

# THE OLIPHANT

No. 73

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

16, May, 1988

## THINK ABOUT IT

**"Love—an ocean of emotions entirely surrounded by expenses."**

*—Thomas R. Dewar*

## Editorial

It happened, it finally did. The bunks in P.H. finally proved how unsafe they were. It all led one to think about swallowing air-sickness pills, fastening seatbelts and the like. After all, one had to live in all the safety one could, turning a blind eye to laughter, incredulity and general confusion.

The news broke loose early one morning when all respectable members of society are asleep, but Welhamites are waving their limbs around in gay abandon at something called P.T. Well, as it happened, two of the denizens of the Pest's Habitat had taken a spill viz. their bunks. The noise woke everyone for miles around, most dismissing it as an unworthy cause for attention, after all sleep was the be all and end all..... Unfortunately, one member of the duo had to be admitted to the hospital, a sprained back or some other admitted-to-hospi ailment, the other having to limp around and nearly skip an all important Basketball match. You guessed it! The Skoolie, none other was



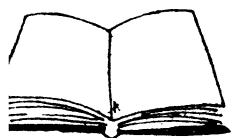
one of the victims of those all wood, high, sinister, narrow things called bunks.

On the other hand, there's a lighter side to those bulky contraptions. As time goes on one tends to grow closer to one's bunk, both in body and in soul. Broken latches, chipped light switches...fused bulbs, are all replaced with a caring hand. Pictures, emblems, mottoes galore are exhibited for the world to see much to the annoyance of the housie who'd much rather have it that one put the above mentioned inside one's cupboard and salute the collage once in the morning and once at night.

The casual observer would be amazed at the mere sight of these frameworks of wood, but on more detailed research would realize the charm, necessity and above all-danger of the things. On the other hand, the more embittered, hardened veterans of the Pest's Habitat could drop by the office to pick up airsick pills, seatbelts and the like. Now one could join Ralph Nader and write-'Unsafe at any Height', may be publicize the things to such an extent as to put them out of normal existence.

Life going on in the usual, see-saw movement,  
From now till then,

Exelsior.  
Arnab Chaudhuri



## *The Literary Affairs of Welham* **Live and Let Lie**

Truth—parents preach about it, preachers preach about it, I preach about it, you preach about it, but no one believes in it—and that is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Let's take the example of a poor, innocent baby. His parents coo convincingly to him "Granpa loves you goo-goo!" While Granpa is probably tying himself in knots and gnashing his

teeth at the new red faced, wrinkled little prune messing up the family mansion.

The kids soon learn and looking like Cherubin and Seraphin combined in all their glory say, "Gramma, I love you", causing the old relative to blush beetroot red, all over her lined visage and delve deeply into the various cavities of her accoutrement's looking for a chance piece of cake, as shy as a school girl on her first date.

Both cases show a dastardly form of equivocation, leaving emotions aside, but is there any harm caused? Not a chance. Now imagine if in the first case the parents coo to the child, "Y'know kiddo, old Grampa here'd love ta kill ya, like wrap his hands round your scrawny neck and squeeze till you defecate every last ounce of your insides!"

Or in the second, the child bawling "I hate you, you wrinkled old hag. Give me a piece of cake or else I'll scream and scream and scream!"

Now think, any harm caused? You can bet every penny of yours on it. The family would be rife with screams, squalls, squawks, and all in all create one big disjointed blot on the social landscape.

If you want to look at it religiously, the "don't-defy-the-almighty-or-else-may-his-wrath-fall-upon-you" way, then go ahead, but be honest. Would anyone of us be around today if the almighty really hated lies so much? He'd have "wrath'd" us to death by now and if you think otherwise, you'd be lying in your teeth.

