



The Oliphant

No. 211

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

April 27th 1998

Think About It

It is possible to fail in many ways.... while to succeed is possible only in one way (for which reason also one is easy and the other difficult- to miss the mark easy, to hit it difficult).

- Aristotle

EDITORIAL

One fine evening, I had a shower. The next day I got mumps. Spent ten dreadful days in the school hospital with a towel wrapped around my head. Terrible experience. Somehow, managed to get discharged. The next five days, played lots and lots of hockey. After hockey had lots of cold showers. One such shower, turned out to be a shower of blessing and I landed up in the school hospital once again.... this time with a temperature of a hundred and two. A word of advice to hygienic fools - **AVOID SHOWERS.**

Back to the hospital. Brimming with 'Viral' patients. Around forty admitted in the hospital and twenty or so resting in their hostels. **EPIDEMIC?!** Various members of staff helping out by serving all kinds of refreshment to the sick. The Bursar in particular, deserves a pat on the back for providing his reliable services to the medically unfit. Keep up the good work!

Had I been in a joyous mood these days, I'd have written about something more "positive" than an epidemic, but the only thoughts that come to my mind are negative in character. I spend entire days cursing the world. Cursing myself for getting sick and cursing my time-management for not being able to complete my long-overdue correspondence with people living in the better half of the world!

I am also cursing myself for becoming the ED, 'coz I have to finish my editorial piece within the next half hour in order to save me from the staff rep.'s fury! Then there are various other "Editorial" problems to cope with.

The first being- what to write in the editorial? Next, if you have a perpetually zonked D.T.E. (that's the Desk Top Ed. for you) like mine, you will have more than enough problems to worry about. I think the dude hasn't even heard of something

called 'Grammar'. The Literary affairs in charge is so weird.... you ask him to get plenty of articles and he will give you a huge write-up which will occupy the entire space for Literary Affairs. Heh! Heh!. I really do not know what to say. The Ringside View correspondent has certainly become very responsible. May be even more than I. He does everything on time these day. Wonder what's on his mind??

But with these so-called editorial worries, I also receive my share of compliments. A word of praise from the Head/ Staff rep./ Bursar (?)/ Dean. A letter from an Old Boy etc. etc.

Recently a guy came and told me to write an essay for the Himachal Times. He said I had great calibre and would certainly do a good job. Now, now, folks, do not get panicky. I am going to do nothing of that sort. The Himachal Times and The Oliphant are worlds apart, and I am in no great hurry to associate my name with a "rival newspaper"!

Summer is getting intenser day by day in our sleepy little town of Dehra Dun. Just the five minute break between classes is enough for twenty guys to line up at the water taps. Talking of Water taps- the residents of P.H. are a privileged lot. I must say, for they receive a twenty-four hour supply of absolutely chilled drinking water. They definitely make full use of it - almost half of them are down with cough and the common cold.

My half hour, I guess, is almost over folks, so I will push off to catch the staff rep. In any case, I have to catch up on many things. 'Studies' being one of them.

Till next time,

Keep the faith.

-Sidharth

Letters to the Ed...

Dear sir,

Reference your issue dated April 7th, 1998. I was touched as being nominated 'Dude' for the fortnight. I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to so many members of the staff community, boys, staff, parents and Old Boys who

gave me support during the time of crisis.

The word 'dude' I thought was slang for a city slicker who came out from the east coast of the USA to work on a ranch.

yours etc.

-S. Kandhari

W.O.B.N

Minutes of the Meeting of the executive committee held at the Delhi Gymkhana club on 21st March, 1998

Present:-

1. Mr. Darshan Singh, *President*, 2. Mr. Tanuj Sethi, *Vice President*, 3. Mr. Haripal S. Gill, *Member*, 4. Mr. Nirmal Gaur, *Member*, 5. Mr. Rakesh Sethi, *Member*, 6. Mr. Parth Arora, *Member*, 7. Mr. S. Kandhari, *Member*, 8. Mr. Jagjit Singh, *Secretary*.

**Sanidhya Pratap Singh K-296
will be married to
Malvika Singh
on 28th of April.
Our heartiest congratulations to them.**

be available with Mr. Jagjit Singh from:-

a) The OB's get together in August 1997 at the Delhi Gymkhana Club.

b) The Diamond Jubilee function at the school in October 1997

6. Mr. Darshan Singh and Mr. Tanuj Sethi will meet separately to propose the names of suitable members who will have time, energy

1. In order to increase the effectiveness of the executive committee and to strengthen the Old Boys' Society, it was agreed that Mr. Tanuj Sethi, would directly assist the executive committee. Henceforth the minutes of the executive committee meetings would be sent to all regional representatives.

