



THE OLIPHANT

No. 84 WELHAM BOYS' NEWS LETTER 1st MARCH 1989

Think about it

It takes twenty years to
become an overnight success.
Eddie Cantor

Editorial

The crucial day comes nearer and nearer. Boys work harder and harder in anticipation of a much desired reward. What the result shall be, only time shall tell.

Probably everyone who reads the first paragraph shall think it is about the boys whose exams are about to begin. But perhaps I should be more explicit.

The actual mentioned hard workers are boys of class 11. With only one month left before the appointment of the new team of prefects, everyone is at his responsible best.

Everyone is invariably in time for P.T.; for meals they even come earlier than the scheduled time so they see to it that everyone else is punctual too. No one's fawn shirt has even the minutest speck of curry on it; they even wash their own stockings!

Gone are the days of losing

keys and breaking latches. Now every key is kept with caution as if their life depends upon it. Such is the fervour instigated by the desire for power! We wish the best of luck to all worthy candidates.

The ones that have to take their exams are working hard too. If you were to eavesdrop on them sometime, you would discover them deeply engrossed in some serious discussion. The interesting part is that mostly these discussions will be on whether to spend their forthcoming holidays in Goa or Nepal rather than how to get over with the exams successfully!

When you shall be reading this magazine, your tall editor shall be sitting in the hall taking his examinations. (Hopefully writing and not sleeping). Until the next time, I leave you to the Oliphant.

Yours Nervously
Saurav Sinha

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Prefect : Debashish, why were you not punctual for P.T.?
Debashish : Sorry, yaar, I didn't hear the 'seety'.

Junior School
ZR : OK. Boys, you all know 1 into 1 is one, 2 into 2 is four. Ashish, you tell me what 3 into

3 is.

Ashish : Ma'am you do all the easy ones and leave the hard ones for us.

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MS : Kids, I hope you know your numbers well.

Avinash : Yes, ma'am. 1,2,3,4,5

MS : Go on, go on.

Avinash : Ma'am you mean there's

more?

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SB : Gudakesh, may I know why you were bunking the seventh school yesterday?

Gudakesh : Ma'am I strongly believe what Mark Twain said - "I've never let my schooling interfere with my education."

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The Literary Affairs of Welham

Start the celebrations

I remember those ridiculous affairs at other people's houses before I came to boarding school Parties.

It's strange how the party in an Indian home has evolved in recent years. The time was when everyone sat on the floor and had dinner on banana plant leaves or steel plates - then lazed around talking cricket or politics. Nowadays, in most affluent households, I'm ushered in by my nervous hostess (and host, if he isn't busy getting stoned in preparation), showed to a chair I can sink into and asked what sort of drink I want. Yes, they've got a bar, and behind the counter I see two bottles of liquor turned upside down and attached to a high shelf. What on earth is this? An intravenous drip for alcoholics?

Here come the couple's lovely kids, grinning and showing off their missing front teeth. In the past, children must have approached a guest with awe and reverence and offered them sweets from a tray. Now of course, they're nuts about you.

I hear my dad giggling over his drink, being 'one of the boys'. Mum is chatting with the other ladies at the opposite end of the room, when she isn't looking bored. As I edge closer, gripping my Pepsi in my grim determination to find something interesting, I hear a lady say. "No, look at the paper. It says p13, Co2, K17."

A secret code! I have

broken into a spy den!

Then I hear her neighbour reply. "You're right dear. No wonder my nephew's jersey didn't turn out right. I hadn't read the knitting instructions properly."

I groan and stumble off towards the dining room. A delicious aroma wafts in my direction, grabs me by the nostrils and pulls me into the kitchen. Whatever else you say about Indian housewives, they generally are excellent cooks. Food, in a hundred tantalizing shades, textures and savoury sauces; specialities from all parts of India (no humble local affair, this gathering).

I look up to congratulate my hostess - and a homely old servant meets my gaze with a cracked smile. I know, before he speaks, that he doesn't know much English.

It should be a crime to hand a kid a cold glass of Pepsi in an air-conditioned villa. Where's the bathroom? I stomp heavily toward the whiter, more sequestered part of the house, but the doors are locked. Ah, the host to my rescue.

"You want the bathroom? Jusht one moment." He winks. "My son." Banging on the door, he roars, "Oh God, are you still in there?"

Why on earth is God in the bathroom?

After relieving myself, I wipe the Pepsi fizz off my nose and to my delight, see that dinner is being served. And my,

it looks even better under the soft lights of the dining room. People pick up the glinting cutlery, and those less familiar with it make noises like the soundtrack of a Chinese movie. Ching, chang, clang, clonk

Sated, I rest in a soft armchair and notice the host's son, almost my age, sliding a cassette into the sophisticated tape deck besides me. Joy of joys! The exuberance of Mozart fills the room. Turning my head, I idly wonder if he is a Classics fan too, or playing requests. As the music swells to the climax of 'Eine Kliene Nachtmusik', I make a cordial remark. He says, "What ?" I repeat myself. "Sorry, I can't hear you." He turns off the music. "Now what were you saying?"

