

THE OLIPHANT

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WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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THINK ABOUT IT

Your worth is not measured by what you've got; it is measured by what you give.

- Mauro Mota

Editorial

The heat is on. And this time the thermostat is really high. "Either there is civil strife in heaven or else the world, too saucy with the Gods, incenses them to send fire." I personally think that

the gods are getting back at mortals for over-polluting their wonderful creation and for decreasing the vegetation cover.

As usual we the young innocent mortals have learnt to adapt to the changing weather conditions. This can be easily deduced from the dress of Welhamites. The sleeves are being rolled higher than usual, shorts have become baggier than normal and the 'spekies' prefixed 'glasses' with 'photochromatic lenses'.

Another effect of the heat is seen amongst the senior - most boys of the school. Of late the barber's shop has been flooded with hair. Closely cropped hair is definitely in vogue. Even the boys with zaniest of 'stud' haircuts have reverted to the age old 'satyavadi Harish Chandra' one, though a few still have a natural sunshade protruding on their heads.

The computer room is paradise. The two air



conditioners are the main reason for the never ending CCA 'expectants'. But alas, these expectants expected a bit too much. All the seniors beat them in the race for gaining access to the computer room during CCA

hours. A personal computer, two air conditioners, a few games floppies - what else does one need?

The LRC is another popular retreat for the 'hot' Welhamites. The reference section with its mattress and cushions and high speed fans seems to cast a spell on whoever comes there. No wonder the prefects have had to punish a larger number of boys for sleeping during class hours. But then, when you have to sleep, you got to sleep. Its only too natural.

In terms of comfort PH lies somewhere between LRC and computer room, according to the PH boys. There are no air conditioners, only coolers and in place of the soft 'cushionery' mattresses of the LRC there are hard bunks. The desert coolers however really cool the boys. Even the present water crisis does not deter them from having the cooler on twenty four hours a day. No wonder bathing seems outdated

in the senior most hostel. Even the generally 'cologned' atmosphere has turned 'stinky.'

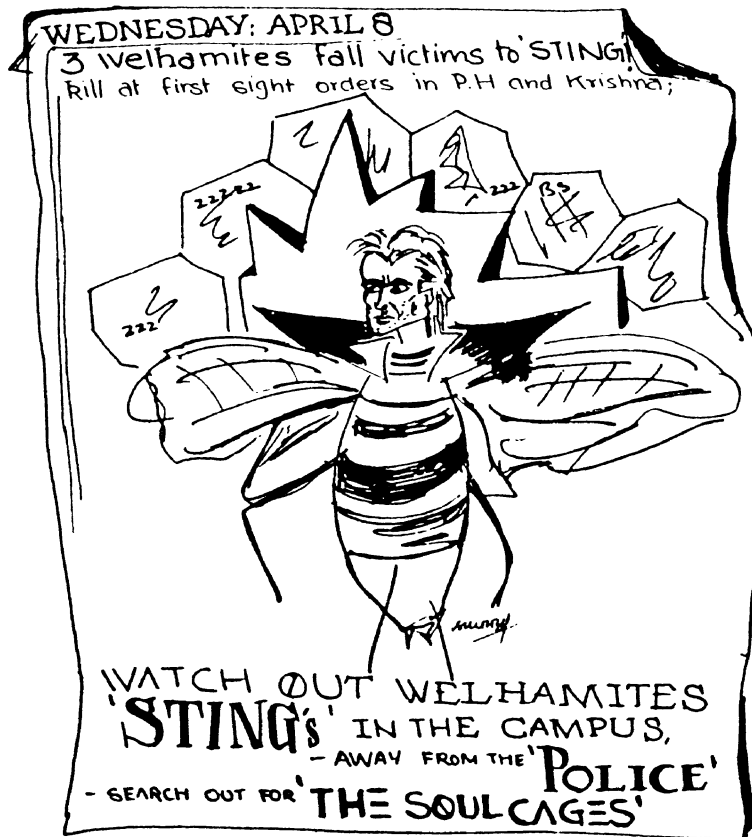
My heartfelt condolences to the boys of the junior hostels for missing out on the luxury of

snoozing in 'cooled' rooms. Don't you worry though in a few years you too will take advantage of it. As the old saying goes 'Every dog has his day'.

