

# The Oliphant

No. 234

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

20th October, 1999

## Think About It...

*All our tomorrows ought not be like our yesterdays.*

*-B. Markham*

## EDITORIAL

This may be an oft repeated *cliche*, but nothing is more unpredictable than weather here in Dehra Dun (except perhaps the school dining hall when the caterer suddenly decides to whip up something new). The sudden cold spell seems to have literally 'cooled' things down a bit. Winter will be here soon, and already I can see brown pullovers all over the campus. In the words of a distinguished twelfthie, 'this winter is going to be colder than a polar bear's backside'.

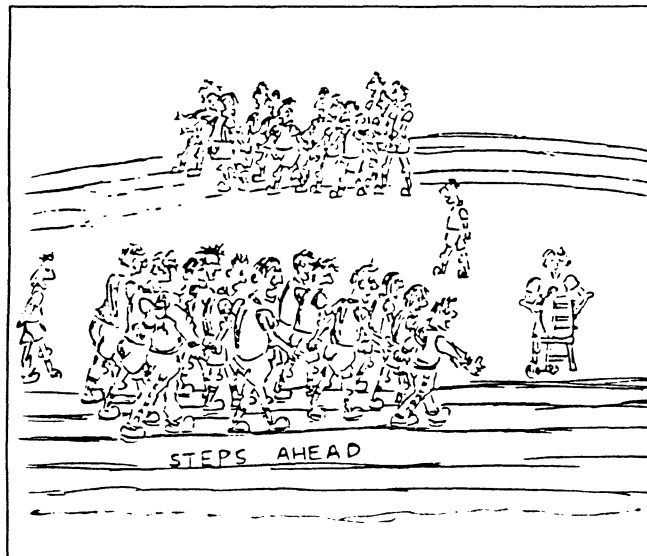
Perhaps the most marked difference on campus (apart from the gorgeous brown pullovers) is the absence of Mr K. who is away to the annual Round Square Conference in Germany with his delegation. Surprisingly though, things seem pretty normal (well... as normal as they go here in Welham). Even more marked to me, is the absence of the Oliphant desktop editor, doubling work for me and the nature's diary correspondent as we juggle between our columns and computer editing.

Preparations for Founder's Day are in full swing once again. Sadly enough, this is my last Founder's Day as a student, and I will miss all the preparations for the festivities which make up such an important aspect of the big day. It may be only one day, but we're all aware how much hard work goes into it.

Speaking of Founder's, the dramabrigade is busy too with their production for the Big Day. The free coffee flows once again! Lots of talent, and lots of effort. We're all looking forward to an exciting production this year.

The prefects seem to be in a bit of a dilemma. I'm not sure how many of us really take time off to think what being a prefect really means. It's more

than just wielding power and influence. Beyond all that lies responsibility, and a sense of duty. I hope the school community realises that the Body only aims to work towards improving standards here at Welham and we do need the cooperation of every member of the community to be able to reach that goal.



Improvements in standards do not come from mere words. These are born from effective examples. Such examples from the Prefect Body flow down the line to be inculcated and followed thereafter by the Juniors. There is no gain saying that this year's Prefect Body has led by the front, by example, by being responsible. It is hoped that this view is shared by the School Community. If it is, then the Prefects will feel that they have done their bit in making the school go from Strength to Strength.

