



# The Elephant

No. 218

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

20th October, 1998

## Think About It

*What is defeat?—Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.*

*—Wende Phillips*

## EDITORIAL

Pictute this: Four guys are awake in P.H at 2:30 in the morning. One is studying, one trying to sleep and two are talking. The others are all asleep. Suddenly the loudest, most menacing laughter is heard in HUM. The guys accuse each other of doing that and finally after a ten minute ordeal, they realise it was none of them. They open the door to check and find all the guys fast asleep. No one on the first floor of the hostel sleep talks. Laughing out loud is a different case altogether. This has actually led people into believing in the existence of ghosts and the supernatural. Wierd isn't it? But there are many more instances when guys have heard strange noises in the middle of the night. Some one kicking boxes around, thunderous banging of doors etc. May be it's psychological, may be it is true, but whatever it is, sure leaves me blue! As they say, you got to hear it, to believe it.

Apart from the above mentioned, close encounters of the ghoulish mind, P.H is on a high these days. With Founder's coming up, winter setting in and the distant thought of the boards looming over their heads, class XII is all out to enjoy its last month of freedom. Guys are stocking up for Diwali too, also, the winter uniform is a craze with the 'Kings of Cool'. New blazers ( but ofcourse), new pants, new shoes and all the other forms of body accessories made available to them are being tried out. Everyone wants to look trim and trendy on those three days. The prefects have

gone to the extent of designing new badges and ties. Wow!

But nothing seems to affect the average Welhamite. His days are spent in watching carefully everything that catches his curious eye and every thought that goes through his machiavellian brain. He does not really like athletics and despises marching practice. Those beautiful moments with the football are long forgotten dreams. To add to it,

he also has the responsibility and the burden of education sitting right on top of his head. He is under pressure. The average Welhamite goes through this phase every year. The only way to please him is the promise of a good fete. So, come on ye poor souls, wake up and start innovating. Let's see what you can do.

One achievement that deserves front page coverage is the basketball team's effort in the IPSC championship held at Mayo. Just when everyone had written them off, the dudes silenced their critics with a stunning show at the tournament and went all the way to bring the runners-up. Just goes on to show that Welham basketball can never die. Keep it up!

The rain Gods are definitely keeping it up..... I mean the rains ofcourse. They finally stopped and have given us a break until next year. Let's hope the dry spell continues.

Until Founder's  
Keep rocking,  
Sidharth

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THE 'PRAYAG' FILES!

# Welham Now

1) The Welham Boys' basketball team was the runners up at the IPSC basketball tournament held in Mayo College, Ajmer. They also beat the Sriram College of Commerce (SRCC) team in a nailbiting match by one point in Welham Girls' High School.

2) Akhil Bhanot and Abhijit Agarwal left for Kanpur on 7th October to take part in the State Tabletennis championships.

3) Alok Kapur And Farhan Zaidi represented the school at the Coucil Schools debate at Welham Girls'.

4) Mrs. Jennifer Nandi took the junior/ middle school boys for a bird watching trip towards the Robber's Cave area.

5) The atheltics season has begun. The boys have been practicing for their various events.

6) The boys returned from their various mid term trips on the 4th October. Everybody had a pleasant break. Practice for the Founder's Day has begun.

7) Krishna house won the Interhouse chess competition and Zameer Trumboo was adjudged the best player.

8) Following is the programme for the Founders 1998 (30th October to 2nd November):

## Friday, 30th October

1) Vikas Verma 282/K, batch of '84 visited the school on 4th October.

2) Shekhar Tyagi, batch of '93 (school captain), visited the school on 28th September. He has finished MBA from Queensland University of Technology, Brisbane, Australia. He is setting up a liquor factory in Bhiwaldi, Rajasthan.

2:30 p.m Sports Day, Athletics finals  
5:00 p.m Tea for parents and guests  
6:30 p.m Sr. School Music Presentation (Venue - LRC steps)

## Saturday, 31st October

11.00 a.m Exhibitions  
Class X and XII teachers to meet parents in the Academic Block.  
01:00 p.m Community lunch on payment basis. (Venue: Orchard)  
06:00 p.m Speeches (Venue: Activity Centre)  
06:45 p.m Plays by junior and middle school.  
09:00 p.m Old Boys Dinner (LRC Terrace)

## Sunday, 1st November

08:00 a.m O.B v/s School Teams  
11:00 a.m WOBS Annual General Meeting  
11:00 a.m Fete (Orchard)

## Monday, 2nd November

Going Out Day  
Old Boys' Picnic

## W.O.B.N.



3) Atulya Tankha, 450, batch of '81 is doing B.E(Electrical).

