



THE OLIPHANT

No. 155

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 26th, 1994

Think About It

"I can generally bear the separation but I don't like the leave-taking"

- Samuel Butler

EDITORIAL

Once again the school felt like a monastery. Everything seems quiet and humble, with the bell the only sound. Boys from classes 6 to 10 have been busy studying. The exceptions ofcourse are the classes 11 and 12. One can easily spot them religiously playing football in the main and the back fields respectively. Exams are no hindrance for them.

With the Volleyball Open providing excitement, everybody has found it difficult to get down to studies. The creativity of the Welhamites cannot be doubted. One only needs to read the pools of the Volleyball Open Tournament: Wolverine Crue, Claylords, Manjula, Crazy Kids, Ultimate Dominators, The Seals etc. The teams were at their throaty best. Everybody screamed and shouted till their throats were hoarse and their eyes teary. Well, let's see what the examination bring to the eyes.

The L.R.C. is once again haunted by sleepless people. Every once in a while one can spot boys dozing in some corner.

The junior school, however, steals the show. With every bell ringing you could hear the juniors scream louder. One period less to go home!! With whatever counting they can do on their fingers, they count the days, hours, minutes and seconds to go home!!

Once again..... busy studying. One can now only

hear the singular cacophony in the servants' quarters. All the other music systems in school have gone into temporary quietude; with the exception of P.H. It seems to me that the twelfthies are going to attempt a music examination. Teachers are giving added time in classes to study. Some students use this time in the most unique form; armed with compasses and the expert knowledge of the 'Dictionary of Slang' they create modern scriptures on desks and chairs. On the other hand, class 12 and 11 have taken the cake. While everybody's eyes were stuck on their books they were often spotted in Welham Girls' at the summer festival and the Sanjay Raina (c)rap night. Even now, in the evenings they religiously play football with enthusiasm. The staff sincerely wish that such enthusiasm was displayed in doing their prep.

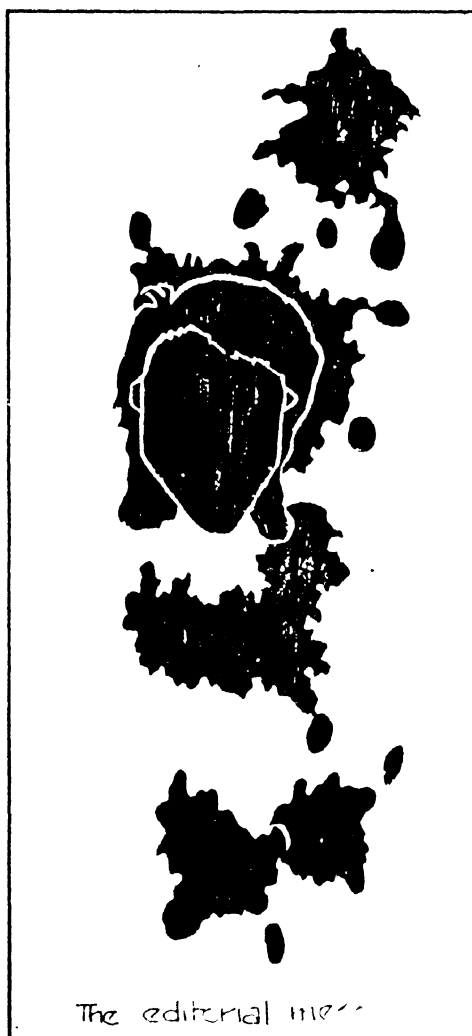
I'm sure, by the time this issue is out most of us would have forgotten all about the examination and it's appropriate afflictions. After all, why cry over spilt milk?

Let's hope everybody has a nice, delightful and an enjoyable holiday. Next term provides some relief. Only one examination.

The Oliphant Board wishes everybody a most enjoyable holiday. If the examination have

come can the holidays be far behind. Have a good time.

- Kirtiman Singh



WELHAM NOW

Jayant Gokhale and Rumaan Kidwai participated in the Inter-School English Debate at Cambrian Hall.

