

# The Elephant

No. 264

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

29th September, 2001

## Think About It...

*Religion is the opium of the masses.*

*-Karl Marx.*

## EDITORIAL

The world has seen a new face of evil in the last fortnight, a new terror that struck the mightiest nation on the earth on September 11. The attacks on World Trade Center towers make us realize, and shudder with fear- if the U.S. is not safe from attacks by fanatics, then is India safe?

It was a scene from a Hollywood movie; that was the initial reaction from everyone. We all know the truth behind this- a bunch of fundamentalists, fanatic "jehadis" whose commitment lies only to their pre conceived notions of what is right and what is wrong and not to humanity. As the towers crashed to the ground, we all felt the need to obliterate this worm of an evil that hides and strikes. Further, the U.S. has finally realized the madness of these insurgents, as till late they had only been looking through the danger. Now they realize the world-wide scale of terror and militancy, and now is the time they must strike at the very roots of this evil that lurks in the shadows and attacks innocent civilians.

The course of the world has changed in the last fortnight, and so has Welham's idea of fun and play. Since the big boss is not around, every single individual has been enjoying to his or her maximum, and this includes all the teachers too. However, the fun part is a bit showy for the students

since they have had to face the new man in-charge- none other than our Staff Rep. His ever-alert personality has made it near impossible for us to miss classes.

Every single individual seems glued to the television or the newspapers, hoping to pick up some news about the international crisis earlier than

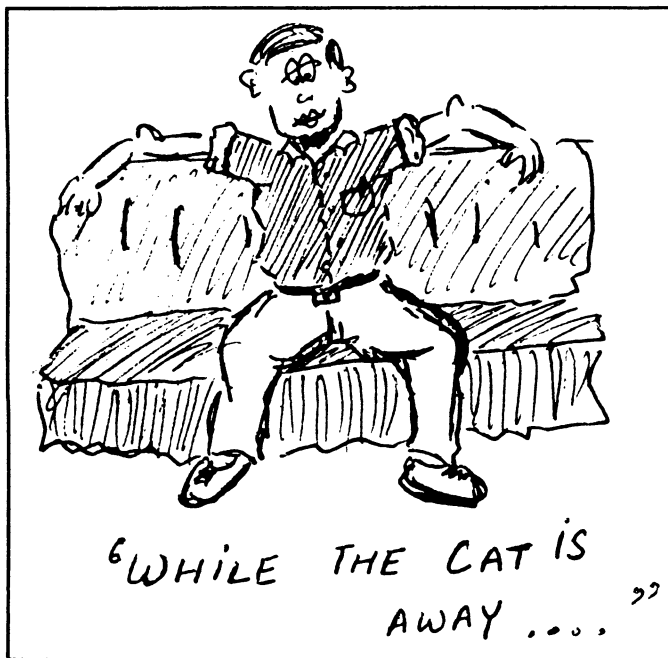
the rest and show they have been updated. It is an extremely serious environment in the P.H. Common room as a few personalities have been constantly onto CNN and BBC, while the rest just need a break from all the updates- Lord save us

Soccer's finally over. And what a way to get over but a match that was played twice. Well, not exactly twice, but it was continued on the next day due to bad light. The winners have surely de-

served it, they were certainly the best.

The concert by the eminent flute player Ronu Mojumdar was well appreciated, the extraordinary acoustics being applauded by the whole audience. It was very well managed, and all the credit must go to behind the scene managers. The talent of the master was evident, as he played wonderful sounds from his various compositions.

Mid-Terms begin next week, and I am sure every single individual must be looking forward to this desperately awaited break. The need to have



a break from this hectic school schedule is in itself very rewarding, and the final excitement far exceeds the initial expectation.

Well, with new developments all around me, I feel as if the world is being faced with a choice of desperate war or brittle feuds over religion. It is

a sad fact in itself that we have allowed religion to be blamed, when the very evil lies in the minds of men.

**With hopes of renewal,  
Anshuman**

## LETTERS TO THE ED...

### **Email from Ashim Bhat - 7/Jamuna (from his Exchange Trip to the Principal):-**

Dear Sir,

I apologise for not writing to you earlier. I just wanted you to know that it has been a wonderful experience for me being in this country and the Athenian School. In this month itself, I have built my reputation among the teachers and students too. Everyone is really helpful and the school makes it sure that I do not feel uncomfortable. I am taking part in various activities, such as basketball, music, etc. As far as studies are concerned, I am doing exceptionally good. The daily schedule system in The Athenian School is much different from what we have. Once again I would like to thank you for giving me this opportunity.

