

The Oliphant

No. 238

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

8th December, 1999

Think About It...

He who knocks persistently ends up by entering.

- Hazrat Ali

EDITORIAL

What is the first thing that comes to your mind when you think of the millennium? First thing that comes to my mind is what millennium? It doesn't start till 2001. But then again I think we need an excuse to party and I am ready to give you the benefit of doubt.

Another eventful term has come to an end, exciting for some, depressing for some. On the whole a very on-the-move term. This term saw us achieve many goals. Right from the Basketball districts to the Round Square at Germany, Welham is all over the place, happenin' as we put it in our *lingua franca*. The students as well as the staff deserves a big pat on the back for their continued dedication to Welham.

I will also personally thank the Oliphant Board for bearing up with me and guess what, this thing called the Staff Rep has not hit me as yet. Lucky, ain't I?

When the exam fever set in and when it set out, I am still to perceive. But the usual signs of exams can be felt if not seen. I am not referring to the books and papers flying around, I meant the constant circulation of kettles and coffee. What's brewing?

The new Prefects have taken to the new job

like Irish men to whisky. They have come down with quite a heavy hand and all is calm in Welham. Order and discipline have been reinforced quite zealously. Keep up the good work guys!

As if Prefects were not enough a batch of Monitors have been appointed for various co-curricular activities.

"Indian women are the most beautiful women in the world", whoever said that definitely, has his head firmly planted on his shoulders. Only



last night Miss India was crowned Miss World. India is definitely shining on the International front pity, can't say the same for the Indian cricket team, which is currently getting hammered Down under

It is a very rare phenomenon that we come to term with grim reality. It was one of these very rare occasions when Mr. Pavan Verma gave a talk at Vasant Valley School, New Delhi on Indian Civic Society or rather how uncivil Indian society is. I was lucky enough to attend it. It brought to light some of the grimmest realities of India.

We, at Welham, have this insatiable hunger for destruction, which has come to light during the last few days. According to the management

astronomical amounts are spent on repairs every term. Hopefully, the new Prefect body will put an end to this deviant practice.

That's enough for this term, hope to see you next term in one piece that is if I survive the millennium. Leaving with you with the ultimate

aphrodisiac- The Oliphant.

- Y2K compliantly yours,
Azar 'The Millennium Bug' Zaidi

PS: Phir Milenge break ke baad!

Welham Now

1) The Monitors for the year 2000-2001:

Adventure Sports: **Parimal Piyush**

Welham Bank: **Rishi Bagaria**

Tuck Shop: **Amit Prashar**

Bethany: **Amanjeet Oberoi**

C.C.A.: **Kanishk Kaushik**

S.U.P.W.: **Divya Agarwal**

Lost and Found: **Karn Singh**

Notice Board: **Jitin Oberai**

I. T. Lab: **Manan Sah**

Music: **Daman Chhikara**

Art: **Tanay Goenka**

Morning Speeches: **Kanishk Kaushik**

Debating Society: **Azar Zaidi**

Round Square: **Ijlal Shamsi**

2) Results of the English Essay Contest (Middle school):

Class 5A

First: **Kushagara Kumar**

Second: **Chirantan Singh**

Third: **Karan Vaidhya**

Consolation: **Sabir Pradhan**

Class 5B

First: **Chetan Aggarwal**

Second: **Shrey Verma**

Third: **Ajitesh Kir & Anshul Anchal**

Consolation: **Shaurya Singh Tyagi**

Class 6A

First: **Omaer Khan**

Second: **Anvesh Singh**

Third: **Mayank Das Daga**

Class 6B

First: **Nishant Joshi & Prasenjit Rathor**

Second: **Nikhil Aggarwal & Parag Rastogi**

Consolation: **Shiladitya Singh & Jehangir Djalmetov**

W.O.B.N.

1) Gursajan Gaushim batch of 1993 is getting married to Maneesha on the 5th January.

2) Gagan Geulot batch of 1992 got married to Simrat on 30th November.

3) Arivinder Pal Singh Kohli batch of 1991, (ex-J/278) and Gunrasan K. Sadhana batch of 1994 WGHS were blessed with a son on the 1st November. Our heartiest congratulations to them.

Literary Affairs

WONDER WOMAN

Down the road
On a journey to paradise
As he read the beeping code
From his gadget of no pride
Driving his own car, a Chevy
Moving fast on the track
He suddenly saw at a distance, a figure heavy
With a bag on the back.

She signalled for a lift

(2)

As she drew in close
He saw his imagination drift
Stopped the car and rose
To ask her
Couldn't do so
She took out a gun and called him a cur
And asked him to bow.

