



The Elephant

No. 210

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

April 7th 1998

Think About It

For forms of government let fools contest. What is best governed is best.

-Pope

EDITORIAL

I was five feet tall....the building was fifty. That was the first time I desired to be in P.H.I remember all the seniors coming out with smiling faces...as if Paradise was in there.(To be frank, it actually is!)I remember the blaring music, I remember cursing the Prefects while doing push-ups on a hot summer afternoon at the badminton court and I remember the chilled water from the cooler. Lets not remain nostalgic, friends, after eleven long years, I've finally made it and let me tell you that the feeling's great! The new House master is great too. What else do we need.....here's wishing all the twelfthies the very best!

Talking of twelfthies, the previous batch left a few days ago and it certainly wasn't easy parting, but as they say "life must go on". Lets hope for the best and may they come out with flying colours.

To more' happening things', as they say; summer is here and its definitely not cool.....the clothes scene, however, is different. No more blazers, ties, grey flannels, stockings and the works. it's back to cool cotton trousers and loose shorts which give you all the ventilation you need, ha! ha!

The new boys are here with their rosy cheeks, nice plump figures and gloomy faces. I guess it will take them some time to adjust to the Welham atmosphere. And as soon as they get a whiff of the so called ' Welham ki hawa ' they'll be on their way to become Welhamites.

The Bursar's problems just keep multiplying. They just keep popping up from nowhere and keep coming on to him. Rumour has it that some are out

for his blood but being the great man that he is, he takes everything well and in his stride.

Speaking about trouble, the school bakery caught fire late one night. It kept ablaze for some time and was finally put out by the active assistance of staff members, students and the fire brigade. Fortunately no great damage was done and to the delight of many, market bread was served for breakfast, a pleasant change from the usual ' rough, bullet-proof ' slices!

Obituary

Mr N.K.S. Rao, our former Principal, passed away on 4th February, 1998.

He had joined Welham on 17th December 1973 with considerable administrative experience and a reputation of being an efficient teacher . He made tremendous contribution to the academic growth of the school. Under his charge Welham became a High School with classes VI to X being introduced. Through his efforts the Triveni building came into existence in 1981. Mr Rao left in 1982 and Mr S. Kandhari took over as Principal, Welham. The Welham community is deeply grieved by the news of his passing away. Our deepest condolences to the bereaved family.

Here I must also put in a word of praise for the school community for coping with the difficult circumstances in the dining hall. The absence of bearers and cooks was barely felt with many enthusiastic staff members doing the cooking (I'm sure many will agree that the food was shades better) and the whole

community helping clear the tables. It's been a great team effort due to which, for now almost two months, we have braved the situation which in the beginning seemed to put us in quite a predicament. Way to go guys!

I'm down with mumps now a days and believe me its no fun watching my face get disfigured day by day. It's like a horror movie, in which I'm in a slow process of transformation into some kind of a beast! Ugh..... the very thought makes me shudder. I hope the vaccine keeps you all away from it (well, it didn't keep me!) and I will be back soon, after all, dontcha ya miss the dude in the campus?!!

-Sidharth

(1)

WELHAM NOW

1) Mr. Smart joined the school as house-master of Prayag house and will be teaching Geography and Economics. We wish him and his family a pleasant stay at Welham.

2) The boys of class twelfth returned from their fourteen day skiing course at Auli. The boys were lucky to have good snow for skiing as compared to last year when there was no snow at Auli and the boys had to return midway.

3) The new class VII moved into senior school on the 28th March. Many new boys have also joined school and we hope that they enjoy their stay at Welham.

