



THE OLIPHANT

NO. 124

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

1st March 1992

THINK ABOUT IT

*Conceal your wounds if you have any,
for silence is the lost joy of the unhappy.*

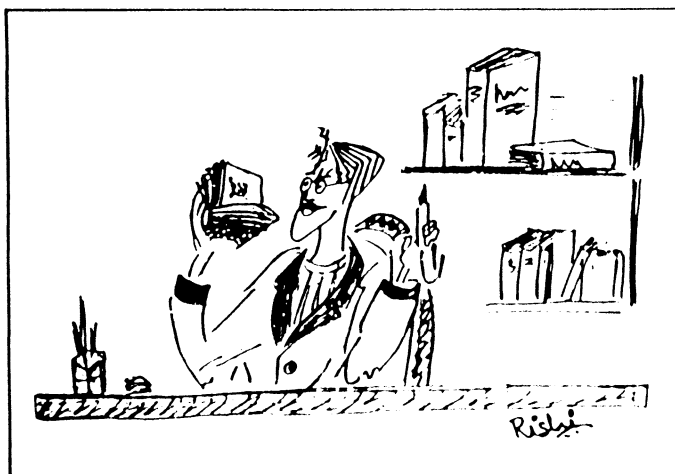
- Alexander Dumas

EDITORIAL

The World Cup seems to be directly related to excuses. Well that is what it seems. Of late the electricity bill is on a steady incline while the number of students in each class is on a steady decline. New excuses that keep up with the ever changing trend are confidently aired. The old stuff, except for one or two, is out.

One of the evergreen oldies is associated with the good old hospital. Head aches, bad stomachs, fever etc. are quite common these days. What is uncommon is a Welhamite in perfect shape. Amazingly though there is an acute shortage of inpatients in the hospital and an onslaught of medicines. (Seems the doctor ordered them in advance, keeping in view the coming World Cup!)

This being the time of the ISC and ICSEs, a number of excuses based on these examinations have mushroomed. The boys of class 11th Computers have been seized with a fit of devotion for the 12thies. Practically all of them seem to be involved in making computer projects



for the class 12th computer students. So intense are feelings for the passing twelfth that two of them, in some cases even three of them, together work on different projects for each twelfth class boy! Of course, the fact that they work

in the PH Common room near the T.V. is a minor point of detail.

It is not the students alone who have been gripped by cricket mania. That heartless thing has not spared even our teaching staff. The planner outside the Audio-visual room for bookings of the room is covered from top to bottom in professional black writing, the grey colour of the planner, being all but visible.

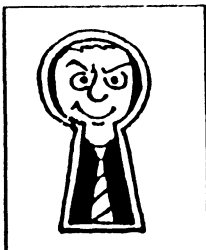
These days most of the guys spend their afternoons glued to the television set. That sure is good news for the opticians of Dehra Dun. Pity though their luck will last only till the duration of the cricket World Cup.

- Varun Sood

Through the Keyhole

Parash : Rajveer how can you re-
move Varnish
Rajveer : God knows!
Parash : Just remove the 'r' (Vanish)

Rajveer : Parash, do you know the
full form of SC-ST?
Parash : Of course I Schedule Caste
and Schedule Tribe.
Rajveer : Relax - Its School Captain
Shekhar Tyagi.



Sonal : Which company's computer
do you use at home?
Piyush : HCL.
Sonal : Well, I use NaOH.

Piyush : My situation is critical nowa-
days.
Sonal : Tell me when it reaches
Total Internal Reflection!

WELHAM NOW !!

1. Shekhar Tyagi was appointed the new School Captain. The following were sworn in as prefects:

Harjyot Singh- Sports Captain
Hitesh Mahajan - PH Captain
School Prefects
Manav Khullar
Dhruv Sehgal
Ashish Taiwani
Ved Krishna
Munish Suri
Varun Sood
Niraj Kakati

The House Captains are to be announced later.
CONGRATULATIONS !! We wish you all the best.

2. The construction of the Badminton Court between Woodseats and New Ground (N.G.) is complete.

3. The school was briefed about bee-keeping

and mushroom cultivation. The talk was held in the LRC last week.

4. A short film on AIDS was screened for class IX-XI from 19th-21st.

5. Mr. Atulya Joshi and Mr. P. Vipen have joined the school as the Badminton and Table tennis coaches respectively. We hope that the standard in these games rises under their able guidance.

6. A talk-cum-film show on Drug Abuse was held by Mr. Rajesh Kumar a research student at JNU, Delhi, on the 22nd.

7. We lifted the trophy in the Individual Speakers Section of the Inter-School (Junior) Elocution Contest held at Welham Girls School on the 22nd. The following came first:

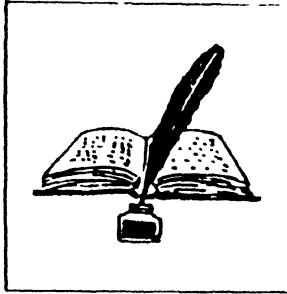
Abhinav Pathak - Class 5
Ankit Agaral - Class 6
Yusuf Anees Ahmed - Class 7



Literary Affairs of Welham.

ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND

The time was 10 p.m. One more hour for the 11 p.m. flight to Kathmandu. This was my seventh year in a boarding school. I was going to Kathmandu for my winter holidays. I was very anxious to reach home. Each time a plane touched the runway I thought it was my plane. Just then an announcement was made that the plane to Kathmandu would be late by half-an-hour. I groaned aloud. Suddenly a warm hand rested on my shoulders. I turned and saw an old woman. She looked like my maternal grandmother who had died two years ago. She politely asked me my name. I smiled and told her my name and even told her that I was going to Kathmandu to spend my winter vacations. She asked me if I wanted to join her at the airport restaurant. I readily agreed. She looked poor but ordered two burgers for me. I gobbled them. She did not drink or eat anything. I told her about my friends, my likes, my hobbies, dislikes. She listened with enthusiasm, but did not tell me anything about herself. When I finished eating, she paid the bill. I saw the wall clock near the entrance. It showed 11.45. "O my God!" I muttered, "I've missed my plane". I told



her that I had missed my plane but she didn't look surprised. She took me in a taxi to the railway station and from there she told me to take a train. Without protesting I bought two tickets and got into the train with her. I tried to keep my eyes open but soon dozed off. In the morning I woke up to find myself in a tonga with the old lady beside me, waking me saying we

had reached my house. I sat up rubbing my eyes and found us 200 yards away from my house

I jumped off to meet my mother. I brought her to the door to introduce her to the strange old lady. But I was astonished to see no one there. Only my suitcase stood at the gate. I was confused and did not know what to say.

The next day I got up early. I grabbed a toast and glass of milk and sat on the lawn to read the morning newspaper. The paper fell from my hand, the milk spilled over my shirt. The headlines read "Air-India plane to Kathmandu crashes due to engine problem. Kathmandu rescuers report no survivors."

- Abhishek Anand
Class 7

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A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE

Forty, fifty, sixty myriad faces -
Each day, exhausted, emotionally dead
Like an empty pod
I leave the school building.
The majestic, concrete giant.
Which imprisons these tender saplings
Within its impersonal grasp,
for a few hours in their cycle of life.
Retiring to my room, the hushed silence,
The sudden quiet
Seem strange, almost unknown.
The sparkling eyes, the mischievous pranks.
The raucous din,
Slowly, recede with the drowsy afternoon,
As the bright, yellow sun
Creeps into the western sky.
The next morn begins, a new day

As I see the smiling, expectant faces,
Forgotten, the tears and misdoings of the day
before.
We start again,
Rejuvenated,
Sharing a new morn,
A new song.

- N. Sibal

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THE FORCE OF ADDICTION

Ivan lay sprawled on the couch, lost in his world of dreams oblivious to time and space. Laura stepped into the room, dumb-founded, at what seemed a phantasma come true. Tears flooded her eyes, and she began shivering.

"You promised...never again.". They were

not words but an accusation. She started crying hysterically. No longer would she believe his apologies and oaths.

Ivan couldn't stand it any more. For a week he hadn't even taken one dose. Despite his present suffering, the doctors had said he would be normal in a month. For seven years he had been on this yet he tried to make himself believe that his condition had not weakened.

Be honest Ivan, at least to yourself.

No ofcourse my condition has not weakened.

No! Could one more dose make much of a difference?

Ivan

Shut up! Go bury yourself again!

Laura had discovered all the secret places, but there was still some brown sugar left in Bruno's mattress. Laura's study lights were on. He had little time for his doings. Walking on tip-toe he managed to reach the kennel. Bruno was asleep on the ground, his mattress unused because of the summer heat. With nimble fingers he managed to rip apart the stitching and dug his hands into the cotton. The feel of powder in the polythene bag was like water to a parched throat. He nearly fell on the ground in excitement, crushing Bruno's paw, who instantly pounced on him. The barks and yells brought

Laura and a servant. The latter quickly turned to help his master. Laura found what she had expected: cocaine and brown sugar. Dropping the torch in the damp grass she ran back leaving Ivan where he was. He felt scared. Hobbling behind her, he called out to her but to no avail.

Laura took out the naphthalene balls from the cupboard and hastened to the bathroom. Ivan reached to see the door being bolted. He hit the door with all his might but there was no response. Again and again he tried, wildly calling out to Laura. He was crying by the end when Laura herself opened the door to fall lifeless in his helpless hands.

She was rushed to hospital but it was too late. A day later the funeral rites were performed.

Ivan was still transfixed when he entered the apartment. What was he to do? There was no option but one. Ivan picked up the naphthalene balls and swallowed them. He waited for the sensation of death, the peaceful, painless last breath that books described.

Maybe it would take longer than he thought. The clock ticked away, the minutes passed by.

The cocaine, brown sugar and other doses. They had all made him immune to such poison. He lived even after this effort to die.

- Kirtiman Singh
9-B

A CUP OF TEA

Nan-in, a Japanese master during the Meiji era (1868-1912), received a university professor who came to inquire about Zen. Nan-in served tea. He poured his visitor's cup full, and then kept on pouring.

The professor watched the overflow until he no longer could restrain himself. "It is overfull. No more will go in!"

"Like this cup," Nan-in said, "You are full of your own opinions and speculations. How can I show you Zen unless you first empty your cup?"

Lampoon

Shekhar Tyagi

All I can think of is bringing the school onto the right track. For that I have to slashdown on my favourite pastime - sleeping. And after banking on my 'cutie' image during elections I am speculating on the possibilities in the 'Bird Sanctuary' down the road.

Hitesh Mahajan

Following the tradition of 'shorties' I am in the 'body' I may be 2 by 2 but my size can often be deceiving and with my lung power to bank on, I can surely rock the school.

Harjot Singh

After being appointed the games captain I have to give stress on P.T. So guys watch out! You are in for a 'ragra'. My only regret is losing the 'Head' Serd' post to my competitor Navbir.

Munish Suri

On merely seeing my physique the juniors grow dumb and the chicks go numb. And with the height to match I surely stand tall in a crowd. So if anyone creates a 'panga' all I will do is 'Forth Dunga'.

