

# THE OLIPHANT

NO. 132

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th September 1992

## THINK ABOUT IT

*Temper is a valuable possession,  
don't lose it*

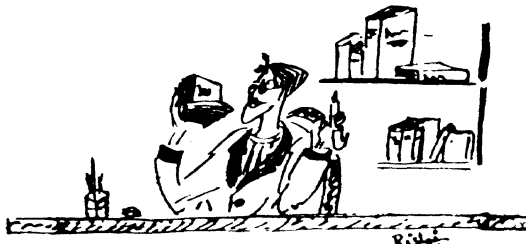
*- Buffalo News*

The administration continues to come down hard. And caught in the midst of the storm it has started is the poor old twelfth class. Caught missing a class, a test or school and lo and behold even before you know it, a letter is dispatched home. Before you have recovered from the initial shock you are in for another. This time from a different source - through your parents. With the threat of immediate expulsion clearly spelt out in the letters on the repetition of the mistake, the students themselves are discarding their casual attitudes. Thus the overall effect - more boys in the classes, better results and no bunking.

One thing is still the same. - P.T. This ordeal through which the whole school goes through at 6.30 every morning has failed to engulf the 12th. Not for long though. I have a funny feeling that something is brewing deep down in the administration that will soon put an end to this. Till then atleast - happy sleeping guys and when the time does come for you to make your grand entrance on the field in the wee hours of the morning (while I warm my bed obviously by bunking - my condolences shall certainly be with you.

Another thing that presently tops the planning agenda is the Premier Show. Maybe because our principal, contemptuous of Indian Cinema, has never organised anything of this sort. A premier show means money, money and more money. It also means organising a hall, printing

### Editorial



"brochures" (the real money collections) and selling tickets which basically point to two things - a lot of hard work and planning. The senior most class in school is looking forward to the show for it has "hopes" of going to witness it. I hope their fantasy materializes.

The twelfth is actually studying quite hard! Again a direct impact of the previous batch's results. Even the goners seem to have a chance now. Not a minute is wasted by the conscientious boys who study after lunch and again after dinner till late into the night. One need not of course mention the two to three hours which are wasted in "breaks" every night. Then of course also the one hour which is utilised for a purpose which seems most important at that time - eating.

After downing about ten scrambled eggs, a twelfthie finally decides to sit and study but soon stops - Who can study on a full stomach? And thus the night's studies are debited to the next day. And so the cycle continues.

Talking of full stomachs, one must congratulate the catering officer for improving the quality of the food more than could have been dreamt of. We hope that he does succeed in maintaining the present standard of food quality.

Adieu!

*- Varun Sood*

## Welham Now !!

1. There was a meeting of Old Boys on Saturday 29th August at the residence of Gautam Punj in Delhi. It was a very successful affair with an attendance of over 80 people. Darshan Singh (Batch of '54) is to be congratulated on so efficiently organising this get-together. Mrs Sabreena Talwar (nee Singh) and Mrs. Maya Narula (nee Yadav) also attended it.

