



THE OLIPHANT

No. 139

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

10th April 1993

THINK ABOUT IT

We are more anxious to speak than to be heard.

—Thoreau.

Now, that the mid-terms are over, so is the excitement regarding them. But a new excitement has surged is of going into new classes. Every year in March boys go into new classes. As expected there was a lot of hustle and bustle and eagerness amongst the boys at the changeover. (This year, however, there was an element of anxiety as well : promotions were not automatic but based on exam results and class work. Some, thus, were fearful, kept on tenterhooks as their fate was decided.) Welhamites it seems get more excited shifting into new rooms and bunks than new classes. In many cases there has also been a shifting of hostels. The sixties have now come into the senior school and as a result have shifted into their new hostel, 'Triveni'. Watching them shift into their new hostels, one could make out the excitement and apprehension on their faces. So has been the case with the eleventhies, coming into the PH after their short holiday. There has always been some sort of inexplicable fear of shifting to PH. The terror of the prefects and twelfthies or PH's secludedness from the other hostels and its air of mystery perhaps accounts for this. Amongst the twelfthies there has been a some chaos as to 'which group is going to which room.' Last minute changes were as usual in abundance.

There was another source of cheer, happiness and bonhomie. Several prescribed books are yet to arrive in



the stationery. So, the boys have 'nothing to study from!' It's a dream come true-this opportunity comes if at all only once a year. Prep is being stalled, classes-rescheduled and oriented towards 'discussion', not necessarily on the subject under study but then its 'rather' confusing' to study without books. Guilt pangs at not working are conveniently stilled - "How can I study when I don't have the books. I will certainly make up when they arrive".

Probably, this is the reason for a lot of interest being created in the ongoing inter-house cricket. Every Welhamite is trying to play his best and impress others. Obviously, he has been inspired by the recent winning streaks against England and Zimbabwe by the otherwise-tired-of-losing-Indian cricket-team.

Paradoxically while the entire campus was bustling with activity, the Activity Centre stood forth in splendid silence. A few boys wondered why the 250 kg weight on the basketball board could not double as apparatus for weightlifting. So they flexed their muscles, and, in a display worthy of Olympian glory lifted it.....BANG! No thunderous applause greeted their heroic effort, chunks of broken glass met their bewildered eyes. The board deprived of the heavy weight kept it aloft, sorrowfully bend over and swiftly fell on mother earth and received a big
contd. page.....3

Welham Now !!

1. We welcome Mr. Sandeep Khanna, Mr. Madan Mohan Pant and Mrs. Prabha Pant who have joined the Welham staff. Mr. Sandeep Khanna will be teaching Biology, Mrs. Prabha Pant Hindi and Mr. Madan Mohan Pant will be the head of Mathematics department. We hope they have a long and enjoyable stay at Welham.
2. Mr. Arvind Mehrotra, a professor at Allahabad University and poet, read out a few poems by Indian poets including his own in the LRC.
3. Mayank Tiwari stood third in group A in an essay competition organised by Banaras Hindu University Alumni Association, Dehra Dun. Congratulations to him.
4. LRC Council has been formed to help improve working :-
 - Vice Chairman - Mr. Shashi Bhushan
 - Convenor - Wanchuk Topden
 - Members - Gagan Dewan
Sudeep Chaudhuri
Manvendra
Kaushal Kishore
Ashish Gupta
Ankur Nigam
Aditya Sud
Arcaparva Dutta
Mr. J. Gusain
Mrs. A. Mehra
Miss N. Puri

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I read Mohit Saigal's letter in your issue dated 4th March with interest. It was heart-warming and at the same time rather embarrassing to have such compliments in print. It is good to get a pat on the back especially as it compensates for a different kind of buffet or some other part of one's anatomy.

I would like to take this opportunity to say that whatever progress the School may have made in the last decade has been because of the cooperation and enthusiasm of members of the staff, parents and our Board of Trustees. Now, I am glad to say, that with

five batches of ISC boys having graduated from School we can look forward to more involvement of our old boys in the School's development. For, the quality of a school lies in the quality of its alumni.

Yours etc.

S. Kandhari

We are grateful to Vikram Seth, an Old Boy, for presenting us an autographed copy of his book "A Suitable Boy".

Nicco Park

Nicco Park is a place which always attracts me. I am happy there because there are many things to do there.

It is like The Appu Ghar in Delhi and is the only such park in Calcutta. There are many types of swings there. There are Trollies, Paddle Boats, Toy-Trains etc. There are also separate boats and swings for children of 2 years and below.

