephants, rhesus monkeys, bears, tigers, leopards and wolf can be seen on a single hill.

It is a pity that the Doon Valley is fast losing one of its last forests. Something needs to be done fast. It is not enough to know that environment damage is occurring, we need to react.

—*Digvijay Lamba*

Garbage Management

The 'Environment' has always been of great concern at Welham Boys'. This August we were able to start a project with the guidance of Mr. Ram Prasad to productively use the kitchen waste.

The non-degradable materials such as plastic, glass and metal is sent to be recycled and it is biodegradable material is converted to compost.

—*Oswal Das*

Night Sounds

The day is a multitude of various sounds.

Honking cars, screeching tyres and shouting people.

These are the sounds of the day - the sounds I hate.

Then comes the gentle soothing night blanketing the hard stark day, bringing with it its gentle sounds.

They come in many forms from the distant thundering of the clouds to the sound of one's own breathing. The scampering of the field rat or the sound of a leaking tap in the toilet.

If you care to, you will be able to hear the silence gently lulling you to sleep. But unmatched are the night sounds of the jungle. Sitting around a camp fire, hearing terrifying stories of man eating tigers and musth elephants. The shrill cry of the Night Jar is enough to scare the bravest man out of his wits.

Once while sitting out in the open by the river Ganga, we heard sounds of squealing coming from the jungle opposite us. Soon enough a herd of elephants with three calves came down for a late night bath. Squealing like hogs the baby elephants rolled in the mud, wrestling with each

other. Soon they moved off into the dark jungle. It was for me, a most delightful experience.

But nothing compares to the roar of the King of the jungle. The Tiger roaring and roaring in the jungle at night. You take the chirping of the Night Jars and Cicadas for granted. Then, suddenly, there is silence. No howl of the owl, no scampering of the mongoose.

Then the watch guards of the jungle give their cries. The howling monkey from the tree top and the nervous Sambhars and the Cheetals from deep in the jungle.

Then you hear it 'OO- aah, oo - aahha' echoing from the deep. You know that the King is on the move. These sounds are ones which are not easily forgotten.

The night sounds have a soothing effect on one's mind. Gently lulling a tired man into the world of dreams.

—Saasha Singh
Class X B

Learning from Birds

The mid day drowsiness is no longer an excuse for sleeping though climbing out of the cozy bed is like scaling Everest. The ceiling fans do not rattle anymore and the late night screeching of the spotted owls speaks of winter's arrival.

Winter brings a lot of change in Welham. Change in the birds, the trees, in the school uniform and in our attitude. There are a few additions to the bird life. The wagtails and the grey tits are here and so is the unmistakably loud 'Kutur-Kutur' of the barbet. Also arriving shortly will be the white cheeked bulbul.

A recent depression has brought some rainfall to Doon. An unusually cloudy sky and a cold breeze during the day have forced woollens out of the wardrobes, but for those who prefer to loiter in one of the green corners of the campus there is a lot to see.

The small garden next to P.H. is one such place. Fantail flycatchers, tree pies, spotted munias (nesting), tailor birds and the common grey hornbills can all be spotted there to the delight of the not-so-observant P.H-ites. Well! that is not exactly true; recently when a pigeon chick fell on the ground from its nest there were many to help

it (only if they knew how to). Few hours later it was found floating on water in a bucket (was that a duck?). It soon died. "It is what you feel that matters and not, necessarily what you know." Winter also brings with it a marked silence (except for the music in the hostels which stops for nothing). The air coolers and air conditioners no longer add to the noise. It is a period for the boys to 'halt' and think. Think of the future, the nearing board exams (especially for class 12th who by now should have recovered the sleep they lost during the I.C.S.E) and all the time that was not fully utilised. I suppose people will become more productive. In a junior class like 7th you prepare a time table for your exam preparation. You fail to follow it and then reschedule it. The fact is that you keep rescheduling your time tables till your class 10th board exams are on your head. By then you have gained enough experience of making time tables and you realise that you cannot follow any of the many combinations. A last attempt to do away with strict schedules and study for a select number of hours also fails and so do you. Nature does not allow you to reschedule your priorities. There is something to be learnt from birds.

—Digvijay Lamba
(6)

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Seasons

It has been very rightly said by the wise that seasons play a very prominent role in the activity of a person. Changing seasons bring about the changes in a person's activities. At one point an individual may be enjoying something while the very next season he will detest it wholeheartedly. But even so, as the saying goes every season has two silver linings, with its bad and good parts.

Leaving aside some of those nations which are near the Equator and are usually very hot and have scanty rainfall, and those that are near the poles have half year long durations of winter and summers, all other nations in this world experience the different seasons. Some to a great extent and some to a lesser extent.

The five seasons are as follows, in successive order:-

Spring followed by Summer, then the Monsoons, Autumn and at last but not the least Winter to close the seasonal cycle.

It is the month of February, holidays are over and children are seen on the streets going to school. The day is bright with the sun glittering high. Though bright, it does not seem so hot, in fact it is more energetic and invigorating. There is an air of rejuvenation. Birds are soaring high in the sky and the whole environment is echoing with their calls. They go hopping and flying in a happy state from one branch to another which are covered by the lush, green canopy of newly emerged leaves. Flower buds have come in existence too. Yes the spring season is at its best. The day has become slightly longer than nights. They remind us to work hard and to later enjoy the fruits. For the school boys the cricket season has started which needs a lot of hard work. For fruit lovers, raspberries have started growing and their red colour tempts any trespasser to pluck some and eat them. Happiness is what is seen on every face.

Time passes and April comes. The sun goes overhead and the heat becomes stronger. During noon it is burning and one feels sweaty and itchy. Long drops of perspiration can be seen on faces who have toiled hard throughout the spring. All trees are blooming with flowers and their branches hanging low due to the weight of their fruits.

