

The Elephant

No. 306

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

19th April, 2005



EDITORIAL

A new beginning always heralds new hopes and dreams. Similarly, this new version of the traditional Oliphant attracts a lot of expectations with its publication. It is a new adventure of minds without horizons. Believe me, this is an attempt to give a new dimension to our original magazine to increase its depth and enable it to 'breathe'.

Of course, it was not easy to formulate this change. We had conflicts in our minds regarding the make-over of a magazine we grew up reading. But finally, we realized that evolution is inevitable and certainly beneficial. The way things were going last year, Oli the Elephant was on his deathbed. Personally, I could not handle the dying of the Oliphant.

And so here we are. The fortnightly eight-page Oliphant is now a full monthly magazine. While introducing the new facets to the Oliphant, we have retained some old ones. Hopefully, in this Oliphant we will succeed in projecting the official magazine of Welham Boys' in its truest sense. Well, to be the judge of that, read on.

This issue of the Oliphant has 'Evolution' as its theme. We have articles that reflect the theme, along with a 'Welham Poll' and 'Word War' based on it. Further, this issue also focuses on the school hockey team which is going to be in the limelight this month due to the large number of tournaments which it is scheduled to play. I am sure you will appreciate these new additions.

Of late, there has been talk of making Welham more of a student-driven school. We need to change the way we think. Instead of simply asking for more responsibilities, we as students, have to develop stronger shoulders to carry them. (The new gym should help!!) Life is not only about fighting and winning; it is about shouldering responsibility as well. This change in thought and attitude is certainly taking place. Of course it will take some time to blossom, but I believe we have already experienced the budding of it. Teachers, of course, will remain the guiding force of a student-driven

school, and together we could take the school "from strength to strength". Mrs. Oliphant, we hope you are pleased!

Moving outside our world of Welham, I understand that the major concern is the tsunami relief work. I can already imagine many people just rolling their eyes and shaking their heads at the mention of 'Tsunami'. People say that they have done all that they could for the victims of the tsunami, and that how they are just too exhausted to hear that word with a silent 'T'. 'It came and it went. It's history now.'

Such statements are unfortunate. After giving a five-lakh cheque for the relief work, should we sit back and relax? For the victims, the tsunami is not yet history. The total recovery would not happen before three years. Thus, we at Welham still have tsunami relief work as the topmost priority on our agenda. In addition to our fund-raising, we are sending students and teachers to build villages and work in the tsunami-hit areas.

On a happier note, our Principal is back in office after a marathon battle with his health. Well, Mrs. Lahiri always told us that he was a good runner. Hence proved! What is interesting is that he hasn't wasted any time to relax and already has his hands in many pies right from day one in office. Be it board meetings, marathon logistics or even expulsions, our man is back with a bang, and he means business. Of course this also means that the silent and peaceful assemblies would never be the same again. Maybe the sound department needs to be informed that the microphones are no longer required! In any case, we are all glad to have you back, Sir.

One cannot, by any means, end this editorial without remembering Pope John Paul II. He was a man with a mission. It is believed that when he was working in a chemical factory amidst the terror of the Nazis, he heard a voice which said, "Follow me". Obediently, he followed the voice all through his life spreading the message of love and peace. Maybe even today he is following the same voice, which had guided him through his life...

- Nishant Joshi

In Memoriam

We mourn the passing away of Mr. M.M. Pant, who was a Senior Master at Welham. He taught Mathematics for close to twelve years here. We pray to God to grant him eternal peace.

Welham Now

Tsunami Saturday

On 12th February the school organized a fund-raising event in aid of the Tsnami victims. The boys were allowed to wear home clothes for the day by paying a small amount from their pocket money. After the breakfast, there was a formal assembly and a concept assembly on Tsunami. The school choir sang many hymns. After all this, a one-of-a-kind activity, a TEACHERS AUCTION took place. In this, the students could auction their favourite teacher and make him/her do whatever they wished, subject to certain restrictions, of course. After that, a small fete was organized. All the proceeds of the day went to a fund organized by selected schools of the valley.

Body Building Show -

A lot of new things have been happening in school this term. A Body Building Show was organised for the first time in Welham. Three ex-trainees under our gym coach, who are now national level body builders, demonstrated their amazing physiques in front of the school. The sound-and-light effects made the show even more breath-taking, all thanks to the

innovative ideas of our gym coach and newly appointed gym captain Ali Hameed. We hope such events would become a regular feature in the school.

Arrival of New Boys -

Like every year, this year too on ALL FOOLS DAY, many new faces were seen in school. In the evening,

they and their parents attended an orientation meeting where Mr. Lahiri gave a heart-warming speech. We hope they have a comfortable stay at Welham.

Career Counseling -

Welham, along with Career Launcher, organised a career-counseling seminar on the 3rd April by the name of "What After Class XII?" It

was attended by all the senior school boys and quite a lot of students from many other prominent institutions like Woodstock.

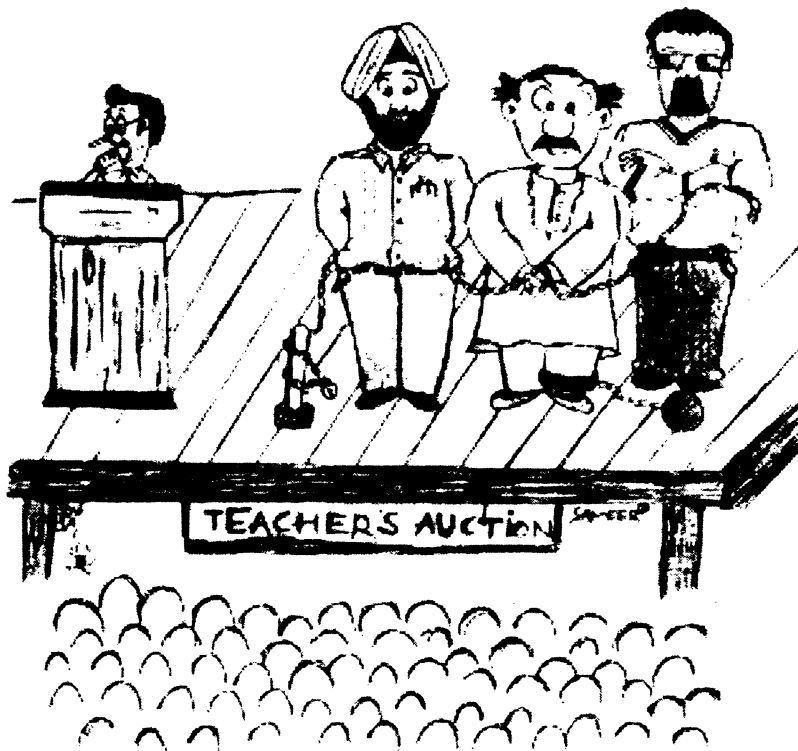
The New Prefect Body -

The Prefect Body for the year 2005-06:

