



The Elephant

No. 224

WELHAMBOYS'SCHOOL

6th March, 1999

Think About It

After climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are several more hills to climb
-Nelson Mandela

EDITORIAL

The obvious, often comes to us as an undeniable revelation, and of these the one we find most awkward is the influence of foreign cultures on our mentality. Welham is fortunate enough to draw people from different backgrounds. In the remarkable words of Swamini Vimlananda from the Chinmaya Vision Programme, who addressing her audience said, "*Jab England mein barsaat hoti hai, to aap apna chhata yahan kholte hain.*" It has become important for us to find our own identity especially as we stand poised at the eve of a new millenium. Are we really content standing in the shadows? Why is it then, that we find it so easy to adopt foreign customs and at the same time, make a mess of the english language? Why is it that we adapt so easily, yet feel uncomfortable in new surroundings?

As the Head so rightly puts it, "Everything we learnt in class is obsolete the day we finish school" we live in changing times, however one thing remains constant, and that is what our education teaches us beyond the confines of the classroom. Perhaps, the most important of these skills is how we learn to handle and interact with other people. As Welhamites we claim to have a distinct advantage over other people in this regard, however we must also remember to fulfil this claim in deed.

One bright point which I find essential to mention here is the change in the attitude of boys towards clearing the dishes after meals in the dining hall. Earlier, it was 'uncool' to pick up your plates, however, now it is gradually being accepted as normal. In itself it is a process of slow change, and one that we can look at with much pride.



At Welham, we are lucky enough to be part of a community that rejoices in its diversity. I only hope that we are indeed turning out thinking, unprejudiced human beings. Contrary to our visions of global understanding, the past few months has witnessed a spate of the most horrific hate crimes - violence against people because of their colour, religion and simply

because of who they are. The brutal murder of Matthew Shephard, a gay college student in the United States, and the burning of a christian missionary and his two minor sons here in India are but a few examples.

Moving onto lighter matters, the usual Holi fervour was much dampened this year owing to the board exams which lurked around the corner. Even then, a few die-hard fans managed to come to class the next day with holi stained faces, and smug grins. The Najibabad gang always seems to lead the pack in this respect, although I failed to notice their trademark golden colour.

Welham Now

1) The school celebrated Scholar's Recognition Day on 1st March, 1999. The following received the subject awards:

Senior Section

<i>English</i>	Debashish Banerjee
<i>Hindi</i>	Sachil Tiwari
<i>Mathematics</i>	Shariq Ansari
<i>Biology</i>	Farhan Zaidi
<i>Physics</i>	Ajeet Bajaj
<i>Computers</i>	Ijlal Shamsi

Junior Section

<i>English</i>	Prayaas Rana
<i>Mathematics</i>	Abhishek Agarwal
<i>Biology</i>	Gautam Mahajan
<i>Chemistry</i>	Ashutosh Pandey
<i>Physics</i>	Raunak Agarwal
<i>Geography</i>	Ashutosh Pandey

The following were the recipients of the *Scholars' Gown* for above 90% in the annual examinations:

Ashutosh Pandey	Raunak Agarwal
Ayush Agarwal	Jai Kapoor

The coveted *Scholars' Scarf* for academic as well as co-curricular excellence was awarded to:

Ajeet Bajaj
Kumar Abhijeet
Karan Gulaya

The *Kataria Trophy for the Best All Rounder* for the year 1998 was awarded to **Abhinav Pathak**.

2) The first school committee meeting of this term was held on 20th February. The minutes are as follows:

i) The minutes of the previous School Committee meeting were passed.

ii) Karanjit Singh Chhabra suggested that bulbs be put in the Tapti urinals. The Chairman said it would be done.

iii) Rohan Sachdeva suggested that boys have different accounts for outings and Tuck-shop. The Chairman disapproved, saying that boys ought to learn to manage their accounts themselves, instead of having separate accounts. He also turned down the suggestion of increasing pocket money, owing to the fact that there had been an increment

(2)

only recently.

iv) Avjeet Sahni was of the view that lockers be made near the tennis courts. This Chairman turned down the request, as it was not practical.

v) Sagar Sharma suggested that we install exhaust fans in the toilets near the Dining hall to which the Chairman agreed and said it would be done.

vi) Neeraj Pareek suggested that flavoured milk be given during fruit break. The Chairman said flavoured milk would be served not during fruit break but for breakfast.

vii) Maneesh Shrestha suggested that a Year book should be maintained where the details of the passing out batch should be compiled. The Chairman had no objections, but he pointed out that the school would not finance it, since it was of interest only to a limited section of the community.

viii) Suggestions were made to put *chics* on the windows facing the Triveni lockers to which the Chairman agreed.

