



THE OLYMPIAN

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WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 11th, 1995

Think About it

Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' I dream of things that never were and say, 'Why not?'

--Bobby Kennedy

EDITORIAL

This page, full of nonsensical words, is probably the most boring page. A display of a 'warped sense of humour' is what most people would call it.

Forgive me for being 'senti', but I can't help it. I'm disillusioned. I'm not sure if I am disillusioned with the system or life in general. During the fortnight two prefects have been de-bagged or is it de-badged. In the past two months some boys have been sent home. All of them were involved in various cases of bullying. These events took place so fast that they have probably had their effect on me. I keep asking myself, 'Is this what I came here for?' I know the answer is easy, 'To get an allround education', but I wonder if this is happening.

In a healthy learning environment, everybody is supposed to learn from one another. Agreed we are supposed to be taught by teachers but the staff can learn a lot from their students. We should emulate the good and the outstanding qualities of all round us. But is that happening? I think sometimes we are doing just the opposite by behaving like robots who have viruses in their programmes. Some are copying 'The Wrong Thing'. You often think 'Are the teachers and the prefects setting a good example?' Why can't we make the system prove that 'only cream floats to the top' instead of just 'Dirt.' That's for you to decide. Responsibility is very easy to accept in Black and White but in real life just being given some is enough, using it to make changes is something different. If you find few to respect and emulate, big deal, be your own role model.

Does breaking bounds make you a big stud? Does being caught in the act make you a

bigger stud? Does backchutting a teacher make you feel good? Does keeping long hair put you on a catwalk? Does bunking classes help you suitably dispose your parent's money? Do you have to bully your juniors just because you got bullied? These are some questions you should ask yourself when you think of why you are in school.

My obsession with the mainfield continues. The mainfield had grass growing all over but now with the football season over, it has a few dry patches. People are crossing it all over again. Their attitude never ceases to amaze me.

To move on to the lighter side of life. The news that hogged the limelight this fortnight was the phenomenon of statues of Lord Ganesha drinking milk. Thousands of people gathered to feed the elephant headed God in an orgy of devout faith. Many staff members disappeared that afternoon. People reported that calendars with pictures of God were gulping litres of milk.

Was it a miracle? Was it rubbish? Some say it was the work of a Godman, but if it was (as some very cleverly questioned), why could he not use his powers to feed the starving millions in our country?

P.H. saw a display of administrative power. The Dean decided that he would uproot the seed of all evil. He 'raided' class XII in an attempt to catch them red handed with cash. A few unlucky ones got caught and the Dean lost interest after that and everyone else got saved. Till Next time,

Yours seriously,

Sudeep.

(1)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

I think I'm beginning to understand why the standard of the magazine has gone down. I can picture a few of the reasons quite clearly and I am going to point them out in no uncertain terms.

Firstly, there is a lack of originality in the articles. They do not seem to be genuine creations of the boys. Contributing, however, is better than not contributing at all, even if you take ideas from somebody else.

Secondly, and more importantly, boys are not encouraged or even allowed to contribute facts for publication. A few boys came up to me the other day and one said that his work had been edited and the work of others was not published at all. It was disheartening to see the sad faces of these boys who had believed that the *Oliphant* was actually a magazine of the boys, for the boys and by the boys.

In other words, this is a magazine of double standards and full of hypocrisy which is extremely unhealthy. I hope from next time boys will be allowed to give in articles, letters, poems etc. without the fear of unnecessary editing. Whatever happened to the freedom of the press??

Yours De-Pressed,
Ankur Nigam.

Ed: The power of the Editor has often been questioned. I questioned it for years before I became the Editor. No article of mine was printed till I was in Class Ten. (I was thrown out of the *Oliphant* Board more than once.) I often questioned the Editor for editing my articles. My letters to the Editor were often censored. However, the discretion to edit lies solely with the Editor with some help from the staff representative.

