



# THE OLIPHANT

No. 142

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

24th May 1993

THINK ABOUT IT

*Nothing is worth more than this day.*

—Goethe.

## Home sweet home

The term ends and the only thing which comes to our mind is 'home' Experiment reaches its peak. House feasts are arranged and enjoyed. There is a spirit of the carnival. The mood is upbeat. This is undoubtedly the best part of the term. It has its own charm and pushes even the most sober and restrained boys to join the fun and frolic.

The Levis and Wranglers, after a long wait, at last find their way out of the cupboards. It is a different thing they are in a dilapidated condition. But who cares, next term a new pair of sneakers await them. Belts and caps are admired and clothes exchange hands to reach the original owners. The hostels look colourful with boys engaged in packing. One asks the other, "Which party, air party?" "No", the other replies, "Delhi Party", Yet another says "Home party", and so on and so forth, the conversation goes on.

Music (both occidental and oriental) is tuned to its highest, late till night Common rooms are filled with enthusiasts trying out the latest 'dance steps', to be able to impress their "home friends", plans for the forthcoming term are also discussed and finalised in advance, and address and phone numbers jotted down in a hurry.

And, once the boys leave, perhaps the school becomes desolate. Without the boys the heart. Welham, one is sure, waits very eagerly and patiently for the holidays to end, so that Welhamites can return to their favourite 'home', and the school can be lively once again.

A few days ago two ex-Welhamites-Ranjan Lath and Ved Krishna of the previous batch arrived in school after a nerve cracking 7000 kilometre extensive tour of India, on a bike! A unique achievement for them, and a source pride for the school to have such adventurous students. On their tour of some of the major Indian cities, the bike broke down more than a dozen times. At one place they were stranded for three days due to some major snag. But they did not lose hope, overcame hardships, and finally achieved their goal due to sheer determination and grit.



Such is the indefatigable spirit of Welhamites. One wonders what's next on their agenda? Possibly an Asian or World tour and, why not—where there is a will there is a way. If you have determination to achieve something you will achieve it, no matter what the difficulties and circumstances. The unique achievement has inspired many other Welhamites. In class XII, already a few enthusiastic boys have made futuristic plans of another Indian tour after ISC's but this time in a car, a step further—on the path to luxury!

The special issue of 'The Oliphant' to mark 10 years of its publication due to come out this term, has had to be postponed till the next term due to a poor response from the exies. We very reluctantly had to defer the publication of the much-talked-about issue. We hope 'exies' and the 'presenties' will not hesitate to contribute this time. And the two months holidays are long to think, mull and brood, organize and structure and send in the items.

Debating and elocution form an important part of education for they help in making one eloquent and articulate. But these activities must be conducted in a well organised and planned way otherwise they lose their charm. One of the most significant aspects of Debate and Elocution Contests is the decision, which should be fair and correct. In the recent past a couple of such contests held in school were marked by controversy about the decisions. The decisions of the judges, of course, is final and must be accepted. However, to prevent accusing fingers from being raised, we should perhaps get judges from outside the school, and such people who are well-wersed in this art of speaking. More importantly, all the contestants should have equal access to teachers for help. Better still, let the boys prepare on their own in consultation with the boys of their respective houses. This will not only help the boys develop requisite skills but will help one to really judge them correctly.

Adieu till next term. Have great holidays.

Prashant Goenka

# Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I visited the school last month after a long time. It was really great to see the school forging ahead from 'strength to strength'. Over the years a lot of development has taken place and for this all the credit goes to Mr. Kandhari and his colleagues. I was really proud not only to see the change, but even feel them while interacting with the boys.

As an old boy of this great institution, I would like to draw your attention to one point. I feel that over these years a lot of construction work has taken place in the campus. With the result that now it looks like a concrete angle in certain areas. So I would like the school gardening squad to draw up a plan and plant trees at these points with the help of the experienced and hardworking malis of the school.

I will only point out a few areas where I think trees are needed.

- a) A row of trees is needed in front of NU and NG on the boundary of the school main field. This could run from wood seats to the New Building.
- b) Another row from the New Building till the slope of the Elephant wall leading us to the dining-hall.
- c) A row of trees is badly needed behind NU and NG where the new complex has been made. A row in front of the building and then running along the back boundary wall which could end near the cricket nets.
- d) You could even have a row of trees on the boundary wall of Riverside. I think in this

## Literary Affairs

### LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING

I can remember the time,  
when she lay in my arms,  
I sat there and counted her charms.  
The room was empty but for the  
two of us,  
No Mom and Dad to fuss around.



