

The Elephant

No. 250

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

20th October, 2000

Think About It...

I am an optimist. It does not seem too much use being anything else.

- Sir Winston Churchill

EDITORIAL

Have you ever heard of worse than bad luck. Ask the twelfthies and they will explain it to you in very explicit terms. The most inviting aspect of class XII has been rather brutally snatched from us! I will not name it but I will let you know that I feel celibate!

The 250th issue is finally here, and was I caught napping!? Suddenly I wake up this morning to discover the unavoidable task of writing the editorial of the 250th issue hanging over my head like a guillotine, ready to put an end to my unexplainable misery. I know it is not that tough a job, and it is time I stopped molesting and mauling it in public. Otherwise how will I find a successor to **the hot seat**.

Smoke on the forest covered hillside, warm days, starry nights, clear moons, crimson sunsets, cool evenings and bright sunshine! The weather can be seen flaunting its best moods even as October fades away into November. Very soothing and delightful indeed!

Speaking of October, the Founders are round the corner. Feverish activity continues and all the campus buildings are shining under a much needed coat of new paint. Even the tropical jungle next to PH is being cleaned out! Now that is

something like a phenomenon.

Athletics are being practiced with great vigour and all athletes-budding and established can

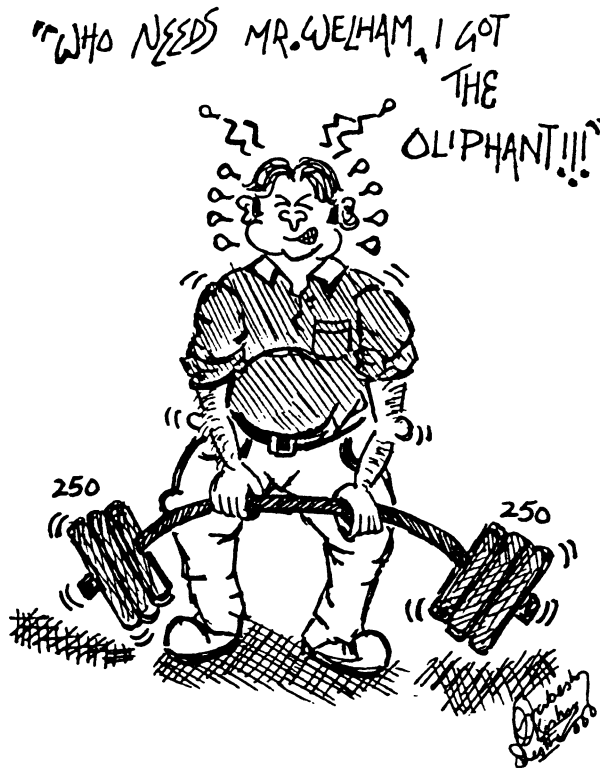
be seen strutting their stuff with great enthusiasm. A great deal of javelins, discuses, shot puts can be seen flying in every direction. My personal advise is that you wear protective head gear next time you cross the back field. Otherwise, you might end up in the hospital with more than a *crocin* to help you.

The play practices continue, and with Mr. Bhushan at the helm of affairs, you can expect nothing short of a blockbuster.

How can I forget marching when I think of Founders. House Captains and Prefects take on the role of slave drivers every

morning and evening as they drag out surly faced juniors for marching. But the standard has definitely improved and all Houses eagerly await the face off on sports day.

An era comes to an end, as Mr. Kandhari steps down as Principal after a long term of 18 years which can only be described as glorious and rewarding. Landmarks like the Activity Centre, Triveni, PH, LRC and now the Squash Courts can all be attributed to his zealous contribution to the



Welham community. Our very own caped crusader against bullying and numerous other malpractices! More than just an architect of this dream called Welham.

That is it... for now. Till the next issue,
Ciao.

LETTERS TO THE ED...

The Editor,
Welham Boys' School,
Dehra Dun.

Hi,

I am sending you a list of the guys from my batch and some from the previous batches who have taken admission in different colleges.

Batch(97-98)

1. Varun Puri-
Symbiosis Law
College Soci-
ety, Pune
2. Abhishek Goel-
Symbiosis Col-
lege, Pune

Batch(98-99)

1. Ahmed Ali
Khan- Indian
Law School-
Pune
2. Basudev
Gupta- Sym-
biosis College,
Pune
3. Kartikeya
Narain- St.
Xavier's Col-
lege, Mumbai

Batch(99-2000)

1. Parivesh Kumar- Welcome Group of Hotel
Management, N.Delhi
2. Ashish Kumar- Symbiosis Law College Soci-
ety, Pune
3. Abhishek Rungta- Symbiosis College, Pune
4. Rahul Dawn- -do-
5. Pranay Shrestha- -do-
6. Maneesh Shrestha- Sydenhem College,
Mumbai
7. Hemant Tiwari- -do-
8. Shradhey Rawat- H.R. College Mumbai