3) The following were the new appointees to the Welham Science Society:

President	Karan Gulaya
Vice-President	Deepak Sanan
Secretary	Suman Saurabh
Joint-Secretary	Ashutosh Pandey

4) The new Wavelength Editorial board for the year 1999 has been appointed. The members are:

Chief-Editor	Ajeet Bajaj
Cartoonist	Vikas Prasad
Board members	Karan Gulaya Kumar Abhijeet Sulabh Arora Diwas Bam Sriraj Dalal Ashutosh Pandey
Staff Representative	Mr M. Kandpal

5) The following were the results of the **Middle School English Recitation** held on 25th February:

Class VI

First	Karan Mehrotra-112 points
Second	Shaunak Valame-109 points
Third	Abhinav Kumar-106 points

Consolation: Samridha Rana-105 points

Class V

First Nikhil Aggarwal-96 points

Second Parag Rastogi-95 points

Third Anvesh Kumar-89 points

Consolation: Sarthak Johar-87 points

Kabir Sharma-83 points

2nd Aijaz Rasool

3rd Arjun Daliwal

Cons. Prateet Singh

6A

1st Tanmay Aggarwal

2nd Gagandeep Singh

3rd Nishit Jalan

Cons. Kumar Ritesh

Nishant Joshi

Raghav Garg

Prasanjeet

6B

Maroof Ahmed

Abhinav Kumar

Aditya N. Roy

Karan Narain

6) The following were awarded in the **Junior English Handwriting Contest** held on 17th February:

5 A

1st Vaibhav Tripathi

5B

Shil Aditya

7) The Golden Oriole was heard and sighted on 28th February on the Jacaranda tree near the Physics Lab as also the Cuckoo. This is one week earlier than normal - a pointer to an early summer.

Our deepest condolences to Mrs Nilima Basu and Mrs Joy Arora on the sad demise of their mothers.

Literary Affairs

Thailand - Where the sun never sets

A report on the Round Square International Service Camp held in December, 1998 in Thailand.

Going for a Round Square Conference project is quite an experience as one gets to interact with people from different parts of the world and also learn about their diverse lifestyles. Ours was a special camp in a small village in Thailand. The following boys represented Welham at the social camp: Maneesh Shrestha, Hamza Ahmad and Akshat Agarwal.

We left for Bangkok at midnight on 9th December, and reached at 5:30 in the morning. We had to switch two more flights before we reached the small town called Mae Hong Song. There we were received by Jim, who was the executive director of the RKP and Salahae who was our engineer.

We spent the first two nights in 'Bang Farang' which is a small resort outside town. We rested for a day and the next day we visited the site of the earlier project.

On the 12th we started out in pickup trucks. All together we were 25 people, including three teachers. There were ten schools participating in this camp and we were eleven boys and twelve girls. It was a four hour drive to the village and it was dark by the time we got there. We stayed in a government school which was closed owing to holidays.

After breakfast on 13th morning, Salahae took us to the water source which was 6 kilometres

away from camp. We were also divided into groups for cooking and cleaning duty.

There were 80 families in the village, of which most were Christians. There was a church and also a Buddhist temple in the village. Though communication was a major problem, the villagers were very sociable and tried to help us in every possible way. Boonmuong was the headman of the village and his decisions were always final. Everyday one member from each family would come and help us with our work.

The main objective of our camp was to get a sufficient supply of water into the village. First we built a dam at the water source and then began digging to fit in the pipes. After digging from the water source to the village, we had to carry pipes and fit them together. The villagers had also built a filter so as to purify the water.

Finally on the 23rd the water supply reached the village and the pipes were connected to a tank which had been earlier made. We were all pleased with ourselves for being a part of this social project which helped a lot of underprivileged people. This was our last night in the village and the villagers had organised a grand dinner for us. They also performed a variety of folk dances which were very entertaining.

We left the village on the morning of 24th December, after 12 days of fun and hard work and headed for Mae Hong Song to celebrate Christmas.

Maneesh Shrestha

Class XII

Welham you Will Be Missed

The sun is setting in the western horizon colouring the sky with a melting riot of crimsons and saffron behind the tall Mexican silk cotton trees. From my perch atop "the steps" this scene is very similiar to many sunsets that I have observed from the very same spot. There is a strong sense of deja-vu. Krishna house gets silhouetted against the darkening sky and the lengths of the eucalyptus trees go into a sprightly dance in the evening breeze.

