

The Elephant

No. 235

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

30th October, 1999



FOUNDER'S DAY EDITION

Think About It...

Is your cucumber bitter? Throw it away. Are there briars in your path? Turn aside. Do not go on to say, "Why were things of this sort ever brought in to the world?"

- Marcus Aurelius

EDITORIAL

Welham in itself, is a lesson learnt in time. To most of you who are still very young, Welham may still be nothing more than an endless charade of early morning PT, terrorising prefects and sometimes, wicked teachers. Someday, maybe now, maybe in a long time from now, it'll hit you on the head that Welham was probably something that will always be a part of you. To some, it will stand out as a lesson in solitude, to others it will be a wave of memories that sweep across the shore of your life. To me, it has been the greatest teacher of human relations - something I hope every person passing through this school will learn. There is nothing more important, and there will never be anything greater and more beautiful than the human heart - to learn

its ways is not an easy task. The human mind is relatively easy to understand, but the heart has its own reasons that work not on logic and rationality.

What does it mean to be a Welhamite? To be well bred? To be intelligent? To be branded a 'public school product'? To an outsider, these may well be the answers. However, to most of us who have spent a large part of our lives here, I hope it means more than just that. The greatest gift of education is not what it teaches you, but what you learn. Expect nothing from your parents, not wealth or a glorious parentage or power and influence, but expect from them the best education.

To all of us here who believe strongly in the power of the written word, I hope you will believe me when I say that all of us have talents here that we

need to discover. To all of you who are confused about where life is going to lead you, rest assured that your education here at Welham will guarantee you a shining future if you seize the opportunities that await. Hopefully, you will discover your passions and give flight to them rather than crush them. I know for one thing, that the world has too many engineers, lawyers and doctors and too few brilliant writers, actors and musicians.

Perhaps one of the most important lessons

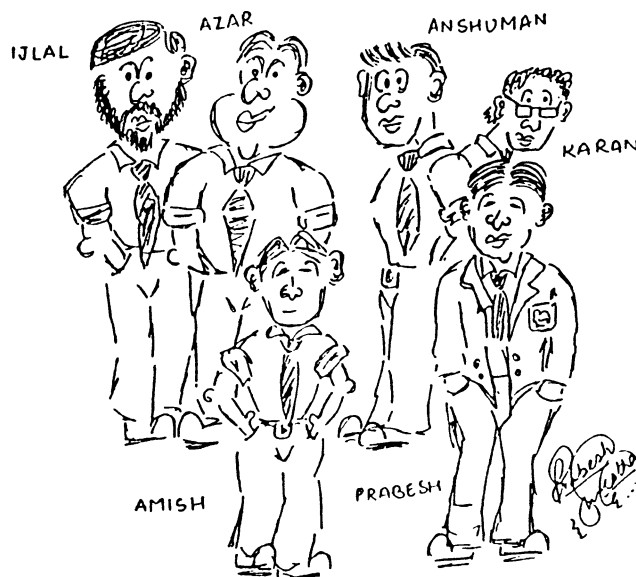
to be learnt, is to give in to the longings of your heart rather than yield to the pressures of the outside world. If after having passed through the gates of Welham, you still cannot stand up for what you believe in, then I think your education has

failed you somewhere - but that is not likely to happen.

School is not about learning chemistry formulas or mathematical constants but about how you perceive the world. If nothing else, I hope all of us here at Welham will learn to think for ourselves - that alone matters.

To all those of you who think my editorials in the past year have been too 'hi-fi', I apologise, but let me also state my reasons. We, as a society, are becoming used to taking things for granted, most of us remain afraid of change. I have only one question - Why? Accept new ideas as if they were your own, after all, that is why we're here at Welham. To those of you who think this editorial is too 'moralistic' and 'senti' blame the school - it

THE LONG SUFFERING BOARD



taught me how to think.

Welham taught most of us several things, but before I sign off permanently, these are just a few things I feel are important.

It's all right to sing in public.

You better have lots of extra sets of Kurta Pajamas while the monsoon is on.

It really doesn't matter if you can't speak in front of a 1000 people. Those who want to hear you, will listen to you anyway.

Don't go with the tide - be your own wave.

'Don't be afraid to be weak, don't be proud to be strong'

Don't worry too much if too many people dislike you.

If you miss home, it's okay to cry in bed at night (but don't let anybody see you!)

If you don't miss home sometimes, well.... you're strange!

October skies are the best!

Signing off permanently,

Karan

Welham Now

1) Our heartiest congratulations to Mr and Mrs Anil Sharma on their marriage. Our best wishes for a long and happy married life.

2) Our congratulations and best wishes also to Mr and Mrs Alfred Singh on the marriage of their daughter.

3) All the buildings in the school campus have been spruced up and have been given a coat of paint and

looking smart and clean.

4) Seeds have been sown in the nursery. Latterly, these have been of the hybrid variety. The quality and standard of the blossoms is amazing in size and colour.

5) The bird fresco above the LRC entrance is now complete and is a very welcome addition. The birds painted are those often seen in the campus.

Letters to the Editor...

Dear Ed,

It's been a year and a half since I passed out of school. I am currently doing computer engineering at Purdue University, US. It is a lot tougher than I thought, but hopefully I should graduate in time.

When you pass out of school there is this feeling of relief, no more homework and no more sleepless nights at the desk. But I soon discovered, homework is here to stay for another four years and the nights are only getting longer.

Now more than ever before, I realise that there is no place like Welham. The midterms, the hostel life, 'bunking' school to go to the movies. A group of forty guys, with whom you share nine great years of happiness and sorrow, friends who think much like yourself. The amazing number of opportunities you get to excel in various activities,

and not to forget the group punishment early in the winter mornings. (Yes, believe it or not when you are out of school you begin to miss that too)

All that I learned at school, working in groups, organising events, playing leadership roles, the discipline and even the politics has helped me face the challenges of the outside world. It made me into a bird watcher (that might not sound exciting to many, but for me it opened a whole new world.) Welham has given me more than I can ever return. Those of you, who are still there, enjoy it while you can. Keep it up Welham and go **From Strength to Strength**.

Yours nostalgically,

Digvijay Lamba

Ex 780-G, Batch of '98

Welham Old Boys' News

The undemoted boys from the ISC-99 batch have been placed in the following Colleges & Universities:-

Abdullah Anwar -IILM
Arpan Gupta -IILM
Sanjay Sarogi -College of Business Studies

Pankaj Agarwal -College of Business Studies
Sushovan Karki -SRCC, New Delhi
Sidharth Singh -Hindu College, New Delhi
Reshil Charles -St. Stephen's College, Delhi
Abhijit Sengupta -Venkateswara College, Delhi
Akhil Bhanot -Venkateswara College, Delhi

Debashish -Venkateswara College, Delhi
 Manav Goel -Bhagat Singh College, Delhi
 Zameer Trumboo -Bhagat Singh College, Delhi
 Lalit Kumar -Delhi College of Arts and
 Commerce
 Anirudh Chauhan -Kirorimal College, New Delhi
 Arjun Trivedi -Kirorimal College, New Delhi
 Prashant Khemka -Ramjas College, Delhi
 Yashab Zia -Aligarh Muslim University
 Abhinav Kothiwal -Hamdard College, Delhi
 Adhir Bhatt -St. Xavier's College, Mumbai

Kartikeya Narain -St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
 Abhijit Agrawal -St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
 Rohit Bagaria -St. Xavier's College, Calcutta
 Sashwat Sharda -St. Xavier's College, Calcutta
 Siddharth Dugar -St. Xavier's College, Calcutta
 Shavez Rafi -Bond University, Australia
 Abhinav Pathak -McGill University, Canada
 Amrut Kar -McGill University, Canada
 Varun Dawar -BBA, Chandigarh University
 Shariq Ansari -Engineering, Manipal.

