



THE OLIPHANT

NO. 119

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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THINK ABOUT IT

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

-La Rochefoucauld

EDITORIAL

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do what one wills and therefore one seldom does it at all. How true!

It is of course too early to mention the I.S.C. exams, but the mood reflected here at Welham, and elsewhere, is one of seriousness. Quote - "My resolution for the I.S.C. is to get 90% - COOL! I am very, very serious about this and I am going to slog this term. Enough of fooling about in school!" This one is really resolute!

However, even 'the resolute,' manage 'Chitrahaar' and 'The World This Week'. And then of course there are those who insist that their stubble provides them the 'ideal psychological back drop' to the studious look. (Sorry, Rathin, I know I promised I wouldn't disclose your secret).

Well whatever the psychology, the next year when we were going to do better, is here. Also the good old days the twelfthies are going to miss ten years from now, are here.

Here's something attributed to Confucius and written over 2400 years ago, you might relate to



(a little too well may be): "Teachers of today just go on repeating things in rigmarole fashion, array the students with questions and say the same things over and over again. They do not try to find out what the students' natural inclinations are, nor do they try to bring out the best in their talents. Only through education does one come to dissatisfy with his own knowledge, and only through teaching does one

come to realise the uncomfortable inadequacy of his own knowledge."

Varun N. Bhaskar
Editor

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE



SS hearing war cries from a distant corner of PH, storms into a room to see two vallant XIIthies brandishing hockey sticks:

SS - "What's going on?"

Mayank K. looks deeply apologetic while Himanshu bravely explains - "Sir, there was a

rat. We were trying to chase it."

SS - " I don't want any m-ice hockey in my hostel!"



The Literary Affairs of Welham

THE RESCUE

They had not been told about it before. They had been kept in the dark. Suresh felt angry. But on whom could he vent his anger? There was nothing around but walls of rock, and now he and his two friends were trapped, waiting for death. The roof had collapsed, trapping them, and there was a tank with millions of gallons of water on the other side of the wall, which they had just discovered.

It had been a pleasant morning, when the miners entered the mines for their work. Suresh and his two miner friends, Mahesh and Anand were told to drill Tunnel Number Fifteen, the deepest one.

The three had started their work, when after fifteen minutes of drilling the only opening to the tunnel was blocked by the falling of stones from the weak roof. Anand ran to the fallen stones, his face showing fear, shouting at the top of his voice. Mahesh had taken time to realise that they were trapped because he was using the drill. When Mahesh heard a faint call, he switched off his machine, and turned to see Anand yelling. It was then that he realised what had happened. Suresh was already aware of their plight.

Anand soon realised that shouting for help was useless, because the gate of fallen stones could be meters thick and also because the tunnel in which they were working was the deepest one. Nobody would hear them. Yet the three of them shouted at the top of their voices, beating their picks on the stone. Finally when they were exhausted, they stopped. They sat on the ground, sweating like horses.

They sat quietly for half an hour. Their faces were black and moist with sweat. Then Mahesh suddenly jumped to his feet and, holding the drilling machine in his hands, ran to the collapsed roof. He switched it on, but to his dismay the machine did not work. He pressed the button hard but in vain. He got hysterical and

threw the machine on the ground like a mad person. To his surprise the machine started. By then Anand and Suresh had also come towards Mahesh. Excitedly, Mahesh held the rotating bit against the stones. They drilled with full force when suddenly, Mahesh found a hand pull him back by his shoulders. Another part of the roof collapsed.

Suresh had noticed the vibrations of the roof while Mahesh drilled, and realising what was about to happen, he had pulled Mahesh and Anand to safety. The three of them realised that by drilling they were inviting death even sooner. The dismay and fear again appeared on their faces.

Hours passed. None of them had watches, but for them each minute passed like a year. They could smell the air getting stale. Soon their own exhaled carbon dioxide would suffocate them to death. If not, then starvation would surely kill them. It was like torture, perhaps worse. Suresh burst into tears. He waved his hands madly in the air, shouting as if someone was killing him. He beat the rocks with his hands and head till they started bleeding. Mahesh comforted him and held him tightly with his remaining strength while Anand sat dumb, staring at the walls.

