

The Oli'phunk'

No. 310

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

30th October, 2005

Think About It...

What goes around comes back around, but rest in peace when they lay you down.

- LL COOL J

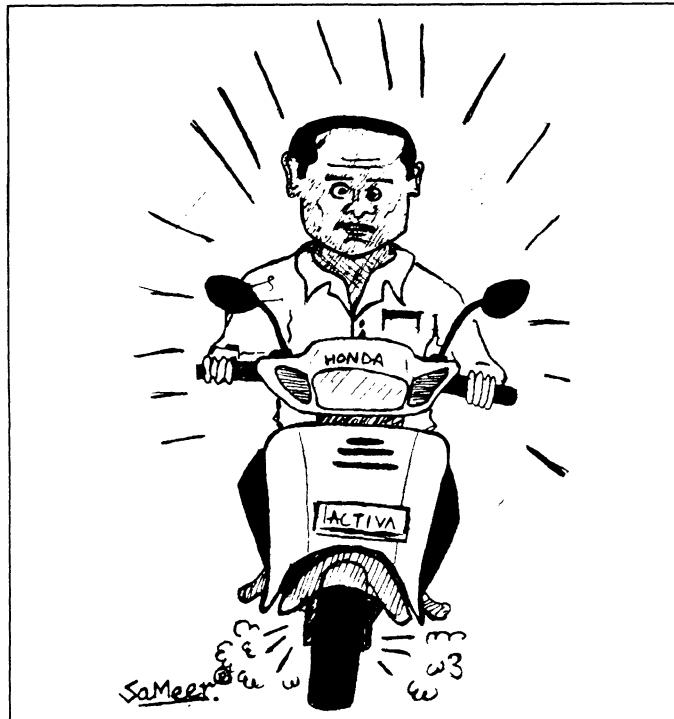
'ODD'ITORIAL

It had to be the Teacher's Day aftermath. 'That 70's Show' – which showed the young Master Lahiri shaking more than a leg to 'Stayin' Alive', in an attempt to win the affections of the new admission, Ms. Indrani, while the 'coolest guy in class', Master Basu raised an eyebrow in his most impeccable style – certainly impressed the Board of Governors of Welham Boys'. Actually it impressed them to such an extent that they decided to celebrate the whole of September as Teacher's Day. But this celebration was different. They took the peremptory decision to make teacher's relive their 'wonder years' and transformed them into the students of Welham Boys' while the students, very graciously but rather 'ungrammatically', took the task of teaching.

Reverse Metamorphosis? Well, it was a lot more. Here's the sneak peak of some of the highlights of the 'chaotic September'!

The most strenuous job for the teachers was running to the dining hall when the bell rang. Of course, Mr. Das had a special excuse chit which permitted him to walk rather than run! Still, the most sportive Mr. Das could not see him being left behind in the race and actually challenged Mr. Biradar every day. So while our 'Marathon Man' ran from the bathroom to the classroom,

classroom to the hostel and hostel to Bethany, our Mr. Das wasn't far behind as he took the help of his best friend, his 'Activa'. (2 fast, 2 fast, 2 furious)



Running brings me to a very interesting subject. No one from the teachers (acting as students) actually woke up for the morning PT; all were too cozy in their beds. Well, no one except Mr. Joy Arora and Mr. Dhingra. Initially, both were extremely respected by all their colleagues for such a 'brave' act. But soon their mischievous plot was discovered when the school captain, Mr. Lahiri, caught both of these 'Romeos' on the Welham Girls' crossing. They were both caught red handed with certain

'informal' letters, but the school captain was more infuriated when he saw them jumping on the road to catch a glimpse. Thus, Socials were cancelled, and hearts of many from the 'other side' were broken as they had waited long to meet Mr. Dhingra aka 'The most eligible bachelor in Welham Boys'!

Now, punishment was seriously a problem. One night, Mr. Bhandari was really 'frustrated' to do a problem of algebra and he did not have a pen or a paper. Thus, the next morning the window panes of his room were full of sums done with toothpaste!

Consequently, the sports captain, Mr. Basu had to punish him, but giving detention during sports time would not have actually been a punishment for the next Ramanujan. Thus, Mr. Basu punished him by locking him in the common room with a TV and a music system for one full hour! The punished was extremely and completely regretful and he pledged never to break any norms again!

