



# THE OLIPHANT

NO. 123

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th February 1992

## THINK ABOUT IT

*What makes equality such a difficult business is that we only want it with our superiors.*

- Henry Becque

### EDITORIAL

This is your new myopic, presently cold bitten Ed. The 'Exie' is quite busy these days with his nose stuck deep into voluminous texts (of course every kind but the course ones).

The cold has genuinely taken its toll this time. Protective gear is all but out. Trudging along all day long without any woollens is considered the ultimate act of machismo. Some immediate and direct results of such 'manliness' - hoarse throats, flowing noses and white skin that would have made Snow White scuttle for her make-up kit.

Another direct result of this seemingly endless cold wave is an onslaught of latest designs in trousers. All types of trousered legs can be seen every where in school, from the traditional drainpipes to the much sought after parallels. Michael Jackson freaks are still showing everyone their white socks (or are those their legs?) while quite a few bruise cases are being treated at the hospital with some guys tripping over their extra long trousers.



nitely their ancestors - if their haircuts are any indication. Elvis Presley was the in thing in the Rockin' 60's. The king of Rock looks, especially his side-burns, are being publicized by boys who weren't even born when he was singing! Old is certainly Gold.

There is no doubt however, that such holiday hangover will definitely vanish within a week. The barber shall certainly love running his scissors through all that hair. Well, happy cutting and Au Revoir.

-Varun Sood

# THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Miss Chopra:- Child when is your birthday?

Paresh:- Ma'am, 10th December.

Miss Chopra:- Which year?

Paresh:- Ma'am, every year.



## UNIVERSE AT STAKE

Dr. Saxena:- Dear kids of P.H. please bear up with the hot water Problem. Something has gone wrong with our solar system.

## LETTER TO EDITOR

To

The Editor  
The Oliphant  
Welham Boys' School  
Dehra Dun.

Dear Editor,

I am happy to inform all your readers that our former principal Mr. N.K.S. Rao and his wife are well and in good form. They have settled in Secunderabad and his all children too are there.

Mr. Rao is actively involved as adviser to 2-3 schools.

I have conveyed to them best wishes of the Welham community.

Yours truly,

(S. Kandhari)  
Principal



# The Literary Affairs of Welham

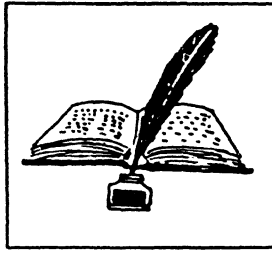
## THE REDWOOD TREE

The Redwood tree is the largest tree in the world, it is mainly found in California. It is called Redwood because its bark is reddish in colour. It is about 108 feet high.

It was discovered by a wood-cutter. Once while cutting wood in the forest he saw a grove of enormous trees with reddish bark. He ran to the city and informed the people about the trees he had seen. At first the people did not believe him, but when they went to see it they were amazed. The scientists named the tree the Redwood Tree.

The base of the Redwood tree is so wide that a motor-way for two cars to pass through together can be made.

- Nirvan Chaudhary  
V



ity was poor because of the dust rising from the unmetalled road. I was admiring the beautiful horizon when suddenly there was a loud blast and our trucks halted. As we got off our trucks, pandemonium and panic spread among our soldiers. The enemy had struck unexpectedly. We were quick to recover and managed to put up a

feeble resistance. However we were soon overpowered and taken into custody as prisoners of war.

Days passed slowly. We spent our time in silence in the dark rooms, doing nothing. Frustration grew within me. My country was fighting a battle but I could do no more than sit in the dark cell and bite my nails, wondering what would happen next. I was in the clutches of the enemy even before I had confronted them on the battlefield. It was maddening.

The unhygienic conditions and malnutrition took their toll as a large number of us fell ill. All that we got to eat was bread and water. We longed for one square meal, but did not raise our voice for fear we would be tortured and made to suffer even more. So far our enemy had been quite tolerant but the slightest misconduct could have created tension and made matters worse.

During the last days in prison my thinking underwent a tremendous transformation. I now regretted my decision of joining the army. I felt that war was futile and it served no purpose. It only deepened rancour between nations. I desperately wanted to lash out at the self-centred politicians who involved their nations in war without caring for the common man who is trampled by shortages, inflation and death.