Especially mangoes, leeches and watermelons on ground vines. Birds are seen at the break of dawn, but invisible at noon. It is also party time for the many farmers whose wheat is ready to be cut and sold in the market. To celebrate, the farmers dance and sing and pray to God on the 'Baisakhi' festival. Holi is another festival which is celebrated in summer. To beat the heat, people go for water sports such as swimming, water surfing, rafting and sailing. Ice creams are most popular in summers and are enjoyed by one and all, age is no bar.

Just when it is getting too dry and skin biting hot and people find it difficult to cope with work, monsoon sets in.

One early morning you are woken up by thunder, you experience the first ever lightning and thunder shower of the year. It is monsoon time and crops have all been cut. The clear blue sky has been covered by dark black and grey clouds. The goodly smell of rain on dry ground has gone into your nose and has brought a sign of relief on to your lips. After all the heat has been beaten and the dust is settling down. After a shower, the earth seems to be thoroughly washed and gleaming with a new and fresh smile. But monsoons also become a hurdle in your work. The humid conditions make you lazier and you avoid doing any work. Institutions get closed and holidays are declared. Still some people enjoy the dreadful rain by jumping about on streets in their gawdy raincoats and umbrellas.

Cold and fever are the diseases which hit the earth, some areas get flooded too and ditches and sewages get clogged and overflowed. And if not duly cared, they spread many diseases.

Football is the much enjoyed sport in this season and one can often see enthusiastic football players on the field in heavy practice sessions enjoying the trickling of rain water on their anatomy. 'Janamastmi' celebrations also take place in monsoon season.

After the monsoon season we experience the Autumn season. It is known as a period of shedding. Dried leaves fall off their branches covering the whole area beneath them. Plants are left bare without any flowers on them. Birds re-emerge into the clear sky and labour to build new

nests for themselves, for the old have been washed away. Animals who have mated in the monsoon season become proud parents of their new born babies.

The days are bright but relatively cooler than summers. Festivals such as Diwali, the crackling and bursting festival and 'Raksha Bandhan' are celebrated with great joy.

Winter emerges with its icy fangs in the month of November and lasts till January. It becomes icy cold and nights get longer than days. A thin layer of ice and snow emerges at the start and then accumulates to great amounts. Skiing and mountaineering become the best sports for these months but some people enjoy the warm environment under their quilts sipping coffee. The

year long, men have toiled and they now sit back to enjoy the fruit; Christmas is at the door step and people make merry while celebrating it with Santa Claus. They take vows to work harder the following year and to love and share happiness with everyone. Some animals go into hibernation with their collected food to rest a while before the start of another spring. Woollens come into fashion and people enjoy themselves playing around with the snow and coping with the cold.

So this way, on and on, seasons change and the cycle is completed bringing good and bad moments in the life of the people who they so prominently affect.

—*Ranjit Chhabra*

Trek to Roopkund

Roopkund, as the name suggests, is a small lake amidst picturesque meadows high up in the Garwhal region of the Himalayas. Situated at an altitude of well above 5000 metres the kund is a major attraction for ardent trekkers from all over the world. What makes Roopkund different from so many kunds of the Himalayas, is the sinister aura and the inscrutability woven around the place. Further more the kund is believed to be haunted.

When some students of our school proposed to do the Roopkund trek I was only too happy to register my self as the member of the team, as I'd always wanted to do this one trek. Finally, a team of 12 boys was selected to do the trek with none other than audacious Anirudh Chauhan as the team leader. We were all in high spirits and eager to take on Roopkund but we hadn't the faintest idea what fate had in store for us. I knew that the trek was going to be very difficult but I never expected it to be what it actually was.

We started our fateful journey on the 27th of September. The ride from Dehra Dun to Srinagar was one of the very few pleasant parts of the entire trip. We made a night's stay in Srinagar and early next morning we moved on to Mundoli. The ride to Mundoli was extremely tiresome as we encountered two grandiose landslides on the way. Because of these landslides we had to change jeeps twice and this resulted in heavy expenditure. And the school hadn't provided us with unforeseen expenses. We started having major money problems from the

very beginning. Actually much of our heavy expenditure was unforeseen.

On our arrival at Mundoli on 28th we were surrounded by what seemed to be an army of porters. After much bargaining we got two porters (Madan Singh & Kedar Singh) for a reasonable sum of money. With the amount of rations and baggage we were carrying we required at least three porters, but as I explained earlier we were already running short of money so we had to make do with two. One porter does not carry more than 30 kilos. and our total baggage was well above 60 kilos., so we had to distribute all the extra stuff amongst ourselves.

Mundoli is the place from where the trek begins. No vehicles can go beyond Mundoli, as the motorable road ends there. From Mundoli we trekked up to a place called Lohajung, where we spent the night in the ruins of an abandoned school.

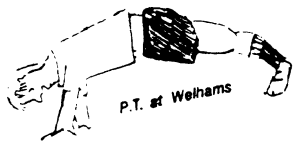
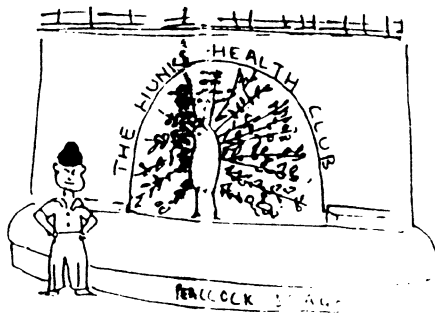
On 29th our next destination was Wan, a small village at a distance of approximately 15 kilometres from Lohajung. The trek to Wan was rather easy in comparison to the rest of the trek. On our arrival at Wan we were greeted by small children who came running to us asking for sweets. According to our original plan, from Wan we had to go to a place called Ramdkidhana, where we were supposed to spend the night. But due to heavy rain which started as we reached Wan and continued throughout the day, we had to spend the night in Wan. (*Cont. on page 12*)

CARTOON MANIA

WELHAM ... OUR CHERISHED MEMORY !?!