4) Deepak Srivastava, 414 batch of '81 is studying B-ARCH (Pune university).

5) Akshi Saxena is at St. Stephens.

6) Sidhanth Sharma is studying in Shriram

College of Commerce (SRCC).

# Literary Affairs

## *The First Dance*

It was the first time I was going to be home for our annual club meet and I was very excited. I had never been to a dance before, except for the usual impromptu dances at school, where all one needed was good music and a handful of guys to have a wild time with skull crushing techno music which left everyone on a major high after the jig was over. I was in for a totally new experience, where people danced to the vintage tunes of the likes of Pat Boone and Elvis.

On the day of the dance, I was as usual ready in a jiffy in my jeans and T-shirt quite unaware of the fact that all people going for the dance had to have a tie on! This sure did amaze as I got into one of my father's coats for I had not got one stitched, except for the one I wore at school. Thinking of how my friends at school would laugh seeing me in this 'unearthly' attire made me feel like a fool. Wearing a coat seemed to rob my limbs of their mobility (the kind they would need if I were to dance the way I did at school) and I felt like a thirty year old man, the brevity of my youth weighed down by my unusually heavy attire.

As I entered the club with my parents, the mixed smell of strong perfume and whisky filled my nose. Most of the men hung around the bar like insects attracted to a bright light in a dark room. There was a live band which seemed to be pretty good for I had heard some of the songs they performed from my father's collection. I was the youngest guy around and had obviously no partner to dance with. I was enjoying watching the men, who danced with an air of nostalgia with their wives often reminding me of Travolta in 'Grease'. They danced with their wives in their arms, breaking off in the middle to swing their bodies and shake their legs. And then it happened, the incident which made that night so memorable for me.

There happened to be this girl, the daughter of one of my father's friends. She was extremely pretty and gentle and I liked her a lot, but I could not say so to her because she was much older to me and I was afraid that she would treat me like a kid.

So I satisfied myself by just looking at her and not seeing much in my future with her I never spoke to her.

As I stood all by myself near the fire I saw her walking towards me. Clad in a black skirt and a matching top, she looked absolutely ravishing. How I wished she would come up and ask me for a dance, but that was not to be for I thought she would just cross me giving me one of her smiles which would feed my passion for her for days to come. As she came closer I felt a surge of blood in my head as I waited for her smile but was quite surprised when she came up to me and asked me for a dance. I did not know what hit me till she asked me the second time and could I ever refuse?! I led her to the dance floor and as luck would have it, after some time the music became slow and the couples moved into each others arms. I didn't know what to do for the music was too slow for us to carry on unless we decided to the ball dance, which was yet a distance dream for me. How could I ever hold her in my arms? After hanging around for a couple of minutes like a polio stricken patient, trying to hide my embarrassment by not looking at her, I felt her hand on my shoulder as the other reached for my hand. I was so foxed that I literally blurted out "What should I do?". She realised my predicament and motioned to keep me free hand around her waist without making me feel uncomfortable. That was it -my passport to heaven! I felt her breath on my shoulder, the smell of her perfume(which I haven't forgotten to date), her delicate hands-I enjoyed every moment of it. The envious eyes of the guys who were hoping to dance with her made me revel in me my new found glory.

I didn't sleep that night, the thoughts of her which were still fresh in my mind kept me awake. I didn't meet her very often after that nor did I ever dance with her, but she was the person whom I was never going to forget because she was the first girl I ever danced with and sure did have the time of my life.

**-High Flyer**

## ***Rampage***

He towered above the tallest member of the group by one and a half foot. He stood on the banks of the Bhoreli river. His grace, size and embodiment of power deserved the attention he was getting from the workers and myself.

The sun had just set behind a chain of hills, leaving the sky painted with a hue of reddish gold. The lighting on the hill made it very picturesque. The twilight was soft yet bright enough for everyone to see the long massive yellowed tusks of the mammoth. The wear on the right tusk indicated that he had used it much more than the left one.

As night fell, the mammoth strolled away from the group towards the forest. We had named this elephant 'BIJLI PRASAD' and the workers said that he used to have fits of madness so he stayed away from the group at most times.

