

WELHAM BOYS SCHOOL

# The Elephant

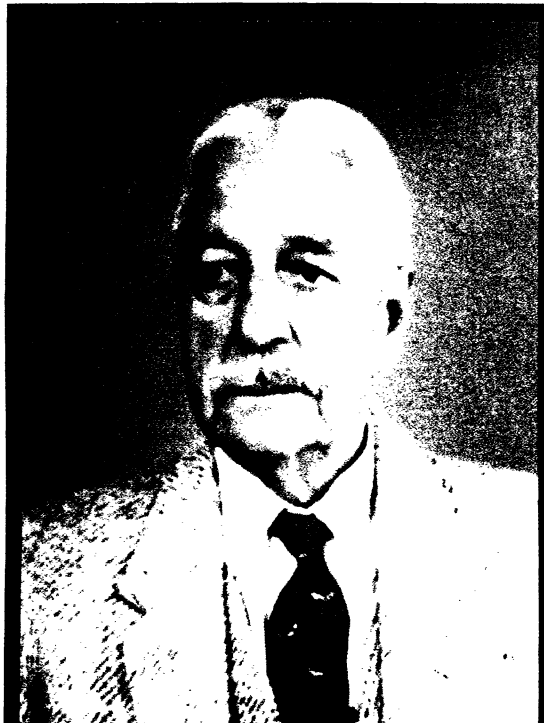
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# Obituary

We regret to inform you of the sad demise of Major General Ranbir Bakshi, MC (Retd), who passed away on 25th September, 2006.

Born to Dr Ram Lal Bakshi and Mrs Gujari on 1st April, 1912, at Multan (now in Pakistan), Major General Bakshi did his schooling from the AP Mission (now known as CNI) School at Dehra Dun and after passing the 10th class joined the prestigious Government College, Lahore in 1930. In 1931 he represented the College in the First Indian Olympic Swimming Meet at Calcutta and won the gold medal in backstroke. In recognition of his achievement, his name figures in the Roll of Honour of the college. In 1933 he represented his college in a major seminar held under the aegis of the League of Nations at Geneva.



1<sup>st</sup> April, 1912 - 25<sup>th</sup> September, 2006

In 1936, he joined the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun in the 10<sup>th</sup> course and was commissioned in the Regiment of Artillery in 1939 in the 1st Field Regiment. He was straight away inducted into battle and in support of 17 Infantry Division he covered the withdrawal from Rangoon to Imphal. Two major battles took place during this period – the battle of Prome and the battle of Kyankse. The Japanese had bypassed the Dogra and 1/7 GR battalion defended areas and physically attacked the locations. Realising the gravity of the situation Capt Ranbir Bakshi brought down accurate artillery fire on his own location thereby defeating the attack and facilitating the withdrawal of our troops. Gallantry awards during a withdrawal are few and far between, however exceptional acts are always recognised. For his act of gallantry Capt Bakshi was awarded the Military Cross which was presented to him by King George VI in London in 1945.

During his chequered service, he commanded the 1<sup>st</sup> Field Regiment, he was the Chief Instructor of the Military Wing of NDA at Dehra Dun from 1950-1952. In 1953 he was appointed the Military Assistant to the second Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army,

General Maharaj Rajendra Singhji, DSO. In 1955 he raised the New Artillery Centre at Nasik and thereafter was the Commandment of the School of Artillery from 1959-1961. In 1964 he was appointed the Commandment, National Defence Academy, Khadakvasla, Pune, from where he retired in 1966.

Post retirement he did a short stint as the caretaker to the late Maharaja of Jodhpur's properties and in 1973 came back to his home in Dehra Dun. His desire now was to contribute back to the society and hence he devoted his life to the cause of the disabled and joined

the governing council of the Raphael Ryder Cheshire International Centre and was appointed its Director in 1975, a post he held till 1992 when he completed his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. Ever since he has been the Chairman of Raphael.

He was associated with Welham Boys School since 1<sup>st</sup> December, 1978, when he joined the Board of Governors.

Maj Gen Ranbir Bakshi, (Retd) has always been a source of inspiration and strength, a role model for the youth of India. He has inspired many a generation and though it is the end of an era, the work he has initiated and guided through the years will continue in his memory.

Our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family. May his soul rest in eternal peace.

he institution that taught me the essence of life, which carved out an educated and sensible person out of an ignorant and stubborn child, which taught me that failure is success turned inside out - I find it difficult now, after 12 years (that seemed like 12 decades), to bid goodbye to this - my second home. How many of us know what Welham is all about?

Welham is not the buildings, the fields or the roads. Welham is us – the students, teachers and the support staff.

So when people say that Welham has changed, I don't quite understand what they mean. Do they mean the infrastructure or do they mean us – the Welhamites? If they feel that Welhamites have changed for better or for worse, then they are correct. Because, who doesn't? Change is the only constant thing in life and is necessary for everyone in order to move on. When I look back at the 12 years I have spent at Welham, I too feel that a lot has changed. Yet when I think about all the changes that have taken place, I personally have no regrets. But there are still some who regret that their 'privileges' have been taken away.

A decade ago, a senior could walk out of the campus whenever he wanted to, could disobey most of the laws in the rule book and would get away with everything. Is that what we regret?

Or do we now regret that we cannot mete out corporal punishment? People say that corporal punishment prepares you for the outside world. Our batch was the last to encounter corporal punishment but I do not understand how it has geared me up for the 'real' world.

We live here, in this safe cocoon, believing that the world outside these walls of Welham is just the same. Most

of us sit on the fence and go wherever the wind blows not realising that the majority is not always right.

But Oli is proud of the fact that Welhamites have the ability to think, to judge what is right and what is wrong - as long as we think for ourselves. We need to get our priorities right, which has begun to happen.

I remember attending a workshop where we discussed something known as 'life skills'. We talked about how humans react differently to different situations. When we think clearly about our actions and their consequences, it is called a proactive decision. And, when we take actions without properly pondering over the issue and its consequences it is called a reactive decision.

We Welhamites used to be very aggressive and impulsive but now it seems more like that we have our heads on our shoulders and actually stop to think before reacting.

I believe in Nani Palkhiwala when he says, "There are two types of people in the world: those who expect the political system to produce 'humanity and care' and those who practice humanity and care knowing that one distant day, it will produce the system".

Should we expect the system to change or should we, as Mahatma Gandhi said, change ourselves? The sooner we start becoming the latter kind, the better for all of us.

So let us all take this pledge, that on this 70th Founder's Day, we should remember the foundations on which this institution was built and to work together, to grow 'From Strength to Strength'.

Jai Welham!

**ajitesh|kir**

# Welham Now

- The Annual Arthur Hughes, OBE, Inter-School was held on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September. While a large number of teams from across the country participated, SJA walked away with the trophy.
- Ravimohan Chauhan of SJA was adjudged the Best Speaker. **Kartik Viswanath** of the host school shared the Most Promising Speaker with **Pallavi Joshi** of SJA.
- An Inter-School Financial Studies Quiz was held for the first time ever, on 21<sup>st</sup> September. St. George's College lifted the trophy after a nail-biting tiebreaker with Mayo Boys.
- This year, Cauvery emerged victorious in the Soccer Inter-House, defeating Ganga in a neck-to-neck penalty shoot out.
- The students and the teachers enjoyed a much needed break from 25<sup>th</sup> to 29<sup>th</sup> September as the boys went on mid term excursions.
- The Ramanujan Maths Quiz was held for the Senior School on 4<sup>th</sup> October. Ganga came first with Krishna and Jamuna as joint runners-up.
- We wish to welcome **Capt Vijay Tiwari** who has joined us as the Bursar. We wish him a long and fruitful stay.
- Keeping the safety and security of the children in mind, the walls around the main field have been raised.
- With Founder's Day round the corner, a new and advanced sound system has been installed in the Activity Centre.
- Sudipt Juneja, Tushar Agarwal, Varun Shamsher, Kandarp Swarup, Aniket Nag, Ayush Agarwal escorted my Mr Vishnu Painuli attended the Round Square Conference at Gordonstoun School, Scotland, from 7<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> October.

## The Nuclear Olympics

- Anesh Gurung XI Humanities

Everyone has heard about the 'Cold War' which took place in the post-World War period between the Communists and the Capitalists. Warsaw Pact versus the NATO. Why was the name 'Cold War' chosen? Because if a nuclear war took place, all the hundreds of nuclear explosions would create a radioactive atmospheric blanket which would result in a drop of temperature, taking the world back to the Ice Age.

But what if it had actually taken place? Then there would be no need to destroy the world fifty times over: once would have been enough! But would there actually have been a nuclear war? The two major players, USA and the Soviet Union knew, that once the 'nuclear show' began, that would be the end. The victor would only inherit a contaminated wasteland if he was lucky enough to survive.

The race started. The USA led the race until the Soviets joined in 1949. The Americans had a large bomber force to deliver the atom bombs. Then the Soviets came up with the Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile (ICBM), which could travel up to 10,000 km in five minutes. It was hard to intercept because it travelled in space before diving onto its target. But the Americans had the 'capital power' and soon had more of these dreaded contraptions.

The Americans had a clear lead until the Vietnam War. It was costly for the Americans and soon the Soviets overtook them. The Americans countered with the Submarine Launched

Ballistic Missile (SLBM). ICBM's bases were fixed and easily detectable and so were vulnerable. SLBM's were mobile and underwater and so remained hidden until they were launched.

But the Soviets had about 15,000 ICBM's and the Americans only about 10,000. Submarines were very expensive so they turned towards technology for help. The result was the 'Cruise Missile'. It could be fired from trucks, tanks, ships, planes and submarines. It flew only about sixty feet above the ground and so was undetectable by radars, even after being launched. In the end, USA won the race.

All this worried the other peaceful nations who were mostly developing or under-developed. They could only watch as these giants raced to destroy mankind. But then the Soviet Union collapsed and the war came to an end. Nearly one-sixth of the world became free from communism.

But this war was not limited to the earth. Even space had become a battlefield with spy satellites and anti-satellite satellites, satellites built to destroy other satellites. Finally a treaty was signed forbidding any weapons to be placed in space.

Now there are seven nations with nuclear weapons and many more with the capability to make them. It is true the number of these WMD's is a lot less but is more deadly and powerful than before.

# Film Review: Jang aur Aman

- The Welham Boys Film Society

The subject of nuclear power has always been one of dispute. Currently, it is one of the most important issues concerning the world. Most believe that it symbolizes power and progress for a country. At the same time though there are some who condemn it. These are the people who believe that peace can never be attained through powers of destruction. Weapons may provide security but the end result will always be destruction. Anand Patwardhan has taken up these issues in this non-fiction film and expresses his views strongly, while trying not to take sides and leave it to his audience to decide.

Filmed over three tumultuous years in India, Pakistan, Japan and the USA following nuclear tests in the Indian sub-continent, War and Peace is a documentary journey of peace activism in the face of global militarism and war.

The film is framed by the murder of Mahatma Gandhi in 1948, an act whose portent and poignancy remains undiminished half a century later. The film explores how a country, which got its freedom through non-violence, is moving towards unabashed militarism and has become aggressive over the years, though there has been some resistance along the way. Having nuclear weapons seems to become a symbol of development and progress. Every successful nuclear test evokes cheers from all over the country. The film shows how politicians in power hailed the success of the tests as the beginning of a new era of science in India. The masses were provoked and misled with aggressive speeches by the leaders who proclaimed that the tests had made India a superpower and secure from attacks of neighbouring countries. All this is done to gain votes, and sadly this manipulation does work.

There is also a visit to the "enemy country", where contrary to expectations, Indian delegates are showered with affection not only by their counterparts in the peace movement but also by uninitiated folk. There are people who believe that the artificial boundaries which divide our nations have been created for the interest of a few men. It is more important that we remain faithful to humanity. On the other hand there are some people who stress that if India carries out one nuclear test then Pakistan should carry out two. There are people who are willing to die for this cause.

The film moves on to examine the costs being extracted from citizens in the name of national security. Contrary to what our leaders say, the costs by no means are minuscule. In fact, the figures are startling and truly reflect the poor condition of the country. In developing nations like India and Pakistan where a large segment of the population still struggles for basic necessities like food, shelter and clothing, these nuclear tests can aptly be termed as a "betrayal of poverty". The money spent on these weapons of mass destruction could have been used to build homes and health centres for the needy, provide

water to villages and food to the hungry, etc.: these nuclear tests only added to the plight of the residents living near the site. Many died of cancer caused by the associated radiation. Judging by the horrendous effects of uranium mining, it becomes clear that contrary to a myth, first created by the USA: there is no such thing as the "peaceful atom".

