

# The Elephant

No. 219

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

30th October, 1998

## Founder's Day Issue

### Think About It

*I can't change the direction of the wind, but I can adjust my sails* -Anon

## EDITORIAL

It's like a dream. Full of vivid colours. Confusing. Fast. A vast collage of incidents. Bizarre and real. You are learning to live-to survive. Fight. Maturing into an adult. Brimming with confidence. You've done practically everything. Scaled peaks. Touched the greatest depths of heavenly waters.

Seeing the skies, the birds, the beasts and the mesmerizing phenomena of nature. You've seen the world in your books. Scored a thousand goals. Worked yourself into being an athlete. You have shown aggression and

sympathy. You've learnt to forgive and forget. Striving to be the complete man... and before you realize- it's all over. Just like that. In a snap. A twelve year dream called WELHAM. That is Welham for me. The ultimate experience. The place to be in.

Today, as we gather to celebrate our sixty-first year of existence, we must try and introspect. What is Welham? What has it done for you and

what can you do for it in good return? Try and understand the ethos of the institution. What do you make out of it? This place gives you so much. An education. The ability to express yourself in whatever manner that suits you. Grooming you to be the complete man. A quality gentleman.

Confident. True son of the soil. An opportunity to create a balance within yourself. To differentiate between right and wrong. Good and bad. It's now, after spending most of your life in this place that you come to



realize what it means.

Tomorrow when we step out into the real world, we'll be unprotected, naked and vulnerable. Souls in a sea of thousands of strangers. It is our duty to make the best out of what we have. Grab every opportunity that comes our way. Now, as the world progresses towards the next millenium, the time has come to take the school 'FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH'. We have but a

few years remaining to be there at the top where we rightfully belong.

You have the Round Square. An excellent vehicle to establish one's identity amongst the top institutions of the world. You have exchange programs, you have various sports tournaments all over the country. You have to strive to excel. Beat the world in whatever you do. Only winners are famous, and that's what you have to be. The eternal winner, a true Welhamite.

Try and come out in the open. Prove your worth. Stand up to anything that comes your way. You are, after all- a confident young man coming from one of the best educational institutions in the country. So why not do it?

Why does it take such an effort to participate in debates? To play for the school. To do something for the school in your own way.

A student who has not excelled in a single field of human endeavor has failed the test of education. He will find it difficult to succeed. He'll remain - but a commoner. A commoner who could've gone to any X,Y,Z place and remained there amongst the 'mediocre'.

So, friends, people... Welhamites-strive to be at the top; and that's where you will be. A successful man of the world and a contributor to the betterment of mankind.

Yours forever,  
*Sidharth.*

## Welham Now

1) The boys who had gone for the Round Square Conference Meet at The Athenian school, California returned on 16th October. They all are unanimous in their high praise for the excellent manner in which the conference was conducted and the valuable exposure gained.

2) The School winter time-table started from the 20th of this month.

3) Amrut Kar, Amish Mulmi and Rishi Bagaria represented the school in the 'Friends of the Doon Quiz' held on the 23rd of this month. The school secured the third position.

4) Debashish Banerjee and Amrut Kar represented the school at the RMIT Inter-School English debate held at St. Joseph's Academy on 24th of this month.

5) Azhar Zaidi and Alok Kapur represented the school at the debate held at YPS Patiala.

6) Manav Goel broke the school Javelin record, beating the previous record holder's record (Jairaj Singh) by over a metre. His record throw measured 45.15 metres.

7) Following is the list of new CD Roms in the LRC:

- The Way Things work
- Family Health Encyclopedia

- World Book
- Microsoft Oceans
- Encarta 1998
- India Festivals
- Geography
- Let's Learn about Maps & Globes
- Mathematics: a) Pre. Algebra  
b) Algebra I and II  
c) Geometry  
d) Trigonometry  
e) Calculus I

- India Mystica
- India Musica
- Mahabharatha
- Teacher's Toolbox
- English: a) Vocabulary  
b) Composition  
c) Writing  
d) Latin for English  
e) Public Speaking  
f) Barlett's Quotations

- Middle School Language  
Grade 4 to Grade 8

-Also NIIT CD's on Maths, Physics, Chemistry and English.

## W.O.B.N

1) Sandeep Singha (Batch of 1980) got married to Rachna Sharma. Our heartiest congratulations for a long and happy married life.

(2)

2) Rahul Kumar Ex-103/J visited the school. Presently, he is working with L & T Ltd. based in Delhi. Phone: 5931306/5961897

# Literary Affairs

## *The Prayaghost*

Once upon a time in Welham there lived a spook (no offence meant, Mr. Spirit). He might still be there, for all I care. Of all the godforsaken hostels, he chose to haunt P.H.

His presence came to light one night when he scared the wits out of four burly guys (so much for muscles, hah!).

