

# THE OLIPHANT

No. 69      WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER      18, March, 1988

## THINK ABOUT IT

**"Children are said to be delinquent when they reach the stage where they want to do what their parents are doing."**

— P.G. Wodehouse

## Editorial

Rumours have always had a strong effect on me: the effects manifesting themselves in paroxysms of rage. This time however I found myself with my foot in my mouth. I had dismissed the possibility of the school admitting girls as a mere canard, when a notice documenting the fact appeared on the noticeboard.

Celebration was called for. The school was to take girls in the eleventh. Holy Elephant!

The ebullient seniors could think of nothing much to say except. "WOW!" As for myself. I could think of nothing much except the ribald connotations of the imminent entry of girls. If I go on and on about it, this editorial will sound like a banal debate on co-education—something which I strongly believe in.

I treat the affair with ambivalence. Hoping

not to be labelled a confirmed chauvinist or misogynist for that matter, I thought perhaps I could offer my not-so-intellectual opinion.

We must accept the fact that having girls in senior school would create an upheaval amongst the boys. This however is a minor point, because I trust the seniors to handle the situation well and refrain from barbarism. The chief bother may be traced to the fact that Welham Boys' School has been a boys school for half a century and a change now may act antagonistic to school ethic. The school will not be the same again.

Pessimistic. I concede, but I do feel that the introduction of girls in senior school may be a trifle foolhardy. On the other hand, catering to my selfish purposes, it could be an excellent idea.

Ambivalently,  
Aresh Shirali

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I realized that the fans in PH are dangerously low for hair to remain safe, but this is ridiculous!

Ajay and Sunil certainly didn't manage to escape the cruel PH fans, and have thus joined the gang of Worldwide skinheads! Two down, six to go.

The rest of the boys had a good time raiding the two baldies for their combs, hairbrushes, hair gel and shampoo.

Those with a more statistical bent of mind decided to plot a graph; growth of hair against bench-presses!

Yours' balder-dashingly,  
Octas, the Mesia Gang.

Dear Editor,

The OJs (Oliphant Jokes) compiled by Ambresh Mohan were great. The standard of

OJs is definitely rising. Perhaps they have even managed to beat the PJs. Felicitations!

Yours hilariously,  
Okey Jokev II

Dear Editor,

The exam is *Always on our mind* these days. We've got our *mind set on it*. Having realized that *Hell is a place on earth*, we're wondering; *what have we done to deserve this!*

So Emotional,  
The T'pav-ing Tenthies

Ed—*You're in for the Time of your lives. One last word-st . . . . st . . . Study Rap!*

Dear Editor,

Why not rename your though the Keyhole column and call it 'OJ collection' or something. After all an OJ [Oliphant Joke] is a step higher than

a PJ.

Yours etc.  
Okey, Jokey

Dear Editor,

Being especially jovial today, I thought of sending some lettuce to the editor. The rotten potatoes and foul tomatoes will follow soonafter.

Yours etc.  
Veg.

Dear Editor,

A formal election was conducted by the

Principal, the electoral college consisting of the Tenthies and Twelfthies.

The Bon Joving Eleventhies have ever since been rubbing their palms, and thinking up suitable adjectives for their choice of a schoolie. After all who won't find something to write about a person he has spent eleven years with in the same class !

Anticipatingly  
Machiavellian  
Eleventhies

Ed—The principal shall hold an election for the el-venthies, d.n't et frantic.

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

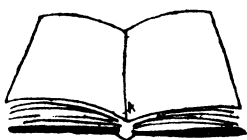
Organic Chem

JG-Coke is found only in the Bihar coalfields. Moreover the Coke in India is of a very bad quality and is generally impure. Can you tell me an alternative to Coke ?  
Deepak—Yes Sir, Pepsi.

Bio Class

MK—Can anyone give me a Biological reason for why a person's throat dries up and he begins to feel dizzy, when he is giving his maiden speech ?

Jalaj—Ma'am, my throat never dries up when I speak to a maiden !



### The Literary Affairs of Welham

#### On a Snowy X'mas Night 24th December, 1950

It was a cold white Christmas night. As I walked down the snow covered pavement, I thought proudly of my children and their careers, their children and wives, their luxurious lives and then thought about my own, all musty and without purpose. I shivered as a gust of wind cut through my thick woolen shirt like a knife. I puffed warm moist air through the thin fabric of my gloves and continued my walk, but at an accelerated pace. I longed for the security and warmth of my apartment. True it wasn't easy being a widow, but it gave me just about enough of the privacy and peace I needed. As I reached the door step I paused and searched my old handbag for my key and unlocked the door. It swung open noiselessly on well greased hinges.

