



The Elephant

No. 203

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 15th, 1997

Think About It

Never seek to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.

—John Donne

EDITORIAL

On many occasions, it is not until disaster strikes that people open their eyes. Suddenly, all one's personal affairs seem so petty, so insignificant. One feels like dropping all quarrels and joining hands with everyone in the spirit of brotherhood. Suddenly, one realises the uncertainty of life and the importance of appreciating and enjoying one another while one still has a chance...of not throwing away opportunities. It is during these times, more than ever, that one realises the value of life and that it comes only once.

25th September, 1997, 8:00 P.M....Jayant Golyan, aged fourteen and a very dear member of the Welham family passed away leaving not only his family and relatives but also the entire Welham community, grief stricken and shocked.

Jayant was born on 25th June, 1983. Belonging to a loving and affectionate family settled in Nepal, he joined Welham in 1991. Over the years his sheer warmth and friendly, easy manner won him innumerable and admiring friends. Talented as he was, Jayant excelled in swimming, which was his favourite sport; he participated in all other sports including Basketball. His developing skills at other extra-curriculars, I am told, were numerous. He was surely one Welhamite, who we thought was

destined to be a complete man. Welham will never hesitate for one moment, to boast of him as being an unforgettable part of its community. It is proposed that a Memorial Trust Fund be raised, the proceeds of which would be utilised towards the construction of a new swimming pool which will be named after Jayant.

Fate, however, had a different plan laid down for him. On September 24th, Jayant severely injured his leg with a falling glass pane while bustling around in the tuck shop lines. It seemed a minor case that a few weeks in bed would've got him back on his feet again. Required blood was donated by the school members, and he was taken into surgery.... but that which Eternity has willed, no man can alter.

Jayant's death has come as a shock to everyone in Welham and the school is still reverberating with the after shocks of this terrible tragedy. It is almost unimaginable and difficult

to grasp that the cheerful, smiling boy who was living with us sometime back is suddenly no more. I could probably never imagine the grief and sorrow that has struck Jayant's family, and what they're going through, but in my sadness, I must sympathise with them and on behalf of the school convey my heart felt condolences. We are very

(1)



sorry and deeply saddened by his untimely departure.

It is also times like these that one almost ceases to believe in the existence of God. What wrong had Jayant, or any member of his family done that God had to snatch away his life,...and snatch him away from his loved ones and us? Anger, hatred, confusion and uncertainty are some of the deep emotions naturally aroused towards God. But then, I guess, it is only the mystery of the earth in the middle of the solar system,...in the middle of the milky way,...in the middle of the universe,...and in the middle of God-knows what else,...or in short the mystery of life, that prompts us to believe in the supernatural. Life, so intricately woven into us and yet so simple,...the incessant sea of knowledge,...I guess these justify the existence of God simply because, logically, there has to be something behind it all; and mankind lives by logic.

From another view point, Jayant's death has taught us the outcome of complacency and of taking things for granted. It has taught us to always remain prepared and alert to such calamities. But, once again, and most importantly, it reminds us of living life to the fullest while one still has a chance.

In the end, I request all readers to please say a word of prayer that Jayant's soul may rest in peace. And on behalf of the Welham community, I say, that he will live in our hearts forever.

After an uneventful Midterm break for most of us, the school is back on track and moving on to prepare for the Diamond Jubilee. Two senior-school stage productions are being put up by the school, both of which will surely be successful as the enthusiastic cast members are apparently putting in their best.

But what disturbs me is that volleyball practice sessions are being entirely disrupted due to the

Hindi play rehearsals, the Hindi play having to be put up during the Founders. The cast members have been called for in the eleventh hour and practice sessions carry on day and night to the extent that these boys are very often excused from classes itself (the first time in as long as I've been here). The cast includes key players of the volleyball team. Consequently, the volleyball Coach and the team is in a dilemma as to whether they shall be able to practice enough for the IPSCs which are very near. As last year's winners of the IPSC in the northern district, they certainly want to put up a good show this time as well.

The documentary film on Welham that was to be made by Mr. Parth Arora and directed by Mr. Jitendra is finally complete. Needless to mention, the school has been in absolute chaos with everyone running here and there starting at four in the morning and ending late into the night over the last few days. A select group had been chosen to assist the Production Manager and Director in the making of the movie. The dedication showed by these boys towards making the film a success is praise-worthy and must be admired. Hats off to them. I must also congratulate the school on having broken the world record as the documentary film on Welham is now the lengthiest 'one-shot' film ever documented.