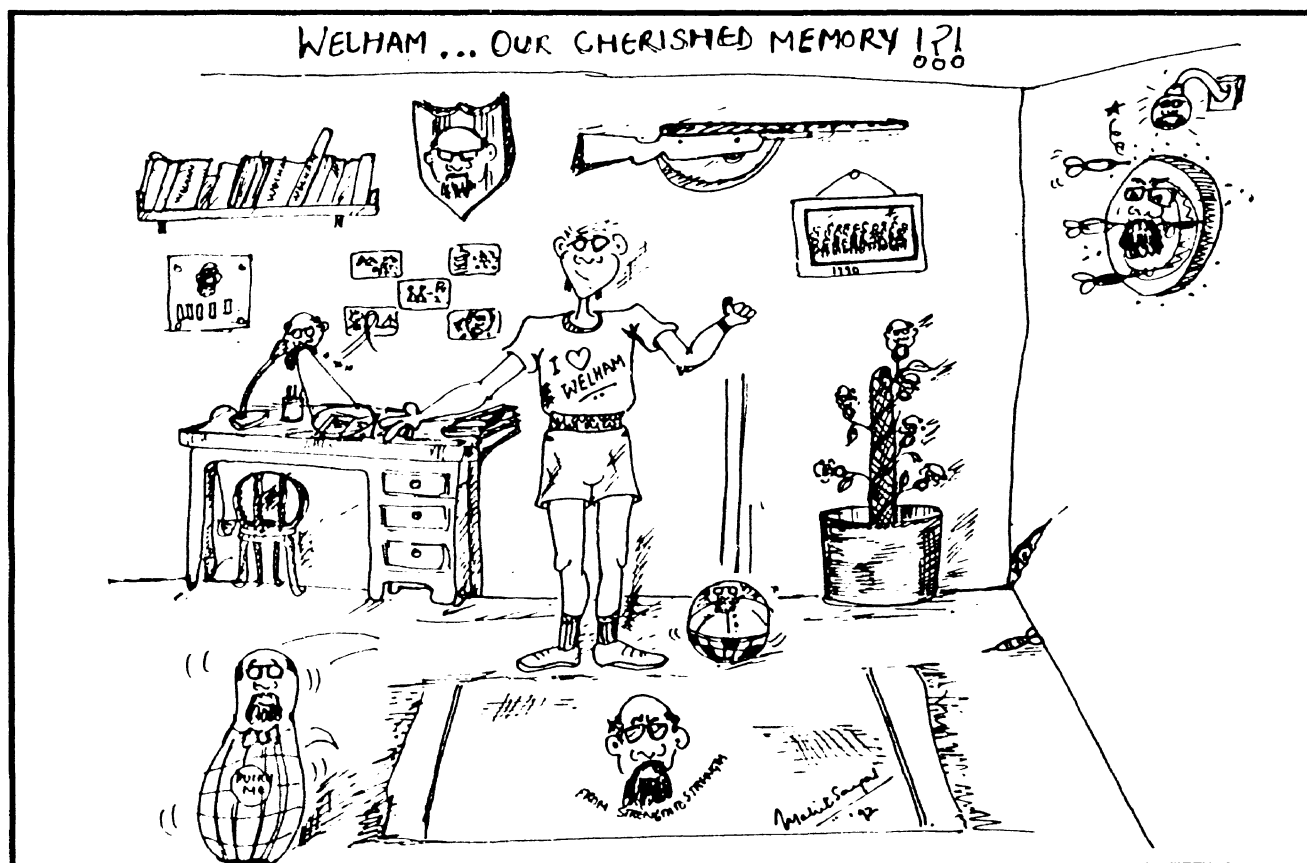
There was also a small parents get-together with Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari on 30th August at the Vasant Vihar Club, New Delhi (courtesy Mr. Darshan Singh) where matters of common interest were discussed. Mr. Kandhari is planning another meeting with parents to discuss their problems and also his fund raising programme.

A gathering was held at the Principal's cottage on the evening of 9th September where Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari played host to some of our Dehra Dun parents.

2. Cauvery stood first in the Inter House chess. Sharib Khan was declared the best player of the tournament.

3. The Science Quiz was held on 5th September. Ganga emerged winners (85 points) with Navbir Arora putting in a sterling performance; Jamuna (74 points), Krishna (70) and Cauvery (54) followed in that order.

4. A road race was organised by Doon Sports Society. Ved Krishna stood 8th and won the consolation prize of Rs. 50, Sharib Khan stood 14th.



*Mohit Saigal (Batch of 1990) has contributed this cartoon for The Oliphant.  
We thank him and further, welcome contribution from Ex-ies.*

# Literary Affairs of Welham

## Short Temper

Once in Washington lived a newly married couple. They both lived happily, but there was a fault in the wife, in that she was short-tempered.

Once the husband came home very excitedly. He told his wife that they were invited to a marriage party of one of his friends. But the wife was modern and she told her husband that she wanted to go to the kitty party. The husband argued with her and said that they both were invited so they should go. In this way the arguing turned to a fight.

As we told you that the wife was short tempered. She picked up a goat's leg which she had bought for dinner. She hit it hard on the husband's head. The husband died due to the brain damage.

She wondered what to do because she had murdered her husband.

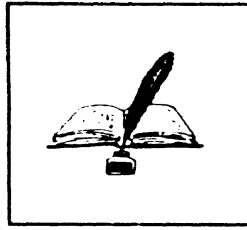
She thought of a plan. Somehow she tied a rope to the ventilator and kept a ladder outside. Now she rang the police.