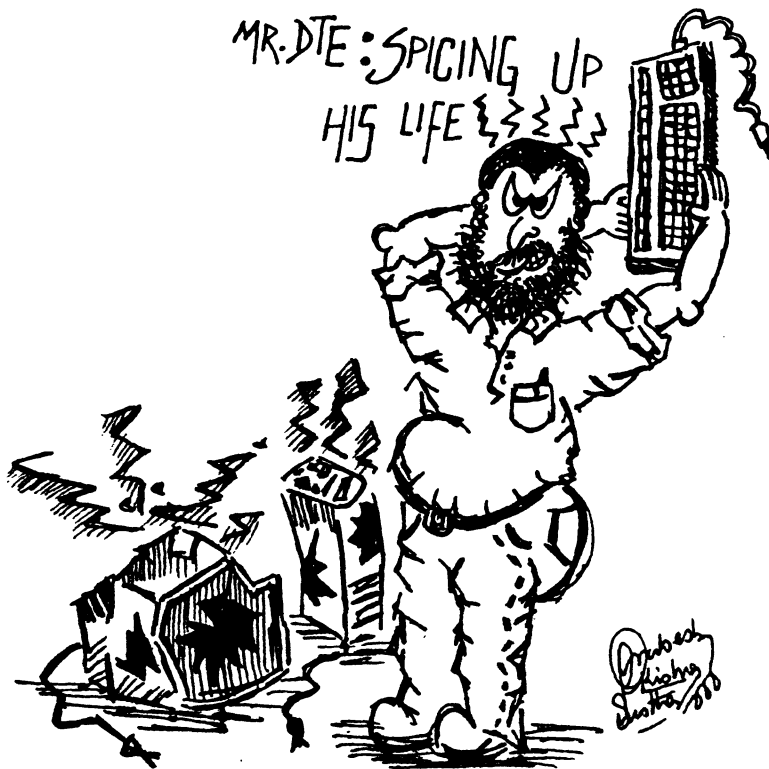
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9. Gnagandeep S. Klair- Khalsa College, N.delhi
10. Avneet S. Brar- -do-
11. Sachil Tiwari- Hindu College, N.delhi
12. Kumar Abhijeet- PIE Education for IIT Prepa-
ration, N. Delhi
13. Sulabh Arora- -do-
14. Anant Goel- Denmark's A.P. Moller Institute
of Marine Engineering, Chennai
15. Punnet Bansal- Ambedkar College of Man-
agement, Banga-
lore

16. Vatsal
Arya- National
Law School,
Calcutta

17. Charanjeet S.
Mann- Hansraj
College, N.Delhi

18. Inayat S.
Bains- D.A.V. Col-
lege, Chandigarh



I hope the school will keep us updated by sending us The Oliphant regularly and we wish to hear some good news and get to read some really interesting articles.

Yours etc.

**Ashish
Kumar(ex-835/J,
Batch 99-2000)**

Dear Ashish,

Good to hear from you. Thanks for the info about the exies, I am sure it will come in handy.

Do keep in touch and do keep us posted about your whereabouts.

Looking forward to hearing from you more often.

-Ed.

WELHAM NOW

- 1) Mr. Ghosh has returned from America for a short while to meet his family.
- 2) Azar Zaidi and Parag Agarwal participated in the St. Georges' English Extempore Debate. Samridha Rana and Kartik Mahajan also took part in the J.C. Masterson Debate at St. Georges'. Samridha Rana was awarded the best questioner award.
- 3) Mr. Kandhari has returned from his leave and taken charge again
- 4) Mrs. Nathani and Mrs. Sundaraj attended a workshop in Vasant Valley School, New Delhi



- 5) Rudra Pratap returned from his exchange from St. Phillips, Australia on the 16th of October.
- 6) Mr. Nathani's son got married on the 6th of October. Our heartiest congratulations!
- 7) Mr. Khaira escorted 21 Boys of Class X who participated in the Geo Map quiz 2000 on 17th September at the Modern Cartographic Centre, Survey of India Hathibarlcala, boys of the NEAP (National Environmental Awareness Programme) who visited the Wildlife Institute of India on 21st September and boys of the Tree Planting squad who visited museums of FRI on 22nd September.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

8cms OF PURE DEATH!