There is one very exciting swing in Nicco Park called Tilt-A-Whirl. It is a very fast moving swing. It moves both on the platform and on its own wheels.

There are two trains called Moon-Raker and Water-Chute. Moon-Raker is a slow train and it goes

through a huge round (ball-type) circle. It becomes a little faster when it goes down. Water Chute is like Moon Raker but instead of passing through a circle it passes through a pool of water.

There are many other swings also. There is a canteen and a children's park also.

Hridesh Gupta

III

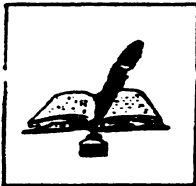
(Hridesh got the first prize for this essay in the Essay Writing Competition (Middle School) recently).

Literary Affairs

THOSE 4 YEARS.....

Bewildered, I was
scandalized, out of my senses.
Came from a world so different.....
And the guys' behaviour, would at times
make me fear.

But that was then.....
It's so different now.....
Joined a year before ICSE,
From a school, so removed from this world.
Got a jolt
And knew my life, I had to mould
The first year.....
Hated living under shadows
Hated living as a side-kick.
But knew there had to be a way out,
A way to show my worth,
A way to prove myself.....



Then came the ICSE,
Time moved,
Life remained the same,
Struggling more, achieving less,
But time was a good teacher
Though I, a slow learner.
Learnt how to deal with people
Learnt the ways of life,

Atlast came the golden year,
Things went right for me,
Seemed to have a Midas touch,
Realised things aren't too weak,
When one is branded as a fitness freak,
Working in the bank, bones don't creek,
Once again, tried hitting the stage

With the gift of a good voice,
Tried creating a rage.
Quiz society was always exhilarating
Initiating ideas and innovating
scoping sessions had their own order
Goals were set
To become a prefect.
The last year so full of memories,
German was individuality,
Steeping, a sign of frailty.
'School rep' was all that mattered to me.
All endeavours were to secure one aim,
The school should rise
'From strength to strength'
Trying to re-define the true Welhamite,
This remained though a sprite-tale
Many of my wishes and plans failed,
Attitudes did not change much.
Collective-punishment stayed,
Sixer language only grew,
Other schools still dominated.....
But, life has its positive aspects.

Old friends came closer,
New friends were made,
Opinions clashed still,
Animosity remained.....
Still, it was the best year.
So full of vigour and life,
But it's over now.....

Today I owe so much to Welham,
Whatever I am is due to you, Welham
That I can easily look back,
Think of the four years spent here and proudly say -
'Those were the days.....'

Ved Krishna

WELHAM was one of the best things in my life

This used to be my playground
this used to be my childhood dream

Piyush Kedia

Ajinkya Babayya

THE EXHILARATION OF MY LIFE'S DAYS
SPENT IN WELHAMS WILL BE LIKE
FOOTSTEPS IN SAND, NEVER TO BE WASHED AWAY
BY WAVES OF TIME.....

- HARJYOT

you are giving
to your
I am
I am
I am

I don't have words enough to say
anything I can't find myself anywhere.

Panjab Lamba

2095 days in Welham
were great. I'll miss you
Aashu Jain

I come here
& I am crying
back crying
hw. Poojash

I WAS VIKRANT

YEH HAI RIGHT
CHOICE 'WELHAM' - AHA!

I had two years in
this school, LIFE WAS GREAT
and will continue to
UNFORGETTABLE
Poojash

I still can't believe I will
have to leave, MY HOME.
Poojash

"NO. 1"
"I WAS"

11 years that went
by like
a blink of an eye

Sheel
meis
school
abowon

WEK - MOM

"DON'T TELL ME ITS NOT WORTH
CRYING FOR
I'm feeling the same today while
at 13 when my mother told me
that I had to leave home and
go to boarding school.
Luv Always,
Sheel Singh

What!!!!!!
It's already over???

All I have to say
is that my life in Welham
was a beautiful dream
Welham's love, Dard and deap
but I have promises to keep
and miles to go before I sleep.
I wish I could turn
back the clock,
Minky Garg

Down
back the clock,
Minky Garg

I have stayed the most
and Welham I love it most,
[Syam]

IT intoxicates both the holder
and beholder!
I HATE WELHAM
ITS WELHAM
LIE A DAMN

THANK YOU FOR THE HONOURS
YOU HAVE GIVEN
Welham

Whatever I am I owe
it to U. (Welham)

Dharminder Singh Gill Umar

After thought
every thing is like my graduation
from more expected and
even cur

... IS THIS THE END OF THE ROAD??!

