



# The Elephant

No. 285

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

14th March, 2003

## Think About It...

*Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It is the transition that is troublesome.*

*-Issac Asimov*

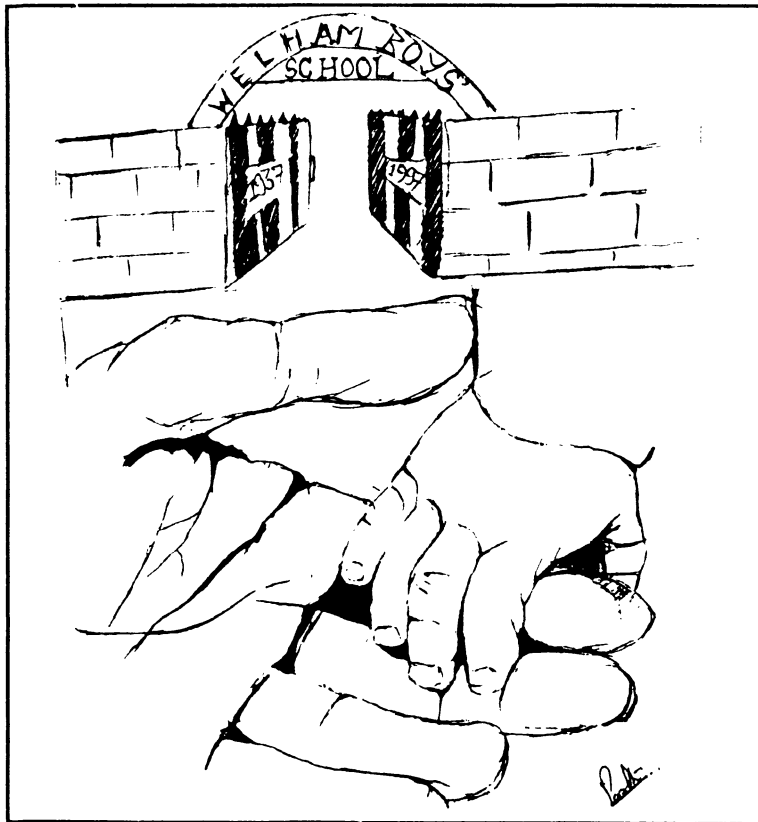
## EDITORIAL

"Now for your prep," says the teacher. A long sigh and chaos follows in the class. We all know that the topic creating such a pandemonium can be the one and only Mid term break essay. From the Junior school, Middle school and cutting right into the Senior school, this is one detestable topic to write an essay on. Though this essay topic has become a biannual chore for all the Welhamites, we all love to hate it. Thank God that having climbed up the steps of social hierarchy in the school, has rid me off this chore. For that matter I cannot stop myself from just jeering at my D.T.E. who is toiling away at his Mid term essay. This is one topic where the students do not have a clue about what they had done in the five days of freedom from the monotony of school. They are asked to write about the most intricate details of their journey,

stay, trek and all the places visited in that time period. An average Welhamite for that matter would consult with the Dexter of his class and probably go on to replicate his work. Now that is called smart thinking. Mid term is that one chance,

when the unescorted groups can venture out of the Garhwal region. It is now just a question of making it to that unknown destination. Well, the destination is not exactly unknown. It is only a matter of time that the teachers fish out their actual destination.

The school after the Mid term break does look quite changed. With all the board exams and ancillary activities going on, the campus was quite empty. But, with the new boys' joining the school, one can hear loud shrieks and cries. The atmosphere tends to remind me of the days when I joined the school. That may



have been a long time back, but history repeats itself. As far as I can remember the scene was quite the same. One could see boys' crying and shouting out for their parents. While the parents left with moistened eyes and soft sobs, the House matrons tried to cheer up every boy. In the times of yore new boys' would be locked in the Tearoom and were left to cry their lungs out. The school campus also looks like its bursting to the seams with the new boys'. One can encounter new boys' on the fields, the dining hall and the Junior school's academic block. They can be spotted questioning their teachers about everything possible in the school. It is a normal inquisition for anyone new to such an environment.

