



THE ELEPHANT

No. 188

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 12th, 1996

Think About It

Silence is the most perfect expression of scorn

--Shaw

EDITORIAL

Being aware that procrastination is the thief of time and with a deadline to meet, I get down for the ninth(?) time to my editorial tasks.

Firstly, I would like to congratulate the Volleyball and Tennis teams for their success at their respective events in the zonal I.P.S.C. tournaments. While the volley team went ahead and won the Trophy, the inexperienced tennis team overcame three seasoned teams before falling to a highly ranked team in the quarter-finals. This is a stupendous achievement on their part, considering the fact that they were rank outsiders in the tournament.

The volley team showed us that sheer effort and hard work pays rich dividends. A full report on this **and more** by our correspondent in the **Ringside View**.

Mid-terms are over and everybody is back, now looking forward to the upcoming Founder's. For us, the senior most batch, this was our last mid-term. One cannot help but reminisce, as we enter the twilight of our tenure here, about the many mid-terms that have passed. I feel that most of us have made the most of this opportunity as we have trekked many a hill and capped it all with a 15 day ski course.

I wonder whether any of us will ever be able to return to such areas again after we pass out and get caught up in the pressures of an ever demanding world. I, as indeed all of us, will certainly cherish the memories of our numerous excursions.

Founder's Day preparations are underway with regular play practice already having

started. I don't know whether any white mice have been sacrificed at the altar of knowledge in the Bio lab yet, and since the school has not been choked by noxious fumes so far. I guess the mad hatters of our chem. lab have yet to begin their preparations.

The day after the mid-term, we had early in the morning a Special Assembly to commemorate Gandhi Jayanti and remember the great man. In a bizarre turn of events, P.H. was well on time, while some students of the school were not punctual. An event which surprised many a cynic.

Since the Head was away, this simple commemoration ceremony was presided over by the Dean of Academics.

Turning to the changing seasons, the winter chill has now set in, a welcome relief break from this year's excessive monsoon. Already a few stray cardigans and pullovers have found their way out of the closets. Even the winter time table which gives one the luxury of a few more winks of sleep before classes commence in the morning is eagerly being looked forward to.

My tenure is now drawing to a close, as my final exams are fast approaching. Already there is heated discussion as to who is most likely to succeed me, a sure sign that my time is up.

After eleven long tumultuous years it is hard to swallow the fact that my time in this school is limited and before I know it, it will be over.

--Aditya

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

You first praise the classical Indian Music Joint Production and then said it cured you of your 'Insomnia.' What are you trying to say?

Yours faithfully,
Amit Sekhri
(Music Captain).

Ed: Firstly, I did not praise the J.P., I just reported the reaction of the audience. They appreciated it. I did not. They might be right. I may be wrong. To each, his own music is, as you will agree, a personal pleasure.

Dear Ed,

I am fed up of your editorials which are full of your personal grievances, which you satisfy by gunning down your acquaintances. I am not interested in your private life. Do give us a break from your sardonic humour. God help me as I have to suffer your Founder's Day issue.

I am sure that to satisfy yourself you will use your hypocritical wit to put me down. Looking forward to the new Editor.

Yours scornfully,
A Noveau Brahmin.

Ed: I have never used the Oliphant as a medium of vendetta against people I may not like. I don't know from which facet of your sick mind you have concocted the above. I am still the Editor for another two issues so till then- put up or shut up.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

A regional get together held in Bombay on the 28th of September was presided by Mr. S. Kandhari.

The meeting was in connection with forth coming Diamond Jubilee Celebrations among the participants were:

Amit Sarogi- Batch of '92

Jairaj Singh- Batch of '93

Vidhur Jung Bahadur- Batch of '93.

(2)

Five Years of Waiting

My house was on top of a cliff overlooking the sea, a very lonely and deserted place without any human habitation around for miles. That's what made my place so beautiful and that's the way I liked it.