Oh! Life is so short its no joke,
Don't blow it up in cigarette smoke.
Its all fun and frolic at first,
With each smoke increases your thirst,
Thirst for more Tar and Nicotine,
Sucks on you like serpentine.
After you have another puff,
Your lungs have now, had enough.
The first smoke offered to you,
Was from a friend, really a foe.
Without hesitating even a bit,
You took a drag for the sake of it.
Behind the lanes, in the loo,
You managed to get a puff or two.
And everytime you got the chance,
You fell into that 'Death Trance'!
Consequences were clear, you were aware.
Ignorantly you said, "Who cares?"
In that sea of ecstasy you swam
You cared not; you gave a damn!
Made you feel like a man indeed
Unaware, in your lungs growing a seed.
Initially, it does not really occur,

The seed of the deadly cancer
It was a sugar coated dream then,
A nightmare when you became men.
The dream's over now, the ecstasy gone
Now you and your loneliness alone.
You can't leave it, you can't live it!
Your life falls into a baseless pit.
The smoke you inhaled through out,
Has led you today into death's mouth.
The blunder done in merry youth,
And now in the face of bitter truth.
How you crave for those days sublime
Wish you could turn back the hands of time.
Don't know when don't know how
Nothing can be done
It is all over now.
Its coming slowly, darkness is near,
Death bells are ringing, can you hear?
Paper- wrapped- tobacco, smokin' breath
Indeed, its 8cms of pure death...!

Prayas J.B.Rana
Class X
(3)

THE SMOKE OF ETERNITY NEVER CEASES TO RISE HIGH

The forest was lush green and dense
Nature flourished and all seemed calm
A shrill cry from behind made things tense
The man saw a pink coloured tiny palm.

A infant naked and weeping
Kicking the leaves around
Nearly a slimy creature was creeping
Seemed as if there was an angel bound
To live and rule the land
And be the leader of all
Who would for safety grip the hand
That led the right path and heard the visionary call
Sent to enlighten the men
And be a shadow to cover them
Protect them by writings from a pen
Put all evils back to heaven
And let there be peace and prosperity
For all men be equal and good

Thereby leave no space for pity
Make a utopian world if he could

So he grew to be a thinker
Who thought otherwise
Scared enough never to err
Who considered life to be a dice
Which has no self nor could be
Thrown to gamble at any price
Of which no one's turn could flee
His mind always impatient and vice
His expression arose and grim

For mankind did his mind stress
Which only made his conscience dim.
And his intellectual capabilities less
For years he wondered

Past through many lands and traveled
While his mind pondered
At the beauties of god that he marvelled
Lived a life as soft as simple with no
Materialistic wealth or worldly pleasures
For all bad did he overthrow
And wrote books that were treasures.

By that time did he retire
To his abode on a mountain top.
The fuel of clairvoyance finished but its fire
Was eternal and destroyed the bad crop
And then one day he came across her

A divine woman with who he fell in love
And in her arm did he take shelter
For he was the pigeon and she was the dove.
And then the inevitable happened for him too
His spirit left his body and he did die
Which seemed so unexpected and believed by a few
The smokes of eternity never seems to rise high.

-Yours Eternally
Kanishk Kaushik

REACHING FOR A



HIGHER LEVEL....

CONFESSIONS OF A HYPOCRITE

He couldn't believe what he had just decided. He was already in shambles, and his hasty decision, surprised him. How could he do it? After all, he wasn't one of those persons who could succumb to his will so easily. He had decided he would never anymore think of her as his love; and he had his reasons.

It had been three months since they had last met, for the first time. And no, it wasn't love at first sight! He had been a friend and he had found a friend whom he could trust unlike anybody else. It wasn't until the last night the night before he left that he realised that he would actually miss her, what he didn't know was how much he would miss

her. He couldn't forget the look on her face, the forced smile that one gives in formality and he couldn't forget the look in her eyes, eyes that once shone with laughter, now sad with the thought of loneliness. And that was when he knew, he had found the one he truly loved.

But life's never a steaming cup of tea. He just couldn't gather the courage to tell her then and there, he just couldn't be brave enough to hold her in his arms and tell her those magical words. He had to leave, he had to come back to earth from paradise that he was in, he had to be deprived of her, and he had to return to the place, where he was from, even then he couldn't ignore that it was the truth, that he had to go away.

He lived a double life after that. One, the ever-cheerful funny intelligent character that he was while he knew this was a pseudo-phase that he was putting on, deep within him, there resided his other personality, the one which pined at her absence, one that cried secretly, one that remembered every bit of her.

Whenever he received a letter from her, he used to eagerly reply, and desperately wait for the next. He couldn't bear what others said about her, though he knew nothing of it could be true, he couldn't spend a single day without thinking about her, and he cried, cried like a baby when he realised he couldn't ever meet her again. After all, he was in a distant corner that she would never pass by, and she was the opposite bank of a river that ran

smoothly and silently through the evergreen forest.

He tried his best not to remember her smile, especially when he was asleep. He tried his best to forget her, but he couldn't. He needed help, but there was none, at least in this matter. Then he realised- though the world may be small never fall in love with someone a thousand miles away. It never usually works.

And then someone told him, in fact advised him to leave her and choose another. He was furious, in fact he had never been so angry. But then he realised why he had said that. He couldn't even meet her, he couldn't even talk to her, he couldn't even know what she feels. Throughout these three months, she too must have thought, this can't work out, as he did right then.

Then he fought. He fought like never before. And he was at a disadvantage. Because he fought with his senses, and he fought for the heart. Because he knew it didn't matter who won or lost, but it would be him who would lose the fight.

