

The Oliphant

No. 282

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

11th February, 2003

Think About It...

Education is a progressive discovery of our own ignorance.

- Will Durant

EDITORIAL

The Oliphant room is in a mess and I do not know what to do. As I stepped into this room I was acknowledged that the one of the D.T.E.'s was sick, the computer had an undecipherable code encrypted and that most of the board members were studying for their board exams. One of the many blues faced by the editor. Now there is just one thing on my mind. How do I complete this editorial before the staff representative starts to flow in the emotional juice and make my eyes heavy with tears? Well here goes nothing.

I am very thankful to my predecessor and I truly respect his skills in typing and concocting words to write marathon sized editorials. I am not sure enough if I shall be ever able to write like him. The standard of the Oliphant went sky bound when he was around. Oh! I do hope he was here; at least he would have given me the necessary tips and points on writing the first editorial. But unfortunately, he is engrossed in his studies for the upcoming board exams. I can only ask him to bury his mind in the stacks of textbooks and concentrate on the black and

white fonts. The same applies for the Twelfthies and Tenthies.

The holidays surely passed away quickly, the secret is that it was short. So on being back in school there is a dull look on everyone's face. No one likes the holidays to end, especially so quickly. But, in the middle of it all a news dumbstruck every one. It was

unbelievable that our principal had been changed. No one was sure about the news being a hoax or the truth.

It is a matter of great pride for the Oliphant board because our old staff representative has taken the guard of the school. From the school community's side I would like to congratulate him.

Everyone here is having bathroom blues. The water just flows down the numb fingers and

palms. Glacial water gushes out of the taps. Waking up in the morning, time is spent trying to figure out if it is day or night. The fields are totally rolling with dew-laden blades of grass and as usual, not a soul can be spotted trudging or dragging his legs, feigning a run. Brushing is a painstaking ordeal but the average Welhamite



has strength enough to complete the Herculean task and he has barely time left to make it to the first class on time. After all bad breath and a yellow denture are the traits of the ones who are dressed in blue. On the way he is tormented by the spine chilling gales, he curses the wind but makes it just under being ten minutes late. He complains about him having numb fingers and about contracting the disease will shall lead to the amputation of his fingers. The classes are like freezers but the dauntless Welhamite sits like a tree stump in the snowfields.

The Western depression is over as forecasted by our school's budding meteorologists, Dehradun shall have backbaking sunshine. That is good news for the staff members, who can be spotted basking in the sun and getting their daily dose of essential vitamin e. bad news for the Welhamites, for your morning P.T. days are back, and this time with a smash right at your face. The new prefect body has beefed up their action against any criminal, and they know how to serve justice with a difference. They can be viewed zealously promulgating laws and announcing it to the school. The students as usual are following the rules for an interim period, but are being brought back on track with the taste of the ever so sour, punishment.

Shifting views, the world does not look like a safe place to stay. Armageddon is not striking, but the Dubyaman is bucking up his forces to unleash a full-fledged assault on Saddam and his people. Ricin had been found in London. I hope no one here is holding up some amount of it in his locker. The space shuttle Columbia, met with an accident while re-entering the earth's atmosphere. It had a crew consisting

Kalpana Chawla, the first Indian woman astronaut, the first Israeli astronaut and five other American astronauts. The Bollywood scene is looking bleak, not a single hit. A drought has prevailed in an industry, which chums out movies nearly everyday. As far as I know the Indian beauty, Celina, has shifted her mind towards posing for the grand prix. Soon she shall be spotted in one of those Ferrari calendars. The heroes in the industry have all given way for the new rising sun, Vivek Oberoi. Let us hope that the drought is soon followed with a deluge of super hits. The cine blitz has enough power to entice the masses, but I still have to build on my Bollywood bio data. Every Welhamite has a lot of knowledge considering the subject of Hollywood, he needs no information from my side, but the only mind boggling news is that when shall J.Lo find the perfect man because she called it off with the heartthrob, Ben Affleck. Is any man, a man enough for her?

Now my fingers are aching of constant typing and my eyes are watering because of incessantly staring into the computer screen. Somehow, I have met the deadline and I am happy that I shall not have to get through the task of lending my ear to the emotional juice. So from my side it is an all in one bye. Though I do not brag of being a linguist. So before I start boring you. Cut the line short. Exeunt. End of Act: Scene 1.