Memories come flooding over to the shores of my mind like vignettes suspended in time till they wash over me in waves. The soothing quietness of the academic block, the fun we have had in the big rooms as our long suffering teachers battled to raise our intelligence quotient by sustained degrees, the house spirit, the freedom of PH and working into the late hours of the night to meet the deadline for the Oliphant, the adventurous mid term camps. All of a sudden my throat aches with suppressed emotion as I choke over the memories. I can't

believe the I have reached the end of the road. Where did all the twelve years spent here go? The sand in the hour glass of time will have dwindled before we leave the threshold of Welham.

Welham-the wonderful place we entered as shiny faced carefree children and will be leaving as thinking individuals, people who realize the responsibilities we shoulder who have to go onto make a difference and carve out a niche for themselves.

Welham-an intuitive bond(that we all share) of special memories, precious friendships and memorable experiences. Welham the place that taught us how to win, despite all odds, that imagination is stronger than knowledge and that dreams are more potent than facts. It has made each one of us the complete man.

Welham I speak for each one of us flying the nest this year. We will miss you.

Debashish Banerjee is currently giving his Class 12 ISC exams. We wish him the very best.

The Final Reckoning

The shimmering light of the dawn's sun came in through the windows. Another day, filled with god knows what? Thought Akio. This was a Japanese enemy camp in Malaya, where he had been posted as a squadron leader for the total six months. Situated in a dense undergrowth clearing, the camp seemed well enough to be away from the world, the world of war, raging since the past six years and this was 1945.

Akio remembered what he had been as a citizen, as a husband and as a father, but all these memories were of times long since gone. The war had changed him, his life now only lay ahead in his mosquitos and 32mm machine guns, flying over the jungles, keeping a lookout for the enemies of the Imperial army. He couldn't do anything about it, it was war!

As morning beamed young Akio moved out of his tent, and went on a patrol. No lurking enemies, no creeping allies. With the thoughts of satisfaction, when suddenly a distinct voice of a man made engine came up.

'Ohaiyo gojamas!', it was the first distinct human voice he had heard since two months, one

with no disability. The speaker Morita, as he introduced himself, was a plump and a short man and had come as per the order of the General. "A new order, lets see what does it hold?" was the only reaction to Morita words, Akio could not speak anything.

Every soldier of the camp assembled out in the opening and there stood their leader, Akio on the right forefront with Morita. Moula said, "The Allies have attacked our ships in the China sea and they have been successful in destroying three of our cruisers. Now it is up to you brave soldiers to save the Empire as there is no other enforcement available in this region!"

"Damn the foreigners! They are always upto something or the other. Why can't they ever understand that we are children of The Empire of the Sun and they can never beat us!", said Akio slamming his hands on the table. "My soldiers get ready, my airmen fight like eagles for the right of mankind." As every airmen got ready to touch the skies. Morita called upon Akio and four others, and every man there knew this was the beckoning for their final reckoning. They were to be the

suicide bombers for this operation and they were to live to honour the empire and die by it to uphold the dignity of their nation. Their soul was to be surrendered to the nation and the country asked for their sacrifice.

Akio felt a lump coming up in his throat, growing larger every second. Morita assigned them to destroy any Allied ship, and Akio realized this was the final journey of his life, he would sacrifice it for the nation.

He started his twin engine with a hope of targeting a cruiser. But all this time he was thinking of his wife Yoko and two sweet children. "Why did this bloody war have to start?" He cursed himself for joining the Imperial air force.

But this could not change his destiny. He had decided to sacrifice his life for the nation and accordingly moved along the coast.

Then came the call for his mission, his final

order to attack the cruiser U.S. Jefferson and dive into it. He saw the ship as the state of the radio hissed in silence and closed his eyes. The lump in his throat was even larger now and eyes flooded with tears. Yoko and his children would mourn for him.

He opened fire on the cruiser and he heard the clank of metal against the bullets, he saw the terror stricken eyes of the sailors which he found funny. But the next moment he realized a sharp pain going through his back and an explosion inside his brains, the cockpit had exploded and Akio was surrounded by flames.

Some where far away in Japan, Yoko listened to the news of her husband's sacrifice and silently wept for him.

After all, it was a war.....

