



THE OLIPHANT

No. 86

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

1 April, 1989

THINK ABOUT IT

Newspapers have degenerated. They may now be absolutely relied upon.

—Oscar Wilde

Editorial

As there is not much news from home, I am obliged to fill some of my letters to my family with details of what's going on in school. It struck me that such a letter would serve as a novel form of editorial. An excerpt :

"So, family, you've started sending the furniture to Bangalore. By air, I suppose? Pray that none of it gets sunk/water—logged/damaged in any way/confiscated by a customs officer/borrowed to bribe a customs officer etc.

Dad, you asked me how the boys liked the photographs you took at the school fete. Well, the guys liked them a lot—some even went so far as to say you must be a pretty good photographer. But this admiration pales beside their envy of my Dunlop tennis shoes, anti—dandruff hair tonic.....

Thanks for the birthday present. What deceptive wrapping paper! Everyone, including Mr. Kandhari, thought it was a box of chocolates. You should have seen my classmates help me up the stairs to my dorm, where they begged me to rip the package open immediately; should have seen their faces as I did so. The brighter they were, the harder they fell. A chess and draughts set.

No, I'm not very popular with my classmates nowadays. They weren't too happy when I sel-

fishly declined to treat *them* on my birthday. Tut, tut!

Thank you for sending me my music book too. The moment Bharat Bajaj saw it, he wanted me to teach him to play the piano. I have hopes for my pupil. He is very bright, very eager and very probably wants to impress his girlfriends.

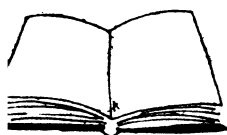
My briefcase is now public property. My classmates are using it to hoard their food, safe from marauding XII ites. My whole cupboard is now an extension of Akash Kumar's territory ('Mondal darling, take care of my sunglasses' 'Mondal baby, where is your skin lotion?').

Speaking of XII ites, they're passing out—in a nearly literal sense. One of them booted classmate Janmejaya Rai out of his bunk, and fell asleep in it himself. (Poor old Janme's been needing a blanket over his head since he came to school as bald as a coot. It looked like he'd had a fight with a lawnmower.)

So everything's quite normal at Welham. Write soon.

Love
Neil"

Thus, having no qualms about turning this hallowed front page into a gossip column. I conclude this week's editorial.



The Literary Affairs of Welham

The following essays won the Mira Sundaram Essay Contest awards for 1989

Was She Missing ?

"Yes, there it was again—a faint but regular tapping on the window pane. Seema stole out of bed and pulled aside the curtain."

The next moment she came dashing back to her bed. Her face was pale and tears were rolling down her cheeks. The glow in the embers was getting dimmer and it was a chilly night. I ran up to her and tried to console her,

instead, her weeping increased. As she calmed down, she struggled to speak but, the words stuck in her throat. She could not even turn her head towards the window, out of sheer fright. The low, steady tapping on the window pane continued.

On seeing her state, I lost courage. Finally, (screwing up all my courage), I proceeded towards the window. There was not a single sound. At this hour over half the world is asleep and the devil is on the prowl. One can see the great figure of the werewolf in the distance howling in the moonlight. I could hear my heart beat as if it was in my mouth. When I reached the window, I stood motionless staring blankly at a white ghostly figure. A crooked wand tapped at our window. No soul was holding it.

Suddenly, I felt my scarf tighten around my neck. I was pulled out through the window and dropped into the laurel bushes which grew thickly behind the house. Not a single limb of my body moved. The next instant, there was nobody

around. The figure had vanished into thin air.

After lying motionless for a couple of minutes, I looked around. Everything was normal. I raised myself on unsteady legs and walked to the house. A horrible fear seized me as I saw my room. It has been ransacked. All our clothes and other belongings lay hither thither. Above all Seema was missing. I entered the room shivering like a frightened pup. There was no sign of anything extraordinary. I noticed an odd article near the bed and as I stooped to pick it up, I tripped and fell headlong with a somersault.