- Varun Sood.

Welham Now

1. Our media adviser, Mr. V. Parchure left school. He will be missed by all of us.
2. The Inter School English Elocution Contest was held on the LRC steps on the 18th. Welham girls came 1st, followed by Doon School and Welham Boys. Sudeep Chaudhari got the third position in the junior section.
3. An Inter-School Hindi Debate on the topic 'Vartaman Shiksha Paditi Mein Kranti Layee Jaye' was held on the 23rd. Eight schools participated. The results in order of merit: Doon School, Welham Girls, Welham Boys. Sarib Khan came 2nd in the Individual Speakers Section.
4. The Golden Jubilee Basketball Championship ended in triumph for the Welhamites as they beat arch-rivals, Doon School, 36-22 to retain the trophy.
5. The Inter-House (Sr. School) Table Tennis Championship saw Cauvery emerge winners. Abhinav Chaturvedi was declared the best player.
6. The First round of the Inter-House (Sr. School) Quiz Contest was held on the 25th.



Literary Affairs of Welham

Opening a Bank Account

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the brass bars rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; the whole atmosphere rattles me.

The moment I step into a bank and attempt to do business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this before, but my salary had been increased to one thousand rupees and I felt that the bank was the only place for it particularly after I had read an article in the newspaper warning the public about the danger of robberies. Besides, I liked the idea of getting interest on my money, even if it was only one percent.

So I crept in, wiped my shoes carefully on the rubber-mat and gazed round at the clerks. I had an idea that the person about to open an account must need to consult the manager.

I went up to the only clerk who seemed to be free. He was a tall, cool person. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice came out thick and grave.

"Can I see the manager?" I said and added solemnly, "alone". I don't know why I said "alone".

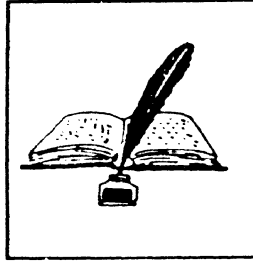
"Certainly", he said, and fetched him. The manager was a grave, calm man. I held onto my one thousand and four hundred rupees. For additional safety I had put on elastic band around them. "Are you the manager?" I said. Heaven knows I didn't doubt it at all.

"Yes", he said. "Can I see you?" I asked "alone". I didn't want to say "alone" again but without it the thing seemed incomplete.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to tell him.

"Come in here", he said and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here", he said, "Sit down".



"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I suppose", he said. He gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking and it made me feel worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's", I said, seeming to show that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been tempted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank"

The manager looked relieve but still serious; he apparently felt that I was a son of Birla or Tata.

"A large amount, I suppose", he said.

"Fairly large", I whispered. "I propose to deposit one thousand and four hundred rupees now and five hundred rupees every month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to a clerk.

"Mr Tandon", he said unkindly loud, "This gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit one thousand and four hundred rupees. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good Morning", I said and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly and showed me the other way.

I went up to the clerk he had called Mr Tandon and pushed the pad of money at him with a peculiar movement of my hand as if I were a magician on the stage doing special tricks.

"Here", I said, "deposit it". He took the

money and put it in a drawer. Then he opened a huge book and made me sign my name on it. Then he dipped his hand into a second drawer and took out two cards. He asked me to make a copy of my usual signatures on each card. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, shaking voice. "It is", said the clerk.

"Then I want to draw a cheque": My idea was to draw out four hundred rupees for present use. Someone gave me a cheque book and another began to tell me how to write a cheque out. I wrote something on the cheque and pushed it forward. The clerk looked at it.

