

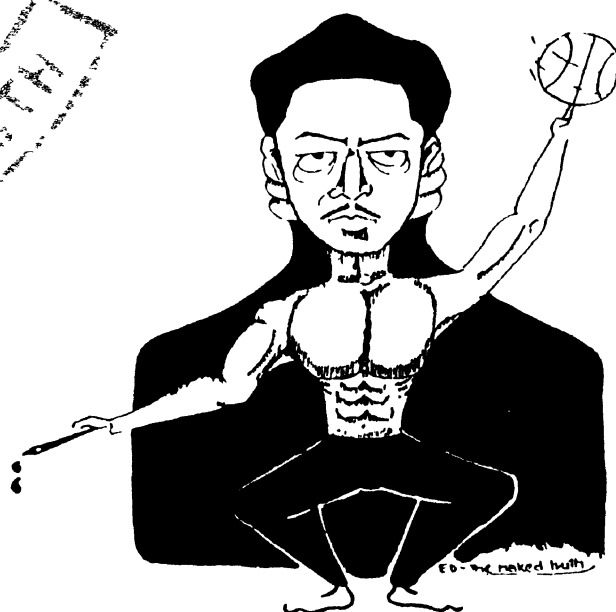
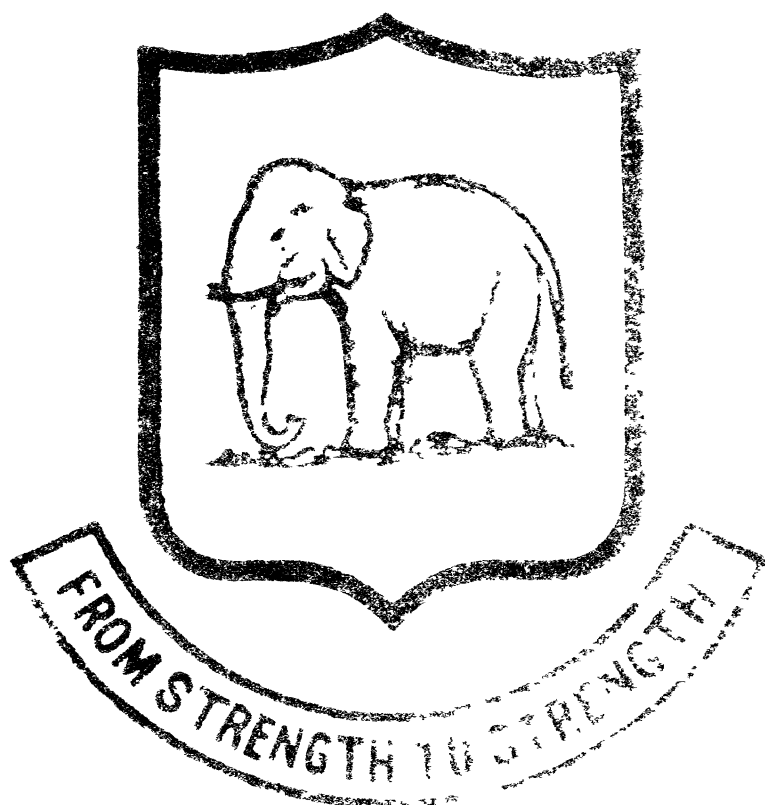
THE OLIPHANT

No. 159

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

29th October, 1994

Founder's Day Special Number



Think About It

A man is not necessarily intelligent because he has plenty of ideas, any more than he is a good general because he has plenty of soldiers.

— Chamfort

EDITORIAL

Here I sit helping two members of the board type my last editorial. Well, it feels great to be an Ex-Ed in one way but in another I know I'll miss it. Well, I leave that for the end. To talk of more pleasant things, its Founders' again and the time for most of the guys to be looking forward to something. Nothing much though, for me. The boring speeches, all those vague plays and all those parents making the school look more like a Gaulish Village.

With the change in routine, which everybody enjoys, except for the stiff collar marching. That's all part of it. I really don't blame the authorities for anything (at least not while I am in school).

Well, I became the editor last year and believe me it is not easy, especially when you have the staff rep chasing you around the campus. When I come to think of it, the computer designer is becoming more of a pest than anything else (I consider the mosquitoes lucky). Whatever they did, the issue was always on time and I am not to be blamed for anything that went wrong. It is he who made The Oliphant, the Oliphant.

I've gone through a series of changes, ever since I became more popular as 'The Ed'. New hair styles and obviously the increasing thickness of my glasses. I fumble reading my own editorial. I really don't blame the typists for not understanding my so very illegible scrawl.

Now that Founders' is here and of course nearly gone, everything in school should be prim and proper. It

won't be for too long, knowing the class eleven and the bunch of scoping rascallions. Their time has come and I'm sure they're looking forward to the coming term. They have all my condolences. Its hard to believe I've survived as 'The Ed', living in an environment of the kind prevailing in class twelve. I am one of the school vandals, as the very frank 'Grape Fan' called me. I thank him/her for such publicity.

The letters to me in all the issues were varied and ranged from the controversial to the absurd. God knows who wrote them. I advise my successor to avoid anonymous letters. They do become quite embarrassing at times. The caterer, I pity him. I certainly owe him an apology, not only for the milk but also for the many letters about him. As my tenure ends I would like all letters about him to be stopped because it somehow overexpresses our love for him.

Now that I'm coming to the end of all this writing, I must give a few explanations and a vote of thanksgiving, as they put it during Founders', to all my fellow members and my readers. This isn't as amusing as all the other editorials but it does make me feel a little sad about leaving. I still have four months in school and hopefully I'll get to see some Shakespeares' in the making, in the issues to come.

That's all I can think of. It's only a quarter to twelve and its time to listen to some Deep Purple !

Adios Forever !

-- Kirtiman Singh

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

The Macintosh seems to be the new love apart from the L.R.C., the Activity Centre and of course the Squash Courts for the Principal. We had done all the work on the AT for the Founder's Day issue of the magazine when the principal decided to get the Macintosh fixed and made us redo everything on his beloved. We sincerely hope that he will not acquire a super computer while we exist.

Yours Wearily,

Sudeep and Ankur

Ed- I only have four months to go. You have a year and a half.

Dear Sir,

This letter is to inform you about the disgusting letters written to you.

I suggest you should employ a censorship board for your board. The column gets more and more vulgar by the day and the boys seem to be taking too much of an interest in it. It would be wiser to print the addresses of the people across the road than these revolting letters.

If your board is desperate for such a column, why don't they concoct the letters themselves. I suggest you hold an opinion poll to decide whether the existing members are competent enough to exist.

Yours Faithfully,

A Gentleman

Ed- Agreed, agreed! But if I do so

openly then I will be strangled. So, in the end I'd like to say that it seems that your sense of humour died the minute you were born.