The Western Music department presented a Rock Show on the 14th. The following boys performed - Vikas Kumar (Keyboard), Siddhant Sharma (Vocals), Apoorva Patodia (Drums), Arjun Punj (Guitar). It was enjoyed by all.

Nitin Bhanot rendered a flute recital at the Town Hall on the 13th of May.

The Inter House Hindi elocution was held on the 12th. The following attained individual positions :-

In the Senior section

I - Nitin Bhanot

II - Shakti Agarwal

III - Amiya Setu

In the Junior Section

I - Kumar Abhijeet

II - Mehul Mayank

III - Ashish Kumar

Cauvery House lifted the trophy.

The first Inter-School Debate was held on the 9th. The topic of the Debate was "Progress can no longer be identified with happiness today." A total of 9 teams participated including the Lawrence School, Sanawar and Mayo Girls', Ajmer. There were 18 speakers in all. A pleasant evening was further enriched as Rumaan Kidwai and Sameer Gambhir put up a brilliant performance and consequently putting Welham in the top position. Being the hosts, we did not compete for the trophy and Welham Girls' being second lifted the trophy.

Individual Positions

I - Anjali Nandi (Welham Girls' High School)

II - Rumaan Kidwai (Welham Boys')

III - Madhav Ranjan (The Doon School)

The rebuttal prize was won by Madhav Ranjan of the Doon School. The most Promising speaker for the evening was Sameer Gambhir.

The results of the English Handwriting Competition - Junior School

Class I

I - Nishant Joshi

II - Ujjwal Kumar

III - Deepak Kumar

Class - II-A

I - Maroof Ahmed

II - Gaurav Chatterjee

III - Tanmay Agarwal

Class - II-B

(2)

I - Rishab Tyagi

II - Tvisha Misra

III - Surya P. Singh

Class - III-A

I - Prabesh Shreshtha

II - Varun Chaudhary

III - Raunak Agarwal

Class - III-B

I - Aseem Sethi

II - Amritanshu Verma

III - Aditya Goel

Winners of the Hindi Hand Writing Competition

Class I

I - Amardeep S. Kohli

II - Raunak Tiberewal

III - Aijaz Rasool

Class - II-A

I - Gagandeep Singh

II - Dhruv Malhotra

III - Ahmed Faraz Khan

Class - II-B

I - Surya P. Singh

II - Vaibhav S. Thakur

III - Avinesh Singh

Class - III-A

I - Ankit Tiberewal

II - Anupam Biswas

III - Raunak Agarwal

Class - III-B

I - Ayush Agarwal

II - Shobhit Kumar

III - Pranab Bhakta Shreshtha

The Grape Revolution....



*Make Peace no!
war.*

OLD BOYS' NEWS

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from RATHIN GROVER from the class of '92. He is currently in TEIKYO MARYCREST UNIVERSITY in Davenport, Iowa in the U.S.A. He is a junior and is doing a double major in finance and accounting.

He was elected treasurer of the student government. He is also doing an internship with Merrill Lynch, a blue chip finance company.

In a brief interview he said that scholarship was limited for international students but available. He said, "America is a great place and everyone can make it." Incidentally he scored 1230 in SAT examination and 625 in the TOEFL examination.

When asked what he missed most about Welham he said, "The morning extra P.T., the best of teachers and friends as well as the food - I mean it!" He went on to say that 'Welham' is the place to be and that he had a great time here.

Excerpt from a letter from Asad Shamsi (batch of 1993) :-

First of all I want to give you the good news that now I have finally received the certificate of scholarship from my university.

Ed : Our congratulations !

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

Your appetite seems to be going the wrong way. The day we get grapes, the Ed's never seen (he's probably under some table or hiding behind someone). A handful of sweet juicy grapes never see your intestines as they are thrown with Editorial strength at peoples' faces. You're no longer afraid of the 'Two Pairs of Eyes'. Thank God! We're not getting grapes any more. Its now more peaceful with melons and watermelons. Seeing you eat a plateful of pudding was the eighth wonder of Welham (the other wonders include the food, P.T., etc...). I hope your Appetite for Destruction changes for the better and not into an Appetite for Construction.