I will keep informing you of my performance and my experiences.

Thanking you,

**Yours sincerely,  
Ashim Bhat**

Dear Ed,

I am Mohit Oswal (113) and passed out in 1982.

I see that the new principal is in place and I would like you to convey my best wishes to him. Though I have not been to school for some 5 to 6 years, Welham is and has always been very close to my heart. Please let me have the email ID's of the new Principal and Jagjit.

I was really pleased to read that the school has instituted 'Meera Sunderam English Essay Writing Contest.'

Meera Sunderam was my favourite teacher and an exceptional person. I remember I was very sad when she left school and even sadder when I learnt of her demise.

May I suggest that the school also institute an award in the name of Mr. N.K. S. Rao. He was the principal before Mr. Kandhari. I would gladly bear all costs. Our school owes a lot to him.

**Regards,  
Mohit Oswal**

### **Email from Mohit Oswal, Batch 1982:-**

*(We are replying to Mohit separately - Ed.)*

## WELHAM NOW

**1. The Inter School English Debate for Juniors was held on the 12th of September. We stood second and Samridha Rana was adjudged the best speaker.**

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**2. The Inter House Computer Quiz was held on the 21st of September 2001. Ganga House emerged victorious and the team comprised:-**

- a. Vir Bhadra
- b. Shubham Khanna
- c. Shomit Bakliwal

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**3. Mr. Ronu Majumdar performed in the Activity Centre on the 24th of September 2001, courtesy of SpicMacay.**

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**4. The Inter House Science Quiz was held on 13 September 2001. Jamuna House won the event. The team comprised:-**

- a. Deepak Sanan
- b. Arpit Tandon
- c. Abhishek Narayan.

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**5. The FOD Quiz Semi - Finals was hold on 17th of September at St. Joseph Academy. Our team comprising Amish Mulmi, Anshuman Singh and Pranab Shrestha stood first.**

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**6. The FOD Panel Discussion was held at Welham Boys' School and the school was represented by Mr. Aseem Tripathi; he presented an excellent paper.**

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**7. Mr. Mukesh Shelat, Mr. V. K. Penuli, Anant Golyan, Suyesh Rawat and Vinayak Pant have left for the Round Square Conference, which is to be held in Australia from the 23rd of September to the 3rd of October.**

## W.O.B.S.

**1. Dear Old Boys,**

This is to inform you that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys Society will be held on Sunday, the 4th November 2001 at 10:30 am in the L.R.C.

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**2. Email from Sangmeet Singh Sahni:-**

Dear Welhamites,

Just wanted to give my regards to the new

principal and hope that he has an eventful time at Welham.

Just for your information I have Joined the North Hollywood School and am in a magnet program which is a specialized program for bright kids.

Hoping to hear from school and wanted to request if I could be regularly posted the Oliphant and the Wave Length.

Please give my regards to all my classmates and to all the Gangaites.

**Sangmeet Sahni.**

## WACKY WOODSEATERS.

**The Results of the English Essay Writing Contest (Class – IV ): -**

**1st prize:**

*The day I was caught red handed: -*

Stealing is a bad habit, but once I stole. Shall I tell you how you get the habit to steal? If a person has got a thing and it is very good, you think of stealing it.

I got the duty to pull the bedcovers, when I was pulling a bedcover of my friend -Udai, I saw

thirty or thirty-one FX cards on his pillow. I took them and showed it to Aayush. He told me to keep it with me, we will play the game at our camp. Instead of keeping it in the bag, I kept the cards in the pocket of my raincoat. A week went by, on Monday it was raining. In the evening when our matron told us to wear our raincoats, I forgot that I had put the FX cards in my raincoat pocket. I wore my raincoat, and stood in the line. Udai was standing in front of me and talking. He saw his FX cards in my pocket, but he did not know that they were his cards. He told me to show him but I refused. He started joking that it was his pack of

cards. But I did not know that he was joking, so I had to show him, but I was afraid. When he saw the pack, he made out that they were his cards. So I was caught red-handed. I was very ashamed and that week my coupons were cut.