The climb up the few flights of stairs was quite exhausting, but I'd give anything just to sit in front of my primitive stove and enjoy its modest warmth. Just as I unlocked the door, I was pushed from behind. It was a young man of about twenty five who wore very strange clothes. His hair fell over his eyes and his face and ears were red. He was breathing hard as if he had just run a long distance.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "I didn't see you".

"That's quite alright young man, where were you going at this time of the night ? Don't you know it's X'mas Eve".

"Oh yes, as a matter of fact it is ! I was just looking for someone to spend it with. Will you

spend it with me ?"

At my acceptance, his face broke into a juvenile smile and tears sprung into his eyes. He sheepishly wiped them away. I was attracted to the strange ethereal aura that hung like a halo about him.

"You must be very lonesome here. I'll tell ya what, I'll read some of my poems to ya. They ought to cheer you up. On X'mas Eve, you can forget the past."

I nodded and settled down to listen.

Most were romantic and written in the style of a ten year old, but his words were well chosen. I couldn't but help shed an occasional tear. I sunk into reminiscence and thought of myself as a budding girl. My country home and my siblings. I opened my eyes and saw the young man, smiling in the same way. He asked how I liked them. "Yes, they were beautiful", I said, wiping the tears from my eyes, "Tell me about yourself."

And we sat and talked for hours. Suddenly he looked at his watch and whistling softly, with an expression of surprise, made a hasty departure.

I walked over to my modest collection of books and pulled out a book of poems by an unknown poet. "By George ! It was unbelievable. I had just been talking to the poet himself !"

About the poet, the publisher had written that

the poet had been a schizophrenic, his parents having been killed in a Gang shoot out.

He had died on X'mas Eve, 1949. I was flabbergasted at the last years date. He had left a note saying that all the royalty from his poetry should be given to the woman he meets a year

from his death. The woman who would be so nice as to invite him home. A brass locket would be left with her for proof.

I walked up to the mantelpiece and looked around. There was the locket. Lying against the clock. It glittered with a strange sheen.

**Rahul Singh**

## **"Mr Wilberforce, MP" by Alan Turnbull: A Review**

On Tuesday February, the 9th Welham Girls and Welham Boys Schools watched the play "Mr. Wilberforce, MP" staged at the Doon School by the Westminster Group of Drama from the United Kingdom.

The plot of the play is about Mr. William Wilberforce, who struggled for twenty years before completely abolishing the slave trade.

In the years 1785, William Wilberforce's old friend William Pitt was P.M. of England. Wilberforce was just beginning his work of abolishing slavery. One of his biggest hindrances was a very able minister of Pitt's cabinet, Lord Henry Dundas. He was corrupt but also very able and shrewd.

One of the believers in Wilberforce's cause is Mr. Jack Newton the once captain of a ship which traded in slaves from the African continent. He is now the father of St. Mary's Church. He had seen the slaves of Africa stuffed in the ships. He had heard the shrieks of the slaves being tortured, and shouts of the slave woman being raped. His long experience had made him a fearful and strong man. The bishops feared him and the Priests obeyed him.

When he went to meet Dundas who was with Wilberforce he was told that he had only ten minutes. After Dundas left the scene, Wilberforce talked to him and expressed his views. Newton was ready to help him.

Wilberforce could not talk and discuss his problems with Pitt because of Dundas.

One night he went to Newton and asked him about his views. He made a vow that he would do two things. One was the reformation of man and the second the abolition of slave trade. On returning home he came across Dundas who, on hearing his views, laughed at him.

The reason why he could not get his agreement through was because the slave trade was very profitable to England, as the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol paid large sums of money to the Government.

In 1796 after the third reading of Parliament

Jack Newton and Barbara who was Wilberforce's fiancée were eagerly waiting the decision of Parliament. The vote was 70-74 and he had lost.

Barbara and Newton were flabbergasted. The reason was very pitiable. Many members who had decided to vote for him were at opera. This opera was having its first show and among the audience were many distinguished guests, the betrayers.

After this session of Parliament Dundas the wicked man went to the heights of saying that there should be women slaves rather than men slaves. On being interrogated by Wilberforce he said that because then more slaves could be born and the trade would automatically stop.

The year now is 1805 the heights of the Napolian empire which is now staging a war against the English. The country's state was not good and William Pitt was worried. This time Wilberforce was making his 20th attempt. Meanwhile the Governor's proof of the corrupt behaviour of Dundas reached the hands of the Prime Minister. William Pitt was worried. He certainly did not want to lose Dundas, a very able man. One hour before the Parliament session Pitt went to Wilberforce and asked him whether he would talk against or for Dundas. He promised that if he spoke for Dundas his wish would be granted and slavery abolished. Wilberforce said he would answer these questions later, in spite of their repeated asking Barbara advised him to support the Prime Minister. But Wilberforce wanted to win without deceit.

