

The Elephant

No. 262

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

22nd August, 2001

Think About It...

True Love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about but few have seen.

Francois, Duc de La Rochefoucauld.

EDITORIAL

Back to business once again, mate, as the new term begins with a bang and sudden unexpected changes take everyone by surprise. As the bus slowly glided down the road, the first thing I noticed was the apparent inoperative condition of the Main Field. Why did this remind me of pitches being dug across the country?

Alright, there's another change. We have the new man, finally. All of us used to seeing Mr. K. in his office must find it hard to adjust to the sudden change in the body features. However, the new Principal is bringing radical changes to our place, beginning from the Assembly prayers to his presence on the P.T. Field. Change, though inevitable, is certainly hard to adapt to, and I am sure all of us see and feel the differences. Change is, however, inevitable. It is management of change that is the challenge. He is proactive, approachable and we wish him the best for success in all that he does to improve the already high standards in the school.

As the term commenced, students were terrified by prospects of exams being conducted in September. I guess it's all a matter of time before they actually begin. However, I feel these exams interrupt the normal schedule of the term, and they should have been conducted in the first week.

Soccer has begun. Practices started from the very first day, a sure sign that this Captain is out to do something. Talks on practice grounds range from Manchester United's next win to Zidane's record transfer to Real Madrid. Basically, it's all Soccer, and only Soccer. Playing their first tournament in R.I.M.C., they sure need wins to help them gain the confidence they need for future tournaments.

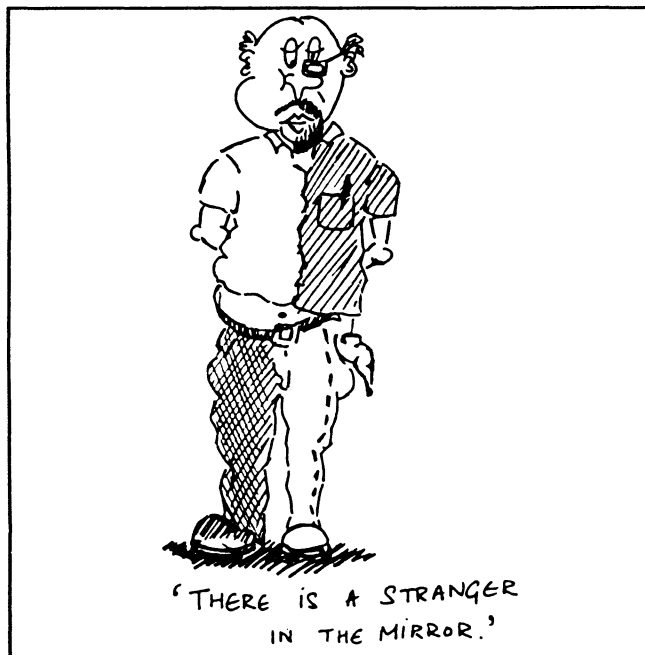
Talking about soccer, the players sure seem to sport new hairdos as it seems short hair is in! No more Batistuta locks as players desperately look around for shears to chop their dreadlocks off. I wonder is it the presence of the new Principal or is it simply a fashion statement?

Another wonder. P.H. has got new slabs of paint on its walls. Unfortunately, the new paint has been restricted to walls

with innumerable, illegible graffiti on them. I think all those longing for new paint in their rooms must start practising their artistic skills on their walls.

Well, we need to do this right now. We congratulate Mr. Sridhar on assuming the post of the Bursar. It was quite a surprise and mixed reactions erupted as the man with computing excellence shifts his focus to accounting skills.

It is quite a surprise to see our new Principal do the tasks that Mr. K. did. The latter was a



pillar of strength and he will certainly be sorely missed by all our students. However, we hope that he is happily spending his days in retirement.

This year's Independence Day celebrations were markedly different, with an inspiring speech by the D.G.P. of Uttaranchal, and all day long programmes. And what better way to end the

day other than by listening to Mr. Khaira's famous jokes. I think it's time he wrote a joke-book of his own.

Nothing else is in the news lately. Except India's loss (once again!) to Sri Lanka by an innings and an expected Aussie Ashes whitewash.

Signing off for this issue.

Anshuman.

LETTERS TO THE ED...