He did as she said
Noticed that she was pretty 'n' divine

There was evil in her eyes he read
She shot him in the head blood oozed like wine
Addressed him as he was dying
I am the "wonder woman" you see
You are punished for spying
See you in hell baby.

He replied to die for your hands
Its a pleasure my lady and my dream

For this purpose I've crossed many lands
I am about to die as it may seem
But I'll be back as a ghost
And torture you for shooting me
O! Wonder woman I hate you most
If you've sent me to hell then in heaven you'll be.

- **The Wonder Man**
Kanishk Kaushik

CIVIC OR NOT?

Civicsociety. An Utopian society. A world of peace or harmony, of love, care, commitments.

When we know exactly what it means, what substance it's made of, why can not we implement it? Are we Indians that pathetic?

Do we lack a feeling of oneness to such an extent that we consider a fellow Indian, an alien?

India is one of the fastest growing economies in the world- the biggest market of MNC's. Also, the nation supporting the highest number of illiterates after the year 2000.

Like a typical Indian, I could blame it on the government for it all. But stop, think for a while and you will realise that you are as much responsible for all this as the government. And the best thing is that I can prove it.

How many times have you sent your servant's child to the school? How many cases of female infanticide are you aware of? How many times have you cleaned your courtyard and not

ever thought of the road because it is also the neighbours? I can think of so many examples, which will just bare this attitude of the Indian to live in his world.

It's not just that. It's that, we are so used to it that it does not matter anymore. Three hundred million Indians go to bed without a square meal but we don't do anything, because it's the way that it has been, so why bother?

It is good to know that awareness is spreading, and that the Indian is waking up to this grim reality called India.

A talk was organised at Vasant Valley School, New Delhi by Mr Pavan Verma author of 'The Great Middle Class' and diplomat. Being very eloquent, he was able to convey his message very clearly "We Indians Need To Wake up and Make A Change".

Uncivilly Yours,
Azar Zaidi

FREEDOM - AT LAST

Days had passed since he had run away from school. All alone in Calcutta, he knew nothing had nothing to do nothing to eat. He was a man with few friends. School days were over. He spent them writing, reading, smoking or drinking. An intelligent boy he was. Smart cocksure from the outside. But unsteady inside. He'd always wanted to be big, famous and wealthy.

Now he felt free not bounded, he had no feelings for anyone. He'd forgotten his family, dear friends. He'd have to start a fresh and that's what he did. The only person he knew was a drug peddler and that's what he became. He sold ganja, charas and tabs all classes. He made big money out of this then left the job. With money in his pocket, he started writing. He let himself be isolated for a

month wrote then sold his pieces to newspaper. After that he went back to selling ganja. He would always eat a heavy breakfast. Spend loads of money on breakfast alone. Ate lunch rarely and never had dinner. At night he'd smoke, drink and write in the morning go back to selling ganja.

Surprisingly he'd made a reputation in the ganja business but not in the newspaper business. One day he saw his brother buying tabs from another drug peddler. He went and beat his brother to pulp, took his money and left him on the street all alone.

He had become quite rich now, rich enough to rent a house. It had been a year since he had run away. This night he was worried, disturbed and learned that he cared otherwise why would he have

gone and bashed his brother. He thought he was isolated, he wanted to be isolated but he couldn't.

He didn't want to return because he didn't care. Nor did he like or hate anyone in the world. Without liking or hating one cannot live. The emotions he had were all dried now. He was proved wrong. He cared - yes he did - for his brother. He had to get out, get out of this life which leads nowhere.

The next day he was warmly welcomed by all at home - alone which he didn't believe in. Was pampered like a 2-year-old kid. Was treated like a king. But he hated it. He hated the look of every one on his younger brother's face; he hated his mother's bitching about his sister in law and all the

time. He hated his sister in law making passes at him; he hated the desire of the maid. He hated everything he saw. Especially the look of kindness on his grandma's face which in reality was anger towards him prejudice towards her community religion hatred.

This was not his world; this was a world full of actors. Where one would have to join the multitude to survive.

The next day you could see him selling ganjas, charas and tabs to all, without a twinge of regret, because now he hated all.

- Rohan Sachdeva
Class X

HERE ARE 5000 DOLLARS.....

Here are 5000 dollars for the job", said Joe.

"I'll take it" I replied.

"You'll have to go to Shereton tomorrow and kill Major Ebenzar"

These words were haunting my thoughts as I went to Shereton in my BMW. I stopped my car outside the gate.

After about five minutes Ebenzar's car entered the hotel. I followed in and went to the balcony. There I took out my 44 magnum and put a bullet inside it. I also loaded my pistol in case I needed more bullets.

