

THE OLIPHANT

No. 165

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

April 4th, 1995

Think About It

THE EDITORIAL

*Sir, take this badge from me,
I can't use it any more,
Getting tough, too tough to write,
Feels like I'm gonna be knocking on the
Princi's door.*

*Sir, put my pens aground,
I can't write with them anymore,
He's like a coal black cloud coming down,
Feels like I'm gonna be knocking on the
Princi's door.*

The feeling of impending doom at another delayed issue seems to have brought the weight of the world down on a weak pair of shoulders. A dirty look from the Head at the breakfast table helped this ageing youth to bend his hunched spine to pick the buttercup of imagination. (It's taken a lot of fertiliser to get the darn thing to bloom!)

Changing class was the major cause of excitement on campus. There is a new 'Dean of Academics' The boys are taking their studies quite seriously and have adapted to the flawless time table and painful schedule. With the summer schedule one can excuse the Dean for dropping off to sleep at the breakfast table. One can see him in PH in the mornings trying to stir it's resident slob from their slumber. I hate to be repetitive but I wish he could help us get his colleauges off the main field! I would admire his zest for his job even more if he could. With the new summer schedule one finds himself punctually in the late book. I can't carry on with this, I must impose a curfew on my pen.

The rehearsals for the joint production are on with great zest and drive. When one is not absorbed in observing the idiocy of having a weighing scale in the middle of nowhere, one is generally enticed into making the world a 'lovely'

place. (The irony of having a weighing scale outside the dining hall is appealing. It's like an unpainted sign which says, " Watch your waist line.") The members of the cast are also involved in setting up a network of monkey mail for the outcasts. Developments have taken place in the play. Antonio, the notable pirate and saltwater thief has been sent to the gallows and now a re-incarnation haunts the stage. However, sarcasm and sense of humour seem to be coming in the way of being a little friendly. A number of the guys seem more interested in impressing and dreaming of love lives rather than just making friends.

They came, they saw, they conquered. In the wake of the passing out class XII seems to have done just that. The most important furnishings in the bathrooms of P.H are 'missing!'. However, descriptions of the destruction are somewhat exaggerated. The thing that comes most naturally to school society is accusing the boys of P.H or class XII for causing some sort of havoc on campus. Everyone of them got sentimental about the place they had called home for so many years. Promises of making sure the Oliphant got to them were made, but sticking to them will be difficult. Watching them feel school sick makes one realise that one has only one year left in this place.

History repeated itself this year at the mid terms as the Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas went seeking adventure on horse and donkey. (Unfortunately they were their own horses etc.) Trying to enjoy mid term in it's true spirit, some boys decided to rough it out on bicycles. They followed some long, weird, circuitous route. For the first two days they preferred to stand and eat their meals (like the platoon of Major Arseburn).

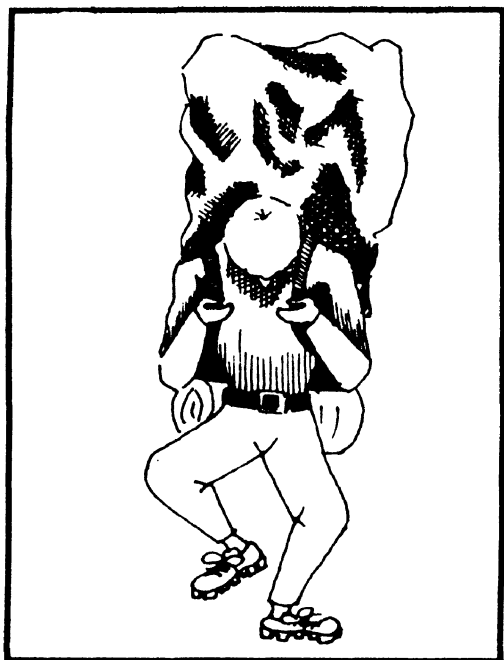
The majority of school population divided itself into two groups; one going to Dudhwa and the other to Jim Corbett. The Jim Corbett group are back preaching what they don't practice ie. Not littering

the place with un-recyclable products. One boy said he saw a tiger (?) and a brown deer which he didn't know the name of! (He was honest enough to admit it.)

