

The Elephant

No. 243

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

17th April, 2000

Think About It...

Wise people make more opportunities than they find.

- Francis Bacon

EDITORIAL

“Freedom”-the buzz word this time around. Everything revolves around it. We, at Welham, are perhaps the black sheep when it comes to freedom- be it of any kind. We enjoy high levels of it, which is quite unknown of in other public schools. Be it morning speeches where not only do we lose our stage fright but also get across without being censored. Or be it facilities like the IT Lab where we get free access to the internet.

But like everything in this world it has its dark side. Abuse of freedom has become quite a common phenomenon at Welham. I hate to admit it but we do take things for a ride. From corrupting computer hard drives to bunking PT all shows the lack of a sense of responsibility. Someone else can't be responsible for you. We should learn to be responsible for ourselves. Because no matter how hard a teacher tries, if we are not willing enough, academic excellence is a distant dream. Freedom comes with responsibility.

Moving on to other spheres, the weather is burning things up. And to top the effect the mosquito population has multiplied manifold. So the

direct result is sleepless nights and drowsiness during class hours. Management please take notice.

In the literary avenues, the one-act Inter House plays are just round the corner, and all aspiring actors, 'actresses' and directors can be seen day and night, zealously practising their parts

and learning the roles by heart. May the best man (house) win!

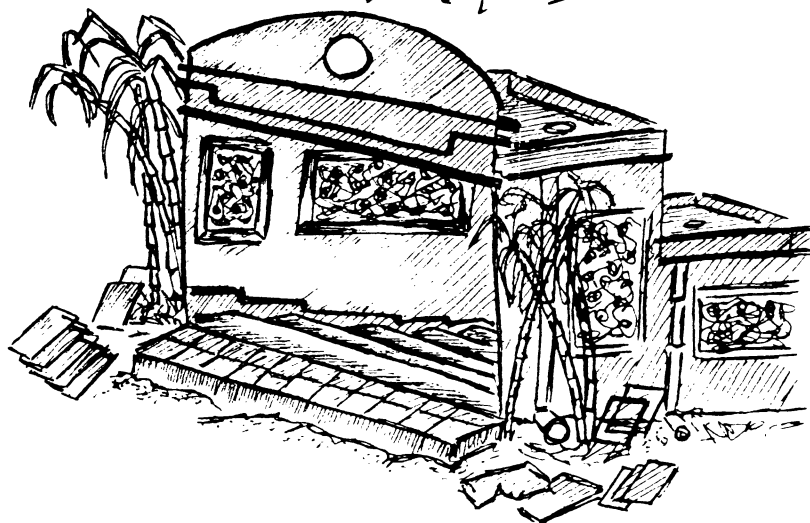
On the Debating front, frequent and fervent practises are the 'in thing'. Mr. Sahi takes over from

Mr. Prabhala. Only time will tell, what fruits does his hard work reap.

Speaking of Mr. Prabhala, he will be leaving us for brighter avenues in the 'dot com' world as he puts it. Personally I came to know him very well in the one year that he has spent at Welham. Right from directing 'Final Solutions', debating, down to the tragedy at Auli. He will definitely be missed by all of us here specially the senior boys who have been with him through thick and thin. Goodbye!

I don't think whether I should be writing this or not, because this issue is more disputed upon.

ATA WELHAM
UNDERGROUND



than even the Kashmir issue. Yes I am talking about socials. Socialising is the only pothole in the smooth road towards manhood, paved here, at Welham Boys' School. Some people have this serious misconception, that the more you isolate, the more well behaved we will be towards the opposite sex. And from what I think, this statement seems to be redefining the heights of ignorance. From my point of view, isolation will take us nowhere. It will only make us mice in the company of women. In fact,

more socialising will be the perfect remedy for improving general standard of behaviour, especially towards the opposite sex. Think about it and let us know.

Ciao,



Welham Now

- 1) Stress control session was held by Mrs. Verma. The first sitting took place on Friday, 7th April.
- 2) The Scholastic book fair was held on 8 & 9th April.
- 3) Diwas Bam has been appointed as a School Prefect.

- 4) Mr. Achal Prabhala left on the 15th afternoon. We wish him success. He will be missed at Welham.
- 5) Anshuman Singh has left for Gordonston School, Scotland for his exchange programme.