The detectives and the police came. The detectives looked around the house for some clue. They noticed a rope tied to the ventilator. A ladder was kept outside too. One of the detectives took another ladder and climbed up to the ventilator. He found a necklace with the wife's name on it. Now he felt sure the wife had murdered her husband.

The detectives asked the wife what was she doing when the husband was killed. She answered that she was cutting a goat's leg into two to make mutton. When they asked her for the piece, she made some excuses but was forced to show.

The wife was caught because the goat's leg was roughly broken into two. The wife was taken to the court. In court the wife confessed she had murdered her husband. She was sent to prison.

*Authors - Rahul, Abhinav,  
Kapil Bansal (Cauvery)*



## The Fair

The annual fair of Dehra Dun was in progress. It was more of an informal gathering than an extravaganza. The weather was pleasant and the time auspicious, so I decided to spend my leisure hours at the fair.

Various stalls had been put up, some eating corners too. I played some games and managed to win a prize.

Burly, wiry, bulky; all sorts of people were present. And the laughter of a bunch of ladies came to my ears. Young children chased each other, spilling drinks and breaking utensils, but without blushing carried on. Suddenly, as I ate my food, my eyes fell on a weeping child who sat alone. He seemed to be about six years old, could be more perhaps. His eyes were swollen with crying and his cheeks were red, tears trickled down them, shining in the bright sunlight. There was something pitiful about his manner and I felt a surge of sympathy rise in me, so I approached him. "Why do you weep, child?" I asked him, trying to be cheerful, sitting beside him. There was no reply nor did he look up. I went and got him an ice-cream. Smiling politely, I offered it to him.

There was a pause. He looked up at me, his eyes filled again. The ice-cream fell off his hands and with sudden swiftness he clung to me and buried his face in my arms.

"What's the matter?" I asked him again. He sat quiet for sometime, and finally said in a trembling voice, "I came here an hour ago, with my parents. I don't know what happened," his eyes were brimming again, "I can't find them." "Oh" that was all I could say. "But doesn't matter. I'll try and help you out."

I smiled trying to console him. A very insignificant flicker of hope lighted his face.

After buying him another ice-cream, I began taking him around, pointing out different people, although I knew they weren't his parents for they too would be in tears.

The search continued for an hour. We

searched the entire area. Despair come over me. What would happen of the boy? I offered numerous prayers to the Almighty, but he didn't seem to respond. Another half hour passed. Our quest seemed to be in vain. The announcer called out many times for the parents. I cursed them, didn't they have any love for their child?

I had no option. Taking him to the announcing booth I told him his parents were soon going to come. He broke into loud sobs and refused to let me go.

There were tears in my eyes as I left hastily. I had asked him his phone number. I was determined to call him as soon as I got home. The call was in vain. The worse was yet to come.

Next morning I again called at the boy's residence, but with the same result. As I was browsing through the newspapers, I came across the boy's photograph. He was lying prostrate on the road in a pool of blood. The article said: Boy dies in road accident.

- Kirtiman Singh  
X

## Its Poetry Time !

### To My Unforgettable Friend

You've stood by me in time of need,  
You've condoled my heart which was grieved,  
You've talked to me, and reduced my remorse,  
You've evoked laughter, when my voice was hoarse.

You I can never forget,  
In times of gaiety or in stress,  
Its your shoulder on which I can lean,  
Its your sleeve on which I can wipe my tears,  
And its your heart in which I can lay my fears,

Jokes I can share with everyone,  
But its you, whom I can tell my sad heart's contents  
You are the one who points my weakness.  
Preventing it from being subject to mockery.  
You have shown me how to strengthen my machinery.

Oh! How much I remember the plates we shared,  
And how for each other we cared,  
And the moments spared for fun,  
How we would laugh or compete in a run.  
My obdurate character was so much more flexible,  
In your presence it blossomed to its best,  
Passing in every friendship test.

I wish we could relive all those years,  
As I write, in my eyes I have tears,  
The moment of parting is coming near,  
My heart now is filled with strange fears,  
Fears that you might forget those years,  
And as I write, I have still more tears.

