

# The Oliphant

No. 268

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

8th December, 2001

## Think About It....

*Experience is a hard teacher. She gives the test first, the lesson afterwards.*

*- Vernom Law*

## EDITORIAL

Of all the things that have been put in this world to annoy a Welhamite, nothing has succeeded more than exams. Those late nights, that nervousness, the nail-biting revisions, and finally the results. However, we Welhamites do need a pat on our back for one thing concerning exams-finding secluded places for study! Popular spots include L.R.C top, Litchi orchards, behind the Activity Center, swimming pool, tennis courts, to name a few. I only hope that their results match their endeavors. I really feel that we should take our exams seriously. But truth can not be hidden. It's manifest in all the cheerful faces around the campus, after finishing this ordeal called- exams (and, I am not only referring to the student!)

Now, there is one comment I can make, and for once get the whole school to agree- we all respect Mr. S. Bakshi. He has been a live personification of dignity and grace. The man almost single-handedly cata-

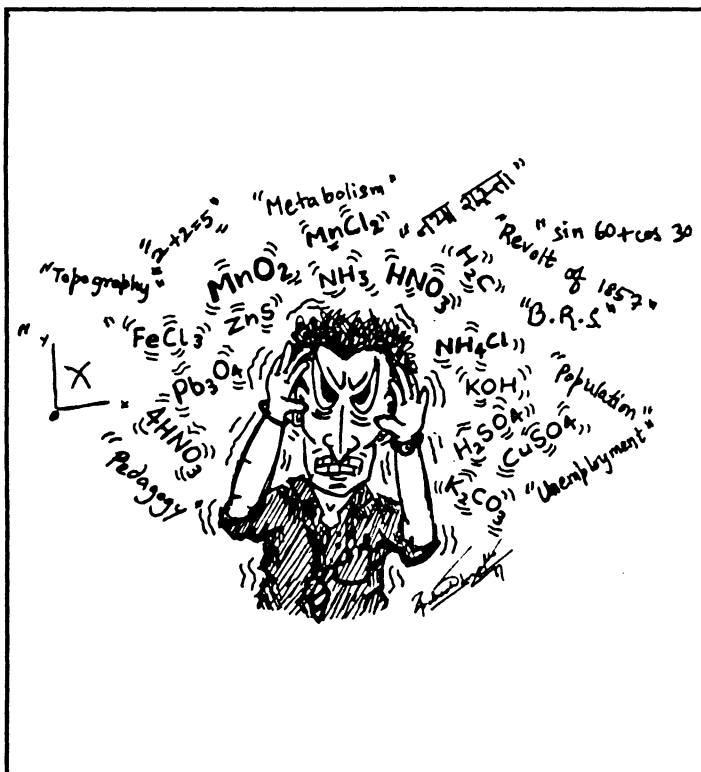
pulted the Oliphant to its present standard. He has been an idol and a source of inspiration to many. Mr. Bakshi has handed over the responsibilities of the Staff Rep. after being attached to the magazine for several years.

He was overcome by emotions when the Oliphant board presented him with a small token of our love and respect. We will miss you, Sir.

Moving on to international affairs, the ex-Beatles George Harrison died recently of cancer. That leaves only two of the 'fabulous four' alive, who had the ladies drooling over them in the '60s. Harrison was a devotee of

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. His remains were flown into India to be immersed in the River Ganges. This act of his, questions our very own inclination towards our timeless spiritual culture, which ironically impresses everyone, except ourselves.

Its amazing how the media, especially television influences our lives. From the epi-



sodes of fans of the popular soap *Kyonki Saans Bhi Kabhi Bahu Thi* protesting against the death of the character-Mehir, to *Kaun Banega Crorepati*. Talking of *KBC*, they will be airing their last episode in the coming weeks. And to think of it, it was ruling the TRP charts days ago. *Temptation Island* is another 'reality' show that has become hot gossip. A lot of debating on its adult contents and the Indian audiences not being mature enough to digest it. I have watched two of its episodes on Thursday's (and it's reruns too, on Sundays!). from what I saw, I would like to give only one warning-it is NOT a family show!

One can feel the festive mood in the air as the holidays approach. But my deepest sympathy to those poor souls of class tenth and twelfth who have to slog during these

holidays. A suggestion for the tenthies - Cram your brain with all that you can during the holidays; back in school there is no way you can get down to it (from personal experiences). Another suggestion, from the bitter experiences braved by my dear D.T.E. - "FALL IN LOVE, but with your Books only, please!!" But to the other Welhamites - eat sleep and enjoy! This is a well deserved holiday, after all the hectic situations and changes, we Welhamites have gone through in such a short span of time. Next term is going to be a new start, and perhaps even worse.