Asheesh Taiwani

Being the prefect of the 'Danger Zone', of school I will have to be agile. I hope my years of Taekwondo practice bears fruits. While 'bonding' I would love to vault over to Quick Pick and make Bubka pull his hair in amazement.

Ved Krishna

I've already dazed everyone with my long

distance record and now after becoming the school prefect and swimming captain I am certainly expected to make Waves.

Manav Khullar

Although I am not oblivious of my mighty size, I do not have any intentions of reducing it so I continue to reign and control the Tuck-Inn. I do commiserate with those guys who return from the Tuck-Inn with empty stomachs because of my onslaught on the grub. You have my condolences.

Varun 'Tom Khadoos' Sood

The Prefects crest has come as lucrative opportunity for me to enhance my charisma in the Girls' School. And with the post of the Basket-Bail captain already under my belt, I can definitely make it to the Hot-Slot in the Girl's School.

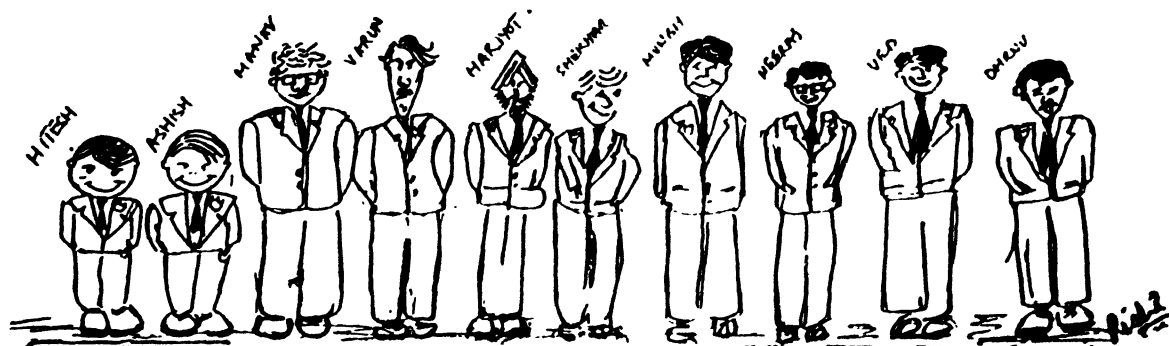
Dhruv Sehgal

After becoming the Jamuna house prefect my next goal is Deepak Malhotra's body - do minus the 'Palloo'. I am already working in the 'Hunks' and I have started giving my classmates a complex. Not only that the chicks also drop their jaws on seeing my biceps.

Niraj Kakati

Quiet though I am, I can still prove dangerous with my icy looks. My small chinky eyes can dismay guys when I go out at night for conducting checks, emulating Sherlock Holmes.

THE NEW LORDS



IN THE ARENA OF SPORTS

Cricket season in Welham started with a bang! The very two first matches were classic examples of 'fight back'.

In the first outing Welham took on RIMC. After winning the toss it decided to field. From the word go Welham's bowling pair of Paresh and Dhruv restricted the hosts. Paresh ripped through the RIMC top order batsmen and the hosts found themselves reeling at 45 for 4. But soon the RIMC batsmen settled down and put up a fighting total of 117 runs in 30 overs.

We started well with Paresh and Harjyot piling up 35 runs before Paresh was bowled out. Welham received a jolt when their skipper, Vikrant Lamba, returned to the pavilion without scoring. Harjyot and Paliwal consolidated the Welham's innings with a 20 - run 4th wicket partnership. Harjyot struck a defiant 20 before he was brilliantly caught. Despite a dramatic fight-back by Munish Suri in the later stages of the game the team was bundled out for 102 runs with one over remaining.

We next played Veterans Club on our ground. On winning the toss we asked the visitors to bat. Once again Dhruv Sehgal's

impeccable bowling-line and length claimed 4 wickets. The visitors at one stage were 28 for 4. It was their skipper who saved the day. He scored 50 runs in a fifth-wicket partnership of 75. The visitors scored 122 runs in 20 overs.

Welham was in trouble when Paresh was out cheaply. But once the skipper stepped in, it was smooth sailing. Every loose ball was punished and the opponents soon found themselves 'marathoning' on the field. Welham reached the target with 8 overs and nine wickets to spare. Vikrant and Harjyot remained not out with 52 and 60 runs respectively. Welham thus registered its first win of the season.

Our Junior team lost in the semi-finals of the School Council Tournament. After thrashing the Moravians by 6 wickets and Carman School by 4 wickets, Welham faced last year's winners, St. Joseph's Academy.

St. Joseph batted first and set up a huge target of 118 runs in 20 overs. Welham played badly from the beginning and it was only Muzaffar Ali's spirited knock of 32 runs which helped Welham reach the fairly respectable total of 87 in 20 overs.

हिन्दी अनुभाग

मेरा सपना

नानी कहती बहुत कहानी
कभी न करती आना कानी।

नानी ने मुझको सुनाई,
स्वर्ग लोक की एक कहानी,
ऊब गया मैं कहानी के सरोवर में
उठा कर ले गई मुझे परियों की रानी।

उठ कर सुबह देखा मैंने
लेटा था मैं सोने के गद्दे पर,
होकर खड़ा देखा मैंने,
खड़ा था मैं फूल के पत्ते पर।

लेकिन था यह मेरा एक सपना
सपने में मैं जोर से चीखा,
सुनकर मेरी चीख
नानी मेरी दौड़ी आई,
था यह मेरे सपने का अन्त।

राहुल पाण्डे

३ - ए

अपराधी कौन ?

