

## THE OLIPHANT

No. 143

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

25th August 1993

### THINK ABOUT IT

*The first step towards madness is to think oneself wise.*

—Fernando De Rojas

The School opened after a long, enjoyable summer holiday. From the cosy and comfortable home to the arduous routine of the school. And from the entertaining Star Plus and MTV, back to Mathematics and Economics. Back to the same old classes and dining hall smelling of mouthwatering food. A big change in atmosphere and the need to adjust. But Welham's flexibility is such that even the most homesick boy can completely settle down in a few days.

The soccer season has already started. Boys can be seen in the rain filled field equipped with their latest football shoes. After a big doze of prime sports at home our young footballers are trying to imitate their European and American favourites. Some try to dribble their way through the whole field of defenders to score the goal-a-la Maradona, but hopefully not a Hand of God case in the end. Others try to shoot at the goal from acute angles like Van Baster, and some from long distances like the Germans. Occasionally a more experienced player can be seen trying the Pele bicycle kick. After so much of inspiration the goalkeeper has a very hard time being like the legendary Yan Baster.



The Activity Centre has a new look from the inside. Fitted with the most sophisticated and latest light and sound equipment, it looks quite impressive. The stage too with curtains and overhead lights and microphones looks fantastic. The gym has also been improved with new carpetting. The centre with its sound proof facility, is certainly one of the best of its kind in the town.

The beginning of the term is not a bad time to think of a few interesting things. Class XII, popularly known as the privileged class of the school has indeed been given a few additional privileges. For example, the C.C.A.'s have been made optional for them owing to the pressure of studies, and they are allowed outings on every Sunday. Every Welhamites' dream is of being in class XII. The impending board examinations accord them cooperation and the attention of teachers. Being the senior most boys in the school, they have been given more responsibilities. But it is to be remembered that privileges should be respected and the responsibilities given carried out with expected self discipline.

□ Prashant Goenka

# Welham Now !

1. A few changes have taken place in School. The Music Rooms (above Woodseats) have been shifted to the former Table Tennis room. The area above Woodseats has been converted into four spacious apartments for the teachers. The Dining Hall has been painted, and is now again bright and cheerful.
2. There have been additions to our staff and cheerful Mr. Anuj Saxena has joined as a teacher for Computer Science, Mr. S.K. Bakshi the English Department and is the staff representative of the Oliphant board, Mrs. and Mr. C. Sunderaj as Junior School Teacher and Accounts Officer respectively and Mr. Jagjit Singh (Ex-School Captain '83) will be teaching EVS and Art. We wish them a happy and long stay at Welham.
3. Mr. D.K. Jain, teacher of Computer Science has joined O.N.G.C., Dehra Dun and Miss N Puri the British Embassy School, New Delhi. We wish them all the best for the future.

□

## Literary Affairs

### 'THE TRAP'

One fine morning as I was sitting in my office sipping hot coffee, a woman came in. She was in her early twenties, her hair was blonde and she had eyes like forget-me-not's.

She was obviously very agitated and as she spoke tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. She spoke nervously and haltingly, "My husband.....died last week he was.....a heart patient, he had an attack on the night of twenty-first December according to Roger.....our family doctor, however, my husband was poisoned. I have come here for help. Please help me find my husband's murderer."

I asked for the details and her name and address and told her to relax. She left quietly thanking me several times as she shut the door. From my window I saw her get into a waiting taxi and speeding down Trunk Road. I lay back on my chair and closed my eyes, thinking about my next move. Whole day I studied the case. The next day I got up early. It was dull and cloudy. After a quick shave and change I gulped my coffee hurriedly, munched some biscuits and clattered down the stairs. I was nervous and excited as I got into my brand new Mercedes Benz (bought with my savings of many years) and sped down Trunk Road to solve my latest case. In the area I was known as Sherlock Holmes for I was reputed to be the best detective around. My real name is John Perot.

After a fifteen minutes drive I stopped to check the address. I was indeed on 8, Turner Road; and not far from where I was, I could see 'Roselynn', the house, grim and unkept with an evergrown garden in front. I pressed on my acceleration and as I neared the gate

a thin, suspicious looking man leapt out of nowhere and opened it. Even the front door was open ! I entered a dark room only to realise that I had driven to my own death or had I ?

