



# THE OLIPHANT

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No. 78 WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER 15th OCTOBER 1988

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## THINK ABOUT IT

The only thing I know about the speed of light is that I'm glad we're getting back to a time when it doesn't arrive quite so early in the morning.

## Editorial



"Curioser and curioser" the ghesire cat would have said. The average Welhamite seems to be increasing his IQ as the years go on, diabolical things are on his mind now and the preachings of Machiavelli are foremost on his mind.

From now till then.

He manifests his artistic credo in a novel way - excuses, be it coming late for a meal or altogether missing a whole string of all important classes. No longer will a simple, "I lost my keys" or, "I needed the toilet" suffice. No, the perfects and other authoritarian and punishment bend-of-mind top dogs have changed too. The not so bright honchos of yesteryear are lost. An example of their not being so bright given ample substance in the classic-"I've got spondilitis of the knee".

His talent has to be seen to be believed. One strolls in late for dinner and upon being barked at, proceeds to give a lengthy discourse on how so and so, did such and such so that he could not, and hence so and so was responsible for his being

late. The prefect has no choice but to let him go, alibis and such being airtight.

Another walks in late for breakfast, face screwed up in intense agony, an epitome of tragos at the altar. Questioning reveals something close to brain-haemorrhage, sciatica, pneumonia and house-maid's knee all rolled into one.

Classics come and classics go, but the one that took the cake involved something already described in an earlier editorial, the great Rishikesh farce, of course, that one failed, but still, it boggles the mind, eyes and all else just to contemplate the thought going into such escape routes.

The standard Welhamite excuses are now rendered obsolete. The hospital, bathroom and matron no longer hold that magical key to safety, chits and the like being made necessary.

And so the normal, average Welhamite goes on, forging his way into the record books as Machiavelli supreme.

Yours truly, having to sign off on an account of an acute, throbbing pain in the fingers of the right hand,

From now till then.

Exelsior.

Arnab Chaudhuri

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Eggitor,

Its an insult to the noble few Machiavellian minds to have wrongly corrected the wrongly answered question on the Seoul Olympics.(The Senior Quiz) Please note that the right motto for the 24th Olympiad at Seoul was "The World to Seoul and The Soul to the Devil."

I strongly detest my pseudonym being used by some misinformed moron whose I.Q. is stationary at minus ten. Please leave all the Machiavellian exploits to yours truly.

Yours treasonably

(De Facto) Machiavelli

## LAMPOON

When the ed. told me to start work on this new column-Lampoon, for the first few days I was perplexed as to the actual meaning of the word. My curiosity was satisfied by the ever faithful 'OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY' which defined the word lampoon as virulent satire.

Now that I had understood the meaning, the next thing on my list was to think of a topic for people to express their thoughts on. At last it came to me an idea expressed and rejected in at least a dozen School Committee meetings---Should the boys of classes 8,9,10 be allowed to wear white trousers. Here are a few of the opinions of some boys:

Harinder Mann- Thick moist legs with a dark mass of hair on them. Naked legs isn't exactly the way boys of 14 and 15 years should dress. I strongly hope that we boys are allowed to wear white pants.

Ranjit Bedi-"You look so cute in Shorts."She once complimented me. Since then I have regarded my pair of soft white legs as my most precious assets. So no way to white trousers. In fact, I would love to be able to go out in my shorts.

Vishal Swaika-One fine morning I wake up and find that I have to express my hairy legs no longer. Is it a dream? No it is reality, Brilliant idea....

Deepak Kataria - If everyone starts wearing white pants, it will be difficult to distinguish some boys of 11th and 12th from us nine-ers. Being senior they should enjoy some privileges, after all, they wore shorts as well once.

Piyush Agarwal - I strongly believe that we should be allowed to wear trousers. After all we are big enough now and should be allowed to look smart.

Akskaya Kant - I don't know why all this fuss is being about wearing shorts.

I myself do not mind wearing shorts or perhaps it is the fact that I only have around a fortnight longer of wearing shorts before its winter uniform time and then I go into 11th. Anyway, when our principal can wear shorts and roam around the campus, I don't feel that we have any reasons to feel conscious to do so.

## *The Literary Affairs of Welham*

### ON THE TRAIN

It was late November, and the square of scenery offered by the train window was bleak. The trees outside stood stripped of their foliage, grotesque many-fingered hands crushed by the oppressively overcast sky. I was impressed with a sense of complete greyness- in colour, in cli-

mate, in the personalities who presented themselves in my compartment a quarter of an hour before the whistle blew.

