

THE OLIPHANT

NO. 131

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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THINK ABOUT IT

Our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fail.

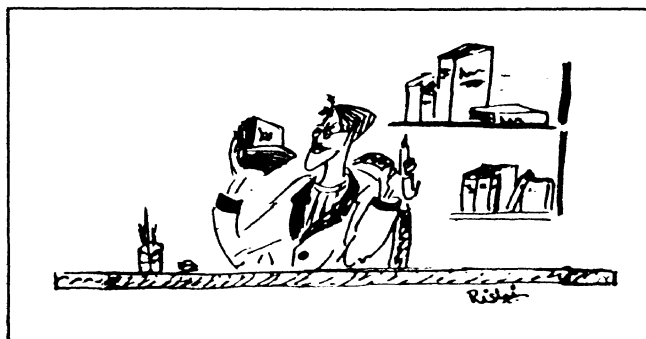
Confucius

Editorial

History repeats itself - is a well-known idiom. Fiction comes true may be another. Many have commented how the school's look-like of Macbeth in the BBC production of Shakespeare's play of the same name, Mr Painuli has risen from housemaster of Cauvery to PH Housemaster. Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor.... A wag, however, naughtily noted how unlike in the play, Banquo too has risen here - a reference to Mr. Basu, a close friend of Mr. Painuli, and his appointment as Housemaster of Cauvery. No ill-intentions in drawing these parallels. We wish them and all the others the very best.

The Cauvery house Common-Room, in fact, has undergone a complete overhaul. A new deck, a thick carpet *et al* enhance its beauty. 'Venus' and 'Music Centre' shall certainly lose out on a lot of their recording business but not for long. It is simply a matter of days before the double deck conks out and the thick carpet is dirtied and shredded beyond recognition. But then "Everythinz isz goodz tillz itz lastz".

The area around Krishna has seen a sudden spurt in vegetation. It seems as if a "Green Revolution" has been started by the Krishna-ites. And all thanks to Mr. Khaira who has taken over as housemaster. A large number of the Krishna boys have joined the reforestation squad (may



be more for the 5 stars and outings than for the 'challenging' job).

The administration is coming down hard on the boys coming late for classes. The much-dreaded late book comes under the close scrutiny of Dr. Saxena every day. Dr. Saxena, the ex-PH housemaster and presently '2IC' is

seen all over school now-a-days with a red diary in hand, occasionally stopping to scribble something in it. The prefects do miss that diary - for the noting of points in it earlier meant a 'marathon meeting', boring and tiring perhaps, but attractive because 'adorned' with cold drinks, pastries and patties.

On the students' front, a new range of haircuts are storming school. The seeds have already been sown and the roots have taken hold. Some boys seem to be idolizing ICE-T, M.C. Hammer and Vanille Ice by doing up their hair in the style of these singers. Grooves are in, 'decency' is out - is the message these haircuts give. And with these haircuts have come caps. Not for fashion but to hide the groovy grooves in case the administration sees grave. The local hairstylists are into big times and will be seeing a lot of green - of course only till the authority does not put its foot down. But then "Alls well that ends well.

Au Revoir

- Varun Sood.

Welham Now!!

1. Mr. Gosain has been appointed Head of the Science Department, Mr. N. Jayal, Head of Humanities and Mr. M.M. Sharma, Head of Mathematics. Congratulations and best wishes to all of them.
2. An Inter-House 'Ashuṛak Pratiyogita' was held on the 13th. This competition was the first of its kind in school. The participants had to speak extempore for three minutes on a given subject. Mandip Lamba (XI) who spoke on 'Saeh Shiksha' came first. Vijay Bishnoi (X) spoke on 'Anushasan' and came second. Jamuna emerged winners.
3. Welham participated in a 'Geeta Path' Competition held at the Narishilp Mandir on the 21st. 20 schools and about 50 boys and girls took part. Nikhunj Gupta stood third while Welham received the consolation prize.