The scene shifts to Japan, bringing back horrific memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Lucky were those who died on the spot. The others went through a painful death. Life forms, which hadn't even come into this world, suffered. Babies in the mothers' wombs stopped development and were eventually born deformed. The effects of radiation from the first atomic blasts can be seen till date. Such a thing should never be repeated, in fact it should never have happened in the first place. Fire can never extinguish fire. Dropping a bomb is the easiest of things but how many of us are prepared to face the consequences. After all, this is "our world".

For the survival of humanity, people have to learn to care for each other. But man has failed to learn from his mistakes. After Japan, with the advance of technology, we have built even more powerful bombs which can destroy the entire world in no time. In the eighties itself there were enough weapons on this earth to kill each person nine times. Imagine if all that money and resources had been used for humanitarian purposes we would all be in a different world all together.

Initially, countries across the globe were conducting atmospheric nuclear tests. As a result, millions of people around the world died due to the dangerous radiations. Realising this, all the countries got together to sign the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT). Surprisingly, India backed out and others followed suit. And now most countries have begun to generate nuclear power. This clearly shows the direction in which the world is heading. It is time that people realize for themselves the ill-effects of nuclear power. We need to take a stand against it before it is too late because weapons know no boundaries.

The film stresses that as we enter the 21<sup>st</sup> century, war has become perennial, enemies are re-invented and economies are inextricably tied to the production and sale of weapons. In the moral wastelands of the world, memories of Gandhi seem like a mirage that never was, created by our thirst for peace and our very distance from it.

The film won many international awards all over the world. In India, however the censors asked for several cuts in the film, but the film maker "fought" a long court battle to get it cleared. It was finally released in India in 2005, without any cuts.

# A Wee Dram of Scotland

- Karna Puri

I landed in Aberdeen amid lashing rain and wind on a bleak, cold and blustering morning. Typical Scottish weather, they said. Gordonstoun School with its imposing façade and ancient buildings was a welcome sight after ten and a half hours of flying and jetlag. I had a warm welcome and after a sumptuous lunch in the Refectory, Mr Tony Gabb, the Deputy Headmaster, escorted me to "Homewood", their guesthouse. I soon settled into the routine of daily life in Gordonstoun.

Gordonstoun School is surrounded by a huge estate and is set amongst formal gardens, well-manicured lawns and forestland. Gordonstoun is located near the picturesque harbour and marina of Lossiemouth, in the Scottish Highlands. Gordonstoun House ("G" House as it is popularly known), the Round Square (the famous circular building after which Dr Kurt Hahn named the Round Square Organisation) and Michael Kirk (a small chapel built over the burial vault of the Gordon Cumming Family) are the oldest buildings on campus. Gordonstoun like the rest of Scotland abounds in history and old legends (there is an interesting and oft repeated one about



A 'Gordonstounian' Namaste from Sterling Castle

students and Staff abandon their meal trays after eating just a mouthful.

Comparatively, we at Welham are much more formal than Gordonstoun. The student teacher relationship here at WBS is much more interactive than in Gordonstoun. One of the questions posed to me at Chapel (their daily Assembly) was "how would a Welham student fare in Gordonstoun, would he find it difficult to adjust to the differences?" My answer to it was that a Welham student would fit in like a hand in a glove, as apart from minor differences our schools cater to pupils of similar backgrounds and are run in very much a similar manner.

During my visit, I was fortunate to be chosen to take some German students sight seeing around Scotland. We visited the Cairngorm (one of Britain's highest mountains), Edinburgh, Stirling Castle, Loch Ness and Dalwhinnie Distillery, the manufacturers of one of the finest Highland Scotch Whiskies in the world. I found Edinburgh to be one of the best cities that I have ever visited. We had coffee and scones, in "The Elephant House" where Jennifer Rowling sat and wrote her first Harry Potter novel and also visited the grave of Greyfriars Bobby, the famous dog who has become a legend. Then to the theatre it was to watch the Buddy Holly Show, playing to a full house. As the show drew to an end we were all on our feet dancing, as was the whole audience. We also had a spine chilling adventure with the Auld Reekies Ghost & Torture Tour and at the Edinburgh Dungeons. We rode to the summit of the Cairngorm peak on the Funicular, a carriage on rails which hauls passengers to the top of the peak. Sadly though, our drive along the Loch Ness and Urquhart Castle was a great disappointment because we never sighted "Nessie" (the fabled Loch Ness Monster). So what's new anyway!!!



Irish coffee at The Elephant House - birthplace of Harry Potter

the Wizard of Gordonstoun and the Devil). Gordonstoun is a co-educational boarding school and has about 500 students from all over the world. The school boasts of a modern kitchen and refectory, an auditorium (the Ogsdown Theatre) which is the hub for dance, drama and music, a sports centre with up-to-date facilities, a well equipped Design and Technology Department and of course a bright, spacious and well stocked Art School. Among the interesting activities offered by Gordonstoun are the Fire Service and the famous Coast Guard. Students taking these activities have to be on high alert at all times. The siren for emergencies may sound at anytime and they have to drop whatever they may be doing, to rush off to answer the call. I have seen

annual 2006

The second part of my stay in Gordonstoun was my three-week stint as the Head of Art Department, for the Gordonstoun International Summer School, 2006, where we had about 300



Too heavy for my back - a sculpture on the Royal Mile, Edinburgh

students from all the continents on the globe. It was a truly exciting experience as we were involved in giving the students an experience of a lifetime. The atmosphere was totally

informal and relaxed and the food 5-star. Students were aged from nine to seventeen years and it was compulsory to speak in English. They had classes in Sailing, Art, Design & Technology, English, IT, Drama and Sports. Sports included swimming, tennis, squash, soccer, athletics, the obstacle race and the sports day. Apart from this they had "disco evenings", fishing, go-karting, ninepin bowling, clay pigeon shooting, and shopping trips. However, the highlight of the programme was the yachting that they got at the west coast, which meant that they were on board for five days at a stretch. The days were pretty full and busy but great fun. Everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The bonds of friendship made in the Summer School, I am sure would last a lifetime.

I would not want to miss the experience I had in Scotland for anything in the world. I do thank Mr Lahiri, our Principal for his faith in choosing me as an ambassador of Welham to one of the best schools in the world, and making it possible for me to have this absolutely incredible experience, and Mr Painuli our Dean of Activities and Round Square Representative, for his encouragement and support, and in working out the logistics in making this trip a success. Lastly, I must mention that it feels great to be back.

## Three powerful legends

- Abhinav Basu X B

The powerful message radiating from the magically legendary lives of Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr and Daisaku Ikeda emphasises, strengthens and makes our belief in the capability and power of an individual much stronger. These people were ordinary like us-humans. They did not have any special powers but the fact that they were undaunted and immovable in their faith, beliefs and ideas made them revered personalities throughout the world.

All three of them overcame mammoth hurdles, performed impossible tasks and moved millions without even raising their hand once. They strictly followed the path of 'Ahimsa' or non-violent resistance. The ideas of Gandhi, King and Ikeda seem very much alike as all of them fought and stood up for the oppressed, the downtrodden and the underprivileged. They were respected and followed by every one, whether it be Hindu or a Muslim, a White or a Black. They believed and followed the path of humanity. Never did they give into oppression or bend their knees before insolent might, but with peace, calmness and composure battled the torrents and obstacles which came in their path. In any

case they never gave up.

Mahatma Gandhi once said, "In the moment of our triumph, let me declare my faith. I believe in loving my enemy." 'Lovers of peace of humanity' they never had any personal reason to spurn at anyone, not even their enemies, but to help the oppressed and to bring good to this world they fought selflessly against tyranny.

Non-violently they shook the foundations of mighty empires and were courageous enough to boldly face the consequences. Quoting King's words, -"On the one hand I must attempt to change the soul of an individual so that their society may be changed. On the other hand I must try to change the societies so that individual soul will have a chance." I feel that it is only inspiration, courage and a feeling of respect for humanity which we may learn and derive from the beautiful and motivating lives of these three legends that I call "The three pillars of the 20<sup>th</sup> century" as they left behind a legacy of building peace which has become a permanent identity for them in the sands of time as well as the hearts of the people with whom they lived with and fought for!

# ‘Plus est en vous’ - Sudipt Juneja XI Commerce

To be honest, we had not expected much from the Round Square Conference, except ‘fun’. But what actually happened was an experience that deserves a heart felt narration.

There was something to learn from every moment we spent at Gordonstoun School from October 7<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup>. The fabulous and breathtaking landscape of Scotland was successful in complementing the gathering of three hundred and sixty students from sixty schools from across the globe.

This year is the fortieth anniversary of the Round Square. Thus,



In front of the Tower Bridge, London

it was deemed fit that it returned to Gordonstoun, its home and also adopt the school motto as the conference’s theme – ‘Plus est en vous’ (there is more in you)!

The week started with a lot of uneasiness and a sense of confusion on everyone’s face. But in a day or two as we came to know each other better, the confidence within each participant from all the schools noticeably increased and we started talking freely to each other.

We were made to think that we were students of Gordonstoun: lived in their hostels, listened to their Housemasters and House Captains and followed their rules. On the first day itself

we noticed a huge difference between student-teacher relationships in our school and in Gordonstoun. The Housemasters and Matrons are more like parents and spend a lot of personal time with their students.

Astonishingly they even had special telephones in each hostel through which they could contact the ‘childcare’ helpline and ask for help if they were facing any kind of problems, be it moral, physical or psychological!

We listened to a number of lectures by eminent personalities and the best that we got to hear and learnt from were those of Jamie Andrews, an amputee and Kris Akabusi, a former Olympic champion. Both the talks were invigorating in their own special manner.

Jamie had lost both his arms and legs to frostbite while on a mountaineering expedition, but a couple of years on, he can now write without hands, he has climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro with prosthetic feet and has written a book and can even juggle with special netted arms attached to his arm stumps. He has done without arms and legs what people with arms and legs never dare to do. Jamie taught us that no matter what happens in life, we should always learn to adapt to circumstances, that there is no good wallowing in self pity and that there are so many things such as brushing, tying laces, eating and washing which we take for granted... imagine having no arms and legs. We should thank God that we are blessed!

Personally, I think that the highlight of the conference were the ‘Baraza’ meetings. Groups met at different places after each keynote lecture, analysed the speech, the person, played games and discussed world issues. It felt nice to see that so many people care about the world and though we may look different, all of us have similar dreams and passions.

A notable observation made by all of us was that the students and people in the UK are very professional, to the point and do not waste time. Whatever they do, be it performing ‘Macbeth’, doing the Scottish ‘reels’, driving the bus, conserving their history and culture, they are brilliant at it! There is nothing sub-standard whatsoever and a lot of hard work goes into everything – be it sports, drama, arts or academics!



Delegates at the Round Square Building, Gordonstoun School



The multicultural night where we performed 'Dandiya' was also an eye-opener. Other delegates at the conference were more excited to learn about our dresses and music, than we ourselves were! It felt awkward to finally comprehend that we Indians do not respect our history and feel shy of proclaiming our diverse culture in front of other people.

The most challenging part though, was meeting new people and getting out of our comfort zones. No one had seen so many

people of the same age group and different parts of the world gathered at one place at a given time. There was a new person to meet every second, new ideas to gather, information to gain, expressions to make, names to remember and also dances to learn.

A conference is worth recommending, because if you are ready to learn, it topples over your prejudices and makes you think anew.

## To Gangotri... and beyond!

- Brahma Raina

Departure for a Mid Term break is always an exciting prospect and so it was this time, when 13 boys escorted by Mr Prashant Arora and yours truly, left the campus on a beautiful Monday morning, the 25<sup>th</sup> of September, bound for Gangotri, via Uttarkashi, Harshil and Dharali.

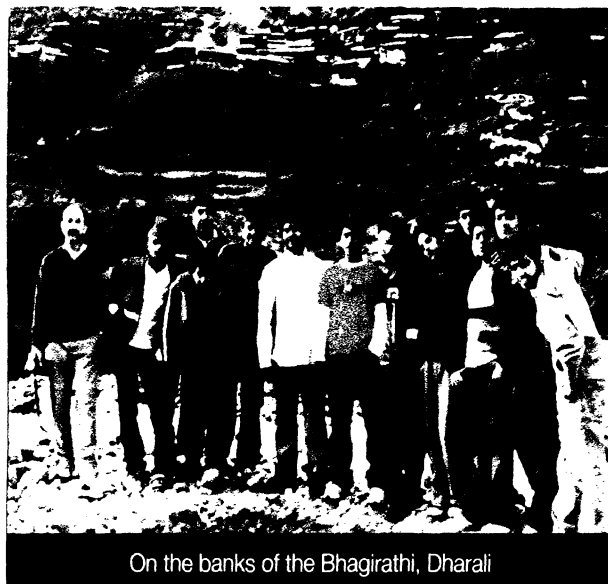
After a filling breakfast comprising 'Bun-Oms' at Rain Restaurant, on the outskirts of Rishikesh, we continued with our journey, this time suitably prepared for the narrow, winding roads, with tablets of Avomin, that the kind healer back at school had supplied us with.