2. Mr. Nikhil Kriplani and Mr. Parth Arora would be the Delhi representatives. The responsibilities of the representatives at each of the regions are primarily two:

a) to organise at least one get together in a year,
b) to update the list of names, addresses, etc., in their respective regions and to then forward a copy of the Executive Committee as well as to the WOBS secretariat at Dehradun.

3. It was agreed that the Delhi get together for old boys would be held during the second half of September 1998.

4. It was agreed that some members should visit Dehradun to upgrade the database and bring back a floppy of the upgraded list for maintaining Data Bank at Delhi also.

5. The co-ordinates of many other old boys should

and resources to contribute towards strengthening the society and its objectives.

7. It was agreed that Mr. Darshan Singh will co-ordinate between the various regions of the WOBS. Each of the regions would then be informed from time to time.

8. Mr. Nirmal Gaur proposed that a list of activities that should be undertaken by the WOBS be prepared. These should be in line with the objectives of the WOBS. He was requested to present some thoughts on this matter at the next meeting of the Executive Committee. During that meeting additional ideas may come up for consideration.

9. Mr. Darshan Singh and Mr. Nirmal Gaur agreed to follow-up with DSOBS (Doon School Old Boys' Society) for a copy of the film made on Jaipur House. This film could then be seen by WOBS members with regard to content and cost.

10. The Standard Chartered Bank has already brought out credit cards for the Alumni of various schools. The Citi Bank has also done the same. Mr. Banerjee of the Standard Chartered Bank had contacted Mr. Parth Arora and consequently sent a preliminary request to Mr. Darshan Singh (for the

WOBS). This proposal will be put forward at the next meeting of the Executive Committee for further discussion when such matters as Auto Debit, etc. will also be discussed. This is a perennial way to raise funds for the WOBS.

11. The funds collected on, a) Registration fees and b) the Souvenirs at the Diamond Jubilee, were to be passed on to the school. For information it is important to know the amount thus generated; as it can be used by the school for any activity deemed fit.

12. Mr. Darshan Singh had sent the draft of a letter to Mr. Jagjit Singh; to be sent to all OF's who attended the Diamond Jubilee function, but forgot

to pay the registration charges. Was this letter mailed out?

13. Mr. Parth Arora was requested to put together all addresses etc. of the Delhi Region OF's within 3 months. Similar request will go to the Reps in other regions.

14. The Welham Boys School currently has an urgent requirement for an ambulance. This normally has to be arranged by the school directly (perhaps a Maruti Van). However the raising of funds for a school Ambulance by the WOBS would be a noble project. Therefore it was resolved to try and raise funds (from all WOBS regions) towards this cause.

WELHAM NOW

1.) Kartikeya Narain was appointed secretary of the Debating Society, and Rajiv Harnal was appointed in charge of the morning speeches.

2) Debashish Banerjee is the new L.R.C convenor and Rohit Bagaria has been made in charge of C.C.A

3) The basket-ball team left for Woodstock on 17 April for a basket-ball tournament.

4) The field in front of the middle school building has been levelled.

5) The second counselling session was held by Mrs Devdutt, on the 13th and 14th of April, and was attended by all classes from 7th to 12th. A special session was also held for the staff.

6) The White House building is still under renovation, and construction is scheduled to finish by the end of June.

7) The Koel can now be seen on the school campus, and is expected to remain until the end of summer.

8) The swimming pool, which could not be filled earlier due to the existing water crisis, has finally been opened to the boys.

9) 'On the Spot Painting Competition', was held in the Junior School, on 30th March, at 2:00 pm by the Britannia Group. The boys were supplied papers, and colours. Each participant also got a box of crayons, and a slice of Britannia cake. The following were awarded prizes :

First prize: Kunga Namgyal IV B

Second Prize: Ankit Sahay III A

Third Prize: Varun Shankar Shukla III B

Consolation Prizes:

Anshuman Reekwar IV A

Omit Gurung IV B

Chirantan Singh IV B

Aditya Lohia IV B

Mustafa Aklear IV B

Uday Singh III A

Aftale Singh III A

Tushar Kasera III B

Meghnath Gautam III B

Ashish Chowdhary III B

**Twenty years ago, 15th April 1978-
The Board resolved to change the
name of the school from "Welham
Preparatory School" (WPS) to
"Welham Boys' School" (WBS).**

10) The following are the results of the Inter House Junior English Quiz, held on 3rd April, 1998:

First: Krishna 80 points

Second: Cauvery 38 points

Third: Ganga 29 points

Fourth: Jamuna 23 points

The winning team comprised:

