

THE OLIPHANT

No. 90

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

28th MAY, 1989

THINK ABOUT IT

Whenever cannibals are on the brink of starvation, heaven in its infinite mercy, sends them a nice plump missionary.

Oscar Wilde

Editorial

The venue was a bathroom in P.H., the time was 6.45 p.m. The subject an exhausted eleventhee, who had just return from a gruesome game of hockey. At a height of five feet nine inches, towel clad, he looked like the perfect body-builder. Except, there was one thing wrong. His body was covered by a layer of soap and he was yelling "Help! WATER!!"

An exaggeration, you may say. Certainly not. The water situation is really deplorable as many may have observed themselves. The crisis started as another of the routine warnings from the principal about shortage of water. Within a few days it was bad enough for even the most careless people to start looking for open taps which should be turned off.

The crisis became even more taxing for yours truly and his classmates. We were named the 'Thirstbusters'. Our mode of operation was simple. Walk to the office block and fill the bottles of water for

yourselves and seniors. So, the 'Thirstbusters' are the ones praying for normal water conditions the most.

However life is not as depressing as it may appear. After all, with only one week left for the end of term, everyone's having a nice time. Among juniors, calendars reminding them of the hours, days etc. left for the end of term have been hung in their cupboards. Plans for the holidays are being made with great enthusiasm and vivre.

Before wishing everyone the traditional 'Happy Holls, I would like to convey the best wishes of the school to all those including myself whose results shall be out perhaps the day you are reading this Editorial. Apprehension of our results dominates the excitement of the forthcoming holiday.

Wishing everyone a great holiday...

Yours Nail-Bitingly
Saurav Sinha

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Ritesh : Ma'am is your fridge running?

Matron : Yes.

Ritesh : Then run after it!

* * *

Ashish : What did the tiger say when Baldeo asked him whether the train was on time?

Sonaal : Don't axe me!! (Don't ask me).

Naved : I didn't have the faintest idea what the answers were. So, I left my paper blank.

Sudeep : Oomph! I'm afraid the teacher's going to say I was copying your work.

* * *

SB : Anuj, Why are you late.

Anuj : Mamma'am, I, I was dreaming of

a football match.

SB : But how does that make you late.

Anuj : Simple. Because they played for extra time.

* * *

BH : Shankar, which travels faster heat or cold.

Shankar : Sir, Heat.

BH : Give a reason for your answer

* * * * *

Shankar : Sir, because you can catch cold.

* * *

MY : Why are you late for your rehearsal?

Witch : Ma'am I was helping the 2nd witch.

MY : What was the 2nd witch doing?

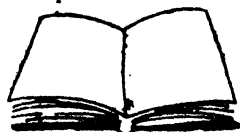
1st Witch : Nothing.

A FAREWELL

It is not every student who is given the privilege of being taught by someone who makes a subject not only comprehensible but interesting for him. So it is with great reluctance that we bid farewell to our lively Head of the English Dept., Miss M. Yadav.

We hope that she has derived some pleasure from teaching English to classes of bright, if not always attentive, schoolboys; conversely, we hope that she has instilled in us some small fraction of that 'literary awareness' that marks an educated person (despite our efforts to the contrary). We may expect, by now to also have a good grasp of English as she is spoke'. Ahem!

Miss Yadav has presided over the Oliphant for three years now,



THE PERSON WHO INFLUENCED MY LIFE IN SCHOOL

The day dawned bleak and chilly. It was the day I was to leave the school in which I had been studying for the last ten years. I was to leave on the ten o'clock train for Delhi.

Having nothing to do since I had packed earlier on, I leisurely got out of bed and dressed up.

I decided that I would go around saying goodbye to my friends and teachers.

The first teacher I went to was my first house matron. She looked very insignificant because of her stature but her influence on the boys would last a lifetime. At the time I joined her hostel I felt very lonely and vulnerable, leaving my parents for the first time. It was she who made me

encouraging the lucky few of us who have been involved in the school magazine's production to do our level best : Keeping us busy, rushing to meet deadlines, flushed with enthusiasm - she has inspired us to make a better magazine.

Our thanks go to her also for being such an able - bodied and effective director for our numerous school plays. Entertaining and well-coordinated, they could not have succeeded without her guidance.

Finally, the board, and indeed a whole generation of boys with little red marks in their English registers, wishes Miss Yadav the very best of luck and every success in whatever she may do, wherever she may go in the future.

