



The Elephant

No. 206

WELHAMBOYS'SCHOOL

December 1st 1997

Think About It

'All Truth is simple' -is that not a compound lie?

EDITORIAL

-Nietzsche

I thought the Editorial chair was a soft, cushy throne-like structure on which one could sit comfortably and point his finger at anyone in school. But to my disappointment it turns out to be a silly little fibre-glass thing with the word 'STUD' inscribed at the back. Talk of shattered illusions!

At the moment I'm sitting with two completely warped gentlemen who happen to be my computer designers. The senior is a Vaibhav Bhargava look-alike, do-alike etc. etc. and the junior is the 'midnight hacker' who loves changing passwords to the names of various forms of underwear.

My ringside view correspondent and cartoonist is sitting behind and reading **Muscle Mag**. He plans to come back next term weighing fifty kilos. What he hasn't planned, however, is how he's gonna face the staff rep. Good luck to him!

My worries continue... The old board is after my rear for a lunch treat and is also waiting impatiently for this issue to arrive...so that they can tear my literary efforts to shreds.

Talking of treats; I think the school is running short of funds as it still hasn't given the English and Hindi play casts the much deserved traditional dinner.

The **Shaktimaan** freaks of class ten have labelled me a Pop (pronounced P-a-a-p) just because I write like this. I still don't understand their problem.

The teachers seem to be having lot of domestic worries, so they are taking out their frustrations by overloading guys with prep. They say we've had a

lot of fun during the Jubilee. What they don't realise is that exams are a - coming and the guys don't have time for writing about Pip's adolescent fantasies.

Some are, however, not affected. They continue slogging their rears out from 6 a.m. to 1 a.m. with the same blank expression on their faces.

Zombies!

A few lucky ones (which includes me) are missing exams...and having a ball. Actually, I'm going to do some social service at Shivpuri (and I plan to do a lot of *socialised* service).

Class twelve, it seems has started getting school-sick already. Last Sunday, I spotted several twelfthies wearing the old

boys' tie. The scene really touched my heart. Ahem!

The caterer loves boiled eggs. He thinks the school loves them too. He has served them for two consecutive break-fasts. To make matters worse he served them again for dinner in the form of egg curry. Sly!

The non humpty dumpty things are so strange, firstly it takes hours to peel off the shell, secondly they turn out to be stinky and last but definitely not the least- they leave you burping for an hour.

The eleventhies have started their election campaigns. Many of them are showing their self-confidence in the form of assembly speeches. A guy spoke 'I have a dream...', another went on stage without any paper. The *major* guys are yet to speak. Best of luck!



THE ED → BASKING IN HIS NEW-
FOUND GLORY.

I think I've rambled long enough, so I better push off now. Will try and keep you entertained.

Yours for another year,

-Sidharth

WELHAM NOW

1) The following have been appointed members of the new Oliphant Board:

Editor: Sidharth Singh

Literary Affairs: Debashish Banerjee

Welham Now correspondent: Karan Gulaya

Desktop Editors: Arjun Trivedi &

Ijlal Shamsi

Ringside View correspondent: Ahmed Ali

Cartoonist: Ahmed Ali

Nature's Diary: Anshuman Singh.

2) The school entrance exam was held on the 9th November, 1997.

3) The third K.C. Joshi memorial Inter-School English Essay Writing Contest was held on the 12th November, 1997 in the L.R.C. The school was represented by Sourabh Dhungel and Varun Puri.

4) The districts schools athletic meet, was held on 8th and 9th November, 1997 at the Doon School. Because of rain on the 9th, the meet had to be called off, however, our team had already won five silvers and two bronzes due to commendable performance. The following were awarded:

-Amit Gupta- silver(Shot-put)

-Ujjwal Kumar- silver(200 m.)

-4 X 400 mts. relay - silver

The relay team comprised :

Suman Saurabh, Parivesh Kumar, Amit

Prashar and Nikunj Gupta.

-Nikunj Gupta- silver(800 m.)

-Yashab Zia - silver(Hurdles)

-Rahul Dawn- bronze(Broad jump)

-Amit Kumar- bronze(High jump)

The following also qualified for the finals:

-Ujjwal Kumar- 100m.

-Suman Saurabh- 400m.

-Nikunj Gupta- 400m.