I was driving back home through the tea gardens when I heard some cracking sounds behind me. I turned the jeep around and decided to investigate. People used to come at night to steal timber from the edges of forests here and I had always wanted to catch them.

I drove slowly through the slushy *kachcha*

road and stopped when I thought that the noise was very close. I suddenly switched on the jeep lights and saw 'BIJLI PRASAD' there uprooting the tea bushes. His eyes reacted to the glare of the lights and he fixed his attention on me.

Salvia was dripping from his mouth as he left the bushes and charged at the jeep. I had already turned and had started driving as fast as I could without seeing where I was heading.

The elephant was not far behind, his trunk just about touching the rear of the jeep, he lifted his trunk and slammed it down.

The impact was jarring and I lost grip of the wheel and the jeep hit the bushes and tilted up at an angle of a hundred and twenty degrees. I jumped out and started running through the bushes.

The next morning the jeep was found all broken up.

Welcome to TARA JULIE tea estate, so this was the life of a planter, I thought.

***Yudhishtir Singh***  
***Class ix***

## ***Those Wacky Woodseaters***

### ***My Grandmother***

My grandmother is an old lady. Her name is Sudhira Banerjee. She wears spectacles. She wears ornaments. She buys sweets for me. She goes to the market to buy vegetables. I call her *dadi*.

She lives in Ranchi and tells me stories. She is eighty five years of age. She is very good at knitting and knits gorgeous sweaters for me. She has two cuddly kittens in her house. She is very honest. I like my grandmother very much.

**Ayan Mukherjee**  
**Class II**

### ***My Dream***

Last night I had a good dream. I was flying in space and was on my way to Jupiter. I had

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nothing with me. When I neared Jupiter, I saw that it was made of white chocolates. After reaching Jupiter, I ate some of the chocolate as I was very hungry.

I even saw life on it. Even the trees were made of chocolate. The leaves were of green chewing gum. There were castles of chips and toffees. Little men were made of cheese balls. The lakes had cold drinks in them. Everything was very small. I was like a giant. I ate and drank a lot. Suddenly I slipped and started falling. I was about to shout as I was going to crash on earth. But before I could do so what do you think happened? My dream broke and I woke up

**Varun Agarwal**  
**Class III**

# *Nature's Diary*

## *Conservation of Wild Life in India*

India, is a country with extreme bio-diversity, with natural regions ranging from the Himalayas to the Andaman rain forests. People here have been living with cultures which make them worship nature, respect nature, and along with that live in complete harmony with the all the wild life present in these forests.

But today, we no longer are proud of calling India as being immensely wealthy in its nature, its flora and fauna. This century has seen us destroy the forests at an unthinkable rate and therefore has caused the extinction of many species of animals. Some unbelievable facts confirm the drastic decline in the number of species we have in our country.

At the turn of the century, India had over 40,000 tigers. Sadly now, the number is just over 1500. Also the last cheetah in the country was seen in 1953. Think about it, wild hogs in Assam are numbering only 30. The Thamin in Manipur is in a critical situation too. The list never ends. But, fortunately, these numbers are only possible because of the steps taken by the various conservationists who have also given their lives for the conservation of these animals.

One of the biggest conservation steps taken in India was the formation of Project Tiger, a successful measure now, which was introduced in 1973. This also led forward to the formation of sixteen tiger reserves where conservation of tiger is being done towards the increase of India's animal population. Now, India has a population of about 1800 tigers when in 1973 there were just about 1100 tigers left.

The Wildlife Protection act of 1972 also was an additional help in the conservation of endangered animals. This act forbids any hunting of endangered animals, sadly but the act is enforced by the govt. at the National parks, where bribery of high level officials has resulted in many incidents of poaching.

Another NGO, The International World Wide Fund for Nature also works actively with the govt. for the protection of the red book listed animals. It works along with the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN), an international project linked with the U.N.

Despite all these measures and also various other NGOs who work for the betterment of India's wild life, we cannot still be proud that India has regained its status as a very rich bio-diverse nation. But there are reasons behind the destruction of nature. As is happening in other parts of the world, increase in population demands more land for urbanisation and so on. This leads to nothing but destruction of forests. Industries have also deforested our green wealth. One example is the bareness of the Mussoorie hills, all caused by the blasting of the lime stone ores by our neighbours, the lime kiln owners.

