



The Elephant

No. 216

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

10th September, 1998

Think About It

The tongue is like a race horse, the less weight it carries, the faster it moves -Anon

EDITORIAL

A month has passed since we arrived and things are just about getting back to normal. We've been relieved of all skull-crushing construction noises etc. The Rain Gods are finally going through a dry phase and guys have begun studying (Now don't get started - the assessments are coming up!)

Talking of construction, one bit seems to be eternal. The PH study room. We've spent a whole

month with the most irritating sounds on our heads. The work just doesn't stop. The result:

- Guys have acquired migraines.

- They have an excuse for not working and;

- They have an even better excuse for missing the first two schools.

I mean, who can sleep with so much chaos all around? (Indoor cricket is one of the few exceptions to the rule, of course!) Not that bad eh?!

What was even better was the trip sixteen lunatics from the distinguished soccer team made to Sanawar. They didn't fare all that well, but what can you expect from a few days of practice? Better luck next time!

About the trip, one thing I noticed was the food at Sanawar. I suggest the entire dining hall staff take a trip down there and see what food looks like. No offence though.

The 5th of September, 1998 will be remembered as the best Teacher's Day of all time (at least in our half of the world.)

For the first time, the school got to see what our staff was made of. I mean the inside stuff....the

legs of course! We got to see eleven pairs of the most shapely legs on campus during the course of the football match between the staff and boys. They were of all kinds. I don't want to go into details because that would lead to a rather complex subject of discussion. Period.

After the match, a sort of 'Fun Quiz' was held for our distinguished staff; which was delightful.

They sang and acted and basically had a ball. So did we.

Like I said earlier, the Rain Gods have finally stopped unleashing their fury, day in and day out and given us a B-R-E-A-K! Lets hope it lasts and we don't get back to the 'wet-side'!

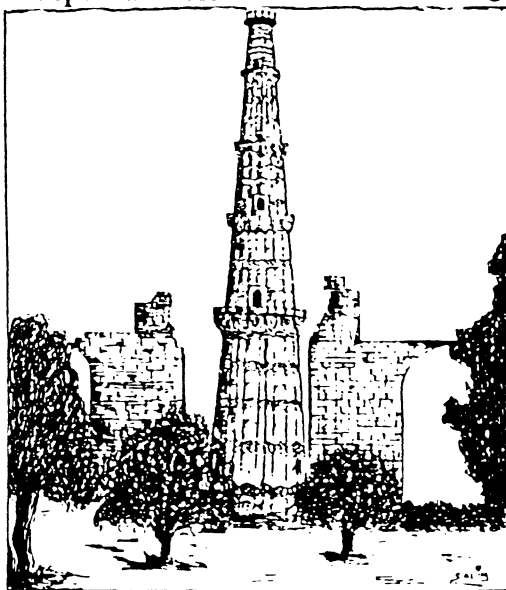
Triveni seems to be pretty cool these days. Haven't actually seen them on their rounds. (The HMs I mean.) Wonder what's cookin'?

I can definitely tell you what's cookin' in my head. Lets just say I'm in a soup. Real deep soup. If all you guys are not going to contribute to this fortnightly, it's going to sink deeper than the Titanic. Believe me.

Pick up a pen. Go take a walk. Do something. Get a pad. Scribble. Don't just sit there! Believe in yourself. JUST WRITE IT!....and save my butt. (In case u didn't know - The staff rep also happens to be my English teacher.)

from then on till now.

-Sidharth



SUTAS MINAR

Welham Now

1) A team of 12 boys, escorted by Mr Vinod Singh and Mr Bhandari, left for Lucknow on 26th August to represent the school in The Maths and Computer Fair '98 organised by City Montessori School. We won the runners up trophy, in the software development competition. Our overall position was 5th, out of over 40 schools, in the senior section. The following were the boys chosen to represent the school.

Seniors

Kumar Abhijeet
Sulabh Arora
Anant Goel
Rahul Choraria
Ajeet Bajaj
Karan Gulaya

Juniors

Ijlal Shamsi
Divya Agarwal
Diwas Bam
Kumar Nilay
Sharad Kumar
Siddharth Agarwal

2) Our quiz team consisting of Ajeet Bajaj, Mehul Mayank and Karan Gulaya, stood third at the science quiz organised by Welham Girls' High School, on the 25th of August.