So he decided. He decided that he would never think of her as his love again. He decided he would never pine for her again. He decided he would not love her anymore. But he knew he would live the life of a hypocrite, then. All this while, he would be, another fool stuck in a game.

- Abhinav Kir
Class XI

A, E, I OWE YOU

'Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach!' That's the common concept that has prevailed for long. But being a teacher, and especially a biology teacher like me, is one hell of a job.

As I approached the Biology Lab, the noise of those hooligans was hitting my nerves. When I reached the door, the noise was at its climax, nothing short of nerve-grating. I entered and stood in front of them for a moment; but nobody even noticed me! My loud 'SHUT UP' was subdued by their even louder noise. My protest sounded like a whisper. I took the duster and banged it on the table... only to hurt my fingers. My last weapon... I went and switched off the fans! Now that was clever. I had the whole class look around for the sudden rise in the temperature. Then they found the 5ft and 8inches cause, Mr. S.Khan, their bio-

teacher. My very second day at school, and there it was! They were a bunch of monkeys... no worse; monkeys at least had a brain.

With all the odds against me, I wasn't surprised when I learnt that the first chapter in their syllabus, was the 'human body'. I just knew how dangerous the chapter was going to be, and that too with this class. Oh! These teenagers, how eagerly they wanted to know everything. I had my fingers crossed when I entered the room. I had to again do the 'Fan trick'! Contrary to what I had speculated. The period started off well! When I mentioned to them that I was going to teach 'Human Body', I witnessed the example of 'apt attention in the class'! My knowledge about body language said that it all interpreted to - "We are interested. Go on." When I saw them leaning

forward, their chins rested on their hands. “Well begun, half done,” I said to myself. But it was far from done. Slowly I realised that the initial reaction was meant to pull my leg! Suddenly everything began to happen, as I had expected. In just a matter of minutes I was bombarded with scores of questions. Questions so indecent and intricate, that they were enough to drive anyone mad! I thought that it would have been a good idea to start from the head and move down; it was. But as I moved down slowly, from the head to the throat, to the chest and lower, the questions got more and more unacceptable. I reached the stomach and it would I knew take raw guts to move any lower. But then, an abrupt remark from one of the boys interrupted me. Raj made an announcement, “Now guys here comes the climax of the lesson! That was it I had, had enough. I was going to go right forward and beat the airs out of him, when suddenly the bell rang! “Saved by the bell”, I thought but who? He or me? I could not decide!

Raj was the biggest ‘smart Alec’ among the monkeys. He thought himself to be Mr. know-it-all. If all the swaggers of the world were to have one common god, he would be it! He gave me the creeps whenever he opened his mouths and when it came to serious studies he was a dimwit. He didn’t even know the B of Biology! The next day I decided to go into the details of the chapter and use very technical terms, so that they could not possibly ask me silly questions as the day before. So I took off. “The brain is composed of the Cerebrum and the Cerebellum which are highly convoluted with grooves...” and I went on without much disturbance. By the middle of the period, I had reached till the chest. “The four chambers of the heart, upper articles, two lower auricles... when something seemed to disrupt my momentum. It was Raj, yet again. He was reading something. I made him stand and said, “Repeat what I said about the bowels.” His over confidence just couldn’t be contained. “I know it sir, it is you know... round... round... those structures... hmmm...” He went on I didn’t want to waste time, so I asked him what he was doing. He

picked up the textbook and said “reading”. I went to see what exactly was he reading. He was reading “Insects”. “I think we are studying ‘The Human Body’, ‘Insects’ is after this mister,” I said making my voice sound as stern as possible. Being the least affected by it he said, “You are right sir, I just wanted to be ahead of the class!” That reply could provoke any sane man, but I suppose I was insane to let him get away with it. “You better learn this chapter, tomorrow is your test, remember...”

As I had expected, half of the class failed miserably. Raj had topped... the list of failures! If madness had been one of the criteria for negative marking, he would have secured –15 out of 50! His answer read- ‘The Human body is composed of three parts- The Brainium Bolax and the abdominal cavity. The brainium contains the brain, sometimes having outgrowths call Antennae! The Bolax contains the lungs, liver and stuff like that. The abdominal cavity is the hole you have in your teeth. It contains the Bowels. There are five Bowels A, E, I, O, U! I didn’t know what to do, cry or laugh.

21 years had passed away like 21 minutes. It was the school’s Golden Jubilee. All the old boys were coming and it was there that I met Raj after 21 years! He was a man now, brawny, and all of 6 feet. He recognised me the moment he saw me; how could he forget, I’ve must have been his best form of entertainment. “So, what have you made of your life son?” I asked him. “I’ve become what you couldn’t! I am a doctor!” those words didn’t offend instead I was filled with immense joy. That feeling is indescribable! “I owe it all to you sir, all to you” he said. “So, now you know what are Bowels”, I asked still remembering the incident. “Oh! Come on sir, I am a doctor not a toddler. Of course A, E, I, O, U!” “And by the way”, he added “you can always come to me for medication and all sir. And I said “No, Never” so loud that it was almost a yell! “I beg your pardon sir?” he said. “I mean sure, sure”. I stammered. He said he owed it all to me, he did!

