

The Elephant

No. 237

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

27th November, 1999

Think About It...

Self sacrifice enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.

- Bernard Shaw

EDITORIAL

I would like all the readers to observe a minute silence in the memory of those who died waiting for this issue to be published.

(PAUSE)

The winters are here and the frost on the windows doesn't need to tell me that. It's more like a war against the forces of nature when it comes to getting up for PT in the morning and in the case of a Welhamite it's more mental torture than the

Chemistry class. It's more difficult to perceive the weather here, then it's to count your hair. In the afternoons I experience *Miami*, by late evening I am somewhere in *Europe* but at night I am in *Vladavistok*

and to add to my agony there is this element of **PT** (Physical **ST**ress or **Ph**ysical **T**orture). It does exactly nothing to elevate my spirits but its effect is quite the contrary.

I have only come out with one issue and the board members have already labelled me the senile one. Why? Because my work is complete before theirs. All previous Eds kept the issues pending and here is this new guy who is so excited that he wants to complete it in one day. These are the words of

my precious DTE. What else can you expect from a bunch of zombies?

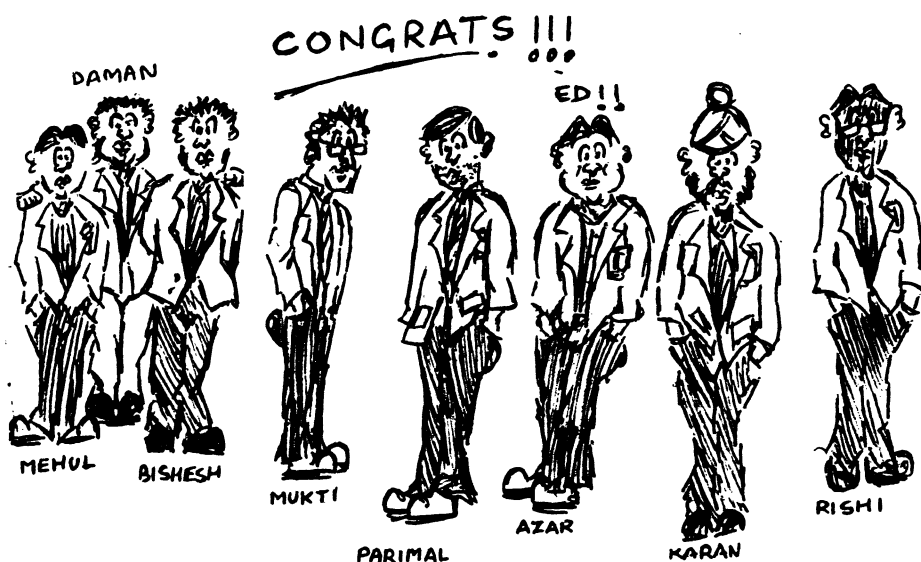
The class XI guys can be seen moving around the campus with renewed vigour and style. What's up, is the first thing that comes to my mind. Then I am reminded of the appointment of the new Prefect body. The effect is almost spontaneous and immediate, my stomach goes in and my chest comes out, I fix my tie with a deft hand, straighten

my blazer collar, shine my shoes at the back of my trowsers and check my hairstyle in the monitor. Just jesting.

The position of the Prefect is of great responsibility and honour. Every moment of your

life is under close scrutiny. The tiniest of faults are noticed. It is a life of exemplary behaviour, high thinking and responsibility. Only the best are chosen for not everyone can withstand the pressures and freedom enjoyed by the Prefect. Go get it guys.

With no dangerous liaisons to follow, the Welhamite can be seen running around. He can be seen sauntering around the campus with no fixed purpose. Even the exam fever has not set in completely. It makes me think why is it so? And I come



to only one conclusion - **socialising**. This is the most basic element of education and is yet not preached comprehensively at Welham. This isolates us. We don't know how to communicate in a social gathering. It is a Welhamite's biggest drawback. It gives us an inferiority complex and we try to shove this under the carpet by behaving in a rather awkward manner. A serious plea to the management, 'socialise and let socialise'.

From the very first day I joined school, I have been observing and abiding by the phenomenon of wearing home clothes while studying. What effect it has on our learning abilities is still a mystery. The moment you see a Welhamite in home clothes you know the exams are on. As a result of keen scrutiny and observation over the

years all that I have come up with is that perhaps the cool threads that he wears sharpens his mental process and intellect. *Rangeela*.