3) The school celebrated Teachers' Day on 5th, September, 1998 with great enthusiasm. The boys of class 11 and 12 organised a quiz for the teachers, which was a great success.

4) Our quiz team comprising Amrut Kar, Rishi Bagaria and Amish Mulmi stood first in the Friends of The Doon Quiz and have entered the final round.

5) The school soccer team, comprising 16 members went to Sanawar, to participate in the Bhupinder Singh Memorial Soccer Tournament organised by the Lawrence School.

6) The Mexican Silk Cotton Trees are in full bloom, and the exotic flowers are a marvel of colour and design. The Chrysanthemums are being readied and will be in blossom by October/November.

7) The Inter-House One Act Play Competition was held on 9th, September. It was obvious that great effort had been put in by the boys and the teachers involved, both on and off the stage to make the evening a success. The final results were as follows:

<i>First:</i>	Ganga - 89 points.
<i>Second:</i>	Krishna - 85 points
<i>Third:</i>	Cauvery - 78 points
<i>Best Actor:</i>	Kumar Abhijeet
<i>Most Promising Actor:</i>	Nitin Agarwal
<i>Best Director:</i>	Kumar Abhijeet and: Shivang Sud

8) The results of the Hindi Sulekh Competition were as follows:

Class VII and VIII

Ashutosh Pandey - 1st
Saurabh Kumar - 2nd
Aditya Goel - 2nd
Anupam Biswas - 3rd
Arjun Sabarwal - 3rd

Class IX to XII

Nitin Bansal - 1st
Parimal Piyush - 2nd
Gaurav Singh - 2nd
Rajeev Goswami - 3rd
Karn Singh - 3rd

W.O.B.N.

1) *The Following is an excerpt from a letter written by Mr Darshan Singh, President of the Welham Old Boys' Society, to Mr J.K. Sharma, who retired as the school bursar, this year.*

"On behalf of the Old Boys of Welham Boys' School, I personally thank you for the long and valuable service of 32 years to our Alma Mater.

(2)

You had served in various capacities, and finally as bursar. Most old boys have known you personally. A school is made through the culture, the ambience, and the traditions that it develops in its educational and co-curricular activities. In order to achieve the high level, that Welham Boys' School has achieved, the life-long services of persons such as yourself are the pillars of the

establishment.

I now take this opportunity to formally request you to accept being an Associate Member of the Welham Old Boys' Society. We would, therefore request you to attend the annual general meetings in future, which are held at the time of the Founder's Day Celebrations. We will also include your name as an Associate Member in the list of Welham Old Boys' Society when it is brought out."

2) Mukul Goyal, has been elected as an Executive Member of the Rajasthan Chapter of the Indian

Institute of Architects. He has also been appointed the editor of their newsletter.

3) Vidur Jung Bahadur, has joined the Mass Communication Course at Jamia Millia, Delhi.

4) Ankush Salaria, has joined the BBA course, in Jammu, and was a recent visitor to the school.

5) Sumant Pai will be joining the Merchant Navy as a deck cadet.

Literary Affairs

On my stay in Russia

In early 1993, my family and I left for Moscow, the capital of Russia, and just two years prior to that, the capital of the erstwhile Soviet Union. Though I hadn't given much thought to it before, while on the plane, the only thoughts in my mind were that of the KGB (secret service), and the starvation and poverty, partly plaguing the nation. All the old spy movies I had watched were being re-run in my mind and I was petrified.

The arrival at Moscow's Sheremetyevo -Z Airport did stir things up a bit. First of all it shattered all the myths in my mind, about Moscow. It is never dingy. It doesn't have any small roads, no matter how unimportant the place, and even Russia was warm in May.

Among the many experiences I had in Moscow from muggings to parties, from diplomatic dinners to meals in roadside stalls, the one that stands out the most is the coup d' etat staged by right winged rebels against the president, Boris Yeltsin.

On October the 4th, 1993 the rebels took over

the White House situated on the same road as my house, Kutuzovsky Prospect. What ensued were hours of bitter fighting. Tanks rolled onto the streets and shelled the buildings for hours on end.