* * *

WILL OF STEEL

A crash tackle from behind during a rugby match left a 17-year old New Zealander with an injured left arm and a smashed shoulder. This youth was Murray Halberg.

The injury gradually worsened and his career, jeopardised. Soon it became a fight for survival. The doctors saved his life but could not save his arm, which had to be amputated. Halberg passed into oblivion with shattered dreams. The year was 1950. He had to learn to live life from scratch - eat, dress, live without one arm. But a burning passion drew Halberg back into sports.

He began a search for a mentor. His ideal man proved elusive. At last he approached Arthur Lydiard. Lydiard had revolutionised New Zealand middle and long distance running. Lydiard took Halberg on a cross country run over the toughest route. While running, he observed Halberg's face for signs of weakness but was amazed to find no strain. As the run ended, Halberg collapsed. Lydiard, however, had concluded that his trainee had a bright future.

Training started; 10 miles, then 20, and finally, 100 miles every week. The results began to show: in the 1958 Commonwealth Games Murray Halberg emerged victorious in the 5,000 m run. His dream, however, still remained to be fulfilled. The Olympic Gold was his target. He trained harder, tried various strategies and bettered his endurance.

The time came. The ultimate test lay before him. On a sweltering day in Rome in 1960 Halberg began the race of his life in the 5000 m run of the Olympics. At the end of 1000 m he lagged behind all the others, at the end of

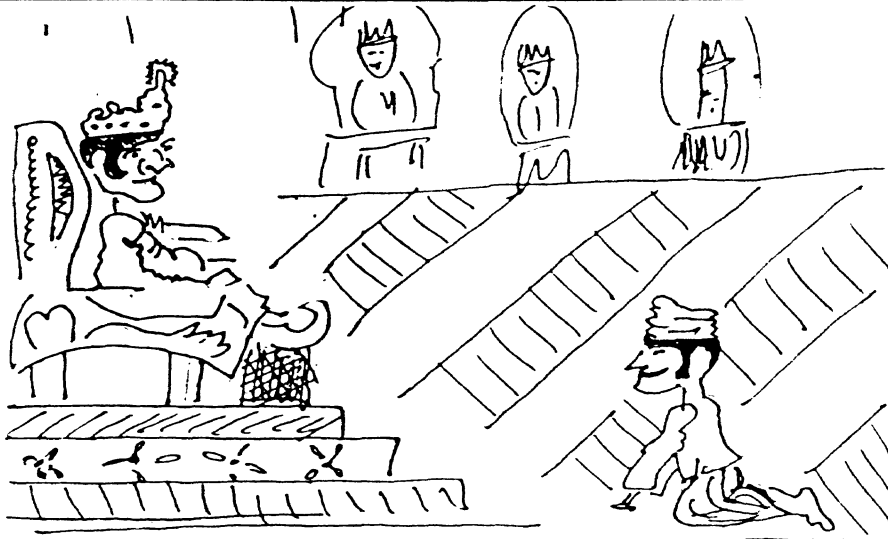
the 2000 m, fifth. With a little over three laps to finish, Halberg accelerated from the leading pack. The others were confused by this move. Soon Halberg had taken a lead of 20 m. (He ran the lap in 61.1 sec.). The tall, powerfully built Grodotzki and the tenacious, wily Zemmy, Halberg's chief rivals, dashed wildly after Halberg. The bell for the last lap was rung. And now Halberg began to tire. He struggled desperately to keep his pursuers at bay. The lead began to shorten; 15, 10 and then 5 m. The stadium grew silent. In a final spurt, Halberg sprinted again and breasted the tape 8 m ahead of Grodotzki. He had won the gold! It was not a man's victory but victory of human determination. For Halberg winning was not everything - it was the only thing!

The list of such sportsmen is endless. To name a few - Harold Conolly, Wilma Rudolph, Walter Davies, Karoly Takacs. In the 1948 Olympics Takacs stunned the crowd when he hit bull's eye after bull's eye to win the title in the rapid-fire pistol-shooting event. What amazed the public was that Karoly had no right hand. He had been one of the finest shooters from 1929-1938. In 1938 during a patrol, his shooting arm, the right one, was blown off by a grenade. But the love for the game was not lost.

