



The Elephant

No. 222

WELHAMBOYS'SCHOOL

12th December, 1998

Think About It

My best friend is the one who brings out the best in me. -Henry Ford

EDITORIAL

"A prefect...", so begins the most coveted prayer in Welham. It is an oath of fidelity and honour to the school, which binds the speaker, as well as those who stand beside him. It is, of course the oath the prefects must take before they are appointed. Naturally any Welhamite would give his eyeteeth to be the proud reader of this prayer. What intrigues me though, is whether, the activity so lovingly called 'scoping', actually pays off? The latest conversation all seems to revolve around, "He the one who never talks, or him with the fancy walk". The school suddenly seems to have jumped to attention on the appointment of this 'bad batch', lets hope it stays that way.

It is appropriate for me to record our thanks to the outgoing school captain and his body of prefects for the good work they did during their tenure. Their kindness, consideration and leadership was invaluable. Here's wishing the new prefect body to further improve standards.

The exams of course were another matter, but as one master of intelligence, was reportedly overheard saying, "Exams? What exams?" It is this very attitude which we have to change. Now that the exams are finally out of the way, even the slowest Welhamite realises their true importance...VACATIONS! The Welhamite

anthem at the moment seems to be, "No more pencil, No more books. No more teachers' dirty looks."

The newly founded disciplinary committee, is all set to punish anybody who dares look at it in a funny manner. The members themselves, were of course chosen with great enthusiasm, so much so, that it resembles the Indian Parliament to a great degree. Here's wishing them good luck.



With the vacations commencing in a few days, the holiday fervour is at its zenith, in fact a certain section of the community believes they are already at home, and have discarded the school uniform in favour of more err ah..umm..fascinating garb. The common rooms too, are flooded with hordes of tadpoles in uniform, who do nothing but watch yet another rerun of Xena, the Warrior Princess. Hmmm..I wonder why all the sudden interest in Xena.

Here's wishing you a very good holiday, and looking forward to the usual fancy haircuts, and attitudes, next term. As for myself, I will retire to the comfort of the Krishna House common room, and resign myself to the corrupting influence of cable television.

Welham Now

1) The new prefect body was appointed on the 2nd December. The following have been appointed-

Kumar Abhijeet (School Captain)
Sachin Gupta (Sports Captain)
Hamza Anis Ahmad
Shradhey Rawat
Hemant Tiwari
Suman Saurabh
Karan Gulaya
Maneesh Shrestha

2) The Astronomical Society has set up a telescope on the LRC roof, to enable viewers to see Mars on clear night skies.

3) The examinations started on 5th December.

4) The junior school had their B-house Entertainment programme on 29th November.

5) Staff played a cricket match against the Marshall School staff. The match was won by us.

11) Mr. Joy Arora had a son on 5th December, our heartiest congratulations to him and we hope his son grows up to be an ex-welhamite, someday.

6) The school committee meeting took place on 28th November.

7) Abhisar Garga suggested that Rollerskating should be introduced in the school. The Nehru field should be transformed into a skating ring.

The matter will be looked into.

8) Cord in front of the middle school should be improved. The chairman said that the matter would be looked into.

9) Bisharad Shah said that Krishna house cattle traps should be replaced as the cows have started destroying the cattle traps.

The chairman said that the matter would be looked into. The gates will probably be shut instead of replacement.

10) Anirudh Gupta suggested that there should be a generator in Krishna house.

The chairman said that the matter will be looked into.

School Captain's speech

I can still remember the day, when I had stepped into this school about 11 years ago. Thrown into this unknown world and now I am standing in front of all of you as a school captain.

It has required lot of hard work, commitment and dedication, I have been observing for about 3 years now that the school's discipline has slightly slackened in some directions and as we comprise the prefect body our plan of action will be tightening up things and improve discipline to a standard which would be exemplary. This would mean taking games and P.T. more seriously, utilising the time productively and more effectively and encouraging each student to participate in school activities.

Our body will try to avoid physical punishment. We believe that if punishment is given

to the students there is something wrong with example set by the prefect body. We have to run the school by setting examples. I appeal to the whole school that whatever my body will be doing it will be for the betterment of the school and for every individual. Each and every student should develop in himself a sense of self responsibility, self respect and endeavour to raise the standard of the school.

