



The Elephant

No. 283

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

26th February, 2003

Think About It...

All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

-Ambrose Bierce

EDITORIAL

"The ball is in the air, it's going higher and higher! Oh no, it's been dropped. That is going to cost them a lot". It's just amazing as to how a game can rob the attention of the entire class all glued to the television, already overburdened with innumerable pairs of eyes. Even the television in the audio-visual room, L.R.C., has been transformed into a safe and legal haven to watch the most intriguing and interesting cricket matches, but it is still the teachers' discretion to bring about this metamorphosis.

Now the crux here is that if teachers do not want this to happen, the students unleash a deluge of groans and sighs which either sweeps them off their feet or they bear

them with immense courage. This game has the whole subcontinent glued to their television and radio sets, Welhamites are not to be left behind in this race and are a part of the privileged viewers.

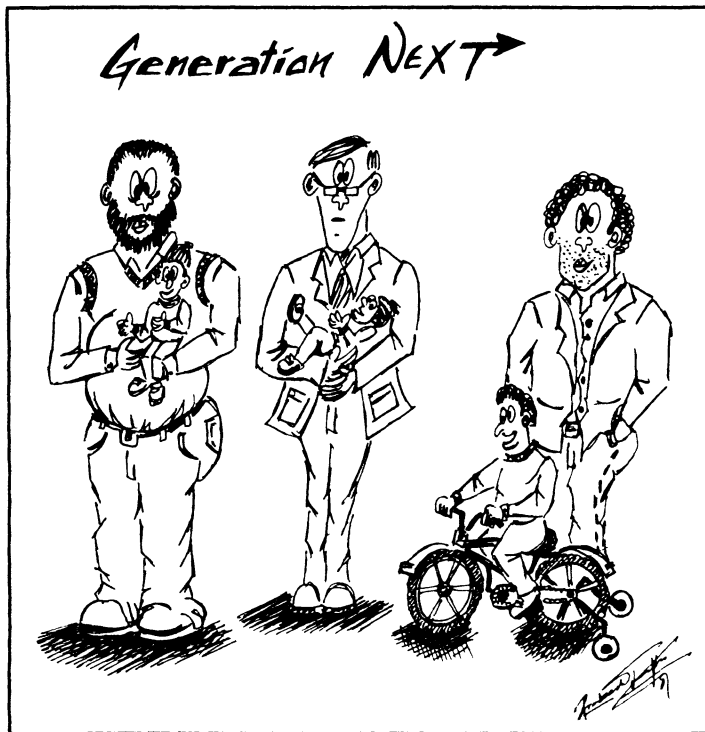
The weather, which the meteorologists in the school did forecast, turned out to be an erratic one as a spell of winter rain did have us

all cringing in our desks and grabbing onto whatever warmth we could find. The rains did give us a chance to turn the roads into ramps as Welhamites came out of their hostels sporting waterproof jackets designed to give the maximum amount of seepage and minimum amount of warmth! The junior

school also was not to be left behind. They are not the "Wacky Woodseaters" of times of yore, but are the new age jetsetters. They do not wear the garish raincoats provided by the school, but want to come out with flashy fashion statements even in the rains. The hail caught us by surprise, as everyone was attending classes. It continued into the fruit break.

Few dared to take the risk of going out into the open and getting pelted with hailstones. Some of us considered it a showering from the Gods above, others a bane, because of the headaches, which followed after having made it to the hostels to change the books in the fruit break. Let us now hope for days of sunshine.

The nights in Welham are now wearing



akin to Ayodhya when Lord Ram, Sita and Lakshaman returned after 14 years in exile. The difference here is that only the ones commuting between Krishna and Triveni in the dead of the night are privileged to sight a spectacle as glittering as this i.e.: the brightly illuminated Academic Block. The good thing is that one can be a part of this festivity only to see the sun rise over the banks of the Rispana. The guards have the added job of switching off the lights in the classrooms, and sometimes even rousing the sleeping students in the classrooms. The latter can be seen scratching their heads and rubbing their tired eyes making their way to their hostels. A handful of others can be spotted doing the same on the fields. A part of this crowd can be seen in the I.T. Lab, which is functional till late into the night. Thanks to the delayed repairs of the damaged C.P.U. The frustrated lot was prey to a misconception owing to the swapping of computer screen by a junior. Now that it is back to normal, everyone is happy with their surfing on the net. But the frustrated person has made a frantic appeal to all those who visit his domain, "Do not change screens or else suffer the wrath of pain from me." Surfs up, so get your net geeks ready to surf the net.

