



The Elephant

No. 248

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

8th September, 2000

Think About It...

*Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth Move; Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.*

- William Shakespeare

EDITORIAL

Its that time of the fortnight, when life comes to a grinding stand still, when all my intellectual abilities take a 'U' turn, leaving me high and dry! You guessed it! It's time to write the editorial.

First of all the board has been had! We feel let down. We were promised the moon. The latest and the best machine available. We have not got it. Hopefully, this will materialise before our term is over.

Dramatics has hit an all time high. Mr. Arvind Pandey was here from National School of Drama for a week to conduct a comprehensive workshop on acting. Now we can really look forward to some explosive and dynamic acting on Founder's Day.

Soccer is on the move. The team is all geared up for the upcoming councils, and look undownable! Do not believe me, ask the DoscOs. They had a sound dose of our game on Saturday.

Coming to more *serious affairs*, love is in the air! MIS a.k.a. Mussoorie International School has taken present class XII by storm. (*so whom are we making jealous*) From moony faces to dyslexic expressions we can see all of it. It is

now considered normal to recite Shakespeare in your sleep and quote Keats by day. I happened to lose my Lamponist to it yesterday.

PH has once again lived up to its reputation (the better side please!) Recently, a

bunch of giggling class IV boys made a project on PH for their English assignment. Personally speaking, I never thought of PH being such an enigma.

Coming down to more sedate issues, the Principal highlighted and stressed on the continuing need to achieve higher goals. This, as he put forward, can only be achieved by commitment,

dedication and compassion. This makes me wonder...are we really committed and dedicated? Are we reaching out for a high level of achievement? Judging from the present trend and attitude of a Welhamite all indicators point towards negative. Before doing anything else, we need to change our outlook, we have to change our thought process. It's high time we geared up for success. We at Welham, as a whole, should aim for the best and more than that, we should achieve our goals. Then only can we truly be 'crème de la crème'!

THE WELHAM SIDE




*Doubt
Keats
2000*

The rains have been merciful and thank you God! Instead now we have the sun burning holes through our backs. Sometimes it makes wonder -'Whether should we have weather, whether or not..'

I think I better sign off now, before I have second thoughts and scrap the whole article.

Please do inform the board, if you have any information of the missing lampoonist. Till next time,

Sayonara,



Welham Now

1) A dramatics workshop was held from the 29th August to 4th September by Mr. Arvind Pandey

2) Inter house Junior English Debate was held on 2nd September. House Positions are as follows:

- Ist) Krishna
- IInd) Cauvery

Individual Positions

- Ist) Geetika Upadhyay
- IInd) Samridha Rana & Daksh Tyagi
- IIIRD) Harpreet Singh

3) A seminar for class XII was held by the representatives of the Indian Air Force.

4) Sex education Classes were held by Mrs. Devdutt.

5) Minutes of the School Committee meeting held on the 10th August, 2000. Matters arising are as follows:

I) Class XI suggested that there should be more fans in the dining hall. The chairman said it would be looked into and would put it up if he felt it was necessary.

II) Madhav Gulati inquired if the bicycles could be allowed to be used on Sundays as they are lying useless in the store room. To this the chairman said that the setup would be looked into and later each hostel would be allotted with a certain number of cycles to look after.

III) Boys should be allowed night outings on Diwali was suggested by Varun Sharma. The chairman replied that no decision would be taken until at least 250 parents reply to the letter which was sent to them for their views.

IV) A suggestion was made by Asad Sultan that Muslim Boys should be allowed to visit the mosque on Fridays. The chairman rejected the suggestion on the grounds that boys of other religions would want to go on different days too.

V) Karan Mehrotra suggested that the squash courts should be cleaned more regularly. In reply the chairman said that it will be definitely done.

VI) Shabeer Grewal suggested that boxing should be re-introduced as a sport. The chairman rejected it as it is a very dangerous sport.

