

The Oliphant

No. 240

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

1st March, 2000

Think About It...

She is beautiful and therefore to be wooed. She is a woman, therefore to be won.

- Shakespeare

EDITORIAL

Ever wondered what the Oliphant is all about? The only thing that comes to my mind right now, is a jumbled heap of abstract literature. And I guess you already know why, 'cause this yearly epidemic called the boards has engulfed half of my editorial staff. So I end up doing everything or asking some half-wit to help me. Boy, am I happy!

So where were we, oh yeah! Right, so what is the Oliphant all about? I may not be able to satisfy your inquisitiveness but I will give it a try, so here goes nothing.

The Oliphant is all about individualism in a Welhamite. It portrays and reflects his thoughts, his passions, his unique nuances, and his very idea of life and how to live it to the fullest. The Oliphant is actually a very personal affair of the Welham family, which I am happy to say, stretches its boundaries across many continents. It is not really about news and agenda. It is more about views and intellectualism within the Welham society. The board members all vary in their ideas, in their intellects, in their outlook and the Oliphant brings all this diversity under one roof to synthesise them into the true spirit of Welham. Different people come together to bring out this masthead of

ours called 'The Oliphant'.

Whew! That was something. I feel very intellectual at the moment. But I don't wish to put it all in one issue. So for your fortnightly dose, keep reading the Oliphant.

The weather has improved quite drastically,

no more icy winds and chilly rains. The sun shines again, giving us quite delightful weather. And as a direct result, the cricket enthusiasts have shifted their turf to the fields, much to the bur-sar's relief. Sometimes even I take time off for some stroke play, although I must confess, the opposition always gets the best of me.

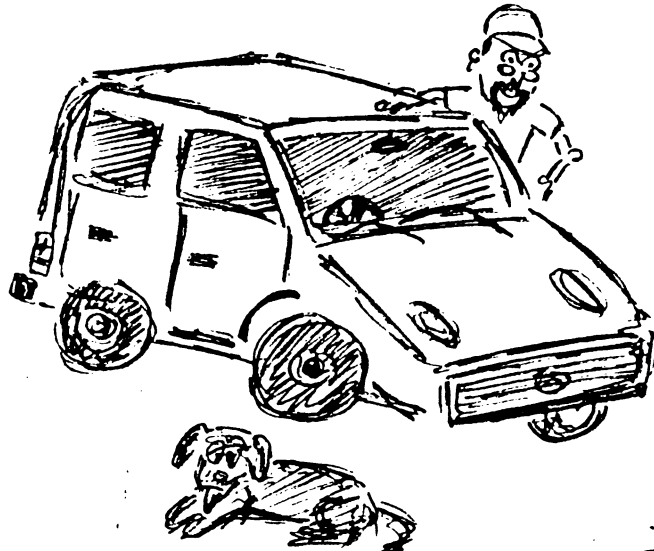
As I sit writing this editorial, I get a splendid view of the subway, or rather what's yet to be made of it. Let us hope it

gives us refuge from all things unwanted.

The snow has all melted away, leaving behind the dreary and dry hills, but our skiing enthusiasts are all geared for their requisite quota of Auli. Best of luck guys! I hate to be a damp squib. Hope you reach there before the summers do.

Even cooler than cool threads can be seen on the campus. You know what I mean? The ISC and ICSE guys have added to their existing school

WELHAM CATERER



LIVING LIFE "KING SIZE"

wardrobe an interesting mix of home clothes, in order to enhance their mental capabilities. I do hope the examiners also wear cool threads while checking. Best of luck guys, keep the flag flying high!

I think I have just about finished my earmarked space in the magazine, so I'll quit for now. I'll see you when you get there....

Gone psychedelic,
Azar

Welham Now

1) Kanishk Kaushik and Azar Zaidi represented the school at the English Extempore Debate held at the Moravian Institute on Saturday, 19th February.

2) The ICSE and the ISC are scheduled to commence on the 1st March. Our best wishes to the students of class X and XII.

3) The construction of the much awaited sub way continues and is expected to finish by early April.

4) The new LRC council is to be elected. The old council went out on Friday, 25th February to purchase new books for the LRC.

5) Money has been sanctioned for a 74 inch colour television which will be used in the absence of the

projector.

