



THE OLIPHANT

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THINK ABOUT IT

*There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.*

Shakespeare

Editorial



The dining Hall seems to have done well for itself in that now houses a separate "eating spread" solely for the inmates of PH. The system works pretty well as the inmates are well versed in the only-the-strong-survive stratagem and code for existence. "Ethiopians" growls the Housemaster, preceded into the hall by a pushing, pulling "Hagar's horde."

Tea time is a classic example of the inmates indomitable spirit to eat and hence survive. The official time in the routine says :

Tea 5.00 p.m.

The inmates begin rolling in around 4.30. The first group arrives and commandeers the plate of whatever. Everything is hunky dory and etiquette reigns till the second group arrives. Then pandemonium breaks loose, screams, shouts and in two seconds flat the plate is as barren as your editors pate.

The prefects table is the same, though to a lesser extent, during breakfast and lunch. No bearer is officially assigned to the top dog kennel honchos have to fight to survive. The prefects al-

and the ways finish their meals last, having to starve till some enterprising bearer sees their calamity. When the food finally arrives it disappears in less time then it takes to get-the-hell-out of the housies' sight. Of course this is not a regular affair as the boss himself usually graces the head of the table which causes some embarrassment as everyone is nearly comical in their striving for "propah" etiquette. The situation, though, is deplorable, the absence of a bearer makes meals agony. Is anyone listening ?

P.H. received another surprise some time back. Two poles and a net were strung up in front of the Pests' Habitat yes it was a volleyball court. Pests of all sizes, big and small can be seen energetically spiking and serving at every conceivable opportunity. A championship in the offing ?

At long last the baddy court is free of the multitudes of swarming lads insisting on playing the game there.

Yours truly, abstemiousness itself as far as physical exercise is concerned save for the routine jogs pass W.G. signing off, from now till then

Exelsior

Arnab Chaudhuri

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

The quiz held on Saturday, the 17th September showed two glaring fallacies. Firstly, the answer about the motto of the Olympic games is not "Seoul to the world, the world to Seoul" but "Harmony and Progress".

Secondly, Cliffs' "Top Twenty" is not an album but a collection of his best. The song played is from an earlier "album" of his.

Yours etc.

Machiavelli

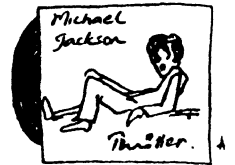
Dear Ed,

I have read every issue of "The Oliphant", and every issue has been preserved by me, each as smooth as a baby's bottom. Is this a record?

Yours etc.

Capt. Ayy. Mohan

No, this is a newsletter,
this is a record :



Comparing "The Oliphant" to a baby's bottom shows signs of a deteriorating mind. Your letter has been forwarded to the proper authorities for help. Ed.

The Literary Affairs of Welham **THE FIVE YEAR HIATUS**



Finally the hiatus of five years in my life had come to an end. Life during the past five years had somewhat come to a standstill. In these years, I had lost all hope of ever seeing my home again. But here, I was travelling homewards and I couldn't control my ineffable emotions.

Sitting by the fire place in my cabin, I stared at its lambent glow, thinking of the past as well as the time to come. The memories of that day were as clear as crystal till today I was the captain of a ship which belonged to the seventh fleet of the United States of America. We were heading for the port city of Basra, North of our base at Qatar. The Iranians had begun a fresh assault on our forces and thus we were carrying reinforcements for them. There was an air of excitement as it was after a period of eleven years that we were fighting a real war. Though our ebullience was short lived as the capricious weather began to play havoc. Within minutes, we were deciding whether we should abandon ship as there was not a chance in a hundred to save the cargo. Just then, we discovered that a Corsair, the pirate ships in the Gulf of Persia which were helping the Iraqis, was moving towards us.

When the ship had moved quite close to us and we had all breathed a sigh of relief, did we realise our egregious error. It was an Iranian gun boat. It was too late for us to react and before long, we were all taken prisoners with our old ship to drown. We were taken to a war camp in the southern part of Iran.

The camp consisted of a few temporary huts whose low roofs were made of corrugated tin sheets. The rooms were dark and gloomy. The squalid conditions began to nauseate most of us. Our daily allotment of gruel made the meals unpalatable and soon the Iranians adopted demoniac means of torture. Days flitted by and there was no news of the prevailing situation when one day we were told that the war was over but we would still be kept hostages in order to exchange us for Iranians held as hostages by the Americans. After

this the sun rose every day with the hope that we would return to our motherland but it set too with all our hopes being drowned with it. The end of each day brought more disappointment and soon we lost all hopes though we all wanted to set foot on our motherland. A stage came when a few soldiers began to abhor life and also tried committing suicide.

