



THE OLIPHANT

No. 138

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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THINK ABOUT IT

Fools invent fashions, and wise men are fair to follow them.

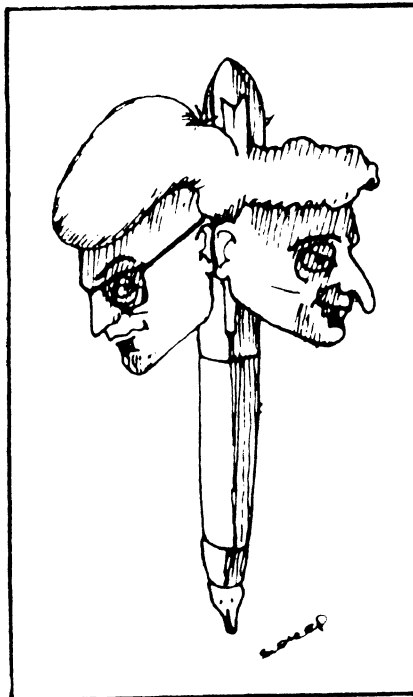
-Samuel Butler.

Just when the guys were beginning to enjoy themselves, out popped the exams. Mr. Kandhari certainly knows how to send shock waves. We had just put behind us the nightmares of the December examinations when we were asked to deal with another nightmarish situation. But this time the boys seem to be more calm and composed about the exams. Probably, they have learnt a lesson from their last experience. Although those March examinations carry no weightage for the academic year, still there was a scramble to escape them.

Boys going to Auli would not have to face the dreaded exams. So, the members of boys going to Auli began to increase. In PH itself, the number of skiers rose from a mere three before the announcement of exams to a considerable seven. More boys wanted to join the squad, but were either very slow in reacting to the opportunity or were in a catch-22 situation—whether to ski down the snowy slopes or go for a more easy treks instead.

The Auli guys have left, but the flurry of activity continues—plans are made, re-made, made again; routes mapped and re-mapped, lists drawn and re-drawn, Confusion hath been worse confounded by the absence of some teachers who are busy with “some meetings”. So escorts are found, lost and discovered. For the eleventies, the excitement of mid-terms is clearly visible. It is a welcome change from the

‘hectic schedule’ of school. As always a controversy abounds with the formation of groups. Groups have been formed and the main objective of each seems to be to get sanctioned the maximum money from school and in the process outdo the other groups. The bursar will certainly need to keep his eyes sharp and tighten the financial reins.



Its time to bid good bye to the twelfthies. Sentiments attached to the school and nostalgic feelings are tangible. Many of them twelfthies have already started analysing their prospective career. Their eyes are set upon some of the top colleges in Delhi, some optimistic are vying for colleges in Bombay and Calcutta too. But, the most important thing for now on their mind is, how to spend their long holidays. Some have decided to relax at home some have decided to freak out in Delhi. Others have decided to tour India.

Two of them have gone a step, in fact two steps further and have decided to tour the whole of India on a bike ! The whole class has done fairly well in the ISC's and expects very good results. They have indeed worked hard to achieve it. We wish them the best of luck for their future and hope they are successful in life. Bye Guys.

Prashant Goenka

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I have been reading the 'Oliphant' for many years and I have found it very interesting. But I would like to make some suggestions are things which, I am sure will make the 'Oliphant' more interesting :-

1. At the end of every year, awards for best poem, best story (Hindi), best story (English), etc. should be given.
2. In the last issue of the year the prize winning articles should be reprinted.
3. Teachers should also be requested to write articles on the subjects they teach.

I hope these suggestions will encourage the boys to write more articles for the Oliphant.

Yours truly,
Gaurav Chaudhary
714 Krishna

Public Speaking-III

How to Make Your Speech Sparkle

After the first written draft or outline of a speech is prepared, it should be painstakingly revised and refined. Each sentence must be written and rewritten until very unnecessary word is eliminated. However great care must be exercised that the revisions and polishing do not remove the freshness, naturalness, and vigor that may have been in the first draft.