5) The new Sankalp board was announced recently. The following have been appointed:

Chief Editor: Prashant Khemka

Co-Editors: Kartikeya Narain and Adhir Bhatt.

Board members: Sandeep Jha

Ajeet Bajaj

Siddharth Jatia

Rajiv Hamal

We wish them a happy and successful tenure.

6) The School Committee met on Thursday, the 13th November, 1997. The following matters were discussed:

i) Mehul Mayank suggested that a separate water-tank be installed for the class xi bathrooms, which have been recently fitted with geysers, so that the geysers may have a constant water supply. The Chairman said that some measures would be taken shortly, as the installation of the geysers would be futile if they didn't give heated water.

ii) It was Abhinav Pathak's suggestion that the newly made bathrooms for class xi be tiled. The Chairman said that the matter would be looked into.

iii) Bikram Bir suggested that every bathroom in Triveni be supplied with hot water connection. The Chairman said, that though it would be difficult to alter the entire plumbing infrastructure, perhaps, several connections from the same tap could be made to all other cubicles.

iv) Ganga house class viii felt that the time allotted in the school schedule to change after P.T was inadequate. The Chairman agreed to this and decided that P.T would begin at 6:45 a.m. instead of 7:00 a.m. and end at 7:15 a.m. with first school beginning at 8:00 a.m. The change in the schedule was implemented on the 14th November, 1997

v) Abhishek Mitra of class XI suggested that the LRC be opened on time for the first school that is at 8 a.m. The Chairman said that as the school had no permanent on-campus librarian this would be problematic. However, the school is aware of this and looking into the matter.

vi) Ajeet Bajaj pointed out that as the Scholar's Gown can not be worn on all occasions, the recipients of this award be given a badge, tie or scarf in addition to the gown. The Chairman agreed and suggested that an appropriate badge be designed

by Karan Gulaya. This could be worn in the summers as well.

7) The following boys will be representing the school at the RSIS at Shivpuri, Gwalior, from 9th to 25th December:

Abhinav Pathak
Kartikeya Narain Singh
Arjun Trivedi

Arpan Gupta
Sidharth Singh
Ahmed Ali Khan

8) A beautiful bed of flowers and a pond has come up beside the Activity Centre under the guidance of Mr. Das.

W.O.B.N.

VIRESH SHARDA Ex.28-C Batch of 1987 got married to Harmann Jeji in Chandigarh on 30th Nov. '97. Our congratulations to them.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Of Friends and Foes

The phone rang, he picked it up and got to know all he needed to know. Without even uttering a word. Hurriedly he changed, picked up his AK-47 and left his room.

The early morning chill gnawed into him, it didn't bother him, he was after the kill.

At the Special Forces HQ's he was briefed on his next strike, a terrorist hideout near the border.

It was the chicken they were after, a Para-Commando, who quit, joined the French Foreign Legion's 2 Parachute Regiment Commandos, yes an Indian.

The name and antics sounded familiar, a very good friend.....of long ago. Met at a Mountaineering course, eleven years ago, became firm friends. Tariq was under him in the Special Forces and looked up to him as his Cap'n. They formed a good command.

Now he had to kill him..... It didn't prick him. But Tariq's parents, his sister. She was the only girl who ever loved him, how would he face them?

On the flight to the drop-zone he thought about the last time they had met, it was a week before his birthday, they were to leave for covert-operations. He had kicked up a scene, which had hurt and offended Tariq's parents and his sister, that was six years ago. Since then they had never met but kept in touch. It was time he met them soon.

At 0100 hrs. the commandos dropped off.

Sixteen of them in four hits of four. Two strike hits, one back up hit, and a fire support hit. Immediately they regrouped and moved towards the target. The assault was scheduled at 0300 hrs.

At 0300 hrs. they struck, swiftly, silently, deadly. Sentries eliminated, the strike hits, began systematically killing the occupants, while the back up hit simultaneously destroyed the buildings and the fire support hit lay under fire cover and suppressed all opposition. In twenty minutes the hide-out was destroyed. The chicken had run, he ran, ran for his life.... gutless.

He chased his friend into the dawn only getting a glimpse of his tail as the rays of sunlight filtered through the black clouds.

