

THE OLIPHANT

No. 182

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

April 30th, 1996

Think About It

Excellence is not an act but a habit.

—Aristotle

EDITORIAL

'Baisakhi' this year, helped us reap a rich harvest for our stagnant hearts. The reason being an invitation from the Girls' School to attend their 'Baisakhi Mela'.

A horde of young, insouciant Welhamites eagerly made their way across the road to finally mingle with their better halves. Some lucky ones' managed to woo a fair maiden while some, unfortunately, returned with only an image of a stranger embedded in their hearts.

These 'lovesick' now roam the corridors of P.H. seemingly lost in a trance. Their plight reminds me of a song by the Doors: a sentence of which runs -

"Hello, I love you, won't you tell me your name?"

A recent trip to Delhi by Mr. Pant left Mr. Bakshi in-charge of P.H. for a few days. An impromptu visit by him one evening found me taking him on a guided tour through the interiors of P.H. The startled occupants had no prior warning and hence were unable to spruce up their rooms, as is normally done when authority calls. As a result, the staff rep. got a clear 'picture' as to how much the younger generation had changed over the years. It was difficult to make out who was more uncomfortable during the visit, the staff rep. or the

boys.

A recent Inter-school Debate and the Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament reaped rich dividends with the school finishing on top in both. The senior Basketball Team lived up to everybody's expectations once again and won the tournament for the seventh consecutive year.

The practise for the Joint Production continues at full steam. The envied actors return to school late every night. Seeing them, several jealous hopefuls are still trying to get in by trying their level best to now join the stage committee.

With the Diamond Jubilee coming up next year, the Oliphant board would welcome letters/articles from members of the school community, and old boys' suggesting ways on how it could be celebrated. Any contributions towards the aforementioned would be greatly appreciated.

On popular demand, I must highlight the activities of avid bird watchers in school. Every morning a motley group of boys can be seen running around looking for different types of birds. They then, return to the hostel and discuss in great depth the day's sightings.....

*—Aditya
(1)*

WELHAM NOW

1. The Inter-House Hindi Debate was held earlier this month. The results were as follows :

For the Motion

First Position - *Kumar Abhijeet* (136 points)

Second Position - *Nikunj Gupta* (120 points)

Against the Motion

First Position - *Adhir Bhatt* (124 points)

Second Position - *Vikrant Tomar* (91 points)

Jamuna House lifted the trophy.

2. The Inter-School Hindi Debate was held in our Activity Centre on the 18th of April. The results were as follows :

For the Motion

First Position - *Ankur Tiwari* (R.I.M.C.)

Second Position - *Navoditta Panday* (W.G.H.S.)

Third Position - *Kanika Panday* (C.J.M.)

Against the Motion

First Position - *Shwetha Singh* (C.J.M.)

Second Position - *Adhir Bhatt* (W.B.S.)

Third Position - *Itisha Tyagi* (W.G.H.S.)

School Positions

First - *W.G.H.S.* (212 points)

Second - *C.J.M.* (210 points)

Third - *R.I.M.C.* (191 points)

3. *Mr. Jon Symonds* from Glasgow University, Scotland has come for training as a teacher in English. He had completed his English Honours in Scotland. On behalf of the Welham community we wish him a very successful stay here.

4. An English Extemporare debate was held in the Welham Girls' school premises on the 20th of April. The school was represented *Nawaz Khan* and *Sarthak Pany*. The topic chosen was 'NO ONE MAN MAKES HISTORY'.

5. The Third Inter-School Oliphant Memorial English Debate was held in the Activity Centre on the 20th of April. The Topic of the debate was 'JUDICIAL ACTIVISM IS NECES-

(2)

SARY. We were represented by *Rumaan Kidwai* and *Nikunj Gupta*. *Rumaan* proved his glibness as a debater by winning yet another laurel for the school by standing first in the Against Category. *Nikunj Gupta*, following *Rumaan's* footsteps, too stood first in the For Section, to steer *Welham* to be the undisputed winner of the shield. But as we were the host, the runners up school, *Scindia, Gwalior* were presented the shield.

6. Due to the wreckage caused by the sudden local storm which occurred a fortnight earlier, a number of hollow trees and branches which were prone to fall on the electrical lines have been cut/lopped.