Suddenly, I was aroused from my sleep and I found myself under my bed wrapped in my quilt and I could hear the subdued weeping of Seema even as she slept.

I do not know if one can attribute it to coincidence but this incident remains a mystery in my mind even now.

Neeraj Kakati

Strange But True

I held my breath as the door opened slowly. The tension in my mind was unbearable. My heart beats seemed to echo all around the room. The door creaked. All was silent.....A short shadow emerged from the mysterious basement. As street lamps rays seemed to light his face, the expression on it made a chill run down my spine. He was a short, grotesque looking man of about thirty. His blood shot eyes and long nails added even more to the horror of his appearance. He walked across the room limping with his left foot. He seemed not to see me but I had seen him. The church clock struck twelve as he walked across Moscutch Avenue. The chilly weather seemed to hurt us both. It had been half an hour since I had started following him. We were on the edge of Krayford, a deserted village on a ruined heath, away from urban areas. He then turned away into a corner. As I reached the empty cobbled street nothing moved. He was out of sight. As I turned back fully lost, I caught a glimpse of the man again, now making his way to a small bungalow. As I reached the gates of the beautiful house I read the nameplate which had these words inscribed—"Chief Justice Igor Vladimir". I could now sense murder. Blood stains all over the body. Would I be in time to stop the man? Was he really intending to commit such a dastardly crime? I moved into the house through the small pathway. I tucked my hands into my pockets to feel for my automatic. The cold metal piece lay still in the right-hand side pocket of my huge over coat. I peeped through the window and found Mr. Vladimir lying still on his bed. I was too late.

Suddenly, as if by a miracle he turned and I gave a huge sigh of relief. I then prepared myself for the attack and hid in a barrel outside the room.

I peeped out through a small hole, in the barrel. I lay there resting against the wooden staves. Five minutes later I jerked out of my deep thoughts. I could hear distant foot-steps. Tap-Tap-Tap!! The noise came through the serene moonlit night. Suddenly it faded away.

The door opened and the man walked in. Fear overcame me. Should I go inside and risk my life? I grasped the steel covering of the barrel and jumped out. Through the frost-covered tinted glass I saw the blurred figure of the helpless old man. I could not believe this was happening to me. A scream escaped my mouth, I flung the door open and ran to old man's rescue. All this was too fast for the killer; I leapt towards him and turned the barrel of the gun towards the wall. A shot was heard. Vladimir realized the danger he was in and ran out to get rescue; leaving me alone to my dreadful fateto death.

We struggled to avoid each other's gun. Suddenly, the gun fired. Then all was silent. Soon the cries of the maddened crowd surrounding Vladimir could be heard.

I got up weakly, breathing heavily. Red spots covered my huge grey fur overcoat. Blood dripped from the other man's body. I grasped and took support from the railing on the side. I walked out

of the room. The fresh air came and soothed me. I had left a corpse behind. Yes, The strange killer was dead unidentified.

I peeped out of the hole and unfortunately a

pair of trousers blocked my view. The figure then slowly advanced towards the entrance. Sweat ran down my forehead. I could distinctly hear my own breath.

Sonal Rampal

Give A Dog A Bad Name

I am the pride of my master. Of all his fifteen dogs I am treated the best, groomed with the best brush and fed twice as much as the other dogs. You can call me Batka.

I live in a large bungalow on the outskirts of Paris that belongs to a great shipping tycoon. He is in his early sixties and passes his time with us fifteen dogs. He has enough money for him to live and die about ten times over.

We fifteen are treated very well, but are taken out only at particular times. We follow a fine routine. My dream is to make it to the inner areas of the city and watch the fast moving city life.

One day while I was asleep a delicious aroma awakened me. My mouth began to water. I sat up and noticed something great. The house gate was open and our leashes were too. My partners were sleeping. We were about to be fed and the butler had left the gate and the leashes open. I slunk out of the house and advanced towards this mysterious aroma. I saw a car zoom by. At that time I remembered my dream. That's it ! I had a golden opportunity to fulfil my dream, and so I began my adventures.