Yours,
A grape fan.

Ed : All correspondence on grapes is now closed. We are grape fruity enough.

Dear Ed,

Please tell your cartoonist, his cartoons are awful. His cartoon of you in the last issue (The Ed-Robo copped) was really the pits. It was straight out of the Jungle Book (hopefully this resemblance will make you have a hair cut), it looked like Mowgli. The Oliphant could do better toons and better cartoonists who aren't cartoons themselves.

Yours,
The Raven.

Ed : Nevermore.

Dear Ed,

It was extremely hilarious to hear the Principal's desire to learn Taekwondo. It had us laughing in the lines, even the School Captain showed hints of a smile proving that he too is human. The teachers hid their snickers behind cupped hands and luckily no physicist or no historian laughed. Its un-imaginable to see the princy hoo-hah-ing his way to a black belt.

Yours,
Giggle.

Dear Ed,

The computer designer should get more recognition. The tiny mention of his name is not enough. A photograph of our arty designer should be published to show just how hard he really works. Sitting with him a few times I've realised its dangerous. He racks his brain for a better issue, so do something. Presenting him with a girl-friend allowance might just do the job.

Yours,
A friend.

Ed : They also serve.....

LITERARY AFFAIRS

FACE

From a chair on wheels, I sat looking out of the window down, down at the road below. I watched the gory, gloomy melancholious life down below. Looking, looking, looking down at the people who passed carrying their worries, gnawing at whatever happiness was left in them. They seemed to be enjoying the sadness, the monotony, the pain of life. Why didn't they just get rid of them? Wipe them out? Forever I watched people aging, dying with the strain of their troubles. Going senile, insane. I read their faces with ease, experience had taught me. The mishaps of nature had honed my skills. A young man not older than seventeen, not younger walked by slowly with all the creepy crawliness of a snail. He sat with the load of all his gloom. He was in a dark gloom, the cause

of his melancholy, his troubles were eating at him, his happiness, like white ants, slow and steady, subjecting him to fits of ill-temper. Making him peevish and irritable. He didn't look very friendly, his eyes didn't have that friendly glaze. He was recluse, dumb, angry and sad. He just kept staring at everybody else, turning away, not looking, just grinding his teeth. His short temper visible in the joint between his eyebrows. He seemed to have convinkled early, he thought too much, sulked too much. Much too moody, much too jealous. Jealousy had enveloped him in her arms. Bah! This man would bore anyone. There was more to life than gloom, than sulking so I turned and wheeled myself away.

—Sudeep Chaudhuri
Class XI

FATE

For the past twelve hours, Karan, a police officer, had been sitting on the branch of the tree, strong and solid enough to hold his enormous bulk. He was six-one with broad shoulders, with muscles bulging. He wore an army hat hiding a crew-cut, good looking face. He wore a dark green sweater, a pair of black jeans and army boots. On his shoulders rested a rifle and beside him lay a packet of sandwiches which the S.P.'s wife had packed for him.

He was completely hidden in the thick leaves, from the red-tiled house he was watching. He had gone to America to study, from where he was parcelled forcibly to Vietnam during the war. Many a times he had to sit for days on a tree hoping to sights a sniper. But that was thirteen years ago when he was just twenty-five. Now, age had taken charge, and he had lost the patience he had acquired in Vietnam. Here sitting for a mere twelve hours, he had become tired and his body was cramped and ached, he longed to take a walk but his duty prevented him from doing so.

Forty-eight hours earlier, an escaped convict had burst inside a departmental store and held the owner at gun point, demanding cash. The owner trying to be valiant had tried to snatch the gun which decided the fate of the man. Mahesh, as identified by some passers by who were present on the scene of crime, panicked and took a girl as a hostage and shield along with him.

It was suspected by the S.P. that he was hiding in one of the houses near the river. They had found one which could be the hiding place, thus, Karan had volunteered to stay back to stake-out the place.