Some went to ski down the virgin slopes of Auli. It gave them a feel of what Aspen and Vermont had in store for them in their brilliant futures. They've come back looking like tar-babies. It is particularly funny to see some one who's only got his nose sun-burnt.

The juniors seem pretty happy with their midterm trips too. They all seemed pretty kicked about all the 'tucks' they got. They have pumped in the necessary adrenalin in school life and their euphoric behaviour should inspire the sleepy heads of senior school.

A number of boys went river-running. They came back saying, "We had a 'good morning' as we made 'rapid' progress down the 'course'. We 'roller



coastered' into the 'wall' like 'three blind mice.' It was like being a rider on a 'storm.' We made our way down the 'Golf Course' quite easily. Doing a 'hole' (Course) in 'one' (day) was practi-

cally impossible. We were stuck in the mire of 'Danielle's Deep.' We looked for 'Black Money' at 'Port Blair.' The language above is impossible to decipher unless one has been to Rishikesh to go river rafting. It's a good trip because everyone gets blessed with his dips to bodysurf and all sins and sanities are washed away. But the part of the sins getting washed away does not apply to boarding school students. Someone once told me that if I took four dips in the holy river, I would be cleansed of all diseases. (I ended up with fever the next day.)

When one sees people rafting it looks quite easy, as easy as people find it to cross the main field. When you predict which raft is going to topple over the first rapid and it does not do just that, the sight of it easily bobbing over the water gives you a confidence which pep pills don't!! To be thrown in

to the ice cold water diminishes your faith in anything. It is the instructors who reassure you of the safety of the whole thing which is tough to admit with just a flimsy life jacket on. Instructors range from the polite soft spoken souls to the people who believe that everything should be double XX and their assurances also vary. Some say, "Please get into the raft, now." And guys who say, "Get your arse back in the raft you idiot."

Yours late-ly,

Sudeep.

New Arrivals at the Gaze Rack

Nature and Geography :-

Australia, *Twilight of the Dreamtime*
Rocky Mountain - Beaver Pond

Others :-

Another India - Nizzim Ezekiel
Abdus Salman - Jagjit Singh
A green history of the World - Clive Ponting
The Rise and the Fall of the Great Powers - Paul Kennedy

The Outsider - Colin Wilson

Panda's Thumb - More Reflections in Natural History - Stephen Jay Gould

Newton for Beginners - William Rankin

The Greatest Works of Khalil Gibran - Khalil Gibran

Rag Called Happiness - Nirmal Verma

Strange Pilgrims - Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Seven Pillars of Wisdom - T E Lawrence

The Tao of Pooh - Benjamin Hoff

Return of the Aryans - Bhagwan S Gidwani

The Ruskin Bond's Children Omnibus - Ruskin Bond

Field Marshall KM Carriappa: His life and Times - C B Khanduri

The Giant book of True Centre - Richard Glyn Jones

The Giant Book of Classic Chillers - Tim Haydock

The Incredible Adventures of Prof. Shonker - Satyajit Ray

The Life and Times of Nargis - T J S George

Spiced Laughter - Dalip Singh

Special Mention :-

The Lotus Career Counselling Encyclopaedia :

Vol A - Business Management, CA, Computers

Vol B - Journalism, Law, Civil Services

Vol C - Architecture, English, Hotel Management, Medicine

Vol D - Advertising, Beautician, Fashion Designing

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Fading of Indian Culture

Do you remember the Sadhu who could stop his heartbeats, who could stay alive without water for months, who could produce things by methods of which we have no knowledge? Yes, we are all aware of such happenings. But I suppose the younger Indian generation is inclined to get away from their 'glorious past.' Away from their own minds, from their own inherent spirit and mental ability. They think they are trying to develop their country from the poor, antisocial, unscientific, downtrodden entity to a country more like the Western world. They are Westernising our country and destroying its colourful culture.

Before any link was established between the east and the west, the state of mind of the Eastern people was superior to that of the Western. We had our spiritual philosophy while they had their materialistic, scientific thoughts. Our science was far developed than theirs. We found peace of mind more important than material gains in life. Through means like meditation and Yoga we developed the link with our Superior Power. The classical arts were well developed and we were no less advanced in the science of everyday life. There is mention of a 'Vimana', a flying machine in the 'Ramayana' whereas the so called developed countries couldn't even think of such an invention till the end of the nineteenth century. Our science was so developed that the ancient Indian scientific works baffle even today the most advanced people in their respective fields. One example is the accurate predictions of Solar and astrological movements in the Vedas.