Karan

## *Welham Now*

1. Karan Gulaya, Anshuman Singh and Amish Mulmi participated in the Friends of the Doon Quiz (Semifinals) held on 6<sup>th</sup> October at Scholars' Home, where they stood second. They are through to the Finals to be held on 15<sup>th</sup> October.
2. Azar Zaidi and Nitin Bansal participated in the Face-It working committee meeting held on the 11<sup>th</sup> October. They were escorted by Mr. Ghosh.
3. Kanishk Kaushik and Amish Mulmi participated in the RMIT debate held on the 9<sup>th</sup> October at Scholars' Home.
4. The Western Music choir stood first at the Inter School Western Music Competition held at St. Thomas' College on the 9<sup>th</sup> October.
5. Ijlal Shamsi, Amanjeet Oberoi, Usamah Burza, Shradhey Rawat and Shivang Sud left for the Round Square International Conference to be held at Louiselund School, Germany. They were escorted by Mr. Das.
6. Mr. Abdul Saleem was blessed with a son. The School Community wishes him and his wife heartiest congratulations.
7. The Programme for the 63<sup>rd</sup> Founders' Day Celebrations is as follows:  
Friday, 29<sup>th</sup> October:  
2:30 P.M. — Sports Day, Athletics Final.  
3:30 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. — Stalls for Tea etc.  
1:30 P.M. — Community Lunch on Payment Basis (Venue: The Orchard)  
6:00 P.M. — Speeches (Venue: The Steps)  
6:45 P.M. — Senior School Play  
Sunday, 31<sup>st</sup> October:  
11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. — Carnival (Venue The Orchard)

## *Letters to the Editor*

Dear Ed,

Since this news magazine has such a wide reach, I feel this is the best medium to express a thought that has been recurring in my mind for many days. Debating is every school's pride and therefore we too must try to uphold the standard of our debating team. It appears to me that boys are not interested in this art of oratory anymore. We see the same guys going for every debate. Why is it that we have no new faces on the debating scene? It seems that the school's debating future is bleak!

Yours etc

Anshuman Singh.

*Ed: This is a point that I definitely agree with. Although I do feel that the English Debating Society does try to encourage boys to become members. I don't believe that the school lacks talented debators, but maybe we need to tap all that potential. It seems to me, that the community would rather watch cable television than try try its hand at debating. I can think of no real reason for this, other than the fact that we somehow lack inspiration.*

## *Literary Affairs*

### *THE WARRIOR*

Every night was horrible, and the days grew worse. I can't clearly remember when this series of horrible dreams began but one thing remains clear, every nightmare was different, and worse than ever

(2)

before. My dreams, were a war, a battle, a conflict. with me participating in the fighting, facing the terrible scourge of the war. And every time I got up, fearing the night, with me perspiring and lips

dry, head in a delirium, and every limb in terrible pain. I was killing in my dreams, to live through the night, and see warriors' blood dripping down my hands.

I was travelling through every continent, every time period, and I was fighting all the while, sometimes falling dead to the warriors' sword, then waking up again and ready for the next fight. I had fought alongside Pharaoh Ramses; and against the Spartans. I crossed the Alps with Hannibal and fought Charlesmagne with his huge Byzantine army. I slew Mongols with my sword and killed Prussians with my musket. I fought under William Kaiser and then died for the Japanese Empire as a Kamikaze. Every war that has shaped history has seen me as a warrior.

But last night was different than the rest. My dream took me to a place, where there was sand till the very reach of my eyes, and the sun kissed the dry earth. It was then that I realized, this was my city, my own city. The beach was empty, and it seemed nothing to me except a vast stretch of sand. I was adorned with weapons never seen before, though I felt I had the knowledge of using them. All around

me was my city, yet there was not a single soul to be seen. I tried a coffee shop ahead, that too was deserted. The sea too had withdrawn and I could see much of the marine life on the sun-scorched beach. Every monument seemed destroyed and not a single window was intact. It was as if, a high intensity heat wave had turned up and fragmented every bit of life.

A rage built up inside me, at all that was around me, at the absence of human life. Every bit of human creation, even the furniture was deformed. It was worse than an exodus. I ran all over the place, shouting at the top of my voice, asking for a response from any creature. My apartment, oh no! I ran towards it and witnessed the same sight I had seen in the other part. Then I noticed a writing on my wall, it was standing out under the bright sunshine. The writing wasn't illegible, it read "stop Nukes".