We sat thus from down till dusk,  
And she said that she could smell my manly musk.  
Then everyday without fail we began to meet,  
In fancy restaurants we would eat.

It sure meant a lot of money,  
But 'twas no good if I couldn't spend on my honey.  
People said love had made me blind,  
But what they said, I never did mind.

Our love would bear fruit, together we dreamt,  
whatever we said, we always meant.  
About the society we did not care,  
Love like ours seemed to be quite rare.

manner our school gardening squad could really bring greenery to our school campus and help in building a better environment to live and study in.

Yours etc.

Jagjit Singh  
(Ex 378 K)

\* \* \*

Dear Editor,

It really grieves the heart to see the sorry state of affairs at Welham. Not only do we ex-Welhamites not receive 'The Oliphant' on time but we, it seems, are so trivial and unimportant to school that we are never ever informed of any function taking place in school. What the school fails to realise is that we crave to come to school and are always looking for an excuse to do so. I am sure that appropriate measures will be taken to improve this 'callous' attitude towards ex-Welhamites.

Yours Lamentfully

Hitesh Mahajan

Dear Hitesh,

Have passed on your complaint to the Despatch section. We assure you you'll get the magazine on time—people asking for the mag, that's what we love providing. The Ex-ies matter and will always do. We do try and keep them up-to-date about school events, but don't deny we have slipped up sometimes. Promise to do better.

Editor

\* \* \*

I did not care what she looked like—  
The beauty of her eyes, the colour of her hair.  
We promised to live and die together,  
To touch her skin was soft as leather.

To others our love was a mystery,  
But we were sure it would go down in history.  
We walked up and down the streets at nights,  
I in my jeans, and she in her tights.

That terrible day I went to her house,  
Thinking that by evening, she'd be my spouse.  
But fate had decided otherwise.

I did not cry, I dot laugh, only her thoughts  
flooded my mind,  
I heard she had died in an accident, and left me for behind.

Ankur Nigam  
IX-B,

## Son, I Love You.

She was sitting under the lamp post with her six year old boy in her lap. It was raining. She and the child were wet. She was wearing a torn saree, the child a torn shirt and a pair of torn shorts. She had covered the child's face with her saree so that his face did not get wet. Both shivering in the cold. I passed them and like any other person who feels pity for the poor but does not go and help them muttered, "How sad !"

The next day it was again raining. I was going to the confectionary shop. I saw them again, but this time under a shed. Her saree wet and sticking to her body. The child drenched and clinging to her mother's leg, she caressing his head and lost in thought. It was a very touching scene. Luckily I was carrying my camera. I immediately took their photograph. I wanted to give some money to them in return.

When I came close to her I was startled. She was a young girl of about 22-23, beautiful and innocent. I offered her a twenty-rupee note, she refused to accept it, She thought my intentions were bad. Then I told her that I had taken her photograph and in return I was giving money. She still did not accept it, instead she asked me for work. She said she would earn money and not beg. She told me that her husband had recently died of malaria and she and her son had no relative from whom they could seek help. She told me that for two days they had not eaten anything. I told her that I would look for some suitable work for her.

Next day in the evening I went for a walk. Again I saw her with her child. She was suckling the boy, he trying to satisfy his hunger. The mother had covered the child's face with a small portion of her saree. She was weeping because she knew that there was no milk in her. Something stirred deep in my heart. A mother trying to end her son's hunger, weeping helplessly because she knows she will not be able to do so. I went to her and said that I had found work for her. She came with her six-year old son with me.

Her name was Leela and her son's Hari. She began to work as a maid in my house. I am a doctor and live alone. She was efficient in her work. From

that day onwards I was never late for work. She cleaned the house, washed my clothes and prepared delicious food.

After a few days I showed her the photograph which I had taken. It was a beautiful picture. I still have it with me. Even to this day the photograph holds deep meaning for me :—a poor woman remembering her past, her future that is her son in her hands and who would improve her conditions.

She loved her son deeply. They stayed with me for eight years. In those eight years I saw how much love a mother has for her child. My mother had died when I was four years old. Seeing Leela's love for Hari. I thought that my mother would have also loved me in a same way if she had been alive. Leela would remain hungry but never let Hari remain hungry. From her salary she always bought him new clothes and all the things he required. She never even thought of replacing her torn saree.

