

The Oliphant

No. 275

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

22nd August, 2002

Think About It....

All our lives we sweat and save,
Building for a shallow grave.

Jim Morrison (The Soft Parade)

EDITORIAL

It is too late to say welcome back and a perhaps a bit early to say that the school machinery has gained momentum. However what goes unquestioned is that the holidays that have gone by were full of events that didn't fail to captivate our attention. The

entree, of course being the FIFA World Cup. There was also a dash of the most publicized presidential election in history; topped with a hint of news from the UK of near absolute legalization of Marijuana. The corporate scandals in the States gave it an extra tang and the remake of the SC Chattarjee epic saga about the love triangle between man, woman and the bottle served as

a much needed garnishing. The dramatic Indian victory in the Natwest series, did make a savoury dessert. The past two months were a real appetizer for the news-hungry!

I have almost lost count of the number

of times I had people asking me when the first issue of the Oliphant was due. What would make an Editor happier than seeing so many people eagerly awaiting an issue; but then what would make him sorrier than not being able to satisfy them. We would have come

out with the issue in the very first week of the term, provided we be given the proper initiative. To start off the dilemma we began the term with a lost computer password. After days of repeated requests, when we finally got the computer working we were confronted with another hurdle - our computer had run out of

memory! That was expected of an ailing system used and abused by countless Oliphant Boards over the years, running on a mere 1 GB hard disk. Even after uninstalling numerous programs, the computer still didn't



have enough memory. The only solution at the time seemed to uninstall Windows itself! Half of the articles you read in this issue have been typed in "Safe Mode". After a team of experts worked on the suffering machine, it was back on its feet, only to cause countless problems again. What we have now is an unstable system in which anything typed has to be saved every minute. Over my head is a fan that helps me concentrate so well with its earsplitting rattling noise, and this keyboard types every letter thrice! I feel as if I have enrolled myself into some competition for "Editing a magazine under extremely chaotic situations" We have requested for a new computer that would help us complete an issue under normal conditions . Let's just hope we get at the earliest.

Someone once asked me how come I manage to find an issue to criticize the school administration in all my editorials. The fact is that I don't have to work very hard to find one. Oliphant is not only a fortnightly but a platform for free and open flow of opinions. It is an entity of the old boys. The soccer season started on a pleasant note, with the arrival of the Goan coaches conducting coaching camps in RIMC for the boys. As days went by the coaches were surprised at the inability of a school like ours to provide its team with a proper kit. We did not have proper shoes to play with until the very last two days of our camp. Imagine the embarrassment of a Soccer captain who had to face the coaches every day who had the same question ready to shoot – "You all still dont have shoes? " And guess what? The coaches have come and gone, and we still do not have our full kit! The person in charge however, is not to be blamed at all. Here is a man who is trying his best to uplift the sports department, and there are others not giving him the right go-ahead. Sometime back when I said that I saw a bright future for the sports department, I think I was being too optimistic too fast. If the sportsmen are not provided with the right encouragement and incentive, who in his right mind will even want to play for the school? If this scenario

persists, I am afraid that we will lose many of our upcoming budding talents.

It is not very often that an after school function gets a thumbs up in our school. In one of those such rare cases, a gentleman who claimed to mimic over 200 animal sounds, did just that. He was undoubtedly an instant hit with the faculty as well as the boys. One would have to be present there to believe the sheer genius of this man. He was so convincing that stray dogs from the slums across the wall responded to his calls. He managed to put a smile on everyone's faces by the end of the evening. He has been invited to London to exhibit his talent to a group of experts from the Guinness Book of World Records. His entry into the Book would do the nation proud.

The rain gods finally seem to show some signs of mercy, as the town has been experiencing heavy rainfalls for sometime now. The rain is a good news for this parched land as the temperature all over have taken a dive. The delayed monsoons further strengthen the notion that man is helpless when nature takes its course. While in parts of the country people are dying because there is no rain, in other they are dying because there is excess of it. That is nature of the irony and the irony of nature. As the United States is balancing itself between its Big Bully and Big Brother images, the news of its imminent attack on Iraq has already caused restlessness to many. The country, some say has since decades been on an apparent path to world domination, beginning its conquest from the oil-rich west Asian countries. Only time can tell which image it projects holds true to its actual nature.