Rishi Raj Singh

Class X

Nature's Diary

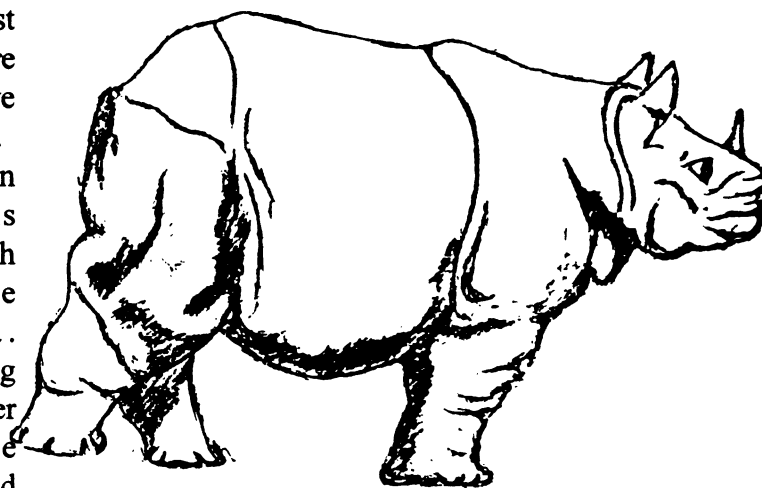
The Allure of the Seven Sisters

A Nature Lover's Paradise! This is the only expression which can aptly describe the natural beauty of India's most bio-diverse region, the North-Eastern states. Here in these sub tropical jungles one can find remnants of a lost world, a world where animal and plant live in perfect harmony.

The main reason why this region is filled with wildlife is the Brahmaputra. Flowing as the Tsang Po in Tibet, this river supports these lush jungles and all the life in them. It goes through Arunachal Pradesh first, and then through Assam, where it supports creatures such as the great Indian one horned Rhinoceros, the fabulous creature once thought to be a Unicorn by historians.

Assam has proved to be a successful habitat

for this magnificent animal, which are sadly depleting rapidly in number. Infact, Assam has the largest concentration of this species in the world, numbering around 1400.



The state of Assam also houses the Golden Langur. Once thought to be extinct, this creature was found in the jungles of River Manas in the 1930's. Now, it thrives in the jungles of Manas National Park.

The majestic Asiatic Elephants also roam in these jungles. The Garo hills of Manipur are known to have groups of upto 50. The neighbouring jungles

of Bangladesh provide frequent migration for these animals and there have been cases of mating too.

This region has the only national park in India which has four big cats. The protected area being

Namdapha Wildlife Sanctuary and the four big cats, the Tiger, the Leopard, the Clouded Leopard and the Snow Leopard. This area is in Arunachal Pradesh, another example of nature at its best.

Sadly, these beautiful forests are, as in other parts of the world, being depleted. Trees are being logged at an alarming scale here, poaching is carried out brutally. Everyday rhinos are killed for

their horns, elephants for their tusks and other creatures for their hides and other parts of their anatomy, each an element of human greed. If we don't act today these forests will remain only as distant memories in our minds, ones that will prove to be extremely cruel and harsh.

Amish Raj Mulmi
Class X

Wacky Woodseaters

Magical Toys

There are many tales full of fun
But for me the best are magical ones
Pixies, Goblins, Wizards, Brownies and all
Witches, Sorcerers, Ghosts and trolls.

It is so exciting when at night toys get real life
Once I read a story about a magical knife
In the middle of the nights when the nights are out
All the toys begin to shout
And magical things begin to happen about.

There are tales of Gods and Ariels too
And ghosts who make people cry boo! hoo! hoo!
Hercules the hero
Made the God of underworld (Pluto) zero

Just one punch of his hand
Was enough to shake the land

These tales are so wonderful I can't imagine
If you want you can ask your teacher
And put them up on the bulletin board with a pin
With a sword in hand
Aladdin defeats many monsters on sand

Magical tales are very boring.
Many of you will think
But many of them
Will carry a nice moral link.

Kushagra Kumar
Class IV

My Pet Bunny

I have a little Bunny
He is really funny,
He does all sorts of tricks
But soon gets into a fix,
He loves to eat carrots
But he is afraid of parrots,
He scampers all over our lawn
From dusk till dawn,
He is very fond of me
And his home is under the
Roots of my Oak Tree.
He is chased by the dogs

And sometimes he chews a log.
My Bunny is lot of fun
That is why I have named him Bun.
When I open the back door
He runs and dirties the floor.
Sometimes he gets angry very fast
Then he eats his food at last,
He is an adorable Bunny,
Though he is a little funny

Kushagra Kumar and Chirantan Singh
Class IV B

Rainy Season

We have different kinds of seasons. The monsoon is a rainy season. During monsoon it rains from July to August.