Nishant Joshi - School Captain

Vishal Chaudhary - Sports Captain

Ankit Vinaik



Parth Prasher
Udit Kumar
Gagan Juneja
Faizan Ullah
Rahul Wadhwa

The Sport Captains are-

Hockey – Deepak Agarwal
Basketball – Gagan Juneja
Cricket – Nishant Joshi
Soccer – Mohit Shrestha
Tennis – Karamveer S. Sohi
Athletics – Faizan Ullah

We wish all of them the very best of luck.

New teachers in school

Mr.Chandrashekhar Yadav (CY), Mr.Brahma Raina (BR), Mr.Siraj Ansari (SA), and Mr.

Sanjay Kuqsal (SK), we welcome you to our community.

Mr.Chandrashekhar Yadav is a versatile teacher in the field of financial studies. He teaches Economics, Accounts, and Commerce.

Mr. Brahma Raina has strengthened the English department and teaches classes 9th and above.

Mr. Siraj Ansari is an experienced mathematics teacher who has taught students in various parts of the country and in institutions like BCS. He is also the Deputy House Master of Krishna House.

Mr. Sanjay Kuqsal has joined as a System Administrator. He is the in-charge of the maintenance and upkeep of the computers around the campus. He specializes in hardware management.

Letters to the Ed...

Dear Ed,

I just overheard near the Oliphant room, that the Oliphant would no longer be the stereotyped fortnightly. If this is true, it would be a welcome change.

The Oliphant for this term is overdue and I certainly hope that it would be another “collector’s edition”. Lampoons are very exciting to read and I sincerely hope you have included many in the upcoming issue.

I just hope the best for the new Board and I am waiting to read many more good issues.

Waiting to get my hands on the new issue...

Suyash Gupta
XII - C

Aloos were Aloos, Poories were Poories and Never the Twain Did Meet

“Aloos were aloos
Poories were poories and
Never the twain did meet”

I still cannot digest how the teachers expected us WELHAMITES to wake up at five thirty in the morning and that too during the mid-terms for a trek. Well, all said and done, we guys left at around nine a. m. Everyone was in a chirpy mood as a trek of thirteen kilometers was no big deal. But little did we know what lay ahead in store for us.

(4)

Owing to my physique, a friend (proper nouns not preferred) and I were left behind by all the fitness freaks of the class. After walking for a while, we found an amazing spot to rest in. We sat down, opened a pack of chips and started munching away happily. We were tired and thus fell asleep. For how long we slept, I am unaware, but when we woke up a sudden gush of panic struck us because we realized that we were the last ones. We increased our speed and were literally jog-

ging on the dusty, bumpy steep slope of the hill.

After doing about eleven kilometers, we saw a temple and heaved a sigh of relief as we were told that at the end of the trek we would see a huge white temple. The place we were supposed to finish our trek at was called Budhakedar. But when we asked the old priest at the temple about the distance left to be covered, his answer stunned us. In his best attempt to speak in Hindi, he managed to convey to us that we had to cover the same distance as we had already covered. Now we really got frightened as the sun was setting and the evenings on the hills were chilly and spooky.

We had already heard strange stories about wild animals attacking villages at night. But as we walked, we saw a person carrying a similar rucksack as ours. It did not take a long time for my friend to recognize that person as one of our guides who was carrying food. It was then, when we realized that we had not had anything for over eight hours. We sprinted to that person and luckily he recognized us. When we asked him about food, he simply replied, "*galti ho gayee, hamare paas poori hai aur jo guide sabji laa raha hai wo bahut aagey nikal gaya hai*" (Sorry, I just have the poories and the guide who had the

vegetables has gone too far). We couldn't believe it. Eight hours of trekking and still not a morsel of food. We did have some money but it was of no use as there were no shops enroute.

Tired, hungry, scared and disappointed we continued the trek. Our legs felt like lead, and how time passed, we knew not. Every now and then, the same thought occurred to each of us, "What if we got lost? What if a wild animal spots us?" All along the way we were chanting all sorts of prayers. For once, we thought of spending the night at whichever hut came next, but soon dismissed the idea. By now the sun had set and we had run out of water. We continued only because of the desire to reach our group.

At around eight in the evening, after trekking for almost eleven hours, we saw some street lights. We ran towards them and only stopped when our teacher-in-charge, who had somehow managed to reach before us, shouted out, "Thank God you both have come, we thought you would complete the twelve mile trek by tomorrow." We cried in chorus, "Twelve MILES and not twelve kilometers!!" and our teacher coolly answered, "Yes, there seems to have been a misunderstanding amongst all the students.

- Vanshaj Agarwal

Bethany's Call

*'Bless us O' Lord,
For these your gifts
Which of your bounties
We are about to receive.'*

This is the only building in school, which has been duly respected by generations of Welhamites. Initially, it was a hostel, and went on to be the Dining Hall which catered to all the wants of hungry Welhamites. It quietly listens to all the critical appreciation, all abuses and still goes on to give the best it can.

Welhamites can't seem to stop

smiling when they hear Bethany's call. The bell's very size and sound symbolize the call to war, which is often fought in Bethany, but the victim here is the food. After entering this heaven, there are people who forget their friendship and grab everything which happens to come within their reach.

There are instances when some run to Bethany when the Triveni Bell rings (only severe cases). It has been the last resort for every person in the school, even dogs. It has been supervised by five ca-

terers already in a decade. It has a menu board, which holds no significance because the 'Kadai chicken, Butter chicken, Tandoori chicken and Roasted chicken' are all the same. Do not be baffled to if you happen to see 'chicken burger' on the menu board and are served 'Tiger biscuits' instead.

