

The Elephant

No. 261

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

26th May, 2001

Think About It...

Not many Sounds in life exceed in Interest as a knock at the door.

Charlie Lamb

EDITORIAL

Finally, this term comes to a long awaited end. After days and days of sweat, heat and pressure, the D-Day arrives.

However, the end is marked by a touch of sorrow this time, as our Principal leaves us. A tearful Farewell, our 'whole tribute' and of course our welcome to Mr. M. Shelat.

Mr Kandhari leaves with a lot of memories of this place, and it will be hard for him to reconcile to the fact that he will no longer be a day to day part of Welham.

Pressure ripped us apart as the exams were another nightmare, as usual. This time however, there has been a considerable decrease in the 'sly studious' gang, as everyone has decided to come out in the open and declare their war on the subjects.

As I write this, my Desktop Editor (who has recently returned from a mind harrowing experience at NIM) is running around trying to find people to break the joyfilled news- that he has finally passed in the ICSE exams. The results being declared in the dead of the night, I can see the whole batch rushing to either the IT lab or the

Office, waiting for their results to be published as the 'extremely fast' net connection has been downloading their results for ages.

We expect to see a lot of changes in school when we return next term. Firstly, the proposed restructuring of the Main Field, a much awaited development as the Soccer season takes a new high. Surely, this must not be the only reason for the Soccer Captain to have a real wide grin across his face.

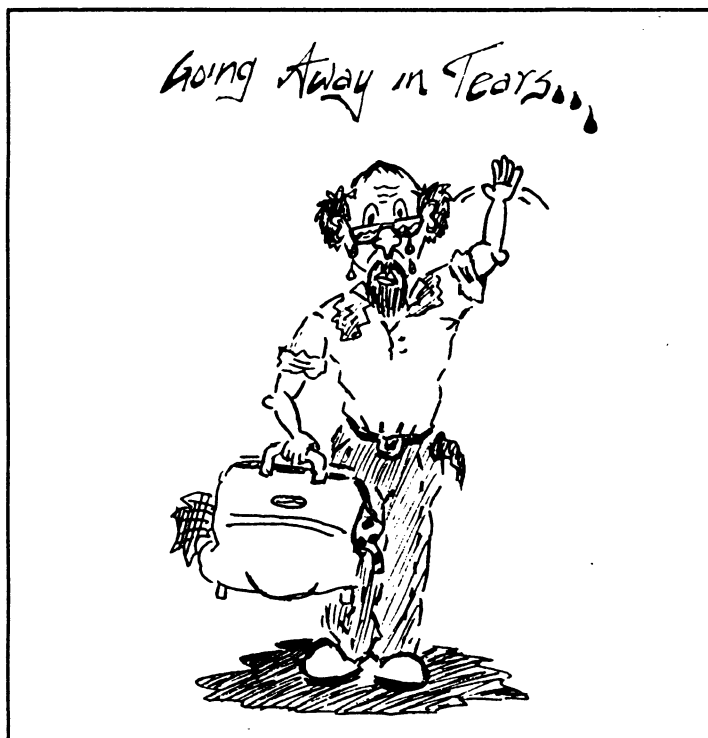
The new term also brings with it a new head, a new man who will finally take over the mantle and the legacy passed on by his predecessor.

Much has been written and said about him, he must know that we have high expectations from him, since we have been used to only the best.

This is all there is to write about, since everyone has been looking forward to a welcome break from this brain-scorching heat.

Not taking too much of your time, I sign off. Thank You Mr. Kandhari and Mrs. Kandhari once again.

*Wishing you all a happy holiday,
Anshuman.*



LETTERS TO THE ED...

Dear Ed.,

I must thank you for the last issue of the Oliphant. I thought all the articles were excellent even though I was flattered more than I deserve. The accuracy of some of the comments and the great empathy shown in Amish Mulmi's article made my wife comment "these boys know you well – warts and all".

I would like to use this opportunity to wish you and all your readers all the best in the years ahead.

Au Revoir.
S. Kandhari.

not being there anymore will be a big vacuum that has to be filled up very carefully.