One would wonder why people in India wear 'dhoti'. The reason is that the body surface is exposed to more Oxygen which results in healthier skin. Our Ayurvedic science used natural plants for the cure of diseases but the Western science has developed things that do cure the person but prove to be harmful to the environment. In ancient days our development was sustainable because we had lived in harmony with nature.

Western science has contributed to our comforts but for this we have to sacrifice nature. Can not one manage to live a life which is sustainable for the environment? Why do we need to use polluting vehicles, tons of wood for homes and houses, and waste paper?

People have now become sedate about the

Eastern science and myths. The further advancement (specially Biological sciences) should occur through the 'MIND' and not the 'BRAIN'.

Let us revive our lost science, The Science of the Vedas. The Supreme Science.

—The Unheard Reformer

An Abandoned Soul's Cry for Recognition

I've been left out in the cold once too often,
I've been left out in the cold too long,
Going from one doorstep to another,
Singing the same old song.

I've faced compassion, abuse and indifference,
But am still unrecognised, unclaimed, a loner.
People look through me as if I'm not there,
Many a times I have wondered aloud, "Where am I?
Oh! Where?"

It is a sort of netherworld,
Where we, the undead while away our time,
Till the Lord decides our destiny.
In the meanwhile, our predicament goes unnoticed.
But Lord, am I dead?

I remember times long ago,
A happy family had I,
Grandparents, parents and siblings to go,
But, those days are over.

Lord, my life of joy soon came to a halt,
When one day, I got out of bed to find my body where
it lay,
Around my body was my family, crying their hearts
out,

I ran to my mother to console her but couldn't.
I shouted myself hoarse but nobody heard,
Weeks and months of torture did I endure.
And to this day I, I roam the world in search of
recognition.

I make my presence felt in the cold wind that
sometimes blows in the summer,
Or in the ripples in a still pool,
In the rustling of leaves on a windless day,
And in the cry of a newborn child.

*I am everywhere, but yet nowhere,
I long to belong, to be accepted,
Lord call me up,
I have suffered enough.*

*—Rumiaan Kidwai
Class XI*

Dream

*I dreamt about a Dracula,
Nasty, wicked and ferocious,
And tall like a giant,
Teeth as sharp as a knife,
It ran towards me and I got a fright.
Caught hold of my arm,
I called out for help,
But everyone was fast asleep.
Nothing I could do except,
Drop tears like dewdrops.
But nothing came to life,
I woke like a frightened dog,
And found that it was all a dream.*

*—Paritosh Kumar
Class VI*

When I was left Alone in my House

*It was Tuesday. My father and my mother
had gone out. I was alone in my house. The time was
nine pm. I was feeling scared. Suddenly, the electric-
ity went off. Then in the kitchen something mysteri-
ous happened. "Aah", I thought. "A plate had fallen
down." Slowly, I went to the kitchen. My guess was
correct, but two eyes were shining. The eyes were
furious. I held my breath and I went in. When I
entered the kitchen, the electricity came back. Then
I laughed at myself because I saw a cat there.*

*—Virbhadra
Class VI*

James McLean

*I'll tell you the story of James McLean who
lived in the last house of Elm Street. He used to be
mischievous indeed and kicked the boys on their
knees. He used to shout and yell and scream, laugh
a horrible laugh and make them flee. He used to pull
their ears and scream and leave them on the street*

*to weep. They'd cry and cry and cry and weep but
James McLean wouldn't pay any heed. Until one day
the boys couldn't take any more and walked out
through their house's door and marched up to James
McLean's last house on Elm Street. They asked him
for an explanation, why they were being bullied and
made to cry. Now that rascal turned pale with fear
to see a crowd gather there. They socked him and
gave him a black eye and broke his teeth and made
him cry. He apologised with sorrow and pain and
never ever bullied them again.*

*—Sahil Vohra
Class VI*

Beauty

*One very striking quality of Beauty is that
it pleases us. It makes us feel happy, feel satisfied,
feel light. It strikes us with a force which cannot be
neglected. Beauty asks, "Hi there, observer! Feel
good, Eh?" And the observer replies, "You bet!" and
smiles.*

*What a thing is Beauty,
The joy it offers is pure and clean.
It exists as a presiding deity,
Everywhere, just waiting to be seen.*

*Those who see it are richer,
The wealth now is theirs.
Those who fail are poorer,
What a treasure, could be theirs!*

*—Mr. Ashish Sharma
(Computer Department)*

W.O.B.N.