Dear Ed,

The staff rep. seems to be one in a million. He's a really nice guy but we seem to be having a problem with his censoring so we decided to write this letter to include what was excluded. Sameer was described as a promising lover, not actor. Gaurav told us something in an intoxicated not candid manner (Don't look amazed, it's all coming next to this).

Yours Boldly,

Sudeep and Ankur

Ed- You have ***** (cut) GUTS.

Darling Kirti,

Honey, I received your letter yesterday. It was great hearing from you as you are an essentially quiet person.

What I do not like about your magazine is the publicity to those guys and affairs. I hope that we shall never be caught in such a situation. Our dreams of touching the skies together shall be shattered.

I often remember your Van Damme physique and your charming smile. I hope that you will write soon as I will be waiting (You know I will) patiently at the mailbox.

Yours With Love,

Kirti(female)

Ed- WHO'S THE PUBLISHER????

Dear Editor,

I have been trying to guess who writes the letters to the Editor. There's a rumour that they are concocted by you. Is it true??

Is your magazine so unpopular that nobody wants to write even a letter to you. You sure must be getting a whole lot of hate-mail. It wouldn't be too bad an idea to publish atleast some of them. It wouldn't be a bad idea either, if you wrote letters from you to you.

Do you censor letters written about yourself. I find it difficult to believe that you address hate-mail to yourself. Are you only allowed to write the editorial that you have to write the letters so that atleast some of your work is published.

Yours Zapped,

Amazing

Ed- Shut up and mind your own business. Answers to your questions will be given in the next issue. By then it will not make a difference.

Dear Ed,

We are on a mission to write the world's longest and most meaningless letter and would request your full co-operation. I agree we've written one letter toomany already but since we are the censors, we decided to hog the limelight. After all, Founder's is here and so will the chief-guest.

In the office it's pretty warm and cosy. We just had a very unpleasant experience of a bat flying around the room thanks to an open door and Batman's cloak. Perhaps the affinity towards it's like drew it closer.

Hey! Incidentally, did we just prove wrong the theory of repelling of

like charges. Just check and let us know. We would be grateful.

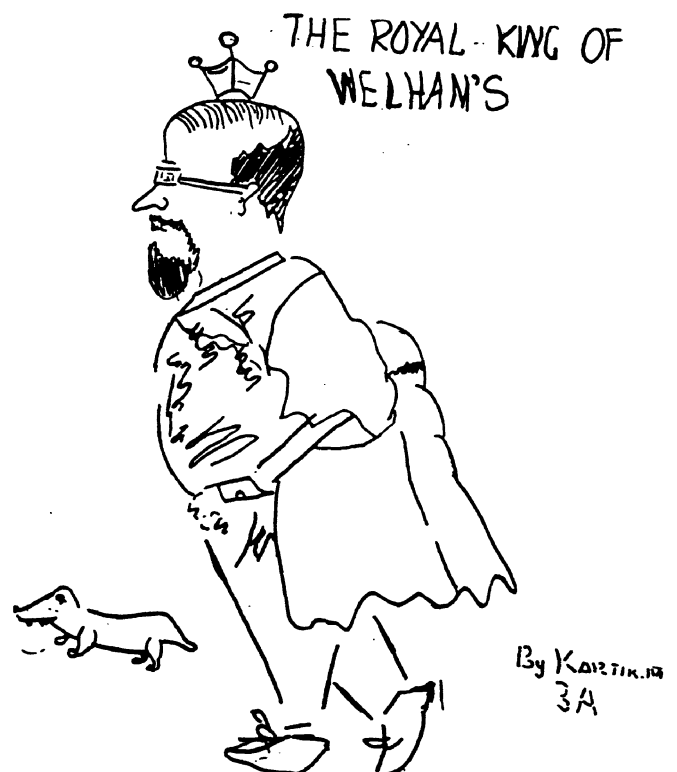
Ankur is typing in a vest and freezing his head off and I look like an over-dressed Eskimo sitting in the Principal's igloo. Actually the part about the vest is putting it very lightly. Ankur has this complex of flexing his biceps while working and he thinks he can scare me.

Actually, Sudeep suffers from a complex. I'm just a decent guy who hates over-exposed flesh. Can you imagine, the nerve of the guy to tell me that all he had to do make little of my biceps was to remove his shirt. Agreed he goes to the gym but that's no reason to tease me. Ankur, I caught you flicking the gym keys. If you hadn't been a pal, I would have made mince-meat of you there and then. So from next time.....

Yours The Stinkers (not me),

Sudeep & Ankur

Ed- Why was I in Gorakhpur?????



LAMPOON

Founder's is a time for merry-making and fun but there is a definite increase in tension. Everyone is bothered about how many of their charts will be put up. Are their parents going to come? Are they going to get good-looking girls to dance with in the jam-session? How many bottles of beer are they going to win? And where is all that bubbly stuff going to go?

Unfortunately, there will be no Fete this time. So no wine, women and song. Since the best thing about the Founder's is missing, the surplus attention is now diverted to various other, impressive activities. A considerable amount of excitement can be seen in the Biology Department, The Art school, The Physics Laboratory and the notoriously smelly Chemistry Laboratory. Last but not the least, there is also the Broken Hearts Society or the Dead Poets Society. All those expecting girlfriends and sisters of friends in school and the friends of sisters will be dismally disappointed.

In the Bio lab, the doctors and the surgeons in the making seem to be creating havoc. If Green Peace came to know about the number of rats and rabbits dissected for the Founder's day exhibition they would probably be banning the use of Welham as an institution. All those with a phobia for blood created a pain in the shoulders for us guys who were working on the *Oliphant*, in the nearby computer room (Thank god we got the Mac now and we're pretty far from (un)civilisation). We had to carry a number of guys in dead faints across to the hospital who just could not see those cute white mice being executed without even a chance to escape the sharp edges of the scalpel (The amount of chloroform used probably kills them anyway). Chefs in the making were found roasting the much sought after delicacy, frog legs. Even the poochy coochy rabbits weren't spared. May God give peace

to the departed souls.

The Chem lab also seems to be intent on suffocating the population of the school with the intolerable stench of Hydrogen Sulphide. The inside of the Chem lab resembles a Nazi war camp rather than an institutional lab. Guys donning lab-coats with Dr. Zhivago embroidered on them resemble the Nazis in the gas chambers. Most of the guys are put to death completing charts in time for Founder's. And when the teacher is not around, guys play the fool with explosive amounts of Sodium. Some over eager scientific prodigies even go to the extent of looking for Cesium. One particularly eager scientist distributes his time between the Bio-lab and the Chem-lab trying to find a cure for A.I.D.S. (Acquired In Doon School). One guy tried to make Aqua Regia (which is a substance which dissolves everything) and thought it didn't work. When he threw his key into it and was keenly observing the reactions taking place in the acid, what he didn't notice was a drop of that stuff on his tie. He realised the knot was the only thing left on his tie.