VII) Shaunak Valame suggested that the bathrooms near the classes block should be renovated. The chairman asked Shaunak Valame to make a list of defects and then this would be looked into as fast as possible.

VIII) Atish Darshan wanted aqua guard purifiers to be installed in the school coolers. The chairman replied that it would be looked into.

IX) Pavitra Arora wanted that brown shoes should be changed. The chairman said that the style would be changed.

X) Cauvery XI asked if the Triveni tailor could be changed. The chairman said that a letter would be sent to him and he will be given a last warning.

Literary Affairs

LIFE IS A LESSON....

It was an escape plan
(2)

Success rate was high

For this courageous man
Life is what freedom could buy.
Well! Such was the scene
He blew up the place
Chose a mobike that had been
An object of much grace

It was a long journey ahead
Lots more to encounter and see
He had just come out of the dead
A hero. What else could he be

His arm was hit hard
By a stinging bullet
But this didn't retard
The speed that had been set

He crossed many lands
Saw beautiful valleys around
Crossed deserts & sands
His mission near completion had time bound

In between came a girl
He fell in love with her
She was lovely like a pearl
Killed by his enemies by the trigger.

Hatred got the better of him
Insanity was at high stakes

The worldly lights seemed dim
He moved on the road ahead, no brakes
Encountered terrorists on the way
Came out alive from death
Years passed by they say
He awaited home with baited breath

So the end came
A desert to be crossed by ships
The core of this bloody game
Victory was on his lips

He won and came back
A hero proclaimed
But love was that track
Which never again could be aimed

Years went by and old he grew
Married, with children
As life's end drew
He got down to writing with his pen

No matter how hard you try
No matter what you do
By way of truth or sheltering lie
Life's a lesson, you learn it when you're through.

'Refuge of the world',
Kanishk Kaushik

FREQUENCY

"There is a certain cardiac weakness,"
Said Dr. Meyness. Mrs. Harter looked worried.
Dr. Meyness added, "Avoid all undue excursions
and you will probably live for years, unless you
have a sudden shock".

Charles Ridgeway, the old woman's
nephew was a thoughtful young man. That evening
he suggested installing a wireless set to keep
Aunt calm and free from frustration. After the
wireless arrived, Mrs. Harter was left to
contemplate the object studded with knobs. Mrs.
Mary Harter also had a niece who she was fond
of named Miriam and intended to make the lady
heiress to her property. But she had now decided
to divide her property between her maid Elizabeth
and her relatives.

Mrs. Harter would listen to a symphony
concert or a lecture on the wireless and soon
became familiar with the large ungainly looking

contraption.

Three months later one night Charles
was away to a bridge party. His aunt was listening
to a ballad concert on the wireless when an eerie
thing occurred. For a moment the music ceased
and she heard her dead husband's voice crack on
the radio, "Mary I am coming for you," then the
music resumed.

That night when Charles came home and
asked his Aunt, "was there any stranger or visitor
in the house this evening?" On hearing the answer
which was no he stated that he saw a man in a
chestnut beard wearing a grey overcoat and
brown hat peeking out of the last window of the
house.

Mary Harter remained silent. The last
window was in the dressing room of her husband
Patrick Harter who had died 25 years ago. She
thought to herself, "He is coming for me...".

Soon came the second eerie experience. Charles was at a party. Mary was alone in the house and was listening to her orchestral selection. Again the music stopped when a voice rarified with an unearthly quality came from the wireless- "Patrick speaking Mary, I will be coming very soon..." and the voice trailed off.

This left the old woman dazed. "Could it really be Patrick.. Patrick her husband who had died speaking to her? Can the dead really communicate with me?" She thought to herself.

Then came the third occasion Charles was again away. The voice spoke on the box, "Mary- I am coming for you on Friday at half past nine...don't worry there will be no pain."

Soon came Friday night. She appeared to be very upset and gloomy. This time once again Charles was away to a bridge party. A minute left to the death clock. The door bell rang. Mary opened the door and dropped to the floor.... Patrick had come for her.

