



# THE OLIPHANT

No. 76 WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER 15th SEPTEMBER, 1988

## THINK ABOUT IT

The only unforgivable sin is hypocrisy, for the repentance of the sin is itself hypocrisy

## Editorial



The whole plot seemed to be taken from the papers. The mafia reigned supreme, a couple of top dogs involved here, and there, scapegoats, dummies and stool pigeons galore. The black market was on in full swing. Whispered warnings and under the table transactions.

Then the dam broke, the marketeers were flooded under the magnitude of their crime, someone had sung and the highest honcho, the boss himself, stamped down—hard! A trifle incongruous, but sticking to the longstanding, unorthodox Welhamite traditions, the bones of contention were those tasteless, but necessary buns from that white

member of the family pachyderm. The tuck shop.

Elsewhere, P. H. was the root of chaos—as usual! Monday morning found the entire hot-cell slumbering in a blissful dreamland, P. T. etc. forgotten. The denizens of this pesty habitat were shell-shocked out of their wits by a glare from above the lenses by the boss himself. Tuesday morning found hitherto never-saw-the-dawn characters materializing into pooped joggers and energetic limb flingers.

Yours truly, having been cracked-in-the-egg by a careless door-jamb, signing off from now till then.

Exelsior

Arnab Chaudhuri

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

This is with ref. to the nature quiz, and indeed all such quizzes, across the border. It was a runaway success wasn't it? What a hammering we got! Christ! Those dames seem to have E.S.P. (extra special preparation!) Ah! well,! Guess we're content contending for second place. After all the odds are stacked (rigged?) against us!

Yours etc.

Ballsky

(Win some, Loose some?—Ed.)

Dear Sir,

This is outrageous! P. H. seems to be the nest of crime. Nothing, but nothing is safe there. Why, just yesterday my toothbrush was flicked. The day before it was my top dog badge. Everything seems to be common property, "belonging to the house."

Your etc.

Sadly Victimized

(Read "Das-Kapital"—Ed.)

## On Writing An Article



I picked up my pen but it just didn't move. I had put in a new refill and the paper was torn from one of my 'prep and test' exercise books. Then what ailed my pen? What stopped my imagination from flowing, through the hand, into the pen and onto the sheet? The answer is quite simple, I couldn't pick a topic.

I shut my eyes. Yeah! 'How does one feel with his eyes shut,—was my topic. How stupid of me. How can you describe a dark, blank world in front of your eyes? It would be like taking snaps of a blackboard. And with my eyes shut, I dug deep into my mind for ideas, but the next instant I was snoring, unaware of what was going on in the outside world, free from all consternation and worry. 'He that sleeps feels not the toothache.'

Yet, the responsibility wouldn't spare me. I dreamt, an anonymous echo-ring-child, let sleep be your subject.' My siesta broke, I was joyous, extremely hysterical—more than what the 'tenthies' are after they finish with their I.C.S.E. I had found a subject and don't you think it is a greater achievement than winning an Oscar?

"Sleep", my room-mates ridiculed. "The boys

would doze off reading that." And once again I had to ponder over the warning. True—"Sleep" would be yet another addition to all the tedious articles that we have published. No, no, I don't want the Oliphant to be the substitute for paper-napkins.

Once again, a brilliant idea struck me, remember the dream. But Lady Luck wasn't benevolent this time. I didn't have a dream when, I went to sleep again.

Really, choosing an article is worse than being a pack animal. You're on a cross roads, and you don't know where to go, which way to choose. This brings a man to mind, who was at loggerheads with his wife and wanted to leave her. But at the threshold he couldn't decide whether to run down the flight of stairs or descend in an elevator.

As I continue my pen's motion, I realized, that I had begun thinking of a topic once upon a time. I looked back at the scribbles. Wow! I have already done my job without sticking to a particular subject. 'Eureka! Eureka! I ran to hand over my article to the Editor.

**Shashank**

## To Give A Dog A Bad Name . . .

The puddle created tiny ripples as I absently kicked a stone into it. It had been a tiring day at school with the parents and teachers' annual meet and the football match in the afternoon. The latter event had been an exciting one, undoubtedly, the teams being evenly matched. 'Ma'am'. I turned around instinctively. "Ashish!" I half screamed. It couldn't be true. Not this bedraggled figure. The familiar careless grin was a confirmation, however. I hastened my footsteps but he preempted me. Again that careless grin which somehow seemed macabre and out of place. "You haven't forgotten me surely? I used to be your favourite student, remember?" The grin had twisted to a leer. I began to inch backwards and with a teacher's instinct I brought down my wrist expertly over his face. "Shut up! You know perfectly well what happened. Thanks to you, Sushma never recovered from the incident." "You got me expelled from school. My mother was an invalid. She died of a broken heart. I was thrown out into the streets and have since been shunting in and out of remand homes." Tears began streaming down my face while the years rolled away.....