- Prayas J.B. Rana
Class X

WE HAVE ASSEMBLED INSIDE THIS...

“We have assembled inside this. Ancient and insane theatre to propagate our lust for life”

That’s what Jim Morrison said in the ghost song. I equate those lines with Welham. I’ll talk about my 1 lyrs in Welham.

Woodseats- The first 2 months here were real - real bad periods. Caning was in full bloom and you could hear the boys crying all the while. I remember feeling scared of Norboo, for the stupidest reason, because he used to chew gum. The punishment for chewing gum at that period was same as the punishment for breaking bounds now. All of us dreaded being waken up at the night by the Ayaji and being told to go to SU-SU. I remember one of my friends pissed on someone else's bed thinking that it was a toilet seat. We were shameless then. In the evening after games, all of us would strip and line up nude in front of the bearaji to get ourselves washed; he would use only 2 mugs of water. I don't know whether this is fantasy or reality but there would be certain glow in the bearer's eyes when he would wash us.

N.G. (New Ground)- The funniest part about this hostel was that it was not on the ground but the first floor. This particular year was full with claps and bells. All of us were terrified of Ms. Agarwal and there were wars between the Ramprakash and the Surinder side.

This was the year I got struck by the thunder bolt and had my first crush which carried on till grade six. And this was also the year of ma'am-Pinki ma'am, Anjali ma'am, Sonia ma'am and the other ma'ams. I remember we used to fight to sit in front chairs so that we could have a good look at them.

Middle School- The gala-party year. We were the senior most in the junior section. I got my first bit of seniority here. It was during this time that I first

kept cash, not mine but my seniors. Some seniors whom we know would approach us and beg us to hide their cash for them- we never had checks that time. The only thing unpleasant was the time when Mr. Bakshi forced the entire class to mug Casablanca.

Senior School- Six years here have been an eye opener is all that I can say. As we entered, we were first taught all abuses and other obscene and regular stuff, that anybody can think of. Grade six was quite an easy year expect getting everything at the end. Akshi would always be shouting "Class six another mistake and see what happens to you."- Luckily he just shouted. It was this year onwards half our class (specially the B section) was termed the worst class ever. (I still haven't understood why?). Grade 7,8,9 just passed by under the stewardship of Mr. Das. These three years were eventful but we could not ask for favours. These years prepared us for everything we do now. Also these three years were the times I got as close to girls as I could. Grade 10 changed everything, good guys became bad guys, bad guys- good guys. There was a major change in everything- in attitude, values. Some changed for the better some for the worse- but we were seniors. Then came year eleven, the year we had been waiting for since grade 6. It still continues and believe me its not always that great. I need not talk above P.H. coz I haven't experienced it yet and I bet some one else will talk about it.

- The Nostalgic One

JUNIOR ROUND SQUARE CONFERENCE VIVEK HIGH SCHOOL, CHANDIGARH

We reached Vivek High School, Chandigarh on 24th September. We were made to settle down in rooms in the main building while the other Schools stayed in the hostels.

After half an hour of rest we were taken to the Cacti garden. It is the largest garden in Asia. There were all kinds of Cacti. The garden is beautiful. After that we went to Hot Millions. After half an hour we returned to Vivek High. We had dinner and slept after a hectic day. The next day the inaugural function was held. Many inaugural cer-

emonies were held like the lighting of a lamp, a hymn and speech by the Principal and by Mr. B.D. Attri After this we were divided into groups for the workshop. The conference was not only a conference but also a workshop. The groups were named after trees found in Chandigarh namely Kachnar, Amaltas, Nili-Gulmohur and Java ki Rani. Each group did activities like recycling and reusing waste. We had two sessions for this and then a debriefing session.

In the evening we visited the Punjab Uni-

versity. It has a large campus. The buildings were beautiful.

The next day we followed the same timings for the session. The children of each group did different things like glass painting and the others weaving, the third group macramae, and the last paper recycling. Everyday the activities changed from one group to the other. In the evening we visited the Rock Garden and Sukhna lake. We couldn't go boating as ours was a large group.

On the fourth day after lunch we had a cultural programme. Each school presented an act or a dance. Our school presented Bhangra. After the cultural show we went to a classical music show. This day was also tourism day and a slide show was presented by the tourism board.

On 28th September we left for Anandpur Sahib. We reached there in one and a half hour. We visited the Gurdwara and the

Gurunank Museum. We also visited an organic farm.

