



# THE

# OLIPHANT

No. 173

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 20th, 1995

*Think About it*

*Writers build castles in air, readers live in them, and publishers collect the rent.*

*--Maxim Gorky*

## EDITORIAL

*The last issue seems to have kicked up a lot of dust,  
Everyone thinks I have been unjust.  
Washing dirty linen in public is an offense,  
And I'm going to be prosecuted without a defence!  
The issue was appreciated when it came out,  
But when Mr.K. began to scout (in the A.V. room),  
People went on the rampage,  
And I thought I was going to burn in their rage.*

*Mid-term finally came to an end,  
The break was a like a god-send.  
Rest houses with cable T.V.,  
Made sure that mid-term was groovy.  
In 'Dhabas' guys ate like gluttons,  
And now their shirts are loosing buttons.  
Some went on adventurous trips,  
And some just went to the Ganges to take holy dips.*

*'Diwali' is just about here,  
Believe me there's lots of fear!  
Behind every corner lurks,  
An obnoxious boy with his fireworks.  
Lots of boys' will prove to the 'masterji(s)',  
That 'Fire is the key'!!  
You'd better buy yourself earbuds,  
Or your eardrums will feel like duds.*

*Founders' is next week,  
About the unbearable loads of work no-one can speak.  
Models, charts and drawings are all being made,*

*Talent is something that everyone wants to raid.  
Everybody is working hard, and walking around like ghosts,  
After the exhibitions are over, for them no one will give toasts.  
Lets just hope Founders' will be good fun,  
And parents will be proud of their sons.*

*My tenure is about to come to an end,  
With my melancholy I might drive you around the bend.  
So I'm writing about it in this issue,  
To save the Founder's one from being used as 'toilet tissue'!  
I've enjoyed the freedom of the press for over an year,  
And I'm sure many of you want to box my ears!??  
I hope you will lay to rest my fears,  
But not brandishing your daggers, swords and spears.*

*Yours Sadly,  
Sudeep.*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*Dear Ed,*

*How come all this lovelorn poetry by class twelve is being published suddenly? Does the social with M.I.S. have anything to do with it? Looks like some of the twelfthies have shed their macho image for that of sensitive, touching, feeling individuals.*

*The leader of the 'senti' bunch is Taha  
(1)*

'Curly' Islam whose hoarse voice and lion heart have succumbed to the charms of some damsel. I believe at the moment she's not the one in distress. Indraneel 'Michael Jackson' Sharma has become the 'Raja' of someone who dances like Madhuri Dixit. He's stopped dancing to fast pulsating music and has switched to emotional ballet.

Ashish 'Flex' Dangwal with his macho personality has charmed the girl everyone was after. He's more of a recluse now-a-days. I believe he and Indraneel are writing a romantic poem of epic lengths, for the Founder's Issue. Milan 'Einstein' Gupta is doing very well proving the theory of 'relativity'. Puneet 'Shorty' Singhal is proving to everybody that love can grow to unimaginable heights.

But amongst all these lovesick characters (try as I might) I can't find you, Ed. The cat will be let out of the bag soon!! Hopefully!! I hope you will continue to publish the works of these up and coming poets.

Yours lovingly,

**The M.C.P.**

Ed : I'm glad that someone appreciates that class twelve has another side apart from its rep for bullying!

Dear Ed,

I always thought the caterer didn't deserve the kind of nonsense that was always written about him and his team of cooks. I had always stuck to my belief till..... one fine Tuesday evening, I walked into the Dining Hall after a gruelling session at the Athletics Field only to find that the Saag was almost as if it was made of the grass cut from the main field. And not to forget the Onion curry which sent shivers down my spine. I'm sure the Scotland Yard could resort to this form of torture, a bite of this vegetable and the truth would be out.

Not to be changed from my firm(?) belief, I decided to wait for the pudding. At length, when it arrived, the custard reminded me of Oliver Twist and his bowl of 'gruel.'

Here's hoping that there are no more days with food like this. I hope my requests don't go unanswered.

Yours' Hungrily,

**Huckleberry Finn**

Dear Ed,

The last 'Editorial' was rather weird. I read the first few lines and felt uneasy. It seemed rather dull. Now that Mr. Kandhari has quoted from it during Assembly, I must read it (You've been with a rather smug look now-a-days).