As the miles rolled by, some of us could not help but wonder at the rich fauna that could be seen free. With many a song in the heart and on the CD player in the Qualis, the passage of time made its presence felt only when the rays of the sun lost their warmth and ominous clouds rolled across the sky. Finally, we broke journey at a hotel in Uttarkashi, where the boys could finally get to hog a bed each, even as they hunted for their sweaters! After dinner and with clear instructions to be ready early, most hit the sack.

Day two dawned crisp and bright, with the rays from the sun streaking across the heavens from over the mountains and the overwhelming roar of the Ganga, as it flowed past. Daybreak brought out the sheer beauty of the valley that made adjectives superfluous.

After a sumptuous breakfast of *poori-alloo*, we departed for our next destination – Harshil, not sure, if we would be lucky enough to find accommodation in the quiet, semi-cantonment that Harshil has now become. The drive up the narrow, winding road was punctuated several times when landslides blocked the road. All credit to the men of the BRO (the Border Roads Organization) who with their bulldozers kept traffic moving. The landslides themselves were, as some of the boys said 'hard-core'!

Harshil, a quiet village where the army has a strong presence, is situated on the banks of the Ganga, where many an apple tree with bright red apples, proved too tempting for us, forcing



us to ask the orchard-keepers if we could partake some apples, which they obliged us with, in plenty! Munching on fresh apples, we tried to find something to eat, but with no luck, as it was way past the local lunch time and a 'troop' as 'large' as ours scared many a restaurant – *dhaba* owner, who politely refused. With no choice, and stomachs rumbling we decided to drive up to Dharali, a village three kilometers further up where we finally did get lunch. The cuisine, did say much about the taste of the locals, especially at this time of the year.

After checking into a tree house of sorts, where we got comfortable beds to hog in large rooms, realisation dawned that we were close enough to just reach out and pluck fresh, juicy red apples, for which most people in the plains would be willing to give an arm. (Although, if the locals were to be believed, had the *chowkidar* caught us at it, that is exactly what we would have to give!). In the evening, we went trekking to the outskirts of this beautiful village and beyond, where we stood gaping at the sheer intensity of the dense forest, the temple snuggled high up on the hillside, the sibilance of wind was like the whispered conversation of spirits...

As the next day dawned upon us, we were awe-struck by the sheer beauty of Dharali, the high snow capped mountains



Clearing our way...!

beyond and...the apples! Even as we awaited buckets of hot water to bathe with, we savoured the beauty and tranquility wishing that we could stay longer. Breakfast summoned. Being perfect gourmets and gourmands we were determined to experiment the fare. The collective conclusion: the chowmein did not only look like thin, wriggly, oily worms ...

Gangotri beckoned: On the journey up, the sign posts put up by the BRO never ceased to amuse us: 'Beep, Beep, don't speed', 'This is a Highway, not a runway', or even 'Help us to keep the roads clean and green'. We are all for cleanliness, people, but green? Nah!

Gangotri, said to be one of the four *Dhams* has all the air of a pious place, beggars and all! Here, one has to talk loudly to be audible over the roaring sound of the Ganga or Bhagirati, as it cascades over massive boulders and plunges down at Gaurikund. Paying respects to the resident Goddess - Ganga was very easy as there were hardly any devotees and then one proceeded down to the ghats to wash away all our sins! Some of us with a religious bent of mind filled containers with *ganga-jal*. After a much-delayed lunch, we spent time at Gauri kund, taking photographs, or in the case of Prashant, simply talking

on his cellular phone. Yes, BSNL has seen to it that this remote, yet beautiful part of Garhwal is now connected to the world!

The jagged peaks, some snow-covered, and the raw beauty of the place astonished us and with comments like 'Hard core, *yaar*' echoing in our ears, we boarded our 'Qualises' and set off on the 35 km journey, back to Dharali.

The evening saw the boys frolic for the next hour at the picturesque river, playing 'Soccer' with a borrowed tennis ball, on the 'beach'. After cups of coffee, we trekked up several kilometres to a shrine dedicated to Goddess Ganga, where once again the *panditji* blessed the boys with wisdom! The view of Dharali and the mountains, some snow-capped, was simply breathtaking from this height. The slanting rays of the setting sun had a mesmerizing effect on all of us. On the way back, the luscious apples proved irresistible, once again, and the charm of plucking them in the fading light proved to be an opportunity of a lifetime.

The next day, we left the cool clime of Dharali, bound for Uttarkashi, where we were determined to visit the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering. Perched on a hilltop, amidst conifers, the museum at NIM, although closed for the day was opened upon our request, where the boys were treated to a breathtaking array of mountaineering equipment, apart from photographs of pioneers in the field.

Before driving into Mahima Resorts, the boys were allowed time off in the town, where they also visited the Kashi Vishwanath temple. Over a sumptuous dinner around a bon fire, we played Antakshari before hitting the sack, exhausted after an enjoyable day.

After a heavy breakfast of *cholla-batooras* the next day, we set off on the last segment of our Mid Term, the journey back to Dehra Dun. An exhaustive eight hours later, we reached School, only to realise how lucky we are to get sumptuous food, meal after meal.



## What's In

DON (the movie)  
Sweet talking  
Dengue  
Fruit-beer  
Housemaster outing  
Mr Lahiri  
Colourful PT display(s)



## What's Out

DOS (Dean of Studies)  
Screaming  
Typhoid  
Milk  
Self Outs  
Himesh Reshammiya (who was never in)  
Karate display

# Excerpts: Interview with the Bursar

We are fortunate that Captain Vijay Tewari has joined us as Bursar and could spare some time from his busy schedule to talk to us.

**Oli:** In which school did you work before you joined Welham?

**Bursar:** I am initially from an army background. I served the Indian Army for five and a half years in the ASC. After that, I was the Bursar at Birla Vidya

Mandir, Nainital, for nine years.

**Oli:** Why did you decide to join Welham?

**Bursar:** Well, Welham has a name, and of course my family has been staying in Dehra Dun..

**Oli:** Has Welham turned out as you expected it?

**Bursar:** It has been better – apart from some problems which are inevitable.

## The (Not so) Beautiful Game – Shivesh Tyagi XI Science

Football-the beautiful game, or is it? The below-par world cup and Italian match fixing scandal has shown that its beauty is only skin deep. After 1990, the 2006 world cup was one of the duller world cups ever played. So few goals, so many cards and of course the Zidane head-butt. Although Matarazzi was equally at fault, the head butt was totally unacceptable, especially from a player who is “God” for many soccer fans. All the favorites underperformed and all the stars failed to shine. In all it was a world cup to forget.

Gone are the days of Maradona and Pele when an average of 4-5 goals was scored every game. Nowadays, the game has become too defensive and teams prefer packed mid fields. This is highly prevalent in the English Premier League which is ironically the most “viewed” football league.

In accordance with concentrating on skills teamwork etc., teams practice “diving” to win fouls and feigning injuries to waste time. This is common in South America where ironically the most “talented” players are bred.

The eleven yellow cards and four red cards in the Portugal-Netherlands clash this world cup speaks volumes of the level of refereeing today. The level is constantly depleting as most officials are doing it for the money rather than for the “good of the game”.

Racism is also poisoning the game. Samuel Eto'o, a candidate for the Player of the Year award was booed and monkey noises were made when he was playing a league match for Barcelona which is ironically, also known as “the People's club”. His team mates and manager convinced him to continue playing and he silenced the crowd when he inspired his team to win. This is a great reason why most African and South American players do

not play in England.

Gone are the days when Maradona used to wake up an hour before a match and still be on the starting eleven. Nowadays, no one messes with a manager and gets away with it. No player is above his manager, but this has proved expensive in many cases. Stars like David Beckham are sold due to personal reasons rather than management decisions. International managers are often “pressured” by club managers club Presidents to include young players of their clubs so as to increase their market value. This causes experienced players like Raul, Beckham and Ruud to be dropped from their country's squads. “Smart” players are being bought for their merchandise's value rather than their actual game play and “ugly” players are often shown the back door.

Leading brands have been accused of producing “attractive” Soccer boots rather than those with better performance. On the other hand hats off to brands like Nike for lifting talents like Robinho and Ricardinho from the slums of Brazil with the help of the “Joga Bonito” organization.

The Italian match fixing scandal took the world by surprise. Multi-million clubs like AC Milan and Juventus paid heavy prices for match fixing, but the heaviest loser was the “Beautiful game”.

The less one speaks of Indian football the better. Referees pause matches to answer their cell phones, a team scores more than 100 goals in a match, a Brazilian of the club Tempo died of an heart attack on the field and there were no immediate medical facilities and the list goes on.

Whatever happens one thing is for sure, if soccer makes the world go round it is definitely spinning the wrong way!



**Arshjot S  
Bedi**

The only intelligent sardar on Planet Earth, shocking, but true; the guy managed to get 83% in his boards. However God has gifted him with a whole load of hair all over his face and it's perhaps because of this that Mr Ansari's daughter has nightmares about him. After having almost no luck with the opposite sex he has switched over to the love of his life – chicken. Every junior's nightmare, it has been over a year since he has come back from the exchange to Australia but his accent hasn't left him. The only rider in the class, this 'surd' is going places!



**Shivang Kochhar**

The first day he entered school in class VII, he was sent to the Junior School for he was mistaken for a class II student! His music choice varies from *Bihari* rap to Linkin Park. Loves to hog - he lives to eat, not eats to live! He holds the record of throwing up in every journey during the Midterms

and can sleep anywhere and everywhere. Played unbelievably well this Soccer season, he has just proved that *Biharis* rule Welham! (At least in the dining-hall). Don't underestimate his capabilities by judging him by his size.



**Omit Gurung**

This 'bhola' Nepali has managed to scrape through 12 years at Welham without a single panga (unusual for Nepalis!). Believed to be 'found' in Nepal, this dude hasn't grown physically as well as mentally since class VI. This unofficial captain of everything still feels proud to have been punished in class I and was made to stand naked in the cold winter. Wannabe Tom Cruise, he claims to have the strength of Hercules but does not have the courage to crush an insect!

# Twelfthies Unleashed

For all those of you who believe that Twelfthies at Welham are good for nothing dimwits, you are absolutely right...



**Kushal Shrestha**

He has lived up to the tradition of Nepalese getting into the maximum number of pangaas. The only person in class who has got his priorities right, which includes cleaning the bathroom, washing clothes, sleeping on time and doing everything other than studies. This dude is capable of doing a lot better but gets distracted by things that are of least importance to anyone. One of the class I survivors, he proudly shows off his dining hall monitor badge. The best dressed guy of the class, he has tried every possible face wash for his pimples but in vain. Believed to be in love nowadays.



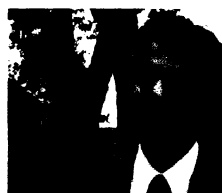
**Aman Verma**

Mr Economical – he has never spent an extra rupee in his life. Nicknamed chapaat and 'budget', he terrorises the caterer every morning. Known to have his heart on his palm, which slips every time he meets a beautiful girl. The best planned guy of the class, he will help his friends till the very last second of his life. He has opened his own free chemist shop in his room where he gives *desi dawai*, which actually work. Though he did not score well at Welham Girls he managed to win over the school captain of the '*aasha nagri*'.

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**Rasik Goyal**

Dadaji from Mandi Govindgarh (where is this place?), he smiles even in his sleep. Looks like a father of three children, but claims to be 12 years old! Has never liked to wear socks and does not wear a sweater even in winter. This *rattoo* studies on the last day and still manages to top. Has been trying to slim down but starts working out only a day before socials. His lifelong secret of going for facials, manicures and pedicures has just been leaked out when he was caught red handed at VLCC! As for yours truly, I leave it to the other Editors.



**Gaurav Mittal**

Give him a telephone and an Internet wire and he can stay isolated for his entire life. This Indo-Nepali who looks more like a Garhwali speaks like DMX. The panic machine mistakes kickboxing for dancing.