Letters to the Ed.

Dear Editor,

I am finally through into my second year of medical schooling. Yes, it is very demanding indeed, medical studies that is, but I am enjoying every bit of it. I do miss Welham, though. Nothing could possibly compete with the life I had there. I must say, I receive the Oliphant regularly, and it's a pleasure reading it, turning my nostalgic wheels in delight. How I wish I could still sit at that computer and type the Editorial. It was a privilege I will forever be thankful for. That's all for now. More in my next,

Sourab Dhungel

Dear Sourabh,

Before anything else, Hi! From one editor to another. Its great to hear from you after such a long time. Good to know that you are doing well in your medical studies. Our best wishes are with you.

I have to agree with you that there is no life like Welham life. Hope you keep in touch.

Ed

Hi there,

I guess I have become pretty regular at mailing you guys (and I know it for sure that you are not going to put this one in the Oliphant. Heights of being regular!!) I am doing fine, working on my design collection, nothing new apart from that. Yup its time for our Campus Placements. My option is Bangalore at NIFT. Will get back later. Please note my new email add. The login name is the same. it goes like shantanu19@rediffmail.com

Love And Energies,

Shantanu

Ex 611\G, 1996

Dear Shantanu,

I guess you are of the persistent kind and guess what, we have printed your letter in this issue of the Oliphant. All of us here are pleased to know that you are doing well with your design collection. I'll surely pass on your email address to all NIFT aspirants back here in school. I am sure there are quite a few of them.

Do keep writing,

Ed

W.O.B.N

- 1) Ex Welhamites of '94, '95 and '97 batch meet regularly in Bangalore. Anybody coming to Bangalore please get in touch:

(2)

- Gaurav Panjwani- K '97 batch RVC College of Engineering
Gaurav Jain -642C '94 batch Bangalore Institute of

Technology

Sachin Dhir-616C '95 batch BMS College of Engineering

Arpit Agarwal-648J '95 batch BMS College of Engineering

Vikas kumar- 660J '95 batch Bangalore Medical College.

We conduct these meetings every month.

Bangalore students rep.

Vikas Kumar.

Contact Number- 9844012480

2) *We cordially invite all the old boys to come and attend the second successive Summer Carnival, 2000. It is being held on Saturday, 6th May.*

Literary Affairs

THE DATE... TOO LATE

It was well past midnight.
As he entered the social park.
The scene was exotic admist moonlight
When he saw a faint outline in the dark.

It was figure of a woman he saw
She belonged to him
A figure so unripe and raw
The presence made every other object dim.

He ran towards her
Flung his arms around her passionately
She'd worn a warm coat fully covered with fur
He admired and loved the concubine greatly

Even though he was the king of the land
Called prince Salim by his men
He thought as he held her hand
This maiden really draws my attention.

As his embrace grew tighter
He felt her body warmth and silky hair
This made him feel lighter
This woman a gem, beautiful and so rare

'Sire' she said we can't go like this forever
These are sins that we commit
Its either now or never.

Let this spark go on so that a fire can be lit.

'O fair lady' he replied back
I am in a net strangled and trapped
Against those who conspire proof is what I lack
Its an insult and I think I have been slapped

Give me some time
And your lonely eyes shall see
I put my life back in rhyme
And my queen shall you be.

She understood it all
And kissed him gently
Never would he hear her call
And sooner break free.

They then parted in tears in eyes
Sad at their heart and emotionally drained
All the while were watched by spies
Separation it seemed the most it pained

The next morning was found the body of Salim's
concubine
An angle went to heaven for she was divine.
It seemed the date was too late.

- El Kanishko

GOODBYE, FOR NOW

Its been about nine months since I came to teach at Welham Boys' School, and as I leave this week, it is with sadness and the feeling that I will be missing a lot. Naturally, I've had a great time here – the weather, the place, the school, the infectious enthusiasm of the students, all of this has made for a near-perfect sojourn.

I came here to teach, to do something

'else' (outside the corporate world, my previous home), to exercise and to write. Happily, I have managed quite a few of these tasks I set myself, and now find myself drifting back towards the media, where I once worked, this time in the exciting world of new media, that ubiquitous dotcom world. I am excited, and yet a little sad, and already nostalgic about Welham.

