



THE OLIPHANT

No. 185

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

August 22nd, 1996

Think About It

A man born to obey will obey even on a throne.

--L'auvenargues

EDITORIAL

Incessant rain, the Head once again reminding us that the monsoons are on. Soggy smelly clothes. Yes, we are back in school and the Autumn term is under way. Once again I pick up my pen and go about my editorial tasks.

Walking around the school, one can notice a few minor changes. Firstly, P.H. which looked as if it had been attacked by an angry mob on the war path at the end of last term, once again wears a clean, neat look, having been white-washed, alienating its occupants who feel out of place and dazzled by the cleanliness around them.

During the course of the summer break nearly a lakh and half has been spent on repairs to the various hostels. It is difficult to comprehend as to what drives us to such wanton destruction of school property during the last few days of a term. Surely, it would have benefitted the entire school community if the money spent on repairs had been saved and used more productively elsewhere.

There have been a few leavers among the staff. Mr. Jayal, in particular, will be sorely missed as he left, after having taught economics here for nearly fourteen years. In acknowledging his individual characteristics, he knew his subject thoroughly, and was a brilliant teacher. His services will be missed not only in economics but also in the field of 'First Aid' and 'Life Saving'. I would like to wish him the very best of luck in his new assignment.

Turning to the entertainment front, a newly installed overhead Video Projector is the pride and joy of the much abused and maligned Entertainment Squad. For the Saturday night

movie buffs, it is a blessing, as one can finally watch a movie without having to strain one's neck and no longer does one need super-hearing to follow the dialogue.

The School Captain can now finally breathe easy as he is no longer the only student authority in school. After much speculation about their fate, the Head has finally reappointed the prefects.

Another highlight of the term so far, was the Independence Day celebrations. Since the Head was away, the onus fell upon the senior teachers and prefects to make sure that everyone did contribute his bit towards social service. The celebrations ended with the unfurling of the national flag and very moving and poignant speech by the School Captain.

Till the next issue.....adios

--Aditya

Fantailed

Flycatcher



Know your Birds

(1)

LITERARY AFFAIRS

A TALE WITH A TWIST

Paul was sitting with Nancy in their T.V. room couch pondering over the week's events. They had been married eighteen years now and never had they experienced such a nightmare. It had begun gradually.

Since his school days Paul has always asserted himself well in class. His high school had been a breeze. He had then gone on to obtain a master's degree in Commerce. Subsequently, he had joined California Furniture and had, over the years, worked up to a position in the highest echelon of the company. However, Paul was not happy. Every time he had got a promotion, he couldn't help but notice that his contemporaries were manifestly jealous of him. His childhood pal, Bruce had suddenly turned hostile. Paul sometimes felt guilty about leaving his friends behind but he had this insatiable urge to do well that pushed him ahead. Then, just when it had begun to rain, it began to pour.

Three days back, Paul was returning from work in his private chauffeur driven limousine. As they entered a narrow alleyway, a shortcut his driver often took, the car came to an abrupt halt. The next moment, Paul saw the windshield shatter before him. "Duck!", his instinct told him. As he dived for the floor of the car, bullets whizzed by, ripping the seats. Then to his horror, he saw his driver clutch his chest, fall back and then go limp. He braced himself for a bullet tearing into his body..... Nothing happened. Silence. He slowly got up and out of the car, as if in a trance. 'What the hell was that?', he wondered aloud. He got his answer when he reached home.

Nancy was waiting for him, as she had always done so many times before. Paul felt happy to see his wife safe. He also felt reassured. His wife was the only one whom he could trust. She was warm, good natured, sweet tempered, romantic and ravishingly beautiful.

'What the hell happened to you, Paulie?', she quivered looking at his muffled hair and dirty suit. Explanations were given. Just then the phone began to ring. Paul knew it was for him. He picked it up, Hands trembling

and did not speak a word. Paul put down the phone and turned towards his wife. 'Oh God darling! They want three million dollars or they are going to kill us. 'Who are they?'

'That is the bad part, honey. I don't know.'