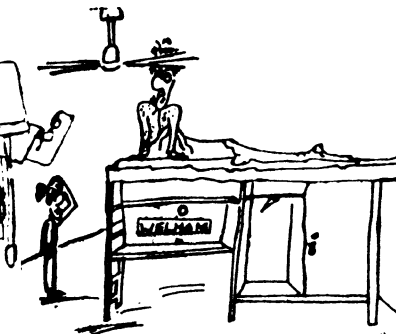
Man's Best Friend



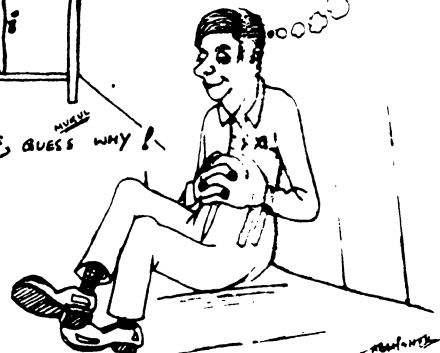
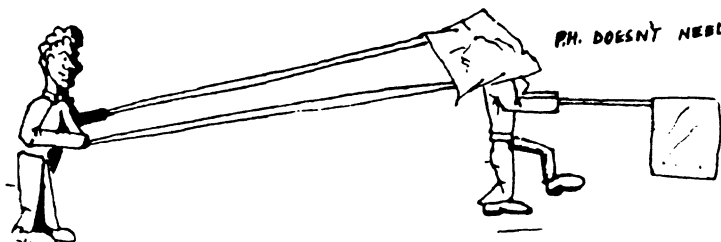
OPERATION JUNKO !



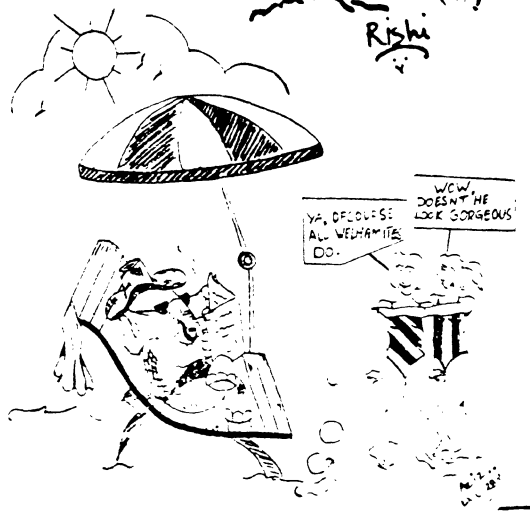
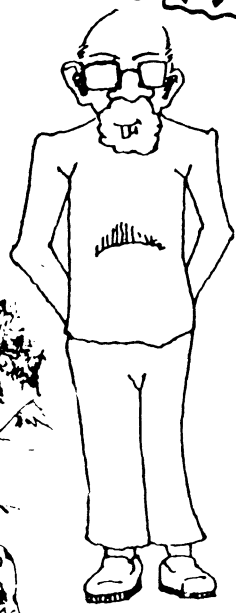
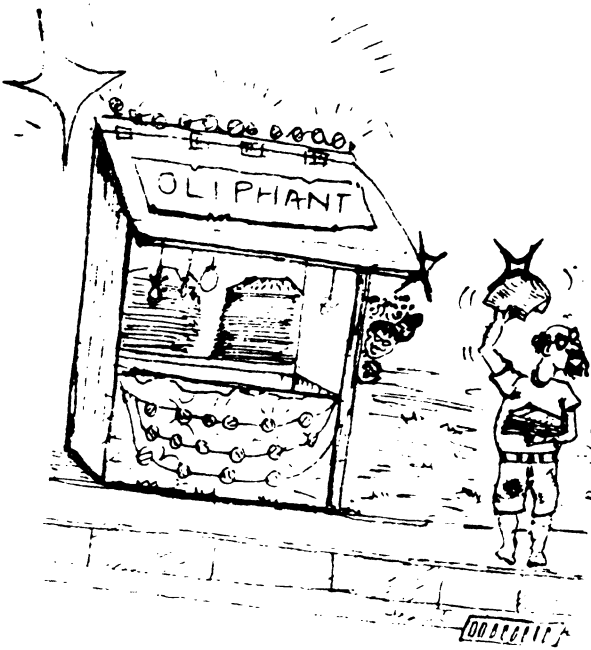
GUESS WHY SCHOOL DESSERT DRIVES US BANANAS!



PH. DOESN'T NEED BARBERS, GUESS WHY !

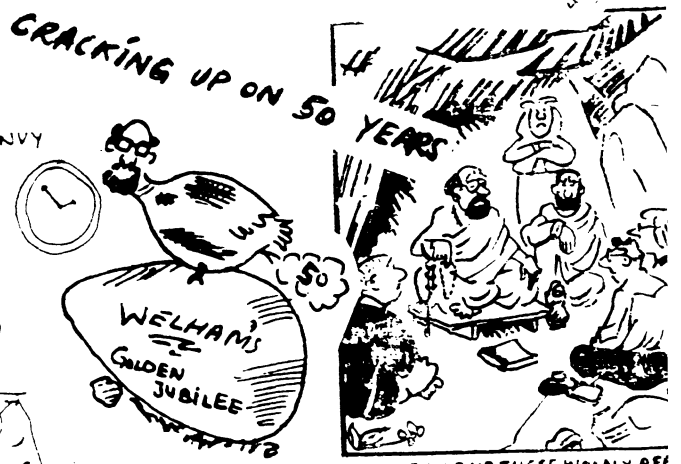


SIMPLY! Respectable

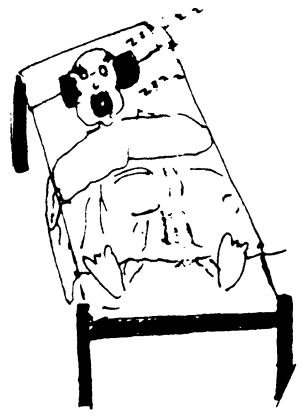


'ON MY RARE TRIPS ABROAD...'
NEIGHBOURS PRIDE

OWNERS ENVY



WHEN I GIVE UP THESE WORDLY AFFAIRS AND AGT:KE I HOPE TO SETTLE DOWN IN AMERICA!