I repeat miserably, "The

MY ADVENTURE IN SPACE

The day had come. My father allowed me to go into space. I went with my friend to the rocket. I said goodbye to my father. He stood far away and watched me go into space. At last we were in space. My friend leaned over his seat belt and it opened. He floated in the rocket for a long time. Suddenly he bumped his head on one of the parts of the cabin. He fell unconscious. I felt afraid. I did not know what to do. I got a call from earth asking, "Is everything all right?" I answered, "My friend is lying unconscious. I do not know what to do." The man said, "Press the switch on your left" I did as I was told. When I pressed the switch the rocket started turning. Then he told me to hold the white levers. I looked at my friend who lay unconscious. I took hold of the levers and the rocket started going forward. I was returning to earth. Suddenly I felt something happening to the rocket. I went into one of the chambers and there stood some strange people. They were

music's coming to my favourite part."

Now what? Mam and Dad say. "Neil, it's time to go ho-ome." I relax. Now they're going to spend half-an-hour saying goodbye to everyone.

The grown-ups have finished discussing their children's education (cricket and politics being somewhat outmoded). This is when the food gets cold, the drinks go flat and a pall of uninviting stillness hangs in the air a few inches above the warm, fixed smiles of our hosts. "Come again soon," they call anxiously from the doorway. And I will. Don't get me wrong. There's nothing wrong with a party, whether it sounds to the ring of steel tumblers or Tiffany crystalware, as long as the food is good.

Neil Mondal

three times the size of me with huge eyes and legs. They spoke, "Take the rocket towards our planet Mars." I got a call from earth again. I started moving towards the radio when they took out their guns and fired at the radio. I felt very very afraid. Then I saw my friend getting up. He knew that I was in danger. He came up to me. We stood there staring at the men. The men pulled us towards their spaceship. It was a small one. It had landed on our rocket. We were made to sit in their spaceship. We flew off into space. We did not know where they were taking us. On earth the people were worried. They sent a few more people in spaceships to look for us. Suddenly I caught sight of one of the spaceships. The spaceship shot a missile and it hit us. I escaped and started floating in space. One of the spaceships caught me. I was pulled in and soon we were back on earth.

What a relief it was to be safe and sound at home.

Varun Puri
Class III A

DISCORD

Looking back into the past we come across a day,
this day has its own importance in many ways.
On this auspicious day an honourable Hindu militant chief,
Summoned his men to brief.
He asked for five soldiers ready to die for their Motherland,
And in an instant were risen five hands
Then the chief, Guru Gobind Singh did say,
"I rechristian these five, Singhs from this day."
Henceforth to the safety of the Motherland they were sworn,
And thus a new breed of Militants were born.
From them did emerge the Sikh Family,
They were nothing but, Hindu militants as we can see.
With the passage of time this family of Sikhs did grow,
Exactly like the Hindus', but in a different attire - as we know.

Many years later, now in the late twentieth century,
the harmony has perished as we can see.
The very brothers Hindus & Sardars, against each other are busy
Waging Wars.

May the affected innocent questions five?
Did the holy Guru suggest to put your brothers on a pyre
Or is it in Ramayan where it is depicted,
That with the very blood of your brothers make your sword red.
We have been brothers since the start of time,
So why slay each other and commit this unholy crime.

Why? and why must we fight,
That too against what is right.
For ages we have been brothers, haven't we?
So why destroy each other and lose our identity?

The differences are brewing between the Hindus and Sikhs,
Due to the evil efforts of a small bunch of Fantics.
To the peace of the nation they have become a pest.
The terrorist ! aided by nations which serve their own interest.
Little do we realise that in a similar way our freedom had we lost,
The freedom! for which none can estimate a cost.

To all my brothers I have a request to make,
Let's be one for India's sake,
We are not different in any respect,
Similar is our culture, similar are our texts.
So for the sake of our Motherland.
We are bound to walk hand in hand.

Shantanu

Happenings

Welham Now!!

- | | |
|--|---|
| * A movie was screened by the Picture Club - Short Circuit2. It was enjoyed by all students. | in Welham Girls High School in which Ashish Debroy & Aviral Singh won the first place. |
| * The 13 day talk 'Threshold to Adulthood' commenced recently. | * The entire community at Welham wishes the students taking for their I.C.S.E. and I.S.C. exams best of luck. |
| * An Elocution Contest was held | |

Brain Teasers

FATHERS AND SONS

Statement A :

Both fathers always tell the truth or both fathers always lie.

Statement B :

One son always tells the truth and one son always lies.

Statement C :

Statement A and B are not both lies.

Of the statements above and the men who made them :

[1] Gregory made one of the statements, his father made another of the statements, and his son made the remaining statement.

[2] Each father and son mentioned in the statements

refers to one of the three men.

[3] Each man either always tells the truth or always lies.