If it is thought that an article is not worth printing or is too personal it is a responsibility to reject edit such contributions. Please, however, be rest assured that articles which are interesting, informative and original will be published. Inept and extremely dull and personal material will, however, continue to be rejected.

(2)

Dear Ed,

You never have enough cartoons in the magazine and whenever you do, you have absolutely irrelevant ones. What did the Editorial in the issue previous to the last one have to do with a Purple Sunbird? Yet, it was there, right in the centre of the page. It just did not seem to make any sense. It was infact quite illogical.

People keep writing to you under pseudonyms about this and all you do is give vague replies like, 'If you want a comic book, go to someplace else.' Don't you realise that it is quite hard to get through the very first page of the *Oliphant* and to top it all you have nothing but your boring Editorials to try and make things interesting.

Please tell your cartoonist to wake up and do something creative.

Yours Comically,
Shobit Agarwal
Class VII

Ed: I've made sure that the cartoonist wakes up from his animated slumber just like he makes the juniors wake up at odd hours of the morning to report to him.

However, you must agree that most of the readers will disagree with your comment that the magazine is not interesting. It is avidly read.

W. O. B. N.

Mukul Goel has been appointed Lecturer in the Architecture Department of the Malviya Regional Engineering College in Jaipur. We extend our best wishes to him for the future.

Ashish Talwani and Aziz Rawat visited the school just after mid term ended. Ashish is currently doing his third year in B.Com in Lucknow and is also helping his father in business. Rana Randeep Singh also visited the school recently. We regret that we had stated in the issue previous to last that he was in Bhagat Singh College. He is, in fact, in Venkateswara College.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Good, The Bad and The Ugly

THE GOOD :

*The first radiance of dawn appeared on the horizon,
Vanishing the mists on the rivers, beautifying the daffodils which bloomed in dozens.
Illuminating the green fields, the distant woods and the silver streams,
This beauty of the countryside made one feel in a high fantastical dream.*

Life started in the village. The sounds of the birds, cows, horses, pigs, hens and the guardian dogs filled the atmosphere. Farmers moved out of their houses into the fields to cut the hay. Sunshine made the hay-strewn fields look golden in colour. The farmer's wives bustled in the kitchen to maintain a non-stop supply of ration for their ever-hungry children and for their hard-working husbands. The gentle, cool breeze which blew, soothed the mind. Each heart in the village leapt high in the air in ecstasy with every beat.

THE BAD :

"This is an important news bulletin." screamed the radio, "War has been declared by the enemy. Their army has already started moving in....."

The sky was overcast, it was dark and it rained like hell.

Gunfire waged all around, bodies riddled with bullets staggered and fell.

A child cried, a shell blasted, tanks moved slowly ahead,

Battered corpses lay all around, very still and very dead.

A dying village and already the silence of death seemed to have enveloped it. Every now and then, a shell would whistle eerily overhead, to splash harmlessly in the water or to erupt in a brief roar of sound and flash of light as it smashed into a building. The fields

were full of craters made by the infinite bombs dropped from the continuously flying planes. The field was marked with the tracks made by the advancing enemy tanks. The silver streams which flowed past the village were now depressingly red.

THE UGLY :

*Everything was dark and smug, destruction and despair was everywhere to be found, The hay in the fields and all the buildings had burnt to the ground.
Crimson streams now flowed through the fields, What a price the farmers had paid for their countless good deeds.*

Choking, dense, impenetrable, the black smoke lay pall-like over the village. Every building, every stable and barn, the intact and the bomb-shattered alike, was invested by it, swathed in the dark anonymity of its gentle, swirling cocoon. Not a soul moved. Each of the inhabitants had died. The fields which once had been strewn with hay, were now strewn with corpses. The bloody streams had over-flooded their banks and were now flowing across the fields.

"Good news folks! Our fears are over. We have won the battle," the radio blared, "It is over....."

Happy days were here again, but who was there to celebrate the victory,

Everything was in shambles, after the biggest war in history.

