



# The Elephant

No. 220

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

17th November, 1998

**Think About It**

*Work is more fun than fun -Noel Coward*

## EDITORIAL

The coming of a new person as chief editor, is perhaps, in many ways, just what the school community can't stand - change. They're just getting comfortable to the style of one, when he's obliged to vacate his chair, and another one is selected to please the discerning readers. Very much like the Roman Circus. In many ways, it's just what the community needs - change. New ideas, new thoughts, but before I epitomise myself as the saviour, and continue with my narcissism, the community as a whole has to appreciate the fine efforts of my predecessors.

Founder's Day, as usual brought with it hordes of enthusiastic parents, literally falling over each other (or did you miss the parents' races on the Sports Day?!), a wonderfully articulate chief guest, excitement, and of course the inevitable wayside pedlars. The junior school certainly did a good job with both their plays with Pinocchio suspiciously resembling an oversize bumblebee!

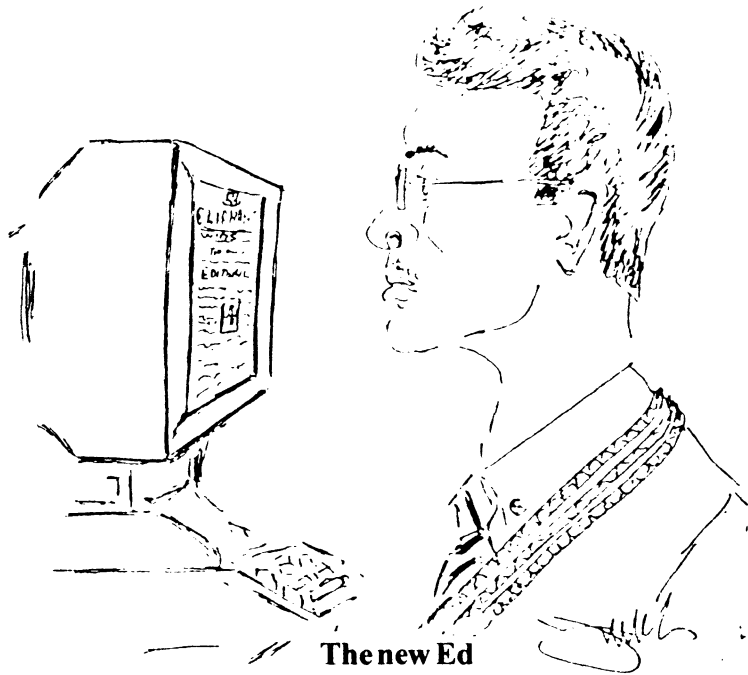
November is perhaps one of the more agonizing months school has to offer, steeped in a torturous brew of exam preparations, early morning blues and cold winter chills. Some, however, have

discovered a way to shake off the November doldrums; every Sunday, they queue up at what the Head once very perfectly phrased as - "That Mecca of Entertainment" - The cinema halls. Without question, Mr David Dhawan is laughing all the way to the bank, and all because he insists on all his movies having at least one ridiculously dressed character.

character.

With the end-term examinations looming ahead ominously, their fear and realisation too, is creeping up, just as slowly and surely as the aquarium in the LRC kills any fish that dares to thrive within its glass walls.

Cricket fever is back (what else is new?) and with the bygone days of *Krishi Darshan*



The new Ed

and the introduction of cable TV the frenzied mob of wide-eyed, drooling, bloodthirsty, ranting fanatics swamp the common rooms. An! this is the very same bunch of fellows who fidget nervously, squirm in their seats and undergo a series of scandalizing revelations in Mrs Devdutt counselling sessions.

Reluctantly, for the time being, I must put an end to this new found passion. Yes, I think I'm going to like this.

-Karan (1)

# Welham Now

- 1) The group of Class XI went to Doon School to watch the play 'Waiting for Godot'.
- 2) The Albert Barrow Memorial Creative Writing Competition was held on 6th November in which eleven boys from Classes IX to XII participated.
- 3) The I.C.S.E. General Knowledge Quiz for classes 7 to 11 was held on 7th November.
- 4) The new Oliphant and Sankalp boards have been appointed.
- 5) The Entrance Exam for classes II to IV was held on Sunday the 8th November.
- 6) The Inter-House Squash Tournament commenced on Monday, 9th November and was won by **Krishna**.
- 7) Athletic colours were awarded to **Manav Goel** and **Kartikeya Narain**.
- 8) A group of boys from the school went for the Athletic Districts.
- 9) Four boys went for the trials of the State Basketball Championship. The following had been selected- Suman Saurabh, Saswat Prasad, Sachin Gupta and Akshat Agrawal.
- 10) On the 9th of November the Volleyball team won the councils at (SJA); we played the finals against Bala Hissar.
- 11) The School tuckshop has been renovated, and was inaugurated on Founder's Day. Currently, it opens every Saturday and Wednesday.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Ed,