(3)

If there's one thing I was scared of, joining an investment bank, as I did when I was twenty one, it was the thought of one day, becoming, like many of the people around me, fat, bald, short-sighted and stupid. It is surprisingly easy to become all of these things, and the ease with which many friends (and I) occasionally succumbed to these tendencies was frightening. Along the way, I found a more interesting profession (personally speaking), joined an exciting television company, and discovered that working, could actually be quite a lot of fun. It was an important and interesting discovery; since many times, it seemed like the only things that would pay enough were the most boring jobs. Its like the vegetables you don't like; those that taste the worst are always the healthiest, or so it seemed while I was growing up.

Happily, that rule doesn't extend itself to professions. And so, a little bit of advice, since most of you are young, and seem to be as clueless about careers as I was (and probably still am!) – look for something fun. It isn't worth it any other way. Fun need not necessarily be what it typically means – you might have fun dissecting bodies, or inventing explosives, or corrupting young minds – and if you do, then you should become a doctor, a physicist or a teacher – fun is what is what turns you on, and whatever that is, it is worth doing. Spend a little time discovering what gives you pleasure, and don't hesitate to wander – whether its taking time off before or after college – or whether its switching careers, since you have a fairly long life ahead, and many new things to try.

While here, the most worthwhile thing I did was to make friends with several groups of students. From ages eleven to eighteen, I've met and befriended quite a few of you, and its been great fun. The good thing about this school is that it doesn't muzzle its students; there is no one I met who feels inhibited or restricted about saying or doing what they want. That makes for interesting conversations and enjoyable company. There is a refreshing lack of 'attitude' – which is truly wonderful. I remember the school I went to – a day

school in Bangalore – and I can think of very few students who were quite as unfettered as those here. Thankfully, at Welham, it matters more who you are and what you do than how much your parents earn; that is something to be very proud of.

But the boarding school spirit, the same spirit that creates the independence and nurtures the survival instinct, can also be a little brutal at times. I know that I was quite shocked on a few occasions – at random acts of cruelty – and more shocked that none or few of the students were. We do learn a lot here, and it is important to know how to survive, but the fact is, gentleness and humility are charming traits, and we don't really have either in any significant quantity. Perhaps it has to do with

Welham being a boys-only school, perhaps it has something to do with the average age here; either way, I think all of us here could do with a lot more softness. There is, I am sure, some mysterious masochistic pleasure in beating up a junior or a stray dog, but try hugging one (a junior, not a stray dog) and see how that feels. Don't be afraid to – you won't be punished for sexual harassment, neither is it going to make you score less at cricket or football,

and neither is anyone going to make fun of you – on the contrary, it will earn you respect, love and affection.

Tennyson (one of those boring old intellectual poets) said something about kind hearts being worth more than coronets. I think that there is, maybe, something in that.

Anyway, guys, the bottomline is that I was trying to think of what I would miss when I left here. I was trying to think of how wonderful it would have been to have had Sandeep Singh with us. I was trying to think of all the things I wanted to do this year but didn't, and in fact, I realised, rather happily, that in my case, regrets were good – if I was going to miss Welham, then I must have had a jolly good time here. To everyone here, staff and students, a big thanks.

I'm in Bombay from the 16th of April, so write to me, and visit in the holidays if you can (to those of you I know a little better, this isn't a



request, its a command!). You can get me at:

Achal Prabhala,
Flat 16, Ganga Vihar
55 Marine Drive
Bombay – 20.

Alternatively, email me—I would be thrilled to have regular gossip updates on the goings-on at

Welham – I will be available at:
a_prabhala@yahoo.co.uk

Temporarily, I will be available at this number (for the first 2-3 weeks): 022-2812862.

Adios amigos.

Achal

THE CASANOVAS OF WELHAM

Socialising with the members of the opposite sex is no uncommon thing now days. And for the widely known Welhamites it is not a big deal. All he has to do is walk a few steps across the LOC and show off his long hair, expensive watch, a pair of designer clothes and boots. Undoubtedly some or the other interested SHE will fly over to this smart hunk- a Welhamite. A few introductory talks and there they go. The next outing you will see them either in a good (expensive) restaurant or at a movie hall watching a romantic hit. Well, why be sad when this is a part of a Welhamite's stay here at Welham.

Overheard....