There Elizabeth found her an hour later. Charles was called from the party. But his Aunt was beyond human aid.

As far as Charles could see he was safe.

His aunt might live for years, Dr. Meynell had said but a sudden shock.... On the preceding night Charles removed a wire running from the back of the wireless to his bedroom. He burnt a chestnut beard in the fire and replaced the grey overcoat and brown hat in his uncle's dressing room. Her property was now his. He grinned to himself.

Charles asked the lawyer for the will but it was not in his custody. "Your aunt sent for the will and destroyed it. Gave Elizabeth's legacy in cash." Charles gasped and said, "What if the will's never found-?"

The lawyer cut him off and said that the former will dated 1950 will be used giving her legacy to Miriam Harter now Miriam Robinson. Then the doctor told Charles that on doing the autopsy he found that Mary would not have lived for more than 2 months.

All his hard work down the drain, Charles thought. Somebody had been playing a game with him. That somebody maybe his aunt, the doctor and the lawyer were all laughing.....

-Shaunak Valame
Class VII

SOUNDS FAMILIAR

The first day she walked into the class,
Jealousy spread among other lass'.
She was the epitome of beauty, a goddess
And I wished with her love to me, god would
bless.

She had long raven hair, to her shoulders
Her beauty would bring life to even boulders
Her eyes were blue, and as deep as any sea,
As if angel on earth by god was set free.

Seeing her it was love at first sight
But getting her was impossible without a fight
She looked at me with those piercing eyes
'She is not the one' somewhere my soul cries.

This is just the start of the story if you please
The plight of characters might make you freeze
So let's continue this saga of love.
But lets clarify our love was like an innocent
dove

Things happened quite fast, we loved each other.

(4)

So intense was our love no bird mould a feather
But problems began to arise, parents began to
object.
Our staying away late night caused them to
suspect
We were grounded by our kin,
As if we had committed a sin,
Days which were speeding by, began to stop,
Our whole love affair, by mates was branded a
flop.

Neither of us could bear this distance.
We rushed to meet even for one instance.
I could only talk to her on the phone,
It is said all love to be tested is prone.

Things would take a desperate turn,
In the fury of our love both of us would burn.
The reason for our separation was not cast or
creed,
If it was just my parents money minded greed.
What could we do except succumb,
We were separated and were branded as dumb.

My marriage was set, not in love but for money,
But without my love, everything was bitter, even
honey.

I live to this day with her picture in my heart.
My marriage, now broken, never took a start.

It is lesson to all parents, please heed,
Never destroy your child's love, no matter how
great the greed.

- Owais Burza
Class XI

Nature's Diary

Creativity

The world today faces a big threat. It is choking on the tonnes of plastic and non-biodegradable garbage that we throw away every day.

The plastic bag is considered to be harmful for carrying things in it; as there are poisonous additives used to colour it. These, contaminate the contents. The bag itself is non degradable.

There are a few people who have taken all this into consideration and tried to make this world a better place. One such person is Mr. Attri.

This gentleman is a retired teacher from The Lawrence School, Sanawar and now moves about schools teaching the art of making the world a better place to live in.

Recently this gentleman visited our very own Welham and shared his magic with classes seven and eight.

He taught us right from plastic waste, to glass waste, paper waste, rope waste, tailor

waste etc. You name the rubbish and he had a solution to turn it into something creative. His amazing skills surprised most of us. We never even thought that broken glass pieces and tailor waste could come into use.

His hardwork and his dedication towards the effective management of waste made us realise what an individual could do to make our environment a healthier and cleaner place.

An exhibition was put up in the Art gallery and we had a fair amount of admirers to see it and if you missed out a few things are still on display. Mr. Attri is one man who created the charm of working with waste material. If all of us try to create this fervour in others, then I am sure that the dream of man to make the world a better place to live in will certainly come true.