I. *Insert suitable humorous stories, epigrams, and amusing definitions.*

II. *Use illustrations from biography, from plays, or from literature.*

III. *Repeat some words or phrases to stamp them indelibly upon the minds of the listeners.*

IV. *Intersperse short sentences with long ones.*

V. *Use a series of short, crisp sentences.*

VI. *Use similes occasionally.*

VII. *Avoid boring repetition by the use of appropriate synonyms.*

VIII. *Use appropriate antonyms to create contrasts.*

IX. *Use questions.*

X. *Place ideas in contrast to each other.*

XI. *Use colorful phrases and figures of speech.*

XIII. *Use appropriate quotations from literature.*

XIV. *Use words, phrases, clauses, and sentences in groups of two or three occasionally.*

XV. *Alliteration.*

More tips next time.

Courtesy : The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest-Herbert V. Prochnow and Herbert V. Prochnow Jr.

Dear Gaurav,

Thanks for the useful suggestions. We will try and put them into effect. We to hope they will encourage boys to write for the magazine. How about giving us one yourself ?

Editor.

A Captain Remembers

Cricket, Hockey, Football, Table Tennis, Volleyball, Diving, P. T. Competition, Athletics, Marching and Chess. WINNER : CAUVERY.

The year 1992 will probably be known as the year of Cauvery. In the Seniors and the Junior sections Cauvery managed, to get away with more or less all the cups. The opponents grumbled talked about the "lack of sportsman spirit" in Cauverites, but then that is human Psychology. The losers always finds excuses and Cauvery was a convenient scapegoat for their defeats.

When it came to hardwork, perseverance, cheering, getting up in the morning or missing an outing to practice for the match it was always Cauverites who led. Harjyot Singh, the enthusiastic captain, made sure that Cauvery never fizzled out in any competition. The contribution made by the twelthics made things easier. In every field we had a boy who could make Cauvery win with ease. In T. T. it was Abhinav, in Athletics it was Aziz and Ved, in cricket Lamba. Diving Kamal Matta, in volleyball Sachin and Manav.

In other fields too we did not give a chance to other houses. Cauvery emerged winners in the Hindi Elocution English Debate and Quiz Competitions. I might say, that it was quite irritating and in fact discouraging for the other houses. The number of boys, of other houses turning out for cheering was much less, compared to last year. The interest of the boys in the inter-house competition to diminished, perhaps because they knew no matter how much effort they put in the winner would be Cauvery. The other houses, infact, started hating Cauverites because, they felt so helpless. This was quite evident in the football match (Jrs.) which we lost recently. The news of the day was not that Krishna had won but that Cauvery has lost ! Some did not believe, but when they did it was as if their day had been made. Krishna's jinx of losing was broken and alongwith it was the belief that Cauvery was undominatable !

Boys have started smiling again, participating and cheering for they know that Cauvery reached its zenith and now would be on the decline. One would certainly agree that it is not as hard to become the number one as to remain so. So buck up Cauvery !

Manav Khullar

Literary Affairs

A WOMAN inspired by my eighteen-year, old daughter,
who experienced fear and horror on a trip with her
class-mates.

Who Am I ?

A WOMAN—A victim of hungry wolves
O Lord, Why did you make me so ?
Why, the prey, and not, the prowler ?
I open my eyes, reluctantly, in the silent dawn,
Wondering what awaits me.
I go to sleep, gratefully
That one more day has passed
Untouched,
By the evil grasp of man ...
I long to be free—To feel the sensuous
Whisper of the wind—against my skin:
To explore the mysteries of Nature;
To travel to distant lands,
Hitherto, unknown to me,
To tramp across the dusty desert,
Under the scorching sun
To meet the foreign people,
Who speak in alien tongues;
To spread my arms across the sky,
To feel the world is one.
But look Beware ! Who's that staggering above ?
You are only a woman,
Helpless in the cruel circumference
Drawn by human hand—Trapped, today, tomorrow,
What matter ? You cannot escape
The Vile remarks,
At bus-stops, in streets and alleys,
Which lead to humble homes, You are the hunted,
Not the hunter, unfortunately,
In man's Universe—He's the king of the jungle
Lying in wait for a hapless victim.
Lusty eyes sweep over a female figure:
Hands, itching to tear the veil,
Which clothes her beauty—
To expose the soul.
O Lord, Why am I a Woman ?
Why not just a piece of black, scarred flesh
Which man would turn from
In repugnance and disdain ?
O Lord, have pity on the millions, like me—
Sisters, mothers, daughters,
Help us to tread this dusty earth
With courage and dignity
Or strike us barren, That we no longer give birth
To this bloody creature, MAN.