Suddenly Anand stood up, lifted his pick and began to hit the other end of the tunnel which they had been drilling. Perhaps they could find a way through to the other end. The other two soon understood what Anand was doing, and lifted their picks to help. They struck the wall madly with all their strength, when suddenly a small stream of water trickled down the wall through the hole made by Suresh. Their eyes widened with fear. "There is water on the other side!" shouted Anand. They were trapped. Death awaited them on either side.

They had not been told about the water tank. They were drilling their way towards death. The selfish owner obviously found the black pearl more important than three lives. He had kept them in the dark. Their horror turned to anger. Mahesh shouted wildly, swinging and throwing his pick. Why were they regarded as nothing?

The three sunk to the ground and awaited death. Slowly Suresh got to his feet and said, "I prefer drowning to a horrible end by starvation"

and suffocation. Do you agree with me?" After a while Mahesh and Anand stood up.

They all picked up their ricks and started striking the wet wall.

They swung their picks slowly. What was the hurry? There was no hope and they were not drilling to escape, but to die. More holes with water trickled out wetting their already wet clothes. Their head lights were getting dim, and darkness was surrounding them, when they suddenly heard a stone fall from the other side of the tunnel. They turned to see a smiling face stare at them. The man said, "We are the rescue team."

- Sunit Mishra

Sunit Mishra's composition won the second prize in the essay writing competition held last term. -Ed.

* * *

DESIRE

Man lives a stupefied life, to fulfill his desire,
And yet it is this that leads him to final destiny.
His own peaceful bier.

Oh! What a strange thing is desire
Man rises to the zenith of glory.
Bursting with power,
Trampling all that comes in his way.
Sparing the guilty, hitting the innocent,
Staining his soul with blood and death,
Man commits crime after crime, and without
any malice,
Just to satisfy his unquenchable thirst.
The crazy lust of possession that conquers
his dreams,
He will achieve this bitter fruit, come hell or
high water,
Whether it means indignation, ruthless
slaughter.

Oh! What a strange thing desire is,
Man falls to the nadir of despair,
Burning with humiliation,
Stumbling down the steps by which he ascended
to power.
Falling down out of desperation,
To achieve what he didn't deserve,
Just to quench his insatiable desire,
Like a drink of cold water,
To satisfy his thirst.
Only to realise, his throat was never drier!

Like trying to grasp time, is desire.
Like trying to hold water, is desire.

Man lives a stupefied life, to fulfill his desire,
And yet it is this, that leads him to his final
destiny,
His own peaceful bier.

- Kirtiman Singh

DON'T LOOK BACK...

We met by pure chance. I was dragged into acting in the Joint Production, but my reluctance vanished the moment I laid eyes on her. Her face was the epitome of innocence. She made a drab school uniform look a brainchild of Christian Dior. I was completely captivated by her beauty. Captivated? Sorry, wrong choice of words. 'Left me gasping for breath' is more appropriate. Her raven crown, innocent face, shell-like ears, perfectly shaped lips and bewitching smile were enough to take anyone's breath away. Fortunately, God chose mine.

I somehow read through my lines that day. My nervous system had certainly taken a beating, but when I heard her speak, my nervous system was down for the count. Can you imagine honey oozing out of a honeycomb? Her voice was sweeter than that. I went staggering to the hostel. I couldn't do my prep. That night, all I could do was think about her. You will not believe how stupid I had been. I had forgotten to ask her name!!! I drifted to sleep with her invading even the once peaceful realms of my dreams.

The next day I noticed the occurrence of a chain reaction within me. As I would lift my pen to write a word, I would think of her. When I thought of her, I got butterflies in my stomach. An inexplicable and indefinable sensation tingled the nerve endings of my teeth. End result - I could not, in any possible way, concentrate on anything.

I managed to keep myself from pining to death. The afternoon finally came and I ran for rehearsal. There she was, right on time. I devised a novel way of introducing myself to her. I sat next to her and in an attempt to look bored, I scrawled my name all over my play script. My action caught her eye. One surreptitious glance from her and I was home free. With a twinkle in her lovely brown eyes she said, "Hi,

Ashis. My name is Vandana." I couldn't believe it. My plan had worked! This anthropomorphous Venus was actually talking to ME!!!

From then on it was clear sailing. We would sit and talk about the usual inane things that people in love talk about. I was definitely head over heels in love.