First of all congratulation to the Welham community for its 61st year of existence: the Founder's day was once again a reminder of that 'past spent on the gravel of Welham under the tall Silver Oak trees'. Outside the walls of Welham another part of the community is making its presence felt and is increasing in number every year and a man steps out of the school as an ex-student every year. To put it straight: We Ex-Welhamites are not getting our share of the latest Expressions originating on the soil of 'Motherland' that has

made many of us what we are today. So please make an effort to find out the cause and send me a copy atleast!

Saurabh Narang  
(K/499)

*Thank you for your letter, which we were delighted to receive. We will again make every effort to ensure that you and your colleagues will regularly receive a copy of the Oliphant.*

*-Ed*

## W.O.B.N.

1) Ritesh Pandey, who left school early this term (Ex 789-K) is now doing his 'A' levels at Appleby College, Canada.

2) *The following is an excerpt from a letter from Amol Balani (Ex 615-J).*

"This is to inform you that I have competed in the All India Pre-Medical Test [AI-PMT] this

(2)

year, and I have taken admission in Nalanda Medical College, Patna in the MBBS course.

I had studied in Welham from 1986 to 1995 and passed out of Class X in 1995.

I am really thankful for what I have gained from Welham which has really helped me getting through."

# Literary Affairs

## *Can an Assassin Sustain Sustenance*

The Deaf have heard explosive blasts of  
Sound barriers broken, a scientific wonder!  
Silence's sent sound, Scarecrows tremor, shudder  
Sparks flame: Watchtower's filament enlightens  
Warriors, foes, somber swarms, explosion  
ammunition,  
Blindness also enacts in moments of scintillation.  
A dirtstorm on immaculate face, smoky eye  
An aghast aghastly sight doesn't lie  
Refuses not to see, It should never've seen  
Even in secure twilight's somnambulism  
Then a living corpse abandons life, no reason  
hunger, numb suffering, death at last.

Freezing, fuming tormented lava, 'Mustard streams'  
Arsenic hill, all entirely planted to kill  
Man mens' enemy, gunner's thirsty vengeance  
Incarnates of death, demon's deathly will;  
A race for sustenance of Lunatic's Race  
Span still last horizon in Killer fields  
Assassin's arm grown at starving's cost  
That egoist psychopath's best he's strongest,

Faded memories of last Holocaust.... forgotten  
Humanity a Guinea pig, made to test  
Men: million dust particles massacred: no mercy  
Beast desperately awaits another Spring's harvest.

Spectres glide in decaying winds, bloody rain  
Corpses lie on gravel graveless, worms in wounds.  
pain  
Doomsday was far, destruction's made it closer  
Exhausted iris lens, fails to take further  
Incarnadine flesh blown thrown, dead dying,  
Every newborn's end is 'Mushroom cloud'  
Life has started despair.  
He pleads the men in uniform green

"You can kill  
Crimson stain sun  
Sir, Could you lend me a  
Shelter under that butt of your gun."

-Saurabh Narang  
(Ex-499/k)

## *The Bell*

The sun was setting beyond the hills painting a fiery  
orangish hue. The trees swayed with the hot wind  
casting monstrous shadows in the little region of the  
light.

The river churned slowly, it looked calm  
enough but this had deceived many men who now  
lay buried in the rocky sandy bottom of this great  
river. The smell of grass was exciting and kept Tom  
awake. Hyenas, foxes, wolves coming from the  
elephant grass made the scene look like a set from  
a horror movie and what added to it was a full  
moon.

He had run away from himself, home, his  
friends and the life he had loved but what was  
surprising was that he felt at peace with himself and  
happy to be free from the binds of society, educa-  
tion, freedom, happiness, serenity peace in the  
wilderness. He thought about the future and imag-  
ined discovering oil and gold or diamonds in this  
vast desolate, barbaric land. He would be his own

master and he revelled in glory at this thought.