I jolted out of my sleep here, and looked out of my window towards the new morning, and found the same thing written on the wall facing me

*Fatehpal Khara  
Class IX*

## **LOVESTRUCK**

As the train chugged away towards its destination, he looked out of the barred, glass window and stared at the bleak, desolate platform. People were coming in, people were fast asleep there. He didn't care for a single soul, except for one whose absence was being felt like a blankness in his life every passing second.

Tears welled up deep within him, but he couldn't let them out. After all, he was a man. But he couldn't help it, leaving away a companion whom he loved dearly, leaving her to suffer, and leaving him to agonize over their parting.

He thought of his presence there, in this moving contraption that was taking him to his future, to a place far away from here. He was desperate to get

away from this train, though he knew it was an impossible task that he was asking for. His love was being torn apart, his heart was being forced to submit to his outer, hypocritical will. He felt himself suppressed under the heavy weight of commands and controls that were taking him away from the face he dearly loved, from the laughter he dearly cherished. He was in pain, yet no one felt it. Because no one knew the love he had for her. It was over, all over. Love struck deep in his heart, but with no results. Optimism flew away like a swift, thoughts of reconciliation entered as a bleak ray of light in his torn mind. He thought, someday, we will meet, my love

*The Forsaken One*

## **GET A GRIP!!!**

The eastern sky is changing in to an inky blue from jet black. A few stars are shining down. Venus is still resplendent in its glow. The crescent moon seems to shine down on me.

The field's quite dark. The girls' exercises would start at 6 A.M. I am barely able to check the time, my hands tremble like leaves in a gale. It is that infernal Hash! Bad Quality. I curse the heavens,

only to see the moon smile at me, as if saying, “Azar, there is still a chance”. I yell, “Go to Hell”. Siddhanth lay prone on his side. Badly stoned. I laughed weakly, he swears he is immune to the stuff, but goes out like a light within the first hour. Just a damn Kid!  
Says his dad left his mom. The mom takes revenge on his dad by beating him, torturing him. This is his escape, his Utopia, where no one can harm him.

The sky is lighter now, Siddhanth is stirring. And I could swear, I could hear the laughter of the girls. How could they laugh all the time? Whenever I begin to laugh, tears choke me, my emotions start running wild.

Never mind all this, gotta go before the housemaster discovers our little adventure.

*Azar Zaidi*  
*Class XI*

## ***AGENT KEN(00XII)***

The third world war started  
From friends and family Ken(00XII) parted  
With Blood Red eyes,  
His mission to catch ‘impossible spies’,  
He headed for the other side,  
Headquarters of Dr. Devil and his sole pride,  
Beat all bad guys and won,  
After using his license to kill a ton,  
Then he fought with Dr. Devil, the boss,  
Lost his gadgets and was in total loss,  
Then came in the pretty lady,  
Her name was agent Slimshady,  
She hit out on the bad,  
The best shot he had ever had,  
He at an instant lost his senses and fell,  
And Slimshady and Ken heard him tell,  
“To be or not to be,

Slimshady, you are heavenly,  
I came, I saw, I thought,  
To make you mine I fought,  
Leave Agent Ken,  
He is just like ordinary men,  
Come to me ‘coz I press,  
You to do so in times of stress,  
I take leave of you now,  
But I take a vow,  
I will be back soon,  
Once in a blue moon.”

(dedicated to the world’s most wanted Secret Agent, Ken)

*Kanishk Kaushik*  
*Class XI*

## ***STOLEN SUN***

There once lay beautiful water.  
In the darkness of the day,  
in the whispering rainstorm.  
I heard it say,  
'the moon stole the sun'.

I laughed,  
whoever heard rainstorms sing?  
Not me.

Where thoughts speak,  
of lost yearnings,  
Where voices sing,  
of their ancient longings,  
not beautiful people.

Cloudless, tired skies,  
deep, amethyst, bright.

Driving rain,  
from unseen planes.

In silent, aching memories,  
I find shelter,  
from burning dreams.