The boss is yet again putting his brainchild into action. The construction of the proposed subway is underway. No traffic hassles and jams. I didn't know that we were such big traffic stoppers!

I leave you all to salute the new prefect body, let's hope they take our school **From Strength to Strength**.

From one party animal to another- have a ball.

Going deeper underground,
Azar 'The Zinc' Zaidi

Welham Now

1) The Prefect body for the year 2000-2001 has been appointed:-

School Captain: Parimal Piyush
Sports Captain: Bishesh Shrestha
Prefects: Mehul Khati
Mukti Bikram Shah
Daman Chikkara
Karanjeet Chhabra
Rishi Bagaria
Azar Zaidi

2) Azar Zaidi will be leaving for Vasant Valley School, New Delhi to attend a talk on modern Indian society, on the 30th November.

3) 17th November was celebrated as belated Children's Day. An entertainment programme was held. The evening was a riot with Mr Mitra's, Mr Das's, Mr & Mrs Ghosh's songs and last but not the least Mr Khaira's and Mr Bhushan's jokes.

4) The school community was photographed as a group for the first time on 17th November.

5) The Junior Cricket Inter-House is in progress.

6) The construction of the proposed sub way has

commenced.

7) The District Athletics Meet was held at The Doon School on 13th and 14th November. The results are as follows:-

Event	Name	Sec.	Pos.
i) 100 mt-	Mehul Khati	L	3rd
ii) 200 mt-	Mehul Khati	L	3rd
iii) 400 mt-	Suman Saurabh	L	2nd
iv) 800 mt-	Suman Saurabh	L	2nd
v) 800 mt-	Gaurav Malhotra	L	1st
vi) 110mt(H)	Rana Raghubeer	D	3rd
vii) 1500 mts	Maroof Ahmed	Men	3rd
viii) High Jump	Kumar Abhijeet	L	2nd
ix) High Jump	Ashish Kumar	L	3rd
x) High Jump	Rana Raghubeer	D	3rd
xi) Triple Jump	Kumar Abhijeet	L	2nd
xii) Triple Jump	Suman Saurabh	L	3rd
xiii) Shot Put	Pranay Shrestha	L	2nd
xiv) Shot Put	Daman Chikkara	D	2nd
xv) Shot Put	Daman Chikkara	Men	2nd
xvi) 4X100 mt Relay	Sachin Gupta	L	2nd
	Ashish Kumar		
	Rahul Dawn		
	Mehul Khati		

W.O.B.N.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mohit Saigal (batch of 1990) on his marriage to Pooja Mehra. The wedding is to be held on 1st December, 1999 at Kunal Gardens, Chattarpur, New Delhi.

Literary Affairs

A LITTLE BIT OF ...

Ladies and Gentleman, this is the Welham Intellect club presenting to you the results of the mind 'n' soul. Research Analysis conducted on the basis of the fact that the world of a Welhamite is dumb.

A little bit of sleep to his pious soul,
A little bit of studding is his ultimate goal,
A little bit of blinking is all he needs,
A little bit of mercy that he pleads,
A little bit of insanity what he shows,
A little bit of chits across the *LOC* he throws,
A little bit of food that he eats,
A little bit of furniture that he beats,
A little bit of music to his ears,
A little bit of nothing that he fears,
A little bit of clothes, he gets a grip,
A little bit of chances he takes your trip,
A little bit of water that he drinks,
A little bit of women on them he blinks,
A little bit of the colour blue,
A little bit of effort gets him through,
A little bit of empty head his got,
A little bit of peace he has just brought,

A little bit of prayers to his mind,
A little bit of light and he turns blind,
A little bit of physique makes him proud,
A little bit of anger he shouts out loud,
A little bit of games he plays,
A little bit of his opponents he slays,
A little bit of party in his life,
A little bit of love, cuts like a knife,
A little bit of his bad lingo he must speak,
A little bit of him is a freak,
A little bit of life in his hand,
A little bit of the Welham land,
A little bit of From Strength to Strength,
A little bit of his imagined length,
A little bit of his great might,
A little bit of a Welhamite.

A word of thanks for all those factors which for the past eleven years in WBS (Why Become Sane?) research analysis school have helped me to arrive at the above conclusions.