The next day Paul hired a private detective to do a little investigation. He then went on to his office. Paul was not surprised to find his best friend Bruce missing. He had considered Bruce over and over in his mind the last night and concluded that it had to be him. There couldn't be anybody else.

Paul on returning home, received a call late that night. He was shocked. 'They' had learnt about his having hired a private detective and as he inferred they weren't too happy about it. Paul was obliged to cancel the investigation. The next day Paul received calls instructing him on delivery of the money. Paul wanted to talk to it over with his wife.

Now, here he was with his wife in the T.V. room. They talked for a while.

Finally he said, 'I don't think we should give it to them, honey. It is a lot of money..... and we do not even know who they are.'

His wife nodded submissively. She did not like to go against him.

He slept peacefully that night without any disturbance. Paul went to the office in the morning. Bruce was missing again! His suspicions were confirmed. After a hard day's work he returned home. Nancy wasn't waiting for him. He went in 'Nancy!, where are you?' Only silence. A mad fury and fear was over-whelming him now. They couldn't have!! The phone startled him. He ran towards it.

'Hello!?', it was a shout. 'Relax, Mr. Paul, its only me', a voice on the other side sounded.

'You no- good- piece- of - shit! What have you done to her?,' Nothing Mr. Paul, we have only taken her for a little chat. Now, now, Mr. Paul, you know we do not like it when people do not follow instructions. Deliver what you are being asked to, same place, same time

tomorrow and we will return your wife.'

'Wait! How,... how, do I know she is.....alive?' He hated himself for asking.

'Baby, they are hurting me-! Click.' It was undoubtedly his wife.

He had no choice now. He had to give in. There was no way out.

He walked towards the appointed rendezvous, briefcase in hand hoping he did not look conspicuous. Suddenly, two men materialised from nowhere. 'Mr. Paul. Follow us.' He was led into an underground parking centre. As he reached a dark corner, he spotted his wife. She was gagged and bound and was with two other men.

'Mr. Paul, did you bring what we asked for?' Paul showed them. He passed it to one of the men. 'Now can I have my wife?'. 'Not so fast!' Bruce loomed up from behind the car with a gun in his hand. Then, Paul's heart skipped a beat....

'Loosen up baby.', Bruce said to Nancy.

Nancy untied herself and went towards Bruce and kissed him!!

'Oh my God, Nancy you...'. Paul clenched his teeth. He was beginning to see every thing now. Nancy was having an affair with Bruce and had masterminded the whole thing.

Before he could move, Bruce fired into his body. He felt an excruciating pain in his throat and then darkness enveloped him.

The wail of silence startled the criminals. The police! Only a bit too late for Paul. Before they knew whether to make a run for it, a hundred police had their guns aimed at them.

It was over.

Paul had eventually decided to tell the police about the whole conspiracy on the last day. A plan had been plotted and the policemen had to come five minutes after Paul. But Paul could not buy so much time.....

—Sourab Dhungel
Class XI

ME, MY ANGER AND MY END

I am not a rationalist who wants to blame God for the injustice which I have seen in my life.

My values constitute anger, frustration and hatred. My attitude smells and my character is a contradiction to the human race.

How I hate to see the hypocritical smile on the face of these humans when they look at my sabotaged life.

I was drowning in my anger when rescue came. An old man ready to suck all my anger, hatred and frustration into himself. Day by day he visited me reducing himself into a repulsive creature while I grew lighter, happier and handsome. By the end I was the perfect ideal human being and the old man had turned into a black, distorted, ugly shapeless creature. According to him I was his master and that he was under my command.

A pearl is very beautiful but inside it contains that ugly particle of sand. I had changed completely but revenge failed to be sucked out of my body. I ordered my anger to kill those who had looked down upon me. One by one they died a bloody death.

One day, my anger refused to carry out any murderous orders. To my horror it struck me down and as my life seeped out of me, I heard the ugly creature say 'I am another person's anger.'