An email from Ijlal Shamsi, Batch-2001:-

Hi Folks,

So how is everything going on, I hope all is well and you guys might have got your admission, etc. where ever you wanted. Best of luck

I would like to update you about my life:-

I appeared for my SAT on June 2nd and TOEFL on June 4th and got scores as follows.

SAT Verbal 570

SAT Math 650

TOEFL (Computer based out of 300)

Listening 26/30

Structure/ Writing 30/30

Reading 26/30

And Total final score 273/300

I have got admission in 3 universities
Southern Methodist University, Dallas,
St Louis University Missouri and
University of Missouri- St Louis

Unfortunately I missed my dream university which was Washington in St. Louis as I missed their deadline. I talked to them and they are going to consider me for transfer next year, so hopefully next year I will be there.

I am joining UMSL as it is the largest unit in St. Louis and the 3rd largest in the state and has about 15000 students and 400-500 international. It has got some beautiful PHD programs too.

I have got my visa and will fly on the night 12th August by Lufthansa.

I have got a nice apartment for myself on the campus in the University Meadows. I must tell you that it is really beautiful. I share this apartment. I have a personal single room with an attached bathroom but I share my living room kitchen with another dude (I don't know how he'll be, but I hope he is a nice, 'clean' guy). I will also be having

(2)

a personal telephone line and will mail you the number when I get it.

Well that's all for now from my life. So folks wish me luck and prosperity and please pray for me.

Thanks everyone.

Ijlal Shamsi.

An email from Bikrambir, ex:915/J:-

Hi Anshuman,

Doing a good job of the Oliphant. I'm Bikram (ex 915/J) here. I left school after completing my 10th in 1999, I was a year senior to you if you remember. It feels great whenever I receive a copy of the Oliphant; reminds me of old school days. I would like to inform you that my address has changed and would be glad if you send me at the following address:

Bikrambir Singh Pahuja

#293, Sector 37-A

Chandigarh (U.T.)- 160036

Please keep this address on the school records.

Well I was present at the old boys meeting held in Chandigarh on 15th May. Mr. Kandhari suggested me to write about how different life is outside Welham. Well I would like to say there is a lot of competition relating to studies; especially for the guys who have taken sciences in 11th and 12th. If any one is interested in knowing what reference books you require or any other material. Specially guys wanting to appear for I.I.T. etc., can contact me at my email address i.e. Bikrambir@rediffmail.com

Thanks and best wishes

Bikrambir

WELHAM NOW

1. The following boys were awarded Excellence in Morning Speeches during the Spring Term-2001.

English:

- Samridha S. J. B. Rana Class IX
- Derek Ma Class IX
- Sarthak Johar Class VII

Hindi:

- Dhanurdhar Singh Class IX
- Tarun Bharat Singh Class VII

- Yoginder S. Negi 944-PH (C)
- Ankush Vinaik 962-PH (K)
- Vir Bhadra 969-PH(G)
- Kaushik Choudhry 971-PH (K)
- Saumya Khaitan 949-PH (G)

Table Tennis-

- Rishi Agarwal 27-C
- Raunak Jain 62-G
- Rajeev Goswami 947-PH (C)

2. Sports Colours for the year 2001:

Cricket -

- Aditya Malhotra 931-PH (K)
- Owais Burza 952-PH (K)
- Gaurav Malhotra 882-PH (C)
- Kaushik Choudhry 971-PH (K)
- Harpreet S. Rana 111-K
- Neeraj Pareek 970-PH(K)

Hockey-

- Aatir Ansari 15-G

3. NEAP(National Environment and Awareness Programme)Certificates were awarded to the following:-

- Siddharth Mohanty
- Manu Sanan
- Fahad Ansari
- Ashmeet Agarwal
- Karan Mehrotra

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

Exchange to SpringBok Land.

South Africa – a beautiful country with wonderful surroundings teeming with wildlife and famous for its outstanding cricket and rugby teams. When we got the opportunity to visit this paradise for an exchange program we were extremely delighted and excited.

We were enroute to S.A. on the 16th of May and we took a last glance at our own motherland for quite some time as we headed for the Land of the Wild, sitting in the comfort of Air Emirates. As we landed in Johannesburg, our exchange co-ordinator, Mr. Leon Keet picked us up at the airport and as we headed towards St. Stithians College, informally known as Saints, we were made familiar with the school rules. We had high expectations about the place but it turned out to be even better.

