



The Oliphant

No. 296

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

6th December, 2003

Think About It...

The great thing about democracy is that it gives every voter a chance to do something stupid.

-Art Spander

EDITORIAL



Of all the annoying things that a Welhamite has experienced, nothing has been

Welhamites found unpopular places such as the Pump House, Junior School Academic Block, Squash Courts, Litchi Orchard etc to

more annoying than the end of term examination. Those overnight studying sessions, that nervousness, the mind shuddering with revisions and finally the unexpected results. All of them put



put their disturbed minds to rest. I only hope that the results portray their hard work. But the best part is – the torment is finally over.

Though the examinations have passed a way peacefully I

together gets the Welhamite turned into a more confident person. Willing to do it all over again the next term. However we Welhamites require more than just a pat on our back for finding the right place to study for our exams. Secluded corners in the school are now very hard to find. The new vigilant guards follow you everywhere so that one is never alone. They crossed their limit when one of them volunteered to follow me into the loo! In spite of these hindrances the

am faced with a new ordeal – of getting this issue of The Oliphant ready on one night. My sports correspondent who also happens to be the new School Captain cribs of having more responsibilities and my DTE cribs of having his last paper tomorrow. However, the fact remains – I couldn't care less. The Oliphant is my baby and things go the way I want them to go. Sometimes it feels so good to be the boss.

Well this reminds me about the newly appointed Prefect body. Like each year mixed feelings followed the even. Excitement, freedom, expectations and of course disappointment. It's a strange feeling. The very Juniors who once were your friends start looking at you from a different perspective. It will be seriously difficult to keep up with the standards that the outgoing Prefect bodies over the years have set but this new body dreams of breaking all barriers. This new body by gum means business when they mean business. They seem to have taken a stand against many things and till now have stood faithful to their words. Their actions have taken the school by a jolt. Even the last two days party of school seems to have been brought under control. There is only one thing that can be stated about this new body – the less you break school – the happier you will stay.

Legends continue till the end of time, but they remain etched in our memory forever. The Welham community is about to

lose three gems. Mr. Amit Basu, Mr. Madan Manuel and of course our very own Mr. Pant. Their contributions over the years to Welham is enormous. I'm sure no student taught by them will ever forget them. They have become a part of Welham lore.

The treats fever has taken over the school by surprise. My Oli treat is due too.

Vacations begin on Sunday and so begin the liberation of a rare species called the Welhamites. I cannot express my grief when I come to think of the board classes rubbing it hard on 5 Circular Road even during the holidays.

God gives us nuts, but he does not crack them. It's for us to make use of our opportunities.

Happy hols, guys!!

- Karan

Due to technical problems the Supplement Issue of the Oliphant containing the Founder's Day proceedings which was to accompany this issue could not be brought out. The Supplement would be published with the first issue of the next term. The delay is regretted.

-Ed.

Welham Now

The entire Welham community would like to wish our Principal, Mr. Dev Lahiri a speedy recovery. The whole school prays for his good health.

The prefect body for the year 2003-2004 has been elected:

- Gagandeep Singh
- Shomit Bakliwal
- Surya Pratap Singh Badhuria
- Daksh Tyagi
- Ashmeet Agarwal
- Karan Mehrotra

Sports Captain: Asad Sultan
School Captain: Shaunak Valame

Mr. Khaira recently launched his book about trees titled 'Merry Go Round The Trees'. The book release function was organised in the LRC. The Chief Guest for the occasion was Ms. Jyotsna Brar and the function was attended by eminent members from the Friends Doon. The occasion was chaired by Mr. P. Basu and Mr. J. Goasin. The members from the press were also present for the occasion. Our School participated in the IPSC Athletics Meet held at the The Doon School. The End of Term examination commenced on 27th November and finished on 4th December. The term will end on 7th December and the School will reopen on 1st February, 2004.



Literary Affairs

The Odyssey

Dear Paul,

Hi! What's up? How are things? I know it's been more than a year since I've last had any form of communication with you, and yes, I admit the fact that I was trying to avoid you. All I can say is I'm sorry.

Well, hopefully you've forgiven me, I can continue. As I was saying, yes, I was avoiding you. But the thing is that I was so hooked up on my job... Paul, of all of my friends, I consider you the best and hope you understand. My boss is all over my head for every little mistake I make. So I really got angry and asked if I could get a few weeks off. Now knowing the old buzzard, he'll require a host of reasons why, and after that he'll want to know where you're going and even require the phone numbers of the place! Jesus Christ man. It's like I'm some idiotic mercenary who got loose.