7. A telephone booth has been made available from the 22nd of April. It has been installed in the Junior School Staff Room. A notice giving the timings of the usage of this facility for each house has been circulated.

8. The second dosage of the inoculation of the *Hepatitis B* serum was given on the 24th of April.

9. *Tenzin Motup* of Class XI has gone to *Uttarkashi* on the 24th of April to attend a Basic Mountaineering Course. The duration of the course is 28 days.

10. An Inter-School English Elocution for classes V and VI was held on the 17th of April. The results were as follows :

Class VI

First Position - *Pranay Patodia* (W.B.S.)

Second Position - *Smita Ramani* (Brightlands)

Third Position - *Monika Kalra* (C.J.M.) &
Kushboo Sharma (C.A.)

Class V

First Position - *Avinash Agarwal* (W.B.S.)

Second Position - *Akanksha Bhoomiwal* (C.A.)

Third Position - *Meera Vohra* (C.J.M.)

The Cup was lifted by *Welham Boys' School*.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

EVIL LURKED, WHERE THE LOVERS LOVED

Cold, icy winds swept across the area, nothing moved or stirred in the dead of the night. All was silent and calm, but the night had an awkward eeriness about it.

Two figures could be seen sitting on the bench, the moon created a dull aura of white around them as the figures huddled together; keeping warm in the chilly winds. The two lovers cuddled on the bench were tied in the strong bonds of love; for them the world was in each others eyes and each others arms.

The sky became overcast with clouds and the stars no longer twinkled, the wind became stronger and began to howl as it swept across the area. The long distant howl of a dog startled the two and they fell apart, looking around, tense, a bit afraid.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere a cat sprang in front of them. The two stared at the creature that had scared the daylights out of them. It crouched on its belly, its emerald green eyes gleamed in the light. Its whiskers twitched and it opened its mouth to reveal its tiny but sharp canines or rather fangs. Blood dripped from them, drop by drop creating a red stain on the green grass.

Its claws were sharp and it clawed the ground scraping the grass and then its tail became erect and its entire body trembled, its green eyes had developed red streaks between them, blood appeared everywhere in its eyes, its nose; drops even oozed out from its claws, the cat mewed and purred louder and then it sprang and clawed the young man on the face, its fangs buried deep into his forehead and a large part of his cheek was ripped off, revealing the inside of his mouth. The satanic creature jerked its body away and leapt into the evil darkness in leaps and bounds.

Blood had drenched the man, he gasped for breath, his neck was slashed and blood flowed in jerks out from his arteries onto the green grass and then disappeared into the thirsty absorbent soil. He clutched his face with his hands, his mouth was open but produced no sound. Blood poured from his forehead and

trickled down his nose, leaving red stripes on his face. Suddenly he fell to the ground, his tongue hanging out and he gasped for breath. His whole body trembled violently, more and more blood poured out and then he shook no more; he lay there covered in that red sheet of blood, clutched in death's icy hands in a pool of blood.

The winds stopped, the clouds gave way to the moon and the silence of the night set in once again. The girl came to her lover and sat beside his gory corpse. A mixed emotion of fear and grief filled her heart, a tear rolled down her cheek and merged with the redness of the grass, she looked around and something attracted her eye, it was the same emerald green eyes in the distance, the satanic creature was there and she was next.

She jumped to her feet. She wanted to run but her legs wouldn't budge. 'Run damnit', she told herself, 'move, move for your damn life' and she ran. The distant howl was heard again and she looked at the moon, the man in the moon was there and he smiled at her. She glanced at the corpse once again. And then she ran, she moved faster and faster. She knew it was there, the damn thing was following. She could tell without looking back. She knew death was at close quarters, but she had to do it, she was going to face it. Her feet became sore, beads of sweat accumulated on her forehead, she breathed heavily, the lactic had fatigued her muscles. She squinted, there were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed as if sleep had eluded for days at a stretch, an expression of fear clearly showed on her face.

Thunder roared, the wind howled but the damn thing was there, pursuing her. Lightning illuminated the sky for a split second, it struck a nearby tree with a loud crack, sparks flew up in the sky as the tree crashed to the ground, chunks of burning wood leapt up in the sky.