I don't think anything drastic needs to be done. I also feel the students and teachers need to play a very important role more than before for the school rather than themselves now. I am an extremely proud and arrogant Welhamite and will like each one of you guys to keep your head up and really hold the school together.

I have not been participating in too many of the school meetings and functions because of various pressures and regret it totally. I still take the liberty of making one very big suggestion that PH should have class XI and XII together to keep up the bonhomie going and something to look forward to after school, which is a very big thing.

Excerpt from a letter from Shaad Ali Sehgal:

This is a phase in the life of Welham which will design a whole lot of privileged boys of India.

I was one of them from 91 – 94 and Mr. Kandhari had a lot to do with this without my even knowing it at that time. He has given a large part of himself to this 25 acre place and made it a charming place with a lot of aesthetic and ethical values. His

Dear Ed,

This is to inform the school that the official website of The Wavelength can now be accessed through the net.

It is:-

<http://www.wavelength.gen-next.com>

The Other Editor.

W.O.B.S.

Abhinav Chaturvedi (ex. 430, batch of 1992 - 93) is working with Trading Cars. Com as a consultant in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. He can be contacted at :-

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Regards,
Abhinav

Lt. Deepak Kataria (1990 batch) is Adjutant with a Battalion of the Assam Regiment.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

Space's – Space – On – Line – In – Space

A Trip,
Trip – to – Un – Wired – World.
Searchin' places Out – in – No – Where,
Moving fingers do freeze, in cold,
(2)

But winter's not here.
Connecting – reachin' – out – in – pulse,
Succession of slow pulses
there, to come above,

Stacked – pages – of – Images drawn from,
Boundless – frames – of – mind,
From there close behind...
An ideal combination of keys,
... ‘Space’ finds his ways,
Enters the Un – Wired – World,
“Welcome Back Space!”
‘Windin’ Rivers’, exclaims;
Space... talkin’ of Space.
Space is just a dream,
Livin’ dreams never possess any ends.

Space or Spacey as mates know’ im
Was meant to be,
A – Livin’ – Fictional – Creation - of - mine,
A – Projection – in – strip – of – space – on – line;
Matchin’ terms soon,
For place in a users’ – self – constructed – room.
A room to stay – on – line,
Whenever you wish, walk in...’ ere its perfectly
fine.
Even though... Airs never convey words to all
...Don’t begin – buildin’ a Wall,
For Our rooms, this one and all,
Never have any Walls to hold,
Cause Planes – in – Air – Spaces – ‘re never sold.
No Walls... in between or any where;
To remind you.
Walls not only put an end to Reason,
They shatter scatter brains,
We don’t need any Walls at all.

‘Falt’ is already in, its morning class,
‘Irish Eyes’ is cosmetologist for women in Jews’
Land.
Concerned... Space watches streams under the
Moon,
As ‘Saw – Dust’ builds castles on Sea – shore – full
– of – sand,
‘Green – as – Grass’ fresh – on – Screen – on – line
– a – grocery – store.
‘Leader – of – Piper’s – Band’ in Indian – Army’s
- Land,
Longs to hear in more.
“Space...” “Space...” “Hey Space”
“Space are you not hangin’ On?”

He’s lost... an – absolute – deep – thought.
Black Dragons in Land – of – Rising – Sun,
Shanghai and Yangtze’ re in silence... at last,
‘The Old and Faithful’ gushes high,
A distance to cover, Yellow – Stone’s – Crust
Same Sun that shines on Kentucky Springs
Here it sets... there’s dusk at our sky
Flyin’ birds with songs dry
Spacey knows, he can see Stars
Camels Cravens Cradles Cultures
Run – in – Line – followin’ the only Sun.
Legendary Gypsies, Mystical Tribes
Single – a – kind – in – Sands – a – million.
Dispersed as Grains windblown
We definitely are,
Still rooted together a same Net
Livin’ side – by – side in Un – Wired – World.

