



THE OLIPHANT

No. 61 WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER 15, September, 1987

THINK ABOUT IT

A mind is like a bird, at its best when it's free.

—Anonymous

Editorial

"I was born again today "He screamed, practically frothing in the excitement of whatever it was. He stood there with the most ludicrous grin I've ever seen in my life, his braces shining in the morning PT-time light. It was a rather crazy grin, considering, the fact he was standing on the PH balcony and saying that he was born today, again.

Judging by his behaviour, there might have been some truth in that asseveration. Most of the PH lazy bones preferred to stay in bed rather than listen to his enthralling story. But the next few words he uttered had the entire hostel sit up in bed. (A PH utter is equivalent to a shout, mind you).

"The fan fell off the ceiling while I was asleep. I could've been dead". The prospect of this already-grey-haired twelfthie dying didn't

arouse any sentiments, but the fan falling off definitely registered a similar look in everyone's eyes.....a look, not of horror but of amusement.

A unanimous demand materialized immediately. We wanted an action-replay! In the long and chequered history of Welham, we've had dust falling off, posters falling off and even doors falling off, but this was something new. A fan falling off wow !.

The rest of the day passed casually with no further reference to the close encounters with the fan. It was forgotten.

Or maybe not. The night after, everyone had a sound sleep. The temperature stayed an uncomfortable 30 degrees and could've easily been termed 'hot'. Not a single fan had been switched on. Three guesses why !

Aresh Shirali

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

We walked up to the stairs to the 'new' PH to find ourselves in a colossal hall.....wow.....we could probably have a basketball match right in the dorm.....but the thrill didn't last long.

The curious cats were drawn to the bathrooms. Before long, a chain of condolences went out to 'PAPA'.....tsk.....the architect didn't envisage people of his size trying to make their way into the washrooms'. He'd have to go downstairs.

The real laughs came when Parag categorically declared that he would make an attempt to take a shower ! He did eventually go through with the gruelling experience. He turned the shower on to get a blast of spray.....at his brawny chest ! Holding the shower like a mike, Parag struggled through the ordeal of a bath in

PH. The rest of the evening was spent trying to get his temporary hunchback straightened out.

Yours,

Cramped

Welhamex Social Club.

Dear Editor,

I'm writing in regard to the previous editorial, which I found highly derogatory.

I simply cannot imagine the Oliphant imposing this tyrannical requirement on every 'runnie' as you call us, that we must obtain a 'No Objection Certificate' from you before running away from school. What kind of an imperialist idea is this anyway ? I stand for human rights, and will ensure that all runaways make it safely to their destination without your hindrance.

The great new club 'Runaways Anonymous'

has proved to be a flop-a-duit. Why should a prospective runaway keep his plans secret when he can secure himself a perfect lineup of farewell treats ? !

Yours Etc,
Human League

Editor—This could become the novel way to comm treats out of people. I wouldn't want to keep treating a classmate who told me he was about to run away, every second day. Neither am I satisfied with the argument about the 'No objection'. I wouldn't want someone to run away without having returned my Maths book, or without returning my borrowed coupons, or without fulfilling his promise of treating me !

Dear Sir,

I've been keeping a keen eye on the miniature India in the Academic Block. With the recent spate of heavy rain, not only the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea-Bay of Bengal are in high floods, but to everyone's marvel, the THAR

desert too !

Take note of this rare phenomenon ! You may never see Rajasthan under water again.

Yours Etc.
Welham Weatherman

Editor—So the El Nino, or whatever it's supposed to be, hasn't yet bothered us at Welham. The Welhamex Social Club seems to think that this occurrence has something to do with the gravity of the fan which fell off in PH, and the Azimuthal Quantum No. of the atoms of which the fan is made. Heavy.....

Dear Sir,

Don't you feel helmets should be provided to the PH inhabitants, sleeping under the ever so worthy fans ? At least, when we have our next close encounters of the nth kind, we'll be all geared for occasion.