The campus is spread over an area of 210 acres with beautiful greenery and fascinating buildings. The hostel in which we had to stay was quite big. Two boys share a room, which was generally

equipped with a computer, music system and a television. Besides there were many indoor games such as snooker, table tennis in the hostel.

Being quite excited about the place, we made many friends who were very helpful to us. They helped us to settle down and again acquainted us with school rules. It is a co-educational school and there are about 800 boys and 700 girls. It is interesting to know that the blacks and whites were living together in harmony.

The school is both, a boarding as well as a day boarding school and takes major interest in sports. Mr. Ian MacLellan, the principal of the school, acquainted us with the teachers who were very friendly and helped us in every way. Their method of teaching was more practical as they did not teach from the book. The relationship of boys and teachers is of friendship. The classrooms were huge and were equipped with gadgets like automatic projector, T.V., music system, which were used for different illustrations.

The routine was pretty similar to our own. The day started with a roll call at 6:45 am followed by breakfast at 7:00 am. Our studies commenced at 8:00 am and instead of assembly we had to attend chapel at 10:00 am it was followed by a half an hour break and studies resumed at 11:15 am and the day ended at 1:45. In the afternoon we were allowed to do whatever we wanted. We would roam around the city or play sports.

Each and every student looked keen and interested in sports. During Summer they mainly played rugby, hockey and squash. Saturday was a day off, mainly because of Inter school rugby matches. Inter school matches were very common.

At night there is a fixed time in which we had to study from 7:30 to 9:00 pm. But this is also optional.

Every month we had a party with the girls in a huge hall and was pretty fun. We often used to have such social activities, which involved both girls and boys.

Besides the on goings in school we were taken on various field trips to many cities of the place we now call 'Paradise'. We explored the city of Johannesburg. It was a wonderful city with lots of industries and seemed like the ideal city to be in. But a coin has two faces. There was so much crime that you cannot even imagine. In broad daylight criminals would shoplift or harm the innocent on-lookers and pedestrians. It was a wonderful city except for this one drawback.

The next two cities we visited were the equally famous, Durban and Cape Town. Durban is one of the best cities and was also known as mini India. It is a city filled with people from different religions and cultures, as the populace ranges from

Christians to Chinese and Blacks to Indians. The beaches were just perfect. No litter and lots of good waves to surf on.

However, the best city according to us was Cape Town. It is a lovely place with some excellent sight seeing points. We went to Cape Point, which was the southern most tip of Africa. There is a strange looking mountain called the 'Table Mountain'. It has been given its name as it is similar to a table. The peak is totally flat, and we could see the whole city from the observation points. The reason why we preferred this city was because it was free of crime and pollution. The other cities that we visited were Sun City, Bloemfontein and Kimberly.

We made some really good friends, with whom we wanted to spend more time but as the term ended we returned to our country. India, eager to share the experience with our friends. Going on an exchange program is a wonderful experience. This kind of opportunity does come only once and we were fortunate to get it. My advice to all is to apply for an exchange such as ours and make the most out of it. We would like to thank all the teachers and housemasters who were involved in this program. We would also like to thank the school community and our beloved ex-principal Mr. Kandhari who gave us such an opportunity to experience a wonderful part of life.

“Saints made us believe in one and all, but we still prefer to go from Strength to Strength.”

-Nakul Sachdeva and Karan Manchanda.
Class XI

EXCHANGE TO BAY VIEW GLEN.

Canada- A country of breath taking beauty, amiable inhabitants and extraordinary wild life. Between the months of April and June, I was fortunate enough to go on an Exchange Programme to this place that had once been described by early explorers as 'The New World'.

After an exhausting 20-hour flight I arrived in the high tech Mega City of Toronto, where I was generously put up by Kent Anjo and his family. During my stay with the Anjo family I was able to observe the many sights and sounds which the city and its surrounding countryside had

to offer. This included the famous Niagara Falls, Burlington, Ottawa, and Belleville. One new activity I indulged in with the Anjo's was 'trap shooting'. This consisted of a shotgun, some clay targets and a bunch of 'fun loving' locals. I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Apart from seeing the countryside with the Anjo's, and later Kornatasiski families. I also attended 'Bay View Glen Upper School'. Now life at a day school is quite different from what we are accustomed to here at Welham Boys'. My day generally started at 8:45 am and ended at 3:30 PM.