However, some 'non-gated teachers' did manage to go for an outing the last Sunday. The happy-go-lucky 'complete Welhamite' couples had planned to spend time in the ultimate romantic hub, Barista. But their plan of drinking coffee, playing the guitar and sweet talk did certainly not include 'those guys in blue'. Well, Barista was completely occupied and to our couples, it was more like a 'blue' ocean of despair. Still, it didn't take much time for the ocean to run dry and the couples to don smiles on their faces as 'those guys in blue' instantly scattered when the Big Show Mr. Painuli came to the rescue. Good choice, disperse before the volcano erupts!

The last day of 'chaotic September' was characterised by the talent show which was conducted for the teachers. There, Mr. Mitra rocked everyone by singing 'Get over it' and Mr. Khaira tried hard to make everyone laugh with his 'no coke, no joke' jokes. Guess who won? Easy, it was Mrs. Pandey attacking us with the fastest rap song, 'I'm slim shady...'

- Nishant Joshi
XII Sc.

Power and the Gallery of Faces

Chapter One: Poet speaks to Superman

In the valley,
Methought after marrying the library,
that the function of life is to bring about not the
betterment of the majority,
who, taken as individuals are the most worthless types,
but the creation of 'Genius',
the development and elevation of superior personalities.
If life is a struggle for existence in which the fittest
survive,
then strength is the ultimate virtue, and,
weakness the only fault; 'Good' is that which
survives, which wins.

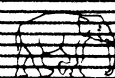
'Bad' is that which gives way and fails.
Power is supreme, thus, my madness,
'Will to Power'.

In the valley,
lightning lanterns against a sky were
washed orange by a new dawn,
The blood of God fresh on our hands,
smudged the sky,
breath came in hoarse gasps,
was no longer ours,
We began to unpick the locks holding a gate
marked 'Catastrophe' shut.
Slipping all moorings and venturing out onto
oceans of virtual death,
standing once again in foaming surf,
breakers lapping around our feet,
trembling in restless ecstasy,
we were gradually inserted into a labyrinth,
a complex of little alleys and
corridors, flattened into an
infernal gaming table,
and marked with the number
"Two hundred and twenty eight."

In the valley,
I was sent to become the servant of Nietzsche,
my peers were incharitable dogs, meek and pale,
these fighters of democracy,
to be generous.

In the valley,
it was decadence at its best,
I tried to teach them Superman,
they thought I was a Madman,
Men drove magnificently towards
their own 'Glorious Ruin',
the weak, the common, the coarse
proved to be in majority,
they were the cleverer,
these insignificant drops.

In the valley, it was an intellectual rape,
by a monstrous shape,
they called 'life':
these ignorant malicious liars, my narrow-minded peers.
The harm is done,
there is no turning back now.



No baby God in nappies in the golden
cradle can make amends;
my exhaustive journey ends.

I ask thy forgiveness,
my German-hero,
impure, weak and low
blood is all that I can offer thee.

To my disciples I speak now,
"Promise me that when I die only you will
stand about my coffin, and no inquisitive crowd.
See that no Priest or anyone else utter falsehoods
at my graveside, when I can no longer protect
myself; and let me descend into my tomb
as an honest pagan.
Death is a mystery well, dark and forbidden
we languidly drag ourselves each day to the void,
Murky dismal fumes of death arise when you sink in the
well.
We have the power, the freedom, the will,
to explore the fathoms of grim parameters of death.
Let me plan this saga.
for the clown in me grows restless now
wanting to explore and explode.
my soul longs for a union with the void, the unknown.
It is not in plain dissatisfaction that I
speak to thee, nor that I do believe in afterlife,
but my soul becomes curious and thirsty as each day
unfolds.
bringing forth newer norms and newer hopes,
Standing in a gallery of faces each morning,
confused and helpless as to which one to
put on has deranged a lot many things.
There is no memory whatsoever of the original
or the first face, dreams have faded
with the fumes of imitation.
Let my damnation act and plan what to
do next for I will once again take a
face and walk on the surface of this planet as none other."

The moon still hangs in the sky, and,
until it drops, I shall remain thy loyal
and faithful servant forever Superman.

Yours,
Parth Prasher
XII Hum

Prefect? Naah!??

It has been a long time, eight long years, since the day I last gave in an article for The Oliphant. 'Flop Movies' was my first contribution, incidentally on my first day in school, while I was just in class II. This one, my third attempt to literary fame, will hopefully be a good comeback.

I would like to warn everyone not to allow them to be misguided by the title. This is not. I repeat NOT. a crash course in 'The 10 best ways to steal hot *rotis* from the high table.' So now that we have that very clear we can continue.

After careful study, spanning over the last five years in senior school, I've decided to reveal my observations to the ignorant Welham crowd.