The Editorial Board

The Literary Affairs of Welham

feel at home. She told us how good little boys always managed to come out on top. Coming from a liberal family I did not really have much faith in God or Satan but she put the love of God in me. She advised us not to throw our broken teeth away, "Wrap them in plain white paper and keep them under your pillow when you sleep. Fairies will come and exchange your tooth for a chocolate", she said. Every boy whether good or bad invariably got a reward. Now I can almost visualise a short squat woman travelling in the darkness with chocolates in her hand and quietly placing them under the pillow of a sleeping boy. So much for fairies and angels. I suppose she was a bit of an angel herself.

She had a natural genius for story-telling. My favourite was 'The Wishing Chain' by Enid Blyton. We would assemble in the playroom for her to come and tell us her stories. Good

invariably triumphed over evil in her stories.

One day I became a 'big' boy and had to leave the hostel. I promised myself that I would visit her every Sunday, but being a big boy had its share of fun and troubles and I soon forgot about this magnificent old lady and her angels.

Occasionally as I would trudge past her hostel for my evening classes I would hear her voice, "They were these three boys and they owned a wishing chain ---"

I would feel a lump in my throat and would peep through a window into the playroom. There would be little boys sitting with an expectant silence as the little boy in front of them would tell them a story.

As I bade farewell to this remarkable woman I realized that I was growing up in life. She would soon again fade from my memory, but I knew that the values of love, kindness and hope that she had instilled in me would remain with me for ever.

They are as important to me as they were when I was a little boy in a hostel.

Rajkamal Phukan

THE HUNT

I have never been on a hunt in my life. I have read a lot about them, but that's all I know about them. My story, therefore cannot be based on personal experience.

I am a direct descendant of the Maharaja of Patiala. We still live in a palace, with floors covered with thick rugs and walls adorned with huge paintings. To maintain such standards is by no means easy. We can no longer afford to be casual in money matters.

Parties are a part of life. There is a party at the palace, at least twice a week. During one of them, my mother misplaced her diamond ring. The matter was suppressed till after the party. When everyone had left, 'the hunt' for the ring started. Every corner of the Diwan-E-Khas was searched, but there was no trace of the ring.

The rugs were searched carefully and then rolled. The sofas and arm-chairs were all turned upside down the floors were swept and the ashtrays cleaned. One of the servants even had the sense to go through the food lying around. Though it sounds a bit foolish, the paintings and chandeliers were brought down and searched.

The room was full of people in a high state of excitement till the early hours of the morning. The hunt so far had been in vain. It was abandoned for the moment so that everyone could catch up on some sleep. In my sleep, I dreamt about the search for the ring. I had found the ring in a rat hole and was getting a prize for it. I woke up in a excitement and found the ring in the rat hole ---

No, this time I really woke up and found myself still in bed. Noises from the East Wing of the house, informed me that the search was still on. I jumped out of bed and went looking for a rat hole. There was no rat hole to be found, for our house, however old it was, had been well maintained.

The search resumed its normal systematic pattern. My mother was now beginning to lose hope of finding 'the ring, and was deciding what to wear for the next party.

We Maharajas have always kept our family history up to date. Every single event has been mentioned in these thick volumes which have been filled over the last few decades.

This event was also granted a mention and was titled 'The Hunt'.

Bharat Bajaj

ALL ALIVE

I was in a Concorde heading towards New York. It was about 3.00 p.m. the sun was shining with all its might, but inside the air-craft it was very cool.

The air hostess was offering sweets to the passengers. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the movie being shown; when suddenly there was a crashing sound. I was terrified and thought that the plane was about to fall into the Atlantic. Then, a tray containing sweets came to me automatically. A sweet unwrapped itself, and went down into my stomach.

At first I was amazed and the next moment I was laughing. I realised that everything around me was alive.

The actors in the movie were Bud Spencer and Terence Hill. Both, on coming to life started walking around the plane. Everyone rushed to them for autographs, but sadly the pens agreed to write only for the persons who were polite. Luckily, I managed to receive an autograph.

When I went back to my seat I fell with a thud. My seat had moved. I found it washing itself. My hanky was washing itself too.

I somehow requested my bag to open and took out a book to read. But the words in the book were very busy. They were all jumbled up and were playing amongst themselves.