Classes, that were held in clean, carpeted floor rooms with floor to ceiling windows, would last for sixty minutes.

Generally a typical senior student at 'BVG' would take a total of 8 subjects throughout the school year. In BVG there were many different kinds of languages taught to all the students. They could take any subjects they wanted till the last year, not like home, where we have to choose a specific subject stream. Taking a variety of these subjects was an unusual experience for me from the usual accounts, maths, etc.

There were different kinds of sports for me to practice; I had never played many of them like baseball, rowing, ice hockey, softball, etc. in India.

There were lot of clubs and extra-curricular activities, which I joined to pass my time usefully after school. All the clubs and extra-curricular

activities helped to make my stay in Canada memorable.

To those of you who are debating whether an exchange to Bay View Glen would be the right thing to do, the answer is yes. We are very fortunate here at Welham to have these opportunities to experience other cultures and life styles and hence should make the best of those golden chances.

This was a life lasting opportunity for me. I would like to thank all the housemasters, and teachers who made me go on this exchange and off course our former principal Mr. Kandhari. I had a really great time and hope that whenever any of you get an opportunity like this, you will grab it.

Avjeet Sahni
Class - XI

THE RSIS NUBRA VALLEY PROJECT, 2001.

On the 5th of July the Round Square delegates for the 'RSIS Nubra Valley Project 2001' met in the YMCA New Delhi. It was here that we Welhamites met delegates from Athenian, Salem, Bay View Glen, Rannoch, Lakefield and other Round Square schools all over the world.

The foreign delegates had had a tour of Delhi that day. The next day we had an early morning flight to Leh. The weather was perfect and soon enough we could see the Himalayas approaching. The mountains slowly got bigger and bigger till we actually reached the greater Himalayas after which the mountains got smaller and rockier as we reached the Zanskar Range and finally we reached Leh.

Leh is a green valley in the middle of this high, cold desert with the Indus flowing through the middle. Finally we landed on the highest airport in the world. We spent the whole day acclimatising and spent the next three days visiting monasteries of which Hemis was the most spectacular.

After this tour we went to the Nubra Valley where we were to begin our project. After the long ride over the highest motorable highway in the world we reached the Chamtse Saigon Gompa where we were given a very warm welcome by the monks.

The next day we began our project, which was to construct a two-storey dormitory for the small monklets of which the youngest was 6 years old.

Our project was very interesting and even though we didn't have any experience of construction work, we managed pretty well under close supervision of the construction workers. We went on working hard for a week after which we took a day off and went to the panamic hot springs for the day.

The panamic hot springs were sulphurous hot springs that were just along the Nubra Valley. The springs were extremely hot but all the same we had a dip.

The next day we started work again and having completed the walls we started on the roof which was very interesting except for having to haul very large logs for the beams.

During the work we also had shifts to teach the monklets English, Hindi and maths. We also had lunch with them on two occasions. Towards the end of the project we also started learning a ladakhi song which we were to perform for the villagers and the Rimpoche of the monastery.

On the last day this great rimpoche came, who was rumoured to be second to the Dalai Lama. When the day arrived we dressed in local costumes and performed the dance and songs, which didn't turn out to be so bad.

After the last day at the monastery we went on to our 5-day trek over the 'Hunder Dok'. On reaching Leh we had 2 days for the market and a day for rafting which was very nice.

The last day we had an early morning flight back to Leh. At the airport we finally said our good byes as the foreign delegates and carried on to Agra and Jaipur.

'This trip was certainly worth going for.'

Julley,

Pawan Rana
Class XI

to whom it may concern...

When half the world is dead,
When each damn dog has gone to bed.
When darkness is at the full blast,
It's then when this guy gets fast.

It's clobbered in his soul within,
That at any cost he has to win.
You cannot miss his attitude,
He is a Welhamite the latest dude.

He rocks the city, he rocks the core,
He even rocks on the heaven's floor.
He's known to the city for his attitude,
Each man knows his taste for food.