Composed By 'Nikunj Gupta
Digvijay Lamba

On 30th from Wan the next day we left for Bedni Bugyal. This was the most dangerous and difficult part of the trek. The distance to Bedni was 14 kilometres and the entire 14 kilometres were up hill. Further more the whole path was covered with ankle deep muck and puddles. But as though all this was not enough, Mother Nature sent rain pouring down upon us. And the heavy rains were followed by snow. Nobody had expected snow at this time of the year. These hills seem to have an extremely unpredictable climate and as our porter Madan Singh appropriately put it, "Garwhal ka Mausam or Bambai ka phasion ka kuchh pata nahin." Slowly and continuously we made our way through the snow and when we finally reached Bedni, we were all enamoured by the sheer beauty of the meadows covered with immaculate white snow. As it was impossible to pitch tents in the strong winds and snow we took refuge in an old cowshed, which was the only accommodation there.

The next morning on 1st October as we were getting ready to leave for Baggu Vaasa, our next halt, we met an old man who claimed to be the owner of the cowsheds. And the price the man charged for our night stay in the cowshed astounded us all, Rs. 500 for a dirty cowshed in which we spent a sleepless night. We bargained, we pleaded but the truculent old man refused to take a paisa less than Rs. 500. After paying the old man we

resumed our trek. The trek to Baggu Vaasa was not much of a problem, excepting that the snow at some places was very deep. But it was on the trek to Baggu Vaasa when everybody was hit by the altitude sickness. Fortunately nobody's condition got serious and we made it to Baggu Vaasa safe and sound.

On 2nd, from Baggu Vaasa we went to Roopkund and back, as Roopkund is a mere 5 kilometre from Baggu Vaasa. Roopkund was a major disappointment as we were all expecting something great but all we got to see was a small kind of a gorge covered with snow. We didn't go down to the kund as the area is very sensitive and prone to avalanches. Fortunately it didn't snow the next day and we returned to Bedni where we spent the night of 2nd October.

On the 3rd of October we came down to Mundoli from Bedni Bugyal. We started early from Bedni and were in Mundoli by six in the evening. From Mundoli we took a bus to Srinagar where we spent a night. On the 5th of October we were back in school. After the eventful journey to Roopkund coming back to school was a relief.

This journey had been an unforgettable experience for all who did it. Personally I think it was a learning experience and this trek to Roopkund will always loom like a big painting in the drawing room of my brain.

—Ahmad Ali

A Guilty Conscience

I stood under the huge neem and saw the village down below. Danakpur, my birth place, my beautiful native land, the village was just as I had left it, twenty years ago. The same huts, a few houses of bricks, scattered cattle and children running around. The women were down on their haunches, by their stoves cooking food.

I walked across the field, the sweet smell of half ripe mustard was in the air and a few men were working on their water engines. I reached the village handpump, the children were bathing in turns, the drainage pipe was not working, it never had. The cattle were splashing around in a pool, cooling off, a few of the kids were swimming with them. They climbed on to the back of a buffalo and dived into the water with a shout. A carefree village, so close to nature. I remember my father telling me, 'This is your world Fateh, the tree, the

fields, the animals they all are yours. Love them and enjoy them and you shall be a happy lad my son.'

I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to look back.

'Sangraam, my friend,' said I and hugged the young man in front of me. My childhood friend Sangraam. I looked at him carefully, the same eyes, dark complexion, hard hands and those dirty cracked feet. He had always been like that, the typical villager. I remember how much he had cried when I had told him that I was going to school in the city. He said that he would be lonely and friendless and began howling aloud.

'Fateh', he said, 'how nice to see you after all these years, my friend. Oh! how much I missed, you my brother.'

His eyes had then welled up with tears, but this time they gleamed with joy as he took my hand.

and pulled me gently towards the village crossing. 'Seema, Hari Chacha, Laxman, Dhano everyone come quick. Our Fateh has come from the city. Oh! come quick and meet him everyone,' he shouted standing at the crossing, the tears of joy now rolling down his cheeks.

The villagers surrounded me. 'Namaste! Fateh ji', 'remember me', 'how are you', 'I am so and so, you remember me na.' was all I could hear.

After all the chaos was over, I was left standing alone with Sangraam. He smiled, the same smile I used to see twenty years ago. His eyes were wet and filled with affection. He put his arms around my shoulders, childhood friends I thought and we walked slowly towards the village well.

'Hey! Fateh,' he said, 'Do you know I am married now!'

'What!', said I, stunned and shocked. 'When? How? To whom? Sangraam,' I mumbled. Sangraam, married, impossible I thought. The same Sangraam who leched at the village girls and drooled when saw their mid-riffs or when they bathed in the pond.

'Come over for dinner Fateh. You can meet my wife then and we can have a nice trip down memory lane over a bottle of toddy,' he said.

'Sure, Sangraam. I'll be there at seven,' I said with anxiety and a little excitement.

I saw him run down the lane into the thickets, 'Sangraam!, married Sangraam!' I smiled to myself.

I walked around the mango orchard. I remembered the swing on one of the trees where we played in the afternoon. The guava wood seat that hung from a branch with thick ropes of jute, Sangraam and I had pushed each other, competing as to who could swing higher.

Suddenly, I heard the swing cracking on my left. I walked a few steps and reached the clearing where the swing was. And on it was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. A gorgeous Indian village girl. She stopped swinging as I approached her. My heart was beating fast, my eyes glued to her face, her body, her hair. She blushed turning her face away, she pushed forward and started to swing again.

I stared at her beautiful brown eyes, the soft black hair, the fair complexion, a little rough, the

stunning figure, it was fatal attraction. I moved closer and she turned to face me. Her eyes told me everything, it was all I needed to know. I pulled her off the swing and held her in a tight embrace. She arched her back. I kissed her impatiently, groping, carressing her. She moaned and all of a sudden pushed me away. I felt a wave of lust. She looked frightened and turned her back towards me.

'I want you,' I said softly. I didn't even know her name.