As Hari grew he became selfish, rude and greedy. He often adopted dishonest methods to satisfy his wants. Once he stole hundred rupees from my pocket. Leela took the blame so that no harm would come to her son. I knew Leela could never steal, therefore I did not say anything to her. She did not say anything to Hari because she feared she would hunt him. Other such minor incidents took place. Leela tried to keep a check on Hari. One day, when I returned from the clinic I saw Mr. Saluja, our neighbour, shouting at Leela and Hari, From Mr. Saluja I learnt that Hari had stolen his watch. I was very angry. I caught Hari by his collar and was about to slap him when Leela intervened and pleaded for forgiveness. There were tears in her eyes. I left Hari's collar perhaps it was Leela's love, that had made Hari dishonest and selfish. He had become used to always having things his way and his mother giving him all that he asked for.

After a few years I went to America for an advanced course in Geriatrics. Leela was sad because she knew no one would help her. Before leaving I gave her enough money so that she and Hari could open a small shop, may be a tea stall.

I extended my stay in America for some research work and returned only after four years. I was happy because I was returning to my country. These four years had passed very slowly and I had yearned to come back to India. I started going to the clinic after a few days of my arrival. I kept a maid who did all the work in the house.

One night I received a call that someone had died in a brothel. I was required to conduct a post mortem. I quickly reached the place and examined the body. As I was leaving I saw a face, a familiar

Me.....

I opened my eyes, and looked at the clock. It showed two a.m. I knew my clock had got spoilt again. I knocked it twice then left it. I went outside and looked around. I could see the sun rising. It was about five in the morning. The cold breeze blew hard in my face. I covered myself with a blanket, the only thing I had to protect myself from the cold. I went back to my hut and prayed to God. After I finished my prayer I put on my clothes, washed and went to work. This is how my day starts, a day for a servant.

I go and open the front gate and leave the dog. A morning walk with the master's dog. We go around and come back by five-thirty. I then go and wake up the mistress. After this I go on my bicycle to get milk. The milk booth is about three miles from home. By the time I come back it is half-past six. I then make the dog's food which he quickly gobbles. Seeing him eating my tummy growls. I say to myself "People in this house give an animal preference to a human being". By this time the children also get ready and the master has woken up. I warm the milk for the children and make tea for the master and his wife. After giving the tea I start cleaning the massive house. I go around in every corner of the house, dusting and wiping. After I have finished this I start the sweeping. Sweeping for many quarters of hours, my back starts aching and by the time I finish I am exhausted. The day has just begun and I am already tired. "Come on give me a break. Even I am human. I too have feelings. I am treated worse than a dog. Don't the people in this house have any feelings? Even they are human like me, then why is there so much difference between us?" Thoughts flash pass in my mind.

one. I tried to remember it.....yes it was Leela. I was shocked to see her in this place. I ran to her.

"Leela, you here! How come?" She was astonished to see me. Then she burst into tears. I again questioned her, "Leela what are you doing here?"

She gave me the answer, "Sahabji, My son Hari sold me for money."

Simran Nurpuri  
XII

\* \* \*

For breakfast I get a couple of bread pieces and a cup of tea. "At least feed me well if you want good work. If a person is weak how can he work?" I grumble to myself, but at the same time I say, "Something is better than nothing" and carry on. The day passes slowly as if a snail is making it move. In a day I am scolded at least four to five times for not doing work sincerely. There is not a minute of rest for me. Whenever I go and sit, I am called for.

For lunch I have to make several dishes and get myself roasted in that heat for hours. While the members of the house just sit and relax, gossip and entertain themselves. "Being human I also have rights. Don't these people sometimes think of me, or not?" but I cannot say things like these to my master because if I do he will cut my pay and therefore I am helpless.

In the evening I play with the children, this is the only thing I like. The reason being I love children and I like seeing them happy. It brings me joy and I think this is the only reason which stops me from speaking and makes me carry on with my job.

I again make food in the evening. Three times a day I cook food with my own hands and all I get to eat is the left overs. I wash the dishes in the end and when I finish it is about eleven at night. Then I go around the house, locking up and checking the switches. By the end of the day I am so exhausted that I just collapse on my bed.