- Hitesh Mahajan  
XII

# Lampoon

## MATHSOPHOBIA

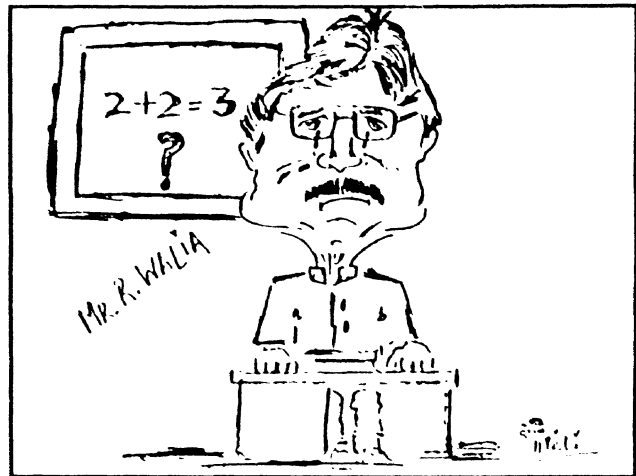
$A = s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)$ . No it is not a Maths riddle but the Hero's formula which baffles the geniuses or rather 'Heros', of classes X and XII. Their over indulgence in the subject causes the power of their spectacles to increase and the size of their nails to reduce whereas their non mathematics counterparts utilise their leisure with fancy magazines of gorgeous women, instead of books containing blessed formulae given by Newton or Napier.

Actually, the Welhamites are born 'whiz-kids', but somehow by the tenth they completely lose interest in Maths and are transformed into thick headed 'dumbos', who just do not make an effort to improve their performance. Some champions drop Maths (mentally) from Class V onwards. In their next five years they never make it to the much coveted pass marks, instead they have to remain content with their mega-achievement of single unit marks. The Sports Captain, the Krishna House Captain and the Hindi Literary Society Incharge (Paresh) all fall into this category. Their magnificent Maths performance in the I.C.S.E. is praise worthy with the Hindi Literary Society Incharge topping amongst the flunkers with 30 percent, closely followed by the Sports Captain who managed a high of 20 and last but not least glorified Krishna House Captain whose five years of rigorous hard work and over enthusiasm bore fruit and he gave a dazzling performance with 5 marks. (I will tell you a secret, don't leak it out - he was sitting beside Varun Sood).

The I.C.S.E. Maths results of the previous batches are breathtaking. In the 1991 I.C.S.E. batch there were only fifteen guys who plugged. The number rose to seventeen in 1992. Amazing isn't it!

The Maths teachers have a look of 'serious-nervousness' when they go for a class. On merely seeing the dazed look on the boys' faces, they know what is in store for them. No matter how much they shout and bang their fists against the blackboards trying to explain, the look doesn't change, instead it is accompanied with more sullen lines on the forehead as the mental burden increases. The teacher, knowing the outcome, does not even bother to ask questions, to relieve the poor child from exertion, confusion and embarrassment.

Truly speaking, the students follow the ex-



ample of the 'extra-brainy' teachers of the school who all seem to be brilliant in their subjects but have a common weakness - Mathematics. I remember how a former English teacher would leave it for the boys to total the marks. Little did she know how the little geniuses manipulated or rather multiplied their marks while she, being poor at maths, never rechecked!. Then I remember how once my chemistry teacher gave me 25 out of 20. Dazzling performance wasn't it!

In PH the mathematicians suffer a great deal. They scratch their heads in frustration, use calculators in desperation, and even then go wrong in their calculations. Their non-mathematician friends worsen conditions for them. They obviously can't relax without music or without delicious eggs and Maggi. They do not have to make any effort to distract the 'maths geniuses', even the guys with the strongest will power are allured to food. With eggs in your stomach and soft music in the room, the situation is ideal for sleeping and its good bye to the tedious Mathematics.

It is actually amazing how calculating the Welhamites are when it comes down to Money Matters. I do not know why then they create such disasters during board exams. I wish the board could give them a more 'financial' Maths paper. There are, however, hopes rising as the new lanky maths teacher prepares the boys with effort and enthusiasm. I wish him good luck as he is batting on, as Dr. Saxena would say, a treacherous wicket'. Bistzum nachsten mal! (Until next time)

Good Bye!

- Hitesh Mahajan

# SPORTS TRIVIA

After its unconvincing shows in earlier matches, Welhams brought out something extra to meet the challenge it was offered in the Dun open league championship. Our team was a right advertisement for a balanced side. We possessed a fairly competent defence in which consistency of left stoppers Aziz Rawat and Vikrant Lamba should be pinpointed. Apart from that goalkeeper Mohit Mehta was a tower of strength under Welham's bar. In the frontline, right out Sharib exuded confidence in adequate measure as did Harjyot Singh and Rajesh Sehgal in the centre. Munish provided the needed thrust.

