



The Elephant

No. 213

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 14th 1998

Think About It

There is no greater burden than great potential.

- Charles Schulz

EDITORIAL

Sitting in the cool comfort of 'HUM' one fine Sunday afternoon with a few friends, sippin' cola. I was suddenly disturbed by frantic knocking at the door, which I opened and was informed by a rather worried friend that one of the rooms in PH was on FIRE. What followed next was a series of chaotic events which left all residents of P.H with mixed feelings.

As I saw TOP DOME (that's the room) filled with smoke, I was perplexed. Didn't know what to do. I rushed there to pull down the protective sheets, that the missing inhabitants had hung to gain some privacy, only to return almost choked to death.

A few of us reacted quickly and put off the mains. Members of the staff were informed. The Fire Brigade was called at least a dozen times. The Disaster Control incharge got his first taste of a real disaster but he fortunately spotted a tanker and brought it to the sight. Students, teachers and labourers helped put off the fire before the fire brigade arrived. The cause of the fire is still a mystery.

Not much was burnt, only a settee, a mattress and a few clothes belonging to our very own, the great, Manav Goel. However, I must also mention, that the room has been repaired and white washed already owing to the Bursar's initiation of remedial action.

The inhabitants of Top Dome have certainly become infamous and their names have gone down in the annals of Welham History. We in PH have decided to rename Top Dome. So far, we've got two names- PYROMANIA and FIRESTARTER. Your suggestions, if you have any, can be handed over to Abhinav Kothiwal. Thank you.

As for the PYROMANIACS, they have

shifted to various parts of PH and are being referred to as, REFUGEES. One of them has even started calling himself THE 'FUGEE. No shortage of dudes I must say.

I must also say that there is no shortage of RAIN WATER (that the loos in PH don't have water, is a different story altogether). The highly unpredictable weather of this town once again took everyone by surprise as the rain Gods unleashed all they had to beat the heat.

The pool, I thought was the perfect place to beat the heat, as they say, but after my second visit I drastically changed my opinion. Not only has it started looking like a pond, it has also become home to a many slimy insects, which get into all kinds of places, barring one..... the hands. The water is greener than the grass on the other side of the fence and the only word that comes to my mind is 'YUCK'.

Exams are-a coming and the guys are trying their best to slog. The heat, as usual irritates them to such an extent that even these dudes have to make unlawful entries into places full of chilled stuff- the location of which is a secret known only to them. The others have different things on their minds. They are seen modelling in all sorts of skimpy summer clothes, which anyone in a sane state of mind would call underwear.

The music tastes, along with their clothes, change too. Out comes Ricky Martin, Elvis and Hip-Hop. Those tapes of Morrison and The Stones are put away in obscene corners of their lockers. They say this has to be done, 'coz the music's gotta go with the clothes. Strange..... really strange.

I'll talk of stranger things when I get back guys. Till then, try 'n beat the heat.

-Sidharth

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WELHAM NOW

i) The Oliphant Memorial Inter-School English Debate was held on 6th May. Our school was represented by Abhinav Pathak and Kartikeya Narain. They did well but lost to The Doon School by two points. In the individual positions Abhinav Pathak stood first.

ii) We won the hockey tournament organised by the Oak Grove School, Mussoorie after beating The Doon School in the finals.

iii) The Inter-House Science Quiz was held in the activity centre. The first round of this quiz was won by Krishna house. The second round will be held next term.

iv) The Friends of the Doon organised their second preliminary round quiz in our school on 9th May. Our school, which stood first in the first preliminary round, has already qualified for the finals.

v) In an Inter-School Quiz organised by The Scholar's Home our team stood second. Our team comprised:

Amrut Kar

Karan Gulaya

Rishi Bagaria

vi) Mr. Das who was to go along with the representatives to Assam Valley School, had to return due to an unfortunate illness. The boys were escorted by Mr. Kandhari.

vii) One of the rooms in PH caught fire on 3rd May. The fire was put out by the boys and teachers with the help of the labourers. Nobody was hurt and

the process of renovation of the room is on.