There were many other interesting and exciting things about Moscow, the architecture, the food (There were McDonalds' joints in Moscow), the gorgeous specimens of the female sex, constantly caused heart ailment and blurring of vision, and of course Gen. Frost, which is what the Russian winter is fondly called.

Russia gave me a wealth of knowledge, and experience of language, history, geography and culture, of many nations of Europe. Those years were probably the best four years of my life. It was a dream come true, and I hope I get a chance to again relive my experiences sometime in my life.

-Siddhanth Anney
Class X

Escape

In a deserted, squalid corner of the dilapidated building, that had somehow been given the status of a railway station, the boy sat alone, huddled up, to prevent the chilling gusts of wind from getting to him. His eyes were heavy with sleep, and the dull tiredness of his small frame did nothing, to livèn his senses.

It was right now - a cold chilling winter night, that was relentless in its assault on any living thing, that

dared to defy it, and wander outside the comfort of its home.

But the boy had no way to combat the freezing night, for he had no home to turn to now, and his thoughts wandered to the time, when he had a home- a home that never was.

His village, was not very big, and consisted of nothing more than a few mud houses, plastered

with cowdung, the nucleus of the little village was the well in the centre. Villages in India have a queer way of springing up where ever a well exists, and ultimately the well becomes the very heart of the village, both literally and metaphorically; literally, it supplies life-giving water to the people, who depend on it, for life, and metaphorically, it forms the very basis of the village.

He did not think of who to blame it on now, maybe it was fate, but he had long given up believing in fate, he had the misfortune of being born in a home that belonged to an outcast- a pariah.

People in small villages still stick strongly to the rigid confines of the religious caste system. And he, had been the son of a "shudra" or the sweeper class, who were socially outcasts, and for whom, life could become a terrible curse.

Sitting alone in the railway station now, he slowly unravelled his worn out shawl; then wrapped it tighter around himself.

"I, am an outcast", he said out aloud to himself, and he was startled at the sound of his own voice, for he had not meant to speak the words out aloud.

He quickly looked around to see if somebody had heard him speak to himself, but at half past twelve, in the dead of the night, few had the courage to endure the cold, and the station looked deserted as before, save for the benches on the platform, that seemed like strange dark forms to him.

He closed his eyes, and lay his head back against the wall, and almost suddenly, the familiar faces came rushing back to him, like a flood of water that has just devastated a dam, and is as untamed as a beast, in its fury.

Wherever he or his parents were, they were only met with shame, embarrassment, and abject hostility. The only thing he thanked his stars, was that his parents had not decided to follow the example of the other villagers, and produce children like rats. He was their only son, however that too had a reason. After his birth, his mother had sustained severe injuries after an unusually fierce beating by his father, and without medical aid, she had healed but could not bear any more children.

His father was not a handsome man to look at, and just like his face, his heart bore scars, that would last a lifetime. His father was also a defeated man, one who let everything rest upon the fates, and never cared for anything except his daily glass of homemade liquor. In his eyes, his young son had seen a strange unearthly gleam, that could only be attributed to his

defeated spirit.

His mother, a small sickly woman, had once been lively, but her spirit had been crushed by his father, and she had lost the will to live. She had been a dutiful wife and mother, but her soul lacked affection and love, and she only performed her duties, out of a sense of duty. Love, was not the reason, why she had cooked meals and looked after her family, and as far as her son could remember, now sitting on the railway platform, she had never spoken more than what was absolutely essential.

The boy, however, was different, his spirit was indomitable, and although being an outcast, hurt him, he never once let himself believe, that he was inferior. The boy had the will to live, the will to survive in a world, that had the will to crush him.

He had heard, that in the big city, there were equal rights for everyone. He had heard that it was a melee of people of all kinds, who were absolutely equal in all respects, the right to live and survive. He had dreamt of going to the Big City, and getting a job for himself, or perhaps, even join a government school.

His dreams were young, and he knew that somehow he had to fulfil them. He had to break away from his small world, which had nothing more to offer him than hostility. He wanted to run away from his home, where the essential human spirit was crushed, and its wings clipped, even before it had learnt to soar.