"What! Are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written one thousand and four hundred instead of four hundred. I was too far gone to explain. I had a feeling that it was impossible to reason out now. All the clerks had stopped to look at me.

Disgusted and miserable I made my decision. "Yes, the whole thing".

"You want to withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every paisa of it".

"Are you not going to deposit anymore?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never".

An idiot hope struck me that they might think that something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind.

I made a miserable attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the cheque.

"How will you have it?"

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh", I caught his meaning and answered

without even trying to think. "In hundreds".

He gave me fourteen hundred-rupee notes.

I counted the notes twice and left.

As the big door swung behind me I heard the sound of an explosion of laughter. Apparently they were applauding my undersigned performance. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trouser pocket in a wallet and my savings in metallic coins in a sock.

Ankur Nigam
IX B

* * *

Prefectship - It's all Weird

'Hey I Can't you hear!
I shout it loud and clear
'Then go down!
And they do it in fear,
Bearing, but shed a tear.

That drop makes my heart ache,
And I ask if I have made a mistake,
Hey! Come on he is only a child,
I could have given him something mild,

But then do you hold me responsible,
If he has done something, that makes it impossible,
For me to leave him untouched,
So that he may do it again undaunted.

What am I actually supposed to do to him?
Am I correct in punishing him?
Do you think he will change,
If I try to explain, without any heated exchange?

The questions are endless
The answers are few
They curse me as 'heartless'
And remain as heavy as dew.

Then I think, power has made me corrupt,
My talk with juniors has become abrupt,
All friendship has gone away,
But heaviness in my heart still stays,
Thus only to God I pray,
Please direct me to the right way,
So that my sweet memories of school perpetually stay.

- Hitesh Mahajan



Girls ! Girls ! Girls !

Time : Sunday Morning
Venue : Welham Boys' School

A girl dressed in a Bolero jacket or Tango top or "Jesus Cried" miniskirt walks down from Woodseats. A sudden rush starts in "Triveni". Heads appear at the windows. Eyes widen and roll. Guys stamp on toes and loud shouts of "OOO...h' emanate.

For a Welhamite girls are the greatest obsession and - hold your breath - even greater than food. Everything a Welhamite does is to attract the attention of the opposite sex. He has a complete one-track mind. Be it basketball or the joint production, tennis or an elocution or debate he does everything for, in, at it to impress the opposite sex.

Take our dear Hockey captain. He is 'over-punctual' for hockey practice, reaching well before time, all clean and spruced up itching and raring to go. He runs all over the field 'leading' by example, yelling encouragement and instructions to juniors. What a responsible and hardworking captain, you might think? But wait a minute, guess what, girls coming for practice these days man, and our hockey captain is no exception to a Welhamite. Ever wonder why despite so many guys going for long distance running, our school has not produced any Said Aouita. Actually, its not the marathon, but the girl that interests the guys - its more 'eyes exercise' than the limb exertion during these mornings.

Welhamites love to flex their muscles in school. Funnily these lions turn into docile deers when they meet a girl. For though a guy is always best in his lonely, romantic dreams, when it actually comes down to approaching a dame he is timorous and can do no more than make a shy avowal of his love, after much shifting of feet and clearing of throat.

These days making a girl friend is a bigger achievement than winning a football or cricket match. The real 'Hero' is not a good player but a 'fastmover'. The Welham 'Cassanova' is *the* one who is appreciated the most.

The 'girls-mania' is fast catching on, Oops thats an under statement - it has assumed epidemic proportions. There is a sudden upsurge in the number of boys in the Stage committee and audio visual squads. Do Welhamites have a sudden desire to be aesthetic? No J.P.'s round the corner. Watch the PH captain. He has stopped having breakfast - because it contains only 'Tali Cheeze' - can't afford the pimples they give, since obviously he's acting in the J.P.

Well, thanks to Welhamites for giving me a topic for the Lampoon - or did THEY? Afterall I am true Welhamite coloured in true Welham Spectrum and in such important matters do not need help. Until next time.