It was two thirty in the morning. One of the hulks was studying, one was asleep and two were trying to make small talk. The talkative hulks decided to take a walk. Hardly had they left the room when a gargantuan laugh brought them crashing out of their reverie and they turned around and made a dash for their room. They piled on to the studying hulk, blaming him for it. But the studying hulk smashed in their faces and told them in clear shivering tones that he was not responsible and also that he thought it was them. All this crashing and smashing woke the sleeping hulk who added that he had also heard the laugh.

They decided to investigate. Tried to go out. Had second thoughts. Got yellow bellies. Rushed to their beds. Covered themselves with quilts (heads as well). Thought about some heroics. Decided against it. Tried hard to sleep. Slept.

The incident, as expected, was the talk of P.H. next day. Everyone chided the hulks for their sheer cowardice.

**Following two nights:** The laughter continues.

**Top Dome:** Remains uninhabited owing to lack of lighting facilities. Now considered the seat of the spirit.

**Two Days Later: 2 AM:** The trap is laid after a quick discussion. All suspicion falls on a certain Mr. Jagers whose laughter sounded surprisingly similar to that of the ghoul's.

**Note:** All windows in P.H. are open to aid circulation.

**Hum:** Hulk forces are on high alert with innovative weapons.

It's a windy night.

**Den:** Mr. Gab decides to call it a day. Unknown to him, his room mates have taken refuge in other rooms, leaving him at the mercy of the spook(s). He turns off the lights. Footsteps. Mr. Gab strains his ears to listen. A door is flung open and a carton flies through the air. Mr. Gab makes a dash for his bunk. Climbs up without effort. Tucks himself into his bed. Covers himself from head to toe with his quilt. Realizes that he is all alone in the room. Prays for divine intervention. Sleeps.

**2:30 AM Mussoorie View:** Mr. Jagers needs to take a leak. He jumps off his bunk (to the sheer horror of the Genesis inhabitants downstairs) and lands with a thud. He steps into the bathroom and a couple of minutes later steps out facing Hum.

A freak gust of wind rushes in and as if right out of Hollywood, one of the sheets (not white, mind you) hanging loosely (and acting as a curtain) from the then uninhabited Top Dome is ripped from its sole (nail) support and floats down to land like a shroud on the very unfortunate Mr. Jagers.

Seeing a walking shroud, the hulk force (on high alert) pounce on the poor soul and are in the process of (amid extremely loud protests) beating him to a pulp when thunderous laughter fills the place. The hulk forces exchange quick glances (or try to. It's dark, remember). One collapses. The others try to run for cover, but trip over their fallen partner and the unfortunate Mr. Jagers. Mussoorie View is in a pandemonium.

The ghoul was never heard from again. Mr. Jagers made a quick recovery. The fallen hulk went into a trauma. The other hulks learnt not to mess with spirits. And everyone else in P.H. lived happily ever after.

*-Abhishek Mitra  
Class XII*

**Note: All names (wherever used) are fictitious to protect the identity of the victims.**

## The Cup of Life

As most of you know, when I say 'The Game' I refer to soccer. Perhaps one of the beautiful innovations in the history of mankind.

Yes, as most of you might have guessed, my goal is the quadrennial extravaganza that rocks the world ever so often. It's become a rather drab

topic but, well I will try my best.

Soccer, is a game of fluent skill, sound technique and unimaginable creativity. To be a good footballer, not unlike myself, one has to be able to move to the beat of music playing in one's mind. The Samba and the ballet are to be performed on the field like magic.

The 'Cup of Life' as it is fondly known, originated in 1930 when the first one was played in France. There were no cards at that time and the game was still raw, still developing. As time passed, eras ended and the game, in some parts of the world, became more technical, more mechanical. An interesting bit of trivia can be put in at this stage, our very own national team, qualified for the final stage in 1956, but did not play as objections were raised to their playing bare feet! An opportunity lost I should think. Then came the Pele and Garrincha era. The Brazilian juggernaut seemed unstoppable.

In 1966 the English Lions took the cup on home soil beating West Germany 4-2. 1986 was Maradonna's with the Hand of God goal going down in history. And finally we have arrived at the last three rungs of the world cup. World cups I have seen are Italia '90, USA '94 and France '98.

There have been heroes and spoilsports, triumphs and tragedies, joy and grief, hope and despair, but above all, there have been champions- charming men of steel. Flamboyant, flowing, passionate men. Men of character, men of

determination, men with one common goal, 'La Copa Dela Vide', 'The Cup of Life'.

This year, in the last world cup of the millenium there was a large number of such men. Davos Sukofer, a small time, yet prolific attacker before Euro '96 emerged as the highest goal scorer and took home the Golden Boot. Shearer and Ronaldo, much hyped, turned out to be bogus and the 'Reggae Boys' from Jamaica displayed awesome courage.