viii) The following were awarded certificates for the English Recitation Competition held on 22nd April:

Class II

Ist- Gurankit Singh

IIInd- Akhilesh Jung

IIIrd- Navjeet Singh

Consolation prize- Ayan Mukherjee

Class III A

Ist- Ankit Sahay

IIInd- Kandarp Swarup

IIIrd- John Samuel Sundaraj

Consolation Prize- Tushar Aggarwal

Class III B

Ist- Danish Bajaj

IIInd- Prakrit Agarwal

IIIrd- Prateek Modi

Class IV A

Ist- Shreya Verma

IIInd- Ajitesh Kir and Kushagra Kumar

IIIrd- Govind Maini

Class V A

Ist- Udita Ghosh

IIInd- Vipin Kumra and Dhairya Karwa

IIIrd- Chirantan Singh

W.O.B.N.

Excerpt of a letter from Ashu Khanna to Mr. Kandhari (Batch of '76-'88)

I believe the school is now a centre for educational excellence and has excellent educational and recreational facilities. The last time I was in Dehradun was in 1996, but unfortunately the school was closed. I did manage to walk around Krishna house.

I am working with Cadbury India but currently in England on secondment for one year. This is obviously a good opportunity to see 'Welham' which I believe is a small village in England. I have a problem because there appear to be two Welhams

(2)

in two different counties in UK. Is it possible to check from the school records which is the correct county from which Miss Oliphant came from and is it possible to get some details of her relatives? I am sure Mr. Negi has some answers!!

I also remember Ms. Roseanne Ward from England (toad of Toad hall). Its funny how nostalgia catches up with you! Please give my regards to Mr. Gossain, Mr. Sharma, Mr. Bhatia, Ms. Chopra and Mrs. Deshpande.

My office numbers: 0044121 4514449

Fax: 00444514103 or residence phone no:
00441216894790

There is a 5 1/2 hour time difference. (Reminds

of the geography classes and those difficult questions!)

Excerpt of a letter from Anuraj Gambhir to Mr. Kandhari

I am well and did email the Oliphant on my movement to the US. I took on a senior appointment in Dallas last October as Senior Consultant of PCS (GSM) Terminals Technology. It involves extensive travel around North and South America and soon to Europe.

I was based in Seattle working for a major client for 2 months late last year. I drove up to Vancouver, Calgary and the Rockies in Canada from there. It was just splendid, had a white Xmas. This place called Banff is worth visiting.

I was in New York on a conference a few months ago and tried contacting Amit Kamra (living in New Jersey) who's address I found from the Internet.

Simran just arrived here on vacation yesterday

after backpacking in Fiji. He is also looking for a job here for which he should have no problems as he is a Unix and an Internet expert and held some very top positions in Sydney.

I was playing tennis regularly with Simran Dulat back in Sydney and it was fun chatting about our fun times in Welham.

I do really miss India and will be seeking opportunities for my company there too once I get this part organised. I have promised myself to visit my motherland at least once a year, so I will be coming sometime this year. Will be in touch and will keep you posted.

A Teacher Remembers (Mrs. Pearl B. E. Downes)

One of my happiest and unforgettable memory, is of a day when Mrs. Das, the then matron of the small boys hostel (Whitehouse) and I, took a group of youngsters for a picnic to Lachchiwala. So I composed a song, music and words, to liven and cheer them up, which I called 'Picnic to Lachchiwala'. They soon learnt it and I still recall them singing it with great gusto and enjoyment on the way to Lachchiwala and on the way back. They seemed to enjoy it immensely and long afterwards kept singing it: "Buses standing in a row, Picnic time has come: All is ready, off we go. Now to have some fun, off we go to Lachchiwala. On a merry spree, I shall be a *machchiwala*. Fiddle-ee, diddle-ee, dee."

Another memory that much impressed me and remains with me still is of Mr. Hughes, the then Principal of Welham Boys' School who appointed me, whom I can still visualise standing up and shaking hands with every boy with the words: "My name is Arthur Hughes, what is yours?" It was this, I think, that endeared Mr. Hughes to the boys and made him so popular.