The play was staged and the cast party rolled by. We danced through all the sentimental numbers. My arms around her, and her arms around me.

Now that the play was over, meeting each other would be a little difficult, but where there's a will there's a way and there is no will stronger than that of one infatuated. What were Sundays made for? (I am sure God must have had a son who was in love, that's why he made Sundays). We communicated through all possible means. Post, telephone, speech and, most of all, by emotions.

Then came the crunch. The company for which her father worked was posting him to their Western Sector branch. As a result she was being withdrawn from the school across the road and enrolled in one further away.

On the brink of tears, we met for the last time, the last Sunday. We looked into each other's eyes for the last time and held each other's hands for the last time. For the last time her voice said "Don't look back when you go. Remember me as I am. As I was. Yours forever."

They say nothing is as good as the first time you fall in love. I believe them. I stood up and headed towards the gate. I stooped a little to clear the top of the Judas gate and walked down the road. And never once did I look back.

-Ashish N. Deb Roy

Ashish N. Deb Roy's essay won first prize in the essay writing competition held last term.
-Ed.

THE OLIPHANT - ITS APPLICATIONS

"When's the next issue of 'The Oliphant' coming?" I overheard one boy ask another. The reply - "Pretty soon. You seem desperate to

read the next one." Guess what the reply was? "You bet.? I was amazed. A Welhamite taking pleasure in reading the school's fortnightly? But I had jumped to conclusions too fast. "I need sheets to lay in my cupboard. The sheets of 'The Oliphant' fit perfectly". I was still at Welham.

That is just one of the uses of 'The Oliphant'. It is still read by many but used for other things by more. A dirty surface in need of cleaning. Out comes one of the pages of 'The Oliphant' and lo and behold - the table top (or whatever) is clean. Welhamites are concerned about cleanliness, after all. Sometimes though it is also helpful for gaining knowledge. The know-how of aerodynamics for example, beautiful gliders can be seen hovering over desks or fields or beds or anywhere else in Welham.

Another use of 'The Oliphant' is leisure. Anyone for noughts and crosses? If yee is the answer out comes a sheet of 'The Oliphant' again and soon it has nothing but noughts and crosses on it. We were once told not to waste paper.

I saw a boy once deeply engrossed in reading a book. A text book to be precise. "What are you reading?" I asked him. "Something interesting." His response knocked me. A Welhamite reading a text book and finding it interesting! No way. I walked up to him to confirm what I had just heard. It was a book alright but a book covered with the pages of an old issue of 'The Oliphant'. Well, I think it's quite thoughtful of the Welhamites to do so. After all they save on brown paper, don't they?

Why has 'The Oliphant' lost its charm? I have lately heard some rumours that 'The Oliphant' is in for renovation. I do hope this is true. Till then it shall be used for all and any purpose other than reading.

-Varun Sood

At The Zoo

When we went to the Zoo
We saw agnu
And elk and a whale
And a wild emu.

We saw a hare
And a bear in his lair
And a seal having a meal
On a high back chair.

We saw a snake
 Hardly awake
 And a lion eat meat
 They'd forgotten to bake.

We saw a coon
 And a baby baboon
 The giraffe made us laugh
 All afternoon.

We saw a crab
 And a long tailed tab
 And we all went home
 In a taxi cab.

- Rana Ramnik Singh Grewal
 IV B

My Stamp Collection

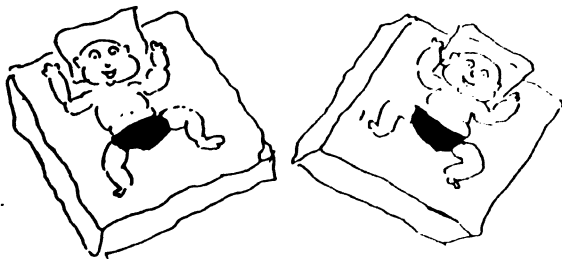
I think boys should make a collection of things they like for example stamp collection, stone collection or coin collection.

I collect stamps. I have many types of stamps in my collection. My friends are very nice to me, they give me stamps for my collection. I started my collection at home. I saw my friend's stamp collection and was impressed so I also started collecting stamps. First I had one stamp, then two. My stamp collection began increasing. Now I have more than eighty stamps.