MISS H.S. OLIPHANT

Many years ago, I asked Mr. Martyn to write a biographical note on Miss Oliphant. On the occasion of this Founder's Day, I give below an Extract: - S.K. Kandhari

“Miss Oliphant threw herself heart and soul into making a success of the Welham Boys' Preparatory School. It was opened in rented buildings, 5 Circular Road, known as the White House and Uggar Road, known as the Bethany in January 1937. Till shortly these buildings had been occupied by the Cambridge Preparatory School. Miss Oliphant took the name Welham from the Nottinghamshire Estate of her mother's family, the Thorolds. Her mother provided the funds for starting the school and Founders' Day was always celebrated on her birthday, December 1st. Miss Oliphant came of ancient stock and her family owned property that had been in their hands since the reign of Edward the Confessor who died in 924 AD. Although in the Welham School she lived extremely simply in a two roomed cottage said to have been formerly the chauki of a forest guard, in many ways she had the air of a great lady, which indeed I felt she was.”

“Thus at the age of fifty four she embarked on what was to be her life's work on which she had to devote all her energies for the next twenty five years. From the very beginning the Welham School lived up to its motto, “From Strength to Strength”, numbers increased rapidly. To meet the demand, Miss Oliphant had to acquire buildings and land for playing fields in the neighbourhood, which fortunately she was able to do, and she built buildings for dormitories and one for classrooms and one for a hospital. All this involved complicated financial and legal problems but she was never discouraged for she was a woman of very great determination. Occasionally she went to England during the sum-

mer vacations to see her family but otherwise she never took a day's holiday. Not infrequently she started the day's work at 4:00 a. m. and not infrequently she was still at work at 11:00 p. m. She kept control of all departments in her own hands and the bunch of keys that she carried around with her became legendary. In the beginning she used a bicycle extensively and she did not acquire a car till about 1950. Once we invited her to preside at Servants' Sports at the Doon School. Her car being out of action, she arrived on foot. She must have been well over seventy at the time. She always had books sent to her from England which she lent freely but she did not have much time for reading. Her main relaxation was gardening and she planted trees all over her property and grew roses and gladioli with knowledge and discernment.”

“To many people she seemed a rather formidable person. She was not polite to people who interrupted her when busy. She was outspoken to people who displeased her. I remember that parents who brought boys to visit brothers in Doon School were terribly nervous in case they should be late back at the Welham School. Even generals are known to have trembled in their shoes at the thought of facing her wrath. But the boys all knew that she had their interests at heart and staff and boys were devoted to her. Her ability to recognize old boys when they revisited the school was extraordinary when one remembers how a boy changes between the age of eleven and twenty five. Beneath the somewhat formidable exterior there was a very warm heart and tremendous kindness. She would go miles out of her way to help anyone who was sick or in trouble. She had qualities of greatness that are all too uncommon today.”

“..... In those days well-to-do people were taught by governesses. I didn't think she claimed to

have any formal education and she never did any teaching. Her field was administration and her genius was for human relations."

"On Founders' Day in December, 1955, she sprang a surprise on her audience (she liked to spring surprises) by announcing that she had acquired Nasreen 12 Circular Road, and that she

was going to start a girls' school there. Within a few weeks Miss Linnell arrived from Hyderabad. Miss Linnell was a very experienced educationist and no less devoted than Miss Oliphant for she never drew any salaries from the Welham Girls' School which opened the following January."

A FINE INNING

A fine inning I got to see! An inning of calibre and maturity.

Yes, I am referring to the inning played by the present batch of Prefects led by the School Captain. In these leaders one saw an almost perfect blend of responsibility and privilege.

Almost every one amongst the teachers will agree that overall the entire batch of Class XII has been a great one, overcoming whatever past blemishes they might have had. A bunch of decent, civilized beings who revealed their ability to discourse on issues as lofty as can be.

Faults? Of course, they were bound to be. After all, to err is human. And these are just boys who are barely past the threshold of

adulthood. Perhaps, some are not even so.

I am hoping your inning of 1998-99 will prove to be a watershed one and lift the school to greater heights. And, we will get to see still better innings by future batches of Prefects.

Well done fellows. Now go out into the brute world and lead the nation. Youth like you have the power of idealism. Replace at the helm those worthless ones of the previous generations who have brought this nation to its present miasma.

Let me wish you success, in you endeavours and may you be outstanding in your righteousness just as you have been in your last year in school

Mr Viswa Ghosh

Round Square Report

THE SOUTHPORT EXPERIENCE - A STUDENT EXCHANGE REPORT

It started in the month of December, last year, when for the first time a student from our school was programmed to go to the Southport School in Queensland, for three months. How, I was chosen remains a mystery, but it was definitely one of the most exciting day of my life when Mr Das informed me that the Principal had picked me to represent Welham Boys'.

On 12th April, 1999 I boarded a flight to Brisbane. The only feelings at that time, were excitement, and to a certain degree, nervousness. I think this was justified because the furthest I had travelled so far was Ladakh, and here I was, going a few thousand miles from home.

I reached Brisbane on the 14th. The first thing that struck me, was the cleanliness, which was unlike any I'd seen in India. Mr Stephen Eardley, the Southport School's Round Square representative was at the airport to pick me up. It was going to be an hour's drive to the school.

During the course of the scenic drive, he filled me in on the little details I needed to know such as my house, my house master's name and anything else I was curious about. He also let me know, that in case I experienced any racism, he should be the first one to know.

We reached the school and then I was taken to my hostel and shown my room. I did not have to share it with anyone else, since almost all the senior boys lived in single rooms. Later, I was introduced to my house matron and the house master, Mr Buckland. Soon after, Mr Eardley took me for a drive to show me the beautiful Gold Coast beaches, which were only fifteen minutes away. Needless to say, they left me impressed, with the deep blue ocean reflecting the sun's dazzling rays. On returning, I introduced myself to some of the other boys in the house and retired early to my bed, owing to my jet lag.

The next day I went to the Dean of studies

and collected my timetable from him. The first day was very hectic and I was introduced to all my teachers and of course the guys in my class. Our daily schedule from Monday through Thursday went like this - the day started with a sumptuous breakfast, then we had two periods of fifty minutes each, followed by fruit break in our houses and two more periods. After that there was lunch, and another two periods. After classes were over, one of the houses had compulsory chapel service each day after which everybody went for games. During the time I was there, the only sports on were soccer, rugby and sailing. By the time we retired to our rooms, it was 9 p.m. On Friday we followed the normal schedule till lunch after which we had school assembly followed by services (SUPWs) for two hours. Saturday and Sunday were holidays.

Onto more critical matters, the education there was supported by a lot of multimedia which included extensive use of the library, CD-ROMs and the Internet. Most class assignments were done on computers. Laptops were given to students by the school on a daily basis. In the beginning, I was informed by Mr Eardley that the standard of education would be low compared to what we're used to here in India. There was a wide range of subjects to choose from and I ended up studying Business Organisation and Agricultural Science for the first time!

Coming to sports, I chose soccer and started practice after a week in school. Sports there, are played with much more vigour and enthusiasm than in India, and given great priority. Here, I feel I should mention that I experienced some racism while on the field. Every weekend we had inter-school matches which were great.

As for what we call midterms, the school

owns property on an island where another exchange student and I, went with a group of junior boys as their leaders. The place was extremely fascinating. This is where, for the first time I saw a wallaby - an animal similar to a kangaroo but smaller.