Ebenzar was giving a talk on the welfare of orphans. I saw two bodyguards beside him with machine guns.

I pointed the gun at Ebenzar. I was about to pull the trigger when one bodyguard saw me. I

quickly aimed my pistol at him and fired. He dropped dead. I fired at the other bodyguard who too dropped dead.

Ebenzar was confused. He turned around to run but I shot him. The people ran helter-skelter in confusion and fear.

I turned round to go when I saw Joe. He had a pistol in one hand and a briefcase full of money in the other.

"You did a good job", he said and gave the briefcase

No sooner had I held the briefcase than he fired three bullets in my chest and I fell down the balcony next to Ebenzar's dead body.

I looked around and knew I was tricked but it was too late.

-Samridha Rana

Nature's Diary

Why aren't Welhamites just interested in this column, Nature's Diary!

Hey readers, are you reading this with interest or have your eyes just landed upon this space in the Oliphant I guess must be the other. Can't help it, it's a hard fact that every Nature's Diary correspondent has to face, and I feel I am no different to the others.

But today as we all know, while columns like the Ringside View and the thrilling 'Through the Key-hole' get rave reviews from all you students, it's only a handful of people, a few teachers included,

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that read this space, and feel that it should not be replaced with more jokes.

Writing an article is not everyone's cup of tea and when you have to write the Nature's Diary it's more than double the hard work for me. Yet I am dissatisfied at the way things are going, my write-ups, all are published no doubt, but what's the use of an article if it doesn't have any readers. Like Tagore wrote in Broken song, 'The singer alone does not make a song, there has to be some one to hear; similarly I am caught in this illusion of the world that just gives me the satisfaction of

writingsomething.

Can anyone offer me a few reasons! No! Once again, I think I'll have to do this on my own. Lets' see. Welhamites, I guess, have to carry that macho image around, so that they feel that reading articles related to nature does not concern them. It is true that everyone is not interested in nature, but is everyone interested in sports?

Nature is just not about birds and animals and trees and pollution and National parks. It's also about the world, my world, and your world. And it's about the way you people treat it, and the state that it is in today because of you people. A little bit of reading doesn't hurt, does it?

It's true that I am not one of your everyday 'die-hard nature lover' or some environmentalist. But I have been given this post because the way I feel about nature, the way that is different from each one of you there. I might not be in paper recycling, nor am I any NGO worker. I am a plain student, and I write for the school magazine.

They say life's not fair, do you have logic for it? It has its ups and downs but for every Nature's Diary correspondent, the Oliphant is always a sense of loss. No matter how hard he tries on his write up,

it is followed by a sense of betrayal, because his time and his hard work have gone for a waste.

This is not a literary piece that has accidentally turned up here. I have written it because of the way I feel, and because of the few reviews that I have got in my last year I can log on to any website and download any piece of information and give it as my write up to the

editor. But that's not the point, when anyone doesn't care about this, why should I go through the trouble of all that logging on the net.

Anyway, I gotta study for my exams, so signing off for this term. Lets' hope guys won't be carving for me brand shining knives. Can't help it, as I said that is the way I feel.

-Amish Raj Mulmi



WHENEVER & WHERE EVER NATURE CALLS

KAZIRANGA

In the northeast of Guwahati, on the banks of river Brahmaputra, is situated the Kaziranga national park. There are various ways to get to the park but the best is to hire a jeep. The park is famous as the last major home of Rhinoceros Unicornis. The 430 sq. kilometers park has approximately a population approaching 1300, although in 1904 they were in verge of extinction. In the park deer, elephants, tigers, bears, and many water bird species, including pelicans, which breed here also exist. The best way to explore the park is on elephant back, and the Rhinos are said to have become accustomed to elephants carrying cam-

era-toting tourist.

Assam is famous for its rare one horn Great Indian Rhinoceros- when Marco Polo first saw them he first thought he had found the legendary Unicorn. Once widely distributed across the northern flood plains, of the sub continent, the rhino had been hunted and depleted by humans and is now restricted to only a handful of wildlife reserves. In India the greatest numbers are found in Kaziranga.

As in Africa political turmoil has provided a cover of poachers, and there is an ever-present market of rhino products. Powered rhino horns are

highly valued as a medicine in the east and can fetch a price of US\$ 40,000 per kilogram.

Despite heavy security the poachers have managed to kill a few rhinos. If this carries on it may

come back to the verge of extinction.

