



THE OLIPHANT

Devoted Each To his Own duty, man attains perfection-

Gita

No. 20

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

1 Nov. 1984

EDITORIAL

Firstly, I would like to thank all the boys for a fantastic reply to our request we are glad to have received numerous articles ranging from class VI to class IX. All of us have really been inspired by this wonderful reprocation and are grateful for this attitude. But we also hope that this practice is continued. We will forever welcome your thoughts and ideas and take utmost care to convey them through the 'mouthpiece of Welham's.

About two years ago the school realised the oppertunity of cultivating 'The Oliphant'. The first two years have passed swiftly just like a dream. There have been various Ups and downs, problems which have been solved. Amidst all these happenings our 'news letter' has been standing unharmed and upright. It continues to spread fresh fragrance throughout the school.

The past month left behind a trail of activities. We have taken utmost care to provide detailed coverages of these activities in this issue of 'The Oliphant'. We also announce the revival of cartoons in the newsletter and hope to make them a regular feature.

The previous Editorial Board consisting of class X boys has handed over the functioning of the newsletter

to class IX. The dire necessity for them is to devote more time to their studies, has forced them to give up this venture. We thank them for all they have done until now and for having, under the patronage of Mr. Kandhari laid the foundation of the newsletter. Let us hope that they will always be there to guide and help us in times of need.....

The following boys from class IX are taking over the reins of functioning of 'The Oliphant'.

Editor—	Gaurav Kampani
Sports Review—	Ashu Khanna
Literary and Cultural Activities—	Aresh Shirali
Welham News—	Amit Kamra
Hindi Section—	Piyush Modi

All of us certainly hope to look forward to the newly undertaken venture, and extend our hand for your kind cooperation. Much success can be brought if all of us link our hands by the chain of cooperation for the benefit of all.

Oh! Yes! We have miles to go before we sleep

-Gaurav Kampani

ARE YOU ATTRACTIVE ?

Being attractive to others is often regarded as solely a matter of appearance. Important though it is to make the best of yourself this way it matters even more that you develop an attractive personality.

For example, you could complain that you find

other people unfriendly, when really you should ask yourself "What about me ? Am I a friendly person"

Here is a test which should lead you to self-discover. Answer "Yes" or "No" to the questions before turning to the key at the end.

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1 Do you mix with other people expecting them to like you and not dislike you ? | Yes/No |
| 2 Can you usually find something to like, or admire in other people ? | Yes/No |
| 3 Are you particular about yourself your appearance and personal habits ? | Yes/No |
| 4 Do you regard etiquette and knowing how to behave as an important part of your social life ? | Yes/No |
| 5 Can you claim that you are the kind of person other people would like to be seen with ? | Yes/No |
| 6 Are you as pleasant to one sex as you are to the other ? | Yes/No |
| 7 Do you think that most people are interesting and easy talk to ? | Yes/No |
| 8 Can you be quiet and listen, without feeling that your voice must be heard ? | Yes/No |
| 9 Is your approach to people easy, quiet and friendly, not noisy and aggressive ? | Yes/No |
| 10 Can you disagree without being disagreeable ? | Yes/No |
| 11 Can you remain good-tempered when people won't do what you want ? Nor do things your way ? | Yes/No |
| 12 Are you optimistic with a happy outlook on life and a cheerful countenance ? | Yes/No |
| 13 Can you stop telling people all about your troubles and ailments ? | Yes/No |
| 14 Can you help people without bothering about yourself ? | Yes/No |
| 15 When you have made a promise do you hate having to let people down ? | Yes/No |
| 16 Do you refrain from criticizing people especially when they are not present ? | Yes/No |
| 17 Are you a peacemaker who tries to bring people together, not push them apart by retailing gossip ? | Yes/No |
| 18 Do you like to see other people getting on and being noticed ? | Yes/No |
| 19 When something goes wrong do you examine your attitude and the way you have behaved, rather than blame others ? | Yes/No |
| 20 Do you consider other people as important as yourself ? | Yes/No |

5 every yes—over 90% Excellent
below 60% Unsatisfactory

(We welcome a letter from one of our old welhamites.