There was a lull in the activities of the Physics lab. Everyone was waiting for an apple to fall on their heads which would move their creative instincts and incite them to work. Another extremely intelligent gentleman from P.H. tried to prove Archimedes wrong when he was in class nine. He is now having a tiff with his teachers on an everyday basis since he thinks all of them are wrong. To occupy his time, he is now trying to prove Newton's law of gravity wrong. His weight helps him quite a bit. Bernoulli's principle seems to be helping him to smoothly sway his way through the I.S.C. course.

The Computer Department is definitely making progress. With the new Mac which is the heart and pride of the Princi.

The *Oliphant* was done on the computer anyway but now it has gone a step further. It is now designed and typed on the Mac and the guy who's typing this article is pretty kicked about using the *Italics* facility that it provides besides a host of other options. The P.C room is also bustling with excitement these days. Everybody tries to get in to use the A.C facilities it provides even though it is winter. They improve their reflexes by playing a variety of difficult games. And now to 'get away' from the computer room to the Art school.

The Art school seems to have turned nocturnal. It is always open till past midnight and a lot of things apart from artistic awareness keep them there. For instance the provision of coffee and being excused for the

first two classes. The Art exhibition is usually the most successful and hopefully it will be this year too.

Last but not the least are the plays. The actors seem quite overtaxed with practice and rehearsals. They are back from the play at eleven and are excused from practically everything.

Everybody works to lay it on thick with the teachers and satisfy their parents, which is not too bad an accusation. In the end we always have the best exhibition which illustrates the hard work put in by the guys.

Signing off for now and hoping that you and your parents have an excellent Founder's. Until next time.....

-- Sudeep & Ankur
Class XI

LITERARY AFFAIRS OBITUARY



'Another one gone, another one gone, another one bites the dust.'

Another bunch of board weirdos take the plunge into the obscurity provided by the ISC. Every batch is pretty reluctant to let go their control over the press and so is this one. After a year of gruelling battles of submitting articles on time, their tenure has finally ended. It has resulted in a more improved *Oliphant* at the end of the year. It has also left four of the ex-contributors suffering from acute exhaustion and without the freedom to edit letters about their girlfriends (Sorry Sameer, you too Jayant). It also leaves us without bruises from whippings which we endured at the bringing out of every *Oliphant*.

Kirtiman Singh proved to have an

excellent pair of hands not only at basketball but also at writing. He provided the much needed humour after a relatively boring previous year. Kirti was often put in the hot seat by a persistent grape fan who kept a watch on his barbarious activities in the dining hall. The famous 'Am I a cow' joke came to the limelight once again after his appointment. He was the last of all the contributors to give in his editorial which needed at least five experts to decipher his writing. One such expert even wondered whether that was English or a strange form of 'Bhojpuri'. The Editorial Anthem during Kirti's tenure was 'Bhor Bhanghi aayee ke banayee ke'. He not only kept the staff rep. running after him, the caterer too hid behind a bearer

everytime Kirti was around. The orderly mess about him that we wrote about in the last issue is still the same. However, the hairdo has undergone a dramatic change. He now has a stubble on the wrong side of the face. The infamous laugh warned everybody who was around. His choice of music, however, was very different from his classmates. He loves Pink Floyd, Harry Belafonte, Ozzy Osbourne and Deep Purple to name a few. His sense of humour earned him the job of being PH's one man entertainment squad. We promised Kirti that during the next year, no letter about his artistic talent would be printed.

Jayant Gokhale was not only the hardworking and capable computer designer but also wrote under a Alan Parson's pseudonym. His girlfriend, however, gave him premature heart attacks and he is now balding (no wonder the change in his hairdo). His love affair seems to have got undeserved publicity from the two of us and we seem to have received undeserved curses. Jayant not only proved that he was a whiz at computers but also a great friend and a very nice guy otherwise. Jayant always managed to provide necessary entertainment on those boring Saturday nights when curfew was imposed and there were no movies. His affinity for 'Chai', like the two of us never seemed to have tanned him. To keep up his entertainer image like the Ed, he even went to the extent of making a guy change his hairdo to make him look like Tom Cruise (in Top Gun). The perfect and prefect example of the sixer language came through his numerous announcements and reprimands to many of us. He seems to have an uncanny sixth sense of sensing the presence of the Principal. He was one prefect who was always able to somehow maintain perfect co-ordination between academics and his duty and obviously, fun.

Once a bessotted girl asked us where he would be. We replied in chorus, "the gym" and she burst out laughing (we got the caning of our lives for that one). Thanks, Jayant for a great time.

The debating society was given a new impetus by the conscientious Sameer Gambhir. The school even managed to win their first debate though it did not compete for the trophy. He is not only a promising speaker but a promising actor as well. Jamuna house too, was on a winning streak during his tenure and won the inter-house one-act play competetion. He was awarded the prize for the Best Director and Best Actor. He could well be another Clint Eastwood in the making. Van Damme too, had his influences on this sober soul and the gym freaks saw a lot, not only of Sameer, but his body as well and believe us, he is ... OOOH ! However, the pronunciation of some words like pillow was broken into two syllables. Sameer is pretty unpopular with one guy for stealing the flame of his pre-teen years. He was particularly helpful in changing the system of giving class eleven a 'Ragra'. All the éleventhies are forever indebted to him. Due to Jayant and him being in the same room, the guys in 'Fleet' are always found cribbing about the choice of music they play. Every sunday morning the whole of class eleven wakes up to hear some loverboy crooning. Actually its also because Sundays are going out days and thats when they meet

Gaurav Wahi proved that he is a Marlon Brando in the making. He is a perfect example of the saying about Brando, "He gets girlfriends like ordering Chinese food". He is the most versatile member of the board, greatly assisting in all spheres. Apart from writing, he can play all the existing sports and proved that he could scare a whole lot of guys by practicing his swing at Golf in

the main field. In PH he proved to be a member of the TEG (thirty eggs gang). Every mini-canteen an eleventhly found out how tough it was to cook thirty eggs at a time for one guy. Believe us the TEG is pretty big. He once told us in an amazingly candid manner that he had plans to top the class in the ISC exam. He will always be a member of Welham Now and Forever.

It was great working under their literary genius. All readers of the Oliphant join us in thanking you for all that you did during the period under review.

— Sudeep & Ankur
Class XI

BEAUTIFUL IN MY EYES

We met in Anna Belles on New Year's eve,
And once we did, we just couldn't leave.
All of a sudden she was all that mattered,
To all her needs and wishes I catered.