A ragged and wheezing breath alerted him, aroused the animal instinct to go in for the kill. He approached his prey from behind. On seeing the fear on his friend's face, unhesitatingly he slashed his throat, squirts of blood splashed on his face and he let the body fall. The gurgling sound of the blood mingled with the chirping of the birds and rustling of leaves.

He took out his pistol and fired three rounds into his friend's face. Casually he joined his men and evacuated.

Tariq's parents and his sister pricked him.

he was answerable to them....he was answerable to no one. They were people who loved him, how could he live after doing such a thing.... All this weighed on his conscience. He must meet them fast.

He went to meet them after six years, and they still remembered and loved him, she loved him and wanted him. He didn't go empty handed, he took a large box, nicely gift wrapped.

He sat there and they talked for hours, on old times, the present, the future. He told them

everything. They were shocked, they cried. He had to get them out of the shock and to leave.

As he walked out of the gate his pager beeped.... he pressed transmit....

..... the whole thing behind him erupted into a fire-ball..... they were free. A faint smile flickered across his face.... he was free, they were free.

Had he won.... ?

Had he lost.... ?

He was paralysed....

But he had definitely changed.

-Arcaprava

A Lover In The Trade

The strumpet looks into the cold mirror,
First sign of wrinkles. Ageing?
She looks into her eyes,
Face the truth. Time flies!
Yes! But does it heal.
Never. Her wounds she can still feel.
She looks at the past and cries,
Memories, old and strong,
Haunting her for so long.
Her eyes tell it all,
Clear in the silvery mirror.
Her reflection shivers,
Breaks into a ripple,
The pain of the past;
It makes her a cripple
Cold and ruthless in her mind,
In her veins and in her blood,
Her heart drowns in a nostalgic flood.
..... The lovers met,
She hadn't known such a life,
A stranger to dreamland,
Empty promises and pledges grand.
To her they were real;-
He was real.
"It's bliss," she cried;
Something she couldn't define,
She said, "My heart is his and his is mine."
Oneness she thought; it must be love,
Which Gods praise in the heaven above.
His fingers; her sensation.
Her heart; his beat.

His blood; her veins.
Life was never so good,
Never so pretty,
It must last an eternity.
And one day she saw the real world,
Her mind went black,
Showers of pain began to fall.
Another in her lovers arms,
Their expressions said it all.
A rain of sorrow,
An undesired life, darkening tomorrow.
No shoulder beside her,
No one to share her tears.
All alone she stands,
She held her head in her hands,
Crumpled to the ground,
Unaware of the scavengers around
They swooped down upon her,
Slowly they tear her apart.
First her mind, then her heart.
And finally they stamp upon her soul;
A new love, a trade to control.
Flesh trade.....
Suddenly she sits awake,
The reality of memory breaks,
A rough hand on her shoulder,
Another around her waist.
She smiles forcefully and wipes a tear,
Cheer up!
The new customers here.

-The Last Child

Comfortably Dumb- The Tribal

X: My name is Jamie.
Y: He!He!He!
X: I said my name is Jamie!!
Y: He!He!He!
X: Don't you know how to reply??
Y: He!He!He!
X: Where are you from??
Y: He!He!He!
X: Are you mad??
Y: He!He!He!
X: You butthead I'm talking to you.
Y: He!He!He!
X: Listen you are getting on my nerves now.
Y: He!He!He!
X: Once more..... just once more and you will be in city hospital. I swear to that.
Y: He!He!He!
'X' gets up and socks 'Y' twenty times on his head.

Y: He!He!He!
X: You dork face! Now I'll kill you.
Y: He!He!He!
'X' gets up, takes a hockey stick and is about to slam it on Y's head, when 'Y' gets up and smiles.
X: Listen can't you talk??
Y: He!He!He!
'X' picks up an atlas and shows 'Y' the world map.
'Y' points at **Papua New Guinea**.
X: He!He!He!
Y: He!He!He!
X: He!He!He! You and your tribal b.....t
He!He!He!
Y: He!He!He!

We are like this only!

- Weird Al Yankovic

Mind Sport

Rules: Give yourself one point for every correct answer. Try to be honest guys!