I always remember what my mother told me—"Wait till the right time, and when it comes do not hesitate in saying anything." I am waiting for such a time.

Prashant Singh  
X-B

## The Captain's Slacks



As soon as he walks up on stage all eyes turn towards him.....oops !! I'm sorry ! All eyes turn to his trousers. Guys are more interested in his trousers those what he is bothering about. Immediately whispers begin- "Wow I can almost see my face in it !" "Wherever did he get those trousers from ?" "Wait till I lay my hands on them". This is the normal scene everyday in Welham as soon as he walks up.

Well, you might have guessed who I'm talking about. Yeah !! You are absolutely correct. I am talking about the SCHOOL CAPTAIN - JAIRAJ SINGH RATHORE.

Tall, dark and handsome as he is, his impeccable white trousers alongwith his fancy shoes only add a touch of class to the well reputed Captain of Welham Boys' School.

Not only the boys, the teachers too can often be seen staring at him.. oops again.....at his trousers as he walks with the utmost pride from the dinning-hall to the Assembly hall. Talking about prides guess what ?? Sneaking into the class twelve papers told us that they got a topic in their English Language Paper—"Your Most Prized Possession". Not surprisingly, Jairaj attempted that one. O.K. Now you guys take a shot and guess what Jerry must have written about.

In the hostel, some over-anxious eleventhies even went to the extent of asking for his permission to touch the slacks and see what material it was made of. I am sure the curiosity of the pants has killed many cats. How are they so clean ? How does the crease never disappear ?? How is the fitting so perfect ??? These are some of the questions guys wanna ask but dare not.

To answer these questions, the Oliphant conducted a secret survey. We got different opinions

from every second guy. The selected ones have been printed. Some have a feeling that he makes the juniors give the trousers an extra wash. Some also have the sneaking feeling that he gives some extra dough to the bearer (Ravi) and gives them a special wash said a wag, "No wonder he does not go out very often on Sundays" (Meaning that he spends all his money on the wash). Incidentally, some juniors who sneaked into his room found some chalk, in his pockets. My ! My ! What can we deduce from this ? You mean chalk powder's the secret.

As if to add to the glory of the pants, a junior asked Jairaj, who was coming down the stairs of P.H. with the trousers in his hands, whether his pants had just come from wash. In his usual poker-faced way, "No ! They are going for a wash !"

Oh ! Yeah ! Just day before yesterday Jairaj found a chit on his bunk from one of his fans. Luckily I flicked it from the school. It read-"WHITE IS HOT. IT'S ALSO COOL. AT THE TIME WHEN THE WORLD IS EXPLODING, WHITE IS ALSO SOOTHING". God give sense to the Welhamites.

Before I end, let's hear what his roommates ('HUM' ites) have to say about his slacks. UDIT- "PANT HO TO JAIRAJ JAISI, VERNA NAHIN HO" SIMRAN - "THOSE ARE NOT HIS TROUSERS, THOSE ARE MINE (I wish). JAGMEET - "YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT YAAR, BUT I FLICK THEM, AND WEAR THEM ALTHOUGH THEY SERVE AS BERMUDA'S TO ME". PAVANDEEP - "USKI PANT MERI PANT SE SAFED KAISE ?" HIMANSHU - "JAIRAJ'S TROUSERS, JEALOUSY AROUSERS."

That's for friends I am sure Jairaj's enemies (thats if he has any.) will surely be waiting to lay their hands upon them and crush them.

O ! No ! I can hear someone come in. I bet its Jairaj I'am caught. Yes ! It is the white lion.

Ankur Nigam  
X-B

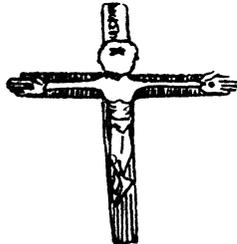
# Welham Now !!

1. The results of the English Handwriting Competition in April are as follows :

<b>Class VI</b>	<b>Class VII</b>
1st Vikash Prasad	Shiv Kumar
2nd Ashish Kumar	Mehul Mayank
3rd Kumar Abhijeet	Rohit Bagaria
<b>Class VIII</b>	<b>Class IX</b>
1st Sambhav Jain and Amit Kumar	Ashish Patodia
2nd Gaurav Chaudhary	Gurkirat Aurora
3rd Nikunj Gupta	Vivek Garg
<b>Class X</b>	<b>Class XI</b>
1st Manish Kumar	Nitin Bhanot
2nd Apurva Patodia	Rohit Jaiswal
3rd Vishwas Kohli	Jaiamardeep Singh
	3rd Vijay Bishnoi

**Class XII**

- 1st Udit Raj Singh  
2nd Himanshu Gupta  
3rd Rajesh Sehgal



2. The Inter-School English Elocution was held on the 30th. Sudeep Chaudhari came second in the Seniors and Karan Gulera came third in the Juniors. Welham Girls' won the trophy.