Cold came up suddenly, broke his thoughts  
like a stone shattering glass. He sat with a lot of  
effort, the past few days had taken up all his  
strength. He was as hungry as a wolf. The cold bit  
through his thin cotton clothes, he sank deeper into  
the elephant grass thinking he had won the fight  
after fleeing the cruelty of his family. He remem-  
bered the lovely times at WELHAM BOYS'  
SCHOOL, the beautiful campus, the lovely times  
at Welham, the lovely weather. The memories of  
Dehra Dun were the only good ones he had. He fell  
asleep thinking what had got him to Africa?

Unknown to Tom the great lion crept closer  
to him, stealthily. His blood hot and excited at the  
smell of human prey. His cold yellow eyes looked  
at the young, muscled human and his joy knew no  
bounds. He roared thunderously, a bloodcurdling  
roar and stiffened his muscles, ready for attack.....

Tom woke up thinking it was thunder that

had woken him up, but he was startled to see no clouds in the sky. The old owl hooted and he shivered, suddenly scared. Then he heard the sound again; it froze the blood, numbed his brain and stopped his breath. His eyes were wide open protesting their fear. Then he heard a sound of crunching grass behind him and closed his eyes expecting to be torn into pieces. Sharp claws and teeth but nothing happened, he looked back. What he saw made him stagger forward.

The lion was surprised to find a rhino so close to him and he lifted his chest as high as he could, the hair of his mane erect and his dark yellow eyes angry, he warned the rhino to go away and the rhino backed off casually.

The lion turned around just in time to see

the boy disappear around the bend and he ran forward. Tom was panting as he reached the river bank and the lion kept growling just a foot or so behind him. He dived into the river and started swimming, the lion stayed on the shore, roaring with despair.

Tom was swept in the river, gasping for breath. Water swept into his nose, ears and his mouth. He struggled and choked but then something burst and he floated gently down to join the people on the river bed, the last thing he heard was the dining hall bell of Welham ringing loudly in his head.....

*Yudhishter Singh*  
*Class IX*

## Tete-a-Tete

**The Oliphant Board got an opportunity to interview Mrs Pervin Varma, Director, Child Relief and You, who was in school as the Chief Guest, for the Founder's Day celebrations. The following are excerpts from the same.**

**Q: How did you get to be associated with CRY?**

**A:** I worked first in an advertising agency for three years in communications, and felt I needed a change. Then, in 1990, CRY came along, and it made me realise the problems faced by India's reality and poverty. It was only then, that I understood the real extent of child exploitation. Cry certainly changed my life, and I first entered CRY, doing what I was best at - working with communication skills. I had no idea then, that I'd actually rise to where I am now. Sometimes I feel a little in awe of myself. I've been with CRY for 8 years now, and truly believe in the principles and directives, which are part of CRY.

**Q: How would you define CRY?**

**A:** To me, the definition of CRY, is embodied in the name. I would like to think of ourselves, as the link between the people, and the deprived child. What we really are, is the "and" in Child Relief and You. We try to bring together the two major parts of CRY - Child Relief, and You, as the general public. Restoring basic rights of children is our primary aim. These rights could broadly be grouped as: 1) Right to Survival 2) Right to development 3) Right

to Protection 4) Right to participation

**Q: Do you feel that the Government of India is paying enough attention to the problem of deprived and exploited children?**

**A:** We have worked with the Indian Government in several circumstances, and although the government is allocating resources towards the development of exploited children, it's not enough, and that's why CRY exists. The government must look carefully at where they're putting their money, and then follow up on the utilisation of those resources. There're mainly two possibilities that exist, to the legal side of this - The government hasn't made enough laws, or hasn't made laws at all. In case the laws do exist, they are often not implemented. On paper, the system is excellent, but there are several major drawbacks. As an example, although education is a directive Principle of State Policy, it hasn't been implemented as a fundamental right, which is very important. Even impoverished countries in South Africa, have recognised that the right to education is a fundamental right. It may seem unreal, but one out of every three children in India, is a deprived child. So you see, the situation is very real.

**Q: What kind of help does the Government give you?**

**A:** The government has recognised our efforts, and has admitted to the problem of exploited children in India, which is a good sign, because it indicates their willingness to find solutions. The government is also beginning to open up to other organisations, and does give us certain exemptions.

**Q: Do you receive any kind of help from other International Organisations?**

**A:** UNICEF has been a great supporter of CRY, apart from several other private organisations as well. The kind of help we get, is mainly in the form of technical support, access to information, and financial help. The Ford Foundation, in The United States, for example, funded our salaries for three years, which helped a great deal.