In that historical session of 1805 William Wilberforce gave one of his best speeches. Pandemonium broke loose and Dundas was dismissed and thereafter became the last President of the East India Company. The verdict was eagerly waited by Newton at the Church.

He was informed by Barbara Wilberforce who had promised to come and tell the verdict. The result was 283-16.

So it is possible that if you don't give up and fight continuously victory will come no matter how tough it may be.

**Ritesh Khanna**

## **Thespians and Veterans Dept. II**

### **THE SHOW**

The great thespians of Welham Boys, Girls and the Doon School gave a performance at the end of the much talked about Drama Workshop by the Westminster Group.

'Clashpoint', a racial enlightenment play was the highlight of the evening. Brilliant acting was demonstrated by the protagonist, a black boy in a British School. We were rolling in mirth.

A solo skit of a drinker hypocrite lamenting on drugs, followed the play. A rather good bit of drug addict acting was done by a couple of the drama group actors. Another play on dress conscious civilized parents tackling freaked out punky children, was found particularly amusing. Again, kudos to the Westminster drama group.

As for the bit of acting done by the versatile students, skits—or rather extended improvisations

hit the audience. 'Voguerella' had the audience gasping for breath. 'Love letters', a skit by the Doscos had a few good punchlines, but the theme was puerile. The secretary was hilarious, though. 'This way please' the last skit fell flat, but the protagonist's bucolic acting evoked some giggles.

The evening was great fun for all participants. A perfect denouement to a super drama workshop.

## Brain Teasers

1. If you entered a dark room and had only one match and there was a kerosene lamp, and oil stove and a cigarette, which would you light first?

2. Name the athletic games in which the following number of contestants constitute a team: 2,4,6,8,10.

3. Why would it never be necessary for the man on the moon, if married to a chatterbox, to tell her to shut up?

4. Who was Shakespeare's favorite actress?

5. Is it possible for an airplane to go backwards?

6. Can you, using the same five letters, spell two words that have exactly opposite meanings? Both begin with "u". **Brian Hall**

7. Make a single common English word from the following letters : pnllleeessss. **Marj Heyduck**

## ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS BRAIN TEASERS

1. The parrot was deaf.

2. Two errors are easy to find—their instead of there, and error instead of error. The third error is the statement that there are three errors, when there are only two.

3. BOOKKEEPER is one that should have come quickly to mind.

4. Mr. Brown couldn't be wearing a brown tie, for then it would correspond to his name. He couldn't be wearing a green tie because a tie of this colour is on the man who asked him a question. Therefore, Brown's tie must be black. This leaves the green and brown ties to be worn respectively by Mr. Black and Mr. Green.

## Happenings

★ It was good to see a new cemented Badminton court outside P.H. on our arrival from home. The building material soon made the court out of bounds for us. The court is now under repair and the boys will soon be allowed to use it.

★ A water-cooler is also installed in PH.

★ The swimming pool is being repainted and prepared for summer.

★ The staff had a seminar on "active thinking."

★ I.C.S.E. and I.S.C. have begun and with no prefect around, the Welhamites are taking life easy and the atmosphere also seems very casual.

★ The senior school was shown "Playing for Keeps" and the junior "Airwolf". An Inter-

House Quiz competition was held on the 27th of February.

★ Boys doing medical sciences went to Chandigarh.

★ Holi was celebrated with a great deal of enthusiasm.

## In The Arena Of Sports

After a defeat at the hands of the 'Challenge Club' victory was most important to restore the morale and interest of our cricket team. They were still recovering from their shocking defeat. When they took on the less fancied 'Sagar Club' our skipper won the toss and put the visitors to bat. Some good bowling by Manvendra, Parag and Gagan restricted the visitors to 100 runs in their allotted 25 overs. Chasing a modest score, our team was in deep waters when we only managed 61 runs in 18 overs, in the process losing four wickets. Then Manvendra who scored a brick innings of 23 alongwith Parag 16 n.o. helped Welham to a comfortable win.