Iran won a much talked about political encounter beating the USA 2-1. But the undisputed Kings of the cup were France and Croatia. The Croats, as a nation seven years old, made their impact on the soccer fraternity in Euro '96 but for them to make it to the semifinals of the World Cup on debut with an unprecedented win over Germany 3-0 was incredible. And France overcame the need for a real striker with Zidane coming good and Petit, Thuram, Henry and others coming up with sterling performances. The French shocked the world, by routing favourites Brazil by an unprecedented margin of three goals to nil.

On the whole, the cup was a month of paradise for millions of soccer lovers all over the world and was a fitting farewell to the century. So, thank you France, England and most of all, thank you Doordarshan.

-Sidhanth Anney  
Class X

## A Slip down Memory Lane

Well, it's finally here, the inevitable end of twelve years at this school called Welham (personally I feel it's more than just a school). Welham, a phenomenon which is responsible for the transformation of many wide eyed kids into young dignified gentlemen with confidence and spirit unmatched elsewhere.

Fortunately, I happened to be one of the wide eyed kids sitting and crying my brains out in the Woodseats playroom (that's what Alaknanda used to be called previously) precisely eleven and a half years ago on a cold and dismal March morning. I'd just been thrown into a strange place with a lot of strange people. With no idea of what I was supposed to do, I did what everybody seemed to be doing- I started crying! Not much of a beginning you'd say, but that was precisely the way the twelve most precious years of my life at

Welham commenced.

During my early years at Welham, I got to see a lot of, what in a Welhamites vocabulary would be 'deadly stuff'. For instance, there was the crazy fat boy who went on to become one of the most controversial individuals of Welham. He'd cry out '*Papa, Chacha*' in the middle of the night and go on wailing uncontrollably and in the process wouldn't let the others sleep too. It needed all the Aaya ji's and the matrons to console him and finally put him to sleep. He was awkward then and reportedly still is.

There was another 'dude' who's now grown up to be a dignified tanned gentleman. This 'dude' here used to be crossing the main field all the time (if you know what I mean) and one particular memory etched in my mind is of this guy sitting on the class teacher's chair in a puddle of yellow stuff

with his mouth taped! Not to mention, the stench in the class was unbearable!

From being the Wacky Woodseaters, we graduated to N.G. where I spent one year of my life constantly in fear of 'Mr Ruler'. There was one particularly strange custom in N.G., which required everybody to put their tuck into one big cupboard, called the 'Tuckbank'. And whoever refrained from following this custom, had to face the wrath of the 'Mr Ruler'. I bet you've heard of a lot of different funny banks but there was only one 'Tuckbank' in the world, and it was right here at Welham.

From N.G. we moved on to the middle school where I probably spent the most carefree, and happy two years of my life, and from the protected and happy environment of the middle school, we were thrown into the big bad world of the Senior School. A world full of big brawny and hairy seniors and long grueling afternoons of physical punishment. Senior school seemed like a prison with acne. It was here that we sprouted moustaches, and hair in all sorts of weird places, it was here that we turned into kinky adolescents running after explicit literature, it was here that we developed a sense of camaraderie and oneness. In senior school

everyday was a different experience, life was full of surprises. You'd never know what a particular day had in store for you. I remember the time when for the first time, four of my 'bunker' pals and I managed to slip out of school for a film and as fate would've had it, were caught the same evening. We had a hundred and fifty rupees between us, and also a mathematical genius of sorts, who on being asked how much cash did he have, quickly divided the sum by five, and blurted out, "Thirty three rupees, and fifty paise." (Actually the cash was all his!) This guy's mathematical ability sure landed us into lots of trouble.

From the wide-eyed Woodseater, to the dignified gentleman of P.H., we've come a long way. Now as each day slips me by, I can't help getting nostalgic. Well, like they say, "All good things must come to an end", so has my eventful life at Welham. I don't know what the future holds for me, but it seems that the past has been pretty generous. I guess there is one thing I am certain about, that is, "I came to Welham crying, and that's exactly the way I intend to go back."

*-Ahmad Ali Khan  
Class XII*

## From the terrace, on the scenes below

Here, now, it is seven o'clock in the morning and at home in Scotland, my parents will be fast asleep and my brother probably won't have even thought of going to bed yet. Time wise, they are five and a half hours behind. Meanwhile I am up and dressed (though a little too early for my liking) and standing on the balcony on top of the LRC, listening to my stomach rumble for its breakfast.