**In search of the right *linguistic gears*,
Kanishk Kaushik**

ONE DAY

One day I woke up and saw the world,
The world had changed.
Everything seemed so great,
There was happiness all around.
People had started respecting me,
The same people who once hated me.
They respected me for every little thing I did,
Appreciated me and congratulated me on my success.

It seemed as if they had realised my worth,
Which they had been ignoring for all these years.
But after a while I realised that the world had not changed.
It was me who had woken up away from the darkness of my mind.

What a big fool was I.

- Hurricane Haryanvi

HE LIVES AND BREATHES FASHION

Wrinkles on the forehead
Eyes looking a bit red
He is on the move
Putting his heart into it
Designing an exquisite outfit
Immense effort is required
He is busy and never tired

Yes, he lives it, breathes it
Designing outfits loose and tight
Always performs at height
After months of dedication
He has to receive appreciation
The eternal piece is on the ramp
Every eye bends light on the champ

He has made his style click
It's worn by a glamorous chick
All the guys are going crazy

Buyers, critics and even the press
This leads him to dazzling success.

- Nitin Bansal
Class XI

HOME ALONE

I lay asleep in the bed and was suddenly woken up by the shattering of the window pane. My gizzard froze. A chill ran down my spine. What could it be, I asked myself. I didn't know what to do. Thousands of weird images ran through my mind. The cold wind blew through the broken window pane. The wind whistled through the glass. It was pouring cats and dogs. Lighting and thunder were scaring the hell out of me. I was all alone. All alone at home! I felt my bed warm and wet, oh no! I did it. I did my job. How could I do such a thing? I finally made an attempt to look out of the window but alas I was badly struck on the face. It had knocked the wind out of me. I tried to scream but my voice was stuck in my neck. I tried to run. My legs froze. What had happened to me! I pinched myself to get over it but no use it was true. I had to face it. Why is it happening to me? Is it that my punishment for a crime. I tried everything but no use. I felt a little relieved until another pane shattered. How long could I take this? I had to do something.

I plucked up courage and made another attempt to look out of the window and to my horror

my lawn had disappeared. The house on the edge of the cliff and the sea water. Dashed against the cliff ferociously I jumped back in horror. What in the world was happening. I wanted the night to get over fast but all the watches and clocks in the room had stopped functioning. What the heck was this? Why did I live to face this situation? Why did I refuse to go with my parents and stay home alone? Why? I cried and cried but of no use. I was once again hit but this time hit badly. I fainted. When I woke it was morning. The sea disappeared and everything seemed the same but I lay on the floor. My bed with a yellow stain and the window panes were broken. I had evidence of my horrifying adventure. I quickly ran down to my parents. They were back. I related the whole tale, but it turned out the other way round. My little sister made fun of me for wetting my bed and dad accused me of breaking the window panes by playing with the ball in the room. I had no other proof. How could I prove it to be true. How? Whatever they may say but I know it's true.

The lonely child,
- Karan Mehrotra

LIFE THROUGH THE MIND'S EYE

He sat down to write, the words which have started patching up the paper with marks, black ink marks.

“LIFE”

“What do you know about life? What do you think you have in your mind as a perception of life? Life is not always what you define it to be, life cannot be what you want it to be. The world.....”

He suddenly stops to think. Think where he will be in an hour and then continues.

“...frames your life, the world creates your life, why do you try and change it through your ways, and keep preaching that you live your life the way you want to. No! Don't be a hypocrite, agree that life does not always give you what you want. Do you ask for anxiety, depression, fear? Have you ever undergone a great quest for all these?

(4)

Then why do you get them in life? Because there are these problems that are present to stop you from seeing the world”.

He realises that the hour is about to be up, and he must soon return to reality. He continues to scratch on the paper.

“Have you ever thought, has anyone noticed your presence, it's all a big curtain that has pulled over your eyes to prevent you from facing the truth. The truth that your existence in the world has been a mere sport in life.”

The footsteps seemed to be nearer, he hears the key sliding through the lock of the cell. He knows his time has come as he ends what he has written with his last words.

“Now! What do you feel of life?”

The people surround him. He makes no

attempt to struggle and walks towards the end of the few minutes of his life which pass as the clock in the cell ticks away. He sits on the chair waiting for his freedom from the earth filled with greed, temptation, anger. His eyes close after his body has experienced the final shock.