I led a very satisfied life until five years ago when my peace was suddenly destroyed. Now I just sit in my house, passing time and waiting for my happiness to return. Passing time had become a way of life for me as I did not remember even my age anymore. No one ever visited me and neither did I visit anyone. I enjoyed my own company and did not feel the need for others. All day long I sat at my window looking at the exquisite beauty of nature that surrounded my house. I read books very often. At night you could hear music in my house. A very slow melodious tune to which the spirit seem to dance but the animals despised.

I remember the happy days spent with my family as, memories are the only relics I have of my early days.

Tomorrow is an important day for me as my relatives will be coming. I am eagerly awaiting their arrival. I have been doing so for the past five years as the burden that I carry with me will finally vanish. As I gazed out of the window the view around my house was breath taking. Often I have sat at this window and gained great pleasure from the heavenly view outside.

As my son had died few years ago the only heirs to my vast property are my distant relatives. According to a judgement passed by a court of law they are to become the owners of this vast house from tomorrow. They plan to convert this old house of mine into a holiday resort. Its going to be a great relief to me as it was hard for me to look after this place on my own.

For five years I have been waiting for tomorrow and now it has finally arrived. Tomorrow will be the day when my soul will finally rest in peace after I have killed them all. Why did they kill my son and me five years ago? Just to possess this wretched house and the land surrounding it. I am not going to let them have it. I am going to kill them. You may say I am a ghost but actually I just a father seeking retribution.

--Puneet Gambhir

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Love And A Shattered Soul

Life's tree blossoms only when there is love. Then the flowers produce scent and sweet fragrances extracted from the Mother. Love is blind. The first intoxication leads you into a world of love, a world of sweet pleasures where all things are heavenly and everything is beautiful. Flowers showered from the abode of the gods are soft and delicate but get withered away in time. So does love. A short spell of sweet moments Ephemeral.

There will be nothing, nothing left at all but those sweet memories will haunt you forever. A shattered soul, you walk down the beaten path of betrayed lovers. All the sorrows are yours and yours alone. You are surrounded by all the friends of misery, who bring the weight of the world upon you, and add to your pain and agony. Your soul longs for freedom, but the spirit does not. The battle between your outer and inner self is created and you float in a sea of confusion, but it is you that will need to manage your shattered soul.

The past is a dream which will never return. But those memories of life, love and beauty. Oh how they hurt. Those eyes that beamed with love, the lips soft and wet; not with nectar but the poison of love. Love is blind and your desires are but desires, you like the clouds,

the birds and glowing ball at dusk. Her beauty had intoxicated you and you were deeply in love; oblivious of every thing else, the flame of love had burned deep inside your heart. Love is eternity. You could then cross the oceans and seas and scale the mountains to meet the woman of your heart. But your sweet scented, exquisite flower of love has withered away.

You sit on the path. Far in the distance the ray of hope tempts, but one fall from the skies of love is enough. You are scared to stand and shine in that ray of hope. You had enjoyed the moments of pleasure and joys but will you survive the pain? The agony and all those friends of nursery suffocating you to the very end.

You are shattered, you sit there thinking, the past pains like a thorn pricking you deep in the heart, the future comes but it scares you, so all you have is the present. No hopes to fall back upon.

You sit quietly, be a part of that roaring silence, speak out to the world like you did to me. for the roaring silence speaks from the heart. Be patient and wait. Death will come and smile at you with its wings and give you freedom and the eternal sleep.

*--Varun Puri
Class XI*

Confessions of a Hitman

Kill him! I was ordered. I obeyed....

Morris Chandler became President yesterday and he promised to do much for the country. He could not as I had to obey my orders.

At 4:00 clock he was scheduled to give a speech at the Central Park.

2:30 p.m. I stopped at the building of lord explosives and brought a few sticks of dynamite which would set off after a stipulated period once switched on. I let the timer for three and a half hours, so the bomb was due to explode at 6:00 clock. Meanwhile Morris Chandler's evening speech was prepared and preparations in the Central Park were in

progress.