On seas of hopeless remedies,  
I float my boat,  
of scarlet voices,  
and hidden songs.

Once I had the brightest sphere.

The lost sunlight,  
the stolen Sun.

*Karan Gulaya*  
*Class XII*

# *Those Wacky Woodseaters*

## *THE UNLUCKY THIEF*

One day Mr Raj's wife put some old newspapers in a suitcase and gave it to him to throw away in the dustbin. Mr Raj went to the bus-stand and waited for the bus to arrive. Behind him, was a thief. He was spying on Mr Raj. After a few minutes Mr Raj went to answer nature's call and he left the suitcase near the thief, who thought there was money in it. The thief ran away with the suitcase to an inn. He was very eager to open it, but the keys to the suitcase were missing. He searched the cover and

at last found the keys. He was very tired by then. But again something worse happened to him. He heard the police coming so he again had to run away with the heavy suitcase to his house. When he reached his house, he opened the suitcase and imagine what he found in it? 'Old newspapers!' His dream of becoming a millionaire was over.

*Shrey Verma  
Class V*

## *A TRIP TO KALSI*

For the trip to Kalsi, we started our journey at 3:30 p.m. on Saturday, 18th September. As we left the city of Dehra Dun, we saw the FRI Building and IMA with its main Chetwood Hall. After leaving IMA, we started going down towards the river. We crossed the bridge on the Tons Nadi and went forward. It wasn't a big bridge. We crossed the first Irish Bridge, but there was no water as the weather was dry. We saw sugarcane fields on our right side and we crossed the town of Jhajra. After some time we crossed the second Irish Bridge, but unfortunately there was no water there either. There was forest on both sides of the road. Sometime later we crossed the town of Selakui. It is a very small town. After crossing Selakui, we passed through Rampur. We crossed the third Irish Bridge after Rampur but again no water! There were sugarcane fields running along the road. Later we crossed through the town of Sahaspur. We crossed the fourth Irish Bridge after Sahaspur and fortunately there was some water. The bus passed through the water. There was excitement all around as the wheels splashed through the stream. After the bridge, we crossed the town of Herbertpur and Vikasnagar and finally reached Dakpathar.

At Dakpathar, we stopped at the GMVN (Garhwal Mandal Vikas Nigam) Rest house. We played, we had our dinner and slept. The dinner was delicious.

The next day we had to go to Kalsi, so we started our journey at 10:30 after breakfast. The Himalayas ran along our left and the Yamuna on the right. There were shisham trees planted on either side of the road. At Ambedkarnagar we had to take a sharp U-turn and we began our descent. We were coming down to the land of the river. We crossed the new bridge and we saw the old bridge which had been damaged by storms and bad weather. We passed through the town of Haripur and we were now climbing slowly. There were terrace farms on our right. After a few minutes we reached Kalsi. To go to the Ashoka rock edict, we had to go down about a hundred feet over a road which was narrow and stinky! We reached the monument which was enclosed in a domed structure in which stood the awesome rock edict which stood over 10 feet high. The Edict had been discovered by an Englishman, Mr Forrest in 1860. The engravings were quite clear and were written in Pali, Brahmi and Sanskrit. Some of the boys traced the script on pieces of paper while others noted down information about the rock.

We stayed at the rock edict for about forty-five minutes and then returned to Dakpathar. We had our lunch at Dakpathar, played some games and then came home happily to Welham.

*Akshat Jalan  
Class VII*

# Nature's Diary

## A NAGARHOLE SAFARI

A tiger, long grasses, and the hunting lodge of the Maharaja of Mysore. What comes immediately to your mind as you think of them. It rings nothing, yet it is the symbol of one of India's best, but one of the least popularized national park, Nagarhole. Situated

in Karanataka, a mere 60 kms away from Mysore, this park offers you the ideal vacation to the nature lover and the party man in your family.