**Seven minutes to sunrise,
Pranab on the noose.**

WELHAM NOW

1. **Mr. S. Bakshi was appointed as the acting Principal, during the holidays. The entire Welham Family would like to congratulate him.**

2. **Mr. Iftakhar Rahman was appointed as the Finance Manager during the holidays. The Welham community welcomes him.**

3. **Mr. Nagalia and Mr. Kumberkar attended the 7th Regional Round Square Conference held at Mayo College, Ajmer from 6th to 10th December, 2002, with the following boys**

Prateek Baranwal, Mohit Shrestha, Gagan Juneja, Kaizad Cooper, Gaurav Chopra, Tarun Bharat, Amandeep Singh, Sarthak Johar

4. Mr. Birader escorted the following boys: - Karun Agarwal, Ugamath Chakravarty, Vivek Arya, Kaustab Divedi, Mehtab Singh Sandhu, Prashanto Pradhan and Amit Gupta to attend the Round Square International Service (RSIS) held at Vizianagaram from 8th to 22nd December, 2002.

5. A cricket coaching camp organized by Dehradun's District Cricket Association, conducted by the former cricketer Chetan Chauhan. The camp was attended by Gurjeet Singh Khaira 88/C at the Doon School from 5th to 19th January, 2003.

6. A professional photographer from Finland visited the school on the 5th February 2003 and had a talk with the boys on the subject of photography.

7. The Ultimate Orator, an Inter School debate was held on the 30th and the 31st of January in the school. Our school was represented by Kartik Mahajan and Pranab B. Shrestha.

8. Mrs. Ranjeet Kaur joined the Doon School as a matron. Mrs. Shashi Kapoor has taken over as the new matron of the Narmada House.

9. Mr. H.P.S. Gill, President of the W.O.B.S. had an effective executive meeting with the old boys on 6th January 2003.

10. Mr. Aseem Tripathi was blessed by a son on 24th Januray, 2003. The Welham Family congratulates him

11. Wedding bells rang for Amit Oberoi 501/C (Batch of '95) and Ramanpreet S. Hora 437/G (Batch of '94) this January. The Welham Family congratulates for their wedding.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Victimized

Just 23 years old and having to plunge into a profession which most of the helpless and poor women of our society take up, as a source of livelihood, was a true curse.

Orphaned as a baby, trying to picture the visages of my parents is out of question. Villagers circulated that my father was a heavy gambler and eventually a debtor to innumerable landlords. Indebted infinitely, my mother was also clawed into the vicious net of the indebtedness. My father took his life and his spouse's.

Under the watchful eyes of my uncle, growing up was a good phase of life. Before the

entry into puberty, I was sold out. It all unfolded, my body was going to be their main source of income. Whatever they gave sufficed me, but what could be worse than being a part of the flesh trade and being an instrument of satiating physical thirst.

Nine years hence, into the job, neck deep suffering from an incurable disease, just perfect. No sooner had I been diagnosed of that disease than I was utterly excommunicated. Society scowled at me the AIDS virus was breeding in me and that it was contagious and it's terrors would be unleashed at the slightest mistake, consequently leading to death.

Living in the ram shackled and small shed, and going hungry for days were just the starting. After a few months down things got even worse, when the realization of pregnancy struck me. Whose flesh and blood was residing in my womb? Ambiguous, as to should the baby be conceived or aborted. If aborted, was it financially possible to do it?

Time passed thinking of what would happen if the baby was given birth, but a conclusion was in the far horizon. The society looked down at me, my entity having no significance to them.

Living a life of isolation I was passing my time talking to my unborn child. Every belonging was sold out to give nutrition to the baby, still in my stomach. No matter what people said, like all mothers I also wanted to see my child look at me with innocent eyes and call out for me, raising my maternal instincts from the depths of my heart.

Everyday I was being mercilessly harassed by the people. Even my contemporaries looked at me with disgust.

Having already suffered so much, now it was enough and the line had been crossed. One day while walking alongside the cliff near the sea, thinking about all that I had suffered and gone through the tribulations of life, tears rolled down my cheeks. I stood on the edge of the cliff for a while, then took a deep breath and took the flight like one of those birds flying freely in the sky. At that very moment looking at the sea getting closer to me with every second that passed, I felt my freedom.

That feeling I got was that I had longed for. The last thing that I remember was the feeling of the tear drop on my cheek which I shed for my unborn child, who missed a chance of seeing the whole wide world, not through my eyes.