## Manishek Gupta

Please don't go near this dude because of two

reasons. One – he is allergic to soap and water and, two – he will literally kill you with his PJs (perhaps a joke). His facial expressions and his jokes will keep you laughing all day long, even if he's telling you the same joke for the 6<sup>th</sup> time, which he usually does! The most popular guy across the road due to various reasons such as giving flowers and clicking photographs of all and sundry. The Best Athlete for seven years, he is one guy who can sacrifice anything for a friend. Also called the walking excuse dictionary.



## Sheriff Bajwa

'Machar', 'Qazzi' (winner of Fame Gurukul) and 'spare part Bajwa', this 'cut-surd' from Amritsar has come a long way. Called Sheriff Kandpal after the very famous Kaun Banega Welhampati, last year: he can imitate every single person on this planet. Called the most 'coordinated guy of our batch' by Welham Girls because of his dancing skills, he has finally, after a long search, found someone at the socials. His weird accent and his jokes can make you laugh all day long.



## Tushar Saini

The unofficial member of the Oli board for his continuous contributions to 'Through the Keyhole', now he thinks twice before speaking in English. *Gunda* from Ghaziabad (although he looks like a villain from old Hindi movies), he is at heart, just a baby. He can kill you with his 'Words of Wisdom' (WOW) and

his future plans. Wants to become a Bollywood actor when he grows up, he takes Mithun Da as his dream icon.



# Twelfthies Unleashed



## Prateek Singh

Claims to be the intellectual type, especially after he puts on his specs. Called Drogba because of his looks and not due to his handling of the Soccer ball. Reads more than one is supposed to read which is why he goes into the unwanted minute details of everything. Can live with just a pair of shirt and shorts for a year.

His stomach needs regular feeding because he shares his stomach with 'GODZILLA'. Is famous for his 'weird dance' at the Teachers' Day when he was trying to copy Hritik's '*main aisa kyun hu*' number but ended up doing a Govinda style.



## Udit

## Panjwani

The Yeti straight from *Harki Pauri*

was called a hot air balloon in Junior School. The cute genius at electronics, he can also make a century old radio work in a minute. This hairy baby has broken the record of having the most number of sisters in Welham Girls. Has never had a bath in his entire life, which shows or rather smells when he forcibly hugs you.



## Kartik

## Viswanath

Kartik oops! Or is it Kar 'stick' joined the Welham family in

class VIII. From the *bhola bhala* Mother's International School has now become a typical Welhamite. This zombie takes a day to walk from Triveni to the Academic Block and will kill you with his fake intellectual lectures. Practising for the marathon; has earned him nothing but made him even thinner. Fell in love with a Chandigarh *ka Tara* but the *Tara* did not shower any light on this *sambhar-idli-dosa* eating dude from Kerala.



## Suraj Kohli

The athletic find of the year, he won positions in most of the events this season. His subjects include LRC and Hostel, which he uses for only sleeping. Was hot-property on the career-counselling day when the local AHA chicks mistook him for Shahid Kapoor. Knows nothing about his career or about studies but has 25 out of 24 hours to flirt with girls.

## Akshay Agarwal

This *satyavadi* has never lied, never done anything illegal, never eaten anything, which has come from the 'bunk' and has never spoken to a girl (or maybe that's an exaggeration!). The most focused and hard working guy you'll ever come across, he can be seen praying to God whenever he gets time. Sweetly called 'Iqbal' due to biological reasons which cannot be explained in detail here, he's going to give a tough time to the Ambanis and the Birlas in the future. Way to go!





### Abhijit Choudhary

Proud to be a US citizen where as he actually resides in Hanumangarh! (Still wondering where it's located on the map). Can keep you in splits all day long.

He has been trying to slim down since class I. He thinks the whole world is watching him round the clock. Does not know why he took science and prays to the gym coach before sleeping.

### Archit Agarwal

Sweetly called 'tillu' and 'argumentative Indian'. He has the ability of not having a bath for months or maybe years. Can stay in one dress the whole day in which he can sleep, eat and even play. The brain of the batch, his intellect can put Einstein to shame. Previously he preached that there is no such thing as love but fell prey to the love game himself. His jogging and dancing are no different. The laziest person in School, he will argue till his last breath even if he is wrong. IIT, here I come!



## Twelfthies Unleashed



### Chirantan Singh

Anand Bhai (Munna Bhai, MBBS) look-alike, Chin2 hopped into Welham in the year 1996. He failed to grow after class III, which is why he uses a stool to look

at himself in the mirror! The Sports Captain, he is excellent at every sport he plays. The only person who laughs at his jokes, he will never ever admit that he has made a mistake. A true **bhakt** of Swami Ramdev, he starts his day with yoga at five in the morning, which is quickly followed by a minimum of six mugs of tea. The all-rounder of the batch, he is sure to make it big in life. Go We 'n'ham!



### Qasim Choudhary

This Saharanpuri came back from the exchange looking like a wrestler. Also called oldie, his lips seem to have been stolen! A quiet guy who is very nice at heart. He went to Australia hoping that his

English would get better but the difference is next to nothing. A true Krishnaite who never says die (while eating!).



### Pratyush Agarwal

I bet he is sleeping at the moment! He believes that he is living in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and is zapped most of the time about what is

happening around him. The youngest guy in the class, he qualified for the Squash nationals in class X. This Zappo was rejoicing after stealing someone's grub in class VIII when he later found out that the grub was his own.



### Monish Kherra

Lovingly called Hitler, Tarzan or Mowgli. He comes from the wild east but has lately settled in Dehra Dun. Loves tea and books more than anything in the world and has

never danced in his entire life. The chairman of the 'Bachelor Gang' has lately resigned from his post because he finally had the courage to speak to a girl. The Hockey Captain and the 'tea baap', he was interested in reading a book rather than dancing at socials.

### Arjit Trehan

'Giant' of the class, he has beaten up every single person in the batch (including the 'schoolie'). Has a



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dinosaur's body but his brain size is that of a bird's. Famous for his one-liners, is believed to make mock-papers before exams (which never come true). He took 12 continuation sheets

during his Maths exam but he got only 12 marks. He wears Pepsi goggles, which he got from the Hill Grange fete and claims that they are from 'Police'. His birthday parties in Junior School will be cherished by the batch.

### Akshat Gupta

'Hamaari Maange Poori Karo' – this rebel has the capability of revolting for no reason whatsoever. He

rammed his fist through a glass window because he failed his English exam (which he has never passed). He has been trying to crack SAT (though he does not have the strength to crack a walnut).

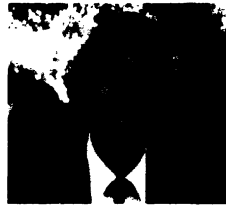


# Twelfthies Unleashed



## Dhairya Karwa

Standing tall at 6 feet 3 inches he's the tallest dude ever to have been born in Welham. The Basketball Captain and one of the best players the school has ever produced. He is also the only captain to win every major tournament in Dehra Dun (Golden Jubilee, Win Mumby, Districts and the Councils). The successor to Kunwar Raunak, he sleeps if he gets even a five minute break. He invents new methods to sleep in class, including while tying shoelaces and pretending to write. His aim is to hop into St. Stephens and he is still trying his best to get 'Her' (if you know what we mean!). "Keep shooting" dude.



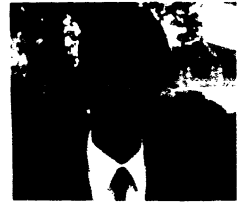
## Mohit Bansal

Bansi looks more like Inzaman-ul-Haq than Mohit, himself. He's not a master blaster but a sure blast in Maths and Accounts. His knowledge of things other than Maths and Accounts is nil. His plans are to build one of India's largest companies. This *gol-matol* volleyball player says that girls are not on his agenda. Wow!

## Manik Tayal

When the whole world sleeps – he awakens. This Casper from Muzzafarnagar is another one from class I. Called Elvis Presley in Hope Town due to his aligned side burns.

The 'math brain' is famous for getting homemade stuff and distributing it amongst all classmates. A true friend to the heart, nobody laughs at his jokes but he himself.



## Saurabh Bothra

The school captain in Selaqui, the Welham 'Hawa' changed him drastically. Has a weird mark on his hand. A soft-spoken guy, he is feared by Dr Hazari Lal.

At one time he was the best long-distance runner in school, he has suddenly lost his charm. He was sent for the world's costliest haircut all the way home to Delhi after he came back from the holidays looking like a hippie.



## Mayank Rai

All the way from the Oil rich country, he is the ultimate brainy of the batch. Often mistaken for a robot, he is suspected of being made of pure steel and is also the Gym Captain.

When the whole class fails he still manages to score above 80. He has never seen what's above his head in the dining hall as his head is always focussed on the food. Takes his father as his only idol and plans to crack the IIT. Even if an earthquake shakes the earth, he will definitely go for the evening tea.

## Shaurya Singh Taragi

Shaurya or just Hutch. He'll follow you everywhere and anywhere even if it means going to hell. This rumour king has never spoken the truth all his life and hates everything except sports. Is glued to ESPN and Sport Star 24/7 which has earned him the name of Sports Centre. Has never passed a Maths exam since class I and is believed to have changed deftly his marks from 8 to 80 on his report card.



## Ajitesh Kir

Claims to be a big stud but forgets the fact that he belongs to Roorkee. This dude has never come on time for anything but somehow manages to get away with it. Has been thinking about losing weight for ages but simply never got started. His verbal

skills have lead to people leaving the school. The most disorganised guy of the batch we still don't know how he ended up becoming the Editor of the Oli (we suspect he bribed his way by sending extra chicken shares to the Staff Editor!). Juniors dread his locker more than they dread him. In a desperate attempt to grow a beard, he started shaving when even a trimmer was not needed. He sleeps in the same socks he wears all week. One of the best debaters the school has ever produced, this guy has certainly taken Oli to greater heights. One of the nicest guys around, he is always tense about something or the other, venting his frustration on others.

...so, the time has finally come for all of us to go into hibernation with our books. It's been a long time but certainly a pleasure. We have made a lot of friends. We have changed, things have changed. Times have been good as well as bad. It pains us to know that soon we will be leaving this Heaven!



# Colourful Glimpses of the Leavers - A Mixed Bag!





# Mental Block

- Adhiraj Sen IX A

On entering the house, the unfamiliar visitor would be greeted by the drawing room. It marks this centre where all the family members converge; it is this room which serves as the background for all family photographs. On entering the room, the first thing that would strike the eye is the television set. It's not the television itself, rather the ambience around it which ignites the curiosity of the unfamiliar visitor as to what is present in it which leads to this reverence amongst the family members to this ordinary looking T.V. One can easily make out that this dormant position in the room where the family converges. The way it is placed in the centre with all the pieces of furniture tilted towards it.

One would see photographs of the children of the proud household on their graduation day; one would hear proud mothers talking of their children making it into the IITs and into the IIMs and now heading big corporate houses. A feeling always overflowed me at such instances, contradicting to most people who thought of such children as the real achievers; my perception of them was that they were just characterless specimens obsequious to the dictates of the middle class. My relatives were eager that I too make it like all the other children in our community, to the corporate world.

I believe that one should do something that would benefit humanity in any way, either like social work or the expansion of knowledge by humanity in any science or an art form. The corporate world brings scores of intelligent people who on living the dreams of their respective societies are engaged in a job to satisfy the lust of a single individual over his wreath, working in the corporate world, rarely even leads of the intellectual development of the individual for he or she doesn't learn anything new in the corporate world from a point of time. There is a time in corporate world where the jobs, tasks etc., you are been assigned are no longer different than some other task what you have done in your past.

The corporate world has become this point of convergence of the middle class. People who belong to the middle class have been instilled with this inferiority complex which has created a mental block within themselves to the limits they can achieve. There is a wave of refrainment sweeping over them which curbs their desires and forces them to act accordingly to the social norms, which has drained them of ambition.

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The main point I wish to get through to the readers is that the corporate world is responsible for diverting a great deal of intellectual energy from the middle class to matters that do little or no good to mankind.

Throughout history, there have been two social classes, the masses and the aristocracy. These classes were not different

only due to economic reasons, but also their respective intellect differed. The masses have always been portrayed as being exploited and the aristocrats as living on them. The difference in the intellectual capabilities of the two classes was mainly due to a single reason and that simply being that the aristocrats could afford an education and books. The masses simply couldn't afford it; hence they existed in such a decayed state.