Love...who knows? This is probably the finest human emotion around. And honestly, do you think it would work at all if truth was the be

all and end all of things? Look at it this way. A certain gentleman X is having an amorous relationship with lady Y, and in the middle of what ever they'd be doing, X got up and said, "My, your moustache glints in the setting of the reddish orb." Well, it's pretty simple, a huffed gasp, a sharp right to the face and away we go, chalk up another against truth.

What do you think would qualify as the cherry of life's cake? Success? May be. Glamour? Again may be. Divine absolution? Forget it. Anyone who'd think the last should wear a nun's habit and go and live in a convent staying out of everyday, normal, human existence, being abnormal and a misfit for normal social existence. Anyway, and thank god for it, these freaks of nature are in a minority, the saner lot thinking otherwise.

Now looking at it from their point of view, the saner lot I mean, all who were rich and famous were champion liars, equivocators and generally dyed in the wool hoodlums. Casanova, Don Juan, J. P. Getty, Lady Godiva, the list goes on and on including some prominent figures on today's landscape whose names are better left unmentioned owing to a fear of being sued for Libel. Of course one can always flatly deny everything about it and close the case, but that, and you will agree, causes complications, so it's better to take it easy on the "father figures" of the world and let things lie as they are.

These are probably just a few numbing facts about the disadvantages of telling the truth, but facts are facts, and facts are true, yours truly going on a meander from his usual mode of thinking and telling the candid, forthright, honest truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

A.C.

## A Stay At a School Infirmary

Dear Neil,

Being the member of the Red-Cross you are the only person who can save me from the continuous torture to which I have been submitted by the endless prescriptions of antibiotics prescribed by the much experienced (in blowing up small issues into major ones) school doctor—Dr. P.B. Poonawala. Please rescue me from this inevitable (hope not) fate, that is please do something before the doctor treats me for pneumonia when all I am suffering from is an ordinary cough.

This melancholic tale which I will now relate to you commenced in the school "Physics Department". Our class was studying the chapter of "Archimedes Principle and Upthrust". I was not in the best of spirits at the start of the class and as the teacher kept on rattling definitions my health steadily deteriorated. Ultimately a vexing Physics numerical left me dazed and forced me to opt for a few "peaceful" days in the much dreaded school infirmary despite a few temptations such as a Sunday outing, a tuck in at the canteen,

watching an interesting film and simultaneously eating a hearty Chinese meal.

The day was a Tuesday. The boys had left the hostel for extra-classes and it was the house bearer's holiday so there was no one to assist me in taking my belongings to the hospital. This meant I had to carry my quilt, pillow, toilet-kit and last but not the least, a thick book based on the events of World War II. Honestly, it was no joke for a sick boy to carry all this luggage on a parched Tuesday afternoon to the hospital, but there was no way out for me and to my sorrow I had to carry the luggage myself.

When I reached, the hospital was closed and I had to yell my lungs out till an old woman opened the door and gave me a bed on request. I then tried to get some sleep. My siesta was however disrupted by a few playful juniors and as I was very angry I began to beat them. The doctor, a short man and an epitome of the "Hunchback of Notre Dam" entered at that ins-

tant and lectured me on the subject of bullying juniors. He then brought two magnum sized capsules and five bitter tablets and made me gulp them down one after the other. From my childhood I have always loathed having tablets and this was worse than any other punishment I have ever taken. I am now spending my third day in hospital and am still not accustomed to the idea of gulping down five tablets at a go. So as soon as the doctor's out of sight, I hide them under my mattress and in any small nook and corner I can find. The soup they serve is soup only in

name. It actually tastes like ditch-water. The standard of food is atrocious.

Please come here soon and save me from all these different forms of torture being inflicted upon me by the juniors, the doctor and the hospital cook. Then again a friend in need is a friend in deed so I pray to you—do come and rescue me.

Yours affectionately,  
Rajesh

## She

When I saw you first time, that day,  
My eyes just couldn't keep away,  
Your dazzling beauty in the moonlight  
Made me fall in love at first sight.