Millions had died, property worth billions had been destroyed,

Still, the scavengers of death sat on their throne and not a tear did they shed.

Life has many facets. How I wish that war and the destruction that it brings was not one of them.

*--Ashish Gupta
Class XI
(3)*

Adolescence

*I came to this school at the age of five,
Had never before seen hostel life.
My hostel tenure started from Class II,
I had to go through hell, to tell you.*

*The long hours I spent waiting under the sun,
And the desire to get home would make me run.
Perplexed I was, I tried to see,
What was in the other kids, that wasn't in me.*

*Each passing day added to my exasperation,
Nothing I could do, there was no solution.
I made some friends, had a fight or two,
But then, reconciling was the best thing to do.*

*Time passed, I went from one hostel to another,
And soon I found guys whom I called 'brother'.
There were days when I was down in the drains,
Not only scolded, I would get flogged by a cane.*

*In the dark hours, when everybody would be
sleeping sound,
I would secretly weep, my problem was found.
Vacations would be a relief for me,
But everything good must come to an end, you
see.*

*Soon the school days became nothing to me,
To my problems I had found a key.
Pensively, my days began passing,
And never was I scolded for trespassing.*

*Jocund was my company, happy were those
days,
They were advantageous, in their own ways.
When we were juniors we were kept under
intensive care,
But nobody looked after us after we became
seniors, don't you think it is unfair.*

*As you know ups and downs are a part of school
life,
But I acknowledge the downs would cut me like
a knife.
Doing errands for others in my school is usual,
In my school you don't have to be formal.*

*There are various activities in my school,
And I pondered what I was doing sitting like a*

fool.

*In my activity my efforts never went futile,
And each time I went home I added a certificate
or two in my file.*

*My maximum Sundays in junior school were ill
fated,
And my entire day would be degenerated.
I've no notion how many times I would curse my
stars,
But I was getting accustomed to this old farce.*

*But now I have got acquainted with my school
rules,
Mild they are not, but hard as a ferrule.
I have cherished memories of the hours spent
with my class-mates,
Beguiling time at school, seemed just great.*

*Years have passed and now I'm in Class Nine,
And things have been going just fine.
I'm no more a juvenile kind without any sense,
After all I'm going through adolescence.*

*--Aayush Singh Negi
Class IX*

Believe

*I have not yet become what I want to,
It takes time to achieve something great.
You have to swim through the roughest tides,
And the highest mountains still have to be
climbed.*

*A mountain conquered should not bring glory,
But only satisfaction.*

*You have a lot to learn and do,
Before you sleep eternally.*

*How does it matter if you fail,
It shouldn't stop you from going on.*

*It doesn't matter if you fail a second time,
You can rise and try once again.*

*Failure should give you confidence,
You should 'believe' in yourself.*

Never forget that,

*"Our greatest glory is not in never falling,
But in rising every time we fall."*

*--Prashant Singh
Class XII*

Return To Innocence

*I'll return someday, back to the age I knew,
The age where Innocence grew.
Where trees weren't cut and flowers bloomed,
Where everyone was happy and none gloomed.*

*Maybe I'll go back someday, back to the age,
When cries were heard and tears seen.
Back to the age where good existed,
And where no evil prevailed.
Where flights of fantasies were infinite,
And one flew free in the clear sky like a kite.*

*I think I will return someday, to the age of
tenderness,
Where truth was the root,
And kindness the fruit.
Where love wrapped everything like a home,
Where curtains of joy covered the windows.
Into the freedom of grace, I'll return and mark
my presence,
Return, "Return to Innocence".*

*--Akshi Saxena
Class XII*

I Miss You

*Whenever I see towards the grace,
Your face dawns in my mind.
But deep down I am still confused,
Coz I miss you.*

*I miss your voice, I miss your words,
And I miss that which is more than human touch.
I know its all cool, but baby I am a fool,
Because I still don't understand whether its a
reality or a lie.....!*