It seemed rather dull as you say 'non-sensical.' The Editorial is supposed to be humorous and lively and not focussing on the darker events taking place in school. In short, keep your reflections to yourself.

Yours Humourlessly,

**The Man Without a Face**

Ed: Everyone keeps complaining about the present state school is in and believe me, it is a 'hot' topic. When I write about it, it becomes boring and I am accused of exposing too much. The Editorial is my page and I write what I think is right and you are at liberty to tell me your views but that does not mean that I have to agree.

Dear Ed,

Love is all around us and its everywhere we read,

Lovesick poetry is all that the Oliphant seems to feed.

Pages and pages of rhyme is much too hard to bear,

If so many guys are heart broken we don't care. If a guy is so kicked about reaching adolescence,

And writes about he has not gained much sense. So lover of verse, the illustrious Ed,

Save us from being sent to bed.

As children sick of rhyme,

You might just be convicted for committing a crime.

Signing off with a rose,

Yours,

**A Lover of Prose.**

Ed: Verse is the fastest and the easiest way to write,

So please understand my plight.

The Oliphant has to be filled, all eight pages, To save the Board from the Staff Representative's rages.

# LITERARY AFFAIRS

## Waiting To Die

*I'm lying here amidst wild growth, with a bullet  
near my chest,  
Fighting against death with all my best.  
It's coming in slowly and painfully,  
There won't be much time before I turn to dust,  
you see.*

*Perplexed I am as thoughts of my past life are  
coming randomly in my head,  
Than taking this mental strain, I'd prefer to be  
dead.  
I can see that young lanky kid with the other  
cadets, hand in hand,  
Not much time has passed before he received a  
resplendent band.*

*He soon gained profound knowledge in his  
field,  
But followed orders with his lips sealed.  
Mild was his heart, soft were his bones,  
Over there they turned him into a stone.*

*People beguiling time, there, were severely pun-  
ished,  
He was into a habit of it which he himself  
despised.  
Drills were imperative as they all had to be  
trained,  
Overlooking was the best healer for the super-  
ficial injuries he sustained.*

*His seniors used their authority to the smuff,  
Life for him was becoming too tough.  
His boyish face had turned callous,  
And there was nothing in his heart except for  
malice.*

*From the very beginning he knew a turbulent  
storm would hit his life,  
And when it would abate he knew he would not  
survive.  
Little did he know that his anticipation would  
come true,  
And at the time of death he would be mute.*

*Now since he was senior he had earned some  
esteem,*

*The salute of a junior would make his heart  
beam.  
At shooting nobody could match his calibre and  
rank,  
His shots would pierce the target, point  
blank.*

*The outlook of his was that of a loutish guy,  
Anybody could say that with a closed eye.  
His behaviour was eccentric, his body well  
scented,  
And there were a number of times when he  
would behave like a 'demented'.*

*There were ups and downs in his life,  
And he had to struggle to remain alive!  
His tenure in army life in 'years' was twelve,  
And he would often ponder whether he had  
improved or degenerated himself.*

*The worst was yet to come when his nightmares  
came true,  
And he had to report to the head quarters with  
his crew.  
He saw the message outside the head quarters  
as if on a display,  
Now a game of life and death he would have to  
play.*

*About the reasons for the war,  
He still had doubts.  
But to remain alive,  
He would have to fight a bout.*

*The only thing he knew the war wasn't futile,  
And his country had no plans to reconcile.  
The next morning armed with sophisticated  
guns and grenades,  
He made an exit from the place he had spent  
more than a decade.*

*Before he left he was told,  
You're no more human, you are cold.  
Fight the enemy till the very last breath,  
Do not feel scared in the endeavour to meet with  
death.*

*Back in the field, half his crew was finished,  
And his zest for fighting a war had diminished.  
The sound of bullets hammered into his ears,  
Dodging every bullet he averted his hearse.*

*Bombs had done the damage,  
Missiles tore the ground.  
For him there seemed no way out,  
Since this problem was profound.*

*Torn between thirst and misery he threw himself  
near a water tank,  
And very avidly water he drank.  
Once again he was filled with lassitude to fight,  
And fought with zest till it was night.*

*Now the sky was convulsed in dark,  
And not even a single dog did bark.  
He ambushed elusive foes, took away their  
lives,  
But the thread of his own life was about to be cut  
by a knife.*

