



The Elephant

No. 244

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

2nd May, 2000

Think About It...

Men are like wine. Some turn to vinegar, but the best improve with age.

- Pope John XXIII

EDITORIAL

The years we spend at Welham, I am sure, will be cherished and treasured by all. These years, will shape our future. What we are today and imbibe today will decide our destiny. But some of these experiences may not exactly satisfy the condition of being 'memorable'.

When I talk of these experiences, we all know that I am referring to bullying.

Bullying is one of the biggest drawbacks of an educated society. Education is what we are trying to cultivate at Welham. Unfortunately, we are used to it. The bully doesn't know he is bullying, and the bullied doesn't know he is getting bullied. Not only have we redefined and given a new meaning to the word 'favour', but have made the senior quite masochistic and sadistic. The senior has a penchant for ordering his juniors around. This is just a low lying form of bullying. There is more to it than meets the eye. And this is what we should not do.

What we must do is to try and get rid of this inequality. Because by doing so we not only ensure the healthy environment for generations to come, we also ensure that the name of Welham survives the turn of the next century.

Amongst other things, cool nights, hot days, cold morning and glooming evenings are "in"

at 5, Circular Road. The weather is as unpredictable as ever. But I like it that way.

The Inter house English One Act plays, were a staggering success, with each play excelling in one aspect or the other. Sometimes, it's amazing, how much talent we harbour, here at Welham!

One area where we really need new talent is debating. Once the pride of our school, now debating is drowning to oblivion. SOS!

The subway is complete and yet not complete. We were hoping that it would be completed by the Summer Carnival, but things are turning out otherwise. So all those dying to 'go deeper underground' will have to wait a while longer.

Speaking of the Summer Carnival, all activities are underway, and from what it looks like, I

think its going to be a roaring success. From the crooning of budding singers, to eloquent speeches, every thing is going to be "tailor made" to perfection. But the limelight has definitely been stolen by the idea of having the jam session on the LRC top. I think I have revealed just about enough, so if u want to know more, come and join us on the 6th of this month, for a first hand experience,

See you at the Summer Carnival,

Azar Zaidi



KNOCKING ON
HEAVEN'S DOOR



Welham Now

1) The Inter House English Recitation was held in April 2000. The results were as follows:

Seniors:

- 1st -Owais Burza
- 2nd-Abhishek Agarwal
- 3rd-Deepak Sanan

Juniors:

- 1st-Avinash Agarwal
- 2nd-Kartik Mahajan
- 3rd-Karan Mehrotra

2) The Inter School English Recitation took place in our school and was held on the 23rd of April. Owais Burza and Avinash Agarwal participated in the contest.

3) The Inter House One Act Play was held on 15th

April. The house positions were as follows:

1st-Krishna

2nd-Jamuna

Individual positions:

- Best Actor- Aditya Malhotra
- Best Director(s)- Azar Zaidi, Rishi Raj, Amish Mulmi
- Best Brochure- Cauvery
- Most Promising Actor- Pranay Patodia

4) The Inter House Debate was held on 21st April. Cauvery house came first and individual positions are as stated under.

- 1st- Pranay Patodia
- 2nd- Azar Zaidi
- 3rd- Rohan Sachdeva
- Best Rebuttal- Pranay Patodia

W.O.B.N

1)

**From Tanuj Sethi
President**

March 13, 2000

To all members of the EC:

Dear Mr. Jagjit Singh,

I hope you are in receipt of the minutes of the last EC meeting held on the 13th of December 1999. It has been exactly 3 months today since we last met. During the last EC meeting we had formed various committees and had entrusted each committee with a specific job. I am sure all of us must have progressed to some extent in our specified job. I would therefore like to request you to revert to advise the progress.

I had visited the school in the month of February and met Mr. Jagjit Singh to review the progress made towards the registration of the Welham Old Boys' Society. I was informed that Mr. Prashant Kochar had everything ready and would do the needful as soon as possible. Mr. Jagjit Singh also briefed me on the progress made by him towards the data and membership committee.

Mr. Mahesh Panjawani of the EC had met

with an accident in mid January. Wish all is well now and pray for his speedy recovery. Unfortunately he will not be able to take care of the work of the regional representative committee. I have therefore agreed to take care of that committee and have managed to chalk out the areas where regional representatives are required. We can discuss and confirm the same during the next EC meeting.