On weekends I would go endlessly to the beaches and neighbouring areas, absorbing the beauty of the place and enjoying myself thoroughly. Time flew by and the end of term was near in mid-June. Before school closed, I delivered a speech in front of an audience of 1800 about my time in Southport. The last week was 'services' week - with no classes, but each boy had to engage himself in an activity for the entire week. I had chosen 'Waterwatch' as my service. We went to nearby sites analysing the chemical contents in the water, with a whole day spent at Sea World.

The term ended on the 18th of June, after which I visited Sydney and later, Melbourne with another exchange student. Sydney, the commercial capital of Australia, has a beautiful skyline dotted by towering skyscrapers. It also has the world famous Opera House and the Harbour Bridge (which incidentally, is made of Tata Steel!). Melbourne was very different - pretty, peaceful and welcoming. Every street here has its own charm.

Finally, I flew back to Delhi on the 12th of July. Coming to the end of this report, I would like to thank Mr Kandhari and Mr Das for making this trip possible and giving me the chance to experience an opportunity that only comes to a select few. My time in Australia was definitely worth it, and I hope other boys at school will grab a similar chance.

Inayat S. Bains
Class XII

CHALLENGING THE FUTURE - ROUND SQUARE CONFERENCE, LOUISENLUND, GERMANY 1999

The Round Square Conference was held at Louisenlund, Germany from 12th to 18th October this year. Mr. Kandhari, Mr. Das, Ijlal Shamsi, Usamah Burza, Saurabh Gupta, Amanjeet Oberoi and the two of us represented our school. The theme of the conference "Challenging the Future" held great importance for students from all over the world, who came to discuss what was in store for all of us after the end of this last year of the

millennium. The theme has been elaborated in Alvin Toffler's book - 'Future Shock' in which he describes how fast rapid change is affecting our lives, something which we often do not even realise.

The Pre-Conference and the Post-Conference arranged for us added a lot more excitement. A tour of Zurich was arranged by the Salem school. We stayed at the Salem school for two days and

then moved on to Birklehof school, where a hike in the Black Forest had been organised. Reaching the top, through the forest onto a flat portion of land with nature all around was bliss. The next day we went to Freiburg where we visited its famous museums and churches. The Post-Conference was held at Berlin, where we stayed for two days.

Welham Boys' School is proud of its achievements through Round Square in the last three years. We will organise the RSIS Ladakh project in the year 2000. Students will be going to

school in Scotland, Switzerland, Canada, Australia and Germany on exchange programmes. We also have two boys from the present class twelfth batch who will be going on Gap-year programmes as junior teachers to Boxhill School in England and to another school in Canada.

The theme of the conference "Challenging the Future" was well discussed and was found very useful in the present context.

Shradhey Rawat & Shivang Sud

Literary Affairs

SOME MUSICAL ADVICE

Music is no one's love or kin,
It's somethin' that comes from within.

There have been instances in our school that around half the senior school has plugged in various subjects. They are asked to appear in a re-exam, which is very easy and they re-plug! The students blame the teachers and the teachers blame the students, some blame god and some blame the school. But, my most enlightened readers, I beg to differ.

Music is something that I would not like to accuse for this mishap and many others that have occurred over the years. But I would certainly give it some credit.

Listen to any kinda music you like and become "thanda", if you go for soft romantic stuff then it's most likely that you are a victim of "loveology" but don't worry, you won't always have impure thoughts about a.....

Try out the usually unusual rap stuff and you become "kewl". All you gotta do to impress is behave as if you're under stress and then try rap movements with your hands. Don't forget to mutter the "aaahaa yeaah check it out!"

If you go for the highly intellectual and blues kind then just behave abnormal. Speak as much nonsense as you can and think that you are the gulf who taught Jim Morrison how to get high. Foul Lingo will always be appreciated by your admirers. The image of a sly mysterious guy wearing pathetic clothes and no bath for a month really helps!

Hip-Hop-Yaaa! That's your expertise go

around telling guys I don't do drugs to get high, It's all because of the music that I buy. Everything about you got to be loose, from your clothes to your hair 'coz that is what you choose.

If you belong to the underground [Rave, Techno, Acid, Modern Rock and Trance], then that's your environ and your surrounds, take your sole to be a DJ (Destructible Jockey). The sounds that you invent can merrily be as bad as garbage. Some advice - when you listen to it make sure that everything from your head to your feet is making waves.

A fan of classical and melodious would always pretend to be soft, smooth, learned and cool. Whether you understand the "ragas" and stuff it just does not matter. Dedication is what counts. Make sure you slog the names of all kinds of "Ustaads".

Train kept a rollin' -

"But most of all the train that kept all rollin' all night long of rock 'n' roll you cannot kill, it will live forever."

Let music do the talkin'. Learn the guitar or drums and think you are a rock star. I tried learning the guitar but failed after two years and was ultimately called a "duffer" by the teacher. Form bands with names like "Libido", "The Shaggwells", etc. Make sure that everytime you hear a song you nod your head, and think that every other man is dead.

Desi style is your blood man,
And be a local music fan.

God is above us and above him are Govi and Mithun. **Sateek hai vaa!** Listen to the indi-

pop and the filmi **gaanas** and the dirty dialogues and behave like a rogue. Remember if someone ever discourages you then you can always say that you are a “**Patheriotic**” (a smaller version for the

pathetic patriot).

**- KING OF NOTHING
EL KANISHKO**

LIFE, THE WORST TORTURE...

Life is the worst torture that I have ever got, and for this I believe, Death will be my freedom.

The nights are sleepless, no one lulls me asleep. The days are nothing but dreamless, dark nights. There is nothing that remains in my memory, except, those damned, cursed moments, that began a few hours ago. We were all under the cool wind of the fan in this hot July afternoon, all of the family. My parents, my spouse, Farida, and of course, my brothers Khalid and Zafrin, both twins, and over 10 years younger to me. Jokes abounded till we heard shouts of ‘Har Har Mahadev’. I told my wife to get inside and lock everyone in safely, while I looked out and saw the mob! Hungry for my race’s blood, tearing away for my faith’s people.

The whole street was alive with them, it was like a bee hive, with every single person brandishing swords or axes or knives. Everyone seemed hungry for blood, everyone broke windows and entered houses. They threw out women of my creed, on the streets, and robbed them of their chastity while their men were tied up, all ready to be cut apart by the blood-hungry people.

Ahmed Bhai, our barber was out of luck, in fact his life had already left him. Those people had tied him to a tyre, and burnt it, and he was immediately engulfed by flames, his cries of help being pressed by the crowds’ shouts of joy! I couldn’t think of any thing, except for the fire that was eating Ahmed up. I asked my brothers to go down the pipe at the back of our apartment. Then I told Farida to take my Parents to the store, and bolt the door quickly.

Inside the store, I prayed that both my

brothers had reached safely. All of us were tense, psyched and scared to hell. Then they reached our door, and shouted, ‘Get out you damned sons of dogs, you infidels’. Suddenly, I heard one of them call out, ‘here are two more of these pigs!’ I hoped it wasn’t Khalid when I suddenly heard Zafrin’s shriek. That was when these people barged in, broke open the store door, and pulled us out by our hair onto the streets. I tried to free myself, but my strength was incomparable to the power which these men had got in their arms.

I was beaten, kicked in the stomach, and spat upon. Then the crowd moved around Abba, and slowly he gave out a small cry of Allah, and I realized, he was no more. The next to fall down were my brothers, and while all this was happening, I felt a tremendous rage, at our faith, that had made me lose my family, all in the name of religion! Ammi was no more lively, she was made to lie down on the ground, her face horrified at the killings. Farida was thrown about and kicked. Then she too stared at me, dead.

I was crying, when they came with a knife, brandishing it like a butcher’s device. I kicked out, my legs hurting with every pressure I put on them. But they caught it, and did what they wanted to. A small giggle let out that the task was completed, but there I was, bleeding and they left me there to rot away till death.

