

The Elephant

No. 226

WELHAMBOYS'SCHOOL

6th April, 1999

Think About It

I pay the schoolmaster, but 'tis the schoolboys that educate my son
-Emerson

EDITORIAL

Although on the surface the new schedule seems harmless, the school authorities seem to have devised a very crafty plan to ensure that class 12 attends PT, by beginning the day with first school at 6:45 rather than PT. However, this time they seem to have outfoxed themselves, because this seems to be taking its toll more on the teachers than the boys themselves. Apparently, the teachers seem to be having a more difficult time with the schedule, than anybody else, even though they would never admit it!

One thing that seems to be going nowhere, is the summer carnival, which was approved by the school committee. No suggestions for the event seem to have come forward. Its not too difficult to see the lack of motivation; it seems that everybody wants to have one, but nobody's willing to shoulder the responsibility. Hopefully things will gain momentum soon and boys will come up with some good ideas for this event.

Perhaps the most major event of the past fortnight was the earthquake, which sent boys scurrying to the relative safety of the main field at well past midnight! Groggy eyed boys in night suits, huddled along the edge of the main field while they tried to assure themselves that Triveni wasn't going to come crashing down on them the minute they stepped inside again.

Even though everybody was talking about

the earthquake, it's somewhat disillusioning to notice that nobody offered to come up with any suggestions, in which the Welham Community could aid the relief operations underway in the

affected region. Perhaps, we could organise some ways of fundraising during the scheduled carnival, or maybe collect money by missing lunch, which incidentally was what we did the last time a severe earthquake occurred. Although we almost always send relief in some way or the other, this time it would've been nice to see a team from our school going to the afflicted areas and helping in the relief



LATE TO BED EARLY TO RISE
"SUMMER SCHEDULE"

operation itself.

Nobody seems to enjoy the first of April more than the teachers, who never fail to get their annual revenge on the students by coming up with some truly bizarre April Fools' tricks. Apparently, a certain teacher even insisted that India had declared war on Pakistan.

Now that everybody from class 7 has moved into their new hostels, Senior school is flooded by a sea of new faces, from junior school. PH too is buzzing with activity, now that it's been enlivened by an enthusiastic, new bunch of boys. However, it takes time to adjust to the "geography" of PH, as the housemaster puts it. In itself, PH seems to be quite a fascinating territory, especially since it is out of bounds for the junior classes.

Till next time,

Karan.

Welham Now

1) Our heartiest congratulation to Mr and Mrs Pravesh Sharma on the birth of their son.

2) A wall near the Nehru field has been built for the transformer.

3) The new boys arrived on the 25th and 29th of March.

4) The Results of the Cricket Interhouse are as follows:-

Senior Section:

Winning House- Jamuna

Best Batsman:- Kaushik Chowdhary

Best Bowler:- Aditya Malhotra

Junior Section:

Winning House- Ganga

Best Batsman:- Samarjeet Singh

Best Bowler:- Amarnath Chakraborty

5) The hospital has been renovated and is functioning again.

6) The following boys have achieved Good Assesment for the first assesment:-

Arun Dhaiya

Abhishek Narayan

Deepak Sharma

Saurav Kumar

Deepak Sanan

Prayaas J B Rana

Anant Golyant

Gautam Mahajan

Kumar Prashant

Aatir Ansari

Shubham Khanna

Shradhey Rawat

Maneesh Shrestha

Saurabh Gupta

Nihardeep Sharma

Raunak Agarwal

Prashant Kumar

Sharad Kumar

Abhisek Agarwal

Abhishek Singh

Ashutosh Pandey

Avinash Agarwal

Amit Gupta

Anupam Biswas

Raunak Jain

Sulabh Arora

Ajeet Bajaj

7) Class X and XII have finished their board exams. The former have now returned after a short break and have joined class XI. The twelfthies were in a nostalgic mood having to say good bye to their friends and to the School.

Literary Affairs

A Dream

It was a very tiring day. I was waiting to go to dreamland, and finally that time came when I dozed off.

Now I am going to tell you about the dream I had.