I wandered away and began to run toward the hustle-bustle of the city. The Eiffel Tower proved that I was in Paris ! I had come to know about the Eiffel Tower from the butler. He had even drawn it and shown the picture to me. I decided to go up the Eiffel Tower. As the lift door opened many persons got into it and so did I. The journey was very long but on reaching the top I was very excited. My small square tail (I am a Doberman) wagged as I saw the vast network of road ways. The vehicles looked like ants moving on small black lines. I was above all skyscrapers. After this wonderful trip I decided to make some

friends. In the morning I was lazing around when in the corner of the street I saw a big dog. I thought it would quarrel with me but still I gathered all my courage and went to it and said, "Hello !". He was not at all jealous. Instead he wagged his tail and licked me. He shook hands in friendship. As I had seen him in a corner I named him 'Corny'. Now we were united, 'Corny and Batka the adventurers, Corny told me many of his escape from various Municipal Dog Pounds. He told me how he had once tricked the van driver and escaped. Both of us had a wonderful time. We began to wander in search of food. Corny gave me a big bone which he said he had stolen from a marriage party. He taught me how to steal and soon I was as experienced as him. Once while crossing a road to steal some delicious food from a Birthday Party, a bus nearly ran over us. After this, escaping from accidents became a sort of game for us. We would scramble under a car or zig-zag amongst the traffic. This seemed to be utterly enjoyable but sooner or later we were to know that the Municipal Dog Pound was searching for us because of our naughtiness. Soon the day came and we were caught red handed stealing some cabbage from a garden. Then we were taken to the dog-pound. I was displayed on the T.V. broadcasting programme as my collar had my address on it, but my friend Corny had to remain in the dog-pound. My master came to take me home. I was really very sad about parting with Corny. I wept bitterly and so did he.

On reaching home my master gave me a beating never to be forgotten. I was washed, brushed and groomed. Never was I let free again

Now it is all over, but still I await Corny's cry for me and I am sure, that, one day he shall come and we shall meet each other again.

Pranit Anand

Lampoon

VIEWS ON THE SUMMER UNIFORM

- * If there's one thing I don't want to be seen in is that summer uniform. Those 'HAWALDAR SHORTS' can be embarrassing at times.
- * The thick woollens are back in the Linen room, where they belong and the cool shirts 'n' shorts are back in vogue. (and about time too.)
- * Oooh ! As the coolest one !
- * I hate to be crammed in those thick blazers and ties which go right upto your (choke !) throat. I think kurta pyjamas are a lot more informal.
- * Summer uniform means wearing sandals and if the gorillas saw my feet they'd probably go

commit suicide. (They always thought, they had bigger ones.)
P.S.—Boy ! Do I have Cinderella feet.

* Unfortunately our suave images will have to give way to the school-boy ones.....Gulp !
Sob ! But as you know the old order must change to the new.

Happenings

Welham Now

- The prefectorial elections were held and the appointments announced :

School Captain :
Dhiraj Kakati

House Captains
Jamuna—Nikhil Kriplani
Krishna—Mohit Saigal
Cauvery—Ankush Bansal
Ganga—Puneet Trehan
P.H.—Yogeshwar Singh

School Prefects
Parth Arora
Avinash Kumar
Mohinder Bedi

Newcomers to the School Staff :
Mr. Nitish Bhattacharjee—*Computers*
Ms. Sunayana Gaur—*Hindi/Sanskrit*
Miss Anjali Pant—*Junior School*
Mr. P.N. Malhotra—*Maths*
Mrs. Kiran Sethi—*English*
Mr. Anil Sharma—*Catering Officer*
Mrs. Charanjit Kaur Jassal—*Punjabi*
Mr. Shorab—*Music*

Mr. Bashir Ahmed—*Music*

Teachers Leaving :
Ms. Sarabjit Kaur
Mr. Ravi K Sharma

★ ★ ★

- The results of the Mira Sundaram Essay writing competition are as follows.
Group A Niraj Kakati
Group B Sonal Rampal.
Group C Pranit Anand.
- The verandahs outside the Red Building and Electronics room have been converted into rooms.
- A new C.C.A. House Keeping is being started and will be supervised by Mrs. Deshpande.
- The I.C.S.E. over and the boys of class ten have gone home for a 17 day break.