Marching practice sessions, an annoyance to everyone but the Prefects, is now a daily affair. Various other athletic activities have become a regular routine and it looks as though Amit Kumar, the athletics Captain is determined to settle for nothing but the best on Sports Day.

Well, the Oliphant Board too, has geared itself up and is determined to settle for nothing less than the best for the Diamond Jubilee issue.

And until next time, goodbye.

—Sourab

Letters To The Editor

Dear Ed.,

We would like to draw your attention to studies. We are bored by some of the teachers who think it is not necessary to give the boys a break once in a while.

On asking some of the teachers for a trip to the A. V room, we invariably hear a big 'no'. If we show discontent, we are threatened to be *sneaked* to the school captain. We thought of the Oliphant as the best possible way of conveying our message.

(2)

Yours Thoroughly Bored
Class VIII

Ed: Much as I sympathise with you, we are fellow sufferers in the same boat. The teachers are obliged to finish their syllabus in time, but, of course, that certainly doesn't mean that they don't give us occasional breaks. Thanx for bringing this up and now that they've got the 'message' loud and clear, lets just cross our fingers and hope that next period is free!

Dear Ed.,

This is to thank all our teachers and colleagues who provided us valuable help in meeting all the requirements relating to attaining the gold standard of the international award for young people (D.E.A.S.). Sumant, Vaibhav and I were the fortunate ones to receive this award at the British High Commissioner's residence on the 14th October, 1997.

yours etc.,

Vibhu Arya

Dear Ed.,

It is encouraging to see the gradual build up in tempo and enthusiasm for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. This is now palpable and the level of activity in the school in all spheres is amazing. Doubtless, these efforts will result in a memorable and an enjoyable sixtieth birthday to be remembered by parents/old boys, guests and students.

yours etc.,

An Observer

WELHAM NOW

1) The English Essay Contest was held on the 15th of September. The results are as follows:

Class V

First: Saras Rana
Second: Siddharth Mohanty
Third: Derik Ma
Consolation: Anvesh Singh

Class VI

First: Pranab Shrestha
Second: Kumar Prashant
Third: Kartik Mahajan & Ayush Agarwal

2) Mr. Parth Arora and his team have completed the shooting of the movie 'As The River Flows' which is being made on Welham. The final shot was taken on the 12th of October.

3) The delegation which had gone to England to attend the Round Square Conference has returned.

4) The school stood first Runners-up in the Semi-

final round of the Oberoi and the Friends of the Doon Quiz which was held in September. Our team comprised Digvijay Lamba, Pratyush Prateek and Arcaprava Datta.

5) The school participated in the I.P.S.C. Athletics and Basketball meets which were held in Delhi Public School, R.K. Puram from the 2nd to 4th October. The school basketball team came second after losing to D.P.S., Mathura Road.

6) The preparations for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations are in full swing. The main gate which has been chosen to commemorate the occasion has been installed near The Orchard. The cost of the gate and its installation has been jointly borne by the Board of Trustees, the student and staff community. All the buildings are being white washed/painted. The Science block and the Staff Lounge have been renovated with additional facilities. The practices for the Diamond Jubilee plays are being held regularly.

W.O.B.N

Extract of a letter to the Secretary, W.O.B.S from Imit Arora (Ex-504)

'This is my first letter to you since I left school. First of all, I would like to thank you and everybody concerned for sending me The Oliphant and other information regarding the school regularly.

I have written this letter to inform you that I have enrolled in a hotel management course with the Welcome Group. You will be pleased to know that it is one of the best institutions of its kind in India, where degree courses are available.

If any of the students require any information regarding courses here, I'll gladly assist them. They can write to me on the following address:

Imit Arora,
12th Course
Welcome Group Graduate School of Hotel Management,
Valley View,
Manipal- 576 119,
Karnataka.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

In Memoriam Of A Friend

*'Remember me when I am gone away,
gone far away into the silent land; when you
can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half
turn to go yet turning to stay. Remember me
when no more day by day. You tell me of our
future that you planned. Only remember me;
you understand.....'*

—Rossetti

Jayant.....

Kind and true

So noble and loving to all of you

Treasured for his innate honesty

He was precious to you and me.

Jayant.....

Together his friends and he,

so many years they laughed and cried;

Standing at all times by each others' side.

Full of joyousness, he was so merry,

Happy and carefree.

Remember his ingenuous smile,

filled with affection all the while.