The middle class forms the backbone of most countries. It is still agonising to see that the middle class, a modern day representation of the masses, has still not crossed the certain limit which they should have. There are still social borders that divide us, there is a lurking passivity amongst us, we have this inferiority complex which is sucking out whatever little ambition we have. Most of the intelligent people of the middle class lose themselves in the inviting words of the corporate world and once they are in it, those hands clasp them and strengthen their grip over them, the corporate world changes their mindset and makes them work like dogs. The corporate life brings this mindset into the unsuspecting intelligent individual whose thoughts are over occupied with things like getting tasks done which have little or no consequence to the world outside. It breeds these slaves who are forced to live up to their expectations, thrust upon them by the society. There is a great privilege enjoyed by ordinary slaves, the ability to hate their masters and their sufferings, there is a major difference between doing this privilege and not, for you still retain your character. In the case of being an 'employee', the term that is used to divert one's attention from the idea that it also means a slave, you have even been deprived of this privilege of expressing your angst, for the poison that the corporate world feeds into the individual spreads itself and changes his/her mindset.

A question may arise in the reader's mind as to what is my subject? It may appear shocking, that the writer exposes his weakness to the readers, but I just wanted to speak to the fullest since I have been given the opportunity.

## Separated at Birth

Shubham Rastogi  
Chandan Kumar  
Shasheem Ratho  
Sheriff Bajwa

Udit Panjwan  
Mr Rohit Bakshi  
Shahbaz Singh

**Sonu Nigam**  
**Booker – T**  
**Mithun Chakravarthi**  
**Quazi**  
*(Fame Gurukul's winner)*  
**Ankit Saraf**  
**Govinda**  
**Abhijeet Choudhary**

# The 'Gods' of Welham

- Akshay Aggarwal XII Commerce

For those who are well informed about the hierarchy of the Hindu gods, the 'Welham heaven' epitomizes the diversity of the Hindu religion. It must have been unnoticed by many except those who have an eye for detail that the 'Welham system' is a replica of what can be seen in one of the famous Ramanand Sagar directed epics.

Following the trickle down theory, we have the 'Devo ke dev' accompanied by wife 'Indrani' who have taken on the reins for the last three years to run the 'Welham Heaven'. A couple who is extremely charismatic and can dominate the opponent's mind. The head of ten consults 'Mahesh' whose suggestions play a pivotal role in passing a new law for the 'Welham Praja'. The couple heading towards making Welham Co-ed. seem to have been greatly influenced by the Punjab C.M's campaign for Women Upliftment and making Welham an egalitarian society.

Next in line is 'Mahesh', the Senior Master who closely observes the 'karmas' of us Welhamites. Being the Chief Consultant or right hand of the ruler, he's often seen shuttling between his and the boss's office. Physics genius, he is the 'mastermind' behind the scenes. His 'Tessri Aankh' loves observing the Welhamites uniform. Better known as 'Aaj Tak' he provides the 'Welham praja' with all the latest updates. *Chole* and spicy pickles are a delight to his eyes yet he is busy building his 'abs' in the gym.

'Vishnu' who runs and regulates the functioning of the world has been promoted of late as the Dean of Activities. He can be seen running around striving to leave no stone unturned. Being the luckiest of all, he hasn't left any place in the world unvisited and has recently returned from Scotland. (During his absence, he was substituted by 'Sameer' who was caught moving hastily around like a gust of wind. Working round the clock 'Sameer' executed his duties religiously with the "Wavelength" being managed simultaneously).



'Brahma' on the other hand has been trying (successfully?) to improve the English of the twelfthies and has, of late been heard bemoaning the lack of 'give and take' in the class, between the teacher and the taught! Apart from English, he also speaks Hindi (Urdu!?) with extraordinary correctness, pronouncing words like *Tehzeeb*. A 'foodie' who feasts on the dining hall delicacies, he is what one may call a multidimensional personality.

Oh! I have forgotten about the 'painkiller Guru' or the modern day 'Doc'. He is looked up to by one and all, be it the ruler or the Welham 'praja'. Often seen zipping around in his Corsa, he is the man who treats everyone with his *jadibootis*. A man who is on alert 24x7, his life is at times worse than a watchman's.

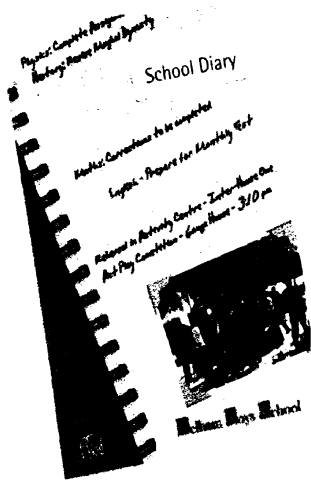
As of us Welhamites have seen a series of successful promotions and often behave as mute spectators. For a kick-start entry into the industry of *bhagvangiri*, it would be a great opportunity to direct a remake of an epic in our very own backyard. Who knows what sequels might follow?

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## Unbelievable but True

- Compiled by Shriyam Gupta VIII C

- ***Hot drinks cool you more than cool ones do.***
- ***It's impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.***
- ***It takes about three months for transplanted hair to grow again.***
- ***Cats cannot survive on a vegetable diet.***
- ***Queen Elizabeth II sent her first e-mail in 1976.***
- ***You are as likely to die by falling out of bed than you are to get struck by lightning, each is a one in two million chance.***
- ***If a human hair were the thickness of a nylon rope, it would pull a train engine.***



# My School Diary

- Ajitesh Kir XII Humanities

*This kingdom at 5, Circular Road was a totally different place for me. From the quiet streets of Roorkee and the Mummy this, Mummy that life, my parents dumped me into (what seemed like a jail to me) the hands of a grumpy old woman.*

**April 1995**

**(255/ Woodseats: now Oliphant House), height – 113cm**

I still remember the first night at school. The guys next to me were crying. They were calling out to their mothers in their sleep, asking them to take them home. But I did not cry. I was just too happy, too excited. I felt that I was free to do anything I wanted, without mom and dad to scold me. I was completely wrong. The very next morning we encountered Mrs Mukherjee, a tough taskmaster. I had never seen her laugh, not even a hint of a smile! She was always out to catch children doing something wrong. I remember once that the cartoonist and I were made to stand in the chilly wind of December, outside the hostel with just our underwear to cover our nakedness. Our crime: we had not got up at night when the *aayaaji* tried to wake us up for nature's call! Our day started with Mr Mehengaram (PT instructor) making us do the same exercise every single day. He threatened not to give us the privilege of extra PT if we came on time! I owe it to the man for making me one of the first swimmers in the class, as he threw me across the black line (deep) every time I protested. Earlier my idea of swimming was a *hanuman* jump and *dubkees* in the Ganga.

Class I is also the time, when most of us earned a pet name. Someone was called *chuiya*, because his shoe size was two and *motey*, *kaloo*, stylish, *chapaat* were other names I got familiar with. (Some of them are still in School which is why I cannot reveal their identities). Being the shortest kid in School helped me become popular among the seniors. "He's damn cute, yaar! Do you want a chocolate?" However I used to cry at night because people used to tease me about my height. I believed that I would never grow...I would always remain a *bona*. That was when I found my best friends in 253 and 254 (Abhijit and Sabair). We were called the Three Stooges. We always stayed

together, shared our tuck and often would play pranks on others. One scene I can never forget was the bath time. We were made to stand naked in a line (just like in a concentration camp) and the *bearerji* would

clean us up with the scrub just as the Desi Dhobi beat their clothes!

Our day of mischief would end with a prayer every night which

all of us would recite together. "*Ishwar tum hi maat-pita ho...*"

**April 1996**

**(255/ NG: now Narmada), height – 120 cm**

We were handed by Mrs Mukherjee into the hands of Mrs Agarwal. It was in NG that we learnt a lot many things which a day school boy learns only when he is in senior school. It was also the time, when I fought with everyone for something as small as a pencil and for something as huge as a packet of chips (food is the utmost priority of every Welhamite!) Picnics at Lachhiwalla and Rampur Mandi and mid-term breaks at Bhogpur, Chilla and Cloudend had their own charm. It is then that I got addicted to the beautiful world of Garhwal. The burst of red Rhododendrons, the *dal-chawal* at the *dhabas*, Maggi and Coke at little shops – simply unforgettable! We never slept the night before the 'camping' and just waited for the buses to arrive so that we could run and 'bag' the window seats. Ladybirds were often found on the campus during summer. We would pick them up and make a wish – 'Ladybird Ladybird fly away, call my parents on Sunday'. A festival when we all worked together was *Janmashtmi*. We would start decorating from six in the morning. Someone would get sand from the pit, some would make little huts with bamboo, some would prepare the *prasaad* and some would just sit and watch (I confess to be part of this infamous gang!) At night, seniors, who we regarded as Gods and immortals would visit our hostel and talk to us about their time in Junior School. I stayed for three years in NG before I advanced to the next level – Middle School.

**April 1999**

**(255/ White House: now Tapti), height – 140 cm**

Coming to Middle School was a great escape from Mrs Agarwal's torture. We now had a little more freedom than before. We got 40 rupees worth of coupons rather than 15 rupees, because of which we could now eat eight 'Bun Tikis' (something which I still die for) rather than just three! It was in Middle School that we thought we were above the law. We hated every teacher in School, violated every rule and ended up facing every punishment written in the rule book. It was only when we reached the Senior School that we got to know what hard life is all about.

The Oliphant  
Annual 2006

April 2001

(255/ Cauvery), height – 150 cm

The first day in Senior School, most of our batch mates, who imagined life to be extremely cool and thought that now they would be as free as a bird, were completely disillusioned. The very people who lived like Kings in White House and Sutlej were made to become watch guards for corridor cricket and sweep the floor in a senior's rooms. We actually slept 'under' our beds so that no senior would catch us for a favour. And the favours then were not the same as the favours now. They woke us up at the dead of the night and sent us all the way to Krishna to get



The survivors of Class I

something. There were also some who gave favours just for the heck of it. A senior once sent me all the way to Krishna (now Indus) from Triveni to go to his bed, pick up his pillow, take his pen and put the cap back on!

In class VII we were scared of the Prefects. They had the authority to punish us whenever they felt like (no specific time), however they felt like (no specific position) and for whatever they felt like (no specific criteria for mistakes). They lived in a hotel or should I just call it PH where they had a refrigerator, gas stove, TV and coolers in each room. I for one, had the greatest privilege every Welhamite died for. My brother was a Prefect. Because of this no senior had the courage to touch me, punish me and would think twice before asking me to even get water. We hardly ever got our complete dinner shares. Servers (another position everyone craved for) would give us three ice creams and ask us to share it. We were 12! The only time we actually got tea shares was on Sundays. The servers would be fast asleep and we would slyly sneak in and steal all the Tiger biscuit packets. I was also honoured to have a Housemaster like Mr Gusain. I have never seen anyone like him. He would come in his legendary magenta tracksuit (in the summer) and give us tips on how to play. His House inspections on Sundays, his hilarious House meetings and his extreme love for Cauvery are difficult to forget. The whole of Triveni would pretend to sleep at 11 pm because it was a known fact that Mr Gusian

would come to check with his 'chowkidaar torch'. Class VII was a year which was full of adventure when I lived with fear with a tinge of excitement.

That year, Mr Kandhari, a living legend retired, after nurturing this institution for 18 years. His successor, Mr Shelat abolished PH and shifted our batch to what is now known as Indus House. That year we partied because we again became seniors and did things which were actually difficult for us to handle. The infamous 'Kaante gang' also attacked during this era. The beatings made us realise one thing: don't defy the seniors.

The next year, we once again shifted to Senior School and became the junior most batch – yet again! I experienced some of the worst ragging ever during this period. Our clothes, tuck, shoes – everything was raided by greedy seniors who sold all of this to buy illegal stuff. Matters got better in class X. I became the Prefect's server (a coveted position) and joined the Oli Board (got excused from PT and punishments).

Board exams time was the best. We ate a lot of ration, bunked classes and did everything except studying. The Prefects always seem to be against class X. The same was with us. We were punished for minute mistakes such as not combing our hair or not making our beds (other mistakes cannot be mentioned here).

We lost a lot of our classmates after Boards but we tried to leave the past behind. Class XI was party time for all of us. It is an unwritten rule in Welham that nobody studies in class XI which is why we end up confused in the XII. Half of our time in class XI was spent in talking about as to who is going to become a Prefect. Some were busy pleasing the seniors, some the teachers and some who knew that they had no chance of becoming Prefects, criticised the others. I finally did become a Prefect and tried to do what I had preached but I am no one to judge myself.

Though we did not have the same privileges the previous twelfth had, nor did we have the same power, we still enjoyed every moment of this precious journey at Welham. From being a junior desktop editor in class IX, senior DTE in the X, correspondent in XI and finally Chief Editor in the XII, Oli has been my best friend. I will remember my teachers all my life, my friends, Oli, my favourite juniors, some *bearerjees* and lastly the Bethany *chai*.