At the same time, it is a thought to think about. Why aren't more people pressurising the govt. for the conservation of our immense natural wealth. Despite the steps taken by WWF, and others to get back India's lost wealth we need to do more. One reason could be the illiteracy of the people, other could be the disinterest of the masses. Nature conservation is a step which can't be completed by a few people and organisations, but it can only be successful when everyone realises that one has to live in perfect balance with nature.

Here, I would like to relate the story of the Bishnoi clan of Rajasthan, who have spent their life conserving the most endangered animals, the Black Buck. This village near Jodhpur boasts of about 50 Black Bucks along with several others in the adjoining forests and with another endangered animal, the Chinkara or the Indian Gazelle.

One incident, which refers to the method of nature conservation by the Bishnoi's, occurred in late 1992. The incident relates as follows. A group of poachers had shot two black bucks, and on hearing the gun shot, the chief of the village hurried to the incident spot, where he saw them taking away these bucks. The head ran after them, attracting the attention of fellow villagers, but was shot and he finally succumbed to the bullets.

This incident really shook me when I read it, and I feel proud that at least one community still exists which devotes itself to the conservation of endangered animals. But it also made me realise there are selfish people who for personal good kill

these animals.

So, there still remains a point we have to realise. Nature cannot be conserved by a few people, everyone has to give ones hand to help, because it is on nature that we depend for a clean, healthy life.

As we stress upon the importance of

conservation of wildlife, two of our cine stars, namely Salman Khan and Saif Ali kill two Black Bucks. Being the sort of influential people they are, I feel they should be setting an example rather than misguiding the people who look up to them.

-Amish Mulmi

### *Random Thoughts*

My father always told me that a healthy mind must always have a strong body, which acts like its vehicle as man gets on with his life. A man with a good intellect coupled with a strong body can get on in life with an extra edge over the others. Presently everyone is on the look out for that extra edge which gives one the added advantage to beat competition. Competition is rife in all spheres of activity. It is incumbent for all participants to contest, compete, endeavour and attempt to win. A healthy body enables and assists the mind to win. It is a healthy situation when a fine balance is achieved. It is also a satisfying feeling to win. It is however, a far far satisfying feeling when one wins against odds.

Here, at Welham, we have the opportunity to develop our mind and our body. For this to be effectively achieved we have to use our time productively. It must be a directed effort. Planning and education of the body and the mind is necessary. We have the Learning Resources Centre which has probably the best books on almost all subjects. These can enhance and broaden our horizons. The Internet, a number of games to choose from and more so a sense of freedom which makes us very independent in what we decide to do. It is all there, provided we realise how fortunate we are and don't take things for granted. With the right approach our senses will develop and mature faster than can be visualised.

In today's world it is not only Physics, Chemistry or Accounts that will help us face the world. It is only people with **robust commonsense** that will get on in life. We should always have our feet firmly stuck on the ground. We should try to lead a life which is different from the common place. After all it is only one life. In a country like ours, I believe it is very unfair to think about ourselves all the time when we are in a position to

shape our lives to in such a way as to improve things around us. Instead of sitting and doing nothing about the chaos in our country, we should look into ourselves and see what we can do in our own little way to save our nation from going to the dogs. A life of purpose would have more meaning than a life of no direction. Should the dedication of life be altruistic, perhaps it would be more satisfying.

I believe the essence of life is in making a difference in what we do. We must try to bring out the extra-ordinary in us. What is the point in living a life when we can do nothing meaningful. We have examples of Florence Nightingale, Mahatma Gandhi and Mother Teresa. It is a disheartening thought to live a life like many. It would be a common misuse of an opportunity. To be one of the teeming millions, eating and excreting is a terrible waste. To be common place and mediocre and not to excel would be indicative of inertia and inaction.

To overcome this malady I consider that a healthy body and a healthy mind are two prerequisites. As my father said, "Play games and study." Welham offers so many opportunities. It's playfields, it's Activity Centre, the Learning Resources Centre, the audio visual room, the Internet, the website. The CCA's, the SUPW's, the carpentry, music, art. The tennis, the table-tennis, squash, swimming, soccer, hockey, basketball, cricket, badminton, the gymnasium. The opportunities to debate, enact in plays, writing short stories/articles are all there to be availed.

There is no dearth of potential in each student. There is direction and guidance. It is the determination and will that needs to be aroused. I feel certain that should this be forthcoming life would be better, wholesome, successful and satisfying.