Full of fun and frolic, he ran along with his

People I Dislike

A society is made up of people who are cooperative. Everyone in the world wants his or her acquaintances to be good. Cooperation matters too. It is not easy for a new comer to get on in society. He wants cooperation,.. so do the others.

But exceptions are always included. Some people have a dislike for cooperation, others have an ego as high as Everest. These take up the place in my mind of people who I dislike.

I dislike people who long for cooperation from others, but can't cooperate themselves. How do you expect someone to receive help when he is so selfish that he can't lend anything? I shall relate an incident :- Once, some boys from my class including me wanted to study. Prep-time, that was when this occurred. Some others were making a racket. We told them to keep quiet, but they would not do so. Next day these boys wanted to miss a class. Those of us who wanted to study, warned them not to do

friends.

Opened up his heart and an ever lasting friendship they planned to start,

And then - my friends.....

at the stillest hour of a tragic day,

He left us on broken ends.

Lets remember him for what he was.

The warmth in his eyes, that will never see,
caring and generous

He bound us with his warm friendship

Soothed us with his sweet voice,

Patted our backs with his gentle hands

His heart filled with warmth and tenderness for which we loved him.

He was a flower

which was yet to bloom.

To all of us, he was sweet and kind,

so tender and loving.....

Thats the way Jayant was, and thats how he will always be in our hearts.....

where we will keep him forever.....

—The Welham Family

so. After that they called us names and I don't know what else.

Now what do you say to this? Do you see why I hate such people.

I also dislike people who are quarrelsome and who are excessively into narcotics. Quarrelsome people are bad company. They always want to have an argument on the smallest of topics. In short, they make a mountain out of a mole hill. Always at loggerheads, I can't find any peace with them.

People think that smoking and drinking makes them macho. They drag innocent people into this life taking habit, but unfortunately, the young most willingly get into it. Slowly, they get onto drugs such as cocaine and hashish and make their lives hollow. They are the ones who hollow out the society.

But there is a distinct race of people who I really hate, and these are the politicians. These people are very easy to believe in. You should always think twice before casting your vote. These people promise a lot of things, but once they are elected, anyone should be able to see how well they keep their

promises!

I hope that I have clearly expressed my views on the people whom I dislike:- Politicians who are extremely corrupt, un-cooperative people, quarrelsome fools and drug addicts.

—*Amish Mulmi*

Class VIII

(This essay was adjudged the best in group 'C' of the S. Kandhari English Essay Contest.)

School Life - As I View It

School life. This period is of paramount importance in the life of a man. It moulds a man's character and makes him a saint or a sinner according to the way he spends it. However, I cannot say if it is good or bad, as there are many negative and positive aspects about school life.

Parents send their children to good schools to make them good citizens. Therefore, it becomes our utmost responsibility to fulfil their dreams.

Many students object to the number of rules that are laid down in school. They say it is ruthless to set such rules. But have we ever thought why they are set? For our own good, of course. They are there to improve our character, to instil a sense of discipline and to our benefit so that we can sufficiently concentrate on our academic activity so as to secure our future. If there were no rules, any school would turn into a mere collection of buildings; within a matter of days.

Schools are not only Biology texts, chemical experiments, studies, prep, exams and mental strain and tension but they are also games, fun, holidays, movies, and most importantly, a whole lot of friends. There is no school in the world which makes students glue their eyes to their books 24 hours a day.

In our school life we learn to live in a

community. We learn to fight difficulties and help others in theirs. We also learn to cooperate with our friends and unite and fight our troubles. We develop self confidence. Different religions take shelter under the umbrella of the school and students live not as Sikhs, Hindus, Christians or Muslims, but as Humans!

In a famous poem by Robert Frost - 'Playground Blues', he illustrates that the punishments received by us from the Prefects actually train us for the obstacles we are to face in our lives. I whole-heartedly agree with him.

School life also has negative points. If we are to fall into bad company at an early age it will result in a great calamity in our lives later. We could fall into the habit of smoking and drinking and worst of all we could grow up to become those 'backstreet eavesdropper' types. So while we are in school we should really ponder deeply before choosing our friends.

I would like to conclude by saying that school life is like the money in our wallet; the more wisely we spend it the more profitable it is and vice-versa. As the old saying goes - 'there is nothing such as 'Good' or 'Bad' in this world but human thinking makes it so'.

—*Prayaas J. B. Rana*

Class VII A

He Did Live Once

There he lay on his pyre,
made of dry wood,
built high on the ground,
and around it, near ones stood.

Everyone had a tear in his eye,
every mouth there gasped a sigh,
Every heart was beating fast,
Thinking about his golden past.