Some people like rain and some do not. During the

rainy season we see people wearing raincoats, gumboots and carrying colourful umbrellas. Many children like rain because they like splashing in puddles.

They play and sail the paperboats. During this season, it rains cats and dogs in Dehra Dun. Birds bathe in puddles. But sometimes too much of the rains can harm the crops.

The river water can flood the towns and destroy houses.

*Chirantan Singh
Class IV*

Rainy Days

I like rainy days because all the plants grow and look green.

We can make paper boats and sail them. Some children hate rainy days because of puddles. Farmers' favourite season is monsoon because

their vegetables and plants grow.

But sometimes rain floods the towns and many people don't like rain at this time.

*Karan Vaidya
Class IV*

What's In

Seniors Inter house
Sunny's
Anshuman Singh
DJ Puneet

What's Out

Juniors Inter House
Tea Stall
Sidhanth Aney
Charles

Dude of the Fortnight

In an earlier issue of the Oliphant, a certain article referred to him as 'The over-energetic chink' and Abhinav Pathak seems to have lived up to his reputation. On the 1st of this month, he received the Kataria Trophy for the best all rounder, no mean achievement by any standards. As the Principal himself stated, "It came as quite a delight, that we had several candidates to choose from this time"

it is quite apparent that he had that special 'extra something' in him, which landed him the award.

Abhinav distinguished himself as a talented sportsman and an erudite scholar and also impressed the school with his articulate oratory skills. Now as he prepares to leave school, we wish him good luck in life.

Separated at Birth

Prabesh
Amish

Mokesh
Gyurmee

Through the Keyhole

Sumit: I want to join the London School of Economics.

Sharan: Where is it?

Anuj, Subhashish and Sumit were walking together

Anuj: My dad is Superman.

Subhashish: My dad is He-man.

Sumit Gupta after much contemplation: My dad is *Doberman*.

Mr Bhushan after bumping into a tree.

"Ahh hmm umm Sorry"

Suman asking Shiva: "Why are you wearing home shoes!"

Shiva: My PT shoes are lost and I have ordered for new ones tomorrow!

Suman: When will they come?

Shiva (confidently): Yesterday.

RINGSIDE VIEW

Finally I have managed to come out of the jungle (so what if its just for one issue) and write the sports round up. They have given me a chance even if I am a bit Tarzanish.

To begin with Cricket, the fever fails to subside. The paaps just carry on. But our new pitch is not supporting the school team, lets hope its ready in a year or two!

Quoting a wise man, it may be time to start the Hockey season as our school team has not won a single match. The one at R.I.M.C. saw us struggling we just managed 88 runs, which the opponents scored in mere twelve overs. I think the loss could be because we were not on home ground. But it seems that the losses have not affected the pep of the team and seeing them practice it looks as if they are going to make it to Lords. Jokes apart let's hope the trip to Sanawer really produces bright results. After all every dark cloud has a silver lining.....

Switching over to the Rimside view, the team is really sweating it out under the shade of the Activity Center. Now days the talk on the court is just about Micheal Jordan's retirement and the NBA's return. We have three major tournaments coming up in April and we have not yet started serious practice. We need to gear up to meet the challenges that lie ahead.

The junior cricket Inter House started on

wednesday and we have seen some fairly exciting matches since then. Special mention to **Samarjit Singh** of Jamuna scoring his first half century in his second match on sunday. Our man performed so brilliantly that had W. G. Grace seen him play he would have come and taken a few tips. The Inter House commenced on Wednesday, lets hope we see some interesting cricket.

Squash has really acquired a name in school. It has become one of the most happening sports as Mr. Baghel says, "Squash for Fitness and Fun." The Squash guys are really having their fun, the school

teams played a few matches with R.I.M.C. But its rather disappointing to say that only **S u b h a s h i s h Thapaliya** won his match.

There is dissent amongst the Nepalese as morning Taekwondo has been banned by the prefects. I, on behalf of our Nepalese colleagues request the prefects to restart this stimulating sport.

Lets hope the ICSE's are over soon and our bright sportsmen are back on the field soon.

After Kumble's stunning feat there has been some exciting matches. It is a pity that India failed to capitalise on the opportunities available.

Give me permission now to join YD in the darkness of the jungle.

Bushes, Trees and Tigers.

Anshuman



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Published By : **Welham Boys' School**

Registration No. :- **20208/86**

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