*There was rustling of leaves and then a sound,  
And he being alert turned around.  
But he was too late, as the bullet came with  
tremendous speed,  
Hit him near his chest, knocked him off his feet.*

*I screamed with pain and lay helplessly on the  
ground,  
And the silence was shattered by my agonising  
sound.  
Now I've nothing of life but to expiate,  
Oh God! Why... Why did you designate me this  
fate?*

*Blood is oozing profusely from near my heart,  
And a deep melancholy has settled down my  
heart.  
My nerve and sinew have slackened their speed,  
The nostalgia in me has also increased.*

*I'm looking up and seeing each star vanish,  
Soon my soul, my body will banish.  
Even if I want I cannot cry,  
Life's draining out of me and I'm `waiting to  
die'.*

**-Aayush Singh Negi  
Class IX**

## A Soldier's Story

*I know my days are numbered,  
Cause I am fighting in a war.  
I don't know whom I am fighting against or for  
what,  
Nor whom I am fighting for.*

*All I know I will have to fight, fight like a man,  
And I have to keep on doing this, till I no longer  
can.  
I know I have to stay on the bloody battlefield,  
I know we're under fire and I know we must not  
yield.*

*The battlefield is splattered with blood,  
And guns are still firing.  
I've got to keep advancing,  
Amidst the groaning and dying.*

*I don't know when this war will end,  
Never knew how it began.  
But I'll have to keep on fighting,  
So I'll fight like a man.*

**--Debashish Banerjee  
Class IX**

## How Good is your General Knowledge?

### Questions

- Q1. Which animal on the earth has the longest life span ?
- Q2. Which country has the largest railway network in Asia ?
- Q3. Which number cannot be represented in Roman numerals ?
- Q4. What field does the term Ornithology deal with ?
- Q5. Name the second largest continent on the earth's surface ?
- Q6. Which is the most important cash crop in India ?
- Q7. Which country observes a holiday called

'Colombus Day' ?

Q8. Which animal symbolises the World Wildlife Fund (W.W.F.) emblem ?

Q9. Which is the highest military decoration in India ?

Q10. Name the highest mountain peak in Europe ?

### Answers

Ans 1. Tortoise.

Ans 2. India.

Ans 3. Zero.

Ans 4. The science which deals with the study of birds.

Ans 5. Africa.

Ans 6. Tea.

Ans 7. United States of America.

Ans 8. The Giant Panda.

Ans 9. Param Vir Chakra

Ans 10. Mount Blanc.

--Debashish Banerjee  
Class IX

## A Thought

It was a cold night, a blizzard was blowing hard. A figure I saw was trudging not fast. A dull lamp in hand, frosty breath from the mouth, lips pierced and in front a thick fog. Staggering, falling, wearing a battered black hat, a long thin dress that brushed the white land. Then the figure's walking ceased and someone interrupted my thoughts. I realised that it was only my imagination, a thought! And then I thought that it could be true and could in the near future, be me too!

--Sahil Vohra  
Class VI

## You

Today, when I sat down to write I realised, how lost I am without you,  
You come into my life, like dawn after night.  
I never dreamt that, I'd be your friend,  
I thought I'd be lonely, till the very end.

But now that you're, there in my life.  
The senseless thought of loneliness has died.  
You gave me all that I had,  
You're the best friend that I have ever had.

--Sumant Pai  
Class X

## Don't You Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill,  
When funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

When success is failure, turned inside out,  
Among the silver tint of the clouds of doubt,  
And you can never tell how close you are,  
Your destiny may be near when it seems very far.

So keep trying until you succeed,  
The distance is much but not infinite.  
Don't care what people say but follow your own way,  
So stick to fight and give your hardest hit,  
And when things seem worst - 'Don't You Quit.'

--Akshi Saxena  
Class XII

## W.O.B.N.

Sharib Khan (Ex-C) is no longer studying at I.I.T., Delhi. He is now studying medicine in Delhi.

Rajiv Lath, is getting married to Ms. Neena Agarwal in Kathmandu on the 26th of November. He is settled there. Our good wishes to him and his bride for a happy and long married life.

Puneet Mahajan visited school some days back. The boys were very happy to recall the days when he was in school.