Talking about the environment, the contents of the *Nature's Diary* are a mystery to me. A very bland statement to make on my part. But what can one do when the weather demands such statements. With the change in the weather everyone can feel the sweat slowly trickling down their backs. This phenomenon has all of us scratching our limbs after the dusk. All thanks to the mighty mosquitoes. They haven't wreaked their havoc as yet. Be not soothed by this news, because in the forth coming days you need to know what is in store for you. So, go out and buy all the possible repellents. As for the rains, we all can only wait for the monsoons to arrive. And please, do not even think about a miracle like the one of Lagaan. The only time one can feel the air conditioner blowing, during the P.T. But, that is the time when the Welhamite is in a state of lethargy. So long for the cool wind in the hair, which is nothing but a distant dream.

Last year it was the principal's cut but this year it seems that the new senior master's cut is en vogue.

With all his energy and fervor he seems to be out to dress the Welhamite to his

teeth. With the royal decree that has been passed, Welhamites are to don the look, which was once the ambition of our previous principal. The present class twelfth vehemently opposes the motion and has sworn to stand by their views. Though it is still uncertain how long the Twelfthies stand against it. The war between the coalition forces and Saddam seems to be have taken quite a long time. The coalition forces may have captured the Royal Palace, the whole of Iraq but they are yet to find the coveted dictator Saddam Hussein. Is he going to disappear in to thin air or is he still in Iraq? This seems to be the question pricking Dubya man's mind. The political Pandits here have two opinions. Firstly, Saddam must be incognito and relishing the facilities provided by the United States of America. Secondly, he could be in one of the remotest parts of the earth, having a blast with Osama Bin Laden over not being caught by Bush and his forces. The coalition forces have destroyed Iraq thoroughly. Ironically they are now working towards developing Iraq into democratic nation.

The end, a phase, which comes in our lives sometimes or the other. We all have to experience it. But it is the untimely end, which cannot be experienced. With deep condolences and remembrances from the class Twelve, this goes out for you, Anirudh.

How many brothers fell,  
To the disasters that we see,  
Rest in peace,  
Young brother,  
There's a heaven for you and me,  
Be a lie if I never thought of death,  
My brother,  
We're the last one's left...

Drift and die,  
Pranab

# OBITUARY

The Welham Community mourns the loss of Anirudh Agarwal (67/C), batch of 2004. He joined the school in 1992. Anirudh was a sincere student with exemplary behavior, an enthusiastic aero-modeler and a very friendly person. He will be remembered and missed by the entire Welham Community. Our deepest sympathies and condolences are with his family in this hour of grief.

## Welham Now

Results of the Inter House English  
Extempore Debate held on the 7<sup>th</sup> April,  
2003.

Best Speaker : Samridha Rana  
1<sup>st</sup> Runner Up: Abhishek Shrestha  
Most Promising speaker: Shaunak  
Valame  
Best Rebuttal shared by:

Samridha Rana  
Shaunak Valame

House positions :  
Winning House: Krishna

Results , of English Handwriting Contest  
Group 'A' Classes X – XII

1<sup>st</sup> Sameer Suri  
2<sup>nd</sup> Raunak Tibrewal  
3<sup>rd</sup> Ayush Agarwal  
Consolation : Umamah Burza

Group 'B' - Classes VIII – IX

1<sup>st</sup> Dhairya Karwa  
2<sup>nd</sup> Samarjeet Srivastava  
3<sup>rd</sup> Abhijeet Choudhary  
Consolation: Umamah Burza

Group 'C' - Classes VI – VII

1<sup>st</sup> Samarth Rastogi  
2<sup>nd</sup> Chirag Garg  
3<sup>rd</sup> Bhavnish Walia

A friendly Hockey Match was played  
between Welham Boys and Wood  
Stock. Welham won the match 6-0.

The Welham Boys' under sixteen basket  
ball team came runners up in the District  
Basket ball Championship.

The Welham Community welcomes  
Mrs. Meeru Pandey. She has joined the  
English Faculty. She previously used to  
teach at Y.P.S. Mohali.