I don’t know for how many hours I lost consciousness, but I am now dead, unable to call back my dear ones, and am slowly waiting to join them in the Promised Land.

Fatehpal S. Khara

SOLITARY ORDEALS

As you gaze on the coffin that is slowly being lowered in the ground, you realise the true meaning of life, and you realise how death works upon to end this sweet dream called life, how happy you should be, that you possess this sweet gift of the

Creator.

But the man, whom life has deserted, was not a sinner, nor was he any old aged parson whose life could be called an exemplary one to follow. He wasn’t revealed any of life’s glories and its won-

ders. Yet, he is now dead. He was a young man, till yesterday filled with joy, today no more. But he has left all of us, his friends, his family, and his parents, for a fault that wasn't his. He was a soldier, one who fought till the very end to up keep the honour of his country, to up hold the dignity of his community, and to satiate the materialistic pride that the world pleasures.

He was a simple foot soldier, climbing the high mountains with heavy loads on his back, alert ever as always. But it was through plain misfortune, at least that was the official statement, that he received bullets in his chest and so did not live any more.

A soldier's life is not led by him, it is controlled on every step, commanding him like a mechanical animal. He knew his life was to be the same, yet at the insistence of his parents, he married a simple woman of his village and raised a family. He knew, it is every human's wish to play with his or her grand children before death finally takes life away. So he agreed without much argument. Within a year he became a father, and when he received the news in

his Regiment at the border, he was thrilled with joy.

They who say war is necessary to attain peace, are nothing but humanity's greatest enemies. Why does man have to be so imperialistic, so materialistic, so self centred? What do they think about the casualties, the handicapped, the dead? They don't have any share in the rewards of a won war, but for a small amount as compensation and a medal of honour. After all, money is everything.

Our man's family was shattered too, his young wife unable to answer the questions that her young son asks her, his parents shocked by this sudden break in their life. Everyone around them gives them condolences, everyone joins them in their bereavement. But the true meaning of pain, of parting, and of the deceased can only be realised by those who really knew him. Ordeals are common, but solitary ordeals aren't, that is why the world feels death is the final truth, while those who suffer cannot explain the depth of pain that they carry in their hearts.

Amish Raj Mulmi

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Seldom do we come across a piece of literature, which comes to the rescue of the youth and actually defends it. I have come across, umpteen number of times, articles which constantly blame the youth for the all the world's mishaps and misadventures. They probe, dissect and present a very biased and hackneyed picture of the youth. Such propaganda has erected an aura of distrust and dishonesty around the youth. Youth is a scape-goat of society.

It was very nice to come across this piece of literature originally printed on behalf of the Durlabhji Trust for Development, Jaipur. I was pushed more by my conscience more than the Staff Rep to bring it to everyone's attention. It is the least I could do for the youth.

We read it in the papers and hear it on the air
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.
We sigh and we say as we notice the trend,
"This young generation... where will it end?"
But can we be sure that it's their fault alone?
Are we less guilty, who place it in their way
To many things that lead them astray?

Too much money, too much idle time;
Too many movies of passion and crime.
Too many books not fit to be read
Too much evil in what we had said.
Too many children encouraged to roam
Too many parents who won't stay at home.

Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books
They don't paint the pictures of gangsters and crooks.
They don't make the liquor, they don't run the bars,
They don't change the laws, and they don't make the cars.

They don't make the drugs that muddle the brain,
That's all done by older folks... eager for gain.
Delinquent teenagers; oh how we condemn
The sins of the nation and blame it on them.

Instead of placing blame, let's fix the cause,
And remember as we pause;
That in so many cases - it's sad but it's true -
The title "Delinquent" fits older folks too!

Azar Zaidi

I ASK YOU...

As you near the end of your life,
Have you ever, once in yours,
Turned back and looked behind at the world,
And the path that you have treaded upon,
Has it been covered by anyone.
Have you noticed a change in the world,
Have you ever felt, ever even a little tinge,
That you have set an example, though it be small,
Others may, may not follow it,
But have you ever had that feeling,

Deep in your heart, that you are one with the world,
That this planet is glad that you have lived on it,
That others feel that you have done a small, yet a
caring task,
Undaunted by scorns, unmoved by failures,
That the world feels, you are, and you will remain,
A Universal Soldier, one with peace,
One, who will be the change in the world himself.

Pradipta Rana

THE RAPE OF THE WORLD

Who stole your love? Who stole the
peace, the honesty, the kindness? Did you give it
away or was it snatched and killed from you?
Maybe none or nothing can tell.

We are witnesses to the rape of the world.
The peace, kindness, unfaltering belief, trust, hu-
manity which reigned have been diminished and are
being killed. Its late but not too late.

The new rulers today are evil. Cruel, oppressive,
unjust. No longer does anyone support the
stumbling but instead pushes him/her down.

How can you stand the sight, watch—The
Rape of the World. We see her stripped before the
bombs explode, diminishing it in bright sun. She
was raped. How did it happen? Where were we?

If you listen carefully, you hear cries for
justice, for love, for passion, for understanding, for
support. If you see the world downtrodden, filthy,

being beaten up, poisoned, killed; it is being raped.

Come together, open your eyes, ears, and
all senses. Stop the pretence of being deaf, dumb,
blind and handicapped. Don't you realize its worse
than death? Don't you realize what is in store for
you, if you don't open up and speak out at the
injustice that the world is going through..

If we stop the pretence and speak out and
bring a change, heaven could be here on earth and
yes, I do believe that it could, and I surely will.
Kindness, peace, an unfaltering belief, trust, under-
standing, support are the ingredients of heaven.
Heaven could be here on earth if we add these
ingredients to ourselves and stop witnessing the
rape of the world.

Are you ready to get squashed by evil? If
not then come together and act.

Rohan Sachdeva

LIKE BREATHLESS WATER IN UNEASY WINDS.

Under this purple sky,
somewhere,
I hear you call a pretty name.
Like breathless water in uneasy winds.

A heavy lake,
of drowned thoughts.
A lost cradle of sunlight, gold.

In wait of a dying breeze,
I lie.
Like it were the only breath.

With you in the stars,
I'm running away,
towards ecstasy.

In crossing the oceans,
I change my earth,
not my sky.
I'm not the sun or the stars,
or a midnight sky,
I'm only the moon in an eclipse.

Above a different mountain,
there lies,
a different sky.
With a different rain,
and a different music.

Under this purple sky,
somewhere,
I hear you call a pretty name.
Like breathless water on uneasy winds.

Karan Gulaya

Those Wacky Woodseaters

AN EXCITING DREAM

Once I was fast asleep. My dream took me to a fairyland. I was excited to see blue fairies around. A fairy came to me and took me to the queen fairy who gave me wings and a magic stick.

I flew with other fairies. I enjoyed myself with them. After a while they took me to a magic

tower where I became a fairy.

Suddenly I woke up and realised that it was only a dream.

Akhilesh Jung
Class III

MY FAVOURITE TOY

I have many kinds of toys but my favourite is a car. My uncle presented it to me on my birthday when I was 6 years old. It is red in colour. It is a police car and has a remote control with four batteries in it. It can move very fast. Sometimes

when I am tired I play with my car. There are two men in the car. After playing I keep my car in the toy cupboard. I like my car very much.

Wangdu Tsering
Class III

A VISIT TO THE ZOO

Last Friday I went to the zoo with my father. We caught a bus and reached the zoo. The zoo's name was Gemini. We rode on a trolley to see the animals. My first animal was a lion. We got down from the trolley and went to see the lion, then

an elephant, then a tiger. I got tired. My father bought some popcorn for me. It became evening. Then we went back home. I enjoyed my day.

Subbro Ganguly
Class II

Nature's Diary

A PLEA!