She fell to her knees, her hair fell across her face. The beautiful amber hair was muddy and sweaty, her face complexion was no more

to be seen, her ruby blue eyes were drowsy and her lips were dry, her throat was parched. She fell to the ground and muttered a curse to the gods, to the skies, to herself. She cursed everything known to her. Her hands were bloody, there were cuts and dried blood accumulated on it.

The De Beers diamond on her ring was not there any more. She tugged at the ring pulling it off her finger along with some skin. She threw it upwards towards, the moon, and cursed it. The man in the moon was still looking, this was it for her, this was it. She felt the claws on her back and fangs buried deep into the back of her head. And then all was darkness and numb.

A chill worked its way up her spine, her face was itching now, a horrible awful itch. She began to scratch. She scratched, scratched off her skin, pulled out her skin. Blood gushed out from her nose and mouth. Tiny black insects

crawled up her body clinging to her body and sucking her blood. She smiled, a smile in this terrifying moment, she was afraid. Her body writhed as the movements of the creature tickled her. A loud shriek, spurting out blood was the last of her movements and she fell dead and stirred no more. Her smile still adorned her face, her ruby blue eyes wide open, they stood out of her blood red face. Evil had done what it had to do and climbed another step to achieve its goal of conquering the world.

The moon now penetrated through the fleecy clouds. The man in the moon was still there. The distant howl of a dog was heard. The emerald green eyes appeared for a split second, then disappeared. The clouds were blown away and the sky became clear, with the twinkling stars kissing it. The man in the moon smiled at the corpses, and prepared to give way to the sun.

—Varun Puri
Class XI

Haste : The Fatal Mistake

Saurabh opened his eyes. The persistent ringing of the alarm clock irritated him and he forced himself to get up from his bed and shut it. It was 7 o'clock. Time for him to get up. He opened the curtains and peered outside. It was a grey windy day and ominous black clouds occupied the vast expanse of the sky. This only served to increase his tension and fill him with a sense of foreboding. However, he tried to shrug off the feeling and quickly bathed before changing into jeans and a full sleeved shirt. Then he went to the kitchen to fix himself a light breakfast before going to college.

Today was the day when Saurabh would know whether he had succeeded in life or not. He was from a lower middle-class family. Even though his parents were not so well off, they had managed to support and educate him moderately well. He dreamt of the day he would become an engineer and return home with his first paycheck. How his parents and sister would hug and congratulate him. He had been full of enthusiasm then. But now he was not so sure. He had appeared for examinations to all engineering colleges but had failed and been rejected by all. He was not a bright student, in fact, he was quite weak. This was the final exam that

he had given and he was awaiting its results very anxiously. The results would make or unmake his future.

Saurabh did not want to fight the jostling crowd that was below the notice board where the marks were posted. Instead he elected to wait nearby for the crowd to thin out. He had worked hard for this examination and he was convinced that if he could not get into this college, he could do nothing. In his head he heard his father's voice, "Saurabh. You need not worry. You have worked hard and I know you will get in the college with flying colours." Then his mother's, "All our hopes rest with you. We are what we are but it is up to you to further our achievements." He drew little comfort from these words. Infact they had made him all the more nervous.

The students were going away. On many of the faces he could see delight, but on one or two he could also see rejection and defeat. He looked up for the marks against his serial number GTA1132/772. His heart skipped a beat. He looked up the serial number and the marks again to be sure. He felt his legs go weak and the whole world spinning. He had failed the exam. But along with that he had failed his parents, his relatives, his sister. In utter dejection, he sat down on a bench by

bench and pictured the questions and wondered what had gone wrong. He was doomed. All that his parents had done for him all these years, he had brought to a naught. How could he face them? In utter dejection he remained holding his head in his hands. Passersby noted him and wondered but he did not see anything.

After an hour he got up and started walking briskly. He knew what he must do. He walked up Mone Cliff. It was deserted. At the top he paused for a few moments, asked forgiveness of his parents, whispered a prayer to God and jumped. During the eighteen seconds that it took for his body to reach the bottom, Saurabh remained calm and simply considered the ground coming nearer

and nearer. Then his body hit the ground and rebounded in the air twice before finally coming to rest.

