

THE ELEPHANT

No. 169

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 27th, 1995

Think About It

Learning is not attained by chance. It must be sought for with ardour and attended to with diligence.--Abigail Adams

THE EDITORIAL

*Have you ever been mobbed,
By a bunch of juniors who think they've been
robbed!*

*Little fellows asking, 'Are you the Ed ?
If you are you should be dead!'
The Ed apologises to the Woodseat fellows,
For this felony he should be sent to the gallows!
The exams are over,*

*Its now time for studies to move over.
Now we'll see if those cogging chits worked,
And make up for all the work we shirked!
The results will be out before the holidays,
That might wreck our happiness for a few days!
When Class XII should be studying,
They went off to M.I.S. to do some partying.
They're very proud they went for 'socials',
For not going, the Ed has been branded anti-
social.*

*Mr.Paimuli made sure no one misbehaved,
Have you noticed? The schooly has shaved.
The Princy is sporting new spectacle frames,
His eyesight seems sharper, so no games.
He invited the Prefects to breakfast,
He was sorry he served himself last!
The food was great, Mr.K put on a great show,
After it was over he found it difficult to make the
guests go.*

*Some guys went to Woodstock for the King and
I,
Everyone loved the King, it was sad to see him
die.*

*It was a terrible long, steep walk to the hall,
But once the play started we had a ball.
It was one of the best 'musical' productions to
be seen in Dehra,
Great acting, fabulous music, etcetra, etcetra,*

etcetra.

*The holidays are finally here,
The home-sick studs are in
top gear.*

*Guys are thinking of snow
in Aspen, sand in Hawaii,
Aftre four months at the
grindstone, its the right
dawaii'.*

*No more sticking to the sum-
mer schedule,*

*To change which the mag.
with words did duel.*

*After two or three issues of
complaining,*

*The Dean came close to
giving the Ed a caning!*

*The Ed no longer spies, he
no longer thinks,*

*Hell catch the Dean taking
forty winks.*

*About the letter printed last
time,*

*The guy who wrote it com-
mitted a serious crime!*

*Now he gets a daily dose
after lunch,*

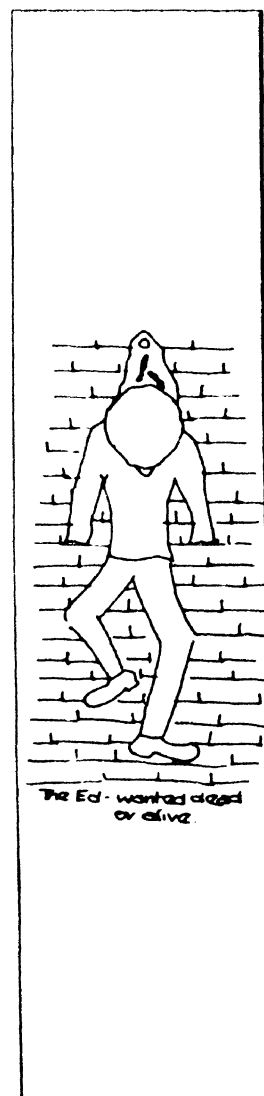
*So don't get any notions,
he's member of no elite
bunch.*

*The caterer has no choice
but to howl,*

With his potted plants someone's played fowl.

At night the barbarians are on the prowl,

*But when the food doesn't improve it makes
them scowl.*



*With only a few days of term left, the staff have
 got a fright,
 Around their personal property security is
 tight!
 At last its no more pencils, no more books,
 No more admiring your good looks.
 (The teachers are hoping guys will have hair-
 cuts,
 Or next term every teacher will after their
 butts.)
 I know it sounds horribly repetitive,
 But the Ed about certain things like to be
 assertive.
 So here's his version of it:
 The term has finally come to an end,
 Its time to say good bye to a friend.
 But look at the brighter side,
 No more teachers after your hide.
 No more looking at blackboards and chalk
 dust,
 No one to say, 'Study hard or go bust!'
 We no longer have to feel jealous,
 Of teacher's crossing the mainfield, a habit in
 which they are pretty zealous!*

*The time has come to hit the 'sack',
 Hopefully next term the Ed will be back.
 He's staying in school for a month, some school-
 sick disease,
 Hopefully to study, but he wants to plant but-
 tercups if you please.*

-- Sudeep



LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Magician and His Magic Brush