I have succeeded in finding someone 'across the LOC' (for those of you who believe that it is an impossible task) and have tried my best to join the two schools together, (Ok. Now I'm going a bit too far!). Walking tall at 176 cm I will miss this goodly smell of Welham when I leave. That's all for now folks and keep enjoying your life at Welham.

Good bye dear Diary!!

# Walking Tall

- Rasik Goyal XII Commerce

Class XI – I walked past a group of students, no one cared or bothered...

1<sup>st</sup> February, 2006 – I walked by and everyone stopped to have a look at me. I was neither a superstar nor a supermodel; I was now the School Captain.

I held the most prestigious post anyone could hold in this paradise. Everyone asked me how I felt but the feelings were just inexplicable. Being the School Captain not only made me 'famous' in school but surprisingly across the LOC, and in the much talked about 'Aasha Nagri'. It was so overwhelming to see even the support staff show their respect towards me. Every morning while walking towards the classes, I would meet the sweepers who would make a point to wish me and ask me how I was. This was enough to bring a big smile on my face. Some of them simply proud that the little kid they had known has grown up to be the School Captain.

But, holding this post has never been an easy task. From leading a very simple, quiet life, all of a sudden I came into the limelight, became the focus of everybody's attention. After all, why not? Every student looks up to the School Captain and for some he is actually the ideal role model. To be honest that had always scared me. Every move, every step that I took had to depict the qualities of a 'schoolie'. Though this looks simple, it is actually quite tough. I was amazed when a class 6 student came up to me and said, "Bhaiya, I want to be like you. How can I become the School Captain." A few days later a class 3 kid came up to me asking for my autograph! These things just show

one thing that even these little kids who lead a carefree life, who are generally indifferent to everything find their role model in the School Captain. Therefore, he is expected to be perfect.

I had a key role as a student representative and a leader and all decisions had to be taken by me. This proved to be a great learning process. Every situation has hundreds of aspects and hence, requires great thinking, a sense of maturity and last but not the least diplomatic solutions. I always felt that taking decisions would be the toughest task during the whole tenure. Every now and then there would be someone or the other giving you advice and suggestions and trying to prove and justify it. This required a lot of thought and ultimately one thing had to be kept in mind that the decision taken should be in the best interest of the students and the school.

Something, that had always disturbed me was that apart from getting appreciation, I received a lot of brickbats. But then I suppose a person in position tends to get a whole lot of criticism. It's not that I am trying to defend myself or the prefectorial body. All I want to convey is that it is not at all an easy task. We tried our best to improve situations in school and further strengthen the student-teacher relationship without creating a tense environment. Despite being at loggerheads, we had meetings with the teachers and were quite successful in the beginning. But sometimes things did not work out.

I have full faith that the next Prefect body that will be appointed in another month or so, will really make a difference and take the school "From Strength to Strength". My best wishes are with them.

## Experience: A Great Teacher

- A compilation

Life is a class-room, where-in we live to experiment; and learn through the experiences we go-through whether they are positive or negative.

sensibilities which are full of common sense, when combined with education they make our knowledge complete.

Experiences come in different forms like; mistake, stumbles, failures, hardships, hurts, disappointments and also in the form of examples (where we learn through the experiences of others).

Experiences of life are practical teachings that add value to our life. A person who equips himself with these will always enjoy advantage over others, experienced people are always preferred for key positions in companies. Socially also, voice of experience and common sense is welcomed, moreover, we all feel safe when we are in experienced hands.

Experiences are a high-value-form of information that is complete, and ready to be applied; we should carefully learn through this faculty and get the wisdom that is in it.

Therefore, we should value every experience; find meanings in them, as each one of them, has a lesson to teach and use them wisely.

These marvellous things called experiences are never limited or complete. These immense

# Confessions of an Ideal Senior

- Kartik Viswanath XII Humanities

I am not one who talks a lot – I don't let people know what I think, what I feel and what I wish to do. But there are many things which I want to let people know. Many things that weigh me down, and crush the breath out of me. Not being predictable allows me to pretend, to be someone I am not. It allows me to get what I want (at least what I think I want), most of the time. The only complaint is the guilt and shame that piles up, day by day. I wish now to end it all, to let everyone know what I feel I really am. I wish to free myself before I leave this place....

I remember when we were juniors, my classmates and I, we used to gather around, sit and talk, discuss (usually during prep) our seniors, past and present. Some we talked of as Gods, some as Devils, and others we never remembered.

I still wonder what it was that left us in awe, made us fear, forced us to respect. Was it the way they looked – tall, imposing and almost regal; was it the way they behaved – strong, silent, aloof and fearsome; or was it the things they had achieved – most popular in school, best shoot in Soccer, most number of guys he knocked out in the middle of the main field. Sometimes we remembered them for the craziest things like blowing up a kilometre long 'ladi bomb' firecracker laid out on the road leading from the Oliphant Gate to the Activity Centre, as a celebration. Some were remembered as being 'psychos', crazy, unpredictable guys, who were capable of doing anything, anywhere, anytime.

We pictured our seniors as kings – rulers of the school who feared no one.

However, having joined Welham only in the eighth standard, I had never completely experienced 'Senior School'; its raw unadulterated essence. Whatever little I knew, I gathered from stories and anecdotes, constantly repeated by those around me. It was a hard life they said, but a good life.

For some reason, the stories I heard then stayed with me, grew on me and became of utmost importance to me. I developed an intense desire to be everything and everyone that people would respect, admire and perhaps remember. It was becoming habitual for me to do things that I normally wouldn't have done, to say things I normally wouldn't have said, and to feel emotions I never felt before. Everything I did began to be governed by everyone around me. Even though I knew that this was stupid and immature, I had already taken myself to the extreme.

I became paranoid...so much so, that today I feel that my life as a junior was much better, certainly a lot easier on my mind, than it is now.

Every time I open my mouth to say something, every time I laugh, every time I do anything, my eyes are constantly flitting from here to there, either seeking an audience or shunning one.

Things which most people do or say without a second thought, as if by instinct, I spend days and days toiling and deliberating over. I hate the feeling I go through every time I call out to someone to ask a favour. My throat goes all dry, blood pumps into my head, I begin to breathe deeper and faster, and my stomach goes into knots. I think that is why I seldom ask favours. Most of the time I do it myself. I suppose it is because I have been doing things for myself my whole life that now asking another makes me uncomfortable. People may call it being weak and soft, but I think it is the only time I am being who I really am, even if only grudgingly. When I look around, I see so many others also trying to instil fear and respect, in their own ways. Some try to be the leaders, the ones on the forefront who are there to fight the evil, solve the problem and save the day, the self righteous jerks.

On the other extreme are the 'I don't give a damn' faction, the ones who don't give a damn about anyone or anything, but themselves. They seem aloof, unconcerned with the world around them. God alone know how this works.

Another dominant category comprises the 'messengers of God' – the good Samaritans who cannot inflict pain or injustice upon those around them, and are willing to go to any lengths to ensure that they remain in everyone's good favour.

So, what I have attempted to do is bring about a composite blend of all those elements putting in whatever works, whenever it works the best, an intensive process of selections and combinations, involving mathematical precision and logic, akin to Arya Bhatta's endeavours.

I have made myself into a hypocrite, to such an extent that today I am uncertain about my true self. I now fear that I am no longer a pretender, and that this is what I have actually become.

Will keeping the 'right' company help – knowing the big players, being friends with the 'main guys', being within the inner circle. If I can get a classmates respect, does that automatically guarantee me everyone else's? If not this, then what?

Will being different, the 'one apart' – unique, alone, separate from the others, above the others – make a difference? Is it the simple things – good sportsman, intelligent academic and so on. Or are we so messed up that our hearts will go out to the guy who can chow down the most number of chicken legs at dinner.



I wonder, if I am even close to figuring out what is expected of us as good seniors, or am I just as lost as the rest of this establishment. There is a selfish purpose hidden within almost every interaction, every friendship between a junior and me. As a senior, I seek to gain acceptance, and as every skilled politician would do, I would seek to appease the more prominent influential members of the society. It is a process of spreading my roots, strengthening my hold, securing myself as much as possible. It is lowly and cheap, shameful even, and sadly I understand that. Yet, sometimes ... just sometimes, genuine friendships are formed, true camaraderie established. However the semi-feudal system, the hierarchy of seniority still exists, looming in the background. It is a messed up world outside, and this place – enclosed within its red walls – gives me just a taste of the things to come.

I believe I understand how the school must feel when they are asked to obey orders, follow rules, when the twelfthies themselves strut around flouting every godforsaken rule, as if they be above the law. I understand the hypocrisy because I have lived through it too.

And so I try, to the best of my abilities, to always be on time, to always be in uniform and so on, to always follow the rules – to show that we are equal. But seldom do people care.

I try to show that I care, that I understand, and that I accept. But sometimes, I find others acting so stupid and immature, that it angers me to core. After trying so hard to be understanding and decent, when a junior takes it for weakness and tries to take advantage of me, I feel like lashing out. I feel like hitting out with every ounce of strength within me. The injustice and the wrong hurts me, but I am unable to react – I am forced to back down – gnashing my teeth and clenching my fists. It is frustrating, painful and infuriating when the school – immature and uninformed, curses and abuses the very people who feel for them, understand them and fight for them. Here, I speak not for myself, but for people I know – who bear the choicest of insults and abuses, and yet hold no grudges – and continue trying as hard as possible to ensure equality and equity for the very people who cursed them.

Sometimes I try to explain to them, to all those willing to listen; the real story, the reasons, the complete truth. But they are so stubborn, so stuck in the murky past, so wrapped up in their own selfish worlds that they do not even try to understand. They do not even care to understand.

Every single year, people keep complaining about how things have changed; how things have become so much easier, so much more comfortable for the ones after them, their juniors. Each one feels that they have suffered the most, that they have endured the worst. But such feelings are

relative, everyone goes through them. Things will continue to seem easier as each year passes, but that's just how change is.

Isn't it true that irrespective of what we might truly feel, it is taboo – against the unwritten laws of our community – to admire and respect someone for doing the right thing, for being true, an original, not a pretender. Isn't it also true that we hate the one who does not give us what we want, yet we do not love the one who does? Instead we use him, abuse him and take advantage of him till he is sucked dry of life and love.

Have I pushed myself too hard? Have I expected too much from myself, and from everyone else? I have ruined my last year as a Welhamite, by striving to gain unnecessary, unneeded respect and appreciation. In my attempt to please many, I have missed out on so many opportunities, so many experiences and so many people... simply because I was afraid and unsure of what others would think of me, what people would make of me. I have allowed my surroundings to govern me, more than I have myself. I have lost my originality – if I ever had any – to this place and these people. Such a minor, insignificant aspect of boarding life has had the greatest impact on me, has affected my life the most, and has taken me to such a place from where I can find no way back.

In my futile attempts to be the ideal senior, the role model, the one who is respected and remembered; I have insulted my intelligence, my character and most importantly myself. Or perhaps, I merely exaggerate just a little too much...

## Through the Keyhole

**At the breakfast lines:**

**Chirantan – Nilesch! Why are you wearing torn floaters?**

**Nilesch – Today the barber is going to come and I will have it repaired.**

**In Indus, when the Internet connection was restored:**

**Prakarsh Ravi – Oye, net aa gaya!**

**Shwetabh (zapped!!) – Yes, now we won't get Dengue!**

**Omit Gurung - Saini, you speak gutter Hindi and your English is no better.**

**Tushar Saini - Please!! Your Inglis is more worst than mine!**

# Ringside View

- Chirantan Singh XII Science

Someone once told me that it is sports that make you a complete person. Thinking about this statement and reflecting on my time spent in Welham, I feel that it teaches one teamwork. On the field you learn to cope with pressure and assume leadership. Your planning and strategic skills are enhanced. The responsibility of delivering for your team as well as the fans helps improve your character. Where else would you feel such excitement? A sportsman always has a zest for life.

At Welham too, sport is taken very seriously. However tight the schedule, there is always enough time to squeeze in a game. With this spirit, yet another busy sporting season has come to an end. Finally, it's time for me to wrap up the activities of the entire year.

This year was probably the busiest for the Soccer team. With not enough time to practice and lots of other things to do, not much was expected of the team. However they put up a remarkable performance despite facing many hardships (one of them was playing a tournament during exams). We played four friendlies, winning three of them (which includes beating The Doon School in their own backyard) and losing to RIMC. In the 5<sup>th</sup> Om Prakash Memorial Tournament and the Inter-School Councils, the team made it to the semi-finals losing to the eventual winners both times. The worst performance was at the RIMC Cup where we could not make it beyond the group stage.