Mrs. Oliphant was, by that time, no more in Dehradun but had returned to England where she died. I remember her photograph on a table always on Founder's Day which was then observed on 3rd

December.

My most rewarding memory of special significance is of one of my class II boys, now a man, married, with a family, who met me on Rajpur road some years ago; greeting me cordially, he told me he was one of my Welham School pupils and had never forgotten what I had taught him in class II and always emphasised: "Do your work thoroughly". He said it was something he never forgot, still remembered and was glad that I had taught it to him when he was young. His sincerity was obvious and it warmed my heart. I would like him to know, if by chance this appears in your magazine and he sees it, that I wish him well and God's every blessing for him and his family wherever he may be. (Unfortunately I don't remember his name). It is heartening to know that the seed planted in the heart of a small boy in Welham nearly thirty years ago has taken root and has not been in vain. I have always emphasised 'do your work thoroughly' and its importance. It is another way of saying "always strive for perfection", which is the message I pass on to Welham today.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The loneliness of the aged

“Mama, I love you,” said Rahul affectionately at the age of four.

“Mama, when I grow up, I am going to give you everything,” whispered Rahul in his mother’s ears as she tucked him in bed.

“Mama, I missed you,” a twelve year old Rahul sobs as he hugs his mother.

“Mama, today I met someone special, I want you to meet her,” said Rahul, blushing shyly at the age of twenty.

“Mama, what are you doing? Leave it alone,” screamed Rahul angrily as his mother tried to settle some of his papers. He was thirty-five.

These memories streamed through her as she gazed out of the window. Her wrinkled cheeks stretched in a yearning smile, tears in her eyes, sorrow glistening on the tear drop and her face a picture of love and agony. She is not alone. There are millions of Rahuls and millions of such mothers. Millions of homeless aged, drowning in an ocean of memories, sorrow and promises.

The loneliness of the aged is one of the most pressing problems of today. In the twentieth century, a world of technology, modernisation and development, competition is the name of the game. The rat-race is on as people struggle to keep pace with life. In a world of growing advancement and globalisation, does anyone have a thought for the aged, whose only need and demand is love, compassion and kindness?

As we move forward in the hustle bustle of our routine we do not realise how distant we are becoming from our parents or maybe grand parents. There is a severe communication problem of which the age gap is responsible. As changes and new ideas evolve every minute teenagers find it very difficult to communicate with their elders. On the other hand, parents and grand parents can not comprehend the desires of the youth. The generation gap poses a problem due to which an extremely hostile and unpleasant attitude which neither part can understand the other. The result is obvious - Loneliness of the aged.

Often youngsters find that their elders become too possessive or over-anxious about them, start interfering in their life, something they detest. They

take it as a threat to their independence and freedom and do not want to have their liberty curtailed. They do not want to have their movements placed under inspections. They believe it is their life and their business. And so they distance themselves from elders and avoid them. The result being the Loneliness of the Aged. It is a common happening that in a joint family the mother-in-law has a series of misunderstandings with her junior counterpart which results in the wife giving an ultimatum to the husband - to make a choice between her and his mother. And more often than never the man will choose his wife. And hence begins a period of Loneliness of the Aged.

What we fail to understand is that what our elders do for us is out of genuine love. Their absolute possessiveness, their over anxiety, their anger is just a demonstration of their overwhelming concern for us. Parents bring up their children with the great hope that one day their children will become something that they will be proud of, make a name for themselves, marry and have children, and then they can spend a life of peace and relaxation with their children and grandchildren. This is a simple and honest wish of each parent. And yet it is shattered. When their children follow their dreams, their aspirations and forget so easily all the years of relentless struggle by which their parents have provided for their smallest needs and craziest whims. They forget so easily the long hours their parents might have kept awake when they had fever, the worry and anguish of their parents at their slightest injury, their patience, their understanding and their support in times of suffering. Parents are the moral guides of a child. What a child is in his character depends a great deal on his parents. And most parents, however they may be, mostly try and do their very best for their children with just their little hopes of one day living quietly with their child’s family.

