



THE OLIPHANT

No. 190

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

November 14th, 1996

Think About It

The early worm gets caught by the bird.

—The now known Soldier.

EDITORIAL

Sushmita Sen had silicon implants to attain "the figure". Michael Jackson had a face lift to enhance his looks. The Oliphant has a new board and me to make it a magazine of the first water.

The new board has come into action Nikunj 'Hard copy' Gupta is the new Welham Now correspondent. Digvijay 'Birdie' Lamba is in charge of Nature's diary. He is often seen in awkward positions, doing his best to catch a glimpse of a beautiful bird (I refer to the feathered ones that fly in the sky). Vaibhav 'Zombie' Bhargava and Dhruv 'wiz kid' Dhindsa are the new Computer Designers. They are at it at all odd hours. I mean the computer of course. I think they are working a bit too hard as recently the "zonked" Bhargava walked into the Girls School hospital (Opp. Q.P.'s) and ordered two burgers and a cold drink. Sourab 'Slick' Dhungel is in charge of Literary Affairs. I guess it just adds to another one of his affairs. Pratyush 'Sporty Polly' Prateek is the Ringside View correspondent. Keep it to the sports activities Pratyush. I know that imagination of yours knows no bounds

The Founders was celebrated with great enthusiasm. All designer wear was out and was

being displayed in full swing. The exies were here to top it all. They came in a zig-zag walk and shouted "Show me the way to the nearest whisky bar, Oh! Don't ask why.....". And P.H. rocked the whole night through. The exies had given themselves that extra Dutch courage and made a few nights to remember.

The most prestigious rat race of Welham has begun. The winners will be the next bunch of sheriffs of Welham.

All scopes are set high,

Being kind is in, being rude is a sin,

teachers are to be greeted, juniors well treated,

But they all sit back and sigh,

And wonder whose gonna be the lucky guy.

It was late at night and everyone had gone to sleep. I was still at my study when a keen scoper got up in the middle of his sleep with a I'm-gonna-kill-you look on his face and

shouted "school report after lunch". His killer looks soon turned into a grin and he said "I'm leaving you guys this time but next time...". And was back in his land of dreams. Well, happy scoping guys.

The Diwali fever has hit school and has hit a lot of teachers too. Their houses are



bombed at all odd hours. And one night (or was it an early hour of the morning), the "BOMBED" teachers came to P.H. and had all the boys out in the cold. They blew their top off at the half asleep P.H'ites before going back to bed. Since then I often hear boys conspiring on how to avenge their sleepless night. All I can say is watch out because here in P.H. its, 'just do it'.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

We write to you in the best interest of the magazine. It is indeed disconcerting to witness the sudden state of pseudonyms that have assaulted our magazine.

The reason we feel so strongly about the invasion of 'nom de plumes' is that a lot of

I had begun this editorial some time earlier and now its over and done. We'll do whatever it takes to provide the best for our readers and we expect a lot of contributions and cooperation from you. Happy Ol phanting. Your latest ED.

—Varun

talent gets masked and readers have no way of telling whether the concerned articles have really been written by a student. We hope an immediate change is brought about.

Yours etc.,

Aditya Sud & The Unknown Soldier
(Rumaan Kidwai)

WELHAM NOW

1. The Oliphant Board for the year 1997 -98 has been appointed.

Chief Editor : Varun Puri
Literary Affairs : Sourab Dhungel
Welham Now : Nikunj Gupta
Nature's Diary : Digvijay Lamba
Ringside View : Pratyush Prateek
Computer Designers : Vaibhav Bhargava
Dhruv Dhindsa

2. The meeting of the Managing Committee of the Friends of The Doon Society was held on the 2nd of November in the L.R.C.

3. A lecture on 'Night Vision' was given to the boys of classes VI to XII by Dr. Dimri, Scientist-D, I.R.D.E. in the Activity Centre.

4. The second K.C. Joshi Memorial Inter School English Essay Writing Contest was held on the 9th of November. Ten schools participated and our school was represented by Rumaan Kidwai and Aditya Sud.

5. The adroit players of our school basket ball team once again proved themselves by winning the District Basketball Championship. Samarth P. Singh was adjudged the best player of the tournament and was the highest scorer.