The stains on the plates will reveal to you what someone else might have eaten during the previous meal. Bethany has its own myths, such as the cooks

jumping wildly on the potatoes in desperation to mash them for 'tikki'. The ones who used to relish the 'delicious' tikkis have become allergic to potatoes.

If you ever happen to drop in at dinner time, you may be completely ignored (if it is a good meal) or may be asked to have a seat if the food is edible. You will see some barbarians, and some who are on a *complete diet*. If the curry or dal is too salty, maybe the cook has added some of his 'own salt'.

There is also a rule which comes along with this esteemed building – to jog when the bell rings. It has often made outsiders wonder whether Welhamites are so hungry that they cannot wait to lay their

hands on the food. Its food has often been considered worse than Garhwal's dhabas and has also been compared with that of Hotel President. It also looks like a banquet hall judging from the decoration of the high table. Still it is considered to give the best food in town.

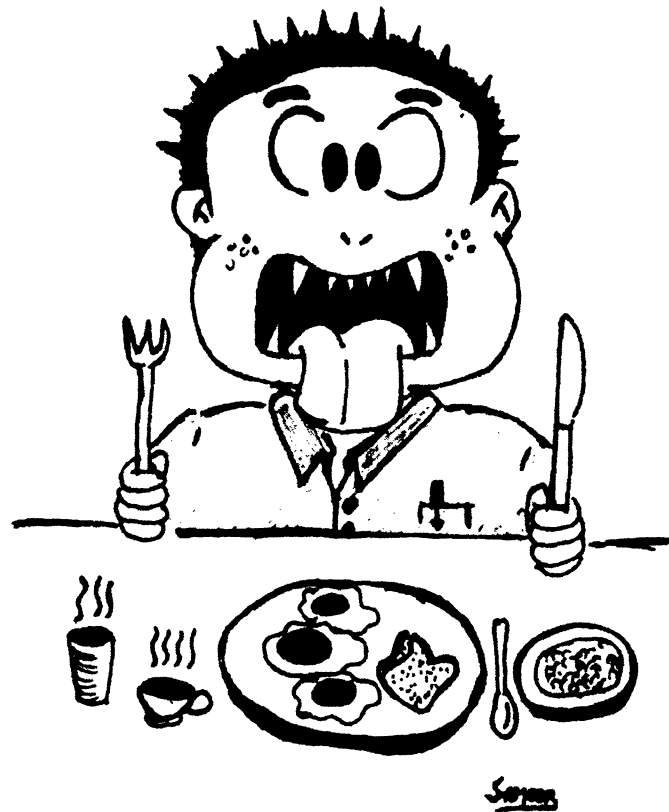
It is as sacred to us as a temple and has always ful-

filled our prayers. It is said that Zayed Khan has eaten in this very dining hall, and his plate, spoon and glass still remain on one of the tables as a memento.

*'We thank you O'Lord
For all the benefits
We have received.'*

Amen.

Busy gobbling,
Ajitesh Kir



A Madman's Thoughts

A dark and dingy cabin,
a place which has misery drenched in every brick
that constitute its three-and-quarter walls
appears to have landed straight out from the nostrils of Hades,

gloomy, frozen, death served in ashtrays of gold and silver...
A candle, the size of a pencil, burns in a corner, and
through the light one can see large cracks in the wall—
cracks huge enough to fit an infant's arm
or an adder's neck,
paint, all worn off, except the centre, where there is blood all over.

A suicide, maybe.

A table, wooden and broken, lies on the left corner of our view,
there's a cigar, half finished by shoe-like that can take it no more.
The cigar lies carelessly,
untouched on the warm ground.

Our poet is dead.

A rat comes out from the shirt,
his hands are cold and pale,
blue blood, dirty blood, blood which failed to get regulated.
The cigar still burns, now a quarter left—
what happened to this human shape?
Are those scars which we so clearly see on his pale white neck,
or marks of fine Scottish ink?

Scars, yes, scars.

His shoes stink awfully,
who knows where all this leather wandered—
Brothels? Bars?
Abandoned streets?

Clearly we see a face that wears sorrow without malice,
A mask our dear poet refused to take of,
Veins wriggle on the forehead
that was caressed by a gentle mother,
once upon a time,
when Beethoven never left their living room.
Our man is dead now.

Mother lies twenty feet deep at the cleanest cemetery her pimp could manage.

What happened here?
(an echo)
What happened here?
(fainter this time)

The cigar is finished and so is the candle.

- Parth Prasher

THE WELHAM SURVEY

Evolution is a natural phenomenon. It is change that is inevitable. Evolution makes one change for the better or worse. What we are arguing about is that when we change or mature into something else, we tend to forget who we initially were. Something like when one knows where he is going but forgets where he's from. Or for the matter how societies turn 'modern'

eventually, deserting traditions. Metaphorically, after metamorphosis, does the beautiful butterfly remember that it was once a caterpillar? This is the question very prevalent in the Welham circle. Thus we went ahead and took a poll to capture the Welhamites' opinion on this one: -

'Is evolution moulding us into better individuals to survive in the future while making us ignore our past?'

It's true that we live in the present, do not consider our forthcoming days, but it is the past that shapes our future. So how could we ignore the fact that we were something different from what we are now.

Ankit Bansal
XII Sc.

No it just makes us more dependent on technology. By the way, old is gold.

Deepak Agarwal
XII Sc.

It depends. If someone has a past not worth remembering, it would suit him to forget it.

Geet Kashyap
XII C

Evolution might be for our own good or may be a disadvantage, but we can never forget our past as we have to learn from it.

Chirantan Singh
XI Sc.

People might evolve and their thinking might change, but forgetting our past is impossible.

Kushal Shrestha
XI Hum.

We do become better individuals but that is because we learn from our past.

Kartik Vishwanath
XI Hum

We do not remember our past because there is no point crying over spilt milk.

Prayatna Rana
X A

Things change with time, so does our mind.

Aniket Nag
X A

My past is behind me, but still inside me.