Grey-suited, grey-eyed, the man seated before me certainly was not one to catch your attention. Upto

his eyebrows was the Financial Times he displayed slight idiosyncratic tendencies only when the train started with an almost imperceptible jarring movement. That is, he lowered the newspaper, ogled at me, and his jaws flopped open.

I started back stonily; the best thing to do in such a situation. What was so strange about a man tearing open a packet of crisps? (For this was what I was doing, with the bag of crisps on the table before me). Beside, if the man was hungry, he could open his own packet, as I was sure I had heard the distinctively plastic 'crumple' in his trouser pocket when he had walked in.

After a minute or so, when I was certain his unhealthy interest in my snack had subsided, I look out a crisp and started to eat it.

I well know that eating crisps is not the most grateful of social activities, both the man's reaction was totally uncalled for. He started with an irritatingly wide smile, his eyebrows raised quizzically, at the third passenger in our second class compartment. This was a freckle-faced teenage boy, fair-skinned and dark haired like the man next to

him. I would have mistaken them for father and son, if it had not been for their absence of communication until now. Now the boy bubbled over with barely suppressed giggles. He had been watching the goings on too.

The man leaned forward towards the packet on the table, and also took out a crisp.

This only served to provoke the boy further; I wondered if they had not somehow escaped from a nearby lunatic asylum. For the rest of the night, I made no attempt at conversation, or eating.

So I was relieved to see the two of them finally leave the train at some remote stop-off point in the middle of the night.

"Darned impertinence", I muttered to myself, for the fellow had even taken the crisps with him. I reached for my copy of the Guardian, also lying on the table.

I froze in the action of lifting it...for underneath the newspaper, in its shiny grey plastic cover, my packet of crisps smiled up at me.

Neil Mondal

### THE AGONY OF A STOMACHACHE

The fateful day had come which everybody was waiting for, that day of blissful joy had come; it was Wednesday, hence also tuckshop day. Boys sat around the bank with mouths watering, tongues lolling as they saw the ice-cream man arrived and heard the sizzling of the 'chaatwalas' scrumptious 'tikkis'. Boys waited apprehensively, with that same dreamy look on their faces, for the confectionery counter to open. The creaking of an opening doorbolt announced loudly that the bank was about to commence business. Everybody sprang up as the windows were opened and chaos reigned. Souts of "next to you; next to you!" filled the air. Boys, big and small collected their money and ran in various directions. I collected my money and made a beeline for the 'chaatwala' and gorged myself on two rupees worth of 'tikkis', smothered with 'chutney'. Wolfing them all down, I decided to save two rupees and buy six rupees

worth of 'tikkis'. I commenced with my plan and was simply ecstatic when I had twelve 'tikkis', all to myself. I wolfed them also down with great ease, but with great difficulty, made my way towards the hostel, belching like a bullfrog all the way. I did not bother to go for tea. My stomach began to feel very happy so I did not attend games. I somehow managed to bathe and change into my evening attire. Then, I simply lay down and moaned away, enduring excruciating pain until the dinner bell rang. I merely picked at my food and fortunately obtained permission to miss prep. I lay awake groaning and writhing in agony for what seemed like an eternity.

The next morning, I woke up, completed my morning ablutions and changed. My stomach felt as if it was being severed from my internal structure.

Somehow, I managed to survive all the classes (without falling asleep) and by evening I realised that I had completed my morning ablutions, along with my break-time, after lunch, before tea, after tea and games-time ablutions. I felt as if the Third World War as being fought inside me (including chemically poisonous gase-

ous warfare). I had some medicine after dinner and mercifully a ceasefire. My stomach finally stopped aching after many gruesome hours. "Never again will I even lay eyes on the 'chatwalas', stove or his 'tikkis', including the chutney", I said, ruefully patting my stomach.

ASHISH DEBROY

### Apologia!

The poem "BOOTEROO" was printed in a sorry state on account of being added at the last minute without being proof read. This is how it should be:

#### The Last World - Part 1

*They came, they saw, they conquered and are now on their way out, the twelfth 88 that is. This column records their views and ideas. The first holds the views of those three hedonists, the Ar. dypsos and .....Machiavelli-----Ed.*