Yours Etc,
Insomniac

The Literary Affairs of Welham

The Home Coming

I was living with some relatives of Mother who had a flat in one of the older colonies of Cape Town. It was a small place and I shared a room with two of my cousins. I did not enjoy the city and wanted to go back to Cairo, and the quiet seclusion of a roadside town. I found it depressing to live with a family I hardly knew.

I realized, however, that I was fortunate. At least I had a roof over my head. Unlike so many others who migrated to Cape Town and found no shelter living on sidewalks and traffic islands. They came from villages and towns all over South Africa in search of work, but discovered only the hard cement beneath their feet and the bestiality of the city. As for the street dwellers, it was a survival. At the university I came under the influence of several energetic young lecturers who introduced me to the promises and ideologies of Marxist thought. I discovered that I had a social conscience and the camaraderie and high blown talk of radicals excited my imagination. It was in college that I first decided that I would dedicate my life to working amongst the poor and the disadvantaged. Going to college I used to catch a bus off the main road which bordered our colony. There was a short cut to the bus stand, which ran along the embankment of an open drain.

There was a shanty town built along the drain, fragile looking houses of flattened tin canisters and thatch full of women and children and smoking fires. It was like a small village within the city. Beyond the shanties was a Muslim graveyard. It was badly maintained and to some

point it could be called the city dump. I don't remember when I first saw that boy. It was during my last year at college. He was kneeling with all fours in the grass watching me with a look of fear. He was naked with a matted mop of hair. Whenever he saw me he would scuttle out of sight. At first, I guessed he was one of the children from the shanty town, playing games in the grass, an idiot child, his mind weakened by malnutrition. I never had the time to stop, always in a hurry to reach the bus, sometimes catching a glimpse of his legs scrambling through the underbush. I noticed, there was a wildness about him. There was a pack of dogs that lived in the graveyard, scrawny looking mongrels that barked and cringed when I went by. They were unhealthy dogs living on rubbish heaps in the colony.

Once I asked a man who lived in the shanties about the boy. "That one is mad", he said with a toss of his head. The boy seemed to have no parents, though the shanty dwellers gave him food once in a while. The dogs seemed to be his only companions. I sometimes used to wonder, how he survived the winters. It was the same winter that they demolished the shanties. Overnight the tin shacks were pulled down and the people disappeared. The next morning I did not see the boy, but late in the afternoon, I caught sight of him, lurking about the charred remains of the shanties. He was on his hands and knees as usual as though he could not stand upright and seeing me he ducked back into the bushes and hid himself.

Anyway, the next day he was nowhere to be seen. I had come a little earlier to see if he was there and took time to search for him. One of the

dogs came up to me and led the way. He was asleep in a shallow burrow beneath the thorn bush. This was the first time I'd had a close look at him. He was very thin and his knees were swollen and callused from crawling around. His body was streaked with filth and there were sores on his arms. I had heard of a charity organisation which looked after the mentally handicapped. The woman who answered my calls sounded distraught and uninterested. She said they had no room. After further argument she finally agreed and said, they would send a van late in the afternoon. After waiting a long time the van finally arrived. I lead the two constables and the doctor along the embankment to the graveyard. The boy was lying, surrounded by the dogs. He was sunning himself. The doctor watched him from a distance and asked me questions most of which I couldn't answer. He seemed reluctant to do anything. The boy slowly got up and crawled to cover. He looked weaker. The two constables went to get him, but he only barked and growled like a mad dog. I could hear the policemen swearing at the boy and the boy made yelping noise. They finally had him. The constables were rough with him and quickly threw him at the back of the van.