Clear reflections appear a clean surface
...Talkin’ of ‘Man from Khyber’
Has done away with Sound fears of
Smouldering – Snowy – Cold – War
Ready to kick off Nuclear Dust.
He’s been here with us so far,
In same Un – Wired – World of Trust.
“Space... Sree’s here at last”
Space has not seen her, knows her
“Come from Same Lands”

Weird or Un – Weird
Words - in – Un – Wired – World
Be replaced with,
Muffled or Clear Voices
Space does not need, for
He’s been ‘ere for expressional choices.
‘Certainly – Un – Sure’ comes in without walkin’
‘Liv – to – Die’ almost ceases to live in name
‘Floaters – from – Deep’ floats without Water or
Air
‘Absolute – Stickers’ is erased... a change in time
‘Sweetest – Bomb’ silently looks for fair men at
Eighty – Nine
‘Still – at – peace’ frowns in a rage
‘Tweety – Witty’ ‘s just a cute loveable kid folks
‘Crazy – Lazy – Horse’ ‘s at War with nerds
‘Majik – Angel’ shoots sparklin’ Fireworks for

room
 ‘‘Sky – High’ reads Text, speaks of Wisdom.
 And together we’re in Un – Wired – World.
 No visible touch of tips to make it work
 Yet comin’ closer,
 Close: to all we’d never ever seen
 Times taken from near
 Given away to them in there
 Standin’ aside under covers
 A walk away from all present here
 Blank spaces, to almost all we’d known,
 Venture – out – even – more – into – Un –
 known.

“Space... it seems
 Does not wish to be in Reality’s scene”
 “Space”
 “Space” “Is this some – kind – of – New –
 Sport”
 “Space” “Or is an excuse to ingest – virtual
 – reality”
 “Hey Space... Are you in there?”
 Space leaves... joins another room
 For the Walls are missin’.
 “Huh” “He’s gone, to another room”
 “Welcome Back Space”
 “Spacie... Where’ve you been”

“Ridin’ – fixed – on – rollin’ – away screen”
 “Or actually you’re softly killin’ empty
 hollow – spaces – of – Un – seen – time”
 “Space... We’re with you on your side
 So many of us for a single touch...
 If ever comes a Cyber – World – War”
 Friends shoot Sparklin’ – Fire – Works
 In Air:
 To kill time in Un – Wired – World.
 “We’re here to kill time
 for we never wish any Man
 to kill Life, any way”

:Comments, Questions and Queries of any kind
 may be freely
 beamed at ‘Space’ ... real [full] name:
 ‘Space_waters’
 [Or you could join’ im to Softly kill – in – time, if
 ya wish to]
 ‘Space_waters’ is an identity, alive on the Y’
 Messenger
 ...Rarely Seen.

SAURABH NARANG
 “Ex. K – 449, Batch of 1994.”

LAMPOON.

Don’t you think it has been a long time since the Lampon actually came out? Well, well, if you think it is because of me as I have grown too lazy, lethargic and uncreative then let me graciously inform you – it’s a hell of a job, but someone has to do it.

Now that I am back, let me get straight across too you. At the receiving end this time, are the Big Four, the housemasters that rule the school with an ‘Iron Fist’ or fists, for that matter.