But what do they get in return? Our anger, our heartlessness, our indifference. Old age has only one demand- love. Unrequited

love leads to loneliness- a blight, a disease that creeps upon you, gnaws at your heart and you pine away slowly. The increasing number of old-age homes clearly reveal the condition of an average Indian household where the aged are considered burdens and thus sent apart. And these people clinging to the shadows of happier days with a heart full of sorrow accept their position. What we need to realize is that their love is indispensable and priceless. No one can replace a mother's warmth or a father's protecting care. We need to know that although there is a generation gap, yet if we make an attempt to reach out to them they too will make an effort and understanding can be maintained. They need our love, they need security to know that someone will always be there for them. They need our understanding and compassion. They need our time. A hurried good-morning or a rushed handshake is not enough. As people grow older they yearn for someone to talk to, someone who will listen to their countless tales down memory lane. And this time is what we must give them. It is something we must give them in return for all that they may have done for us- although, a very small re compensation, yet is an effort. It is for us to fill in the void that may have built

in between our elders and us with our concern and care.

I once visited an old-age home very close to my school by the name of "Prem-Dham". As I approached an old lady gesticulated with her fingers. As I went closer, she whispered to me- "Tell Arun, I am very sorry, I will never do it again. Please take me home." Her eyes shone with tears of sorrow, of grief, of longing and I felt a piercing pain in my heart. We may have made progress in all aspects, yet in humanity we are falling behind. Material progress does not lead to happiness and no amount of wealth can recompense for a heart felt embrace from an elder. It is in giving that we receive and in receiving is the greatest joy of all. We have to break the barrier of age and reach out to those who need us and whom we need and give them our love- the least we can do in return their many sacrifices.

-Vasundhara Sanwal
Welham Girls' High School

Winner of the first prize in the K.C Joshi Memorial Inter-School English essay writing competition hosted by Welham Boys' School.

Are reservations ethical?

India in the past has been besieged by a number of divisive forces, each more ominous than the other. India's unity is already threatened by a host of factors- economic, social and religious disparities, multiplicity of religions, castes and languages. Reservation is yet another factor thus making the problem even more complicated.

Reservation refers to a form of protective discrimination whereby seats in educational institutions and jobs in organisations are reserved for certain under privileged groups of people so that their interests are protected. Determination of one's class is based on one's surname (which I feel is a very warped policy). Why should a student who is as good as the rest or maybe even better be given preference just because he is classified under scheduled castes or scheduled tribes. Is this ethical? No. But this policy continues. Reservations were originally granted because initially they were backward and had suffered greatly due to segregation and isolation which was inflicted upon them. This was logical at a time but now that they have developed a lot and are at par with the rest of

the Indians such reservations should be abolished.

Apart from SC's and ST's there are also other backward classes (OBC's) which constitute a large section of India's population. Unlike SC's and ST's there is no all India list for backward classes. The state governments are allowed to use their own criteria in drawing up their lists. Several states have reserved up to 70% of government jobs for underprivileged groups.

The biggest opposers of the reservation policy are upper caste students. Resentment and frustration have led to violent outbursts in the past. By far the biggest demonstrations of protest were held when the Mandal Commission report was published in 1990.

North India was convulsed by clashes between the police and the furious students. There was a spate of self immolation's and disgruntled youths took to destroying public property (which wasn't a very smart method of resolving the problem either). Students were sharply polarised into pro-mandal and anti-mandal agitation. This was the first time the people of the country realised that

reservations could threaten national unity.

The Mandal commission report, among other things advocated reservation of 27% jobs for socially and educationally backward classes. Besides promotion in school's and college's were to be covered by reservations. On the occasion hundreds of cases were filed in the courts. The Union government led by V.P. Singh was toppled over the issue.

People had made a terrible mistake in the past by believing that merit was an attribute, not of individuals but of groups. Being born in a Brahmin family was itself a mark of merit. The distinctions of caste have to be rejected in all their implications. Any efforts to strengthen the identity of caste with a view to equalise through reservations cannot but lead to the crumbling of our cherished unity.