**We hope to keep hearing from them frequently).*

Dear Sir,

Mukul Goel (1st Sept) says—

“It was the most peaceful manner in which the U.S. taught the soviets not to exploit humanitarian rights.

The U.S. had boycotted the '80 Moscow Games' which had been a big blow to the soviets. Were the soviets trying to teach the U.S a lesson then. ?

Syed Sultan Hasan, Jamuna 75-83

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

UFO'S OR SOVIET SPY SATELLITES—

Sightings of giant luminous objects passing over south America and the U.S.S.R. began in 1980 They have been accompanied by reports about U.F.O.s,' chasing cars, interfering with television and even launching small scout ships with alien creatures aboard.

The U.S. committee for scientific investigation claims of the paranormal belief and states that these U.F.O.s' are actually a part of the soviet spy satellite network which keeps tabs on U.S. rocket launches. A committee member James Oberg of the Johnson Space Centre in Houston, who is a leading authority on the soviet space programme, has been able to match the

U.F.O. sightings with specific soviet launches. Oberg notes that all the soviet rockets involved were launched from the secret space port at Plesetsk. They follow an orbit that brings them over Argentina and Brazil in an hour after the launch.

The soviet, government, however, does not admit the existence of Plesetsk. Thus it went down to the space shots. Oberg suggests that the U.F.O. speculation provides a convenient cover helping to keep the soviet citizens in dark. To encourage the U.F.O. image of their secret launches, soviet authorities reportedly conduct official investigation and U.F.O. witnesses are interviewed extensively.

As for the reports of U.F.O.s' chasing cars and so on, Oberg dismisses these as the usual random noise coincidence & embellishments that confuse, legitimate U.F.O. sightings—

CONSTRUCTED OUT OF 15,000 BEER CANS

Two Australians sailed a boat from Darwin to Singapore. Clen Jones, former Lord Mayor of Brisbane and car salesman, 'Frankfield' of Brisbane left port on September 3rd 1977, completed their 4020 Km.

journey in 12 days. Their vessel was constructed out of 15,000 beer cans and measured about 7 metres in length. It was named Can-Tiki.

EVIDENCE OF TETRALYCINE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO—Colorado university scientists have discovered the evidence of the modern antibiotic tetracycline in Nukian 'Mummies' thousands of years old, but believe it was naturally produced.

—Gaurav Kampani

A Memorable Trip to Barkot

A Memorable Trip to Barkot is a valley 135 kms. far from Dehradun. It is a beautiful place surrounded by mountains. It is across Mussoorie.

We left for Barkot on 13th October Miss Nagalia Mrs. Niblett and Mr. Gurung were the staff members who went with us. We arrived Barkot at 2 p.m. We climbed a hill and bought some wood. Then the bearers cooked food and we had dinner and went off to sleep. The weather at night was very cold, however we beared it.

Then we went up a hill whose top was covered with pine trees. The hill top was overlooking a peak which was covered with snow. I smelt the beautiful smell of flowers, Trees, Pines. The birds chirping with happiness. The scene of the beautiful mountains whose peak was covered with snow interjected my mind. We lost our way in the mountains and were stuck. At last we found our way and our Rest House was visible which was overlooking a peak covered with snow.

The next morning we had Break-Fast and went for a swim in the holy river Yamuna. The boys swam with joy but it was short Lived as the water was freezing Seeing the mighty mountains I felt that I was in fairyland. I felt that I was as small as an ant in front of the huge mountains. We went to a bridge which shook when people walked on it. It seemed very dangerous and I felt that I would fall down any moment. After having our food we left for our Rest House.