Freedom, was what he wanted. Freedom to live his own life, away from the bonds of religious dogma. He could not bear to have his dreams shattered, and so one bitter winter night, he had stolen away from home, while his father snored and his mother turned restlessly in her sleep, along with a few gold trinkets belonging to his mother, and enough money from the family's meagre savings to buy a ticket to the Big City - The promised land.

He looked around himself once more, he clutched his train ticket tightly in his left hand under the shawl. The ticket held the key to all his hopes and aspirations, and he smiled to himself thinking how small bits of paper could make or break a life.

Suddenly, he could hear the whistle of the train in the distance. He quickly stood up and straightened his shawl, and walked up to the

platform.

Within a few minutes, he was on the train, as it stopped on the small station, for a few minutes.

There was a smile on his lips, and a song in his heart, as the train began its usual journey, towards

the big city.

This essay by Karan Gulaya, won the First prize in the S.K. Kandhari Essay Writing Contest, held in May, 1998.

Wacky Woodseaters

Badalaka

Once there was a man called Badalaka. He was a very sad man. He was always unlucky. He thought this was because of his name. He was born to a rich and happy family, but ever since his birth his family had been unlucky. His father died due to a disease, his mother had an accident and his whole property was robbed by some robbers. He lived in a very small hut and had no money. Begging was his source of income. Often he had to stay without food. Soon he got tired of begging. He thought that the only way to shake off his bad luck was to change

his name, but ever since he changed his name, he had even worse luck. He didn't get food for many days. Soon he starved to death. This is why one should never be superstitious.

From this story we learn that our name, colour, looks or religion do not matter. If we want to change our luck we will have to change our heart, mind and most importantly, we will have to work hard.

*-Pranay Agarwal
Class IV*

The Night Ghosts

When I was sleeping last night,
I had a mighty fright,
I was being chased by ghosts.
I was being made into toast.

I wonder if the mummy ever wears red,
and does she ever go to bed ?
The vampires were trying to bite,
The little ghost was trying to fight.

There were graveyard zombies, dead men too,
And alone I was crying boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
But the most dreadful fright of all -
He was nine feet tall.
Dracula was his name,

Eating people was his game.
All of them ran behind me,
I thought I'd keep running till tea.
At last the werewolf caught me,
And to the Dracula he brought me.
As he was going to tear me apart,
down I fell and woke up with a start.

I hope my dream does not come true,
And would it happen in Peru?
Well it was only a dream, I said "whew!"
Or I wouldn't be alive, and here too.

*-Kushagra Kumar
Class IV*

Books

Books! Books! Books!
I love reading books.
They have beautiful pictures,
of different colours.

We learn from them,
We come first with them,
I never get fed up with books
Morning day and night.
Books have lovely words and sentences

which increase our word power
and we learn from them
all the R's and more.

Now listen little children
always read books
learn from them
And get knowledge from them.

*-Chetan Aggarwal
Class IV*

Natures's Diary

Conservation Kills

Alarmed by the decrease in the population of certain species such as the ibex and deer, in the forested slopes of the Alps owing to hunting, conservationists asked the government to implement restrictions on all activities that would harm the animals and their habitat.

BUT NOW THEY HAVE DISCOVERED IT WAS NOT THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

Over the past few years, parts of alpine forests have disappeared. Experts blamed pollution. However, groups of scientists from Italy and Switzerland discovered that it was the animals who were causing the damage, and conservationists were trying hard to protect them.

Alpine trees are valuable to the mountains as they protect the roads and houses from avalanches and landslides. But over the last twenty or thirty years, older trees are dying and the young ones are not maturing. Thus not allowing the forest to rejuvenate.

A university in Italy has examined the annual growth of rings in a tree to record the damage done to older trees by animals. The size of a scar in a ring can tell if the damage was done by a hungry deer eating the bark in winter, or by scraping the velvet of its newly acquired antlers.

Trees whose bark has been stripped die, as their leaves are deprived of sap.

The researchers also found in surveys that the forests were not regenerating because the animals ate the young shoots.

By the late 1800's, the red deer and the ibex were on the verge of extinction in the Alps, owing to severe hunting. Domestic goats on the other hand were eating the newly formed saplings. Hence there was competition for food, between the wild and domestic.

