



The Oliphant

No. 230

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

24th May, 1999

Think About It

It's bad taste to be wise all the time, like being at a perpetual funeral.

- D.H. Lawrence

EDITORIAL

End of term is here once again, and Welham is very ill, as three of the most dangerous sicknesses sweep across its shores again - Exam fever, the cricket plague and holiday flu. The exams are over and the holidays beckon the weary Welhamite - Happy Days are here again! Of course the 'cogging chit' syndrome was as not as much a part of it, as the writings on the desk. The disciplinary committee seems to be doing its job well, either that or the invigilators aren't doing their job well enough - nobody was nabbed using dishonest means these exams! It could also be that realisation has dawned on the boys that it is better to be prepared than face the dire consequences.

The recent rains have definitely cooled things down considerably, although humidity seems to be on the rise. The academic block abounds in colour at this time of the year. The brilliance of the trees in bloom is fascinating, not to mention the ripening litchis at various places in the campus; already I've noticed some of the hungrier boys eyeing the fruit with thirsty eyes. Too bad we're never here to taste it.

It's somewhat strange to see how India's losing at the World Cup affects the school furniture - everything is torn apart in frustration. Well, maybe this is a little exaggerated, but things are definitely hurled around a lot, and everytime I enter the PH common room, I have to watch out for falling debris. All I can say is, I'm glad India's next match is at a time when we'll be going home. Why do we lose? Don't ask me, I don't watch cricket.

Certain people on the board have decided that my editorials are no longer good enough, so

they decided to take things into their hand and got their own version, aptly called the 'Odd-itorial'. I guess I could do with some competition - this means WAR! Spearheaded by the neo-nazi DTE. who after his German classes insists that I season my editorials with choice german phrase. 'Heil Hitler!' being one of them. This gentleman also insists on being made the dude of the fortnight. along with his somewhat 'large' friend who seem to have already overrun the Oliphant. With the ringside view correspondent gone. I have to rely on another member of the board who calls himself, 'jungleboy'. not that I disagree with that definition. but I fail to understand his obsession with cheetahs. It has been great working as a team with every correspondent pitching in and doing his bit. It has been hard work. demanding but creative and rewarding. Quite an experience bringing out the School magazine every fourteen days. I hope that the readers have enjoyed the issues for you will have to bear with us for another term. We will, as always endeavour to do our best.

This term has been one of the busier ones, with something or the other always happening every few days, and although that often got stressful, all things considered, it's been a fascinating term and hopefully it has given most of us memories to cherish. Before we gather together at the Special Assembly, let me grab this chance to say it before the Principal does - during the holidays I hope none of us forget that we are Welhamites and carry the school's name with us. With that, I take your leave until next term. Have a wonderful vacation. Until we meet again.

Karan.

Welham Now

- 1) The school participated in the Mussorie International School Art Competition. **Prabesh Shreshtha** stood first in his section.
- 2) **Karan Gulaya, Rishi Bagaria** and **Amish Mulmi** participated in the Rajeew Khanna Memorial quiz contest held at Scholars' Home where they stood second.
- 3) **Rohan Sachdeva** and **Vir Bhadra** took part at the English debate which took place at Cambrian Hall.
- 4) Preachers of the Ramakrishna Mission, **Swami Atmavidananda Ji** and **Swami Nikhileswananda Ji** gave a very convincing talk on Personality Development on Friday, May 14th. It was well attended by other schools too:- SJA and Brightlands.
- 5) Students from Orissa presented a cultural programme in the Activity Centre on Thursday, 20th May.
- 6) Boys will be leaving for the Youth Basketball finals soon. We here at the board wish them the very best of luck.
- 7) The following boys were awarded good assessment for the final assesment this term:-

Nishant Kumar	Shomit Bakliwal
Shaunak Valame	Anupam Biswas
Amber Sahai	Aatir Ansari
Ratik Aurora	Saumya Khaitan
Ijlal Shamsi	Sidharth Mohanty
Arun Dahiya	Pranab Shrestha
Raj Krishna	Amit Kumar Gupta
Kumar Abhijeet	Anant Goel
Ajeet Bajaj	Karan Gulaya
Saurav Pradhan	Sulabh Arora
Jai Kapoor	Shradhey Rawat
Atul Gupta	Maneesh Shrestha
Prashant Kumar	Anivesh Singh
Anjaney Sinha	Akshat Jalan
Amish Mulmi	Deepak Sanan
Saurav Kumar	Nitin Agarwal
Nihardeep	Vivek Kumar Arya
Kumar Ritesh	Nishit Jalan
Raunak Agarwal	Karan Mehrotra
Mohnish Rathi	Saurabh Chaudhary
Diwas Singh Bam	Parikshit Bhide
Ashutosh Pandey	Prayaas Rana
Anant Golyan	Abhishek Agarwal
Abhishek Singh	Gautam Mahajan
Avinash Agarwal	

We deeply regret to learn of the sad demise of Ms Shanti Banerjee on 24th April, 1999. She was a former teacher of the school, having served for 20 years. Our deepest condolences to the bereaved family.