In 1992 the Supreme Court gave its verdict.

Most of the provisions were held. It banned reservations in promotion and government services and certain specialised technical posts. The verdict was indeed rather disappointing. This verdict showed that reservations were here to stay. These sort of reservations lead to the production of bad quality doctors, engineers and the likes of them. Why does V.P Singh go to the States to get himself treated? He should go to the quacks who obtain their degrees just because reservations exist.

It is time for our leaders to wake up to the fact that their duty is not to juggle with the percentages of reservations. Manipulation with the figures of reservation will only dissatisfy more and more people. The primary task is to take into consideration the needs of the individuals irrespective to caste.

-- **Debashish Banerjee**

Nature's Diary

Don't you feel sorry for our generation? Yet we continue to destroy, devastate, mishandle the environment. How ignorant can we get? Have you ever bothered to ask yourself such a question?

From a very perspective point of view, we Indians today are busy forming organisations and raising funds for different purposes, such as improvement of the environment that exists today. But has anyone helped the petrified forests? Take the 'Rajaji National Park' for instance, which I believe has about ten tigers. The forests officials however maintain their list of twenty-two. 'How do we react to this?' Think about it.

Don't you think that every individual on this planet is responsible enough to plant a TREE? Don't you feel choked by the smoke that has besieged every corner of your helpless heart? Don't you feel suffocated in this overstuffed concrete jungle? We sure do. Don't you want to break free?

The route on which India is heading today leads nowhere. Probably the next generation will never ever catch a glimpse of the 'elegant striped cat'.

Our country has quite a number of conventional, practical people. They feel their ancestors went hunting, so why should they have mercy on the animals. Shoot them. If edible, have a banquet, if not feed them to the dogs and keep the

hides, horns or antlers for display. Tell me, is that ethical? Today you visit the house of a Maharaja, what else can you see except a blatant display of animal heads, called TROPHIES. So gracefully put up they are.

The zoos are responsible for this damage side by side. Captivating a very different form of life that exists in the battered forests. The slow witted beasts have hardly any place to hide, reason being, simply the loss of their natural habitat. Expensive exploitation of the forests in the course of building upper five-star resort or a new power plant.

Captivation in zoos causes an animal to lose its instinct, the instinct of preying, the instinct of being saved from a predator. The animal can't survive if introduced in the natural world. Zoos might be the only place where the animals get their food without having to hunt for it. Therefore, in the name of putting up an endangered species for public view, the zoos aren't doing anything else except to get the animal to lose its natural instinct.

Animals are not only being poached but what the world thinks is also the cause of destruction of animals. It is also the different research labs in various parts of the world where hundreds of animals are mercilessly slaughtered in the name of scientific research. Rhesus Macaques, white rats and snakes are literally scientifically slaughtered.

Have you watched a video documentary 'Amazon'? Have you had a glimpse of the rain forests? Well if you had, and really find them wonderful, you've had your chance as these rain forests are now getting destroyed at an amazing rate of half a million hectares per annum. Amazing, unbelievable but true!

Now as the next millennium arrives it is high time for us to realise, that we have to stop what we

are doing- destroying the environment and easing temperature conditions of the world.

So it is a point for all of us to think on. We've really got to stop it and save the world's natural heritage. And it is not one single person who can do it. So let's take a stand and look around us NOW. We've got loads of unfinished business.

-Anshuman Singh

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

Guys watching T.V in the P.H common room, suddenly the Nike ad with the Brazilian team comes on the screen.

Sidharth Dugar (after scrutinising every player): Oye guys, where is **Kobe Bryant**?!!!!

Mr. Bhushan (to Amit Prashar): Ummm.... Amit just get the Black Board from the Activity Centre... It is kept on the stage...

Amit Prashar stands up and starts going towards the door... then suddenly:

Mr. Bhushan: ' *Woh kale rang ka hai*'!!!

Cauvery-ites (to Mr. Gossain): Sir, why have you confiscated our deck?

Mr. Gossain : *Arre...*, 'jab tum use *full speed* mein chaloge to aur kya hoga'!