In the senior Soccer Inter-House, Cauvery and Ganga had a thrilling encounter in the finals. Ganga

scored the first goal in the initial stages and till the end it looked as if this was how it would end. Cauvery, however, equalised in the last few seconds and eventually became champions by winning on penalties.

This year's hockey team was comparatively a very young one, with most players representing the school for the first time. The team lacked experience as well as forwards which eventually led to a performance below par. In the Inter-School Councils and the Kandhari Memorial Tournament, the team could not make it beyond the semi-finals. Earlier, the team had also participated in the IPSCs where we could not make it beyond the group stage.

In the senior Hockey Inter-House, once again Cauvery and Ganga made it to the finals. This time Ganga were crowned champions, winning on penalties after both teams failed to score in normal time.

The Cricket season in Welham is probably the shortest one.

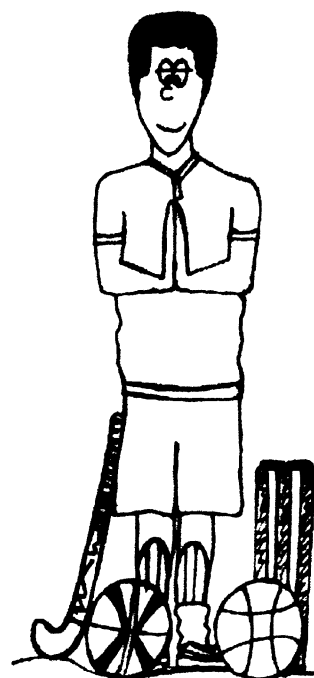
Before you even know it, the season ends. This year was the best for Cricket with the junior team winning the Districts championship. The players were simply brilliant with Shasheem and Randhir in particular being outstanding. The future really looks bright. The seniors could not do much, winning only two of their three matches.

In the senior Cricket Inter - House

matches we had a very high scoring contest. Cauvery was the dominant force cruising through their league matches and winning the final with ease. They beat Ganga by 8 wickets in the final.

Basketball is the sport which makes every Welhamite proud. Unlike the other sports where we perform well but do not have any achievements to show for it, in Basketball we are achievers. This year was the golden year for Basketball in Welham. We won three of the four tournaments in which we took part. We could have added a couple more trophies to the already overflowing cabinet but sadly the team was not allowed to take part in any more tournament due to other reasons. For the first time in its history, Welham managed to lift the Win Mumby trophy at Woodstock School. Dhairya our captain was adjudged the Most Valuable Player. The Golden Jubilee, our home tournament, was also won by the team. This time Sushant walked away with the Most Valuable Player award. As if it was not enough, the team won the District Tournament as well. Once again Dhairya was adjudged the most promising player. The 5 am practices, day after day finally paid off. The entire team deserves the credit for this but a special mention has to be made of the captain and the coach.

From the seniors, four of our players, Dhairya, Sheriff, Sushant and Arjit were chosen to represent Uttaranchal in the nationals. Dhairya was appointed the captain of the Uttaranchal team. In the sub-juniors Ravi, Randhir, Kislay, Samarth and Rahul were selected for the nationals. With this, all I can say is that if the present is bright then the future looks





brighter. I hope basketball grows 'From Strength to Strength' in Welham.

In the senior Basketball Inter-House Ganga beat Jamuna in a well contested final.

In Volleyball, the team had practised hard and inspired by captain Sarbajit's performances, we won the 1<sup>st</sup> Doon Inter-School Tournament. Despite tough competition, the team also managed to come third in the Inter School councils. All in all it was a remarkable performance by the team.

It was not a very good experience for Badminton as only Sheriff could make it to the Quarter-finals in the Districts Championships. Anyway, without practise not much was expected of them. The tennis team won the 1<sup>st</sup> Doon Inter-School Tournament and in the Inter-House Cauvery came on

top. Krishnanand won the 5 km Clear Doon Green Doon Race. He is certainly one of the finest long-distance runners the school has ever seen. The Table-Tennis team, participated in the Inter-School Councils. The junior team made it to the quarter-finals, while the senior team went a step further in by making it to the semis. Jassimran was the outstanding performer.

An entire year of sports has gone by. The message that I want to give to Welhamites is that winning is important but the more important thing is the way in which the victory has been achieved. Every game must be played fairly and with true spirit. Remember when you cheat others you are also cheating yourself.

Leaving you to ponder over this, for the last time,

## Err...May I Have Some More?

- Jaskunwar Singh Kohli VIII C

Eating so little is such a bore-  
Err...May I have some more  
Of those delicious hot and cold dishes?  
If I can, you'll fulfill my wishes...!  
Everybody knows how rare my wishes are;  
As they come to me from a bit too far...  
    This is my rare wish, as the food is hardcore-  
    May I please have some more?  
    This *Rajma-Chawal* goes beyond my taste;  
    I promise...nothing at all will I waste!  
    How can I? Its all so awesome to my tongue  
    Any 5-star restaurant will have their heads  
    hung!

The *Poori-Chana* are just awesome,  
They make me say, "Man...its so YUM!"  
My fingers keep reaching my tongue  
The odour of food on them travels to my lung  
And relaxes it to the sleeping state...  
These are the side-effects of this made, mate!  
    And now I reach out for the inevitable-  
    The black-spotted *Parathas* on the table;  
    How can my eyes miss such food!?  
    My gloomiest one will turn into a  
    good mood...  
    Whose won't? The mere look of all  
    this  
Will bring about an impression which *no one*  
would miss!

And then this Punjabi *Lassi* made of curd...  
It's so good, that it'll attract even a high flying  
Bird...!  
Its intermingling with the sugar of cane  
Can make a sane man insane!!!  
The *Lassi* mixed given a touch of salt  
Will hypnotize anyone, without their fault!  
    Hath arrived the *most* awaited thing,  
    The thing that makes me joyfully sing-  
    The coolest item of this royal feast-  
    Loved by every glutton and every beast-  
    Cool and refreshing as a cool stream-  
    You've guessed it- its ice-cream!!!  
The chocolatey, creamy and solid part  
Will capture your small but hungry heart;  
The thick and never-ending taste  
Shall inevitably and definitely paste  
A new memory of this food in your mind...  
And when you think of it, everything else will go  
blind!

And so less helping of all this is such a bore,  
Err...May I please have some more  
Of those hot and cold dishes?  
If I can, you'll fulfill my wishes...!  
Even food is one of those factors of life  
Which eradicates every sign of strife...

Don't you think so???

# War of the Words

The elder generation is handing  
over a dangerous world to the youth

For - Chirantan Singh XII Science

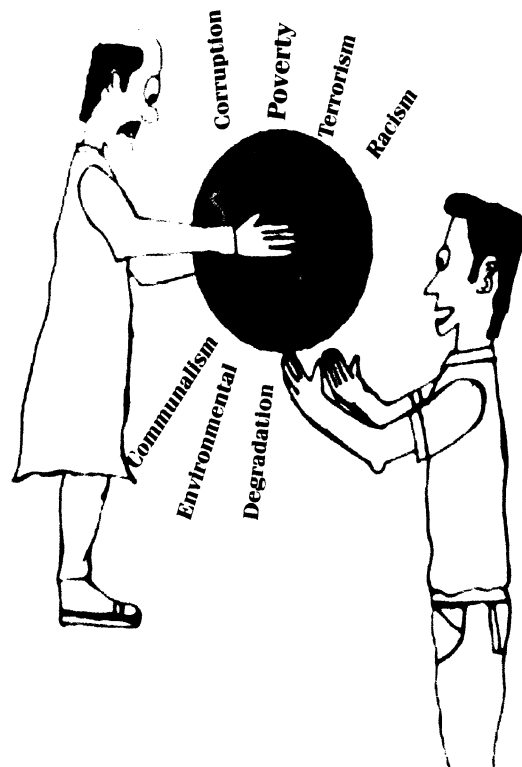
I belong to the youth of the present and I am totally confused. Everywhere around me I see corruption, communalism, racism, terrorism, poverty etc. Even the air which I breathe is polluted. I can no longer find an environment which is morally and physically secure enough to sustain humanity for long. My world seems to have been reduced to taking precautions for every action of mine due to the bomb blasts that have become routine now. Even epidemics haven't spared us. After all we are paying for our own sins or maybe in this case, for the sins of our ancestors. This is not the way I want to live but sadly, this is the world that has been handed over to us, the youth, by our elders.

Our elders grew up with the examples of Gandhi, Nehru, Shastri etc. in front of them. But these men of fibre who were probably the greatest leaders India has ever seen, have now been reduced merely to dates. Whatever happened to their principles and philosophies, which aimed at nothing else but to make this world a better place? Their visions and ideas were meant to be adopted and carried on. But sadly they are forgotten and buried.

And who do we the youth, have to look up to? Corrupt leaders for whom money and power seem to be the only concern? Or is it leaders who use the sensitive issue of religion to gain votes and cause communal tensions, which result in bloodshed all around?

The very word 'politics' has become synonymous with corruption. None of the educated people want to join politics today as they consider it a dirty game. Money has become the most powerful thing now. In front of it, truth, trust, honesty, friendship, loyalty etc. everything fails. Money can get you admissions in colleges, jobs without proper qualifications, false certificates and probably everything. Corruption is present right from the top to the bottom. It is very easy for us to sit back and say that corruption is bad and should stop, but we readily accept it when it benefits us. 'You try to change the system but the system changes you'. This has become a common excuse now. This is the state of affairs today.

The world today is moving towards unabashed militarism. A mad race of armaments is going on in this world. Despite being fully aware of their harmful effects, nuclear weapons are still being developed in many countries. I am sure that science can be used for more peaceful purposes.



Terrorism has increased to such an extent that no one and nothing is safe anymore. Where disputes should be solved by peaceful dialogue, force and aggression is used. The losses suffered are irreparable and there is no winner in the end.

The environment is getting worse day by day. Water is getting scarce, resources are getting depleted, the air is polluted, the sea level is rising...there is no end to these planet-threatening problems that we are facing today. The situation is slowly becoming uncontrollable.

Terrorism, nuclear weapons, environmental degradation etc. were never such major issues a few decades ago. Why are we facing such things now? This question can only be answered by our elders. Look at the youth today. They have become so self-oriented and materialistic. Everything is done for personal gains. Sometimes you wonder whether moral and ethical values exist at all. How many of us even think about morals before doing something. How many have the moral courage to stand up for something which is right even if it means going against everyone else? To do such things, one needs to make sacrifices and sadly no one is prepared to do this today.

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There are a few 'privileged' ones who go to the best institutes in India. The future lies in their hands. But most of them go and settle in foreign countries. A poverty-stricken, corrupt India is "not suitable" for them. All their lives they contributed to these evils and when they were old enough to do something about it, they simply chose to abandon it. All that education wasted...

A child does not know the difference between good or bad, right or wrong when he is born. It is the environment in which he grows that teaches him all this. Parents and teachers play a major role in creating this environment. So, whatever the youth is today, can be attributed to our elders.

The present looks bad but things can surely get better. We, the youth, hold the future in our heads. Now that we know where the problem lies, it is time we did something about it. Otherwise, some years later someone would be writing about the "dangerous world" that "we" would have handed over to them.

Against - Indrani Lahiri

It is only human nature, and also, all too easy to blame others for our failures. And what better scapegoat can the present generation find than us "oldies"?

But stop for a while and take a long hard look at the facts. We 'oldies' belong to a generation that prided itself on the concept of "public service". Every family took great pride in the fact that at least one of its members joined either the defence services,

Civil services or became a doctor or a lawyer. And the motives, unlike today, were not to secure a big fat dowry but to genuinely serve the nation.

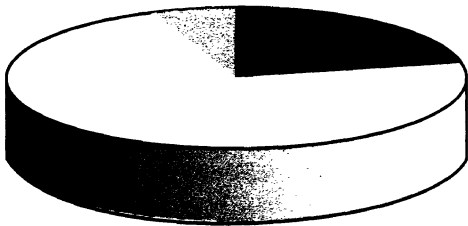
And it is precisely this spirit that won us our freedom. At one call from our national leaders this generation dropped whatever it was doing including making a livelihood and took up the cause against our foreign rulers.

This is also the spirit that dictated the nature of the value system that permeates this generation. It was not (like today) "each man for himself and let the devil take the hindmost". Instead there was a genuine care and concern in the community for each other. Different communities celebrated their religious festivities together. In my own father-in-law's home, a Hindu household, I was never missed out on. The phenomenon of mass cheating in exams, symbolic of a cutthroat success-at-any-price culture was unheard of.

