



THE OLIPHANT

No. 191

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

November 30th, 1996

Think About It

A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg.

—Samuel Butler

EDITORIAL

Another term has come to an end. Not a very smooth end though, as the exams have given jerks and jolts to many.

The long lost text books have been opened and most guys are seen at their studies, staring into the black-and-white text with blank expressions on their faces. Blaring music has come to a standstill and the classes are packed to capacity and so are the brains of many who can't digest the fact that exams have begun. While most have their backsides stuck to chairs and are 'slogging it out', there are some who are engrossed in devising other methods to attain marks. There is yet another lot, which is incapable of doing either of the two mentioned above. This lot sits together and plans excuses to give to their parents for their 100% failure.

Exams have caused lack of sleep to many. Late nights and early mornings and even the favourite noon siesta has been sacrificed at the altar of exams. No pain no gain. So best of luck to you all.

The Miss World '96 was definitely a rewarding break between the exams. Plans as to how and where to watch it were made a night before and most were translated into action on Saturday night. As everyone settled in front of the screen; the gorgeous women from around the world came and set the screen ablaze. There were comments and all sorts of weird remarks. After Miss Greece walked away with the crown there was great controversy in school as to whether she deserved it or not. For Miss Greece its a beautiful life from now on. Sorry guys but your expert opinions as connoisseurs of beauty

do not count here. Hopefully in the future though.

The cricket match between the staff and boys was another exciting event of the fortnight. Although the boys team had lost half their energy before the match because of running around to every staff member's house and pulling them onto the field, they managed to put up a big score which the staff failed to achieve.

I should mention that in the last issue of 'The Oliphant', the former editors have commented upon the use of pseudonyms by contributors. The policy, as hither to, has been that the board will respect a contributors wish to keep his name confidential should he so specifically request. This policy will continue as indeed is the practice in all periodicals world wide.

The long awaited holidays are finally at the doorstep. Exam preparations are going hand in hand with holiday-plans. While the classes 10 & 12 are going to 'slog it out' even more, the rest are determined to 'freak out'. Even the teachers are heard making plans over coffee. Well, in my last issue for this term, I would like to wish everyone, teachers and friends, a happy holiday ! The time has come for some to come to terms with what lies ahead specifically for the class 12 boys. They have limited time and I'm sure that they will put it to good use. Happy studying and all good wishes from the staff and fellow students.

—Varun

Letter To the Editor

Dear Ed.,

While browsing on the 'Web', I found that there was a page for Welham under preparation. I would be grateful if the Old Boy who

is doing this could let me know, so that we could co-ordinate.

Yours etc.

Mr. S. Kandhair

WELHAM NOW

1. The School Committee Meeting was held on the 7th of November. The following points were discussed:

(i) Regarding Sashwat Prasad's suggestion that the design of the school certificate should change, the Chairman said that if he would get a design he would change it.

(ii) Abhinav Pathak suggested that the material of the school stockings should change. The Chairman said that the Bursar would be consulted in this matter.

(iii) Nimish Agarwal's suggestion regarding the provision of more and better quality of crackers on Diwali was approved by the Chairman. He said that better quality crackers would be provided.

(iv) Paritosh Kumar suggested that there should be flood lights installed on the Krishna courts. The Chairman said that the cost would be looked into and included in the budget for the forthcoming year.

(v) Vibhu Arya suggested that P.H. boys should be allowed to open an account in Canara Bank. The Chairman disagreed as it would serve no purpose; on the other hand he said that parents should open accounts in Canara Bank as it would be of great help to the school.

(vi) Regarding Ritesh Pandey's suggestion that the lockers in the Activity Centre should be put to use, the Chairman said that they should go right ahead as the lockers were installed long ago and were not being used.

(vii) Sagar Sharma suggested that every boy in Krishna should get a cupboard. The Chairman said that he is working on the betterment of the hostels and eventually it will be done.

(2)

(viii) Regarding Bisharad Shah's suggestion that the outing account should be separate from the tuck shop account, the Chairman said that this was not possible and that the boys should work out the pocket money distribution.