Whenever a student moves out of the campus he should remember that he is acting as a mirror which reflects the school's image. He should try projecting himself to the world what a Welhamite is to himself, his colleagues, his teachers and to the public at large. There are many avoidable habits which the boys tend to pick up at this age and such mistakes should be avoided. If any student is

caught smoking, drinking, breaking bounds or carrying cash the student will be taken directly to the Principal and I will see to it that some serious action is taken against him - the action may even be expulsion. So I request the whole school not to indulge in such errors.

Students should maintain harmony amongst themselves by respecting each other's freedom. Any sort of bullying will not be tolerated by my prefectorial body. Teachers should not be sidelined and should be given due respect. It is they who make us capable of standing on our feet.

The standard of sports needs to be further improved. Sports greatly contributes to the success and name of a school, so each boy should choose at least one sport and try to excel in it. During games hours no one should be in the hostel.

As has been the tradition I would again request everybody including the teachers not to cross the main field. We all should also avoid throwing stones in the main field.

My body has decided to reserve Wednesday afternoon as a litter picking day.

The standard of language spoken generally in school must be a language spoken by a gentleman. We all should avoid using unacceptable language, specially the use of swear words.

Finally I request my classmates to wholly cooperate with us. Being the senior most class, school discipline and setting examples is expected from the prefects as much as from you all.

In order to live up to the motto of the school every individual has to work hard to take the school from **Strength to Strength**.

Literary Affairs

What I would like to do

My mother is a teacher and I also want to become one.

I have always helped my younger brother and sister with their home-work. I think I know how to teach. I can understand what the child is not understanding. In my previous school, I was considered to be bright, but here in Welham, I think I have a lot to learn. I want to help the weak children when I grow up. I hope to teach very well. I will avoid scolding and most of all screaming at children.

I will hate to punish and will never do so. I will encourage the children to do their work quietly and and carefully. I only want to teach in Welham Boys' School as things are very interesting and enjoyable here. In the evenings, I will teach the poor children and charge no money.

I know it's difficult to become a 'Good teacher' but I will try my best, to become one.

*Eana Bagga
Class V*

The Bully

I had heard he was a strange man, but now, as he approached me for the first time... he looked familiar as if I'd known him forever. All alone he came and sat on the table next to me. He wore a black hat, black shirt, black pant and no shoes. As he sat, drinking his ale he reminded me of a reptile... and then looked at me and smiled and I saw it... the quest for the three golden teeth had ended!

Way back in 1957 when I was studying in standard nine at Vancouver High a guy named Bud Valentine entered school. He stood six-foot-six, weighed a hundred kilos, played quarter-back

and smoked twenty cigarettes a day and had three golden teeth. In short he played it real cool. He was also, as such guys usually are - a real bully. And as fate would have it - I became his goat. Every day he would grab me by the collar and I would shout "Captain Jack" ten times before he let go of me.

While playing football he would hit me in all sorts of places and kick me in the stomach. When I was growing my hair - Elvis-style, he cut it down to less than a centimetre... and I kept taking it like a dog. He would eat my share in the canteen. Make me fetch water and coke.

Do everything to put me down and everyone cheered. No one confronted Bud Valentine. Then it came. What I'd been waiting all year—the dance. Nancy and I had fixed up months back. That night, I borrowed dad's Chevy, picked up Nancy and went to the Ball. To my horror, Mr. Bud met us at the entrance. There were about thirty couples seated at the steps. I looked at him and he looked from me to Nancy to the Chevy and back at me.

Hey, Hey, Hey, whadda we 'ave 'ere! Ol! man Fred 'n Nancy!

"Gimme the keys you dorkface!"

I resisted, but Bud threw me aside and took the keys. He picked up my girl and they drove off in my dad's Chevy.

I was broken. Completely. I left school and

Vancouver next week. That incident dogged me over the years. I spent my days and my nights looking for Bud Valentine and his three golden teeth. I knew I'd find him someday.

Today, I'm a cop. I stand six-foot-four, weigh a hundred and twenty kilos, I've been suspended thrice for beating up street fighters. Today, I want Bud's blood.

I looked at the man in black and smiled back. I was about to confront him when he put his hand into his pocket and took out a syringe.

At that instant I got up and left. Bud Valentine would die a bad death.

*Sidharth Singh
Class XII*

Trianero

Carlos Ramirez had been a legend in bull fighting and Alfonso too wanted to be one. He was standing near the wooden barrier and was frowning. He thought about the good days when he used to go fishing with Carlos his beloved father—the burly bull fighter and he thought about the good days in Triana and his mother, not to forget Alicia his childhood sweet heart to whom he had got engaged just a week back.