**Q: How have students helped CRY?**

**A:** Young people, on the whole have helped CRY in a big way. Perhaps the most important of all, is that they help spread the awareness of child exploitation, and that children all over India need real help. Students have also been involved directly with CRY projects, and have organised picnics, and other fund raising events. You could also help create answers wherever you are. In Bombay, a single boy convinced his entire building to give up

the money they would've otherwise spent on Diwali fireworks, to CRY, which was a great start. Students have also made materials like posters etc, to generate awareness.

**Q: In what way do you think We, the school could help CRY?**

Most important, is to work with other organisations within Dehra Dun, and since I hear you've already teamed up with Cheshire Home, and Raphael, that is certainly a big way to help. Raising awareness on this issue of exploited children, is another way that young people can help, since most people do tend to listen to the voice of the younger generation. You could also raise resources within the school, with the help of various societies. In fact, CRY in it's earliest stages, began in an all boys school, very much like yours. The most important thing, is to really want to do whatever you're doing, and to believe in your work.

**Q: What would be your message for the students?**

**A:** What most people don't realise perhaps, is that you don't have to be qualified, or to have certain requisites to make a difference. All you need is, the drive to want to do it. Being an expert helps, but it's not the ultimate requirement, what you need is the heart to do it.

## Nature's Diary

### *A Walk in the Clouds*

The sunrays penetrated through the thick canopy of the dense forest illuminating the path at places like jewels. The rumbling of the cascading waterfalls and the sing-song chirping of the birds were the sweet sounds filling the pleasant air. The dense forest soon opened into the green meadows of Har-Ki-Dun. The river flowing by the side and the snow capped mountains surrounding the valley, set out a breathtaking view. Excitement filled the air, as we jumped around in joy. We had reached our destination.

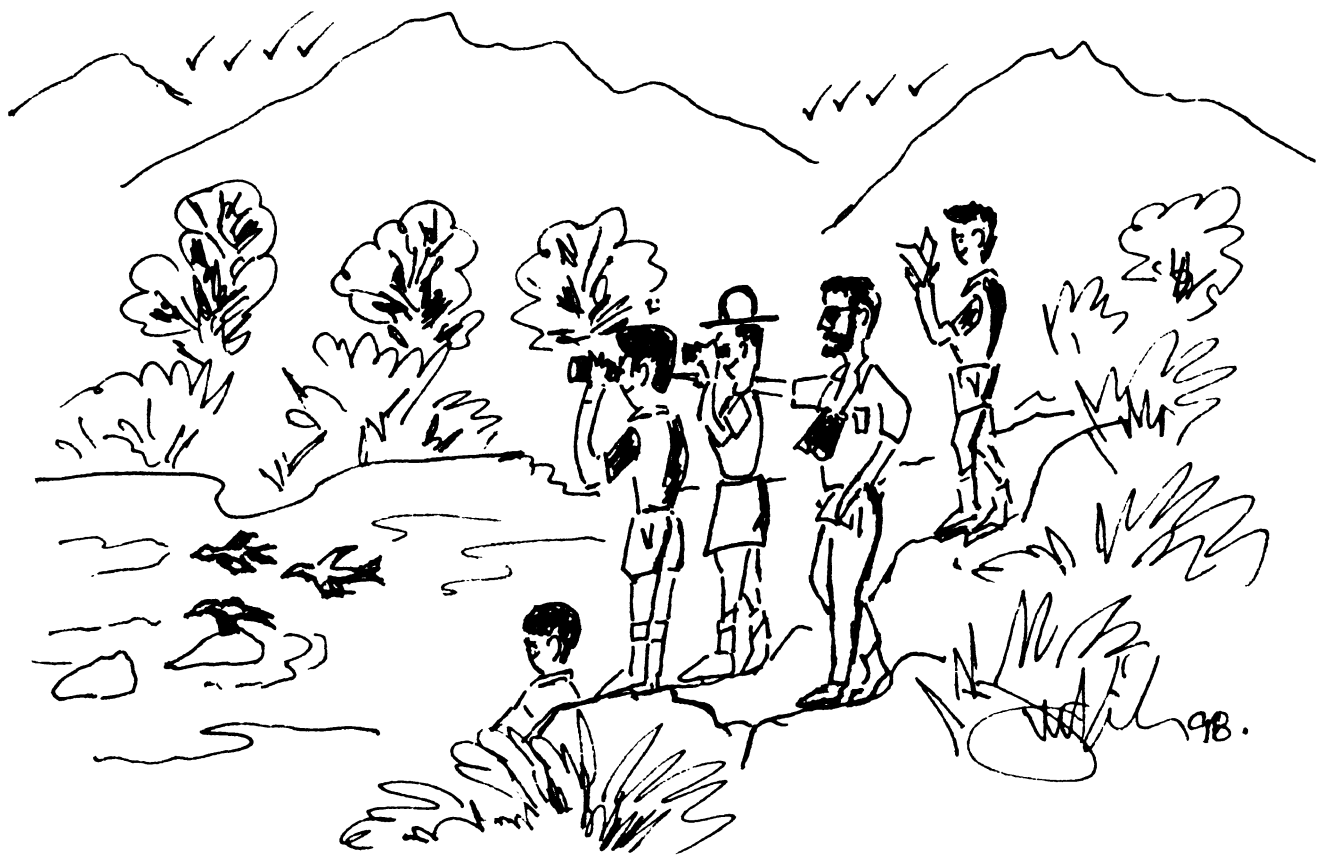
We left Naugaon, a small village in the Garwhal region. We were 30 boys travelling in 5 jeeps. 30 boys who were all struck by the dream to achieve success. The journey was long and