She was as tall as I and very fair,
To say anything deeper, I would not dare.
I loved her more than I could care,
Everyone thought we made a lovely pair.

She was as crazy about me, as I was for her
Our love increased, year after year.
On every New Year's we'd celebrate,
And every year, she looked just great.

I was mad for her, I was head over heels,
Only now I know what being in love feels.
We'd talk on phone from night till dawn,
We broke all rules, we broke all norms.

We loved the way it was going on,
With her everyday of my life had shone.
We'd sit under trees and together dream,
That later on our life would become green.

One jolt from nature is all it would take,
And years of love and care would break.

We prayed for ourselves and for our
cherished love,
Oh! Bless both of us, Ye God above.

All that we wished was to be together,
Her skin to touch was soft as a feather.
We vowed that we'd never stay afar,
Whatever it was, there would never be a bar.

One day I heard, she was leaving the city,
I couldn't believe what I heard; Had she no pity?
She knew I couldn't stay without her for long,
But now I knew, I had been so wrong.

She was swept off her feet by some hulk of a guy,
What more could I do, I had to cry.
I remembered those moments and wept alone,
I felt secluded, I wanted to mourn.

I promised never to love again,
And if I would, it would be restrained.
I no longer believed that love could be shared,
Once deceived in love, the pain couldn't be beared.

But she will continue to remain the apple of my eye,
Even after the amount she has made me cry.
I know she was fake, I know she was lies,
But she will always be, "BEAUTIFUL IN MY EYES."

— Ankur Nigam
Class XI

LOVE

Adam and Eve created love,
Romeo and Juliet enjoyed it.
Heer and Ranjha died for it,
What about you and me?

-- Kumar Abhijeet
Class VIII

LOVE AT LAST

I had never understood what love really was,
For as often as I had tried,
I was left confused and lost.
And all I did was sit and cry.

There came a point I had tried so hard,
That I decided to give up,
To be just another love-sick fool.
Another who waged the battle and lost.

I had nearly resigned myself to my fate,
When life sprang on me, one of its surprises
One of those who really appreciate,
And soon, I was entangled in true love's
intoxicating web.

It was the first time for me,
So I took it like a youth's first drink,
So drunk was I, that I felt high in the sky.

Was it true?
Is this what love is, I asked.
All that I got in reply,
Was love..... is love..... is love.

I drank so deeply from love's pot of wine,
That I felt I had all what was mine.
I had her and she had me,
And that was the way it was going to be.

I had fallen in love and knew it was real,
A sense of fulfilment grew in me.
As I realised that this was what I had
always wanted,
A web that was such that you didn't want
to break free.

Love had always eluded me in the past,
But no more as I had conquered it at last.
And now that I know, I'll never let it go,
Hoping that the winds of love will con-
tinue to blow.

-- Rumaan Kidwai
Class X

SHE

She was a beauty to my eyes,
She was a blessing to my sighs.
She was the person I adored,
There was no one much more.

My love for her was blind,
She was always on my mind.
Finally she gave me the sign,
Believe me, it was one of its kind.

My anxiousness made me jump with joy,
Just like a ten year old boy.
The next day was fixed a date,
But to my surprise she was late.

I gave it a thought and wondered why,
Could it be that she was shy?
Suddenly! The telephone rang,
And the news pierced my ears,
And made me burst into tears.
I ran as fast as I could,
And when I saw her she lay on wood.

I screamed my lungs out what happened,
But no one replied as if her death were
they sad.
I fell to my knees like a piece of cloth,
And cried all I could on that very spot.

She was a thing so rare,
A treasure you couldn't compare.

-- Zayed Khan
Class X

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like Arithmetic,
Friends to add, enemies to subtract.
Sorrows to divide.....
Friendship is like a China cup,
Costly rich and rare.
Once it is broken,
Can it be mended?

-- Kumar Abhijeet
Class VIII

TRUTH (Looking Beyond the Tangled Web)

The aim of the world
Is to reveal and illuminate
Spoken and heard, the word
Can construct or annihilate
But, Alas! We make it meaningless
By abusing it for some reason
Best known to us; senseless!
Foolishness rules...
A major problem no less!

--Ashish Sharma
(Computer Department)

MUMBLINGS OF AN ATHEIST

I am crying. I don't know why but I am. Tears aren't rolling but I am crying. I wonder why? I am not crying for myself; that I have already done and I am sure that I am crying for somebody else. I don't know why. I don't know for whom I am doing this and now it sounds funny. No, not funny, stupid; insane. Why am I sulking for someone I don't know or maybe I do. Whoever sulked for me in times of pain and suffering that I am sulking for somebody. I don't know what to do. It's as if I am being forced to do something which my soul tells me to do but my mind refrains from. It's weird. I can't eat, I can't drink. Nor can I sleep or stay awake or stay awake because the thought keeps returning. Why do I want to labour and look for a reward? Why have I continued to pray for the past eleven years when I don't mean it. My soul does, yes, but I don't. Not a word, who says there is God? What proof has he got? Has he seen him or he too has got the same stereo-typical answer that so many millions do. 'God is everywhere. He is omnipresent. Whatever he does is for the better.' If I believe this then it means that there is no bad person in this world because whatever that person does is by the order of God. That

means if the only son of an aged widow dies, it is supposed to be beneficial for her. Is that the meaning of God? Are rapes done by the order of God? Are murders committed by the order of God? Do we malign people by the order of God? Of course you'd say no. Some would probably catch my collar. Has God told them to do this? How can you believe in something you haven't even seen... or heard? It's amazing how gullible human folk are. Living in the 'Jet-age' and believing in what they only heard. Isn't it amazing? Downright stupid to do a thing as foolish as that. Goes the popular saying, "God made man, unfortunately man made God." It's true how we have concocted so many 'species' of the 'Almighty' as they call him. Did he teach everybody to discriminate? The subject gets more and more complicated as we dip further into it. It's like the sky. The more we travel the more it seems. the greater height we achieve, it still seems higher but do you find any trace of Him up there? What would you say to that? Is He invisible? Can he not be felt? Can't He be accessible? Can't a mourner talk to Him and relieve his worries? Well, you can surely do that with your mother or father, can't you? Of course you can. In that case your parents should be your God, your benefactors should be your God. I hope you can make at least some sense of what I'm writing. Not many will.....

-- Ankur Nigam
Class XI



THE WRESTLER

I am 1-2-3 Kid. My weight is 25 Kgs and my height is 125 cms. I had a fight with Bret the Hitman Hart. I was hurt badly and Bret Hitman Hart won the match. Bret Hart is my best friend because he loves children. My style in wrestling is a back-kick. I learnt Karate from my master. I am Nine Hart's friend even though he is Bret Hart's brother. Nine Hart is the King of Harts. Nine Hart and Bret Hart and I are friends. I like wrestling very much.