Yes, he did live then,
full of energy and spirit.
Optimistic in behaviour,

and enjoying the juiciest fruits
that life could provide.

He had been a living form then,
of a small age of four and ten.

With chubby cheeks and deep dimples,
and dark shining face friendly and simple.

But then one day,
his fate struck,
He met with death,
with just a cut.

Hell broke down,
to the ones near,
and their hearts hurt,
as if struck by a spear.

They felt the loss,
But he did not revive,
But left us with his remembrances,
Ever to remember him and love him.

–Ranjit Chhabra

They cried and cried;

A Silver Lining...?

Have you had one of those gloomy days when the whole world seems to have come crashing down on you, when the sun doesn't shine that bright and when the stars seem to have inexplicably lost their lustre? Have you had one of those days, when you don't notice the green grass or forget how to contract your facial muscles in an expression of a smile? Have you had one of those days when your favourite dreams vanish into thin air with the realisation that they're not going to materialise ever? Have you ever sat down in absolute despair with a million images flashing across your inner screen? Have you ever felt not worth living? Have you ever felt like throwing away all of your treasured possessions? Have you ever felt like smashing a window in utter confusion? Have you ever lain down on your bed after not having slept for three days and found that you can't close your eyes even

for a minute? Have you ever felt restless and then recklessly and without a choice turned to the conventional methods to pacify yourself, (not that it would do you much good)? And on having emancipated your pent up feelings on somebody you confide in, and on that person saying "Like all good things, this too will pass", have you ever felt that even that closest friend doesn't understand you, doesn't have the solutions you always thought he would? Have you ever lost the urge to be good to people? Have you ever thought of turning back the clock and restarting your life (like you had a choice!)? Have you ever failed to spot a silver lining?

It will come. It will come to everyone and that's where Robert Frost's roads diverge.

–The Heretic

Riverside Thoughts

A Robbery In A Train

In India, a robbery in a train is not very rare. I have experienced a robbery. It was my summer vacations and my parents, my sister and I went to Delhi to attend a marriage.

We packed our luggage and boarded the train four days before the marriage. As our tickets were reserved, we never had any trouble.

Three gentlemen got on at the first stop. One of them was from Kashmir, we could tell from his clothes. They sat next to us and in sometime became quite friendly and started talking to us. Then the man showed us some carpets, blankets, shawls etc., which he had brought from Kashmir, and asked if we would like to buy any of them. We were busy looking at the items, in the meantime, one of them saw where all our luggage was kept.

My parents did not buy anything because

the price was too high. The man repacked everything, he did not seem disappointed, though we had not bought anything from him.

They all got down at the next station. The train started after sometime, they had still not come back. We got suspicious because they had left with their luggage but had earlier told us that they were going to Delhi.

When we checked, we found most of our bags torn and the valuables stolen. My father got down at the next station and informed the police. But in vain. We have not got our luggage back till now. Since then we are always careful when travelling by train.

*–Kumar Prashant
Class VI*

Should Boys Learn To Cook?

Boys should learn to cook. When they grow up and they don't get a job, they can be cooks in a hotel. Whenever they feel hungry, they can cook anything on their own. They can even earn money by teaching people how to cook food. If their servant has gone for a holiday, they can cook food for their family. Sometimes they can get an opportunity to show a cooking programme on television.

In my old school, I used to learn how to cook. Every Saturday, there were special classes on cooking. I learnt to make maggi, french toast, chocolate cake, custard and sandwiches.

One day, we had a cooking contest and I made french toast, chocolate cake and sandwiches. My school Principal was tasting every one's dishes. He liked my french toast and chocolate cake very much. We were getting prizes for that and I received the first prize in my class.

In a hotel, people cook good food. The people who know how to cook food are lucky. Their recipes come in news papers and magazines. I think that in every school, there should be a cooking class like Maths, Hindi and English.

***--Abhishek Kapoor
Class V***

A Class Without A Teacher

Whenever I work, I think that the whole day we are with a teacher, but we don't even have one class without a teacher. I wish we could have at least one class without a teacher. We all would go mad. We would shout and scream of which I always dream. We would throw chalk at each other. It would be so much fun. I would have scribbled all over the black board, and Sameer Goel would rub it again and again. If the Monitor would write my name, I would fight with him, and rub my name from his list. We would spoil each others' hair, and behave like hooligans. But when our teacher would enter the class for the next school, we would settle everything and sit down

quietly. But we can never have a class without a teacher.