1. Pawan Rana

2. Surya Vijay Singh

3. Pranab Shrestha

11) **It was decided in the School Committee meeting to hold a Summer Carnival. Any suggestions should be handed over to Prashant Khemka.**

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Midnight Mystery

A loud shrill scream woke me up in the middle of the night. It ceased in such a manner that I was left wondering about the direction of the scream. I was then shaking and shivering because the impact of the scream was so much that it got into my mind

It all started when my friend and I were talking about a haunted house in New Castle. I mocked him so much that he was provoked to challenge me to spend a night with him, in the house. I readily agreed and we both decided a date when we would set out for this rather easy looking task. We set out early morning and reached the house by noon. We got our equipment and took it inside a house which looked like as if it had not been touched for years. Yet there were fresh footsteps of a four legged being in some parts of the house.

We took our baggage inside and went for lunch to a resort which was unusually posh for a place like that. The name of the resort was 'Misty Meadows'. The owner of the resort was rather surprised to know of our residence and gave a look of disgust when we told him where we were staying and I somehow felt that he was trying to ignore us. We were very happy with the service, which was provided to us but we were amazed and spellbound because of the awkward behaviour shown by the owner.

We spent the day looking around the areas in and around the house. We were pretty excited about the night and finally it came. A shoddy looking maid came up and spoke in broken English. We thanked her for her help. Then when we were sleeping, I heard that

scream. My blood became cold as I saw a shadow move across the room. Somehow I managed to live through the night. I forgot all about the challenge and pleaded with my friend to stay in the house for another night. The maid looked rather surprised when we hadn't left.

This night I tried to stay awake, and I saw a man beating a girl and murdering her and the same scream was heard. I did not know what to do. My friend seemed rather unbothered by these events. I went to examine the scene of the crime myself and as I was nosing around I saw a projector marked 'Misty Meadows' and a movie called 'Death and Night'. I went to the resort and enquired about it and they said that it was taken by someone from the house. I returned disappointed and then I bumped into my friend. As he was picking me up, I spotted a card in his pocket. It was a rental card for a projector.

It was unbelievable, it was my friend trying to win the challenge. Well, such an experience is worth remembering. But it was not only a challenge, he was trying to scare all people away from this house so that he could sell it and earn a lot of money. His plan was exposed and he was sentenced for fraud. Though he was a friend, but in the end I guess, you get what you deserve.

- Owais Burza
Class IX

Religion

What is religion? For some it is a strict path set by a few so called gurus, even a bit of deviation from which would mean damnation. For some it is set of rules which can be twisted and changed in accordance with their wishes. For some it is simply non-existent.

Everybody on this earth has a different interpretation of the single word- religion. Religion is a very personal concept of life and it is the way one leads it. Some thing written in a book can't be called religion as it is not the way it is practised. One can't just belong to a religion because of his birth. A father's

religion can be different from his son's as religion is the principle you set for yourself to lead your own life.

Originally religion came into existence to harmonise human beings in society and to tell them the difference between right and wrong. But because religion is not left personal in today's world, it has led us into an era where there are various riots among various religions and sects .

A vast country like India was divided in

the name of religion and the two countries are still not able to be at peace with each other. They are also facing tremendous trouble with their own population with Shiaah- Sunni riots in Pakistan and

Hindu-Muslim riots in India.

Religion is very favourable if kept to a personal level and not interfered with.

- **Abhijit Agarwal**
Class XII

Book Review

Name: It came from Beneath The Sink?

Author: R.L. Stine

The above story is from the collection of Goose Bumps by R.L. Stine recently added to our collection in the L.R.C

The story is all about a sponge which has magical powers which grows stronger with every piece of bad luck that happens near it. It has round black eyes. It changes colour. Its name is Groll. The owner of the Groll can not change until he or she is dead. The owner, Kat, as this was his name, has a lot of trouble with it. At last Kat starts loving it in order to kill it. And it dies. Then Kat says that she has read in an encyclopaedia that Groll grew with bad luck - so it could decrease with good luck. But they are about to finish their adventure

they find the cousin of the Groll. It is only a potato but it has long row of pointed teeth. If it clung to anyone it could not come out until the energy of the creature was completely sapped .

The story is interesting. The characters are brave, adventurous, charming and funny. The language is descriptive and the story is full of interesting details. Another striking quality of the story is that it is very imaginative. It uses simple English. I liked the story very much. I assure you that if you read it, you will enjoy it too.

- **Nishit Jalan**
162/Tapti

Use your Illusion...

A yellow beam of light cuts through the darkness like a knife cuts butter. The thunderous rumble of the approaching train was coming closer. Then the next minute there was a flash as the two trains collided with a tooth jarring thud.