The next day in the evening we went to sector 17 which has the largest shopping center in Chandigarh. We did window shopping. We visited the Pinjore Gardens the next day. It was beautiful. The next day we left for Simla. There we visited the mall and the ridge. We had lunch at Bishop Cotton School and returned to Chandigarh in the evening. The very next day we set up an exhibition of what all we had done after which followed the closing ceremony. On the next day we were to leave for Chail. After rising early we bade all other delegates a hearty goodbye.

It was an absolute thrilling experience to learn the ways to protect our mother earth. It was an excellent experience and we wish to have more in the future.

- The Delegation

NATURE's DIARY

HUMAN NATURE

It all began, began with a big big bang,
Trees, birds, animals all existed in his plan.
He made them one he made them all,
Even the small insect had a ball,
This carried on till one day,
The one and only man came into play,
He started from the cave and then to a hut,
But between all this there was something else
discovered by this mutt
It so happened that one day,
Or you may call it anyway.
Two pieces of rocks did bang
And up a blaze, it all lit and burnt down bit by
bit.
For this was, I frankly say,
Not just kids play
This landmark was the first, I might say.
There was more to come on his way
As he slowly set foot
He conquered what he could
From village to town,
Town to city,
Slowly, slowly he became witty.
Clothes, food, agricultural products
He bought and sold everything for a few bucks
He sold it for one then for two

He kept raising the price till all his dreams came
true
From these stages where he was considered a
man and followed his belief.
He was transformed into an absolute thief.
He started of stealing a lock or shoe
But mark my words, a day he'll steal the Taj
Mahal too.
From bow to crossbow,
Crossbow to gun
He carried on till he had the tank too done
But not enough, he's hoping for more.
And he'll be in with it, it is pretty sure
Hunting was a sport of an elite kind
But now it really does blow your mind
See the alarming figures fall
The drop of the graph is nice and tall
12 tigers, 14 rhinos and 10 black bucks died
today!
Is that what your paper got to say?
Forget the poachers even the film stars kill them
For it seems like the ultimate game for them
Destroy nature, cut down trees.
Is that what you want to see?
Day and night smoking chimneys.

Extra efficient poachers
Timber thieves
Unfair mean adopters

Untrustful men.
WELCOME TO EARTH.

**-Karan Mehrotra
Class VIII**

THE SAPIEN BELIEF

Man likes to think he is the supreme creature that god has created him in his own image, and that the fate of this planet is in his hands. Man also 'likes' to think that he is the only being that can save the earth from destruction. All the while, man has always been wrong in his inferences.

Our planet is very volatile. A year, even a decade, infact a millenium does not affect the earths' time cycle. The Earth likes to talk in millions and billions of years. Man has been here for only about 10,000 years. And his intelligence has made him an egoist. Through several experiments and practices he has managed to become the best 'evolved' creature. What he doesn't know is that the earth does not care for him, neither does it care for his experimentation on nature because mother nature has a way peculiar to herself for hitting out and shielding herself.

Why does man like to believe, that one day he'll be able to control earthquakes? Does man also believe that he can really put an end to all the other natural disasters that torment him today? Or does he also have a belief that unless his fellow humans do something right now about the pollution and environmental destruction there won't be any 'Earth' for his 'children' to live on?

Man is naive. Man is just another animal with intelligence, and a superiority complex. And man also thinks that the planet cannot take care of itself; and his help is essential to preserve it. The earth has many ways of taking care of itself. And natural disasters are just a part.

The first bacterium appeared 400 millions years ago. Since then many forms of life have

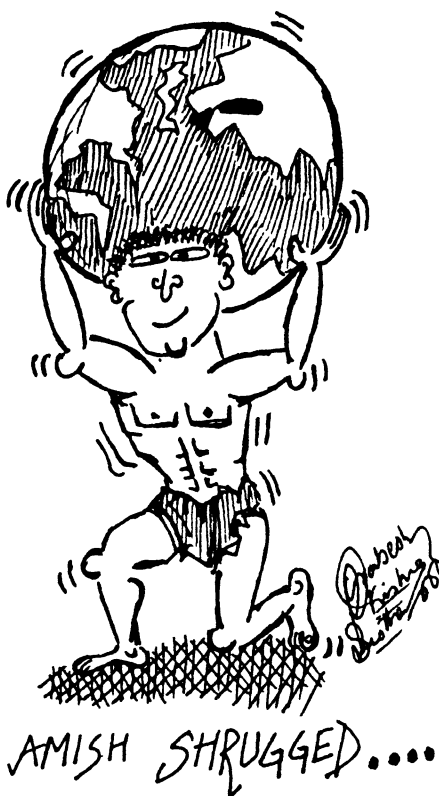
evolved. And the earth has also evolved accordingly. When the first plants were breathing out oxygen, the gas that we consider our lifeline they were actually releasing poison in the air. Because no other organism lived on oxygen then. But the organisms changed. The earth realised that gravity of too much oxygen in the atmosphere, and accordingly accommodated all the essential gases in equilibrium.