*I don't know what to say,
I don't want to find another way.
Now, I cannot resist,
Trying to find what I exactly miss,
But still I miss you.*

*When I thought we were just friends,
You played with my heart,
You played with my mind,
I thought you belonged to me.
And I miss you.*

*--Taha Islam
Class XII*

To Dress Up or to Dress Down

*A dress code? At our School? The
thought seems alien as most of us these days
tend to dress the way we want to. Including, of
course the boys who are supposed to be in
uniform and therefore in a sense, formally
dressed.*

*For them, especially as they go higher
up the hierarchy, 'Uniform' loosely means a
light brownish coloured shirt, a white pair of
trousers, preferably jeans, and a free inter-
pretation of belts and shoes (forgive me O Editor
for singling out your nice, shiny, new, black
shoes)- and at least with the school uniform,
socks.*

*The middle school staff are equally
casual about their uniforms taking the cue,
presumably, from class XII, which leaves the
staff or more specifically the teaching staff to
follow some sort of a dress code. The ladies are
pretty well-dressed and well turned out so we
can excuse them from this review. The gentle-
men on the staff need to ponder over a few
points:*

*Is it alright to go to class in dirty or
creased clothes? Are clean but shabby clothes
permissible? Is your brightly coloured t-shirt
distracting the students from what you are
trying to teach them or are they so busy trying
to read what words of wisdom are written in
your shirt or t-shirt that their concentration is
somewhat destroyed?*

*As long as you're wearing a shirt and
trouser it's alright- Does it matter that it's the
same shirt and or pant you've been wearing
from the past few days? Or for that matter does
it matter that the clothes you are wearing are
smelling stale? If it is essential to wear shoes
to class should one also not wear a pair of
socks?*

*Perhaps we need to think about this,
take a good look in the mirror before leaving
the house or the quarter, use a deodorant, spray
some perfume or some cologne, put on a pair of
clean socks and shoes and walk out head held
high - and perhaps have a dog or two following
us.*

--The Roustabout

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

The Football Match

A football match was played between classes II A and II B. I was the defender. Right in the middle of the match, I fell down. I was trying to dodge Aijaz, but Aijaz took the ball away from me and passed it to Lokesh. Lokesh could not shoot the ball into the goal because he was too far.

After that Arjun dodged a II B defender and scored. Then the bell rang and we had to go to the hostel. Vishal and Karanveer were crying because we won the match. We were excited and proud.

--Saumya
II A

The Captain of II A's football team was Arjun B. and the vice captain of their team was Arjun M. The team's goalkeeper was Hemant. Arun H., Arjun B. Raghav G. scored one goal each and Hemant scored two. II B scored four goals and we scored five. Hemant scored two penalties.

II B was wearing vests and II A was wearing shirts. The match was very interesting and quite exciting. Karanveer was crying when II B lost the match and he was feeling jealous.

--Nikhil Agarwal
II A

Yesterday we played a football match. I was the center forward in the match. The captain of the team was Arjun, the vice captain was another Arjun, the goalkeeper was Hemant and the defender was Saumya. We played the match in the back field. Arjun scored two goals, the other Arjun scored two goals, and Raghav scored one.

Yesterday we won the football cup. That's why II B was jealous of us. We won the match by one goal. I enjoyed the match very much.

--Aman Tandon
II A

WELHAM NOW

1. The Inter-House Science Quiz was held on the 9th of September. The Krishna quiz team led by Aneesh Kapoor did excellently and lifted the trophy.

2. The English Handwriting Contest for Senior School was held during the week ending 23rd September.

3. Nikunj Gupta and Kumar Abhijeet participated in the Kamla Jeevan Inter-School Hindi Debate held at the Doon School on 15th of September.

4. An atheletic team escorted by Mr. Arun Sharma left for M.N.S.S. (Motilal Nehru School of Sports), Rai on the 19th of September, to participate in the North Zone Athletics Meet. Rohan Sood came third in the 3000m, Nikunj Gupta came second in the 1500m and Ritesh Tiwari stood third in shotput.