Even when I heard the news of the ceasefire there was no happiness. I knew that in a short time I would be returning home but there was no exuberance at the thought. I did want to return to my country, but this time it was for a different purpose. I no more wanted to serve in the army but instead wanted to serve mankind. I wanted to conquer hearts and not land. This now became my divine goal.

Hitesh Mahajan  
XI-Com.

## A BOOK I LIKE

One day I read a book named 'The Wishing Chair Again.' Its author was Enid Blyton. It had many stories. One of them was the Wishing Chair which could fly to any place desired by its owners. Its owners were Mollie and Peter, a little boy and a girl. They had a pixie friend named Chinky. He always kept the chair for them when they were at school.

The children had many adventures and went to many interesting and surprising places - the village of slippers, village of surprises and the village of sweets.

Once Mollie, Peter and Chinky went to Mr. Grim's storeroom and Chinky's magic wand was used as a stick by Mr. Grim. They were helped by a brownie named Winks. Then they returned home bringing Winks home with them.

I like this book because the wishing chair went to many unusual places.

- Ram Sharan Singh  
V

## A PRISONER OF WAR

The sky was lit orange in the twilight. Our trucks moved quietly towards the border. Visibil-

## A DECK OF CARDS

During the North-African campaign (in the Second World War) a group of soldiers were on a long hike. They came upon a little town called Beserike. The next day being a Sunday, some of the boys went to church. A sergeant commanded the boys in the church and after the Chaplain had read the prayer the text was taken up. Those boys who had prayer books took them out. One boy had a deck of cards. So he spread them out. The sergeant saw the cards and said, "Soldier put away those cards". After the service was over the boy was taken prisoner and brought before the Provost Marshal who said, "Sergeant why have you brought this boy before me?" He replied, "For playing cards in church, Sir". The Marshal asked the soldier, "And what have you to say son?" "Much," said the soldier. The Marshal said, "I hope so or I will punish you more than anyone has ever been punished". The boy said, "Sir I had been on a long march for six days. I had neither a Bible nor a prayer book but I hope to satisfy you, Sir, with the purity of my intentions". And with that the boy began his story.

1. You see, sir when I look at the ace I know that there is but one God.
2. When I look at the deuce, I know that the Bible is divided into two parts - the Old and the New Testament.
3. And when I look at the three I think of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.
4. The four reminds me of the four evangelists who preached the Gospel - Mathew, Mark, John and Luke.
5. When I look at the five, it reminds me of the

five virgins who trimmed the lamps.

6. When I look at the six I know that God made this great earth and heaven in six days.
7. When I look at the seven I know that he rested on the seventh day.
8. When I look at the eight I know the eight righteous persons when God destroyed this earth, they were - Noah, his wife, their three sons and their wives.
9. When I look at the nine I think of the lepers which our Saviour cleansed.
10. And of course when I look at the ten I remember the Ten Commandments handed down to Moses.
11. The Jack is the devil.
12. When I look at the Queen I remember the blessed Virgin Mary.
13. When I look at the King, sir, I know there is but one God of heaven, the God Almighty.

There are 12 pictures - the number of months in a year.

There are four suits - the number of weeks in a quarter.

So you see, Sir, my deck of cards not only serves me as a deck of cards but also as a prayer book.

An Old Song  
Contributed by *Shwet Sabharwal*  
5A

. . .

## Welham Now!!

1. The construction of the Multi Purpose Hall is underway.
2. Mrs. and Mr. Bhattacharya have returned to school after a term's leave. We wish them all the best in future.
3. Dr. C. Joshi and Mr. D.K. Jain have left the school.

. . .

# Lampoon



## SUMMER v/s WINTER

### ASHISH 'CAN'T TOUCH THIS' FOGATTE

Summer, of course, cause I can keep my shirt unbuttoned and show my physique around. I always eagerly awaited the 'PH Open Dance Competition, in summer.

### SAHNKAR 'MILK BAR' BHANOT

Definitely winter! The formal wear - tie, blazer et al - makes me look real smart. It is a pity, born smart as I am nobody stands a chance in front of me during winter.