The toys in the play room created

havoc. One of the rag-dolls started to tickle me. I was irritated and I slapped it. It boxed me. Finally I knocked it out.

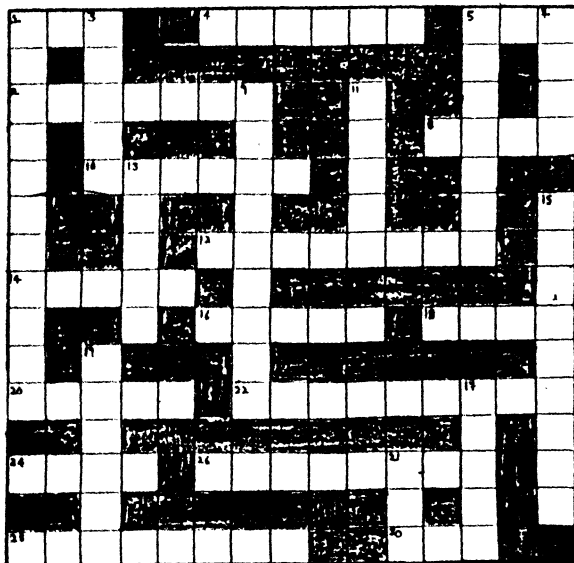
A young boy's spectacles were thanking him for looking after them properly.

This sort of thing continued until we were about to touch down, when there was again a crashing sound and everything went back to normal. The dolls were dead, the seats too, so were the actors and the sweet. After a few moments the plane landed. When this story was told to the people at the airport, and later the reporters, they all laughed.

This mystery ends here. Nobody knows what the cause of it was or whether such a thing will happen again.

Pranit Anand

LA CROSS-WORDE



CLUES

DOWN :

1. Study of prehistoric remains
3. Select group
5. American President
7. Small-tailed amphibian
9. Homesickness

11. Misgiving
13. Foreign language
15. Bizarre
17. Very fat or corpulent
21. Mineral-yielding metal

ACROSS :

1. Bear
2. War fought in Crimean Peninsula
4. Country house
5. One's relative
8. Unit of speed in water
10. Pass away
12. Grave disaster
14. Small house
16. Anguish
18. Badger's burrow
20. Filled with compassion
22. Doubtful
24. Fearful
26. Engulf
28. Prison in France
30. Female sheep

Amit Saraogi and
Sonaal Rampal

P.S. A five rupee prize to anyone who solves it.

WEHAM Now!!

* The school play 'A Shakespearian Masquerade' was staged on the 12th and 14th of this month. It was Miss Yadav's last production. My heartiest congratulations to her on behalf of

the whole school.

* The school has been affected this fortnight by an acute water shortage.

* Shantanu Srivastava has been appointed the school tennis captain.

* As yet another term ends, the boys who took their I.C.S.E. and I.S.C. exams this year will get their results. Best of luck to all of them, but for now like true Welhamites the Oliphant board wishes all of you

'HAPPY HOLDS'

* Miss Yadav will be leaving the school at the end of this term to get married on June, 1st, 1989.

* Mr Gosain and his wife have been blessed with a baby son.

BON-VOYAGE CAROL

As yet another term draws to a close all of us Welhamites will miss the familiar figure who used to trail behind Mrs. Raina so faithfully around the entire campus - Carol.

His mild temperament endeared him immensely to all of us and his loss has been mourned by the entire community.

In the Welham Arena of Sports

In the midst of the hockey season, heavy rollers and sprinklers were brought down upon the ruined pitch to bring it back into shape for the match against D.P.S., Mathura Road.

The D.P.S. captain won the toss and decided to field so that his bowlers could take advantage of the early morning dew on the matted wicket. He succeeded to quite an extent as their opening bowler shattered Bedi's stumps when the latter attempted a very unorthodox stroke. With one down in the very first over, it surely was a litmus test for our middle order batsmen who did reasonably well to overcome the pressures of the game at that stage. Lamba and Avinash got down to some sensible batting to keep the score board in motion. After Lamba's departure, a victim of a run-out decision, Rajneesh joined Avinash to see his team sail safely through the danger zone, putting up fifty plus runs for the third wicket. Rajneesh exhibiting some fine book cricket strokes scored a well made 34. then came 'Masterblaster' Taleja who lambasted the D.P.S. attack to score a hurricane 50 highlighted with five towering sixes and three fours. And all the tail-enders chipped in with some lusty blows to put up a mammoth total of 263 in 35 overs.