However, as time passed, conservationists reintroduced these species into the forests. Today hunting is prohibited and predators such as wolves are almost extinct. Hunters in Austria, Germany and Italy have been feeding the deer, to increase their numbers.

Now the result is beginning to show. The deer have increased extensively.

Researchers examined trees from forests, where a census of the deer population had not been taken, and all showed increase in ungulate damage, especially during the 1980's.

The researchers also believe that the damage explains why several species of trees have disappeared completely from some areas of the forest.

A somewhat similar incident occurred in the Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary. Conservationists restricted the grazing of cattle within the boundaries of the sanctuary, which resulted in the infestation of the sanctuary by weeds. This prevented the Siberian Cranes from making their annual trip to Bharatpur.

After research, the conservationists have again permitted the grazing of cattle, and there is hope, that by next year the cranes will return.

-Anshuman Singh

Through the Keyhole

Mr Bhushan to the class : Boys will you keep shut, or should I kick you with a stick ?

Raunak to Mr Bhushan : Sir, we can go watch the film, Titanic. It is a very nice film, about a plane crash.

Vivek to Mr Khaira: Sir, what is the full form of G.K. ?

Mr Khaira: "GOD KNOWS"

Bhanot calling up home, dials the wrong code for Jammu. Manav Goel promptly points out his mistake: Oye, thats the wrong "PIN" code.

Tamish to Deepak: Oye shut the door from outside and come in.

Raunak to Uday: What is DPS, Mathura Road ?

Uday: It is a road

Raunak: Are u mad ? It's a school.

Rahul Dawn to Gagandeep: Gagandeep, is your mom a housewife?

Gagandeep: Are you "mad" ?! (most emphatically) She's my FATHER'S wife!

A visitor for Yashab, asks Siddharth Dugar the way to 'Prayag' House. A confused Dugar turns around and asks Anirudh Chauhan: Chauhan, where's Prayag House, yaar ?'

Whats 'In'

Mr Kandpal's Legs

Star Plus

Mr Bhandari's 'cute' laugh

'Raja' Suman and 'Rajkumar' Shubham

Sahara Cup

'Ghosh'-ian Principles

Mr Dhingra-The Playback Singer

Whats 'Out'

Mr Basu's legs

Doordarshan

Mr Nagalia's 'bhayankar' laugh

'Papa' Parashar

Commonwealth Games

Gandhian Principles

Mr Dhingra - The Newsreader

Dudes of the Fortnight

This fortnight, the distinction of "Dude of the Fortnight" goes to three of the 'coolest' guys from class 11, for having organised the best Teacher's Day we've had in years. With a little help from class 11 and 12, they gave us some truly watch-it-with-your-parents type of entertainment, from the Quiz to the Dumb Charades. Who can forget Mr Dhingra crooning "pyar to...hona hi tha" (not to

mention the sound effects he provided - tu ru tu ru) or Mr Bhushan trying to enact the film "Dil to Pagal Hai", complete with hysterics, et al.

The three fine gentlemen we have been discussing, are none other than Akshat Agarwal, Shradhey Rawat and Kumar Abhijeet. Here's looking forward to their version of 'Gandhi Jayanti'.

I.S.C Exams Results - 1998

Abhishek Goyal (667-G)	- 74 %
Abhishek Gaurav (683-C)	- 55 %
Abhishek Sama (724-G)	- 81.25 %
Abhishek Verma (719-C)	- 88 %
Amit Kaul (676-G)	- 77.25 %
Amit Kumar (686-C)	- 60.25 %
Amit Sharma (689-J)	- 75.5 %
Ankur Chakore (677-C)	- 90.5 %
Anubhav Gera (690-J)	- 89.75 %
Anil Jain (723-G)	- 81.25 %
Arcaprava Datta (670-C)	- PCNA
Bikash Gurung (711-C)	- 78 %
Digvijay Lamba (780-G)	- 86.5 %
Dhruv Dhindsa (678-K)	- PCNA
Faisal Burza (708-J)	- 92 %
Gaurav Dubey (731-G)	- 87 %
Gauravjeet Singh (709-K)	- 87.25 %
Manavjit Singh Klaire (729-K)	- 64.5 %
Mohit Agarwal (673-C)	- 84.25 %
Manas Patodia (682-K)	- 65.25 %
Munish Jain (699-J)	- 70.75 %