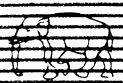
I believe everyone in Welham has witnessed this metamorphosis of the Eleventhies who are on the threshold of entering the 'all-powerful' Twelfth (in case you haven't noticed this, then kindly flip over to the Nature's Diary Section - this article is not for you).

The new batch is about to step up, and already the juniors are constantly forming and reforming checklists as to who they plan to vote for. Ask any junior, and he will, with complete conviction, tell you that the last two months before the Prefects elections are probably the best, that any WELHAM junior can hope to experience (no Seniority from ELEVENTHIES hinted!)

One experiment to prove my hypothesis will help bring out the hypocrisy prevailing among the Eleventhies. Ask any 'eleventhie' if he is campaigning for the elections and he is sure to reply, in the typical laid back Welham 'attitude', with, "Arrey, Prefect *kisko banna hai*. It's a burden *yaar!!*" I would like everyone to know that the one, who tries hardest to effectively reinforce this message, will be also the one who tries hardest to effectively reinforce his campaign as well.

As Karamveer Singh Sohi very aptly highlighted the common campaign programmes, I would like to reveal to you the more uncommon one, which I have gathered from my observation

Sadly, using even SUPW as a platform for campaigning, many have been seen running around the Activity Centre with a microphone in hand supposedly helping out those, less informed about the technicalities of the Sound Systems. Who knows? They might have been spoiling the mics purposely in order to run up to the stage and display their 'helpfulness'.



Bhukads. Our very own Welhamites who are famous through out Dehra Dun for leaving their plates spotless after feasting on even the most lavish and most extensive spread, are the same guys who can now be seen giving up their own chicken and desert shares so that the juniors can have extras.

1) Mr. Lahiri has been constantly telling us during Assemblies to be 'nice' to our juniors. Finally he has reason to be pleased. The good news for him is that after intensive research, we have found some 'Eleventhies' who have recently decided to support Mr. Lahiri in this matter. Guys who were once famous for being the most feared seniors in school have decided to turn over a new leaf by protecting the juniors from their own classmates. Some of them have gone to such extents that even the House captain is not allowed to punish them.

2) This term I was amazed to see a drastic change in the attitude of some guys - guys have suddenly started getting very, very, very busy. They can be seen in nearly every event that takes place in school, be it concept Assemblies or Debates. I do not mean that these guys were never busy before but what I mean is that now they have been very, very, very busy. They have been so busy that they do not have time for their meals! We have been hearing news that these guys have been forcing their way into situations where they are not needed but have been acting that nothing in the school will work without them. They may be praised but they may not be always approved.

So my advice to all you guys is to keep your feet down on the ground because the next flight to the high table has been cancelled due to bad weather!

- *Kunga Namgyal*
XI Hum

Belly of the Brit Beast

Of all the legacies of the British Raj, none is more firmly or more comfortably rooted in British popular culture than curried food.

On every street in Britain today, tandoori *dhabas*, curry houses and Indian takeaways compete with the fish-chip and burger bars. Jars of *chutney*, *achar* and curry powder are seen on every British supermarket shelf, a variety of Indian cookbooks are available in English; and Indian specialising food stores throughout the island sell every conceivable ingredient

needed to cook Indian curries from *imli* to *karipatta* to *basmati chawal* and *garam masala*.

This is in sharp contrast to all other spheres of British life where Indian influence has been minimal. The supposed exchange of cultures sadly remained one-way.

It is only in the realm of food and cookery, that India balances the equation. British influence on Indian food is restricted to 'packaged' biscuits, white bread, omelettes and English breakfasts of porridge, boiled egg, toast and jam (kind of like what we have at Bethany). In contrast, India's colourful and fascinating influence on the British palate began from the very first time, the 17th century traders sat down with the Mughal emperors to dine off delicately spiced meats and saffron coloured *pulaos*.

The whiff of spice lured Britain to India.

A fleet of armed EIC ships bearing names like Clove and Peppercorn approached Indian shores and in 1612, the first British factory was established at Surat.

Even an everyday meal at the factory was a grand affair. Lunch was the main meal of the day. Dishes included rice *pulaos*, kebabs, *dum pukht*, every sort of meat, even pork and beef, both roasted and curried, accompanied by plenty of *chutneys* and relishes such as mango *achar* and tipparree *chutney*.

Stomach disorders, inevitably were common, but everyone blamed the climate rather than the unsuitability of the food to their diet. "The Devil is in the climate," they said.

So much so, that during hot weather the newspapers would carry notices warning people not to over-indulge in food and drink.