Friends, if you too want to start a collection, do it right now.

- Ashish Kumar
 IV B

Separated at Birth



- Abhinav Chaturvedi and Mr. R. Walla.
- Mr. Bhatia and Nawaz Sharif.
- Mr. Kandhari and I.K. Gujral.

Welham Now !!!

- We welcome Mrs. M Singh, the new matron for N.U.
- The school football team took part in the Mayo Centenary Tournament at Ajmer.
- The team of Varun Bhaskar and Nitin Jain stood fifth in the Scindia School Platinum Jubilee English Debate at Gwalior. The basketball team took part in the basketball tournament conducted by the Scindia School.
- The basketball team has a new coach, Mr. H. Sodhi.
- Ashish Debroy and Nitin Jain represented Welham in the Chakravarty Memorial Debate at the Doon School and came second.
- Welham stood first in the Mrs. Russel's Inter School Quiz held at Welham Girls. Welham was represented by Ritesh Khanna and Harjot Singh.
- The Inter House Hindi Debate was held on the 9th of September. The results were:

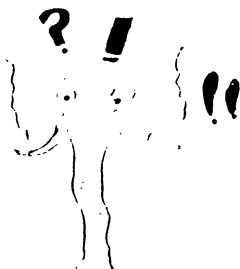
Nitin Jain	- 1st
Hitesh Mahajan	- 2nd
Ritesh Khanna	- 3rd

Jamuna took home the shield.

- The Hindi Essay Writing Competition was held on the 12th of September.
- The Middle School English Elocution was held on the 14th of September.
- Nitin Bhanot and Vijay Bishnoi represented Welham in the Inter School Hindi Debate held at Welham Girls on the 14th of September.
- The Life-Savers Exam was conducted on the 15th of September.
- Rehearsals for the Founder's Day play have commenced.



Brain Teasers

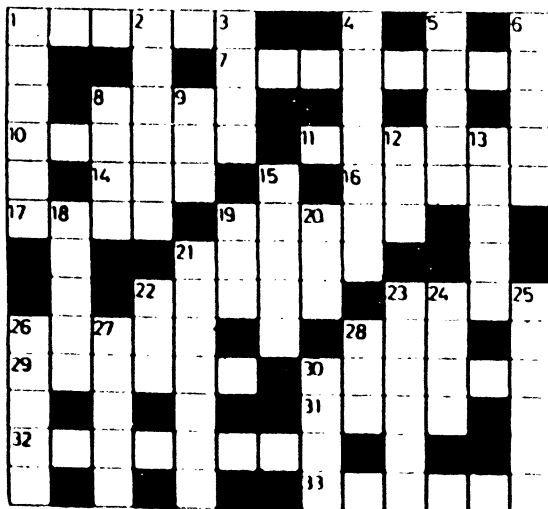


ACROSS

1 Be dissimilar (6), 7 Watched (8), 8 Pace (4), 10 Reason (6), 11 Association football (6), 14 Beer (3), 16 The devil (5), 17 Ear part (4), 19 Pole (5), 21 Eros (5), 21 Eros (5), 22 Vivid in shocking details (5), 23 Separate (4), 26 Athletics events (5), 28 Taxi (3), 29 Assigns (6), 30 Large shore-bird (6), 31 In this place (4), 32 Group of musicians (8), 33 Ordinary seaman (6).

DOWN

1 Causing gloom (6), 2 Pointless (6), 3 thick cord (4), 4 Removed from power (7), 5 Eject (5), 6 Decorate (5), 8 Attack with a knife (4), 9 First women (9), 12 Vehicle (3), 13 Keen (5), 15 Very fast (5), 18 Meat by products (5), 19 Dog (3), 20 Order (3), 21 Habitual practices (7), 22 Zodiac sign (9), 23 Tropical bird (6), 24 Competent (4), 25 Pulling (6), 26 Black bird (5), 27 Near (9), 28 Snooker stick (3), 30 Singer and film actress (4).



LAST TIMES SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1 Clash. 6 Sleet. 9 Caprice. 10 Start. 11 Oscar. 12 Soars. 13 Slipper. 15 Ken. 17 Cede. 18 Finale. 19 Cello. 20 Onager. 22 Pale. 24 Pal. 25 Snorkel. 25 Strut. 27 Junta. 28 Aides. 29 Aimless. 30 Yearn. 31 Kendo.