- Q1) In America, what is a 'Chipwich' ?
Q2) Which mouse became 69 years old in 1997?
Q3) Latin and Sanskrit are often called ' Dead Languages'. Why are they called so ?
Q4) Whose telephone is always engaged when you call it?
Q5) Which food item has a name meaning ' Baked Twice' ?
Q6) Mithun plays the James Bond (007) clone in Hindi films like *Suraksha* and *Sahas*. What is his code name?
Q7) Robin Williams plays the role of Mrs. Doubtfire in the film of the same name. Who does the same in the Bollywood version ' *Chachi 420* ' ?
Q8) Some big film stars are sometimes so busy that

do not have time to devote to camera and lighting setups. Who substitute them in such occasions?
Q9) Which was the first country to give women the right to vote?
Q10) For how many years was Julius Caesar the emperor of Rome?

Scorecard

8-10: That was fabulous work
4-7: Still a long way to go.
Below 4: I don't need to tell you this but keep your score to yourself.

-Debashish Banerjee

Nature's Diary

Winter has come and has marked the arrival of the Wagtail. These visitors come down from the gentle slopes of the Himalayas to make us aware of the chilly winter which sets in soon after. This bird can be seen on the main field along with the back field early mornings and evenings.

The Indian Roller or the 'Neel Kant' popularly known can be seen near the squash courts. Here no matter how strange it may sound one can mark the presence of the white breasted Kingfisher. The Hornbills can be seen flying across the campus now and then looking for a suitable roosting spot.

The Indian Tree Pie was sighted recently by a member of the nature club along with a huge flight of the Blossom Headed Parakeet near the upper field. The Lapwing is heard quite often these nights with its call of "Did you do it? Did you

do it ".

The Sunbird, however, has not been sighted yet. This bird with its shining, small, purple body can sometimes also be mistaken as a Humming bird, but the latter isn't found in India.

These birds can be seen in spring and what is required is interest in 'bird watching' and the urge to get up early and see them among the honey suckle flowers.

Suprisingly in the past two years, the bird population level in the campus has decreased to merely seventy-five. The main cause being the limestone kilns and the concrete forest which has caused loss of their natural habitat.

The one thing that is required to prevent the disappearance of natural life is to ensure that their habitat is preserved and they be given the freedom to exist as God had intended. This is our moral duty.

-Anshuman Singh

WHAT'S IN

Shaktimaan

Arjun Trivedi

Beer mugs as *tea mugs*

Anshuman Gaekwad

Mehul's **black** trousers

Dravid in advertisements

Adidas

Missing centuries

T.V

Kabbaddi and Kho-Kho

WHAT'S OUT

Ek Se Badkar Ek

Vaibhav Bhargava

Tea mugs

Madan Lal

Chauhan's "**Jairaj**" trouser

Tendulkar in advertisements

Reebok

Scoring centuries

Projector

Cricket

*Separated At Birth**

Mr. Bakshi

Mr. Kandpal

Siddharth Dugar

Saswat Sarda

Mr. Painuli

Abhinav Pathak

Amrut Kar

Manav Goel

Scatman John

Govinda

Rana Veer Pratap Singh

Rishabh Kejriwal

Graham Gooch

Ashok (guy at the Sunny STD booth)

Samyajit Das

Ajay Devgan

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Venue: Chemistry lab.

Dugar is deeply engrossed in an experiment and after failing several times to get the desired result shouts out in exasperation, "Oye Gangwar, pass me the **dilute water**!"

An indignant Mr. Bhandari shouting at class eleven (commerce), "You boys are the rowdiest, silliest fools in the school. I'm telling you now it is your **loss**!"

Rajiv Harnal, "**Yes Boss!**"

Sachin: What does your mother do?

Shubham: Housewife. What's yours?

Sachin: **Businessman!**

Bagaria: Off whose bowling did Sidhu hit a six *yaar*??

Manav: **Off 98 balls!**

Chauhan: Manav, tell me how does Waqar Younis bowl?

Manav: **Right Arm Fast, Pavillion**

End!

After the toss in the match against Marshall's, Manav Goel shouts out to Zia, "Oye Zia, you **won** or they **lost**?"

An irritated Mr. Das to Ayush Negi: You are drowning and you're taking Harnal with you. Harnal: **But sir, I'm a life saver!**

Mr. Bhushan sees Rishab Bhadoo walking with the twelfthies and calls him aside: Bhadoo, you shouldn't be wasting your time like this. Your boards are coming up. Go and study.