4) The Scholar's Recognition Day was held on 23rd March. The following distinguished themselves:

SUBJECT AWARDS:

	<i>Section A</i>	<i>Section B</i>
Physics	Amish Mulmi	Mehul Mayank
Chemistry	Amish Mulmi	Rahul Choraria
Biology	Diwas S Bam	Sandeep Jha
Computers	Sharad Kumar	Pankaj Aggarwal
Maths	Divya Agarwal	Rachin Goel
Economics	Alok Kapur	Sanjay Saraogi
English	Amish Mulmi	Sourab Dhungel
Hindi	Divya Agarwal	Prashant Khemka

History Kumar Abhijeet
Geography Divya Agarwal Rahul Choraria

SCHOLAR'S GOWN :

Pankaj Agarwal
Shariq Ansari
Divya Agarwal
Ashutosh Pandey

SCHOLAR'S SCARF: Prashant Khemka
KATARIA TROPHY FOR BEST ALL-ROUNDER: Vipul Munjal

5) The School, its Principal, staff and students were witness to rather unpleasant incidents that took place on 3rd and 5th March 1998. However, the local BJP leaders finally appreciated that in a boarding school, the Principal has the ultimate discretion and has always to look at the greater good of the whole school. They were accordingly co-operative and instrumental in amicably resolving the problem.

It will be recalled that on 12th September, '97, a student of class XI was expelled for having bullied a Junior. The parents who had filed a legal case have since unconditionally withdrawn it.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

An experience of a life time (Rafting down the Ganga)

One fine afternoon in the middle of March, the sun was shining brightly, the birds were chirping merrily, the seasonal flowers were just beginning to blossom and the 10 of us were setting out on a big adventure. We'd decided to combine a river-rafting expedition with stretches of cycling to make things even more exciting (this being our last year in school). After endless hours of planning and taking care of last minute hitches the 10 proud 'pioneers' (Anirudh, Charles, Kartikeya, Jassi, Abhinav Nathani, Abhinav Gangwar, Manoj, Mitra and I) set off on our bikes for Rishikesh. Unfortunately, one of the more temperamental bikes gave up the ghost at the Krishna house gate itself so a visit to an *Italian* cycle repair shop was essential before we left.

Cycling down the highway with rucksacks

(2)

strapped onto our backs was a great deal of fun. Most of it was an easy downhill cruise barring a few sharp climbs that had us huffing and puffing all the way up. We were amazed to discover how enjoyable it is to bike through tree shaded roads amongst the verdant vegetation. While biking we could stop to have hot *Sams* and *Pepsi* at a roadside *Dhaba*, look at a wild flower and listen to the gossipy voice of a stream. The Landscape was not a movie unreeling rapidly but a tapestry of intricately worked leaves and branches, blades of grass and petals. This is why I prefer biking to sitting in a local bus amongst people who are either chatting or sleeping or among stinky people who probably don't know what a bath is. We met with some great slopes with lotsa crazy bends which also made most of us realise how powerless our

brakes were. They sharpened our reflexes to an admirable pitch, I must say. Gangwar's tyre was shaking wildly all the time and it looked as if it would fly apart any moment.

The stretch from Ranipokhri to Rishikesh was incredibly beautiful. We all managed to arrive in Rishikesh in one piece and so did the bikes (amazingly even the wobbly tyres decided not to part company with their worthy companions).

We guys decided to spend the night in the guest room of *Bharat Mandir*, which is quite a well known place in Rishikesh. We ate dinner at *Chotiwalla* and all the cycling was the main cause for our eating *seventy two* rotis in all. For some of us who were relegated to sleeping on mats on the hard floor it was a night to remember. A lot of creepy crawlies with the most vicious bites I had experienced had a field day on us so the morning left us feeling bruised and.....sore. Rishikesh also taught us a lesson in "how-to-cope-with-crisis" (first hand too). One of our friends discovered that the address and phone number of the person we were to contact for river rafting had been misplaced. This led to a frantic call for help to a rather concerned staff member back in school before the vital piece of information dawned in the mind of our multitalented and multifaceted friend. We were glad to see the light bulbs flashing over his head when he recalled the phone #.

The next day we set out for Kaudiyala after a real heavy breakfast (this time not on our bikes but in a jeep) which was to be the starting point of our expedition. We were filled with trepidation as well as boundless excitement as we carried the heavy inflated raft to the water's edge. After the preliminary introduction of techniques by our instructor we put our lessons to practice as we battled upstream. Coming downstream was an incredible experience as we encountered several rapids. On coming about 15 meters downstream we met our first rapid known as *Daniel's Dip*. It was really fun as the raft rocked to a great degree. After this we met with a series of small rapids.