This park lies on the Deccan, with the river Kabini flowing through it. Meadows here are larger than the ones in Corbett, and one can view

around a hundred elephants at a single time. If you want to spend a real nice weekend here, packages are available for night stays at Kabini river lodge, that's where I stayed. Jeep Safaris begin in the evenings, which take you deep into tiger territory and of course, our friend the elephant. And one more addition, the Indian Wild Dog, or the Dhole. These elusive animals roam in packs and there are three of them in here, on the meadows.

By the way, did you know that this place has the highest density of elephants in the whole world, with the area being just over a 100 square km, but

the animals numbering over 500. And also, this national park shares its boundaries with the Mudumalai Sanctuary in Tamilnadu and Bandipur Tiger Reserve. This place also screens documentaries and for those modern amenity buffs, the

rooms have every modern bit of appliances.

The park offers you views of numerous Gaur, the magnificent Darters and of course, the regular Chital, Sambar and other animals. For bird lovers, it has Rollers, Hornbills and Cormorants.

Nagarhole has always been associated with tigers, and it lives up to its name

Tigers here flourish

under a very tight and careful security, with the park witnessing one of the least amount of poaching in the last year. But life has never always been so easy for these animals. The famous 'Veerappan' operated in these jungles for a few years in the early 80s' before moving onto the States of Kerala and Tamilnadu.

This place is great to visit during the summer months, before monsoon sets in. I am advising all of you there, you get a chance to visit this exquisite piece of creation, you should not miss it.

*Rohan Varshnei*  
*Class X*



HOOPOE

## JUST A NOTE...

During the last week of September, Bleaching Powder was used to purify our water tanks. This is a very good idea, but unfortunately, some of the bleaching powder was leaking onto the road that runs from the Back Field Gate to the Activity Centre. Bleaching Powder is a chemical, that not

only acts as a steriliser, but also can act as a dangerous material to the top soil, because of its Chlorine content. We, at Welham, do realise the threats that this chemical poses to our environment, which is already polluted due to our neighbours the Lime Kilns. We hope that the concerned Authorities

will look into the matter, and will not allow a recurrence of such an incident. We all want to leave a hospitable environment for our generations that are to come. This might be regarded as a small matter, but it can result in other mishaps that can occur, leading to the degradation of the topsoil. After all the hype that has been created around the Japanese nuclear facility accident at Tokaimura, we as humans must realise the dangers that pose as

we continue to use chemicals in every part of our life and unknowingly, make the world a virtually toxic arena, with chemical fumes filling our atmosphere and sometimes controlling the weather system. We must react to these toxic wastes that we throw away as wastage or garbage. Please do remember, the world is not always yours.

*Amish Mulmi*  
*Class X*

## "Dude" of the Fortnight

It is said that to follow one's own teaching and thereby uphold the responsibility given, you must try really hard. It is not always that we find people coming for early morning practice sessions, but this guy has been around every morning, fulfilling his duty as captain. Therefore, we on the Board, have decided to honour our Basketball Captain, **Sachin Gupta** as our



Dude of the fortnight.

This guy has had the whole team practising early in the morning at 5 a.m. for the upcoming IPSC Tournament, and all his sincerity and effort has produced excellent results, as we can conclude from our performance in the District Basketball Tournament. He is, a perfect gentleman, and a true Welhamite. Keep Going!

## WHAT'S IN!!?? WHAT'S OUT !!??

Mussoorie International School  
Hindustani 'Atal' Paratha  
Martial Law  
Eleventhies with Goaties  
Winter Schedule

Welham Girls' High School  
Italian 'Sonia' Pizza  
Nawaz Sharif  
School Captain's Frenchie  
Summer Schedule

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

Mr. Jagjeet (meaning to shave his hair off): "once Founders' will come, then I'll shave my **Head** off.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rishi to Jasneet: You are a Sardar na???

Jasneet (very surprised): nooo, I am a **Sird** yaar!

