

The Elephant

No. 276

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

10th September, 2002

Think About It....

Man is not the sum of what he is, but the totality of what he might be.

- Anonymous.

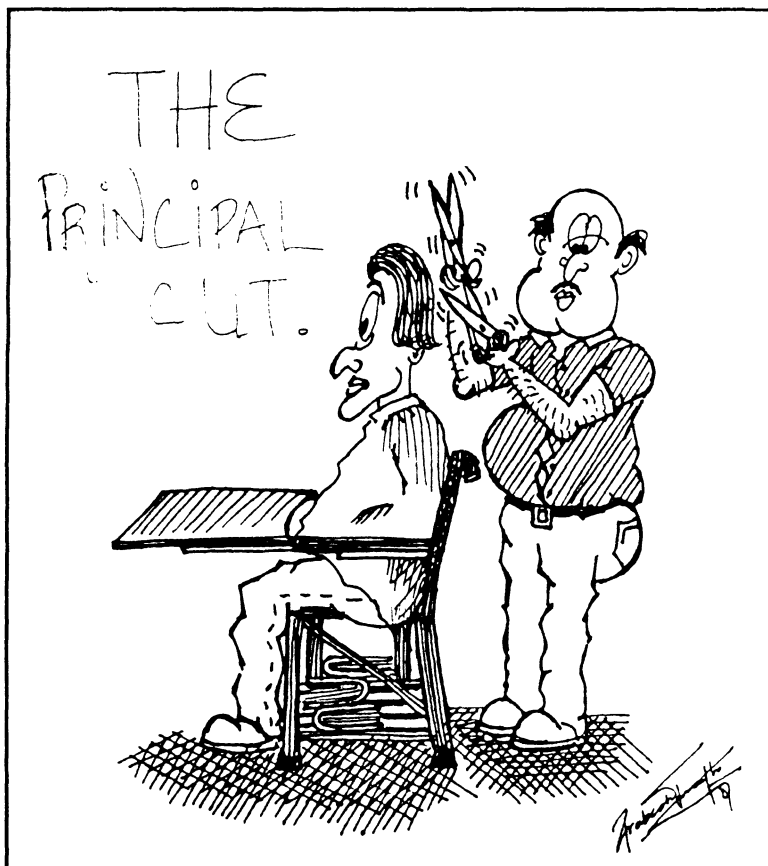
EDITORIAL

Have you realised that it has been over a month since you have come to school? Is it because you never gave it a thought or because you never got the time to? Whatever the case maybe, this is a strange effect that school has over us, and we hardly even realise it. You go about your daily routine, and suddenly in the middle of a conversation you start with a "Hey is it September, already?" It is then that the realization seeps in. Now imagine the same realization, for a boy who has been here for the last 12 years of his life. Imagine, walking besides Alaknanda, and while nonchalantly looking inside, spotting the bed

you slept in; and then foolishly wondering how on earth did you manage to fit in a bed that small. Imagine every thing you do being labelled with the word 'last' - last Janmashthami, last soccer match, last mid-

term break. A day turning into a week, a week becoming a month, months into a year and a year into 12 years, and it still does not seem like such a long time. This is the soporific effect institutions like ours have on us.

The fact that some of us are not concerned, or for that matter even aware of what a personal change in environmental friendly actions can bring to our planet is a matter of immense pity. I am not really an advocate of environmental correctness, nor am I asking anyone to be one. But there are so many little things one can do that can help us all in a big way. Now here is one area



where we all can whole-heartedly agree with the Principal. Our hands won't fall off if we switch off a light or a fan that is serving no purpose, nor will our teeth be less clean if we turn off the tap while brushing. These are just

a couple of habits which if we can all inculcate in ourselves, would make a big difference. There are people so extremely dedicated to the cause that one might even scoff them, but what we fail to realise is that they are selflessly striving to make our world a better place to live in, not for themselves, but for the generations to come. We did not inherit a perfect planet, but that does not give us the right to make it worse. What could be better, if each one of us could do our little bit for the planet.

I don't know how many of us have noticed; but on one of the Toon trees that flank the rockery near the subway, I chanced upon an interesting natural phenomenon - that of deception. We all know, I am sure, that the Koel is infamous for laying its eggs in a crow's nest, deceiving it, and at times depriving it of its own eggs. I saw a female crow, feeding a Koel's chick, which was even bigger than the mother itself! The crow would fly away and carry food with her to feed the cheeping chick, unaware of the fact that it is not its own, but that of the Koel. In a matter of days, the ungrateful chick would fly off, to continue the delusory heritage of its species. However does this uncommon characteristic of the bird deem it to negativeness? Is it not because of its consequent evolution, that the bird has developed a way to continue and assure the survival of its species? Is it, that man himself has evolved over the years and acquired some negative characteristics as a part of the evolutionary cycle to survive in an equally deceptive world? So, does that mean that all of us have that little shade of negativeness within ourselves, and can its existence be justified on this basis? Just a thought.