In the opening match we played RIMC. The opponents started the match with a bang. Their opening move completely dazzled our defence, but it soon recovered to successfully face the onslaught of the Rimcolians. In the 20th minute Sharib Khan, in one of his scintillating runs down the right flank dodged past the goalkeeper to score a superb goal. Both the teams fought tenaciously as the game wore on. Our midfield fumbled and lost possession but it was workaholic captain Munish Suri who often came to the team's rescue. The match ended with Welham winning by a solitary goal. In the Quarter-finals we met a team which was one of the best teams we have ever played. The match started with their forwards repeatedly carrying out attack after attack. However our defence kept them at bay. After seventy minutes of exciting football, the match ended goalless, and led to tie-breaker. Our forward line lacked the usual sting as Sharib was injured. In the breaker Mohit, Harjyot, Munish scored while Rajesh and Vikrant missed it. The score at the end was 3-3 thus leading to sudden death. Aziz, Prashant and Munish scored while Lamba stopped the penalty in style. He dived to his left and in the air punched the ball out to give Welham an unbelievable victory.

In the semi final we faced Cantt XI, rated as one of the best teams in Dehra Dun. For the first time in the tournament we made an excellent start. We dominated the first half throwing their defence off guard a number of times, but it was our poor finishing which let us down. First half remained goalless. In the second half we shot

into lead through Harjyot who after receiving a pass from Munish made no mistake. Down by one goal the opponents made an all out attempt to score the equaliser, but the Welhamites faced well against their speedy opponents. It was only towards the dying moments of the match that we were unable to contain them. The lamentable story was that we ran out of steam and our defence caved in. The match again ended in a tie-breaker, but this time the end turned out to be quite dramatic. Out of five shots only Mohit scored while Harjyot, Sehgal and Prashant found their shots hitting the side bar. We lost by one goal, score being 3-2. It was clearly the story of a team which had played exceedingly well yet missed the bus. The tournament will be remembered for Vikrant Lamba's individual brilliance who won the best player of the tournament award and Welham's team work.

In other matches boys beat staff 5-3, while senior team beat Doon Eagles 5-1.

In juniors our team routed Doon School 5-0 (Samarth-2, Anshul-1, Muzzafar-1, Amarnath-1) in the Council School tournament. Same treatment was meted out to Moravians who were thrashed 3-0 (Samarth-2, Muzzafar-1). We faced defeat when we played Carman School and stood third in the tournament.

In Basketball as usual the School team won their respective matches. It was only RIMC which offered tough resistance. Our team played well in the first half, giving Rimcolians no chance. The score was 22-10 in the first half. In the second half the Rimcolians became frustrated and indisciplined, playing a desperate game. It did pay dividends for in the end they lost by mere 3 points. Score 30-27. In the other two matches Welham made mockery of their opponents. Against Cambrian Hall the score was 53-7, while against Children's Academy the score was 101-32.

We wish the football team best of luck for council tournament and basket ball team for IPSC Scindia.



# हिन्दी अनुभाग

## "बचपन"

किसी शायर ने ठीक ही फरमाया है कि "दौलत भी ले लो शौहरत भी ले लो, भले छीन लो मुझसे मेरी जवानी, मगर मुझको लौटा दो बचपन का सावन, वह कागज की कशती वह बारिश का पानी"। क्या आप अपने बचपन के हंसने खेलने वाले दिन कभी भुला पाएंगे। शायद कभी नहीं। उसी प्रकार मैं भी अपने बचपन के सुनहरे दिन नहीं भुला सकता। मेरे बचपन का अधिक समय स्कूल में ही बीता है। जब भी उन छोटे बच्चों को देखता हूँ, तो अपने छोटेपन की तस्वीर आँखों के सामने आइने कि तरह सामने आ जाती है। खुशी का कोई ठिकाना नहीं रहता है, खुशी के मारे आँखों में पानी भर आता है।