\*\*\*\*\*

Nishant to Galdan: oye yaar! just **switch** off the door yaar!

\*\*\*\*\*

In the Dining Hall

Dev to Rohan: put the bones on one plate yaar!

Rohan: which ones, **Veg** or **Non Veg** !!!

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Gosain: Oye! **the Ohrie**, where's **the Gami**??

\*\*\*\*\*

Raj Karan to Sambhav: Yaar! what a long **shortcut** are you taking???

\*\*\*\*\*

Surya (meaning- 'Put the Walkman in my pocket', says): Put the Walk in my Pock

\*\*\*\*\*

Karan to Jasneet: come on, Yaar! say something for Through the Keyhole.

Jasneet (very carefully) please! I don't want to go through the Keyhole

\*\*\*\*\*

# RINGSIDE VIEW

It is quite an amazing fact Welhamites have at last become interested in the happenings around them. In the last fortnight, they have been talking of Laloo losing his parliamentary seat, and Atal bhaiya regaining his status. Then the recent Pakistani Coup. Therefore, sports has not hogged the limelight in these few days, except for India's brilliant recovery in the test against New Zealand. The Welham Sports' scene is also a bit down under, with Athletics season beginning and only a few dedicated being seen on the field.

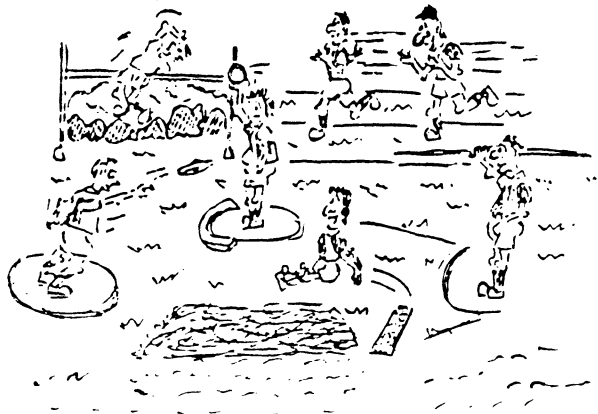
Marching Practice has begun, much to the horror of Welhamites, who do feel it is really chilly in the mornings for their practice. The officials are really tightening up, and it is a delight to see everyone marching away smartly.

The new Athletics Captain is also looking up to his season. Then there are also a few others who enact Carl Lewis or Maurice Greene. A special mention to the joggers who seem not to be tired even after infinite laps! Wonder how do they do it?

The Basketball Team is really focussing on its capabilities for the upcoming IPSC tournament, and the way these guys are practising, they will be ready to face any team from any part of India.

The team has also played in the District Basketball Tournament, where they have reached the semi finals, due to be held some time later. But the Preliminary matches saw us in full control over every game. The first against Hilton saw us demolishing then 53 points to 13 points. But it was the

second match against the host school, St. Thomas' College, where we played a very energetic game and won it with the scores being totally a one sided affair - 70 points to 23 points. However, we survived a hiccup in the third match against Pestleweed College and won by a margin of 17 points, much due to the three-pointers of Karn Singh.



ROUND & ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

Our Basketball captain should be congratulated for his hard work and efforts. It is only owing to him that the school has regained much of its lost status in the schools' basketball scene.

Everything, even the sports grounds seem to be going into a slumber these days. There isn't much to write about, how do I get something relevant to write for this column. Yes, some news from the Tennis Courts. We played a match against our old boys, Sumant Pai and Gauravjeet Singh, and lost both. Nevermind, we will surely

try harder the next time.

Times are tough for me. This problem of being in tenth is a bit too hot to handle. However, I shall try that you get your regular dose of sporting news. Let's just hope that the Staff Rep. feels I am still capable of giving you at least a bit of time pass, and is considerate enough to keep me in the next Editorial Board.

With all hopes of seeing you in the next year, I sign off,

*the One and Only,*  
**Anshuman**

## EDITORIAL BOARD

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