#The Opium Clerk#

PIP 3-D

It all started from the labour table in the hospital and it all came to a climax at the morgue's corpse table. He never knew why and never even urged to know as to what was going on. He saw them being laid down, all calmly, passively and emotionless. He saw their ashen looks, but misinterpreted them to be smiles. Yet he kept silent. He never questioned their presence. He just kept a long stare, noiselessly. Thus time just passed by him, without him voicing his thoughts and without him moving a muscle. He just kept on looking, and look he did... just look...

Life was a fairytale. Much like Alice in wonderland. There was no pain, suffering or any sort of tribulation at all. There was nothing that pointed towards the pains in life met by people, generally. There were just pleasant and mirthful thing abound. Actions of deep love and devotion were omnipresent. Attention of every sort given. For him fairies and angels flew all the while. Wishes were fulfilled and unattainable dreams attained. Cuddling and caring were the order of the days of his life. A sky strewn with stars and the bright moon was present above. Angels were flying all around the star spangled night sky, waving magic wands and satiating his every whim or caprice.

The end. An abrupt climax, no time to act or ponder over moves for create the anticlimax. All of this just ended abruptly in a cloud of smoke. Time stumbled at this heart aching moment. Fires had engulfed the house in a fraction of a second. Everything wonderful and cute had come to a dead end and this would never be the same. Nothing would become all right by him closing

his eyes and counting out to ten. Firefighters had agilely scooped out his minute frame, the only living entity, reminiscent of love and happiness. The only legacy left was he. With a teddy bear clasped in the arms, he had been evacuated from the already burning rubble. The firefighters kept him asunder from the fire-engulfed house. When the smog cleared, there was nothing remaining. But the charred remains and the smoldering flicker of fire from the destroyed timber. The fairy tale house had been burnt down to the ground.

That one spark in the kitchen had done it all. And now this, a small spark in a keg of ammunition. His life would never be the same. After all what was left of his life. It became just a floating memory. He had a life comparable to the average kid on the street. In short his life was that of a street urchin. It was in fate or not. He still was naïve and had no street knowledge. He would hang around with his posse of his kind. They were shrewd and were the cream of the crop. He was more of a subsidiary to them. Anything left was to be scavenged by him. He was the dumpster, sleeping in rags and waking up everyday to see the tormenting sun with blurry vision and dry visage. He wanted it all to end, and every time he went off to sleep he'd pray to God to bring an end to his life. But, who would hear the prayers of an urchin.

One night with all stars out in the night sky, he sat beside the dump. His circle of friends surrounded him. They had just procured an effervescent fluid, which had out of this world effects on a being. They all emptied the miniscule bottles into dirty plastic bags and stuck it to their nostrils. They passed it on to him. He did hesitate to do it, but their unwavering persuasions overburdened him. He stuck the bag to his mouth and it all to infamy for him.

On the same starry night did his house burn down and it was déjà vu. He passed out with the bag stuck to his jaws. All the pains in his life had come to an end. He would now never wake up to see the day of an orphan's.

-Satan Evilson

LAMPOON

NOW EVEN I WANT TO DEBATE

It is a bit unusual to have an Inter School debate during this term. As the board's fever is on only the Ninethies and the Eleventhies were the ones who went to watch the debate. Many of us thought that this debate was a burden for all of us but some of us saw the lighter side of the issue for such people the best part was obviously not the debate but what happened before and after the debate.

So the day came when the debaters arrived. As usual our school had problems in finding accommodation for the debaters. The boys who had come to debate were made to stay in the isolation ward and the girls were given a better accommodation in the North Block. This annoyed the boys of our school. They would have liked it the other way round. So what if the boys missed at this, some of our teachers living in the North Block had hit it right. I heard that there are also some suggestion for some architectural changes in the floor of his house for better communication with the debaters. That's the way to go. You have left us far far behind.

The next problem was that who would accompany the debaters or rather, which Prefect would accompany them, as there was too much of a competition for being the escorts to the debaters the school captain decided to pick out chits. Finally in the chit picking the dude who

for these two. The small surd was highly disappointed. Anyway he has got his pair in the school. These two winners could be seen escorting the debaters to all the places. They even escorted the girls to our neighboring school where they wanted to meet their friends. After dinner my friend would put on his usual 'Hardley Davidson' jacket (cannot discount his neat looking 'Chipku' hair) and would go to the North Block to leave them. Every time he went there, he always made an 'Honest' mistake by knocking at the door of the flat on the left side of the top most floor. Hoping 'someone' would open it.