We approach the end of another century,
But before all this, there are things still left to be done,
By you, by me, by each individual that shares the world with me,
Try to do one simple thing, a very simple thing,
Look back at the world, your world,
And search and probe into the deep recesses that lie inside your mind,
Probe for something that has affected you, and me, and this world.
Notice one thing, one deed that you have done,
Which makes you feel, yes, this world is proud of me,
The world lies in tatters, you know it,
Yet why do you remain oblivious to what's happening around you,
Our planet has a bleak future, no hope lies for our aeons to come,
It lies upto you now, you who is living and breathing on this planet,

Try leave a better world for your children that are to come,
Those innocent ones, who will suffer because of our misdeeds,
One day this world shall tear apart. before you realize it,
The future will not have any doubts that the planet shall be dead.
You can still consider this, your decisions are entirely yours,
But try to act in a small way, in your own possible way,
Try not to waste, try not to endanger.
Our resources, our beautiful surroundings.
Try to recycle, try to re-use, try to protect.
No one asks you a favor, but it's for your own good,
Though it may be small, leave an example that will leave an impression,
Try to be different than the rest, so as to preserve, protect,
This creation of the Almighty, that we have de-

shaped,
 Love yourself, love your environment,
 The future will look upto you,
 Though the action be small,
 We, the future will hold you to be benign, benevolent,
 Not because of your deeds, but because,
 You showed you care.

This blank verse is directed towards all of you, our peers, our elders, and our parents. We, as the future realise the crises that the planet is going through, and it is high time that you too recognize the dangers that have arisen, much due to man's intervention in nature's balance, thus disturbing the world in every sphere.

Today, we are on the brink of another millenium, but it is in the last century that has

witnessed much of the uprising in Nature's working. Nuclear mutation, Global warming, unexplained rise in temperatures, extinction. All are issues that cannot be blamed to anyone but man.

We, not only as humans, but also as the most superior intelligence possessors, have to realise our mistake, and try not to repeat them. Why do you think children today complain of being asthmatic, why do you think this time, winter has been unexpectedly early? The reasons are clear, but the solutions aren't. You have to think on them, work them out, and bring them to force, so that we as the future hold you as a true son or daughter of the planet. Work not for gain, but for humanity, for your children, for all of us.

Amish Raj Mulmi

DUDES OF THE MILLENNIUM

Kumar Abhijeet: He's the tall, bony guy with an American head and attitude. Supreme commander of the present 'Bad Batch'. Apna desi babu with an Irish accent. The deserving guy, who led from the front.

Hamza Anis Ahmed: Sher Khan of this jungle. One of the most 'thanda' dudes of the year. His capacity for anything is great, including lazing around. No wonder then, that he earned the title 'King of lethargy'. He's also got the Charlie Sheen look (specs).

Shradhey Rawat: The 'cutest' prefect around. Watch out all you women of the world. He's got a smile available 24 hours a day. The 'Maharaj' of this valley and they call him Maharaj Doon.

Suman Saurabh: Man! This guy could run a 1000 miles and not get tired. Probably the most active person in school, for whatever reasons. Also holds the coveted title of 'James Bond'. The teachers love him and so does God but he only loves the fairer sex. Go Bihar! KT yay!

Karan Gulaya: This is my chance at getting back at this guy! He survives on fresh air, and praise alone! Wildly popular with the 'intellectual' brigade, and dreams of going to Harvard! You go boy!

Sachin Gupta: If you've ever heard him talk, man, you are ONE lucky guy! He's also famous for his dark, mysterious looks. The only place he's overactive, is the basketball court.

Maneesh Shrestha: Hercules with a lot of wisdom. Likes remaining quiet but when it comes to talking physically he's got a big jaw. He pumps a lot of iron. Our 'tagda' guy from Nepal who loves Yum Yum.

Charanjeet Singh Mann: The Golden Jat surd who has a reputation for being unpredictable, with an equally golden sense of humour. It's common knowl-

edge that nobody can beat him in an argument - too bad he wasn't part of the debating team.

Hemant 'Salman' Tiwari: This guy is never wrong! Thank God he's lost a lot of weight and is no more the hot 'n' fat kinda guy. And his new hairdo...oohhhh!

Pranay Shreshtha: Popularly called 'Zimba' (don't ask me why, it's just one of those mysteries of life). Hip Hop! Yeah baby, the whole school knows it. He's our kewl jewel and is on a perpetual high. Go Nepal go!

Nimish Agarwal: For some reason, Nimish has acquired a passion for going home in the middle of the term. He's better than any Mithun or Govinda when it comes to street language. When it comes to 'other things' we have only one thing to say - he's the paper dosa!

Parivesh Kumar: The undisputed Sultan of Bihar! One of the most sporting people in the class (and he better be, what with all the jokes about him). For some reason, he's earned the nickname 'Lord of the thighs'. Hmm... wonder why.

Akshat Agarwal: He's the 'branded' guy from Najibabad - what he really is, is FUNKY!. He's also earned the 'At home, dude of the year' award for his total feeling of being 'at home' while still in school. A Romeo, who lost his heart to his Juliet. Offers tough competition to cousin Nimish, when it comes to women and street language.

Saswat Prasad: An Urmila fan but loves Madhuri. He's the sort of person you'd expect to find sitting in the lower stall of a movie theatre! A true lover of sports but things changed completely after he came back this term with the look of a pot-bellied Nepali. PP remains his passion.

Rahul Dawn: The ultimate *gunda* from *Jhoomri Talaiya* (honestly!). Reputed for his beard and ear-

rings. Faster than light be it athletics or changing hairdos. Has a bit of an American accent while speaking in hindi.

Sachil Tiwari: The PH mascot! Looks a little like a duck with muscular disorder. Also famed for wearing the cleanest set of clothes in school! Watch out for his bizarre dance steps.

Deepak Govind Rao: Popularly labelled 'Rambo', his favourite haunt - T.S. Hardly visits the academic block. Like him or hate him, you can't help but FEAR HIM!

Ashish Kumar: His passion for money is all too common, so much so, he claims he can get a job as an accountant anywhere without a degree. Lately, has also been a regular visitor to the school hospital - we wish we knew why!

Vatsal Arya: In one word - MOD! In another word - CYNIC! His sideburns make the opposite sex go crazy! However, this hot-stepper remains a small town boy at heart.

Sulabh Arora: The whole school loves him. The lady-teachers love him. You can't help but love him! Cho chweet-baby, however his love is yet to be discovered. A word of caution - never never never talk to him after he's eaten a meal considering his love for onions.

Rahul Gupta: He's the 'father figure' of the class. Part time 'unckill', and slogger. Well known around the school for his 'Arnold' jawline.

Ajeet "HA HA" Bajaj: Haa!Haa!Haa! He has a strange penchant for repeating the SAT exam an umpteen number of times. Also has a foot fetish, a hair fetish, a toenail fetish... umm nevermind. Deep within, there's a raw, suave guy lurking.

Puneet Bansal: Kool! DJ! Competes fiercely with Hamza for the title 'King of lethargy' and sometimes manages to win (no mean feat, I assure you!) However, in his own right, he is also king of kool, king of masala and king of korny jokes. A real patti brother.

Anant Goel: What strikes everybody about him, almost immediately is his 'fancy' gait. A hard worker, is always springing surprises!

Abhishek Rungta: We hardly see him on campus. Favourite haunt - KFs. Perhaps the only thing greater than his love for chess is his love for eating and sleeping.

Saurav 'China man' Pradhan: This is one bizarre TV addict who will watch most anything on the idiot-box, including ancient re-runs of 'Krishi Darshan'

on DD. It is rumoured that he sustains himself on a diet of Wai-wai.