### UDIT 'DUTT' MITTAL

Winter's my cup of tea. I had few super hits this winter and I am expecting a few more soon. Besides I'm seriously thinking of going through a 'Hair-lift' to suit my hep style.

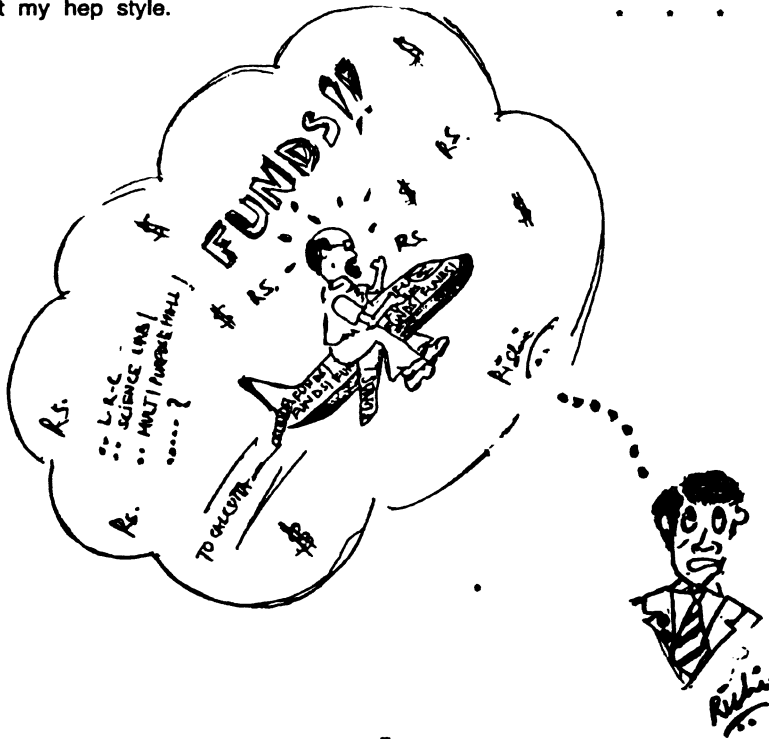
### PIYUSH 'IIT' AGARWAL

Summer is divine! Seeing those beautiful works of art in tight fitting attire that are at times quite skimpy, is positively heavenly. Being a nature freak, that's one time I can indulge in a lot of Bird Watching (pun intended !!!!)

### 'SHIKARI SHAMBHU' (at PH)

D-E-F-I-N-I-T-E-L-Y summer. The booty captured this year would put the stolen riches of Somnath to shame. The butter chicken at Presidents was no longer a luxury. After all, those Thompson originals weren't too bad. My condolences to the victims.

(Just in case you guys are wondering who the Shambu is, the unknown burglar at PH)



# In the Arena of Sports

The following were appointed Sports Captains:

CRICKET	- VIKRANT LAMBA
HOCKEY	- HARJYOT SINGH
FOOTBALL	- MUNISH SURI
ATHELETICS	- AZIZ RAWAT
BASKETBALL	- VARUN SOOD
BADMINTON	- HARJYOT SINGH
TABLE TENNIS	- ABHINAV CHATURVEDI
TENNIS	- DHRUV SEHGAL
VOLLEYBALL	- MANAV KHULLAR
SWIMMING	- VED KRISHNA
CHESS	- RAJVIR SINGH

## CRICKET - VIKRANT LAMBA

The temperament and skill he has shown in the last five++ years is incomparable. He certainly possesses the potential to make a good captain.

## HOCKEY - HARJYOT SINGH

An indispensable player whose attachment to the sport is known to one and all. The team shall certainly go from strength to strength under him.

## SOCCER - MUNISH SURI

Burly and strong as an ox, his presence in the Welham's soccer team has been inspiring. His never-say-die attitude is certainly going to help raise our soccer standard.

## ATHELETICS - AZIZ RAWAT

Highly disciplined and tremendously competitive. His superlative performance in the district meet last year speaks for his abilities.

## BASKETBALL - VARUN SOOD

He certainly has displayed a level of consistency and concentration. In the coming year he faces an uphill task of maintaining our school prestige in basketball.