By Nilima

ADOLF HITLER

As Adolf Hitler looked up at the sky,
A blood-thirst look come into his eye.
World war II had already begun,
And the German soldiers were on the move.
Bombs and shells dropped here and there,
While the world was in great despair.
There was a total blackout,
And of course ! there was no doubt.
Nobody ever thought this war would finish,
Until the human life on earth would diminish.
I was fortunate I was't born these days,
Because the humans had to feed on maize.
The countries were trapped in a drought,
And searched for a man, who could knock this all out.
The World War was in full force,
And the soldiers were very coarse.
The Germans thought they had become the kings,
And soared high with their wings.
All the countries, the Germans thought they had won,
Leaving a solitary are.
There was snow all around,
And this was Germany's final round.
The year was 1944,
And Russia was their only foe.
They moved towards Russia,
But could not get across.
Half the soldiers died in the snow,
The other half were ready to face the foes.
It was a dreadful fight,
But the Russians held the Germans tight.
Soon the helpless German soldiers surrendered,
And Russian triumphed once again.
Now it was 1945, and the World War II was over,
Adolf thought Russia had made a walkover.
Soon Adolf Hitler found,
That Germany had lost their round.
Realizing this Adolf Hitler shot himself,
with a pistol which was kept on his shelf.
But one deed was sure to be that such a powerful
leader the world will never see.

Ayush Pratap Singh Negi
Class VI—B

Welham Now !

1. Special Assembly, which could not be held last term since several boys left early due to the Ayodhya problem, was held on the 26th of February. The following awards were announced :

(i) **Carpentry**

1st Udai Vashist
2nd Ajay Kumar

(ii) **Art**

Best Artist of the year — Piyush Kedia
Best in Block Printing — Rohit Lohia
Best in Tie and Dye — Sambhav Jain
Best in Batik — Kapil Mohan Bansal
Best in Screen Printing — Vidura J. Bahadura
Best in Bamboo Work — Harsh Bansal
Best in Water Colours — Jairaj Singh
Best Weaver — Amit Kuthiala
Best Printer — Prashant Khemka
Best in Oil Painting — Saurabh Narang

(iii) **Duke of Ediburgh Awards**

Bronze

Milan Gupta
Siddhant Sharma
Shivank Siddhu
Shakti Agarwal
Abhishek Mohan
Viraj Singh
Shantanu Singh
Puneet Singhal
Pratyush Patodia
Aneesh Kapur

Silver

Santosh Singh

(iv) **Music**

Nitin Bhanot — Flute
Pavandeep Saluja — Harmonium
Jayant Gokhale — Tabla

COMMENDED

Ayush Negi, Kaushal Gupta
and Arpan Gupta — Violin
Manav Goel — Vocal
Apurva Patodia — Bass Guitar
Siddhant Sharma — Guitar
Arjun Trivedi — Tabla

(v) Two new awards have been introduced – One for service to the community and the other for scholastic achievements.

Dharminder Gill (LRC Squad)
Asad Shamsi (Dining Hall Squad)
Pankaj Yadav (Entertainment Squad)
Gagan Dewan (Audio-Visual Squad)

received the Service to Community award and Hitesh Mahajan received the award for scholastic excellence.

(vi) The boys who successfully passed the Life Savers Course :-

Aditya Jhala, Samarth Singh, Arjun Punj, Chaitanya Wahi, Kaushal Kishore, Shakti Agarwal, Gaurav Shekhar, Akash Sharma, Amiya Setu, Amol Balani and Jatin Oberoi.

(vii) The boys who obtained 80% and above in the December examinations :-

Class VI	Class VII
Raja Talwar	Abhinav Agarwal
Abhishek Jain	Nikunj Gupta
Rohit Bagaria	Sambhav Jain
Shorya Arora	Gaurav Dubey
Ram Sharan Singh	Digvijay Lamba
Arjun Trivedi	Ankit Agarwal
Sharik Ansari	Ankur
Abhinav Pathak	Gauravjeet Singh

Class VIII
Ashish Gupta
Amiya Setu
Anshul Anurag
Sachin Dhir
Amar Jaiswal
Manish Kumar

Class IX
Milan Gupta
Rishi Goenka
Manvendra
Manish Kumar
Amber Sinha
Shantanu Singh
Gaurav Jain
Aneesh Kapoor