5. Results of the Junior School Hindi Writing Competition held on the 9th of September were recently announced. They were :

Class I

1. Manik
2. Aman Verma
3. Abhijeet Chowdhary

Class II A

1. Arjun Manchanda
2. Raghav Puri
3. Marij Aziz Khan

Class II B

1. Nishant Joshi
2. Vishal Chowdhary
3. Lokesh Jain

Class III A

1. Udai Sibia
2. Abhinav Kumar
3. Shomit Bakhiliwal

Class III B

1. Gagandeep
2. Gaurav Chatterjee
3. Golden Wangchuk Kahlon

6. The English Essay Writing Competition was also held for Junior School on the 14th of September. The results are as follows :

Class I

1. Kunga Namgyal
2. Zoravar Berring
3. Aditya Kumar Lohia

Class II A

1. Arjun Bajaj
2. Anvesh Kumar
3. Arjun Manchanda

Class II B

1. Nishant Joshi
2. Maynak Daga
3. Vishal Chowdhary

Class III A

1. Surya P. Singh
2. Nishit Jalan
3. Maroof Ahmed

Class III B

1. Ahmed Faraz Khan
2. Gaurav Chatterjee
3. Rajeev Ranjan

7. The Hindi Essay Writing Competition for class III was held on the 20th of September. The following boys won awards :

Class III A

1. Maroof Ahmed
2. Saurabh Chowdhary
3. Surya Pratap Singh
4. Abhishek Kapur

Class III B

1. Rajeev Ranjan
2. Dhairya Goel
3. Gagandeep

8. There was a Lec-Dem organised by SPIC MACAY in the Activity Centre on the 27th of September. Sheikh Chhima Maulana Ji gave an entertaining and enlightening performance on marital and temple music on his instrument, the Nadaswaram. The Audio Visual Squad's performance, was flawless for a change and the show went off successfully thanks to the hard work put in by the Music Department and several staff members.

9. The results of the Road Race for various sections are :

Section 'A'

1. Amit Parashar
2. Manan Verma
3. Mukti B. Shah

Section 'B'

1. Saswat Prasad
2. Shariq Ansari
3. Suman Saurabh

Section 'C'

1. Siddhant Sharma
2. Rohan Sood
3. Vishwas Kohli

10. The results of the English Handwriting Competition are as follows :

Section 'A'

1. Gaurav Dubey
2. Anil Jain
3. Gaurav Chaudhary

Section 'B'

1. Vikas Prasad
2. Puneet Bansal
3. Ankur Jindal

Section 'C'

1. Vikram Khushwah
2. Abhinav Kir
3. Rohan Varshnei

RINGSIDE VIEW

Mid term is over and everybody is now busy with the Founder's Day preparations. But in the time that has elapsed since the last issue, there have been a lot of inter house and inter school matches and so, a lot of statistics.

The School Tennis team played the first competitive match of their lives against veterans of the Doon Club who had more brains than they had brawns. Our team, lacking in everything from a coach to techniques, was hammered by the players at Doon Club. The School Tennis Captain was thrashed 6-0, 6-0 and Vishwas Kohli was beaten 6-1.

The Doubles team did slightly better and was beaten 6-3. The other Doubles team did exceptionally well and beat the opponents 6-4. They were lucky to find Mr. Badhwar, a veteran at Doon Club, who agreed to coach them in the mornings. We hope that the tennis team learns a great deal from him.

We regret that the results of the IPSC Table Tennis Meet were wrongly stated in the previous issue. The team, consisting of Rahul Goenka and Smit Mehta, was in fact eliminated in the very first round and did not reach the semi finals at all. We regret the error.