पार्टी में मालिक साहब, भाषण हो तो मलिक

साहब, किसी नई चीज का उद्घाटन होता है तो मलिक साहब। आखिर ये हस्ती कौन सी है जिसके इतने चर्चे हैं? जी हाँ, शहर के सबसे बड़े उद्योगपति है ये मलिक साहब। करोड़ों की जायदाद के मलिक और इस जायदाद की अकेली वारिस उनकी बेटी 'सुरभि' खूबसूरती की एकमात्र नमूना जिस पर शहर के सभी नौजवान फिदा थे। उनके घर में उनके उद्योग की बातें कम और बेटी के रिश्तों की बातें ज्यादा होती थी। हर जवान लड़के और उस लड़के के बाप का सपना मलिक साहब की जायदाद और शौहरत का था।

सुरभि कालेज में पढ़ती थी आखिर एक लड़के पर उसका दिल आ ही गया। उसकी शादी बड़ी धूम-धाम से हुई। दहेज में लड़के को बंगला, गाड़ी, हीरे-जवाहरात ऐशो आराम की जिन्दगी काटने के लिए सभी सामान दिये गये। केवल चन्द मित्तों का प्रशासन अपने पास रखा गया लेकिन उनकी भी वगीयत अपनी बेटी के नाम कर दी।

मलिक साहब ने जिन्दगी में कभी धन का लोभ नहीं किया। सदैव ही मजदूरों और गरीबों की मदद करते रहे हैं। अनेक ट्रस्ट और धर्मशालाएँ उनके नाम से खुली हुई हैं। आज तक जिसके लिए पैसे कमाते रहे वह प्रेरणा तो चली गई। जब से बेटी गई उनकी मेहनत भी नाजुक होती चली गई। उन्होंने मित्तों और फैक्टरियों में भी जाना छोड़ दिया था। आखिरकार उन्होंने अपनी बेटी और दामाद के घर कुछ बिताने को सोचा।

उस रात सुरभि बहुत खुश थी। मलिक साहब भी इतने दिनों बाद अपनी बेटी से मिलकर खुश हो रहे थे। लेकिन उनके दामाद जी कुछ परेशानी प्रकट कर रहे थे। खैर बानों ही बानों में कब आधी रात हो गई पता ही नहीं चला। मलिक साहब के लिए ऊपर का कमरा गज्रा दिया गया। रात को नौकरानी दूध ऊपर देकर आयी और सब रात के सन्नाटे को बढ़ाते हुए सो गये।

अगली सुबह जितनी निगली थी उतनी ही काली थी। सुरभि की एक चीख ने घर के मुआहल

माहौल को दुःख की सुबकियों में बदल दिया। खबर शहर में आग की तरह फैल गई। आखिर स्वस्थ चलते फिरते मलिक साहब की मौत अचानक हो कैसे गई। चूँकि मौत मलिक साहब के अपने घर में नहीं हुई थी और अचानक हुई, सुरभि के न चाहने हुए भी मलिक साहब के विज्ञेय पार्टनरों ने केस पुलिस के हाथों में दे दिया। पुलिस को देखकर न जाने सुरभि को भी अपने पति पर शक होने लगा। उसके सामने अपने पिता का वसीयत नामा और बीती रात में अपने पति की मुरत घूमने लगी। उसके मन में भी डर पैदा हो गया। उधर पुलिस ने लाश के विरतर के पास नींद की गोलिया की श्रान्ती भीभी बरामद की आर उनके हाथ के हीरे की अंगूठी गायब थी। अब पूछनाछ शुरू हुई। रात को दूध नौकरानी देने गई थी। नींद की गोलियाँ भी उसी ने दी थी।

पुलिस ने लाश को पोस्टमार्टम के लिये भेज दिया और सुरभि के पति और नौकरानी को शक की बुनियाद पर गिरफ्तार कर लिया। पुलिस ने तहकीकात शुरू कर दी कि मलिक साहब का कत्ल नौकरानी ने अपनी मर्जी से किया और अंगूठी चुरा ली या फिर उनके दामाद ने नौकरानी को अंगूठी का लालच देकर मिला-भगत से काम किया क्योंकि गोलीयों की बोलल, रजोर्ड में देने दामाद साहब ही गए थे। ये सब सुरभि की गवाही के अनुसार था। अब थोड़ी देर के लिए जामुग आप बन जाइए और पीछे बैठकर मोचिए कि कत्ल कौन कर सकता है? लाखों में एक चुना सुरभि का पति या गरीबी में जकड़ी हुई नौकरानी। अगर मोच लिया तो आगे बढ़िये, अपनी दुस्मनता जानने के लिए।

अरे ये क्या पोस्टमार्टम रिपोर्ट मलिक साहब की मृत्यु दोर्ट अटैक से बनानी है। और अचरज भरी बात, अंगूठी लाश बेगिन में मिली और नींद की गोलियाँ नौकरानी के घर से बरामद हुई, जो अपनी बूढ़ी-बिमार माँ के लिए मलिक साहब की भीभी से चुरा ले गई थी।

विजय विश्नोई

IX-B

दहेज प्रथा

लाखों घर बरबाद हो गए, हंग दहेज की बोली में।

अर्थी चढ़ी हजारे कन्या, बैठ ना पाई डोली में।
कितनों ने अपनी कन्या के पीले हाथ कंगने में।

कहीं-कहीं तक मस्तक टेकें आती शर्म बताने में।।"