So many years we stayed together
Moved by grades to become the senior most
Class XII was fun, full of several species.

While Asad, Mayank & Lath were slogging,
Tony was busy with only hogging,
Lamba showed his skills at cogging,
And Ved limited himself to jogging.

Abhinav played T.T. with a perfect styles,
Dhruv thought of tennis and chicks all the while,
Montie Kullar was conveyer's moulder,
Volleyball will remember his big shoulders.



Sports have had a year to remember,
Hockey, football, cricket were played with splendour
Vikrant made it to the state team with great ease,
While bowlers prayed his removal from the crease.

Harry alongwith Suri the giant,
Always played with great defiance,
They proved it to one and all,
That Welham under them stood very tall,
No less was Gill, who always went for the kill.

Varun as an Ed. was very funny,
While Sunil 'Munshi' Mittal was limited to money
Navbir's sheep & size would put 'Kumbhkaran' to shame.
While Rishi's cartoons canved him enough fame,

Kakati remained the History chang,
While Piyush could even sketch a stamp
Triloo & Goloo were famous for their 'loo-jokes',
As Gurinder dashed 'Shambhu's' hopes,

Abhay & Matta were aloof from the rest,
While Rawat was always at his best,
For passing Arjun tried his level best,
And yet could not make it through a simple test,

The School will remember Madhur's 'step cut',
Lamba's logic & Tony's butt,
Paresh & Shekhar Slyly deceived with their smile
They made teachers believe they had an epileptic fit,
Which in Doctor's record did not even exist.

'Macho' Monit was named 'Kinetic Honda & the Ms Man',
While Sajan was always tempted to break the fogging ban,
His pal Anurag with his lean body & dreadful hair,
Dashed his hopes through the 'fog & tilthy air'.

In Umar can you see an AK. 47,
Even though his nature would book his berth in heaven,
As Prajwal was a Kawba from Nepal,
Whose sweet smile could charm them all.

Kshitij & Talwani talk of Assam & Tea,
Thank God they are not a heavy metal freaks,
And they neither had Ashish's long hair,
Who used a rubber band with great lane.

Well that leaves only poor me,
To describe myself is a difficult task,
And which by praise or under statement would not
like tomorrow
But surely was to proud be a member of this
memorable class.

Hitesh Mahajan

The Hunt

Time had once again arrived for the hunt. My affair with the sport of hunting began many years ago. A season of fishing and a season bird watching and I realised that such patience-requiring games were not for me. Then I discovered hunting. There was little I knew about hunting but, a few 'exploration hunts', and I knew that this was the sport for me.

The time had come for a change in our choice of hunting grounds. So we were heading to Karchend Zonda hills. A week before the event everyone worked in earnest. When we went hunting everyone went-man, woman, baby girl, baby boy, dog, cat, mouse etc. Yes it was an odd assemblage. It could be called a temporary shift to Eden. The womenfolk being the experts in the choice of fine food, began the preparation of gourmet dishes. The men frantically repaired the equipment which was in a state of dilapidation.

D-Day finally arrived. The proposed hunt aroused much enthusiasm in the family. We set out to our destination at dawn, when the grey sky was gently illuminated by the winter sun, a ball of red which rose from the evergreen hills. The journey by horse was uneventful. We pitched camp in a state of delirious excitement but, soon before anyone knew, we were fast asleep. Sure, the journey had taken its toll.

The next morning saw everyone spirited and happy. The silence was broken every now and then with cries of "Hunters of the world unite, Lets all be ready to fight every small or big game in sight, so that in the night we can have a merry time, right?" The women stayed in the tents to prepare the aromatic delights. The children, being children, behaved like children (puzzling isn't it?) and drove everyone round the bend. They were here, they were there, they were everywhere at the same time. Their clothes were bespattered with mud. Poor mothers!

Visualising himself as Corbett or a local hunting legend, Karma, rode into the wood. By noon we had gone our separate ways. I personally saw myself the God of hunting and felt a certain pity for the animals who would be my prey. Fate was definitely not on my side because no game seemed to be mine. How could I show my face? Fowl, pleasant and a few other chicken-like things passed my way. But I guess the real chicken was me. My gun didn't stir and every creature survived.