It had been pouring hard when the principal sent for me on an urgent notice. I was head of the junior staff. As I glided into the panelled

office I noticed a tall, rather ragged looking woman with a skinny little boy at her side. The boy's father, I later learnt, had deserted his family for another woman. His mother used to run a paan shop. "We do not take donations but our fees are high." "I shall scrape every penny to give my son an education," declared the lady drawing herself up haughtily. At this point I glanced at the undersized half pint whose eyes were glinting with mischief. Thereafter Ashish was placed in my care. Precocious as he was, he took to lessons as easily as a fish to water. Despite his thinness, he excelled in athletics. Time passed. I became vice principal of the school. Ashish was not just my favourite pupil, he filled up an ache in my lonely life. He had, by this time blossomed into a strapping fifteen year old lad. Then came the turning point in our lives. The son of the school trustee joined the school. His name was Janak. A huge bulk of a boy, his swaggering ways irritated everybody. Even the students seemed to shun him. Except Ashish who followed him about like a dog. The association disconcerted me because Ashish's behaviour underwent a mammoth change. He became rude and insolent and began to fall behind in class. He was reprimanded several times by the principal but to no avail. Soon the whole school knew that Ashish was hooked on to 'smack'. Janak was rusti-

cated while Asish was let off on warning. Around this time, I had Sushma, my niece staying with me. She was slightly older than Ashish but extremely mature for her age.

Perhaps it was her air of self possession for she seemed to have bowled Ashish over completely. A warm friendship had sprung up between the two. I allowed it grow unfettered feeling positive about Sushma's influence over Ashish. Sushma was teaching in a nursery school and was, at the same time, a bonifide artiste with the AIR. Independent by nature, she had been saving up to go abroad in order to study music.

One day Sushma did not return home. They discovered her the next morning sprawled over the stairs in a state of utter mental disarray. Parts of her body were swollen with bruises and much of her beautiful silken hair wrenched out. She was under sedation for three days. When I visited her for the first time at the hospital she began sobbing hysterically as she recalled.....

"Late as usual", she muttered to herself angrily, "said he would be here by nine. Can't think what's keeping him". She then set out for a walk all by herself. The teachers' common room was at the top of the school building. A window was open from which light was coming through. This was unusual since the principal had a fetish for security. Sensing that something sinister was afoot, Sushma ran up the stairs to investigate. She stopped short at the door. Janak

and Ashish were busy smoking cigarettes and did not see her. "Ashish!" Two heads turned in her direction. Ashish looked alarmed and threw his cigarette on to the floor. Come with me at once! I am going to report you to the principal. "Oh yeah!" drawled Janak "And just how do you think you are going to do that?" He was closing in upon her. A resounding slap sent her reeling on the ground. He kicked her several times and pulled her by the hair when she tried to escape. He pushed her down the stairs and soon she was rendered completely unconscious.....

"I had borrowed heavily from Janak and was paying back my debts in instalments." I jerked myself back to the present. "He asked me to wait for him in the common room where I was supposed to pay my last instalment. The appointment was at seven. He arrived two hours late. I was impatient to leave but he coaxed me to share a cigarette. He had already lighted one before I could protest. I was trying to finish off my cigarette when Sushma broke into the scene. I was doing all I could to save her but the bully had me flattened out in no time." His voice was heavy with sadness. "Ma'am, you brought me up with love and care but you did not teach me responsibility. You and those of your ilk never do. Behaviour becomes the sole criteria of judgement, everytime. The likes of Janak too are victims to a similar vicious circle After all, what's easier than giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him?" He was gone before I was able to collect my thoughts.

## The Discovery of Sikkim

*A Report on a trekking expedition to Sikkim*



The Tourism Dept. Govt. of Sikkim welcomed us at Gangtok, after a long and arduous journey from Dehra Dun. After a short chat with the authorities, we were given our trekking schedule. From the 18th to the 20th of May, we explored Gangtok. It was very pleasant to see the beautiful view of Mt. Kanchenjunga.

The local sites of Gangtok included visits to the following places :

1. *Enchey Monastery*—This 200 year old Monastery has on its premises images of Gods, and Goddesses. It is also a training centre for monks.

2. *Deer Park near Secretariat*—We saw the Leopard cat, the Himalayan Palm Civet and the Flying Squirrel.

3. *Govt. Institution of Cottage Industry*—We saw a store house of hand woven woollen carpets with traditional blankets, shawls in Lepcha weaves and exquisitely carved 'CHOKTSE'

4. *DO-DRUL (HORTEN Stupa)*—Inside the stupa we saw relics. Around the stupa there were 108 prayer wheels.