Mr. X (famous for calling from the school booth only once)

Here he goes:

Hello Ankita...yeah it's meso howz life runnin' o'er....great....cool. So watcha doin' on Sunday 8th...nothing? Ok then I'll pick you up from skool at 11:30...gnight.

Now, he dials again:

Hey Namrata....how was your test?.....whoooo....cool...I'll see you on 22nd Sunday....I'll pick you up from your place. Bye sweetie.

And he dials yet again:

Hi Anjana....you told me your father is going out on the 25th till the next month.... Well then I'll pick you up on 25th and catch a movie...ok. Bye luv.

And now he walks out of the booth:

Arre yaar, aaj theek se call nahi kar paaya.
Anyways I'll try it tomorrow sometime.

Well that's just an example not to be taken seriously. All characters are fictitious and any resemblance is purely co-incidental.

Welhamites are famous at the gift shops also. Mr. X walks to the counter where his packet lies ready before his arrival. Hands over the money and walks away. What's in the packet——no suspense. It only contains half a dozen cards and

chocolates. The cards read somewhat like this... To The Only Girl In My Life. Nothing can be done. It's the way a Welhamite wants to live and he will live that way. Hats off to him.

Currently, the Casanovas in our school are greatly unhappy. They believe that the school should be a co-ed. They say, "Why should there be a wall between boys and girls. We have been sent here for gaining confidence and we will fail to do so until we are able to make girl-friends though we may have to face some solid SS (slaps and sandals) before we succeed. Being friendly with the members of the opposite sex ain't no crime." Another reason of displeasure is the construction of the subway. They say, "Who doesn't know how to cross a road. Look left, then right, then again left and then push off. The subway is not being constructed where it actually should be. It should serve as the link between WBS and the chics." Though next to impossible, they really believe that it is an excellent suggestion. ***May God fulfil their wishes***

A good example of the love between them and the captives across the LOC is the incident that took place some days ago. Some people from another school couldn't take the Welhamites jogging close to the girls and started a fight. Well the result is known to everyone. The opponents landed up in hospitals whereas the Welhamites landed in the hearts of the Girls. Hats off once again to these brave legendary heroes of WBS.

Another fact which all the anti-socialising elements or rather I should say the love obstacles ought to know is that there are not only relations that flourish in the Dehradun region but also in the roaring hills in the heights of Garhwal. Obviously you know what I mean- it is none other than MIS (the girls seen roaming about in skirts). This serves as a back up for the highly addicted pseudos who get intoxicated by the smell of female fragrance as when a love game loses in the locality they all know which number to dial for the MIS ambulance.

Thanks to the frequently visiting brothers who little meet their sisters than putting forward others' proposals in front of the other girls. Well who knows... half of them must be just so called brothers (brothers in arms).

By now I have written enough to relate the present situation of the Casanova's of Welham Boys' School. The fact is that my heart is bleeding for all those lovesick people of my school, my heaven. Please do not take this as an exaggeration as you are not completely aware of what happens under the Welham skies until and unless you are a member of the community. All facts are true to the

best of my knowledge. Before I conclude I would dedicate a small poem to the under privileged, love sick kings of hearts:

"May his soul rest in peace,
And may not your sole rest on an excreted piece,
'Cause that would make a joke of you
Good enough to tease,
So guys you got to take your steps with ease,
Else get insulted in front of she(s),
And now you can with the next article proceed".

- *Excuse me please.*

From the Grave.

The affectionate part of "The Chemical Brothers"

LAMPOON

The PH, Factor - GROOVY BABY...

It is said that if you haven't had a chance of experiencing a stay at PH (Prayag house, also formerly known as Principal house) then you haven't been to Welham. Our school's pride and the envy of all other renowned public schools. I make this proud and rather boastful statement because I have every reason to.

Legend has it that years ago The Divine One asked a Welhamite to appear in his court of justice for his ever-growing pious activities in the valley. And so he went. On reaching there The Divine One asked him "O! Great Welhamite, you deserve justice for your unparalleled might. Ask for boon or bane, and I shall see that your efforts don't go in vain. Choose life or choose death, if not choose the ultimate called PH."

The house that I had long dreamt of, ever since I set my feet in Welham, I remember my classmates gazing with curiosity after hearing about this place and wondering what was it all about. To us it was what Taj Mahal had been to Emperor Shah Jahan. And over the years our desire to be a part of this place colourfully termed as 'Passport to Heaven' gathered strength. And so finally after 11 years we are now residents of this house.