Vikas Monga: Erstwhile gym-junkie, it seems something went wrong somewhere. Maybe he built up the 'wrong parts'.

Shivang Sud: After Lalit, the title 'sexiest man at Welham' goes only to Shivang with his fancy dress code and the way he oozes charm.

Gyurme Wangchuk: Hip hop! Metallica, Prodigy. The Doors, name anyone he knows them all. A real cool guy with a cool hair-style from a cool place with a real cool accent. A true Sikkimese.

Avneet Brar: The good looking guy who has is almost perpetually drinking water or coke. Very particular about his hair. Apparently, he loves math but had to sacrifice it for Geography.

Inayat Singh Bains: Loves mimicking people. A true *desi jat*. His mole remains his sex appeal. Apparently, he's acquired an unhealthy obsession for singing the Australian national anthem ever since he returned from his exchange at Southport.

Atul Gupta: ???????? The only thing well known about him is that he isn't well known at all! Supposed former infatuation junkie, he hopes to top in the ISCs.

Jai Kapoor: He's a true 'sloge' also part-time charmer and intellectual. Loves studying (duh!). He hopes to be a chartered accountant. Loves consignments and joint-ventures and all things commerce.

Yoginder Bista: He loves electricians. we wonder why! His trademarks are his fancy hairstyle and his lovely lilting accent (which sometimes causes a bit of a communication barrier!)

Saurabh Gupta: The true '*Khoobsurat*' of PH Britney Spears is this gentleman's passion. however the poor guy is still a 15 year old kid!

Siddharth 'Hari Om' Jatia: A real pandit from Khurja. He makes pots (no not the kind in the bathroom... pots as in ceramic pottery)

Vikas Prasad: 'Humpty dumpty sat on the wall, humpty dumpty had a great fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put him back again'. We sort of 'lost' Vikas, although we do miss him. Let's hope he comes back soon.

Gagandeep 'William' Klaire: An anglophile, who loves reading Shakespeare. Apparently he signs off all his letters with a "He that thou knowest thine" Sometimes believes he's Jesus reincarnate.

The Dark One

Ode to the Editorial Board

Oh my gaad! It's back again!
Welcome to yet another chest bumpin', booty

shakin', fist thumpin' episode I of 'Lampoon: The Awakening' and I promise this one is from over the

moon. So I suggest that all lunatics keep at a safe distance.

The big day is here and it took really big work to get this issue rollin'. The board members can be seen running around, tumbling around and even sleeping around to give shape to this issue.

This is my ode to the Don Quixotes of the editorial board.

Name: Prabesh 'you said it' Shreshtha

Occupation: Filling the void made by the departure of the last cartoonist.

Best Punch: Can draw anything with two legs, three legs(?), four legs, five legs(ahem!). This lad is certainly going places. Plays God with his paintbrush and canvas, brutally unrealistic, can make anything except women in corporate offices and men in aprons. Not your everyday lady killer.

Present Status: Depressed, oppressed, disgusted, disturbed and disheartened because somebody told him that his masterpiece resembles something unmentionable seen on the walls of a municipal toilets. Currently, ego under renovation. An asset with great potential.

Name: Amish 'Tarzan' Mulmi

Occupation: Hanging around! The board's very own Botanist, Zoologist, Archaeologist, Geologist, and palaeontologist. Ace ventura ... where ever nature calls!

Best Punch: Hangs around with the likes of David Attenborough and Ruskin Bond. An avid 'trekkie'. According to local folklore, short listed as a double for Mr. Zulu. So whenever you want any work done, just order, "Warp speed, Mr. Zulu". A cheerful worker.

Present Status: Can be seen banging his head away to glory on the Oliphant computer, as he is currently filling in for the DTE.

Name: Anshuman 'Shaken, not stirred' Singh

Occupation: Playing when it isn't raining and when it does, singing (with a Kurt Cobain hangover). 'Rain, rain, go away little Anshuman wants to play'. Our own waterboy! Presently the ringside-view correspondent.

Best Punch: Calls himself 'lord of the rings', and believes that all his ups and downs should be on the basketball court. Surprisingly I have only seen him down but take serious note- plays basketball like Michael Jackson and sings like Michael Jordan. Definitely your everyday's lady's man.

Present Status: Our own Harsha Bhogle (minus the specs) who could be seen roaring-'goal' everytime our basketball team scored in the districts. Has been heard yelling "off-side!!" whenever anyone is caught at the slips and is stumped whenever he sees a pretty

lass.

Name: Ijlal 'the virus' Shamsi

Occupation: Falling in and out of trouble, corrupting and uncorrupting the hard disk. Hacking and unhacking and hacking into networks. Really a 'socket error', currently the DTE.

Best Punch: If Bill Gates had not started Microsoft and Steve Jobs had not started Apple, he would have! (Applesoft? Microtosh?? Softapple in a Macintosh!???) His beard is his trade mark and sex appeal. Definitely a lady-killer. Also my favourite Martian.

Present Status: Recently back from Germany. Can be seen with his head buried in his Accounts Ledger. Everything else aum.....suspense account.

Name: Karan 'He's the Boss' Gulaya

Occupation: The Chief Ed! Commonly known as "Chiefy". Also the language tyrant. Can be seen being bullied by the staff Rep into doing his job and then passes the buck onto the DTE.

Best Punch: Claims that one day he will write his own Odyssey. An intellect of intellectuals. Thinks on his wavelength. His write-ups are enjoyed Amongst the best to have been read by the school community in recent years.

Present Status: Can be seen singing - 'Rule Britannia' and 'Made in England', (with a John Lenon hango-ver), why? Because he is going to Boxhill as a Junior tutor and as a reply to my query about the subject he plans to teach? Guess what, he said - 'English' and when I asked him why, his reply was, "I can taalk Englis, I can waalk Englis, 'coz it is a very phunny language....."

Name: Azar 'wilde beast' Zaidi

Occupation: Man, he needed a job, got one after all. If you want something bad enough, you'll get it. Trying to get back to the fun thing on track in the context of the world of spies you could call his articles Shag'boons". Read them and wonder what to laugh about.

Best Punch: There is a buzz around that he is the next big!?!? A die hard Oliphantist [his articles are humorous] Attributes his articles to ... God knows what? Certainly the largest planet in the 'Oliphar system' and thinks of himself as an upcoming noble prize winner for his undoing last year.

Present Status: Too many ideas and he is overweight. Half the things in his articles are TJs(Tragic Jokes) and the other half is only understood by God and himself. The biggest misconception that he's got is that he thinks he is funny and thin and since then he's gone above the rim.

- Azar Zaidi

"Dudes" of the Year

Someone, somewhere, once said that if you want power, you will get it from the barrel of the gun. Whoever said that was definitely a Welhamite or in anyway connected with the Welham community.

It is the hardest thing in the world to live your life with every inch of it coming under severe scrutiny. Knowing that you are setting examples. Yes I am talking about none other than our own Prefect body. Every member of the staff, be it academic or co-curricular, is showering a phenomenal

amount of praise on this group of guys for the examples they have set during the year. Their success is attributed to the fact that they played their own game by the rules set by the book. A bunch of law abiding citizens. The reason, they were able to enforce law is that they abided by it.

We here at the Board salute the Prefect body for their outstanding achievement, for their sense of responsibility, for their willingness to be accountable. Well done for having kept the flag flying.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

At the Round Square Conference.

A girl from Indian School Oman: Hey Usamah, can I listen to your CD player.

Usamah: Sure!

The Girl(after a while): Can you change the side please?!

President Hotel, after the waiter serves the finger bowls.

A boy (worried) : Hey guys, we didn't order for this! I hope we don't have to pay for it!!

WHAT'S IN !!??

Gray Slacks and Brown Blazers
Celebrations
MDs

WHAT'S OUT !!??