I am very sorry to inform you that an Old Boy Arvind Chaturvedi has passed away on the 7th of February. He was from Dehradun. I would like to request the Dehradun representative to visit Arvind's family and offer our condolences.

As we had decide to build the society from Strength to Strength, I would propose that we must get together in the near future. Kindly revert to me advising a convenient time for you to attend the next EC meeting. I will on hearing from you inform you of the exact date of the next EC meeting. I hope to be in receipt of your letter by the 31ST of March so that a suitable date for thee next EC meeting can be decided at the earliest.

With best wishes and regards,
Yours truly,
Tanuj Sethi.

2) Dehradun Chapter had a get together on the 23rd of April at the Ajanta Hotel Pool side. The gathering was good and was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari and other EC members.

3) Mr. Jagit Singh has left on a group study ex-

change programme to Massachusetts/Boston. This is a unique opportunity for outstanding young men and women engaged in various professions to exchange their vocational experience with their counterparts in a different country.

Jagjit@Flashmail.com

Literary Affairs

Insanity at Stakes

The day was hot no doubt,
And there was not much to look about.
So Hugh took to wine and grape,
As he heard his favorite tape.
As he sat there gulping his wine,
He remembered a girl so divine.
Whom he had proposed a few days ago,
But felt dejected as she refused to go.
Out with him and be his,
The girl of his dreams, the eternal bliss.
Her refusal only gave the way,
To him going insane and astray.
So deeply was he involved,
As his love remained unsolved.
He fell into great depression,
Couldn't even be helped by a therapy session.
Now as the song touched faintly to his ears,
He felt the revival of all his fears.
It went like: **You think you're in love, like it's a real sure thing,
But every time you fall you get yo ass in a sling
You used to be strong but now it's ooh! Baby please,
Cos' falling in love is so hard on the knees.**

He felt a sudden anger raise,
He was wounded and his heart ablaze
But then she overshadowed everything in him
Chances are chances, and now they seemed grim
Her innocent face, so sweet and charming
Her figure so shapely and alarming
Sad at his heart he felt
Badly had his love been dealt
Ever her name Lisa it seemed
With greatness it beamed
As he thought now what use
He had nothing to lose
He took cocaine inxs
To get over with it and relieve stress
His brother found his dead body lying around
He had left to hold permanent ground
Died of an overdose
Death is what he chose
Unreturned love has no buyers and takes
It's simply *insanity at stake*.

In search of sanity.
Kanishk Kaushik

Miss Teerious.

I woke up and rolled out of the bed with a heavy head. The running clock on the wall kept increasing my nervousness. It was my first interview and that too in Bombay. I could never afford to miss it. I packed up whatever clothes I could find, put my flight ticket and ran out with my legs at my command and reached just in time to catch the last bus to Delhi before noon. In the bus I revised all I could. I reached Delhi at 6 p.m. and made it to the airport. My flight IC 819 scheduled to depart at 8 p.m. was 2 hours late and yet without confirmation. "Damn it!", I said to my self, but then I could still

make it. I called the manager whose reply repositioned my fallen heart. He said all interviews had been postponed till evening tomorrow. I dropped my body on one of the chairs and shut my eyes to thank god. On opening of my eyes I saw a young lady in her early 20's looking at me. She had an ultimate divine light brightening her eyes and looked just as beautiful. She was sitting down alone on the table sipping beer. I got up, grabbed a can for myself and asked her if I could sit there. She said I was most welcome.

In a blooming conversation I gathered
(3)

that she was to board the same flight. I offered her to come along outside and share a drink. She readily agreed. We walked out in a manner, as we were childhood friends. Something there was that was attracting me to her more than herself. We shared a drink there, another, and yet another. By now I had told her all about myself. I was now sinking with the hang over and a terrible one.

I opened my eyes due to a bugging terrible sound of a plane landing. Slowly I realized that I was in a flat next to the airport. I had missed it, missed my flight and my eyes could not see any of the lady. She did it all. I glared through my ticket it had changed. The time was three hours hence. I had time to do the first thing I do in the mornings, read the newspaper. It was carefully laid on the

table for my convenience. The headlines made my head and spine shiver. It read "Flight IC 819 FROM Delhi to Bombay crashed yesterday, none survived." I stood there at least for the next 13 seconds with my head like a fresh blank page of a notebook till my attention fell on a letter that read somewhat like:

"Don't miss this flight....Your job awaits you....Best of luck.