The next day we went to Gangani where there is a pond amidst the rocks. There were about 200 fishes. We lost our way while returning. We walked and walked until our feet was weary. By God's grace we found our way and breathed a sigh of relief. The next day we left for Dehra Dun. We arrived Dehra Dun at evening.

Enjoyed my trip a lot, and I am looking forward for another trip like this. Ritesh Khanna

TRIP TO BADRINATH

It began at five in the morning on Saturday the thirteenth of October. Well perhaps that's not strictly true. It was supposed to begin at that time on that day—the bus was to have been loaded the previous night so that we could just pile in on Saturday morning and leave—we had a long way to go. One problem, though; no bus. A bus finally turned up along with a driver and an explanation about how the bus had been on its way to the school the previous night when a lorry had rammed into its rear end. This story was obviously true—we had the material evidence for it in the form of a bus with a thoroughly bushed in end—so we ordered for another bus. Finally, seeing that there was no

possibility of getting a replacement, we decided to lump it (if not like it) and loaded the bus. Just as we had finished this complicated procedure another bus arrived . . . "Right lads, unload this bus again" . . . We finally set off at eight: hope in our hearts, joy in our souls and Michael Jackson in the cassette player. We drove to Rishikesh and then turned upwards and inwards along the valley cut by the Ganges. The journey was somewhat uncomfortable but the scenery was breathtaking—the river was gorgeous as it foamed over rocks and rapids and the mountains, to a plains dweller like me at least, were magnificent.

We made few stops but by six, as it was getting dark, we were still a long way from Pipalkoti, where we had booked rooms for the night. We crammed into a small but hospitable forest rest house and spent a comfortable, if cramped night there.

The next day we set off eager to catch the eleven-thirty 'gate' at Joshimath (there is one-way traffic only between Joshimath and Badrinath—the two directions take turns). We had time to look around Joshimath and went to the temple there before setting off for Badrinath. We finally got there in the afternoon—after a slight delay because the army it seems, do not observe the one-way system and booked ourselves into a rather squalid (but adequate) dharamsala. It was cold in Badrinath, there was no snow on the ground but everyone was expecting the first snow anyday (the dharamsalas were closing for the winter on the day we wanted to leave). There was snow on the peaks of the surrounding mountains though, and so the scenery was outstanding (particularly at dawn as the peaks flared white as they caught the rays of the sun before the valley did). That first evening we went to the temple and then hurried back to our sleeping bags and blankets—nights in Badrinath are cold.

The next day started off with a bath for everyone (except two rather anti-social individuals) in the hot sulphur springs. Pure bliss, particularly after a cold night, and doubtless very healthy. We then all set off to see the village beyond Badrinath, Mana, and a waterfall beyond that. We all set off. Not all of us got there. Foreigners and cameras are not allowed beyond Badrinath (in the direction of the Chinese border) so I had to turn back, after a discussion with some helpful but apologetic soldiers, along with a fortune in photographic equipment. Doubtless the waterfall was very beautiful.

The next day began with everyone wondering around looking for postcards and religious curios. After lunch I set off with four other intrepid explorers to find a village called Charan Paduka. We trekked for the whole afternoon only to discover that wasn't a village but a little religious monument (we'd passed it without a thought just after 'setting off').

Never mind, it was a good trek and the scenery was as usual, fantastic.

The next two days were mainly concerned with coming back. We left Badrinath on Wednesday morning at seven O'clock and reached Srinagar, (after picking up Mr Jayal's group on the way) where we decided to spend the night, to the great delight of the boys, and thus missed Thursday's lessons. Driving along that road in the dark in a rickety bus is no fun at all—we tried it on the way and were in no mood to try it again. We finally arrived back at Welham at about one O'clock the next day, tired but happy (having missed the morning's lessons, that is).

Oxford, where I come from, is a very flat part of Britain. Even the most ragged, mountainous parts of Britain, though, cannot be compared to the Himalayas the outstanding scenery of this trip will remain with me for as long as I live. I'm sure that the rest of the group feel the sameway.