It goes like this- I was a young boy 9 years old. I had gone to the market to buy some Christmas presents for my friends. When I bought all the presents I decided to walk around the market for a little while. Outside a shop, on the window was a sign board saying -“ PUPPIES FOR SALE”. I went inside the shop hoping that I would have enough money to buy a puppy. I asked the shopkeeper the prices of the puppies. He said Rs. 100 for one. I took out all the money I had in my pocket and found that all of it added up to only Rs.25. The shopkeeper realised that I did not have enough money to buy a puppy. I asked if I could at least

have a look at the puppies. The shopkeeper smiled kindly and called all the puppies out of the kennel. They all came running one after the other and there was one puppy which was limping. I wished that I could keep that puppy, but I had no money! The shopkeeper said that I could keep him without giving any money. I exclaimed that I would give full Rs.25 for him. The shopkeeper said that he would not be able to play or run around with me and thus he was useless. I looked at the puppy for a while and said that he was worth all the other puppies. Then I pulled up my trouser to reveal the fact that I also hadn't a leg and said sadly- ' At least.... we will be able to understand each other.

Then something shook me and I realised that it was dawn.

- **Mayan Dhawan**
Class IX

Quake...

(2) The floor rumbled rebelliously. The bed

shook as if it had a life of its own. The windows

banged in their frames, creating webs of cracks on the window panes, sending slivers of glass all over the place. The doors banged in rhythm with the quake.....

Wasim got up in bed soaked in sweat, he wheezed and fought to breathe as fear overtook his senses. His breath came in irregular gasps, his face was ghastly pale. His muscles were tense, his limbs trembled.

Another nightmare. Wasim was having such nightmares for the last three nights. He knew something was wrong. He was just a kid when a major quake had rocked his hometown, Uttarkashi. Before that he did not believe in such phenomenon. His family had lost everything and his father had decided to move to the capital.

Eight years later, he had not forgotten the incident and the sights of ruin and death still troubled his thoughts by day and haunted his sleep at night. As he got out of bed he silently prayed to God that such a catastrophe should never befall mankind again. The day ahead was very busy as he had to help in preparations for Eid which fell the next

day.

The day passed in a blur and it soon was night again. Although there was a lot of excitement in the house which was on the eighth floor of the high rise, the idea of sleep left him cold so he decided to shower and settle down with a good book.

As he was making his way through the introduction of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, he felt a tremor. Instantly he was out of bed and making a dash towards the door. As he was doing so the intensity of the quake increased rapidly. As he tried to open the door he could not help but scream as the door was jammed and he knew that if he did not open in time his family would perish and would not see the new dawn. But the door did not budge and he screamed for help. Then his scream along with his family's was subdued by the crashing sound of the collapsing high rise.

Wasim was the only survivor. His nerves were shot. He had become crazy, a lunatic. He did not sleep, ate little, cried a lot and complained of quakes killing him.

- Azar Zaidi
Class XI

Auli.... The Unforgettable Paradise

The well dressed slopes are challenging enough to satisfy your desire for adventure because they are comparable to the best in the world. Brave the ridges, glide through the snow, feel excitement pump through your veins. Let your fear die while trail-blazing on the snowy terrain. Defy the dizzying heights and feel the exhilaration mounting up as you glide through the snow. Come to Auli, where excitement is at its peak, pure thrill at 3000 metres above the sea.

This snow paradise was our destination for our mid-term excursion. Excitement reached the height where it had never before on the 15th of March, 1999. The fervour of going early is in everyone's heart but few get a chance and of those we were the few lucky ones, ready to be professional in this art of skiing. Our journey was one filled with enthusiasm. After the long and longer than ever eight hour journey we felt the bitterly cold winds of

Auli. Life was not as "cool" it was expected to be because we had to trek daily to reach the slopes where we could ski.

Skiing, many of us did it and the others were forced to do it. One of us took to skiing as a duck takes to water. His outstanding achievement led the example for many of us who followed his footsteps and learnt the graceful art.

After eight days of falling down, numbed hands and twisted legs, the final day came when we all had to carry back our skis. We found this easier than going up and that was a neat pleasure for us. Auli, the magnificent ski paradise where we spent the days which can not be easily forgotten came to an abrupt end. But never mind, "all good things shall come to an end".

- Rishi Raj Singh
Class X

A One Day War

They came on great eagles. They had sticks and clubs of lightning, stones of fire, eyes that

could see in the dark and tinder boxes that spoke of catapults and of mass destruction.

24th, March, 1968. An American bomber flies over Saigon city in south-east Vietnam. Fifty men in one plane all well trained paratroopers and their CO (Commanding Officer) jump off the plane to land roughly 10 kms from the city to stop the rebel advance. Just before the last twenty troopers jumped, the plane was shot down by a rebel anti-aircraft gun killing all our men. I watched it happen as I glided down into the forest. My best friend had died in that accident. I remember every second of that mission. I kept gliding and saw the plane turn into tiny fragments. For the first time ever in my life I started to fear death. I wanted to go back to Missouri to my country side home near St. Louis. We all landed safely except the CO whose parachute's cables got tangled in the high branches of the tropical-forest trees.