- **Karan Mehrotra**
Class VII

LAMPOON

A TRIBUTE TO THE OLDIES - AMEN

Do you know what? I can now proudly acclaim the title of "The stalker". And for all ya guys out their just watch out, I am supernatural no doubt. My victims are gonna be exie's. My eyes are pink and I shiver, then I get murderous impulses and so I play maestro with the pen.

Over the years many have come and gone out of Welham. Many are oft remembered and many soon forgotten, but the truth is they leave behind memories, which we get as *Virasat*, by our ancestors. I got them in abundance, while on the other hand I on my part have many Wel-folk tales to relate.

FLASHBACK

Back a decade ago I had watched Vikrant Lamba and Bedi I remember them for their badges infinite! They were sporty and classic. Almost giants to me then because I was hardly a foot tall. Then there was Anurag Kumar (SC-1991) the most talked about guy at that time. All these guys had the air of Gods. They ruled this school fruitfully those days.

A different species poured in the controls then. The first that strikes my mind is Jairaj (SC-1993). Known in this part of the world for behaviour and responsibility. The most successful captain of all times. It is said that the clothes that he wore were never spoilt, amazing isn't it!! With him were dudes like Suri and Harjyot (remember the main field Saga during the Inter House Football finals). There was Mohit Mehta, he played the finals with fractured hand and was responsible for Ganga lifting the trophy. Those who followed were another kind. The romantic Jayant Gokhale type you must have guessed it by now who won the fair maiden. One guy no one can ever forget is Vishwas Kohli. The great trend-setter, he had all the names of his batch mates paired with girls of WGHS on his Maths register and the end was inscribed "But Kohli loves Maths". There are stories of him riding

a two-wheeler and standing up and saying Hi to girls. The stunt wasn't successful as he sagged down in an instant. Amongst them were the *Pump Gang*, Tiwari, Mohan, Taha and etc. All huge and all took refuge here. They gave birth to the Welham stud. The next category is the Casanova. Lovish, Akbar and Puri top the ratings. Man those guys had drop dead looks. The pure all rounder type, cool and happening (Cupids). They are rumoured to have had fan clubs across the LOC. At the same time there were folks who were simply termed as intellectuals. Rumaan Kidwai, Ahmed Ali Khan and Sidharth Singh topped the charts. There was this thing about Rumaan, the only guy who feared him was Rumaan himself. Its not just fear that made us respect guys like him and others like Akaash (Raaka) they were true Welhamites and deserved all respect they got. Pratyush (Polly) was another guy who was seen as the most aggressive dude of the 90's. He could take anyone's trip he wanted.

One person I can't ignore while I write this veda is an Ex-Ed, the best one till now of course Sudeep Choudhary. I remember him telling us seventies once during punishment "First you all do mistakes and then your bums ask for mercy". Another class that has existed and lived up to its expectations was the **models coupe**. Yurendra Basnett, Gera, Bikash, Vivek etc. (they loved Sanjay Dutt and **Choli ke peeche**). This was followed by the '**at home**' race formally headed by Shawez Rafi. Reshil Charles known for his cool attitude took Welham deeper under ground. There were warriors like Zia who loved to challenge the gods when it came to warfare.

I have heard from my predecessors that once there was a Krishna-ite who bathed every day in the garden in front of Krishna House. At that time there was no wall to surround Krishna and girls passed the road every day. What's more he even got himself massaged. When it came to breaking rules the Exies were great and when it

came to troubling neighbours they were divine (the silicon episode, found written on the walls across the border - 'so jaa baby, so jaa... varna PH ke gunde aa jayenge')

It is said that Gaurav Wahi went to Kashmir for a week during school and no one could catch him, all stealth I guess. There were guys who were lazier than hell. Surya Todi (SC-1995) led by example. Siddhant Aney was called the 'Lethargic God'

There is so much to write that I could publish a large volume on this topic but then space is limited and so is time so I will just wrap this up with a message to all you exies. Where there is a question of remembrance the list is endless and so is the same about fairy tales of Welham. What I appeal to you always that your concern about Welham and its affairs

should be greater as Exies. Its sad to see that the names most often on our tongues, talk about their whereabouts and we are zapped. An extremely serious plea to you "bridge this communication gap"

The millennium is fast approaching therefore a New Year resolution that I propose to you surely keep i.e. *Follow one religion, follow one ideology, follow one path to become a complete man, Ask WELHAM if you can.*

With tears of remembrance in my eyes, I beg forgiveness if I wrote lies in search of stronger ties.

Between you-our past, with us the future to last.

Yours Exe-otically,
Kanishk Kaushik



INTELLECTUALLY INSANE

Separated At Birth !!