He's here—he's there—oh! Hell he's everywhere,
Each guy tries to copy this dude.

(Which includes the guys clad in white and blues)
The Sunday City is ruled by this stud,
He loves taking trips of the blue and white dud.

The chics drool 'n' stare at him,
Winning their hearts is up to him.
Don't forget he is the night king,
He's the master of all rings.

Whatever he might do,
Excellence is brewed in his stew.
Don't believe me? If you dare,
Try messing up with this dude up there.

Know me to know them better,

Karan Mehrotra
Class IX

Forsaken

As the sand blew by
I let out a sigh.
All that I could see was endless sand
It made me feel as if I was canned.

My feet were burning,
And my heart was yearning
To see life in its smallest form
Even though my eyes were torn.

I realized that I had never been forsaken
By the one whom for granted I had taken.
I earlier used to call him god
Only now I realized that he was lord

I prayed to him frequently,
Took oaths, which were saintly.
Depending upon him as the last hope
I certainly had no scope.

I trudged on and on
In the sand miles along
I could feel the thirst on my lips
(6)

I needed water- just a few sips.

I saw a pool in the distance
And I hoped to curb death's resistance.
As I crawled along the sand
I could already hear heavens welcoming.

I reached the pool at last
Needed water- fast!
I could bear the pain
And savagely tried to drink water- but in vain.

All I could touch was nothing but air,
And I could feel death's snare.
Where was the water?
This was pure slaughter.

I realized the pool was fake,
In the sand I was to bake
Where was the God whose glories sang?
Where was he when my death bell rang?

- Manu Sanan
Class IX

LOST...

The ground was all soggy and wet with puddles. Blood filled the puddle and made the land impure and mucky. Limbs torn apart, bones and muscles visible everywhere. Brothers, fathers and sons dead. Love lost and hearts were broken. Bullets being fired and mortars being shot. He watched, he was scared to kill a fellow man, one of the same race. He could not kill, he was too scared to kill after all he too had the same colour of blood. He saw how one man killed another. His eyes filled with tears, which trickled down his cheeks washing off the muck. His hands shivered and his fingers unable to pull the trigger, his torn lips uttered the lord's name and his body weakened by the tireless

blood shed. Bullets whizzed past his head, his heart burst out in beats. His fingers started pulling the trigger by itself, fear had lost hold of him and some sort of rage took over. He shot at every head he could see, missing some and hitting some. His heart was pumping blood when something pierced past his chest. He felt it move right through. His eyes went wide open, he fell on the earth. A son, father, brother, husband and a lover dead, lost forever for nothing.

*Now just another body in the pile of the
ifeless,*

Anarchist

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

Aseem - Hey guys, its drizzling *cats and dogs*!!

Sagar - Why don't we call apes our ancestors??

Suyesh - Because they can't RAP!!

Shabeer - (On being checked by a prefect for not combing his hair, went to Mr. Atul Sharma and **said**) - Sir, may I borrow *your comb*!

Mr. Sandeep Khanna to the class - Boys, I am not doing anything, so dont take *disadvantage* of that!!

W.O.B.S.

1. On the 27th of May, 2001, the Executive Committee of the Welham Old Boys' Society met in the L.R.C. of WBS. A farewell dinner followed this informal meeting at the Ajanta Hotel for Mr. Kandhari, who was retiring as Principal, WBS. The dinner was well attended by members from all parts of the country. The Secretary, WOBS, received regrets from a large number of Old Boys who conveyed their best wishes to Mr. Kandhari on his retirement.
 2. Minutes of the E.C. Meeting held on May 27th, 2001 at Welham Boys' School in the L.R.C. at 6:30 p.m.
 - a. The E.C. members welcomed Mr. Mukesh Shelat as the Principal of Welham Boys' School.
 - b. The President Mr. Tanuj Sethi thanked Mr. S. Kandhari, Principal, Welham Boys' School for allocating the new office space to the society.
 - c. The President informed the E.C. that Rs. One lakh and Eleven thousand had been collected for the pavilion till now and that the Society will still be collecting the rest of the amount. This fund was being kept in a separate account for the above project.
 - d. The President requested the ex – President Mr. Darshan Singh to present Mr. S. Kandhari a small token of appreciation from the E.C. for all this efforts in forming and guiding the society all these years
- Mr. Darshan Singh went on to say that the society would still look forward to Mr. Kandhari's active participation and guidance for the further development of the Old Boys Society.
- All the members present gave Mr. Kandhari a standing ovation.