Mr. Bakshi has spotted a Paradise  
Flycatcher , Koel and the Golden Oriole  
on the campus.

Mr. M. Pant has been appointes as the  
Senior Master.

The awards for Best Actor and the Best  
Supporting Actor were awarded to  
Ayush Agarwal and Vansh Vardhan  
Joshi respectively. They acted in the  
Founder's day play 'Aladat Khan'.

# W.O.B.N.

Mr. Gosain has taken over as the Staff Representative and the Welham Old Boys News Desk.

Mr. Amit Oberoi has officially taken over as secretary of the Welham Old Boys Society

Any enquiry regarding the old boys should be addressed to the secretary of the Welham Old Boys Society. The address is as follows:-

Welham Old Boys Society  
C/o Welham Boys School,  
Dehradun – 248 001.  
Uttaranchal

## LITERARY AFFAIRS.

### A Deserted Soldier

The war had just begun and it seemed to me that I was the only soldier who had survived. The sun smiled from the ride and my gun was shining bright. I read the directions earlier which said that I had to reach the palace in Iraq and get some important documents which would help my country to win the war. The castle was very well protected and I had only limited time to do my job.

The panoramic view around the castle was breath taking. But that did not disturb my concentration. I was very focused and determined to clear all hurdles. My elder brother and father had shown their talent in this field and now it was my turn. When I reached the castle I first killed two guards in the back yard by stabbing them. Then I entered the palace. When I reached the door two more guards came towards me. I shot those guards. I entered the password and the door opened. As I went through the door the guard kept coming towards me. I was very quick and kept shooting them. It seemed very strange because the guards came one by one after each other. Some were hidden on the rides and I had no trouble killing them. I soon realized that my bullets were finishing and went to the place in the castle where I got my but refilled.

I went through another door and came upon people who were dressed in white and armed with sharp knives. They were very large in number but I had the advantage of guns. I kept killing them one by one and whenever they hurled a knife at me I bent down quickly. But I was late to react once and the knife struck me. Blood poured out of my body and if I were to receive a few more blows like this then I was sure to die. Somehow I managed to kill all of them avoiding any further damage.

When I opened the next door I saw guards who were dressed in black carrying guns, which sent bullet at a higher speed. It seemed to me that as I moved ahead my job got even more difficult. I was alert and avoided the bullets at the same time I kept firing at them. Their numbers kept increasing as I moved ahead. It was sure that if a bullet struck me it would be the end of my life. The sounds of the firing too grew louder as I moved ahead. Finally the soldiers in that room were finished and soon I was at the exit of the room.

I had no idea how many rooms I had to cross before reaching the documents. When I entered the next door I saw that there was there was one guard who guarded the room I realized that he was an expert in marital arts. I reached for

my gun but found it missing. I had only one option, fighting him. I had to match his skills. He was quick at fighting. I controlled my moves brilliantly. I killed him after striking two blows but I too lost some energy after the fight. Though I had lost a lot of blood I opened the next door. At this point my

mother asked me to stop playing this stupid game and switched off the TV.

-Croccifixio

## When You Know 'It's not your day'

A dawn, when you wake up,  
you realize that you're late  
And the teacher is very happy,  
Because he's got another bait.

At Breakfast, when you wear slippers,  
And by a prefect you are caught,  
Your worst fear comes true,  
And you're asked to report.

Famished and tired,  
When you come for fruit break  
There is the same fruit,  
But you eat it for hunger's sake.

At lunch you eat very less,  
As punishment awaits you  
The prefect gives you odd jobs  
And humiliates you.

After a tiresome day,  
When you desperately need some rest  
You remember that you've to study,  
For a Maths and science test.

At night you've about to sleep,  
You pray to God and say  
'God, please do anything to me  
but don't repeat this day!'