Thanks and congratulations are certainly in order for Mrs. Kamra for leading the group of twentyeight boys and also to the other three members of staff—Miss Kapoor, Miss Chopra and Mrs. Handoo for all they did, especially keeping the boys' spirits up in the evenings (while I just sat on my bed and wrote letters). Finally I'd like to extend my personal thanks to God for making the Himalayas possible.

J. Davies.

Essay Competition

recently we had an English Essay Competition The prize winners were—

Class X—Ist Sandeep Rawat & Vijit Sawhney, IIrd Sameer Duggal

Class IX—Ist Gaurav Kampani, IInd Anchil Israni

Class VIII—Ist Saurav Roy, IInd Piyush Modi, IIIrd Aminder Singh Bal

Class VII—Ist Soumit Roy, IInd Amitabh Sinha, IIIrd Dheeraj Kakati & Ashutosh Panth

Class VI—1st Pankaj Bhardwaj, 2nd Ashish Shekher 3rd Neeraj Thakur
 Class V—1st Gaurav Talwar, 2nd Anurag Kumar Singh 3rd Gautam Punj
 Class IV—1st Pratikaksha Basu, 2nd Anuj Goel. 3rd Prasanjeet Datta Baruah

FOUNDER'S 1984 Programme

1. Inter House Athletics Meet-24th November 1984 at 2-00 p.m Chief Guest will lunch with the Principal.
2. Sunday 25th Noyember, Entrance Examination for Classes I to V, details will be circulated later.
3. Friday 30th November—Meeting of The Board Of Trustees in the Library after lunch with the Principal.
4. Saturday 1st December—Exhibitions 10.30 a.m.—12.30 p.m. Arrangements for Parents to buy lunch will be made. Chief Guest and The Board Of Trustees will lunch with the Principal. Speeches and Entertainment start at 2-30 p.m.
5. Sunday 2nd December—Old Boys' Society meeting in the Library at 10-00 a.m. FETE from 11-00 a.m. till dusk followed, by fire-work display.
6. Monday 3rd December—HOLIDAY (Boys may go out with Parents at the usual times)



DEMONSTRATING THE UNIFORM
 (SHAWL-COATEE) FOR A WINTER TURNIP.

English Essay Competition—

The essays that secured the first prize will be reproduced in our various issues. We are starting with class X.

The Cold Damp December Night

I knew that he was the criminal. And there he was on television, before my very eyes, giving an interview. How could I forget him? After all that he had done to me. My heart began beating faster and I broke into sweat. My mind raced back to the cold, damp December night, around ten years back.

I was returning from a movie along with my wife, it was very late and visibility was very low, in the cold damp night.

My wandering thoughts were shattered by the sudden appearance of a black car right in front of my car. My car was blocked! My pulse raced wildly and my heart skipped a beat! Seeing the cold, black muzzle of a gun being pointed towards me I panicked.

On an impulse, I backed my car and manoeuvred it into another dim lit street. Racing

wildly, I now and then glanced in my rear view mirror, catching the glimpse of the black car, which was gaining on us as time elapsed.

My wife was terrified and dazed. I could see her shivering and muttering something now and then. She had become pale. I was worried about her safety, as she clutched my hand tighter than ever.

Taking a sharp turn, insouciant about the road I was taking, I kept on skipping a glance to keep on the black car. Why don't they fire? Forget it now. Save your own skin I thought.

Driving with unequalled proficiency, the black car gained on us. A cold chill ran down my spine as I glanced back, seeing the cold, black muzzle of the gun pointing towards me. The next moment a deafening report of the gun was heard. I felt a sharp, piercing pain in my right shoulder. I had been hit!

I began sweating profusely as the impact of the bullet had nearly shattered my shoulder. I lost control of the steering and the car veered into a lamp post the impact of which sent me reeling out of the front window, embedding glass pieces into my body.