Shivesh Tyagi
X B

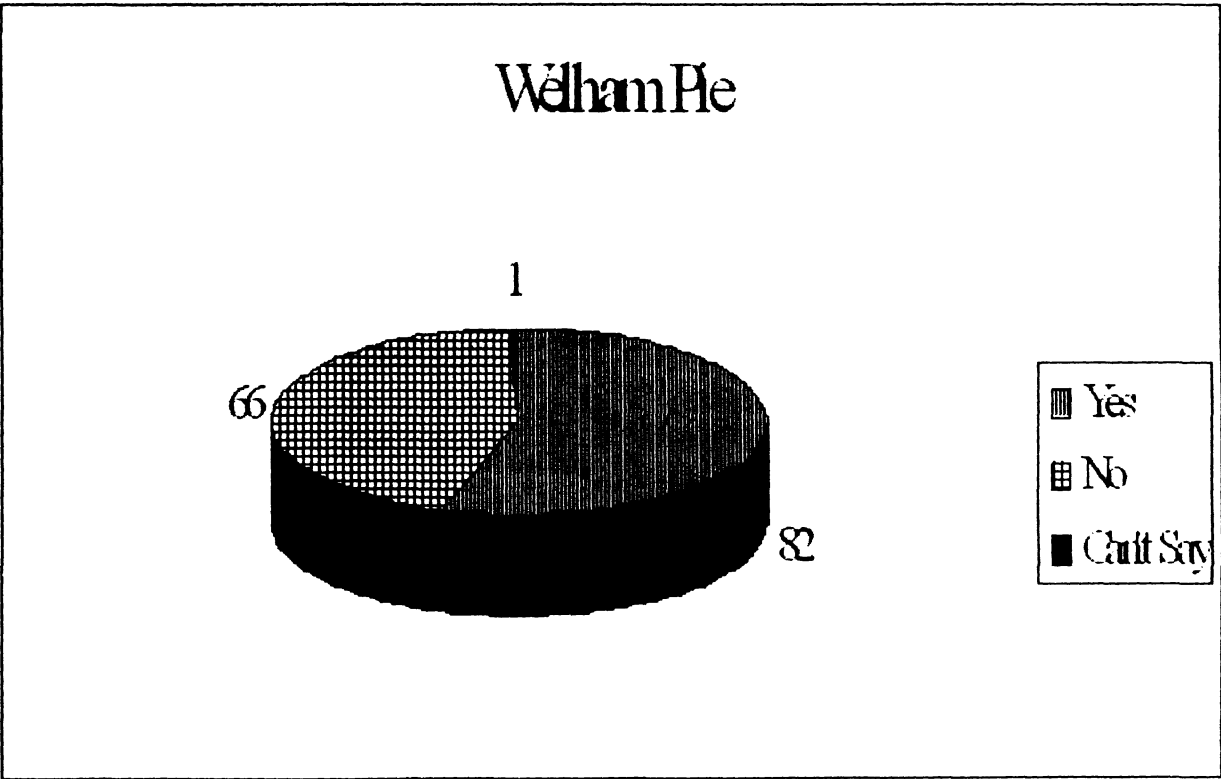
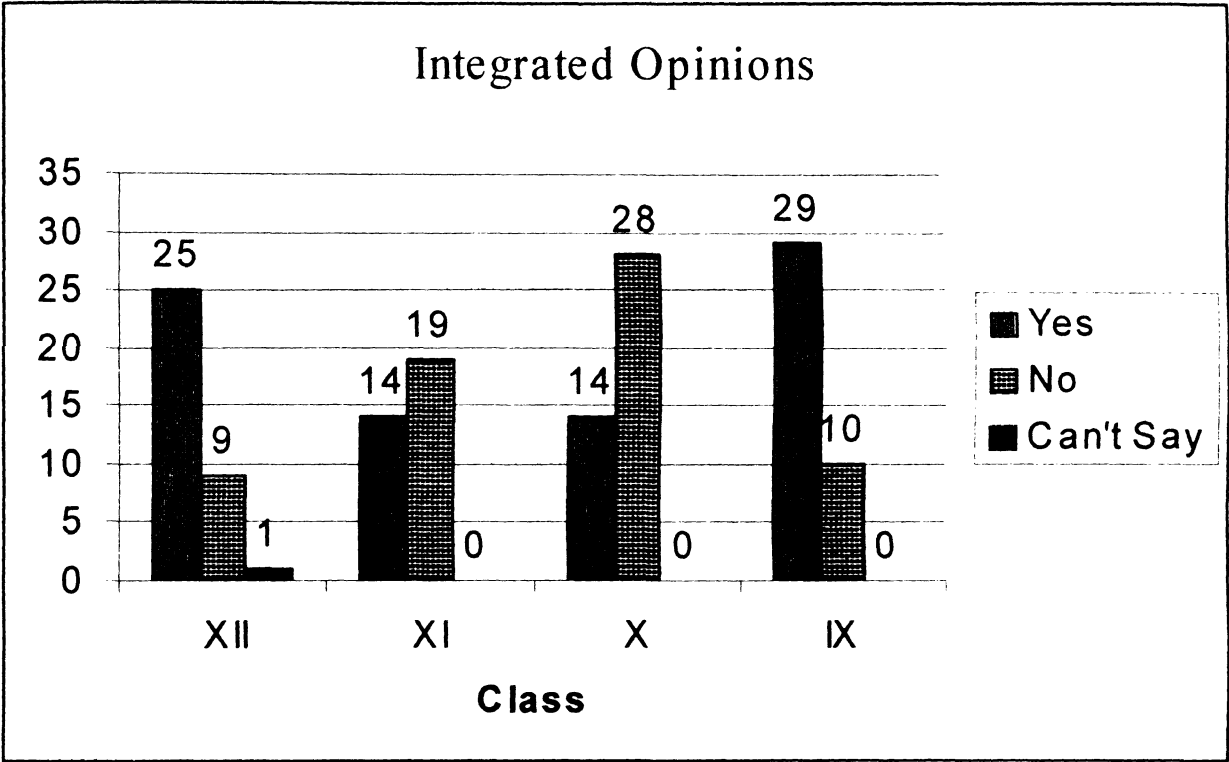
One should let bygones be bygones.

Vanshaj Agarwal
X A

I am more concerned about the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life in it.
Prateek Modi
X B

If you forget your past, you are not a perfect person.
AT

Yes, evolution helps us to survive in the future but it is impossible for us to forget our past.
IL



WORD

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STUDENT

A Student Speaks

What is evolution?