He had only once been extremely suspicious when he had seen a movement across the front windows,

but that was three hours ago.

Mahesh, who had been dozing, was suddenly woken by the furious bark of a dog. Looking out, he saw a doberman clawing at a tree. Earlier in the day, he had seen the S.P. and the Police Officer checking out the place. He sensed the presence of the latter once as he was younger and looked experienced. He took out his gun and as silently as a snake slithered out on the long grass through the back door.

Karan, unaware of the danger was now sure that Mahesh was not occupying the house, so he let down his guard. He decided to wait for an hour more, before leaving.

Meanwhile, Mahesh had began to crawl forward, sliding over the thick rough grass, his head just sufficiently raised to keep his eyes on the tree. When he was but a few metres from the tree, he decided to wait for Karan to make a move and reveal his position.

Unknowingly, that Mahesh was just below him, Karan shifted his position to make himself comfortable. Thus, unfortunately for Karan, Mahesh got to know his position. He lifted his gun and fired. His position caused the bullet to go off target.

Karan heard something zip past his face, so close he felt the burning sensation on his face. The shot had been fired from the long grass beneath. Realising that he was a sitting duck, he fired at the spot where he thought Mahesh was. He heard a yell and then dead silence.

Mahesh had been hit on the back and blood flowed fluently from the deep hole the bullet had made. He knew that he had very little time and no power on earth could save him from the claws of death. So, he lay perfectly still like a dead man.

Karan, impatiently and nervously peered through the little opening in the leaves. Mahesh smiled, lifted his gun and fired. It was an easy target and Karan was shot right between the eyes. His body fell down the tree, making a loud thud on hitting the ground.

Mahesh dropped his hands on the ground. The pain increased. Darkness and unconsciousness took charge. The area soon became a graveyard.

— Ashish Gupta
Class X

A HUMBLE REQUEST

Death hangs on such a weak thread,
We all are under its constant dread.
It can be halted with a slice of bread,
To explore its mysteries, we dare not tread.

Its a simple truth, which is often denied,
Don't you remember ? Haven't you lied ?
We're all mortal, its bound to come,
Its feared by most, but welcomed by some.

Its become so common, we hardly care,
Let's face it guys, it is stark bare.
Its on our tongues, its in the papers,
Its in the ballad of the burning tapers.

Its done on purpose, that too in cold blood,
Children are massacred, no bigger than buds.
Before it starts, life comes to an end,
This road to hell, we have to bend.

If there is some love, then show it now,
If you aren't insane, then do it now.
Give peace to the world, it'll come back to you,
Start spreading love, start it all anew.

'Live and let live ' should thrive again,
Just once for peace, we should rack our brains.
Destroy nuclear power and save our Earth,
Our very own mother who's given us birth.

Let not a single man now kill his brother,
To think of dowry deaths we should shudder.
Stop the militants, their weapons should be burnt,
From ruthless terrorists, into saints they should turn.

The change is major but we have to try,
If in the end we don't want to cry.
Let's go ahead with it, we will succeed,
But if we don't that's the end of our creed.

— Ankur Nigam
Class XI

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

One often falls in love with a person at first sight. it's what most writers and people call 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'. I never believed this could ever happen to me. I believed myself to be 'love proof', so to say. I was, as I believed, a recluse, a pain, an idiot, not trusting and unlovable. I was not very talkative either.

However, God I suppose decided to teach me a lesson. I believed he could have been the only one who controlled this situation. Quite out of control of mortal human beings. I still curse the day he arranged one of these bizarre meetings which not only struck in my memory but further affected my ways and thoughts about life.

I was travelling to Darjeeling, a mystic hill-station in the foothills of the Himalayas, by the most enjoyable mode of transport, the 'Toy Train.' enjoyable it might have been, but it was also romantic. A perfect place for a memorable meeting. the beautiful view, I had from my seat, of the large expanse of the famous tea gardens and the lush evergreen hill sides. The light mist above the ground below and the cloudless sky gave my view a special aura.