On my right, (I never was good with compass directions) though quite significantly higher than myself, is the sun. right now I can make out the perfect circle of light hidden behind the thin, cracked clouds, which are creating a cold shadow over everything below. When the clouds move through then the surrounding sky becomes a faint pinky-yellow colour, a perfect background for the silhouetted hills which are in view. They seem as though they are just a little too far away to touch, but still near enough to make out the shapes of the individual trees along the top ridge. The hills enclose the area in front of me, disjointed only by the tops of the nearby trees; the trees which are hiding the

many birds I can hear but are too well disguised in the leaves to see.

Directly in front of me I can see most of the Activity Centre and the back field between the trees. The junior school is managing to create almost as much noise as the birds. I think they are junior school rightly, they look pretty small. Behind them, smoke pours into the air from tall chimneys. Of course, the view is marred slightly by the billowing smoke, but it creates a distinct sign of life. Not that the school is lacking life, as the boys from Krishna are walking back to their house below me now and the LRC is being opened. Another day is just beginning but I feel as though I have been standing here for hours.

Once over the original cultural shock concerning the food, the climate and the different ways of life, it nearly doesn't take long to realize that the Doon valley, let alone the whole of India, is a pretty breathtaking place with a lot to offer anyone new, as long as they open their eyes.

*-Tamara Shaw*

## I, Escape all reality

I am a poet's dream,  
A lone figure turning,  
A thousand lamps burning,  
The thoughts of a century,  
Blown away in the breeze.

I am a wish of gold,  
A burning desire,  
Of strange irony  
Like a beautiful story,  
Which remains untold.

I am a flickering flame,  
Licking, and leaping,  
Dancing and weeping,  
No purpose, no aim.

I am an untethered boat,  
In a stormy sea  
Drifting erratic,  
Aimless, neurotic  
I know not why, I'm still afloat.

I am the vast ocean,  
Frothing and foaming,  
Sighing and moaning,  
Mourning for what I never lost.  
Slick, shimmering motion.

I am a lost memory,  
So beautiful, yet so old.  
Now forgotten,  
And confined to the shop  
Where dreams are bought and sold.

I am a soulful song,  
Entangled,  
In its own charm.  
A narcissistic rose, coming to harm.  
And for my saviour, I've waited long.

I am a cloudy night,  
Enshrouded in its web  
Of enigma, of darkness, of light.  
Deep, dark and tantalising  
A witness to infinite power and might.

I am the ebbing tide,  
A sign of what remains,  
Returning to the sea,  
To confide,  
My mystery.

I am the key,  
To your dreams and hopes  
And yet,  
I myself am not free  
To do as I please.

I am,  
More than what you see,  
Less than what you imagine.  
And yet,  
I escape all reality.

*-Karan Gulaya  
Class XI*

### ***The American Way - A writeup on the Athenian Conference***

The 31st, Annual Round Square Conference was hosted by the Athenian School, Danville. The theme of the conference was creating 'Community from Diversity.'

The Athenian School, is situated at the base of Mt. Diablo, on a site that was previously part of the Blackhawk ranch, and is now a State Park. The 75 acre campus of rolling hills is located 36 miles east of San Francisco.

The Conference was a great success, as

there were in-depth discussions on the theme, by speakers such as Michael Pritchard, who is perhaps America's most well known youth-counselor and Libby Roderick, who is a famous singer and musician.

We students also got a chance to spend a night on a camping trip, amidst some of the most spectacular trees in the world - The Sequoia, or the Redwood as it is commonly known.

Kumar Abhijeet and Karan Gulaya gave an

interactive talk to the middle school students on Indian Culture and traditions. Prashant Khemka updated the Round Square website for the virtual delegates, and Arpan Gupta set up the bulletin board displaying information about our school.

Mrs Sangeeta Sahni, a parent who joined us from Los Angeles, was also part of the school delegation.

Perhaps, one of the most enlightening points about this conference, was observing the way of life of the students of the Athenian School. The freedom to choose-and to choose rightly and to make individual decisions, is probably what sets the Americans apart from us.

Young people in the United States, are given responsibilities at an early age, and most do live up to them in a way which can only be described as 'admirable'. The Athenian Conference, for example, was organised almost entirely by the students,

rather than the staff, and it was the students themselves who led the discussion groups and other group activities. The role played by the staff of the school, was only in supervising the activities, not in actually making them happen. Of course, students do take an active part in our school too, but the extent to which the student body at Athenian participated in the organisation of the Conference, was amazing.

It is a strange realisation, but what is it that we lack, that prevents boys at our school from managing every activity of the school themselves? Why is it, that we require intervention by the staff? Is it because we lack the confidence in ourselves, or could it be just plain laziness? These are just a few of the questions that we have to ask ourselves, before we go any further.