—A.N. Khan
Class XII

YOU CAN

If you think you're beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but think, you can't,
Its almost certain you won't.
If you think you've lost, you lose.
Far out in the world we find,
Success begins with a person's will,
Its all in a state of mind.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man.
But sooner or later the man who wins
IS THE ONE WHO THINKS HE CAN

—Ayush Negi
Class X
(Inspired by 'IF' written by Rudyard Kipling)

LOVE - A SPECIAL ONE

I have often read about 'Love'. What is this love? The one I have read about is not the one I have experienced as yet. Is love always a bond between man and woman, boy and girl? I am not talking about love amongst members of a family. There is another love. Remember the first day when you leaned out of the window and saw two shiney eyes, dusty cheeks, wearing a cheeky grin from one ear to the other. You must have barely three, same age as her, and her piercing 'Come down!' was an invitation of a life time.

As others came into your life, they got a secondary place. A bond between her and you kept growing like those pigtails that mama might have made. Heavy sling bags across shoulders and long irksome paths to school could never come between the secrets you shared. They seem so trivial now when you think back but remember how you almost hit a boy twice your age to keep him from knowing the secrets you had shared.

Do you recollect the time when school closed down early in the day because the teacher had been unwell and you both sneaked into the school larder to gobble the goodies

before the cook caught you. What a frightful racket you made and when you realised that she had come only to see the pet cat trying to open the door. Well that fright did make you jump out of the window with her to avoid any further difficulty. How gleefully you played in the radiant sunshine on the seesaw and the sand castle that you too had made yourself with a plant and a sharp edged rock. You even fell once from the swing and she helped you home without any regret. Only that you were the one to get hurt and not her.

Time went by and you were in your mid teens. Some one else might have caught your eyes and your friend might have caught her's. But even this could not form a barrier because of that internal bond.

Now don't you think that this was a wonderful bond, the bond of love? The bond of love between friends. The bitter sweet memories will tell you that this love cannot be replaced by any thing because nothing can be more enduring than this.

*—Rohan Sood
Class XI*

DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS COMMENCE - EXPEDITION TO Mt. STOK KANGRI

It is cold, dry and the mountain slopes are devoid of vegetation! Yes this is what you find in Ladakh, the little Tibet. The WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL, organised THE MARKHA VALLEY- MT. STOK KANGRI expedition in Ladakh in June 1996 to mark the commencement of the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. The expedition began on the 1st and ended on the 20th of June 1996.

The expedition group included 12 students of under 17 years of age with Mr. Painuli as the escort. In preparation, all of us had done lot of trekking in the Garhwal Himalayas during our school days. But Ladakh was a new experience for all of us except for Tenzin who hails from Zanskar; he was the natural choice of being appointed the leader of the expedition. It was a big challenge; we were awed but not daunted.

With eight kgs of load on our back, eighteen miles to carry our necessary provisions and a few locals including the guide to help us, we embarked on the trek which took us through the most unfavourable but rather beautiful terrain.

The trek commenced at Spitok on the bank of the Indus river on the 4th of June. It began to drizzle as we proceeded over a barren plain, parallel to the Indus. Our first stop was Zinchan where we spent a night camping by the river. This area abounds in Chukar Partridges and Golden Eagles can also be spotted. The trek had tired us and we all began to realise how heavy the rucksacks felt while trekking at an altitude of 3500 metres above sea level for long hours.

The 5th of June found us at the Ganda La Base Camp. It lacked the little vegetation that is

present at the lower reaches of the valley at Zinchan. On the way we did get to see some wild animals like an Ibex herd and also a few Nayans. Here we also saw a few Yaks. It became extremely cold at night and the stream nearly froze. From Ganda La Base Camp you get to see Mt. Stok Kangri. It seemed very close but this was not to be the case.

On the 6th of June we crossed the Ganda La (La means pass) and reached Shingo. The Ganda La is at an altitude of 5000 metres above sea level. There was some snow and we found the dead body of a marmot which is a mammal found near the snow line.

The descent from the pass was much quicker though longer in distance. Our night halt was at Shingo, a very small village. Here again because of the presence of cropland there were enough partridges for us to chase. Though it was unlucky for all as none of us were able to round up any of them. Running behind them with stones was great fun which tired us.