One fine day we were told that we were to return to our country as decided by a mutual agreement between the two countries. We were all very jubilant and our excitement knew no bounds. Just then my attention was attracted by an announcement that we would soon be dropping anchor. I hurriedly packed up and waited for our ship to reach the harbour.

We could see the lights of the city of Houston. My wife, my parents and my children would all be there to receive me. I began to calculate how old my young daughter would be. Would she really be small, for I had last seen her five years ago. She must have learnt how to walk by now. She was born in the month of December in 1970 and this was the fall of 76, as they said. And my son was two years older than her. I could not wait to run and hug my wife, my children, my parents and all other kinsmen who would be there.

We were soon off board and amidst shouts and tears of joy we joined our respective families. I could not help but cry seeing the joy on the faces of all of my family members. I could see that the pain I had suffered was not only one sided for the past five years were full of pain for my family too. They were financially in a very tight situation but the most important was the fact that my children had not got the love of a father they needed most. Their faces reflected pain though I knew it wasn't there to stay any longer. Later, I discovered that the names of my crew and myself had been printed in the necrology after the war had ended and we were all awarded posthumous awards for our 'esprit de corps'.

Life was no longer meaningless for me.

Ambreesh Mohan

Book Review

Henry Denkers 'Robert, My Son'

Why did a fifteen-and-a half year old boy take his father's boat and disappear on a misty night? Why did he attempt to drive his father's Mercedes (he eventually dove it into a tree)? To show off for his girl friend? Everybody knew he was an ambitious and determined young man but why was he overdoing it? Maybe he hated city life, but for some reason or the other he had fallen in love with Greenwich village. Or was he in need of parental love? Was his father neglect-

ing his family and striving only for a promotion to the upper echelons of the TV network for which he was working? Robbies own emotional and psychological breakdowns bare family tensions as his parents desperately seek the solution to their perfect son's problems. Does it lie buried in Robbies unknown past in the locked files of an adoption agency? His parents ask only one question: can we save our son? If this intrigues you wait till you read the book. **Ashish Deb Roy**

WHADDAYAKNOW?

Mansuri



On rummaging through an old book store in Mussoorie, a friend chanced upon a 1936 publication of the "Mussoorie Rambler", a gossip yet interesting account of the history of Mussoorie. Most of what Mussoorie used to be has disappeared with the winds, only to be replaced by a very commercialized, "tourist" spot which caters to the needs of the hungry rich on a fashionable visit to the hills.

I often wondered how Mussoorie acquired its name and why it was that people looked back on their memories of the place with such nostalgia. The Mussoorie Rambler answered a number of my queries and some extracts follow:

The station is supposed to have derived its name from the former abundance on these hills of the shrub "Coriaria nepalensis" the vernacular name of which is "Mansur" or "Mansuri". The Europeans eventually dropped the 'n'.

Those were exciting times for Collectors and one of them, a Mr Shore, spent a great deal of time hunting dacoits, at which game he was once severely wounded. He had to decapitate his vic-

tims and send the heads to higher authorities at Saharanpur, and so successful were his expeditions that after a while the Powers that Be ordered him to "send no more dacoits' heads".

And what a bold, bad place was Mussoorie then! the correspondent of "The Statesman" writing to his paper on October 22, 1884 said: "Last Sunday a sermon was delivered by the Reverend Mr. Hackett and he discovered upon the highly immoral tone of society up here, that it far surpassed any other hill station in the scale of morals; that ladies and gentlemen after attending church proceeded to a drinking shop, a restaurant adjoining the library and there indulged freely in pegs, not one, but many; that at a Fancy Bazar held this season, a lady stood up on chair and offered her kisses to gentleman at Rs. 5 each.

The great Indian earthquake of 1906 damaged many buildings of the station. The effect of the tremor on the clock in the steeple of the Methodist Church in Kulri urged a certain wit to burst into doggerel.

The Kulri clock has had a shock—
Enough to knock it off its block
And make it nock - ah!
Hanhart and Bechtler both have tried
To titivate its shocked inside,
So now they've called Fisher,
The watch maker and under tak—er"

What's New ???

★ We participated in a debate hosted by St. George's College, Mussoorie.

★ The tailoring of shorts has improved. A new fabric is being used to manufacture them.

★ The boys went to the Welham Girls' Modelling competition. It was supposed to have been a grand success. Congratulations to all models who

took part.