Alles Gutel

- Hitesh Mahajan



Ringside View

Welham lifted the Golden Jubilee Commemorative basketball trophy for the third successive year. After handing humiliating defeats to Marshall (69-4), St. Joseph (102-4) and RIMC (61-26), Welham entered the finals to meet arch-rivals, Doon. Doon performed beyond one's expectations. On their way to the finals, they beat Cambrian Hall, RIMC and St. Joseph.

As expected the match generated much heat and excitement. It was one of the best matches played during the entire tournament. Welham's team consisted of the 'consistent foursome' Varun, Dharminder Gill, Siddhant Sharma and Rajesh Sehgal, and it was lucky to have its ace shooter Saurabh Palival in form. The Doon School on the other hand had a very inexperienced team. From the start the Welhamites dominated the proceedings though they were unlucky in converting the few chances they got. Siddhant's solo drive in opponents defence was admirable. Rajesh and Dharminder combined beautifully to dazzle the opponent's defence. Prakash too played an excellent game, he not only guarded the basket well but was successful in keeping the score board moving. At half time Welham led 19-12.

After half time Welhamites played tight man-to-man marking and the Doscocs soon succumbed to the tactics. Finding the opponent's defence dazzled and perplexed Gill and Prakash Jaiswal demolished in fine style whatever little challenge the opponents could offer and Welhamites avenged their last year's defeat. One who certainly deserves a lot of credit for his team's excellent performance is the Captain Varun Sood. He was the moving force behind his team's performance. Congratulations to him and his team for their sterling performance under the able guidance of Mr. Sodhi and Mr Vacchani.

* * *

The result of the road race which was held last month.

Section A

1. Nikunj Gupta (Jamuna)
2. Bikash Gurung (Cauvery)
3. Ram Sharan (Krishna)

House Positions

1. Cauvery
2. Jamuna
3. Krishna

Section B

1. Shiv Shankar (Jamuna)
2. Vishwas Kohli (Cauvery)
3. Shailendra Singh (Krishna)

1. Cauvery
2. Krishna
3. Jamuna

Section C

1. Aziz Rawat (Cauvery)
2. Ved Krishna (Cauvery)
3. Harjot Singh (Cauvery)

1. Cauvery
2. Krishna
3. Ganga

The school Volleyball Team registered its first win of the season when it beat Hydle club in the four-setter match. (The score : 15-8, 15-11, 13-15, 15-5)

- Harjot Singh

हिन्दी अनुभाग

टप - टप टपोरी ।

आप गलत मत समझिएगा। न तो यह हमारे स्कूल के लड़कों की नई टोली है और न ही कोई नई गैंग। यह 'टपोरी' एक अद्भुत style का नाम है, जो आजकल सुबह, दोपहर, शाम या रात को बाथरूम में जरूर दिखाई पड़ती है। यह Style किसी को लुभाने या बहलाने के लिए नहीं है। यह Style है अपनी प्यास बुझाने के लिए। एक नल के नीचे मग या बोतल लिए, उसके भरने का इंतजार करते हुए यह 'टपोरी' style काफी प्रचलित है।

सुबह उठते ही लड़के उबासियां लेते हुए लाईन में लग जाते हैं। जिस नल से पानी टपक रहा हो, उसके नीचे मग लगाकर भरने का इंतजार करते रहते हैं। एक जूनियर का मग अगर पहले भर जाएगा तो कोई सीनियर आकर उसे अपनी बोतल में उड़ेल लेगा और जूनियर, 'टपोरी' के इस्तेमाल में फिर लग जाता है।