3. On the 1st an Inter-House English Debate for classes 8 and 9 was held. The topic 'Should Welham become co-ed or not' evoked an enthusiastic response. The results were as follows :-

- 1st Arjun Trivedi  
2nd Zayed Khan  
3rd Karan Sood  
Most Promising Speaker-Shakti Agarwal  
Jamuna won the trophy.

4. On the 5th the UPHILEX '93 Philately Preliminary Written Quiz was held by the Uttar Pradesh postal circle for the Students of Class VIII to XII. Shantanu Singh, Manvendra.

5. On the 6th the Inter-School Hindi Debate was held. The topic of the debate was 'Nai Aarthik Neeteeyan Hamain Aarthik Gulam Bana Rahin Hain'. Our school was represented by Vijay Bishnoi and Mandeep Lamba. Vijay stood third. Marshall won the trophy.

6. The Friends Of The Doon organized a quizon Nature and Environment at Welham Girls. On the 7th Vivek Garg, Anshul Anurag and Sachin Dhir represented the school.

7. The Welham Boys' and Welham Girls' joint production 'One Day Out' was held on the 8th It was enjoyed by all.

8. Sudeep Chaudhari and Vidura Bahadur represented the school at the Raja Jodha Shamsheer Memorial Inter-School Debate held at Cambrian Hall. The topic was 'Foreign Investment in India will revive the days of the East India Company'.

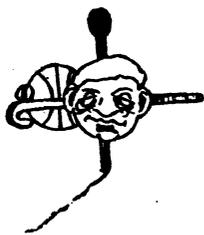
9. The Inter-House (Sr.) English Debate was also held on the 13th. The topic was the same as the one given for the Inter-School debate Cambrian Hall. The results :

- 1st Sudeep Chaudhari  
2nd Atin Sharma and Vidura Bahadur  
3rd Vipul Bansal  
Jamuna stood first.

10. The May Exams which started on the 19th ended the 22nd.

11. A hindi comedy 'Yahan Dil Bikte Hain' was staged on the 23rd at 'The Steps'

## Ringside View



Welham participated in the Council Hockey Tournament. Much to the surprise of many people Welham could not retain the trophy. We faced defeat in the semi finals. Our team could have performed much better, had it not lost a few precious days of practice. Even so we were confident of doing well in this tournament.

Our first opponent was Colonel Brown School. The Welhamites dominated the match from the beginning. Our forwards broke their defence on a number of occasions. Davish played a magnificent game and scored a superb goal. We won the match easily, 4-0 (Davish-1, Manish-2, Prashant-1).

Welham was again victorious as it eliminated St. Thomas College with ease in its next encounter. The S.T.C. forwards were not able to penetrate our strong defence. Our forwards capitalized on the mistakes made by the rival team. We beat them 3-0 with Danish, Vijay Nishant and Manish Kumar scoring one goal each.

We were stunned by Marshall School in the next encounter, surprisingly being held to a draw by them. Our defenders did a pretty good job, but it was the forwards who missed a number of chances. Jairaj Singh was the lone scores for our team. At the end the score read 1-1.

Much to the relief of all, Welham regained its top form and crushed Childrens Academy, Racecourse. Our forwards seemed to be in their best form and played a co-ordinated and organized game. We could have scored more goals but our finishing was poor. We beat them 6-0 (Jairaj-1, Mohit-1, Sharib-1, Danish-2, Manish-1).

The semifinals saw us pitted against St. Joseph Academy whom we had thrashed 3-1 in a friendly encounter, earlier. Our forwards did not exhibit a good game and were unable to score any goal. Although good moves were made, it was poor finishing that let us down. Quite a few decisions went against us. The match ended in a goalless draw. The winner was decided by penalty strokes. Vijay Bishnoi and Prashant Singh converted their strokes where as the others missed. St Joseph's Academy won the match as they converted three strokes. Thus, we lost the match which we could have easily won.