The D.P.S. team found themselves in the doldrums with a controversial leg before decision going against them in the very first over of the innings. The visitors found themselves in further trouble losing three wickets in quick succession. But Tarun Gandhi

and Vikas Gupta dug themselves in defying the quick Welham pacers. Playing a very strategic game they seemed to produce another Waterloo for the Welhamites. Just when D.P.S. had everything going their way Gandhi was run out for an impeccable 102. The rest of their batsmen failed to create an impression as they succumbed to the brilliant spell of Ashok Malik. they were all out for 223, with a 40 runs deficit.

W.B.S.	D.P.S.
263 in 35 overs	223 all out

The hockey inter-house started off on an exciting note. In the very first match the heavyweights Ganga took on a brilliant Jamuna. As expected it turned out to be a thrilling encounter. Both the teams were consistently raiding each other's goals. In a sudden break away move Rajneesh sounded the first goal to put Ganga ahead. Bedi pulled one back for the Jamunaites to restore parity. After the breather proceedings were dominated by midfield play until a fresh goal by Rasna Taleja put Ganga ahead in the 60th minute of the game. Jamuna made every effort to equalise but Ganga defence, encouraged by the spirited Gerewal in the goal, managed to defend their citadel.

Jamuna	Ganga
1	2
(Mohinder Bedi)	(R.Yadav & Gagan Taleja)

The Krishna-Cauvery encounter too was a nail-biting one. It was a fast-paced match with Cauvery having the upper hand throughout the match.

Krishna defence held on stoutly till a minor lapse in the dying minutes of the game resulted in Vijit Singh deflecting the ball past the mistakenly charging goal-keeper. They who had fought so well came back with heavy hearts to bemoan their loss.

Cauvery
1
(Vijit Singh)

Krishna
0

My heartiest felicitations to Shantanu Srivastava for being appointed the school tennis captain.

Avinash Kumar



'WELHAMS WAS ALOT BETTER'
'निबन्ध'

आज के यांत्रिक जीवन के चक्रव्यूह में फंसा—मैं।
जैसे जैसे विज्ञान तरक्की कर रहा है वैसे वैसे ही
मनुष्य उसके जाल में फंस रहा है।

कहने को तो विज्ञान की तरक्की संसार के लिए
महत्वपूर्ण बात है परन्तु मेरे ख्याल में यह हमें प्रकृति
से दूर हटाकर यन्त्रों के शोर, प्रदूषण तथा उनके
द्वारा हुई हजारों दुर्घटनाओं के स्थान पर फँस रहा
है।

आज जब विज्ञान फायदे के लिए होना चाहिए,
मुझे अपने यांत्रिक जीवन के चक्रव्यूह में बुरी तरह
फंसा रहा है, जिससे निकलना बहुत मुश्किल है।

अपनी दादी से मैंने पुराने जमाने की बहुत कथाएँ
सुनी थीं। जिनमें अक्सर सुना कि साधू महाराज
जंगलों में शान्ति से जीवन बिता रहे हैं, परन्तु आज-
कल तो जंगलों का नामो निशान ही नहीं रहा।
जंगलों के स्थान पर आज ऊँची ऊँची इमारतें बन
गई हैं। जिनके नीचे खड़े होकर घूटन सी महसूस
होने लगती हैं।

यह ही नहीं विज्ञान की वजह से प्रदूषण इतना
फ़ल गया है कि एक दिन मैं जब स्कूल जाने के लिए
बस-स्टॉप पर खड़ा था और अपनी परीक्षा के लिए याद
करने की कोशिश कर रहा था, मेरे दिमाग में अपनी
किताब के अक्षरों की बजाए मोटर गाड़ियों का शोर,
उनके द्वारा प्रदूषित वातावरण के रोकथाम के लिए
विचार घूम रहे थे। जिसके कारण मेरे परचे बहुत
खराब गए। और इसके लिए मैं विज्ञान को ही दोषी
ठहराऊँगा।