Yours,
Miss Teerious."

Yours fictiously,
From the grave,

"The bechanced part of the Chemical Brothers".

"Help, someone, help, stop her....."

"Help, someone, help, stop her, a car is coming, move", my wife's scream in the unearthly hours of the night terrified me as it was explained by the horrific expression on my face. It took me sometime to realize that my wife was just having a bad dream.

Morning came and I had to hurry as, I would miss my appointment with a very important client. My wife who also worked just to kill time, helped me get ready and off we went to our workplace. I have not mentioned that being well-off and self employed I could afford to be 'late' to "my office". My wife first remembered that she had to buy some stationery for her use and we stopped the car near a departmental store. She went inside to buy the stationery and I thought it better for me to stay in the car. I just looked around and a little girl caught my eye. She was walking with a Motherly lady, maybe her mother.

My wife returned from the store and we were ready to leave when the little girl started running across the road. She probably saw a familiar face on the other side. In the rear view mirror I could see a car coming at rocket pace. My wife saw it too and started screaming, "Help, someone, help, stop her, a car is coming, move" and then.....

Sitting in the office, I was dumbstruck by the happening earlier today. I consoled myself by saying it was a coincidence. Next morning, the paperboy delivered the paper late. I wanted to flip through it but was frozen after looking at the front

page. The headline read, 'Only heiress to Mathew Empire passes away in road accident?' The feeling returned to my stomach, a feeling which cannot be explained, only experienced.

My mind was preoccupied during the office hours. I didn't know why I was so perturbed. The day passed as if it were years. Finally at night I lay on my bed, trying hard to forget the days happening.

"No, don't trade with them, they aren't what they seem, don't trade with them, no, please." I had to literally wake my wife off the dream. The terror in her eyes was much more than the night before. I asked her about the dream and she said that she saw two men, well dressed, coming to my office and I am doing business with them. Seemed normal, but, those screams. What is going on? Well, we will see.

Next day was expectedly hectic. Then during lunch break two men who were tall and well-built, walked into my office. I was at once reminded of my wife's dream. I must mention that the business I was concerned with is car buying and selling second hand cars. The two men had brought an almost new Ford Explorer. They wanted to sell it. The price was unbelievably low and all the papers were in order. So I being a true blood businessman could not turn down such an offer, so I dismissed my wife's dream as a..... dream.

To show off my new toy, I went for a drive. As I passed the check post I saw a police jeep following me. I pulled over. They got out of

their jeep, ran over to me, without any questions, hand cuffed me and wham! A shot on my head. The next thing I knew I was behind bars.

I enquired from the officer about this unwanted arrest and the answer gave me a shock and I pinched myself. I was found driving the same car by which the little girl had been murdered. Murdered?!!! I thought it was a road accident. I had to call my colleagues in the office to bring over the formal papers of the deal of the car.

When I reached home, my wife knew nothing of the days happening. I was exhausted so I retired early to bed. But, at the back of my mind, I knew that there certainly was some connection between the death. Murder of the little girl and my

wife's dream. Reading an article I had heard about E.S.P. It is basically the sense to predict a happening before its time. Its one of those happenings which even science couldn't prove or banish, they termed it as 'Paranormal.'

Maybe this could help us track down the criminal and then I heard a blood curling scream coming from my wife who was sleeping. I started and feared the worse.

To be continued.....

Owais Burza
Class-XI

LAMPOON

Attitude Adjustment

O my gawd I 'm back again

Lampoon ya attitude to spread misery and pain.

The world of a Welhamite is tragic. Every morning 10 minutes before the 1st school starts he opens his dreamy eyes and the day begins on a good note: A curse spitted out at the authorities for their hectic schedule. He then hurriedly gets a grip, splashes water on the sulken face and quickly fixes his hair. Naturally he is late for the class, but then who could possibly beat him at making excuses and he gets away with it. All in all he dozes off during all the 6 schools. The first two are too early, the next two are directly after breakfast (overeating effect of *tooness*) and the next two are the worst ones, its hot, humid and hell like.