*-Kumar Abhijeet and Karan Gulaya*

## Dudes '98

**Abhijeet Sengupta:** Known as "Pong". Controversial soccer captain. Very famous across the road!

**Kartikeya Narayan:** Slim, trim and ultra-trendy. 'K' for cool.

**Yashab Zia:** The boy within a man. Our esteemed sports captain. The athlete of our time. A genuine guy.

**Akhil Bhanot:** Trend-setter. Mr. Shampoo-man. Doesn't know what dandruff looks like.

**Shariq Ansari:** A combination of an athlete, a scholar, a leader and....lots of hair.

**Anirudh Chauhan:** The perpetually excited junkie. Scholar, cricketer, fantasy-man. A true Garhwali.

**Sanjay Saraogi:** Seventeen-looks-like-twenty-eight. The inexhaustible slogger. Greatest reader of the dictionary. Mega-cool.

**Mehul Mayank:** The guy who talks with his eyes. Not so tall; dark and handsome. Our evergreen debator.

**Amrut Kar:** The guy who hates his eyes. Computer junkie. Whiz-kid etc. etc.

**Shashwat Sarda:** Dracula in disguise. Possesses the most scary set of teeth. Loves Saurav Ganguly, and vegetarian food. (Also likes blood...be ware!)

**Abhishek Mitra:** Yeti. The man with the biggest foot ever.

**Siddharth Dugar:** The greatest contributor to "Through the Keyhole." Mr Slip-of-Tongue.

**Debashish Banerjee:** Loves birds and nature. Has the longest hair in class and has started looking like a parrot himself.

**Abhinav Naithani:** 'Nathu'. The local junkie. Famous for his reading skills.

**Amit Gupta:** The looker with the gait of a chick.

**Arpan Gupta:** 'Liberty' Man. Loves fast cars, airplanes and girls. The ultimate flirt. (just kidding.)

**Abdullah Anwar:** 'Brassman'. Tall, lean and witty. Has the ability to bug anyone and everyone. Don't

mess with him.

**Rohit Bagaria:** Dignified, young, dark gentleman from Calcutta. Has all the qualities to qualify as the Complete Man. (Why does this sound like a matrimonial ad? -Ed)

**Arjun Trivedi:** The new Arnold. Plays tennis, works out, and slogs. Very hardworking. Likes Elvis, The Beatles and Pat Boone.

**Prashant Khemkha:** P.K. can get his way through anything at any time. Including 'customs!'

**Abhinav Pathak:** Over-energetic chink. Sportsman, scholar, actor. Can talk in any accent. Loves the United States of America.

**Deep Singhal:** The man with the 'Rear.' Thicker than the thickest.

**Pankaj Agarwal:** Ghost-man. Knows more than a hundred ghost stories. Also a mathematician. Another pythagoras in the making.

**Tanmay Bathwal:** Hardworking science boy, from Gorakhpur. Incidentally - He shaves.

**Aditya Jassi:** Kid. Stuck up with a bunch of blokes, two years older than him. A great entertainer. Has his first shave this term. (The hair hasn't grown since)

**Rajiv Harnal:** 'Fake' The most sporting guy. Ready to do anything.

**Manav Goel:** The guy with 'Touch-o-Philia.' Must touch anything that comes his way. Proves himself to be a great athlete by breaking the school javelin record.

**Shahwez Rafi:** The eternal model, with the ultimate dress sense.

**Adhir Bhatt:** Very sociable. Has the largest collection of jokes. Charming man. Obsessed with basketball.

**Manoj Negi:** The complete sports freak. His life is one big cricket stadium. Hopes to play for India

someday.

**Varun Dawar:** 'Power Dawar.' Our 'banda' from Ludhiana. Punjab Forever.

**Zameer Trumboo:** Kashmiri militant. Mr Red-beard. Extremely dangerous when scorned.

**Sushovan Karki:** The dude from Nepal. Well built, tough, hardworking, and cute. The MIS charmer.

**Abhijit Agarwal:** Mr Melancholy. A blend of Ghalib and Deve Gowda. Wants to be an economist.

**Reshil Charles:** Yo man! The eternal DJ. Master of sound. Cool with a capital 'C'. Plays ball. Loves Niggers. Hopes to make soundtracks in Hollywood, and also wants to do a few gigs at the Ministry of Sound. Has his way with everyone. Loves good food, good clothes, and good women. Thinks he needs to get married. (Best of luck!)

**Lalit Kumar Auluck:** The 'Sexiest' man in Welham. Absolutely raw and beastly on the outside, but a calm, sophisticated gentleman on the inside. Famous for his hair.

**Mohit Chaudhary:** Jat from Moradabad. A humble man. with a physique of iron. As strong as a horse.

**Abhinav Kothiwal:** The most controversial character to have lived in Welham. Loves cars, continental food, good women, and all the countries outside India. The 'Phirangi' amidst us.

**Ahmed Ali Khan:** Our man from Baghpat. True 'Pathaan'. A talented individual lost in the vast sea of laziness. Sportsman, scholar (!!), public speaker, writer.... the works. Great sense of humour. (Great habit of sleeping in the Staff Rep's class too!) May he wake up.