There were adjustment made in the dinning hall too for the debaters, they were allotted the seats of Jamuna and Ganga Twelfthies. This change made some serious changes uhhh... lets say reduction in many people's appetite. I think our very own debaters, 'Hardley Davidson' and 'Guitarist' lost about five Kgs in four days, as they ate their meals in the company of girls and one has to be 'Gentlemanly'. The Prefect table also seemed quite empty. It only had the two basket ballers and 'Mr. Big Ears'. Everyone else seemed to be pulled towards our guests with some strange magnetic force. The 'Little Surd' was not on the table so lets not count him. Lets not forget about our debaters. Debate-that is a new word for these two. They had lost all their interest in debating. I do not think they even knew the 'd' of that word by the end of the function. I was under the impression that our 'White N...' was more of the I don't care kind when it came to girls but he did manage to change my thoughts soon after. The last night excursion's and night safaris of the school said it all, I think he had his debating counter part and not to forget big ears should open up 'Welham Tour and Travels with Night Safaris'. I am sure they will give both Jim Corbett National Park and Meedo's travels a run for their money. I am must tell you that our debaters were planning a 'Gala Party' with the girls in the isolation ward but the absconding ladies were taken away to their accomodations. I also must not talk about the excursion to Barista.

When our guests (i.e. females) got the news that the school is going to get punished after lunch, then they were all excited to see it. (I wonder who told them about it?) Well the excitement didn't last for long. Soon their nice hearts melted and they came back asking the Prefects to leave them. When the Prefects didn't agree they started emotionally blackmailing by saying "this is our last day in your school and you cannot even do that much" but our 'heart of stone' schooli decided not to and so our guests then went to our 'nice and soft hearted' guitarist and Mr. Big ears but alas their effort went in vain. 'Stone heart' schooli managed to send them off by saying that the boys were getting embarrassed as they were being punished in front of the guests so 'finally' they left.

Then they had a farewell dinner and for some reason our schooli did not attend it. I think it was something to do with one of the night safaris coming in late. One batch left after the dinner while the others stayed on for a day. Then they left too. Our schooli is busy planning a visit to Nagpur for his summer vacation. Our Hardley Davidson, debaters and guitarist suddenly went into kind of depression. I wonder why!

-Croccifixio

Nature's Diary.

It's been more than a month since I walked past the squash courts and witnessed the gorgeous landour scene, and now if I take the familiar stroll alongside the Colonel Brown territory, it fills me with great remorse because the garbage dominates the sidewalk. The walls on this side of the campus are the dirtiest ones and are never painted. Many writers before me might have

penned down the garbage problem in this nature section but unlike them I am not going to touch this issue just to fill up the first two paragraphs.

First things first, during holidays the most heard question was what on earth has actually struck Northern India? Places where the minimum temperature used to be Nine Degrees Celsius are all of a sudden touching the freezing point. The death toll had never been so high in years, especially because of the menacing "Cold Wave." This year's freaky and wayward weather has succeeded in freezing out the citizens by claiming more than a thousand lives alone in the North Eastern Territories. Is this all a part of the global warming phenomena? It has been Predicted that by 2020 the Gangotri Glacier which has it's snout in Gaumukh and feeds the river Ganges will develop almost 20 Km long cracks and crevices. Faults so massive that they are capable enough of destroying Chakrata, Mussourie and Dehradun. The total loss is estimated to touch the 1,00,000 crore landmark. Don't be surprised when you come as an 'EXIE' sometime later and find the Rispana flooding its embankments, the ACTIVITY CENTRE and the L.R.C. 10Kms westwards.

When I cross the Mohand Pass whilst coming to Welham the Indian False Vampire and Rhesus Macaque (Monkey) make me realize that the party time is over. The same dilapidated Nehru Tunnel reminds me of the subway and ideas soar in my mind regarding the environs of school spotted with lime stone kilns. On having made an entry into The Doon Valley, nothing was new. Surprisingly this time around there was one more visitor to The Doon Valley, which I fortunately saw near the IMA campus. It was the Redshank. This bird migrates to our city from the rivers Asan and Song. It's loud whistle and red legs are distinctive enough from the other birds in town. The first day when I walked up to the Dining Hall I witnessed one of the most amazing scene, Three Five - striped palm squirrels were literally wrestling over a petty nut. Their dispute finally halted when two of them compromised and retreated. This taught me one of the most important lessons of all times - pick some one of your own size. The Indian wood partridge finally arrived on our campus, though this time it was a full three-months late. There's a saying better late than never, but in the case of the Partridge it'll soon be never, because they are on the brink of extinction. That's it for the issue, I have had my share of problems in this debut article, thank's to the Ed.