6) The Inter House Hindi Elocution was held on Thursday, 24th February. The results were as follows :-

Juniors:

1st: Mahroof Ahmed

2nd: Gaurav Rohatgi

Seniors:

1st: Pranay Patodia

2nd: Nakul Sachdeva

7) The School Cricket and Squash teams will be leaving for a tournament at Lawrence School, Sanawar. Our best wishes to them.

Literary Affairs

DESERT ROSE

A vacation was all he needed,
To get away from his surrounds,
His wife murdered and his heart bled,
He needed support to hold his grounds,

The doctor told him to rest,
Gave him some advice and healing,
Tried to console him but wasn't at his best,
Never did he experience a little peaceful easy feeling,

So he packed his luggage,
And set out in his car,
His life became an empty page,
His wife's death had left behind a scar,

Setting out all alone with nothing,
Memories to be erased in course of time,
The queen had left the king,
The world was not enough now and would never rhyme

Driving on the highway,
Crossing by the desert,
Which had only one thing to say,

(2)

All those who come by be 'alert',

At a distance he could see a figure standing,
Of a woman who was a rare beauty,
He could see this angel landing,
From heaven above and to help her was his karma and duty.

She asked him if he could give her a lift,
To oblige her no doubt he chose,
A deadly womaniser, was a god's gift,
The lady's name was DESERT ROSE.

A new victim and she was the next one,
That he had managed to trap,
Killing was something he thought was fun,
He had found the prey after a long gap,

But what DESERT ROSE turned out to be,
Was quite a surprise for him?
She was a goddess and heavenly,
He could feel a knife in his heart, as the desert sky grew dim.

And so came an end of this evil man as

DESERT ROSE,
Gave him one of her deadly dose,
And as the morning sun arose,

You could see this story close.

- **The Evil Cactus**
Kanishk Kaushik

THAT DESIRE...

Not a soul he could rely on,
Not a shoulder he could cry on.
Left to perish, beside the church he lay,
Starving, throat parched, eyes bloodshot,
sullied face, bruised body, and that desire.
GOD no more worth hallowing,
'The imitator', a mere irrational credo
for his inflicted mind!
Run out of tears, envired by people.
He a mere subject of these sympathies
The trepidations of winding up like him in their
eyes.
He had no purpose of living.
His obvious future death.

The day closed, night fell.
Manifolds of obtruse questions surfacing
In his mind; soon to be answered.
His conscious started to blur.
His failed soul could endure no more.
Felt impaired very impaired.
A faint smile ran across his face.
He knew it!
Then an instantaneous darkness followed
Life of torture, death, his freedom.
He was liberated from his ordeals.
Atlast, that desire bestowed,
His-that desire to die

- **Prayas. J. B. Rana**

EVERY WAR HAS A SCAR...

Death is not something I did not fear. When
death strikes is what I fear.

With a party of 100 men, we marched
towards Burma. We had 80 men of the Indian
regiment and I was one of them. We also had 20
Britishers. The Japanese had established them-
selves in South Burma. At night we camped in a
forest. As we slept we heard gun fire and with our
rifles, we all rushed out of our tents. Johnathan, one
of the Britishers fired a flare. And to everyone's
surprise we were surrounded the Japanese sol-
diers. Ramchand, a soldier in our regiment fired a
shot killing a Japanese starting a gun battle. Our
Lee Enfields were not fast enough. There were
flashes from both sides. Screams of pain could be
heard.

Then out of the dark a Japanese charged
towards us. I quickly dropped him with a bullet in
his chest. There was total chaos. Suddenly, the
firing stopped and out of the bushes the Japanese
charged towards us. We stood our ground. I shot
three Japanese. The Britishers had Tommy guns
which were blazing in the dark. Very soon my
ammunition finished and I siezed a Japanese sword.
I swung it wildly cutting the wrist of a Japanese.
Then I felt something pierce my back I jumped

forward with a jerk, turning around I saw a Japa-
nese I swung the sword cutting off his neck leaving
only a strip of flesh from which hung his neck and
out came a fountain of blood and the yellow skin
man fell on me soaking me in his blood. I felt
another blow in my back and the enemy bayonet
pierced my back and came out from the front and
then out it went turning around again I struck a
Japanese on his right shoulder and once again his
bayonet pierced my body. I struck again this time
I broke his skull and cut him down till his chin. All
I could see was one man killing the other. I saw a
Tommy gun next to Captain George's body who
lay with a hole in his back. I picked it up and fired
at every Japanese I could see, then I fell to the
ground with both my legs bleeding and unable to
move. Then all went blank. I saw lights and only
lights. Then I felt someone crying on my chest. it
was my mother. Seeing her son in this state made
her cry. I said MA. She looked at me smiled,
kissed my forehead and hugged me. I was home in
Calcutta but I could never walk.