सन् १९८१ की बात है। अप्रैल का महीना था, जब मैं पहली बार स्कूल आया था। मेरी आयु करीब छः वर्ष की होगी। मुझे याद है वो दिन जब मेरे माता-पिता मुझे छोड़ने, पहली दफा स्कूल आए थे। मैं बहुत डरा हुआ था, पता नहीं अजीब अजीब ख्याल आ रहे थे। पता नहीं स्कूल कैसा होगा हास्टल वार्डन डाटेगी तो नहीं, पता नहीं दूसरे बच्चों मुझे पसन्द करेंगे या नहीं। बस यही सब ख्याल मेरे दिल में समाए हुए थे। सुबह से शाम होने को आई, माता-पिता के जाने का समय हो गया। तब अचानक ऐसी उदासीनता चेहरे पर समा गई कि मैं अपने आप को रोने से रोक नहीं सका। तब ऐसी रुलाई छूटी मेरी की पूछिए मत। शायद जिन्दगी में आज तक इस तरह से नहीं रोया होगा। मगर मैं क्या करता, अपने माता-पिता से कौन बिछड़ना चाहेगा, वह भी इतनी कम उम्र में।

पहले कुछ दिन बिल्कुल अच्छे नहीं लगे। मानों लगता था कि किसी कैदखाने में आ गये हैं। पूरा स्कूल एक वीरान जगह की तरह लगता था, जैसे कि स्कूल काटने को दौड़ता हो। न तो अच्छी तरह से खेल सकते हैं और न ही कहीं धूम सकते हैं। धर पर तो कुछ भी कर सकते थे, लेकिन यहाँ पर बड़ी पाबंदी थी। कुछ दिनों के बाद अच्छा महसूस होने लगा। पहले तो बिल्कुल मन ही नहीं लगता था, पर अब अच्छा लगने लगा था। हमारी हास्टल वार्डन उस समय श्रीमती यंग थी जो कि बहुत

अच्छी थी। रोज-रोज अच्छी कहानियाँ सुनने को मिलती थी, लेकिन अगर कोई शैतानी करता था तो उसे अच्छी डाँट पड़ती थी। अब स्कूल बहुत अच्छा महसूस होने लगा था। अब जा कर मालूम हुआ कि पिताजी ने धर से इतनी दूर पढ़ने के लिए क्यों भेजा था। थोड़े ही दिनों में इतने सारे दोस्त बन जाएँगे, यह कभी सोचा भी न था। पूरा दिन कैसे निकल जाता था कि कुछ पता ही नहीं चलता था।

मुझे याद है अगर कोई भी शरारत करता था तो, उसे डाँट तो पड़ती ही थी और उसके इलावा उसे "कारनर" में भी बैठना पड़ता था। जब वार्डन सब किसी को टक बाँटती थी तब उसे उस दिन कुछ भी नहीं मिलता था, नहीं तो रविवार के दिन उसे पूरे दिन Bed rest करना पड़ता था। जबकि और बाकी लड़के बाहर Sandpit में खेला करते थे। मुझे याद है मैं भी कई दफे इन सजाओं को झेल चुका था। जब भी हम कहीं पिकनिक वगैरह के लिए जाया करते थे, तब सब इतने खुश नजर आते थे, मानों सबको जन्नत मिल गई हो।

ऐसे तो बहुत सी घटनाएँ हैं जो कि अविस्मरणीय हैं, लेकिन अगर मैं उन सभी घटनाओं को लिखूँ तो शायद पन्ने भर जाएँगे। इसीलिए इतना ही काफी है। काश मेरे पास इतना सब कुछ लिखने का समय और जगह होता, तो मैं अवश्य ही लिखता। पर क्या करूँ मजबूर हूँ। तब तक के लिए विदा, फिर मिलेंगे।

पारेश हर्षवर्धन

XII

## Physical Torture (पी.टी.)

वैल्हम बॉयज स्कूल में पीटी का मतलब यही होना चाहिए क्योंकि छात्रों की प्रवृत्ति और इसका भय यह साबित करता है कि पीटी यहाँ Physical Training के रूप में तो देखी ही नहीं जाती।

रात को सोने से पहले हर वैल्हमाइट प्रार्थना करता है। सबकी कुशलता मांगने से पहले भगवान से बारिश मांगते हैं। इस मामले में वे लालच नहीं करते। उनकी मांग मूसलाधार वर्ष के लिए नहीं होती। समय 6:30 से