Karoly practised with his left hand and his efforts bore fruit. He was selected for the London Olympics. He was 38 then. Four years later he emerged the champion at the Olympics. Karoly had been taught during his childhood "where there is a will there is a way."

- Sharib Khan

X



During the medieval period there ruled a king, who ordered his jester once: "You have to tell me a good joke or else you shall be hanged!"

The Jester begged time till the next day, the king gave his assent and the jester went home.

That whole evening and the early hours of the morning, he thought and thought but came up with no appropriate joke.

The next day he began to weep in the court and before the king.

The king felt pity for him and said "All right, I forgive you".

The jester jumped up with joy and exclaimed: "No noose is good news".

Since then the statement has often been quoted, just that instead of "noose", news, is used nowadays.

Its Poetry Time!

It's 12 O'clock at night,
There's only moonlight,
The nightwatch's too tired to shout,
the dogs are howling

Suddenly....
There's a blood-curdling scream,
Deafening,
Shattering,
No scurry,
No rush,
The trees rustle on,
The winds howl on.

Its morning,
Worried faces,
They probably are used to it.
There's the body
Mutilated to the bone,
There are holes through him.

The children are playing,
Their fathers have gone to work
They don't know,
Whether they'll be back,
The wives fear,
Every day, every night,
Every bond, every fight.

There's bloodshed,
As if there were a hundred wounds,
Enough to flood and drown,
Enough to suffocate and destroy.
The rich man's stores are full of grain bags,
While the poor remain in rags...

There's a robber,
He's roaming in the streets,
With a gun as if it was a licence,
The Police?
The Politician?
Somewhere,
Knowing everything,
But keeping their minds shut...

The bank's being robbed,
The man is being kidnapped,
And people still live on
Accepting
Suppressed,
Scared....

It's you the upper class,
No,
It's you the lower ones,
Exasperated blames,
Become malice flames
Its mounting day by day,
Mounting in every way.

You look at the sunset,
And wonder.
Who's dead next?
And wonder:
Is there really any God
As such?

The sun's there,
Yes,
I don't know whether to thank God.

There's an AK-47 under his loose shirt,
There's a bomb under that heap of dirt.
You see,
And accept, finally, too.

See that you don't stand next to the window,
Yesterday she was married,
Today she's a widow.
Little children,
Orphans,
Before they had enough strength to carry
coffins.
Whats that scar?

Oh! That's a spear wound,
Rapscallions in every dress,
Everyone,
The cause of every stress.

You know
My son's twenty,
And he's shot plenty.
Just yesterday,
He cracked the shopkeeper's skull
Like a pomegranate.

Well,
He's done it today,
Tomorrow someone will do it to him,
Not the heart,
But the head and body that counts
The noose is less used,
And ammunition abused.

The railway tracks are in a dangerous twist,
Someone's taking his last breath in the
morning mist.
You really feel,
That every moment is a duel,
You see,
And feel,
You accept..

-Kirtiman Singh

Oh! Shakespeare

Caesar, Macbeth, King Lear,
Do they have any connection,
Yes, they have one thing in common,
They are all written by Shakespeare.

The teacher says 'Open your books'
As if it were an interesting story book,
'The text is heavy' cries one,
'Shakespeare is boring' also some.

"Why can't the council recommend,
Twist in the Tale or Mindbend?
Why do we have to study Macbeth?
Sir, please wait, let's take a deep breath.

Well everyone knows Shakespeare is boring,
All the boys in the class are snoring,
Why can't we have Segal's Love Story,
Books dignified which help us attain glory."

The teacher smiles adjusting her hair,
"Wake up from your sleep and hear,
Don't yawn as if you're lying on shaded grass.
Be alert and try to appreciate this class.