W.O.B.N

The Secretary would appreciate being advised of any change in address, designation or change in employment of any old boy and to enable him to update his records. He takes this opportunity of recording his thanks to those old boys who made an effort to be in School for the Carnival and hopes that they had a good time.

Literary Affairs

IN ARMS

Chelsea could bear the pain of separation no longer. It had been 5 years since that baneful day Tyler had been the victim of a hit and run accident and so was hurt badly. He would have died, if it weren't for Kropfeller who rescued him from highway 51. Chelsea fortunately got saved as Tyler pushed her to the other side and so came between

the olive tree and the speeding coupe. There were out for a quiet walk here, walking **arms in arms**, they cared for each other.

The deserted road became a mayhem of dancing devils performing the rituals of Satan. Tyler immediately sagged down on the road after the crash with a loud scream, followed by a louder

scream from Chelsea. She was totally confused, her mind first moving into delirium. Then she realised the incident, and rushed to Tyler, who lay squandered in a pool of blood. She felt nausea arising in her skull and then suddenly fell down unconscious.

On recovering, the first thing she did was ask about Tyler. She suddenly realised she was in a hospital, confined to a bed with white sheets, and there was this seemed rich and handsome man sitting across her bed, a magazine in hand. He introduced himself as Kropfeller, and explained how he had found both of them unconscious on the side of the road.

She let out a deep sigh of relief as she realised Tyler was alive, but the next sentence overshadowed her relief. Tyler had slipped into a coma and there were complications. As Chelsea tried to thank this handsome young man, she burst out crying into his arms. This man, was no one to her yet she felt the inner urge to tell him everything, share with him all her pain.

Tyler was later sent to England for better treatment as there was no scope of him getting any better. Meanwhile, Chelsea started living with Kropfeller and fell in love with him. It was whirlwind romance and they were the talk of the town.

Tyler returns today, Chelsea thought and realised how would she explain the whole thing to him. What would he think of all this? These questions and many others haunted her thoughts all day through.

And when he finally arrived Chelsea flung her arms around him in a loving embrace. She could not believe her eyes. They walked arm in arm towards Kropfeller, her heart skipped a beat as he got ready for the shot. As they reached him, Tyler beaming with joy asked, "And who is this young man here, sister?" Before she could stammer and speak, Kropfeller explained all about him and his relationship with her. On hearing this Tyler was overjoyed and thanked him and walked with him as if they were comrades in arms.

- Kanishk Kaushik
Class XI

EXAMS

Exams were near,
and I froze with fear,
I kept awake all night,
and studied in the dim light,
I was not very confident the next day,
As I walked in to the school,
When the exam got over,
I was very sober,

I had a secret to myself,
Which I didn't tell anyone else,
There was nothing else to do,
nothing else to say,
Except study, study and study from the next
day.

Manu Sanan
Class VII

Enlightened Eyes

Fleeting visions of golden fields and the smell of summer waft across my mind on the breeze. Yellow fields in the sun, scorching yet delightful. A sea of quiet desperation.

From the cool, dark interior, I can see the surging crowds, as they move along the street below my window. Trying to make their journey from desolation, into that haven of life.

The single, twin-bladed ceiling fan whirls away in its perpetual rhythm, uncaring and unaware of what goes on beneath it. I try to imagine what it would be, to live my life as a ceiling fan. Born in a cold, floodlit factory, dying in somebody's home, witnessing in between the vast stretches of lives go by.

My reverie is shattered, as the annoying buzz of a marauding mosquito fills my ear and I swat at the unseen source of the irritating noise—much like a cow would do with its tail. Suddenly, I am aware how bovine we have become, to lash out at things we have not even seen.

The drowsy summer air and the stifling heat have sucked from me all power of movement and I lie back on the couch; my back wet with perspiration and the shirt clings to my skin. Dirty. I feel dirty and it disgusts me to think that I do nothing escape the drudgery.

The door bell rings and I am puled away from philosophic contemplation.

The postman, perhaps. Although, I never

get much mail. The usual coaxing letters trying to worm me into buying another subscription for a magazine of which I have no use.