Any way, a holiday is a holiday. First, I was planning to go to Hawaii or some place where I could relax. Sunshine and the beach. That's my idea of a holiday.

Then Andrew (remember him? the whacko cable guy?) Told me that he had heard of this place in Asia called Nepal. He swore to me that Nepal

is paradise in its own way. That it is a mystery place called Shangri-la, the city of dreams. Well, I thought it was a good idea, so I packed and left and after a tedious journey, reached Nepal.

Believe it or not Paul, this is paradise. Forget about all those electronic stuff, forget about materialism.

This is the place. Untouched by modern times. I just can't explain it in words. Extraordinary is only what I can say!

Paul, there is something I want to tell you. It's already been 2 months since I've come here and this letter is my first to anyone back home. I want to tell something, but I cannot pen it down. If you can come here at 6 pm...Joey



P.S. - I/m staying in Hotel Star. It's in Thamel, Katmandu. Room 16.

I crushed the paper in my hands and put it back into my pocket. Joey was one of my best friends. Both of us went to college together and had taken up the same courses. Now he had written calling for me from halfway across the globe! Foolish person.

The honk of the taxi startled me and I woke up from my daydream. My driver had popped his head out of the cab and was hurling abuses at a person driving a strange contraption on three wheels! After a brief argument, we continued. The cab turned, and we were face to face with a humongous building. All decked up and majestic.

"This Narayanhiti Royal Palace. King lives here." Said the driver.

It was beautiful building. With a pagoda style roof and a huge beam on one side. The trees

surrounding the compound had bats all over them, and there was a huge, beautiful garden inside.

Finally, we reached Thamel or Freak Street. What people described about Thamel was true-flower power was still here. All around I could see the hippies walking around with urchins running behind them. The shops were beautifully decorated with Rastra colours and Jim Morrison's songs could be heard in a couple of shops. This really was paradise.

After a lot of twists and turns, we finally reached the hotel. I paid the cabbie and went in. I asked the receptionist if room 16 was occupied, he said it was. I climbed up the stairs and stood before the door. I took a deep breath and knocked. After much time, I was going to meet my buddy again. But wait a minute...my buddy committed suicide last year in the same room on this very day at this particular time.

-The Wandering Hermit.

Parallel Thoughts

Death - The Necessary End

At times when I read news about the demise of people, it makes me wonder: can we really try and protect ourselves from death?

Let's take a very practical example. I am a super celebrity and roam around with five bodyguards, have put armour all around my car (that can withstand a bazooka blast) and have the most sophisticated alarm system in my house that money can buy. What then? By taking such measures am I really safe? Maybe while sleeping, the roof comes down and smashes my head. Maybe while walking my dog, a heavy branch falls down and gives me serious brain damage, beyond cure. What if while cooking – a freak accident takes place. I've bitten the sand. What if I am simply walking, I slip, bang my head against the hard floor and I die? What happened to all the million of bucks I invested for – nothing?

Death is inevitable. No matter what we do, how we do, we cannot escape the clutches of death.

When we go for expeditions like rafting, high altitude trekking etc we have to go through a lot of precautions to make our expedition 'safe'. Sports such as bungee jumping, rock climbing, water skiing etc are called extreme sports and considered dangerous. What about your 'normal game' of cricket. A bowler throws the ball and the batsman hits it. What if by mistake the ball gets someone's head? What if it causes hemorrhage and (god forbid) the poor chap dies. Example of Raman Lamba, a Ranji Trophy player who was hit on the head while fielding at forward short – leg and died later. What about Mark Vivien Foe who died on the pitch during soccer match in the Confederation's Cup. They died while playing a 'safe' sport.

Indira Gandhi always used to wear a bullet proof vest, but during that fatal day, she did not wear it (because she was going for a T.V. interview), and the rest is history. Her son, Rajiv,

wore a bullet proof vest, but it hardly made a difference as he was blown to bits by a bomb.

You come back after prep, fool around a bit and then go to bed. Has the thought ever crossed your mind, it might be the last time you close your eyes? That it might have been the last time you wished your room mates goodnight? Travelling in your posh Lancer might be your 'last ride'? Hearing the music on the car stereo, maybe you're listening to your favourite song for the last time?