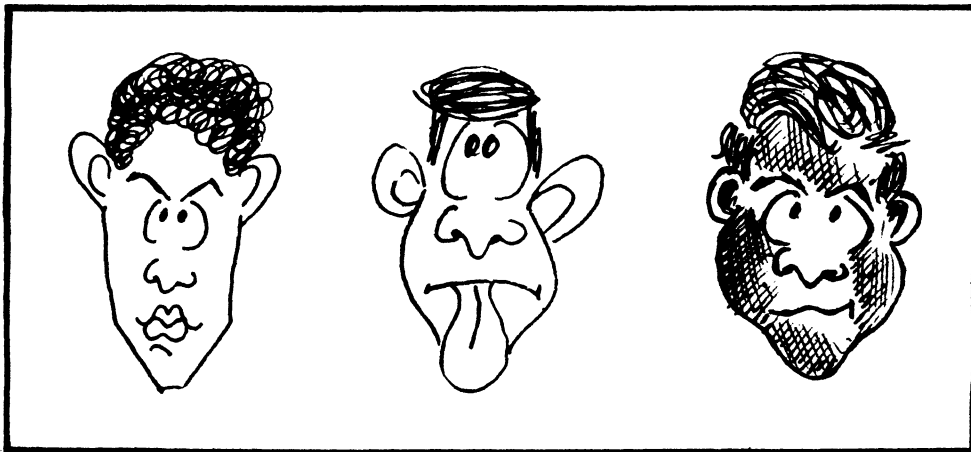
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### " I and I "

My life in a nutshell wouldn't fill a thimble, an apt description would fill volumes, and hence, a dilemma manifests itself, what should I write? Apart from saying I'm your bristly, myopic, hunch-backed editor and have an insatiable passion for womankind and the easy life, there is absolutely zilch left!

My philosophy should amply sum it up-logic is simply a manifestation of man's inability to think! And so I leave to Welham this crumb of illogical (?) logic, keep it in mind the next time you decide to study!

Arnab Chaudhuri.



### **Booteroo !**

When I was young  
There was this girl  
Sexy eyes and lots of curls  
I could but think may be once or twice,  
I'd fallen in love and it was nice !  
But then one day, my sea of love,  
Disappeared I'd been given the shove,  
Right then. I said I've never cried,  
Cause now, it seems, I'd realised,  
I'd got their game,  
They're all the same

Kiss you once, and make you sigh,  
 Love you once, then another guy !  
 I entered my Teens.  
 And there she was  
 Tons of love and apple cores,  
 My heart was hers and so was I,  
 The sea, this time, would never dry !  
 We loved each other,  
 She'd cast her spell,  
 We kissed each other,  
 Time would tell.  
 But then I found I was a toy,  
 On her list was another boy,  
 So after being hypnotized,  
 It seems again I'd realised,  
 I'd got their game,  
 They're all the same,  
 Kiss you once, and make you sigh,  
 Love you once, then another guy!

Ping Ling Ting

### " Me - Ambi "

I joined Welham in class two,  
 I told the teacher, "I hate you".

When I went to class three,  
 to all, I was brotherly.

I was promoted to class four,  
 there was plenty of fun in store.

When I was in five,  
 with others I did the jive.

In class six, I was in a fix  
 All those thick books.  
 You should've seen my looks.  
 Now it was even worse,  
 For seven was nowhere near heaven,  
 and all I did was curse.

In class eight we became the bait,  
 I.C.S.E. course had begun,  
 The stupidest thing under the sun.

Class nine was fine,  
 Getting used to the work,  
 I didn't anymore slurk.

Time in class ten,  
 was quicker than my pen.  
 During the study leave,  
 We had plenty of tricks up our sleeve.

The board exams finally came,  
 At the end of it, I was not the same.

This class' results were much awaited,  
 For in it our merit would be stated.

They were the best,  
 We had left behind all the rest.  
 I had beaten all but one,  
 Zzhido I wanted to shoot with a gun.

Class eleven came with ease,  
 the others I did tease.

In class twelve I was Machiavelli,  
 As the poem shows I beat Shelly.

Ambreesh Mohan.

### This is Me

"Don't try and change it,  
 This is me.  
 Don't rearrange it."

Slimey Fisher.

This is to help everyone remember me,  
 Your jovial, genial ex-editor,  
 People think I'm hairlessness' epitome,  
 'Gainst all odds I'm a lone crusader,  
 Can't imagine why they call me Zzhido,  
 Supposed to be a master of hypnosis,  
 I attribute it to my weird libido,  
 I crave the wolf with the red roses,  
 As for hypnosis; by my eccentric charm,  
 Prey to it are they all,  
 I just hold up my palm,  
 Into a deep slumber do they fall.

My sign is the two faced Gemini,  
 I'm a schizophrenic,  
 And so am I.

They always associate me with Ducks,  
 House-cap of the Pests' Habitat,  
 For a mud-slinging party I wear a tux,  
 If there's no beer, I say "drat".

My CCA is hedonistic dipsomania,  
 Got sly looks; far from a hunk,  
 I smell of methylated ammonia,  
 Mosquitoes bite me and get drunk.