The door closed behind me. A single bulb shone on an evil face, a familiar evil face, Rochester's face. Rochester was the jewel thief. I had put him jail fifteen years ago, he never thought he would get caught, he was livid, he had vowed to take revenge.

The curtain behind him moved and the pretty woman who had visited my office the previous day emerged. She looked even more attractive with that crooked, triumphant smile on her face.

"I've got you John Perot", Rochester growled, approaching me with menace on his face and a pistol in his hand. "Not yet" I shouted "Not yet Rochester."

Just then through the main door, eight plain clothes policemen trooped in. Rochester dropped his pistol out of sheer shock. Both he and the woman did not struggle, they knew their game was up.

"How did you guess ?" Rochester muttered.

"I guessed because unlike you I am very thorough Rochester, your pretty accomplice's sob story disturbed me as I knew nobody died in this area during the past two months. Then I knew you were out of jail and I was waiting.....well, bye Rochester--off you go where you belong." I said and walked out of the house.

Another case of mine had been solved, successfully. This time I even escaped a sinister trap.....

□ Salim K. Singh  
VIII-A

## GOD'S WONDERFUL CREATION

*When our world was full of dull things,  
God began to work,  
To make the King of all living beings,  
A days job he did not shirk.*

*The fairies all came to enquire,  
About this very new creation,  
He asked them to guess what it was,  
Which was a true sensation.*

*The clues given were very clear,  
Sending him to earth was very risky,  
Coz he could do all but good,  
As god said he was very frisky.*

*In the period of his austere teachers,  
He can take a very sound nap,  
Without letting his teachers know,  
Through several periods without a gap.*

*If sleeping is difficult,  
He will preferably choose to bunk,  
Thinking that he knows all,  
And what teachers give is all junk.*

*What about missing classes,  
He can even bunk the school,  
Teachers, prefects and the Principal,  
There is no one whom he cannot fool.*

*For hours together during assembly,  
He can continuously stand,  
Whispering and not falling prey to prefects,  
Is the work of his left hand.*

*He likes doing all but studying,  
At the dining table he's a glutton,  
He will eat just anything,  
Egg, fish, chicken or mutton.*

*"Now give in your answers," said God,  
And then the anxiety grew,  
All tried to guess in their manner,  
But what it was, no one knew.*

*In proving themselves right,  
All got into a quarrel,  
Some said Hardy and some laurel,  
Till God told them not to fight.  
"It can run, sleep, eat and bite,  
It's just an ordinary Welhamite!"*

☐ Amber (X-B)

## THE SOUL CAGES

*He's all alone, the world's hostile,  
Not an adult, he's still a child.  
To whom will he go, where will he cry?  
Out in the streets, No! He won't be shy.*

*Where will he eat, where'll he sleep?  
Lost in the town, he begins to weep.  
One takes pity, gives him a dime,  
As for the others, they got no time.*

*He's had his share of grief and woe,  
He wants a friend, had enough of foes.  
Without success, he's searched the town,  
Got a kick from here, and there a frown.*

*He yearns to be rich, may be he can,  
From scorn and hatred, he always ran.  
Dreams to have a car and servants by his side,  
Is there anyone there who can turn the tide.*

*Life is bad, worse than hell,  
This to the world, he wants to yell.  
He's desperate for love, he wanna break free,  
So finally one day, he hung himself from a tree.*

*Thus came to an end, the life of a boy,  
With whom the rest of the world played cry.  
He missed all the fun, he missed all the joy,  
He is as you'd call him, a poor orphan boy.*

☐ Ankur Nigam  
(600 X-B)

## THE END

*As we rise from rounded dormancy,  
Fury, slimy, segmented, segregated creatures,  
Green, sleepy, slothy beings;  
We know not what our future is,  
Born unto this world with congenital orders,  
We know not what love is.*

*No one to chide us, and yet so bound  
It's a battle, only the toughest survive,  
And as we go on with monotonous eating;  
Monstrous, thick' flabby creatures,  
So near our end, and yet not knowing it;  
We have only our small eyes to see the  
spectrum of the wide world.*

*In time, all we know is the great green monotony.*

*As we reach the flurry of activity....., it all ends,  
We look for a perch in the tree of life, the highest,  
And when we find it,...we stop, we are stopped.  
Content, and yet not content with what we are.*