By this time I am sure all of us are well acquainted with the yet another new system of indenting and receipts. The change that seemed to affect the boys the most obviously is the one of fixed outing days. However, I have no complaints, as the twelfthies' far sightedness saved us from this imminent danger. I have my heartfelt sympathies to the rest, and an advice – Live it or leave it.

Raving the Waves,
Prayaas.

LETTERS TO THE ED....

Sir,

I refer to an article, The Oliphant- 24th April. 'Letter to my Unborn Son' by Mr. Killa XTC.

The para stating 'Never trust a naked woman....,' is written with very shallow knowledge of human nature. Do you think women strip just to excite a man to get something else out of him? Is not a woman entitled to enjoy sex without being labeled a temptress.

The paragraph brings to light the fact that even boys from good schools of the country are not above the average Indian mindset when it comes to how we view a woman.

By the way men use even worse tools to get what they want from women. They promise undying love and make a woman feel a false sense of security just to get her into bed. Haven't you heard? 'Men profess love to get sex, and women give sex to get love.'

Your magazine is widely circulated, we need some censoring on such views about religion, caste, race or gender.

Thanking you,

Yours Sincerely,

Udesh Pal Singh Mann.

Dear Mr. Mann,

Thank you for your invaluable comments. However I am afraid you failed to perceive the nature and gravity in which the article was written. It was written, as mentioned "by a father on his deathbed". Hence every lesson that he rendered to his unborn was based on his life's experiences, pleasant or unpleasant. The character, one can say was a personification of a man who had possibly had an unpleasant experience with the opposite sex, hence the comment. I trust you to be a feminist, which I greatly admire. However, you have got your ideas confused in this context. I suggest you reread the article in a different light. Thank You.

Killa XTC.

W. O. B. S. NEWS.

- 1. The annual general meeting of the Welham Old Boys' Society will be held on the 1st of December 2002 at 4:30 p.m. in the L.R.C., Welham Boys' School.*
- 2. A grand get-together of the old boys has been planned sometime in mid September in Delhi. All old boys are cordially invited.*
- 3. On the 6th of June, the Dehra Dun chapter had a get together which was well attended.*
- 4. Apoorv Patodia (ex 565/c Batch of 1995-96) tied the marital knot with Prerna on the 2nd of July. Our heartiest congratulations to the couple.*

LITERARY AFFAIRS

FROM THE START...RIGHT TO THE END

Two months have passed I'm still the same,
I'm just another soldier in that dirty game.
Time will pass without getting in a change,
My vision will still be limited, never out of range.

Now I recall those times gone by,
Those moments of joy, the pain in cry.
How I wish I could turn back time,
How I wish that the presence would sublime.

Those days that passed like minutes,
Those years that did like days,
And now with each sinking sun,
I can see the betraying rays.

A minute lost, lost in this game,
Was a moment lost in the big run,
Who cared of losing the fame,
When I knew I was where stood none.

But slowly I began to doubt it,
Maybe I wasn't too sure.
Silence had psyched me and defeated my wit,
I was stoned - right to the core.

Everything was calm, no hassles did we find.
Yet - there was something behind our mind.
Hindrances sure did belong, but belonged to the past.
It had to be forgotten in this game that was fast.

As far as I was concerned I was clear of the history
But was she? That was the mystery!

It was then this calm ride turned rough,
From the clouds of ecstasy,
Life sure became tough.
Was I to blame for it or was it she?
Actually....just forget it, it was because of me.

It had been just a week we had been together.
But believe me - within a week I was under the weather.

Sharing a week of emotions,
I got under this weird notion,
That we are just 'meant to be'.
But after a week I realized that -
That was for fate to see!

Things were driven round the round,
I was not dumb, I got the sound!
There was something more than what she had just said -
Something that told me that I was already dead!

It was then when this eternal truth came,
I was sure - a loser in this miserable game.
How could it be? How was I so mean?
I still curse myself to not have seen.

That pain inside grew deeper and steeper
Life was lost in a deadly creeper.

Insanity was now at stake,
I felt I was living a life that was fake!
Do you feel it? Can you hear me?
Please come back here.

She will not....well, that's what I feared!
Yet I waited, waited sure long,
Maybe she will come, in that hope I stayed along.

Would she go without leaving pain behind?
But no matter what she did....she'll always be on my mind!