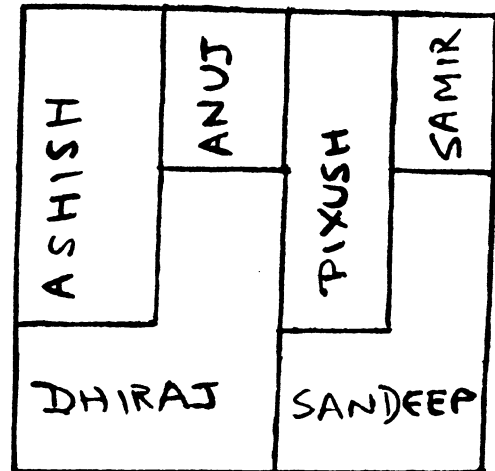
★ Krishna House is at the top. They are leading in the Inter. House Quiz with Jamuna second, Cauvery third and Ganges fourth.

A 'B' house entertainment was held on the 21st September. The 'A' house entertainment was on the 23rd September.

Murder In Cauvery

Ashish, Sandeep, Anuj, Samer, Dhiraj and Piyush stay in Cauvery.

1. Each stayed in a different one of six rooms as shown here.
2. One of the six murdered one of the other five.
3. If the murderer and the victim stayed in rooms that did not border on each other, then Dhiraj or Sandeep was the victim.
4. If the murder and the victim stayed in rooms that bordered on different number of rooms, then Ashish or Anuj was the murderer.
5. If the murder and the victim stayed in rooms that were different in size, then Piyush or Samir was the murderer. And who was the murderer?



In The Welham Arena of Sports

Do you know who the founder of the modern Olympic was? If you don't, I have the answer for you. It was 'Baron pierre De Courbin'. Today more than 160 nations are taking part in Seoul Olympics, and are fighting for the top honours. As far as India is concerned, its only hope of winning a medal is from hockey. Though the Indian team gave a lack lustre performance in the initial matches; we improved our game tremendously later on. Likewise here is school, our football team is having a match letter season.

Practice matches with Kailash club helped the co-ordination of our team to a great extent. This was very much evident in the matches which followed. Well, I pick up action against R.I.M.C', early on in the first half. It was Vishal who put us ahead with powerful Left footer. Rohit quickly doubled the score and Welham were sitting pretty at this stage. But the plucky R.I.M.C. boys replied quickly and squared the score 2-2 at the breather. Thereafter Welham toiled hard and eventually met with success when Vishal, with a solo effort

beat the R.I.M.C. custodian in the goal. But our jubilation was short lived R.I.M.C. scored again to draw parity. The Pendulum swung from one end to the other end. It was an immaculate indirect free kick from Sanjeev Shah, which finally gave us the winning lead. Final Score Welham R.I.M.C. 3.

In another match, against The Doon School both teams were tied, 3-3 at the end of the stipulated time. Welham scored first through Vishal. The Doscos then scored thrice win and looked set for yet another convincing win and thereby proving superiority. But it was not to be. Vishal reduced the lead this time heading the ball of goalkeeper. All the effort seemed to have gone in vain when nothing materialised as time started running out. It was against the run of play that Welham scored again through Ashish in the last second of the game. Final results were : Welham 3, Doon School 3.

Badminton

Match against the Doon School.

Results

Booteroo !

When I was young
There was this girl
Sexy eyes and lots of cruls
I could but think may be once or twice,
I's Fallen in love and it was nice !
But then one day, my see of love,
Disappeared, is been given the shore,
Right then ! sais, ive never cries,
Cause now, it seems, i's realises
I's 8ot their game,
They's all the same
Kiss you once, and make you sign,
Love you once, then another guy !
I enteres my Teens.
And there she was
Tons of love and apple cores,

My heart was hers and so was !
The sea, this time, wouls neve dry !
We loves each other,
She's last her spell.
We kisses each other,
Time wouls tell.
And then I founs I was a toy,
On her list was another boy,
So after being hypnotizes,
It seems again I's realises,
I's got their game,
They all the same,
Kiss you once, and make you sigh,
Love you once, then another guy !
Ping Ling Ting !

Sandeep Singhal lost 15-0, 15-6. Manvendra Salklan lost 15-11, 15-13. Singhal and Himanshu lost 15-6, 15-12. Tarunendra and Manvendra won 15-8, 15-11.

Final Score 3-1.

In the return match against The Doon School

played in our school it was a totally different story. Tarunendra thrashed his counterpart 15-4, 15-0. Sandeep triumphed 15-4, 15-6 while Manvendra overcame stiff resistance to win 8-15, 15-1, 15-7. In the doubles Sandeep and Himanshu won 15-6, 15-11 while Tarundra and Manvendra lost 15-11, 15-12.

Final Score 4-1.