From that day I knew that stealing is a bad habit. Its your loss if you steal.

- Sidharth Kumar

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## 2nd prize:

### *My Grandparents:-*

My grandparents live in Delhi, in a colony named New Friends' Colony. My grandfather was in the I. A. S., but now he has retired. My grandmother was a housewife all along. They had shifted to many places before settling down in Delhi.

I always go to visit my grandparents during the holidays, and they buy whatever I want. I remember on my last birthday they bought me a very nice computer. This time they are going to buy me a laptop. They have four children. The eldest is living in Australia; the second youngest is in America; my mother who is the third youngest is living in Pathankot and the youngest is living in Delhi. This time my grandparents will come to visit me and we will have a lot of fun.

They are the best in the world. I bet nobody has better grandparents than I do.

- Arjun Veer Singh

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## 3rd prize:

### *Computer : Why I like to work on it.*

In olden days, people used to have knowledge from books, but today people take knowledge from computers. Today, I am going to tell you why I like computers the most.

It was the best day of my life, because it was my birthday. For a present, my father and mother gave me a computer. The company of my computer was Compaq. It costs Rs. 25000. At first it did not have any games but my father gave me some floppies and cds. So I put them in the CPU and played games like Tomb Raider, Doom II, Revolt, Cobra Gun Ship, Blood Bath, Snooker, Ice Hockey and Recoil. I had fun playing. But the biggest fun I had was with my sister's files. I used to make funny faces on her documents. She always

(4)

hit me when she saw her files.

I have a lot of fun with my computer. So, please, buy a computer and start working on it, but do not play so many games or your eyes will become weak.

- Manish

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### *Computer:-*

I like Computer classes the most because we only have them twice in a week. They help us in everything we need. But sometimes if we work together for hours and hours, our eyes can be spoiled because the rays can be harmful for our eyes.

The computer has a compact disc player, a mouse, a screen and many other things. We can put floppies and disks to play games. My father likes to work on it also.

We like to work on computers but we should not work on it for hours.

- Ayush Agarwal

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## The Results of the English Essay Writing Contest (Class – III) :-

### 1st prize:

#### *My favourite subject - Computers: -*

When I was four years old, I asked my father when would we buy a computer. I was eagerly waiting. When I was eight years old, I went to learn computers. I learnt from Paint to Microsoft Powerpoint.

I showed a presentation to my father. My father agreed to buy a computer and a colour printer. Now I am learning internet, chat and email. My father teaches me MS - DOS.

I have learnt LOGO. Now these days I am a teacher of a high - tech computer lab. Sometimes I play games in the lab, I enjoy my work very much and I don't take money and there is also a computer in my father's petroleum depot. Sometimes some of the computers get cleaned every week and if we do not clean the computers, they will get virus.

My father everytime buys Pentium 4, but when I play Demo Rash I use a Joy stick. He will bring a joy stick on my coming birthday

-Rudranath Ghorai

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## 2nd prize:

*The day I lost my brother in the circus:-*

I have a brother, his name is Shiva Choudhary. He is five years old. He is Class I. He is good in studies. His holidays were going on.

One day we went to the circus with our parents. We saw elephants, lions, giraffes and many other animals. They were dancing. We were happy to see the show. My brother was hungry, he wanted to have an ice-cream. I told him to wait at the gate, near by. There was a shop full of sweets and chocolates. He went to the shop and took some sweets and ran around. I came back to the gate, I did not see him. I was shocked. I ran and ran but he was not there.

When I was going back home, he was sleeping behind the gate. When I saw him I was happy.

**- Vimal Chaudhary**

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*My favourite subject:-*

My favourite subject is computers. I like this subject because on computers we can print anything, we can play games, we can write and do many other things on the computer.

My father also has a computer at home. We can save the files on the computer. My father had Internet also, now computers have four models - Pentium I, Pentium II, Pentium III and Pentium IV. Pentium IV is the fastest computer in the world. My uncle takes computer classes at his place. My favourite game on the computer is Cricket and Dave. We can make funny slide shows on the computer. That is why I like the computer subject.

**- Dhruv Paliwal**

## 3rd prize:

*My grandmother:-*

My grandmother's name is Upkaar Singh Soni. She lives in Jalandhar. She lives in a big house. She is 76 years old. She has two servants. She likes Punjabi and Chinese food. Her favourite sweet dish is Jalebi. She likes milk too.