(ix) Class IX suggested that all class rooms should have white boards instead of black ones. The Chairman said that it would be done in time as it was part of the development programme.

(x) Digvijay Lamba suggested that a part of the campus development fund should be utilised to create gardens and flower beds in each and every corner of the school. The Chairman said that this is being done in front of middle school and on the other hand he is open to suggestions and ideas on this subject. He also said that the boys should form a squad to create and maintain gardens.

(xi) The Chairman disapproved Manpreet Chadha's suggestion regarding the introduction of Billiards in school as it was not very popular here and there would be hardly any boy who knew how to play.

A.O.B. with permission from the Chair.

There was a suggestion regarding the renaming of a few hostels. The Chairman said that he was open to all suggestions from boys and staff members regarding the new names for the hostel.

2. The English Literary Quiz for classes 6 to 8 was held on the 12th of November. Jamuna house secured the 1st position.

3. The School Sports Committee Meeting was held on the 13th of November.

4. A lecture on the Inter-Net was given to the boys and staff members on the 13th of Novem-

ber in the L.R.C. It was conducted by the TULEC Computer Education. The school has got the Inter-Net hook up in its computer room and it is the first school in Dehra Dun to do so. Our E- mail address is:
Oliphant@giasdl01.vsnl.net.in

5. The council Schools of Dehra Dun celebrated the Children's Day on the 14th of November. It was a musical entertainment and was held in the Activity Centre.

6. The results of the Inter-School Hindi Elocution which was held on the 15th of November are as follows:

Amit Sharma stood first in his section and Vikrant Tomar stood second.

The School Positions were as follows

First: Brightlands

Second: Welham Boys' School

7. The Inter-School Computer Quiz which was conducted by the TULEC Computer Education was held in the Activity Centre on 16th of November. Six schools participated and Welham Boys' School stood third.

8. The Sankalp and the Wavelength Boards for the year 1996-97 have been announced.

9. Results of the Mid-term projects are as follows:

First: Pradipta Rana

Second: Deepak Sanan

Third: Amish Mulmi

Consolation: Trinayan Bhattacharya

10. The following boys were awarded certificates for giving excellent morning speeches.

(i) Hamza Ahmed

(ii) Bishesh Shreshta

(iii) Karan Singh

(iv) Rahul Kothiwai

11. The following boys were awarded gold in the Duke of Edinburg's Award Scheme

(i) Rumaan Kidwai

(ii) Amit Sekhri

(iii) Nawaz Khan

12. GEO - ACTIVE NEWS:

4th November'96: The first round of the Map Quiz '96 was organised and conducted by 'Indian National Cartographic Association' (INCA) was held at the Modern Cartographic Centre of Survey of India. Six teams from our school comprising 18 boys of class X participated. In all there were 135 teams from 13 schools.

17th November'96: The final round of the 'Map Quiz' at national level comprising 9 teams (two teams from our school) was held in the Dept. of Geography. The result will be announced on 15th December'96.

19th-21st November'96: Mr. S. S. Khaira participated in the three days workshop 'Teaching and Testing of Geography' organised by I.C.S.E. at Noida.

13. Ranjit Chhabra and Amit Kaul were awarded certificates for their excellence in the 'Basic Mountaineering Course' at N.I.M., Uttarkashi. Both were awarded grade 'A' and have been recommended to participate in the Advance Mountaineering Course.

14. In spite of the school being closed for the winter vacations some boys will be representing the school in various activities.

(i) Ranjit Chhabra will be participating in the Cross Cultural Clean Mountain Youth Project, 1996. It is an Indo-Japanese Venture and the group will be attempting to climb a peak in Nepal.

(ii) Arcaprava Dutta, Varun Puri and Pratyush Prateek will be participating in the Round Square Conference which is scheduled to be held on the 2nd of December in Nairobi, Kenya. They will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari and Mr. Bhushan.

(iii) At the same time a delegation of boys consisting of Sumant Pai, Nikunj Gupta, Ritesh Pandey and Manu Talwar will be attending another Round Square Conference in the foot hills of Shivalik in the village of Ram Garh.