RINGSIDE VIEW

We witnessed the main field all dug up at the beginning of the term. It still is in no condition to be played upon, though you still get to see boys getting punished there. That leaves us to witness the condition of the Athletics Captain, who is praying everyday that the field gets ready by the time his season arrives.

With a new Principal, we also have another physical trainer, Mr. Ranjit S. Kanbankar. One can hear him punishing the boys hard, by his

r e p e a t e d statement, 'if you don't exercise, you won't get any muscles!'

We wish him a pleasant stay and hope he gets the overweight boys and 'men' into shape.

The football practices are raging and the Captain and coach are giving the boys hell by taking strenuous

practices for two hours everyday. Recently the staff played an exhausting football match with the team. Anshuman and Namgyal scored a goal each, winning the game for us, 2-0. The staff put up a commendable performance, despite their age.

Basketball is going steady, with practices being taken regularly. Yoginder and Abhishek represented Uttaranchal at the National Level

during these holidays.

The Welham Gym seems to be doing wonders once again, with quite a few hunks pumping in the iron. Is it all the macho man 'chaska' or is it the Gym 'captain's' influence. The truth still has to be uncovered. Not a word more on this subject....

The Swimming Pool once again is in, with dudes of all size and shapes trying to beat the heat. The rain seems to be a pacifier, but only at times as erratic showers continue. (Why the hell can't it rain

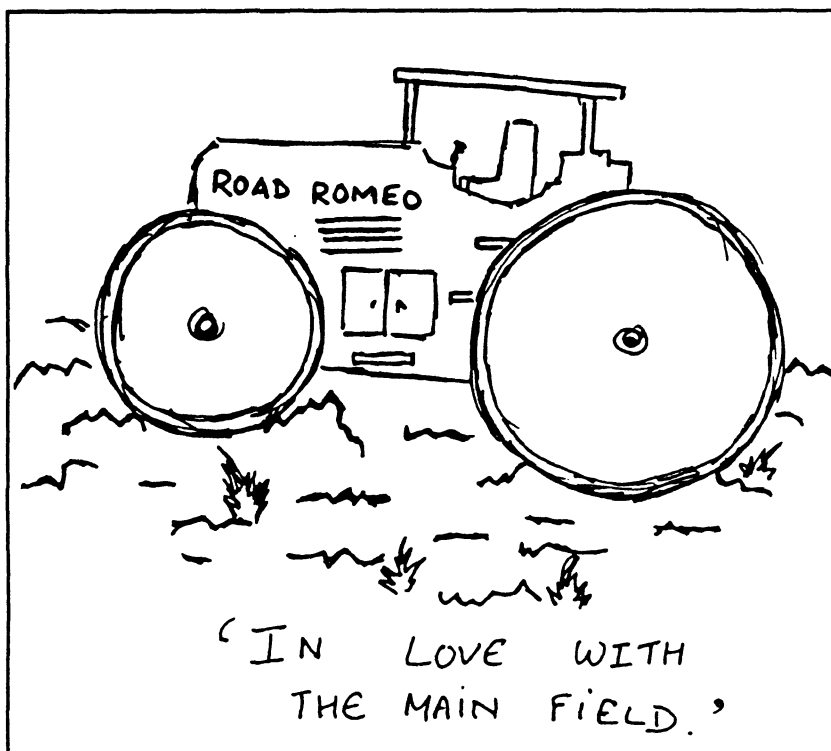
during the P.T. hours). Talking about P.T., the instructor seems to be grilling the so called 'Lords of Triveni' and Krishna (the eleventhies). This newly found enthusiasm in the P.T.I. has suddenly appeared out of nowhere! I guess it is the presence of the new Principal on the

grounds. It appears his influence is so definite that even the housemasters have begun checks during P.T. hours.

Well chums, that's all, I have for you in the Ringside View for this time, may God save me from the clutches of the P.T.I.s.

Till next time.

The Iron Pumper - Rohan



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