She turned to face me, 'I know,' she said, 'I want you too. But not now and not here. I'll meet you later, maybe tonight.'

Saying this she ran towards the village, a last glance of hers cleared all doubts I had. She would come, I needed to meet her. She was beautiful and exciting.

Dusk approached. The sun went behind the hills and gave way to the moon. I was nearing Sangraam's house. We would drink and talk about good old times, and about the present and yes maybe I could narrate my encounter in the orchard to him and describe the girl. Sangraam would know her.

'Ahh come Fateh, come,' Sangraam said in a warm voice and ushered me in. 'So,' he continued, 'this house is the same, except for my pretty wife. You'll like your Bhabi, Fateh. I tell her a lot about you, brother, the good times, the games and pranks. Sarita, come and meet my friend Fateh.'

I heard her approach.

'Namaste,' I said as she removed her veil.

I felt my knees give way. My stomach churned, I shivered. I looked at her beautiful brown eyes, the soft black hair, the fair complexion, a little rough, the stunning figure.

Oh! God. It was her. The girl on the swing in the orchard. I cursed the skies, cursed myself.

Time passed with forced smiles and polite conversation.

At night, I lay on my bed, the swing in front of my eyes, Sarita on it. Our carressness and then Sangraam's loving face.

I cried all night, I knew Sangraam would forgive me. But it is my conscience that hurts me all my life.

—Vivek Sharma

Memories

We were a happy and content family living in the countryside of California. The bustle and show

of the city didn't suit us. We then built a cottage not far from the bank of a river. It seemed a boon for

us as it fulfilled almost all our needs. The freshness of the place seemed everlasting. There was a wide stretch of meadows with lush green trees. The place was just wonderful.

My wife Martha and I lived in that house with our two sons. Jack and Nicholas both in their teens. And we had our lovely daughter named Christie. She was beautiful and sincere. Her golden locks of hair fell upon her shoulders. Her beautiful eyes had a warmth in them which would cheer any person who came in contact with her. Her smile was infectious. She was the soul and spirit of the house. In the case of both my sons - they were strong and caring. They were kind to others and helpful. Having lived for forty years with my wife seemed like forty hours. Time had passed by so quickly. She was so close to me and I loved her with all my heart.

My sons helped me in farming. We had farms of wheat and barley. Since there was a vast open space in the countryside, we had a windmill and stables. Whenever the weather was fair, we went galloping. Life was perfect, and I hoped for it to continue the same way.

One fine sunny morning the sun rays fell constant on my face waking me up earlier than normal. It was a fine day. The sky was clear. There were dew drops on plants and trees looking like small crystals. The twittering of the birds added to the brightness of the day. I decided to go to the woods to cut fire wood. It would take me the whole day, so I set off as early as possible.

All day long I toiled and when evening came I troddled back along the path. I lingered through the way but I soon got refreshed by the cool icy wind blowing. The trees were swaying to and fro, proving that it was hard for them to stand still. The clouds slowly receded and the orange gleam from the setting sun soon vanished. I could now descry the sky with numerous twinkling heavenly bodies making it even more exquisite. Through the fog and mist I got back home and went in. But to my surprise no one was there to greet me. I frowned and walked, in sipping my coffee, and eating a snack. All of a sudden, someone shut my eyes from behind. So many years had passed but I could not forget the warmth of my dearest friend's palm. It was William for sure. And so it was. We were so happy to see each other after such a long communication gap. He had been in South Wales all these years since we parted twenty years ago.

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Before that we had spent our childhood together, did our graduation and worked together in the forest department of Houston. It was an extremely pleasant surprise for me. The good old days had come back. We celebrated that night lavishly. Sweet old memories came back again and we made the most of the occasion.

At midnight, everyone was asleep. William and I were in the study. He had not changed at all. We discussed everything and then I opened my drawer and took out a box from it. I unlocked the box and took out an album and a chain from it. He understood what I meant to talk about. It was back in those days when we spent our childhood in Seattle. I could clearly recall this incident back in the summer of 1964. Both of us were in grade 8th then. Our holiday had begun and we were enjoying it to the fullest. We would play baseball, go cycling in the woods, meet different people, roam with girls. But the most important thing was the mission we had undertaken.

A few years ago a mother and her child Johnny had been brutally murdered. We wanted to search for Johnny's ghost and ask him about his death. I had got some more facts from my grandmother who was there when it had happened. We and two more boys from our group had this secret plan. At night we used to carry all the equipment we needed and sit near his grave and try to revive his spirit to unburden his desire to take revenge. Suddenly, an old man came and stood by us and said nothing. We got frightened. The two other boys ran away. William and I stayed on. After talking to him, we realised he was poor Johnny's father who had come to wish him. We were ashamed of ourselves at what we were planning to do. We apologised and never did it again. But on returning something wierd happened. The chain which William gave me fell into a manhole. I could not part with his token of affection so I had told him to stay there whereas I went down to collect it. Unfortunately, the rain which had already begun began pouring more heavily disabling me from coming up. At this stage William lowered the chain hauled me up and saved my life. Since then we had become life long friends.

Both of us remembered this ever cherished incident and realised how close we were to each other. This was the same chain which had saved my life and now it was the most valuable treasure for me. William was glad and tears of happiness

rolled down his cheeks. Anyway, it was time for us to sleep. He went to his room, weary and tired and slept like a soundly baby. I went and stood by the

window thinking all about the past, the past.....
And then I sat down on my table to write the day's events in my diary.

—Alok Kapur

A Satire On The Macho 'Bullheaded' Male

They are the ones who drown in all their stereotyped splendour of stupidity, enslaved by their self-love and taking pride in the false character they portray. And when sitting together they talk about woman and their affairs, the only achievements that matter to them, while the rest will tell you how they will go about winning the favours of the ladies they aspire, laughing all the while at how the latter would be impressed with their pretended gentleman like behaviour. And how the ladies would respond to these bull-heads, while the one with deeper feelings would just sweep past like a passer by.