The Oliphant Board on behalf of the entire school community wishes them all the best in their Venture and may they take the school **From Strength to Strength.**

Literary Affairs

Heaven to Hell

I am writing to you on the first of July 2050 A.D. Exactly three months have passed since the third world war commenced and the end is nowhere in sight. It seems as if it has just begun. It is leading to devastation, people being rendered homeless and children- orphans. Dead bodies are littering the streets and fields. The morgues are spilling over and crematoriums work round the clock, but the bodies just seem to keep pouring in. The atmosphere has become filthy and infectious due to carrion. Every mind and every heart is in a neurotic condition as death haunts every second. Is there no way to pull ourselves out of this satanic existence? There is no time to ruminate because the present intensity leaves no time for us to think of anything else, but of fate. Buildings are being pulled down by detonations followed by conflagrations. Looking at the rate of this despoil it seems that the end of the war will come with the end of the world. The few survivors are starving. War shows mercy to no one. Nostradamus' prophecies are all coming true one after another.

India is taking an active part, being one of the countries with the highest nuclear stock pile. It has changed a lot in the last five decades; the economic rate had accelerated abruptly. Every home was a sweet home before the war but now everything is stained. Heaven has turned into hell.

The means of destruction and devastation in this war are chiefly nuclear warheads and supersonic jets zooming through the sky, technologically advanced tanks and launchers are turning beautiful cities into debris. Sounds of bombardment, detonation, loud outcries for help, raucous voices of the army and gunshots have replaced the melodious sounds of chirping of the birds, the gurgling brooks and the tittering of children. All business, shops, schools, markets, institutions are closed. All channels of income cease to exist. Poverty is prevalent in every

part of the country. Hunger and death are seen everywhere.

Father was a prosperous businessman. His economical use of money in the past had helped the three of us to lead comfortable lives. But for how long will these savings hold out? Mother was a housewife who used to help father in business. Little did we realise what moral courage she had; she was the pillar of our hope during the war.

I woke up at 6:30 a.m. on hearing the demolition of a building next to us. I was scared, very scared- almost petrified. Warm hands of Mother and Father on my shoulders brought life into me. The atmosphere was nothing different- very toxic and noxious. Father tried to break the gloom, we sat tense but quiet. None of us was as lively as before. Smiles were artificial; death was inevitable. In the evening mother went to pray, father and I joined her- we prayed that this world would become a better place to live in.

Suddenly the floor trembled with heavy footsteps on the stairs, then the door fell open on the ground with a heavy noise. Soldiers came in. Mother pushed me inside a wardrobe. A harsh and heavy voice shouted 'Hand over everything you have to us or else.....', I heard the jingling of keys. For half an hour the noises made by the intruders continued. When it stopped, a voice uttered 'Thank you', followed by two gun shots and the thud of falling bodies. I threw open the door of the wardrobe and ran to find the inanimate bodies of my parents. The sound of heavy footsteps had faded. Blood oozed out of the bullet holes and created a sea of red on the floor. My life came to a stand still. My sight blurred..... I fell.

I woke up some time later and found myself next to the lifeless bodies of my parents. My shirt had become stiff with all the dried blood.

I am lost now. What will my future be? Will I meet the same fate as that of my parents or something more gruesome and unholy. Only time can tell.

**--Aryadip Guha Niyogi
Class XII**

A Love Affair

I returned from a hectic fortnight away from home. My itinerant job as a field investigator for a 'grant- giving- company' required me to visit various places frequently for unpredictable intervals of time.

It was two in the morning, the entire town was asleep. As my taxi passed the various pacific thoroughfares, I could only see a drunkard occasionally on the way home, singing his way to no where. My taxi pulled to the curb and stopped. I promptly paid, and leaving a handsome tip, walked up to my house. On the way, I looked at it reflectively- dark, empty and lifeless.

It was the third week after our quarrel. Joan had gone off to her parents. I went into my house and hopefully ran towards the answering machine. Maybe, she had left a message. Uh- huh.