6. Boys of class XI and XII were given a talk on

various opportunities for further studies in the U.S. by representatives from four U.S. universities.

7. Mr. V. Ghosh and his wife came to Welham for a week. Mr. Ghosh who has done B. Tech from I.I.T. Kharagpur and is also M.S. in Economics. He will be re-joining us in February '97.

8. The Quiz Society meeting was held in the L.R.C. on the 7th of November. It was presided over by Mr. S. Bhushan.

9. The results of the Meera Sundaram English Essay Writing Contest held last month are as follows:

Class 7

First : Owais Burza
Second : Rahul Vaish and Amish Mulmi
Third : Pradipta Rana

Class 6

First : Prayas J.B. Rana
Second : Jatinder Pal Singh
Third : Dhruv Halwasiya

10. Ms. Vinita Chand gave a short lecture to the members of the Oliphant board on how to improve the school magazine by using the latest processing softwares for desk top-publishing.

11. The school was represented by Digvijay Lamba, Arcaprava Datta and Karan Gulaya at the first preliminary round of the Friends of the Doon Society Quiz which was held in S.J.A on 9th November 1996.

12. The boys from Middle school stood second at the Inter School Music Competition which was held at St. Thomas College. 15 schools participated in the competition.

W.O.B.N

Minutes of the Welham Old Boys' Society meeting held on 27th October 1996 at 10:30 am in the L.R.C. The following members were present:

Name	Batch	Name	Batch
1. Mr. Jagjit Singh	1983	16. Mr. Vikrant S. Lamba	1993
2. Mr. Ashutosh Goyal	1980	17. Mr. Neeraj Kakati	1993
3. Mr. Arvind Agarwal	1970	18. Mr. Chirdeep Prashar	1994
4. Mr. Maheshinder S. Dhillon	1971	19. Mr. Devendra Singh	1964
5. Mr. Himanshu Singh	1992	20. Mr. Amit Kuthiala	1965
6. Mr. Shakti Agarwal	1995	21. Mr. Madhvendra Singh	1970
7. Mr. Durgesh Bhatia	1991	22. Mr. Yogendra P. Singh	1972
8. Mr. Premal K. Betai	1991	23. Mr. Sanjay Panjwani	1970
9. Mr. Varun Sood	1993	24. Mr. Raghav Swarup	1973
10. Mr. Prashant Singh	1996	25. Mr. Sudipta Ganguly	1970
11. Mr. Lokesh Vashist	1991	26. Mr. S. Kandhari	1946
12. Mr. Sidharth Sharma	1991	27. Mr. Sandeep Singh	1992
13. Mr. Prashant Kochar	1992	28. Mr. Apoorv Patodia	1996
14. Mr. Sandeep Agarwal	1991	29. Mr. Raju Verma	1987
15. Mr. Hemant Chauhan	1995	30. Mr. Puneet Singhal	1996

Minutes of the meeting

1. The minutes of the previous AGM were read and passed.

2. As the secretary has had very little response for updating the proforma regarding the old boys' records and the compilation of the new directory for the society, the publication has been postponed till we have sufficient data.

3. There has been very little contribution from the old boys in compiling the supplement to the history of Welham. The boys present at the meeting said that they would contribute for this volume after consulting Ms. S. Chopra, the author of the Welham History.

4. There has been no information of meetings held in various cities. The president of the society held three meetings as follows:

- i. Dehra Dun- 15 members (3-4-96)
- ii. Mumbai- 13 members (28-9-96)
- iii. Delhi- 40 members (13-10-96)

5. The President held meetings with parents, old boys and friends, who came up with the following suggestions on how to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee.

- i. The Chief guest should not be a high security risk as it would cause inconvenience to all attending the function.
- ii. The function should not be extravagant.
- iii. The Bhadohi parents offered to donate a carpet which will be auctioned during the jubilee and the money donated to the S.D.F.

6. Two proposals to fund a film/light and sound show were also discussed. Mr. Tanuj Sethi, Ex 134- K has already made a donation of Rs. 10,000.