A dent had be created with its roots so deep,
Will it ever go? Will I be able to sleep?
I'm cool with being friends - well that's what I said,
Well now its okay because I'm just about dead!

Those days have gone yet....I'm still the same.
Few changes have come....just call them lame.
I've changed into a stoic that's for sure.
Hey, but wait a minute....then what am I living for?

STRANGER

DUDE (S) OF THE FORTNIGHT.

(*The soccer coaches from Goa*).

They are one of the first of the new breed of professional coaches that would be visiting our school to assist the boys. Though they did make a comical pair, their coaching did reflect a professional touch and experience. Both of them had been former players of the celebrated Goan team – Dempo. They did manage to get along well with the boys in quite a short period of time and



earned themselves the nicknames – Pinto and

such coaches to aspiring sportsmen.

Zinto. On the field they had the boys sweating and panting for breath, and kept complaining about their lack of stamina. Off the field they kept everyone amused with their explicit display of love for Goa. The coaches' immense patience and dedication was truly commendable: We just hope that the school will further strengthen the Sports Department by providing

All are lunatics....

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the anti-bodies, needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I will do if it will save her." As a transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the colour returning to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?" Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all his blood in order to save her. You see, after all, understanding and attitude are everything.

Remember..... Work like you don't need the money, Love like you've never been hurt, and dance like you do when nobody is watching. "All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher."

Servership Blues

For all those readers who haven't had the experience of a server, reading this article will give you a crystal view of what it is like inside the mess for a server.

It all started the day I was Knighted as the server of K-house. Being a server meant being entitled to the perks and healthy dividends. While everyone was excited about their new responsibility, I was a bit skeptical. Minimum responsibility was my aim at that time.

To begin with there were a couple of things we had to keep in mind. Firstly, we have to shout out our lungs in order to be audible by Limbu or Pradi (As we call them) so as to receive our hostels shares.

As soon as the prayer is over our job begins. Three servers from each house go on their mad spree of satisfying hungry customers. Secondly we have to make sure that the teachers and seniors are served well. We wouldn't want any unpleasant incidents taking place in the public would we? Thirdly, we have to make sure that our classmates and juniors aren't ignored or neglected. After the bell rings and the students finish their meals our meal finally begins. Finally we get a rest from the boisterous atmosphere and relaxingly sit to sip a cup of coffee.

Though all this sound very smooth and easy as it did to us before. It definitely isn't. there have been a series of incidents when there have been inadequate shares and misunderstandings.

There have been time when we have to plead the head servers for extras. After confusing them a bit they eventually relent. The next option lies in pleading the other house servers. If both these options do not work then we have to take to something we try to avoid, leave out the juniors.

The problem mostly arises while serving desert. Sometimes their share is compensated by serving half a cup of ice-cream or sometimes just the cup itself. Readers do not take offence I am not aiming at ridiculing the juniors but instead only showing how co-operative they have been. We were juniors at one time and we were often not served properly. I pitied myself and wondered why they wouldn't serve us properly. But now that I am a server I understand why sometimes I wondered why we weren't allotted 10 extra shares as reinforcements. Not a bad suggestion I suppose.

Anyway, I guess this inevitable just carries on for us servers.

WELHAM NOW

1. Miss Renu P. Saxena and Miss Rita Pudir have joint the institution as badminton and table tennis coaches respectively. We wish them successful stay and hope the school builds its name for both games.
2. Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jagjit Singh for the new arrival of a son in their family.
3. The football team attended a coaching camp at the RIMC under the guidance of coaches from Goa.
4. We are pleased to have Mr. Michael Tear in our staff who has come from St. Phillips, Australia on a teacher exchange program. We hope he has a pleasant stay.
5. On the 27th July, Mr. Raghuvir Singh Pawar gave an interesting speech on the Bamian Buddha. It was greatly appreciated by all.
6. The Soccer team played a friendly match against the RIMC recently.
7. The FOD Quiz Semifinals was held in School on the 10th August.
8. The boys in the Indian Music choir are busy have preparing for the 'Joint Production' with Welham Girls, to be performed on the 24th of August.
9. The MIS debate was held on the 10th of August. We stood third.

MR. ABHINAV KUMAR'S ADDRESS TO THE SCHOOL ON INDEPENDENCE DAY.