The bad thing about good things, is that they come to an end. The good thing about bad things, is that they come to an end too....

Happy Hols, guys !!

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- Prayaas J. B. Rana.

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## ***LETTERS TO THE ED....***

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Hi guys,

This is Mohnish Rathi. I am in Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana, and am doing a major in Electrical Engineering and minor in Management. Saurabh Gupta is also here with me and we both are sharing the same apartment here. He is doing a major in Mechanical Engineering.

If you guys want any information regarding US universities then you can get in touch with me (mohnish@purdue.edu) or Saurabh Gupta (saurabhg@purdue.edu). Also, anyone of you sciencees interested in coming to the States for under-graduate degree... concentrate on your Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics classes because it is going to help you a lot in this place.

I have heard that the new batch has been appointed recently with Abhishek Singh as the new school captain. My best wishes for him and hope that he takes the school from 'strength to strength'

I think that is all for now... hope to get some emails from you guys.

Mohnish Rathi

My address is:

1349, W. State Street,  
Apartment-5,  
Purdue Village Apartments,  
West Lafayette,  
IN-47907  
USA.  
Ph: (765) 4964065

Dear Mohnish and Saurabh,

Nice to hear from you, and to know that you are studying in such a prestigious institution. I only hope the Science students of our school pay heed to your suggestion and start taking their subjects seriously.

- The Ed.



# LITERARY AFFAIRS

## AIDS --- An Idiot who Died of Sex.

Issued in Public Interest. AIDS – Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome a.k.a. An 'Idiot' who Died of Sex, a deadly incurable disease and the cause of many million lives.

How would you like the idea of your lover/partner infecting you with AIDS or vice versa. You often are almost sure that both of you are negative, think again.... Think of the possibility of one of the partners carrying something over from an earlier relationship. What if, unknowingly, it is passed on. Think about it.

Awareness for AIDS is publicized everywhere, yet people tend to ignore. Ignorance is not always bliss. Irrespective of all the warnings, publicity, counseling sessions, etc. the 'Idiot' carries on with his acts without using any protection and continues destroying others lives along with his. And to think of it, it all started when some 'Idiot' in Africa tried to do *something* with an infected monkey.

AIDS was first recognized in the USA in 1981. Year after year, the number of cases keeps increasing. Africa carries the largest population of the people infected with AIDS followed by India. The germ carrying AIDS is a virus named HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus). This virus has been detected in body fluids like blood, semen, saliva, tears and urine. The immune system (i.e. the cells that fight against infections) gets damaged and each minor infection of other diseases keeps the patient suffering intensely.

The appearance of symptoms of the infection from the time of receiving the infection, i.e. the incubation period may even be more than 10 – 12 years. AIDS when fully developed kills the patient within 3 years from other infections or cancer.

It is often talked about, that AIDS can be transmitted by contact with patient's clothes and other articles, shaking hands, eating together, sharing bathrooms and toilets, etc. These are not the ways the disease is transmitted but is transmitted mainly through sexual intercourse with one of the partners carrying the disease, homosexual intercourse, contaminated blood transfusions, mother to child transfusion during pregnancy and by sharing injections needles.

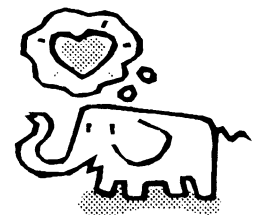
Being in love is a wonderful feeling, but precaution is a must. Intimacy is great, and all those unforgettable moments of one's life that the individual treasures are somethings to top it all. But 'sometimes'.... It does not last forever, life is full of ups and downs. Your partners change, and all the love and sex you share, at times costs your life. And just when you thought you were settled and happy, you find out....

HIV AIDS!!

In love, roses may work wonders, but if there is one way to say you care, it is to insist on protection. For being in love is a great feeling, but it sure is not worth dying for. Use Condoms, please!!

1<sup>st</sup> December – AIDS day, this day's main purpose is to make the world aware of the disease and its bad effects. This day came and went without anyone noticing, I think it should be given more importance in our school as it is so common in the world outside and awareness to this disease is a must. No one can resist temptation. If you think you are safe, think again....