Warily, I shake of the aura of lethargy that surrounds me and make my way to the door. The door never fails to impress me. Huge teak panelling and the warm colour wood which has seen more generations than I have. My ancestral home. Grandfather never had any shortage of funds.

The door opens in one fluid motion. No creaking hinges no warped doorframes.

I see him standing there and at first I do not know what to think. He has one missing arm. He is not much older than I am, about the same age I imagine- seventeen or eighteen.

Dishevelled hair, matted and filthy. He is wearing a torn vest and somebody's old pants.

Even before he begun, I knew what he wanted to say. I realised he was a beggar when I first opened the door.

Almost at once, I want to shut the door. Close it on his face. There is no room for him here. Society does not look very kindly on his type and like an unfortunate sheep caught in the will of the herd, I want to do what society has taught me.

No sooner has he started talking, I shut the door. Quietly. I can hear his pleading and I burn all sympathy from my heart. I try to tell myself that it would have been pointless to give him money anyway.

The silent exchange of thoughts and emotions between him and me is enough. "There is no need for a verbal confrontation", I explain to my conscience.

Slowly, I make way back to the darkness of my room. The light from the door has dazzled me.....

This essay by Karan Gulaya won the first prize in the S.K. Kandhari English Essay Contest.

Finally Found

One day my father presented me with a gold chain. I was fascinated, as I had always wanted a gold chain. The chain was just my size and there was a locket attached which had my name on it. At night I put the chain in the safest place, the top of a cupboard. I slept with my windows open at night, as it was the month of April. When I got up the next morning I was very happy. Little did I know that I was going to get a surprise of my life. I quickly went to the cupboard to take out the chain and then I saw the chain was gone. I tried not to panic but I could not help myself. I tried to calm down and went and asked my brother, thinking he had taken it. But when he said 'no' I could not believe it and went

and checked his room. I did not find it there and so I looked in every possible place. When I did not find it, I got scared and started crying. I thought my father would not give me anything from now on.

After sometime I started to climb a tree to forget about the chain. Up on the tree I saw a crow's nest and looked inside it. There I saw was my chain with my name carved on the locket. I was so happy to get my chain back. Then I thought the crow must have come in through the window and taken it away. Since then I have been much more responsible.

**-Kushagra Kumar
Class V**

Clever Munia

There was a girl called Munia, whose father was a washerman. She used to help her father wash clothes.

One day she went to wash clothes on the riverbank. She scrubbed them hard till they were clean. She was very tired after doing all the work. So she slept under a Banyan tree. On that tree were a lot of monkeys who decided to have some fun. So they took all her clothes. Suddenly Munia woke up and saw the monkeys with her clothes. She took a stick and chased them. But they were too quick for

her and climbed the tree. She began to cry because her father her father would beat her. Then she had an idea. She knew that monkeys were very fond of bananas, so she bought a bunch and showed them to the monkeys and then threw them far away from the tree. The monkeys threw the clothes and ran to get the bananas. So clever Munia got her clothes back.

**-Monish Khera
Class V**

Nature's Diary

Ecological Disaster in India

With a rapidly population making ever increasing demands upon dwindling resources, India is living on borrowed time. Around the year 2000, the population shall cross the 1 billion mark and it will become more and more difficult to feed every one of them. The rush to industrialise at any cost has left a trail of ecological disasters.

India's deforestation problems date back to the British times, when the First Forest Act of 1865 allowed the government to take control of the forests for large scale timber extraction that has continued to this day. People find it hard to walk further and further for forest fuel and fodder. India's forest cover has been reduced to a mere 10 percent, which marks an extremely serious situation for a country where many people depend on the forests for their livelihood.

Perhaps the best-known environmental movement is the Chipko Movement, started in 1970 in the Garhwal Himalayas by a group of women conforming to the Gandhian Doctrine of non-violence. These women were prepared to die with the trees marked for felling, as they were literally clinging to the trees.

The ever-increasing population has put enormous pressure on land. Every year an estimated 175 million hectares of land is lost, mainly due to water erosion. The valuable topsoil is washed away by the monsoon floods. The much-famed Green Revolution's direct outcome was the trebling of the production of food crops, but land cannot withstand such intensive use of chemicals. The ultimate result of excess fertiliser use would be nothing but desertification, nothing more, nothing less.

Increased demand upon supplies has caused

India's water table to lower. Despite the high rainfall in the monsoons, only 14 percent of the water is trapped for use. But, the quality of available water is also extremely low, only 10 percent is considered drinkable.

Projects to control and conserve water resources for irrigation and power supply have met with difficulties. Perhaps the most controversial project till date, the Narmada Valley Project once built will submerge 350,000 hectares of forest along with 200,000 hectares of cultivated land.