Beyond Shingo towards Skiu there are a lot of trees beside the stream. It is at Skiu that the actual Markha valley begins and you have to turn left into a wider valley with more trees and a broader river called the Markha river. We camped some distance ahead to Skiu. Some of us managed to take a dip in the river before sunset.

The next day we had to walk for six hours under the merciless sun which had by now turned us into black ghosts. The river had to be crossed a number of times. We enjoyed wading across it as the weather was hot. At Markha we found a wide plain area of grass to tent on. For dinner we cut a goat and had a wonderful time dancing around. It was to be the last day when we could do such a thing in the open as every successive night would get colder. The Markha Village is larger than the others around. There are about dozen families living there and you might get some necessary commodities during the tourist season (mid June to mid September).

The next night halt was at Hankar (a small village). Here we noticed in amazement the sudden change in the level of water in the river in the evening. After 4 o'clock the water would turn darker and the flow stronger as well as higher. This caused some problems to a few

trekkers as they were delayed and had to cross the river to reach the camping site.

After Hankar there is a steady increase in altitude till you reach the Nimaling Plain (a vast area of flat land with very short grass and a few ponds and the Markha river). From the Nimaling Plain you can see Mt. Nimaling to the south and the Kangmaru La (altitude 5500 metres) to the north. There is a lot of wildlife to be seen here which includes the Himalayan Marmots, Lammegier, Gorals (below Nimaling Plain) the Carrion Crow, Brahminy ducks and the Woolly Hare.

On the 11th of June we proceeded slowly towards Shandgo across the Kongmaru La (5000 metres). After a tiring ascent over a loose rocky slope for one and a half hour we reached the top of the pass where there was some snow. The valley beyond looked amazingly beautiful. The mountains presented a colourful contrast, some were reddish and some were greenish.

The slope on the other side was even steeper and as we reached the valley we could see a totally different landscape below. The valley is very narrow with steep sides and the mountains on either side have a distinct strata of rocks jutting out to give a very peculiar erosion pattern.

The day's trek lasted for nine hours and thirst compelled us to drink the river water which had silt to such an extent that it had turned red. Shangdo is a small village accessible by jeep at the end of three river valleys.

On the 12th June we could not go to Matho Fhu (Fhu means pasture land) as per plan because Matho La was covered with snow and hence it would have been very difficult for the mules to cross over the pass. Instead of Matho Fhu we proceeded towards Martselang, a two hour walk. From Martselang we hired taxis to Stok Village opposite Leh across the Indus. The next day was rest day at Stok village.

On the 14th we put up base camp 1 to Mt. Stok Kangri. From there the three peaks in the Stok Kangri range were clearly visible. All three were covered with thick snow and we identified the one we were to climb. It is the highest among the three at an altitude of 6135 metres. It is also the highest peak visible from Leh.

They say seeing is believing but this is not what we experienced. A peak might seem to be very near but when you try to make your way towards it you come across a whole lot of odd landscape which you never expected.

On the 15th morning we trekked for two hours and reached the snow line. Here we set up the Main Base Camp. Tea was served as usual and later we all put on our crampons and ice-boots. The Head Guide gave pertinent instructions to the group. We made sure that all equipment was in good shape and we went to sleep after an early supper. The meals served throughout the trek by the cook included a variety of dishes. Rest at this hour was important as we would have to trek for a period of more than 10 hours on snow with a rapid increase in altitude.

We began the final trek at 2 a.m. in the morning on 16th of June. A cold breeze was blowing and the snow covered slopes shining in the moonlight made it all the more eerie. An hour's trek made us reach the snow line over a pass we put on our ice boots and crampons made ground slowly but steadily. The ice was hard there and after much effort a few boys began to experience problems due to lack of oxygen. As time passed and the eastern sky turned brighter our progress became slower and fatigue set in. We had reached the base of the mountain at 7 'o' clock in the morning.

Three groups were formed and each group began to scale the summit in seriatum but with a time gap. Two of the boys who had severe breathing problems stayed at the base.