- Ajitesh Kir

## Parallel Thoughts

### Uncle Sam's Hypocrisy

There can be no doubt that the US has taken a dim view of the repeated and frequent acts of terrorism in Kashmir and the rest of India. It has also made it clear, both in private and public, its

belief that much, if not all of it, has been inspired by Pakistan and has been perpetrated by terrorists from across the border. There have also been

several indications, in the recent past, that the US state department considers a solution based upon the LoC as the only feasible end to the Kashmir dispute. Despite all this, there is no certainty that the US will either put pressure on Pakistan to desist from acts of terrorism in Kashmir, or back India's implicit stand that it will only consider a solution that makes the LoC, with or without modifications, the recognised international border between the two countries. On the contrary, there is a growing likelihood that the US will once more abandon both international law and its own past positions to suit short-term expediency, and abruptly reverse its stand. The reason is that the US took all of these positions before it embarked upon the Iraq war. That war could easily force it to change its position on Kashmir, just as it is forcing it to change it on Palestine.

Change is being forced upon the US because the war has not gone the way it had expected it to. First, the Iraqi people have not revolted against Saddam. This has not happened even in the Shia areas that had revolted against him in the wake of the 1991 war. As a result, at the time of writing, even Basra, where the coalition had expected to be greeted with flowers, has not fallen.

Second, barring stray contingents, the Iraqi army has not surrendered. On the contrary, it has not only adopted unconventional means of conducting warfare, but even engaged in pitched battles despite its total lack of air cover. That has taken not only courage but commitment.

Third, the fighting in the towns has raised the death toll among civilians. This has not only alienated Iraqis further, greatly complicating the task of ruling Iraq after the war ends, but what is far more alarming for the US and UK, given birth to a raging torrent of hatred across the entire Muslim world such as has never been seen before.

Today the coalition is caught between a rock and a hard place. It can minimise civilian casualties by prolonging the war. But the longer it

drags on, the more time the mullahs will have to whip up hatred against its members. Or it can try for a quick victory. But that will require it to bomb and rocket its way into the cities and kill many, many more civilians, especially in Baghdad with its five million inhabitants. This will have exactly the same effect on youth in the Islamic countries.

The US and UK have already decided that if they cannot somehow kill Saddam by means of an aerial attack, and are forced to fight to the end, they will take the latter course. They are therefore in desperate search of some other means of propitiating Muslims in other countries and defusing the anger that is building up against them.

Tony Blair seems far more aware of this need than Bush Jr. That was the reason why he rushed to Washington to urge the US to let the UN take over the governance of Iraq after the war. That is also why he has insisted all along that the declaration of war on Iraq must be accompanied with the announcement of a road map for the creation of an independent Palestine. As the war continues to worsen politically for the allies, would it be too much to expect him to add the propitiation of Pakistan on Kashmir to the list?

There is also every reason to expect Washington to be far more receptive to such a suggestion than it has been to the other two. Leaving Iraq to the UN would shatter the neo-conservative vision of a new, democratic, pro-west Middle East that Iraq is to usher in. As for the road map for Palestine, it has already been riddled with crossfire from Tel Aviv. Bush knows therefore that it stands virtually no chance of being adopted. That leaves only Kashmir to offer as an olive branch to the world's Islamist fanatics. Who cares in Washington that the vast majority of the Kashmiris are anything but fanatical Muslims, and that most of them don't want to leave India? It has a fire of its own making to douse.

-The Witch Doctor

# Nature's Diary

There's absolute silence, not a soul moves, there it comes, the great cat, walking like a tyrant. Jaws are dropped wide open. And it's a matter of seconds that the camera roll finishes. I am talking about the Unforgettable Corbett experience. Some people may not even agree that there are any tigers and leopards in the Corbett National Park, because they have been there fourteen fifteen times and were satisfied with the glimpses of monkeys and deer. They just like believing in God and Ghosts, You never know until you see them. One of the drivers had said.

It was that part of day when there was so much electricity in the air, it was going to rain. The binoculars were in my right hand and I was standing at the tree house. It appeared as if it was a jeep or a rock but there it was slowly gulping down, the water from Ram Nadi. Immediately I got my eyes behind those two big lenses. It was the first time I had seen it like that and believe me it was not at all excrescences.

This was the last day of the excursion and I never felt so complete before. I wanted to share this view with the whole world but there was no one around. It wasn't just a cat, it was a huge tiger.