Javen 6'6" in height threw a rope up to climb and rescue the CO. He reaches the top hanging on the rope and stretches his hands towards the sea. Before the CO could reach for Javen's hand, bullets zoomed towards us like a swarm of locust. The CO's body was turned into a skinned goat and Javen fell dead on the damp earth. All of us ducked but four stood their like cows. They ducked but too late. Three of them died at the spot and left but one. Uncle Sam, as this is what we called him, for his wish to become a senator and his beard. We all back-fired and Uncle was stuck there in the middle of the firing. A well built Negro Tank and his friend Bunzo, both machine gunners smoke the vets (a nick for the Vietnamese) out. The vets could not stand our firing and eventually disappeared in the dense forest. Jack, my senior now in command after the CO, took Mike and me and dashed towards Uncle Sam with first-aid. Uncle Sam gave a weak smile and said " There are elections in heaven, I gotta go.....", and then he steps into

darkness.

We heard loud noises coming from the city. We had understood that the shelling had already begun. We dashed through the forest towards the city but accidentally Bunzo stepped on a mine and zoomed up in the air just like firework. Mike ran towards him and met the same fate. Once again the rattling noise of bullets could be heard. We were outnumbered this time. Three to one. Exactly half of the men jumped in a ditch behind. I saw grenades going right over my head and falling straight into the ditch. Lucky for us we were just a few feet away on low ground. I saw all the men inside the ditch turn into burnt barbecue and shattering into small pieces. Wank, the guy with the wireless had already asked for a backup but it had not reached us as yet. I do not know what Wank heard in the wireless and got a fit of madness and started crying and then just jumped over us and ran towards the vets saying, " Please do not kill me, Please do not kill me!!!" and got just the opposite. We heard a noise which we were dying to hear after half our men had died in the ditch. Tank jumped up in excitement and shouted. "Choppers, choppers!!!!". A grenade landed right in front of my face as I was lying down and firing. I got up on my feet and jumped inside the ditch but before I could land I heard a loud burst and everything turned black.

Next when I got up I found myself flying back in my home at St. Louis with a lot of bandages on my body and my wife and kids sitting right next to me and today I sit here on a wheel chair. So what was the use of this one day war.....

Fatehpal Singh
Class IX

Those Wacky Woodseaters

Cricket

Once I saw a match
In which Sachin took a catch,
Ganguly hits a six
after doing some tricks.
Jaisurya hits a four and was heard no more

Ramesh tries to hook,
And the umpire shook
Ranatunga was playing very rough,
And so was the match too tough
They had no fun,

to make us win.
At last India won the trophy

And so did my parents
and I drank a cup of coffee.

Abhinav Tankha
Class IV

'Gulal'

I want to share some news with you which I heard from my mother. She told me that when she was young 'gulal' used to be completely different from the harmful mixture we get now. They used to make 'gulal' at home.

"That was real fun", she told me. Fifteen days before 'Holi', elders, parents or teachers (they made it at school sometimes) used to take them to woods in which flowers from a tree popularly known as 'Palas' in Hindi and Bengali were plucked. This is a very common tree in India, a tall tree with bright orange flowers which blooms only in spring. You must have seen these trees alongside the highways when you go to Hardwar,

Mussoorie or in Delhi.

My mother told me the process too. They used to dry the flowers in shade and then make powder out of it, which is very good for skin, not only that it is supposed to have some anti-pox elements too. Another gulal was made with 'Haldi' or Turmeric and sandalwood (Chandan) powder. As these things are costly nowadays we do not get the original colours but get all chemicals which are harmful for skin and eyes.

I hope what I have told you, you will keep in mind and try to minimise the use of chemical colours.

-Udita Ghosh
Class IV

Nature's Diary

Forest Fires

"First it seems like a beautiful orange necklace, then, slowly, in front of your eyes, the flames increase and within minutes the fire engulfs almost a quarter of the hill."

This is how we can aptly describe a forest fire. And during our recent trip to Auli, we witness many of these flames eating up the lush green slopes of the Garhwal hills.

Forest fires in these hills seem very common, in fact, during our eight day stay at Auli, we witnessed one every day. And on a particular night, fires were raging on three hillsides simultaneously.