Talking of negative characters, we all are by now aware of the troubles caused by some of the middle school boys during the

weekend. In the consequent check taken by the Prefects, such things were found with those boys, which would disgrace the school as well as the magazine if I were to mention it here. Mishaps such as these will continue to prevail if boys at such a young age are given so much freedom and leniency. Now things dreaded to be exclusive wrong doings of the senior most boys will start from the grass root levels. If P.H. was abolished because they felt, the seniors were misusing the freedom, then what guarantee did they have that the same could not be done by the juniors as well? These misdeeds happened because there is no direct authority over their heads to stop them - which before were the Prefects. This senior-junior relationship could've been used to the school's advantage. This experiment with hostels, evidently has not only ruined the prospects of one class, but many. Now I can assertively say that - if the introduction of P.H. was a failure, then its establishment as a middle school hostel and its subsequent abolishment as a Twelfthies' hostel has been a disastrous embarrassment, let alone a failure.

As the Principal's allergy for long hair took its toll, the senior most boys of the school felt the scissors snipping down their manes. In a sudden and very whimsical move the Principal felt it was time for the locks to go, and is still in the process of getting so done by 'hook' or by 'crook'. As the Principal is busy getting our haircut, the middle school boys are busy shopping in Triveni! But mind you, the hair holds top priority, the rest can be dealt with later, at a more convenient time.

I think I will keep it till there for the fortnight, though there is so much more I want to share. As it is I am being 'accused' of selfishly eating up one fourth of the Oliphant with my absurdities, by writing never before written two pages of Editorials. So, that's it for now.

Soul surfing,
Prayaas.

W. O. B. S. NEWS

The Old Boys get together in Delhi has been postponed from September to November due to unavoidable circumstances.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

A Case of a Lost Suitcase.

I had good sleek looks and had an enviable body. I was quite big and dark in colour. To put it in one I was tall, dark and handsome.

I prided myself on my capacity and my utility. I waved to passers by, by my handle in front but they just glanced at me and muttered "strange suitcase." Maybe that was what I was called by them, those aliens, but I was content in my own world.

One day I was taken off from the shelf – carefully, I must admit and was wheeled out ceremoniously. In a week or so I was cleaned and filled with soft material and other assortments, next I found myself with a load of my pals on a conveyor belt... we chatted endlessly all through our loading and storing. Though the baggage compartment was a bit cold we kept each other company. I also had the pleasure of viewing some beautiful ladies and I became good friend with them. They promised to keep in touch. After a seven hour long journey we were unloaded. We all bid farewell to each other on the belt and we were picked up by our owners, but somehow I was left behind. Soon I was the only one left on the belt, and after some time I was picked up and thrown in a room. After a few days I escaped from that dingy room when a man discretely wheeled me away. He took me to his house and handled me very roughly. He broke open my locks and tore me open, soon he emptied me of my contents. He stripped me bare and then shoved me in his backyard. For eight long weeks I battled with the nature and in the course became worn out and tired. I was then sold off to a man who filled me with money, which later I found out, was robbed from a bank. I contemplated on my change in state and found out to be amusing, from a suitcase to a 'lootcase.'

The robber wasn't so bad, he also turned out to be on of those exceptions. What do you aliens call it.. a drug addict. Many a times he filled me up with narcotics and I must admit that perhaps I was the only suitcase to experience a high. I was really tattered by now but who cared as long as he would fill me up with that stuff!

Finally and inevitably one day my body broke and I was no longer the 'lootcase'. But I think I detected a trace of attachment in my keeper for he excavated a 3-year warranty card from one of my pockets and sent me to be repaired the very next day.

At long last I was repaired and fully recovered from my addiction. I was almost as good as new but had no will to carry on longer. It was enough I was old, though my body had been rejuvenated. My fears were undoubtedly true, when one day an aged but a respectable looking gentleman came up and was deciding between me and another pal who was new, and said, "I think the smaller one is sleek and elegant and looks better as well serves a utilitarian purpose." My hopes soared. "But unfortunately my purpose would be better served by the bigger one and I would prefer that."

But I think I still yearned to work for the man who was gentle and treated me well and created in me an eagerness to work. I worked hard and was happy with myself when along came an event that changed my life forever. I had once again got the opportunity to fly in a plane but this time I guess it was a personal one, for I could see none of my pals. Before I was carried in I noticed something peculiar on the aircraft- it was a sort of 'I', located beside some words written in blocks. If my memory does not fail me then I'm sure it was "AIR FORCE ONE."