Study him and you'll make a man of yourself.
Don't try, and you'll remain an elf,
Develop a taste for his text,
And you'll find him the very best.

There never has been a dramatist like him,
His brilliance is simply incomparable.
Then an imp spoke with a grin,

"His texts are simply unbearable."

The class burst out into laughter,
And as they walked into the passage;
They spoke in a chorus "Ma'am",
They said, quoting their former housemaster,
"He's the man who spoilt the English language".

- Hitesh Mahajan



The Sixer Language

'Abey Yaar! Just take it easy!' Here at Welham we all are very familiar with such statements, a mixture of both Hindi and English. Such language is a verbal hermaphrodite. Therefore I have termed it as 'Sixer language'.

Believe it or not the language is catching on very fast. Now a student does not hesitate in adding bilingual statements even in written assignments. Obviously when asked to give an explanation by a shocked and gasping teacher he says with immense normalcy, "Sir, I was just giving a Hindustani Lehar to it". The teacher bewildered, shouts with horrified eyes, "What is this tamasha!" Little does he realise that he has become the latest victim of the contagious epidemic.

Normal conversation between the guys cannot be carried on without English sentences being spiced with the catchy Hindi phrases. Some of the common Hindi phrases stick to the tongue like candy. On campus you can observe

the prefects discussing, 'Abey Yaar! We must give them a Ragra'. In Triveni you hear the juniors discussing, "Oh hell yaar! We have entered into a panga" or "Your know we were 'claimed' with illegal Rokra". The list of the phrases used in normal conversation is endless.

Actually the main reason why the Welhamites or rather Indians prefer to use this language is because they are neither good at English nor Hindi. So it becomes easier for them to carry on their conversation by using a combination of the two as it fuels their depleted vocabulary. Another advantage of using the sixer language is that it allows people to show their deep love for their native language. Further still, they are able to concoct the spicy 'maal' without which their 'vellagandi' would be incomplete.

Many of the phrases come directly from the 'masala' Hindi films which are viewed with over enthusiasm and alacrity so that everything catchy is caught as soon as it comes from the hero's mouth. Every thing British is Indianised and everything Indian is 'Britished'. So the English

phrase to flatter someone is promptly converted to 'lagaood Makkhan', Dried to 'Sukhaod,' drenched to 'Bhigawed' and thrashed to 'Pitaowed'. Indianisms are used galore. We will go in summers, winters etc. etc. M.C. is Indianised to 'Madan Chikna'.

The language is so popular with the masses that they prefer to listen to Westernised Hindustani songs. No wonder Beat the Rhythm, Thanda Thanda Pani, Patel Rap, Pump up the Bhangra, Always-Always and the latest, Chuck De, were immediate smash hits.

Their climb to the top of the charts simply stunned the music pandits who could not believe their ears and found the crowd turning from Kathak to the new Hindustani dances such as 'Disco Bhangra'. Even the multinational Pepsi

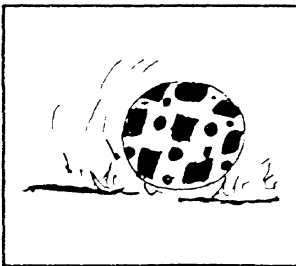
harnessed this untapped potential and tuned the nation to 'Yeh hi hai Right choice Baby, A-Ha!'

The Oliphant too has not escaped from this 'lehar'. Recall the articles in the Hindi section of the magazine which were stunning smash hits. The Hindi produced by the writers has a perfect blend of English masala and its appeal was unmatched. It catapulted the writer to instant fame. It is amazing as to how the masses are allured to this language even though it does not have a separate identity and its vastness is incomprehensible as it can grow limitlessly. Well it can be said to be always evolving. Until next time

'Alvida!'

- Hitesh Mahajan

SPORTS TRIVIA



Football, one of the most popular sports in the world, began with a lot of enthusiasm in our school this term. The senior team was privileged to have a new NIS coach but unfortunately the rigorous workout to bring the team into shape

backfired. The boys seemed exhausted. Our team did show some improvement but the standard was not good enough to stand against the opponent teams and we lost a couple of matches.