We were offered many explanations as to the possible causes of these fires. Some of them were logical, while many others, incredulous. A typical explanation was that some of the trees were diseased and therefore were being burnt. One of the other statements could be believed. According to it the villagers went to the forest to collect wood and smoked cigarettes or bidis. They threw the butts without extinguishing them which slowly led to forest fires.

But one of the explanations I got seemed the

most logical. The need for wood-coal, a popular form of fuel in this region led to the burning of the trees by the villagers. Wood-coal, is in fact burnt wood which can be really effective as it does not give out much smoke.

This region has many Indo-Tibetan Border Police (ITBP) outposts and regiments and it is a much hyped tourist attraction of UP, but still these forest fires blaze across the whole hill. While in rest of India we talk about tree plantation and forest conservation why has not anybody thought about this particular part of the country? Specially, since this region houses the country's most beautiful forests and is a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus.

As they say in the epics, fire is the source of all creation, but here it appears to us as a destroyer of man's best friend without whom life is not possible. It is destroying our forests which are our natural heritage. Something effective must be done to end this.

-Amish Mulmi
Class X

Earthquakes

The Garwhal Region as everyone by now might be knowing is a highly earthquake prone area. In my 9 years of schooling, I have realised this fact twice. Once in 1991 when the Uttarkashi quake sent ripples throughout the region and the other recently on 29th March at about 12:35 am and another one about half an hour later. Infact on the eve of Id-ul-Zuha, another quake having its epicentre at Chamoli struck the whole region once again.

Seismologist say, it is highly unusual to have 2 earthquakes of magnitude over 6 on the Richterscale within ten years of each other. But Garwhal has proved to be an exception. In the last 8 years, this area has received 2 quakes, one of 6.5 magnitude and the recent one of magnitude 6.8 . If one checks the records, 2 quakes on Dec 28th and Dec 31st, 1958

literally shook the whole Garwhal region like a roller-coaster. Both of these also had a magnitude over 6.

Seismologists have said that the after effects of this quake may last for another two months. On Wednesday, another minor quake shook the area. Casualties in this quake number more than 100 whereas the number of injured people is well above 200.

The earth's natural movement of the plates causes these shattering terrors. The debris of Chamoli covers half the town and the state of the people there is really pitiful. Garhwal is truly



Peregrine Falcon

an enigmatic region!

Anshuman Singh
Class X

WHAT'S IN !!??

Hockey
Summer Timetable
Tenzin "Through the Keyhole"
School Captain's Card
Hairy legs
Parag "*Doodh*"
Shamsi

WHAT'S OUT !!??

Cricket
Winter Timetable
Gagandeep "Through the Keyhole"
House Master's Card
Gray Slacks
Cold-drinks
Bhadra

Separated At Birth !!

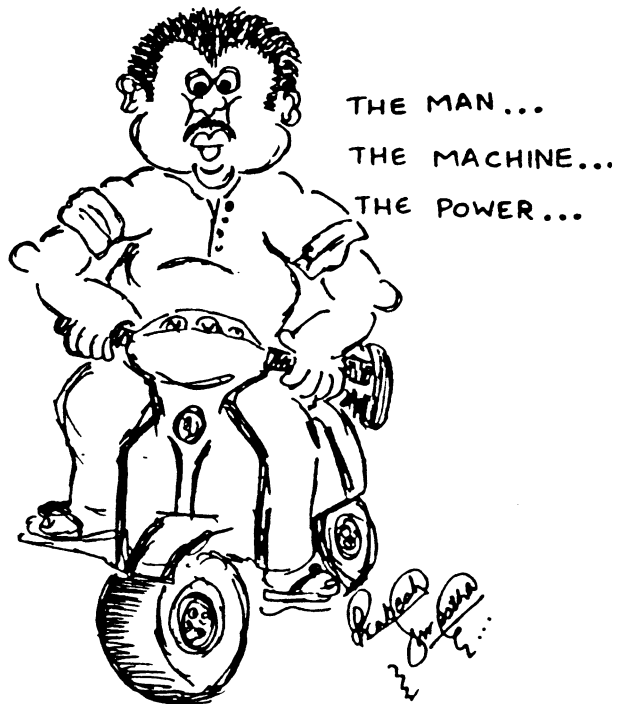
Ijlal Shamsi
Dev Agarwal
Saurav Kumar

Mr Bhandari
Varun Agarwal
Ankur Sharma

"Dude" of the Fortnight

The recent earthquake, left almost everybody shaken up, literally, save for the 'unshakeable' disaster control incharge, Mr Nagalia. Right after the quake, he was whizzing around on his trusty scooter (makes me wonder whatever happened to UAE-50?!), to check on the boys and to ensure that no damage had occurred. Talk about dedication to one's job!