I got a glimpse of my master talking to an older man who seemed to be more authoritative. I was placed on one of the empty seats near the window and was enjoying the scenery of the placid blue ocean beneath when my attention shifted to a hushed tone from the authoritative man who was holding a small piece of plastic.... probably a communication device. His conversation was something of this sort. "You have your orders.... next target.... WT.... luck...."

I was still pondering over this when our craft burst into a ball of flames. I was thrown out and ripped apart amidst scorching heat. I was choked by the fumes and smoke and had a terrible feeling, an awkward one for I had a premonition that this was the end.... the last destination - for I could see myself falling from above.... right below.

ELECTION STORM 2002 – A REVIEW.

What do you get when you mix politics with the ‘World of Welham’? You get ten delirious politicians, twelve bombastic media persons and a crowd of critical voters.

It all began with a ‘Highly Interactive’ tea party for the SC’s on both sides of the ‘Line of Control’. Fifteen minutes later, Pranay, representing Kashi Ram of the Bahujan Samaj Party, delivered his speech rather passionately. He very seriously passed on the torch to a giggling Naina, who imitated Mayawati perfectly, right from the chunni to her accent.

Then came Jayalalita, portrayed by Priyadarshini, who claiming to be everyone’s Amma transported us to Tamil Nadu’s ‘Garden Of Peace’. Tarun as P. Thambiduari, jostled anyone in the crowd who dared to take forty winks, with his resounding ‘vanakkam’, typical of the AIADMK party.

Next came a hindrance that was least anticipated by anyone. A sweet dog frivolously pranced about the auditorium before making a grand exit, leaving the crowd in peals of laughter.

Third up was the Bhartiya Janta Party, represented by Mrinalini as Sushma Swaraj, who succinctly presented her party’s ideologies. She was accompanied by Nakul as Atalji, who was sardonically referred to as ‘Mota Magarmach’ by a member of the opposing parties. Nakul’s speech was fantabulous and his imitation of Prime Minister Vajpayee was brilliant. The most celebrated couple of the political world, Laloo Prasad Yadav and Rabri Devi swept the crowd off their feet by promising to make Bihar into another Singapore. Although Nitin and Neha grew violent by resorting to call Mayawati a ‘chamarin’, their speeches were lively and convincing ‘in all aspects’.

Last but definitely not least was the Congress party. Our very own ‘desh ki bahu’, Mrs. Sonia Gandhi, represented by Akshita,

delivered a heart rendering speech. Fateh, with his casual style and firm beliefs, perfectly fitted the ‘puttis’ of Natwar Singh.

The speeches were followed by questions from the media. In spite of a few mess-ups with the mike, the media asked hard-hitting questions on various controversial issues. They had the politicians squirming in their seats. Most of them justified themselves by digressing from the issues at hand and making crude remarks. Rabri Devi went to the extent of informing the Media that her husband could not be involved in the fodder scam, because he was human and thus could not consume food meant for cows.

It was fortunate for Nakul that Atalji is an antiquated, ill man, as the time he spent in closing his ever before every word was sufficient to come up with reasonable explanations. The Congress Party was graced with only one question, which they answered superbly.

The objective behind the Election storm was to change the mindset of the future generation. Despite the evening being an extremely entertaining one, we were left wondering as to whether we had accomplished our aim. This is due to the fact that despite the millions of scam that the Bhartiya Janta Party is involved in, they still emerged victorious.

Aspiring to change the mindset of four hundred and fifty people in the course of one evening was a bit far stretched, but we sincerely hope that we got the people thinking.

At the end of it all, we know that it was a step in the right direction.

Noor Zainab Hussain

Supreeti Behuria

Sc.

(Note: This article is a follow up to the Election Storm 2002, written by representatives of the Welham Girls. Prayaas has written a reciprocative article for their magazine.)

DESTINY.

Looking back at those times gone by,
Those moments of failure are touching the
skies.

Now since those times have gone,
The past is history, future holds the dawn.

Reach out for her she's calling from far,
Things have come closer.

No longer - a distant star.

Times of depression moments of suppression.
All have gone past.

The world is ever-changing and changes are
vast!

Recalling the past, though I don't want to.
I can't help it, my evolution forces me to.

How I cried to win what I wanted,
Failure of achievement - that's what haunted.

Doubt and horror kept me low,
Friends and lovers all looked foes.
Mental trauma kept things shaking,
I felt like a loser.... in the making.