Mr. Mitra
Raju Bearer

Prabhu Deva
Nana Patekar

RINGSIDE VIEW

Getting down to thinking and writing this literary piece, I stop for a moment. I suddenly realise about the past year that has passed so fast, and the past term that has witnessed so many events, and the fabulous past batch that we will miss, both as personalities on and off the field.

It's just not possible to get down every sporting individual's name; else it'll be a long list. But lets not deny the fact that we have a very valuable batch, a batch that has impressed all of us with their charm and ofcourse, sporting abilities. In

every sphere of the word 'sport', the batch has proved its worth. Lets all raise a toast to the outgoing 12thies.

The term has passed so quickly, I just can't believe my boards are in another 3 months. And when I say I can't believe I turn back at the year that was, and realise it's high time and that sports should be out of my mind and studies should reign. But before a final adieu, I want you to reminiscence, think about sporting events in this term and for that I'm at your service.

Soccer season began with a blow. No! I don't mean we went on a wild winning spree, I mean the way the Nepalese began practising from the very first day was really appreciable. After all the captain is a Nep., guess soccer is a Nepalese tradition.

We won a few matches, infact we gave a tough fight to every opponent team. Pranay led his team like a true captain, with Rahul and Saswat supporting him in every move. Inter-houses were even more exciting, with Ganga and Krishna lifting the trophies in the juniors and seniors section respectively.

The basketball court was brightly lit up this term with us hosting the IPSC tournament and reaching the semi-finals defeating teams from all over India and ofcourse our very own Welham (white) team. The term saw us the districts champions, and the revival of the last glow of the sport. Sachin could entirely be credited for the team's success for it was due to his hard work and his high aspirations that every team-mate was inspired to do well.

Squash turned out to be another bright sport in our sporty team with the junior team reaching the quarter finals at the IPSC in Mayo, Ajmer and the seniors bagging the North zone championship. What more, Charanjeet Mann took away the best player award. The combination of Charanjeet,

Avneet, and Shivang has been really heavy on our opponents, and it is assured that the future batches will keep up the high standard that they have maintained.

As is my duty to not overlook any sport, the other racket games of badminton, tennis, and table tennis also showed signs of success. Badminton was a surprise, with the team reaching the quarter-finals in the IPSC tournament at Mayo. Kunal has done a brilliant job, I must say.

The final thing before the Founders' day was

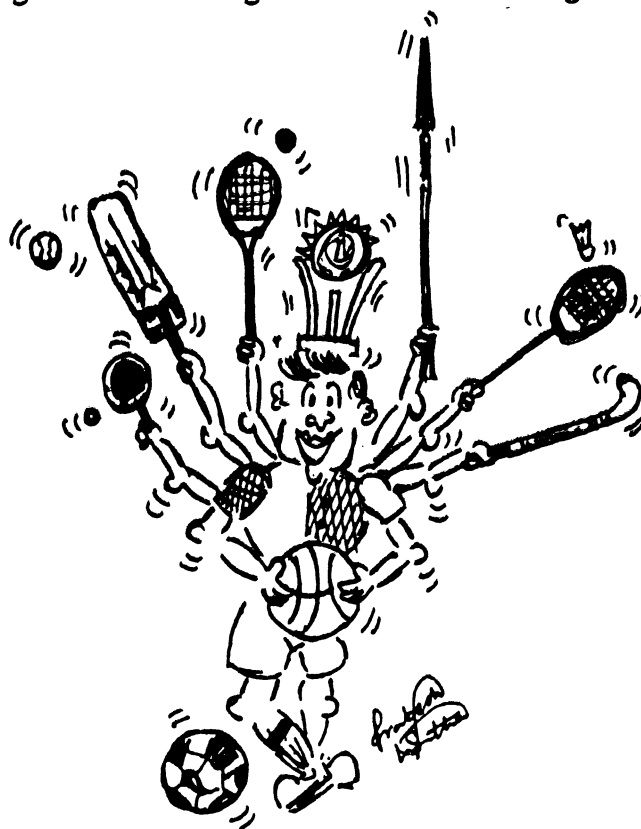
Athletics, with much shining art. Suman and Rahul will be missed by the school community as never-ever-seen before versatile athletes. And ofcourse, the humour that Parivesh and Ashish got on to the tracks will surely be remembered by all.

In the districts too Suman's inspiration motivated every athlete to march well, an amazing feat. After all, don't leaders always stand out!

The outgoing 12th has been a batch of leaders, all rounders and ofcourse, perfectionists in humour and sportsman's spirit. The Welham community is grateful to the many standards that they have set for us, and all we can hope is that the future batches will follow the footsteps that they have set.

Thanks guys,

- Anshuman Singh



LORD OF THE RINGS

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