In the arena he saw *Armillita* the legendary Indian, play around with the bull literally twisting it around him like rubber and he felt a stab of envy for this was his first show in Mexico city and he hadn't the confidence *Armillita* was showing.

He thought about the first time he stepped into the '**Suit of lights**' the matador's skintight suit with gold embroidery and how with great valour he had killed his first bull. He also tried to remember the lessons taught to him by his father and he knew it was a sign of nervousness. He also remembered his first and only big injury he had received on his back almost a year back from a bull named '*Trianero*' and unconsciously his hand ran across the puckered scar on his back.

As he sat back and looked around he heard from his manager and was told that this bull too was a '*Trianero*' and he thought 'the other *Trianero* should have killed me for now I am going to this one without mercy'.

As it was now his turn to go in the arena he

got up and could feel the blood surging in his ears he confidently said to his colleagues "on this *Trianero* the boy from Triana will get his revenge"

As Alfonso stepped into the arena the crowd applauded and got up to cheer for the champion and as the bull was released he could see it was easily more than half a ton and its horns meant death.

The grunting bull snorted and kicked dust all the time looking him in the eye. Its nostrils quivering and its blood-shot eyeballing. All of a sudden Alfonso pulled off his cape and the war between man and beast began. The bull charged and though Alfonso deftly stepped out of its way it was too close for comfort. On the fight went and on the bull charged—once it even twisted its head tearing Alfonso's suit and taking spangles off it Alfonso knew it would not be easy and that this bull was a veteran. Soon the bull started to tire and its flanks started to quiver and each charge was slower than its predecessor.

Alfonso then took out his '*Muleta*' the small red cloth and taunted the bull with it. The bull, now infuriated, charged with renewed vigour and Alfonso had to really watch out how he handled his '*Muleta*' like a real master which he was. When at last the '**Moment of Truth**' (The time when the victor is chosen and it is then the point of no return) passed to Alfonso's advantage. After some time he, with ease, twisted out his sword and as the bull came

near plunged it with great power at its heart but unfortunately it was deflected by a rib and instead entered his lung and punctured it. When bright red blood poured out he mistook it to be a punctured heart and he turned waving to the crowd and throwing his cap up with joy when all of a sudden the bull out of anger twisted viciously. Unfortunately for Alfonso it caught him in the leg and trapped him. The powerful animal hooked him in the leg, twisted him around as if he were a toy on the end of his stick, tossed him into the air and caught him on the other horn, puncturing the other leg. Now, with fierce chopping motions the infuriated bull slashed

at the impaled man with both horns after which it collapsed because of loss of blood. There was no movement in the arena and man and beast lay beside each other and there was unholy silence and for a minute the world stopped. All of a sudden the matador moved and the people started clapping shouting "Ole! Ole!" and throwing caps. Assistants with stretchers came and picked him up and he roared, "So the boy from Triana has taken his revenge".

*Pawan Rana
Class VIII*

Nightmare

Linda has again been woken up by a nightmare. These nightmares have been occurring for the past few days and they seem like a paradox to her. The same thing happening again and again, she is seeing a girl running, it's the lane leading to the bar 'Hamoke', the bar is closed and she is running, the killer is running after her, he catches her, and the dream ends, but tonight's dream is quite different, she sees the girl's face, it was her friend Sonya, and the killer... She still does not know.

Linda gets up from her bed it's nearly dawn, she is sitting upright on the bed, sweating, and trembling with fear, what was supposed to do about this nightmare, should she tell her friend about it or should she leave it alone. These questions kept on arising in her head, her head is now splitting of the medication she has to have for her asthma, the after affects are now telling on her.

It is now nearing dawn and she, thought it

appropriate to not sleep but to get ready for work. Linda works in a multinational company dealing with merchant goods. She gets out of bed and goes to the bathroom to brush her teeth, she goes into her small kitchen, typical of a New York apartment where a lowly paid individual lives. She enters the kitchen and puts the kettle on the stove and puts the bread in the toaster.