7. Election of the office bearers:

Chandigarh	: Sandeep Sarai
Delhi	: Nikhil Kriplani
D.U.	: Sanidhya and Manav Sehgal
Mumbai	: Ranjan Lath
Calcutta	: Prashant Goenka

Moradabad : Parag Kothiwal

8. A.O.B with permission from the chair.

i Mr. A. Agarwal suggested that there should be an annual subscription of Rs. 500 from every member to the General Fund of the society to build its corpus then the body (ii) It was suggested that a forum be created, which could help the boys in career counselling and job placement.

Literary Affairs

YOUTH-- Heading towards the dark

The ocean roared, the waves came with a peculiar smoothness onto the shore and were pulled back into the waters. The wise man was lost in the ocean and was flowing in deep waters of contemplation. He thought of his childhood Halcyon Days. But...

The dark was coming far in the horizon, it glowed, an eerie glow. The youth was being hit by the constant. Undermining the foundation of ages, and then Death smiles as tears of fright bedew the earth. The constant hit, he saw the sun setting, sinking gradually. He felt immortal, the blood in his veins raced high, his imagination was in a far corner of the unknown creating and destroying images beyond the last frontier. His body became a tremble. The world was spinning its future bleak. Death was closer, he felt intoxicated by the sweet fragrances of flowers arising from the mother. The mother on whom the tears of fear fell, drop by drop creating oceans of fear and streams of death flowing all over the sphere. He longed for more of the sweet pleasures, he shut his eyes, they were burning, his heart was beating fast and there was a pounding in his head. He felt his soul stir, he drifted far away and opened his eyes beyond the void. The worst of hell descended upon him and he fell into an unending void. The truth lay bare, he embraced the void and collapsed. Stoned beyond the unending unknown, the dark.

-- The Last Child

9. The date and the venue for the next AGM was fixed for 27th October 1997, at 10:30 a.m in the L.R.C.

Congratulations

Manjot Chug got married to Sheena on 2nd November '96 Ajay Babbar to Sapna on 17th October '96. Our heartiest congratulations and good wishes to the newly wed.

Blindfolded

Life giving rains gave him anything but life. He had no shelter. Spring failed to bloom his happiness. Summers scorched his smile. Autumn withered his reasons to live. He had forgotten the fourth dimension, time.

The blind beggar sat on the pavement seeking alms. His thoughts were blank and dark. Pondering over the happy elements that his life lacked, produced a smile of self pity. The sadists laughed at him. Fighting against hunger and depression, he existed without wanting to.

With some hesitation he forwarded his hand into the bowl and fumbled around for some coins. A one rupee coin opened his eyes and he stealthily made his way to the cheap side motel for a bowl of rice. Having whitewashed his guilt, he put on the attire gifted to him. The short moments of light hurt his eyes. Silently he strolled towards the dark tunnel.

--Nawaz

The Seven In Heaven

The new Oliphant board is at work and in its first meeting it was decided that it would be necessary to introduce themselves. So the board decided to write an article collectively, and here we are....

Varun (private) Puri - Undoubtedly the best choice for the new Editor, he sometimes gets this weird idea that he is Curt Cobain's reincarnation (regardless of the fact that Curt shot himself only a few years back). His trade-mark 'Goatee' seems to be on and off with every weekend. With all his charm, sweetness and intellectual abilities, he is definitely gonna make a cool sherrif. His passion for Bon Jovi (& those who like to rock) and

Yamaha 350s (& all those Harleys) has already spread across the length and breadth of P.H., and there is no doubt that it will be well known soon amongst the entire Welham community (courtesy Oliphant). We're also confident that his tremendous artistic skills will give the Oliphant a more cartoonish outlook. He is all set to punish those who do wrong in any way with the power of the pen (and he won't spare anyone). So just watch out!

Sourab (snaky) Dhungel - He is definitely the scholar (& the smartest) of the lot and has been rightly handed over Literary Affairs. His mannerism makes him a favorite among the teachers. He's just been in school for five months and there isn't a soul on the campus who is not aware of his presence. His excellent oratory has already taken him to great heights and now his prolific writing will take him to even greater heights. His elegant, gentlemanly, passionate and romantic ways (not to mention his frequent visits), have made him a favorite amongst the neighbours (we know who). You're definitely going to read a lot of A-Twist-In-The-Tale (& the twists are gonna be really twisting!!) type articles during his regime. All those male chauvinists beware! There is also going to be a lot of poetry with feminine influence.