boring, and we reached at twilight. Naugaon offered no accommodation and the night was spent in sleeping bags. We promptly fell asleep in a matter of minutes. We had a long task before us, and a long sleep was necessary.

The first radiance of dawn awoke us. The village was already alive as we prepared for breakfast. Jeeps were soon loaded and we started for Sankri - the place from where we were to start the long and strenuous trek. We had lunch and set off. The porter carried our rations as it was next to impossible for us to carry it ourselves. The first base camp was Taluka. It was a good 12 kilometre trek. The trek was too good for words, with waterfalls and pools of water at every bend, the

river Tons flowing by the side and the fresh air filling our lungs, we were far from being tired. The trek was more or less uphill with a few declines. The vegetation was lush green trees, and the beautiful rhododendron, which covered the mountain in patches of red. These red flowers are used for making an exquisite sweet. On the way we met the local people of the region. The trek was not very long and we reached Taluka in a matter of four hours. The rest house was empty, and we soon occupied it, filling every corner with our mats and sleeping bags. In order to keep the cold out, we lit a bonfire. For dinner we bought a couple of

off. The stretch from Taluka to Osla was dense forest. The way was muddy, and there were many places where we slipped. Another interesting fact was that the forest was snake infested. We didn't have an encounter with a snake, but we did see a dead snake, probably a venomous one, which was at least 5 feet long. The fear of snakes was at its highest. We reached Osla in 6 hours, and crept into our sleeping bags. The next day was the toughest part and we needed lots of rest. Many boys went to sleep without having supper. In the night, the peak of Swargarohini, and the Jaundar Glacier were shining in the moonlight and provided a



potatoes and made jack potatoes which provided a wonderful meal. Although they are simply cooked, they are very tasty. After supper, we retired to bed, with our stomachs full, and tired bodies. We had a very peaceful night.

The next morning we started for our next base camp - Osla. Osla was around 20 kilometres from Taluka. After breakfast we left. This part of the trek was comparatively tougher than the previous days trek. With our rucksacks on our backs we set

gorgeous view.

The next day before sunrise, we got up and hurriedly ate breakfast. As the first rays of light illuminated the world, we began our trek. This was a very steep trek and probably one of the steepest in Asia and the world at large. There were many landslides and shaky wooden bridges on the way. It was tough but the fact that we did not have our rucksacks was very helpful. Finally we entered the green meadows of Har-Ki-Dun. We were very

excited and exhausted. Our cameras clicked incessantly at the picturesque view. We had lunch at Har-Ki-Dun, and left before noon. The journey back was mostly downhill. On reaching Osla, we warmed ourselves with cups of coffee. That night, we went to bed with sore muscles, owing to the long trek.

The next few days passed journeying back. On the 4th of October, all camps ended. The trek

has made an everlasting impact on us, and it was so very wonderful and exciting. The fond memories of the trek and the company of my peers will linger on in my mind, when I go down memory lane.

-Farhan Zaidi & Alok Kapur  
Class X

## What's In

Cricket  
Exams  
Slogging in P.H.  
Teachers not changing clothes for classes  
Joshi  
Loran Shoots & O' Hara's  
Gagandeep

## What's Out

Athletics  
Founder's  
Table Tennis in P.H.  
Boys not changing clothes for classes  
Sachin  
Levi's  
Siddharth Dugar

## Dude of the Fortnight

This one goes to our very own literary giant. For an entire year, he worked off his backside (HA HA!) doing the two things he's best at - writing, and entertaining people. For an entire year, he made you want to laugh, and throw up, and think all at the same time. For an entire year, he kept up the standard of the magazine, and wrote some of the most quality editorials the Oliphant has ever had. For an entire year, he also laughed cruelly, at the

other members of the Oliphant Board, when he saw how much work they had. The very creme de la creme of literary circles here in school, Sidharth Singh, deserves credit for being one of the finest editors we've had. He once said to me "Oxford is passe. I'm going to Cambridge." With that head on his shoulders, he certainly will.