The next day, a column in the local newspaper read "Saurabh Melona, aged 20, committed suicide by jumping off Mone Cliff at 2 o'clock in the afternoon yesterday. The reason of his suicide is yet unknown. Witness claim that....." On a subsequent page was written "CORRECTIONS OF MARKS FOR THE ENTRANCE EXAM TO THE BENGAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE : GAURAV NATH 30%, SAURABH MELONA 67%."

—Abhinav Agarwal
Class XI

The Schizophrenic Clown and the Blissful Scarecrow

The big top looked magnificent, the ringmaster majestic. The animals strutted around in all their splendor. In ran the clown, a figure of total lunacy. His polka dotted pajamas and yellow shirt did naught to improve his appearance. His face was painted white with a huge ear to ear grin on his face. The spectators roared in appreciation at his antics but he and only he knew what he felt inside. He was miserable, a loser, he was the stone who crawled along but gathered no moss.

Tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks only smudging the paint but there on his face was that wide, idiotic grin. He performed the toughest of stunts with the grace only a clown can possess, but inside him raged a turbulent storm. Electrifying painful jolts rocked the very cradle of his existence, he wanted to get over it, he wanted to die.

We leave behind the hypocritical grin and drift elsewhere, far away to a distant land where in a beautiful valley covered with mustard fields stood a scarecrow. Morose to the eye, the sight of him pleaded pity. Shabby, torn clothes, a battered hat and a head full of straw. Yet only he knew what ecstasy life was. The birds and squirrels were petrified of him, children ran in horror, but he was a harmless old lout who loved life.

The clear blue sky, the golden sun, the greenery of the hills and the vast carpet of yellow that spread as far as the eye could see all

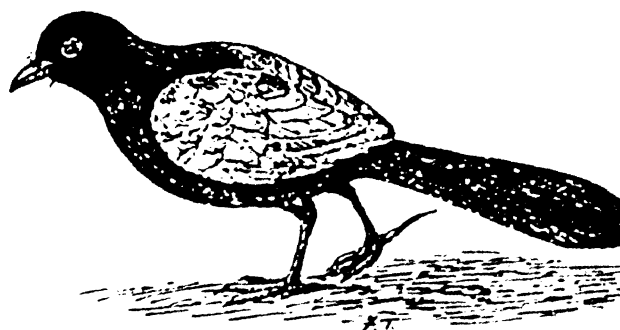
around him. Nobody could be happier than he, with naught to do but appreciate mother nature in all her glory. Life was one long Da Vinci for him.

The hypocritical smile and the misleading shabbiness, they strike a important note. Never judge a book by its cover or say, a clown by his smile.

Those who always smile are not necessarily happy and at the same time those wonder around looking like they've just lost their lunch could be the most content of human beings.

—The Unknown Soldier

Know Your Birds



Crow-Pheasant.

NATURE'S DIARY

The *Wagtails* have left for northern lands. The sun is hot and the sky is occasionally filled with dust. In the afternoon life in the campus seems still. But within no time a part of the sky is over shadowed with dark clouds. The clouds defeat the sun in the battle for supremacy and the large drops of rain shroud the ground with water. The wind blows so hard that trees and window panes come crashing down. Most people are taken unawares by the April storms.

This is what the climate of the *Doon Valley* is, unpredictable; sometimes hot, at other times cold. The summers are now fast approaching and the signs are visible in the lack of lush grass in the fields. The chicks of the *Pariah Kites* nesting on a *Toon* tree near *WoodSeats* are now ready to leave their parents. A pair of *Redvented Bulbuls* have made a nest in a creeper in the garden in front of the Principal's office. A pair of crows is nesting on the *Chir Pine* in front of the *Dining Hall*. Mr. Das has

found five *parakeet* chicks which he has been raising for the past few days. They were unfortunate victims of last week's storm. The *Koel* and the *Cuckoos* are back and the *Lapwing* can be heard during the night with its frantic 'Did you do it, did you do it' call. A group of enthusiasts confirm having seen the *Black Headed Golden Oriole* and the *Paradise Flycatchers* in the campus a few days back.