*The great magician had an awe struck
 audience and the magician's magic was ex-
 tremely simple..... yet it was hypnotic. The
 Welham Boys' Art Club hosted a talk and slide
 show by the famous colourist Mr. Phalguni Das
 Gupta (retired from the Delhi College of Art as
 the Head of the Applied Arts Department.) The
 show was attended by the School's Art Club as
 well as by the Welham Girls' Art Club and a
 whole spectrum of audience ranging from freaky
 little doodlers to greying academics..... each
 one of whom sat tightly and closely wrapped in
 Mr. Phalguni's great magic circle for a little
 more than one and a half hours, wonder struck,
 awe struck by his fabulous magic.*

*His works exhibited not only the great
 mastery over the elusive water colours but also
 a great insight into the prevailing political and
 social conditions of today. The protagonists of
 his thoughts.....i.e. the mynahs and the crows
 played on his artistic spare to comment on the*

*degeneration of human values in our world of
 today.*

*Mr. Das Gupta also played with simple
 lines on a board to create a feeling or a
 sensation..... and exhibited the simpler and
 most effective use of perspective. And though
 towards the end, the throats were dry; his
 slides showered a rain of colour in a beautiful
 metamorphous of line, form and content. The
 talk was inspiring, entertaining, very enlight-
 ening and enriching and the bewildered audi-
 ence had a great number of words of praise, and
 also thanks, to say, for the magician and his
 magical works. Mr. Phalguni's visit was ap-
 preciated by all present.*

-- Members of the Art Club

*(P.S. Special thanks to Yurendra and Manav
 for helping the organizers.)*

Crazy

*A raving lunatic, that he was,
Loneliness, I think, was its cause,
Stages of monotony was his life.
He'd lost a nut since he lost his wife,
He thinks with a mind that's hazy,
He knows, they call him crazy.
He sits in a corner, face forlorn,
He absorbs all the mocks and scorns,
Amazing, he's still kept his head,
Sweet memories hung with his life on a thread,
He bore all the pebbles and stones,
Many a time, he'd lost some bones,
He was being treated like a rag,
He didn't flinch when they called him a hag.*

*One night he'd had enough,
His life, he realised, was too rough.
The headlights from a distance were a blur,
He informed his wife, he was coming to her.
With a sweaty body and clammy hands,
He lay on the metallised land.
The car went over him, bones crunching,
His soul left the world he'd been noting.*

—Ankush Sachdeva
Class X

On a Tree : (Outside the L.R.C.)

A bare, leafless tree, casting scary shadows, its gnarled and knotted branches depicting gothic life forms. One's imagination runs wild as one stands under the tree and looks up at its numerous branches- twisted and turned almost beckoning you to reach out and help them out of their intangibility.

The feeling, strangely enough is awe inspiring as you see the unattractive yet attractive tree in the pale moonlight, looming over you, menacing yet magnetic. You stand rooted to the spot when after a while you say, "What the hell am I doing here," and you walk off, not looking back and forgetting everything what happened minutes ago.

—Rumaan Kidwai
Class XI

The Pot Hunters!

*Just above the kitchen stove,
Lived a man and his wife and potted plants galore.
Corner to corner was his verandah filled,
With healthy green plants, in pots his wife had filled,
Plants, wife, kids and father made a happy family,
In the oxygen of the greens they lived happily.*

*He was a culinary genius, of great fame,
But the food he helped prepare put him to shame.*

*Watery daal, bulletproof, rubbery chicken,
Left the boys wondering what went wrong in the kitchen.*

*When the onions and tomato curry first arrived,
He had to run for fear of his life being deprived.*

*And the boys who ate these dreadful curries,
Told all and sundry horrible stories,
About how they found caterpillars in the vegetable,*

*And when they told him, he said,
"Eat it and it will make you as strong as a muscle man in a fable"
When they heard that, they felt like hitting him with pellets of bread.*

One deprived soul went to him, "Sir I want some milk now,"

The man coolly said, "Yeah sure, but tell me, am I a cow?"

*The guys tried everything to improve the food.
Talks, meetings, yellings, fights didn't do any good.*

*For years they asked when returning to school,
"Has the catrler left, thinking of his food makes me drool."*

For years they tried to make him improve, but to no avail,

So they had to resolve to breaking promises made to the holy grail.

But what could they do?

Shout at him, beat him, throw shoes.

Then up came the bright idea, given by some

devil,

To break his pots, at this we could only marvel.

*When the grub was bad, we didn't think twice,
We went to his house in the dead of nights and
broke his pots,*

*"This one's for the daal, this for the chicken,
this for the rice."*

*After a couple of such incidents, the guys
thought they'd call the shots.*

At first it seemed to be working,

The food suddenly seemed to be improving!