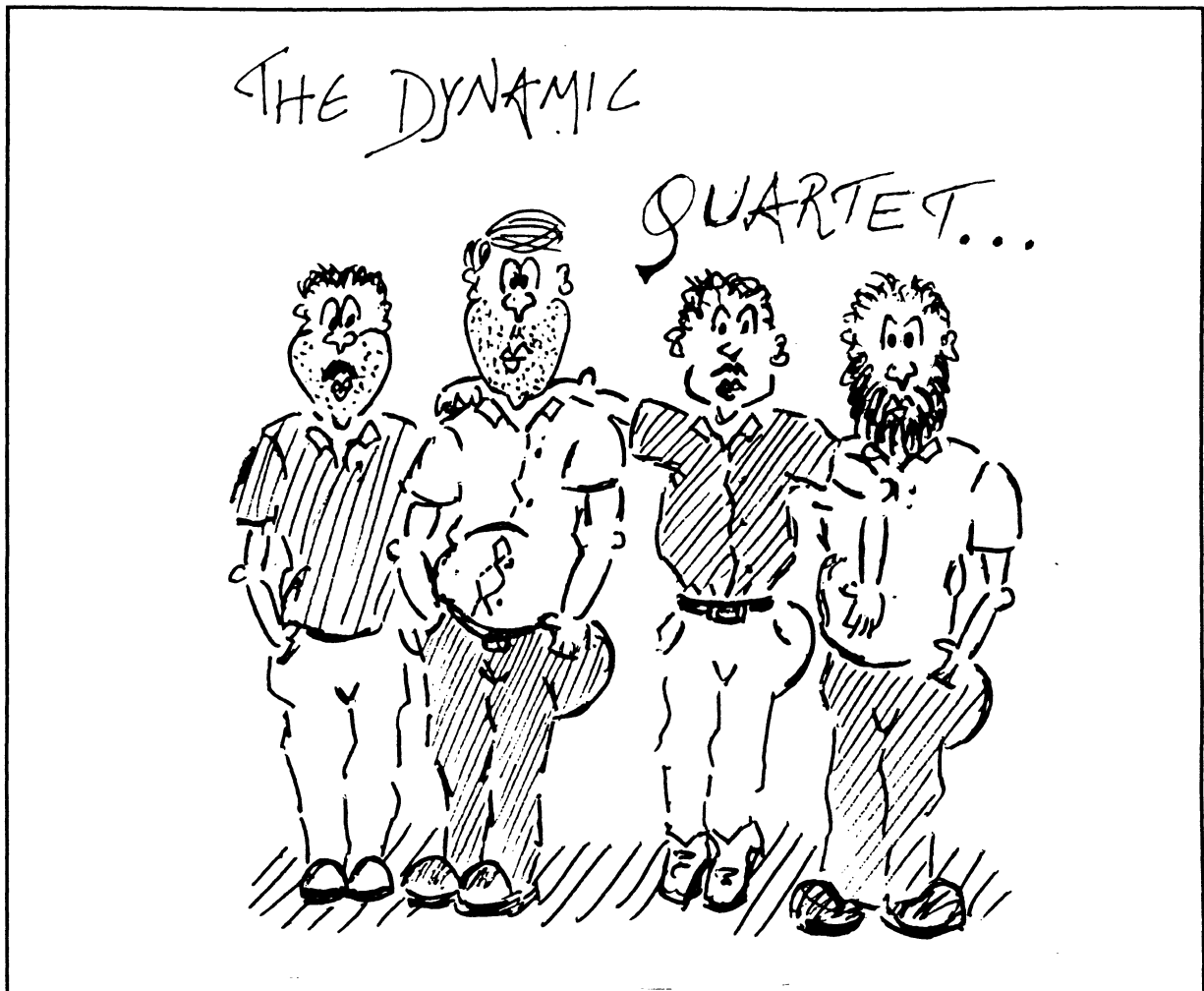
Let’s begin from the beginning, to be precise from the ground floor of the skyscraper we call Jamuna. The man known for his symmetrical figure and thunderous Santro. He has an obsession with phones and changes one every term; the recent one

being of the top order! (No wonder we see him dusting it so devotedly). A promoter of Sports, ask the ones who have suffered his ‘run around the field’ order after lunch. However his physique does relate a different tale. His vocabulary improves with new words being added every day, some of such high ‘frequency and amplitude’ that one has to repeat it after him to get the meaning straight. Overheard, I quote, “eat the boundaries of the chapati.”

Well, well we are now to the middleman. For him Cauvery is everything. For Cauvery he is everything. I think that’s the reason behind the good behavior of the ‘Cauberi Saints’! More inclined to a ‘chemically placed’ behaviour, he has exploded like ‘thee TNT’ whenever one gets on his

nerves. His kicks are a fanciful sight to see, especially when he runs after the one who breaks the 'test tubes' that Rana gets for him. Capable man with a chemical mind, all he thinks of is the working of the human chemistry. Aspires to be India's next Nobel Prize Winner in chemistry.

His maths classes make every fool a Dilton and every Dilton a fool. (Take it the way you like). He is famous for his sudden appearances in the hostel (does that have anything to do with his powers?) The sorcerer of the century, our very own P.C. Sorcar. Sorry, no quotes included.