Every war has a scar...

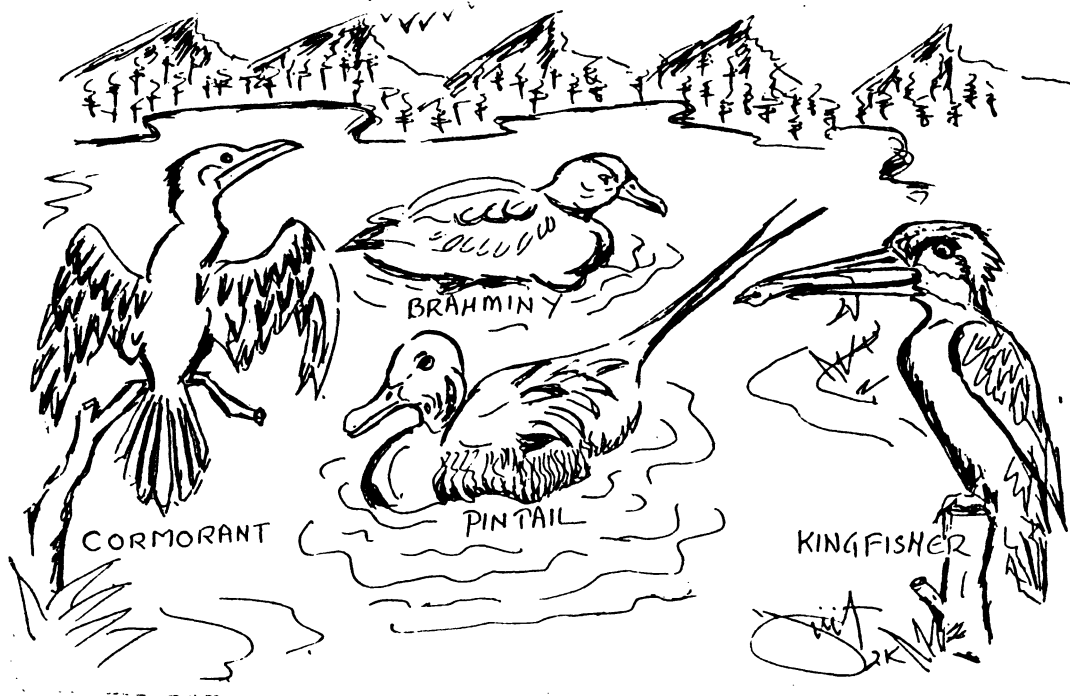
- **Fatehpal Khaira**

A TRIP TO ASAN BARRAGE

During the winter months birds from Europe and central Asia migrate to the Indian sub-continent which becomes their winter resting ground for a few months. As summer sets in India these birds fly back to their homes. Asan Barrage which is situated in the Doon Valley lies on the banks of river Yamuna, close to Poanta Sahib. It is home to these

are orange in colour with the whitish buff head. In the distance were some white breasted and black headed ducks known as pintails. These have a very prominent needle like tail.

On some islands we found a mixture of birds which included the Little Egret, Mallard and the Cormorant. The ducks generally feed on seeds.



birds for these few months of migration.

On the 12th of February along with Abhishek Shrestha and Mr. Jagjit, I accompanied the students of St. Josephs Academy to Asan Barrage. This programme is being promoted by the National Educational Awareness programme to help identify water and Marsh birds.

On reaching there we saw that the lake was dotted with wild fowl. Zooming in with binoculars we found a large variety of ducks of which the Brahminy Ducks were the most prominent. They

shoots of grass and aquatic plants, tadpoles, fish spawn and worms. Moving closer to the barrage we spotted a number of Cormorants basking in the sun. we also spotted the large Greeb and from the blue sky above the Pied Kingfisher dived into the water to feed. We were thrilled to spot the Black Tuffed Duck and the Red Crested Pochard with its prominent pink beak as it is very rare.

We had a wonderful trip and we recommend that everyone visits this place.