Another project under much controversy is the Tehri Dam Project to be built in the Garhwal region. Apart from the fact that it will displace nearly 85,000 people, the dam is built in a highly earthquake prone area. If it were to burst, the towns of Rishikesh and Haridwar would be entirely submerged.

India holds the unenviable record of playing host to the world's worst industrial disaster—the Bhopal Gas Tragedy, where 6,000 people died along with the health of another 500,000 severely affected. Pollution is another major problem in

the cities today. The Delhi Municipality recently started a 'Pollution Under Control' campaign, but that has not prevented Delhi from entering the list of the 5 most polluted cities. The pollutant level is more than twice the level set by WHO and metros like Kanpur and Calcutta are soon catching up. It is said that if you live in any of India's metros, it's as bad as smoking 10 to 20 cigarettes a day.

India's coastline have been over-fished to such an extent that supplies of seafood have been dwindling day by day. Traditional fishing required a person to set out in his wooden boat with one net, and stocks would keep pace. But technological developments such as trawlers and motor boats, areas like the Keralan and the Oriyan coast have



Turkey

been over-fished leading to loss of livelihood of the fishing families.

While India has made laudable effort to protect its ecology, human greed and corruption have undermines these endeavours. Vast tracts of land designated as Protected areas have paved way for mining ventures, which is what's happening in the Radhnagri Wildlife Sanctuary, where the Indian Aluminium Company has recently asked for

a portion to mine bauxite.

Without a concerted effort on the part of ecologists, and the required political will to effect ecological conservation, India is soon heading for utter destruction. Its high time to realise this now, and if we don't do it today, tomorrow we might see a vast desert in place of India.

-Amish Mulmi

Class X

"Dudes" of the Fortnight

They worked their heads off all this term to make the Oliphant readable, interesting and enjoyable. We trust that our readers agree.

There is much hard work involved in the seeking of articles and more in the writing of them and not to mention the desktop editing. The dudes are none another than **Prabesh Shrestha**, presently who looks like a extra terestial. His effective caricatures had everyone rolling on their stomachs. **Amish 'Valmic Thapar' Mulmi**, forably handling the Nature's Diary. **Anshuman 'Cheetah is callin' Singh** for his dual role in his capacity as the

Nature's Diary Correspondent and the magazine's '**Harsha Bhogle**'.

The desktop editing and designing of th Magazine both were ably handled by,our very own, **Ijlal 'INTEL INSIDE' Shamsi**. The Lampoon has been revived, thanks to the man with a mile around his waist.

Great credit must be given to the Editor **Karan Gulaya** for his perceptive and thought provking editorials.

We feel sure, you our readers, agree.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

L.R.C.

Mr. Bhushan (inquisitvely): Umm, Suhail are you sitting in the LRC??

Mr. Gosain (invitingly): Arrrrrey thee Ashis(h), tum humare Cauvery house ka thanda cold chilled water peekar hi jaana!

Mr. Bhushan (to Maneesh): Umm.allaa. **Hemant** are you the POD?

Maneesh: No Sir, I am **Maneesh!**

Mr. Bhushan: Accha really! **Since When?**

Mr. Sandeep Khanna: Neat, but dirty work!!

WHAT'S IN !!??

Vacations
Odd-Itorial
Summer Shirts
Offspring "Pretty Fly"

WHAT'S OUT ii??

Examinations
Editorial
T-shirts
Vengaboyz

Separated At Birth !!

Ijlal Shamsi
Pradipta Rana
Vansh Vardhan Joshi

Kabir Bedi
Captain Limbu (Mess Incharge)
Mr. Smart

THE ELEPHANT?

No. 420

WELHAMASYLUM

Date: GUESS!

Think About What?

Who says nothing is impossible?! I have done nothing all my life.

- El Kanishko

ODD-ITORIAL

OUCH that hurts! It is not that summer camp, yaar. This time it is the STAFF REP camp. I seem to be in the grind everywhere. Enough of excuses, now let us get down to the 'mirch masala' we call Lampoon.

The exam fever was here and gone. All those sleepless nights have given us Welhamites quite a hang over. Everything seems to be upside down; The sun shines no more and the rain pours its bladder out. Yes I am talkin' about the PSYCHO weather of our very own D. Doon (who's Hitchcock?) Well, whatever you may say we have been getting the best of it. Hell no, I am content with it. Who wants the worst when you get the best.