Today we like to believe that we are heading towards major extinction. But even before his ancestors set foot on this planet, it had already witnessed 5 major extinctions. People think the extinction at the end of the setaceous era wiped out the dinosaurs was the 'mega' killer of them all. But the extinction at the end of the Permian Epoch wiped out nearly 80% of all the life forms. Further, the earth has survived all these extinction, the earth lived through numerous disasters, and it will surely

live through man. Because man is nothing in the earth's calendar but just a date that will pass away in time.

Man likes to break nature's barriers. Time-travel, human cloning, eugenics and other technological aspirations are man's big dreams for the future. He likes to prove to his fellow humans that he can go against the laws of the planet, because he wants to show that he is superior to this planet of his. This is just a figment of his imagination. Doesn't he realise that earth will evolve to answer each of his future dreams.

Today we believe the black hole will eliminate us. We have also perceived as future, the death of all organisms at the hands of nuclear



holocaust. Perception changes from mind to mind. A man may perceive nuclear radiation as a breeding agent for the evolution of newer species. Species that we have mutated into higher, more intelligent beings.

Life on earth cannot be eliminated. Because the earth know its limits, and unlike man, doesn't even try to cross them. However, man,

through his inexplicable attachment to technological advancement, will create his own destruction agent. We need to understand that and put an end to this air of superiority that we seem to possess. Else the earth will just turn the page over and man will be lost forever in the aeons that we now study.

- Amish Mulmi
Class XI

LAMPOON

AND THEN THERE WAS...THE ANGELIC BAT-I

You all know that the Oliphant is 250 issues old. But this Lampon is that article that in its own way is already dead. However, the legend lives on. It is deathly pale and bold, the rose bud opens – It is time I Lamponed the thorn.

So here am I at the middle of nowhere and sadly except my astral self no one seems to care... I can explain..

The Ez: Lampon me this, Lampon me that! Why not Lampon that cloaky bat

The Lai: This is ok, that is fine. I'll do the boss, the blame isn't mine..

'Incidentally', the man is 17 years old Prince? Pal of the humming well. But his connection with our community goes way back in time. An ex-Welhamite and over the years he has contributed more than anyone else to this institution. If you all still didn't get it, everyone in the valley knows him for his frankness and of course with such extraordinary characteristics like taking one's trip when he wants to, making learned and wise people look like fools. Flirting with words (The skill of master wordplay), being the '**coolest dude**' around has got the trademark '**Bat smile**' and then since he doesn't believe in digging the past and making it look stale, has got the prototype **bat cloak**. The outfit that is earned by vigorous labour and hardwork, but he speaks moderately, puts it like "Well mines not be coz' of all that" with a smirk "I got mine becoz' I am the **Big Bat**."

(10)

Well that was the topic of the issue. Time I got together the pieces of R&D conducted by me over the years and try and reach a conclusion.

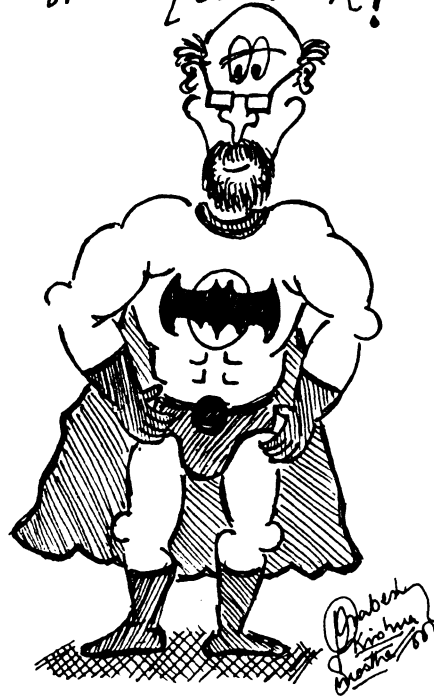
Which in course will help me find answers such as How does he manage to remain so polished and lustrous? How does he do all that? What is in him That basically - Lack's in all other normal people of his age? And what makes him, him?

More popularly known as '**Charlie**' by the masses (I've already packed up) and respected by all classes, for he earned it all, his vision **Duty first and last, in between have a ball**. Everything, even the minutest detail about him is talked about and yet he is the biggest mystery... You'll ask why? To console you all I can say that's how all super heroes are meant to be. And just like them all he's

not so easily accessible and yet so accessible. Walk up to him and say can we do this, no or out of budget or go home. The other way is we want to do this and you click, go ahead, that's not a problem, why not, its up to you to decide. If you have a problem don't ever think of approaching him around assembly time, forget about it. And the best time of the day is post lunch or the evening for that case. Everytime something goes wrong and he speaks about in the assembly in anger. The case is put to rest by his favourite sentence "**Think about it!**" and to start his rebuttal he's like '**How shall I put it.**'

His love for modernization and computers

THE KAPED KRUSADER!



has got the school wired. Insanity is at high stakes in this sphere of educational development. Success rate is high, after all you can make the difference if you try. A man with great charm and stylish in his own way, meet him and you make or break your day. His fondness of nature and surrounds is noticable in the campus and **The Cottage**. He's one person no matter how much you know him you never get to understand what's in his head. As far as sarcasm is concerned, he is the one who can make the best use of it. A sarcastic killer of all evils.