-- Siddharth Thakur
Class I

ON A PICNIC

One day I went out for a picnic with my cousins to a beautiful spot near a river. We swam in a shallow part of the river and had a lot of fun. After some time we came out of the river to have our lunch. After lunch was over I noticed something. It was a hole near a tree. I told my cousins and we all went into that hole with torches in our hands. The hole was very big. When we reached the end of the hole we found a big box. We took stones and hit the lock. The lock broke. We opened the box. We found precious stones and jewels in it. We took the box to the police station and gave it to the police officer. He said, "You have found the jewels and the precious stones that were robbed from the bank last week. Here is Rs 1 lakh as a reward." We went home happily. What an adventure I had!

-- Ayush Agarwal
Class III-B

AN ADVENTURE

One day when I was in a restaurant, I heard two men whispering to each other. One man whispered, "Jack has not come and we have to make a plan to rob house number 3 in Happy Colony." I listened with astonishment.

When they had finished talking, they got up and went away but they stopped at the door and looked at each other. The other man said, "But what about Jack?"

"Oh, don't bother about him. We will not give him his share."

They started walking again and I followed them. But they had a car and they drove away. Luckily I had a notebook in my hand. I quickly copied the car's number and ran to the police station. There was a police inspector there and I told him the whole story. I gave him the number of the car. At first he did not believe me. Then he said that he would try to catch the thieves.

I went home satisfied and told my parents about the adventure.

Some days later, some policemen came and reported that the thieves had been caught. The owner of the house in which the robbery would have taken place thanked me. I will never forget the adventure I had.

-- Raunaq Agarwal
Class VII

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

It is not easy to live near the dirty streets of Deewan Ka Bazaar. This was the place where Birju and his eight year old son Raju lived. They stayed in a one room house which had a small kitchen in one of its corners and two mats to sleep, on the other. The white walls of the house had eventually turned dirty grey. Series of these type of house were connected by a non-metalled road. Instead of visualising the beauty of the

Himalayas or the clear waters of the Ganges, one could only see water trickling down the municipal tap or the dirty drains running near the houses.

Raju was a small boy with dark complexion. even though he was quite young, he had the mental calibre of an adult. He would never cajole his father to buy him toys for he knew that his father could not afford more than two meals a day. But of course, today was an exception . Poor though he was, he did not complain of his poverty. Raju's mother died soon after his birth. It is rightly said that no-one's love and affection can compensate for the love that a mother gives to her child.

In the morning Raju made tea for his father, who then went to his small shop while Raju went to the playground to play.

There was a vast stretch of barren land with no trees. Boys of all ages from the neighbourhood would come there to play. Since they were poor they could not afford expensive equipment, but would play Kabaddi or Kho-Kho. They would also run around and compete with each other. Though Raju was not that fast as compared to the other boys but he was very flexible. He would awe his companions by doing a cart wheel or by walking on his hands. Soon enough his clothes became dirty and his face smeared with dirt.

Raju went to the small stream nearby to clean himself. There he took off his clothes and went to swim in the stream as usual. The water was greenish in colour because it was a mixture of clean water and the pollutants released by a chemical industry nearby.

After a couple of hours Raju and his mates went to stroll in the local bazaar. Raju was amazed at seeing the sweet shops and the beautifully decorated shops. All kinds of streamers hung from one side of the shop to the other. It seemed as if the shopkeepers had paid more attention on decorating the shops rather than on their goods. It was six o'clock by then. The streets of the bazaar

were lit by bulbs and sodium lights. Raju was filled with ecstasy on seeing the spectacular scene of the bazaar.

By then it was time to go home. Raju was least enthusiastic to go home for he knew that he would be severely beaten for staying out the whole day. Eventually he went home. Within no time he heard the noise of banging of the doors with the clattering of steel plates. Birju came stumbling in with a pitcher of toddy in his hand. On seeing Raju he started slapping him and abusing him. Raju freed himself from the clutches of his father and hurriedly left the room with tears in his eyes.

He sits under a street lamp where he spends his evenings thinking of his future. He gazes at the street lamp and starts thinking of what the future has in store for him, he thinks of his mother who would have perhaps changed his life completely. For children like Raju, life's like that..... directionless.

-- Sachin Dhir
Class X

WELHAM IS DIFFERENT VIEWS OF NEW BOYS IN CLASS ELEVEN

"In my opinion its different, yes its quite different ; my life today compared to my previous school life is totally different, and I am satisfied. I had no individuality earlier and was lost in that large body of students. In my previous school few knew me, juniors had no respect for their seniors. Here you get respect and importance. The Principal and the teachers are friendly and helpful.

Before joining Welham I was nervous and tense. Many questions arose in my mind. How would the students react to me ? What would the teachers' attitude towards me be? What kind of accomodation and food would I get ? Welham has provided me with more

than what I had expected. I feel that I am now prepared to face the world."

-- Inupreet Singh Chadha
Class XI

"I joined Welham in March this year. Now that I have settled down and am familiar with my new school and its environment, I realise that there are quite a number of differences which distinguish Welham from my previous school. At Welham we are closer to the teachers and to the students. Respect is accorded to seniors as a matter of right. Sports are many and active participation is encouraged. The Prefects have been given greater responsibility and authority.

I am enjoying my stay at Welham but on occasions I do miss my old school which was a day school. Indeed I miss my old friends, I am not denying that I have made and I am still making new friends at Welham."

-- Mohit Manchanda
Class XI

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TEACHING

There are very few people who decide to teach and those who do, surprise everyone. Teaching is no longer considered a vocation, everyone and everything has become so professional. No teacher sees himself as a sort of Peter the Fisherman netting souls for salvation. We no longer have teachers who believe in the aphorism, "Violence is the last resort of the incompetent."

I have decided to illustrate the methods of one teacher who managed to drill the difference between weather and climate into my head. A teacher who's sarcasm and humour have seen many of our brothers and fathers pass out of school and none of them dared to sleep during his class. None of us have dared to cut class when he is taking it

and none of us have acted too clever. In his class as B.C says, "A pseudo intellectual is an intellectual who thinks he knows the meaning of pseudo." It is the Head I'm talking about.

He offers a choice of languages while teaching, Hindi, Punjabi and a bit of Kenyan too. You've got to get used to the phrase, "Eh! Hero." You've got to control yourself when he says, "As my limited knowledge of Geometry or what I recall of it, tells me that ladies and gentleman this is a square."

Like Macavity, "When you think he's half asleep he's always wide awake." There is a story that the Head often brought a mug of steaming hot coffee to an after breakfast class. The 'starving barbarians' challenged someone in the front row to take a sip of his coffee while the Head was teaching. While the Head was supposedly lost in writing the differences between weather and climate. A boy sneaked over his desk to get to the coffee. He managed to get the mug into his hands and was about to take a sip when the Head without turning said, "Son, there is no sugar in it!"