Shorts and hairy legs
Preparations
CDs

RINGSIDE VIEW

This has been one of the most tumultuous years for me on the board, with shifts from the Jungles to the Rings, and finally, the coveted post being thrown at me mercilessly. Thanks a lot!! Ugh! I'm supposed to like my job. O.k. so take it plain and simple, my last issue for this Sporty year, as they ain't gonna be no more news from my side. As you lethargic lumps won't be playing any more. Eat this!

Firstly, this year's Cricket scenario. After many struggles, our school finally managed to make a new pitch, a decent one to be precise. But to our surprise, we had to play on the same old mat. In spite of all this, the school Cricket team managed

to practice really seriously, and won a few matches with the local clubs that abound in the town. The Captain was dead serious to get a smoothness out of the famed Eleven. Some of them managed to show off their true skills as die hard cricketers. There was a sort of a Test with the Lawrence School, which was held under much speculation about the umpiring. Overall, they tried really hard, and the few who got the colours did deserve them.

Then came out the sticks and cemented, hard balls. Welham lived up to its name in the Hockey tournaments, with victories in several of them. One of them was of course, the one held at Oak Grove School, Mussoorie, where we suc-

cessfully defended the title and showed all that we weren't ones to be messed with, that is in Hockey. Brandishing sticks like swords, our Captain led his team to victory, and we all feel proud in saying that we are the best.

After a long summer vacation, the Soccer season began, with once again complete domination of the team by Nepalese talents. Our captain, himself one, trained his team really hard and under the tactics by the new coach, we actually managed to trounce many of our opponents. But in the Councils, once again the refereeing was under much doubt, with us being beaten by St. Joseph's. However, this is not all. We defeated many clubs by huge margins, and kept up the Soccer standard that prevails in our school. The Inter House Tournament was equally exciting as any First Division Clubs Matches. Every team had the potential of lifting the trophy, but the credit goes entirely to the winners, who played with inspiration, and led the House to victory.

The Squash team has really tightened up its pants, with the Captain winning the Individual Zonal Championships, and the Seniors' team coming Runners-up in the IPSC tournament. It is really a delight to see the hard work and the effort that these guys have put in giving some excellent results. Perhaps, this time, Practice makes a man Perfect! While all this praise for the Senior team goes on, we must also not forget the young and aspiring players, who reached the Quarter Finals in the Juniors IPSC Tournament at Mayo Girls'. Squash over the years has developed in to a very popular sport in Welham, and continued and dedicated practice has made a few of these gentlemen that we are proud of.

Basketball too has slowly regained its popularity in Welham this year, with us lifting the District Basketball Tournament, and every one realising

that the Captain is not one to mess around with. What, with him coming for practices early in the morning and the school all geared up to host the IPSC Basketball Tournament, Welham has really come of age in this sport. Basketball hogs most of the limelight in our School, and it gives all of us pleasure when we say that Welham is once again, the King of this Sport.

Another cemented pastures' game, Badminton has in this year managed to get much of the needed applause, as the team, in the late weeks of August went for the IPSC Badminton Tournament, and it was an amazing achievement that we, who

play much of the time without a proper coach, reached the Quarter Finals. The Badminton Captain has showed his prowess, and his capabilities as a leader.

And finally, for Athletics. The sport for those die hard fans of Maurice Greene and Michael Johnson, where every one tries to outwit the other by either speed, or by strength. This year's Inter House has seen the breaking of the old Shot-put record.

Jogging continues to be a favourite pastime of a select few. However, the Inter House Competition continues, and will end with the Sports Day Events. There is the District Athletics Championship beginning in November, and many of our winners have started practising.

Folks, that was all that happened on the Sports Circuit this year. Of course, there were a few exciting events in the middle to disturb our sporting scene, like the introduction of Cable in the Hostels, and the time time spent in watching the Cricket World Cup. A pity that India bowed out in a meagerly fashion. Next time, I will be going incognito to keep each of you there updated with the Welham Sports Scene, true and direct.

*Rock on...
Anshuman Singh*



THE ELEPHANT

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

Think About It...

Work is the curse of the drinking classes -Oscar Wilde

SPECIAL MILLENIUM EDITION FOR FOUNDER'S DAY

Editor's note: Dear friends and guests, as you are assembled here at what may well be the last Founders' day celebrations of this millenium (make that will be actually, since I can't really see how we can possibly have another) we, the staff at The Oliphant are proud to present to you a round up of the some of the most significant events of the year. Trauma, news and even happiness, its all here in this issue, catalogued with

our usual insincerity and duplicity, containing all the news thats just completely unfit to print. At least in any other magazine.



The Oliphant staff hard at work as usual.

We've been working hard to get this issue to you -burning the midnight oil, overworking the strained muscles, tugging at the brain cells and so on - you get the picture. So we hope you enjoy this, and even if you don't, well, just don't tell us will you? Cheers.

CAMPUS CRIME

At many times, and to many people, the serene Welham Boys' campus may seem like a tranquil and placid place, yet, even as we speak, there lurks a horrible menace that is threatening to dwindle the population of healthy and able-bodied senior school boys.

Quite simply, it's the curse of the middle school muggers. Their modus operandi is quite simple, and has worked so far to astonishingly fruitful results. In the interests of safety and security, The Oliphant feels that everyone over the age of 12 should be aware of how a small group of criminally motivated boys are holding the school to ransom.

It innocently began when a group of young middle school boys found themselves lost on the campus, and wandered into Prayag House, where

they came upon bottles of anabolic steroids, which they promptly stole and consumed, under the mistaken impression that they were eating Bournvita. The effects of these steroids on their bodies and minds were quick and devastating.

In brief, this is how it works. First, a young middle school boy will charmingly smile at a passing senior, usually late in the evening, and say, 'Good evening' or some such thing.

The senior school boy, faced with such politeness and charisma, will stop and say hello, or pat the young boy on his head, and reminisce fondly of the days of his youth, at which point, the psychologically damaged boy will whip out a cricket bat, that he has been concealing behind him all along, jump up onto the unsuspecting senior, and beat him

severely with it until he passes out.

(Young boy smiles innocently at passing senior 7:00 PM)

The deed having been done, and the senior boy lying prone on the road, the junior will quickly rifle through his pockets for any items of value, such as going out slips, photographs of Welham Girls, and other such precious things, and having secured his booty, will saunter off in the direction of the school field, as if about to begin a casual cricket match.

(Young boy beating senior on head with cricket bat - 7:05 PM)

Yes, dear friends, that is the sad truth. And you must be aware of this, and it must be stopped. What are we at Welham Boys' doing to prevent the spread of this menace?

(Senior boy lies wounded on the ground while the junior searches him - 7:10 PM)

Firstly, all members of Prayag House have been severely admonished for keeping steroids on campus. Their protests of - what else are to do, how we can we control the juniors without them? have gone unheeded.

Secondly senior school students will be forth-

with issued with light weapons and/or tranquilising darts, and are advised to carry these implements of

protection with them at all times, especially after sundown. Senior school students will further be given special training in the martial art form of Aikido, to help in surprise attack situations.

Thirdly, middle school matrons have been advised

to put a strong sedative in their students' morning milk, and the matrons are at this moment in consultation with Sister Chawla as to how

to arrive at an optimal mix of chemicals that will allow the middle school to continue studying in the morning, but will render them physically useless before and after, to thwart participation in hazardous extra-curricular activities such as these.