With time passing the snow became softer and it became even tougher to climb for all of us were knee deep in snow. The final climb is over a steep slope of snow but for technical reasons we were advised to climb diagonally, switching the direction every few metres.

At 11 'o' clock the first group resting on a rock face experienced the first attack of severe headaches due to lack of oxygen. They stood just eighty metres short of the summit. Despite the will of a few boys who wanted to proceed higher, the guide prudently called off the climb. I suppose he had the experience to support his decision and so with eight boys comprising two groups falling eight metres short while the third group of three boys falling hundred metres short of the summit we began to descend. The descent over the snow which had by now become soft was much easier to one's relief. The vast snow field at the base could possibly have crevasses. This forced us to connect ourselves with a rope.

By 3 'o' clock in the afternoon we had reached the base camp. After a light snack all of us fell asleep.

The next day we arrived at Leh with a sense of achievement and pride. The peak from Leh seemed all the more beautiful now. We spent the following two days sight seeing around Leh.

On the 20th June the expedition came to an end. All of us were glad to have completed it and looked forward to a relaxing holiday.

--*Digvijay Lamba*
Class XI

WELHAM NOW

1. The following boys were awarded Sports Colours for the year 1996- '97

Cricket

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1) Ashish Patodia | 4) Akbar Ali Khan |
| 2) Gaurav Katwal | 5) Samarth P. Singh |
| 3) Muzaffar Ali Khan | |

Hockey

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1) Muzaffar Ali Khan | 4) Yashab Zia |
| 2) Akbar Ali Khan | 5) Rumaan Kidwai |
| 3) Gurkirat Aurora | |

2. The following boys were awarded the Scholar's Scarf for the year 1996-'97:

(6)

- 1) Ashish Gupta 2) Rumaan Kidwai

3. The following boys recieved awards for Western Music:

Outstanding Performance

- 1) Adhir Bhatt - Vocals
2) Kartikey Narayan - Vocals
3) Abhinav Kothiwal - Vocals

Best Players

- 1) Rishab Kejriwal - Congo
2) Anubhav Mehta - Rhythm Guitar
3) Aditya Jassi - Side Percussion
4) Manish Shreshtha - Key Boards

- 5) Rajiv Harnal - Bass
- 6) Raja Dutta - Electric Guitar
- 7) Ayush P. S. Negi - Drum Set

4. The construction of the staff quarters near the squash courts is progressing at a good pace, and is expected to be ready in the near future.

5. Among the few boys who did well in their previous annual exams, a special mention of the following boys who secured 90% or above must be made:

- 1) Manav Goel -90%
- 2) Arjun Trivedi -91%
- 3) Divya Agarwal -91%

6. Mr. Sanjay Vashist has joined the school as a squash coach. He has experience of First Aid.

7. The installation of the over-head video projector, in the Activity Centre on the 10th of this month has resulted in a lot of excitement and fervour.

8. The campus has assumed a much greener look with the rains and the planting of the Jacranda and the Laburnum trees in the school campus. The saplings planted are all doing well.

9. Mr. Ranjan Roy has joined the school as an economics teacher. We wish him a successful long tenure.

10. The Principal's office has been constructed adjacent to the L.R.C.

11. The swimming pool has been renovated during the holidays, and is now open for the swimmers.

12. The Markha Valley Stok Kangri Expedition which commenced on the 1st of June and concluded on the 20th of June was a great success. The team included twelve boys of class XI escorted by the Director, Adventure, Mr. V. Painuli. The expedition was flagged off from the Indian Mountaineering Foundation (I.M.F.), New Delhi, by Mr. M.S. Gill, the Election Commissioner and the president of

I.M.F. on the 31st of May. Mr. Gill was the Chief Guest.

13. Mr. & Mrs. Oberoi have left for Muscat to assume their new duties. We wish them all success.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Vikas Verma and his wife Rama were blessed with a baby girl in January 1996. Our congratulations to them.

Ranjan Lath has recently completed his Graduation from Sydenham College of Commerce and Economics, Mumbai. Presently he is pursuing Chartered Accountancy course with K.M.P.G.