Above all, known for his explicit one liners. The most famous: 'Just thee, bring me thee red pen of any color,' or 'aree, both you three.' There are more but space restrains me to continue. However you can have a choice.

Phew, finally to the top (believe me, its quite tough to climb the stairs), and the last to join the well known 'Trio'. Ganga's paranormal soldier, one with supernatural abilities. But known for his effective smile (also perpetual) that does the work all the time. Nowadays, a champ on the bike; and very happy since the IT lab is back to normal after a raging controversy that lasted for a blistering two months. Patience is the very virtue of this man, but don't take him lightly, as you should be aware of the fury of a patient man.

Now I take you across the roads, to a place where nature and the 4th man reside in harmony. An ardent birdwatcher, he is recently more in the sales of his bird book. His midnight antics are well known, and his fashion makes everyone turn their heads. Bright socks from Marks & Spencer adorn him, while his shades seem a different once, not including his watch here. He has supposedly declared 'Najji Rule' in the hostel, I think that accounts for his boys' extremely good behaviour. The man who was a Welhamite, in fact the Schoolie, and now is the ruler in his own way. Promotes his hostels in every possible way, more of an advertisement than gimmick. It's quite sad to see his famous beard turn white slowly. Too many worries, eh! Another one of the mobile carriers, the incident that he recalls from his student life are more

inclined to the paranormal side. (Remember the headless dude at the pool) An incident that made him rise to the heights of popularity – getting on to the Shatabdi Express to empty his bowels, sadly the train began its course, hence our man had to come from Haridwar. No one liners here too. (He is too careful for that).

And so the saga comes to an end. As I write this, I hear the 'Iron Fists' comin' down on poor Triveni 'Saints' as the Trio gets ready for their rounds.

-Looking past the Iron Curtain (atleast for now),
-Amish

This article appeared in 'The Asian Age', 15th May 2001

One long established pinnacle of the Doon Educational hierarchy, who will be absent next term, is Mr. (Charlie) Kandhari, and his wife Usha. The Kandharis retire from the Headmastership of the Welham Boys' School after an unbroken and dedicated tenure of nineteen years. They will join other famous Headmasters who retired to Dehra Dun. Messrs. Ramchandani and Das; the late John and Lady Martin who rented me my first flat on Malcha Marg in New Delhi in 1971. Welham Boys' Prep was started by Miss. Oliphant who twenty years later established India's first girl's only boarding school, Welham Girls', with the formidable Ms. Linnell, imported from Hyderabad as Headmistress. Ms Linnell was partial to her litchi trees and ruthlessly punished the girls, like my wife,

who scrumpled the fruit.

Charlie Kandhari's association with Dehra Dun began in 1943 when he was educated at Tata House in the Doon School. After graduations from St. Stephens, he returned to teach at Doon leaving only for 18 months, between 1967 and 1969, to Addis Ababa in the turbulent times of the Emperor Haile Selassie. After an European Tour, Charlie returned to The Doon School in 1970 and then to Welham Boys' in 1982. Whether Charlie would leave at all has been subject to numerous wagers and later this month many old Welhamites and Doscocs not believing him will lose money and (not only for this reason) shed a few tears. Charlie now plans to do nothing much in his retirement in Dehra Dun. Any bets?

“HOW CAN A STUDENT PASS??”

Its not the fault of the school student if he fails, because the year has only 365 days.

Typical academic year for a dull student.

1. Sundays : 52, Sundays in a year, which are rest days.
2. Summer holidays: 50, where weather is very hot and difficult to study.
Balance 263 days.
3. 8 hours daily sleep- means 30 days.
4. 1 hour daily for playing-(good for health) means 15 days
Balance 126 days.
5. 2 hours daily for food and other delicacies (chew properly and eat)- means 30 days

6. 1 hour for talking (man is a social animal)-means 15 days.
Balance 81 days.
7. Exam days per year atleast 35 days.
Balance 46 days.
8. Quarterly, Half yearly and festivals (holidays) – 40 days.
Balance 06 days.
9. For sickness atleast 3 days.
Balance 03 days.
10. Movies and Functions atleast 2 days.
Balance 1 day.
11. That 1 day is your Birthday.