5. *Research Institute of Tibetology*—This most prestigious Buddhist institution has on display a vast collection of rare Lepcha, Tibetan and Sanskrit manuscripts, statues, Buddhist icons and other prized objects of art.

6. *Orchid Sanctuary*—We saw the home of many exotic orchids and other rare tropical and temperate plants.

7. *Rumtek Monastery*—This is also called Rumtek Dharma Chakra Centre. It has the world's most unique religious art objects. It is the largest monastery of its kind outside Tibet.

The trekking expedition schedule was as follows :

21st May—We travelled by bus from Gangtok to Pemayangste (the sublime perfect lotus). This place is the base for trekking in West Sikkim. We reached in the evening.

22nd May—Before lunch we trekked to Sanga Choling monastery and after lunch we visited the Pemayangste monastery, as they were close by.

23rd May—On this day we trekked about 15 km from Pemayangste to Khechiperi. The route was along streams and up on the mountains through lush green valleys.

We stayed at Khechiperi trekker hut (1820 m). The food, tea and other eatables were arranged by Tourism Dept. The next morning we saw the Khechiperi sacred lake.

24th May—After Breakfast at 8.30 a.m. we started trekking to Yuksam. On the way we crossed over a 'Bamboo makes-shift bridge'. The route of about 8 km, was through dense jungle. At Yoksam (5840), we were accommodated in the Forest Rest House.

25th May—On this day we trekked about 13 km from Yoksam to Bakhim. We stayed at the beautifully located trekkers hut, Tsoka (10,000 ft).

26th May—We trekked up to the mountains

from Tsoka to Phidong (12000 ft) for about 4 km and returned for lunch. Phidong is famous for its Rhododendron trees. It is said that Rhododendrons are used by Buddhists as incense and burnt during rituals. On the way we saw cobra plants.

27th May—We left Yuksam for Pemayangste by bus.

On 29th May, after completing an adventurous trekking programme, we returned to Gangtok by bus.

The 30th and 31st May was spent at the same hotel in Gangtok. On the 1st of June we left Gangtok at 12.15 p.m. and reached Silliguri in the evening from where we caught a train back to Dehra Dun.

The Sikkim trip was a rare and singular experience. For a few days we became a part of the tranquil environment, away from the maddening crowd.

The people of Sikkim, mainly on the Lepcha, Bhutia, and Nepalese tribes are simple, polite and non-aggressive, with a natural gaiety.

The state of Sikkim really is a trekkers paradise. It was an unforgettable experience amidst the valleys of flowers, serene lakes, beautiful streams and magnificent mountains.

S.S. Khaira

## What's New ?

1. The Welham Boys', Doon School and the Welham Girls' High School are going on a council trek to Dodital. Volunteers are limited.

2. The picture squad telecast a movie on Friday "The Million Pound Note."

3. The Audio Visual room has become functional.

4. The school welcomes Mr. V. Painuli who

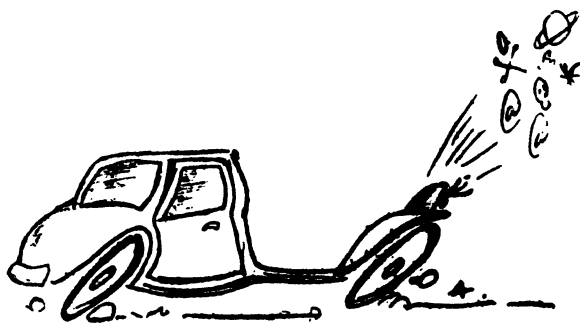
will be teaching Physics.

5. We came 3rd in the Inter School Nature Club Quiz hosted by the Welham Girls' High School.

6. Arnab Chaudhari secured the 4th position amongst 65 speakers in an Inter School Debate hosted by Sawan Public School, Delhi. Piyush Modi secured the 8th position in the Hindi Debate.

Rajesh Mookerjee

## RENDEZVOUS—Junko



*Meeting the old goat would seem pretty easy,*

*lying there in dusty comfort, her bowels removed piece by piece ages ago. We decided to ask her a few questions but were surprised at the tirade of vitriolic speech that issued from somewhere under her steering wheel! Remind me to give senile old ladies a break next time!—Ed.*

This place stinks! Here I am, one of the oldest thingummies in school and you leave me lying in an awful, old, dingy shack like a forgotten chamber pot! Why, that Dionysius got better

treatment ! Move that screw will you, it tickles my horn. Ah ! where was I ? Who's that short, bowed, half bearded, Ol' chap who keeps peering into me every now and then ?

The other day they carted in a new engine, God knows what they wanted to do with it. Any way, I'm content, if only those motor-mech dudes wouldn't undress me every week ! It's embarrassing for someone as old as I am, I'm not as

beautiful as I used to be. You know when .....[ CENSORED ].