-Arjun Trivedi

## What's In

*'Amrut' Length*  
*Red Tapes*  
*Salmaan in Jodhpur*  
*Athletics*  
*Fat athletes*  
*Welham Rifles (MK,VG,JG,RL)*

## What's Out

*Wavelength*  
*King Streets*  
*Salmaan in Mumbai*  
*Soccer*  
*Fit athletes*  
*Gorkha Rifles*

## Dude(s) of the Fortnight

*Virtually written off by most of the boys as 'losers' after their dismal performances last term, the Basketball team bounced right back to take their place at the top, where every Welhamite held their basketball teams in awe and pride. They have regained the lost pride of Welham, which at one stage looked almost unredeemable. They have set before us a perfect example of what hard work, perseverence, sincerity and selfconfidence can do to achieve success.*

*When the 'dudes' left for Mayo, they did not carry the expectations of a winning team nor did they make a blatant display of all the 'funky' moves they had learnt at practice which would leave their opponents absolutely dumbfounded, rather they left like any other team willing to give in their best.*

*Ironically, they always trailed their opponents in the initial stages of the game, specially in the semi-finals, when they trailed their muchfancied opponents by twenty points! The celebrations in the MNSS Rai camp had already begun when the Welhamites struck and came right back into the match to beat them by twenty points. I guess their whole success story was of coming back when they were down in the slumps of morale and physical low. They took their criticism with a pinch of salt, not once trying to retaliate or justify their defeats.*

*As the saying goes 'All is well that ends well', we firmly believe that Basky is here to stay for a long-long time. What dya say 'dudes'? To the Captain and his team mates- Well done!*

## Through the Keyhole

*Sidharth Dugar commenting on Zia's game in tennis: It is very easy to beat Zia if one does not make too many unforeseen errors!*

*Found written on Neeraj Parrek's note book:  
Neeraj Pareek.  
Krishna house.  
Near Welham Girls' High School.*

Ahmad, "Manav when you go out please get me some grub"  
Manav, "What kind of stuff, *grub or eating*

*grub?"*

*A welhamite to Rahul Gupta (new boy),  
"So, how did you find Welham Girls?!"  
Rahul, "I haven't found it as yet."*

*"Life begins after house-mastership!"  
A house-master after leaving his many responsibilities.*

Mr. Bhushan to a group of boys in class XII science:  
*"Are you in XII A?"*

## Seperated at birth

Gangesh Kumar

Ranvir of 'Channel [V] House Arrest'

# RINGSIDE VIEW

The basketball team has eventually managed to put an end to its losing streak by being the runners up at the IPSC Basketball Tournament held at Mayo College, Ajmer. After last term's dispirited performance, basketball at Welham was facing an all time low. The school had lost faith in their team but this awesome performance at the IPSC ought to change things. This performance by the basketball team has come as a pleasant surprise to everyone at Welham.

The first match was played against Modern School, Delhi, whom we beat comfortably. Then we went on to beat the other teams of our pool. In the quarter finals we faced Birla Public School, Ranikhet. They too proved to be no match for us. The semi-final match against MNSS Rai was probably the best match of the tournament. In the early stages of the game, we were down 2-23. But just before the half time our shooters went on a wild shooting spree and reduced the lead to just one point. The score read 22-23 in favour of our opponents. Our team continued to play well and eventually beat MNSS Rai by twenty points.

In the finals we faced DPS Mathura road, who had beaten us in the last year's IPSC final. This year also they humbled us. The final score read 45-72 in favour of DPS. Just when everyone had started thinking that the end of basketball at Welham had come, the team once again proved us all wrong

with its spirited performance. On returning from Ajmer, our team played a match against SRCC team which was in town recently to promote the game. The match concluded with the Welhamites emerging triumphant with a one point margin. The final score read 100-99 in our favour.

The squash team that represented our school at the Junior and Sub-junior National Squash championships held at the New Delhi Gymkhana club is also back. Their performance was commendable considering the fact that they had no match practice. In the under 19 section, Abhinav Kothiwala managed to reach the third round where

he lost to India number 1, Abhijeet Kukreja from Mumbai. He beat Abhinav in straight games, 6-9, 3-9 and 6-9. Avneet Brar and Charanjeet Mann also lost in the second round. Karan Manchanda lost his first round match in the under 14 section.

The school was represented by Akhil Bhanot and Abhijit Agarwal at the State Table-Tennis championship held at

Kanpur. Akhil lost in the first round while Abhijit

managed to reach the second round with the help of a walk over.

The athletics season has picked up momentum. Practices are on for the Annual Sports Day.

-Ahmad



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