*We sleep, an eternal sleep, for the first and last time,  
bound to our successful perch in a suffocating shell,  
dormancy comes once again, and yet  
and as we sleep, a new life is born, somewhere.....  
we have paid for our green sins,  
as we die, we know not what we are;  
or what we will be in our next lives.....*

☐ Sudeep (X)

## AVALANCHE

One of the most valuable possession of Europe are the Alps. There is no doubt that the Alps are one of the most beautiful sight in the world. They attract a large number of tourists, sportsmen and adventurers who find great thrill in scaling its owe inspiring peaks. During summer thousands retire to these mountains. In the winter of 1990. I with my friends had gone to the Swiss Alps. We stayed at the skiing resort of Val d' Iserre. We waited for the weather to improve and the snow storm to cease so that we could go out skiing and to enjoy ourselves. There were many people in the dining room and the atmosphere was happy we were talking about where we could go skiing. Suddenly all talk stopped—there was a rumbling sound. The noise was deafening and somebody screamed, "Its an avalanche." I just had the time to dive against the wall for protection. Then a great wall of snow burst through the door and hit me. I was submerged and remembered no more until I woke up at a neighbouring house. It was pitch dark except for a little moonlight and there was dead silence. I thought about my friends I found a flashlight lying on a nearby shelf I found my way to the skii resort—Only to see a gory sight. The dining room was totally destroyed and its walls were splattered with blood of the victim. The room was mount full of snow. I heard a faint voice calling out to me from the entrance. It was my friend Rohan. We took metal plates and dug for survivors. Soon the rescue team joined us. I heard Vivek calling out. We helped him to come out of the snow. He was taken to a nearby hospital. I heaved a sigh of relief. My friends

were safe. Then Earth removing equipment was brought and trained dogs to sniff out bodies from the snow. I helped the rescue team search and found 17 bodies after 2 hours of digging.

After a few days when Vivek Rohan, and had recovered from our injures bites we went skiing Before we left the place we were thanked by the authorities for the helping hand that we gave them. We have once been to the Alps quite a number of times, which have been memorabe and happier events than the incident deseribed above.

☐ Varun Puri  
(VIII)

## REPORT

Independence Day was celebrated with great enthusiasm. The Junior School cleaned the campus around their hostels, Seniors under the supervision of teachers served the Welham Community. Few boys also went to the Chesire Homes and distributed sweets to the inmates. I am sure the boys are happy to have done good work. Flag hoisting was followed by singing of the National Anthem. The principal in his speech asked us to remember the sacrifice of those great people who lost their lives for the national cause and our freedom. The school captain then read out his speech, in which he encouraged the boys to be useful citizens and patriots. The choir, which included Mr. Walia and Mr. Nagalia sang a famous patriotic song "Akaash-Ganga," which was highly appreciated.

☐ Simran Nurpuri  
(XII)

## Birds of the Doon Valley

The Doon Valley has been a centre for learning since ancient times. Surrounded by mountains in the North and South, the valley is an even veritable paradise on earth due to its natural beauty of forests, rivers and streams, which have been giving refuge to many species of birds and animals. Dehra Dun could be even called a heaven for nature lovers. There are 400 species of resident as well as migratory birds taking refuge in our valley, besides numerous mammals and reptiles.

In the summer months the breeding season of certain birds begins. If one looks around in trees and bushes then he could very well see birds actively involved in nest building and nesting.

Birdwatching is a very exciting hobby. It needs little effort, it can be practiced anywhere and at any age, in cities, meadows and even in our own school campus. All one needs to be a bird watcher is patience and a keen sense of observation and of course a field guide book on birds, which helps in identifying birds. Birds can be identified by their calls, colour of beaks and legs, motion of their flight and also by their plumage.

In the breeding season, if you do bird-watching on an early morning in the school campus then you can see atleast more than 40 species of birds. You could hear the harsh calls of Black Drongos scooping in the air for dragon flies in the back field, Magpie Robins singing from their favourite tree tops, uttering a plaintive swee-ee and a harsh chur-r, see the common Grey Hornbills flying over the Silver Oaks behind the Dining Hall where they nest in natural tree hollows and easily identified with black and white curved bill surmounted by a casque and long graduated tail, see the flocks of Jungle Babblers hop about on the ground amongst fallen leaves in the Riverside Garden looking for moths and other insects, see the Spotted Munias building their nests in dense undergrowth, the Spotted Owlets easily identified by white spots at the breast, staring yellow eyes and which are about the size of a Common Myna. They start returning to their nest holes in the trees of the hospital garden for the day as down breaks. These and many other birds can be seen as mornings are the best time to do birdwatching.