I washed and changed attire and sat on my bed staring at the unoccupied side. I didn't want to watch T.V. I gulped down two shots of brandy and gazed dreamily at the photo frame on my bedside. I remembered the first time I had seen her.....

It wasn't in the traditional 'Hindi-movie' sort of way that we met - I had gone to the supermarket- she was also there - bought whatever each came for - bumped into each other- "Oops! Hi! I'm sorry and I'm Sourab!". Nor was it something out of a Steven Spielsberg production-evening-waiting for a cab on opposite sides of the street-one cab arrives- both rush for it- enter from opposite sides- big quarrel- kind cab driver volunteers to take both of us- we discover we're going to the same party. Boy! You can imagine how that would have turned out.

But no. That wasn't the way it happened. We met in a very 'unromantic' manner, if that's what you'd like to call it. I saw her at the local store one day and instantaneously fell heads-over-heels in love with her. With me, it was undoubtedly love-at-first-sight. However, I wasn't so sure about her. I thought I'd get over her in a few days like I normally did with other girls, but a month later, I found myself still thinking about her. So I decided to 'say hi' over the phone.

Hands trembling and throat parched, I managed to ask her out. The rendezvous for the evening was decided as the open jungle 200 metres from her house. I remember the first time we had talked then. We had been so shy and conscious, careful of what we were saying so as not to offend the other. And in the midst of our tongue-tied conversation, without expecting it, we had touched. We looked at each other, a trifle embarrassed, not knowing what to say(and what to do, for that matter). And then I had turned to face her..... I thought something magical, something that would last forever had passed between us at that moment, but now I wasn't so sure.

Days became weeks, weeks turned into months. months in turn, became two years. Our relationship became stronger by the day. What I didn't realise, was that perhaps we were getting too close. I don't know- maybe it happens with everyone. Small disparities gave rise to trifle arguments. which subsequently became big conflicts. Then one day it happened.

It wasn't some global topic that we fought over. It wasn't that she supported Clinton and I supported Dole. It was a trivial issue- our parents. My parents reprimanded her for keeping late hours. She alleged that my parents were too conservative and I in turn, said that her parents let her too free, and frequently crossed acceptable norms of society. She threw a shoe at me and I slapped her across her face. We stood still, looking at each other disbelievingly, and with inward rage. Then she turned around and walked out. I didn't stop her or ask her where she was going with one shoe on, nor did I ask her whether she was going to come back. I made for the bathroom, went to the first-aid cabinet and applied a band-aid to my bleeding forehead. Then, I grabbed a snack from the fridge!

Now, sitting on my bed, I thought of her. How empty my life had become without her. How I missed her laughs, her jokes and even her quarrels. I stared at the phone wishing it to ring.

Maybe it had been my fault, I pondered. I guess my parents were a little conservative, after all. Work does demand a lot of extra hours these days. Besides, I shouldn't have said anything about her parents. Most importantly, I shouldn't have hit her. Sometimes, I surprise myself.

There and then, I revolved to persuade her

to give me a second chance. I would call her-yes! I spread out sheets of paper on my study-desk and prepared my 'telephonic' conversation.

"Hello", I was going to say. " Don't hang up on me yet. I want to say..... ". I was going to apologize for everything and ask her to come back. I thought of what she might say and jotted down what I would say in return. Everything was ready.

I picked up the phone and dialled her

number. She picked it up on the 5th ring. I looked at my watch. It was 4 a.m. How stupid of me! Anyway, I had to go through with it.....

"Hello. Joan ? Don't hang up, please. I want-"

" Sourab! Where the deuce have you been? Get your ass over here."

I ran.

**--Sourab Dhungel
Class XI**

N.I.M. - Success Lies In Courage

On the 13th of September, the post monsoon basic course in mountaineering was conducted by the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering.

With only two seats for our school, (Amit Kaul and I) opted for the course.

We boarded a bus from Dehra Dun on the 12th of September for Rishikesh at 07:00 hrs. Within two and a half hours, we were on the bus to Uttarkashi.