The Twelfthies are back with tons of their luggage. Whether it contains their studying material or food stock to appease their nocturnal rage at studies, is any one's guess. They along with the tenthies can be spotted zealously studying in every possible nook and corner. The rest of the student body also has been motivated by them to study for their upcoming assessment. Though many of us groan about there being exams and assessments, that's the way it has to be. The juniors are also groaning about more than just studies. They are the ones who have to

trudge out of their hostels every morning and face the cold while they run around the field, resembling the antithesis of the jumping Jitendra. On the matter of attending the morning P.T. the Prefect body is strict and very prompt to punish the offenders missing out the daily toil. They have also tightened things up everywhere possible, even matters pertaining to the collar not being clean and the collar button not being buttoned under the tie! All of us here were having a 'cool' time not buttoning our collars under the guise of the tie, but now we have 'someone' taking up the initiative of gagging those with unbuttoned collars, by asserting the offender to button the collar. Another touch of refinement added to the sophistry of a Welhamite's garb.

The world has seen enough of Dubyaman, and does not want him to unleash the woes of war. The people have come down to the streets protesting against the near possible war. The protesters have come out with outrageous placards and ideas to stop 'him'. Many have gone to the extreme of exhibiting their skin to lure him into not taking up the decision of war. The political pundits out here have ideas totally negating that of the protesters out on the streets. I just hope they do not come out with bewildering ideas expressing their feelings in other than words. The Bollywood scenario seems to be grief stricken, as there has been no film, which has rocked the box office. Though a recent film of interest, 'Jism' did get released, seeing the debut of John Abraham. The crowds thronged the cinema halls to see Bipasha and John, respectively.

The line has to be drawn somewhere and I shall draw it here. Till then....

**Cringing in the cold,
Pranab**

WELHAM NOW

Mr. Leon Keet, from St. Sthithians, South Africa was on a brief visit to our school to see how well Welham is following the 'Six Pillars' of Round Square.

Mr. Jagjit will shortly be leaving the Welham Community and taking over as the Dean of Y.P.S.,

Mohali. The whole school wishes him luck for his future endeavours.

The passing batch of twelfth graders rejoined school on 15th February, 2003.

The Mid-term examinations has been postponed from 17th March to 20th March.

The Junior hockey team has reached the finals of the District Hockey Championships.

The School Committee meeting was held on 10th February, 2003.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

The Swindler

I was very poor and had no means of becoming rich. I eked out my living by swindling simpletons and still had a reputation of being a gentleman. A few days ago I had bought a lottery ticket and was hoping that it would change my fortunes. But, now I have realized that hoping to win a lottery is obviously being very optimistic. The results of the lottery were announced in the newspapers that morning but ironically I could not find a newspaper to look for the result.

As I was walking home I decided to stop for sometime at the Gossford Restaurant. I told the restaurant attendant that anyone asking for me should be sent to my place. I sat on an unoccupied sofa thus inviting anyone to give me company. As I was alone I thought about my past – how I had chosen this profession because I was unfit elsewhere and how I struggled hard to overcome my financial crisis. The only good thing about me was that I was smart enough to swindle others. I then took out my lottery ticket from my pocket and thought that it was only foolish to hope that I could win. As I was busy with my thoughts a young man came and occupied a seat on the sofa on which I had been sitting. Though he did not look a simpleton to me I decided to sell my lottery ticket to him at an exorbitant price.

I thought that he wanted to say something to me but I stopped him before he could even start. I introduced myself with a fake identity. Unaware of my intentions he began to talk to me with a smile on his face. I did not consider it very important to ask him his name. He said he was a businessman and had inherited a tidy sum from his father. It was

then that I realized he was carrying a suitcase with him. I asked him what was inside the suitcase. He replied that there were ten thousand dollars and some important papers. At this I said to myself, 'Ah is he the perfect man to swindle'. Now I started to produce a plot in my head. Though I lived in the same city I told him that I had only come here for a holiday. I told him that I was staying in the Regent Inn. He then asked me why I was looking out of sorts. I thought myself to be very lucky as the answer to this question was going to be the centre point of my plot. Though I only had a cough and a cold, I had to him that I was suffering from cancer and was expected to live only for a few months. He expressed his grief on hearing this. I then told him that I had bought a lottery ticket, which had fetched me the first prize worth 165 thousand dollars. But I also added the saving clause that since I was about to die, and was all alone in the world, I no longer had the feeling of amassing wealth. I told him that I needed only a small amount so that I could die peacefully. I asked him if he would buy my lottery ticket for ten thousand dollars.