Very simply, evolution is change, usually for the better. We change to evolve into something different. Not only we, anything can evolve and does evolve. Relationships evolve, species evolve, a certain style evolves and so do many more things. But one thing is certain, that evolution is inevitable, be it for the better or for the worse.

You might be wondering if this is going to be an article on natural evolution, and whether I take myself to be Charles Darwin in the making. Well, not exactly. I've been wondering about the evolution of the teacher – student relationship in our school and also across the globe.

For the past year or so, we have been discussing this topic, in this very sacred 'Oliphant' of ours. Students have chipped in with their views and so have teachers, but what the teachers have not been able to see or rather accept, is that this relationship has evolved a great deal. The feelings and actions of students are not what they were probably some 30 or 40 years ago. Many a time have I heard a teacher, while scolding a student, say how they themselves could not utter a word in front of their teachers, and how students dared to argue, or as we put it here in Welham, 'back chat' with him/her. This is exactly where the abyss between the teachers and students is. This gap, more commonly known as the 'generation gap', is what has been disrupting this vital relationship, not only in our institution but also across the globe.

Gone are the days when students would bear caning or even whipping without even a murmur of protest. Now, there is a certain sense of

awareness among the students that this society of ours has evolved into a more humane place for them. Corporal punishment is not to be tolerated. The most fundamental point here is that the students now freely voice their protest against injustice. They are more confident about their rights and this is certainly a change for the better.

Then, when a student protests against unjust punishment, corporal or otherwise, why is it said to be 'back chatting'? Does the student's ability to challenge the teacher's decision hurt the teacher's ego? If so, then I am extremely sorry to say that the cause taken up by the school to make us students into confident individuals is completely lost. The

students in such cases will only learn the negative lesson that protest always leads to punishment. This in no way will help the student to be able to survive in this big,



bad world.

Now very recently I witnessed a case like this. A friend of mine, while being scolded by a teacher for a trivial mistake, tried to explain that it was a perfectly innocent mistake. But the teacher wouldn't listen, as he was too busy shouting. The

WAR

TEACHER RELATIONSHIP IN WELHAM

student could have also yelled at the top of his voice in order to be heard, but he thought it better to leave the room and he stormed out. The teacher immediately began threatening my friend, bellowing that he would hold a DC meeting against him, but the student couldn't have cared less now. To a layman this is a simple case of disrespect shown by the student towards the teacher, but then why was the student not allowed to explain? Is this not an unfair show of authority on the teacher's part? Why did he take it personally when the student stormed out? Couldn't he see that the boy was all worked up, and went out of the room to avoid insulting the teacher in the heat of the moment and not to insult him! Here is the next part of the story. Thinking of my friend's welfare, I quickly went and took him to the teacher concerned. I explained to the teacher that in the heat of the moment my friend had stormed out and was now willing to apologise. The teacher immediately pounced on this, saying, "Heat of the moment... with a teacher?!!" I know that this was a

rhetorical question, but yet I differed with him in the answer.

This is exactly what I mean! The teacher still expects the child to bear as much punishment and scolding as the teacher wills to hand him, no matter how trivial the mistake, without even so much as a squeak. How can a teacher be so rigid when his job requires a delicate hand, a hand, which can expertly mould a child? Had the teacher for once registered my friend's protest, he would have saved his 'insult' and also a lot of energy, which he spent on shouting at the poor guy.

It is a fact, known or unknown, that unless teachers are able to put aside their egos, they can never earn the respect and love of their students.

If a teacher wants to comment on this article, he is very much welcome to do so in the next issue of 'The Oliphant'.

- Ankit Sahay

A Teacher Speaks

**"Guru kumhaar, shishya kumbh hai, ghari ghari kaarae khot
Bheetar haath sahaar de, baahar se dae chot"**

Kabir

Das

This very beautiful couplet sums up the essence of the teacher-student relationship for me. Roughly translated, it means that the teacher is a potter, and the student the pot. A potter would beat a pot turning on his wheel from the outside, to ensure that there are no flaws, yet all the while, a supporting hand would be placed inside the pot so that the form

would evolve to perfection. Any of you who has seen a potter at work would know what I am talking of. The potter must be cruel to be kind, and so must a teacher. This is how it has been for millennia, and this is how it must be in the future.

Has the relationship evolved? Yes and no. Some things have changed—we teachers leave our whips and canes and other wonderful torture instruments in our cupboards at home and come unarmed to school now. That takes a lot of courage, you know! Those of you who

will be fortunate enough to become teachers tomorrow will understand what I mean. The rest will smirk and carry on. We teachers also put up with what students call "attitude" these days. What most students fail to understand is this: you can afford "attitude" only when you have exceptionally high merit to offset it. I'll take a show of "attitude" from a guy who has the makings of a genius, not from any guy who thinks that his hep hairstyle is enough to lend him "attitude". Nobody, but nobody, not even we poor teachers, will take "attitude" from a sitting duck. Students must live with this, I guess, like they live with hostel food. It doesn't really kill, and I don't see what the hue and cry is all about...whoever won an argument with a teacher/mother/father/boss? Get real, boys!



What has not changed? The wonderful bond that teachers and students share today, is the same as it must have been thousands of years ago. That bond is born out of sheer respect for a guru who knows more than you, that is all. It has nothing to do with the age difference, I feel. It is an intimate, professional bond. A guru who knows his subject is worthy of all the respect in the world. You will agree that when you see a guru of that stature, you automatically lower your ego and try and raise your

mind. But if you think that you know more than the teacher, then god help you and the teacher. You can try battling it out, but I doubt if you'll win...

Whatever it is, a lot of heartburn can be saved for both the sides if all of us get real. As a teacher, if I have stopped learning myself, then I should either call it quits or dust the cobwebs from my mind. As a student, if I assume that I am

too good for everything, even my teachers, and I can frequently get into spat s with them, I should either pack up, or seek counseling. Cribbing is not going to get either of

us anywhere.

However fancy the school, and however "evolved" the system, education, after all, deals with flesh and blood subjects, and both teachers and students would serve themselves well were they to understand and accept that they are only human. There will be arguments, there will be excesses, there will be injustice...if not, to quote a poet, "what's heaven for?"