Siddanth Sharma (Ex-549-J) and Ankur Nigam(Ex-600-K) are doing their Graduation from S.R.C.C., New Delhi. Sudeep Chowdhari (Ex-700-J) has joined National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad.

Yusuf Anis Ahmed(Ex-654-K) has been appointed a school prefect and Captain of his house. He is presently studying at Stowe, England.

Our congratulations to Mohit Jain and Charu who were married on 3rd June, 1996.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed.,

As usual I enjoyed reading the latest issue of the Oliphant (May 25th, 1996). I would like to set the record straight on a comment made in the editorial that the Joint Production with Welham Boys', 'An Inspector Calls' by J.B. Priestley was the 'Director's maiden foray into direction.' In fact Ms.S.Paul has long been deeply involved in dramatics both as a director as well as an actress.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs.S.Verma
Principal W.G.H.S.

RINGSIDE VIEW

The Olympics, X -Games, Euro 96, Wimbledon, Federation Cup, Super 8's and the Indian Cricketing disaster in England. What else could be squeezed within the two months of vacations for sport maniacs.

The Olympics was just another platform for the U.S. to show their talent in all possible events. The U.S. winning over forty Golds was followed by Russia, China, France and Germany. Carl Lewis of the U.S. won his ninth Gold medal equalling Paavo Narmi's record of nine Gold medals. It seems like the Olympics just aren't meant for Sergi Bubka who could not compete because of a hamstring injury. Vitaly Scherbo who in Barcelona won six Golds could only win three Bronze in Atlanta. And then there was Donovan Bailey and Michael Johnson who broke the previous world records in 100 and 200 mts respectively. Bailey clocked 9.84 whereas Johnson 19.32. Johnson completed the unprecedented double by also winning the 400 mts. Mary Jose Perek of France won the 200 along with the 400 mts becoming only the second woman in the history of modern Olympics to do so. Nigeria won the Gold in Soccer defeating favourites Brazil in the Semi-Finals and fancied Argentina in the Finals.

THE INDIAN SCENARIO:

Jaspal Rana and Mansher Singh weren't anywhere near a medal. All Indian Athletes participating in the track events were out in the Heats. The Indian Hockey team finished eighth, the lowest rank in any of the Olympics. Then there was Pappu Yadav who went to participate in the 48 kg. event and ended up wrestling in the 52 kg. category as he was found to be 3 kg. overweight. Leander Paes won Bronze [the only medal for the country] and proved that he plays better when representing his country than when he is playing as an individual.

The Euro'96 was won by Germany who

beat the Czech Republic. This was the first major Soccer tournament in which the Golden goal rule was introduced and played in the finals. The much-hyped Federation Cup was won by Dempo Sports who defeated East Bengal in the finals.

The Wimbledon finals was the first ever to be played between two unseeded players. Richard Krajicek beat Mal Washington in straight sets 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.

The school soccer team played their first fixture against Rispana Star Eleven and beat them 4-2. A fantastic goal by Ankush Salaria built tremendous excitement in the game. Samarth, Muzaffar and Nawaz were the other scorers from the team.

Akshat, Karan Singh and Samarth went to Noida to represent Dehra Dun in the State Basket ball Championships. Samarth has been selected to represent U.P in the forthcoming National Championships.

Ashish Gupta recently took part in the Council Chess Tournament and became the Council School Champion by beating his opponent from St. Josephs in the Finals. He played four matches enroute to the finals. The first was a draw while he won the other three.

The school Basket ball team played its first match of this season against Central School O.N.G.C. They won quite comfortably defeating the opponents by 40 points. Samarth was impressive as usual, he took some splendid drive-ins. Vipul was the main shooter, as Manavjit sat out due to an injury, but the extra load did not seem to bother him as he scored four three pointers and also took a couple of good lay ups. The team is sweating it out during practice keeping in mind the I.P.S.C. Basket ball Tournament which is to be held at Daly College, Indore in mid October. They are determined to perform well there.

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