Eighteenth century social life in England is remembered for cockfights, whoring, gambling and devotion to the gentleman's paunch. In Calcutta, such extravagance was carefully imitated by the rising merchant class. They were fabulously wealthy but had little to entertain themselves with. This boredom led them to even greater heights of indulgence in the pleasures of the table. English newcomers to Calcutta were shocked by the grossness of even the women's appetites. It disgusted them to watch pretty, dainty little things chomping on huge bowls of meat and gulping down pitchers of alcohol.

At least part of the reason for the massive consumption of alcohol during the 200 years of British India was that little else was fit to drink. In Calcutta, for instance certain residents were content to drink from vast



tanks of putrid green water. Both humans and flea-ridden dogs bathed in it, and during monsoons it would be further contaminated by sewage and seepage.

Even the Mughal Emperor Akbar is said to have allowed the sale of wine to his English military because 'the Europeans must have been created at the same time as spirits, and if deprived of them, were like fish out of their element, and unless they had drink, they would not see plain.'

What went on behind the scenes, in the kitchens or the 'cookhouses' as they were called is something the Englishmen and their memsahibs did not seem to worry about.

Big mistake! This popular story will clear all doubt. It is a dialogue between the memsahib and her young cook

"Boy, how are the master's socks so dirty?"

"I take, I make e' strain coffee."

"What, you dirty wretch, for coffee?"

"Yes, miss, but never take master's clean socks. Master done use, then I take."

Don't forget the Grace.

Kartik Viswanath
XI Hum

Name the Nations

- 1) People of which country are all good friends?
Ne-pal
- 2) Which country has the maximum rain?
Bah-rain
- 3) Which country is the richest in minerals?
K-ore-a
- 4) Which country is situated on a plateau?
Mo-rock-o
- 5) Which country has a number of mental asylums?
Mad-agascar
- 6) Which country seems to have no female in its population? O-man
- 7) The people of which country are not much taller than a dwarf? Do-mini-ca
- 8) In which country are the people quickest in doing their work? Urgent-ina
- 9) In which country is the majority of population made up of rodents? Emi-rats
- 10) In which country are the people expert safe openers? Tur-key

- Mr. Surjeet Singh Khaira

Lampoon Normal Ones

Just the other day the members of the Board were discussing my inability to produce regular contributions to The Oliphant. So, here I am in the hospital trying to bring out something new for the Founder's Day issue with no clue about what my piece is going to be all about. As a regular reader of The Oliphant one can make an obvious observation that most popular articles that have been published are those that 'kato' someone's.

Well, being 'gated' and not being allowed to go for the Diwali holidays has had a very depressive effect on the 'gated gang.' How they had planned that in the flow of the Founder's Day celebrations the 'generous' old man would grant us our leave. But to our dismay, he is far too clever. Understanding our strategies, he announced in the Assembly that he is 'constant like the Northern Star' and would not budge from his stand. The punishment sounds harsh for us, ever so innocent Welhamites. We have undoubtedly, the best teaching faculty in the country. They are more punctual for cash checks than their own classes and they know more about fashion in the West than the Westerners themselves! They are very understanding too but then, I wonder why the students don't get along with them. Why is it always a you-and-I situation? The answer to that does not lie here but if a teacher complains about you, you know exactly what to do in return: complain and crib to your friends and maybe to the Dean of Studies how he or she does not have the required qualities of a teacher.

After spending five years in senior school, I noticed how rampant our habit of cribbing is. From people complaining about the food even after eating one whole chicken to people complaining about the carrot and the stick policy used by the authorities: first they decide to give self-outings in the School Committee Meeting and then cut it just because some boys were a few minutes late for the first school. The frequent 'sessions' people have is solely dedicated to this purpose, sometimes carries on for hours. We even have a Cribbing Captain whose name cannot be disclosed! There is some advice I would like to give to all Welhamites: if you have a problem with something or someone, go ahead and do something about it, even if it means to bunk your favourite dinner. Over the years, our relation with the 'men in blue' has improved, for better or for worse, I don't know. When the soccer team went to Sanawar, some people were

very friendly with them. But, they would also never miss the chance to take their trip.

Recently the Krishna 12th was on a tutorial outing. The School Captain, the cartoonist and I got into an auto and left for Ashley Hall. We just couldn't resist the sights of those blue things and shouted you know what. I guess some things never change. One could go on and on about this issue but the magazine has its limitations too.

The school is looking clean and the buildings look freshly painted, the boys are talking in English and parents are being helped. These are all the signs that Founders' is here. I don't mean that we don't do that all year round but, we just like to make some events special. What is most disappointing though, is that there is no fete. It is also part of the celebration. How can there be Founders' without a fete? We don't want our fete to be determined by whether the girls across the road are attending it or not but, as a result of popular demand, I would like to suggest to the authorities to fix the date of the Founders' in such a way that we can attend 'their' fete and 'they' can attend ours. We are not desperate; we just enjoy the psychedelic *Gurudwara* very much.