The yellow bitch who had brought up the

boy snarled and barked at the doctor, but the doctor threw stones at her and kicked her side. The van drove off, the dogs leaping aside at the last moment. I headed home and the yellow bitch followed at my heels. She sat herself outside our gate when I closed it behind me. That night she howled. I couldn't sleep. The sound was like a call from the wild, some ancestral creature. I was numbed at the brutality of the constables and the apathy of the doctor. But something else had happened to me—a strange feeling, a haunting sense...I don't know how to describe it, but somehow the boy and the dog meant much more to me than just bestiality madness. There was some truth in it. The yellow bitch had raised him as a foundling, nursed him at her shrivelled teats, comforted him, licked his sores and brought him food. She howled most of the night until someone came and threw a brick at her. I went to the asylum a few days later. The same doctor was there and I asked him if I could see the boy. The building was squalid and depressing. They had shaved the boy's head, I hardly recognised him and he wore a loose gown. Kneeling on the floor, he looked at me without expression. That was how I left him, like an animal imprisoned in a cage.

Varun Bhaskar

Answers to previous Brain-teasers

HOME SWEET HOME

The object the alien is describing is the Welham's newsletter.

BRAINS AT HELLWAM

There are 58 avg. brains, 1 dormant brain, and 1 dull brain. This is easy to be proved by trying to find a triplet that will not contain an avg. brain. If there are two or more dull ones we could put two dull and one dormant brain together, thus contradicting Cariolla's statement. And vice versa.

BRAIN-TEASERS

Here is another excerpt from the aliens report :

A tall man tried desperately to reach a seven faced polyhendron, partly buried in the ground. A shorter man wearing a mask, crouched near the polyhedron. He tore his mask off, dropped it to the ground, and apparently tried to prevent the tall man from reaching the polyhendron. Suddenly the tall man threw himself flat on the ground and stretched out one hand. A microsecond after he touched the polyhendron, the shorter man jabbed him in his buttocks with a small sphere.

A third man, dressed entirely in black, extended his arms and yelled a word we did not understand. Immediately a crowd of shouting men emerged from a half underground structure, picked up the tall man, and carried him away.

What familiar event is the alien describing ?

In The Arena of Sports

The 'Inter School Football Council Tournament' was held on 24 August '87.

We played our first match against R.R.A. The match was marked by rough tackling, as a result our team lost 3-2.

Goal Scorers : Vishal Mohan, Viresh Sharda.

Our team was determined to win the next match against the Doon School. The game was slow paced and was essentially mid-field play in the first half. Half way in the first half, Sanjeev Shah's solo effort found the net. After the breather, Vishal increased the lead by a header. The lead was reduced by the Doscos, but Indervir made sure of the Welham Victory when his solo effort beat the Dosco custodian in the goal.

Final Score : 3-1

Easy victories against Cambrian Hall and Colonel Brown saw us through to the Semi-Finals.

Scores against Cambrian Hall : 4-2

Scorers : Indervir, Sanjeev Shah and Lokesh Rana

Scores against Col. Brown : 2-0

Scorers : Sanjeev Shah and Abhijeet Ghosh

The match of the tournament was against S.J.A., our school surged ahead with the help of Viresh Sharda. But things thereafter did not shape the way we would have wanted. S.J.A. team scored twice. The second time almost 5

mins. before the final whistle. But Sanjeev Shah produced the goods, by equalizing for Welham, minutes before the long whistle. He converted a penalty later to see Welham into the final.

W.B.S. Vs G.N.A.

The final match was a totally one sided affair. The tension was high. Our team had tasted defeat last year. But history did not repeat itself this time. The initial moments belonged to the G.N.A. But as our team settled down, they showed their talent. It was in the 33rd minute of the first half that Abhijeet Ghosh, in a solo effort, beat the G.N.A. custodian in the goal to give us a 1-0 lead. After the breather, Welham was at its best. Firt Sanjeev Shah shot the ball into the goal from a difficult angle. Indervir baffled everyone with his speed as he ran down the right flank and scored a solo. Minutes later Lokesh Rana increased the lead by neatly tucking the ball into the goal. That brought the score to 4-0.

Final Score : 4-1, CONGRATS !

BASKET BALL :

The campus trotters have retained their reputation as the best. First it was Cambrian Hall which faced defeat and then St. Marys' from Saharanpur.