Then came the biggest challenge of them all - a major rapid with an innocuous name like *The Wall* before the rapid there were, ahead of us, eight rafts surveying it from the top of a rock but not confident about braving it. We were the fearless Welham warriors, weren't we? So amidst calls of 'best of luck' wishes from the background we moved on to see what the big fuss was about. As the rapid approached we were paddling away furiously with all our energy and the

next thing we knew was sheer darkness as we found ourselves under the raft instead of on it and pleasant pummelling by the swirling water of the Ganges. I had never imagined that I would get to inspect the bay current at such close quarters. It all happened in a fraction of a second, most of the paddles had gone floating away, my precious *floaters* being ripped of my feet before I could react, all of us emerging from under the overturned raft, none the worse from the tumultuous upheaval (pun optional) and striking out for safer ground before we all had to make out to search for our lost paddles on a war footing. We managed to find six out of nine paddles. During the course of our search we had to tackle another rapid with a rather cryptic name as '*Returr: to sender*'. In retrospect the flipping of our raft at *The Wall* left us all with unforgettable memories, our spirits soaring. Then came the '*Three Blind Mice*' which were three rapids in succession.

That night we camped right across a rapid called '*Morning Glory*'. On the sandy banks we charged our energies with some good food and some pretty hair raising stories from other more experienced people about the major rapid we would be facing the next day. Another instructor of some other camp told us that the chances of flipping was 90% and chances of survival was as low as three rapids came consecutively. But we decided not to get psyched by them and see it for ourselves. We '*Never Say Die*', do we? The next morning was a sunny one. Our instructor was a different one. At first we did not have much faith in this new dude coz he got us stuck in an eddie in *Morning Glory* itself - our first rapid of the day. Most of us were mentally prepared for another flip.

At some distance from *Morning Glory* we could hear the roaring of *Roller Coaster*—our first major rapid of the day. Nothing could dampen our high spirits. Tossing like a fragile tin can, driven along with the mighty impetus of the waves and the current we sailed through all the three rapids— *Roller Coaster*, *Golf Course* and *Club House*, a hat trick without flipping in any one of them. Nothing can beat the exhilaration of putting your strength against nature and bouncing along at such incredible speed on an element that has known to be merciless should

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Oh! Welham I am not a fool
 Darling I love you don't you
 I've hurt you and made you
 But darling I love you and I am TIZZ

"OYE/OYE!"
 1,2, ... Class 12, 'Xies'
 I can't believe it.
 Cars have passed and
 going to be an E2-welhamite now.
 going to miss Welham
 every goddamn thing about it.
 "Sent!" I'd miss you!

WELHAM HAS BEEN A REAL HOME
 TO ME AND I WILL DEFINITELY
 MISS THE TIME I SPENT
 HERE.

WELHAM ...
 GOOD?
 - NO
 TOO GOOD!
 - Viper



was just great, it couldn't get better.
 - Randa

Welham, I will
 always miss you,
 To never stop to say any
 more.
 - Project

at Welham means to me,
 impossible for me to express,
 But it's surely the most important
 thing that has ever happened to me
 and will remain so always....
 Thanks for everything Welham.

WELHAM WELHAM WELHAM
 WELHAM WELHAM WELHAM
 WELHAM WELHAM WELHAM
 TAKE CARE
 HANG TIGHT
 TEDDY

Welham I could never get all
 the things I
 - Mohit Mishra

Welham was terribly good.
 Thanks for everything Will miss ya.

five years at welham was
 very exciting and I will remember
 every moment at every step
 in my life. Tengiz

I WISH I COULD TURN BACK TIME
 IMPACT LAST NIGHT I TURNED MY WRIST
 WATCH BACK BY 24 HOURS HOLDING MY
 BREATH ALL THE TIME AND GUESS WHAT??
 IT DIDN'T WORK. MISS YOU
 - GPR

WELHAM.... (IN A NUTSHELL)
 SLURP, BURP, HILL, YAWN,
 PUFF, AAH-OOH(U), FAART,
 ZEEE...EE, OYE-OYE X-IES!!