And I've been loving you for a long time now.  
I want to let the whole world know  
The feelings I've buried in my heart for you  
Let everyone know, I love you.

I have started day dreaming every time,  
And your sweet smile is always in my mind.  
I'm sure I'll never meet anyone like you,  
Nor will ever try to find.

'Cause I've fallen in love with you  
And I've given my heart to you.

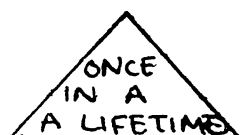
And now I think the time has come  
To let you know my state  
I want to tell you how beautiful you are  
And that I've been loving you of late.

I want you to love me  
As you are my pride  
I want to spend my whole life  
With you by my side.

Suvig Mohan Sharma

## Brain Teasers

1. The odds are 40 to 1 you can't read correctly the simple phrases in the triangles below. Look at each one in turn, and repeat aloud—or write down—what you think it says.



How quickly can you find out what's unusual about this paragraph? It looks so ordinary, you'd think nothing was wrong with it at all—and, in fact, nothing is. But it is unusual. Why? Study it, think about it, and you may find out. No doubt if you work a bit, it will dawn on you. Who knows until you try? So hop to it, try your skill and pray for luck.

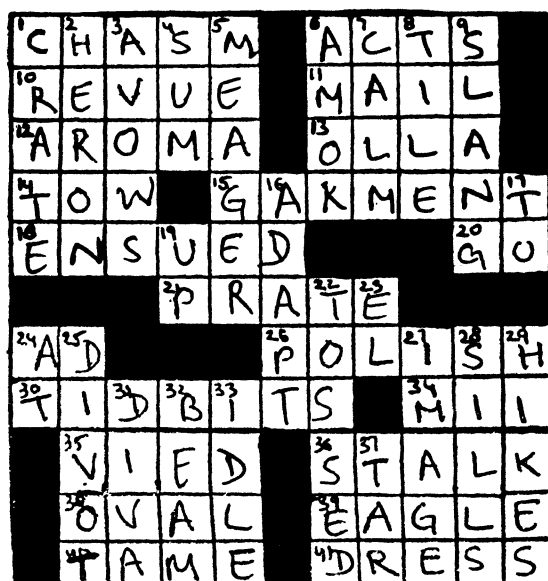
2. There is at least one English word in which a single vowel is repeated six times. What's the word.

3. Can you think of at least three words of five letters or more, none of which contains the letter, A, E, I, O and U?

4. How far do you have to count before using the letter A in spelling a number?

## Crossword

### ANSWER TO PREVIOUS CROSSWORD



Ritesh Khanna successfully solved the Crossword.

## Happenings

★The Inter School English Elocution was held on the 30th April, Welham Girls emerged overall winners, us following closely.

✓★The Inter School Hindi Elocution was held too, Welham Boys emerging the winners.

★The following Games Captains were appointed :-

Cricket	— Manvendra Salklan
Hockey	— Rohit Jain
Athletics	— Ashish Goswamy
Tennis	— Sunil Agarwal
Football	— Vishal Mohan
Table Tennis	— Himanshu Kapoor
Chess	— Sandeep Singhal
Basketball	— Sanjeev Sehgal
Badminton	— Tarunendra Singh
Swimming	— Sarvesh Bhargava

★Anil Sharma has been appointed Secretary—SUPW.

★Three movies, “Marine Issue” and “Evening Territory” and “Harry and the Hendersons” were screened.

★The hockey and basketball teams went to YPS Chandigarh to play matches. Details can be found in the next issue.

## M.F HUSSAIN : A Golden Rendezvous

He came bare foot on to the centre of the stage. He wore a loose garment, a cloth bag hung down his shoulder. It contained a few brushes and some colours. His hair is white like pristike marble and his long beard streams down his face. His eye brows are thick and his nose prominent. He said he likes being bare foot because he feels relaxed. He said he keeps his long white beard, because in his childhood he saw so many ‘mullahs’ with the same and wished to have one when he grew up. He is ‘three times twenty and a few more’ years of age. He is serene to the point of irritation, but within the core of his apparent serenity lies the molten hot lava of creativity and artistry, which has emitted enough heat to irradiate the horizon of Indian art.