On one winter morning when the sun caused the dew to sprinkle and the leaves to shine. I was walking towards the tree, my feet cutting a dull path in the glistening grass, and an occasional call of some rare birds resounded in me like the chimes of a giant clock.

I saw a woman standing next to the tree. Though not very beautiful, her simplicity created a kind of grace in her. She bent to pick a flower and then turned to face the tree. A smile adorned her face, the kind that expresses shyness and affection. All together she portrayed an image which could be aptly described as pure. And then as if from nowhere he appeared, typical average macho-man.

He's not like me, he can pretend and that's what he does best, pull people off by faking it. In fact he's doing it now, setting another trap. Another innocent to add to his achievements, to brag about amongst his companions.

And it was not long before the woman was

in his arms, her mind walking a tight rope which he had created with his falsity. One can recognise these men from their perverted behaviour, typical macho-male stereotypes, wanting to be the fancy of every woman.

The woman saw me, and I saw an expression of uncertainty on her face. But her eyes were drowned in an undecipherable emotion. Typical victim of the bull-headed macho. He was having his fun. His interest in her was completely pseudo for he loved only one person-himself.

Remember those sadist rulers of ancient India who hoarded women in their harems, probably even women of their own kinship. Swollen with pride, today's charmer probably goes to the extent of making his mother realise that he is 'a macho male.'

And then I knew what I had to do, save innocence. But I had hardly taken a step towards her when he grabbed her by her waist and together they went into the valley below, fading into the mist with another tale to tell.

And as I walk away, my mind creates an image in which I see him, the bull headed macho, reaching his hand out to a young woman and rubbing her collar bone suggestively. And then he says, 'Sister you need a.....'

I snap back into reality. I see the macho bull headed male cursing me from the sky, staring at me from the ground. Their secret is out, the macho male stereotype has been attacked in all its stereotypical splendour of stupidity.

—The Last Child

The Essence of Paper

Paper is defined as a substance made in thin sheets from wood pulp or rags and used for writing, printing or drawing on, or for wrapping and packing. Look around the categories of paper-kite, blotting, crepe, chart, currency, photo paper, newspaper, sand paper, tissue paper, drawing paper, wall paper and so on.

Endlessly useful and often beautiful, versatile paper can be a vehicle for a writer's expression, a

surface for an artist's brush and sometimes art itself.

On paper the lesson of history and the fire of human genius have blazed across space and time—the notes of Mozart, the words of Shakespeare, the sketches of Picasso, the wisdom of Gandhi. Words on paper changed the way people thought.

Paper and printing guided Europe out of Dark ages: Just 50 years after Johannes Gutenberg

invented his printing press in the mid 15th century more than six million books have been published on law and science, politics and religion, exploration and poetry.

The development of paper covered a long journey. The ancient Chinese carved pictograph in bones, Greeks scribbled on parchment made from animal skin. The Maya printed hieroglyphy on beaten mulberry bark. The ancient Egyption made papyrus, the writing material that one day would lend paper its name, by pressing together layers of that Nile Sedge.

The first paper maker according to legend was Tsailun, who created paper from hemp, tree bark and rags in 105 A.D. Since then the Chinese have loved paper. They were the first to make paper money, toilet paper and paper books. It was forbidden even to step on a piece of paper with writing on it.

The tremendous demand of paper started from 19th century when paper makers started using tree as raw material as it was cheaper. Tree fibres are cemented together with a natural substance called lignin which eventually oxidized and turns the paper brown.

Today, there is a crisis in the story of paper. The environmentists charge the paper business with denuding forests and polluting air, land and water by spawning poisons like dioxins as an industrial byproduct. However, innovators are working to solve these problems by recycling paper and its industrial waste or even by creating new building materials from used paper, this essential commodity can be made more environmentally sound.

Every year an estimated ten billion cubic feet of pulpwood is harvested world wide for paper products.

Today, people don't even think about paper, they just throw it away. Look at the following fact about paper:-

- 1) 15 mature trees make one tonne of paper. Recycling half the paper used in the world today would save eight million hectares of forests.
- 2) Developed countries could reduce demand for paper pulp by at least one quarter through recycling. During World War -II, most northern hemisphere countries recovered and reused half of their paper, thereby reducing the annual off take by fifty percent.

—*Surjeet Singh Khaira*

My Tribute To Welham - In All Its Glory

Two years flew by so fast. One cannot even imagine how time flies. Boarding school was never supposed to be there for me, it was kind of a nervous push from my family to stabilise me in a reputed institution and thank the Lord this institution turned out to be the Welham Boys' School.

I write this article today to thank Welham and the people at Welham for rekindling a spirit in me which I thought I never had. I can now dare to dream, dream about my future, my career and eventually turn these dreams into reality, never forgetting my friends who I made at Welham who I might call family.

This article is not supposed to be on me, its about you, yes you Welham, you who have moulded me and Gods knows how many more who are out there in the world working for a better tomorrow.

We at Welham still live under the shadow of our (reputed neighbours) it is now time for us to rise and create a mark of our own. We have to stop living in the past, but instead to look into the future and say to ourselves that it is us who will make the future of this country. It is us who have to rise above

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this scenario that surrounds us and improve things, and make a change.

At last year's Founders, one of the most eloquent speaker in India, Mr. Mani Shankar Aiyer, spoke to us. And one line of his, still lingers in my brain.

I quote, 'the only reason they are up there is because we are not!'

'They' being the so called people who represent us in Parliament.

To end, I would like you guys to spare just a moment of your time and think about how lucky each and everyone of you are to be studying in a school like Welham. Be proud of this place and enjoy as much of it as you possibly can, cause this time will never come again in your life. Trust me, I know the feeling and boy, does it hurt.

I wish Welham a happy sixtieth and hope that the school goes from strength to strength and comes on and pushes right to the top where it belongs.

Take care of Welham.

—*Sohrab Mulla (Ex-654)*

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Venue : P.H.

Mr. Sanjay Sharma (to the boys) : Guys, how many *bunkers* are there in P.H. ??