**Sidharth Singh:** Wrote four lampoons, and became the editor. Some, however think, he deserved it. Cool with everyone. Frankly speaking - The gem of the lot (ahem!)

-UNCOOL and the GANG



# Nature's Diary

## Birds of the Garhwal Mountain Streams

It is not everybody's cup of tea to wake up early in the morning and set off for bird watching especially in Welham. More so on a Sunday morning. An exciting treat in store!

Mrs. Jennifer Nandi, who is a keen environmentalist, was visiting the school and was interested in sharing her wide knowledge with us - the 'Boys of Welham', so off we were. We, the Nature Club with our teacher-in-charge, Mr. Jagjit Singh, to explore a new habitat - a mountain stream.

We drove in the school bus towards the cantonment close to Robbers' Cave, on the *Tons Nadi*.

On the way, Mrs. Nandi briefed us on a few tips to be kept in mind before going out on nature trails. They were - camouflaged clothes to be worn, comfortable walking shoes, a pair of binoculars, a notebook, field guides and most important of all a keen eye for observation and yes, complete silence while walking on the trail.

On getting out of the bus we heard a few birds calling on the wide-spread 'Lantana bush.' We studied the call and when the bird flew away we spotted it and then tried to identify it with the help of field guides. The method was simple. First we looked at the size of the bird and then at its other features, such as the colour and markings. Eventually we found it by flipping the pages of the field guides. It was the 'Streaked Laughing Thrush.'

With a feeling of confidence after being able to get our first bird right, we descended to the river. The *Tons Nadi* was in full spate with lovely blue water and lush green vegetation around it - A pleasing sight to the eye. On the *Nadi* we saw a bird with an undulating flight pattern flying from rock to rock and skimming the water surface in search of insects. The flight pattern was quite distinct. We identified

it as the 'White Wagtail' which is quite common in the hills of Garhwal and breeds in the Himalayan Range. Although the bird is often seen single, wagtails are sociable birds when migrating or roosting.

"There Sir! There Sir! What's that on the weed?"

"Shoo! Hush, quiet or it will fly away."

"It's a robin, no it's a wagtail, no it's a thrush or is it a magpie! Say? Identify it, look at the color and size and flip through your pages before jumping at conclusions."

"Yes! Yes ma'am here it is, the 'River Chat'. Quite right!"

"Look at it boys - the species has a distinctive pure white head cap, with surrounding black plumage. The rump and underparts being bright chestnut."

And so it carried on for hours. We continued spotting a variety of birds only found in the mountain streams and their surroundings. The sun was shining quite brightly above us and it was time for us to return to school in time for roll-call. Getting on the bus we briefed through our checklist which registered the following birds spotted that morning - the River Chat, Brown Dipper, Plubious Redstart, The White Wagtail, The Common Blue Kingfisher, The Blue Whistling Thrush and the Brown Rock Chat.

I found it quite interesting as it was the first time I had gone on a field trip and it was also very informative. This is a new interest of mine. There is so much to learn from our feathered friends. What a lovely way to spend a morning!

-Shriraj Dalal  
Class VIII

## Stop this Business

Conservationists and ornithologists claim that hundreds of thousands of birds from India and Nepal are being smuggled to the Gulf and Pakistan. They warn, that unless the governments of the two countries crack down on those who trade in birds, the entire species is under threat of being wiped

out. Nepal has around 841 species of birds and India has 1228 species.

India and Nepal are signatories to the Environmental Journalists (NFEJ). Bird traders in Kathmandu have been exporting thousands of indigenous birds, particularly to Pakistan.

Experts claim trade in birds is a lucrative business. A group of journalists from the NFEJ made a research visit to Patna sometime ago and found that some species of birds like the lal munia, love birds, golden parrots and cockatoos sell for prices between 250 to 2000 rupees each.

Experts are worried that even birds that are not seriously threatened, and most of the endangered

species would be extinct if the present trend continues for a few more years. It is high time for the Indian and the Nepalese governments to take stern measures and save the beautiful species from perishing.

*-Debashish Banerjee  
Class XII*

## Those Wacky Woodseaters

### My Best Friend

My best friend's name is Ayan. He is in Class II. He is seven years of age and is good in studies. His favourite game is basketball. He also has a flair for drawing and tops the class. In the evenings the two of us play together. On Sunday's Ayan and I play on the sandpit. We make mud-houses. Ayan's favorite colour is green. He also helps me in doing my work. I like him because he is a well disciplined and sincere boy. I hope our friendship lasts forever.