It is always a matter of pride when you honor a Dosco and vice – versa, such is the long – standing tradition of healthy rivalry between our two institutions. I am extremely grateful to your head master for extending me this privilege of addressing you on this solemn day. I felt uneasy too, as I find it hard to believe that I am no longer young enough to be standing amongst you on the other side. Eleven years have passed since I was a school boy, some of you were probably not born then and most of you wouldn't have had a care in the world beyond your next nappy change, and in these eleven years, momentous changes have taken place in India and in the world. It is in a context of these changes that I want to speak to you the significance of 15 August 2002.

These days it is fashionable to be positive. All around you in the media, on TV Channels, in films, in advertising the world that is depicted may bare a passing resemblance to the world inhabited by you and I but I can assure you it bears no resemblance to the India inhabited by the vast majority. To immerse ourselves in this make believe world, to ignore the ugliness, the brutality, the injustice of the real world may appear to be the mood of the moment. But to my mind it is an invitation for us to become chess players of Satyajit Ray's classic film, members of a confused and dazed elite, as the world they knew crumbles around them driving their class into extinction. That would not be the first time in the history of the world that an ignorant and insensitive elite has been driven to Harakiri. Nor would it be the last. Gentlemen I have a simple message: our way of life is in mortal danger. The society and the country we live in is mocking at all the values that are inculcated into us from the first day we enter schools like Welham and Doon, values of integrity, loyalty, tolerance and secularism. Whether it is carnage in Gujrat or the terror in Kashmir, whether it is in the petrol pump scam or the Tehelka scandal, they are not simply travesties against India; they are a molestation of all that we and our beloved institution stands for. And yet I detect no outrage here amongst our generation, the ones most affected by it, not even concern or apprehension that what is being attacked here is not merely the idea of India, but our idea ourselves. As a culture we pride ourselves on our traditions, that too is a core value of the public school ethos. However as I stand here today before you with the very basic understanding of the history of independent India I hang my head in shame at the tradition that we have given to your generation as your legacy as future citizens of India. In the last 55 years we as a culture have come to value dynasty before democracy mediocrity over merit, sycophancy over fearless criticism, hatred before tolerance and corruption before integrity. This then is the India that is yours to inherit. An India where policemen are criminals, judges are prostitutes of justice, where lackeys masquerade as independent journalists, where proclaimed offenders are public representatives, where everything is up for sale, from human organs to national security. Many of us argue the present mess that prevails in India is the thousand years of servitude. It is a preposterous lie. In the last 55 years my colleagues in the beauracracy and our counterparts in politics and business have done a much better job of looting the country than 200 years of British Raj or a 1000 years of Muslim rule.

I am sorry to paint such a gloomy picture, on such a solemn day when the message should usually of hope and joy. But after Gujrat, where is the hope and where is the joy? The savagery that we continue to inflict on one another and more disturbingly the hatred that fuels it and the silence of people like us that encourages it, when such are the signs on the times, can one rejoice? In the past few years many people have questioned the relevance of institutions such as this. In the public eye we are cradles of privilege, the nurseries of an uncaring elite, half of whom escape abroad and while the other half remain to clam their right to loot this country. The way most of us from a public school background behave in public life does nothing to dispel this notion. We are content to cocoon ourselves from the ugly realities of this country without realizing that one day, like the French nobility in 1789. We and our way of life will be swept away by the march of events. I fear that if things continue as they have for the past 11 years, 11 years from today institutions such as your and mine might not be allowed to survive in his country. Atleast not in their present form and ethos. The burden to prevent that is upon all of us equally. As things stand today every single one of our core values as institutions is under assault from a society and nation that are still suffering from birth pangs after 55 years of existence.

Forget for a moment about India. It is too vast a concept for us to grasp at the best of times. Forget about 5000 years of culture and history, forget about all the bullshit that our politicians, bureaucrats and other peddlers of lies have been giving to us for the last 55 years about this great land with a great past, a greater present and the greatest future. It is precisely this time of pseudo nationalist's propaganda that has been the wool over our eyes for many many years. Think on a smaller scale. Think about yourself, your family your friends and the institutions that has been your home for so many years. I urge you to ask yourself today, what are my core values, what is my quality of life, what can I do to improve it, and what will it take to preserve it? Take the answers that you find apply them on a bigger scale and you will find some of the ideas required to address challenges facing this nation. Ask yourself what do I stand for? Then ask yourself is it worth standing up for. And once armed with this conviction go out and stand for it .the discipline and the regimen that you undergo at such a fine institution more than equips you for it. You are a Welhamite and equally a privileged citizen of this country. Go out there and prove that you have earned this privilege. **Wish you all a Happy Independence Day. Jai Hind!**

Ringside View.