## The Strangest Person I've Ever Met

*What would your reaction be if you caught a glimpse of a human with face contours of a dinosaur, especially a plump nose, the gait of Naomi Campbell and humour of Bill Cosby? Obviously, you would be overtaken by surprise, at such a creation of the Almighty. 'An altogether different specie.' It may as well be your first thought, but do not be overwhelmed if I say that this rare specie's person does actually exist. It is quite strange. In fact, he is as strange a person as one could ever meet. As far as I am concerned, it is actually true.*

*I have already recounted that this face bares strong resemblance to a dinosaur. He looks one from the Stone Age. The nose looks like one borrowed from a Neanderthal Man. It is too big for such a small face and that unparalleled mind. The rest of his body seems quite in proportion. The body sometimes drives me crazy because for me it is very unusual to see a person thinner than I. He is all bones and no flesh. God has destined his nose to be the most fleshy part. It is a wonder that the skinny body is able to keep that face with the plump nose. Perhaps, that is why he holds a relation to Naomi Campbell when it comes to the gait.*

*Inside that small head does exist the brain. It is the most humorous and shrewd one amongst the ones I have come across. The humour is unbearable and can be fatal as one can even die laughing at his latin jokes. He does humour himself, all right but by pulling another's leg. He goes to the extreme limit to irritate a boy. He does that to me too and does not put a stop until I shout out. Perhaps, this part or his central character makes me abhor him from the root or all my emotions (you must have already felt that). That brain is so rotten that it can spread the rot. In fact, I think I have already been affected very badly by his sense of humour and it is being reflected in my writing this piece of composition. Too bad that I can't help it for there is no one around to cure me of this strange disease which I have contracted from an even more strange person.*

*I had forgotten to mention that this old friend of mine thinks himself to be a direct descendent of Narcissus just as Japanese emperors believe that they are descendents of the*

*Sun God. Narcissus, incidentally, was the man who fell in love with his own image. I wonder how could my friend appreciate his face in a mirror when a major part of his face is covered by that nose. It is truly a wonder or may be it is his own nose that he appreciates. After all, it is extremely unique.*

*"Behind every mischievous mind, is an even more positive mind," so goes my inventive saying, This is my personal experience that most of these so called 'doodlers' are really geniuses. They hold a tremendous potential in them. So does this strange person. When it comes to a class test he scores average marks but when it comes to using brains in a game of Chinese Checkers, there is simply no one to defeat him. Strangely, he does not realise his potential and continuously ignores all the classwork, and yet he manages to get average marks. Now, that's what I call brains.*

*However, strange as his ways may be, without him life would be dull; even if I abhor him presently, he makes it lively. In order to avoid hurting his feelings, I have taken the greatest care not to mention his name.*

*The essence of this strange person lies in his remaining a stranger.*

*--Milan Gupta  
Class XII*

## Have Faith in Yourself

*If you think you are beaten, you are,  
If you think you dare not, you won't,  
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,  
For out in the world we find,  
Success begins with a fellow's will,  
It's all in a state of mind.  
Life's battles don't always go,  
To the strong or better man,  
But sooner or later to the man who wins,  
Is the man who thinks he can.*

*--Ashish Gupta  
Class XI*

# WELHAM NOW

1. The Junior English Handwriting competition was held on the 5th of September. The results were as follows :-

<b>Class I</b>	<b>Class II A</b>
1st Karan Gill	1st Raunak Tibrewal
2nd Kunga Namgyal	2nd Raghav Puri
3rd Ishan Gupta	3rd Anvesh Kumar

<b>Class II B</b>	<b>Class III A</b>
1st Vishal Chaudhary	1st Ruchir Garg
2nd Nishant Joshi	2nd Surya P. Singh
3rd Karun Agarwal	3rd Tanmay Agarwal

**Class III B**  
1st Galdam Wangchuk  
2nd Rajeev Ranjan  
3rd Gagandeep Singh

2. The Hindi Essay writing contest for the Middle School was held on 5th September. The results were as follows :-

**Class IV**  
1st Harsh Rana  
2nd Raunak Agarwal  
3rd Anupam Biswas  
Consolation Prize : Kumar Rakesh

**Class V**  
1st Ashutosh Pandey  
2nd Nitin Agarwal  
3rd Neha Batra  
Consolation Prize : Sukant Goel

3. The results of the Middle School English Essay Writing Contest were as follows :-

<b>Class IV A</b>	<b>Class V A</b>
1st Avinash Agarwal	1st Aatir Ansari & Prayas Rana
2nd Saranbir Singh	2nd Abhishek Kumar
3rd Kanhar Munshi & Deepak Kumar	3rd Amuj Golaknath

**Class IV B**  
1st Kumar Rakesh  
2nd Animesh Savarna  
3rd Raunak Agarwal

**Class V B**  
1st Sharan Narain  
2nd Ashutosh Bagaria  
3rd Vibhar Atra

4. The Inter School Arthur Hughes Memorial Extempore Debate was held on the 14th of October in the Activity Centre. As many as 6 schools participated and Rumaan Kidwai stood first. He also got the award for Best Rebuttal. Nikunj Gupta was the second participant from school. The trophy, however, went to The Doon School.