Word War

This is a letter from a twelfthie to his dearest friend Oli who solves most of his problems.

Dear Oli,

I have practically nothing to say to you. You have seen everything happening with me so all that that exists between us is this vacuum which will never be filled.

Oli, I never thought or imagined in my wildest of dreams that you would let this happen to me. I've been here by your side for almost 12 years now but I guess this is the first time I have found the need to write to you. It is because I'm stuck. I'm stuck in a position where I don't know what to do with things that are happening. The changes, the enforcement of law, lack of trust between students and teachers and the taking away of Twelfthies privileges. Are they right? If they are how are they right?

Eleven years I waited for this day to come and now that it has come they are taking it all away from me. They took PH away. Something I

So my advice would be to live every moment king size. Don't be scared of death because you never know when it will come and when it does, it comes only once. So remember 'Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear: seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come.'

- Dead man Inc.

had dreamt of a longtime ago. If they took it away for a good purpose, what good purpose did it solve when the juniors started misusing it themselves. Is this right?

But, hey who am I to make judgments about being right and wrong? I'm just this guy with power without 'actual power'. Everything that I do is questioned. Why am I not allowed doing things my way? Why don't they trust me with the responsibilities that they have given me?

These kind of questions remain unanswered. I hope you will reply soon and put my mind to rest.

Living in that hope,

Yours truly,

Twelfthie.

(This letter draws our attention to a serious issue of "Responsibility and Accountability in School Life" which needs to be debated through this column. All views are welcome.)

- Ed



Nature's Diary Book Review

Shall we keep our valley green?

A recently published book, 'Merry Go Round the Trees' by Surjeet Singh Khaira will help us answer this question.

The author has devoted most of his spare time to saving and planting trees, following his conviction that natural vegetation is the essence of life on earth. His book, intended for school

(5)

children, is for children as well as adults alike: Fifteen common Indian trees are described without using any complicated scientific jargon. The structure and life of trees as well as their place within life on the earth is clearly explained. Throughout the text, the message of importance of conservation, is given, which cannot be missed.

The tediousness of learning is avoided by amusing exercises. Children can make this book colourful by colouring the accompanying sketches.

It could make a fine gift for anyone!

About the Author

Mr. Surjeet Singh Khaira teaches Geography in Welham Boys' School. He integrates the subject with environment very well. He is a freelance writer and an amateur photographer who contributes articles to newspapers and other publications on environmental problems, in particular on depletion of the sylvan surroundings of the Doon Valley.

He is a nature lover and trees have been a love of his life. However, the marvelous world

of trees was illuminated to him, when he became a member of The Friends of the Doon society, and met Maria Ghosh. He is an active participant in the tree planting activities in the ongoing 'Trees for Doon' project of the FOD. For the last few years he and Maria Ghosh have been planting trees in various institutions and school of the Doon Valley.

This book is a practical guide for children to start identifying trees in the immediate environs and an effort to take children close to nature. Truly speaking, the book is wholly based on the author's practical observation of trees in their early cycles.

Concomitantly, over the past 12 years he has been instructing various school children on what is a tree and its importance to ecology and on preservation of the greenery of the Doon valley. All this is part of 'Nature and Environment Awareness Programme' of the 'Friends of the Doon society'. His interaction with children is intense.

-Samridha S.J.B. Rana

Those Wacky Woodseaters

Our Founder's Day

We celebrate our Founder's Day every year with pomp and show. Today I am going to tell you how we celebrated our 67th Founder's Day.

The first day was our Sports Day and we had a lot of Athletic events. We had a display of the March past by different hostels. Jamuna and Sutlej came first. Class III participated in fancy races. We had a karate display as well by the Junior School. In the evening, we had the Junior School variety entertainment. There were two plays, two dances and two songs by the choir. I was in the choir.

On the next day we had our class exhibition. The theme for our class was Delhi. We made the models of Qutub Minar, Red Fort, India Gate and the city of Delhi. Our Chief Guest Mr. Salman Khursheed saw a puppet show. We showed the mughal history through puppets to our Chief Guest. In the evening there were speeches by our Principal then by the Chief Guest.