7:00 बजे तक रिम-ड्रिम बूंदें भी उनके लिए चलेगी। अगर प्रकृति इनका साथ नहीं देती तो ये मेडिकल सहायता लेते हैं। मुस्कराते और फूले हुए चेहरे अचानक लटक जाते हैं, भली चंगी तौंद में बल पड़ने लगते हैं और पीठ और जोड़ों का दर्द तो असहनीय हो जाता है। इन रोगों का अचानक पनपना पी०टी० फोबिया के कारण है। यह फोबिया पी०टी० की सीटी सुनते ही आ जाता है।

उपरोक्त फार्मूले तो तब लगाए जाते हैं जब कोई स्कूली कानून के हिसाब से पी०टी० से बचना चाहता हो। ये तभी संभव होता है जब एक बिना अनुभवी का छात्र इस कार्य में हाथ डालता है, या फिर स्कूल के प्रभावी छात्र ही इन फार्मूलों की प्रयोग में लाते हैं क्योंकि पी०टी० ऑफ की आज्ञा उन्हें आसानी से प्राप्त हो जाती है। लेकिन स्कूल के उन तत्वों को क्या होगा जिनकी न तो किसी प्रीफेक्ट से दोस्ती है और नही हाउसमास्टर पर अच्छा इम्प्रेशन वे अपनी तकड़म लड़ाते हैं। उनकी बुद्धिमत्ता और चतुराई से सब मात खा जाते हैं। सबसे पहले तो वे उस चीज का इस्तेमाल करते हैं जो सर्वोच्च है। हाँ शौचालय जहां पर पूरे आधे घण्टे आसन ग्रहण किया हुआ वैल्हमाइट पी०टी० से बचता है। इतनी देर वहां वह किस प्रकार समय काटता है, वो तो वही जाने।

सुबह की उस आधे घण्टे की नींद के लिए वैल्हमाइट इतना तत्पर हाता है कि बिस्तर की नीचे

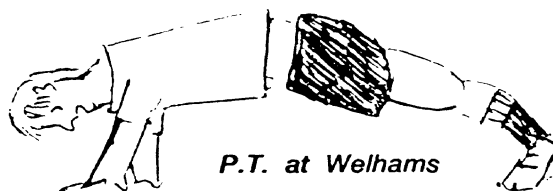
जमीन पर सोने से भी वो नहीं हिचकिचाता इस खेल के पुराने खिलाड़ी जो देलेर होते हैं, बिस्तर के ऊपर ही सोते रहते हैं। जब कोई जांच करने आता है तो कभी खत्म न होने वाली एक्सक्यूज चिट उनको दिखा देते हैं। आखिर तारीख आगे बढ़ाने में और डाक्टर का साईन मारने में कौन सी मशकिल बात है।

कुछ लडके होस्टल से निकल तो जाते हैं लेकिन ठिकाने पहुंचने से पहले ही गायब हो जाते हैं। पी०टी० खत्म होने पर किसी क्लास रूम से निकलते दिखाई देते हैं। ये अक्सर उनके साथ होता जो सुबह बैडमिंटन और बास्केटबाल खेलते हैं।

इसके बावजूद अगर कोई कार्य-परायण छात्र मैदान में उतरता है तो पी.टी. मास्टर की उठक-बैठक और सर्किल ऑफ द स्कूपर उसे लिंच पिच और बेजान बना देते हैं। इस आधे घंटे में स्कूल का सारा आलसपा झलकता है। यहां तक कि प्रीफेक्ट्स जिन्हें पी०टी० करनी नहीं होती फिर भी मैदान में नहीं आते।

हमारी इस प्रवृत्ति को देखते हुए ही शायद भगवान ने हमें एक कड़क प्रिंसिपल कड़क डाक्टर और कड़क पी०टी मास्टर दिए हैं।

विजय विश्नोई  
X-B



#### EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor : Varun Sood, Welham Now : Sarib Khan Literary Affairs : Kirtiman Singh, Lampoon : Hitesh Mahajan, Sports Affairs : Harjot Singh Hindi Section : Paresh Harshvardhan, Vijay Bishnoi, Cartoonists : Rishi Chopra, Saurabh Narang, Staff Rep. : N. Puri Published & Printed by WELHAM BOYS SCHOOL. Registration No. 20208/86

Printed at PRINT WORLD, DEHRA DUN.