This was a distressing moment for me. My abomination for hunting slowly grew. Finally came a majestic and elegant deer. My, oh, my what could be better than a deer strapped on the back of your horse. Well, frankly, a deer strapped to the back of your horse is better than any. My, oh, my deer. You agree don't you? I forced myself to concede that I had missed. I slowly started to lose faith in handling the blunderbuss. Infact my performance was a debacle. Was I that bad a hunter? Well I am certainly not a great hunter, for at the end of the day all I had was a small rabbit. I did not know what to do with it! Should I abandon it? Should I take it along and give others the chance to ridicule me and my 'cute catch'. I took it, with the proverb "Something is better than nothing", to console me. Moreover the rabbit in aspic sounds yum.

Back at camp everyone was already in a festive mood. A few of my peers had advanced to the point of piping bamboo pipes and some were already wandering around. As for me, I was, you know a bit shy. After all I only had a, you know, a small 'cute' rabbit. Someone spotted me and called out in a sing-song tone 'Hey where have you been great hunter of hunters?' This phrase 'hunter of hunters' made me go red. There was virtually nothing to mitigate my anguish. Another shot out, 'what have you got, a deer, a tiger, an elephant?' Everyone burst into laughter. What could I do? With that sinking feeling in my gut, I slowly produced my..... On seeing my prize everyone clapped and there was a lot of 'wows', 'ahs', 'ohs' from the audience. I soon found that I was the only person who had brought home something!

Well, talk about an unlucky day. This turned out to be a memorable hunt. After all I was the star huntsman. The beast was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Before I slept I thanked the element that was really responsible for my success. Thank you Mr. small-cute-rabbit.

Hunters of the world unite
Let us be merry tonight,
We are all ready to fight,
Any game in sight,
So that in the night,
We can have a merry time time, right!

Wanchuk Toddjen
XII

Contd. from Page.....1

whack and broke into pieces. It was the red face of the Headmaster then and the clipped announcement a couple of days later at Assembly, "The Activity Centre will remain closed till timings for its use, have been fixed."

While on the topic of loss, it has been reported

that a lot of library books have not been returned, simple words, they have been lost. This is a loss to the school and, ultimately to the Welhamites, who are being deprived of many knowledgeable and interesting books for reading. C'mon guys, knowledge is sharing and the LRC is ours, so make it a point to return the books.

Adieu till the next issue.

Prashant Goenka

Sports Trivia

The Inter-house (Sr.) Cricket matches have begun. The first match was played between Cauvery and Jamuna. The Cauvery innings started on a sad note as their dashing opener, Varun Lamba, got out in the initial stages of the match. Jairaj Singh and Surya Todi laid the foundation of the Cauvery innings. Surya Todi scored a quick 23 runs while Jairaj played a flamboyant knock of 41. The Jamuna bowling attack failed miserably as the Cauvery batsmen played them with ease. Later, Manish Kumar and Gaurav Jain helped Cauvery to pile up a huge total of 173 runs. This pair took quick singles and added 70 runs to their team's total. Manish scored 32 and Gaurav a quick 40, studded with a six and a couple of fours.

The Jamuna batsmen were unable to defend their wickets. Bowlers Chirdeep, Varun Lamba and Gaurav Jain did a good job. Gaurav Jain bowled very well bagging 3 wickets. He was assisted by Varun Lamba who bowled economically and took two wickets. Ritesh Tiwari and Gaurav Singhal also took two wickets each. At the end of Jamuna's innings, the score board read a meagre 89 runs. Only Ran Vijay Lamba played a respectable knock for Jamuna.

In the next match Krishna faced Ganga. Krishna was put into bat. The opening stand between Ankur

Nigam and Rajesh Sehgal fetched 60 valuable runs before Ankur was run out. He made 19 runs. Ranvijay carried his bat through the innings and played a steady knock of 56 runs. The batsmen at the other end failed to support him. Krishna put up a target of 124 runs for Ganga. The Ganga bowlers bowled extremely well with Ashish Dangwal taking 3 wickets. Vidura and Vijay Sushant took 2 wickets each while Shantanu and Anirudh bowled economically taking 1 wicket each.

Ganga received a major jolt when their promising opener, Vijay Sushant, was run out for duck. Everything looked lost when their next 3 batsmen got out. However, Mohit Mehta came in and handled the situation fairly well. When he left on 21 all the burden fell on Vidura and Pratya. They put up a good show and together took Ganga to victory with an unbeaten partnership of 70 runs. Vidura scored a patient 28 while Pratya added a quick fire-40. The Krishna bowlers did fairly well with Rajesh Sehgal and Aneesh Kapoor bagging two wickets each.

The rest of the matches will be played after exams and Mid-term-Break. Till then, Good bye-

Gaurav Jain

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