That's it, it's over now, but as a member of the Board, I would like to request more students to write for The Oliphant. You have good teachers now and cannot make excuses about your weak bone in English.

Well, one last suggestion before I go, if you have excess of that infamous combination of butter chicken and naan, and you can't pay the bill as you have spent all your money because of the *geadees* of Welham Girls' in an auto (!!!), then don't worry, just run out of Hotel President shouting, 'Go @aass#oo'!!

- Mohit K. Shrestha

XII Hum

Are You Happy?

True love is the only way to experience absolute peace and complete happiness; undaunted with any fear of the future or sorrow of the past; but is it a sense of joy felt only by your spiritual half?

That's not true. Anyone in their daily life can experience this ultimate pleasure. It's just that you and me have been do desensitized from our own self, that we all have been designated as incapable of feeling something so pure as absolute happiness.

We are on a path which is taking us away from everything that was natural to us. We always say that

such and such person is selfish but have we ever thought if a person's soul actually desires this. Not at all! That certain person doesn't actually want to satisfy his soul, it's all about material gain to satisfy the society's demands of granting him the rank of a happy person; a big house, a good car, a good job and a good wife...that's all you need to be happy according to our society isn't it?

I may sound rather odious and irrational but do all those people who are reading this even know what their heart desires? Do they actually know what will make them happy? Undaunted with any fear of the future, or sorrow of the past? It may all seem too much for a kid think about but when you actually spend 15-20 minutes contemplating this topic, it's pretty simple.

It's all a game, this world, isn't it.

"You scored this much? Ha! I scored more!"

"I earn more than this guy!"

"I have a bigger house than my neighbour!" and we go on competing. But is it all you want? At this point I can't help but think how true the poet was when he said, "We have no time, to stand and stare!"

The fact is that only suffering can now make us feel truly happy.

Ever seen a person whipping himself on the strut and thought how much pain was being inflicted upon him. But the truth of the matter is, that the person is at precisely that moment feeling what he may have never felt before... total happiness! He is happy that he is forgiven by the lord.

Your sorrow is another man's joy or rather means to attain some respite from the depressions of his life. Don't believe me? Ever noticed a person consoling you in your bad times, the one you call a 'friend', there is a certain gleam in that person's eyes which is, no matter how hard he tries to hide, crystal clear. It is that pleasure which he gets from knowing that he is not going down alone! It's the same feeling that you have when the whole class is being punished. What I'm trying to say is, "A friend is need is 'not' a friend indeed!" Now you, unknowingly, are standing in a queue waiting for a sad soul to come and salvage you from your sorry state!

When the soldiers are at war, it's a totally different atmosphere than what we imagine. They realise how important it is to live. How everyday they wake up alive is a miracle. They see the bigger battle; the and how they will ultimately lose this battle to them! But they are happy because of their love for survival, no matter how short that happiness might be. They live every

second unlike us who feel that life is a luxury. They know that they are going to die but they also presume they cannot die the next instant. The suffering of the soldiers makes them realise what love actually is about, what total happiness is. A soldier while dying never cries out. "Please save me!"

He says, "Tell my wife and my children that I loved them!" Even when he is suffering most...he speaks of love...

- Ankit Sahay
X-B

Settled in!

A year and a half back I bid adieu to my previous school, my budding ground for a few years, to join an all boys' school – Welham Boys' School.

Weary of the fact that I was going to be the only girl in the middle school then, uncertainty about the attitude of my schoolmates towards me troubled my mind. Being from a co-ed school I had no mental blocks, yet I felt rather isolated initially until my classmates helped me settle in.

Since games were mandatory I hit the soccer field very confidentially to play, on the very first day. A number of eyes became wide, jaws dropped and the curious expressions I saw all around told me that I was in a thick soup where no one knew how to react. Ultimately I was curtly asked to leave the field and of course drop the idea of playing the game as I was a girl in a boys' school! I did so, but as they say "opportunities are by products of set backs", I settled in for badminton and continued to cherish a dream of playing soccer for my school.

The term rolled by with quite a few hiccups and came to a close with a trekking trip to Dodi Tal, where I trekked all the way up with my 'tough' school mates, confirming that I was at par with them.

In the new term, I had more company and the strength of the girls in the school grew to an odd number of three, better known as the PPG (Power-Puff Girls). Our group was upgraded later as The Famous Five and, as of now we are The Secret Seven with our networking up to the junior section where two of our younger members hold the post.