We played against Doon School on the 26th. It was just not our day. By the time the defence could organise itself the Doscocs had already pumped in two goals in the first five minutes. It was only Aziz Rawat who came to our rescue and stood against the onslaught of the opponents. We got two direct shots but it was very disappointing to see the ball go wide

off the target. In the second half the Welhamites played with a lot of pep and two excellent moves from the right flank completely dazzled the other side. In the dying moments of the match, Welham was awarded a penalty when Rajesh Sehgal was fouled. Lamba converted the penalty. The final score was 3-1 in Doon's favour.

The match revealed the weaknesses in our team. One is confident, however, that these will soon be overcome by the team and it will do better next time.

Our juniors played two matches against Doon School. The first on the is field, was won by us, 3-1. The team put up a good show. The scorers were: Zayed Khan, Muzaffar Ali, Semarth.

It was in the second match that the Welhamites displayed a remarkably good performance. The match turned out to be a one sided affair with the Welhamites dominating the proceedings. The final score was 4-0 the scorers were Muzzaffar (2) and Samarth (2).

We played a match against the Ex-Welhamites. The School team won comfortably with a margin of 3 goals (3-0). The match was filled with exuberance. This was the first of its kind and it is hoped it would prove a trend setter with more such matches being played against the ex-ies during the term. The ex-ies team consisted of Harinder, Gurjyot, Samar, Anurag, Jasjit, Rajkamal, Sameer, Rahul, Varun, Ranjit, Shailendra and Gautam Punj.

हिन्दी अनुभाग

समय का महत्व

'समय की पाबंदी' एक ऐसा शब्द जो कि सिर्फ आज किताबों के पन्नों पर छप कर रह गया है। एक जमाना हुआ करता था जब मानव समय की पाबंदी का इतना पक्का था कि अगर ठीक समय से एक मिनट भी लेट हो जाए तो उसकी नौकरी जाने का या तरक्की रुक जाने का सवाल पैदा हो जाता था। छोटे से कर्मचारी से लेकर बड़े-बड़े अफसर तक समय के पाबंद हुआ करते थे। प्रातः नियमित रूप से उठना और सारा दिन अपना काम स्रत्म करके रात को जल्दी सो जाना। यह थी हमारे बुर्जुगों की जिदगी, किन्तु आज जरा जमाना बदल गया है। आज हर आदमी इसी कोशिश में लगा रहता है कैसे ठीक वक्त पर न पहुंच कर देरी से देरी तक पहुंचा जा सके। पता नहीं क्या सोचकर कबीर दास जी ने अपने दोहे में कह दिया था कि कल करे सो आज कर, आज करे सो अब, पल में परले होएगी बहुरी करेगा कब"। हमारे आधुनिक कबीर दास ने इस कहावत को मानने से इंकार कर दिया। उनका कहना है "कल करे सो परसो करे, परसो करे तो तरसों, अभी तो जीने के लिए बचे हैं बरसों"। आज हमारा पूरा समाज इसी कहावत पर विश्वास करता है। नतीजा! कोई भी आदमी अपना काम समय पर नहीं करता।

हमारे समाज में समय का क्या महत्व है जानने के लिए चलते हैं वैल्हम बॉयज स्कूल जहां पर समय का महत्व नहीं माना जाता बल्की उसकी पूजा करी जाती है। सबसे पहले शुरुआत करते हैं प्रातः सुबह से जब हमारे वैल्हम के जवानों को कसरत करने के लिए उठना पड़ता है। अंग्रेजी में एक कहावत है

"Early to bed, Early to rise,
Makes a man, healthy wealthy and wise."

किन्तु हम लोग जरा मोड़ होने के कारण इस कहावत पर कम ही विश्वास करते हैं, हम लोगों के विचार कुछ इस प्रकार हैं।

"Early to bed, Early to rise,
Makes a man, Unhealthy, grumbling and
spice."