DOWN: 1 Little. 3 Scrape. 4 hat. 5 Error. 6 Scorpio. 7 Less. 8 Enamel. 12 Sever. 13 Scoop. 14 Ideal. 15 Kayak. 16 Newel. 18 Flint. 19 Certain. 21 Nature. 22 Praise. 23 Legend. 25 Surly. 26 Star. 28 Ask.

. . .

In The Arena of Sports SOCCER



This was a disappointing fortnight for soccer. The players could not raise the level of their game to the expected standard from them.

We played many matches but could achieve no positive results. One of the teams we played against was arch rivals, The Doon School, on their ground. They had the advantage of home ground. To add to our miseries the field was as wet as could be. They scored first with a low shot from outside the 'D'. The ball slipped out of Vikrant Lamba's hands and into the net. That was to be the only goal of the match and we were unlucky to lose 1-0. We got a chance to play against Sports Hostel, Dehra Dun. They defeated us 4-0. Their's was an exhibition of excellent soccer.

Our school soccer team embarked on an captained adventurous trip to Delhi and Ajmer. The team was headed by Sanjay Paintal in his final representation for the school. Our first fixture was in Delhi against Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram. We put up an excellent fight and were up two goals in the first half. The goals came from Rajnish Goswami and Sharib Khan. Unfortunately our defence slackened in the second half and due to silly errors by Vikrant Lamba we lost the match by 5 goals to 2. We also played Modern School and were defeated 1-0 in a close match.

We participated in the Mayo College Centenary Celebration Soccer Championship. Unfor-

Unfortunately our team could not produce good results. We lost all our matches. Our first match was against the hosts to whom we lost 4-0. Our next match was against Rajkumar College which we lost 3-1. Our lone goal scorer was Deepak Kataria. We returned to school as we were knocked out.

Results of the Inter House Soccer Championship:

	'C' Section				
	MATCHES				
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Cauvery	3	3	-	-	6
Ganga	3	2	1	-	4
Jamuna	3	-	3	-	0
Krishna	3	1	2	-	2

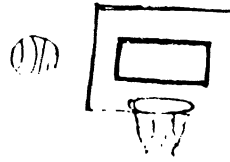
Best Player - Deepak Kataria

'B' Section
 Winner - Cauvery
 Best Player - Vijay Nishant

'A' Section
 Winner - Ganga
 Best Player - Samarth Pratap Singh

Deepak Kataria has been appointed as the new soccer captain. Our felicitations to him.

BASKET BALL



Our best wishes to Kabir Bajaj on being appointed the new basket ball captain as Ashish Sharma has resigned. Mr. H Sodhi has taken over as the new coach of the team. We lost our first match to the Doscos by a margin of 20 points.

Due to some misunderstanding we were not allowed to participate in the UNESCO badminton despite being defending champions and the top seeds. We had the easiest of draws for a smooth way to the finals. Any way with luck we may make it next time.

The Inter-School soccer and basket ball tournaments are approaching and we hope our school does well.

ADDENDA

- Mr. R. Wallia's name was wrongly printed as 'Mr. R.W. Wallia' in the last issue.
- The teacher interviewed in 'Inner View' in the last issue was Ms. S. Bhattacharya.

हिन्दी अनुभाग

सामाजिक त्रिकोण

जगन-जात का भंगी: चुंगी में काम करता था। यह उसका आनदानी पेशा था। चुंगी की कार्यकारिणी 'एडवोकी' की शिकायतें दूर करने के लिए एक 'संयुक्त कार्यकर्ता - समिति' का गठन करके जगन को उसका प्रधान बनाया गया।

शिकायतों का निश्चित दायरा महानगर पालिका अध्यक्ष जावेद हसन जी के समक्ष पेश किया गया।

शिकायतों को भली-भाँति समझने की खातिर जावेद साहब ने जगन को अपने दफ्तर में बुलाया। बातचीत के उपरान्त, जब जगन चलने को हुआ, तो जावेद साहब ने अपना हाथ बढ़ाकर जगन से मिलाया।