She lost her husband three years back. She has much faith in God. She also has a factory. She gets up at six o'clock in the morning, she has her bath and then she reads her Guru Granth Sahib.

Whenever I go to visit her, she gives me chilli chicken. I love her and she loves me too. That's my grandmother.

**-Jatan Singh Soni.**

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## Consolation:

*The day I lost my brother in the circus:-*

It was 19th March. My brother and I were getting ready for the circus. My brother was six years and I was ten years old. When we entered the circus we saw lions and tigers, but suddenly my brother saw a leopard. My brother started running after the leopard, and suddenly someone switched off the light.

People started running here and there. When the light was on, I could not see my brother. I looked and looked for him but I could not find him.

I went home and I told the whole story about the circus to my mother. My mother informed the police but they also could not find my brother.

At night, I made a calendar and wrote that on 19th March, 1995, I lost my brother in the circus. And that is the day when I lost my brother.

**-Pratyush Kumar**

# LAMPOON.

## The Triple Whammy.

With new additions to our staff this time, it's been a while since we haven't lashed out our vocabulary on these people. Beginning with a new theatre in-charge (now where the hell did that turn up from) and a new Economics teacher, till the games field where a new man is trying out hands

where tens of others have already tried out, and failed.

Ok, so as they say, let's begin, at the beginning. Firstly, we have a new head of Theatre Art. Theatre art - isn't that some form of painting! Come on, we already have a dramatics in-charge,

and now we have another. Well well, lets see how does this man fair.

He is the ultimate fashion stylist, a dude with no hair but a goatee, the one that can keep you rocking till the end of time. A pukka bihari-tell him you are from Bihar, you'll have a ball. Tell him you are from Jamshedpur, and you have a treat lined up! He's what we call, a Laloo from head till toe. A alumni of BITS, Pilani, wonder what's he doing here after passing out from such a 'scientific' institution. Go to him at night, go during the classes, he'll keep you bursting out in laughter till the time you roll over on your stomach. Has recently been appointed the Assistant Housemaster, and it is quite understandable which one, especially after his victory cries for his house. Multi-faceted personality, with a clean head, he is the man. Rumors abound that his style has attracted many ladies from the other side, hence the result-our boys too have shaved off their nuts. Call it Demonstration Effect.

Well, we have another man in the Economics department. That's nothing new, especially since this man carries on the heritage passed on by his mother. He is the new Amartya Sen, the new Brain, with a mind so fast that it understands even the most complicated definitions, and drains you out of your lowest wits. Don't go by looks, boy. Just because this man looks simple doesn't mean he is simple. As I said, the ultimate in Econ, and the one (hopefully) to help us pass our exams. However, the biggest mystery lies in the fact that he does

expect the twelfth syllabus to be over by October. A man full of mystery, he hasn't said much about himself, except that he's doing a thesis on "School Efficiency and the Micro-Economics of School Production". I think we certainly need that in ours atleast. With all that jargon and technical stuff, his classes are certainly not for the non-technical beings; however, we seem to have quite a few understanding humans in our school.

Coming on to new grounds; literally, we have another die-hard physical fitness fanatic stalking our PT sessions. He's all over the place, from here till there. Squash, football, whatever. He is the man who will get us fit and healthy. Exercising till heavens know when, the juniors have undergone his rough training in their 'Marathon' sessions. While he is perpetually dressed up for a game in his trademark green and purple track-pants, his comments are rarely gone unchecked. The man responsible for rejuvenating the sports scenario (is that so?) in our school, we certainly hope to see more of the man and his capabilities in the near future.

With three new weapons in the Welham staff armoury, the staff members certainly seem very happy to include these people in their colleague list.

Hope to see more of them in the future

**Signing off for a while,  
Nevermind-who-wrote-it.**

## LITERARY AFFAIRS.

### Danger in the Grass.

It was early in morning, the sky was usually dark. Sam and his daughter were my often customers, it had been 15 long years since I had been a guide in a Chiwi National Park.

The old beast was our aim, for this hunt. He was ten feet till his tail with a fully-grown mane. His eyes were fiery bloodshot, perfect enough to speak of his instinct.