“So how can a student pass?”

BLOOD 'n' VODKA

No, I don't wanna survive! In this world,
Where I live a baseless life.
A life filled with sorrow.
A life without tomorrow.

Living in bondage,
Is not my cup of tea.
Living with a bandage,
Is not what I wanna see.

From morning to evening I sit and labour,
Try to escape all favours.
Live like a boss is what I want,
Living in oppression is not my want.

As time came I got my days,
After all I could have my ways.
Six ahead of me, two at my back,
Guarded always.

I only lived under steam,
Guns 'n' roses was all I possessed,
And other matters were never stressed.
I lived like they did in the west,

You can imagine the rest.
It is said never fall in love,
Never to believe in the sign of a dove.
But I could not help it, I swear I could not.

I could not help it,
The girl was pretty.
They told me that I was losing my grip.
They asked me to crack the whip,

At the disc I watched the dance.
She put me into a deadly trance.
It started with an offer, then to a talk.
But something really put me in a shock,

She committed before I could.
I could actually doubt if I would.
She asked me my profession, she asked me my
style.
To answer this I had to take a while.

I possibly couldn't tell her I was a killer,
I couldn't tell her I possessed a licence of a thriller.
"What if she came to know?" I asked.
It was sure that the relation was to blast.

This did not last for long,
For my profession I ought to be strong.
I killed a few and injured the rest.
But all this did not suit me now.

This day I took a vow.
Killing was over, over for her.
I sold of every thing for a few shillings,
But some how she got to know.

I didn't know how to face the blow,
No matter how hard I tried.
She walked away with huge strides,
Living on the edge for so many years,

One day I knew I had to roll over...

-Karan Mehrotra

RINGSIDE VIEW

The sports scenario at Welham has changed tremendously over the years. Our Principal, Mr.S.K.Kandhari didn't neglect sports and make our school only academically oriented. He thought of a student's personality on the whole and sport,

as all of us know, does play a major part in our overall development. Along with the L.R.C, he gave us the Activity Center, the indoor Squash Courts that we are very proud of. The Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament

was initiated by him, which was a huge success and every Welhamite looks forward to it.

But, despite the infrastructure provided, the team spirit and zeal that marked our sportsmanship is now fading. It pains me to write that we no longer show much enthusiasm towards sports, we fall short in front by our own standards.

There are groups being formed within teams and there are very few to encourage the players. I agree it is commendable for the hockey team to reach the council's and the Oakgrove Tournaments finals, without a coach. But practices haven't been taken seriously.

It is felt that the standard and level of sports in our school will go down. Infact, we would be calling ourselves hypocrites if we do not face this bare truth.

We can no longer take pride in the basketball tournaments that at one time were safely ours, nor can we show enthusiasm in the cricket matches against clubs who we could easily beat. It has become a habit with us to curse, crib and cry over our sports failure. But the fact remains, why can't we take appropriate steps against this decline instead of just sitting back and crying.

We can no longer see the enthusiastic juniors trying out for any school team, save basketball. Why? We can no longer sense the zeal with

which our players defended our titles. Why? We can no longer impress ourselves with trophies and shields. Why?

The sports scenario is still an active part of our curriculum, then why do we see students not playing anything during the games time that is allotted. Do we like to take pride in the fact that we 'bunk' games? It is simply inexplicable.

We can no longer give reasons for our decline, except for one fact that stands out. We have simply lost interest in the spirit of the game.

And though we cannot place the exact cause of this, we must agree, the school will certainly suffer if we don't change our care-free attitude towards sports.

We must realize that the game does not belong to one or two players, but the team. It is through co-ordination in the game with which we manage to win. Infact, that it allows us to win!

At this stage of the world's development, we can no longer crib about the fact that we cannot play as a team because of personal differences. We must not let our egos and our interests clash. Because we must win, not for ourselves, but for this institution in whose name we make our mark in this world.

-Rohan



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