भारत समस्याओं का देश है, वस्तुतः आजादी के उपरान्त हमें अनेक भीषण समस्याओं का सामना करना पड़ा उनमें से दहेज प्रथा भी एक है। दहेज प्रथा इतनी दूषित प्रवृत्ति है कि लोग इसे सामाजिक कोढ़ या सामाजिक कलंक के नाम से अभिहित करते हैं। दहेज प्रथा हमारे समाज व देश के लिए एक अभिशाप बनकर रह गया है। आज समूचे भारत के सामाजिक जीवन को निगलने के लिए दहेज प्रथा अजगर की तरह मूढ़ बाधे खड़ी है।

मूलतः दहेज का अर्थ है, जो प्रेम से दिया जाए अर्थात् विवाह के समय पर कन्या पक्ष की ओर से उसके जीवन को सुखी बनाने के लिए जो धनराशी अथवा वस्तुएं प्रेम व स्वेच्छा से दी जाय, दही ही दहेज है। किन्तु आज यह पवित्र प्रकृति भारतीय समाज में विवशता के रूप में परिवर्तित हो गई है। अब यह माग वर पक्ष की आर से होती है। वे दहेज के रूप में प्रचुर मात्रा में धन, मोटर, टेलीविजन, रेडियो आदि वस्तुएं की माग करते हैं और जो पिता इन मागों को पूरा करने में असमर्थ होता है उसकी लड़की को तरह-तरह की यातनायें दी जाती हैं या फिर उसे जला कर मार दिया जाता है। आज इस कुप्रथा में समस्त भारतीय समाज को अपनी अजगरी भुजाओं में जकड़ लिया है। आज यह कुप्रथा भारतीय समाज के माथे पर कलंक बनकर रह गई है। आश्चर्य की बात तो यह कि यह कुप्रथा न केवल हिन्दुओं में ही है बल्कि सिक्ख, इसाई तथा मुसलमानों में भी फैल गई है।

आज दहेज ने भारतीय लड़कियों के नवीन भविष्य को दौंव पर लगा दिया है। दहेज के आभाव में निर्धन की लड़की को ना तो अच्छा घर ही मिल पाता है और ना ही उत्तम वर और यह सोचना भी गलत है कि

जिनके पास भरपूर दौलत है वे अपनी लड़कियों के लिए मनपसन्द घर-वर पा सकते हैं। आज के युग में सभी अर्थ लिपसा के शिकार हैं। कन्या पक्ष कितना भी दहेज देदे, वर पक्ष की भूख कम नहीं होती।

दहेज प्रथा का सबसे बड़ा दोष तो यही है कि यह एक मासूम व निर्दोष लड़की के जीवन को बरबाद कर देता है उसके स्वप्न धराशाही हो जाते हैं। इस कुप्रथा के कारण कन्या और उसके पिता का मानसिक सन्तुलन बिगड़ जाता है। इस कुप्रथा ने बेमेल विवाह को प्रोत्साहन दिया है जो भारतीय समाज के माथे पर अपने आप में एक कलंक है। इस कुप्रथा ने नारी के आत्मसम्मान पर चोट पहुंचाई है। इस कुप्रथा के कारण भारतीय समाज में लड़की होना बहुत बड़ा अभिशाप माना जाता है।

एक मनुज का नहीं, मनुजता का सारा कोढ़ है दहेज कन्याओं का नाम मिटाने वाला पापी मोड़ है।

दहेज प्रथा एक ऐसा कलंक है जिसे रोकना परम आवश्यक है वरन: यह हमारे समाज को नष्ट कर देगा, खोखला कर देगा सरकार ने इसके लिए कानून बनाए हैं लेकिन इसके लिए और साधनों की आवश्यकता है जैसे शिक्षा का प्रसार, त्याग की भावना, अन्तर्जातीय विवाह, जनमत जागृत करके, नवयुवकों को प्रोत्साहित करके यह एक बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण कदम है। यदि नवयुवक और नवयुवतियां स्वयं ही इस और कदम बढ़ाये और दहेज न लेने और देने की शपथ ग्रहण करें, और आदर्श विवाहों का प्रचलन प्रारम्भ करें तो यह कुप्रथा खत्म हो जायेगी नष्ट हो जायेगी।

"जागो फिर से अब तुम युवको, एक अनोखा मोड़ लो
अब दहेज की दिवारों को, एक बार में तोड़ दो।"

मनोज अरोड़ा

IX-B

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WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th March 1992

THINK ABOUT IT

It is not impossibilities which fill us with the deepest despair, but possibilities which we have failed to realize.

- Robert Mallet.

EDITORIAL

'Hit, hit, hit cockroach hit'. This phrase is on the lips of most of the boys in the school. There is a minor change though. The word 'cockroach' has been substituted by the word 'Mosquito'.

Of late there has been a fresh onslaught by them. Only yesterday it seemed as if they, along with all their kids, had been banished from school. Today they are back with renewed vigour and vitality and a zest to claim a larger number of victims. Their motto clearly is "Give me Red". What is most amazing is their rapidly increasing numbers. They seem to multiply ten-times each night. Obviously family planning is not their cup of tea.

The effects of this onslaught are endless. The tanned, in some cases black, complexion of a Welhamite has changed into what one would describe as 'red polka-dotted.' A Mosquito-bitten Welhamite can now be held as the epitome of self consciousness. He continually runs his hand over his face and through his hair. On closer



inspection it is found that it is not vanity that is forcing him to do this but insanity. Insanity caused by the constant itching of the bites.

Another drastic side effect has been on everyone's sense of smell. No longer can one smell Azzaro, Pacorobanne or Sex Appeal alone. Now a

days what is in vogue is plaster on one's face with mosquito repellent and a wee bit of cologne on it. Quite a concoction. If nothing else, mosquitoes can train one into perfumery!