Class X
Nitin Bhanot
Rahul Gupta
Mayank Tiwari
Sharib Khan

Class XI
Vidura J. Bahadur

Class XI
Hitesh Mahajan
Ranjan Lath
Varun Sood

- Our school took part in the quiz organised by the Indian Institute of Remote Sensing to mark Science Day on the 28th of February. Aneesh Kapoor stood IIIrd in section B (class IX-X).
- There are to be three examinations instead of one end-of-year examination from now on. There will be one in March which will carry 20% weightage, a second in May with similar weightage and the third in December which will carry 60% weightage. However the exams which are being held on 15th of this month will stand on their own.
- Hindi and English Hand Writing Competition were held in the Junior School on the 24th and 27th respectively. The following received laurels --

English

Class I

1st Aditya Goel
2nd Ayush Agarwal
3rd Vivek Kumar

Class II-A

1st Tarun Saraf
2nd Sukant Goel
3rd Sunny Sarta

Class II-B

1st Ashutosh Pandey
2nd Prayas Rana
3rd Amit Kumar

Class III-A

1st Manish Charan
2nd Saunya Khaitan
3rd Pradipta Rana

Class III-B

1st Kaushik Chaudhary
2nd Archit Baweja
3rd Aditya Malhotra

Hindi

Class I

1st Vivek Kumar
2nd Varun Chaudhary
3rd Aditya Goel

Class II-A

1st Sukant Goel
2nd Tarun Saraf
3rd Siddharth Saraf

Class II-B

1st Prashant Kumar
2nd Shubhashish Thapaliya
3rd Ashwini Todi

Class III-A

1st Subham Khanna
2nd Rajat Kumar
3rd Arjun Sabarwal

Class III-B

1st Vir Bhadra
2nd Gangesh Kumar
3rd Rahul Vaish

- The following achieved positions in the Hindi Essay Writing Competition (Sr.) :-

Class VI to VII

1st Abhinav Agarwal
2nd Abhinav Pathak
3rd Sambhav Jain

Class VIII, IX and XI

1st Bharat Bhushan Garg
2nd Pankaj Yadav
3rd Shantanu Singh

- The results of the senior Handwriting Competition (Sr.) are as follows :-

Class VI to VII

1st Prashant Khemka
2nd Mehul Mayank
3rd Varun Shiag

Class VIII to XI

1st Vivek Garg
2nd Bharat Bhushan
3rd Sanjay Prasad

- A group of boys went to see, the play 'Caine Mutiny Court Martial' put up by Naseeruddin Shah's Motley Group at the Khetarpal Hall, IMA, on the 28th of February.

* * *

Spiritual Union

She smiles at me. I do the same. Then she drinks the wine and I look at my friends and participate in their discussion. Then I again steal a glimpse of her and see her smiling at me. I quickly turn my face but something urges me to stare at her.

Suddenly, I feel someone give me a push on my shoulder. I open my eyes and see my mother standing before me. I am totally amazed to see her. I then realise, I had been dreaming. For three consecutive days I have been dreaming the same thing. Wherever I go, to the office, factory, pub, club, disco or restaurant I am haunted by the same dream. Yesterday I went to see a film and instead of Elizabeth Taylor's face, I saw the face of my dreamgirl.

Today, for a change, I went to the market. While examining a cauliflower, I accidentally swung my face to the right, and saw that beautiful face again, I thought, I was hallucinating, I rubbed my eyes and saw her again. I realised she was real. The cauliflower fell from my hand. I tried to follow her but she disappeared in the throng. I searched in the nearby streets but looked in vain.

That night I had the same dream but something new was added to it. Now, at the party, I feel hungry, so I go and pick a sandwich from the plate. Just then I hear a voice say "Simran," and I turn to see who it is. To my astonishment it is her, the same girl who was smiling at me. I ask her, "who told you my name?" She says, "whosoever I like, I know his name." I ask her to dance with me and she agrees, but before I can hold her hand she disappears. I open my eyes.

I am completely infatuated by her. She is my dreamgirl. She begins to grow with me in my mind. I start neglecting all my duties. It is like two hearts living in two separate worlds. I always try to sleep more than normal so that I can dream of her for more time. I would sit alone in the room, my only companions thoughts of her. Questions hover in my mind: what's her name?; where does she live?; how can I meet her? I desperately want to meet her. I begin to look for her.