प्रातःकाल का सौन्दर्य

जब प्रभात की लाली फूटती है तो प्रकृति में अनेक परिवर्तन आ जाते हैं। अंधेरे के स्थान पर प्रकाश छा जाता है। सोये हुए प्राणी जग जाते हैं। फूल पर रश्मि पड़ते ही वह फिर खिल उठता है। शांत भवरे गुंजार करने लगते हैं।

प्रातःकाल होते ही संसार सौन्दर्य से ओत-प्रोत हो जाता है। घास पर दिवाकर का प्रकाश पड़ते ही, घास पर पड़ी ओस मोतियों जैसी चमकने लगती है। इससे उपवन की शोभा बढ़ती है। चिड़ियाँ अपनी आवाज से प्रातःकाल का संदेश देती हैं। उनका मधुर गान कानों में गूँजने लगता है। हर तरफ चहल-पहल मच जाती है। पर्वत शिखरों पर भास्कर के प्रकाश से लाली छा जाती है। ऊँचे शैलों पर यह लाली अत्यन्त रुचिर लगती है। लोग प्रातःकाल के इस मनोहर दृश्य को देखने के लिए जाग उठते हैं।

उषा होते ही दूर क्षितिज अत्यन्त रमणीक लगता है। मुँदी हुई कलियाँ फिर खिल उठती हैं और प्रकाश की ओर मुँह मोड़ लेती हैं। बड़े फूलों के अंदर से मधुकर गुंजारता हुआ बाहर निकल आता है। प्रभात होते ही जंगल में फिर शोर मच जाता है और अनेक पशु-पक्षी अपने भोजन की खोज में निकल पड़ते हैं। नदी पर जब प्रकाश पड़ता है तो सरिता में लाली छा जाती है। यह दृश्य अत्यन्त रम्य हो जाता है। प्रातः मन्दिरों से भजन तथा घण्टियों की ध्वनि सुनाई देती है। यह भजन तथा ध्वनि हमें परमात्मा के बारे में याद करने का मौका देती है। दूर किसी मस्जिद से आज़ान सुनाई देती है जो अत्यन्त मन-मोहक होती है।

प्रभात के दृश्य अत्यन्त रमणीक होते हैं। मैं तो यह कहूँगा कि प्रभात होते ही धरती में फिर से जान आ जाती है।

हितेश महाजन
कक्षा ८

चेशायर होम्स ।

सन् १९४५ का वर्ष। दूसरा महायुद्ध अपने अन्तिम वरणों पर था। तभी एक हादसा हुआ जिसने पूरी दुनिया को झकझोर दिया। १० अगस्त को अमरीका के लड़ाकू विमान उड़े और जापान के दो शहरों हिरोशिमा और नागासाकी पर अणु बम गिराए। लाखों लोग इसकी चपेट में आकर भगवान को प्यारे हो गये और इससे कई ज्यादा घायल हो गये। एक लड़ाकू विमान थे जनरल चेशायर। उन्हें इस कार्य पर बड़ा दुःख हुआ। इसका पश्चाताप करने के लिये उन्हें स्थानों की 'चेशायर होम्स' की। दुनिया के तकरीबन सभी देशों में 'चेशायर होम्स' हैं। अकेले भारत में ११ 'चेशायर होम्स' हैं।

'चेशायर होम्स' रोगियों, पीड़ितों और ला-इलाज व्यक्तियों का घर हैं। यहाँ पर ऐसे लोग रहते हैं जिनकी दिमागी हालत ठीक नहीं होती और उनका कोई घर, खाना, व पहनने के लिये कपड़े तक नहीं होते। कई लोग अपाहिज हैं।

हम इन लोगों की देखभाल करने वहाँ जाते हैं। मैंने इन लोगों में कई विशेषतायें और खूबियाँ देखीं। एक बात जो मुझे बड़ी अच्छी लगी, वो यह है कि उन्होंने अभी तक अपना आत्म विश्वास नहीं खोया है। वे अब भी यह सोचते हैं कि एक दिन वे ठीक होकर यहाँ से बाहर निकल सकेंगे और दुनिया देख सकेंगे। एक दिन वे एक नई जिन्दगी शुरू कर सकेंगे।

दूसरी बात यह है कि उनमें सीखने की लालसा रहती है। यदि हम उनको कोई गीत सीखाएँ तो हम यह पाएँगे कि उनमें सीखने की हमसे ज्यादा क्षमता है। शायद यह इसलिए है क्योंकि उनका ध्यान केवल एक ही तरफ रहता है। हमारा ध्यान चारों तरफ है; पढ़ाई में, खेलने-कूदने व अन्य गतिविधियों में।