Mosquitoes have not spared even studies. Sitting in the computer room a boy was typing away on a set. Another came and sat next to him. "How many bites?" asked he. "640 kb" was the prompt answer. "I beat you to it. I got 1mb, replied the red one. Well, my heartfelt condolences to the innocent victim, who have bent their knees before the insolent might of the tiny creatures.

Au Revoir

- Varun Sood

WELHAM NOW!!

1 Rajeev Singh and Aziz Rawat were appointed school prefects. Congratulations to both.

2 A group of thirteen boys have left for a fifteen day course on Skiing to Auli.

3 The senior school Inter House Elocution Contest was held on 7th March. Jamuna bagged the trophy. The following received laurels:

Group A	Group B
1 Ved Krishna	1 Sudeep Chaudhary
2 Dharminder Gill	2 Yusuf Ahmed
3 Harpreet Sawhney	3 Vivek Garg

4 Cauvery House won the Inter House Cricket competition.

5 Results of the Hindi Handwriting Competition held on 16 February are:

Class XI

- 1 Harjyot Singh
- 2 Hitesh Mahajan
- 3 Paresh Harshvardhan

Class X

- 1 Udit Raj

Class IX

- 1 Vikas Kumar
- 2 Nitin Bhanot
- 3 Satyam Taneja

Class VIII

- 1 Shantanu Singh
- 2 Bharat Bhushan
- 3 Harsh Khanna

Class VII

- 1 Amiya Sethu
- 2 Vivek Garg
- 3 Deepa Das

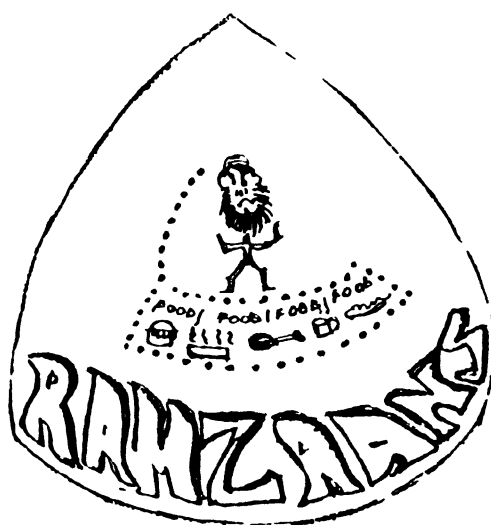
Class VI

- 1 Varun Shriag
- 2 Ankit Agarwal
- 3 Manavjit Singh

6 Mr. T. Raina and Mrs. Raina will leave us at the end of the academic year. Mr. Raina will take up the post of Vice-principal in Apeejay School, Faridabad. Mrs. Raina will be a teacher there. We wish them all the best.

7 Mrs. Bhattacharya and Mr. Bhattacharya have left the school.

. . .



OUTGOING BATCH OF 1992 - A TRIBUTE

Every outgoing batch has its own particular characteristics and achievements by which it is remembered. The batch of 1992 had a mix of the bolsterous, fun-loving, gregarious and the quiet, reserved boys. On the whole, however, it was a judicious blend of extremes and was recognised as a class of 'moderate' temperament. It made several contributions in raising the school standard.

By producing stunning results in the I C S E the class enhanced the school's prestige throughout the country. The academic performance has always been remarkable. In the internal examination last year they broke all school records. The sincere efforts of Ritesh Khanna, Piyush, Rajnish Agarwal and Nitin Jain bore fruit in the form of exceptionally high grades.

Under them not only academic but our sports standards saw a vertical climb. From cricket to Athletics, the school's performance was rated as the best in recent years. Under the leadership of Kabir Bajaj we lifted the basketball IPS Runners - up trophy at Scindia. Hockey skills reached a new high during the captaincy of Udit Mittal. We lost only one match, a controversial one, during the entire season. It was the first time we beat RIMC. The football season however came as a blow. We gave a very disappointing performance at Mayo and Delhi. At the end of the autumn term we regained some of our glory in a splendid performance in the District Athletics meet held at the Doon School. Anurag Kumar, Shailendra, Rohit and Vijit placed Welham in the third position. Anurag won a gold and two bronze medals. The batch produced two outstanding sportsmen - Anurag Kumar and Rajnish Goswami. Both who awarded Games Scarves.

The outgoing batch provided a filip to several co-curricular activities. Abhishek Gupta and Udit Mittal gave a new thrust to the art class. Photography was introduced and proved successful due to Deepak's sincere effort while Ritesh provided a big boost to Dramatics. The School established its position in Debates and elocution largely due to three main speakers - Ritesh, Nitin and Varun. The school quiz team, spearheaded by Ritesh Khanna, won a number of reputed trophies - Miss Russell, St. Thomas Centenary, School founder's day Quiz.

Varun's humorous editorials, Abhishek's witty cartoons, Gagan's informative write-ups, Ranjit's satirical pieces and Ritesh's lively sports column kept 'The Oliphant' going. It was all thanks to Ritesh's supreme efforts that the Founder's Day issue was success. He stretched his strength to the utmost limit to compile, edit, proof-read and bring out the issue on time, with an eminently likeable piece, 'Guys were saying'.

The discipline of the school was deftly maintained by the school captain and the prefect body.

One of the most memorable contributions of the class XII was in bridging the gap between class XI and class XII. They broke the ugly tradition of giving 'ragra' to their juniors and gave them due respect. For this they will always be remembered with deep respect, affection and gratitude.