**Spreading the message, not the virus,**



The Welham Q - Pid.

## A 'Tail' in the twist !!

S. Kandhari Essay Writing Contest.

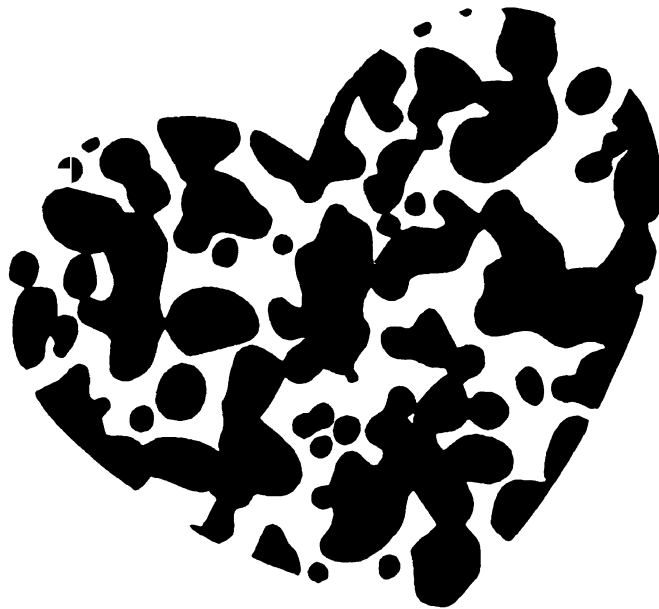
'Group A' - 1st Position.

The word 'beautiful' would not be enough to portray the beauty of that evening. It was an evening, right out of a 'Wordsworth' poem; one which no other could describe in the apt words but from the words out of the maestro's pen itself. Pulchritude brimming out of every object in the park. The park was so accentuated by the evening's beauty that even an amateur could find enough inspiration around to write a romantic sonnet. The sun was slowly setting behind the horizon, splashing the surroundings with a mellow hue. Drops of shiny stars were beginning to appear all over the slowly blackening sky. That was just how beautiful, the evening was becoming... but that was nothing compared to the string of events that were to follow.

I walked into the park, unaware of any of the things that were coming my way. The park was almost deserted with some children who were playing on the swings, being reluctantly pulled away. Two old couples were making their way out of the park. A pair of lovers who were so invitingly nestled in each other's arms had also by now realised that it was time to go. But there I was, entering the park, when everyone was leaving it. I felt like a moron, entering the park for no rhyme or rea-

son. But I have been one whose heart governs the head.

A cold squall from the south carried it self and ecstatic fragrance. It made its way through my nostrils, to my brain, fermenting it fully. I shuddered with a delirious delight, as if my magnetized by the scent, my head turned towards



that direction. And... there, there she was, sitting on a bench at a distance. The most beautiful creature in the feminine world. Making everything around her gleam with her radiance. She sat there in a most alluring way, looking at the golden moon above. That almost anomalous statuesque posture of hers only served to mystify her unclaiming presence! My knees became weak and I could feel the heat of passion burn my insides.

She was so still, that at first sight I almost mistook her for a statue. That look towards the moon had an enigmatic rel-

ish in it. She looked at it in such a way, that it seemed as if she was actually conversing with it! She was so consumed in it that she could not discern my presence. That gave me an opportunity to observe her mesmerizing beauty....

Seemliness oozed out of every pore of hers. Every inch of hers divulge a tour de force of the almighty – A creation in the best of his dispositions. Her golden locks meandered down her body like a million rills. The colour blended so perfectly with her complexion. Her hair had an unusual lustre, which made it even more appealing. A lustre like that of a young leaf – A lustre of the dew on the grasses in a winter morning. The silkiness

wafted into the void as the squall caressed her. The gelidness made her shiver. The shiver, like that of branches twitching in the wind. Her eyes were faultless. A pair inimitable. It had the colour of the deep blue sea. A tinge of white, like the wave created in the sea due to the restlessness of the winds. Their sporadic effect could tranquilize every soul. I lost myself in its enigmatic depths. The depths in which everyone would like to drown into. The depths possessing a thousand emotions. Each blink revealing a different one. The two beautiful gateways to her

soul. They manifested every surfacing through in her soul; her soul, a storm of such thoughts. Her lips had a 'unique' shade of red. Like the sun disperses in the skies in the evenings at the horizon. They were crafted with utmost precision. Every tiny detail of it was so delicately made, it seemed as if it took the whole of creation to create her lips! I almost felt those crimsons of hers, as a jet of hot air gushed out of them.