At the same time, the entire school staff will be rotated through a psychological counselling session with the students of the middle school where topics discussed will include:

1) Four reasons why our older students must be kept alive. Think hard.
2) How would you like to be hit with a cricket bat?
3) Try and do this

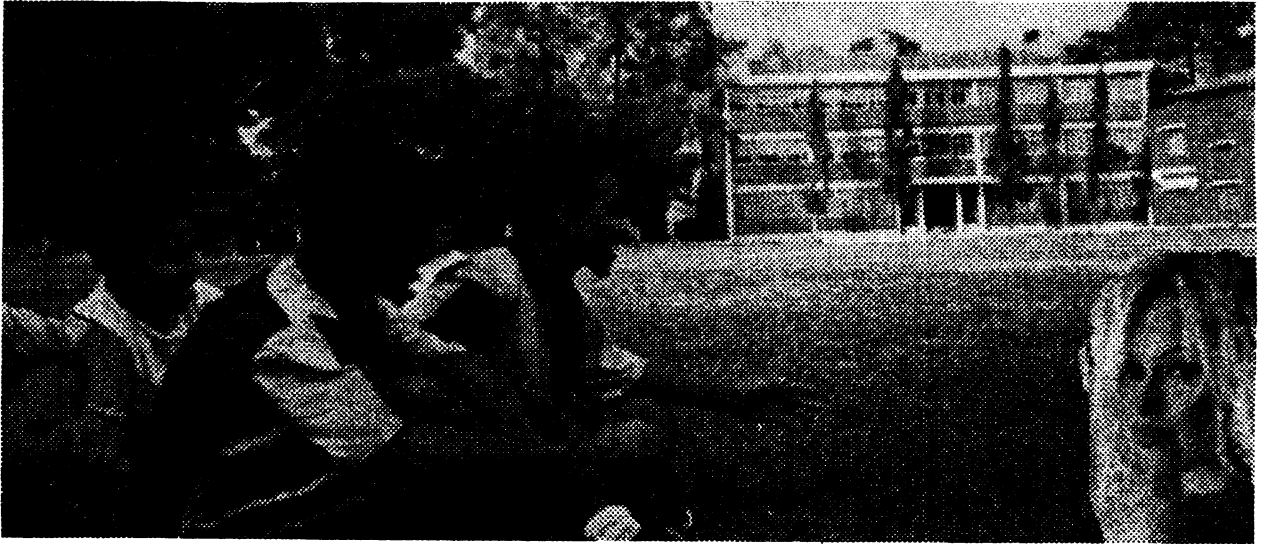
to a teacher and see what happens to you.



CAMPUS VISIT

The diving and life-saving clubs of Welham Boys' School received a significant boost last week through the unscheduled visit of Ms. Andersen, a

famous Californian lifeguard, chiefly known for the unsurpassable intellectual and logical skills displayed in the heart-wrenching series - Baywatch.



In a startlingly relevant and practically useful speech, which drew a remarkably packed house, Ms. Andersen discussed the finer points of life-saving, viz.:

What to wear

How to scream for help while drowning in an attractive yet effective manner

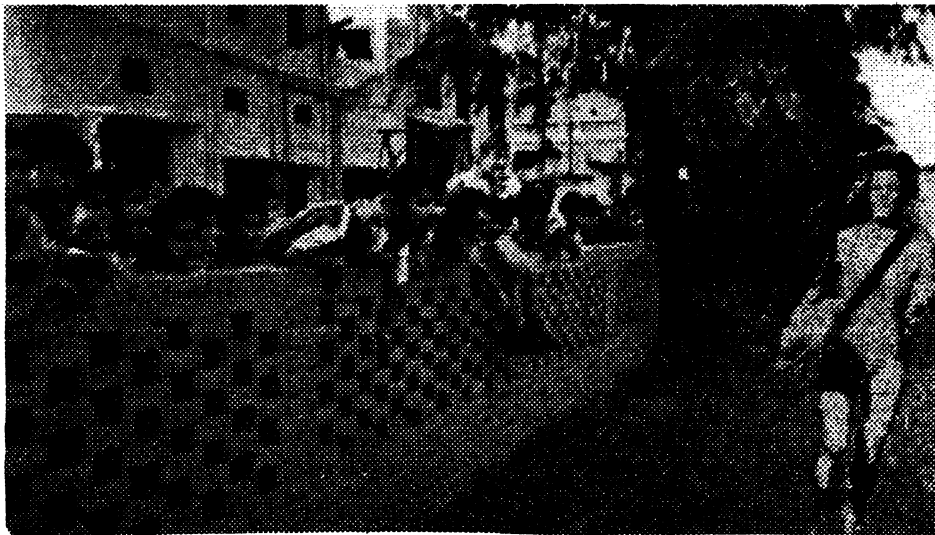
How to turn the profession into a multimillion dollar business

How to design your very own annual swimsuit calendar

Handy underwater makeup tips

How to start up a television show

How to keep it running for years with plots even skimpier than her swimsuits



Ms. Andersen might have broken the Welham dress code, but students didn't complain

SAY HELLO TO THE LITTLE GREEN MEN

In the true spirit of globalisation and intergalactic exchange, the Principal announced recently that one lucky tenth standard boy would get to spend the next academic year on planet Mars.

The initiative comes at the end of a long and fruitful round of discussions with the little green men,

who dropped in unexpectedly on the Welham campus one frosty morning last week, considerably upsetting the physical training of the junior school boys, many of whom started crying and had to be sent away for psychiatric help.

At first there “Mars: the hottest business destination” and Mr. Gosain will start up the pioneering Garhwali-Martian cultural exchange institute, having found several significant similarities in the languages. Mr. Painuli will be assigned the task of re-routing all mid term treks to Mars, under the strict orders of the Principal, who is reputed to have said, “At least

there are no video games and cinema halls there.” Mr. Basu is currently working on inducting the art school into drawing molten lava, which makes up the surface of this sublime planet.

In honour of the head of the Martian delegation, Triveni will now be called, Grog-grog.



Welham School staff ponder the possibilities of life in outer space.

Work is currently underway to identify a suitable Class 10 student who can handle this delicate exchange assignment, and many suggestions have

come forward from the house captains, who say that there are several likely candidates who are ‘already totally in space anyway.’ Some doubts were raised by Class 10 on whether soft drinks and chocolate

might be available in Mars, but the objectors were swiftly silenced by the Martians, with the use of a handy sten gun (which many staff were seen later admiring).

As reported by our blatantly lying correspondent, Azar Zaidi.

THE TOP TEN COLUMN

It may have been started up by David Letterman, but the top ten column now finds its resting place in the well written columns of The Oliphant. Here are two of our favourite lists.

Top 10 lies at Welham Boys' School:

10. I really enjoy science.
9. I like the prefects very much
8. The food here is really great
7. I want to be an engineer because I love it.
6. My seniors are kind and helpful
5. My teachers are wonderful
4. I love walking back alone to Krishna
3. I don't believe in ghosts
2. Girls are kind, decent and friendly

And the top lie at Welham Boys' is.....

1. My girlfriend (whom you've never seen) looks exactly like Aishwarya Rai

The Top Ten things that Welham Boys' like to do in their spare time:

10. Go out
9. Play
8. Watch movies
7. Sleeping.
6. Play video games
5. Surf the net
4. Go to the Tuck Shop
3. Work out at the gym
2. Girls

And the number one thing that Welham Boys' like to do in their spare time is:

1. Mimic the teachers.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : Karan Gulaya

Literary Affairs : Shivang Sud

Cartoonist: Akshat Agarwal & Prabesh Shrestha Nature Diary : Amish Raj Mulmi

Ringside View: Anshuman Singh

Staff Representative: Mr. S.K. Bakshi

oliphant@giasdl01.vsnl.net.in

Published By : Welham Boys' School

Desktop Editor : Ijlal Shamsi

Welham Now : Hamza Ahmed

W.O.B.N : Mr. Jagjit Singh

E - M a i l :

Web-page: www.welham-boys.org