Also in the evenings one could find the Pariah Kites roosting on the Eucalyptus and Silver Oak trees. As the Sun sets the nightjars, owls and other nocturnal

birds are out for hunt and one can then spot them near the Peacock stage.

Birds are amazing creatures having the ability to fly. If you happen to pass by a bulbul's nest and scare it away from its nest containing eggs then you will see that it tries to attract the predator's attention towards itself by acting as if one of its wing has got damaged and is an easy catch, but once you approach it then it flies off to a nearby perch. This shows that birds have some sense of identification and are protective towards their young.

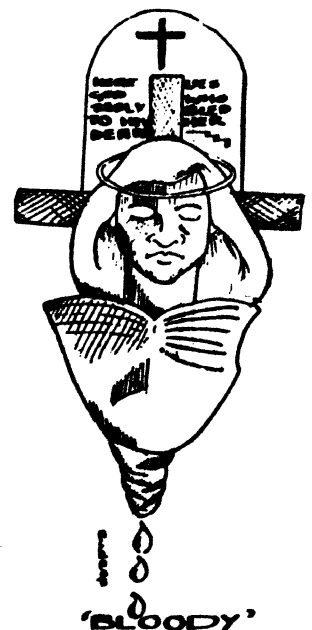
In the nesting season (breeding season) if you are lucky enough to find a lapwing's nest in our school's 'Open Field' where they search for food, then you can very well predict if the monsoons will be a success or a failure. Because over the years ornithologists have made keen observations on the Lapwing, known to many of us as "Tituri" or the bird which calls 'Did-you-do-it'. They have found that by seeing the level of its nest one can predict the amount of rainfall which will take place during the monsoons because the higher the nest from the ground the more the rainfall is likely to occur.

At the end of the summer months, and during the monsoon the bird population increases and many chicks can be seen with their parents being given guidance in flying, finding food & warmth.

*Cond. page.....6*

Bloody (Swear word),

Many swear words one distorted versions of older expressions such as 'struth' from 'God's truth' and 'bloody' came from 'by our Lady'. It probably means what it says, how ever, since blood is a fearsome yet vital thing, it is likely, that the curse was influenced by some swearword 's'blood' meaning 'by God's blood.'