All my confidence and pride.
Was being taken for a terrible ride.
Everything seemed to happen a little too late.
With every drag of it I could see my fate.

I was acting stupid, I knew it right from the
start. Yet, just about everything pierced,
Right in.... like a dart!

I had to come over it, It wasn't the end of life.
I had to use my wit, Not create a mental strife.
Everything said to me,
Took me another step closer to the edge.
I had to break free.... jump off the ledge.

Everyday the sun would sink,
Leaving behind rays of hope.
Seasons past and now the days would shrink.
I felt I was dangling on a rope.

The same sun would rise again,
Marking the beginning of a new day.
Showing me the dawn again,

Compelling me to use another way.

Hope was something I never lost,
That just kept me going.
Just gether at any cost.... keep the faith flowing.

One day she would come,
This belief kept me alive.
Was I being clever or was I dumb,
There was no looking back once I had
dived.

Then one day she did come.
My belief had lived up to her faith.
I had won, what I had perceived to have lost,
No longer could I see my destined fate.

This was called evolution,
From a loser to a winner.
To a saint.... from a sinner.

For every loss there is a gain,
For every ease there is strain.
Never lose hope and never stop trying,
Destiny is always defying.

Then suddenly a twist came by,
Everything had settled,
But moments became dry.
What had I thought of her and what did she
turn out to be.

It was beyond understanding - for you and me.

Now that it's all over... I haven't yet come out of
it,
She needed help I wanted to give all I could
But why should I do it when it no good.

Two timing.... unfaithful.... playful.... that all
describes her well.
Now that she's already got me - a passport to
hell.

I don't give a damn to what she says next
My life's already gone in just writing texts.

My turn will also come... maybe people will

LAMPOON

Sir he is taking my DAD'S Name!

The other day I overheard a bunch of juniors. These 2 kids about 3 feet tall, were fighting about whose dad was stronger. 1st kid said, "Oye my dad can bash your dad with one finger." Second kid: "That because he is the captain of the Indian kushti team."

A bunch of these 'liliputs' standing around there burst out laughing and started reciting the first kid's dad's name!!!

There was of course the incident where a class 9 boy went up to a teacher and said "Sir, he is taking my dad's name!" and the teacher turned around and said "Yaar, give it back to him!!"

It is a phenomenon, which struck Welham around 1995 as far as I can remember. And its' probably a phenomenon which has hit only Welham!!

There are of course instances where the boy is named after his parents business/work. We have Pappu, Baba, Great Value, Pan Parag, Bombay Electricals, Kisaan, criminal lawyer, mazdoor, hawaladar, (IPS!!!!@H!), Chaiwala and the list goes on.

When we were in the middle school this had become so inflated that even our E.V.S teacher was calling the class boys by their individual dad's names!! and we were calling him by his dad's name. He was incidentally an old boy!

Once when the teacher asked the class who all were late, he got a storm of replies consisting of 'dad's names'. He mistook them for new boys and entered them in the late book. With names!!

I remember the time that there were middle school guys scrambling to other's parents during founders and asking them their names so that they could tease their friends.

Ah!! Those were the days!!

KARTIK MAHAJAN.
CLASS - XI

WELHAM NOW

1. On the 30th of August an Inter – School Hindi debate was held at the Welham Girls' School. Pranay Patodia stood first.
2. The duo of Surya P. Singh and Mayank Daga made it to the semifinals of the Allaudin Siddiqui badminton tournament.
3. Krishna house stood first in the Inter – House Matka – Jhatka competition held on Janmashtmi.
4. The Basketball team has left for Ajmer on the 6th of September to play the IPSC tournament.
5. The table tennis team has left for Pillani to play the IPSC tournament.
6. The squash team has left for Jodhpur to play their tournaments.
7. The sports committee meeting was held on the 3rd of September.
8. The joint production musical evening was held on the 1st of September at the Welham Girls' School.
9. The boys associated with the Shishya society visited the Sneha School situated in the slums of Gobindgarh on the 4th of September to interact with the poor children and help them out in their own way.
10. Mr Sameer Upadhyay has left for Mumbai as an exchange teacher.

Nature's Diary

The N.B.A.

By NBA I don't mean the National Basketball Association, but a term which we rarely use, Nuclear Bio-Chemical Assault. Lets have a quick peep at the various assaults in past years.

In 1984, there was an international contamination of restaurant salad bars in Oregon causing an outbreak of Salmonellosis in 751 people. In March 1995, a terrorist group unleashed Sarin gas in Tokyo subway killing almost 100 people. In 2001, there was a spread of Anthrax in the U.S., and some people got affected. These are just a few 'minor' bio terrorist events around the globe.