On the last day we had a fete. It was inaugurated by Mr. Bakshi. We all enjoyed Dominos Pizza. I went on a night out. I will always remember this Founder's Day.

- Prateek Tulsyan
V-A

Our Principal

Our Principal's name is Mr. Dev Lahiri. He is tall and smart. He wears spectacles. He is around fifty years old. He has three daughters.

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He is a good Principal and a nice teacher too. He lives on the campus. He has three dogs. Everyday he goes for a walk with his dogs in the morning.

He has trained them well. He follows the school rules and is very strict about the discipline of the

school. His wife is a teacher. He is a Rhodes Scholar. I wish he remains our principal forever.

Harsh Sharma
V-A

Our Principal

A Principal's job is very hectic. He is the one who has to take decisions. The school is all his responsibility. We also have a Principal. I will tell you about him.

Our school was on a hunt for a good Principal. Mr. Bakshi our previous principal, was too old and wanted to retire soon. At last our hunt was over. We found a new Principal- Mr. Dev Lahiri. He joined the school sometime In September. He has three dogs named Atilla,

Rasputin and Paddington. He goes for regular morning walks with his dogs. He is very strict and has already expelled many senior boys. He does not like to waste even a grain of food. He dresses up very smartly and is tall and handsome. He has put loud speakers in the dining hall so that we can rock while eating and also listen to the instructions clearly. He is a nice man and we all want to be like him when we grow up.

-Jatan Soni
V-A

Fact or Fiction

Eating an orange a day can keep cancer away according to a new Australian study. The Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization found that consuming citrus fruits could reduce the risk of mouth, Larynx and

stomach cancer up to 50 percent. One extra serve a day could also reduce the risk of a stroke by 19 percent. They strengthen the immune system. It could reduce the risk of cardiovascular diseases, obesity and diabetes.



RINGSIDE VIEW

With the exams over all Welhamites are getting over their exam fever and getting into the holiday fever. But as we all know, exams do not deter Welhamites from playing sports.

While burning the midnight oil, people could be seen in the fields throughout the afternoon. Not to forget the in-hostel sporting activity that carries on till after midnight.

The corridors of the Triveni Hostels are full of the scoping Tendulkar. The Srinaths' use the Bemoullis theorem and throw their deliveries as the Tendulkar hit it at an angle

of 45. So as to attain the maximum range. What am I saying, it looks like that I am not over with my exam fever. Anyways, the cricket balls seen and heard whizzing in the corridors, soccer balls can be seen bouncing up and down as the people regain their hockey craze amidst exams. However, the authorities should not be blamed. Using my keen sense of observation. I found there was not a single breakage in the hostels this time around.

On the children's day our staff showed us their skills in acting. Now, it was time for them to show their dexterity with the basketball. Dr. Gurusurthy, Mr. A. Sharma,

Mr. Mandeep, Mrs. Vandana, Mrs. Bagga, Mrs. R. Kumar, Mrs Upadhyay, Mr. Rana and Mr. Biradar represented the school at the Staff Basketball Tournament. Being the defending champions, though we lost our first match against St. Thomas College 27-31.

Next on was the staff across the 'LOC' we beat the Girls' School Staff 21-4 and were on our way to the semi finals.

We had to play against Carman who proved to be a tough obstacle to overcome. Sadly, we lost 50-34. This goes to show just one thing. Basketball is a game found in every Welhamites genome. Be it the Staff or the students, we are always making a mark in basketball.

From the Staff measuring

exact parabolas and shooting consecutive 3 pointers to the athletics field when our budding athletes can be seen maintaining their centripetal velocity as they run.

The whole community seems to be agog with activity once again. The 'Oohasons', 'Montgomerys', 'Lewis' and

'Soto mayors' could be seen practicing in the evening, gearing up for the IPSC athletic meet which commenced on the 4th of this month at the RIMC. Hopefully many of the athletes would have won quite a few medals by the time this issue is out. The Crazy Welhamites are a bit down cast as they cannot watch the test series between

Australia and India since it begins at 4am (IST). The plans of laying their beds in the common room are all down the drain. With the five test series tournament they'll be seen literally 'glued' to the television sets in the holidays

As we all wait for the outcome of the Davis cup finals between Australia and Spain. That will be all from the Ringside View



for the year 2003.

Wishing you all A Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year hoping for,
Two months of winter bliss,

- Shaunak Valame

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