Then came as a blessing, the 'life-skills' team providing us with a platform to bridge our palpable communication gaps. They egged us on to be more tolerant, co-operative, helpful and willing to listen instead

of being temperamental, self-centred and uncommunicative. It's sailing smooth now. Getting our share of participation in 'all' activities of the school and of course an unbiased appreciation and criticism alike.

Still dreaming of soccer.

Aishwarya Tandon

VIII B

Lost!!!!

Good gracious me! Check her out; she is driving me crazy - her colour, just the way I want it - her body, don't talk about it, it will make you go weak in the knees!! Oh man! The figure seems quite slippery and smooth; I want to lay my hands on her, I wonder why I can't, after all I bought her.

Oh goodness, I am in love!! But whatever the case may be, every passer-by just cannot resist staring at her - for she is the centre of attraction - for she is my very newly bought dazzling Aston Martin.

"Oye, get up yaar!! A familiar voice of one of my classmates broke this beautiful chain of thought.

"Phew!! Another dream I guess!!" I murmured under my breath.

Dreams are my only friends, the only ones I can see; for everything seems out of my reach!!

"I am a loser, a coward, chicken who has now lost all his hopes, who has got nothing to do, except await a slow painful death." I never considered myself a loser, a useless person, but circumstances compelled me to do so.

I dreamt of bringing smiles on the faces of my parents, I dreamt of bringing the basketball trophy to my hostel, I dreamt of owning an Aston Martin and dreamt of being useful to my school, I dreamt and dreamt and dreamt...for it was the only thing I could do and the only thing I can continue doing. I consider myself useless and have a dozen or so reasons to do so, I can't kick a damn football, but I still dream of playing for Chelsea, I don't have the courage to face my own juniors but I still dream of defeating Mohammad Ali. But hang on, I have one quality in me, I am good at studies...Nah, 38% is not good enough.

Yeah, I think my classmates are correct - I am USELESS.

I am branded as "bikki" or as they say "sidey". My juniors disrespect me; my seniors scorn me and as for my classmates, most of them don't even know that I am in their class!!!

"Sorry father, forgive me, don't expect me to become a doctor like you, sorry. Mother forgive me, for I don't expect to be told one day that." "Son, I am proud of you!" I am nothing but a burden on both of you and on my school and on my society..."

.....Leave me everybody - leave me alone with my dreams and me!!

Oh! So where was I? Oh yes, myAston Martin.

-Kushagra Prasher
IX A

Those Whacky Woodseaters...

My Grandmother

My grandmother is a kind lady who takes care of me. She wears spectacles and has 'golden' hair. She walks slowly due to a backache. She has a servant who takes care of her but I also take her for a walk. When she comes back from her walk, she drinks water and eats fruits.

She stays with my grandfather and still cooks so well that we keep licking our fingers. She makes *Puri* and tasty *ghee paranthas* for me. At night, she tells me interesting stories that lull me to sleep!

I love her.

-Sahib Khara
III-A

Best of the Year

Through the Keyhole

Ankit Bansal (on the microphone during the Indo-Australian Hockey Tournament) - "There is *no weather in the sky...*(Clouds mate, clouds!)"

Looks like **Mr. Khaira** has been into buying the Oxford Dictionary -

Jassimran - "Sir, actually..."

Mr. Khaira - "No actually, physically, artificially, geographically! Just sit down."

Tushar Saini(after the lunch bell) : Guys! hands are running and legs are walking

Tushar Saini to Mrs. Anand: Ma'am, the cats and dogs are barking!!

Tushar Saini to Sheriff Bajwa (meaning to say take your hands out from the pocket) "*Ooay, Sheriff off your hands yaar.*"

Separated at Birth

Vanshaj Agarwal

Parth Prasher

Mr. Chandrashekhar Yadav

Tushar & Trishang

Mr. Nagalia

Mangal Pandey

Anil Kapoor

Ritesh Deshmukh &

Tushar Kapoor

(Kya kook Hai Hum!)

What 'Was' In

Mr. Das's Activa

Mr. Raina's Raybans

Super-slow Internet

Thievery Club

Gated!

Jets

iPod

Assam Valley School

Mr. Joy Arora's puppy

Mr. Joy Arora

What 'Was' Out

Mr. Kandpal's 'Th'antro

Mr. Lahiri's Raybans

Slow Internet

Lost & Found Department

Expelled!