यहाँ आकर मैंने कई सबक भी सीखे हैं। पहले मैं बहुत खाना बरबाद करता था, लेता ज्यादा

और खाता कम। जब मैंने इन लोगों को देखा तो मैंने यह सब छोड़ दिया। कमाल है ! जिन लोगों के पास सब कुछ है, वे बरबाद करने पर तुले हुए हैं। वे यह नहीं सोचते कि कुछ लोगों के पास खाने को कुछ भी नहीं होता और वे जूठी पत्तल चाटने को तैयार रहते हैं। भगवान ने हमें सब कुछ दिया, फिर भी हम उसका दुरुपयोग क्यों करते हैं ? हमें इस बात पर जरूर गौर करना चाहिये।

आपने देखा कि ये लोग अपाहिज होकर भी हमें इतनी बड़ी सीख दे रहे हैं। हमें साथ मिलकर ऐसे संस्थानों को सहयोग देना चाहिये ताकि अपनी जिन्दगी में अच्छे कार्य कर सकें।

शशांक स्वरूप

IX A

डाकुओं के खेमे में कविसम्मेलन

एक दिन मेरी पत्नी ने मुझसे बड़े 'कॉन्फीडेंस' से पूछा "ऐ जी" मेरे मरने के बाद मैं तो स्वर्ग चली जाऊँगी पर आपका क्या होगा ?" फिर मैं भी 'कॉन्फीडेंस' से बोला "मेरा तो कुछ नहीं होगा, पर, ईश्वर बड़ा दुखी होगा।" इतना कहना काफी था और बेलन लेकर वह मेरे पीछे पड़ गयी।

इसी धमाचौकड़ी में मैं मुख्य द्वार पर पहुँचा जहाँ एक डाकिये से टकरा गया और सारी चिट्ठियाँ तितर-बितर हो गयीं। अपनी दाएँ आँख के बायें कोने से बायीं ओर पड़ी चिट्ठी का पता जरा परिचित लगा। थोड़ी देर सोचने के बाद मुझे ध्यान आया कि वह पता मेरा ही था।

हरियाणा में हिसार के पास चंदरपुर नामक गाँव का मैं निवासी था। कवि-सम्मेलनों में भाग लेकर मैं अपने घर का खर्चा चलाता था।

उस पत्र के पहले दो चार अक्षर जब मैंने पढ़े तो मेरा दिल पिघल गया। आगे के शब्दों को पढ़कर मेरी खुशी की सीमा न रही। उसमें लिखा था।

"तुम डाकुओं के खेमे में आमंत्रित हो। सीधे सीधे आ जाओ वरना तुम्हारी पत्नी का अपहरण हो जायेगा।"

मैंने मन ही मन सोचा कि "हे भगवान इन दोनों बलाओं से मुझे छुटकारा दिलाओ और मुझे डाकुओं के खेमे में जाने से रोक लो।"

कुछ बेलन और डाँट खाने के बाद मैं इक्के में बैठकर डाकुओं के खेमे के लिए रवाना हुआ। डर के मारे मैं वहाँ जाना नहीं चाहता था पर पैसे के लालच ने मुझे मजबूर कर दिया था।

जब मैं वहाँ पहुँचा तो सबसे पहले देश-भक्ति की कविता की बारी थी। सबने सोचा था कि शैल-चर्तुवेदो जैसे पहलवान कवि आयेंगे जिनकी गर्जन से दुनिया के सारे दुश्मन डर कर भाग जाएँगे। परन्तु उनकी जगह एक मरा सा बीस किलो का कवि

आया जिसकी आवाज़ इतनी कोमल व सुरीली थी कि उसे सुनते ही सारे दुश्मनों पर मनोवैज्ञानिक प्रभाव हो जाता था।

जब मेरी बारी आयी तो सरदार बोला "अपनी कविता में कुछ भी कह लो पर गांधी, विनोबा व नेहरू जैसे तत्वों को मत प्रयोग करो क्योंकि हम उनके चाल-चलन के एकदम विरुद्ध हैं।"

अन्त में डाकुओं के सरदार ने सबको इनाम के रूप में पाँच-सौ स्वर्ण मुद्राएँ दी और एक-एक डाकू साथ भेजा और आदेश दिया कि बीच रास्ते में उन्हें लूट लेना।

सबने चकित होकर जब इसका कारण पूछा तो सरदार ने कहा पंसा देना मेरा धर्म है और लूटना मेरा कार्य। मैं तो सद् पुरुष की तरह एक धार्मिक व कार्यानिष्ठ जीवन व्यतीत करता हूँ।

रितेश खन्ना

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