His soul looks at the body as he drifts past his cell to take a last look at the writing, to the words he has jotted down at the dawn of a new life. And then roars, towards the gate has just been open for

him to live a new life. As his soul drifts towards a new life the paper on his table is picked up by a sweeper whose job is to claim the belongings of the dead. He looks at the paper and finds something scribbled on it. As he is illiterate he finds the piece of paper worthless and trashes in the bin. The writing of a dying man probably left and lost amongst the garbage.

- Pradipta Rana

FINAL SOLUTIONS - A REVIEW

An extremely topical play in the India of today where religious extremism is on the rise.

It brings to the surface the attitudes of people - and the prejudices that dog us in our everyday lives. Are we truly as tolerant as we believe we are as a people? Are we not, each one of us, responsible for this vicious cycle of hate - that has kept us apart for centuries and will continue to do so?

The play very succinctly brings to life the fact that often escapes us. Religion should be a vehicle

of love - have we not converted it into one of hate? Where will this take us - what are the final solutions?

It is a choice that we have to make as we face the millennium. Do we sink our differences and emerge as a nation whose strength lies in the diversity of its people, that together possess a million talents? Or do we continue, as we have to dwell on our differences?

The choice is really to *make* or *break*!

- Mrs. Darshan Singh

JUNIOR SCHOOL PLAY - A REVIEW

With a packed house and the whole Senior School desperately waiting to witness the efforts of the Junior School's entertainment, the evening was well received by all. Parents were heard complimenting the young actors.

It started with the regular Primary School's entertainment, a plan based on a legend about the Hare in the Moon but eventually it concluded with a very realistic and fine climax, pollution.

The theme of the play was very well thought out, and the acting was excellent, seeing the level of the boys. Lighting was highly appreciated, too. Then, there was a short musical presentation, where the aspiring singers showed their talent at various

Ragas.

The conclusion of the evening was the entertainment by Middle School children. The space of the Centre's stage was fully utilised for this creative piece of work, which had a story that could be connected to each of our daily lives.

We are proud that at Welham we have future generations that have a very bright career in acting and singing. But above all, the hard work that was put in the evening's success must be highly commended.

Well done, guys.

- Amish Mulmi

Nature's Diary

OUR RAVISHED ENVIRONMENT

The environment is all that surrounds us. It is the total of all living organisms within their ecological systems. The main features of the environment are biotic, flora and fauna including mankind and physical such as air, soil, water, light, solar radiation etc.

Attention!! What is happening to the harmony between man and the environment? The last two decades of the millennium have witnessed the

maximum degradation of the environment in many ways. Its inherent integrity has been violated calamitously. A tremendous threat hangs over our "mother nature" that provides mankind with the substance for its healthy being on this so far living planet.

The environment is deteriorating at an unexpected rate everywhere. It is happening by exploiting forest under the guise of development, sci-

entific experiments, nuclear tests, urbanization and even the building of big dams. The list may or may not have a limit.

ENVIRONMENT LOSS AND HAZARDS A GLOBAL AND LOCAL VIEW

1) NUCLEAR TESTS- nuclear tests ravage nature and pose a great risk to the health of people and the environment. During nuclear test radioactivity is released into the atmosphere and the temperature of the surrounding region of the explosion points to millions of degrees. The under ground nuclear experiments result in crushing and fracturing the rock strata. They also procure transient displacement of the ground. Just in an earthquake. The radioactivity from nuclear explosion causes direct contamination of the atmosphere (air, soil and water). It also makes its way into underground and surface waters.

2) VEHICLE EMISSIONS- air is most precious and most valuable resource, yet today it is abused more than any other. Both petrol and diesel using vehicles cause pollution. They emit carbon dioxide, unburned hydrocarbons such as paraffin, olefins and aromatic hydrocarbons such as aldehydes, ketons, carboxylic acid and carbon monoxide. There are also thermally cracked products and derivatives ejected such as acetylene, ethane, hydrogen, soot, polycyclic hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen and sulphur. Some other emissions include oxidants ex- oxygen peroxides and peroxy-acetyl-nitrates. Broadly speaking all these unpleasant components aggravate the "Green House Effect".