I prayed to God to make him believe my story. But after having heard it, he looked more confused and worried. To help me out he suggested that I keep a small portion of the prize money and donate the rest. But, he was still uncertain about my decision to give up such a tidy sum of money. To this, I had a simple yet a dexterously concocted answer. I told him that owing to my disease and the less number of days left in my life, I wanted to do something good before I died, as it is I did not want such a lot of money, though the

craving for it was more than ever in me. He believed my story and was willing to buy my ticket but there was a hitch. In order to confirm my identity he wanted to go to the inn where I was living. I felt my whole plan crumbling. I was about to leave the place when he stopped me. He said that he had faith in a dying man and would help me by buying the lottery ticket for only eight thousand dollars. I agreed to it. I gave him my lottery ticket and took the money. He had a quiet look at the ticket number before giving me the money. Before I left the restaurant he gave me his name and address on a piece of paper. I put it into my pocket and left for home. As I was going out of the restaurant a waiter told me that the attendant had a message for me. The attendant was in the café on the other side of the road. I went to the café and found him reading the newspaper over a cup of coffee. He told me that someone had been looking for me and wanted to talk to me about my lottery ticket. The person knew me by my name and asked him my

whereabouts. I was curious to know the stranger had come to know about my lottery ticket. The attendant smiled at me and said that my name and address were on the lottery ticket and also in the office where I had bought the ticket. He told me that the stranger had halted for sometime to read the newspaper. I asked the attendant to describe the person. On hearing the description I was certain it was the same young gentleman to whom I had sold the ticket. I snatched the newspaper, which the attendant was reading and anxiously opened the page on which the results of the lottery were announced. To my horror the lottery ticket I had bought had won the first prize. I took out the piece of paper on which he had written his name and address and rightfully tore it into pieces. I rushed back to the place where I had been sitting with him. Needless to say, I only found an empty sofa.

-Croccifixio

Role Of Drama

Aristotle defines drama as “an imitation” of an action, which goes one step beyond “A Doing” the meaning of the Greek word from which the term drama, is derived. An imitation is something which effects a child’s psychology more than anything else. One wonders what children gain from drama. I feel first and foremost they should enjoy it. Then comes a wide range of benefits : it provides an outlet for self expression and helps in the development of imagination and artistic awareness. It also increases a child's social and mental awareness, fluency of speech, self knowledge, self-respect, self-confidence and so on.

But sadly drama is only being used as a decoration piece during the Founders celebrations. If regular classes are held through out the year, then the pressure on the students will be less. Regular drama lessons will help shape the personality of

children. Drama not only means enacting but, it also provides an insight to a child to recognize one self. It builds an awareness, understanding and knowledge about the world.

There is a hidden potential in every child, that is waiting to be tapped. Their abilities have to be discovered and optimally utilized. Drama not only helps them to come out of their shell, but broadens the horizon of a child.

Psychologically it makes a child overcome his inhibition and nervousness. In this young age a child needs a stronger foundation in all the fields of life- Theatre trains him in the art of social adjustment and expression of one self.

The ultimate goal is encouraging students to be more creative.

Shweta Vij.

Seperated At Birth

Arjun Manchanda
Raunak Tibrewal
Milind Singh
Aamir N. Ansari
Ujjawal Kumar

Hritik Roshan
Mithun Chakravarthy
Patel Scope
Dr. Gurumurthy
Mr. Pradipta (Tabla Teacher)

LAMPOON

DOGA NEVER DIES

The sun is going down slowly...very very slowly. I am sitting in front of the Activity Centre after a game of basketball. Looking down towards the subway I see..I see a lean, well not mean or muscular, but definitely lean body walking down the road. There was no cricket practice that day and I was sure that he had been studying in the academic block. About his cricket skills well what can I say other than he's a brilliant fielder. A local Rahul Dravid clone..Infact some reckon that he was the one who taught Dravid how to play! His knowledge of cricket facts is something that deserves more than just a mention. Ask him any score from any match in the last century and he will tell you much more than just that. Infact he will tell why was the crowd yelling, the speed of the ball when the third batsman was bowled out, what the pitch report was and a whole lot more. During the India-Australia world cup match..his room mates had warned the Doc to keep the ambulance on call because if India underperformed then their dear Dravid would have to be taken to the ICU(Incidentally also stands for International Cricket Unit in his case). Cricket is his passion, but I must give him the credit for being a brilliant athlete. Name any event other than the javelin and shot put, and he is likely to have excelled at it sometime or the other. If you really want to know how lean he is then go to the gym in the evening and try to figure out if the pole is lifting him or vice-versa. His aim of going to the gym is to one day become like "Arnold Scavenjerr".