The fourth dimension

itself seemed to have desisted to eye her divine beauty. I lost track of everything. She was all that governed my senses. I just could not take my eyes off her. This continued till an unknown disturbance broke that sophisticated surreal sustained serenity of hers. She regained her consciousness with an abrupt spasmodic pang, as if she was in a trance. She herself seemed to have been lost looking at her moon, and me at mine! She ran her eyes around

the park and spotted me. To my amazement, a faint smile ran across her face, traces of mischief in it. It seemed as if she knew it all this time that I was there. That very thought shot a rush of fear and excitement through my head. She jumped off her bench! My tail wagged frantically with excitement, as she approached me on her fours.....!!!

- Prayaas J. B. Rana,  
Class XI

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## Day I Started Life.

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No – I don't wanna survive.  
In here where I live a baseless life  
A life filled with oppression  
Where every thing has an obsession  
I came with a thought in hand and  
glitter in the eye  
But later discovered that it was  
better to die

Confidence was beaten in my batter,  
But slowly and gradually I saw it all  
shatter.  
My will oppression was strong 'n'  
hard .  
But they got my mouth barred,  
In spite of knowing it all,  
I supposed them in the life poll.  
I was stabbed with the bondage knife.  
I guess that was the way of life.

I never knew where my future would  
lead,  
I'll get involved in the evil dead.

I never realized , in a year or two,  
I would accept all this too.  
I had been on this land enough  
To know about all the ghastly stuff,  
To the stuff once revolted and rose  
Today became my daily dose.

When tired I'd done to far,  
Nothing was left for me to gar .  
It was then when it all came into  
vision.  
The day of my life's division.  
Where the hell did the saint in me go?  
Why the hell didn't he today show?  
The concession was pellucid and  
clear.  
For I knew my end was near.  
As i go I still don't regret  
I after all had my share of it.  
The day I didn't wanna survive.  
Was the day I actually started life.

- Karan Mehrotra  
Class IX

# LAMPOON LAMPOON

## The Ten Point (less!!) Codes of a Welham Teacher.

1. *I am a Welham teacher and I will follow the code of Welham teachers "SOS!!!"*
2. *I believe that sex education is subject and not an after school activity.*
3. *I am confident that one day I shall be able to live a normal life.*
4. *I shall pray atleast thrice a day to the God of Discipline.*
5. *I will not consider 'the effect of drugs on students' an acceptable biology and chemistry project no matter how many experiences and samples are provided.*
6. *I will never carry extra cash during school hours.*
7. *I will not allow boys to make bombs and crackers in the chemistry lab.*
8. *I will not allow boys to throw food at me in Bethany.*
9. *I will never tell a boy that he can do what ever he wants "OVER MY DEAD BODY"*
10. *I AM A WELHAM TEACHER. HEAR MY SONG BY THE BEATLES - "HELP!!!"*

*-Hannibal*

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## WELHAM NOW

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. The delegates for the Bhuj RSIS left on the 4 <sup>th</sup> .                          | Cricket - Udaiveer Singh Klaire            |
| 2. Akshat Jalan and Shaunak Valame have qualified for the ESPN quiz.                      | Squash - Shubhashish Thapaliya             |
| 3. The Basketball Inter - House was won by Juniors: Krishna House<br>Seniors: Ganga House | Volleyball - Sunny Sarta                   |
|   | Swimming - Suhail Kakpori                  |
|   | Gym - Prateek Shrestha                     |
|   | Tennis - Sharan Narain                     |
|   | Badminton - Pranay Patodia                 |
|   | Table Tennis - Anant Golyan                |
| 4. Sports Captains for the academic year 2002-2003.                                       | 5. Monitors of the academic Year 2002-2003 |
| Sports Captain - Prayaas J.B. Rana  | Art - Sagar Sharma                         |
| Basketball - Abhishek Singh   | Audio Visual Squad - Deependra Singh       |
| Atheletics - Tenzing Deru   | Debating (English) - Akshat Kshetrapal     |
| Soccer - Prayaas J.B. Rana  | Debating (Hindi) - Pranay Patodia          |
| Hockey - Aatir Ansari   | Music - Udaiveer Singh Klaire              |
|   | Lost and Found - Sacshyam Regmi            |