Hands

Discman

Welham Girls

Mr. Lahiri's dogs

Mr. Aseem Tripathi

Ever Wonder Why

1. Mr. Das carries a stick and a whistle?
2. A volcano erupts whenever Mr. Painuli gets angry?
3. Medicals have been stopped in the school?
4. LRC is out of bounds on Saturday nights?
5. Mr. Vinod Singh thinks twice before putting his hand in his pockets?
6. No twelfthie is late for second prep on 'Thursdays'?
7. Mr. Hannah never takes off those legendary boots?

* * * * *

Ringside View

The purpose that sports have been serving through eons is surprisingly getting detrimental and vitiated. Drug abuse, Politics, fixing up with the judges is all catalysing the breaking down process.

Sports in our school have always had a major role to play no one till now can argue with that.

The cricket season passed us like a whiff of scent. The school team played just five matches and won ail of them. However, it was the Inter-House which

was for more 'cricket like' and competitive. Krishna beat Jamuna, comprehensively, in the finals.

As the trees groaned under the weight of the mangoes, the Hockey season started. We proved better of the Scotch College, Australia and The Doon School in the Indo-Australian Triangular Series. Ironically, Doon beat us in a nerve-wrecking penalty shootout in the fields of the 11th Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament.

The start of the soccer season was marked with bizarre hair-dos, which were very short-lived. One of the best school teams ever assembled, we under performed in every tournament we played. In the councils we lost to SJA in another heart-breaking penalty shootout. We stood fourth in the 8th Bhupinder Memorial Tournament and our venture in the RIMC Cup was brought to a jerking halt by the Raj Sports College. Nemesis visited our team in the form of injuries, some very unfortunate ones.

In the Inter-House, Krishna House breezed through Ganga House to lift the cup and proved their supremacy in the games arena for the third year running.

Our basketball team did us proud by winning the Frank Anthony Memorial Fixed Five Tournament held at Hilton's School. the captain, Gagan Juneja, was adjudged the 'Most Valuable Player' of the tournament. The victory is a turning point for basketball at Welham as its spirit has been rejuvenated by the dedicated captain and by the return of our old coach, 'Kelly'.

Tennis, Squash and Volleyball, which are considered to be more of a 'downtrodden' sport have started to come up. Our school has started to make a mark in these sports too. Way to go, Welhamites!

Shooting and horse riding have recently been introduced and our school now has got an indoor shooting range too. Hope we have a 'Jaspal Rana' from our school.

With the introduction of Golf, the 'crème de la crème' of sports, our Physical Education Department has been moving in the right direction.

In an era when only IITs and IIMs count, one would say that the importance of sports should not be turned a deaf ear to. If you do what you have always done then you will get what you always had!

The perfect balance of mind and body has to be seesawed very artistically and immaculately. Nostalgically, I can only say that one should never give in for you will later say 'I wish I had done it'.

GAMZZZZZIE,
Vishal

Krishna Fiesta..