*The results showed for sometime,
Then suddenly he was back into his prime.*

*Grub went from bad to worse,
Eating in school seemed to be a curse!*

*So the devils went back to the pots,
It gave them kicks, it gave them the hots.*

*Now his verandah is hardly green,
When someone refers to them his face is a
reddish sheen.*

*If he doesn't watch it, none will be left,
For the Pot Hunters at their task have become
deft.*

*He shouldn't brood over it, improve the food he
should,*

*Or the Pot Hunters shall strike and leave only
one pot,*

*With a message which says, "The pudding was
good."*

—Eye in the Sky

Love

*There is nothing as great as Love,
Should we have the good fortune to discover it,
What a feeling, one can only revel in love,
But, then, first and foremost, discover it.*

*The pains of life indicate its absence,
We seek their permanent alleviation,
Not having the required sense,
To seek love and experience liberation.*

—Mr. Ashish Kumar Sharma
(Computer Department)

Eternal Flame

*I was sleepy, very sleepy. But there was
no sleep in my eyes, or if there was, it was far
away. I was tired, very tired. But fatigue de-
serted me. In fact, everybody deserted me. I was
alone, all alone in this vast world, in this ghasty
world. A pile on, that's what I was. And others
did well to make me realise the fact that I was.*

*I had a friend, a friend but he was not
accessible. Too far, too difficult to talk to. But
I had faith. I had to. She always told me to
'Keep the Faith' and so I did. She had told me
that she would be by me whenever I wanted her
and so she would. But now, when I needed her
most, she was not there. She was simply not
there.*

*I had to face it, the harsh reality of life
can be faced only by oneself. Anyone can make
promises to be there by your side in the time
of need but eventually it boils down to this
simple fact. Only the memories help. But at least
something does. She was the one who told me
not to touch alcohol and promised that she
would do the same. I know she has kept her
promise but here I was, alcohol, eating, drink-
ing into my body, ripping me muscle by
muscle, eating away at my lungs, at my
kidneys.*

*I was aware of my oblivion. I knew that
it was working on my body like an endo-
parasite but sub-consciously. My only prob-
lem was that my consciousness never awoke. I
needed someone to wake it. Wake it up from it's
deep slumber. She would do it. I knew she
would. In some time she would come to me
again. Be by my side and give me the 'One
Thing' that I needed.... a shoulder to cry on.
That shoulder which was so strong. Despite
all her hardships, she was there for me. At any
given moment.*

*I know it contradicts but contradiction
is born of an unstable and infirm mind. A weak
mind. A mind that is unable to make it's own
decisions, unable to decipher the Satan from
the Christ. Not that there is a vast difference
between them but a decision still is imperative.
I had grown so dependent on her that I did not
want to decide for myself. I was too lazy. Or
maybe not. I knew her decisions were better*

than mine. They had always been. In the past. They would always be. In the future. Now that I know that she will always be with me and now that I have found her, I do not know how I would have done without her. I would never have..... No, I would never have!!!!!!

—Air Supply

Lone Sufferer

If I were the last person on Earth, I wonder what I would do? Would escapism help me? Or would realization determine my actions? Either way, if left all alone, I would probably roam the world-yes, alone, and look around at what man has done unto himself.

What would remain of the once flourishing civilization of humankind? Death and destruction-disease and decay- ruins..... ruins and more ruins. Under the existing surroundings, I would slowly and steadily crumble like the achievements of my peers all around. Living in such a state of gloom, I would realize that it is just not fair for future generations to even try and reconstruct what remains of man's once flourishing empire. The lingering hope at the back of my mind that somewhere far away from this abode of sin there is someone who is willing to give it a second try, is swept clear by the sharp sting of realization.

Yes, I have most definitely heard of the popular proverb that goes, "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again"; but unfortunately it just does not apply in the proposed scenario as the risk entailed in giving man a second try is unimaginable. Even the ever so destructive human mind cannot fathom the dire consequences such an allowance would have. Man would only flourish to destroy himself a second time around. So, in the best interests of humanity, I as the sole survivor of the human race would take the escapist path and take my own life. Thus ends humankind and the last of its offspring to bear the brunt of its so called creative mind.

—Rumaan Kidwai
Class XI

MELGHAT TIGER RESERVE

Central India's tiger territory is under siege. Ironically this time the threat is neither from poachers nor ecological pressures, but from the government!! The weapon-DENOTIFICATION.