- Priyanka Bhattacharyya

THE WELHAM MAKE-OVER

“If the ocean were the world,
And every oyster were Welham,
Then you are the pearl my friend,
Which when comes out,
Becomes the centre of attraction,
amongst all the fish!!”

A new guy who has just entered the Welham family would probably be the matron's *raja beta*, with well-oiled, neatly combed hair; shorts pulled right up to the belly and the ends struggling to reach the knees, stockings pulled up to the knees, and of course, his eyes full of tears, expressing the sadness of this experience. But the so called *raja beta* is not aware of the fact that he has just stepped into the freakiest school and is going to start the happiest, and certainly the coolest years of his life!

All of us had been like this— well, truly speaking, I was like this!

I still remember the disciplined life I led in the junior houses. We used to get up early in the morning and step into the field before everyone for P.T. We used to stand in a queue for every thing— for our biscuit shares, for brushing, for bathing and last but not the least. whole-heartedly obey the orders of our ‘beloved’ teachers (we had no other option!).

On moving into senior school, the typical chilled-out attitude of a Welhamite slowly develops. The old sad expression is overcome by a wicked grin. The shorts, which were five inches above the knees, are now ten inches below. The walk has totally changed; one can easily make out whether a person is a Welhamite or not by simply checking out what is called the ‘see-saw’ effect (the movement of the shoulders) in the walk, especially when he is roaming nearby or beyond the LOC! His neck would be slightly bent backwards, pointing the chin straight forward, and his feet would never point straight but would be slanted at a 30° angle, pointing slightly sideways. His back would be erect, with the chest held high; his hands would be in free-flow motion; trousers would be pulled down such that they’d seem to defy all laws of gravity, and of course he would be smelling of several exotic colognes, to attract the ‘pretty birds’. You would usually see a Welhamite hanging out in front of the mirror all day, keenly observing his looks. In fact we Welhamites are very, very narcissistic (check your dictionary).

That same guy, who used to be dying to go for PT, and step into the field before everyone else, would now probably be finding places to hide from the House Master— toilets, cupboards or even in extreme cases, TRUNKS. He deeply hates PT not only because he has to run, but more because his precious early morning hours of sleep are taken away from him. Most Welhamites get transformed into connoisseurs of music, and love to hate anyone who threatens to take away their Discmans!!

That same befuddled namby-pamby *raja beta*, who once regretted coming to Welham, would pass out as a mature, confident and of course a ‘cool’ twelfthie and would walk with dignity, being proud of the fact that he is a WELHAMITE.

Before I keep my pen down I would like to leave a message for all of you:

For all its laws,
For all its flaws,
For all its lows,
For all it shows,
For all its highs,
And all those crazy nights,
Once a Welhamite,
Always a Welhamite.

- Kushagra Prasher

Lampoon

We Are the Welhamites - 2005

Over the years, the once mighty Welhamite has turned into a not-so-mighty Welhamite. The boy who joins in class three or four goes through various stages of Welham life till he finally decides what kind of Welhamite he is.

FUNKY FASHION BOYS: The fashion scene in school is ruled by these guys. They have to pop up with a new hairstyle every week to secure their position in this category. Things are slowly moving backwards for these Welhamites as their trousers are slowly getting shorter. The old hip-hop dudes can be seen here and there with slightly hanging trousers and unbelievably large T-shirts. They hope to grow their beard once in awhile but in vain. That's no reason to worry, these funky Welhamites always have something in their minds to prevent Welham from turning into a sad story.

Chatoos: The 'chatoos' will never leave us! The favourites of the class for reasons more than one. This year has proved to be a historic one as an award has been introduced solely to recognize these dudes. Their preps are on the teacher's desk while everyone else is wondering what the prep was. Wishing teachers is their hobby. It is said that for these people their tongue is the most important organ. (No prizes for guessing why!!!)

The Stoodies: These bunch of individuals want to go to IIT, AIIMS, MIT, LSE, Harvard and so on, all at the same time. No Holi, no mid-term break, it's only books, books and more books for these people. They are the ones who truly believe that time is precious and utilize every second to finish their course, maybe for the sixth time. There have been cases where boys have been mugging up lines even during the famous 'murga time'. Don't be surprised if they know two words from the third paragraph on page no. 299 of the history book...

Love-Street Joggers: The foreign ministers of our school (whose hair is gelled during PT and games), who more than often force sports teachers to take them for a jog across THE road. The masters of letter writing, and going by the latest rumours, also short stories. Their names top the list of every event that may give them a chance to go to the other side. Pimples are a nightmare and smelling good is their top priority. Can be spotted either with smiley or long faces outside the Dispatch office, they have strong contacts with the 'bearer ji', who makes sure that clean clothes are provided to them for the major events (WGHS fete, socials, all debates, quizzes and dance competitions in the neighbourhood).

Attention Position Guys: Flat oily hair, thick frame spectacles and trousers struggling to reach the shoes are the basic physical features of these bunch of Welhamites. They rarely participate in school activities. These guys can't even figure out why there are so many fields in the school. Ideal for being pushed around, they strongly oppose the saying 'Nothing is Impossible' because they have done nothing all their life...

Cliff Hangers: Helpless guys on the edge of the Welham cliff – another word against them, and a familiar voice booms "Expelled!" Their record has it all – breaking bounds, missing classes, failing, smuggling cell phones into the school, keeping cars with the neighbours and the list goes on...but now things have changed. With the coming of the advanced security system (the flying squad), these guys can't even bunk the boring first prep. If times were like they were five years back, things would have been different for some of them. Three preps a day, wonder what they do because all they said since they entered this beastly senior school is, "automatic promotion *zindabad!*"

- Mohit Shrestha

EVER WONDER WHY?

- Mr. Kandpal and Mr. Dhingra are allergic to fans?
- The prayer on 'page 6' is a hot favourite?
- Mr. Das carries a whistle?
- Mrs. Anand is the first person to get up in the morning?
- No twelfthie is late for second prep on 'Thursdays'?
- The windows of 12th Commerce class are cracked and shaky?
- Mr. Hannah never takes off those 'legendary boots'?
- Mr. Bhandari teaches even on the first day and the last day of the term?
- A volcano erupts when Mr. Painuili gets angry?
- You smell Maggi while crossing the hospital at night?
- The Krishnaites don't miss their mothers?
- Medicals have been stopped in the school?
- The editorial board has gone underground after this article was published?