## TENNIS - DHRUV SEHGAL

He plays to win. For the last three years he has maintained his winning streak. He is the one man tennis team of Welham.

## VOLLEYBALL - MANAV KHULLAR

Undoubtedly he is the number one player of the team. He is exceptionally good and plays his game with spirit.



# हिन्दी अनुभाग

## तनहाई में रुबाई

वो,  
जिन्होंने छीन ली है,  
हर खुशी  
अब पूछते हैं-  
"तुम क्यों हो दुखी "

औंसू  
यह पानी के मोती नहीं, दर्द हैं।  
उन दंश के,  
जो मारे थे, उन्होंने कभी।

फिर भी पूछते हैं-  
"तुम क्यों हो दुखी"

खामोशी,  
यह बहुत कुछ बोलती है।  
पर तुम,  
सुन सकते ही नहीं।  
अपने राग में  
जो मद-मस्त हो सो तुम,  
समझ सकते हो नहीं।

अब तो,  
ढह गए सपनों के महल  
छाई दैत्याकार परछाइयों।  
टूटे-फूटे खण्डहारों के बीच, रह गई तनहाइयों।

अविरल सिंह  
X A

## संगीत और मैं

बचपन से ही संगीत ने मुझे अपनी ओर खींचा है और मैं अनायास ही संगीत से विशेष रूप से प्रभावित हुआ। बाल्यजीवन से ही मैंने इस विद्या को सीखना प्रारम्भ कर दिया। संगीत की अनेक प्रतियोगिताएँ आयोजित की जाती

हैं जिसका आनन्द उठाने के लिए दर्शक आते हैं। मानवजीवन में संगीत एक महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाता है और हर किसी को रस में डुबो देता है।

मैंने अपने विद्यालय की तरफ से कई संगीत प्रतियोगिताओं में भाग लिया है और अनेक पुरस्कार भी प्राप्त किए हैं। इन पुरस्कारों ने मुझे हमेशा ही प्रोत्साहित किया जिसके कारण मैं राज्य-स्तर तक की प्रतियोगिताओं में पुरस्कार प्राप्त कर चुका हूँ। मैं चाहता हूँ कि संगीत क्षेत्र में जितनी भी प्रतियोगिताएँ होती हैं उनमें भाग ले सकूँ।

अभी कुछ ही दिन पूर्व राष्ट्रीय स्तर का हरबल्लभ संगीत सम्मेलन जालन्धर में आयोजित हुआ। यह सम्मेलन प्रतिवर्ष जालन्धर में ही होता है और एक सौ सतरह वर्ष से चला आ रहा है। इसे महान संगीतकार पंडित हरबल्लभ की याद में मनाया जाता है। इस सम्मेलन में शास्त्रीय संगीत के विख्यात कलाकार अपनी विविध कलाओं को संगीत प्रेमियों के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करते हैं। सम्मेलन के साथ-साथ नवीन कलाकारों को उत्साहित करने के लिए संगीत प्रतियोगिता भी आयोजित की जाती है। इस प्रतियोगिता में पन्द्रह वर्ष से तीस वर्ष के कलाकार भाग ले सकते हैं। जब मैंने यह सुना तो मैंने इस प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेने का निर्णय लिया।

यह सम्मेलन तीन दिन तक चलता है। सुबह प्रतियोगिता होती है और संध्या के समय संगीत प्रेमियों और हम जैसे नवयुवकों को प्रोत्साहन व प्रेरणा देने के लिए, शास्त्रीय संगीत के प्रसिद्ध कलाकार अपनी कलाओं को प्रस्तुत करते हैं। तीसरे दिन, सम्मेलन की समाप्ति पर पंडित जसराज, जो कि शास्त्रीय संगीत के एक महान गायक हैं, ने मुझे द्वितीय पुरस्कार से सम्मानित किया। मेरी खुशी को कोई ठिकाना न रहा और मेरे मन ही मन अपने गुरु का धन्यवाद किया जिन्होंने मुझे इस योग्य बनाया।