It is possible that contributions made by other people may not have been mentioned as an oversight. Our apologies. Their importance, however is in no way lessened in making their batch a successful one.

- Hitesh Mahajan



LAMPOON

A DAY WITH THE SHORTIES

On doing a survey of the height of a class one finds the preponderance of 'Tallies' and 'Midies'. The left over are the underprivileged shorties with whom God has done great injustice. Short height, though not a curse certainly has a great disadvantage and one can understand the grave look on the faces of the '2 by 2s'. And grave looks are quite common for with the average height dropping every year one can sight a large number of 'Liliputians' in school.

It often embarrasses a shortie when a "tallie" taking advantage of his height bends down and asks him "How's the weather down there?" The shortie, enraged, wants to break the tallie's bones but can't do so because of the height disadvantage.

Imagine the scenario. Shortie all dressed to kill and walking confidently, sights an attractive girl. He moves closer and tries to get acquainted with her. When and behold he realises that the 'chic' is actually taller than him. The agony simply crushes him and his desires - the tears make him a inch shorter.

The removal of the bar behind Woodseats has caused considerable amount of panic among the shorties. Now they look for parallel bars in bathrooms and in P.H. Low staircases are being put to good use. These places are now frequented by the shorties - they do not need to do their exercises in the open. Now they have enough place for their workouts behind closed doors.

But then there are various advantages - you can easily sneak out of a belligerent crowd. A shortie just loves to see a tall bowler clatter his teeth in anger as the umpire calls out a rather low ball a 'no ball'. It is the thought of great shorties that gives them some security and motivation. When you talk of Napoleon, Hitler, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Maradona, Gavaskar in front of a shortie he swells with pride. He sheds off the grimness and with his chest out and chin high manages to become a couple of inches taller.

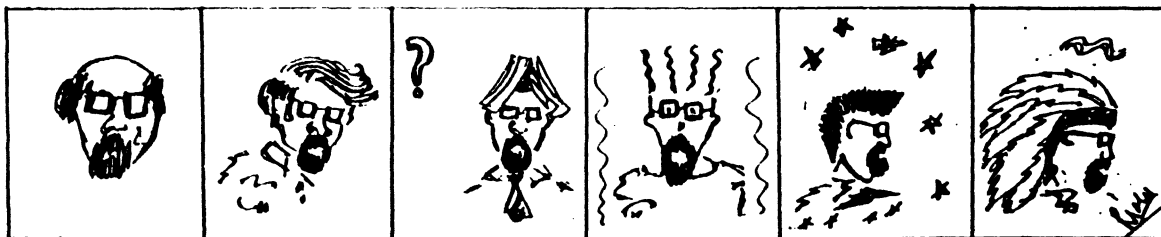
It is not only the short students of our school but the short teachers too who are remarkable. All of them love to sit on the desk to teach, which obviously saves them the embarrassment of not being able to check the noisy part of the class sitting behind. None of them ever rubs the board himself, knowing the bare fact that he or she cannot reach for things written very high. One of the short lady teachers loves to walk on her toes trying to mislead everyone on campus. Unfortunately her attempts have been futile. I wish her good luck for the future.

However you put it the shorties do have great charm. The tallies should not get too proud for if shorties were not there then they would have been ordinary students and not what are called now - 'Tallies'!

Until Next Time
Chis!

- Hitesh Mahajan

IN TUNE!



ARENA OF SPORTS

The Inter-House cricket which commenced this week was full of surprises and discoveries. As usual - failure, success, ecstasy and tension ruled the competition. All matches were well-contested, though it was sad to note that the standard had certainly declined. Some cherished moments were Vikrant Lamba's knock against Ganga and Shekher Tyagi's emergence as an excellent bowler. Cauvery created Welham history by the scoring the highest total in an Inter-House competition.

CAUVERY v/s KRISHNA

This was the most exciting and crucial match of the competition. Krishna rated as the underdogs gave Cauvery a run for the trophy. Sharib removed Krishna's openers in the initial stages and it seemed as if Krishna stood no chance. Gautam Khattar and Rajveer Singh proved everyone wrong with their fifty plus partnership. Krishna cleverly and aggressively defended the total. Cauvery soon lost it's first wicket when the scoreboard read 27. Vikrant however once again rose to the occasion. His fiery knock of 55 runs enabled Cauvery to knock out Krishna with one over to spare

GANGA v/s JAMUNA

The match started disastrously for Ganga. Their premier batsman, Paresch was run out in the first over. Hitesh Mahajan and Niraj Kakati brought Ganga back into the game with a record partnership of 115 runs. (Niraj - 38, Hitesh - 66). Ganga scored 182 in 30 overs. Jamuna were bowled out for 105 runs with Shekher Tyagi doing the main damage, taking 4 wickets for 17 runs.

GANGA V/S KRISHNA

Krishna defeated Ganga in a nail-biting finish. Ganga batted first but like the Indian side in the recent Australian tour, their batting failed to click. After Paresch's early exit there was a virtual collapse of the middle order. It was the valiant efforts of Niraj which helped Ganga reach a reasonable total of 124.

Krishna with the help of Rahul Gupta's

splendid knock of 32 and Rajveer Singh's stolid presence at the other end reached the target in 23 overs with 3 wickets remaining.

CAUVERY v/s JAMUNA

It was a unique match cauvery created Welham history by scoring 227 in 30 overs, the highest score in a Inter-House tournament fixture. Harjyot and Sachin Jain gave an excellent start, collecting 77 runs in 11 overs. Vikrant's splendid 81 not out and Harjyot's gutsy 40 helped Cauvery attain this huge total.