शहरों में रह-रह कर मैं बहुत कुंठित हो चुका था
और ऊँची ऊँची इमारतें यन्त्र, वाहने आदि देख-देख
कर मेरी आँखें सूज गई थीं। मुझे चाहिए थी हरि-
याली, प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य आदि। और इसके लिए मैं
गाँवों की तरफ बढ़ा। सोचा था कि देहात में शान्ति
एवं स्वच्छ वातावरण मिलेगा परन्तु वहाँ पहुँचने पर
मेरी आँखें खुली की खुली ही रह गई क्योंकि
गाँवों में खेतों के बजाए बड़े-बड़े कारखाने खुल गए
थे, जंगल कटने शुरू हो गए थे और वातावरण प्रदू-
षित होना शुरू हो गया था। इस दुनिया में अब
शायद ही कोई ऐसा स्थान हो जहाँ मैं विज्ञान से
दूर प्रकृति में अपने आपको पाऊँ।

इन सब के अलावा सुबह से शाम तक मेरा जीवन
यन्त्रों तथा वैज्ञानिक चीजों के बीच ही रहता है।
जैसे सुबह बसों में सफर करना, स्कूल में कंप्यूटरों
के साथ पढ़ना, शाम को टी० वी० रेडियों के साथ
वक्त काटना।

मेरी जिन्दगी में तो वैज्ञानिक यन्त्रों के सिवाय
कुछ है ही नहीं और इस वैज्ञानिक चक्रव्यूह से
निकलना मेरे ख्याल में शायद असम्भव है।

शैलेन्द्र शर्मा
X

यांत्रिक जीवन के चक्रव्यूह में फंसा मैं

झोर से मेरी घड़ी की घंटी मेरे कान में बजी। अचानक झटके के साथ मेरी आँखें खुलीं। प्रातःकाल के साढ़े-सात बज गए थे। अपने बिस्तर की ओर देखते हुए मुझे अनुभव हुआ कि पिछली रात मैं काम करते-करते मेज पर ही सो गया था। दफ्तर जाने का समय हो गया था, लेकिन अब तक मेरा काम पूरा नहीं हो पाया था। अपनी पत्नी को उठाते हुए, मैं बोला, अब उठ भी जाओ। होटल जाने का इरादा है या नहीं? तुम्हारी घड़ी भी आजकल काम नहीं करती, क्या मुसीबत है।”

अपना दन्त मंजन और इलेक्ट्रिक शेवर का प्रयोग एक साथ प्रयोग करते हुए मैं चिल्लाया, “माफ़ करना, कल मैंने तुम्हारा ‘हेयर ड्रायर’ तोड़ डाला, आज अपने बाल ऐसे ही बना देना।” वह वापस चिल्लाई, “ओहो तुम भी कमाल के आदमी हो, जो भी चीज़ तुम्हारे हाथ में आती है समझो टूट ही गई। अब मैं अपने बाल ऐसा बना भी नहीं सकती, नहीं तो मेरा ‘स्टाईल’ खराब हो जाएगा। मैं तो भूल ही गई, तुम्हारे स्कूटर में तेल समाप्त हो गया है, आज तुम पैदल चले जाना, बस पाँच किलोमीटर की दूरी ही तो है। अरे हाँ! आज संजीव बोर्डिंग स्कूल से वापस आ रहा है, तुम उसे लेने चले जाना।” मैं मुंह धोते हुए बोला ‘नहीं! वह अब तेरह साल का नौजवान है, अब बच्चा नहीं रहा, वह अपने आप घर आ जाएगा, और फिर भी मेरे पास समय नहीं है। मुझे थोड़े पैसे दे दो, मैं दफ्तर टैक्सी से जाने वाला हूँ।”

थोड़ी देर बाद मैं दफ्तर की ओर निकला और ओर मेरी पत्नी होटल की ओर।

यह है आज के मनुष्य की दुर्दशा, सवेरे उठकर अपनी पत्नी के साथ दो-चार मीठी बातें भी नहीं कर सकता। इसका कारण कि प्यार की बातें करने के लिए समय नहीं है। अपने तेरह साल के बच्चे को एक आदमी बना दिया है। उसे घर लाने के लिए उनके पास समय नहीं है, क्या करें काम इतना ढेर सारा दफ्तर में जो पड़ा हुआ है। क्या हम अपने जैसों को माता-पिता बुला सकते हैं?

औद्योगिक क्रांति के साथ, स्त्री अपने बाल ‘हेयर ड्रायर’ के बिना नहीं बना सकती। एक चालीस साल का आदमी पाँच किलोमीटर की दूरी नहीं चल सकता गमियों में अगर बिजली चली गई, तो सब चिल्लाने लगते हैं, “हाय। वातानुकूलित यन्त्र के बिना तो हम मर ही जाएंगे।” माईक्रो वेव ‘आवन’ के बिना घर में तो भोजन ही नहीं बन सकता। अगर हमारी यह दशा है तो हमारे बच्चों का क्या होगा?