Brain Teasers

Answer To The Last Edition's Brainteaser

One digit must be 9. Then from line 1 and line 2, 9 must go with 1 and 3. One digit must be 8. Then, from line 1 and 2, 8 must go with either 1 and 4 or 2 and 3. One digit must be 7. Then, from line 1 and line 2, 7 must go with either 1 and 5 or 2 and 4. One digit must be 6. Then, from line 1 and 2, 6 must go with either 2 and 5 or 3 and 4.

From the diagram no digit may be used in more than 2 sums. This means that 9 goes with 1 and 3.

Case I. If 8 goes with 1 and 4, then 7 goes with 2 and 4; and 6 goes with 2 and 5.

Case II. If 8 goes with 2 and 3, then 6 goes with 2 and 5; and 7 goes with 1 and 5.

But Case II is impossible because the digit 4 does not occur. So Case I is correct and, from the diagram, E must be 4. A possible arrangement of the digits is shown below.

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9 3 1
  8
4 7 2
  5
  6

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In The Arena of Sports

The Inter House Cricket tournament was played with much gusto, having its dark and bright sides as usual once again. It all was to begin on 7th March 1989 the day of the opening tie between India and the West Indies. Indeed it was an auspicious day. From then the fortnight long tournament became interesting till the last match.

First we will take a look at the seniors section where the matches have their own attraction and always upstage the Juniors matches. Jamuna was to play Krishna. These 2 teams were the hot favourites, Jamuna started off shakily losing the prestigious Bedi wicket cheaply. Then young Anurag played a cavalier innings and saved Jamuna. Then came Divesh Singh scoring a brisk 23 runs. From Krishna, Devraj Singh ripped through the Jamuna batting side taking 6 wickets. Jamuna are all out for 126 runs. Krishna batted first and were off to a beautiful start given by their opener Jalaj Saroj. After him no one stayed at the crease when Jalaj scored amidst loud cheering. Then there was a noise collapse but Deepak Kataria came to the rescue. In the end with 3 overs to go Krishna scored the runs in a nail biting match.

The second match was between Cauvery and Ganges. Cauvery scored 132 runs in which Sumeet Misra scored 33 runs. Then Cauvery couldn't put up any resistance as they stumbled. Ganga scored a nice victory with some beautiful batting by Prashant Kochar and Raghev Banta who played well.

The 3rd match was played between Jamuna and Ganges. In this match Jamuna amassed a total of 151 in which there was an excellent knock by Divesh Singh who scored 59 not out and helped Jamuna score the grand total. Also Mahinder Bedi played a hard hitting knock. Ganges was off to a shaky start and was only rescued in the end by some spectacular batting from Raghav Banta and Prashant Kochar who scored an unbeaten 50 and led Ganga to victory.

After that Krishna played Cauvery house. Cauvery played all right and managed to score 120 plus runs but couldn't stand up to the spin of Devraj Singh. It was highlighted by an excellent innings by Rajnish Goswami scoring 44 not out. From Krishna house they started very badly as Ashok Malik removed 2 batsmen for no score in their first over. Then Deepak Kataria and Kabeer Bajaj carried Krishna on their shoulders scoring 45 and 57 respectively. Devraj Singh led Krishna to victory in the end.

Then Krishna played Ganga. Ganga batted first and scored 104 runs which was highlighted by

a great knock by Rajnish Yadav who scored 51 runs. Krishna batting second, couldn't stand up to the bowling of Ganga house and wickets fell at regular intervals till Kabeer Bajaj and Amer Singh rescued Krishna. In the end Paresh removed Amer Singh and Devraj in quick succession in his tally of 4 wickets. Who expected Krishna to win? Janmejai did. As confident as a test player he steered Krishna in a nailbiting match.