The water boils she puts coffee in it takes a toast and starts to eat, a simple breakfast. The morning paper slips through her door and she opens the first page she looks at the side column, she walks to the toilet to take a shower, the paper reports another murder, the headline, "Carlos the killer, strikes another. the victim, a woman reportedly named Sonia Parker was killed in the alley leading into the night club called 'Hamoke', Miss. Sonia was killed and her body parts thrown around... Linda is glad that she did not see the rest of the dream...

The Frightened Child

A Question

I meet her, my heart beat increases.
I talk to her, I feel I am on top of the world.
I walk with her, I want this to never end.
I joke with her, I feel too happy when she laughs.
I miss her, everytime she goes.
I find her beautiful, compared even to Venus.

I close my eyes, I see her.
I ask you, is this love ?

*Pradipta Rana
Class IX*

Nature's Diary

Animals have rights as much as we do

1. Food-nourishment

Counterpoint : Human body is structured and programmed to eat and digest vegetarian food.

2. Research for knowledge and Information:- to improve and benefit human life.

Counterpoint : a very cruel and savage idea indeed! Should one species be killed in order to keep another alive? Should we have human slaves brought up only to be experimented upon to keep the rest of the human race going. We have no right to take away anybody's right to live.

3. Animals get killed by each other in their natural habitats.

Counterpoint: Yes, I agree with the point, but it is a known fact that predators prey for food. Man has more alternatives and thus can avoid doing so.

4. There are several other ways in which humans take away the rights of animals.

a) Killing for sport-Should be condemned as the

greatest of all crimes. Man has the mental capacity to devise other means of entertainment and sport.

b) We keep domesticated pets. Man loves to keep pets but rarely feels concerned about their happiness and well being. For example : fish love to swim for miles, swimming from sea to sea. But when they are confined to small ponds and aquariums, we can see their misery. Similarly birds love to fly around free and sometimes even migrate to other countries. But man confines them to cages. It affects their minds and they start showing abnormal behaviour.

c) In zoos and circuses also, animals lose their right to free movement, free interaction and natural food. It is pathetic to see the animal sit sulkily in isolated cages trying to live on sub-standard stale food.

d) Vivisection for education has been proved useless because the anatomies of animals are different from ours, a better alternative has been found- computer simulation.

Public Performance by Animals

The sound of drums slowed down, then started again, increasing the boy's curiosity. He traces the source of the drums. What does he see there? Nothing but, a pair of monkeys dancing with a sloth bear, and a man controlling them.

The above example is found in almost every city in India, with the traditional 'Maclaris' and their captive pets. Some others prefer snakes, making a cobra sway to the music of the flute and so on. There are many examples such as this and each one refers to the public performance of animals and cruelty towards them.

These animals are first caught in jungles, and then made to perform in the hostile environment of the city. Cruelty towards these animals is unspeakable, and we humans watch these shows with great curiosity.

Public performances aren't only restricted to monkeys and bears, animals such as langoors and

the pangolin are also made to perform in front of the no-par public.

Mental researchers have also found out that animals get physically weak in captivity. Every religion prohibits cruelty towards animals but humans still do not give any respect to such sentiments; go ahead and capture these dumb animals.

Many of us like to go to circuses and watch lions or tigers perform acts such as jumping over flames etc.; but do any of you know what goes on behind these acts? These beings of the jungle, the big cats are kept undernourished and are treated with the utmost cruelty.

We humans, have to stop these performances; not only because animals and humans share a common ancestor but also on the grounds of mercy, kindness, and above all, humanity.

Amish Raj Mulmi

What's In

Punjabi
Underground shoes
Bad batch
'Chota Rambo'
Holidays
Rahul Don's beard

What's Out

English and Hindi
School shoes
Good batch
'Bada' Rambo
Exams
Reshil Charles beard

Dude of the Fortnight

Credit must be given to the School Captain, Adhir Bhat and his colleagues for having managed their many and onerous duties. When one considers that the management of the student population of over 500 is a responsibility of great magnitude, it is appropriate that we give thanks for a good job done.

Adhir has been an effective Captain. In sports, in debates, drama and in academics he has led by example. He could have been sterner but

that perhaps is not in his nature. Perhaps his kindness was taken for leniency. There is, of course, always room to further improve existing standards in academics, sports, co-curricular activities and discipline. No doubt, the new Captain will take on the challenge and continue the good work done by Adhir.

To Adhir and his team our thanks and to Kumar Abhijeet and his team our good wishes for success.