He outlined the wooden plank with a band of red and then he put red spots here and there. For a moment I thought he was drawing a murder scene, but the next instant the background was made black and a few segments made here and there. Now it looked like a boat sailing in the dark night. Then he stroked his brush with brown and white and transformed it into a breathtaking piece of art. It showed a couple of galloping horses on one side and three revolutionary figures and a burning torch on the other. It depicts the modern ‘thrust’ or ‘force’ of the youth of today. It signifies the revolutionary ideas of the budding generation, their vigour and zeal to achieve their aim. He said he made a horse because the horse is a beautiful animal and in our annals of history, horses like Chetak and Ashvamedha have been regarded as symbols of perseverance.

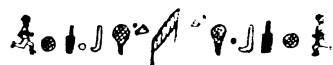
When most of the artists work in complete solitude, Hussain preferred to paint with the flow of music, but he doesn’t do so always. Recently he had a joint concert with Bhimsen Joshi in Bombay. He admitted that all the themes of his painting are conceived then and there. He believes that a painting cannot be good when the theme is pre-planned.

Since his childhood, Hussain had a strong inclination towards his art. He still remembers his days, when his father gave him chalk pieces to draw. Hussain clamoured for oil colours. He sold his text books to buy oil colours.

Hussain says that the most exciting incident of his life was when he sold his first painting in 1933 at Indore for Rs. 10. Hussain values those ten rupees more than whatever he has earned till now. Today when his paintings are auctioned at Sotheby’s and Christie’s in lakhs, he does not have that same pleasure.

Hussain loves to paint in front of children. He has demonstrated in many institutions all over India, profoundly striving to mould the minds of innumerable citizens of tomorrow. That is why he painted that kind of a scene, depicting the reservoir of force in the youth. His is a crusade to reform the society by the mode of children. What he can’t express verbally is expressed through his art. Hussain’s contribution to Indian art is immense. He has stroked his brush and made such murals and paintings, which have earned him world wide fame. His valuable works will find an important place in the glorious chapter of art, forever.

**Shashank Sharan**



## Sports Round Up

The road to the top in any walk of life, in any field of activity is uttered with obstacles. To overcome these hurdles and make it, requires mental toughness, resourcefulness and sometimes innovation, aided by a generous slice of luck. As I write this sports issue you will notice how much hard work the boys have put into their game to attain this level in various sports—Basketball, Hockey, Table Tennis etc.

Well, I begin with Table Tennis, where we took on Hai Kai Shain school having got a walk-over in the first round, in the council team championship. Both Himanshu and Manvendra had little difficulty in disposing their rivals and Piyush and Abhishek Mishra completed a 3-0 victory for Welham. With this victory we moved into the semi finals where we were pit to face St. Joseph Academy. It was smooth sailing for Himanshu who played the first singles, in the first game. He led 13-4 and 19-16 before winning the game

23-21. But it was a different story in the second and third game. Himanshu made numerous unforced errors and lost a well contended game 21-23, 21-13, 21-17.

Manvendra played in the second singles. And he too appeared very nervous from the very beginning because of which he virtually played to the opponents tone. He lost in two straight games 21-17, 21-17. With two defeats in as many matches doubles was of mere academic interest. Although Piyush and Abhishek played well they eventually lost 21-17, 21-19, giving St. Joseph Academy a well deserved 3-0 victory over Welham Boys School, who last year finished runners up to the Doon School.