5. Mrs. Meenu Verma from the Department of Computers, The Doon School took the oral examination of Class X, Computer section of our school on the 16th of this month.

6. The results of the Hindi Handwriting Competition were :-

<b>Class X &amp; XI</b>	<b>Class IX</b>
1st Ankur Chakore	1st Arjun Trivedi
2nd Ashish Patodia	2nd Mehul Mayank
3rd Amit Sharma	3rd Ashok Roy & Ayush Negi

<b>Class VIII</b>	<b>Class VII</b>
1st Vikas Prasad	1st Saurabh Gupta
2nd Puneet Bansal	2nd Kanishk Kaushik
3rd Ankur Jindal	3rd Vikram Khushwaha

**Class VI**  
1st Manish Garg  
2nd Gaurav Malhotra  
3rd Arjun Sabharwal

7. The Hindi Essay Writing Competition was also held during the fortnight. The results were as follows:-

<b>Section 'A'</b>	<b>Section 'B'</b>	<b>Section 'C'</b>
1st Bharat Bhushan Garg	1st Arjun Trivedi	1st Sharad Kumar
2nd Nikunj Gupta	2nd Mehul Mayank	2nd Rajat Arora
3rd Gaurav Chaudhuri	3rd Sanjay Sarogi	3rd Gaurav Malhotra
Consolation : Ankur Chakore		

8. As the Founder's Day is getting closer, the boys are putting in more and more hours for their respective exhibitions and the various Plays that are to be staged. They can often be spotted working late at night.

# RINGSIDE VIEW

The Athletics season has started and one sees a lot of boys practicing on the fields. The results of the Inter House Athletic Championships will be printed in the next issue. For now we have Basketball and Swimming.

The School Basketball Team went to play a match against The Doon School on their courts. The match was played with great enthusiasm (they being our arch rivals) and spirit. The school team took a lead of ten points in the first five minutes itself. The results of the match proved that hard practice pays off. The final score saw Doon School trailing 64-36.

The Basketball Team also went to Delhi to participate in the IPSC North Zone Basketball Tournament. The Tournament was hosted by Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram.

The first match was played against the host team. We beat them by a cool 15 points.

We were supposed to play Sawan Public School in the next round but they gave us a walk over. Welham played Delhi Public School, Mathura Road next. Our game was inefficient somewhere and the match was a tough fight. We lost the match but gave them a fight.

In the semi finals, we played Modern School. We overcame the inefficiency of the earlier match and thrashed them by a margin of 30 points. Motilal Nehru School of Sports, Rai clashed with us in the finals. Welham was losing by 12 points in the beginning but we recovered in a few minutes to make it 9-12 in their favour. We managed to maintain a lead of 5 points throughout the match but in the last seven minutes, the lead was reduced to 2 points. In the last minute the score was tied at 42 all. The ball was in our possession and through an excellent move, the ball was passed to Siddhant Sharma under the ring and he shot perfectly to score. The final score was 44-42.

Vipul Munjal and Siddhant scored some excellent 3 pointers. Samarth Singh made some

beautiful drive in's.

Results of the Inter House Aquatics championship are brief because details at the time of going to press are not available. Krishna lifted the trophy in Section 'A.' The trophy in Section 'B' was lifted by Jamuna and in Section 'C', Krishna and Cauvery were joint winners with 42 points each. The best swimmer in each section is yet to be decided.

We regret the printing errors in the results of the IPSC North Zone Athletics Championships. Rohan Sood stood 2nd in the 3000 metres and 3rd in the 1500 metres runs. Ritesh Tiwari stood 3rd in the Shot Put throwing a distance of over 10 metres. Nikunj Gupta stood 3rd in the 800 metres race.

## KNOW YOUR BIRDS (The Golden Backed Woodpecker)



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