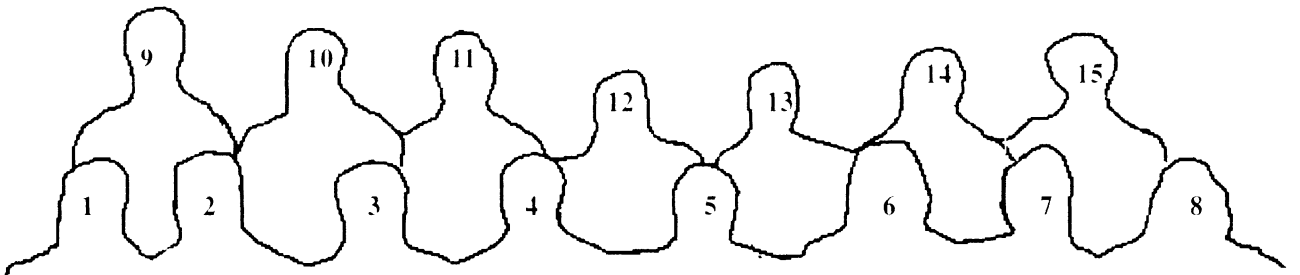
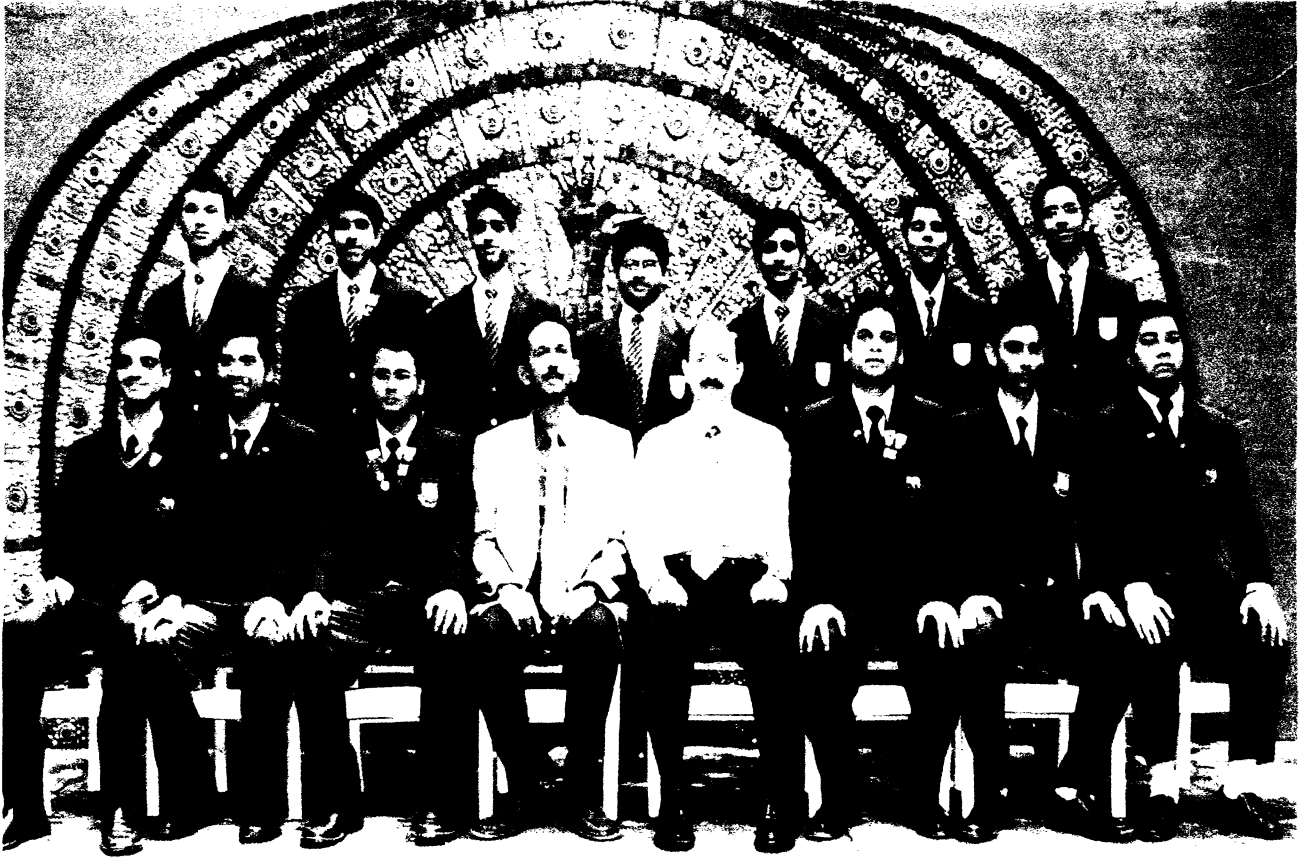
The Kandhari Trophy for the Best Sporting House was introduced in 2003 and since then Krishna has been living up to its motto of 'Never say die', and winning it every year. In fact, a lot of people believe that this trophy, which awards the best House in the sports, was introduced for Krishna as it had been winning all Inter - Houses year after year. This year, it would be the third time in a row that Krishna would be winning it, (standing favourite to win), having won all the major Inter-Houses of the year, namely cricket, hockey and soccer. In fact, for the last seven years Krishna has been winning every cricket Inter House trophy, be it seniors' or juniors'. The number can be even more, but we are not sure about



the exact figure! The same story is pretty much valid for soccer and hockey too! 'Krishnaites' have this amazing ability to turn themselves into cadets when it comes to marching as since 1997, this hungry lion has been pounding over the Marching Cup, missing a chance only once in 2003. It is no surprise when one finds that the majority of the school team players belong to Krishna. This House can truly be called as the 'Abode of sportsmen' who are full of spirit and enthusiasm and ready to crush any obstacle. Actually, this particular year has been the 'golden year' for Krishna as for the first time ever, five out of the eight Prefects are 'Krishnaites', with Krishna also boasting of the School Captain and the Sports Captain. The present XII batch of Krishna is also called 'The Golden Batch' as almost all of them have been part of the winning Krishna teams since six years!!! 'Krishnaites', be proud because you are living a legend!

- Rasik Goel
House Captain

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E-Mail : oliphant@welhamboys.org

Website : www.welhamboys.org

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