I was very weak ! I dragged myself towards my semi-conscious wife whose leg was completely severed, lying limp and lifeless. My mind raced fast and I did not know what to do.

The next moment the gangsters were on us. I clawed the dust desperately, as I tried to drag myself towards my wife, whom they were brutally torturing despite my weakness. Receiving kicks in my ribs, I grovelled in the dust painfully.

Then it happened. I saw one of them take out a revolver from his coat pocket. The dim light of the deserted street shone on his face, exposing the cold calculated smile, curling up on his thin black lips. His eyes reflected madness and he had an ugly scar across his face, matching with his unruffled auburn coloured hair. He had a cataract in his right eye, giving him a more sinister look.

The cold, black muzzle of the revolver pointed towards my wife's head. I pleaded remorsefully. The next moment the bullet shattered my wife's head.

Filled with pain and anger, I was shocked ! Tears came to my eyes as I felt a throbbing in my temples. My heart began beating faster. I could not believe it ! My wife dead ! I looked into that man's eyes with contempt. I was too weak to do anything.

We Prowl The Streets, This Is Our Reward

The streets of this city were once so peaceful I remember that during my childhood, my outstation friends chided me on the fact that I lived in such a calm, goody-goody place. But now, those times are over. The alleys and streets are crawling with muggers and robbers. Man's inclination has, on the whole, changed. Well, let me come down to the present. Introducing myself-I am Inspector Don Corleone of Scotland Yard. An Irishman by origin, I landed myself into this police job, quite unwillingly. I was actually forced into it by my family. Anyway, now that I was in it, I had worked my way up to this post.

The next moment I heard another deafening explosion, felt a sharp burning pain in my temple, and I slowly drifted into unconsciousness as the cold wind sliced on my face. I lay prostrate on the ground, drifting into unconsciousness, the pain in my temple increasing with the echo of laughter in my ears.

I survived as the bullet had merely nicked by my temple. I had been searching for years. I had not even been able to unearth, the reason for his trying to kill us.

Now he was on television. I was perspiring profusely, as I looked at him filled with anger and hatred. The same cold, calculated smile, the cataract and the ugly scar across his dark face, erupted the hatred and anger which nursed was within me for years.

I felt the scar on my temple and the cold steel braces holding my right shoulder, as I motioned myself towards the study table.

He was now a multi-millionaire, an owner of a monopoly of business all over the world. what could I do against him ? Guarded by his henchmen, it would be tough job getting close to him.

Forget the police. I will get him one day or the other, I thought, as I felt the cold, steel of the revolver in my trembling hands.

Sandeep Singh Rawat : X

Friday the 13th. I was on night patrol duty. I left my house, as always on night duty days, at around 8.30 p.m. I drove my car, a heavy duty Nissan Car, out of the drive, and shot off into the stillness of the night. It seemed that all would be as normal as could be, but something at the back of my head did not seem to agree with me. Oh No ! To sum it all up, today was the 13th and that too a Friday. Forget it. Shut it out of your big head. I pushed these thoughts out of my mind. I drove around the town for some time, and then brought my vehicle to a halt near 3rd cross. I leant back and relaxed. My watch showed 10.00 p.m. Night had fallen heavily on the city. I reached under