I was suddenly shaken from a dream of buying a house in these foothills and settling down permanently, by the entry of an extravagantly beautiful woman. She was not dressed gaudily and she was a sight to see. The beautiful green hillsides and the house in the hills mattered no more. This woman was all that I wanted. She was suddenly all that mattered to me. I forgot about life, my principles of not being trusted and being a recluse. I suddenly wanted to talk, to love and care for this tender woman.

She was not very tall, about my height. She had an excellent figure quite visible through the soft tresses of her simple cotton sari. She wore no makeup, had beautiful blue eyes, a small nose, well formed cheek bones and the most beautiful lips I had ever seen. Her ebony black hair was a sight for the eyes. Her features were most expressive, but not overtly beautiful or gaudy. She seemed to be the epitome of beauty.

I was dying to start a conversation about anything, anything at all. I was desperate. I had to talk. My shivering knees and sudden smile must have displayed my elation. She finally began talking after what seemed to me like eternity. I hoped my face would not display my school boy immaturity. "Going to Darjeeling " she asked. I replied, "Yes" and thought I sounded like a goat bleating. "Where do you live there or are you staying at a hotel?" she asked rather inquisitively.

"My grandmother's house on Chowrasta Road. It's called Cabochan Villa", I said in the same goat like voice.

"Where do you study ? " Damn ! I thought. My appearances had given my age away.

"WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL, DEHRA DUN.," I said proudly. Puffing up with pride, thinking of my alma mater that I had just left for my summer holidays only to visit the boredom of home once again.

"On holiday, I suppose", she said confidently, to which I replied "Yes."

"You like music?" "Yes. I do but I'm afraid it's quite different from the conventional tastes and most probably yours, too", I said sadly.

"What kind of music do you like?" She asked encouragingly.

"Elvis Presley, The Doors, Mozart, Beethoven, Guns and Roses and other strange people."

"I like most of them myself, especially Beethoven. I wonder how a deaf man could compose. It shows how everyone however badly handicapped, may or may not attain success."

We talked for quite long about Beethoven, Mozart and the rest. Then we talked about books, where again I was afraid to tell her of my strange taste but finally opened up. Our talk continued for quite sometime, about an hour I suppose.

Then suddenly out of nowhere I asked her a strange question remembering a famous song.

"Would you offer your throat to the red wolf on a hot summer night?"

She laughed remembering the famous words and answered "Yes."

"Would you offer your hunger to the wolf on a hot summer night?"

"Yes" she replied still smiling, that enchanting smile that encouraged me further.

"Would you offer your eyes to the wolf on a hot summer night?"

"Yes."

"Would you love the wolf on a hotter summer night?"

"Yes."

"I bet you say that to all the boys."

We burst out laughing. My stomach hurt and my shirt almost tore at the seams. I love this woman, I thought. How can I? She is much too old for me. As the train pulled into Darjeeling station and was drawing to a stop I summoned up the courage to say, 'I like you.' She stopped smiling.

"No you will not. Not any longer", said she removing her beautiful hair, A WIG! I could not believe it. I was stunned. She put it back on and said, "This is cancer. This is chemotherapy." and got out of the train.

She was right. I did not like her anymore. I hated her for playing along in the long conversation, for talking to me. I finally realised that 'ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.'

LAMPOON

Here we are once again trying to restart what seems to have become the stone age column. Believe us, the Oliphant board is a bunch of desperados. It's giving the two of us absolutely no pleasure racking our brains in the blistering heat. We are as empty headed as donkeys due to the exams, leaving us with nothing else to write about but the OLIPHANT BORED.

The board now consists of a bunch of freaks brought together by the most unholy means. They can aptly be called Hagar's Horde. With the absence of the fair gorilla who's got his M.A. (Mini America). Remember the cutest prefect....? "Simran CNN Narpuri". Now there's no one to push us or scream at the printer to print the mag, in time. We've been taking life too easy.