Jamuna was easily bowled out for 74. Harjyot's 6 for 17 runs brought about this cheap dismissal

CAUVERY v/s GANGA

Cauvery won the toss and unhesitatingly chose to bat first but soon found themselves in trouble when Ved was run out for duck. Harjyot promptly followed Ved in the next over. But once Vikrant took over there was no stopping Cauvery. He displayed a variety of shots. The opposition did not know what hit them as ball after ball kept disappearing down the straight and back boundaries. His innings was a treat for the welhamites and it consisted of one six and 11 fours. Cauvery once again reached a formidable score of 182 in 30 overs.

Ganga was given a solid start by Hitesh and Paresch. But once they left, Ganga offered no resistance. Wickets kept falling at both ends and Ganga lost by 40 runs.

JAMUNA V/S KRISHNA

Jamuna batted first and thanks to Ashish Garg who scored 60 not out, helped Jamuna pile up 162 runs. The Krishna batsman failed to live up to expectations and were all out for 116. Arjun Saluja figured the best with 6 for 32 runs.

	Average
BEST BATSMAN: VIKRANT LAMBA	231
BEST BOWLER : SHARIB KHAN	8.50

HARJYOT SINGH.

हिन्दी अनुभाग

स्कूल का एक सुबह का दृश्य

सोते बच्चे प्यारे-प्यारे
देखते हैं सपने न्यारे - न्यारे
तभी सीटी बजी और किस्मत फूटी,
छोटी सी सपनों की दुनिया टूटी।
फटाफट चाय पीकर खाते शक्कर,
फिर लेते हैं मैदान के चक्कर।
तभी हमारे प्यारे से हरजोत आते,
और हमको नाच नचाते।
भेजा खाकर जब हमारा पेट भरजाता,
तो पी0टी0 का समय पूरा हो जाता।
डिस-मिस सुनकर हम सब भागते,
और पढ़ने के लिए तैयार हो जाते।

- निकुंज गुप्ता
६ - ए

L.R.C. और वेल्हमाइट्स का प्यार।

"सर आज फ्री पीरियड दे दीजिए। प्लीज सर।
"कितने दिनों से आप हमें L.R.C. नहीं लेकर गए।"
कक्षा में L.R.C. जाने की तड़प से आखिर अध्यापक का दिल पसीज जाता है। लेकिन ये क्या? अध्यापक के हाँ भरते ही वेल्हमाइट्स अपने मौलिक रूप में आ जाते हैं। हल्ला गुल्ला करते हुए वे L.R.C. में धड़ा-धड़ धुसते हैं। बाहर बनी किताबों की रेक्स पर किताबें पटकते हैं और अखबार और मैगजीन पर हमला बोलते हैं। जिसको मिल जाती है वो उसे लेकर एक कोने में दौड़ता है। और दूसरा "ओ ए नेकस्ट टू यू।" तीसरा "कूल इट।" आई एम आलरेडी देयर।" अगर कोई मैगजीन फिल्मी समाचार रखती है तो उसके चारों तरफ एक झुंड बन जाएगा। बीच बीच में लड़कों के अन्दर सांस खींचते हुए "स-स-स" की आवजें आती हैं। कोई बीच में बोल पड़ता "लुकिंग सेक्सी मैन। जस्ट टू स्मार्ट।" इस

हल्ले-गुल्ले को देखकर कोई सीनियर उस दृश्य में उभरता है। पहले अपनी इयूटी निभाते वह उन्हें शोर मचाने के लिए डाँटता है फिर "पास देट मैगजीन" और लेकर चला जाता है।

दूसरा रोमांचक दृश्य ऑडियो विजुअल रूम में उभरता है। लाइन बनती तो जरूर है लेकिन अंदर पहले घुसने के लिए, जो धक्का-मुक्की होती है उसे या तो कोई वेल्हमाइट समझा सकते हैं या फिर हमारे मीडिया एडवाइजर श्री परचुरे।

अब चलिए कुछ दृश्य फर्स्ट फ्लोर के देखे जाए। अरे ये क्या? यहाँ तो तकिया युद्ध हो रहा है। साईलेन्ट जोन में चुटकुलों पर ठहाके लग रहे हैं और "शूज ऑफ" एरिया में महीनों तक वेल्हमाइट्स के चरणों की शोभा बढ़ाती हुई जुराबों की, नाक में चुभने वाली मधुर महक वातावरण की शोभा बढ़ाती है। कुछ छात्र को लगता है यहाँ पर सचमुच पढ़ने में लीन है। एक छात्र, गर्दन झुकाए, कानों को हाथ से ढक्कर बड़बड़ाता हुआ पढ़ने की कोशिश कर रहा है। दूसरा पढ़ाई में इतना मग्न था कि पढ़ते-पढ़ते सोफा पर ही आँखें मूंद ली। एक महाशय तो लगता है किसी गुप्त अनुसंधान कार्य में लगे है। किताबों की अलमारी की ओर में दीवार की तरफ मुंह किए ये क्या कर रहे हैं। ओ हो, तो साहब, किताब में से, एक ब्लेड द्वारा कोई फोटो काट रहे हैं।

देखा आपने, हमारे स्कूल के छात्र अपनी 'Learning Resources Center' से कितना प्यार करते हैं। आखिर वो उनके कितनी चीजों का Resource है। फ्री पीरियड, सोने के लिए नर्म सोफा, फिल्में देखने के लिए Audio Visual Room और फोटो आदि काटने के लिए किताबें यही तो हैं सच्चा प्यार!

- विजय विश्‍नोई
IX B

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