घर लौटते समय जगन के पाँव जमीन पर नहीं पड़े रहे थे। जावेद जी से हाथ मिलाने पर जो उल्लेखना उसके मुखमण्डल पर दमक रही थी; उससे उसके गर्व की अर्थाभिनता झलक रही थी।

उसने, एक चुंगी कार्यकर्ता ने, महानगर पालिका अध्यक्ष से हाथ मिलाया था।

उन दिनों राज्य भ्रम मंत्री ज्ञानेश्वर त्रिवेदी, जिनके दोरे पर आए हुए थे। महानगर पालिका कार्यालय के प्रागण में उनके सम्मान में प्रीतिभोज का आयोजन किया गया। जावेद खाँ ने जगन को भी बुलाया तथा उसकी समिति की परशानियाँ मंत्रीजी के सम्मुख पेश करने का वादा किया।

समयानुसार मंत्री जी पधारें। राज्य भ्रम मंत्री ज्ञानेश्वर त्रिवेदी का स्वागत: महानगर पालिका अध्यक्ष जावेद हसन खाँ ने किया। माल्यार्पण करके हाथ मिलाया।

दावत के दौरान जावेद खाँ के पाव जमीन पर नहीं पड़ रहे थे। त्रिवेदी जी से हाथ मिलाने पर जो उल्टेजना उसके मुखमण्डल पर दमक रही थी; उससे उसके गर्व की असीमितता झलक रही थी।

उसने, एक महानगर पालिका अध्यक्ष ने, राज्य भ्रममंत्री से हाथ मिलाया था!!

भोजन के पश्चात जावेद खाँ ने जगन तथा उसकी समिति की शिकायतों से त्रिवेदी जी को अवगत कराया। जगन की समिति की विपदाओं को दूर करने का वादा करते हुए, त्रिवेदी ने जगन से हाथ मिलाया।

प्रीतिभोज से लौटते समय ज्ञानेश्वर त्रिवेदी के पाँव जमीन पर नहीं पड़ रहे थे। जगन से हाथ मिलाने पर जो उल्टेजना उनके मुखमण्डल पर दमक रही थी; उससे उनके गर्व की असीमितता झलक रही थी।

उसने, एक राज्य मंत्री ने, अपने अंहकार को दबाकर, एक चुंगी कार्यकर्ता से हाथ मिलाया था!!

अविरल सिंह

दृढ़-संकल्प द्वारा निराशा पर विजय पाना।

यही कोई उन्नीस सौ उन्नासी की बात है। तब मैं गणित का नाम सुनने ही कौंप उठता था। मैं गणित में इतना कमजोर था, कि मेरी कक्षा के विद्यार्थी मुझे चिड़ते थे, कि जब ब्रहमा बुद्धि बॉट रहे थे तब मैं गुसलखाने में था। मेरी उदासीनता को देख मेरे प्रिय मित्र नीरज को बहुत चोट पहुँचती।

एक दिन जब मैं कन्हैया के मंदिर में पूजा करने गया, तब मुझे एक आकाशवाणी सुनाई दी - 'कि अगर वार्षिक परीक्षा में मेरे अट्ठे अंक न आए तो वह मुझे नेत्रहीन कर देंगे।'

इस बात को सुन मैं डर के मारे कौंपने लगा। अब मेरे हृदय में जोश जागृत हुआ। मैंने दृढ़ संकल्प किया कि मैं प्रथम आकर ही दिखलाऊंगा। मैं अब दिन रात गणित की तैयारी करता। मुझे पढ़ते देखकर मेरे कक्षा के विद्यार्थी चौंक उठते।

परीक्षा निकट आई और मैंने गणित में द्वितीय स्थान प्राप्त किया। मैं नीरज से कुछ ही अंक से पीछे था। अगले वर्ष मैंने दृढ़-संकल्प द्वारा निराशा पर विजय पायी और वार्षिक परीक्षा में प्रथम आने का गौरव हासिल किया।

बाद में मुझे ज्ञान हुआ कि कन्हैया मंदिर में जो आकाशवाणी हुई थी, वह नीरज ने लाऊड स्पीकर द्वारा बोली थी; जिससे मेरे हृदय में जोश जागृत हो। मैं नीरज का आभारी हूँ।

लेखक सचिन धीर

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