Boys : Sir, which ones? Are you talking about the *army bunkers* or the '*bunkers*' who go to town?!

Mr. Sanjay Sharma : No, I am talking about the things you sleep on!!!

Rohit Sharma : Rohan, are you listening to the radio?

Rohan (promptly) : No, I am listening to F.M.!!

Faizal and Abhishek are signing on a document.

Tenzin : Abhishek, what are you signing on?

Abhishek : CTBT

Tenzin : What???

Faizal : Yaar, it's the Comprehensive Tease Ban Treaty!!

Bikash : Sir, have you read Shakespeare?

Mr. Khaira : No. But, by the way, who wrote it??

Venue : The President Hotel

The waiter arrives with a cold drink and some ice-cubes in a bowl

Manu Talwar : Oye guys, I certainly ordered the cold-drink,...but who orderd the ice-cubes?

Nikunj : Sir, how does one confuse a 'surdy'?

Mr. Khaira : I don't know.

Nikunj : Simply tell him to find a corner in a circular room!!

After some time.....

Mr. Khaira : Nikunj, d'ya know how the surdy is gonna confuse you?

Nikunj : How?

Mr. Khaira : He'll find the corner!!

Dugar walks into Baskin Robins in Mussoorie, and in a confident tone....

Dugar : Sir, can I have a sausage pizza topped with cheese and capsicum?

Attendant : I'm afraid we don't serve pizzas around here, Sir.

Dugar (manifestly disappointed and in a compromising manner) : OK. Then, in that case, I'll have a plain hamburger.

WHAT'S IN

Disposal
Perfection House
Carnival
Temple of Sound
The Orchard
Celebration
Freedom
Kambli
Winter Uniform

WHAT'S OUT

Proposal
Standard 'Lootere' Tailors
Fete
Jam Session
Back field
Studies
Timeschedule
Dravid
Summer Uniform

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Digvijay Lamba
Mrs. Pant
Ranjit Chhabra

Udham Singh
Jaya Lalitha
Daler Mehendi

LAMPOON

Confessions of a Zonked Zombie

Me: Sourab, I've collected 'Ten' articles for the 'Diamond' issue!

Ed: So?

Me: So, Don't you think that'll be enough??

Ed: Ya..but I've got a problem. I don't know how you're going to take this... you write the Lampoon.

Me: C'mon yaar, you're telling me now...in the 11th hour??!!

Ed: You better get that done, I don't know how...and by the way, have you edited those ten articles??

Me: C'mon yaar, I thought you were the Ed?? Isn't that your job?

Ed: No, its not! Give them (nicely edited) to Bhargava by tomorrow morning...and also; I'm waiting for your cartoon.

Me: For heaven's sake Ahmed is the cartoonist. That's his department.

Ed: Has he started on his cartoons yet??

Me: I don't think so!

Ed: Listen dude, you ask him to finish fast, collect his cartoons and hand them in to me.

Me: But yaar, I'm in charge of Literary Affairs, why should I be made to collect cartoons??

Ed: There's too much work load on me y'know, I've got to study for my boards y'know!!

Me: Yes, I understand that very well my Lord. I shall not overload 'thy busy servanile highness' with any more work. I shall work like a dog for thee. I shall burn the midnight oil for thee and thy happiness.

Ed: Thanks a ton yaar! You're a great guy.

That....was one of my recent conversations with the Ed. Infact, this one happened today. And if you're not fed up already...you've got patience man....major patience.

The dude is so cool...he just isn't bothered. But its nothing new. Its been going on since ages. This is basically a brief description of the functioning of the heavily unorganised, pseudo-intellectualised and highly computerised news magazine called - The Oliphant. The inside stuff! That's what it is.

You've gotta see it to believe it. When you have to force juniors and seniors to write articles. When you have to beg the 'official cartoonist' to illustrate the magazine and when you have to plead for 'Freedom of the Press', only then will you realise what goes into the making of a single issue of our magazine.

And then they tell me to write the Lampoon. Me, out of all people...with the most warped sense of humour on the circuit.

Write something humorous. The mag is so dull. You've got to do something about it. You're not the 'Literary Affairs' correspondent for nuts! C'mon, pull up your socks, its high time, listen dude...tomorrow's the dead line, Ours is a magazine of a very high standard, you've got to live up to the expectations of our esteemed readers, we have readers in all parts of the world, blah! blah! blah! and so on... and on... and on... and.... on....

The game doesn't end.

—*Sidharth Singh*

My Skin Is My Sin

Dear White Fella

Couple things you should know:

When I born, I black

When I grow up, I black

When I go in sun, I black

When I cold, I black

When I scared, I black

When I sick, I black

And when I die, I still black

You white fella

When you born, you pink

When you grow up, you white

When you go in sun, you red

When you cold, you blue

When you scared, you yellow

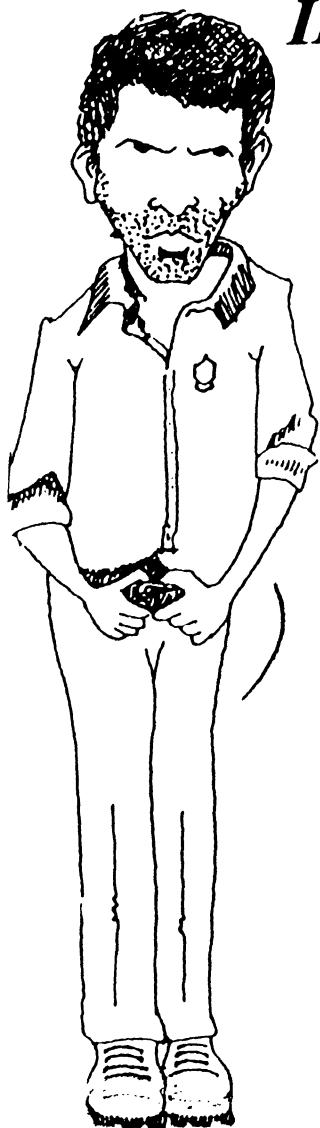
When you sick, you green

And when you die, you grey

And you have the cheek to call me coloured!