- Parth Parasher

Ringside View.

Unleash the talent and cage success.

That is exactly what our young, enthusiastic and aspiring sportsmen at Welham have started rearing up for even with just one week into the new term.

The sport scenario knows exactly what it is going to get this term - Cricket. But still, the cricket season - what this phase was originally labeled seems a bit ordinary after this 'All year long sport' scheme has come

into play which narrates that you have to play your particular sport throughout the year. It is supposed to be beneficial for years to come but at the moment it is only causing regular hospital visits for those 'extremely talented' boys who are forced to survive rigorous practice sessions of three different sports in one games time!

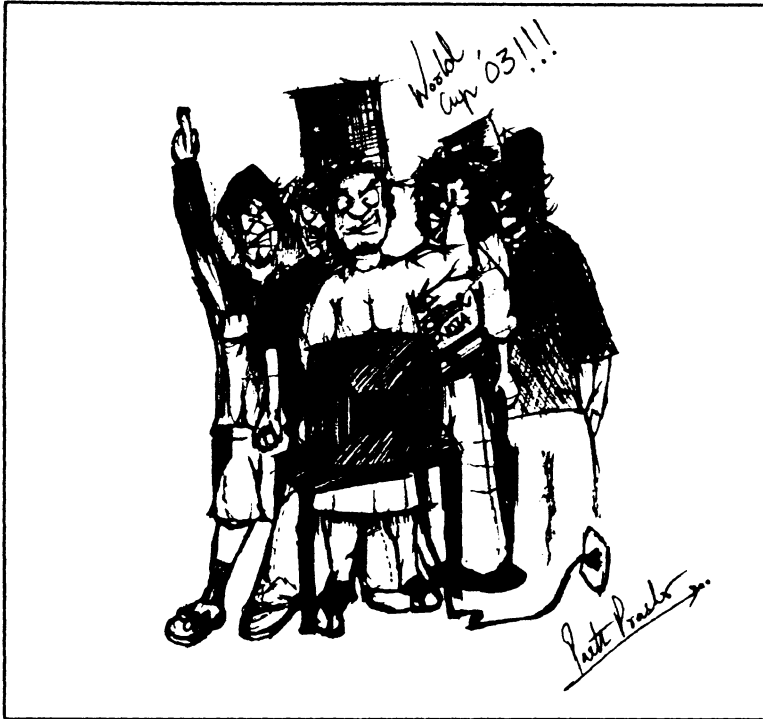
Mr. Arun Sharma has been appointed the cricket coach – temporarily or permanently, unknown to most. The school congratulates and wishes him luck. Many during one practice session spotted the old coach, willingly offering his tips without a job or payroll. He looked impressive from a distance but more observant eyes realized the fog of nostalgia. Life goes on...

The basketball team, at the moment without its gem because of ICSE/ISC is on a new high recently. They have a tournament planned in Nepal during Midterms and according to rumors a vacation 'Oblique' tour is also on the cards! We wish them luck and do hope the rumors have a touch of reality in them!

Even though no official practice of 'Foota' has been started, soccer still rules the roost. Any class can be seen in the 'Orchards' or Krishna Field playing friendly matches.

The hockey team is busy preparing for an early tournament in the first week of February. They are very seriously practicing especially when you consider that their battalion will be crossing and coming back from the L.O.C. everyday for sheer practice and nothing else.

In the International scenario the Australian Open has just concluded. No one is infallible, as no one is quiet like Andre Aggasi. He won this title again this year following his triumphs in 1999, 2000, 2001. He didn't win in 2002, as he wasn't playing! Australians got to taste a bit of Indian masala as Leander Paes pairing up with Martina Novaratilova won the mixed double title. The arrival of cricket World Cup?



Can be felt by the number of advertisements shown on the Television. 'The Cricket Frenzy' would soon be seen breaking into the common rooms to get an eyeful.

The view from the ringside is constricted to this horizon at the moment.

Hopefully the sequel will have an even wider horizon. Till then ... it's goodbye.

-Nishant Joshi

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