Which statement - A,B, or C - was made by Gregory?

SOLUTION SCHEME :-

Here's a chart :

Statement A

Statement B

Statement C

Write "True" or "False" for each statement so that no condition is contradicted and so that the truth or falseness of each man's statement is not contradicted.

In the Welham Arena of Sports

Sports Review

Once more the cricket season started with a bang. Young enthusiasts are seen all over the ground stroking the ball around. The rate at which injured cricketers are visiting the gained school hospital shows the game has momentum.

The school team played the first match of the season against the Challenge Club. Put into bat, the Challenge Club lost a couple of early wickets but soon recovered to score 114 runs in 25 overs. Divesh Singh and Ashok Malik were the strike bowlers from our side with an individual haul of 4 and 3 wickets respectively. Our openers too fell easy prey to their swing bowlers. Our middle order collapsed too. Avinash Kumar who for a while, seemed to be putting things back in order soon returned after being bowled. The tail enders seemed to show glimpses of their hidden talent with Kabeer Bajaj hoisting a six over the mid wicket boundary. Devraj Singh played a balanced game but all in vain as we were bundled out

for a mere 64 runs.

Challenge

114 all out
in 20 overs.

WBS

64 all out

In the second match we played DAV college. Winning the toss and deciding to bat the DAV college team got off to a fine start, with one of their openers scoring a century. Their innings was highlighted by 8 fours and 5 sixes. They amassed a massive total of 160 runs in 20 overs. We too got off a flying start due to Mohinder Bedi and Rajnish Goswami. Bedi showing impeccable form, hit some exquisite drives to score a well made 54 runs. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Avinash Kumar blasted the bowling with a fiery knock of 30 runs studded with two towering sixes and saw his team safely home. It was surely a deserving victory.

DAV College

160 for 3
in 20 overs.

WBS

163 for 3
in 17.3 overs

The school's junior team started with an impressive win over Moravian School in the

Council Tournament. Put into bat our openers faired well with Harjot scoring a nail biting 71. Neeraj played a supporting role to contribute valuable 23 runs in the total of 160 runs in 20 overs. In their innings too, we were on the driver's seat from the beginning bundling them for just 46 runs Chirdeep did some good work with the ball which fetched him three wickets and the team emerged triumphant.

<u>WBS</u>	<u>Moravian</u>
160 for 7	46 all out
in 20 overs	

Our next match was played against the Thomasian Club, who put into bat were dismissed for a mere 96 runs. Devraj Singh, Ashok Malik and Avinash Kumar bowled excellently finishing with 4, 3 and 3 wickets respectively. In our innings

Bedi once again came up with an excellent 50 after recovering from a shaky start. There was no difficulty in scoring the required runs and we were rewarded with another victory.

<u>Thomasian</u>	<u>WBS</u>
96 all out	100 for 1
in 20 overs	in 13.3 overs

The school's junior team played their second match against Constanian School in which the latter managed a score of 60 runs in 20 overs. The highlights of the Welham innings were a good opening stand between Harjot (20) Neeraj (25). It was an easy victory for the Welhamites.

<u>Constania</u>	<u>WBS</u>
60 all out	63 for 4
in 20 overs	in 4.2 overs

मध्य-सत्र अवकाश

हम मध्य-सत्र अवकाश बिताने केदारनाथ गए थे। सारे प्रयागों को पार करते हुए हम गौरीकुंड पहुंचे। यात्रा में हमें हम करीब बारह घंटे लग गए थे। गौरीकुंड पहुंच कर हमने खाना खाया और विश्राम-गृह में जाकर सो गए।

सुबह सूरज की किरणों ने हमारे कमरे में प्रवेश किया। चिड़ियों ने चहचहाना आरम्भ किया। इन सत्र से ऐसा भास हाता जैसे यह हमें जागृत करना चाहती हैं।

सुबह के दस बजे थे कि हमने केदारनाथ की पद-यात्रा आरम्भ की। हमें चौदह किलोमीटर का रास्ता तय करना था। मार्ग बड़ा दुर्गम था, परन्तु उसके साथ-साथ दिलचस्प भी। पहाड़ों की शीतल वायु

मेरे कानों को नश्वर की तरह काटे जा रही थी। पत्तियों की सरसरहाट से यह महसूस हुआ कि जैसे वायु ने मुझ से कुछ चुपके से कान में कहा हो। अन्त में हम केदारनाथ पहुंचे। वहाँ हमने अपना खाना खाया जो बड़ा स्वादिष्ट था।

संध्या के समय जब सारी प्रकृति सो जातो है, सारा वातावरण सुनसान हो जाता था। परन्तु झरने की आवाज सदा आती रहती। इसी प्रकार दिन व्यतीत होते थे। मध्य-सत्र अवकाश को समाप्त होने में एक ही दिन बाकी था। अगले दिन हम स्कूल वापस लौट आए। यह मध्य-सत्र अवकाश मेरे लिए चिरस्मरणीय है।

अतुल्य सिंह

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