Well from Table Tennis I switch to a totally different ball game—Hockey. Welham Council Champions in Seniors as well in Juniors, played a friendly match against the Doon School. The Champions were soon seen fighting with their backs to the wall. They were down 4-0 at the interval. Soon after resumption we went another goal down before we struck twice in quick succession. But that was all for the day. We lost the match 5-2. With the council tournament a week away this loss came as an eye opener to our hockey team. Welham began their bid for the cup in great style. The defending champions played against St. Joseph Academy in their opening encounter. We totally outplayed them in every respect of the game—stick work, physical fitness, stamina etc. We easily won the match 7-0. It was a day when our forward line combined beautifully and made full use of the opportunities that came their way. While Rohit scored 3 goal, Manvendra, Vishal, Ashish and Himanshu all scored a goal each. With this win we played Colonel Brown in the semi-finals.

With a convincing win under our belt and our tails right up, we entered the match feeling overconfident. Most of us thought that the match would just be a cake walk victory for us. But as we got down to play hockey we found ourselves defending our citadel more than actually attacking. We were totally on the defensive in the first half. Some quick and serious thinking brought our game together in the second half. We opened our scoring in the 48th minute when Himanshu capitalised on a centre from the right flank. But Colonel Brown struck back in the next minute to restore parity for them. From then onwards Welham took charge of the game and scored twice before the final whistle. Both goals were scored by Himanshu. Final score W.B.S. 3 Colonel Brown 1. With this victory we took on Doon School in the finals. The defeat a week ago was always on the back of our mind as we went into the match determined to win this time.

And we really played ourselves in the match. We repeatedly broke into the DOSCO defence but

were unable to score. We had got the better of the exchanges and also earned a penalty but we were unable to score because of which the game was locked 0-0 at the final whistle. At this moment the two teams were declared joint winner. The trophy had to be shared. It would stay with The Doon School for the first six months and would come to us for the next six months.

In the Junior Division our school retained the Cup for the second year in succession. In the opening encounter we played St. Joseph Academy whom we thrashed 4-0. Harjot scored twice while skipper Ritesh Khanna and Paresch scored one goal each.

The semi-final match against Doon School turned out to be a one sided affair. We easily overcame their weak challenge to register a comfortable 2-0 victory. Raghav Banta and Paresch both scored a goal each.

Much was expected in the finals of the Council tournament against Colonel Brown. But this final did not rise to expectations. Although we easily won the match 2-0. Scorers Ranjit Bedi and Raghav Banta.

And finally I move to Basketball a game in which Welham has come a long, long way. The second Golden Jubilee Exhibition Invitation Tournament staged on our courts was full of surprises. Well before I describe the matches in detail let me tell you that Welham Basketball team remained unbeaten for a full one year. From the defeat they suffered at the hands of D.P.S. last year to the finals of this year which we eventually lost to Modern School.

We played Yadavindra Public School in our inaugural match. Sanjeev Sehgal played beautifully and scored 32 points. We won the match 53-20.

In the second round match against Cambrian Hall Sanjeev Sehgal and Manjul Sharma combined well and between themselves scored 54 points. There was little resistance from the opponents as we moved to the semi-finals of the prestigious Golden Jubilee Tournament. Final score : Welham 59 points C.H. 17 points.

The defending champion D.P.S. lost surprisingly to Modern School in a nail biting encounter. Although they remained in the fray and were to meet the hosts in the semi-finals.

D.P.S. a little too confident to win the match fielded their second string side and were soon down 15-0, before they send their first five. The scenario changed completely. D.P.S. reduced the margin to 15-12. But the determination to win was always there in our team. Sanjeev Sehgal took things into his hands. He played splendidly.

He was all over the court defending and scoring. His dribbling and agility on the court drew applause from the spectators, time and again. It was indeed a marvellous performance from Sanjeev. Welham eventually won the game 47-23. With this victory most of us were looking forward for the final showdown against Modern School.