In all urban areas the heavily polluted air thus causes dreaded diseases eg.- lung cancer, asthma, migraine, nausea etc. Large engines discharge large

quantities of pollutants, smaller engines less. The quantity of pollutants dumped into the atmosphere depends on the vehicle population.

3) FOREST FIRE- forest fires are caused by dry weather spells, a natural factor as well as by man. They eventually result in heavy loss of highly valuable trees, thick undergrowth and grass cover. They also cause destruction to birds nests and eggs, drive out animals from their habitat and kill reptiles and other vertebrates. In recent times, over different parts of the world, forest fires have done extensive damages to the unquantifiable aspect of bio-diversity.

In the areas of forest fire damage one can pin point dry water springs, wash out of top soil, dying micro-organisms, destruction of soil nutrients and a decrease in the existing soil fertility. All those regions also experience the typical pollution, dense smog, rise in temperature, poor visibility and at times breathing difficulties.

4) OPEN FACE QUARRYING- unscientific mining or quarrying also poses environment hazards. In the hills, where quarry operations are common, ecological disasters are invited. Water catchment by natural water channels is destroyed. Haphazard rainwater discharge makes the landscape barren and ugly, eventually causing changes in the hydrodynamics of the watersheds. Blasting and drilling apart from noise pollution, result in ablation of top soil and destruction of plant life.

Can we save this fragile earth? Patronage, nature lovers, dear environmentalists and conservationists and dear Doonites, you are all humbly invited to express your precious views in this esteemed magazine on how we can save this fragile Earth.

- Mr. Surjeet Singh Khaira

LAMPOON

RELATIONS: WHERE THE BIG EGOS' CLASH

The lampoon has been thrust into my trembling hands and I don't know what to do?

Then my conscience comes into play and 'O' great enlightened people I am here to make your day.

Talk about relations and what comes to your mind is mom, dad, bro, sis, but what strikes a note in an extraordinary mind of a Welhamite is eternal bliss. Immediately his intellect begins souring new highs and a poet is born. Yes, you guessed it right man, our relations across the L.O.C and beyond the great range of Mussoorie.

As has been evident from the day since Adam and Eve, down to Romeo and Juliet, there has

always been tension building with our 'toady' neighbours Welham Girls' High School. Since they are more or less a monopoly in our valley, the profits they reap are tremendous. An unknown curiosity arises in a Welhamite's mind when he reaches the grade seven, after he is exposed to all evils in senior school. The curiosity takes the form of desperation by the time he is in grade nine. He starts throwing hands on all opportunities he gets and then chance favours the prepared mind. To begin with he will go jogging on the border dressed to kill, he has the patience and concentration just like the Kalahari Bushman. The birds walk out and they flutter and our dude gets to

watch the wonders of nature. **First day first show.** One other bunker I know of is of Krishna House. Until recently you could watch a battalion of babes marching down the road in the evenings. But let me tell you one thing we are not the only ones who play the cards. Every time a girl passed she made sure to look at Krishna. Wonder what have they got in their mind.

By the time a Welhamite reaches grade ten, his hormones go haywire, his emotions start running wild. Be it debates, elocution, plays, fete's etc. he will never miss any. At the same time he sees new paths opening from M.I.S. A letter of proposal or something and you see another "sirf tum" on the move. Letters are what keep him alive once he's got a bird trapped in his cage. Then they take the next step and a date is fixed followed by many more. The relationship becomes intense and they move to the final gear that is -censored (courtesy: The Staff Rep.)! At the same time many of our soldiers are wounded along the L.O.C and so becomes **shaheed**. But the day they get the info that warrior Princess in Scottish kilts is to arrive, they change. Excitement takes over their melancholic mood. Their sagging lives are lifted in one breath to heaven. They are on cloud nine. It has been every guy's dream to socialise with the girl during socials when they reach grade twelve. They look forward to socials as a fine tradition, an ancient ritual carried on through the ever changing expanses of time, which is of course very necessary to please Cupid. Since twelfth would be a long time to come, they have to make do with what is available, the fetes of course. Our dudes hit the floor. And our dudes have the highest score, in entrapping birds of prey by performing a medieval ritual, during which a Welhamite dances to get his

partner into a hypnotic trance. During such times, only one factor that changes tremendously is the accents. In our domain generally the Indian accent is preferred but the case is altogether different in WGHS, they prefer the American twang or the Irish one.