अमों यार कसरत करना भी कोई चीज है, पागलों की तरह हाथ पैर हिलाते रहो। हों अगर सुबह उठकर वैल्हम गर्ल्स तक जौगिंग जाने का या फिर सुबह सुबह पूरी आवाज में संगीत सुनने का नियम होता तो उठने के बारे में कुछ सोचते। खैर किसी तरह अपने दिल पर पत्थर रखकर और उसे बहुत समझा कर सब लोग

P.T. के लिए जाते हैं। निकर तौद पर चढ़ी हुई कमीज उसके बाहर निकली हुई और कमीज के सारे बटन खुले हुए। बाल फैले हुए होते हैं और जल्दी में पैरों पर उल्टी जुराबें चढ़ी हुई होती हैं। मुख से इतनी खुशबू आती है कि लगता है कि पल नहीं कितने दिनों से मंजन नहीं करा है। आखिर कसरत के मैदान में हमें देखने को मिलता ही क्या है बच्चे हल्के-हल्के अपने सुस्ती से भरे शरीर को हिला रहे होते हैं और हमारे P.T. के गुरु अपनी बड़ी-बड़ी आंखों से इधर उधर देख रहे होते हैं। जहां भी उन्होंने देखा कि कोई बच्चा P.T. करते-करते सो गया है, तुरन्त उसे जगाकर अपनी हरयाण्वा जबान में कहेंगे "चल पुत्तर शुरु होजा। जरा इस मैदान के उस चक्कर लगा कर दिखा सौ दण्ड पेल कर दिखा" सजा भोगने से पहले ही हालत खस्ता हो जाती है। यह तो शुक्र है कि पानी से नहाने को नहीं कहा, नहीं तो सारा दिन बुरा बीतता। कसरत के बाद आता है स्कूल शुरु होने का समय। अगर आप किसी वैल्हम के नौजवान से पूछें "क्यों भाई अगर आपको आज छुट्टी मिल जाए तो आप क्या करेंगे," तो जवाब कुछ ऐसा होगा "अगर आज मुझे छुट्टी मिल जाए तो मैं सारा दिन बिम्तर पर ही पड़ा रहूँ, वहीं खाऊँ, वहीं पीयूँ सब कुछ वहीं करूँ। इन्हीं खयालों में खोए हमारे कुछ नौजवान पी.टी. के बाद सो जाते हैं और नतीजा यह होता है कि पहले पीरीयड के लिए ही लेट। इस प्रकार दिन की ओपनिंग सर्मनी तो अच्छी हुई। स्कूल में सबसे ज्यादा समय के पाबंद है कक्षा ११वीं के छात्र। पहला पीरीयड स्रत्म होने को आ रहा है कि अचानक एक ११वीं कक्षा का छात्र कक्षा में आता है। देर से आने का कारण कुछ इस प्रकार से होता है "सर ही वाज फाईडिंग दी क्लास इन विच यू वर टीचिंग"।

अरे यह क्या। स्कूल में Assembly का समय है किन्तु कक्षा दसवीं के आधे से ज्यादा छात्र गायब हैं। आखिर क्या कारण हो सकता है? क्या उन्हें जमीन निगल गई या आसमान खा गया। जी नहीं जनाब बात दरअसल यह है कि Assembly के बाद है नाश्ते का समय हमारे कक्षा दस के मित्र उसी घड़ी के लिए अपना पेट खाली करने के लिए शौचालय में बैठे हुए हैं। अरे-अरे यह क्या Assembly के वक्त दो छात्र बेहोश हो गए। लगता है प्रधानाचार्य की बातों से उनका सर चकरा गया है। अगर दस मिनट और प्रधानाचार्य ने अपना भाषण दिया तो आधे से ज्यादा स्कूल मूर्च्छित हो जाए।