*Simrin Dulat (Batch of 1984/Ex-159) and
his wife paid a visit to the school last week. He is
currently managing a hotel in Australia. His ad-
dress is :-*

*Res: 6,18 Regent Street,
Deewly, New South Wales 2099
Australia.
Tel : (02) 9722-892.
Off: Duty Manager,
The Waldore Hotel,
Sydney,
Australia.*

*Another visitor was Raghunandan Kakar
(Batch of 1987), Director of the Family Steel Com-
pany in Jullundhur.*

WELHAM NOW

1. Results of the Inter School English Elocution Contest (Juniors) :-

Individual Standing

Group 'B'

1st Eesha Sharma Welham Girls' High School
2nd Sahil Vohra Welham Boys' School
3rd Somya Bhatt Marshall School

Group 'A'

1st Saatvika Rai Welham Girls' High School
2nd Tanvi Tripathi Marshall School
3rd Monika Kukreti R.H.S

Final Standing

1st Welham Girls' High School
2nd Welham Boys' School
3rd Marshall School

2. Honorary Captain Mehanga Ram, our official PTI was awarded 'The Duke of Edinburgh's Award' on the 27th of February, 1995. Our congratulations.

3. The inter house Music Competition was held for Middle School on the 12th of March. Vinayak Mahendra stood first in the Tabla section and Archit Baweja in the Violin section. Sukant Goel with his melodious voice bagged the award for the Best Vocalist- Indian Classical and Sahil Vohra proved melodious too by getting first place in the Vocal section- Western.

Consolation prizes were awarded to Veer Bhadra for Flute and Sudarshan Poddar for Indian Classical Vocal. Nitin Batra was adjudged the Best at Congo. Toad Hall stood first both in Indian and Western choir and went home with the trophy. White House was the runner up.

4. There was a cricket match between the school senior team and the staff on the 1st of this month. The boys won.

5. The results of the Hindi Handwriting Competition are as follows:-

Section 'A'	Section 'B'
1st Gaurav Chaudhuri	1st Rahul Chauraria
2nd Gaurav Dubey	2nd Akshat Agarwal
3rd Abhinav Pathak	3rd Sandeep Jha

There were also two prizes for Best Handwriting in Nepali: the winners were:-

1st Bikash Guring
2nd Vishesh Shreshtha

6. The special Assembly was held on the 14th of March in front of the Open Air Stage. Many awards and prizes were distributed.

7. Mr. Bhushan was appointed the Dean of Academics by Mr. Kandhari.

8. The Mid term break started on the 15th of March and ended on the 19th. Some boys returned from Auli on the afternoon of the 31st of last month. They all seem to have had a good time.

9. The School Debating Society met on the 20th of March and some important issues were discussed. An extempore debate on the 28th of March was also held.

10. A new teacher, Mr. Alok Virmani has joined us and is teaching Commerce and Accounts to classes 11 and 12. We hope he has a good inning here at Welham.

11. A few new boys also joined school on the 23rd of this month. They seem to have settled and adapted themselves to the environment very well.

12. The percentage required for gaining distinction in examinations has now been raised from 75% to 85%.

13. Two new SUPWs, Computer Cataloguing and Computers Maintenance have been started by the Computer Department. The lists will be out on the notice boards very shortly.

14. Results of the 'Inter Class Hindi Elocution' for Middle School held recently are as follows:-

Class V : 1st Shubham Khanna
2nd Gaurav Malhotra
3rd Aditya Malhotra
Consolation prize : Paritosh Kumar

Class IV : 1st Atir Ansari
2nd Sukant Goel
3rd Neha Joshi
Consolation prize : Nitin.