*-Udit Goenka  
Class II*

### My Visit to a zoo

I had gone for a visit to Shimla. We were amazed to see the glory of the pretty mountains. We also visited The Shimla Zoo. I was surprised to see such a good zoo in the mountains. We saw the majestic lion, Tigers and bears. We also saw some drakes in the pond.

After this we decided to rest as we were

beginning to get tired. After this we set off for our second round of animal watching. We also saw monkeys playing in their cages. It was nice to see them grabbing the banana's that were being offered to them. We also saw some beautiful deer. Watching animals is great fun but it would be better if they were allowed to live in their natural habitat.

*-Akhilesh Jung  
Class II*

### My Favourite Person

My Grandfather is the best man I have ever met. He encourages me into various activities. He is always there to support me. He is a man with a good sense of humor. In the holidays he teaches me Maths. He has a very cool mind. I used to hesitate to disturb him when he was sleeping. When Grandpa came to know of this he asked me never to do so ever again. This was the day I realised no matter what happened he would always be there by my side.

*-Ankit Sahay  
Class III*

## Dude of the Fortnight

Manav Goel; the lanky basketball player and the school squash captain happened to pass by some boys who were practicing for their Javelin event. As in impulse, he decided to see how good he was and as they say the rest is history.

His first throw with the C section Javelin crossed the 50 mt. mark leaving all the onlookers amazed. That was an amazing achievement for a boy who had never in his life held a Javelin.

In the D section finals he broke the school record previously held by Jairaj Singh (44 metres)

by his throw which measured 45.15 metres. It was a long time after which a school record was broken.

He has a natural flair for this event (although many attribute his success to his very 'Javelin' like physique!) and not only did he impress everyone with his impressive efforts at the javelin throw, but also went on to win the gold in the Triple and Broad jumps.

Almost out of nowhere, Manav Goel came into the limelight as one of the major athletes of all times. Well done!

# The Obituary

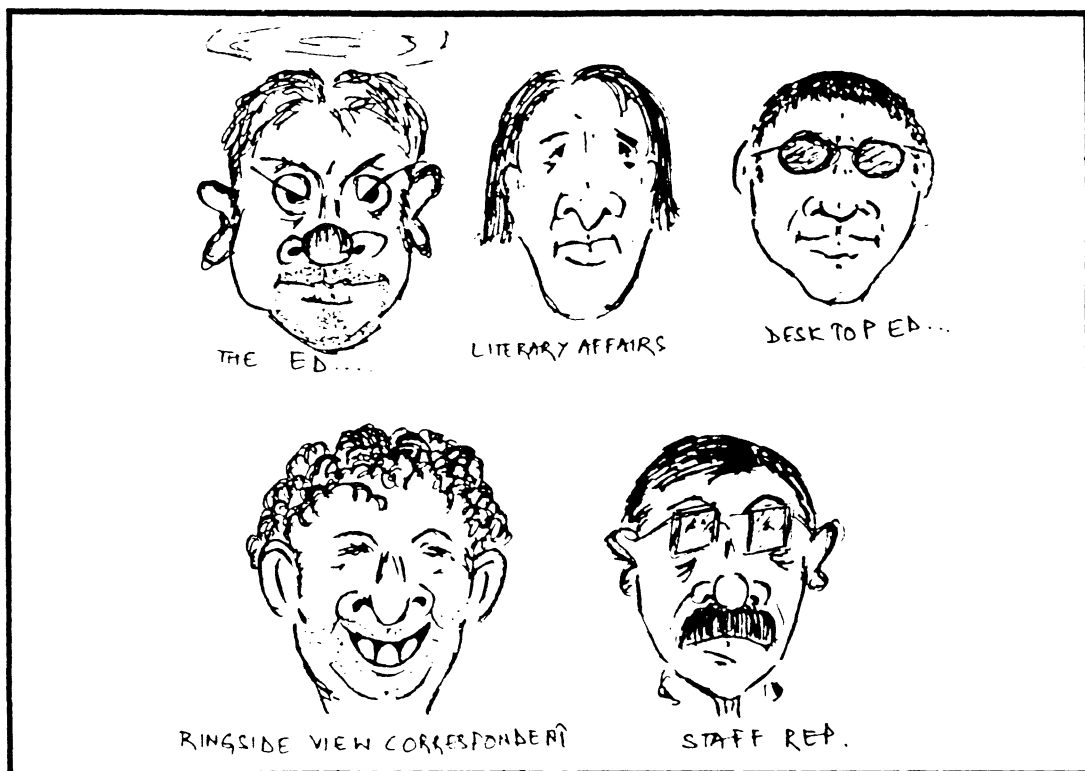
**Literary Affairs Correspondent:** The dude was very active throughout the year. Must have collected about ten articles for about ten issues... the rest he wrote himself! Grew long hair to give the 'literary' effect. Jokes apart he did a great job and managed to maintain the standard.