Imagine myself to be a sleuth,  
 Make after-shave from pine trees,  
 Yellow Mooning et al, who's uncouth?  
 'Can never really count my fleas.

Peter (Et) Cetera is my idol,  
 My favourite Wall-hanging is the mirror,  
 Tendencies-a bit homicidal  
 Trying to be a prefect-terror,  
 The 3 words that describe me best-  
 'Brilliant', 'handsome' and 'modest'.

-Aresh, a  
 Bon Joving Twelthie

## What's New ???

.. The play "Charandas Chor" is being produced for the 'Founder's Day'. It will be directed by Mrs. Devendra.

The stage on the main field is being renovated for the above purpose.

On Gandhi Jayanti, social service was conducted to commemorate the birthday of The Father of the Nation.

.. Many thanks on behalf of the whole school to the picture club who regularly Screened the Olympics for us.

Many thanks to the music department for their contribution on Gandhi Jayanti.

Founder's Day will be held on the 28th of October. The program is as follows :-

### CHIEF GUEST : AIR CHIEF MARSHAL O.P. MEHRA

<u>TIME</u>	<u>DAY &amp; DATE</u>	<u>PROGRAMME</u>	<u>VENUE</u>
10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.	Friday Oct. 28	Junior School Exhb.	Jr.School Block
12 noon to 1 p.m.	"	Receive the Chief Guest and visit Jr.School Exhibition	Jr.School Block
2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.	"	Sr. School Exhb.	Sr. School Block
3 p.m.		Chief Guest goes around Sr. School Exhibition.	
4.35 p.m. to 5.20 p.m.	"	'Class XII has tea with the Chief Guest and the Board.	Library Site
		Simple tea to be served to guests on the Riverside Lawns.	
5.30 p.m.	"	Speeches	Main ground
6.00 p.m.	"	Entertainment(Music)	Main ground
6.15 p.m.	"	Entertainment (Play)	Main ground
7.30 p.m.	"	National Anthem	
10.00 a.m.	Saturday Oct. 29	Old Boys Society meeting	School Library
	"	Cricket and other matches with old boys to be fixed LATER.	
11.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.	"	Boys may go out	
11.00 a.m. onwards.	Sunday 30th Oct.	FETE	Lower ground

## BRAIN TEASERS

### AGE OLD QUESTIONS

Women may not be quite so reluctant to discuss their ages as they were in grandmother's day, but when it comes to that delicate question their veracity is not always to be relied upon with complete confidence. Truthful or not, they can certainly be indignant about insinuations.

'Whatever, you say, I am certainly not over forty,' declared Miss Yadav.

'You are at least five years older than I am,' snapped back Miss. Malhotra, 'and I am thirty eight'.

'You' sheered Miss Yadav. 'You are at least thirty nine'.

One could be charitable, and assume that they really had forgotten their ages, but I happen to know for a fact that not at the state wants they made is correct.

How old are they really???

Answer to the last issue's 'Brain Teaser'.

The murderer was Piyush and the victim was Dhiraj.

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### IN THE WELHAM ARENA OF SPORTS

It was an overcast Sunday. The condition of the ground was perfect and our team was in high spirits. Well, I am describing the conditions and settling before the start of the match against D.P.S., because there would be no room for excuses, if they finished on the losing side. Fortunately, our team gave a stunning display of characteristic flair and artistry to romp through 6-3.

It was in the opening minute of the game that we took the lead when Rohit dribbled past a horde of defenders and successfully tapped the ball in. The very next minute Sanjeev Sehgal headed home a cross from the right flank, mid way in the first half. The bewildered D.P.S. defence was again caught on the wrong foot. Again the scorer was Sanjeev. A constructive move in the dying minutes of the first half reduced the lead for D.P.S.

In the second half too, our forwards continued to torment the D.P.S. defence. Ashish set off a dazzling run on the right flank and beat the D.P.S. custodian in the goal. All seemed over when our skipper Vishal Mohan weaved his way past a horde of opposition defenders to give us a commanding 5-1. But the D.P.S. forwards struck twice in quick succession to reduce the margin to 5:3. But their efforts went in vain when Vishal scored again to give us a 6-3 win. To summarise it all our forwards Vishal, Sanjeev Sehgal, Sanjeev Shah, Rohit and Ashish combined well and crushed their opponents with impunity.

Meanwhile, the inter house preliminaries got underway. In the opening encounter Ganges played Krishna. The defending champions Ganga made a flourishing start to their campaign whipping Krishna 5-1. In other matches Cauvery lost to Jumuna 2-4, Cauvery lost to Krishna 2-5, Jamuna lost to Ganga 1-2 while Krishna lost to Jumuna 0-1.