The Editor is another scare with his arsenal of grapes. Living in his orderly mess as he calls it, no one can find anything in it except he himself. His uniform is a constant reminder of the war camps in Sarajevo. All that's missing is the serial number on the pocket and a hidden pistol around his waist (don't ask him about it or you might get shot at with a two pointer or he'll lay you up). His long hair and unshaven beard give him the appearance of a convict of boarding school.

Taking over CNN from Ted Turner is Gaurav Wahi. His addition to the board makes it resemble the first five of the school basketball team. It also gives it a lot of glamour if you know what we mean. Believe us, he's hot property... ask the chics across. We get more letters for him from them than for the Editor. School has become much safer, now that this Nick Faldo in the making is not playing Golf in the main field 'greens.'

Sameer seems to be making a lot of progress since he gets out of bed every morning, to go to the GYM. He's now taken over from Saurabh Narang as the school BUMPY. He seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly at the Welham Girls' Summer Fest and is now all set to conquer a heart with his literary abilities. Thanks to love he has become extraa generous and is treating us to lunch for making this public. (It's not likely hereafter).

Not far behind Wahi in the popularity ratings is Jayant Gokhale. His addition to the Board has helped us in more ways than one. Haven't you noticed that the mag. is now computerised and on time. Life is much easier now as we don't have to suffer yet a while longer reading our proofs for the articles. The tiny mention of his name on the last page hardly does justice to the effort he puts in to design the mag. Coping with computer viruses and resembling a zombie while trying to set things on the right track.

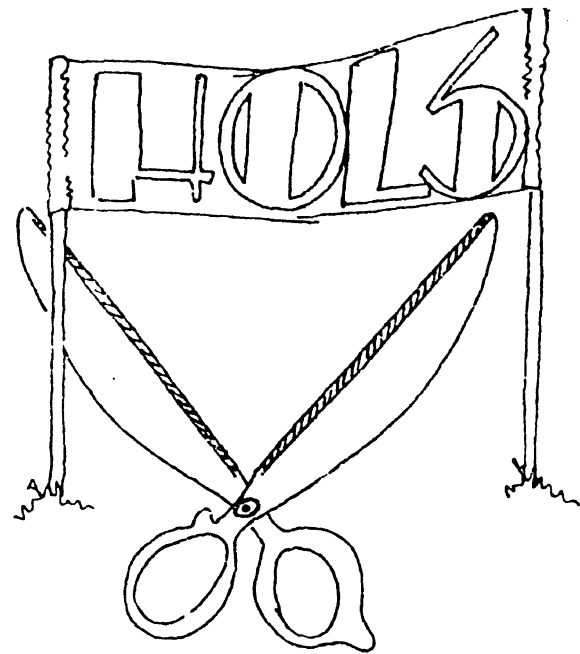
The mascots of the Board are obviously Varun and Ahmed. Varun seems to have forgotten his literary talents ever since Ms. Puri left. Ahmed seems to get

his cartoons from 'MAD' magazine. Long Live Alfred E. Newman. Both of them need an editorial kick to arouse their talents.

Now we take a long jump to Anshul Anurag. He probably does the most running around, (hopefully) watching matches in the noonday sun and finding out scores.

At length there are only two of the studs left, who take the Oliphant seriously. That's why we are here typing out this article at 8:30 at night. This stinks of dedication (In Welham !!). Otherwise one of us would be out wooing his lady love Steffi Graf (ooh!!) and the other, Amok! We are the 'LAST ACTION HEROES' and if we continue to write articles like this, we are likely to be 'TERMINATOR'ed and eaten by the WOLVERINE CRUE. We are likely to be beaten up to look like 'TWINS'. One of us writes the most boring essays and articles and the other is presumably driven out of an asylum for making the warden sob with his love-struck ballads. This edition of the Oliphant bears his Humble Request which you all must grant. ADIOS - HAPPY HOLS.

Signing off,
The A.S.S.



..... awaiting the editors' haircut.