We then played against RIMC: Winning the toss we electing to bat. RIMC built up a massive score of 167 runs in 35 overs. When we went into bat Sanjeev Sehgal and Tarunendra Singh built a strong foundation, putting up 49 runs for the first wicket. Sanjeev played some exquisite cover drives and scored 60 silver runs before falling to a rash shot. The good work done by the earlier player seemed to go in vain at one time when we lost three quick wickets, and with it the required run rate increased tremendously. The dubious umpiring added to our miseries. Manvendra who was riding on his luck departed at a personal score of 20. His departure swung the game in the home teams favour. But superb running between the wickets by Rajneesh (22) and Rohit (20 n.o.) brought the game within our grasp. For once we did not fritter away a chance that came our way. Six runs were required in one over. It was a touch-an-go affair. But Rohit the hero of the hour square cut the ball to the fence enabling Welham to win an absolute thriller.

Mean-while the Inter House Cricket Tournament began. Jamuna took on Ganges in the opening fixture. Winning the toss and electing to bat, Ganges, amassed a respectable score of 131 runs in 30 overs. For them Ashish Goswami top scored with 21 Sumesh Suri (20), Gagan Taleja (18) were the other useful contributions for Ganges.

When Jamuna went into bat, some people might have had some speculation about Jamuna's ability to score against Ganges' spirited attack. But Rohit who played most sensibly scored 47

fine runs before falling to a bad shot. But Anurag Agarwal (28 n.o.) in Manjul's company restored Jamuna's position. They finally won the match with 6 wickets to spare. **Manvendra Salkian**

## Who's Zooming Who

Nurse Deb was not the sort of women who people would turn to look at. Pulchritude had evaded her, but she had no qualms whatsoever. She reported at the hospital at precisely ten O'clock in the evening, she had a complacent job and had been happily married in the past.

She entered the designated room, having identified herself to the door-guards. She looked at her patient, and sighed elegiacally. He lay unconscious in the steel cot, with his right hand cuffed to the side. He was being indicted with the first degrees homicide of a police officer. Deb's vision grew nebulous as she mentally constructed the scene from the news. Her patient had shot the policeman pointblank, and in the fray managed to get hit himself.

Deb gazed at the man. He didn't look like a homicidal maniac. In fact, she thought he looked rather 'cute' with his cleft chin. Could the police have been mistaken about this man here in hospital confinement? Deb went closer. He groaned. She held his hand as he slowly came around. He opened his eyes to see a smiling woman in white looking down at her.

Deb sponged the alleged murderer's head. Compassion swept over her to see this man suffering from a bullet injury, with his movement restricted by handcuffs.

She fed him lunch. He sat up in the metal bed with a smile of gratitude on his lips. Deb blushed, but the man's composure and Savoir Faire comforted her.

"You're lonely, aren't you? Debbie, we don't need to suffer so much."

Deb forced a smile, but little inadvertant tears filled her eyes. "Yes, I'm lonely, very lonely, very!"

The man squeezed her hand reassuringly "It'll be alright. We just have to get out of here."

Deb's visage showed anxiety mingled with trepidation, at the quandary.

He began, trying to be as maudlin as possible, "Deb, you MUST believe me; I didn't kill the police-man. I'm innocent. Look into my eyes, Deb, please."

The man revelled in his remarkable success at seducing this naivette.

Deb managed a little surreptitious trip to the drug-store, and nervously mixed a white pulverized tablet into two cups of coffee

The two guards outside the door were only too glad to accept the cups of coffee.

The distraught nurse went into the room and told the man of her exploit. She wanted so much for him to approve. He nodded. Deb kissed his cheek lightly.

The drug took effect on the guards, and by midnight, both of them were in a state of complete unconsciousness. Deb carefully took out the guards' revolvers, as she dislodged the keys for the cuffs from the belt loop. Her heart palpitated to the rhythm of her breath.

Slowly uncuffing him, she helped him onto a wheelchair. She wheeled him down the ramp and out through the deserted emergency exit. By one o'clock, Deb had successfully, completed the rescue operation.

The lights were merely adequate to avoid bumping into the bedroom furniture. The man stood, his eyes resplendent with jubilation, and a bottle of champagne in his hand. He violently jerked open Deb's drawers searching for a cork-screw. His expression changed, and eyes froze. He pulled out a framed photograph from under the clothes. "Hey, ! This creep looks like the dingbat I shot."

He turned around to find Deb standing less than a yard away. The man felt his blood congeal as he looked at her grip.