the dashboard and helped myself to a bottle of beer. Time was dragging by. Suddenly my car radio crackled into life. I sat bolt upright and before the message was completed from the city police Control Room was over, I sent the car racing down the street. My ears were reverberating with the message. A few hoodlums had broken into the warehouse, next to Madam Toussads Wax Museum. Their intentions were quite clear. A robbery of any wax model, would raise the roof in the security arrangements. I reached the scene of the proposed crime and raced to the front door, which had been forced open, to let in some other accomplices. I raced down the hallway, only to find two bodies distracting me. One glance at them was enough to tell me that they were the night staff, who were no more alive. I tried to make as little sound as possible. I crept up the stairs and saw in the Rouge's gallery that various precious wax models had been destroyed. Animal minded brutes, I slowly pushed against the door leading to the section containing models of the royal family. The door gave way and I slipped in. It was close to midnight and I felt that something evil was lurking in the dark. And, then, by the dim moonlight, I saw them and it almost made my heart stop. I slipped a heartbeat. There there were the three of them, in the far corner of the room, carefully detaching the statue of princess Anne from its pedestal. I shouted at them to stop, and they froze for a split second. But only for a second. They heaved, and under the cover of the model and the darkness, made their way out from the back door, from where steps led down into the back alley. I could not risk shooting at them, for fear of destroying more models. I heard the door click shut and a wave of fear swept over me. I pushed with all my might against the door, and it gave in. Now I was out in the open, at the top of the staircase. But, I was greeted by a barricade of shots, from which I do not know how I got saved. Out of the frying pan, into the fire. They were still taking intermittent shots at me, while I made my way down the steps. Suddenly I heard a deep thud, followed by a shot and the sound of a car racing away, coinciding with the sound of wailing sirens as the squad cars entered the alley from the far side. It all happened too fast.

Let me now recollect. All that took place

The Footlights are Flashing Again... ..

Once again we draw your attention towards the cultural and Literary activities of the school.

yesterday. One of the men, of the three, whom I knew was the criminal, (but had no solid proof), had billed his own accomplice, and had let his second man get away with the model and the killing gun, to an unknown destination. He posed as an ordinary citizen, who, while taking a walk back home from a bar, had heard the shot and had come here. All very well planned out, and I could not do a thing against him. The dead man, lay prostrate on the pavement, while his distorted face, looked grotesque, due to the bullet hole in his head.

This day had hit me harder than ever, for another reason, other than they outwitting the police. In the evening, an interview was presented on television, with the "honest citizen". I knew he was the criminal. And there he was on the television before my very eyes, giving an interview. Was this our police system? Could we get no proof against such ruthless and deadly who would easily rob their own fathers shop? It was really amazing. No, it was something more than just that, it was shocking. Three people were killed, and an invaluable wax model stolen, and what could we do about it. Just nothing. It is really very shameful.

But, why was I blaming myself for it. Why? I did my duty, and I tried my best. As it always is now, a-days. Let me leave the effects of the aftermath of the crime to the higher ups. Who was I in this caper? Just an ordinary police inspector, doing his job rightly. So, like all other people say and do, why should I stick my neck out? Forget it. Truly it is very disgusting. Can the high-up officials not see through such a stupid, made-up yarn. A fast one is pulled by a great ganglord, after he and his men have committed a great crime. And instead of probation in jail, till concrete proof is got, he is put on television. Quite a cool way for any citizen to be on television.

Well, there was no need for me to get so bothered about it. Let me continue my life as a law-abiding policemen, with such 'minor' interruptions. Well, like Cato of the 2nd Century B. C. said, 'If you are late in one thing, you are late in all things'. We were late in security and police systems. It is obvious that we shall fall back in all things. Life shall continue, and we will have to face it all.

On Gandhi Jayanti a hindi film was shown - 'Kheh Khilasi Ka'

Ganges and Jamuna houses put up an entertainment show. Ganges staged a hindi skit, followed by a few songs. Their English play was about the menacy character created by Enid Blyton-Mr. Twiddle.

Vikram Mall and Gurwinder Oberoi depicted the Indian Occult practices by playing the 'Jamure and Madari'.

Sanjay Agarwal and Akshey Kant proved to the audience that the demarcation between the East and West isn't very prominent by playing both the sitar and the guitar simultaneously.

The play 'Blue Murder' was performed by Jamuna. It was followed up by a piece of Satire showing the contrast between an old fashioned father and a Modern. young son.

Sanjeev Singhal imitated Michael Jackson's versatile dance to the beat of Thriller to receive a tumult of applause from the crowd.

The 'Literary society of English' organised an inter-section debate on the topic- 'Is Video a boon or a curse'?