Dude of the fortnight

It was the heroics of **Deep Singhal** on that ill fated day when TOP DOME caught fire, which made us decide, that yes, he was the man who should be honoured with this title. Congratulations!

While everybody ran helter skelter for help, he remained in the room, in which the smoke could almost choke a guy to death and pulled out all the inflammable objects and valuable possessions of the boys.

Guys said that he had almost embraced death and it is quite ironical, because when he came out of the room he looked like The God of Death himself! He saved *Yaksha* a lot of his time, because God knows what would have happened if the coke cans, markers and other inflammable objects had caught fire! Thanks a lot Deep, you are the **messiah** of PH.

WHAT'S IN !!??

'Tomchi-Tomchi' Mr. Nagalia
Mr. Kandpal's portmanteau
Quizzer Amrut Kar

WHAT'S OUT !!??

Mr. Nagalia with a moustache
Mr. Das's *jhola*
Quizzer Arca



Separated At Birth !!

Sameer Gupta

Kaustubh Dwivedi

RINGSIDE VIEW

The basket-ball team failed to live up to its name. After the success of last year's team a lot was expected out of the present team, but unfortunately their performance was not up to the mark. After losing in the semi-finals of the Golden Jubilee basket-ball tournament, basket-ball at Welham seems to be experiencing an all time low. They lost in the quarter-finals of the Afzal Khan tournament held at the Doon school. They played Mayo college in their first match. They were not much of a match for us and we beat them comfortably by a margin of 20 points. Next they played D.P.S Mathura Road. It was a close match with our team taking a lead of around 11 points in the beginning but we failed to maintain it and our opponents had the score tied by the end of the first half. D.P.S eventually went on to win the match. Aatir Ansari played wonderfully and put in some incredulous three pointers. He certainly has a very promising future. Our junior boys have been playing wonderfully well these days and I'm sure they'll restore Welham basket-ball's lost glory.

On the other hand our hockey team is on a major high. They are on a winning spree after their loss against the Doon School. They have reached the finals of the council school hockey tournament and will once again face arch rivals Doon School who happen to be the other finalists. We beat GRD convincingly in the semi-finals with the scoreboard reading 7-1 in our favour. The finals were scheduled to be played on the 10th May at the Doon School.

In between our team also played a friendly match against RIMC on their ground. We played splendidly despite the fact that the circumstances didn't favour us. We got off to a good start when Anirudh Chauhan put in the first goal the first ten minutes of the match. The RIMCOS however recovered fast and they had us trailing by 3-2 by the end of the first half. Then the RIMCOS stuck once again in the beginning of the first half and had us

trailing by two goals. But we fought back and towards the end our forwards put in two magnificent goals in quick succession to tie the score at 4 goals each. The point to be noted here is that the RIMCOS had defeated the Doon School 3-1 on Doon School field and we managed to draw against them on their home ground. Thus I believe that the earlier loss to Doon School was not because they were better, but because maybe it happened to be the first match of the season and we were not prepared as is evident from the result of the finals against The Doon School in Mussoorie where we beat them 2-1 to lift the trophy of the tournament organised by Oak Grove School, Mussoorie.

In Mussoorie we played our first match against Children's Academy. We thrashed the day lights out of them and the finals score read 12-0 in our favour. In the next match we played Oak Grove senior team which had two of their staff members playing and one of them was their coach! It was a very tough match with the score remaining tied till the last minutes of the game. And then danger-man Anirudh Chauhan struck one of his lethal shots straight into the net and confirmed our place in the finals which we won after beating the Doscos.

After our victory in Mussoorie the guys are confident enough to win the councils and with the form they are displaying I see no reason why they shouldn't. Way to go guys!

-Ahmad

Here I must admit that my ring-side view correspondent is being rather modest in not mentioning his name in this column. I must say he has been playing very well and has been instrumental in our winning all the matches, especially the one against RIMC, in which he scored two crucial goals.

-Ed

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Registration No. :- 20208/86

(8)

Printed at : **EBD Printers, Dehra Dun.**