Bye Welham...!!!
 --THE BEST BATCH
 (SELF PROCLAIMED OF COURSE)

It was nice being at
 WELHAM

12 years was great at Welham
 it'll always remain a part of
 my life. At the end of time,
 you've made me a Welhamite
 proud to say.
 You want commitment. Take
 them down like fire, until the
 end of time. I'll always be a
 Welhamite. There's not more
 than I love Welham,
 by Anandh

Don't miss me guys because I will be back
 in the form of My Sam.

Manas Patel

WELHAM HAS GIVEN ME EVERYTHING
 I COULD POSSIBLY ASK FOR.
 I LOVE WELHAM & WILL ALWAYS
 MISS IT
 - VIVEK

Blah, blah... blah... blah blah blah (sob!!)
 blah, blah (sent)... blah blah, sob
 Sob... blah blah waah (sob)... (drip)...
 blah... waaaah! Lot more to say but as
 evident, I'm running outta (sob) space. 2008
 - Gowab

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you make one wrong move. After the major rapids were over we even did **body surfing** in the rapid called *Anaesthesia*. This was real good fun. After this rapid we got back to the raft and had to paddle hard as the water did not have much current. At *Ramjhula* everybody stood on the sides of the

bridge and watched us. They did not seem to understand where this jubilant lot had come from.

After this we continued biking. We came back to Dehra Dun via *Chamba*, *Dhanolti* and *Mussorie*. An experience to remember.

- Debashish Banerjee

Book Corner

When Bad Things happen to Good People-Harold Kushner

Rabbi Kushner has written this book 'for everyone who has been hurt by life' - and has dedicated it to his son, Aaron, who died at the age of fourteen of progeria, or rapid ageing.

Aaron never grew beyond 3 feet, never had a single hair on his body and died in his teens, just as the doctor had diagnosed. His parents came to know of his condition when he was three.

Kushner was the rabbi of the local congregation and spent much time confronting and counselling those who had lost faith in God on account of some catastrophe, those whose lives had been shattered by pain and illness; those who could not believe in a supposedly benevolent Maker, who stood by while men destroyed each other and themselves or callously sent women and children into concentration camps.

Rabbi Kushner does not aim to write theology, or ever defend God's honour, like we do. From his own experiences and sufferings and from his dealings with others, he has tried to give a logical explanation for the cause of human suffering with many references to the Bible, particularly the Psalms and the Book of Gods, to which he has devoted a whole chapter.

When faced with suffering, it is perhaps natural to reproach ourselves other than God-- but, who or what causes it? Why, why does God allow poverty, physical and mental disabilities to occur in this world?

Rabbi Kushner attempts to answer these queries with concern and compassion for wounded people in a simple, lucid style.

-Nilima Basu

Night of the Werewolf

After reading R.L. Stine's 'Night of the Werewolf' my mind was full with the figure of the werewolf.

I got up hearing a strange howl. Perhaps, I thought, it was the after effects of the story. But then I saw a tall figure, four footed and with dull hair on its body. It was now time for adventure as I thought it was a werewolf and I got down the Triveni stairs.

I did not lose its track and kept following it. I was feeling great as I knew in the morning, I would be rewarded for my discovery.

It took me towards the dining hall from where the full moon was visible and gave a howl more like a cry. I was now sure that it was none other than a werewolf and followed it to the orchard.

There, where the moon was not visible, it sort of relaxed and it appeared that it was changing

back into another form. But it came back running towards the Lion field and then towards the road going down. I followed it with full pep. In the middle the strap of my left slipper broke but I continued running at the same speed.

On reaching the gate I saw a watchman, who seeing me shone the torch at me. I pointed towards the thing I thought to be the werewolf but to my surprise when the watchman shone the torch on it, I discovered that it was none other than a dog - a stray dog which had entered our campus.

I had a big laugh at myself and returned to the hostel. On the way I saw a similar thing butbut suddenly I found myself in bed, woken up by some of my friends who told me that I had been dreaming so much so that I had been kicking the guys sleeping next to me. Sad but true.

-Shubham Khanna

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

Twelfthies sitting and discussing their future seriously. Suddenly Abhinav Pathak who is listening to the conversation speaks up, "Yaar, I see your futures very dull but mine seems to be like a **tubelight**." (pun intended ?!!!!)