Karan Mehrotra
Class VIII

LAMPOON

"All For Love"

"This article is dedicated to the guy who redefined silk from Bengal. In this story it was Romeo must die and Juliet must cry. May he get his true love back".

*'Autumn is here and love is in the air,
All souls wounded, All spirits free,
Cupid's out with his bow and he's gonna
get thee.'*

For many 12thies bachelorhood is long over, no more flirting and no more play. They're all in 'love' and they're all gay. Many have undergone drastic changes especially those who lost their hearts in the Mussorie ranges. And for those who've been captured by the plains life is sweet melody even during heavy rains. Basically the gist of this case is 'it was love, love, love

alone', that causes a Welhamite to sigh and turn accident-prone.

The examinations at the beginning of this term didn't live to expectations but have you noticed that English was the only subject in which guys managed to do reasonably well.... After all practice makes a man perfect. The 'letter writing' phenomenon isn't over, its immortal. Don't you feel proud of the economic development that has taken place in our country? You can now access any female thru E-mail. For those who are more sensitive for them the telephone is an instrument of music. They can stick the thing to their eardrums longer than you could possibly imagine. God bless Alexander Graham Bell's soul.

If you want to watch, then Sunday's are

perfect. They'll be spotted all over the town some smiling arm in arm and some fighting like children with a frown. Rajpur road is no less than Amarnath. The place has its own importance. The pilgrims reach there without delay, with only words, and words are all they have to take their hearts away.

Two years ago the same *puppets of love* were like why can't this rain go away. It's time to go and play out, now things are different, come rains and you hear sighs, lost faces and aching hearts, livers, chests, etc. no doubt.

The idea of mountaineering was never a Welhamite's. But with the discovery of *MIS (Mystical I n d i a Spirituality)* in Mussoorie all want to head there. Extreme weather or high altitude-they just don't care. Ask them why and they say 'you see you always fall in love, and don't rise, so the higher you are the harder you fall.' Well that certainly solves the altitude problem. Their anthem is *MyLife- Bonjovi*. You can hear them sing '*this ain't a song for the broken hearted a silent prayer for faith departed...*' The schoolie leads by example followed by prefects and boys, missing their maidens and instead hugging pillows and stuffed toys.

There are some who could be termed as devoted ones or **Joru Ke Ghulam**. They could bunk classes, miss meals, but when time comes they're on their heels. It's like the horses in the stables, from Aesop's fables, galloping away at their own labels.

Those who nearly passed in the English papers during boards writing long poems in praise and beauty of their beloved ones. Those

tough, hard hitting giants, carry flowers instead of guns. *To them love is like music, the more you hear the more you get in despair. The sweeter it is, the more hear only the eternal bliss.*

No longer actors like Arnold, Stegal, Reeves are idolized. Guys rather go for the Perry's, Grants and ofcourse **Hritiks**. Some have become extremely heath conscious; the gym is packed nowadays. Why do they go there? The answer is... **Aaise hi Yaar**. The reason may be entirely different order form the '*home ministry*'. The news isn't always good, sad news is that of the TWO nuclear warheads one has been deployed. Code name **Nagasaki**. Cheer up guys

we still have **Hiroshima** around. The worst hit by news of deployment was the **MK-United** fan club, formed by the Ed with m y collaboration. Till the last minute the warhead lived the '*Maul-till ya fall*' way.

The focus has now shifted to the *Hills of*

Mystery. And its time to write history.

According to a recent research done by the members of the **WINGSS (Welham Inventory and Natural Gurl Search Society)**. Mussoorie is the richest in terms of *Girtorium*, a rare nuclear resource for building warheads. To cope with *loveology*, which may result in the end of all **HATE (High Altitudes Terror Evils)**.