नाशते के बाद स्कूल के अस्पताल में लम्बी लाईन लगी हुई है। आज दोपहर को स्कूल के Prefects ने छात्रों को दण्ड जो देना है। हर कोई छात्र इस कोशिश में है कि किस प्रकार डॉक्टर से Excuse-chit निकलवाले।

आखिर दोपहर हो गई है और कक्षा XI के लड़के तैयार हो गए हैं हंसराज क्लब जाने के लिए जहां पर हम लोगों से Body Building कराई जाती है। एक जमाने में हंसराज क्लब Peacock Stage के नाम से जाना जाता था किन्तु आजकल यह एक क्लब के रूप में है। स्कूल का कोई भी छात्र नहीं होगा जो इसका सदस्य न हो। सदस्य बनने के कोई पैसे थोड़ी ही लगते हैं, सिर्फ दो तीन बदमाशी करो और हंसराज क्लब के सदस्य बनो। आहा! इतवार का दिन है कक्षा ११वीं के छात्र इतवार को Outing से लौट रहे हैं। देर से स्कूल पहुंचे। Outing incharge ने पूछा, "क्यों देरी हुई?" तो एक फिल्मी डायलॉग मारते हुए उनसे कहा "सर हम कब आते हैं और कब जाते हैं इसका तो समय को भी पता नहीं।"

इस प्रकार यह मालूम होता है कि वैल्हम बॉयज स्कूल के छात्र समय के कितने पांबद हैं। हो सकता है कि संसार में कोई ऐसा भी स्कूल हो जो कि वैल्हम से भी दो कदम आगे हो - इसका मुझे पता नहीं, आपको है?

- अंकुर अग्रवाल
XI

खेलों के स्तर को कैसे उन्नत किया जाए।

हाल ही में बार्सीलोना जैसे भव्य शहर में खेल महोत्सव सम्पन्न हुआ। कई सालों के बाद दक्षिण अफ्रीका ने इस प्रतियोगिता में शामिल हुए।

भारत की आबादी चीन के बाद, विश्व में सबसे अधिक है। इस देश का क्षेत्रफल भी काफी बड़ा है। परन्तु दुर्भाग्यवश भारतीय खिलाड़ी एक भी पदक अर्जित न कर सके।

भारत की इन असफलताओं का क्या कारण है? भाग्य को कोई सदा तो कोस नहीं सकता। पहला प्रमुख कारण तो यह है कि राजनीति अब खेलों में भी आ चुकी है। हर जगह पक्ष-पात होता है। सिफारिश भारतीय दल में प्रवेश करने का एक प्रमुख मार्ग बन गया है। होनहार खिलाड़ियों को मौका नहीं दिया जाता।

भारत की आर्थिक स्थिति भी शायद एक प्रमुख कारण है। भारतीय खिलाड़ियों के पास अन्य प्रगतिशील देशों की अपेक्षा, अभ्यास करने के लिए ज्यादा आधुनिक साधन भी नहीं है। इसी कारण वे विदेशी खिलाड़ियों से पिछड़ जाते हैं। भारत में अधिक कुशल खेल प्रशिक्षक भी नहीं है। भारतीय खिलाड़ी नई तकनीक और व्यायाम भी नहीं सीख पाते। खिलाड़ियों को ज्यादा पौष्टिक आहार भी नहीं मिलता है।

पाश्चात्य देशों में तथा अन्य विकसित देशों के खिलाड़ियों को सरकार की तरफ से काफी सुविधाएं मिलती हैं, आर्थिक सहायता मिलती है। इससे लोगों की खेल की तरफ रुचि कम हो जाती है। साथ में भारत में खेल प्रशिक्षण के स्कूल भी कम हैं जहाँ भारतीय बच्चों को शुरू से ही तैयारी कराई जा सके।

इसके अलावा भारतीय खिलाड़ियों की मेहनत करनी चाहिए और सरकार का भी उचित योगदान रहना चाहिए। तब शायद भारत ओलम्पिक खेलों में कोई सम्मानित स्थान प्राप्त कर सके।

शांतनु सिंह
IX

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