Much research and work is yet to be done on our ongoing Mussourie International School Project for socialising with a cause. Hardly do we get to interact and socialise which is a Welhamite's wildest fantasy. I can assure of one thing (please take me seriously) that is every single Welhamite has got something that Gods would love to possess (**Hidden Talent**) or (**Mojo**) to rest my case. The day he shows his colours the rainbow would be of no significance to the gods of rain. He would immediately be termed as the great god of interaction. That's the way we are and it's in our blood, talk about relations and you see no drought but a flood.

As is evident from our sagging relations with the two that there is a great egoistic problem. Why should I take the first step? Why cannot he/she come over and ask me? These questions are what set barriers. 'Why can't we follow one single ideology "Teenage dream, world wide romance."'

I, at the end, dedicate this article to all those who dream of great relations amongst WBS, WGHS, MIS and lets not leave our brothers the Doon School behind. Here, a toast to your health and our [WBS] stealth.

Lets get started once for all and then make better, relations and have a ball.

In search of a date, all those birds I bait, this article of mine, in hope of relations divine.

**From the muddy banks of Welham,
Kanishk Kaushik**

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

As related by Mr. Ajay Goyal (Photographer): Some Welham Boys walked into the studio and asked for an urgent Polaroid and then asked if they could use the toilet. Mr. Goyal then told his assistant to take the boys to the toilet. On the way the assistant asked, "Boys colour or black & white".

WHAT'S IN !!??

The '*worst*' batch
Shamsi's '*gaffar*' gogs
Hand dyed Kurtas

Overheard talking on the Phone.

Usamah Burza: Guys, in my class are scoping to be prefects and here I am scoping to be a twelfthie.

Ramendra Goel at the dining table.

'Oye, yaar *kaun si compony ka seb hai!* oh hosory Apple

WHAT'S OUT ii??

The '*bad*' batch
Abhijeet's '*tinted*' glasses
Printed T-shirts

Separated At Birth !!

Rahul Dawn
Kumar Abhijeet
Charanjeet Mann
Abhishek Rungta
Parivesh Kumar
Puneet Bansal
Hemant Tewari

Kamal Khan
Randolph Smart
Jamiroquai
Falguni Pathak
Venus Williams
Serena Williams
Priyanka Gandhi

RINGSIDE VIEW

A river flows with rhythm and speed never ever does stop till it satisfies our sole need. (Our need at that time is to reach the zenith at District Athletic meet) At the end of it Welhamites returned successful losing the event by a mere margin of a few points. Nevertheless we struck at the right time and brought back a treasury of medals. To be a little poetic in my approach 'The world runs at the sound of the gun but we just run for pleasure and fun. When it comes to sportsmen spirit—— We were born with it !

The District Athletic lasted 2 days, from 13th to 14th November. Several talents were unearthed, especially at marching where surprisingly we put up a considerably good show. A few surprises, however. Suman was beaten by Gaurav Malothra in the race for gold in the 800 metres run. That was the only gold we secured.

Daman and Mehul lived upto our expectations, bagging two shot put silvers and taking away four medals, three individuals and relay, respectively. And Suman as usual, was a star of the show with an all round performance in both track and field events.

Abhijeet took away the silvers in high and triple jumps, while Pranay bagged the silver in a much competitive shotput event.

Our junior team also performed well, however they weren't any match for the energetic guys of other schools. Next time, we do hope that the bright kids are gonna get their due.

In other events another surprise was the 3rd position by Maroof in the 1500m run. But Ankur Sharma, though he didn't win any, really gave the other runners a tough fight in the long distance run. This performance was highly commendable. Wish him all the best next time.

Our relay teams could not match our expectations, with just one silver coming to us. It was felt that the districts were held during a very awkward time for us because they were right after the IPSC Basketball Tournament and almost a fortnight after the Founder's. So all the athletes felt that practice was what they really lacked.

We were second by a mere two points in the Section C overall trophy while there were a few other sections where we were serious contenders. Welham Girls' bagged almost every women's trophy. Guess our neighbours are doing much better than us.

So that was the review of the event. I guess I have given you as much info as I could possibly give (man I am saturated!) pooph! I can now relax and rest in peace for the time being.

Sorry gotta get this typed..... running out of time.....before the editor kicks my rear to the moon!!

See ya till the next Ringo thing,
Yours hurriedly,
Anshuman

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