I drove my red car into the garage of my house, my watch read 3:15 in the evening. Zero hour was to come in forty five minutes time. This was the first time I had ever felt nervous in my ten years of such work. 3:30 p.m. I left for Central Park in my car.

While driving to Central Park a collage of emotion gushed into my mind. Was I doing the right thing? I do not have any mercy for this man. I was thinking of the hundred dollar bills which would come in once I was through.

I switched on the F.M. in my car and tuned it to Central Park where people were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the President.

The President had left from the White House.

I had exactly 2 hours 15 minutes till the dynamite would explode. I drove into Central Park. security was not tight. There were no metal detectors as a result anyone could get a gun in. After a wait of 15 minute, the President's Lincoln drove in. Reporters and photographers were already there. The President got out having a word or two with every reporter with a smile on his face. I too smiled but to myself, a sadistic laugh. I took out a cigarette and sucked at it. I moved in with the crowd.

Once the crowd and the President had moved in his car had remained unguarded with the exception of the Chauffeur. I walked coolly towards the car approaching it from the rear. The chauffeur who was busy reading the evening newspaper did not notice me shove the sticks of the dynamite into the exhaust pipe.

The speech lasted for 1 hour 45 minutes. It took the president quarter of an hour to reach the car. My job was done.

He got into the car, the dollar decided the destinies, a grave for him and a mansion for me.

--Raihan Ahmed

Class X

A Trip To Chitwan National Park

I am sure you must be familiar with the name Chitwan National Park. This is a sanctuary and covers an area of 932 square kilometres. It is located in the Nepalese Terai and is Nepal's biggest Sanctuary. It lies in the Narayani Zone which is famous for its virgin forests. It is 200 kms. away from Kathmandu. During the open season you can find many tourists visiting this park. There are many facilities which includes lodging, elephant rides, treks in the jungle, jeep rides and above all swimming pool for relaxing.

I first made a trip there when I was eleven. I must admit the drive was really enjoyable but ofcourse very tiring. We reached the bordering town of Chitwan at seven in the evening where we were to stay overnight. All of us were very tired so we slept early.

The next day we entered the park early in the morning and saw a host of animals. I saw a wild boar frolicking in the surrounding salt lake. On the way a spotted deer was seen, Cheetal are a common sight.

I was quite disappointed that day because i did not see any of the big game for which the park was well known.

The next day my heart was brimming with hope because today we were to go for an elephant ride. It was a first time for me and I must confess that it was an enthralling experience. An elephant ride which frighten some people is really an enjoyable ride. On the way to the lodge I saw a tiger for a fraction of a second. Although the duration of the sighting was short but it was enough to take a photograph. All I could make out was that it had something dangling from its mouth which was pretty big enough to be recognized as a part of a deer. After having a wonderful time in the park we returned to our lodge where we were treated a Nepali Folk dance and traditional songs.

Early next morning we left for Kathmandu. I'd like to conclude by saying that poaching has taken its toll on the wild life of the park and animal sightings have become rare.

--Abhishek Malla

Class X A

NATURE'S DIARY

ROOPKUND ON A SHOESTRING

Midterms are over and as usual a series of reports await publications. Most boys have something to talk about a new experience, a different trek or a dangerous adventure.

Over the past few years, I have written a number of articles for the Oliphant.

Often I run out of topics but the midterm break is one occasion when I have something to write about.

RoopKund, situated at an altitude of 17500 ft., is one of the most mysterious places in the Garhwal region. This is because of the bones and

skeletons of men, women and children found there. When and how many fell a victim is not clearly known. Roopkund falls at the base of Mt. Trishul. It is covered with snow for half the year.

The trek begins at Mundoli. All necessary provisions should be obtained before arrival at Mindoli. We committed a mistake by not carrying sufficient rations with us. This later resulted in scanty meals and empty stomachs.