The Scores :

W.B.S.	Vs	C.H.
W.B.S.	Vs	St. Marys'

Manvendra

Happenings

- ★ The construction of the stage for the Golden Jubilee performances has been progressing pretty well, and the stage is expected to be ready in another few weeks. It is an impressive structure with circular steps around the front; though I am sure it is too early to comment on it.
- ★ The senior school was given the opportunity of viewing some of the best environmental documentaries. The documentaries, four in number, were filmed by the N.C.E.R.T. The themes were basically on the deteriorating eco-system of Dehra Dun, and the effects of a delayed monsoon on the various parts of India.
- ★ The Oliphant Board had held a Cartoon contest a few weeks ago. It was made compulsory for the sixth to ninth classes and the boys (and the girl) in the Art department. There was a lot of enthusiasm shown by the boys, and consequently, a lot of interesting entries poured in. The results shall be announced.
- ★ After a long time, the Audio-visual was complimented for their choice of film (which seemed to be dissipating). The movie "Top secret" was much enjoyed by the viewers. The juniors were shown "Love Bug" the day after.
- ★ 'Interprint Software' held a software exhibition in our school computer room,

on Sunday the 6th. The display was very impressive and effective. A lot of their software was appreciated.

- ★ We have been joined by Mr. Bannister. He is going to be teaching the 9 and 11 classes. He is also involved in the training of the prospective life-savers batch. Welcome !

गवास्कर से एक मुलाकात

आठ विश्व कीर्तिमान स्थापित करने वाले, भारत के भूतपूर्व कप्तान सुनील मनोहर गवास्कर का नाम ही सुनकर आदमी का ठिकाना नहीं रहता है फिर उनसे मिलने की बात तो सोचिये !

गवास्कर महोदय हमारे स्कूल में पंकज उध्वास रात के उपलक्ष में पधारे थे। पंकज उध्वास जी ने अपने गाने के बाद उनका स्वागत किया और पूरा पेंडाल तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट से गूंज उठा। उस दिन तो सिर्फ कुछ ही बालक उनके हस्ताक्षर लेने में सफल हुए, वे बालक उनके हस्ताक्षर लेने के बाद बहुत ही प्रसन्न मुद्रा में दिखाई दे रहे थे। हमारे सुनने में आया कि गवास्कर महोदय दूसरे दिन भी आ रहे थे।

दूसरे दिन हर लड़के के पास एक कलम व कागज था। सब उनके हस्ताक्षर लेने के लिये आतुर हो रहे थे। हमारे स्कूल में यह अफवाह फैल गई कि श्रीमान एंव श्रीमती गवास्कर हमारे साथ नाश्ता करेंगे परन्तु ऐसा कुछ नहीं था, उन्हें हमारे मध्यान्तर के दौरान आना था। मध्यान्तर की घंटी बजने के साथ मानो लगा कि हमारे स्कूल में भूचाल आ गया हो, कुछ गिरते-पड़ते मंच की तरफ भागे।

हमने थोड़ी देर में देखा कि गवास्कर कप्तानों से घिरे मंच की तरफ आ रहे हैं। सब आगे आने की कोशिश कर रहे थे। उनके मंच पर आते ही लड़के तस्वीरें खींचने लगे। उन्होंने अपने खेल के रहस्य के बारे में बताया। उन्होंने कहा कि बड़ा बनने के लिये तीन बातों का पालन करना चाहिये दृढ़ संकल्प, अनुशासन और समर्पण। उन्होंने अपने स्वानुभवों के बारे में हमें परिचित करवाया।

अन्त में जैसे ही उन्होंने धन्यवाद कहकर मंच से उतरे वैसे ही वे अपने चहेतों के बीच घिर गये वे पूरे धैर्य के साथ सबको स्वाक्षर देने लगे।

कभी-कभी मुझे ऐसा लगता है कि गवास्कर से यह मुलाकात एक सपना है। अनुराग कुमार

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