Ever since I've been here I've know one thing for sure, that '**Welhamites strike at the right time**' be it anything, they manage to get their rear saved from getting kicked whether it's debates, elocutions or even plays, hardly do guys practice and ofcourse are never serious from any angle, they still do well. But when it comes to lecturing our juniors, we speak eloquently, it would possibly take us two minutes for ripping apart someone for being irresponsible to the Welham Society. Even the famous soliloquies by Hamlet would be put to great shame if compared to the speeches given by Welhamites. If we emerge victorious than the reaction is "We're invincible", however if we lose then its "*nevermind, time, time ki baat hai*". Suddenly the whole world seems to be against us.

But who cares and out comes the stinger from the Welhamite, "**I don't give two ****s about this world**".

As far as sports are concerned we are no better, unlike other fellow human beings all that a Welhamite needs to warm up is a cup of tea, amazing isn't it. Well this is because of our *advanced solar organs*. You ask a guy to take 5 rounds of the main field or to commit suicide. He definitely will go for the second one. As far as jogs are concerned he could show great dedication for this kind of routine. Wake him up at 5:00 in the morning and he would kindly go after standing in front of the mirror for about half an hour. Once on the LOC as he spots a couple of *babes* at the **Red Cross(crossing)** he immediately becomes a '*cheetah*' on the prowl, he moves faster, quicker and smoother. There's a sudden transformation in him and he becomes the **Lord of the thighs**'. The other sports aren't spared as well. The rules of basketball are cool. Your shorts should be at least *6 inches* below the actual waistline, you should surely know how to rap as it helps in ball handling, funkydo's help in distracting your opponents to a great extent. In cricket, bowl at the middle wicket, get your line and length and bowl with great strength. While batting if the ball comes on your body play defence. If not blow it for a six. And remember always bat first, get runs and fullfil your

thirst. Soccer is simple, monkey training is what is required, the first and foremost rule of the game 'Ball till ya fall'. In hockey you are a racing horse and the stick is your jockey. Your cricketing experience could really help. Hold the stick to be a shot gun and the ball to be a criminal on the sun. Next in line is swimming, unfortunately the pool is considered and misused as a *pond*. The job of the lifesavers is to drown others. The diving board is used for pirates walking on the plank.

If you ever pass the room allotted to the Western Music Department you can hear different instruments being played. Furthermore if you pay greater attention to the noise, it sounds quite familiar. Exactly like utensils being banged in the **Bethany(dining hall)** whenever a shortage of food arises. Talking about the dining hall, it also hasn't spared all thanks to our righteous attitude. During meals its no better than the **Rialto(the Stock Exchange)**. Our school is not so densely populated yet we have at least 80% guys who could embarrass *Robin Hood* in 'stonarchy'. The results are magnificent. They are probably more stones than grass on our fields. We are also proud to have the most historians in our school, the fact can be attributed to the significant writings scribbled

on the school compounds and furniture. It has become a tradition that a Welhamite writes his name, the date of holding the cupboard and quotes, something quite similiar to whats done on grave stones. The fact that we have the coolest attitude can also be seen during the District Athletics Meet. During march past when all school are marching Welhamites every year without failure or success either can be seen walking coolly waving hands to the crowds as if they have just returned from the olympic games after striking gold.

Another striking feature of our school is the security, if there hardly is any or even required. To date there are more stray dogs in number than human guards in school for security.

Its high time we get rid of this **pseudo cool attitude** that is a part of us. We need to change the way we look at things. Although achieving what we want could take us years but then *if you want something bad enough, you'll get it*. Lets hope we go forever "**From Strength to Strength**" and do some attitude adjustment. Like I said before **Welhamites strike at the right time**.

Livin' on the edge,
Kanishk Kaushik

Nature's Diary

The Cry of the Wild

Seasons change in Dehradun like the way my taste changes in girls. Just the other day, I was talking about how now I am forced to eat my words. Pleasant, if this is what you call pleasant, then hell must be as cool as the north pole. This place is a inferno! Rising temperature upto don't know how many degrees, I mean this is April going on and if its so hot in April. I can't imagine the temperature in late May, and of course, I feel pity for all those people who have to stay here in the blasted place in June-July.

A dip in the pool is no good- the water there burns! A nice cool shower is no good, there is no water to put out the fire! The refreshing drinks that we get in the fruit

break helps a bit, but thats again a bit (a bit here refers to just about 2 minutes!) Water, water nowhere and so not a drop to drink!