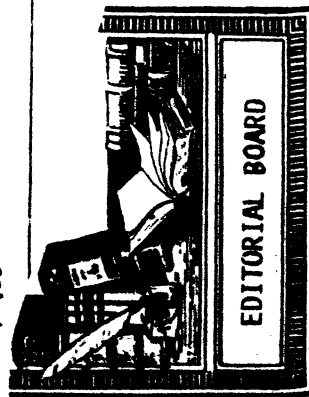
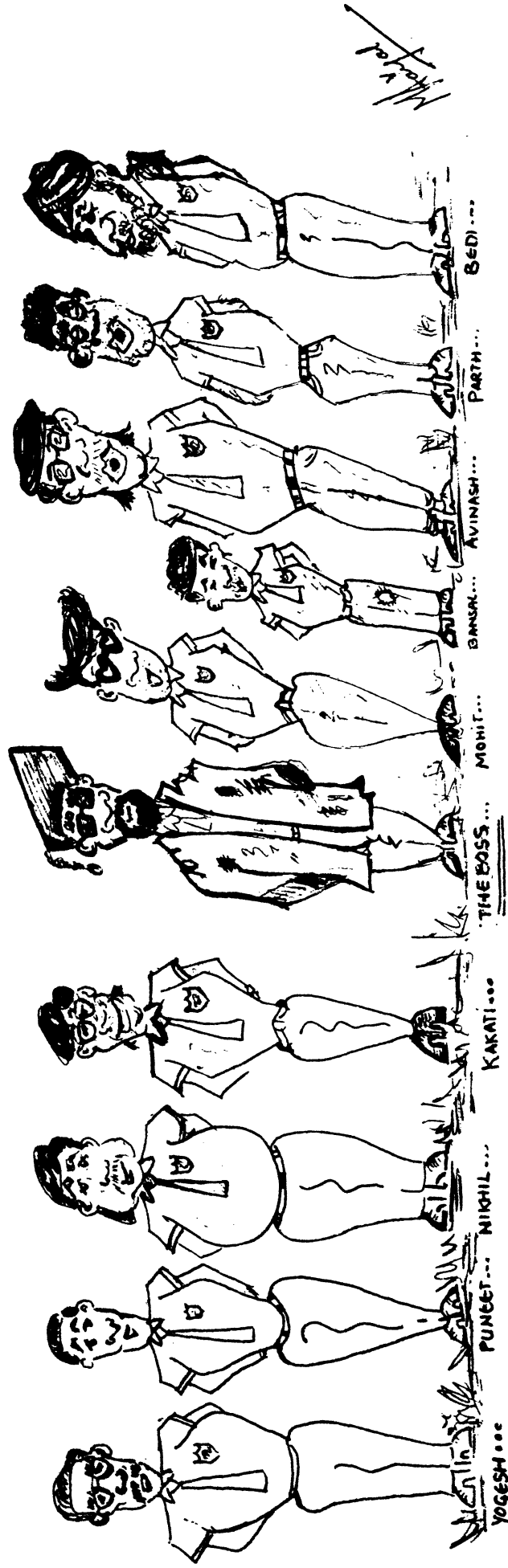
काम के भार से, हम अपने बच्चों पर ध्यान भी नहीं दे सकते। दफ्तर से आकर थक कर, हम अब बच्चों की परेशानियाँ तो क्या, उनसे बात भी नहीं कर सकते। मुझे कैसे पता कि मेरा बेटा, अपने अमीर मित्रों के संग सिग्रेट या शराब न पीता हो? अगर वह अपनी तकलीफों के लिए हम से सलाह पूछते हैं, तो हमारा थका दिमाग सलाह ही नहीं दे सकता। आज मुझे यकीन है कि यांत्रिक जीवन के मानसिक तनाव के चक्रव्यूह में मैं ज़रूर फँस गया हूँ, और इस चक्रव्यूह से निकलना अब मेरे लिए असम्भव हो गया है।

गीतम पुंज १०

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THE PREFECT PARADE



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Published by Welham Boys' School,

Printed at EBD Printers',

Dehra Dun

Registration No. 20208/86