I stopped going to the office instead kept standing in the same market where I had seen her.

For two weeks I visited the market and spent the whole day there till the last shop closed. At night, like an eccentric I looked for her in clubs, pubs, hotels and restaurants but met with no results. It was a very difficult task to look for a person whose name was unknown to me and whose photograph I did not have.

Just then an idea struck me. I should meet those artists who can sketch the face of a person when described to them. I approached such an artist and received good results. The sketch was a true copy of her face. I got the sketch photostated and distributed the copies to my friends and relatives. I told them if they saw this girl, they should quickly contact me.

That night again the same dream haunted me, but again something new was added. I ask her for a dance, she agrees. I hold her hand and take her to the dance floor. While dancing I ask her, her name and she says, "Sheetal Jessia." Then I ask her where she lives, she says, "Bombay." With this I try to embrace her. Before I can embrace her she disappears. I wake up.

I hurriedly took a shower and changed my clothes. I soon packed my suitcase and went to the airport. Without telling anyone I purchased a ticket for Bombay. I was very anxious to reach Bombay. I was sure that I would find her there.

By now I was truly and madly in love with her. I decided as soon as I find her, I would ask her for her hand. Soon the journey came to an end.

Hurriedly I approached the city enquiry office. I gave her sketch and name of the office. The officer went through many files and at last found the correct one. I took down her address. I hired a taxi and reached her home. I was very happy because now I knew the hunt for her had come to an end. I would meet my dreamgirl.

I rang the door bell and an elderly woman opened the door. She was sobbing. Before I could say anything she let me in. I entered the lobby and saw many women crying. I noticed that each woman was wearing a white saree. A few men were sitting in one corner with their heads bent. I could not understand what was happening. I then noticed a corpse

lying on the floor with a white tunic on it. Fear came into my mind. The fear of death. I approached the corpse and with shivering hands removed the tunic from the face. As I saw the face, my eyes opened wide. I become cold. It was her ! She had died ! My dream girl, my love had died. For a long time I kept on sitting there, looking at her beautiful face. With great grief I went outside the house. Without asking any questions, how she had died and where, I hired a taxi to the airport.

I was so grief stricken that every person I saw looked like my love. I caught the flight to Delhi. As the flight took off a tear trickled down my eye and I began to cry hysterically. I started shouting. Many passengers started feeling scared and thought I was mad. Few passengers came and tried to comfort me.

After sometime I controlled myself. There was a loud, thunderous sound. The plane shook.

I looked up and saw her calling out to me !! I wished to be with her. I wished to hold her in my arms, to talk to her, to caress her lovely body. Now I knew I would soon meet her and not even God would separate us. Now I knew, I could embrace her, talk to her, caress her and be with her because my wishes had been fulfilled.

The plane crashed, thank God, now as a ghost I could unite with her.

Simran Nurpuri
XI

* * *

Sports Trivia

The school cricket team played its last match of the season against PPCL Club. It was a dynamic opening by Varun Lamba and Vijay Shushant. Their opening stand of 100 runs laid the foundation of a solid total of 174 runs. Varun was the highest scorer with 60 runs, he was given good support by Vijay at the other end who scored 32 runs. After the two departed, in quick succession, the lead was taken by Shaad and Gaurav Jain. They managed to compile 70 runs, with an excellent average of 7 runs per over.

The bowlers too did their job well. Shaad took 3 wickets giving only 8 runs in 5 overs, while Vidura, Shantanu and Lamba picked up 2 wickets each. The end turned out to be quite anti-climactic with the visitors being bundled out for a meagre score of 95. It is admirable that within such a short span of three weeks our school cricket team was able to produce positive results.

Inter-house Cricket (Jrs.) which recently commenced saw Ganga emerge winners, beating the other three houses with comparative ease. The first match to be played was between Cauvery and Krishna. Cauvery's batting order was shattered by the Krishna bowlers. Cauvery was all out for 67 runs. Anirudh Chauhan bowled extremely well claiming a couple of wickets. Zayed Khan helped Krishna achieve the target with ease. The second match was between Ganga and Jamuna. With the help of Akbar (34 runs), Ganga set Jamuna a target of 147 runs Jamuna's

batsmen were not able to withstand the accurate bowling Yashab Zia, downing the most successful had a hat trick, Jamuna and Krishna played against each other in the third match. Arpit (41 runs) helped Jamuna set a huge target of 164 runs. Krishna's batsmen collapsed. Only Samarth held fort. He hit some magnificent shots to form an individual score of 54 Krishna was all out for 110 runs. The next match was Ganga v's Cauvery. Again Cauvery's batsmen were not able to face the bowling attack of Ganga and got out at 92. It was a very easy target for Ganga and they easily attained it with Muzzaffar's help (34 runs). The last match was between Ganga and Krishna. Once again the Ganga bowlers put up a good show and got Krishna out for 65 runs. Anshul and Muzzaffar comfortably helped Ganga reach this target.