Digvijay (naturo) Lamba - In love with himself and birds, he has almost single-handedly run the Nature's Diary section of the Oliphant for the past two years. There is no doubt that he will continue to be as informative and exploring as ever. He prefers not to speak much and let his writing do the talking (and so do we!).

Nikunj (hard copy) Gupta - Punctual as ever, all readers can be sure from now on that they're not gonna miss out on anything that's happened in school. No matter how much he sleeps during classes, he somehow manages to get things right. He firmly believes that since he was born Indian, he should 'be Indian'. Jughead can't resist burgers; Nikunj can't resist 'chat-pakodi'. He is **always** gonna keep you guys updated and the rest of his intro has just been deleted.

Gym-mie Bhargav and Smooth

Dhindsa - Two computer maniacs, they have tremendous potential for the only subject which they genuinely enjoy. With the coming of the internet the hours they spend in the Computer section has just doubled. We're quite confident that once the graphical part of internet is introduced they will shift their beds there permanently (to watch tons of goodies!).

Pratyush (Polly) Prateek - Always jolly as ever, Polly is kind, warm, gentle, forgiving, friendly, appreciative, nice..... Sounds like an angel, eh? Believe me - it just might not be true. All this drama of his could just be part of his programme to attain the 'Mr. Nice Guy' image. A fan of Charles Barkley, he has worked himself up in the ever-so-popular basketball team to the rank of Captain. Although aggressive on the court his skills are obvious and unmatched. An avid reader and sly stoddie, with his 'responsible boy' image, Polly has also proved himself in a lot of other fields. However, note that you should never take 'pangas' with him.

-- The Oliphant Board

The Final Duel

United States Of America - 15th December 1996. President Moris Panov is standing up for re-election. In his presidential campaign, he had planned to tour many of the insignificant little towns and cities of America. That day-that fatal day, he was to give a speech in the city of Montpelier situated in the north-eastern part of the country. He was expected at the 'Grand-stadium', still under construction, at four o' clock.

Meanwhile, it is a cold morning. It had snowed all of last night. Fortunately, the sky was clear that day. Harry Victor, Head of the Secret Service of the President of the United States woke up to the sound of his alarm clock. Rubbing his eyes, he slowly got out of bed and walked to the window - only the faint light of dawn outside. Today was the big day - his big day. It was then or never. , he thought to himself. He had to nail the sucker, Goddamnit!

The 'sucker' incidentally, was the world-renowned criminal, Carlos the Jackal. His real name was Ilich Ramirez Sanchez. His forefathers were Cubans and migrants to the US. Ramirez had been recruited in the Vietnam war along with Harry Victor when they were both 19. They had

been enrolled in a guerilla-warfare training programme. They became masters in several martial arts and fighting techniques. The war had been brutal but both survived. They were then hired by an American Intelligence company and made veterans in the world of espionage. Then, one day, Ramirez turned on the Americans and disappeared.

A few years later, he emerged with his army of old men. An international assassin, his tentacles spread all around the world with his headquarters in Paris. He loomed up in robberies, kills and all conceivable heinous crimes. The police could never get the better of him. Interpol was after him. MI-6 of Britain was constantly on the lookout. The FBI was stretching its neck. It was then that he acquired the name 'Carlos the Jackal'.

Meanwhile, Harry Victor had joined the secret service. He was probably the only one who could foresee Carlos' moves, who could think like him and who could stand up to him. Well, he'd finally got his opportunity.

Two of Carlos' army of old men had tipped him off that Carlos was mounting an assassination attempt on the President that day. It was his chance!

He washed and dressed slowly, thoughtfully. His mind set to work. Mentally, he began ticking off the list of things that he should do. Most of them were already taken care of.

He had the airports under surveillance. The railway and bus stations were being watched closely. He had got the bomb squad to check the whole place the last day. They had probably started again that day. The metal detectors were placed at the entrances. He had got some of his men to cover all entrances/exits once the President would be in the stadium. He ticked off a number of other minute details. Yes - he'd thought of everything. Next, there was nothing to do but wait. His men had walkie-talkies all over. They would report to him, if anything happened.