Separated at Birth

Avinash Aggarwal
Rajeev Goswami
Anirudh Gupta
Tej Lohia

Suppandi
Mehul Mayank
'Kru' Singh of Chandrakanta
Debashish Mohanty

Through the Keyhole

Mr Jagjit to Gurjeet: Why did you get two out of twenty in your test?

Gurjeet: Sir because the full course was out of course.

Mr Hannah: (In English period while it was raining, to Shaunak): "Go and see if the rain water is wet".

Mr Gosain to Lovish: Why didn't you come for P.T.?

Lovish: Sir I had gone for Basket ball.

Mr Gosain (picking up his leg): *Aey jastdi*, I'll give a tight slap.

Mr Mitra (to Derek): "You've dropped your key. (meaning to say, you've dropped your singing)

Derek: "Sir, I haven't brought my keys."

Animesh Pant to Amritanshu: Wake me up when you are asleep.

Saumya to Ankush: Do you know that teachers are only allowed to have meals on 245 days in a year

Ankush: Are you mad? They have meal on more than 400 days in a year.

RINGSIDE VIEW

Sportsmen are numerous, common even. But men who lead by example, from the front, they are captains of sides. Men with immense skill and unconquerable spirit, men of character, those are leaders.

This batch had a lot of brilliant sportsmen but these guys were outstanding, more equal among equals. And at the end of this year we will bid a tear eyed farewell to these guys. At this time, I would like to pay a tribute to these outstanding sportsmen.

Soccer: Abhijeet Sengupta. Perhaps the most controversial captain in Welham history. Always led by example. Never asked anything of his team, which he didn't do himself. He was undoubtedly the most peppiest guy around. His pep talks lifted everyone's spirit (except the opposition) and even led his house to victory in the Inter house. A reasonably talented footballer, he made up for what he lacked in technique with his never say die spirit and will to win.

Basketball: Basketball for long has been Welham's pride, our teams, unbeatable. But, under **Reshil Charles**, in the beginning of the year, basketball at Welham reached an all time low. Nevertheless, the man who brought the underground to Welham, was not easily daunted. Under the guidance of the unequalled **Mr Vachani**, the team practiced day and night for the IPSC Tournament in Ajmer. Their hardwork began to pay off and under **Charles'** leadership, turned defeats into victories. The feather in the captain's hat was of course reaching the finals of the IPSC. This feat silenced all his critics and showed that he was second to none.

Cricket: The cricket captain was of course, **Anirudh Chauhan** the handy Garhwali is totally infatuated by the sport. He ate, drank and even slept cricket. It ran in his blood and oozed out of his ears. Luckily for us he was as much a player as much a pop. Undoubtedly the best batsman in

school, he was also a brilliant bowler and fielder. His consistency was undoubtedly the best part of his game. His repertoire of shots is amazing. Though there weren't many outside competitors, within the school itself, he proved his worth.

Hockey: Maybe it was practice at Welham Girls' that helped the team achieve the excellent standard it did, whatever it was, I'm sure the captain had a lot to do with it. **Shariq Ansari**, through hard work, skill and perseverance, lead his team to many brilliant victories. Despite the lack of a coach, the hockey teams practice sessions were perfectly organized. They even practised key moves. The team played brilliantly throughout the season, losing only the odd time. They even drew with the otherwise unbeatable Rimcollians. The Oakgrove tournament victory was his crowning glory. An extremely gifted player himself, he moulded the team into a close and efficient outfit.

Athletics: Kartikeya blazed the trail this time both in the Inter house and the districts. An outstanding athlete he proved himself worthy of his appointment. He won events as varied as the high jump and the 1500 mts. Truly a polychromatic athlete. In the district meet, the team, under his leadership, came up with its best performance in the Districts. He himself picked up unprecedented four medals. A true prodigy.

Volleyball: Volleyball has only recently emerged as a major sport in Welham and under the leadership of the modest, hardworking, **Ashish Kumar** has gone from strength to strength. **Ashish** himself is an excellent talented sportsman. Volleyball is his own element. He hardly ever makes a mistake.

We thank them for the contribution to sporting history at Welham where they have shown what they are made of, but most of all we thank Welham once again for making them and us, what we are today.

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Desktop Editor : **Virbhadra**

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Nature's Diary : **Anshuman Singh and**

Yudhishter Singh

Staff Representative: **Mr. S.K. Bakshi**

E-Mail: **oliphant@giasdl01.vsnl.net.in**