The last match was played between Cauvery and Jamuna on a bright Sunday morning. Jamuna batted first and amassed a mammoth total of 195 runs in 30 overs. Mohinder Bedi finally proved his calibre and scored 90 runs after being dismissed ten short of what would have been his century. Anurag Kumar scored another brilliant 70 runs featuring a record-breaking stand of 150 runs for the second wicket.

Then when Cauvery batted, Yogeshwar Singh and Vikrant Lamba played very well scoring 84 not out and 56 runs respectively but still could not take Cauvery to victory falling short by 15 runs.

On the other hand in Juniors the match first played was between Cauvery and Ganga. The main feature of this innings of 129 runs of Cauvery, was a most memorable knock by skipper Harjyot Singh in his 74 not out. Gaurav Wahi scored 28 but was over shadowed by Harjyot's excellent knock. Shaib Khan and Chirdeep did not even care a bit. Shaib took 4 wickets and Chirdeep Parashar 3 wickets each as they stumbled.

Next match was a low scoring match between Jamuna and Krishna. Jamuna started very cheaply as wickets fell at regular intervals and Jamuna were all out for a mere 63 runs. No one had any major contribution in the low Jamuna score. When Krishna house batted, the Jamuna Captain in a quick spell of bowling removed 4 Krishna players. But once his overs finished Krishna, had a fine victory.

After this match Cauvery played Krishna house. It was an interesting match in the beginning. Cauvery batted first and once again their skipper showed fine touch and scored a nice 30 plus runs. And then a good knock from Wahi helped Cauvery reach a fine total. This was followed by Krishna's poor batting. Chasing a score of 127 they were all out for 99. Only in the end Piyush Kedia and Prakash Jaiswal batted well but could not face the brilliant bowling of Chirdeep Parashar who removed 4 wickets. It was all an interesting affair.

Next Ganga played Jamuna. This match was to be a very crucial one from the Juniors point of view. Ganga and Jamuna had lost a match each. Ganga batted first and from good bowling Sachin Karol and Vikas Kumar dismissed the Ganga batsmen cheaply for a mere 63 runs. Jamuna batted next and there was a mini collapse as Jamuna was soon reeling at 28 for 4 wickets. Then I came and belted poor Ganga, finishing the affair in only 11 overs. I remained unbeaten with 34 runs.

The 5th match was played between Cauvery and Jamuna. Jamuna was the underdog and Cauvery was highly confident. Put into bat Cauvery was never comfortable except for a few moments when Harjot and Wahi went about their tasks. But their wickets fell in quick succession and Cauvery stumped to 73 runs. Then when Jamuna batted they again were in all sorts of trouble. All their batsmen failed miserably but again their skipper rose to the occasion and scored 33 not out as Jamuna won the match with one to go.

The final match was played between Ganga

and Krishna. This match was of virtually no importance as Krishna had already won the trophy. Anyway it was still played with a lot of gusto and enthusiasm. Ganga batted first and with the help of responsible knocks from Vidhura and Mohit Mehta they reached a huge score of 127 runs in 25 overs. Then Krishna batting second started off very well. Playing opener Rahul Gupta scored 50 and was in very good touch. Gautam Khattar gave another sparkling performance with 42 not out. Despite brilliant knocks from these two the match was completed only as the last ball.

So ended the prestigious Inter House tournament. All the various awards were distributed. In the Senior Division Divesh Singh bagged the Best Batsman award and Devraj Singh the Best Bowler's award. In Juniors the batsman's and bowler's accolades went to Gautam Khattar and Pawandeep Saluja respectively. My felicitations to all of them on behalf of the editorial board.

An Revoir
Ritesh Khanna



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Published by Welham Boys' School, Printed at EBD Printers', Dehra Dun. Registration No. 20208/86