एक महीने से चल रही पानी की कमी ने स्कूल के सामान्य कार्य-कलाप को अस्त-व्यस्त कर रखा है। जहां कहीं भी कोई किसी प्रकार से लेट हो गया, तो वह अपनी सफाई 'पानी की कमी' को लेकर ही पेश करता है। लड़कों को तो छोड़ो, अध्यापक जनों को भी इस 'टपोरी' style ने अपने वश में कर लिया है। लड़कों के साथ-साथ टीचर भी कभी लाईन में लगते हैं। सैर, वलहमाईट्स इतने सभ्य तो जरूर है कि उन्हें लाईन में आगे कर देते हैं।

Dining Hall में भगवान की पूजा से पहले प्यास की तृप्ति करना जरूरी हो जाता है। शायद पानी खत्म हो जाए। पूरे दिन के लिए, उसी समय पानी पीने की कोशिश की जाती है। रात को पानी न मिलने पर, प्यास बुझाने के लिए कभी-कभी P.H. या फिर सड़क पार क्लास-रूमज की तरफ भी जाना पड़ता है।

'टपोरी' के प्रचलन से लड़कों के चेहरे तो चमक जाते हैं पर ब्रुश और न नहाने के रिकॉर्ड साथ-साथ बन

रहे हैं। कुछ ने तो हफ्ते तक इस गर्व को हासिल किया है। कई बार तो लगता है कि काश मैं नए बन रहे 'Multi purpose Hall' की दिवारों की ईंटों में से एक होता तो कम से कम दिन में एक बार नहा तो लेते।

'टपोरी' style हमारी नब्ज की काफी परीक्षा ले चुकी है पर वलहमाईट्स भी इस बात पर अटल है कि "बूंद-बूंद से अगर सागर भर सकता है तो क्या हमारा मग नहीं भर सकता?" एक बात है कि पानी की कमी ने हमें समय का पाबंद जरूर बना दिया है।

विजय बिश्नोई

"वर्तमान शिक्षा पद्धति में क्रान्ति^X लाई जाए।"

अध्यक्ष महोदय,

गुरुदेव रवीन्द्रनाथ टैगोर ने एक स्थान पर लिखा है - "मुझे बन्द किया जाता था स्कूलों में, बाहर वृक्षों पर चिड़ियां गीता गाती थीं और मुझे काले तख्ते को ही देखते रहना पड़ता था। चिड़ियों के गीत बहुत अद्भुत थे लेकिन मुझे, शिक्षक की ही बेसुरी आवाज और भूगोल पढ़नी पड़ती थी और अगर मेरे कान और अगर मेरे प्राण पक्षियों के निकट पहुंच जाते थे, तो सजा झेलनी पड़ती थी।"

यह है एक पुरानी, दकियानूसी, चाक-डस्टर ब्लैक-बोर्ड से चिपकी पुरानी शिक्षा-पद्धति का एक खाना। नतीजा यह होता है कि जब हमारे कोई अध्यापक खांसी या बुखार की वजह से छुट्टी ले लेते हैं तो हम सबको बहुत खुशी होती है। यह एक ऐसी उबाने वाली शिक्षा-पद्धति है कि हमारी कक्षा में यही चेष्टा बनी रहती है कि हम किसी तरह अपने गुरुदेव को फुसला लें और उनसे कहानी या चुटकुले सुनते रहे।

इसलिए मेरा आग्रह है कि कक्षा का वातावरण कुछ ऐसा हो कि हम सबकी वहाँ जाने की इच्छा हो। वहाँ खुद करके कुछ सीखने की हो। यह एक ऐसा स्थान हो

जहाँ सभी ऐसी आधुनिकता सुविधाये उपलब्ध हो, जो हमारे अन्दर उत्सुकता, जिज्ञासा और अन्वेषण की भावना को पनपाए। एक ऐसा स्थान हो जो हमारे अन्दर निर्माण, रचना व सर्जना की शक्ति को पल्लवित करे, विकसित करे।