Even our wildlife has felt this wave.

I can't hear birds except in the mornings when I go out for my daily walk till P.H. A few days back, after the furtive and loud showers that we had, it was 'heaven cometh down upon earth' for us. Rains in the night are most welcome, especially on nights with power cuts.

In my last issue I had mentioned about the change. A very conspicuous teacher asked

me to notice butterflies too. Well, in this heat, I cannot come out into the open, what will butterflies come out!



The IT-Lab has become a real refuge for all those heat-stricken, sun-burnt lads who sit down in the Lab posing as so called Internet 'junkies' and enjoying the cool A.C.s. All this reminds me of an idea we tried out when we were in 7th. All 5 of us hung bed sheets in the windows and splashed water onto them, thus trying to get an 'indigenous' cooler effect. Well, let me tell you, it

worked, but this is for those who wanna try it, it messes your room like never before.

Tired of writing, tired of the heat, can't sleep much, can't stay awake, life's going to fits, can't help it though I say please god come on, give us a break!

Amish Mulmi

Dudes Of the Fortnight



Separated at birth

Sunny Sarta
Samyajit Das
Saurav Kumar

Chunky Pandey
Aftaab
Hrithik Roshan

Through the Keyhole

Aseem: My headache is paining, what should I do?

Pavitra: (In a helpful manner) Oye! Put Iodex yaar.

Karan Manchanda and Saurav Kumar (two of the many fake English music Paaps) give a cassette for recording to Venus with the following song list:-

1) I am scared of rain (Desert Rose)- *Stink*

2) You can do it put your hand into it- *Iceberg from the Album Good Friday.*

3) I know, I know, you know...-*Red hot Chilly Peppers*

4) I know it that way- *Spice Girls.*

5) That makes me larger than life- *Scartissue*

6) Snap my picture - *Prodigy*

7) Mogambo no.5- *Lou Bega*

Avjeet: This time Good Friday is on Sunday.

Tarun: (feeling Sad) Oh no! Not again.....

Sagar: Another holiday is missed.

RINGSIDE VIEW

'What do we do when we play ball We Kick Arse'

And that is what the basketball team did. Putting behind the poor performances in recent years, at the back of their mind, the Welhamites stormed into the final of 1st Win Mumby Memorial Tournament held at Woodstock. A very good performance to start the season. We first faced Vasant Valley. It was a close match with the match going into overtime and Welham finally winning 42-48. The next match, with Woodstock was postponed till the next day due to rain. It was a dismal performance with the final whistle blowing at 41-11. We played the semi-finals against none other than The Doon School. The first five showed what they got and ran over the opponents 27-38. And can you imagine not a single substitution was made, the first five played throughout. Kicked with the win and brimming with confidence, the team overplayed Woodstock in the final in almost every department. It was only in the rebounds department that we lagged behind. The final score read 49-33 in Woodstock's favour. But check this out:

- i) The 1st win at Woodstock in 2 years.
- ii) Reaching the final at Woodstock in 2 years.
- iii) Beating Doon School after 2 years.

This month there has been nothing but basketball. Just days after the Woodstock tournament the Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball

Tournament was held in our school. Our first match was against St. Joseph's Academy which we comfortably won 20-49.

The next match we played with Sri Ram School. It was a highly competitive match but Welhamites 'play cool' policy did the trick and we emerged winners by 11 points (46-57). Guess whom we met in the semi-finals. Well again none other than the Doon School. This was the third straight time we were playing the Doscocs in the semi-finals and the result being the same. The score read 71-67 in Doon's favour. The main reason for our downfall was that we ran into foul trouble. Five guys sat down on the bench with five fouls and the other factor, you guys all, you guys were all there for the match, and I feel I need not write about it. Woodstock, successfully defended its title by defeating Doon School in the Final.

Switching to hockey, the hockey team is practising hard (I mean it). Within minutes all the

players are drenched in sweat (and with this intense heat, who wouldn't!) The councils started early this month. We hope the team does a good job.

Afzal Khan Tournament was here and gone with the Doon School lifting the trophy.

And here is advice to the Welhamites; don't give up till the last minute 'cause 'The game isn't over till it's over'.

*Rocking the cradle,
AATIR.*



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Published By : Welham Boys' School

Registration No. :- 20208/86

Desktop Editors : Ijlal Shamsi & Vir Bhadra

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