Nothing happened. It was one in the afternoon when Harry made for the stadium.

The stadium was perfectly normal. The bomb squad had finished their work. Two trucks loaded with chairs for the elite were emptying up. Two other construction trucks

were also present. Damn! When was the construction work going to be finished?! Another truck was emptying mics and other gadget. Everything was in place! "Damn! Think!", he muttered to himself.

Three o' clock and no sooner it was four. Everything was running smoothly. The President's motorcade arrived safely under strict security. His men were good... He was going to come on stage any minute. Harry looked around again and scrutinised the crowd. Carlos had to be somewhere among the crowd. There were no buildings around. Nothing. So he had beaten the Jackal! Or had he overlooked something... something nagging at the back of his mind.

The President appeared,... the crowd cheered,...silence. "...fellow Americans...", Harry wasn't listening. Something didn't fit in! What was the construction truck doing near the make-shift stage?! Hadn't he let the construction crew off?! Damn! The window of the truck...; he could see the barrel of a Dreganov fitted with a silencer! He screamed instructions into the walkie-talkie. Heart racing and head pounding he ran toward the truck. He grabbed the door handle and swung it open, gun in hand. No one! Just a gun. It was a decoy!! Damn you Ramirez! He eyes frantically searched everywhere. The other truck... where was it?! There- near the exit. Inside he saw the dark silhouette of a man,... with another dreganov! He ordered his men to block all exits.

Adrenalin flowed high. He sprinted toward the truck. Too late! He heard two spits in the air. The President fell to the floor. His body guards surrounded him. Damn! At least the exits were blocked - no vehicle could leave the stadium. Then, he saw someone try to slip away from the truck,... someone so familiar and loathsome. He screamed "Carlos!!". That muscular body, that cat like walk, that stealth! He chased after him. Carlos ran toward what appeared to him to be an exit. It was a dead end! Carlos turned around to face Victor.

"Well, well! After all these years...", he said slowly. Victor lunged at him. But Carlos was good. He whipped his body around dodging Victor and delivered a blow to Victor's throat as he fell crashing to the floor. Victor gasped. "Get up damnit!", he told himself. Instinct screamed in him "Kill Carlos!". Gathering strength, he stag-

gered to his feet, maddeningly overwhelmed.

They fought like lions - blows, chops and kicks. Finally, Harry delivered a massive blow at Carlos in the stomach and as he came forward gave a crushing blow to his jaws. Carlos fell, defeated.

Harry removed his gun from its holster. Almost simultaneously, Carlos had his gun in hand aimed at Harry. Slowly, he stood up to

face Harry. They looked at each other eye to eye; muzzle of each's gun on the other's forehead. For a fleeting moment, something passed between them. Both fingers moved together.

Both fell backward, skulls slammed to the floor, disbelieving. Both felt a warmth in their heads coupled with a searing pain. And then darkness enveloped them and they floated into numbness,...another world.

**--Sourab Dhungel
Class XI**

The Last Word

'Death, be not proud, though some have called thee mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so....' My cousin Dhruv was writing his autobiography and these were his opening words. The situation was extremely touching and he, a boy in his late teens, was being gradually defeated by the most dreaded disease of mankind-leukaemia..... cancer of the bone marrow.

It was not known exactly when his end would come, but the end was inevitable. The doctors were pessimistic and hesitant to give their opinion. He was suffering, but, he was cheerful. His condition was unpredictable. One day he would be full of spirits, and on another he would have a relapse, would lose consciousness and pass into a coma.

Eleven months had passed by and Christmas arrived. Dhruv, was up and about. A famous oncologist had been called from New York. The treatment was excellent and my cousin was responding in a very satisfactory manner. It seemed as if he had received a new lease of life.

The excitement of Christmas and New Year was over and Dhruv was resting in the courtyard in the hospital. His health was improving and he had resumed his autobiography- prematurely terminated story.

Dhruv's condition soon deteriorated and one day he summoned all of us in his room. He was not afraid of death. He was an optimist and cheerfully informed us of his plans of joining college after he recovered. Although he had become extremely weak, he was still determined and defiant in the fight against death. But it was obvious he was fighting a

losing battle.