- Kartik Mahajan

Nature's Diary

ARTHROPODS

Nature is neutral. Man has wrested from nature the power to make the world a desert or to make the deserts bloom. There is no evil in the atom; only in men's soul.

My predecessors have always written about

various birds and animal, which exist, but I have decided to write on creatures that many of you have very little knowledge about and all don't even acknowledge their existence. These creatures are none but the creepy-crawlies commonly called insects and scientifically called Arthropods

This is one class of living creatures that has been significantly noticed by scholars and the common people but has been ignored by artists.

There are some facts that many won't be suitably familiar with.

DID YOU KNOW THAT: -

- 1) The Monkey Hopper from the rain forest of Peru is known from only a photograph and the rain forest in which it lives have now been destroyed. This beautiful insect which is from the grasshopper family has a blue head and is yellow near the jaws. It has a red back with a little blue at the tip.
- 2) The Praying Mantis, which has often been seen with its front limbs together. It makes it look as if it's praying. One such Mantis, which looks quite different from the others, lives in the rain forests of Madagascar and is on the verge of extinction.
- 3) The Apollo butterflies often found in the cold areas are also getting extinct, they are mostly found in Europe. They are killed and decorated because they look beautiful. With many of their breeding areas turned into skiing resorts they have nowhere to go.
- 4) For every human being there are 10,000 ants.
- 5) A small little ant can pick 10 times its weight
- 6) Some swarms of locusts have covered areas of upto 5000 square km and eaten 20,000 tonnes of green plants in a single day. Most of the locusts are found in Africa.
- 7) Dragonfly's larvae when young feed on tadpoles.
- 8) 1 million different species of insects have been given names.
- 9) The oldest living insects are the nymphs of some cicadas, a kind of bug. They live under-

ground eating roots for upto 22 years before they come up as adults.

- 10) The biggest beetle in the world is the Goliath beetle, which weighs 100g and is 5 inches. It's found in Africa.
- 11) A flea jumps as fast as a space rocket re entering the earth's atmosphere.
- 12) A cicada makes such a loud noise, which can be heard from 500m by his mate.
- 13) A scarab beetle can lift 850 times its weight.
- 14) A female Mantis likes to bite off her mate's head while mating.
- 15) The mosquito whines when its wings break the sound barrier by beating 1000 times a second.
- 16) A male moth can detect a female moth from 6kms by her smell.
- 17) Many insects like the Pussmoth caterpillar and the Bombarding Beetle spray formic acid when they feel danger from predators and this acid smells awful.

The most amazing thing about these creatures is the vast number and the ability to thrive in any climate anywhere in the world. Take for example the cockroach. It is known to have existed even before the dinosaurs and it hasn't changed a bit. The same can be said for mosquitoes. It is also said that if there was world war III which obviously would be a nuclear war the only creature to survive would be the cockroach. The cockroach is almost immune to radiation.

So keep all these facts a mind the next time you see these insects. Just run these facts through your mind and remember how awesome these creepy crawlies really are.

**-Till next time,
Keep creeping and crawling,
"Spiderman",
Fatehpal Khaira**

THE REVIEW

To get with it, one must watch the two hottest films of this season, even if one seems to have already been written off as a flop. Teenage girls will flock to see **Kaho Na Pyaar Hai** - and they have! For one reason only, the star, Hrithik Roshan, he of the dashing dress sense and bulging

biceps. If you're not - and I assume many of you aren't - hormonally raging teenage girls, then perhaps it's the song - **Ek Pal Ka Jeena** - that does it for you.

Whatever!

The other film though, the one that's been

written off, was thoroughly enjoyable, except when it got patriotic, sentimental, silly and slow (which was for about half the length of the film). **Phir Bhi Dil Hai Hindustani** has enormous yuppie appeal, yuppie actors, yuppie songs, and of course, yuppie clothes.

Kaho Na Pyaar Hai deserves a mention. The clothes! Designed by a myopic out-of-work person who was also colour blind, or so it seems. Can we please give those brilliantly coordinated all white outfits a rest? My personal favourite was the fishnet t-shirt, the one that bared most of Hrithik Roshan's chest, and I'm wondering here, was the *Bajrang Dal* on a rest day or are bare chests okay as long as they're male?