Although I must admit our batch could not celebrate our first few days in the house as Sandeep could not complete his journey to this paradise and left us on the road to nowhere, never to be amongst us again. PH will miss him badly.

To begin with here's some misinformation about the rooms in PH.

TRIO- Probably named so as it accommodates three guys. Has a never-ending repute of coolios lodging in. What's more it's blessed with a closet.

ASHES- Named after the famous cricket series by the so-called 'paaps' years ago. This room enjoys being the best in terms of its conditions and basic amenities.

PENT HOUSE- The room with features similar to a pent house but its dramatic irony is that it's not on the top floor.

GENESIS- A large voluptuous room with a fire place never in use. All thanks to the brits. Right next to the uncommon room.

Hum - It owes its name to the 92 hit Amitabh starred Hum kept by his fans who were surely angry and young. A spacious room with a so-called summerhouse.

MUSSORIE VIEW- No more a place to stay as 11thies don't reside in PH anymore. Its named so because the windows outlook the beautiful hills of Shiwalik and Mussoorie. Now in constant use for indoor cricket.

DEN- Called so because of its Rajputana heritage. Probably because all 'Sher dils' reside here. It's a large balcony to add to its pleasure.

TOPGUN- Named after the super hit Tom Cruise starrer Top Gun. Its also one of the highest rooms in PH. Has great connections with the air force due to its aerodynamic design.

TOPDOME- One of the highest rooms in PH. The agony over its name is that it's not like a dome at all. Certainly a tandoor in summers.

DDP- Stands for DO AUR DO PAANCH, Drink, Dope and party, Doodh, Dhai, Paneer. The room where it all began (know what I mean). Called the accursed room and the abused one too. Has a repute of being the darker side of PH. A very private kind and has all the evils that you can find.

The customs of this house are funny. Take for example the 'Medikaals' conducted every morning by the bearer. He says 'Yehtoparampara hai, aaj tak koi bach na saka.' Every out going batch sweetly with great honour and dignity bids farewell to the house. Shattering window panes in order to let the 'Winds of Change' come in. The television set gets its share of 'chai' and 'tarbooz' and is rested at its grave at the end, with the following words inscribed on the grave, "The world watched it for long, and in the end buried it in tears singing a swan song". After years of assiduous labour and never ending determination the refrigerator has finally been turned into a super cooler. The fans and the bunks have all become antique. They are years old and look deathly pale and cold. And then there are writings on every wall. Things like 'MY STYLE HOSTILE', FROM THE OLD SKOOL TO THE NU BREED, love isn't in your heart to stay, love isn't love until you give it away. The bunks weren't spared either. On one of them is written "Dear Yuri, always remember me head over feet-Rohan Sood. Don't **** on this bunk-why not???"

A few days after finally got down well in DDPI decided to make extensive use of my study.

And so I settled down to do prep. When I suddenly looked up what I saw was unbelievable. On my bunk was stuck a small poster which read "WHEN GOD STOPS TO LOOK DOWN." The next minute my books were back where they belonged. Although I have a repute of being quite an excited guy I have the bunk which bears the name of "NIRVANA," wonder if it's ever attain such a stage or to what Kurt Cobain did at 27. It's the bunk which previously belonged to the likes of Mohit Mehta batch 93-94, and Varun Puri batch 97-98 and now that I have taken over you will get to see Aerosmith scribbled all over, luckily this year we have not had any cases of guys dropping down while sleeping on their bunk. Another feature about them that goes unnoticed is the 'Up Yours'. A place to hide all your valuables. right in front of PH is the ill fated badminton court crassly used for the sport. Its been a graveyard for many, punishments are the true object of this court. The water cooler outside is in expensive use too (why do you think that 12thies are clean shaven.)

So often our memories of exies received in PH by the lovely surrounds and are prizes and stories of them known no bounds. But its sad that not many of them visit this place, once that they loved too. The summer carnival is fast approaching and I'd like to request the presence of you exies then - time I shut my pen....