As we went higher and higher up the mountains, the climate underwent a change. Away from the heavily polluted environment of Dehra Dun, we were moving towards thickly forested areas higher up in the Himalayas.

It was past six in the evening when we reached Uttarkashi. The N.I.M. bus was waiting with a representative who took us to the institute.

The next day was bright and clear and the first day of our training started. There was vigorous P.T. in the mornings and lectures on the Himalayas.

It was only after five in the evening when we got time for exploring the beautiful, well maintained compound of the 'Nehru Institute of Mountaineering', which was established in Uttarkashi on the 14th of November, 1965.

Uttarkashi is the northern most district of U.P, bordering Himachal to the north west, Tibet to the north and Kumaon to the east. The town is the distt. H.Q. which is tucked in a basin almost half way between Rishkesh and Gaumukh, the source of the river Bhagirathi. In 1965, the institute was formed at the provin-

cial armed constabulary campus in Gyansu on the north bank of the Bhagirathi. The institute was shifted to it's present location in 1974 on the slopes of Ladari village, 5 kms from the town of Uttarkashi. The institute is at a altitude of 4300 ft. overlooking the river.

For the first two days at the institute, we were made to do exercises which would roughen us up, and on the 15th we were issued rock climbing shoes.

The 9 k.m. trek to the rock faces led us through dense mixed forests, and in two hours, we reached our destination.

Fist came the basic slopes, on which we were given the feel of what lay ahead of us. Then, we were pushed on to the steeper slopes, where we required the assistance of modern rock climbing gear.

Rock climbing requires a lot of patience and limb strength, and this was the most difficult part of our training. Initially we lacked both the qualities, but with the help of my instructor, we gained the expertise required to pass this course.

Rock climbing ended on the 18th of September, and after a day's trek, 5 of the 65 trainees dropped out.

On the 19th, being issued our snowclimbing gear, we proceeded higher up into the mountains.

A bus took us to 'Bhukki', a village from were our trek commenced. We trekked to a village called 'Tel' about 9kms away, and pitched our tents for the night.

The next day, with dawn breaking behind us, we started for 'Gujar Hut', 15 kms away. The path was canopied with rhododendron, pine

and bamboos, and very little sunlight pierced the lush green canopy.

At the camp, we were given lectures on the flora and fauna and on first-aid. Dinner was served in a military style at 18:30 hrs. During the night, the temperature dropped to four degrees below freezing, but the sky was clear and we could see the stars shining down on us.

Morning arrived, and we got under way, heading towards our base camp, which was at an altitude of 14,100 ft. During our trek, the tree line gradually came to an end. For quite some time, we did not notice any forms of life other than the vegetation that grew in the area, but later our luck changed and we spotted a Lammergier eagle.

We were to perform our ice craft training on the glacier 'Dhokrani', in the Dingal valley. It was on this glacier that we were taught the techniques of climbing up and rappelling down on hard ice.

Throughout the snow craft camp, we had to wear helmets to protect us from the

falling debris and sun glasses to protect our eyes from snow blindness. Trainees were not allowed to cover their faces as the course ensured that every trainee experiences sunburn.

On the 28th of September, we started our climb for A.B.C, the advance base camp. The view from the A.B.C was breathtaking.

It was here that I experienced my first bout with snowfall. It was a bad experience indeed as we had to shake the snow flakes off our tents through out the night.

We practised our snow craft for four days. Walking on ice and snow was tough and after falling and slipping quite a number of times, we reached a creditable altitude of 17,200 ft..

With this the course had come to an end with only the graduation ceremony remaining. Little by little, we descended and on the 9th of October, the graduation ceremony was held. We were awarded our graduating souvenirs.

That night we had a camp fire and the trainees and instructors enjoyed themselves dancing and singing.