While teaching the boys how altitude affected temperature he said, "Sardarji, you are looking very clever today. Now answer my question."

"When altitude increases, does it get hotter or colder?"

Sardarji looked zapped. "Arre yaar, when you go higher into the hills does it get hotter or colder?"

Now, Sardarji thought that Mr. Kandhari is asking the question so there must be a catch in it. So he answered confidently, "Hotter, Sir."

"Why?" asked the amused Head.

So Sardarji replied, "Because it's closer to the sun."

"Sit down, sit down. I'm not saying you're wrong. Now, your answer means that when I'm in Mussoorie, I can roam around in a T-shirt and shorts and while I'm on Mount Everest I can bask in my under-

wear."

One father who is an Ex-Dosco was shocked to read his son's report. The Head had stated, "Cleverer than his father."

Some of our teachers are cool, some unbelievably tolerant, some gentle, some boring but good and some hilarious. Their method vary. They are all very good. But I hope we shall have many more teachers like the Head who shall take the school 'From Strength to Strength.'

—The L.A. Woman
(for Sudeep Chaudhuri)

HOW I SPENT MY LAST VACATION

My father had promised that he would let me join my friends on a trip to the Nursery Rhyme Land during my winter vacations. As the vacations drew nearer, our excitement grew. We made a list of things which we would require and booked our tickets on Wiz's magic carpet service.

The following monday we were sitting on over-stuffed cushions on flight 2000 to Nursery Rhyme Land. It was very warm for a winters' day but it was not usual because the weather was as changeable as a weather cock in Jujinsuko over which we were flying at the moment. The strong wind drowned the buzzing sound of the powerful jet-air propellers. It was wonderful to feel the wind rushing through my hair. Fluffy white clouds whizzed past us and some baby clouds even flew into our laps and travelled some distance with us before dropping far down into the vast sea of air below.

All of a sudden we saw a massive pair of golden gates; intricately carved. As our carpet approached a neon sign, above it flashed a message to our pilot to insert his flight identification card in the micro-computer slot. After all the neccessary documents had been examined by the monstrous

computer with the blinking red and green screen, the gates opened automatically and we entered a fabulous world. When we landed at the carpet port, we trekked with our ruck-sacks through the soft green grass towards the Hayworth style because we did not want to take a pony cart.

It was splendid walking through the soft green grass which grew like a thick carpet. It was dotted with flowers. We met Red Riding Hood going to gather a bouquet of Buttercups from the nearby meadow. She invited us to tea in her grandmother's house and guided us to a beautiful site where we could camp in hired caravans. We thanked her and rushed off to look for the site.

Rahul went to the small cottage to meet the owner of the site. We were surprised to see Jack and Jill about to go up a hill to fetch a pail of water. They agreed to rent a caravan to us. The gaily painted caravans won our hearts. After we had settled into three caravans, we sat on toad-stools growing in circles in front of the caravan and sipped hot chocolate and ate fresh apples picked by Milind and Abhijeet. Suddenly Sudipto shouted and pointed towards the sky. We looked up just in time to see the Jersey Cow jump over the smiling face of the half moon. The sun grinned at this original sight. In the distance we saw the dish running away with the spoon and Papa, Mummy and Baby bear going for a walk. There would be plenty of time to meet them later so we strolled down to the river bed.

Rich chocolate sauce gushed over peppermint pebbles. Heart shaped sweets grew beside it and there was a tree laden with multi coloured candies on it.

Later Goldilocks came crying to us and we consoled her that it was not her fault at all that she had eaten Baby bear's porridge, broken his chair and slept in his soft bed. She gave us a radiant amile and hurried off to apologise to the bears. The next day we rented a clock work car from Noddy to go to Mathila where the Ms.Mathematica contest

was to be held. To gain permission for entry, we were told to recite the table of eighteen. Rahul, Milind and I managed to recite it and got a place in the front enclosure but Sudipto, Abhijeet and Arjun could not, so they were refused permission. After solving a unitary method problem mentally, they were allowed to enter but they had to sit on the last bench.

It was a very interesting function; at the end of the two hour paegent we had more knowledge of the Maths world. In a final question round which captured the crown for Ms.Sine, each of the three finalists were asked to solve an algebric problem orally.

Ms.Sine wept As she received her trophy from the outgoing Ms.Mathematica. Ms.Computica and Ms.Cacula Geometry were the first and the second runners up respectively.

Later, we attended a dinner given by the frog prince for his princess where we met Snow White and her prince Charming. We met Cinderella too who had come without her prince, because he had become a king.

The next day we met old Mrs.Haggard who had come to stock her larder because her cupboard was very bare. She requested us to go and help her friend, the old woman in the shoe, for a few hours. When we arrived she was sending all her children to bed because the were misbehaving as usual. Rahul and Sudipto found all the naughty kids and put them to sleep. Milind fixed the crooked chimney which had a tendency to fall. The three of us cleaned all the window panes. We requested Alice to wash the potatoes for her and the Tin Soldier to water her garden.

We were sad to leave this beautiful place with it's warm sunshine and cool scented breeze. Then we shook hands for the first time with Brer Rabbit at the Rose field. We were overwhelmed with joy when he gave us a pie and when Brer Bear gave us a bottle of pure honey.

As Wiz's Magic Carpet flew us back to cold wintry Earth, we looked back once again at the shiny golden gate. The smiling face of the sun seemed to be winking at me and on the other side the stars were nodding good bye. I waved to them. I was eager to tell my friends about my visit. My trip to the nursery Rhyme Land had been a most enjoyable trip indeed.

—Debashish Bannerjee
Class VIII

THE DAY THE LION ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO

One beautiful morning, my father decided to take my mother and me to the zoo. We went to the zoo by car. In the zoo I saw many birds and animals.

I saw a thin lion. It seemed as if it wanted to come out of the cage and go back to it's lovely jungle home. After some time the lion went and sat in the corner of the cage, looking very sad. Soon it was time for it's lunch. A man came and opened the door. He had a large piece of meat. He saw the lion sitting very still and went towards it to see if it was alright. Suddenly the lion attacked him and killed him. The lion came out of the cage. I stared at the dead man with my mouth open. The lion scared everyone and the people ran as fast as they could. Then it came towards me. I was staring at the dead man so I did not notice that the lion was just near me. Suddenly the lion roared. I looked up and saw the angry lion. My heart started beating fast. I ran to my father. My father snatched the zoo-keepers's pistol and aimed it at the lion. He fired into the air. The lion got scared and ran inside his cage.