Dhruv was now in an extremely bad way. His throat was absolutely parched and dry, and he kept asking for water. What he did not ask for was sympathy. He had made a valiant effort to remain cheerful, despite all the agony he was under going.

It was a year and a half now since his suffering had begun. Even his miraculous survival of 18 months, since that disease was detected, his slow death held no hope for us. What had he done to deserve such a harsh punishment? He was just a teenager in the prime of his life. He was innocent and barely had any experience of life. Yet he was condemned. By whom?...by fate and by God, the Almighty creator of life on Earth. Could he not listen to our pleadings and prayers? It seemed as if death was the only answer- the only possible way out. The atmosphere was full of suspense and tension.

The end was no doubt to come, but the time of occurrence was indeterminate.

It was the last day of January- a bitterly cold day. I went into the special ward to see Dhruv. He kept asking me why I was so grieved and he also asked me whether I was doubtful about his recovery. At that moment I could bear it no longer and ran out of the room. Dhruv was my dearest cousin and closest companion. He was never afraid of death as he knew it was unavoidable, although he believed he would not die so soon. But he did die in the midst, of great suffering and agony- Death had the last word.

**-- Debashish Banerjee
Class X**

RINGSIDE VIEW

The athletics season started with a lot of enthusiasm amongst the boys and almost everyone (except yours truly) took part in some event or the other. However none could repeat Michael Johnson's historic feat of a 200-400m double, but we did get to see a fair number of exciting finishes. Ujjwal Kumar became the fastest runner in school by winning the section C 100m dash in just 11.28 secs. If he remains focussed and works hard there is no doubt that he has a bright future in athletics. Nawaz Khan whose appointment as school athletics captain had raised many an eyebrow sent all his detractors looking for shelter on the final day. One gold one silver and two bronze is by no means an ordinary achievement. Well done A.N. Amit kumar showed to one and all that sometimes only skill is enough to carry you right to the top.

The traditional exies Vs boys relay took place after all the events. This time there were a few changes, first of all there was a third team consisting of the staff. Also due to lack of runners in good condition in any of the three teams a 2X200m relay had to be run. However, the race was as interesting as ever. The staff team comprising Mr. Arun Sharma and Mr. Joy Arora were the winners.

The results of the Inter house Athletics meet are as follows:

SECTION A

Best Athlete: Prevesh Shreshtha - 73 N.U.

House Championship Class IV: N.U.

House Championship Class V : N.U.

SECTION B

Best Athlete: Amit Parashar - 906-C

House Championship: Cauvery

SECTION C

Best Athlete: Saswat Prasad - 847-J

House Championship: Jamuna

SECTION D

Best Athlete: Amit Kumar - 686-C

House Championship: Ganga

Best marching: Cauvery

School Sports Scarves For 1996-'97 were awarded to the following:

- 1) Rumaan Kidwai
- 2) Muzzaffar Ali Khan
- 3) Akbar Ali Khan
- 4) Gurkirat Aurora
- 5) Gaurav Katwal
- 6) Samarth P. Singh

The exies Vs boys basketball match was another exciting one. A clash between the past and the present it was an absolute thriller and the close finish just added to all the fun. From the exies side Durgesh, Sidhant and Varun played exceptionally well. Samarth, Vipul and Sachin put up a great show for the boys side. In the end the exies emerged victorious by a mere three points.

After the debacle at the I.P.S.C meet in Indore, the Basketball team shot back at all those who had started to question its ability to do well by winning the District Basketball Championship in great style. They were invincible as they played towards victory with great ease and without flaw. Adhir, Parivesh, Manavjit and Sachin showed great temperament and maturity right through the tournament. Other juniors like Karan Singh were also promising. Samarth was rightly adjudged the best player of the tournament, he also managed to win the cash prize for the highest scorer narrowly defeating Manavjit in doing so.

The school athletics team is sweating it out in the tracks these days. There has been a far better response this year by the boys than last year. It is probably the effect of the Olympics and also the interest taken by the coach. They will very soon be participating in the District Athletics meet to be held at the Doon School. All the best to all the team members.

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Computer Designers : *Vaibhav Bhargava & Dhruv Dhindsa*

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Staff Representative : *Mr. S.K. Bakshi*

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