Siddhant Aney : Sir, can you name five fruits?

Mr. Khaira : Arre, that is easy, two apples and three bananas !!!



Abhinav Naithani during midterms in Dhanaolti : In desperate search of release mistakes the closet door for the bathroom door and after opening it yells in desperation, "Oye yaar, there is no **toilet** here !"

In Chotiwaala restaurant Rishikesh): Anirudh (giving their order to the waiter): And one peas *pulao*. Kartikeya to Anirudh: Oye, forget peas pulao and make it **muttar pulao**.

WHAT ' S IN ! ! ? ?

Summers
Shorts and Hairy Legs
Sanjay Saraogi's cool effects
Scams
Hockey
Salmaan in PKTDK
Chinese Dis(h)
Mr. Dhingra (local News Reader)

WHAT ' S OUT i i ? ?

Winters
Trousers
His defects
Thefts
Cricket
Govinda in *Banaarsi Baabu*
Tea stall
Prannoy Roy (Star News)

Separated At Birth ! !

Mohit Choudhary
Abhinav Naithani
Rohit Bagaria
Prashant Kumar
Abdullah Anwar

Javagal Srinath
Milind Soman
Steve Bucknor (West Indian Umpire)
Abhishek Narian
Saurav Ganguly

Dude of the fortnight

(This new column is being added to the *Olipphant* and it is there to felicitate any member of the school community who does something extraordinary over the fortnight. It could be in any sphere- social service, sports, academics

or any other activity. Members of staff or students who want to nominate people for this award, may kindly give in the names to any member of the board.)

The first 'Dude of the Fortnight' award was

decided by the board and by common consent we decided that it must be given to no other than **Mr. Kandhari** for holding his ground against the applied pressure to take back to school an expelled boy. He remained unnerved and stuck to his decision. He faced the situation bravely and the issue was

resolved amicably.

We are proud to announce him as the *Dude of the fortnight* and we hope that there will be many more from our school community to be worthy of commendation.

RINGSIDE VIEW

After the much awaited mid-term break being over and all the chaotic shifting almost finished school has just got back to normal. The hockey season has kicked off to a good start but cricket fever, however, remains unabated. With very few days left for cricket, the 'paaps' are making the best of it. The basketball practice is getting along very well under Mr. Vachani and the captain. The team has two major tournaments coming up this month and I hope all the hard practice pays off.

The senior section Inter-house matches have resumed after the mid-term break. The last of the league matches were played between Ganga and Jamuna. Ganga house after winning the toss selected to field. Jamuna house got off to a bad start as both their opening batsmen fell in quick succession. Once their openers fell, the rest of the wickets went down steadily. The Jamuna house batsmen did not stand a chance against the Ganga house bowling attack and they were all out for a mere total of 113 runs in 25 overs. Manoj Negi, Ganga's ace paceman bowled exceptionally well and clinched four wickets. Ganga didn't have any problem in reaching the desired target and won the match with 6 wickets in hand. now Ganga will face Krishna in the finals. The match will undoubtedly be a great one as both the teams are equally strong and equally eager to lift the cup.



The junior section Inter-house cricket, which took place before the mid-term break was as exciting as the seniors, if not more. Ganga house once again walked away with trophy as they have been doing for the past so many years. Karan Manchanda was adjudged the best bowler, Gaurav Malhotra the best batsman and Kaushik Choudhury the best all-rounder.

There was also a junior squash competition held in which Subashish Thapliya emerged as the champion while Karan Manchanda was runners-up. There is a new addition to the school's squash team in the form of Abhinav Kothiwal, probably one of the best in Welham at present.

Hockey season has come on strongly. The new captain, Shariq Ansari has all the things straightened out and plans to begin seniors practice as soon as the senior Inter-house cricket finishes. He has his mind set on winning the Council school hockey tournament.

Swimming has not yet begun as there's a water shortage due to which the pool couldn't be filled. But I guess in another week or so the pool should be ready. and with the heat getting unbearable, I guess I'll be the first one to take the plunge.

signing off,

Ahmad

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