Suddenly many men appeared. They locked the door of the cage. The people thanked my father for saving their lives. I felt proud of my father.

— Mohit Bansal
Class III

DUST

He was walking down, past a row of dilapidated houses, lost in thought. Thinking of what the future would be like. Would it be sad, dark, gloomy, pallid, monotonous like the past? The muscles in his cheeks hurt, he had been grinding his teeth for too long. He was sulking, which was not an uncommon habit, it was disliked by everyone. He seemed to enjoy sulking, it helped him think. It got him the attention from the people he wanted it from.

He was enjoying the walk, in his own sulky way. The gloomy unpredictable weather seemed to give him energy. The mist was thick, grey. There was no sound to be heard for miles and his foot falls seemed loud to him. He walked down the dim road alone, like he had done so many times in the past. Life was lonely, except for a good friend and a balding gent who was like a father to him. He was over protective where friends were concerned, that's why he had so few.

At a corner where there was usually no one except a few stray dogs and a litter of mangy kittens, sat an old man. He sat there, coughing, leaning against a lamp post that was probably as old and rusty as himself. He walked up to him and put a hand on his shoulder. He turned quickly taking him by surprise. He was ugly and he was caught staring at him. His eyes were sunken in as if they had been sucked inwards. The wrinkled skin around his eyes formed heavy bags with dark rings. Yet there was something in his magnetic blue eyes that drew him towards him. He was ugly no doubt, but he felt as if he had known him for years. His skin was almost translucent and there was an ugly twitch under his eye. He looked like a bag of bones. His skin, which was pallid and strangely coloured like leather drying in a tannery. He began to speak with a drawl. He liked people who drawled. This man sounded like rough metal being rubbed to-

gether.

"Its okay. I'm used to people staring. The Devil and God said the same thing when they kicked me out of their lairs, "You are far too ugly." So I'm back here in the middle of nowhere."

"What are you doing on this lonely road, its no place for a civilised man ? This settlement is deserted."

"Me. Civilised. Huh ! I am like you young man. Quite the contrary. Like you I think I'm the most civilised person, but I'm not. You are in trouble lad, I can tell, You are quite obviously sulking about something. Let me guess ?"

"Huh !", he laughed. This man who was a perfect stranger was going to tell him what was wrong with his life. " Go ahead.", he said eagerly.

"You have lost a friend, a good one. You are pretty surprised at the extent it can go to slur your image. You and it are after the same thing. Something you try your best to satisfy and it to impress. It wants it to satisfy itself and its pseudo ways. You are beginning to hate it. It is impossible to say anything against it. And it uses it to its advantage. Love keeps stopping you from doing something erratic. The something is all you have and you want to cling to it for the rest of your life. Unfortunately it has more access to it. It can protect it more. You cannot. A lot of things try and keep you away from it. Your care for its safety keeps you at bay. It takes advantage of it and tries its best in its pseudo ways to get it all for itself. Keep calm and wait. Your patience might let you win or it could do just the opposite. Certain events shall prove what I am saying or they might contradict me."

Saying this he melted into the mist. Never to be seen or heard of again. How he had told him the truth in such a bizarre mannner, no one will ever know. He had to write about it before he forgot so here he is finishing the strange, peculiar, eccentric, surprising, unaccountable work of fiction.

NATURE'S DIARY

Today we talk of inducing elements of Conservation, Education into even the informal system of education. Yet there was a time when conservation education in an informal sense was transmitted from one generation to another. The scenario then was different from the contemporary situation. On trees in wilderness then there dwelt owls and other predator birds. Many of these traditional trees were close to holy or dreaded place. They were a kind of forbidden area, protected by ghosts and spirits. But behind this was a sense of respect attached to these clusters. In areas which could otherwise have not grown grain and which gave shelter to the predators, birds preyed on rodents and reptiles and scavenged the area of conservation in the most closely knit web of harmonious existence.

The temples and holy places brooded over the world of nature like some presiding spirits. That perhaps was the theological-natural-onethological syndrome as many species of bird were enshrined as images of exquisite beauty in holy books.

A demoiselle crane or the Koonj was protected because in the folk song it came to areas in the North having fallen in love with some bird there. In the holy hymn of another saint the Koonj was a symbol of wanderlust, a restless spirit in Birha, separated from the Infinity. The bird was also a symbol of fate in that it left its chicks behind in the cold North to the divine care of the Great Creator Himself.

Around the temples and the Gurdwaras there dwelt in the trees and ponds birds like Snipes and Koots, Dabchicks and Lapwings, fraternised sometimes by snobbish Mallards, Teals and Pintails, wintering there year after year. But to harm even a tiny feather of a bird was a taboo and accursed be the man who hurt them. So, shy birds like

Mallards and the Greylag Geese became familiar winged companions, a part of the congregation of bipeds that assembled to pay homage to the Creator in a conservationist North-South dialogue.

Linkage between human beings and plants, between the man and the hunted, not only existed, but were a part of life and living, a part of humanistic faith. These were known and felt on the pulse or in the blood, but there were no words or text books for them. In that way of living even the superstitions had paradoxically some scientific bases. To kill a Hoopoe (Supposedly a bird in the previous incarnation having been nailed to death by her greedy inlaws) was a curse. Then there were no conservation statutes.

Then, that appearance of ants in the evening was welcomed by an offering of flour to them. Perhaps the ants had some kind of sensitivity to rising humidity in the air which by some kind of highly developed collators of data portended rain or clouds from one season to another. That was when people listened to the Pied Crested Cuckoo and the promise of monsoon clouds bringing nectar like drops to a parched landscape. Today the meteorological forecasts fail or are as non-committal as the birthday forecasts. The Pied Crested Cuckoo comes and does its uncanny weather forecast that go unheeded too. The Wagtails portending early or late arrival of winter, bow out of the human scenario and perhaps only some crazy old man in the village knows what they signify in the symphony of the seasons. Then conservation was not a conscious concern but a part of faith. There was no reasoning to it in clinical or systematic terms.

That was like reading the very book of life itself. The river and rains were like Gods and if they were angry they could be propitiated. The mood of the river, the curl

of the waves on its brow was a sign to watch. Every lad whether going to a formal system of education or not understood it. In turbulence the roar of the river at midnight was sign of the flood building up far away in the hills. The colour of its waves portended the rise or fall of the water level. Today these signs go unheeded. The rivers in many cases are dammed and perhaps damned too! They rise in fury and with the slap of their waves wipe out houses and hutments. The hydrological tests would perhaps forecast as much of the water levels of the river as the shades and hues and fading colours, the roar of thunder or the silent ripple on the face of the waves.