From Mundoli we trekked to Wan. The thirteen kilometer trek follows a valley up to its end. There is barely any change in altitude and the trek is over a wide stony path with little inclines at few places. It took the four of us a mere four and a half hours to reach Wan in high spirits. We were prepared for the worst, being the third group of boys ever to have attempted the trek during mid-terms we hoped to become the second to complete it.

Late in the evening we pitched our only tent near the Forest Rest House. Incidentally, another group of elderly trekkers from Calcutta had arrived to Wan a few hours earlier. They also planned to reach Roopkund and in fact even go beyond it to Rounty Base Camp.

We engaged a porter at Wan at a price far in excess of what we had budgeted. The insufficient money sanctioned from school created a major problem for us.

From Wan we trekked to Bedni Bugyal (Bugyal means pastureland). This was the most difficult stretch in the whole trek. From the base of the mountain to the top, the path is very steep and passes through thick forests. On the way we crossed the Neel Ganga river. With a rapid increase in altitude after hours of tiring trekking, we arrived at a plain grass covered mountain. Another kilometre we reached Bedni Bugyal. During the trek we spotted Magpies and Tits. There were a few shepherds who we met on the way.

At Bedni we met another few groups from Bengal. All of them had come on a trek to Roopkund. This was a great help to us. We could ask for any help which was provided readily.

We hired a hut at Bedni. It was cold at night and it also rained. There is a pond at Bedni and it is also the place where the famous Nanda Devi festival is held every year. The

wide stretches of grassy plains with a few mules grazing on them and mist shrouding the area made it look like the imaginary heaven people have talked about for centuries. But for the garbage scattered all over the place Bedni provides an ideal atmosphere to pleasantly spend time.

Early next morning while the other groups slept we left for Baguabasa. Proud to have completed the previous days trek in little time we walked slowly and arrived at Baguabasa to experience a snowfall. The weather was extremely bad. Cold wind blew past us and then the mist came on.

At Baguabasa accommodation can be a problem but we were lucky to find a 'guffa' vacant. Sleeping in a tent would have not been a good decision. A 'guffa' is a small room built of stones and something very similar to an Igloo. At night while the porter cooked the little food we had, we only hoped that the roof did not come down crashing on our heads.

The extreme cold at night chilled us to our bones. In the morning we found a thin layer of snow on the rocks outside. After having coffee and few biscuits we left for our final trek to Roopkund along with another group of three Bengalis and an Austrian who lacked arms. It was this Austrian known as Rowland who boosted our morale. If he could do it without arms then why not us.

Snow was not expected at Roopkund and hence we lacked ideal shoes which could have been very useful on the trek. After an hour's trek over a stony path we reached at the base of the final climb. Some of us slipped very often on the way. The final ascent was over a steep slope of snow. A single mistake here could result in serious consequences.

Within another few minutes we arrived at the edge of the Kund which had very little water then. A layer of ice had frozen over the pond and human bones lay scattered all around and also lay submerged in the water. There were human skulls, leg bones and some even had preserved flesh on them. This was a surprising sight for all. There are many stories behind the presence of these bones around the Kund. According to one sometimes in the 1950's a group of pilgrims died here under a landslide. These skeletons although real became a subject

of ridicule for most of the trekkers. People got photographs clicked in different poses with human skulls and bones. It is a pity many of us did not realise that these bones should have been treated with reverence. Who would like people to play around with his skull after his death.

Our trek was complete and a smile of satisfaction ran across our faces. It was not our

concern whether we could reach school safely. The trek back to Mundoli was far more relaxing and lacked the tension we had earlier possessed.

The Roopkund trek demands endurance but the results of the difficult trek are extremely rewarding. I hope many other group of boys plan to trek to Roopkund and achieve success.