BEWARE OF THE CONTAGIOUS 'WELHAM FEVER'



THOSE WHACKY WOODSEATERS...

Welham Boys
5, Circular Road,
Dehradun.
4th April, 05.

Dear Nihit,

Today I have joined a new school, Welham Boys, Now I am going to tell you about it.

I came here with my father and grand parents on 1st April. When they left me here I was not happy. But till evening I made many new friends. I was given the Narliada house. In my house there were 51 boys.

Every day we sit in our hostel and watch T.V. in the afternoon. Here are many activities like, cricket, hockey, swimming, baseball, foot ball and many other. There are many trees in the school campus and there is a big swimming pool. There are three main field the main field mini field and the orchard field.

I liked this place very much. I'll be here till 12th class but I am not so sure about it.

Your loving friend, Varun.

Welham Boys'
5, Circular Road,
Dehra Dun,
4.4.05

Dear Harry,

Now I am going to tell you about our mid-terms. On our trip the teachers that escorted us were Vandana ma'am, Kandhari ma'am, yoga sir, Kalpana ma'am and her daughters and of course Renuka ma'am. Our destination was Uttarkashi. Uttarkashi is 1500m high that is why it took us seven hours to reach there.

It was a beautiful place with many hills, lots of rivers and there was a large vegetation of wheat. There were many places near by like Haridwar and Nainital.

We stayed in a hotel from where you could see a beautiful scenery of hills trees a river and lots of wheat or in other words the beauty of nature.

The weather over there was a little cold in the morning and night and mostly hot in the afternoon. While we were trekking on the hills we saw a beautiful flower called Rhododendron. The colour of the flower Rhododendron was red and although it was beautiful it had a rather bad smell, I guess that's the way of nature.

We got tasty food and we had many activities. The first and second night we danced all night and we also had an art and a skit competition.

We had great time at the mid-terms and it was really great over there.

Your good friend,
Samraj

Welham Boys;
5, Circular Road,
Dehra-Dun
8/4/05

Dear Marf,

I am fine. We went for our mid-terms to Chakrata. It is 120 km from Dehra-Dun. Its height is 2185 m. We stayed there for three days in a hotel named Snow View. It was the best hotel in the place. The next day we went to Tiger Fall. The water was coming from the mountains. We trekked ten kilometers from our hotel. The next day we went to Kanasar. It was forty-two kilometers from our hotel. On the way to Kanasar we saw some snow. We played for some time in the snow. When we reached Kanasar we played cricket. Then we went up the hill. We saw a bear's den in the forest.

The hotel Snow View was a classical hotel. It had two rooms each with a double bed.

On the last night the villagers came and showed us a dance. The next day at 9:00 am we started from Snow View and reached Daskpathar at 2:00 pm. We played, ate our lunch and came back to our school in the evening. Bye for now,

Your loving friend,
Shivank Singh
V A

Ringside View

The cricket season whizzed by and no one came to know. This year we had a very small season but a significant one. None of the teams, be it the sub-junior, junior or senior one, lost a game. While the senior team destroyed teams like The Doon School, Drona International School and the very special team of our staff, the juniors and the sub-juniors beat teams like Hillgrange School and The Doon School. Now that is what i call a clean sweep.

Paradoxically, the inter-house matches unveiled the finesse of many an unsung hero. Even though most of the matches were a one-sided affair, the final between Krishna and Jamuna House offered some balm to the till-then monotonous competition.

In the final, Jamuna set a target of 139 runs in 25 overs for the over-confident Krishna team (consisting of seven school team members). Krishna did overcome the bowling attack of Jamuna house

but in 24 overs.

The panache of the athletes has also brought us glory. Our team won the under-18 overall championship in the race held in Hoshiarpur. Way to go!!!

Even the Iversons and Shaqs of our school are seen sweating themselves off in hopes of winning and yet again proving their dominance in North India. All the best!

Lastly, the gym has undergone a metamorphosis. Now it is blessed with better equipment, replacing the obsolete ones.

So, I hope the hard work of the 'gymmies' of our school would not go unnoticed in the socials (*Ali, eeezy ha!!!*).

-Vishal Choudhury

OLIPHANT FOCUS : HOCKEY TEAM

The first ever Indo-Australian Tournament was held from the 6th to the 8th of this month. The tournament is a unique triangular league. The Scotch College (Melbourne, Australia), our blue rivals (The Doon School) and the eventual winners, Welham Boys' School participated in this 'Indo-Aussie League'.

The inaugural match was between the Aussies and us. We won 4-3, courtesy Karamveer who scored the winning goal.

Doscos, also following the path we paved, overcame the Scotch College with ease, stinging them with a 3-1 defeat.

Then came the clash of the Titans. Even though our members were not shown any mercy by the 'viral', we overcame our rivals, although not that easily... The score line at whistle was (2-0) in our favour. Manishek and Vishal scored the goals.

Vishal was adjudged the 'Best Player of the Tournament'.

Watch out for the hockey team in these upcoming tournaments:

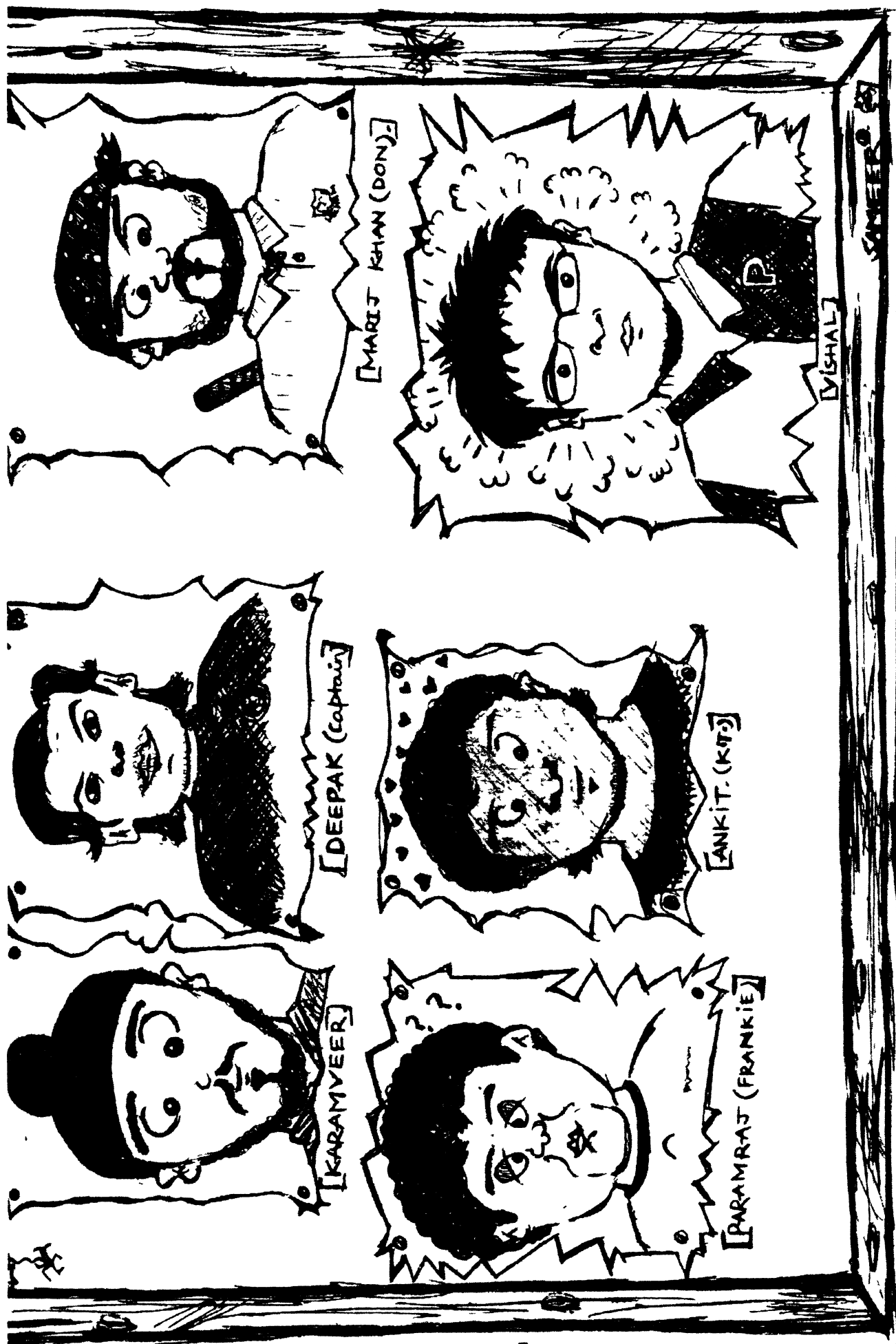
1) 2nd S.Kandhari Memorial Hockey

Tournament

2) Councils Hockey Tournament

3) Under-17 I.P.S.C.





PLAYERS TO WATCH OUT FOR

Karamveer

Referred to as Zayed Khan, he is known for his impeccable dressing sense. The scorer who suffers from a chronic short temper, but is full of zeal. A hungry beast for goals, his talent impresses many of the fairer sex. The only guy to get a card in each and every game, he is popular for never turning up on time.

(Look out for his sliding and digging!)

Ankit

The unstoppable blizzard of the school. The scorer who became a defender and a defender who became a playmaker. Despite a back-ache (that miraculously hits him in each and every game...), he plays the entire game. His shoots can burn a hole through the goalie. The Sohail Abbas of the team, he knows no barriers.

(Look out for his 'hockey cracking' shots!)

Deepak

The captain of the squad. *Apna 'Dutt' bhai*. His enthusiasm radiates and propels us into action. As wild as a bull, his dribbling skills leave many awe-struck. 'Satan' for the junior members of the team, his warm-up is more tiresome than the entire game. Popularly known as Deepakto Daddy.

(Look out for his 'sherminator hair cut' and his leadership qualities)

Marij

DON. He knows nobody and hears nobody! A solid defender and the "Welham Wall". His blade often hits the ball or the scorer. A die-hard member of the team whose thirst for trophies is unquenchable.

(Look out for his 'die defending' kind of attitude and the chhota DON!!!!)

Paramraj

The 'cribber' who shall not let the ball pass him. He is the goalie who is often shouting and catalysing his teammates to work hard. The first one to be there for practice sessions, his flexibility would put many to shame. No IF no BUT, only JATT!

(Look out for his daring dives!)

Vishal

Undoubtedly, the GEM of the hockey team. Has been the school's most talented player for over three years now. He is the true inspiration of the team; if his hockey creates music in a match, the whole team sings. He has promised to take off his shirt and expose a message on his vest everytime he scores a goal. Hopefully, he will get the message across very well time and time again!

(Look out for the magic spells this wizard casts!)

INTERVIEW WITH MR. MANDEEP, OUR HOCKEY COACH

Q1) How do you feel after the recent triumph in the Indo-Australian series?

Ans) It is nice to start the season on a winning note after remaining runners-up in all the tournaments played last season. I hope that the team continues its winning run throughout the season.

Q2) What do you expect from the team in the future?

Ans) I expect the same kind of winning tempo and discipline on the field.

Q3) How do you plan to cope with the heat during practice sessions?

Ans) I am not happy with the practice sessions because boys are not punctual. If the boys are willing to do some hard work then I don't think that the heat would be a hindrance.

Q4) What does the team lack?

Ans) The team lacks fitness because of its indiscipline. Even though many of the players are good with the stick, we primarily lose games due to the lack of stamina.

Q5) Your team now has fresh blood in the form of upcoming players. How important are they to the team?

Ans) They are equally important as the senior members, because hockey, like other sports, is a team game. As of now, these new players have to learn a lot and I am sure that they would be the beacon for the future hockey team of Welham.

COMMENTS ON THE HOCKEY TEAM

“To crush any team that dares to face Welham.”

- Shivesh Tyagi

“I hope the Welham hockey team would avenge the defeat that our national cricket team frequently suffers at the Aussies' hands!”

- Ms. Bhattacharyya

“The sky is the limit for the hockey team led by Deepak.”

- Parth Prasher

“I have no words to express the amazing talent the hockey team has.”

- Paramraj

“All we need now is your support.”

- Marij

“I smell success and victory.”

- Kunga

“Strive to win.”

- Ankt Sahay

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