What does one infer from this ? The traditional pattern of living was based on a subtle and silent relationship of complete integration with nature. The only conservation instructions or education, if that be a correct description that the tradition had was the set of fables and folklore, the myths and superstitions. As against this we have today armed ourselves with words and vocabulary of conservation in the process have upset the linkages, though perhaps soothed ourselves with an air of pretended concern.

I am suggesting a great part of one's respects for values or conservation in the rural context sprung from traditional beliefs and text books, poems or fables. I am not again implying that we should use Keats' 'Nightingale' and Shelley's 'Skylark' as conservation poems. There is nevertheless need to build into our textual structures readable and suitable illustrated material which imparts lessons in a subtle manner relating both systems.

— Jagjit Singh

THE PATH OF A TIGER

Three miles from Bangalore lies the remote village of 'Anchetty'. The village, at one time used to abound with game. We lay

in wait for India's most majestic animal; The Tiger.

We sat down in a machan under the protected canopy of a huge Bhel. The sun's rays were faint. It was eight o'clock in the morning but it looked like late evening. Nearly all the tigers in this area had vanished due to poaching. Just a few tigers were left and we were hoping to catch a glimpse of atleast one of them. I, looked into the gauge of my camera; after twenty days of searching, we had just three minutes of film. The three minutes had been fleeting glimpses of the elusive feline. But tales of a leopard raiding a coop or a goat-shed were common. The villagers accepted it as a part of life. The villagers were scared of elephants, because they give meaning to the word 'destruction.'

I still remember the day when I saw my first tiger. It was mesmerising and stunning because everything happened so suddenly. I heard the call of a Kakar far away and after five minutes a herd of Sambhar and cheetals started giving their warning calls. The birds flew over our heads as if some predator was on the move. It could either be a leopard or a tiger, we hoped it was the latter. The lantana bush in front of us moved; it had to be a tiger. We saw him stepping out in to the October sun, his body rippling with muscles. He was well past his prime but had lost none of his majesty. The jungle was quiet. It seemed as if every animal bowed in respect to the King of the Jungle. The silence was soon broken by the sound of a jeep; We saw it coming into the open, and to my horror I saw the barrel of a .500 Express Double Barrel Rifle sticking out of the window. It went bang! The bullet struck the tiger in the shoulder. Death was instant. I heaved a heavy sigh and muttered, "Poachers....", the tiger had to shed it's blood to fill the craving of a rich house wife, or a flaunting businessman.

— Raihan Ahmed
Class VIII

WELHAM NOW

On the 2nd of October, a rather unusual amount of activity was seen on the campus (Where Social Service is concerned). On one hand, we were celebrating someone's birthday who practiced non-violence and on the other, we were doing some pretty violent stuff cleaning up the new Basketball courts. There were complaints of blisters and back-aches from the guys who used the so called 'swords'. Everybody from class six to twelve looked like a bunch of marauding Marathas. Everybody regretted the task as they were not allowed to go out due to the prevailing conditions in town. But there were no hard feelings at the end of the day. We were pretty happy that the principal couldn't come back due to the curfew.

The School Captain delivered an excellent speech on the occasion.

The school saw the boys of P.H. take over the jobs of the bearers for a night and they were pretty good at the job. However, nobody has plans to take it up as a profession. Service was much faster and the boys of middle school and junior school were pretty kicked about being served by the prefects and the senior most boys in school. The food was good and hot (for a change). The juniors suddenly found their appetites and gave the guys a tough time with their demands for puris.

Aziz Rawat and Vikrant Lamba (Batch of 92-93) visited the school at the beginning of the month. Aziz is presently studying in a fine arts college in Baroda. He gave the Art students a fairly descriptive lecture on entrance examinations to colleges like the one he is in. Vikrant Lamba played Soccer with the school team and proved that two years of college hadn't made him lose his touch. He found that his style of playing is still very popular among the juniors. They left as soon as the curfew was lifted.

The Science Quiz was held on the 1st of October and Jamuna lifted the trophy.

The various opens in sports were held during the fortnight. The Basketball Open received a mixed response. On one hand it received an overwhelming amount of entries, on the other, the principal called it a comic opera. The tennis open too, was held with great enthusiasm. A Badminton and Table Tennis open are also expected.

A series of Legacy documentaries were screened by the entertainment squad. The whole school was invited, however, only ten boys turned up.

A consignment of Liberty Footwear was donated to the school and were sold at a concessional rate to the boys. No wonder a lot of boys are seen donning the new wonders.

Till something else goes wrong,

-- Sudeep and Ankur

OLI ELE'S 1994 OCT CAMPS



RINGSIDE VIEW

The swimming season ended with the swimming and diving competitions. One got to see a range of the latest swim wear while waiting by the pool side. The standard of swimming has definitely declined over the past few years and one could tell the difference between the best and the rest. In the swimming competition, Jayant Gokhale dominated the Butterfly and Freestyle events. He was adjudged the best swimmer in section 'C'. Varun Puri helped Cauvery to clinch the trophy in section 'B'. He too, was adjudged the best swimmer in his section. Krishna house took advantage of being close to the pool and won the trophy in section 'A'. Manish Shrestha was the best swimmer among the boys of classes 6 and 7.

In the inter house diving competition, Krishna house once again proved to be unbeatable. They won the trophies in sections 'A' and 'C'. Jayant Gokhale maintaining his winning streak was judged the best diver in section 'C'. Cauvery house won the trophy in section 'B' thanks to Varun Puri once again who was adjudged the best diver from his section. In section 'A' Mukti Bikram Shah proved that Soccer was not the only thing he was good at by winning the award for the best diver.

The swimming season is now over and everybody is wearing pull-overs. However, when the Principal announced that the pool would be closed from Monday, one could hear a lot of ooh's and aaah's during

assembly and on Sunday. one could see boys trying to swim as much as they could before the dead line was over.

The Baskee open was organised with much pomp and splendour. After the week-long tournament, Siddhant Sharma and Kaushal Kishore emerged winners. In the finals they beat Akshi Saxena and Ashish Patodia by a wide margin.

The Tennis open had to be held on popular demand. There were an amazing amount of teams who entered and since all matches were held on a league basis, they took a long time to finish and the guys have only got to the semi-finals so far. Rohit Jaiswal and Gautam Khattar were the hot favourites and they have managed to reach the semis. The other two teams to enter the semis are Gaurav Wahi and Alok Mehta's Laurel and Hardy, Ankur Nigam and Prashant Singh's [V] and Aneesh Kapur and Harsh Bansal's The Team. Ankur & Prashant beat Gaurav and Alok in the first semi final and Harsh and Aneesh won the second.

There was nothing particularly interesting this fortnight as every body was busy with the Founder's day preparations.

We'll be back next fortnight with more news. Hope you have a sporty Founder's and are back to hear more from our desk.

Unsportingly Yours,

Sudeep and Ankur

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