In the morning we get up at 5:45 a.m. and have tea with our matron. Then we go for the first school with a teacher. P.T is next but again with a teacher. Breakfast is with our matron. And then we have assembly again with all the teachers. After assembly we have three schools with teachers and then fruit break. Thank God, at least fifteen minutes without a teacher. Then lunch with a teacher. But I always dream of a class without a teacher.

***--Vaibhav Thakur
Class V***

Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa was born in 1910 in Albania. She came to India when she was only 20 years old.

She won the Nobel Peace Prize, the Leo Tolstoy Award and the Bharat Ratna, India's highest award.

She worked for the upliftment of the poor and the homeless. She tried to remove pain and sorrow by means of love and care. She set up 'The Missionaries of Charity' in Calcutta next to the temple of Goddess Kali.

She died on 5th September '97 in Calcutta.

She was a kind and sweet lady who did a lot for the poor and homeless of Calcutta. She dedicated her time to the beggars of Calcutta.

Her death, though not unexpected because she had been hospitalised on a number of occasions in the recent past was received with great grief, shock and sorrow.

Her funeral was attended by important international dignitaries which included Hilary Clinton, the Presidents of India and Albania and our Prime Minister.

--Raj Krishna

RINGSIDE VIEW

A lot of teams went out of station to take part in various I.P.S.C. meets during the mid-term break. There were disappointments and surprises to discover when the school re-opened. The results in most of these meets once again proved that proper coaching and training can help us produce much better results. The talent is all there but it needs to be carefully harnessed.

The first ones to leave were the Tennis boys under the leadership of the hopping surd Gauravjeet while Pai was away in England. They participated in three different sections under 14, under 16 and under 18 years of age and were knocked out in the very first round of the team events in all sections. In the individual section also, all except one met with the same fate. Anand Divedi turned out to be the saving grace for us. He made it to the semi-finals of the individuals under 14 beating five players. A commendable performance indeed. Lets hope he does better in the future.

The Athletics team along with the Basketball team went to D.P.S. (R.K Puram) for their respective I.P.S.C's. It was real fun being there. Twenty five schools had come in all to take part in Athletics and Basketball. The weather was hot and humid and we were advised to drink lots of water and to stay indoors as much as possible. For the Athletic team, it was a very disappointing but a learning experience. It can however be said about them that they would have done much better, had the system of qualification into the finals, been the one that is generally followed (the best six timings qualify). Our 4x400 metres relay team had the fourth best timing in the heats but did not qualify for the finals because they were third in their heat. Even Ujjwal had the same problem in the 100 metre sprint. Manas missed a bronze in javelin by a mere 20cm and that was as close as we got to a medal during the three day long meet.

In basketball there were 21 teams from all over India and that is by far the largest number of teams ever to have taken part. Our team started off as an under dog and no one gave us a chance to make it to the semi-finals. All that however is history

now. The underdogs went on to become runners up and that is one of the biggest sporting achievements in the last 4-5 years of Welham. It was a dream run to the finals and all our hard work finally paid off.

Our first match was against B.P.S Pillani. As usual we had a bad start and at one point we were trailing 9-0 but we soon got over it and easily won 45-15. The next match was against Vikas Vidyalaya, Ranchi. This was a comparatively easy match and the bench got a feel of the court and rings. We were now into the quarter finals, this is when we began to surprise everyone. We played Lawrence School, Lovedale. They were a good team but had been over-estimated by one and all and took us a little too easily paying heavily in return. We beat them hollow without any kind of problem. The final score being 47-20 in our favour. In the semi-finals we were to play D.P.S (R.K. Puram). Playing the host in the knockout stages can be a tricky thing. All odds were against us, they had knocked out the defending champions in the previous round and were on a new high. Right through the first half we were atleast down by 10 points and were trailing till the last three minutes of the game. At that point, we were 13 points behind them but in those three minutes we played some of the best Basketball in the tournament and went on to win by 6 points. Sachin played the match of his life and Manavjeet did much more than we generally expect of him. But this was definitely Mr. Vachani's game. He was the one who managed to keep us all focussed and believe in ourselves even when everything was against us. Hats off to him. The finals were personally a very bad experience. Officiating was sub-standard and partial towards the other team and even the table seemed to have been in their favour. Even the rain Gods did not want us to win. Everytime we would pick some movement and come back into the game the rain would come and spoil it all. I don't say that we would have easily won but I can confidently say that it wouldn't have been as one-sided as it was. It was a learning experience.

--Pratyush

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