An accomplished history and mathematics teacher, even though Mr Nagalia has only been in-charge of disaster management, for one year now, the changes he has introduced in the system are obvious. From midterm safety precautions to ensuring safety in the swimming pool. So much so, it is rumoured that he even appears instantaneously, at the shattering of a tubelight! It is heartening to see him carry out his duties with zest, and perhaps it would do some of us good, to take a few pointers from him.



THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

Usamah: Oye, Pankaj does your father have a moustache??

Pankaj(after a deep thought): Ya...., but he does not keep it!!

At the gate.

Mr. Kandpal(in a hurry): Oye, donkey can't see the horn!!

Mr. Gosain: If any Cauvery boy enters Ganga then I will punish him *then and there and that.....*

After the earthquake.

Aseem: Imagine what might have happened to those people who might be travelling by train at that time!!

Puneet(worriedly): Are you mad, think about those people who might be travelling by planes.

Tenzin to Sunny(painfully): Oye, take me to the hospital quickly!!

Sunny(amazed): Why, what happened?

Tenzin: My BLOOD is leaking!!!

Tenzin: Guys please do not give my jokes in "*Throughout the keyhole*"!!

Tenzin(concerned): Guys please do not dirty the dust-bin!

Shabbeer: Do you know that Good-Friday is on Sunday!!

Rakesh(disappointed): Oh, shucks! One holiday is wasted!!!

Mr. Bhushan(to Nihardeep): Is Nihardeep in the hospital??

Overheard.

Mr. Gossain: At night open the windows and sleep.

An eager boy: Sir, why??

Mr. Gossain: So you can see the earthquake coming and run.

RINGSIDE VIEW

“The triumph of achievement is worth the effort”. I have often heard this famous quote and have finally realised the truth behind the statement. The I.C.S.Es are over, and even though the result is not due till end May, the same sense of achievement is rife among the former tenthies and our shining sportsmen have resumed their games on the sports fields.

As far as the sports scene is concerned, there seems to be no dearth of activity. Cricket is out and Hockey is in. The team last year performed rather commendably considering the fact that they did not have a coach. Let us hope that they keep up the good work in the coming season and keep the school colours flying high and proud. Hopefully, the added incentive of playing at WGHS will further enthuse the captain, **Saswat** and his team and they will achieve the pinnacle of success.

The cricket inter-house finals for both the sections were concluded recently. Both matches featured Jamuna house, surprisingly, even in the seniors. In the senior section J house faced the much fancied Krishna in the finals. A supreme bowling effort led to K house being bowled out for a modest and achievable total of 136 runs.

Having 6 school team players in their 11 did not help Krishna much as Jamuna eventually took the cup with an over and two wickets to spare.

Rahul Dawn played the knock of the day, scoring a blistering **thirty-three** of just **thirty-five** deliveries and was ably supported by **Saswat** who

made an undaunted **twenty-seven** runs. The underdogs Jamuna, who made it to the finals on the basis of the superior run rate, despite losing to Cauvery in a match where a school record* was set, surprised everyone by doing the improbable and displaying a die-hard spirit.

Kaushik Chowdhary was adjudged the best batsman and **Aditya Malhotra** bagged the best-bowler award.

In the junior section Jamuna faced off with Ganga but this time emerged at the losing end. They were bowled out for a mere 96 runs and Ganga ran home with the cup with five wickets to spare. **Samarjit Singh** was adjudged the best batsman in his debut inter-house and **Amarnath** of Ganga the best bowler.

Basketball is happening and it is about time. The team is practising rather hard nowadays even though they are without a proper coach. What with the Golden Jubilee tournament around the corner greater effort is called

for. We here at the board wish them the best of luck and hope that they go “**from strength to strength**”. Keep the faith.

Siddhanth

***NOTE:-** The school record set was that of the highest partnership for any wicket between **Paritosh Kumar** and **Gaurav Malhotra** who scored 50 and 88 runs respectively. It was an unbeated 163 runs partnership out of a total 168/1 scored by Cauvery against Jamuna in the Cricket Inter-house March, '99.



EDITORIAL BOARD

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Desktop Editor : **Ijlal Shamsi**

Welham Now Correspondent : **Hamza**

Nature's Diary : **Anshuman Singh & Amish Mulmi**

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

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