**Ringside View Correspondent and the Cartoonist:** Took the cake in delaying issues. Wrote excellent summaries though! Unfortunately most of his illustrations had to be censored. What you see, is 'second choice' stuff. What amuses me

other plans to stick on and give you his better half in the coming year.

**Nature's Diary:** Super hero in the making. He thought he just loved nature?! Spent more time birdwatching on the court than in the fields. Got a few good write ups. Still learning. Must say, never saw him near the Oliphant computer. Get crackin' boy!

**The Ed:** Had everything. A good board. Good writers. A demanding staff rep. An exceptionally good cartoonist. Most say, he did a



however is his ability to write his column in ten minutes (to save his scalp from the staff rep.'s tomahawk). He plans to do a course in short hand and then 'major in Physical Education'. Hopes to be the editor of Cricket Samraat someday!

**Desktop Editors:** The ultimate duo. A combination of brains and brawn. Exceptionally hardworking. The backbone of the magazine. without their mid-night efforts, you couldn't have read a single issue. Both possess amazing typing skills. They got so much into typing that they forgot about the existence of grammar. Frankly speaking, they did most of the editing. One is retiring to the comforts of a bungalow in the tea gardens, the

good job. Also labeled 'the most unconcerned' editor of all times. Has met the EBD guy just once. Has not seen most of his issues before publication. Has delayed an issue for over a month-that was when he got mumps (serves him right!). Has run away to far off places like Shivpuri and Gwalior in the middle of completing an issue. A modest man, underplays himself, has a great sense of humor. Had his readers in splits of laughter, on occasions. Plans to do a diploma in 'GOSSIP' at Xavier's, Mumbai and then freelance for movie-glossies. Go ahead, make my day!

# Ringside View

How time flies! My term as the ringside view correspondent has finally come to an end. I can distinctly remember the time when I penned down my first 'Ringside View' and now here I am writing my last piece. During my one year in this capacity, I saw the ups and downs of sports at Welham. The disastrous performance of the basketball team last term had us all contemplating the end of Welham basketball but they made their comeback by being the IPSC runners up and brought back Welham basketball to its past glory.

The hockey team lived upto everybody's expectations. In spite of the absence of a coach, they managed to win the DM Swing Memorial Tournament at the Oak Grove school, Mussoorie, where they beat The Doon School in the finals. The soccer team on the other hand didn't have a good season. They performed appallingly at the Bhupinder Singh Memorial Tournament at Sanawar, but I guess the superb soccer played during the Inter-House matches, more or less made up for it.

Now onto more recent happenings. The Basketball Inter-House was won by Jamuna house. They played Cauvery in the finals. It was a superbly fought match, the kind that has the spectators on the edge of their seats. The final score was 62-59 in favour of Jamuna.

Meanwhile the athletic season is in full swing these days. There is so much activity that it boggles the mind. The first finals were that of the discus throw which was won by **Pranay Shreshtha** of Cauvery house. **Manav Goel** also of Cauvery house managed to break the School Javelin record of 44 metres previously held by **Jairaj Singh** with a throw of 45.15 metres. He also went on to win the triple and the broad jumps. With his help Cauvery house has also joined the race for the D section trophy.

Another outstanding athlete happens to be **Kartikeya Narain** who also managed to bag three golds by winning the hurdles, high jump and 1500 metres. He's become the saviour of defending champions Jamuna. Shot put was won by **Ahmad Ali Khan** of Ganga house and **Rahul Dawn** bagged the gold in the 200 metres finals.

Now to a different form of sport altogether. Our squash team played RIMC once again on 16th October on our courts. Things just did not go our way this time. Everybody lost with the exception of **Shivang Sud** who beat Dhruv Yadav 9-7, 6-9, 9-6, 9-7 (under 16 section). In the under 19 section, **Abhinav Kothiwala** and **Charanjeet Mann** both lost to Gaurav Yadav and Shakti Singh. Our under 14 team comprising **Subashish Thapaliya** and **Karan Manchanda** also lost. But this loss can be attributed to the fact that they were playing the RIMC under 16 team. However **Subashish Thapaliya** put up a good fight till the very end. The final score read 5-1 in favour of RIMC. Squash is slowly going on to be a major sport at Welham. With the way things have been going, it looks squash is going to be a very popular sport. Here's wishing that under Mr. Baghel's able guidance, squash at Welham goes from strength to strength.

Incidentally during my tenure as the ringside view correspondent, I noticed something that seems to have no logical explanation. The enthusiasm and spirit displayed by the boys in Inter-House matches seem to be absent in the school matches. Boys have become hesitant to even try for the school team. I have racked my brains out and still haven't found any explanation for this very strange behaviour. I don't know what is going to happen, all I can do is hope for the best and so can you.

Signing off forever,

Ahmad.

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