Suddenly, Ahmad woke up in a cold sweat. He was shivering. The same dream, again and again and yet again. It had changed his life forever. Now he was afraid of trains. Even the mention of this word, gave him fits. Because of this word, this dream, a boy who was always on the top, had stopped studying. It had shattered his father's dreams of his son becoming an engineer. But his father did not give up hope, he consulted psychiatrists and psychologists, but non could come up with an answer. So his father was talking him to Delhi. **By Train.**

Ahmad cried and wailed, but no heed was paid to his imploring pleas.

So at precisely 3:30 a.m., Ahmad and his father were waiting for the passenger train that was the main mean of transport for villagers travelling

to Delhi. They had to travel for a gruelling nine hours.

So as soon as the train had pulled in Ahmad's father did not waste any time and with the help of a porter, loaded their luggage. They were soon off to Delhi. With Ahmad crying in a foetal position on the top berth, alone, his father was soon lost in deep slumber. He had locked the doors. His little Ahmad did not know how to open them. That was all the reassurance he needed. Meanwhile, Ahmad, with his eyes tightly shut, was reciting prayers from the Holy Quran. Soon he was asleep, culled by the movement of the train.

It was then he had the dream again. He woke up in a cold sleep. Shivering. He knew he could not sleep again. He sneaked a glance at his father whose snores were audible above the rumbling of the train.

It was then when he heard the distant rumble again, a horn. He pinched himself. He was not dreaming. His heart skipped a beat. He did not know what happened next. There was an ear

defining roar, and everything was lost.

The impact of the collision had crushed both the trains into a mass of crushed metal. There were no survivors. The estimate of the death was around 20 so no special attention was paid to it, neither was any compensation paid to the family of the

deceased.

Ahmad's dreams were not just dreams, but had been a sort of a warning.

To this day whenever a train passes through the same spot, the scream of a boy can be heard.

- Azar Zaidi

Class X

A Wet Holiday

It was a fine morning and everyone was happy because it was a holiday (Shivratri). Everyone had finished morning P.T and of course studies! But, it was not for long. Soon it started raining. Everyone's joy turned into sorrow.

Ma'am instructed us that none of us were allowed to go out till the rain stopped. So we all had to spend the day indoors. Till breakfast we all were indoors. We went for breakfast in our raincoats and gum boots which no one likes to wear. I had breakfast of some porridge and egg which I do not like eating on Shivratri. After breakfast we all were anxiously waiting for the rain to stop so that we could play something outdoors. But our dream remained a dream. It was raining cats and dogs that day and there was no sign of the sun showing up. The black clouds had covered the entire sky. I played with a T.T. racket (needless to say, indoors). After that I sat down with my prep. I had hardly begun when the lunch bell rang. We had a delicious lunch of '*Rajma with rice*'. After

coming back to the hostel I played a game of carrom and then I sat down with my prep with the hope of completing it. Two of my friends were writing a poem in which I found that some lines did not hang together. So I helped them to correct it (which they were thankful of).

At bath time some rays of the sun shone. After our bath we suddenly realised that we had a Hindi Test the next day and not many boys had their books to study.

Our holiday was wasted in this way. What bad luck to have such a holiday on a gloomy day! I was dog tired waiting for the rain to stop. We all were dying to go out and play. It may have been a boring day but the whole day my hands were never free. At the end of the day I felt that it would have been better if we had P.T and classes instead of this sort of boring routine we had to follow.

Mehul Agarwal

V-A

"The hostess fell on the ground, he picked her up and put her in the freezer..."

A series of murders had entirely baffled the police. All they knew was that the murderer used some sort of weapon to create a puncture on the nape of the victim.

The wind blew furiously enough to drown the shrieks of a desperate soul....

A lantern illuminated the room where everything was broken, on one corner was a huge freezer near which sat a man whose features were lost amongst the blood that covered his body. He tore apart another chunk of flesh, ate it and took out a mixture of blood and saliva.

The police received a call from the FBI saying that the deceased were related to a certain Carlos A. Rahamdath. They rushed to his apartment.

Their lips were inches apart and he was just going to hit her when the police barged in. The girl dropped on the ground and by her card she was identified as his daughter!?!?. He ran past them using one of the police girls as a shield and disappeared into the darkness.

Further investigation revealed that Carlos was one of the member of 'Group Four' and no more information was given and this case was closed to avoid a scandal. That police girl was found literally sucked to death.

One year later something similar started happening in Germany.....

- The Black Bearded Wierdo

Nature's Diary

Spring has arrived, a season for birds. this is the season when the flowering Toon trees attract many birds. The Gulmohar is also ready to bloom and so is the Jacaranda. The birds have begun to arrive. Their season has arrived and they want it to be another successful one.