The victim is Northern Maharashtra's mammoth Melghat Tiger Reserve. This comprises of Melghat Tiger Sanctuary and Gugamal National Park. Melghat borders the river Tapi and is the home of tigers, leopards and Gaurs.

What is its crime? Straining its capacity are nineteen thousand Korku Tribals and twenty nine thousand cattle in 58 villages. They occupy seventy six square kilometres in the one thousand five hundred and ninety seven square kilometres park.

Today's Melghat could be tomorrow's Nagarhole and Periyar. And many more in the future. It will inevitably signal the demise of protected areas.

—Deepak & Amish
Class VI

Of Many Lives.....

Life is made up of changes, for the better or for the worse. At our age there is the transformation from a child to an adult, this is also accompanied by changes in thoughts. The perspective of the world as a whole changes. Have you ever wondered how often you tend to be lost in thoughts. Your past is not that important, the future beckons and you cannot place your present self in the past.

As one passes various stages in one's life, one begins a new phase altogether. Physically and mentally you advance, you mature. Each time you grow, the past is not as glorious and mysterious as the future. The future of suspense, of want, hope and expectations.

—Digvijay Lamba
Class X

NATURE'S DIARY

Being an Orthinologist

"Dear Mr. Lamba,

You talk such a lot about birds. Would you like to be an orthinologist when you grow up.....

*I am wealthy, yet I suffer,
The mind is not at all at rest,
Have I been a duffer?
Making various troubles, my guest."*

The author of this piece is evidently a troubled man since he has not been able to obtain peace of mind even after getting wealth.

The aim of one's life is not just to achieve material or financial gains, (infact it should not be the aim at all) but to provide the much needed pleasure and happiness by attaining peace of mind ultimately leading to salvation.

One of the many professions which provide a person with health, happiness, pleasure and also peace of mind is Orthinology.

The trends of professions have been changing in the past decades. Long gone are the days when being ambitious was thought of to be wicked. Today, every youngster has a goal and strives hard to achieve it. There are now manifold career choices for the young and provide professionals with sky high salaries and other perks. But everyone does not need money.

There are a few resolute people who seek an animated life instead of leading a life in an office locked up for hours. Money cannot provide happiness, it can only provide comfort. Happiness stems from the Mind.

Orthinology is one profession where your work becomes play. It is like being paid for a hobby. It is true that one cannot lead a leisurely and a rich life style by becoming an orthinologist, but then there are those who are content with it.

Orthinology is the study of birds. This involves studying their habits, migration, nest-

ing etc. To become an orthinologist one can do B.Sc. in wildlife sciences with Birds as a special option.

The major part of the study is the practical aspect. You have to spend the maximum amount of time possible in the field. In the words of Late Dr. Salim Ali, the greatest orthinologist India has ever produced, orthinology is one profession from which you never retire, and it keeps you fit all the time as you have to walk many kilometres every day, viewing bird-life.

To earn a living out of a hobby like profession such as this, one can join internationally known organisations like the Bombay Natural History Society and the World Wide Fund For Nature(WWF). Other than doing research these organisations also help to save the flora and fauna of our mother Earth. If possible and if one has adequate financial aid, people also start their own non-government organisations (NGOs) for conserving bird life.

You can write books and articles for magazines which can earn you enough money to exist. And when you exist as a birdwatcher life is a pleasure, your character changes due to the peace of mind experienced by you going about your work.

It is very much understood by everyone that when one is a student, a desire to become rich makes one blind to goals and opportunities that mean much more than what they seem. Only in old age does the importance of such opportunities become lucid but then it is too late.

If you have the patience, the determination and love for nature and do not run after money, then this is a profession for you. It is a profession from which you retire when you die.

—Digvijay Lamba
Class X

THE ADVENT OF SUMMER

The spring is coming to an end. The oak, mango and toon trees have sprouted lush green leaves. The winds have become mellower and the earth is getting dry. The afternoons are hotter but still in a shady corner of the school campus bird life is thriving.

The calls of the Koel have become dominant during the morning and evening hours and so have the monotonous high pitched calls of the Large Green Barbet and the Copper-smith. They are hard to observe but the distinct coo-coo and tuk-coor-tuk-coor can be heard all over the campus. All these birds including the Golden Orioles, the Paradise Flycatchers and the Drongos arrived in the first week of April. The Wagtails and the Tits have departed to their winter homes in the northern latitudes.