So far Sanjeev Sehgal and Sanjeev Shah have scored four goals each and head the list of goal scorers.

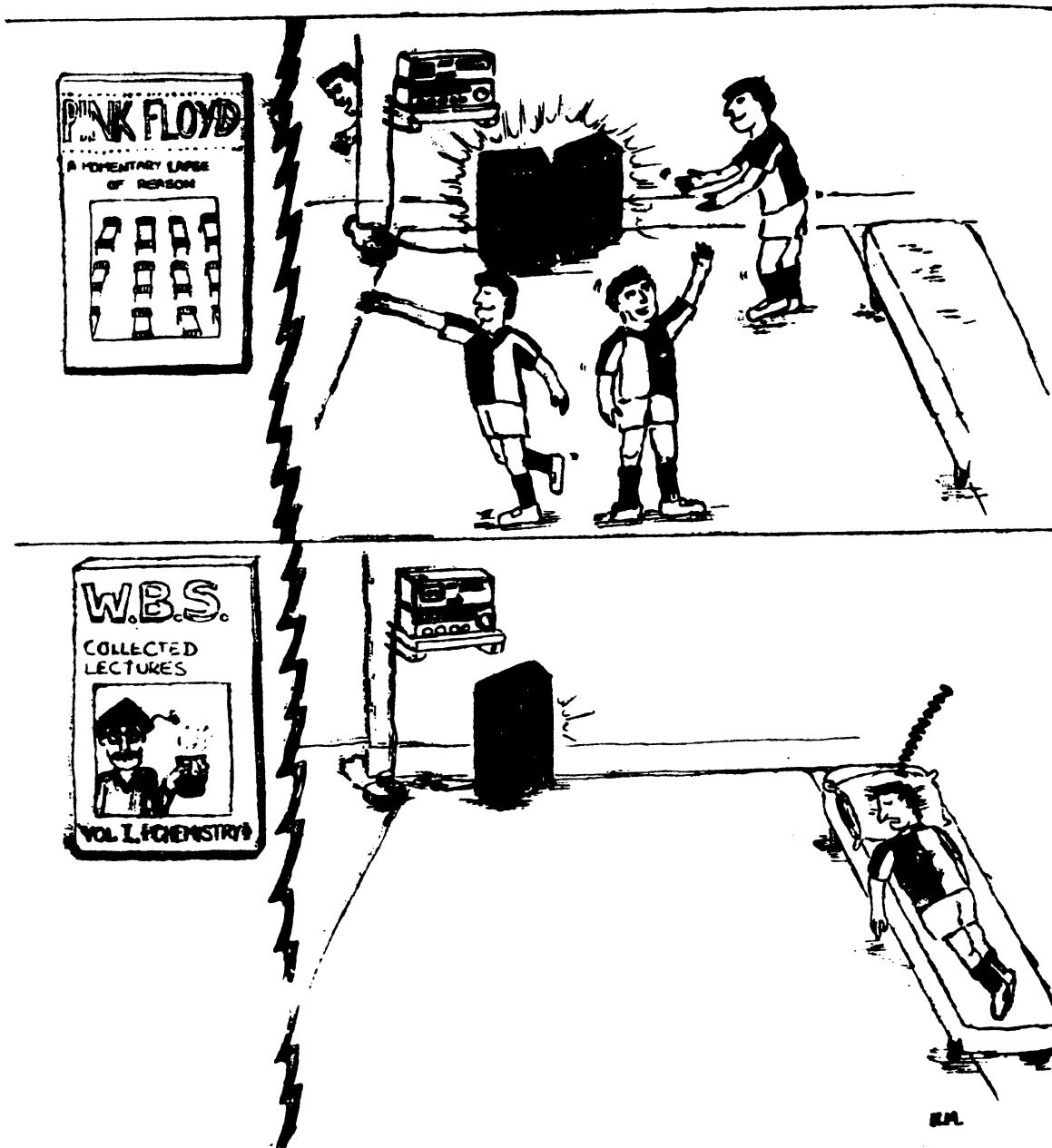
#### The Senior Score Sheet.

	GP	W	L	Pts.
Ganga	3	3	0	6
Jamuna	3	2	1	4
Krishna	3	1	2	2
Cauvery	3	0	3	0

Meanwhile in the junior division the standing are:-

	GP	W	L	D	Pts.
Ganga	3	2	0	1	5
Krishna	3	2	1	0	4
Cauvery	3	1	1	1	3
Jumuna	3	0	2	1	1

# PH SWINGS



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