Yes, everybody I am talking about "Doga". If you don't know who he is then find out. I have known him since as far back as I can remember and let me tell you... he hasn't changed a bit. He is still the same thin, somewhat studious cricket freak who can eat endless amounts of 'chapattis' and bread. 'Doga' got his name from..well believe it or not...comic books. Probably the only person in the school who has read all the 'Nagraj', 'Super Commando Dhruv' and 'Doga' comic books. Hence the name! For a while he wasn't particularly amused when one yelled 'Oye Doga, sir is calling you', but slowly he started taking it all in good spirit. 'Good on ya' mate!

I still remember the day in class 6 when on an excursion to a nearby stream, he found a small dead fish. and he ate it! Incidentally, raw fish is not the only thing that he can eat. Everyone knows the favourite Welham food is Butter Chicken and naan but this fellow pushes that to the very limit. He can eat endless amounts of it for lunch on Sundays then still get back to school and say that he is hungry! Even at the dinning table he is the server's worst nightmare and wants 'extraaz' even if Somalia goes hungry!

He is rumoured to be able to pour an entire litre of water into his jaw at one time and then swallow it in one go! I know what you are thinking...this guy should be in the Guinness. We have already told him, but he's a modest fellow and really doesn't enjoy showing off.

Another one of his many passions is Bollywood. If you need to know about any and every 'new flick' (as he puts it) or want to know what the tune of that song from the movie released last week, then all you need to do is ask him. I am sure he will oblige and write all the lyrics and how the song went, who the actors and actresses were, who the director was and which underworld don funded the movie. (Psst... rumour is that he is going to do that himself one of these days if he doesn't get into [M]IIT)(Muria Institute of Techno-lozy.)

He is one of the brilliant "Sony hi kwaality" tape recorders of the school. Give him a 500 page physics book for a night and he will repeat the entire thing to you the next day without a 'shingle mishtake'. To the school "shanta claus" he is better known as the "mad shientisht" who can derive his own formulas and "jap" the rest of the class.

His hair too deserves a mention. His "Bhullan Nai ishtyle" is well known. In class 3 he was also known as the "Hair and Care" oil champion. His sense of clothes ishtyle. Evidently the only thing that he wears that belongs to him are his underwears. I am however not going to research that further!

Essel World! Essel World! is the song that he was singing when he came back from the Bournvita Quiz Contest in 'aamchi mumbai'. After his recent

appointment to a "prestigious" post, he went and asked somebody to remind him what he had been appointed for! "Howzzat!"

These days he seems to have taken to writing... I wonder how long that is going to last.

To end I sign off with a famous "Doga" quote. "Oye junior come here. Go and get me one non-veg bun-tikki and give me a bite of your pepsi".

-THE WITCH DOCTOR

DUDE (S) OF THE FORTNIGHT. (CLASS IX)

Despite, being on top of the notorious 'Rogue List' of every teacher this class bagged fourteen I.P.S.C. quiz certificate out of the sixteen distributed in the whole school. This just goes to show how intellect is at its zenith in the class or expert vision and hands whatever it is that they did in certificates, so well done. They the Senior Hockey Team last more involvement by the seniors decreasing. They also Senior Cricket Team. This and brawns. Four fellow active members of "The batch will show the same for all the years they shall spend they are moving on to year 10 responsibility on their shoulders examinations. I suggest you start studying from day one. Way to go Class IX (2002-2003) keep moving from strength to strength.



maybe its just that they have sponsored by the Xerox, but the classroom, they got those comprised the first eleven of term, but now that there is and their number is slowly comprise the 50% of the class truly comprises brains students of this class are Oliphant." Hopefully this dedication and hard work here in Welham. Now that they have now another

, that is, to excell in the board

Bomb Iraq !!

If you cannot find Osama, bomb Iraq.
If the markets are a drama, bomb Iraq.
If the terrorists are frisky,
Pakistan is looking shifty,
North Korea is too risky,
Bomb Iraq.

If we have no allies with us, bomb Iraq.
If we think that someone's dissed us, bomb Iraq.
So to hell with the inspections,
Let's look tough for the elections,
Close your mind and take directions,
Bomb Iraq.

It's pre-emptive non-aggression, bomb Iraq.
(6)

To prevent this mass destruction, bomb Iraq.
They've got weapons we can't see,
And that's all the proof we need,
If they're not there, they must be there,
Bomb Iraq.