**--Ranjit Chhabra
Class XI**

Nature's Diary

Winter has arrived in Dehra Dun but the merciless noon compels the poor Welhamite to take off his blazer and expose his bony body. No wonder why so many are being punished for such grave discipline with the examination at the door step. The smog which hangs over the mainfield every evening (thanks to the lime kilns which have over the past few years industrialised the once industrially backward Doon Valley) makes things all the more sullen.

The Mussoorie hills are shrouded with green vegetation, a gift which we, the citizens of the Doon Valley, owe to the Army Corps. The weather is just right for a trek upto Mussoorie or perhaps a cycling trip to Mohand. The latter is what I had intended to do. Mohand abounds in wild life but unluckily there wasn't any to be seen. Our weekend trip to Mohand, although enjoyable, (for that matter weekends are enjoyable) turned out to be below our great expectations.

This is the time of the year when water

is abundant and available throughout the forest. The low lying shrubs cover each and every speck of land. And in such conditions spotting wild life is a challenge in itself. We were unfortunate and suggest to all others not to go on such an expedition at this time of the year. Riding a bicycle, which has twice your weight and has a name like 'Hero Jet', in the scorching heat over a forest road, which provides better bumps than probably any other bone breaker, is too much hard work to see a bluebull.

The first option of a trek upto Mussoorie does seem to be worth while. On the way you can expect to see a variety of birds and at the most a jackal. So you won't have expectations like 'Pip' there will be nothing to be depressed about. Like it or not all this is true. Most bird watchers who go on this trek always have a slight element of hope of rediscovering the Mountain Quail which perhaps was spotted around Mussoorie many decades earlier. When the Jerdon's Coursier can be discovered in Andhra

after years of painstaking efforts why can't an amateur bird watcher gain fame by discovering the Mountain Quail.

There was this birdwatcher who went on a trek to Mussoorie and there on a rock in front stood a Mountain Quail. That was the moment of the Birdwala's rise to fame. His

statement to the press was, 'The painful (who knows?) work has at last led to this great rediscovery.'

It does not matter whether you are a birdwatcher or not, go on a trek to Mussoorie and you could possibly be the Birdwala.

--Digvijay Lamba

RINGSIDE VIEW

The long awaited cricket season has finally arrived and the boys can be seen on the field (and in the hostel corridors) practicing and playing feverishly as if there was no tomorrow.

The team after getting in shape, played a match against a club called the Rising Stars. We only managed to score 174 runs, where as our opponents scored 192 in the 25 over match. Despite having lost by just a few runs, our team put up quite a good show.

Having practised more, and with the exams just around the corner, the school team played a match against the staff. The match started late, because the team players had to go and drag most of the unwilling staff members on to the field. Well anyhow, the match got under way, and the end result was that the students won rather easily.

The volley ball inter house has been post-poned yet again till next term, due to the exams. However, a few matches were played before the study fever for the exams set in. Gurpreet Gambhir has been selected to play for the U.P State team and will be going to Sonbadhra to play the matches and for further selection.

The following boys have gone to Gorakhpur for the trials of the under 18 U.P. state basket ball team:

- i) Vivek Sharma
- ii) Manavjit Singh
- iii) Vaibhav Garg

If they are selected, they will be playing in the junior State basket ball championship.

Basket Ball Facts

(i) The game was originally played using a football and two wooden peach baskets. A janitor retrieved the ball using a step ladder, everytime a goal was scored.

(ii) The basket was redesigned in 1894 with a rim, net and back board. The net was suspended on the rim with a rope attached to the bottom of the net. When the rope was pulled by the referee the ball was released.

(iii) The 'dribble' was introduced in the game only in 1900, till when players were allowed to move the ball only by passing.

(iv) Before 1937 after each score, the play started again with a centre jump.

(v) The 30 seconds rule (introduced as the 24 sec rule) which requires the offensive team to attempt a shot within 30 seconds was introduced in 1954 to speed up the game. In professional basketball the time limit is 24 seconds.

(vi) The American N.B.A. has a special award for the best performing 'sixth man'; the first substitute to come off the bench.

(vii) In 1950, Chuck Cooper played for Boston Celtics to become the first black (breaking the colour barrier) to play in the N.B.A.

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