With all ideas under the study of love complete and hate becoming obsolete, its time I end this rich and lovely blend, of the Lampon, I'll be around soon. The mood is getting me too, my things an open secret known by a few. (sigh)

With Love,
Kanishk Kaushik,
Class XII



FOR LOVE LOVE LOVE
ALONE

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

My Class Teacher

My class teacher's name is Neera Singh. She is a kind and loving teacher. She has one son, Kunal. She lives near our school. Her favourite colour is yellow. She likes all flowers. She is a thin and pretty woman. She has long hair. She even loves naughty boys. Her favourite fruit is banana. She teaches us English, Hindi, and E.V.S. She enjoys playing badminton. I like her and she also likes me.

Arjun Malik
III - B

My Class Teacher

My teacher's name is Mrs. Sara Sundaraj. She is very beautiful and wears beautiful clothes. She teaches us Maths and E.V.S. She knows Maths and Computers very well. She is a polite teacher and tells us true facts. She knows how to draw very well too. Her home is in the school only. Her husband is the Bursar of our school. Her son studies in the school. His name is Sammy. I like my class teacher very much.

Dhruv Kumar.
III - A

Through the Key hole

Shubham: These holidays I was online for 36 hours.

Avjeet: In one day???

Found written on Sunny Klarie's register!

'I am Jat Lee'

Pranab to Mr. Vinod Singh: Sir, he's taking my parent's name.

Vinod Singh : Oye! Give it back to him....

Saurav Kumar singing:

My name is- *Hoo*

My name is- *Eee*

My name is- **Sunil Shetty!**

Karn Singh: Oye, Modi have you heard the sound track of Mi-2...

Sudhanshu Modi: Ya, ya.. *Lip Biscoot* is really good...!!

**WHAT'S
HOT!!??**

Garry's
Match Fixing in *Soccer*

**WHAT'S
NOT!!??**

Ellora's
Match Fixing in *Cricket*

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Sagar Sharma
Nishit Jalan
Kumar Rakesh
Navneet Agarwal
Rishi Raj

Marilyn Manson
Ashish Vidyarthi
Michail Holding
Hrithik Roshan
Angelo

RINGSIDE VIEW

The soccer team seems to be suffering from a bout of insomnia. It's really irritating that they wake all of us in the early hours by going for their matches at RIMC. However, I shouldn't criticize them as the team has given us results, and we should be all proud of them.

The ongoing tournament began with a controversial match where the referee was criticized by both sides for giving openly unfair decisions. Though we lost the match against our hosts, it wasn't before we gave a tough fight. (Can you believe it that the referee used explicit language to a Welhamite).

The next match saw us playing the Moravian College where we eventually won 3 goals to 2. Parag scored 2 while Negi chipped in with a decisive goal.

We played Modern School in the next match where we cleanswept them by 6 goals to 1. Mukti did a hat trick while Parag, Negi and Prashar slammed in a goal each. However, after two victories, we lost against Sports College. They were absolutely brilliant and beat us hollow by 4 goals to nil.

Then we played the "Dashing Doscoc" and showing an excellent display of skill and power we managed to emerge victorious. At the end of it, the final score read 2 goals to 1. With Mukti

scoring both. Though we faced a lot of provocation from their benches our players kept their calm and kicked their tails.

Although we did not get beyond the league stage of the tournament, our team performed well. Cheers mates!

The junior Inter house Soccer began with fresh talent on show. Ganga and Krishna were in the finals. Krishna won 3 to 1. Maroof Ahmed scored 2 and Tridip Bhattacharya chipped in with a decisive third goal.

Shifting to volleyball. The captain sacrificed for not trying out for the Soccer team. Looks as if it will pay off later as the team is practicing twenty-four seven.

The tennis enthusiasts are presently really motivated as they pay a regular visit to the School across the court. All thanks to the 'fit' captain.

The table tennis team looks relieved as their prayers have finally been answered and they have been blessed with a full time coach.

Rest is all chilled out. Tour man here is going to Scindia School this week. So wish him good luck.

Adios,
Anshuman Singh
Class XI



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