But obscenity is an old thing in Hindi films, and we should just try and enjoy it while we still can. What we should mind are plots that are skimpier than the swimsuits on *Baywatch* (or Hrithik Roshan's clothes). Simply put, *Kaho na Pyaar Hai* is an easy film. It is unlikely that a physics Ph.D. will be needed to understand it. Hero dies. Heroine leaves for New Zealand, lovesick and tearful. Heroine meets hero's double there. Balle-balle days are here again.

Phir Bhi Dil Hai Hindustani attempts a little more - to highlight corrupt politicians, corrupt businessmen, and corrupt media, but it's all very confusing, and we have no idea who to love or hate at the end of it, and given the average audience's sub-average mental capabilities, the whole thing seems like a long shot. Nevertheless, it seems to be vaguely trying.

The lessons we can learn from these two

films are extremely interesting and truly insane. *Kaho Na Pyaar Hai* tells us that it's okay to devote life to body building, and kill yourself after that - because even if you die, your super-rich, super-babe girlfriend simply has to fly away to *New Zealand* and meet your double there. A fascinating lesson in how to live your life. *Phir Bhi Dil Hai Hindustani* tells us that it's okay to shoot people you don't like, because eventually, you'll find someone or the other stupid enough to defend you. Even more fascinating.

But its escapism that's the point, and it's the point we're missing here - in this review at least. Both films clearly show that everyone can have a super body, everyone can have a super-rich drug dealing daddy, and everyone can live happily ever after in a remote island paradise. Everyone is wonderful, attractive, young and rich - everyone who lives that is - and everyone can drive sports cars with convertible tops, even if it leaves you with a paralytic sunstroke in the Bombay summer. Beaches, babes and cash, is, after all, what's it all about.

Lessons? Who the hell said anything about lessons? Anyone will tell you that films are only about entertainment, and to hell with all of that pompous stuff anyway, because the bottomline is. I enjoyed watching both these films enormously, and you should go and see them too, whether you're a young teenage girl, or a middle aged man, or a baby tortoise or a pet kangaroo or whatever else, because you'll enjoy them too.

And that's quite good enough, isn't it?

-Azar Zaidi

LAMPOON

SOCIALS ARE OUR BIRTH RIGHT & WE SHALL HAVE THEM...

Now that was a hot statement that keeps echoing in the ears of all the present desperados, who've just entered the 12th year of their ongoing **vanvaas** without any **sitas** to romance with. The case is the same with all the doves across the 'international cease fire line'. You guys must be wondering how do I know this. The answer is **telepathy**.

All though there have been quite a few cases of "only love, free of cost and loves labour lost" (6)

what's terrifying from cupid's point of view, unnatural calamities have been extremely few.

It's been over a decade since we started the jihad against our neighbours and the **pahadi** beauties. Losses have been heavy over the years. This year the figures of **PPP'S** (patriotic prem pujaris) have shot up drastically. But then don't worry the casualties in **WGHS** and **MIS** are alarming. I mean according to the data provided by the **Girl-ographical Survey of Doon** the ratio between girls

and guys is 4:1 respectively. All thanks to a state of the art **lovological** artillery which includes- THE **PANCHC**'s (chits, chat, comments, compliments and coolness).

Our school which is a secular one and all the guys staying here have always supported the idea of having socials. In order to progress in this field we've recently signed the CTBT (Comprehensive **Tease Ban Treaty**) with our neighbours. But its sad to know for all those peacekeeping missionaries in the valley that the response we've had on such proposals is rather disappointing. I don't blame the students here, but some anti-romantic-social elements.

When I think of all those love stricken warriors who lost the lives and got **shaheed** fighting for a chance to interact and as a matter of fact build bridges for the new millennium that has shortly arrived, I feel its been a wastage of courage and manpower. To be cool again, I need a socialistic shower. So here's a little poem in the memory of those who died waiting to have socials.

We wanna know you,
Like we know ourselves,
You know there ain't no doubt,
We wanna know you inside out,
We wanna dig down deep make you
lose all sleep,
Talk to us Queen Bees, interact,
Do what we say, it's a socialistic fact
We're sure socialistic, our cause is divine,
Our name's all fame and we blow your mind,
What's happened, lets leave it be hind,
There's a lot R&D to do and lots to find,
Interaction is what saves you from
being blind,
From the sentimental angle we'll bind,
All those angels who're divinely kind,
Thinking about all this makes me crazy,
We need socials baby.

Recently cross border terrorism is on the high. Agents from both sides are indulging in chit passing. The problem here lies with the **ISP** (Interaction & Postal Services). As code breaking is

tough, only the receiver can hatch the secret messages.