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

God's Gift to Gopal

Once there was a man called Gopal. He was very poor. One day he went to the temple and prayed to God. Suddenly Vishnu Ji appeared. Gopal joined his hands and touched Vishnu Ji's feet and said, "God, I am hungry, I have not eaten from four days." Vishnu Ji gave him a magic pot and said, "If you are hungry say - Cook little pot- Cook." After sometime Vishnu Ji vanished. Gopal went home and he put the pot near him and said the magic words. Then lots of food appeared. He started eating. Gopal never felt hungry ever again.

—Varun Chaudhary
Class IIIA

Treasure Island

It was a dark, stormy night. The captain and his sailors were sailing to Treasure Island. For two years the captain had not succeeded in reaching Treasure Island. On the ship there was a sailor with one leg. And all he did the live long day was sing this song- '17 sailors on the ship, all sailing in the stormy night and a bottle of rum. Yo-Ho-Ho.' Suddenly the ship crashed against the mighty rock. The captain and some of his sailors jumped overboard and started swimming and to their surprise they reached an island.

The captain spotted a sign. On it, in large letters, was written- 2 miles to Treasure Island. They saw another sign which said- 6 feet deep treasure. Everybody started to dig. After two days of hard work, they saw a chest. They pulled it out with all their might. They opened it and all they found were bottle tops and bones.

The captain was disgusted. He said he would never come to Treasure Island again.

—Kartik Mahajan
Class IIIA

Eid

Eid is a festival of Muslims. When Ramzan starts we cannot eat anything after the sun rises. We can only eat after sunset. Muslims are not allowed

to drink wine and eat pork. When Ramzan finishes then Eid starts. If there is not a full moon at night we can not have Eid the next day. If there is a new moon at night, the next day we go to the mosque and pray to God. We hug each other and say 'Eid Mubaarak.'

—Zoheb Khan
Class II

The Faithful Donkey

Once there lived a poor woodcutter. He had a donkey. The donkey's name was Fido. Everyday the woodcutter loaded Fido with wood and took him to the market. In the market he sold the wood and returned home. Now when Fido was old the woodcutter thought that he would sell Fido and buy a new donkey.

The next day the woodcutter fell ill. He thought, "Now who'll take Fido to the market?" Fido thought that why shouldn't he please his master. So he loaded himself with all the cut wood and then he took the money bag in his mouth and went to the market.

The shopkeeper was friendly with Fido. So he unloaded the wood on Fido's back. Then he put the money in the money bag and gave Fido two carrots to eat. Then Fido went home. At home his master was looking for Fido. When Fido returned his master was delighted to see his money bag full of money. He said that he will never sell Fido and he kept his word.

—Saranbir Singh
Class IIIA

Who Am I

Everyone likes to cut me,
I am kind to them,
They are cruel to me.
Can you believe how bad I feel,
When they take my fruit for their meal.
Now you know, I am never free,
May I tell you, I am a tree.

—Anupam Bishwas
Class IIIA

The Titanic

The Titanic was a huge ship,
Floating on the sea.
The largest ship ever made,
But some people didn't believe me.

When it hit an iceberg,
It made a hole so big.
But when it sank,
No one could believe it.

When it went down,
No one could find it.
But then a man called Robert Ballard,
Decided to find it.

He tried and tried,
But it couldn't be found.
One day, at last it was discovered,
Lying under the sea,
All broken and wrecked as badly as it could be.

But Robert Ballard was not happy,
He wanted the ship to be lifted up as it was found.
But the people said it couldn't be,
So Robert Ballard left his dream.

—Mohit Bansal
III A

My Nightmare

I had a dream last night,
That gave me the fright of my life.
I saw a giant coming towards me,
With a stick to kill me.
I tried my best to run away
But the giant was too fast for me.

He caught me with his hand,
And said that he would take me to Giantland.
He would give me to his wife,
And she would cut me with a knife.
Then he would eat me up,
I would be tastier than a little pup.

Then I pleaded, "Let me go."
But he didn't let me go.
Suddenly I woke up,
With a scream
And saw my mother in front of me.
At last I was free!

—Raunak Agarwal
Class IIIA

The Mountain

There was a lovely mountain,
Which had a small fountain.
It was a rocky mountain,
Which had a lovely maiden.
She had a small house,
And she had a small mouse.

The mouse had a tail,
A big long tail.
The mountain had a tree,
A very thick tree.
And there was a beautiful flower,
Whose name was pansy.