Results :

Ganga won with 6 points.

Cauvery, Jamuna, Krishna followed with 2 points each.

Best Batsman - Muzzaffar Ali Khan

Best Bowler - Yashab Zia

Basketball :

A match between class XII and the school team was played. The twelfthies put up a good show in the first half. They led by 1 point at half time. But it seems they lost their stamina in the second half. They were ultimately defeated by 32 points.

जाससी

जन गन मन अधिनायक...। संगीत इस सुर में बज रहा था। आज गणतन्त्र दिवस था। राष्ट्रपति मंच पर खड़े अपने आगे चलने वाले भारत के वहादुरों को सलाम कर रहे थे। परेड खत्म होने के पश्चात् संगीत बंद हो गया और राष्ट्रपति उन लोगों के नाम लेने लगे जिन्होंने भारत के लिए अपनी वहादुरी दिखाई थी।

‘अभिनव अग्रवाल’ मेरा नाम राष्ट्रपति ने घोषित किया। मैं अपनी जगह से उठा और राष्ट्रपति के सामने जाकर सलाम किया। फिर राष्ट्रपति ने मेरे साथ हाथ मिलाया और मेरे गले में एक मैडल डाला। मैं वापस मुड़कर अपनी कुर्सी तक पहुँचकर बैठ गया। बैठने के बाद मैं अपने अजीबोगरीब अनुभव के बारे में सोचने लगा...।

एक दिन एक पार्टी पर मैं अकस्मात ही मैं जर्मनी के एक गुप्तचर के बारे में जानने के बाद मुझे यह पता चला कि भारत में जर्मनी के कई गुप्तचर फँसे हुए हैं और वे भारत सेना की ताकत जानना चाहते थे। यह पता चल कर मैंने ठान ली कि मैं यह कभी नहीं होने दूँगा। परन्तु इसके लिए मुझे सबूत चाहिए था जिससे कि भारत सरकार फिर उन्हें पकड़ ले। मैंने इंतज़ार किया और धीरे-धीरे इनके बारे में सबूत इकट्ठा करता गया। फिर इन सारे गुप्तचरों की एक बहुत बड़ी मीटिंग हुई। मैं एक जगह छुपकर उनकी बातें सुनने लगा परन्तु कुछ गुप्तचरों को मुझ पर शक हो गया था और जब उन्होंने मुझे ढूँढ़

लिया, तब मैं उनसे भागा। इस समय तक मैंने सारा सबूत इकट्ठा कर लिया था।

मैं उनसे दूर भागने की चेष्टा में एक पहाड़ पर चढ़ गया। परन्तु उन्होंने मेरे ऊपर कुत्ते छोड़ दिए। मैं अब फंस गया था। परन्तु एक सेना का जवान होते हुए मुझे तरकीब याद आ गई। मैं दो पेड़ों के बीच से और गोल चक्कर काटते हुए मैंने आठ की आकृति बना दी। फिर मैं एक जगह से खूब दूर बूढ़ा और पानी के अन्दर जाकर फिर बाहर दूसरी तरफ से आ गया। इससे कुत्ते गोल-गोल ही घूमते रह गये।

मैं एक तरफ एक मकान देखकर उसकी ओर भागा। किस्मत से वह एक पुलिस इंस्पेक्टर का ही घर था। वह मुझे जीप में बैठाकर पुलिस थाने ले गया। वहाँ मैंने अपनी गवाही और सबूत दे दिये।

कुछ दिनों बाद सारे गुप्तचर पकड़े गए और मुझे गणतन्त्र दिवस पर इनाम दिया गया।

सचमुच ऐसा रोमांचकारी अनुभव मुझे और कभी नहीं होगा।

अभिनव गर्ग
कक्षा ७-ए

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