It was the fourth day since we had started this wild hunt. Krita had been a pain since the last four days and today was the day when we had expected the beast to arrive. In no way would I take Krita with me, but she insisted upon going. By the end of it I was rather irritated and point blank refused. Then she said, "What is that you men can

do that I cannot?" I did not know what to say, so I kept quiet. Finally, I gave in; Sam, Krita, Job the skinner and I loaded the carcass of the buffalo into the Toyota and drove off to the spot the beast was expected to come.

We hung the carcass onto the old Banyan tree and went into hiding in a small opening behind a few bushes surrounded by high elephant grass.

While we sat waiting, Krita sat reading a book. At about mid-day, the first sign of movement was seen. I quietly placed my hand upon Krita, to prevent her from getting a shock. At first she seemed alarmed, but later found it the only source of comfort. The beast made an appearance. It was bigger than I expected, with well-toned

muscles. I watched Krita and Sam gape at it awestruck, as I exchanged a smile with Job.

At first the beast hesitated at making an attempt but later began circling the carcass with a vision of temptation. Suddenly there was another low roar and I watched a lioness make an appearance with two cubs moving with her in a playful manner. This made matters worse.

I could see Krita's mouth go dry. I pulled out the only chewing gum I had in my hunting pants and slowly pushed it into Krita's mouth. Although she knew I had discovered her befuddled state she tried restraining the gum but took it in.

This scenario, lasted for a moment but as Krita tried to change her position, the leaves under her crackled and the beasts realized our presence. Before we knew the lioness was in a mild charge towards us. Krita's nails dug into my arm and I could feel my flesh being penetrated. Job by this time had collected his gun and fired a blank. I radioed the Toyota driver who had parked the car on the riverbed. I could hear a faint rumble of the Toyota.

It was dusk and the dim twilight indicated the end of the day or rather our lives. I warned Krita not to run and stay between us while the Toyota came in. as we walked with long strides, Job kept a guard ahead while I kept a guard behind.

The Toyota's lamps were now brightening up and I felt a sense of relief, suddenly Krita broke and ran towards the vehicle. Before we knew, the lion had taken a leap at her. I shouted at her to duck while I could get an aim at the beast, but she just fumbled through the sandy riverbed while the lion was close upon her. Suddenly she stumbled and fell on her face and I without missing fired a second shot.

Yes!! I had got the fellow, I got him on his gut. With a low moan he rolled into the grass and we all rushed to Krita. I knew this female would cause chaos. Sam paid more attention to the lion and I could see the excitement in his eyes to possess the injured beast.

We possibly could not leave the injured beast there for the night, or else the hyenas would devour him by morning.

Job picked up a few pebbles and Sam and I walked back to back with our rifles loaded. Krita had been rather shaken up by the incident. Job threw a pebble in the grass at each step making it sure that the beast was not there. Just as we

approached a clearing he leapt upon us but missing landed on the ground. In the dim light we could barely make out where the beast was, but his silhouette gave a clue about his whereabouts. Sam and I, both fired at him till he lay perfectly still. We had exhausted our rifles by then, but just in that fraction of a second another beast landed upon Job, pinning him on the ground.

Oh hell, we had shot the lioness and the old beast was upon Job now. It took me a few seconds to reload while the lion worked upon Job. Sam had dropped his rifle out of fright and stood frozen, the silly man refused to act. I took another shot at the huge fellow and he landed on the ground, dead. Job was bleeding profusely and his thigh lay open like a sandwich. Hearing the shots the Toyota speeded up, while I quickly dressed up Job's wounds. Krita looked at the sight with a shocked trembling vision. I had to fly him to Harare as soon as possible in the cessna. While Sam and the Toyota driver loaded the lions in the back of the truck, Krita helped me with Job.

I drove off carefully making sure Job was comfortable and Krita spoke to him to bring him some hope so that he fought back the pain and suffering. As I neared the camp Job gave up and Krita wept at the sight. The job was the cause of all this. We flew the body off to Harare to his family, who first refused to believe but soon overcame the grief.

It took me a few days to recover, but Krita had not yet. She still blames herself for it. As I tried comforting her she clung on to me and cried again. I tried convincing her that it was not her fault but she refused. She clung to me refusing to let go of me, I probably was her only source of comfort. She wrapped her arms so tightly that I felt suffocated. The woman had amazing power!! It took her time to recover and I flew Sam and Krita back to Mozambique.