—*Dhruv Dhindsa*

IN THE ARENA OF SPORTS



Pratyush Prateek

Welham is sixty years old today. Sports has been an important part of the school curricular right from the very beginning. Over the years many new sports have been introduced, squash being the latest addition to the long list of sports played at Welham. As we celebrate our Diamond Jubilee I think it is necessary to give you the picture from my point of view of the condition of sports in Welham.

The first sport that comes to my mind is Indian cricket. The national team being involved in so many series and journeys

both at home and abroad has motivated a lot of Welhamites doing everything in terms of cricket. Cricket Pops (C.P's) as they are popularly known all over the campus are yet to miss any of India's famous defeats over the last couple of years. However, the number of boys actually playing cricket is negligible as compared to the number of critics present in the school. Manas Patodia's team's fortunes were almost as bad if not worse than the Indians. But one can't really blame him altogether for the team's dismal showing. His biggest problem was that he had a huge number of self appointed captains in his playing eleven and trying to make all these people follow his instructions was in itself a very difficult thing to do and this was the cause of most of the problems. Believe me the team was not as bad as their overall record shows but they simply couldn't be made to play as a team under one leader and here lies the secret of their poor performance. I hope that the future batches

will learn from such situations and try to coordinate their efforts under the captain. 'You should always play for the team and never to set personal records,' is what Manas has to say to the next team.

Badminton is another sport that has not had a very good year. In the last six months their court has been changed four times. The efforts of the team would have received better recognition had their direction and perseverance been consistent. Effective sports management is the combination of grit, drive, determination and continual practice. On the brighter side the team has done well to discover some very talented players and if groomed properly they can be moulded into real champions.

Tennis has had a kind of a sea-saw year under captain Pai. He has been a real good captain at times but due to lack of proper time management did not manage to find enough time to give greater attention to the sport. He was involved in a lot of school activities as a result of which the standard of tennis did not show a marked improvement. Another big problem that the team faces is that they could do with supplementary coaching. Something needs to be done about it immediately. Considering all the problems that the team has faced you have to give credit to the boys for all that they have done. They started the year on a very promising role performing extremely well at a men's level tournament at D.A.V College and continued their good run at another tournament at F.R.I. They then went for the I.P.S.C's where some played much better than expected while others hardly played, simply because they lost too early. One thing is certain that in Norboo and Anant the school has two very promising youngsters and if they stick to the sport I am sure Tennis will go a long way at Welham.

Volleyball is one sport that has really gone 'From Strength to Strength' over the last couple of years. Highly neglected and considered only a pastime till a few years back it is now one of the biggest sports in school. This year there are at least five or six boys in the school team who can spike the ball whereas last year there were just two and that is an indicator of how much the team has improved under the unorthodox but successful captaincy of Sourab. Right now the team is all set to go for the I.P.S.C and they are quite optimistic about doing well. They have reason to be confident

as they are the defending North-Zone champions. I wish them all the luck.

The soccer season this year (was there any) was very disappointing. The school team just played one match and that alone was the whole season. They were not allowed to participate in any tournaments because a few seniors did not attend P.T regularly. Why the whole team suffered due to a few is still a mystery. Hopefully it won't happen again in the future and that the standard of soccer will show the desired improvement.

That athletics season is still on and the Districts are just round the corner so I really can't sum it up. However, the captain feels that he would have had a much better team of athletes if the boys showed some interest and took the sport more seriously. The problem with our athletes is that they get satisfied easily and that is the reason for their poor showing outside school. For them being the fastest in school or the best high-jumper for that matter is more than enough. What they need is a driving force to push them to do any better than that.

Squash is a comparatively new sport in school but right from the very beginning a large number of boys have taken it on. Ever since Mr. Bhagel took over as coach the number of boys playing squash has simply gone out of control. The standard is pretty high and competition amongst the boys is fierce. Recently, our team went to participate in the Squash Nationals. Our team which was for the first time taking part in this event went all the way to the quarter finals. That indeed is a commendable performance.

Hockey is one of the major sports in our school. We might not have a very good field or in the captain's words 'a rock garden or something' but we have always had a very good team. They have always been a major force to reckon with at any level. Though the opportunities provided to the boys could have been more but they have always capitalised on whatever chances they have been given.

Varun Puri as the captain of the team has

done a fantastic job and has been successful in keeping the strong hockey tradition alive at Welham. Here is what he has to say, 'Success is best measured by how far you have come with the talents you have been given, and as far as hockey is concerned we have tipped the balance in our favour. Despite not having a coach, the team has made it Council Finals on two consecutive years. Hence one must consider the fact that our players are of great potential. Some are born talented but they have to improve their skills and attain a certain degree of team co-ordination. Our team at Welham did so and must continue to do so!' He also feels that a lot of talent still remains untapped due to lack of motivation. We should stop depending on the luck factor which we often do. We need to work harder to achieve our goals. After all, the harder you work the luckier you get.

Over the last decade, Basketball has been the single biggest sport at Welham. A sport in which our school has always excelled. Thanks to the guidance, support, assistance and motivation by Mr. Vachani. He is dedicated and one of the best coaches I have ever seen.

This year, the school the Golden Jubilee Tournament after having won it for seven years. Everyone wrote us off. They said that now there were no players left or in their words 'stars'. What they did not know was that a team does not win because it has extraordinary players. It wins because it is a good team. You don't need a 'star' to make you win but a set of fine players who combine well to score one point more than the opponents. Most of our detractors were dumbstruck when we went on to become the runners up at the I.P.S.C's where 22 teams took part in all. This is only the second time that our team has made it this far and the last time we did so was way back in 1951!

The future is bright for Basketball in Welham and I'm sure that we will continue to be one of the best school teams in the future. I would like to say that the boys should take sports more seriously and the efforts guided by a supportive infrastructure.

—Pratyush Prateek

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Published By : *WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL*

Registration No. :- *20208/86*

Printed at : *EBD Printers, Dehra Dun.*