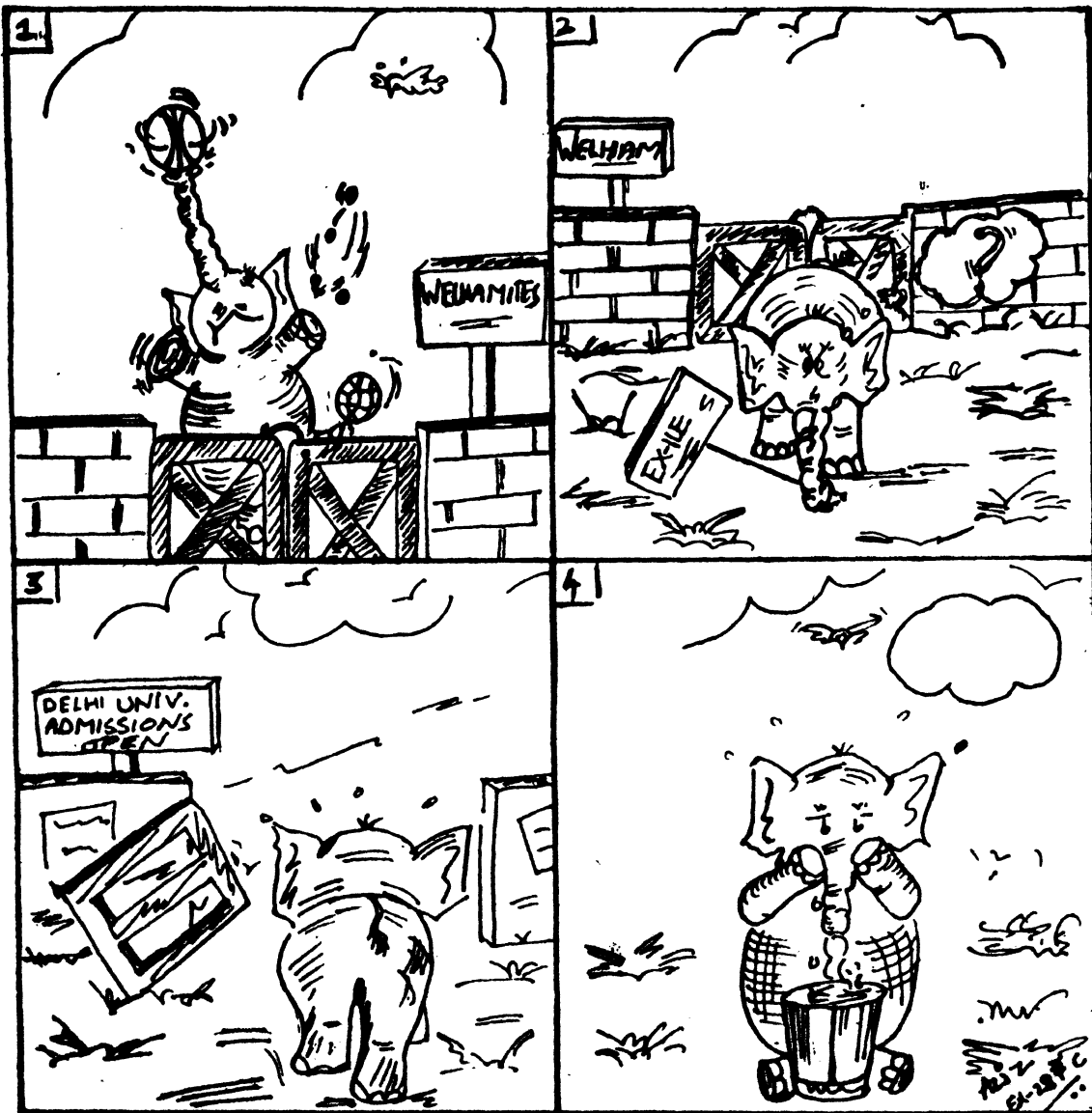
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As winter approaches the migratory birds fly over the Himalayas from the Northern lands into the Indian Subcontinent (Winter Migration). And the intervening countries these birds travel over is called a 'passage migrant'. But on the way there are many casualties because of hunting and only the lucky ones are able to migrate. On checking their passports (identification rings on the legs) one finds coots from China, Teals from Europe, Wagtails from Afghanistan, Geese, Cranes, Owls, Eagles and many other birds from Siberia. Bird Migration takes place due to

the change in seasons, so that when the Northern parts of the earth become cold then these birds fly over to the hotter regions towards the Southern lands to find food to feed on.

And now you can look forward in the next few months for migratory birds, some of them flying very high from the Northern countries to our valley; then will be accompanying you for your mid-term break if you happen to go to any sanctuary or a lake.

□ Digvijay Lamba  
(VII)



MISS YOU WELHAM!

Contributed by : Aziz Rawat (Ex C 287)

# **'The Psychedelic Creation's Creator'**

*Let the lid of perceptions  
Burst open slowly.  
Take in the Hallucinations  
Of the insane, Illusionary  
Unreal Realistic visions.*



*Thrust the 'Psychedelic Creation's'  
Creator to  
Initiate the fantasy of Creation.  
Reach the high  
Higher, Highest sky  
Fly!  
Give way to a world of  
New Dimensions—  
of Light, Music, colour,  
Distant, from the actuality.*

*'The false psychoactive',  
Steals the quiet mind.  
From the high sky  
You dive,  
In deep waters of the sea.  
'The dark' disguised with fake energy  
It shows bright.  
Is actually—  
'The black Darkness'*

*Finally it's the edge,  
Time for the "end to take over!  
Away, away from it—  
you run  
But, darkness has to shatter  
With a single  
Ray of the Real Fiery  
Sun.*

*The False structures you  
created  
Raw energies you  
generated  
Crash down, to the ground  
Leave, leave it there  
Or bury it deep.*

*One Again Rise—  
Realize,  
You have to take the Reality,  
You are the 'Truth'  
and not the Fake.  
Then, you see the past  
As a Dream, dream—  
Dreamt and lost.  
Dream the true sense  
shall never make,*

*Leave the 'Psychedelic Creations'  
Creator Behind  
Let it run,  
Free the Mind!*

☐ Saurabh Narang

★ ★ ★

Acknowledgement : Received with grateful thanks a collection of new books as a gift from Mr. Lalit Narula-Trustee, a very welcome addition to the Learning Research Centre.