यह प्रतियोगिता मेरे जीवन में सदैव अविस्मरणीय व चिरस्मरणीय रहेगी।

नितिन भनोट

कक्षा- IX

## अधूरा स्वप्न

पत्थर से सर फोड़ लूँ क्या मैं अपना ।।  
तेरे लाख मना करने पर भी जीवन तबाह कर लिया मैंने अपना ।  
तेरा हर अंदाज नया था, तेरी हर अदा थी एक अफसाना,  
चाहे किसी ने माना या न माना तू ही मेरा दोस्त पुराना ।  
मोहित कर लेता था तू सबको,  
लक्षण तेरे थे निराले ।  
कुकर्म पर जब भी देखा किसी को,  
सचेत तुरंत कर डाला उसको ।  
तुझ बिन जीवन मेरा क्या होता,  
ऐसा तो मैं सोच न सकता ।  
मेरा निर्वाह तुझ बिन असम्भव सा लगता है,  
कोई माने या न माने यह कहना मुझको पड़ता है ।  
आज तू मेरे पास नहीं है,  
हाथ वह तेरा मेरे साथ नहीं है ।  
फिर भी तेरी याद के सहारे,  
जी रहा हूँ मैं तो प्यारे ।  
आज लब पे है मेरे वहीं पुराना नगमा अपना,  
सोते-सोते जाग गया हूँ,  
नहीं देखना चाहता हूँ अब मैं कोई और सपना ।  
वहीं तो है मेरा दोस्त पुराना,  
इसी दोस्ती को अब मुझे है अनूठे अंदाज में सजाना ।

- मनोज अरोड़ा

## विचित्र लोक की यात्रा

मैं, अन्तरिक्ष 'अनुराग' का कमाण्डर अपनी यात्रा के लिए मंगल ग्रह की तरफ निकल चुका था । हमें मंगल ग्रह के निवासियों ने खाने का न्यौता दिया था क्योंकि हम

लोगों ने उनसे संधि कर ली थी ।

हमारा यान बड़े-बड़े पत्थरों से बचता हुआ चला जा रहा था । आकाश पूरा काला था और बड़े-बड़े तारे इधर-उधर टिमटिमा रहे थे । फिर सामने हमें मंगल ग्रह की लाल मिट्टी के पर्वत दिखाई दिए । हम लोग "गायब कर" कमरे में गए, बटन दबाया और कुछ सेकेण्ड में हम लोग मंगल ग्रह पर थे । वहां के निवासियों ने हमारा स्वागत किया । मैं पहले घबरा गया क्योंकि उन्होंने मुझ पर लाल रंग फेंक दिया । लेकिन बाद में पता चला कि ये उनकी रीति थी । मंगल ग्रह के निवासी बड़े व विशाल थे लेकिन हम लोगों से सौ वर्ष पीछे थे । वहां का गुरुत्वाकर्षण बल बहुत कम था । तभी मैंने देखा कि वहां पर आदमी काम नहीं करते थे । वहां पर हर काम के लिए जानवरों को ठीक तरह से सिखाया गया था ।

जब हम खाना खाने बैठे तो हमारी प्लेटों में तीन चार कैप्सूल रख दिए गए । मुझे इस कुरीति पर गुस्सा आया पर तब बाद में उन्होंने उन कैप्सूलों को पानी में डाला और वो स्वादिष्ट पकवानों में परिवर्तित हो गया । इन पकवानों को देखकर मेरे मुंह में पानी आ गया । जैसे ही मैं खाना खाने लगा कि बारिश होने लगी ।

मैं हकबका कर उठा । मैं अपनी कुर्सी पर बैठ कर सपना देख रहा था और वो भी बगीचे में । बारिश की बूंदें टप-टप कर गिर रही थीं । मैं उस स्वादिष्ट खाने को चख भी न सका और अब मैं यही सोचता हूँ कि भगवान को मुझसे क्या दुश्मनी थी कि ठीक खाने के वक्त पर पानी गिरा दिया । पानी गिरते ही मैं होश में आया और मैंने देखा कि सुबह हो गई है और मेरे मित्र पानी डाल कर मुझे जगाने का प्रयत्न कर रहे हैं ।

- अंशुल अनुराग

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### EDITORIAL BOARD

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