I'm sure none of you were bored these holidays. With the World Cup during that how could one be bored? It was a successful World Cup in every aspect. The football was great, the stadium was awesome and so were the players. Though the likes of Zidane, Figo, Henry didn't 'click' in the tournament, breathtaking football was played none the less. Ronaldo put away his France 98 nightmare behind him and led Brazil to the 5th World Cup victory. The 'Penta' as the now famous victory has been labelled, will give Brazillian football the much-needed inspiration. But the tournament did belong to nations like Japan, South Korea, Turkey and Senegal. Senegal was particularly impressive and with their flowing counter attack football that shook the football hierarchy.

The school team is quite inspired and is practising hard under two coaches from Goa. They did manage to become quite popular with the boys within a short span. Now that the camp is over, the responsibility of the team is back on our very own Mr. Gurung's shoulders. The captain, with his squad of soccer enthusiasts are seen sweating it out on the fields everyday. I'm sure they will do well this season.

If it's not soccer then it's cricket all the way. The Indian team won Natwest one-day series in emphatic style. Chasing 326 was a mammoth task and after the master blaster Tendulkar getting out I'm sure everyone must have turned off their TV but Yuvraj and Kaif showed that the Indian team is not only about Tendulkar and played like heroes. Both of them are superstars in the making. Curiously, after the win in Lord's, India is one of the contenders in the next years World Cup in South

Africa. India has shown inconsistency many a times. You never know, they might beat Australia one day and lose from Kenya the next. However, lets keep our fingers crossed and hope they do well.

India's amazing show in commonwealth games held in Manchester, England came as a big surprise. With 74 medals, which included 32 golds India finished third overall finishing above powerhouses like Canada, South Africa and New Zealand. This is good omen for India and has stamped its authority at the international sports scene. Good thing for a cricket crazy nation!

Lennox Lewis stamped his dominance at the boxing scene by beating Mike Tyson. Tyson was really a shadow of himself and Lennox clearly dominated the bout.

Coming back to the school sports scene, the junior squash team went to Shimla to play an invitational squash tournament in Bishop Cotton School. They put up a good show, with Arjun Bajaj bagging most of the wins. It will surely help in building their confidence and experience too.

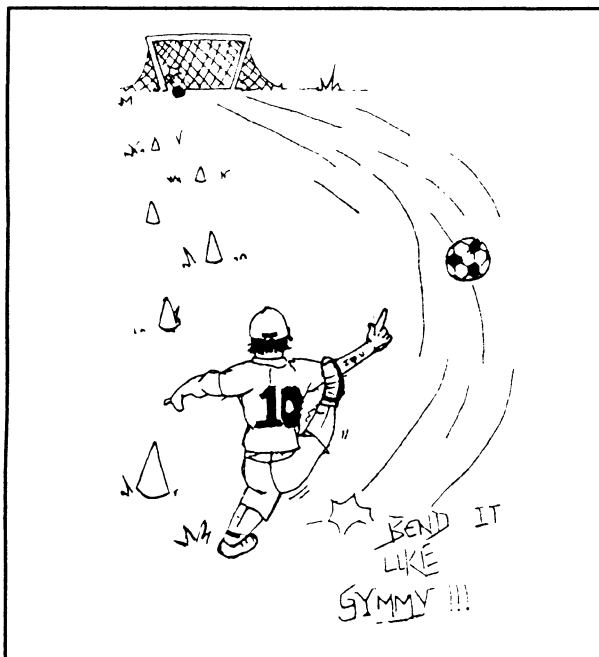
The under 20 girls Indian Basketball team are encamped in the Activity Centre and will be practising here for sometime.

Mr. Mike from St. Phillips, Australia is here on a

teacher exchange with our own Mr. Arun Sharma going to Australia. Mike, an expert in athletics has already started training the youngsters and will be a boost to our athletics squad.

For all the football freaks. The English Premier League will start shortly with all the fabulous football. So wait, till the ball rolls into play.

- Aa.



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