☐

## Ringside View

There has been the expected spur in our sporting activities as the term commenced. It is to be recorded that during the Summer Vacations, two Welhamites made a mark at the state under-19 Basketball Championships and rewrote the Welham Basketball history.

Siddhant Sharma (Lovish) and Samarth Singh qualified for the Uttar Pradesh Basketball under-19 trials. Siddhant and Samarth had to undergo several tests before they were chosen to represent the under-19 Uttar Pradesh Basketball team. Both the players exhibited a superb game in the Dehra Dun District Basketball Tournament, in which they were selected in the Inter-District Championship, Siddhant displayed tremendous shooting power and netted in several baskets. Samarth impressed everyone with his game. Dehra Dun stood 3rd in the Championships. Samarth and Siddhant were then chosen to represent Uttar Pradesh. The credit for this honourable distinction achieved goes to Mr. Vachani who encouraged and coached them enthusiastically. A pity that our promising players - Akshi Saxena and Nitesh Bajpai could not attend the Basketball trials as they were suffering from injuries. We all should be proud of this tremendous achievement. Samarth at a young age of 13 has set an inspiring example for all Welhamites and has proved that age is no hurdle to success. The selection of these players should boost the confidence of the juniors and should motivate them to achieve greater heights at Basketball.

The school soccer captain Mohit Mehta has started vigorous practice under the supervision of a NIS coach. Welham played its first match of the season against Jaipuria School, Kanpur on 10th August. With only three days of practice, Welham played a satisfactory game against their opponents. Our forwards - Jayendra Shah and Prashant Singh played well. Welham's defence was particularly very strong as Davinder Pal and Vijay Sushant foiled all the moves of our opponents. Welham could not utilize the services of its soccer captain who could not play due to injury. The match resulted in a draw.

On the same day, Jaipuria School Kanpur, played a Basketball match against us in our Activity

Centre. Welham dominated the match right from the beginning. Sanjay did an excellent job in the defence while Samarth scored more than 30 points. Welham easily vanquished their opponents with the score reading 88-16 in favour of Welham.

It was for the first time ever that the Welham Volleyball Open Championship was held last term. Any team could take part provided it did not represent more than two school team players. Teams like 'Winners', 'Tuskers', 'Crazy Kids' etc. took active part with boys from class 6 to 12.

This tournament is the brainchild of the Welham Volleyball Captain - Vidura Bahadur. The aim is to promote the sport in School. Chirdeep Parasher, Tapan Kuniyal, Vidura, Abhishek Mohan, Jagmeet Kohli, Shaad Ali and Apurva Patodia exhibited marvellous expertise. The juniors also played with enthusiasm. Players like - Yashab Zia, Shariq Ansari, Ajay Kumar, Ashok Roy and Parivesh Kumar came into limelight. Mr. Painnuli, Mr. Basu, Mr. Sameer Thakur and Mr. Maneesh Thapa were amongst the many teachers who actively took part in the tournament. 'Tuskers' emerged winners as they beat 'winners' in a nail biting match in the finals. The tournament was a success, considering that this was our first effort. It is intended that this fixture will be an annual event.

Some sport's awards, awarded at the special assembly, last term.

Hockey Colours :

1. Jairaj Singh
2. Mohit Mehta
3. Vijay Nishant
4. Prashant Singh

Cricket Colours :

1. Shaad Ali
2. Mohit Mehta
3. Jairaj Singh
4. Varun Lamba

Best All rounder of the year 1993-94—Shaad Ali

Best Bowler of the year 1993-94—Shantanu Singh

Best Batsman of the year 1993-94—Vijay Sushant

Table Tennis Colours :

1. Ramanpreet Hora
2. Sunit Mehta

Sport Scarf for the year 1993—Jairaj Singh

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