--*Digvijay Lamba*
Class XI

WELHAM NOW

1. The results of the Inter-House Hindi Debate held on the 19th of September were as follows:

First - Kumar Abhijeet
Second - Vikrant Tomar
Third - Kartikey Narayan

The house positions were:

First Ganga
Second Jamuna
Third Cauvery

2. On the 21st of September Ankush Salaria, Siddarth Choraria and Arcaprava Dutta represented the school at the Doon School Quiz. A total of twelve schools all over India appeared to take part in the quiz but only eight were selected on the basis of their performance in the preliminary written round. Our team qualified for the main round of the quiz but only managed to secure the sixth position. La Martinere Boys', Calcutta were the winners of the quiz.

3. The Limca Quiz was held in the Activity Centre on the 22nd of September. The trio of Rumaan Kidwai, Arcaprava Dutta and Karan Gulaya proved to be the best team by surpassing their opponents after two stiff tie-breaker rounds. It was a classic finish with the final result being:-

First - Welham Boys' School
Second - Doon School
Third - R.I.M.C.

4. The results of the History and Current Af-

fairs Quiz held on the 23rd of September are as follows:

First - Jamuna
Second - Cauvery
Third - Krishna

5. The Mid-term break for the school commenced on the 27th of September and ended on the 1st of October.

6. The whole school celebrated Gandhi Jayanti on the 2nd of October and enjoyed a holiday.

7. The Arthur Hughes OBE, Memorial Inter-School Extempore English Debate was held on the 21st of September, 1996. The topic was 'Advertising has become a menace.' The individual positions were as follows:

For the motion

First Gitanjali Bajaj (WGHS)
second Rumaan Kidwai (WBS)
Best rebuttal Rumaan Kidwai (WBS)

Against the motion

First Trishay Kotwal (Scindia School, Gwalior)
Second Aman Kasewa (Doon School)

8. An International Competition for schools was conducted by the Educational Testing Centre, The University of New South Wales. On the 18th of September a Maths test was held and on the 20th a Science test was conducted. The results are expected by the end of the month.

9. On the 22nd and 23rd of September the school was visited by Mr. Terry Guest, International Director of Round Square and Mrs. Guest from

Canada for the final inspection regarding the inclusion of the school in the Round Square Conference.

10. The results of the Inter-House Hindi Essay-Writing Competition are as follows:

Section A

First Shiv Kumar
Second Sanjay Sarogi
Third Prashant Khemka

Section B

First Kumar Abhijeet
Second Shyam Prakash
Third Sulabh Arora

Section C

First Rahul Bhai Vaish
Second Siddarth Kumar
Third Sukant Goel

11. A slide show on the expedition to Mt. Stok Kangri was shown to the school community on the 5th of October.

KNOW YOUR BIRDS



RINGSIDE VIEW

Volleyball and Tennis seem to be at a new high in school. As both the teams performed extremely well in their respective I.P.S.C. tournaments. The Volleyball team emerged winners in the North Zone Volleyball Tournament whereas the school under 18 tennis team managed to reach the quarter-finals only to meet Y.P.S. Patiala (No.2 seeds).

The Volleyball team played only three matches to lift the trophy. They played their first match against Air Force School, Delhi, whom they beat 15-12, 15-13 and 15-10.

Our next match was played against Saawan Public School, Delhi, who were crushed by excellent smashes from the captain Gurpreet Gambhir. The score being 15-4, 15-7 and 15-3.

The last and final match was played between Sainik School, Kunjpura and us. We won the first two sets 15-11 and 15-13, but lost the third 5-15. The team was now playing under pressure and after some long rallies and tense points we finally emerged victorious winning the game 15-13. Ashish Kumar was awarded the Best Player of the Tournament.

The school tennis teams (under 18 and under 16) which recently went to Y.P.S. Mohali after much hesitation played much better than expected. The under 16 team could not go far as they lost the third round match against P.P.S. Nabha. The scores of their matches are as follows :

Under 16 Category

First Match v/s Y.P.S. Mohali

1st Singles - Sumant Pai lost 2-6, 4-6

2nd Singles - Gauravjeet won 7-6(10-8), 6-4

Doubles - Sumant & Arjun won 6-4,3-6,6-1.