—Prabesh Shreshtha
Class IIIA

My Bicycle

I like to ride my bicycle every day at noon,
Across the fields,
Across the yards.

I ride my bicycle everyday at noon,
Faster than fairies, faster than witches.

I ride my bicycle everyday at noon,
Looking at the flowers in full bloom,
I feel like riding it to the moon.

—Abhishek Shreshtha
III A

The Sea

There are lots of creatures in the sea,
If you see them you will believe me.

A blue whale is a great whale,
With its head bigger than its tail.

A shark has sharp teeth,
It eats its prey and meal.

A star fish can take a summersault,
But it sometimes has to halt.

—Uday Singh
Class IIIA

RINGSIDE VIEW

We're finally back with all the fun and excitement of this season and the next captured on this page. The ones who went up or slipped a notch, are all here so here they are.....

The third match of the Inter House Cricket Tournament was played between Jamuna and Cauvery. A one sided game, Cauvery batted first and scored a massive total of 177 runs in the stipulated 30 overs. Manish Kumar and Sumant Pai did more than their share for Cauvery and Scored 35 and 36 runs each.

Some fantastic leg drives were hit by Manish and Pai too was a pleasure to watch. But Varun Puri batted outstandingly and scored 44 runs for his house. Jamuna was put to bat and was demolished by the strong Cauveryites for a mere score of 76. Vishwas Kohli maintaining his terrific form claimed 6 wickets giving only 12 runs. He definitely seemed to be moving fast towards his coveted title which he did receive at the end of the tournament.

The next match was between Krishna and Ganga which again was one sided like all others. Krishna won the toss and chose to bat. In 30 overs, they managed to score a huge total of 218 runs. Ankur and Akshi opened for Krishna and proved to be the 'devil incarnates' for the battling Ganguites. Akshi scored 42 runs and Ankur scored 60. Prashant, playing a captain's inning scored a quick 46. Ganga was then put to bat and were ousted from the field at the meagre score of 52. Ankur took 4 wickets giving only 15 runs. Maneet Arora managed somehow to score 19 precious runs for his house to save them from absolute embarrassment.

The most interesting match of the tournament was definitely the final played against Cauvery and Krishna. Psychologically downtrodden, the Krishnaites lost the toss and were put to bat first. Prashant and Ankur managed to lower the pressure on them by wasting the pace bowler. Vishwas Kohli's overs.

However, they were all out for 106. Not a very difficult target to chase. The Cauveryites entered quite confidently and it was even more obvious when they had batsmen like Surya, Manish, Puri and Pai. But being the unpredictable game that

cricket is, Krishnaites clicked at the right moment and Cauvery was all out for a frugal score of 63 runs. Aneesh Kapur bowled exceptionally well taking 3 wickets which included that of Surya Todi, Vishwas Kohli and Pai.

Ankur once again maintaining his good performance scored 16 runs and claimed 3 wickets. Thus winning the game as well as the trophy. Vishwas Kohli was awarded the Best Bowler and Ankur was adjudged the Best Batsman.

The last match was fought for the third position between Jamuna and Ganga. Jamuna bagged the third place with Faisal Burza scoring 23 runs and Tenzin taking three wickets and giving only 10 runs for their team.

In the Juniors section, the trophy went to Ganga house. Yashab Zia was declared the Best Batsman and Anirudh Chauhan the Best Bowler.

The Badminton practice seems to have stalled for the time being due to the captain being in Auli for mid terms. The Hockey practice too, seems to be suffering with similar fate as the hockey captain too is in Auli and not to forget the Basketball captain who is also skiing in Auli.

Despite all this, the pool is being repainted and there is a considerable amount of excitement in the air.

All of a sudden, tennis has gained tremendous interest from boys of all age groups. Where not more than a couple of guys were seen on the courts, students are now actually seen waiting for their turn as the slightly more qualified ones show their skills on court. Volleyball on the contrary, has deteriorated rapidly and seems to be maintaining the Sporting Equilibrium of school. The courts have been dinged and clayed and now eagerly await young aspirants.

Shailendra Singh has been appointed the new Volleyball captain because Abhishek Mohan quit his post. Lets see what Volleyball does under him.

By the time the next issue is out, all the Captains will have returned from their mid term break and all practices will be in full bloom. Till then, Happy Sporting.

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