Next I knew I lost my rifle licence and gun. Job was my responsibility and he died under me. I had to give it all up, up for his death. In a way I was happy. I had no more perils to face but life without them would be rather boring.

It was the end, end of Job and even my job. It taught me a lot. I learned what nature had in store for me....

# RINGSIDE VIEW

The brothers of the pale forest ask me what the hell is happening. Well a lot is....

Mr. Ranjit Kanbankar, the new physical instructor, is making news by training the squash team for the 'Chennai Open' and giving the athletes a marathon training at six every morning. The athletics captain Gaurav has left school and the question is, which lucky boy is going to hold the flag these Founders?

Getting to the stony ball game that cost many injuries. It's the soccer Inter house. It was played on the lower ground as the main field was dug up. Ganga proved its worth by reaching the finals in both the sections. Krishna took away the junior trophy beating Ganga in the finals (2-0). Vishal and Dhairya chipping in a goal each.

The senior inter house was loads of fun, though injuries galore. The league matches proved fatal. Ganga, with Cauvery entered the finals. Ganga proved 'supreme' beating Cauvery 2-1. Aatir knit the ball in the goal post, with Saumya getting a penalty. Prayaas superbly put in a shot for Cauvery.

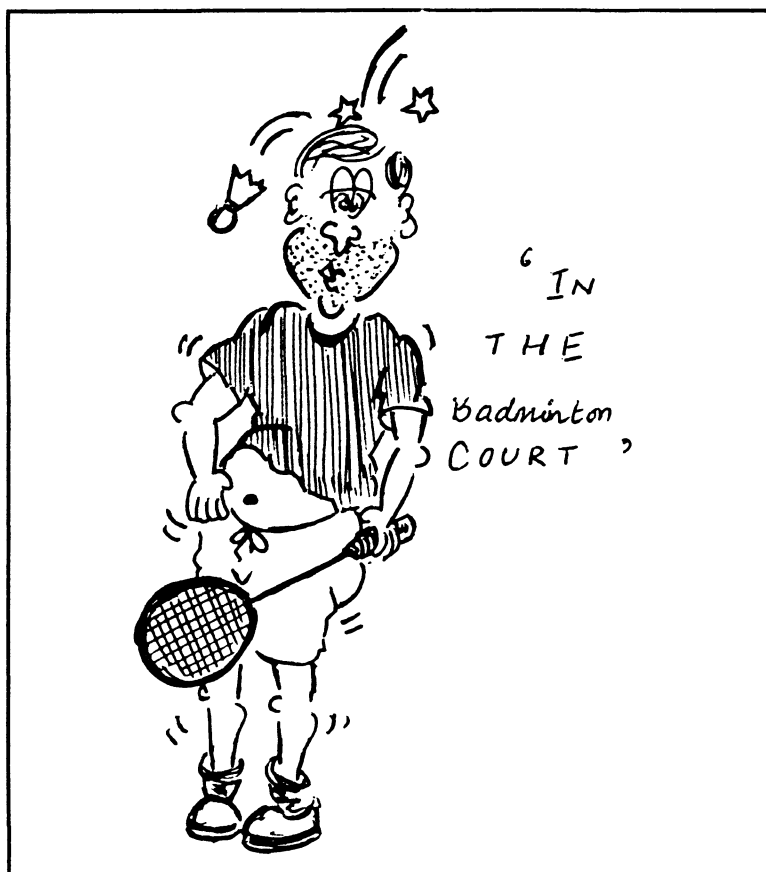
The basketball team went to Delhi to play

the Ramjas Tournament. The first match was against St. Columbus, the final score being 35-9 in our favor. The next game was pretty sad, with us losing to Guru Hare Krishna Public School (70-46) Yoginder being unable to captain the team, Saumya headed it.

The under 16 Tournament started on the 24<sup>th</sup> of this month. D.A.V Public School gave us a walkover, while we beat RRRA 26-13. Despite

not including few key players the team performed well.

Badminton – think of this sport and Mr. Kandpal 'strikes your head'! Before falling ill one could see him in the badminton courts every morning and evening. Inspiration to the team, I hope. The zeal seems to have disappeared after him falling ill. The badminton team comprising Vir, Pranay, Shashank and Surya participated in the IPSC's. We hope



to see the team fare better.

Tennis is keeping a low profile, though Hewitt has inspired a few of us.

Swimming,.....anybody heard of it?

-Rohan

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