The Koels have been calling since the beginning of April. One can spot the Koel in the Silver Oaks, the Bamboo groves and the Peepul next to it.

Another addition to the school's bird life is the black Bulbul and the Grey Mynah. Early mornings one can see them on the toons.

The hornbill is also getting ready to nest in one of the trees between Nehru's field and the tennis courts. The majestic Paradise Flycatcher can be seen in the Krishna field.

The purple Sunbird has decided to go for the

nursery and one can spot it on the Papaya trees there.

The Hill Mynah can be seen early mornings on the basketball courts in the north block. It moves with the common Mynah. Hoopoes can also be spotted there.

A few days back, the 'Tonk - Tonk' of the

green Barbet was heard in the kitchen block field. Lets hope someone gets to see it this time.

The school campus is also alive with the calls of the golden Orioles and the Fantail Flycatcher. The Grey Wagtail is a permanent feature on the fields and can be seen scurrying and bobbing their tails. The Red Vented bulbuls and the Babblers are busy finding nesting sights. Digvijay Lamba, before he left said that he had seen a scarlet Sunbird near P.H. Who will be the lucky one to see it next?

- Amish Mulmi
Class IX

WHAT'S IN !!??

Anirudh Chauhan's Nike bandana
Ajit Agarkar
Mr. Parulis " Red LML Sensation"

WHAT'S OUT !!??

Teddy's red bandana
Debashish Mohanty
His "Yezdi"

Separated At Birth !!

Jackie Shroff
Mr. Sandeep Khanna

Mr. Vinod Singh (fairer version)
Raj Babbar

Dude of the fortnight

Awarded this fortnight to none other than this stylish man from Bihar, **Amarnath Chakravarty**. His morning speech was a pleasant change from the monotonous and boring speeches and deeply enthralled everyone.

Hailing from Darbhanga district, he said he was proud to be a Bihari and was quite surprisingly

very optimistic about the future of the state, something we rarely get to see in the rest of the MIB's. (Men in Bihar).

He said that the Samosas will continue to have *aloos*, Africa the *kaalus*, jungles - *bhaloos*, but there would be a time when Bihar won't have *Laloo!*

RINGSIDE VIEW

Cricket season has finally come to an end with Ganga House emerging as the indisputable champion in both the sections. The senior section finals played between Ganga and Krishna proved to be a thriller as expected. Both teams put in splendid performance but Ganga being the better team emerged victorious. With the culmination of the cricket Inter House, the cricket season came to an end.

Krishna house elected to bat first and set a target of 167 runs in 25 overs. Anirudh Chauhan scored 48 runs with the help of his deft strokes and "Chutki" singles, but it was Pankaj Agarwal who put the much needed - Jaan into the Krishna batting with a score of 52 runs which included 2 colossal sixes. Ganga House, not the ones to demoralised got off to a good start. But after the fall of the first wicket, two more wickets fell in quick succession. This put Ganga in a tight situation, but then came Shariq Ansari who saved Ganga just in time. Ganga went on to win the match with Shariq's help who scored 73 not out. Ganga won by 1 wicket and 6 balls to spare.

The best bowler award in the senior section went to Manoj Negi (G), best batsman to Anirudh Chauhan (K) and the best allrounder went to Yashab Zia (G).

The Basketball team also played a series of test matches with the O.N.G.C. team. The team played four matches and lost all four. The score read as follows:-

First Match- 113- 128 in favour of O.N.G.C.

Second Match-111- 137 in favour of O.N.G.C.

Third Match- 77- 100 in favour of O.N.G.C.

Fourth Match-132- 150 in favour of O.N.G.C.

However, I must also mention that the O.N.G.C. team consisted of four Indian- team players. Our team also played a match versus the Doon School on our courts. It was a very exciting match and the final score read 34-33 in our favour.

The Basketball team also visited Woodstock School (Mussorie) for a tournament. They lost in the semi-finals against the American Embassy School. The Golden Jubilee Basketball tournament and the Afzal Khan tournament are coming up at the end of this month. I hope the team performs well in both these tournaments.

Hockey practice has begun with zest. The team does not have much time as the Council School Hockey is starting on the 24th of April. They will have to work really hard to put up a good show at the Council School Hockey tournament. Welham hockey like Basketball has a reputation to live up to and I have full faith that under Shariq Ansari's guidance there is no reason why the team should not do well.

The swimming pool after an acute water problem is finally in use. It has become the saviour of those seeking shelter from the wrath of the afternoon sun.

- Ahmad

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