अध्यक्ष महोदय, कुछ समय पहले की बात है। एक सर्वेक्षण किया गया और यह पाया गया कि जितना भी हम स्कूल या कालेज में पढ़ते - सीखते हैं उसका केवल एक प्रतिशत ही जीवन में हमारे काम आता है। इसका अर्थ यह हुआ कि शेष निन्यानवे प्रतिशत शिक्षा व्यर्थ जाती है। परिणाम स्वरूप निन्यानवे प्रतिशत समय और निन्यानवे प्रतिशत पैसा बेकार जाता है। इसलिए यह जरूरी हो गया है कि सब शिक्षा में एक नयी क्रान्ति का सूत्रपात किया जाए और वर्तमान शिक्षा पद्धति में आमूल चूल परिवर्तन किया जाए।

अध्यक्ष महोदय, मैं इस मंच का प्रयोग शिक्षा के सम्बन्ध में कुछ नारे लगाने के लिए नहीं कर रहा हूँ। मेरे पार कुछ ठोस सुझाव हैं जिन्हें यदि कार्यान्वित कर दिया जाए तो, मेरे ख्याल से शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में एक क्रान्ति हो सकती है।

मेरा सुझाव है कि हमारा पाठ्यक्रम कुछ इस प्रकार का हो कि बीच बीच में छात्रों को कुछ सप्ताह के लिए किसी कारखाने, फैक्टरी या वर्कशाप में भेज दिया जाए। तभी हमारी शिक्षा का पूर्णता मिलेगी। और इस प्रकार पूरा शहर उसमें काम करने वाले कारीगर, इंजीनियर या मिस्त्री देश के मानी नागरिकों की शिक्षा में अपना पूर्ण सहयोग दे सकेंगे।

यहां में यह कहना चाहूंगा कि यह कहां तक उचित होगा कि एक विद्यालय के सभी छात्रों के भविष्य की बागडोर केवल २५-३० अध्यापकों के हाथों में सौंप दी

जाए। मैं अपने गुरुजनों के प्रति पूर्ण श्रद्धा व आदर की भावना रखता हूँ। हमारी शिक्षा में उनका अपना योगदान है पर क्या यह कड़वा सच नहीं है कि सैद्धान्तिक दृष्टि से चाहे वे कितने ही कुशल क्यों न हों, व्यावहारिक प्रयोग की दृष्टि से एक कारखाने का मिस्त्री उनसे कहीं आगे होता है। अब समय आ गया है कि छात्रों की शिक्षा में इनको भी सम्मिलित किया जाए और इस प्रकार पूरा नगर, पूरा देश अपनी भावी सन्तानों के शारीरिक एवं मानसिक विकास में योग दे।

इसका एक लाभ यह भी होगा कि जो शिक्षा हम टुकड़ों में ग्रहण करते हैं, कि एक Physics period है तो दूसरा Chemistry period, उस शिक्षा को हम संगठित और समन्वित रूप से ग्रहण कर सकेंगे।

अध्यक्ष जी, मेरा अन्य सुझाव यह है कि महारी शिक्षा में क्षेत्रीय एवं व्यक्तिगत आवश्यकताओं के अनुरूप (Diversification) विविधता लाई जाए।

यह कितना हास्यास्पर लगता है कि मध्यप्रदेश के आदिवासी जिला बस्तर के भील छात्र को भी वही हाई स्कूल का पाठ्यक्रम करना पड़ता है जो दिल्ली या देहरादून में रहने वाले किसी शहरी छात्र को। हमें ऐसी स्थिति को मिटा देना चाहिए। समुद्री तट पर रहने वाले छात्र के पाठ्यक्रम में मत्सय पालन जैसे विषयों का अधिक महत्व है। इसी तरह काश्मीरी छात्र के लिए केसर की खेती या रेशम उत्पादन अधिक दिलचस्पी का विषय होगा।

इस तरह अध्यक्ष महोदय, हमें वर्तमान शिक्षा पद्धति, जो ना कारा एवं व्यर्थ प्रमाणित हो चुकी है, उसमें आमूल चूल परिवर्तन करना होगा।

शारिब खान
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