Hey ! Where are those trees up front gone ? God ! you guys are hypocrites, tree planting all over the joint and choperooing them down here.

Well, my tired old nuts creak once in a while so I'll leave you to your pink Cadillacs and Mercedes' boys ! \* @ † \* + !

How Masculine Or Feminine Are You ?



This quiz reflects observation by Psychologists over many years, and in a changing world has a degree of validity still.

- 1. Would you rather
  - (A) Work for a pleasant boss ?
  - (B) Work for yourself ?
- 2. Which do you consider holds greater hope for the world ?
  - (A) Religion
  - (B) Science
- 3. Which do you like better ?
  - (A) Music
  - (B) Sports
- 4. When buying a new car which is more important to you ?
  - (A) Design
  - (B) Engine
- 5. Do you prefer ?
  - (A) Having a decision made for you
  - (B) To make your own decision
- 6. Men are more successful because of their :
  - (A) Appearance
  - (B) Capability
- 7. Are your feelings often hurt ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 8. Which do you enjoy more ?
  - (A) Poetry
  - (B) Detective stories
- 9. Have you a great fear of fire ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 10. Which interests you more ?
  - (A) Art
  - (B) Politics
- 11. Does impolite language annoy you ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 12. Would you rather be ?
  - (A) Conventional
  - (B) Startling
- 13. Which of these dogs would you rather own ?
  - (A) Poodle
  - (B) Boxer
- 14. Do you like to go for parties and dances ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 15. Have you ever cried at sad movies ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 16. Do practical jokes annoy you ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 17. Which does a woman need more ?
  - (A) Clothes
  - (B) Intelligence
- 18. Do you resent people using nicknames ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No

- 19. Would you rather ?
  - (A) Sell in a store
  - (B) Sell outside
- 20. If your lights went out, would you ?
  - (A) Call the electric company
  - (B) Try to fix them yourself
- 21. Do you like to buy antique furniture ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 22. Do you prefer mingling with people more intelligent than yourself ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 23. Is it hard for you to get up as soon as you awake ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 24. Does soiled table linen disgust you ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No
- 25. Do you feel pity for a drowning bee ?
  - (A) Yes
  - (B) No

Hand your answers in to Gautam Punj for an analysis.

Answers To Cross-Word In No. 75

S	P	I	R	I	T		U	M	P	I	R	E
P	A	T	I	N	A		R	E	A	S	O	N
A	R	E	A		N	I	G	E	R		A	D
R	A	M		E	G	R	E	T		E	M	U
E	D		T	A	L	E	S		E	V	E	R
D	E	B	A	S	E	S		Z	P	A	D	E
		A	R	E	S		M	A	I	D		
S	A	L	T	S		P	I	N	C	E	R	S
T	R	E	S		C	I	N	E	S		A	N
A	D	D		P	A	P	E	R		E	V	A
R	E		F	A	K	E	R		A	M	I	R
E	N	D	I	V	E		A	C	P	I	N	E
S	T	O	N	E	S		L	E	T	P	E	R

## Sports Round Up



This year has been a year in which many a champion has been dethroned. The eight time Wimbledon champion Martina Navratilova was forced to face defeat at

the hands of a flamboyant, teenager, Steffi Graf, who is on the way to winning the 'Grand Slam'. The hot favourites, the French, who were the reigning champions, failed to qualify for the final rounds as they were eliminated in the qualifying round. On the other hand, the underdogs Netherlands, not only made it to the finals in a most surprising manner, but ousted the Russians in every sphere of the game to clinch their first 'European Championships' as well.

Back in School Welham played lots of practice matches, before they eventually begun their campaign to defeat, their council title. We played The Doon School in our opening encounter. A decisive match as far as the progress of the two

team was concerned. Unfortunately, Welham gave a lacklustre performance and lost to the more skilful opponents. For us Vishal Mohan and Sanjeev Shah scored a goal each. Final Score : Welham Boys' School 2. The Doon School 4.

The loss against The Doon School eliminated us from qualifying for the semi-finals. So the match against 'Marshal School' was of mere academic interest. We trounced Marshal 10 goals to 3. Sanjeev Sehgal, Sanjeev Shah, Vishal, Ashish and Rohit all scored 2 goals each.

Even in the Junior Division we did not fare well. We drew our first match and then lost to The Doon School 2-1. Although Harjot put us ahead midway in the second half, a late rally by the Doscocs gave them a well deserved win.

So this term has not begun in a successful one for us. All we can hope for, is better luck in the future.

Manvendra Salklan

## THE FIRST DUTCH LESSON



### EDITORIAL BOARD

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### OBITUARY

We offer our deepest sympathies to Mrs Nerurkar, Sonal and Amit on the sad demise of Mr S.M. Nerurkar at 10:00 p.m. on the fourth of September 1988.

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