Bhadoo: But sir, **I'm in class 11!**

Mr. Bhushan: *Ummm, yummm, sorry.*

Manav (to Mr. Khaira): Sir how are you?

Mr. Khaira: **Better than you!**

Arjun is dictating the Ringside View to Sidharth, who is typing. ".....and Sachin's **deft** dribbling..."

Sidharth(not hearing): What??

Arjun:and Sachin's **deft** dribbling...

Sidharth(again not hearing): What??

Shamsi (from behind): Arre, **deaf yaar, behraa!!!**

RINGSIDE VIEW

After the success at the prestigious Afzal Khan tournament, the basketball team seems to be unstoppable. They emerged triumphant once again after they lifted the Council School basketball trophy. Their performance this year has been commendable.

We played our first council match against Doon Cambridge School under extremely poor weather conditions. Due to the flippant attitude of our players our opponents managed to keep the score tied at 26 each till the final buzzer. The officials refused to give extra time and declared the match a draw. A rather strange decision, if you ask me; never heard of a draw in basketball. Our next match was against Brightland School. Our team proved just too good for them. They seemed like a bunch of novices playing against

pros. The final score read 54-5 in our favour. In our last league match we faced Cambrian Hall School. It was a closely contested match with both teams playing to their full potential. Just when everything seemed to go wrong, Manavjeet put in some amazing three pointers and saved the day. In the semi-finals we played St. Joseph's Academy and thrashed the daylights out of them. Poor souls, they didn't have a prayer. We beat them quite convincingly with the final score being 80-27. In the finals we played the host school GRD. Thanks to Sachin's deft dribbling and Vipul's almost perfect shooting, we overcame our opponents without any difficulty. The score board read 72-29 in our favour, at the end of the game. But what happened after the game was outrageous. The blatant display of unruly behaviour by the host school was pathetic. They swore

vociferously at our team and hurled threats at our captain. The captain did the best possible thing to do at that time, he walked out with his team without even waiting for tea. I think the captain and his team deserve a pat on the back for the restraint and for showing composure in such a provocative and difficult situation. Due credit must also be given to Mr. Vachani who was there to motivate and guide the team throughout the tournament.

Rishubh Bhadoo, Adhir Bhat and Kartikeya Narayan represented Dehra Dun at the State championship held in Lucknow. They lost in the quarter finals to Lucknow.

The school was in the grip of cricket fever just a few days back. The cricket enthusiasts, better known as Cricket "PAAPS" were practising with zest for the Council Schools Cricket Tournament. The new team under the guidance of Mr. Ghosh played their first match against Sports Hostel. They won the toss and asked us to set the target. Our team batted splendidly. Anirudh

Chauhan and Amit Parasher ripped the bowling attack apart. Anirudh scored 73 runs while Parasher was unbeaten at 58. We set up a stupendous target of 248 runs in 40 overs. Our bowling also proved equally good. Manoj Negi, our ace pacesman had the batsmen totally baffled throughout the innings. Abhinav Pathak did a marvellous job behind the stumps. He stumped one and took two extremely difficult catches. Sports Hostel was all out for 168 in 33 overs. However, our team didn't fare well at the Cricket Councils. Our first and our last match was against Marshall School. In spite of having a good batting line up, our batting collapsed totally. We set up a meagre total of 128 runs in 25 overs. Although our bowlers tried their best, they failed to defend the target and our opponents won comfortably. Amit Parasher bowled exceptionally well and managed to take a hat-trick. He took a total of four wickets.

I wish them better luck in future.

-Ahmad Ali Khan

Answers to Mind Sport

Ans 1: A sandwich of ice-cream between two biscuits.

Ans 2: Mickey Mouse (obviously).

Ans 3: A 'dead language' is a language no longer spoken by the common people.

Ans 4: The telephone which you are operating.

Ans 5: Biscuit.

Ans 6: 'Gun Master G-9'

Ans 7: Kamal Hasan.

Ans 8: A stand-in. He or she must be roughly of the same height and physical type.

Ans 9: New Zealand.

Ans 10: He was never the emperor of Rome.



EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : **Sidharth Singh**

Literary Affairs : **Debashish Banerjee**

Cartoonists: **Ahmed Ali Khan**

Ringside View : **Ahmed Ali Khan**

Staff Representative : **Mr. S.K. Bakshi**

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