It was not as if we did not have our problems. But our problem did not stem from a streak of ruthlessness that seems to cast a huge shadow over today's generation. Our problems stemmed from poverty, superstition, and caste — issues for which there was light at the end of the tunnel. And because money was not thrown around the way it is, we did not have people in our midst who shot an innocent girl because she refused to serve a drink, or drove their Mercedes Benz over helpless footpath dwellers.

We bequeathed to Generation-Next a culture of caring, respect and concern. All that seems to have gone horribly wrong.

If given a chance to settle abroad, will you leave India?



WELHAM PIE

	YES	NO	CAN'T SAY
Class XII	12	17	4
Class XI	7	17	1
Class X	15	25	2
Staff	8	12	2

YES    □ NO    ▨ CAN'T SAY

Freedom - not our Birthright

- Vanshaj Agarwal XI Humanities

“Freedom is not a tea party India, freedom is a war”

The above line from Salman Rushdie’s Shalimar The Clown, shakes every Indian engrossed in a peaceful sleep thinking all is well, all is fine. It makes them realize that the superficial freedom has a darker underlying and hidden face, a face darker than that of Satan.

Freedom is what everyone demands, everyone feels is his right, but, do we really want freedom? Freedom is personal liberty. Deliverance from all sorts of slavery, mental and physical. For most of us, freedom is the approval that we get to do what we want to.

Imagine that you are a bird. A bird that can spread its wings and fly off into the open sky. You might feel you are free. You have attained freedom from being bound to the ground. But in order to attain this freedom, you have made a lot more foes than friends. The Eagles, The Vultures, The Hawks, everyone in the sky is part of a war, a war that proves the survival of the ruthless. No sooner have you entered this battlefield, you become vulnerable and if luck does not befriend you, you will soon become a victim.

With freedom comes responsibility, but with freedom also comes vulnerability. A free individual is envied by many. Freedom also brings along power. Power to do a lot more than what is expected of you. It is when this power is used indiscreetly that it spells disaster. There is no one in the world who does not wish to attain power and control. In a brother kill brother world, with daggers drawn against each other, power

or in other words freedom is the biggest reason for enmity.

Let us look at India. Pre-independence, the population of India was 3,614 lakh growing at a rate of 13% every year. With the advent of an indigenous government, over the past 59 years, the population has grown by 6,672 lakh, and has reached a mighty 10,286 lakh according to the 2001 census. The growth rate of the population is a staggering 22% every year. Everyday of his life, every Ram, Mohan, Raja, Hari has to fight a war, a war to earn his bread and butter. And why only India? As soon as men got free from communism in Russia, consumerism took its place. The policy of Lenin and Marx of providing food, shelter and clothing to everyone now stands defeated.

Freedom is the child of war. How can we expect the child to be different from its mother. Freedom for one may mean bondage for millions. Only because Hitler was free from checks by the rest of the world due to ‘appeasement’ was he able to slaughter millions of Jews in the name of race.

In the life of a student, freedom has its own meaning. For him, freedom could mean anything, from being able to choose his menu to actually choosing the Principal of his school. Imagine a Welham where the Welhamites would be free to choose their dress code or their time table!! Sounds outrageous, doesn’t it?

We have the right to choose our leaders. When we cannot make a good job out of this, how do we expect to attain complete freedom? In all, we should understand that all that glistens is not gold.

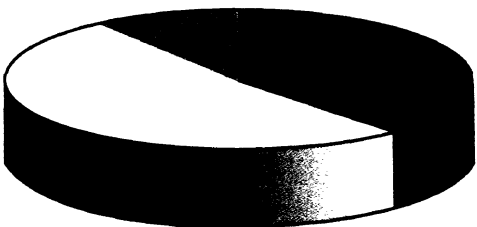


Is Gandhian philosophy relevant today?

WELHAM PIE	YES	NO	CAN'T SAY
Class XII	12	9	4
Class XI	7	17	1
Class X	18	23	0
Staff	5	7	6

**Sudeep Sanyal**  
Gandhi had a beautiful vision of what India and the world should be. The day we achieve that vision, would be the day his ideas would become irrelevant. Irrelevant not because they were not needed but because they will be a part of all of us.

**Prateek Singh**  
Gandhian philosophy is definitely relevant but not how it is portrayed by the likes of ‘Gandhigiri’.



■ YES    □ NO    ■ CAN'T SAY

# Greater than God

- Jatan Soni VIII B

The person whom I treasured more than life itself, walked into where I would spend a small portion of my life. His gentlemanly behaviour and his impregnable aura stamped his authority on every step he took on the ground of our wondrous oblivion. He walked and walked and walked.

On the other side, a shabby looking lad, enduring the weight of his loved one stood. Upon seeing the mere sight of his adored, he sprang up and began to run. He ran towards the horizon. Every step he took he felt a sense of great relief. He reached upon him and as he went closer, he saw the mixed reaction of joy and relief upon the other man's face. As evident as it is, he was the boy's father, and the boy was me.

It is the time that I spent with my father, which I treasure the most. My father not only looks like an ordinary man but spends his life like an ordinary, extremely hard working businessman.

To me my father is the whole world compressed into one person. He has all the qualities of a great person.

I receive from him the advice that is most important in life. You

might think that it is his duty to guide and look after me, but what my father teaches me is just 'magical'. His advice helps me overcome my gravest difficulties, from House captaincy to Maths sums and from eating habits to footwear.

I still remember when I was in the midst of a cold war with my dearest 'friends'. He said, 'Son, the world is a place where lots of people live and life is a bed full of leaves, thorns and flowers. When you know how it feels to smell the goodly happiness, you must know how to endure the prick of the thorns, yet you must forgive those that flatter and offend you, for mercy is like a cool stream of flowing water in the midst of a raging magma, and that mercy is demanded by the weak and is an ornament of the strong. And remember never to be crushed by sadness, for life is a vicious circle and there always is day after night'. It is on his every word that I stand. To me, he is a life form deeper than the deep blue sea.

The precious moments spent with my father are really what I will carry through my life, and here is advice to everybody who is reading this output of emotions: your father is someone great and so count the words spoken by him as blessings, for he is 'Greater than God.'

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## Craziest Snap of the Year

- Manishek Gupta XII Commerce



Guess who....??

The Oliphant  
Annual 2006

# Dude of the Month

It has been forty-two years since the 1<sup>st</sup> of August 1964 that our 'dude' walked into the gates of the school to work under aegis of Mr Marshall.

Shri Dharam Singh or Dharma as he is better known, has since then taken care of two generations of single families. Dharma started this journey at Woodseats and then moved on to Seven Seas (most of us do not even know that it was a hostel at some point of time!). From there he proceeded to work in Cauvery House and dedicated 25 years of his life to serving us bandits...it was believed that Cauvery was once ruled by him and not the Housemaster. As of now he has gracefully



Still going strong

moved on to Rispana to look after the toddlers. Asked about the difference between the kids when he started working and now, he says, 'Ab bachho ka kam khyal rakhna parta hai, woh apne kaam khud kar lete hai (nowadays children need less of caring and have grown more independent than they were forty two years ago.)'

He is also happy about the fact that boys at Welham are considerate and do not forget to meet him when they come to visit school as 'exies'!

We would like to salute this man for all that he has done for generations of Welhamites.

## Backbenchers - Nikhil Singh IX B

It was a long, boring Physics period when I was sitting in the middle row. My eyelids were fighting with my brain. The brain was persuading me to keep them open whilst the students in the front were paying complete attention and the 'backbenchers' were fast asleep. Then suddenly I heard a loud groan, the teacher had targeted one of the backbenchers. The student's eyes were filled with pain and it seemed as if the teacher had full intentions to pull off his ear. The 'good boys' in the front row burst into a laugh.

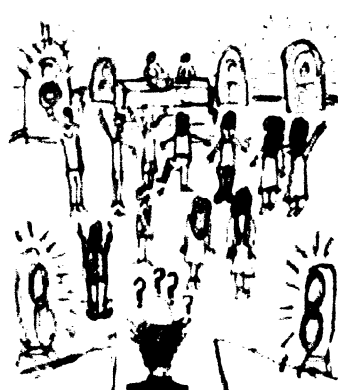
It did not seem very funny to me. I just smirked and went into my 'cave'. I started thinking about the backbenchers. They are

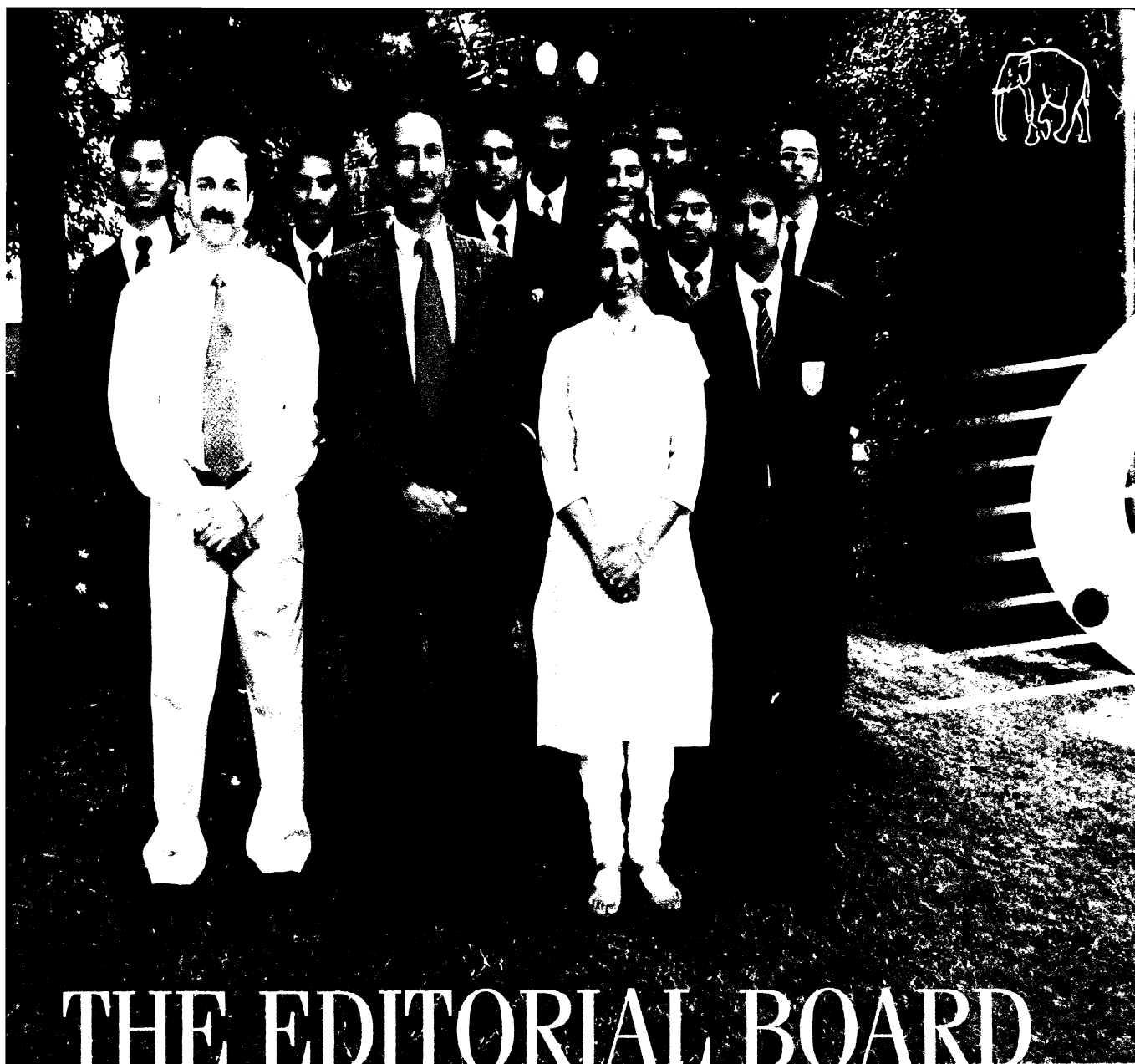
pretty cool guys and have a fine attitude towards studies. Their capability to enjoy life to its fullest and do whatever a sane person would dare not, is fascinating.

Everybody says life comes once, live it, but do we really do it? When was the last time you had fun on a working day and did not crib about it all night long?

Then why are they criticised? They are called good-for-nothings and useless. Why? Is this because people are envious of them? Live life to the fullest, friends and if you can't beat them, join them!

## Well...hmm...!! - Omit Gurung





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