The doves are becoming more active as

the nesting season draws nearer. Their nest is a very loose platform of twigs. It is amazing how some of them use their droppings as an adhesive to stick the twigs together. The way these birds protect their young ones is to attract the attention of the predator by pretending to be injured and thus an easy catch. The first time you come across such an incident you may well be deceived.

The *Krishna* field is as always abounding in birds and its serene environment makes it all the more exciting for bird lovers to visit it. I recently spotted a pair of *Scarlet Minivets* there.

As the weather gets hotter there will certainly be less boys loitering in the campus but the birds life flourish in nooks and corners.

The Mt. STOK KANGRI EXPEDITION

In the month of *June* a group of students from our school will be going on an expedition to *Mt. Stok Kangri* in the *Ladakh* region. The arrangements are being made. Doubtless, the group will be able to learn a lot about mountaineering and the *Ladakh* region. In preparation for this adventurous trek the group has been doing rock climbing under professional guidance near *Maldevta*. This expedition will be a part of the school's *Diamond Jubilee Celebrations*.

—Digvijay Lamba
Class XI



The Rufous-backed Shrike.

Old Boys' News

RINGSIDE VIEW

A meeting of the *Welham Old Boys' Society* was held on the 3rd of April, 1996 at 7:30 p.m. in the Principal's residence. This meeting was organised by the Society's Dehra Dun Chapter. The highlight of it was planning the events for the **DIAMOND JUBILEE** for which suggestions were made and discussed. Mr. S. Kandhari, the Principal and the President of Welham Old Boys' Society, also apprised members present of the developments in school over the last fifteen years and what his plans were for the future :-

- (i) *Swimming Pool,*
- (ii) *Laboratory for Environmental Science,*
- (iii) *Telecommunications / Computerisation.*

The following were present :-

<u>Name</u>	<u>Ex</u>	<u>W.B.S.No.</u>	<u>Batch</u>
<i>Mr.S.Kandhari (President)</i>	<i>Ex-5</i>		<i>1943-46</i>
<i>Mr.Jagjit Singh (Secretary)</i>	<i>Ex-378</i>		<i>1973-83</i>
<i>Mr.Ashutosh Goyal</i>	<i>Ex-411</i>		<i>1974-80</i>
<i>Mr.Mohit Jain</i>	<i>Ex-377</i>		<i>1976-86</i>
<i>Mr. Anurag Chadha</i>	<i>Ex-348</i>		<i>1976-88</i>
<i>Dr. Vishwajeet Walia</i>	<i>Ex-247</i>		<i>1975-85</i>
<i>Mr.Sumant Bhushan</i>	<i>Ex-312</i>		<i>1971-75</i>
<i>Mr.Sunil Khanna</i>	<i>Ex-177</i>		<i>1974-81</i>
<i>Mrs.Ritu Kumar</i>	<i>Ex-226</i>		<i>1972-75</i>
<i>Ms.Chhavi Sharma</i>	<i>Ex-226</i>		<i>1977-78</i>
<i>Mr.Sameer Dhingra</i>	<i>Ex-67</i>		<i>1974-81</i>
<i>Mr.Ankush Gulati</i>	<i>Ex-318</i>		<i>1976-82</i>
<i>Ms.Anisha Arora</i>	<i>Ex-250</i>		<i>1972-75</i>
<i>Mr.Prashant Kochar</i>	<i>Ex-364</i>		<i>1984-92</i>
<i>Mr.Devendra Singh</i>			<i>1960-64</i>

This was a superb week for basketball fans and enthusiasts. The *Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament* being the obvious reason. A large number of teams were here to compete for the trophy. The outstation teams included *Y.P.S. (Chandigarh)*, *Y.P.S. (Patiala)*, *Mayo* and *Scindia*. Other teams included *St.Georges*, *Wynberg Allen*, *Doon School*, *R.I.M.C.* and ofcourse our own very team. Welham enrolled two teams, the *W.B.S. (Blues)* - the senior team, and *W.B.S. (Whites)* - the junior team.

In our pool we met *Y.P.S. (Chandigarh)*. They were no match for our players who swept them with a large margin of 39 points. The end score read 57-18. Next we faced *St.Georges* who met with the same fate and were crushed, the score reading 65-32 in our favour. The third match of Pool A was played between *Y.P.S. (Chandigarh)* and *St.Georges*. There was a tough fight from both sides. Ultimately *St.Georges* won the game 35-16.