If you never were elected, bomb Iraq.
If your mood is quite dejected, bomb Iraq.
If you think Saddam's gone mad,
With the weapons that he had,
And he tried to kill your dad,
Bomb Iraq.

If corporate fraud is growing, bomb Iraq.
If your ties to it are showing, bomb Iraq.
If your politics are sleazy,

And hiding that isn't easy,
And your manhood's getting queasy,
Bomb Iraq.

Fall in line and follow orders, bomb Iraq.
For our might knows not our borders, bomb
Iraq.

Disagree? We'll call it treason,
Let's make war not love this season,
Even if we have no reason,
Bomb Iraq

-An Internet Forward

Nature's Diary.

I would rather get my act together and write this article than to write the necrology of the Black Tuesday.

I was in a complete disarray before editing this section for the last time this afternoon, seconds later I heard that the bearded Al-Quaeda leader had vowed to die a martyr. Well, what is next in store for us? I just hope that Bush doesn't open that Pandora's box again and let loose the dogs of war.

Related to this is the topic, which I touch upon in this issue.

Western aid workers and soldiers in Afghanistan in the wake of the war against terror are fuelling the trade in snow leopard pelts. Pelts of one of the world's rarest big cats are being sold to foreigners for £1000 each. The trade in snow leopards and their parts is internally banned. The United Nations Environment Programme has said

that most of the buyers are aid workers or soldiers from the international peacekeeping force. Now that the twin towers have evolved into the leopards there's no stopping it from getting extinct. There are estimated to be fewer than 100 snow leopards left in Afghanistan and only about 3,000 throughout Central Asian habitat. Beside its pelt, the snow Leopard is also targeted for its bones, which are used in Chinese traditional medicine.

The 'Cactus Island' has been obliterated from the scenery, which gave the backfield a distinct look. The cactus there were of a different species. In place of them hybrid flowers have been planted. This act has outrageously angered me. To aggravate the matter, a wire mesh has been erected around them. The school has made me cry out tears of blood.

**Compelled to suicide,
-Parth Parasher**

RINGSIDE VIEW

Ideology states "No pain, No gain". Reality shouts Exactly!! I have this as I identify my 'pain for gain' by my soreful body, which has apparently been overshadowed by the immense joy from victory.

'Victory' is the exact word ringing in the ears of the Welham Cricket Team today, the 14th of February. This Valentine's Day indeed, proved to be happy day for them.

Winning the toss against the 'Rimcos' at our very own 'leveled' main field, the vice captain Kaustubh elected to bat. Our batting seemed to be bleak and certainly not up to the mark except a

morale boosting 89 runs by Anshuman, which eventually raised the team score to 165 runs in 25 overs. To cover up the extensive blooper mistakes committed during batting, the team showcased brilliant fielding. Highlighting the game of course was an awesome five-wicket haul by Deepak, due to which our opponents were left 23 runs short of the target. It was the first win of the team under the new and dedicated captain who usually leads by example. 'Way to go, Vansh!

'The Basketball team seems to be changing the venue of its forthcoming tournament like dirty apparel as I am told that they are going to Mumbai

instead of Nepal during mid-terms. Wherever they land, I hope they are able to show their true potential – a thing, which they have done every other time.

The sports scene seems dry, as there have been no other fixtures, only rigorous practices.

The athletics boys under Mr. Biradar can be spotted each day during their breathtaking exercises. The athletes are surely determined to prove themselves and 'cross the line' in lesser time.

Our Hockey team is scheduled to play RIMC soon. It's their first match this year and we wish them luck.

The soccer team has finally really started having practice sessions, or have they? The

team is shortly going to Delhi for a much needed exposure.

Our cricket crazy Welhamites have put off their visits to the barber shop for nail cutting, as they would be requiring their nails for the forthcoming matches. The 'hardcore' Indian Cricket fans still second their favourite team even after India's

dismal performance against minnows Holland. The centurion of this World Cup have been Craig Wishart, Scott Styris, Brian Lara, Andrew Symonds for their respective countries. Chanunda Vaas created history by taking a hat trick of the first half of the opening over of a World Cup match against Bangladesh.

The N.B.A. starts spelled victory for the West team and produced a MVP for Kevin Garnett of the Timber Wolves. It was an emotional occasion for Michael 'Airborne' Jordan who was in his last such appearance.

Manchester United is still second in the EPL behind Arsenal and is aiming for a photo finish this season. In the 'La Liga' the dream team of Real Madrid is still

not on top of the table but seems capable enough to soon become Numero Uno.

Well, that's about it. Time to end this marathon ringside view. Phew!

**Crossing the line,
Nishant Joshi**



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