The Inter House Badminton Tournament was also held this fortnight. It was all a matter of one day. The entire inter house came to an end in one evening and Krishna, expectedly, emerged as winners. The finals was between underdog Cauvery and Krishna. In the singles, Pratyush Patodia beat Arcaprava Dutta 15-6, 15-6. Already down in spirits, the Cauvery Doubles team of Dutta and Vishwas Kohli played the Krishna team consisting of Pratyush and Ankur Nigam. Krishna won on 6 and 7, thus claiming the cup. Pratyush Patodia was adjudged the Best Player of the Tournament and Arcaprava Dutta was the Most Promising Player. Ankur was given the award for the Discovery of the Year.

In the juniors section, Jamuna had the advantage of ace player Abhinav Pathak who won the trophy for his house. Abhinav Pathak was adjudged the Best Player of the Tournament and Kunal Virmani was the Most Promising Player.

The Table Tennis Inter House held last
(7)

month also brought interesting results. Ganga was expected to take the trophy with minimal difficulty owing to the talents of Sunit Mehta. He teamed up with Mohit Manchanda, another champion in the making, and thrashed everybody who came their way. Unfortunately for them, they didn't come in the way of Jamuna, who also defeated everybody who came its way.

The finals of the inter house were supposed to be played between Jamuna and Ganga but Ganga failed to report on time for its match and was disqualified by captain Rahul Goenka due to which, Jamuna picked up the trophy.

The juniors section, however, had results as had been expected. District Champion Akhil Bhanot won all his singles matches as also the doubles along with his teammate. The final results were : 1st Krishna, 2nd Jamuna, 3rd Cauvery, 4th Ganga.

Our School Soccer team played the Councils held at St. Joseph's Academy. After winning the initial matches without much difficulty, we expected some trouble in the semi finals against Raja Ram Mohan Roy Academy. They scored first and initially it looked as if we would be in some sort of trouble. But we fought back and soon equalised when Saswat Prasad materialised a centre shot by Samarth. Malla aka Baggio took the ball in the second half from somewhere near the centre line and went solo to score the goal that gave us the lead. Our spirits soared and Manish had absolutely no difficulty in scoring the third goal for us, thus confirming our win.

We faced St. Joseph's in the finals. We were the underdogs and had to fight hard against a team whose goalkeeper was enough to put immense pressure on the other team. As soon as the game started, the St. Joseph's team scored and put us under even more pressure. We fought back and within a few minutes, equalised. There were still ten minutes left for the first half to end when they struck again.

From then on things were pretty equal for both the sides. Try as we did, we couldn't score. Nor did we allow their team to penetrate our defense. Our main disadvantage was that Surya Todi, our main back and the back bone of our team, was injured and could not play the match. Therefore Prashant, one of our star forwards had to come back and defend. As a result of this, there was no half who could receive the ball from the backs and make opportunities for the forwards.

The inter house matches for section 'A' were also held this fortnight. The first match was played between Cauvery and Ganga. Amit scored from Cauvery and Gauri for Ganga. The second match saw more goals and Ganga defeated the underdogs Jamuna by a margin of 3 goals. Ratik, Parimal and Shobhit were instrumental in Ganga's win. The third match was perhaps the most one sided game of the inter house. Krishna took on Jamuna. Jamuna, apparently had a team lacking in strategy and technique. They were ousted by the tough Krishna offense. Krishna won 8 goals to nil. Mukti displayed great playing skills and struck 7 times. Bisharad also helped push up the score by striking once.

The fourth match of the inter house was between Cauvery and Jamuna. Cauvery was expected to win. Norboo and Amit displayed the skill they had shown all through the inter house and scored one goal each for Cauvery. To add to Jamuna's desperation, Amanjeet let in a self goal and Cauvery won by 3 goals.

Ganga took on Krishna in the next match. Mukti, living up to expectations, scored thrice and Karanjeet scored twice for Ganga. However, Krishna won, 3-2. The finals were played between Cauvery and Krishna. This promised a lot of fun and Norboo struck early for Cauvery and netted the ball once again. Cauvery won 2-0 and lifted the trophy. The Best Player of the Tournament was Mukti Bikram Shah.

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