Nikunj Gupta (715-J)	- 79 %
Pratyush Prateek (698-K)	- 55.25 %
Rachin Goel (675-C)	- 73.25 %
Ranjit Singh Chhabra (728-G)	- 85.5 %
Rohan Sood (730-G)	- 70.75 %
Rohit Sharma (687-G)	- 70.75 %
Rohit Lohia (674-K)	- 87.25 %
Rohit Jain (712-J)	- 83.5 %
Salim Singh (736-K)	- 80 %
Sarthak Pany (705-C)	- 63.25 %
Sumant Pai (781-C)	- 66 %
Tenzin Motup (706-J)	- 71.25 %
Vaibhav Garg (684-G)	- 76.5 %
Vaibhav Bhargava (688-K)	- 80.75 %
Varun Puri (685-C)	- 72.5 %
Vibhu Arya (716-K)	- 87.25 %
Vipul Munjal (726-J)	- 83.5 %
Vivek Sharma (681-G)	- 85 %
Yarendra Basnett (680-G)	- 79 %
Sourab Dhungel (717-J)	- 70.25 %

RINGSIDE VIEW

The soccer team is back after their unsuccessful stint at the Bhupinder Singh Memorial Tournament, held at the Lawrence School, Sanawar. The team stood fifth out of the eight teams that participated. Not bad I'd say, considering the fact that they had just four days of proper practice. We played three matches, out of which we won one, and lost the other two. We managed to defeat Army Public School, Dagshai but lost to B.C.S., Shimla and Y.P.S. Patiala. The match played against Y.P.S., Patiala was a disaster, we were a better team and should have won and had we, we would've entered into the semi-finals. However, that was not to happen, Y.P.S. managed to score in the early minutes of the game with the help of a penalty. Not the ones to get demoralised, we fought to the finish, but somehow nothing seemed to be going our way. We missed a million chances while our opponents, capitalised on the few chances that they got. I must say that it was indeed an extremely frustrating experience, to have played better than the other team and to still have lost. It was like one of those days, when no matter how hard you try; nothing seems to work out.

Meanwhile back in school, the Junior Section Soccer Inter-House matches have entered the last phase, where Ganga will be facing Cauvery in the finals.

The staff played a match against the twelfthies on Teacher's Day. It was a splendid match, which had the whole school watching and the spirit with which the staff played was highly commendable. The match was well fought by the both teams and the score was tied at three-all by the end of the game. The goal scorers for the staff were Mr Sridhar, who scored one, and Mr Das, who managed to find the net twice. As the match had concluded without the emergence of a winning team, the referee resorted to a penalty shoot out. The boys finally triumphed over the staff in the

shoot out.

The final score read 10-7 in favour of the boys.

The school basketball team played RIMC on our courts, a few days back. In spite of our seniors not playing, we beat them comfortably. The final score was 72-58 in our favour.

The basketball team will be going to Mayo College, Ajmer for the IPSC basketball meet, during the mid-term break. Lets hope they perform well and eventually break the jinx that has been with the team ever since the beginning of this year.

After much procrastination, the basketball inter-house matches are finally in progress. Jamuna beat Cauvery in the first match. Cauvery house undeniably has the best team but still Jamuna managed to beat them convincingly. I guess the Cauveryites were just a little overconfident and that's what Jamuna took advantage of. Adhir Bhatt (J) played beautifully and it was he who put in two consecutive three-pointers in the final minutes of the game, and clinched the match for Jamuna. There was another match played between Ganga and Krishna. Krishna won without any trouble and the final score read 25-15. Krishna lost to Cauvery, in a hard fought match, where Krishna led till the end, with Abhijeet Sengupta and Kam Singh playing exceptionally well, but Reshil Charles and his team gave a spirited performance. The game ended in a tie, sending it into extra time, where Cauvery finally emerged triumphant. The final score read 38-30.

The squash team played against the Doon Club. They played well, but the veterans of the club were a class apart. Abhinav Kothiwari performed exceptionally well. The squash team could be going to Delhi for the National Tournament sometimes in October. That is, if the headmaster gives his approval.

Bye for now, till next time.

-Ahmad

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