The term is nearing its end. All members of the Welham society can be seen scurrying about the campus in a wild rush to sort out things at the last moment. Take for example our DTE who worries his head off every time I do not meet the deadline. This time, like every other time, displaying skills of a true Welhamite I was late again and the DTE's worries blew the whole board's head off. But what me worry.

Nothing is on and everything is off. The Welhamite can be seen lazing around-' Kya kare bechara, kaam ke bojh ka maara'. The Welhamite is paying through his nose for this exciting term (I

do not mean the hike in the school fees). With no IT LAB and no dangerous liaison to follow he has become inert and slowly slipping away into oblivion. 'Sometimes the punishment don't seem to fit the crime.'

The **Louisenlund** guys seem to have a ball. They simply get the kicks out of mumbling in their broken Deutsche. They got the whole town zapped with their 'Sind Sie Frei!'

All their attempts to paint the town red were fouled, they and their Welham blues.

The dining hall had its own share of Welham grind lately. The mutant DJ did not get enough of it during the Carnival and took it upon himself to convey the boys' complaints. There was enough of howling to call in the armed forces. The food has become quite notorious, from being condemned during the

morning speeches to being harped upon by this bearded beast. Nothing seems to satisfy this fellow.

Before, I teleport out of this dimension, yet another quick report of the summer camp. This activity has been temporarily put in to suspended animation with promises of a glorious **NEW TERM.**

.....3.....2.....1.....**signoff,**
Spoof on Humour.



TO INFINITY
AND BEYOND.....

RINGSIDE VIEW

You are once again reading the commentary of the jungle boy! Man, this sports affair has given me quite a 'rep' as I seem to be much in demand and the Staff Rep.'s hell bent to get the thing written by me.

Now for the usual sports 'masala'. The Oak-Grove Tournament was a very fortunate affair for us, with Ashish as captain working out wonders for the team. **Suman** played very consistently and had the rare honour of scoring in every match. The match against St. George's College was drawn with a goal each from both sides. But the next match saw us thrashing our rival **Doscos** 3 goals to 1. **Parivesh** played a very vital role in shaping the much-needed victory over the Doon School, scoring 2 goals. The semi-finals were played against the hosts, and after quite an effort we won by a narrow margin of a goal.

The finals were once again against St. George's, and this time too it was a closely contested match with the score being tied with a goal each till the final whistle. Then, our goalkeeper simply proved his talent by letting in just 2 goals in the penalty shootouts. And then **Ashish, Suman, Amit** and **Puneet** scored to get the school the 'unusually' large trophy and so winning it for the second year consecutively.

The Oak-Grove players are quite well known to be our die-hard fans. As revealed to me by sources, they cheered their lungs out and at times it seemed as if we were on home ground. Thanks!

Saswat's effort was quite commendable as he played and infused confidence in the team with his well-known head injury.

Going on to the domestic side, the seniors' Inter House Hockey has commenced and a few matches left will be played after the exams. The first match between Jamuna and Krishna proved to be tense till the very end, with the first goal scored by Jamuna within the first minute and Krishna retaliat-

ing soon after. **Gagandeep** drew first blood for Jamuna and showed his talent. **Saswat** and **Suman** simply played a very attacking game, both scoring twice and being responsible for the final score being tied at 3 all. Cauvery then took on Krishna, and surprisingly got the game with a brilliant goal by **Parivesh**. The next match between Ganga and Jamuna was a one-sided affair, with the Jamuna boys showing the best of their talent. **Rishi Raj, Gagandeep** and **Saswat** struck a blow each to shatter Ganga 3-0. Your man here too played, and immodestly says he played a good game! **Parivesh** then scored once more to get Cauvery the match against Ganga. Rest of the matches are to be played after the exams, and let's hope matches will be played at the peak of their 'pep' as a very major tension gets over.

Turning to the tennis open. In the singles **Dwivedi** finally fought back and won the title 6-1, 6-2. **Mr Bhagel** was the runner's up. In the doubles, **Mr. Ghosh** and **Suman** proved to be skilled, as they stormed into the finals, coming up from a 5-1 trail in the semis to win the match 7-5. But our very own '**Pete Sampras**' **Dwivedi** and **Prasher**, who defeated them 6-1, 6-3, stopped their dream run. A commendable performance by the staff indeed.

There will be boys leaving for the Youths' Basketball Trials soon. We wish them all the best. The exams and India's losses have not proved to be an obstacle for the cricket 'paaps', who surprisingly walk around with a smile on their faces. The simple reason being, The World Cup has started.

You ain't gonna get the quality stuff I write from next term, as the correspondent's gonna be back and once again I shall be restricted to my tigers, leopards, elephants, cheetahs.....

Permanently yours'
Anshuman.

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