And for the manner in which he handled his colleagues to contribute their best for the magazine.

## Separated at Birth

Saswat  
Paritosh  
Anupam Biswas

Mica (pop singer)  
Mowgli  
Balwant (hospital bearer)

## Through the Keyhole

**Gyurmee:** Gagan what does *DDSA* stand for?  
**Gagandeep:** So easy Yaar, it is the long form of Dehradun District Sports Association.

**Gagandeep telling the guys:** You know my brother had gone to the States and brought back

four white shirts - one each for my father, manavjeet, himself and me.

**Guys:** Why didn't he buy any other coloured shirts?!

**Gagandeep:** So Yaar! White is not a bad color for white shirts.

# RINGSIDE VIEW

Founder's day is over as is athletics but sporting activity here at WELHAM is still on at a brisk pace. Volleyball, basketball, tennis, athletics and more recently, cricket are all happening.

Athletics reached a new high this season with our team returning from the District Meet with a best ever performance of 2<sup>nd</sup> overall in Section-D and 3<sup>rd</sup> in the men's section. In Section-B, we won 2 bronze medals in shot-put and high jump. Section-C was the worst of the lot with our athletes returning without a single win. But, our senior section made up for the juniors with a total haul of 2 bronze, 1 silver and 2 gold. The 4 into 400m relay team comprising **Suman Saurabh, Parivesh Kumar, Amit Prashar** and **Kartikeya Narain** ran superbly bringing home the gold, beating the doscos on home territory after 3 years of **Amit Prashar, Ashish Kumar, Rahul Dawn** and **Kartikeya**, blazing the trail in Welham's name. His personal haul was of 4 medals in this section as he picked up the silver in the 500 m and gold in high jump. Welham should be proud of such a fine athlete. **Suman Saurabh** completed the tally with a bronze in the 400 m.

In the men's section, our team finished 3<sup>rd</sup> overall with a tally of 1 gold and 3 silvers with **Kartikeya** once again showing the way with a gold in the high jump. The other medallists were **Yashab** (silver 110 m hurdles), **Manav** (silver triple jump) and the 4 into 400 m relay team which also picked up the silver.

The eventful district meet was preceded by our Sport's Day in the senior section 100 m final. **Rahul Dawn** emerged, as the fastest runner in school, running away with the gold. He was followed by two other Jamunaites. **Ashish Kumar** and **Saswat Prasad, Ashish** coming in second by the skin of his teeth. **Prayas Rana** was the fastest

in the juniors section. Both the relays were won by Jamuna in Section-D and Cauvery in Section-C. The senior section of the athletics cup was successfully defended by Jamuna. Junior section trophy went to Cauvery and Krishna took home the marching cup for the second year on the trot. We would like to thank all the parents who were very sporting and took part enthusiastically in all the races, especially the Calcutta parents. The parents did fairly exert themselves and got them and the spectators to action by fascinating them by age old power. We really appreciate their effort.

Volleyball, a comparatively low profile sport in school, is going "From Strength to Strength". The team won the recently concluded council tournament beating Bala Hissar Academy 15-8, 15-12, 13-15, 15-1 in the finals. Lets hope they keep up with the good work under the captaincy of **Ashish Kumar**. The basketball team is currently playing the councils at the Raja Ram Mohan Roy Academy. Fresh from their I.P.S.C. quest, lets hope they do as well here.

Now how about field events? The Coca Cola Cup is a current issue on every man's lip. Zimbabwe has turned out to be the surprised package of the tourney beating Sri Lanka twice and India once enroute to the finals. India meanwhile pulled off a couple of nail-biting wins against Lanka bowling them out for a total of 98 in the second encounter. Perhaps excited by India's brilliant performance, the school cricket team has begun practicing under the guidance of Mr. Ghosh. The team has had a good start beating the old boys' in a match played during founder's. I believe our team is doing fairly well and in the near future we shall continue to improve on existing standards. Well, good luck.

-Siddhanth

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## EDITORIAL BOARD

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