These days evening strolls and early morning calls are in. You can notice a lot of Welhamites taking good care of their builds and working on the

sentimental angle of current **af-fairs**. Things still remain tense across the **LOC** the Fe-enemy have now retorted to desperate measures to rope guys in. this extremely dangerous stock of weapons could prove to be an omnicide for all, beware all those guys who hear the birds give their sweet whistling call. They can be spotted on terraces and due to a chain reaction triggered of by the **Axe Effect** you can hear couples humming graces. One of them goes like-



DUDE- where are you going

my pretty maid,

Come and interact before we doth fade.

DUDESS- Going to build a monument Sir I say,
In remembrance of you, if things don't
go our way.

DUDE- Come down upon thy ground I say,
Throw thy heart out if I may,
Or shall bear the price of remaining
astray.

DUDESS- There are certain limits I got,
Tis' like your heart bleeds and
you're shot,

After a battle with all evil you fought.

I just hope that I kinda struck the right chord of sentiments here. The **CBI** (Central Bureau of Interaction) has approved this right up.

STATUTORY WARNING: Socials are extremely injurious events for all teachers and law-abiding creatures. May result into the following psychological and physical traumas- palpitations, irregular heart beat, insomnia, stress and madness I guess. There is only one after effect of such a pious ritual. That is **TINGLES**.

- None Of This Is True,
Down To You,
Kanishk Kaushik

RINGSIDE VIEW

Are you ready?
Are you ready for this?
'Cause if you aren't, I don't give a bit,
This took me harder than a punch,
I cried a bit the rest was fun!
(So much fun that I am never without a pen.)

Well I am the new Ringside guy as good ol' Anshuman is buried in his books.
(Rumour is that he has spun a cocoon round himself and gone into hibernation till his ICSE'S are over).

It's going quite well here in Welham. The Welham cricket team led by 'apna' **Shubham** is practising hard. The school team has played a couple of matches - the first being against The Doon Boys' Club. The visitors piled up an imposing total of 194 in 30 overs! The home team did not play badly but came up 17 runs short. Amit Prasher came up with a classy 58.

It had been a long time since the Welham cricket team had won a match against a club. This draught certainly came to an end when they defeated the Star Club by 35 runs. (Whew what a relief!) **Shubham** played like an inspiring captain capturing 4 wickets and Amit again chipping in with a half century.

The Cricket Inter-House or rather the so called test matches, started a week ago. It is actually a mixture of test matches and one-day internationals which Shubham created in his laboratory. 30 overs per side with a bowler bowling a maximum of 15 overs. And not to forget 2 bouncers allowed per over.

The first match was between Cauvery and Jamuna. **Rishi Bagaria** spun a web round Jamuna capturing 7 wickets and creating a **new school record**. Jamuna managed only 114 which Cauvery overcame easily.

Krishna was pitched against Ganga in the

next match. Ganga was the favourite but Krishna turned the tables on Ganga by defeating them by 50 runs. Jitin and Mukti contributed with the bowling and batting respectively. Jamuna and Krishna fought against each other in the next match. Krishna was struggling at 37 for 4 before **Udaiveer** and **Madhav Gulati** revived the innings with a partnership worth over 100 runs. Krishna went on to make 229. Thanks mainly to the 85 extras donated by Jamuna. Jamuna was bowled out for 103.

The next match was between Ganga and Cauvery. **Parimal** came up with a fine all round display of form as he made 44 and hauled 6 wickets. Ganga gave them a crushing defeat of 99 runs. Spear head **Usamah** came up with a dazzling display of pace and fury bagging three maidens out of his requisite 6 overs. He did quite well with the bat too.

The Squash and Basketball practices are in top gear with everyone sweating out and giving their best.

The Squash and the Cricket teams are to leave for Lawrence School, Sanawar. Our best wishes to them and hope that they come home victorious.

I have bad news for the die-hard Tendulkar fans as he will be stepping down as the captain after the series with South Africa. Not a bad decision after this Indian side was declared the worst Indian team ever. The Indian team has already lost the first test and don't be surprised at what comes ahead.

Before I switch off, I request the whole school to pray for the Indian team to do well. If they are thrashed again I will agree with everyone who says that Indian team should be sent to exile.

Till then,
Bear with me,
Aatir

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