Second Match v/s Raj Kumar College, Rajkot

1st Singles - Sumant won 7-5, 6-4

2nd Singles - Gauravjeet won 6-3,4-6,6-2

Third Match v/s P.P.S. Nabha

1st Singles - Sumant lost 4-6,4-6

2nd Singles - Gauravjeet won 6-3,7-5

Doubles - Sumant & Gauravjeet lost 6-4,3-6, 3-6

Under 18 Category

1st Match v/s Raj Kumar College, Rajkot

1st Singles - Gurkirat won 6-4, 6-3

2nd Singles - Sohrab lost 5-7, 6-7(4-7)

Doubles - Surya & Gurkirat won 6-1, 6-2

2nd Match v/s Y.P.S. Mohali

1st Singles - Gurkirat won 6-3, 2-6, 8-6

2nd Singles - Sohrab won 6-1, 6-0

3rd Match v/s B.V.M Baroda

1st Singles - Gurkirat lost 3-6, 6-4, 2-6

2nd Singles - Sohrab won 6-4, 4-6, 6-2

Doubles - Surya & Gurkirat won 1-6, 7-6(7-2), 6-0

Quarter Finals v/s Y.P.S. Patiala

1st Singles - Gurkirat lost 0-6, 2-6

2nd Singles - Sohrab lost 6-4, 5-7, 0-6

After winning the first set 6-4, Sohrab was serving for the match at 5-4 in the second set. Slowly Sohrab lost ground and ended up losing the set 7-5. In the third set he could not offer any resistance to his opponent and lost 6-0.

The Council School Soccer Quarter finals were played against Hilton School whom we beat 3-1. Manas Patodia was at his best and was seen playing all over the field. Samarth, Bikash and Manas scored a goal each.

The semi-final was played Doon Cambridge Academy. Saswat scored a goal but at the end the score remained tied at 1-1. Penalty kicks were awarded but despite the kicks the score remained 5-5. One more penalty kick by each team was unsuccessful and so the seventh kick was awarded. It was only on this try they struck and we missed. We lost 7-6 after much nail-biting tension.

The School Badminton Team fared quite well in the recently held Council Badminton Tournament at the Doon School. Despite the fact that our star player Puneet Gambhir could

not participate due to a knee injury. The results of the matches were as follows :

First Match v/s G.R.D.

1st Singles - Ashish won 21-8

Doubles - Samarth & Arca won 21-8

Second Match v/s R.R.R.A.

1st Singles - Ashish lost 13-21

Doubles - Samarth & Abhinav won 21-13

2nd Singles - Arca won 21-13

Quarter Finals v/s G.N.A.

1st Singles - Arca lost 15-6, 12-15, 13-15

Doubles - Samarth & Abhinav won 15-10, 15-9

2nd Singles - Ashish won 15-6, 15-4

Semi-Finals v/s S.J.A

1st Singles - Ashish lost 0-15, 0-15

Doubles - Samarth & Arca won 15-6, 15-10

2nd Singles - Abhinav won 6-15, 15-12, 17-15

Ashish had played against the top seeded player in Dehra Dun (under 18).

The Final was played against Doon School. Samarth played the first singles and although he fought well he lost 15-5, 15-12. The Doubles pair of Ashish and Abhinav also lost 15-9, 15-4.

The Athletics season has commenced. Already enthusiastic athletes can be seen fine tuning themselves for the rigors of track and field competition. Circulars about the various events and groups have already been sent to the various houses. Marching practice too has been going on regularly and one hopes that we will be able to show a good standard of overall Athleticism on Sport's Day. Overall the term so far has brought good results for the Welham Sports fraternity. As many teams have been able to do well at various competitions. There has been marked improvement shown by the juniors in games such as squash, volleyball and tennis.

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