Pool B included *Mayo*, *Scindia* and *R.I.M.C.* The first match was between *Mayo* and *R.I.M.C.* The match was pretty close till the last five minutes. Equal pressure was put from both sides and eventually it was *Mayo* that took the lead and beat *R.I.M.C.* 39-24. The second match was between *Scindia* and *R.I.M.C.* *Scindia* swept past their opponents 39-19. As a result, *R.I.M.C.* was knocked out of the tournament. The next match was between *Mayo* and *Scindia*, a real hair raiser. It kept the spectators at the very edge of their seats. The match was splendid. The score did not differ by more than two or three points throughout the game. Both teams were giving in their best. *Mayo* emerged as the winners. *Mayo* finally won the match 58-57.

In Pool C, the first match was played between *Doon School* and *Welham Whites*, our juniors. The tall *Doscos* kept the ball above the opponents heads and won with a great margin. The score read 100-23 in their

favour. The next match was between *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* and *Doon School*. Both teams fought upto the very end. However, *Doon* emerged winners with the score reading 89-76 in their favour. Next, *Welham Whites* played with *Wynberg Allen*. Both team put equal amount of pressure on each other. The juniors played quite an impressive game but due to lack of experience they lost 20-30. *Wynberg Allen* faced *Doon School* next. It was a clean sweep for the *Doscas* beating *Wynberg* 81-31. *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* went on to meet *Welham Whites* next. We were unable to contain our opponents and lost 65-25 to them. After this *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* went on to meet *Wynberg* and beat them with ease. The score reading 50-28 in favour of *Y.P.S. (Patiala)*. Thus, they made it to the quarters.

In the quarter final *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* met *Scindia*. A tough match was played as both sides were eager to make it to the semis. Ultimately *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* won with the score reading 53-44 in their favour. *Doon School* met *St. Georges* in the second quarter final. The *Doscas* crushed them with ease by defeating them by 28 points. The score at the end was 60-32.

Mayo College and *Welham Blues* made it directly to the semi-finals. *Y.P.S. (Patiala)* and *Welham Blues* clashed in the first semi-final. There was a tough fight and it was a close match. Great performances by both sides impressed the audience. *Welham* emerged victorious with the score reading 58-61. The next semi-final was played between *Doon School* and *Mayo*. The *Doscas* faced defeat and the determined *Mayo* team ousted the *Doscas* from the tournament. The final score was 61-54.

The finals were held on 21st of April, Sunday between *Welham Blues* and *Mayo College*. Both team exhibited great

dexterity and speed. Impressive lay-ups and powerful solo performances enthralled the crowd. *Samarth P. Singh* was definitely the hero of the day. *Pratyush Prateek* who displayed great defence and was a major support to the team. *Vipul Munjal* and *Manavjit Singh Klair* proved a boon. There shooting was a great advantage to us. We beat the *Mayo* team with a wide margin, pulverising them 72-41. And so, we lifted the trophy for the seventh consecutive time. After all, they did deserve it, with the amount of practice and training the team went through.

Even though the *Welham Whites* were unable to reach the quarter-finals their performance was highly commendable and praise worthy. The school should look out for aspiring basketball players like *Ashok Roy*, *Parivesh Kumar*, *Adhir Bhatt*, *Rohit Bagaria* and *Manish Shreshtha* in the years to come. A word of praise for *Mr. Vachani* for his excellent guidance in steering the team to successive victories.

The Basketball team now looks forward to a bright year in sport. Unfortunately, we were not invited by the *Doon School* for the *Afzal Khan* tournament. There are many more tournaments coming up and we wish the team all the best.

The school badminton team is seen everyday toiling hard to bring out the best in the coming *I.P.S.C. Tournament* to be held in *Modern School, Delhi* commencing from the 3rd of May. The school will be represented by *Ashish Gupta*, *Arcaprava Dutta*, *Abhinav Pathak*, *Raja Dutta* and *Arpan Gupta*.

The school hockey team is looking forward to the coming councils. All the best to them, too.

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