"He was my husband", was all that was heard from her before she triumphantly squeezed the trigger of the revolver. **Aresh Shirali**

## बलिदान

तारीख गंवाह है कि पैसे की खातिर बेटे ने बाप का खून कर दिया। ऐसे समाज में जहाँ पैसा ही धर्म समझा जाता हो, जहाँ इन्सानों की जगह शैतानों का बसेरा हो और जहाँ ठगों और उठाइगिरों का वास हो, वहाँ राम को रहना गंवारा न था।

अपने जमीर को झुठलाना राम के बस की बात नहीं थी। वह हालातों के साथ अपने आप को बदलने

की ताकत रखता था, मगर वह हालात को अपने ऊपर हावी भी नहीं होने देना चाहता था। जिन्दगी को किसी सरकारी दफ्तर के क्लर्क के पेन की भाँति घिस-घिस कर वह नहीं चलाना चाहता था। उसकी अन्तरात्मा आदर्श थी—वह इस पापी संसार में ठीक उस कमल की तरह घनपा था जो कि कीचड़ में खिलता है।

आज जमींदार ने राम को कोई ऐसा काम सौंपा था जो राम कतई नहीं कर सकता था। अपने

मालिक की आज्ञा का पालन नहीं करता, तो उसपर नमकहरामी का पाप चढ़ता, और अगर वह मालिक की वृशीयत को शान्त करने हेतु सुखराम की बेटी को उठाकर उनकी हवेली तक पहुँचा देता तो उसपर एक अबला की जिन्दगी बरबाद करने का पाप चढ़ता। राम धर्म संकट में फँस गया। लेकिन, उसकी अन्तरात्मा ने उसे शीघ्र ही संकट से उबार लिया। मालिक की माँग असामाजिक एवं अमानवीय थी क्योंकि इससे किसी की बेटी के आँचल पर दाग लगता। वह अपने आप को किसी बुरे मालिक का नमकहराम नौकर कहलाना पसंद करता बजाए इसके कि कोई उसे किसी घटिया वाज़ारू दलाल का रूतबा दे।

जमींदार की भौहे तन उठीं, परन्तु राम के चेहरे पर शिकन नहीं आई। उसने जमींदार को साफ-साफ जवाब दे दिया था। थोड़ी देर पश्चान जब वह हवेली से निकला तो उसके पास चिन्ता करने के दो कारण थे—उसने एक खतरनाक शत्रु पैदा कर लिया था और अब उसे किसी दूसरी नौकरी की भी खोज करनी थी। उस गाँव में नौकरी मिलनी अब नामुमकिन बात थी। जमींदार से कोई शत्रुता मोल नहीं लेना चाहता था। राम ने फैसला कर लिया कि वह गाँव छोड़ देगा।

अगली सुबह गाँव में कुहराम मचा था। सुखराम की बेटी की लाश मन्दिर के पास वाले कुँए से बरामद हुई थी। राम को यह समझने में कतई देर न लगी कि यह कुकर्म जमींदार का था। उसे अपने ऊपर ग्लानि हो रही थी क्योंकि वह चाहता तो सुखराम को जमींदार की गन्दी भावना से अवगत करा सकता था। उसे यह पता होना चाहिए था कि केवल वह ही जमींदार की चाकरी नहीं करता था बल्कि और भी करते थे।

राम ने रामायण पढ़ी थी। जब-जब रावण जन्मता है तब-तब उसका संहार करने हेतु राम का जन्म होता है। इस रावण की लीला समाप्त करने का कार्य-भार राम ने स्वयं अपने कंधे पर ले लिया। जान लेने का उसे कोई अधिकार न था, परन्तु कर्म हर उस चीज का नाश करने की प्रेरणा देता है जो अमानुष हो इसलिए राम ने मानवता की रक्षा के लिए और उदयपुर को जमींदार के जुल्मों से मुक्ति दिलाने के लिए जमींदार का अन्त करने की ठान ली।

अगले दिन देवी पूजन था। परिवारिक रस्मों के अनुसार जमींदार चढ़ावा देने आया। जैसे ही उसने देवी के चरणों में माथा टेका, पास खड़े राम के शरीर में हरकत हुई। अगले ही क्षण राम के खड्ग के भरपूर वार से जमींदार का सिर कटकर दूर जा गिरा और उसके रक्त के छीटों से राम सज्जित हो गया। कुछ क्षणों के लिए जैसे सब कुछ ठहर-सा गया। फिर पुलिस आई और राम को ले गई। इस तरह राम ने अपना वलिदान करके उस गाँव के निवासियों को एक पापी से मुक्ति दिलाई और एक अनमोल मिसाल स्थापित की।

अनिल शर्मा  
XI

#### EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor: Aresh Shirali

Sports: Vishal Mohan & Manvendra Salklan

Hindi: Piyush Modi

Cartoonist: Arnab Chaudhuri

Staff Representative: Miss M. Yadav

Printed at EBD PRINTERS, Dehra Dun Ph: 28392

Published by Welham Boys' School

Registration No. 20208/86