When it comes to approachability he's the one to reckon with. Once long before when politics was still a young game, one man with the ambition of making it to the chair of the president of U.S.A. as far as politics is concerned came up to him in his 'not so weird way.' The first five minutes he dominated the conversation in his own lingo, the next 2 minutes were our dudes! Then there was no more talk because a man of 'stain-less steel' told him. "Look Mr.—I can't get what you say and you can't understand what I say. So why not use a medium that is better known to both of us and we both can understand each other if we may."

He's the one who's successfully led the school through *drastic changes*. If you were here a decade back, seeing the changed infrastructure you would get a **severe culture shock** which wouldn't even be curable by the 'Universal Drug-Crocin' that is available in the school hospital. Himself **Hollywood material** he's got the school

on the world map.

One aspect that he's always been there is 'BULLYING' it's extinct in biological terms in the **pain forests** of WBS. Because he says 'I hate it, no one has the right to harm anyone physically. You can't play god in here' for he has followed what every judicial court in the country follows—"And where there is offence, let the great axe fall". From the year 1993 A.D. I've been hearing rumours about his departure. But now finally after the **Seven Year Itch** he is finally vacating the chair. Although Welham without him will never be complete because the school as it is now is partly his vision and partly his dream, for every educational institute to be the way he has projected our school in so long a time. But then after he has left (???) I'm sure we'll progress on his ideas of our school being the first and foremost of all schools in India in any and every where... **After all when a boy leaves Welham he is not a boy anymore... He's a COMPLETE MAN.** Hats off to the **French bearded bat** who haunts the valley with the purpose of eliminating all evils. Who is basically... **What can I say about him, he's otherworldly.**

Think I need the bat signal... or some help...
aaah!!

- A Disciple
Kanishk Kaushik
Class XII

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...

Varun : You Know I saw the Dalai Lama these holidays.

Bharat : You live in Mumbai na, that is why you get to see so many *Film Stars*!!

Anish : What is the full form of L.R.C.

Samridha : *Learning to Rest 'n' Chill*

Surya : Are we going to *Doswoto* to play the Basketball match?

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

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Saumya Tyagi
Mr. Dhingra and Mr. Kandpal
Anish Chand

Ashutosh Rana
Kid Rock
Laurel and Hardy
Roger Telemachus

RINGSIDE VIEW

Firstly, before I begin I would like to congratulate the Oliphant Board for hitting a high score of 250 issues and still going strong. Marching its way through all odds.

Talking of marching the first thing that comes in my mind is that the standard of marching has undoubtedly improved (With the aid of the whip crackers).

The fact which surprises me is that the same old Welhamite who played life cool is out in the field at bang '6'. The Prefects and the House captain do need more than a pat on the back.

The energetic and enthusiastic athletes can be seen doing 'All sorts' of things on the fields. From breaking the javelin record to breaking the high jump rod. Its all there. I pity poor Daman, who happens to be in Canada at the moment and cannot therefore practice to defend his shotput winning title.

Welham's little hope for making it to the Olympics all shattered. The Sports Committee was compelled to change the direction of the broad jumping pit since none seemed to make it across the last one. Pant! Pant!

Moving to Volleyball lets volley some information down your brains.

The teams hard work and combined effort which resulted in an unbelievable win over SJA beating them hollow in straight sets- 15-0, 15-7, 15-5

We didn't see them after that. 'Volleyball

with sunglasses'. The team stepped in the court one sunny afternoon all decked up and of course with their sunglasses. On learning from sources I figured that the team has a few foreigners and exchange returns.

The team is still practicing for the upcoming councils tournament in November. We wish them all the best.

Now talking of shattered illusions, what hits the brim is that the basketball team being refused to play the I.P.S.C tournament due later this month. All promises were broken for I guess, 'Promises were made to be broken'. In spite of the coach's vigilance over the team and the team's dedication towards the sport I feel the IPSC trophy did shine 'in their eyes.'

To add fuel to the fire the badminton team is also being held back from the IPSC.

I have a good mind to tell the 'refuses'.... that wasn't funny.

To end with Mr. Bhagel's last words- "Squash for fitness and fun." I'm happy to let you all know that the squash court is fully operational and waiting for Mr. Bhagel's ever faithful disciples to Sock the Set.

(Keeping in mind the wooden flooring).

With that I wish to wind up,

**Adios,
Anshuman Singh
Class XI**



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Published By : Welham Boys' School

Registration No. :- 20208/86

Desktop Editors : Ijlal Shamsi & Vir Bhadra

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Web-page: www.welhamboys.org

Printed at : EBD Printers, Dehra Dun.



FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

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