There was an air of expectancy as Welham took on Modern School in the finals. Both teams played well. For Welham it was again Sanjeev who played well. But we could not produce the same form which we had displayed a day earlier. We lost the match 80-52. Sanjeev won the best player of the tournament his second such prize in as many tournaments. Congrats Sanjeev.

From the Golden Jubilee tournament I move on to the District Basketball Championships. For the third consecutive year, Welham lifted the District Cup, the symbol of supremacy in Welham's Basketball.

We played against R.R.M.A. in our opening fixture and easily won the match 53-27. With Doon School not participating Welham did not have to fight hard to retain the Cup.

In the semi-finals we played R.I.M.C. It was a match in which one could see baskets after baskets being scored in our favour. Sanjeev scored 48 points as Welham pushed aside the R.I.M.C. challenge. We won 87-32.

The result of the finals was also never in doubt. Welham the supreme power in the District, easily won the finals 30-17. Sanjeev Sehgal once again won the best player award. Congratulations !!! Sanjeev Sehgal.

## मेरे जीवन का लक्ष्य

इस दुनिया में अगर कोई असीम सुख और प्रफुल्लित मन के साथ रहना चाहता है तो उसका कोई न कोई लक्ष्य तो अवश्य होना चाहिये। लक्ष्य के बिना मनुष्य का जीवन व्यर्थ है। जिस तरह एक पक्षी पंखों के बिना व्यर्थ है उसी तरह एक व्यक्ति लक्ष्य के बिना अनाड़ी है। दुनियाँ एक स्टेज की तरह है जहाँ मनुष्य जन्म लेता है, अपना रोल करता है और फिर मर जाता है। इस समय जब मनुष्य जीवित होता है, तो उसका कर्तव्य बनता है कि वह कुछ बन के दिखाये और समाज में अपना बड़ा नाम कमाए ताकि जब भगवान उससे पूछे कि उसने जीवन में कौन से अच्छे कर्म किये हैं, तो वो गर्वोन्नत होकर बता सके कि उसने अपने जीतेजी अपने जीवन को खराब नहीं किया बल्कि उसका पूरा फायदा उठाया और समाज में अपना नाम इतना ऊँचा किया कि सबके मन में उसके लिये ऊँचे विचार थे और वो स्वार्थी नहीं कहलाया गया था।

इस बात को अपने मन में रखकर मैंने भी अपने जीवन का लक्ष्य सोच लिया है। मैंने प्रेरणा ली है कि मैं बड़ा होकर एक बहुत महान अध्यापक बनूँगा। भारत क्यों नहीं दूसरे देशों की तरह, तरक्की की सीढ़ियों पर नहीं चढ़ पा रहा है? इस का यही उत्तर है कि भारत में इतने ज्यादा लोग नहीं हैं जिनको पूर्ण तरह से शिक्षा मिल रही है, अतः लोग बेकार रह जाते हैं और जिन्दगी में सफलता नहीं पा पाते। अगर लोगों का ज्ञान कम होगा तो वे नये-नये आविष्कार कैसे करेंगे, अपने बच्चों को कैसे पढ़ाएँगे और हमारा देश पीछे ही रह जायेगा और तरक्की करने के सिर्फ सपने ही देखते रहेगा। अतः मैं अध्यापक बन कर एक स्कूल खोलूँगा जिसमें गरीब बच्चों को मुफ्त में शिक्षा दी जायेगी और इतना पढ़ूँगा, और बच्चों को इतना ज्ञान दूँगा कि वह आसानी से सफलता पा सकेंगे और अपने देश को आगे बढ़ाने में अपना खून-पसीना बहाकर मेहनत करेंगे। मेरा यह लक्ष्य हजारों की मदद करेगा और उनको तरक्की की सीढ़ियों पर चढ़ा कर ले जायेगा। यही मेरे जीवन का लक्ष्य है और मैं भगवान से प्रार्थना करता हूँ कि मुझे सफल होने में मेरी पूर्ण मदद करे।

अंकुर अग्रवाल  
VII B

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