It was the juniors who restored some of the lost glory. They beat Marshall 1-0 with Saswat Prasad scoring the only goal for us. We crushed St. Joseph's Academy 2-0 (Saswat-1, Ashok Roy-1) and reached the finals. However we were narrowly beaten by Colonel Brown in the finals.

The Inter-house matches came to an end with Krishna unexpectedly lifting the cup in the senior section after a gap of six years. Ganga emerged winners in Section A.

It was delighting to note that the standard of the game exhibited by the juniors was good. In sections B and C these were ups and downs and all the matches were thrilling.

Ganga House dominated in Section A. On its way to victory Ganga convincingly beat Cauvery and Krishna. It was Jamuna which gave some tough resistance to Ganga. Ajay Kumar played a marvellous game for Jamuna and his ball control was superb. Saswat Prasad raided the Ganga defence occasionally but was always stopped by Yashab Zia whose rock-like defence proved fatal for the Jamuna forwards. The match ended in a goalless draw with both the teams putting up an excellent performance.

### Section A

1. Ganga V/s Cauvery 2-0  
(Basudev-1  
Rinchen-1)
2. Ganga V/s Krishna 4-0  
(Rinchen-2  
Basudev-1  
Yashab Zia-1)
3. Jamuna V/s Krishna 1-1  
(Saswat Prasad) (Abhishek Malla)
4. Krishna V/s Cauvery 1-0  
(Suryajai Singh)
5. Ganga V/s Jamuna 1-1
6. Jamuna V/s Cauvery 1-0  
(Saswat Prasad)

The well balanced Jamuna team proved to be the best in Section B and demolished Krishna 1-0 in a closely fought match. In this section too the most thrilling match was Ganga V/s Jamuna. The Ganga forwards played a good game but were unable to score. The dangerman of Jamuna Amarnath Jaiswal struck in the second half and gave Jamuna the vital lead. Ganga was then not able to recover lost ground. Thus Jamuna over powered the fancied Ganga team. As the matter goes into print the last match between Jamuna and Cauvery is still to be played and will decide the winner of the tournament in this section.

### Section B

1. Ganga V/s Krishna 5-1  
(Akbar Ali-2 (Samarth)  
Vivek Sharma-2  
Muzzaffar-1)
2. Ganga V/s Cauvery 0-0
3. Jamuna V/s Ganga 1-0  
(Amar)
4. Cauvery V/s Krishna 0-0
5. Jamuna V/s Krishna 1-0  
(Arjun-1)

The senior Inter-house saw Krishna performing much beyond the expectations of others to pip the

most favoured cauverities in the race for lifting the trophy. They managed to hold the strong Cauvery team to a draw. They beat the well balanced Ganga team and breezed past Jamuna. The much awaited match was between Cauvery and Ganga. Had Cauvery won the match, it would have lifted the trophy. The Ganga team concentrated its players in the defence and foiled the moves made by the Cauverites. Mohit Mehta played an excellent game as a defender for Ganga. Jairaj's and Sharib's efforts went in vain as Vijay Nishant scored an excellent goal for Ganga in the dying moments of the match. Thus Cauvery received a major jolt from Ganga and Krishna lifted the cup in this section.

### Section C

1. Ganga V/s Jamuna 1-1  
(Sunit Mehta) (Absar Hussain)
2. Cauvery V/s Krishna 0-0
3. Krishna V/s Ganga 1-0  
(Gautam Khattar)
4. Cauvery V/s Jamuna 3-0  
(Manish Kumar-1  
Jairaj Singh-1  
Vipul Bansal-1)
5. Krishna V/s Jamuna 2-0  
(Prashant Singh-1  
Gautam Khattar-1)
6. Ganga V/s Cauvery 1-0  
(Vijay Nishant)

Many talented and skilled players came into the lime light by performing exceptionally well in the inter-house matches. Ashok Roy, Yashab Zia, Saswat Prasad, Ajay Kumar, Anirudh Chauhan and many other names are worth mentioning Muzzaffar Ali, Samarth Singh, Amiya Sethu, Manish Kumar and Arjun Bhatia were the star performers in Section B. It was hearing to see the lowly ranked Krishna team play with spirit and a lot of enthusiasm in the senior section. Ankur Nigam was the find of the season and impressed everyone with his amazing skills

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### EDITORIAL BOARD

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