Last month when the Toon trees beside

the Backfield were in blossom one could watch flocks of Grey-headed Mynas and Parakeets feeding on the flowers and seldom came to the ground.

The summers hold a promising season for birdwatching as very soon we will be able to spot birds building their intricate nests. Then our campus will be stocked with off-springs. Later, the rains will hold stage to the melodious songs of the songsters, especially the Magpie Robin - a determined songster!

And do not forget our dear friend the Owl which roosts in the Kapur tree next to the Peacock Stage. It is still there.

— Digvijay Lamba
Class X

WELHAM NOW

1. The Inter School Hindi Essay Writing Competition was held on the 4th of May and Bharat Bhushan Garg was awarded a Consolation Prize for his essay.

2. The results of the Kandhari Essay Writing Competition were also announced. The following were awarded:

Group 'A'

1st Rumaan Kidwai
2nd Sudeep Chaudhuri
3rd Aditya Sud & Siddharth Choraria
Special Mention : Aditya Jhala

Group 'B'

1st Varun Puri
2nd Ajay Kumar
3rd Nikunj Gupta & Digvijay Lamba

Group 'C'

1st Chaitanya Sud
2nd Karan Gulaya
3rd Parikshit Bhide
Special Mention : Kumar Abhijeet

Group 'D'

1st Sharad Kumar
2nd Rajat Arora
3rd Sahil Vohra

3. The Inter House Computer Quiz was held on the 18th of this month in the Activity Centre. Inevitably, Krishna stood first followed by Jamuna, Cauvery and Ganga respectively.

4. There was a lecture by Mr. P K Ghosh in the Audio Visual room of the LRC also on the 18th of this month. He spoke on wildlife.

5. There was also a lecture by Mr. Phalguni Das Gupta in the Audio Visual Room of the LRC. He spoke on the various aspects of art. The lecture was attended by a large number of boys and girls from Welham Boys' and Welham Girls'.

6. A group of boys went to Woodstock to watch 'The King and I', on the 20th of this month. Another group of boys went to Mussoorie International School for a social meet. Needless to say, they really enjoyed themselves and were full of gossip on their return. The play also was enjoyed by the boys and the staff.

7. Results of the Junior School English Elocu-

tion Competition held on the 16th of this month are as follows :

Class II A

1st Raunak Tiberiwal
2nd Sarthak Johar
3rd Arjun Bajaj

Class II B

To begin with, the Inter-House Diving Competition was held. The judges as well as the audience saw a good display of acrobatics (though the diver may have fallen flat and on his back) and were thoroughly entertained. Some of the divers displayed exceptional skills and were cheered by their respective supporters, others who were not so skillful learnt from them. In the junior sections, the Shreshtha brothers dominated their respective section while in the Seniors, Puri and Abhishek were on the top. The results of the competition were as follows :

Section 'A'

Best Diver :

1st Bishesh Shreshtha
2nd Mukti Bikram Shah

House Positions :

1st Krishna
2nd Ganga

Section 'B'

Best Diver :

1st Manish Shreshtha
2nd Kartikeya N. Singh

House Positions :

1st Ganga
2nd Jamuna

Section 'C'

Best Diver :

1st Varun Puri and Abhishek Agarwal

1st Nishant Joshi
2nd Mayank Das Daga
3rd Aijaz Rasool

Class III A

1st Aniket Kuthiala
2nd Samridha Rana
3rd Vaibhav Thakur

Class III B

1st Faraz Ahmad
2nd Nishant Kumar
3rd Anivesh Singh & Karan Mehrotra
2nd Apurve Patodia

House Positions :

1st Cauvery
2nd Krishna

Moving to another arena of sports, the School Senior Hockey team played a hockey match with the Doon School. The start was good, but Manish Kumar received a hurt on his finger and Surya Todi had to be substituted. Ankur Nigam was replaced by a junior who according to the coach played better game than him. No wonder the final score.....

Near the end of the game we made a number of attacks but our school forwards, led by Prashant, failed to convert any goals. It was an exciting and interesting match and it was fun to watch the more-zealous junior players playing rigorously. Throughout the match there was no display of poor sportsmanship and both teams played their game excellently. Our team was quite good, but that of Doon School was better. In the end of the match most of the boys' from the junior team were seen playing. They fought well but in vain. The score board at the end of the match read 4-0 in favour of Doon School.

Akshi who had been chosen to represent the U.P. team for basketball returned to school. Siddhant and Samarth have not returned yet and are expected back by the time term ends.

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