Soon it would find a worthy mate and the mating would begin. But it's not even sure of it completely. Thank to the poachers. At the rate they are moving they are going to eradicate this thing and about fifty to sixty years later we'll have to buy Encarta encyclopedias for our grand children to show them that these creatures once roamed the earth. It is later declared that the tiger had concussed or something without complete investigation. Getting back to the tree house I slowly got down trying to make sure that the view from the binoculars wasn't lost. Assuring myself with each step I took downwards that it would continue to remain there for quite sometime. Suddenly I stood aghast at an amazing sight. A deer had entered the territory unknowingly about the predator's presence and had become its prey.

"Wow", I thought as the tiger was feasting on its prey. Mother nature had really balanced the scale from being the hunter to the hunted to again being the hunter. With these thoughts I walked towards the sunset hoping the sun doesn't set too early at our cat friend.

-Parth Prasher

## RINGSIDE VIEW

For the one great scorer comes to write against your name, he marks – vote that you won or lost – but now you played the game. That is the spirit I have seen in the Welhamite for the last few years that I have been here. Not that victory always eludes us but even when it does it's how the game was played that matters. Well I guess that's what keeps the spirit of sports going ...

It's feeling really good getting back to my column after a long gap. It's gives us a sense of personal belonging where I have the license to play any game at wish with an objective to enlighten you, with respect to the Welham sports scene.

In absence of the ICSE candidates from school a cricket match was played between the new Twelfthies and tenthies. This was the last spark of the dying cricket season. The tenthies managed a massive 193 in 30 overs with a great contribution by Vishal Choudhary and Ankit Vinaik of 36 and 22 runs respectively. The Twelfthies fought back with vigour however falling short of 20 runs. Abhishek Narain supported his team all through summing up a 75.

With the natural death of the cricket season hockey promptly replaced it. The team played their first match of the season against Wood Stock School, Mussoorie

enhancing their glory by a six nil victory. With such a magnificent start of the season, the team looks forward to lay these sticks upon the ball of the Hockey Councils and Oak Grove Tournament.

Basketball though has lost its fans with a passing out of our star players. How ever the new team was full of hope and aspiration as they departed for their battleground. This is the first tournament of the new team and we wish them luck. Their return on the 12<sup>th</sup> will leave again to

play the District under 18 championship followed by the Afzal Khan Tournament. I am sure they will prove their worth after all the early morning and late night practices.

In spite of the new intakes and unsteady

movements the new Basket Ball team is going through the Junior team is doing wonders stabilizing the scene. The under 13 team after beating GRD by a margin of 30 points has paved it's way through into the finals of the tournament where they shall be playing against D.I.S.



The squash tour is picking up vigor. Dedicated sportsmen can be seen sprawling over the dimly lit court playing more out of guesswork than vision. I say dimly lit as one can barely see the ball. The school authority has been informed and we expect a change soon.

It has been rather sad for; the athletes. They had been training since the last two-month but when the road race often came in; it was turned down by the principal. Well I don't think the boss requires his

justify himself. And he must have had his own reasons.

Thinking back on the school's sport scene and the improvement of the different teams just short of touching perfection in their spheres. I guess I dedicate this ringside view

to our sport coaches.

With that I beg leave the spirit indeed is willing to write more however the flesh is weak so until next time,

Yours truly,  
Karan

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : **Pranab B. Shrestha**  
 Literary Affairs : **Kartik Mahajan**  
 Welham Now : **Nishant Joshi**  
 Cartoonist: **Prabesh Shrestha & Parth Parasher**  
 Staff Representative: **Mr. Aseem Tripathi**  
 Published By : **Welham Boys' School**  
 Registration No. :- **20208/86**

Desktop Editors: **Prateek Baranwal & Aamir**  
 Ringside View: **Karan Mehrotra**  
 Nature Diary : **Samridha S.J.B.Rana**  
 W.O.B.N : **Mr. Jagjit Singh**  
 E-Mail: **oliphant@vsnl.com**  
 Web-page: **www.welhamboys.org**  
 Printed at : **EBD Web Sewa, Dehra Dun.**