*-From PH, a true welhamite
In the open skies- a free kite*
Kanishk Kaushik

Nature's Diary

Walking down the road that passes by the backfield, I suddenly sense a rustle in the leaves and feel the wind slowly increasing its speed, turning into a gentle breeze. For a moment I am mesmerised by this sudden change in the climate. Only till yesterday I was all wrapped up in the quilt, battling the cold gusts of wind and using my grey cells finding a way to pass the menacing exams. And now suddenly the whole landscape has changed. The school looked bleak in the cold, with all birds (most probably) hugging each other by the wings, with the trees leafless. Now that the season has changed the life is around us has increased considerably.

The Toon trees have already started flow-

ering, with some of the buds already scattered on the road beneath due to gentle gusts of wind. The Champa trees on the road leading to P.H. has already attracted Scarlet Minivets, and the Camphor tree near the peacock stage has also joined the race with Blossom Headed Parakeets all of them sitting on the branch. However its a wonder that I don't see our owlet anymore. Sometimes I really miss the cute bird looking out of his hole at us during assembly for disturbing his beauty sleep. Its amazing how the scenery around us changes in a number of days. We no longer see the wagtails all over the mainfield, but an always welcome bird is the Purple Sun Bird, as always seen in its usual hideout, the 'Horn Bills' have also increased their

movement considerably, a pair has now made the peacock stage a part of its flying route.

We have been hearing the call of the Koel for the past fortnight as also the Paradise Flycatchers. The arrival of the Golden Oriole is awaited. As the night slowly sets in the cries of the Red Wattled Lapuring can also be heard.

Welham houses an amazing variety of birds and tree alike. It is great that one of the most beautiful birds, the Paradise Flycatcher is a part of the environment. Wake up, arise, and notice the change around you people.

However, this change has not only made the surrounding more beautiful; there is also a bleak side to this change. The Mussoorie hills look graceful in winter, filled with snow and nothing else looking calm, serene and soothing. But now that its slowly getting warmer, there is nothing but a few patches of trees and blank quarried spaces, we need to look around us and realise- the change is not always beautiful.

- Amish Mulmi
XI

RINGSIDE VIEW

It has just been a week since the last issue and I have been asked again to write the Ringside View. This is pure torture! And the Editor does not seem to have any mercy on me. So, here I am telling you about the latest news in the Sports Arena.

Last weekend, the basketball team played a string of matches and emerged victorious in all. The team lacks height but possess raw talent. The first match was against Tibetean home. The home team was always leading and finally won 75-68. Yoginder Negi played brilliantly and emerged as the top scorer. The next match was relatively easy. The school team whitewashed G.R.D 77-33. The seniors put up a considerable good show and were the stars of the day.

Charged up with all the wins Kaju&Co. did not want to break the winning streak. The first five put up a display of raw power and defeated the much hyped St. George's 38-33. The school basketball team will be leaving for Woodstock this week. We hope they do well and wish them luck.

The hockey team is practising hard for the councils and are determined to win the councils. You can spot them playing hockey bare chest and showing off their 'muzzles.'

The squash court had been locked up for some time but will be in action in few days. The

captain is taking keen interest and will start practising hard in a few days.

The Welhamites can be seen in the pool all the time. Man, its got too hot and April has just started. I can't even imagine what will happen in June and July. To beat the heat, the guys don't even mind jumping into the pool in the midst of the insects and frogs.

Everything is shaken up in the international scene. Hansie Cronje being caught by the Delhi Police (!!!) on charge of match fixing. I am surprised by this news but more surprised by whom he was caught, The Delhi Police. They are standing up to their new name, New Delhi Police Department (NDPD). So guys beware, NDPD is out there.

Yet another record has been broken with Coutney Walsh claiming his 435 wicket during the Zimbabwean tour and becoming the leading wicket taker in test cricket.

Well, I will leave you to this as I am in a hurry (hope the ED. does not kick my rear for this...)

Signing off,
Yours hurriedly,
Aatir

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : Azar Zaidi

Literary Affairs : Kanishk Kaushik

Welham Now : Rohan Sachdeva

Cartoonist: Prabesh Shrestha

Staff Representative: Mr. S.K. Bakshi

Published By : Welham Boys' School

Registration No. :- 20208/86

Desktop Editors : Ijlal Shamsi & Vir Bhadra

Ringside View: Aatir Ansari

Nature Diary : Amish Raj Mulmi

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

E-Mail: oliphant@giasdl01.vsnl.net.in

Web-page: www.welham-boys.org