Dining Hall - Suyesh Rawat  
Tuck Shop - Aatir Ansari  
Welham Bank - Tenzing Deru  
Paper Recycling - Mayan Dhawan  
C.C.A - Harsh Khemka & Tarunjot  
S.U.P.W - Mohit Dang  
L.R.C - Pawan B.J.B Rana

Adventure Sports - Shubhashish Thapaliya  
Round Square - Madhav Gulati & Avjeet S.  
Morning Speeches - Akshat Kshetrapal (eng)  
Morning Speeches - Nitin Agarwal (hindi)  
Wavelength - Pawan B.J.B Rana  
Sankalp - Shashank Agarwal  
Oliphant - Prayaas J.B. Rana

## W.O.B.S.

1. Luv Singh got married to Bina on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Dec. 2001. (Batch of 1982).
2. Sandeep Agnihotri got married to Jyoti on the 21<sup>st</sup> of Nov. 2001. (Batch of 1993).  
Ph. – (01852)26000, 23000.

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE....

**Shabeer** - Today there is English food.  
**Aseem** - Which one, *Language or Literature*??

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**Tarun Jyot boasting off to Udaiveer** - My dad is an *ex-welhamite from Sherwood*!!

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**Tenzing (knocking at the toilet door)** - Shaggy, how much time will you take??  
**Sagar** - *Just 4 more pages, PLEASE....!!*

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**J. T.** - What is the full form of L.R.C.??  
**Prayaas** - *Learning to Rest 'n' Chill!!*

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**A Teacher to Class IX - B** - I know it is not clear now, but when it will be clear, it will be clear. And now turn to page number next. Start copying down the question number next. Clear! Any doubts?

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**Sacshyam** - I have learnt Physics.  
**Sashank** - OK, what does 1 pascal equals to?  
**Sacshyam** - 1 pascal equals to 2 *rascals*!!

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**Pranab (rubbing his eyes)** - My specs are *watering*, I need to go to the doctor!!

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## THE RUDDY OL' MAN.

If we were given the task to find one man in Welham, who has earned himself a balance of love and respect equally, it would not be very difficult. Who else could this be but our very own, Mr. S. Bakshi. This man who joined the school in 1994, has since then been in the limelight. A man who is as serious as a stone, but also one who never fails to surprise us with his eccentric antics and sudden fits of humor. This great man

has every reason to smile at the invaluable contributions he has made towards the school. This might just be yet another addition to the string of articles in the Oliphant that have sung in his glory.

Being members of the Oliphant board, and now the editor, we board members have been quite close to this man. He is as soft and gullible on the inside, as hard and stern he looks on

the outside. We remember how fear used to mount up in the board members as the deadline for an upcoming issue came up. The fear of the so-called 'Staff Rep'. This fear was enough to get the Board members to get on their toes. He is the one man who is responsible for what Oliphant is today. Supervising his last issue of the school magazine he was overcome with emotions. The school magazine he has nurtured and brought up like his own baby since the last several years.

His appointment as the Senior Tutor of the school was met with mixed reactions. The students obviously were more scared than delighted. He had built himself a reputation of a person you just can't mess with. And having him as the Senior Tutor was something that would give many a souls, sleepless nights. But contrary to anticipation he turned out to be a perfect balance of authority and understanding. Though he did make some people think twice before breaking any school rules, he was also a very understanding person who saw the situation from the point of view of the one accused as well.

Previous batches that have gone through the 'Bakshi treatment' must

be well acquainted with terms like-TINA Factor, Zero Defect Factor and numerous such others. These were the terms used by Mr. Bakshi to put his point forward to the students. The TINA Factor being, the There Is No Alternative Factor. This was a situation in which one has to do some things, which he might not necessarily like but has to do it because there are no other alternatives. Mr. Bakshi being a perfectionist, once explained us what the Zero Defect Factor was; where a job is done without leaving space for any defects.

His vocabulary would give Webster a run for

his money. His vast knowledge of words, earn him the name of 'The Walking Dictionary.' Ask him a word, and he will not only give you its meaning, but the very history of the word.

The immense gratitude which we owe to him cannot be expressed in mere words. Like all profound experiences in life, it can only be felt. In the words of William Arthur Ward - "A mediocre teacher tells. The good teacher explains. The superior teacher demonstrates. The great teacher inspires." Sir, your presence has been truly inspirational....

-The Ed, with the Oliphant Board.



## EDITORIAL BOARD

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