Rogue nations like Iraq, Iran, Libya and N. Korea have added to the rising threat of bio weapons. In the aftermath of the Gulf war, the U.S. and its allies were shocked to learn the size of Iraq's stockpile of bio weapons and production facilities whose existence had entirely eluded intelligence operations. This revelation served as a sharp wake-up call to various allied governments.

But terrorists worldwide have been attracted to bio-weapons for a simple reason – they are inexpensive to make, required materials, equipments and expertise that is easy to procure (some of it is even on the net); and, for the most part, involve biological agents that are readily available. As an added feature, bio

weapons are the best weapons of mass destruction for covert use. The effect of their release takes days to materialize, giving the perpetrators time to escape.

Adding to this unfortunate circumstance of the rising threat of bio weapons is the current social, economical and political reality of the world. With mounting religious fundamentalism in some countries, thwarted nationalistic goals in others, economic deprivations in many, and in the west the increased desperation of violent far rights groups agenda has stalled in the era of increased globalization, there has been a world wide increase of terrorism in general. The combination of this increase with a heightened appreciation of the evil attractiveness of bio weapons is what makes the current situation so critical.

With everything else there is to worry almost these days between AIDS, famine, economic woes, civil war, ethnic cleansing and global warming, it seems there is hardly room for the specter of bio terrorism. Yet few threats have the capability of killing so many so fast. For years we lived under the fear of nuclear winter annihilating the human race. Now there is a similar threat from biology.

Samridha Rana.
Class X.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE. . . .

Amit Saini to 9b: "Do you know guys, as Shimla came **nearer**, the road became **wider**, the car became **faster** and we enjoyed **morer!!!**"

Aman Tandon to Mr. Khaira: "Sir, fortunately today we can go to the A. V Room"

Mr. Khaira: Yes, you are **right**.....from the **left side!!**"

Mr. Mitra to the eleventhies during Kandhari Essay writing contest.

Mr. Mitra: "Why are you boys here??"

An eleventhie: "Sir, Essay writing!"

Mr Mitra: "Oh!, Kandhari Essay writing **Concert!**"

Ringside View.

The sports scenario in the school has undergone a lot of ups and downs in the past fortnight. Seeing the number of teams that have left for various tournaments all over the country, I am looking forward to the sports scenario's coming of age. Let us just hope that these teams do us proud.

The Soccer team played the RIMC Soccer Tournament a fortnight ago and with an under strength team (due to some impractical and unnecessary decisions) we crashed out in the first round itself. Though we did play some good football. The team is now gearing up for the Council Soccer Tournament which starts this week.

Meanwhile our shuttlers did very well in the District Championship with Surya 'Speed' Bhaduriya and Mayank Daga beating

The Doon School on their way to the semi-finals. They eventually lost to the champions. If you've been around the Activity Centre at about 5 o'clock a lot is going on. I'm not talking about Basketball, but table tennis. There seems to be a sudden enthusiasm for the sport. People have been thronging the tables these days. I wonder what has attracted them to the sport all of a sudden? The under-16 District Basketball championship is being held in our school. Our team got a walkover in the first match and then faced the Doon School. The first quarter was an absolute treat to watch with the team playing some good basketball. But the opponents did come back and taking full advantage of their height eventually beat us by 15 points. Our team however managed to breeze its way to the finals, which will be played against the Doon School. After this the team will be leaving for Ajmer for the I.P.S.C. Tournament.

Four boys from our school were chosen to represent Uttaranchal in the Regional Athletic Championship. Tenzin led the team to Meerut under the guidance of Mr. Biradar. Though they did not win any event its a great accomplishment for our budding athletes.

Moving on to the international scene there is some great news for India. The convincing win at Leeds in the third test against England was a step towards India registering an overseas test series win after 30 years. Also this was their biggest test win overseas. Now all eyes are on the fourth test starting on Thursday.

The Indian Soccer team is not far behind. The team won the six nation LG cup beating the host nation Vietnam 3-2 in the final. A big boost for the soccer scene in a country crazy about cricket. The Indian team is currently in England playing a series of friendly matches against Jamaica.

Ronaldo's move to Real Madrid was a big surprise. The team boasting of the best players in the world now have arguably the best striker in the world. But will it work out, we'll have to wait and see. In the English Premier League, Arsenal is looking strong to win the title again. They have been unbeaten in their previous 25 games dating back to December,

2001. Talk about winning habits.

In motorsport, its all the same. Michael Shumacher won the Belgian Grand Prix winning a record 10 races in a season. Looks like there is no one stopping him and Ferrari.

Looking forward to a more sporting fortnight ahead....

- Aa.



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