The ravaging football fever has again caught up with the boys and fiercer then ever in the form of the inter house football matches. The spectators stood spell bound, as Cauvery house 'thrashed' Jamuna winning the match 8 goals to nil.

And then came the most exciting match of all, The cauvery Vs. Krishna match. It had all the spectators Jumping right off their seats. After half time the excitement rose upto its hilt. Then Anil came up with the ball to score the first goal. The next goal was scored by Samir with a spectacular head of a corner kick. But Abhijeet Ghosh of Krishna pierced through the defence and scored the first goal for Krishna.

The match ended with the final score 2-1 (cauvery won)

FINAL TALLY Seniors

Jamuna Vs Cauvery, Cauvery won, 8-0; Ganges Vs. Krishna, 2-2; Jamuna Vs Ganges, Ganges won, 3-0,

WELHAM NEWS

- 1-A Public Schools Atheletic Meet was held at our school this October.
- 2-Lucky are the boys who stayed back on Diwali for they got a speacial feast.
- 3-The types fishes are increasing in number and thus occupying more fish tanks.
- 4-Woodseats has been white washed.
- 5-Manish Issar won the consolation prize in the Dehra dun Rangoli competition held on 21st October. Well done Manish !

A large number of camps were organised for the Mid term break such as to Dodital, Kaness or, Parwanoo Badrinath, Dewalsari and Dhanaulti. A group of cyclists went to Kotdwar. The Juniors went to places like Shakhumbri Devi, Jim Corbett Reserve Park, Pandowalla and Motiehur.

A Musical Evening was held on the twenty-third in which the musicians displayed their capabilities at instruments such as Sitar, Bongo, Harmonium & tabla.

Some of the boys visited the Welham Girl's Founder's Day which was highlighted by Kamayani- a historical drama.

A group of boys also went for the Doon School Founder's Day Programme.

More cultural-Literary activities are expected next fortnight. The chair squad is expected to arrange a better system of seating.

Hoping that the audio Visual Boys keep the expectations buoyed up.

Aresh Shirali

IN THE ARENA OF SPORTS

Krishna Vs Jamuna, Krishna won, 10-0; Krishna Vs Cauvery, Cauvery won, 2-1; Ganges Vs Cauvery, Cauvery won, 3-1.

Winner :—

COLTS

Ganges Vs Krishna, Ganges won, 1-0; Jamuna Vs Cauvery, Jamuna won, 3-2; Jamuna Vs Ganges, Ganges won, 7-1; Krishna Vs Cauvery, 0-0, Cauvery Vs Ganges Cauvery won, 2-0; Krishna Vs Jamuna, tie, 2-2.

ATOMS

Krishna Vs Jamuna, Krishna won, 1-0; Cauvery Vs Ganges, Ganges won, 2-0; Krishna Vs Ganges, Ganges won, 2-1; Jamuna Vs Cauvery, Cauvery won, 3-2; Krishna Vs Cauvery, Cauvery won, 2-1; Jamuna Vs Ganges, tie, 1-1.

The Ganges boys clinched the trophy with 29 points. Congratulations.

—Umesh Shivlani

- 6-Welham Girls' High School had their sports day on our field,
- 7-Welham Boys' School Students thoroughly enjoyed the fete at Welham Girls' High School.
- 8-The boys went to Doon School Fete too. This half of the month was exceptionally good with two fetes close together and good stuff to eat.
- 9-Class 9th and 8th went to see Doon School's entertainment programme and liked it.

Amit Kamra

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor : Vijit Sawhney, Gaurav Kampani; Sports Reporter : Umesh Shivlani, Ashu Khanna; Literary & Cultural Activities : Udeshpal Singh Mann, Aresh Shirali; News Reporter : Sanyog Mehta, Amit Kamra; Hindi : Sanjay Aggarwal, Piyush Modi; Staff Representative : Mrs. I. Kamra