THE ENVIRONMENT

The roar of traffic, the squeel of brakes, the clickety clack of type-writers, the squeek of transistor radios, the din of school children, the shriek of jets, the incessant assault of loudspeakers; we live and work among it all. It disturbs sleep, frays tempers, reduces working efficiency, and does an unknown amount of actual physical harm. Noise has become the curse of modern civilization. But because it is the responsibility of nobody, because it is the by-product of every human activity, because being deaf is an affliction which fails to rouse human pity, the problems of controlling and limiting noise has been neglected. All over the world, communities are beginning to demand control of the onslaught of their ears.

There is mounting evidence that at least one person in ten becomes deaf or partly deaf as a result of working in noisy surroundings. People begin at alighting at deaf people and end up by avoiding them. There is also evidence that tension, depression and other psychological problems may result because of too much noise. The deaf are in actual danger too, if they cannot hear traffic noise, for instance. This is in addition to perforated eardrums, pain, raised blood pressure and other physical sufferings.

In many countries deafness is considered an occupational hazard so that those who become deaf due to noisy work surroundings may claim compensation for their disability.

The problem of industrial noise is that too few

people care. The hazard is not recognised, even by the people subjected to the noise. The din is an unwanted and useless by-product, but one which is difficult and costly to remove. The noise made by jet aircrafts flying into the air is unpleasant enough for those who work at the airport, but even for those who live round about.

The noise could be quietened by reducing the take off weight of the aircraft. So that they can rise more steeply and pass higher above the houses. More efficient silencers might cut down the noise a little but silencers and weight reduce the engine efficiency. It is a matter of economic conflict between the public and industry.

Other kind of noises fall into a different category. Next door's television set heard through the walls is a noise to me, although it may be a joy to my neighbours. The ding-dong of the ice-cream vendor is a delight to children, but infuriating to those who do not like ice-cream. A series of fire-cracker bangs are fun for the children hurrying them, but is agony for those who are sick and are in bed or for those who are standing around.

Now that the problem is beginning to be understood, the necessity for quieter living is starting to become clear. The present need is to train people who understand how to avoid and to deaden noise.

The first step to a quieter and, thus, healthier world, must be education so that the people may get trained to avoid such problems.

RINGSIDE VIEW

Soon after the Hockey Councils concluded, the inter house hockey commenced. The 'A' section (classes 6 & 7) matches were held first. The results of the matches were as follows:

1. Ganga v/s Jamuna 0-0
2. Krishna v/s Cauvery 0-0
3. Ganga v/s Cauvery 1-0 (Rahul Kumar)
4. Jamuna v/s Krishna 3-1 (Saswat)
5. Ganga v/s Krishna 0-0
6. Jamuna v/s Cauvery 0-1 (Amit Parasher)

Ganga dominated with four points and won the cup.

Results of the section 'B' matches (classes 8 & 9):

1. Ganga v/s Krishna 0-0
2. Jamuna v/s Cauvery 1-1 (Ashok Roy 1, Abdullah 1)
3. Ganga v/s Cauvery 0-0
4. Jamuna v/s Krishna 0-3 (Gaurav, Anirudh, Malla)
5. Cauvery v/s Krishna 0-1 (Malla)
6. Ganga v/s Jamuna 0-3 (Nikunj 2, Ajay 1)

Krishna house was awarded the trophy, securing five points.

The seniors section matches were full of excitement. Some of the players played very well. Notably, Vijay Nishant, Prashant Singh, Danish and Absar.

First match was Ganga v/s Jamuna. Ganga scored the first goal but after the half-time, the Gangaites lacked stamina and spirit. Jamuna hammered Ganga 5 goals to 1. Absar and Vijay scored 2 each and Mayank scored 1.

Krishna v/s Cauvery was the next match. The score at the end of the match was 1-1. The scorers were Danish and Manish.

Ganga v/s Krishna was a close match but it was finally Samarth who scored the goal for Krishna. Score was 1-0 for Krishna.

Jamuna v/s Cauvery was a draw. The score was 1-1. Absar and Amit scored.

Ganga v/s Cauvery match was a draw. The last match was Jamuna v/s Krishna. Akshi and Prashant scored a goal each and Krishna won the cup, despite the absence of Kirtiman, Samarth and Akshi in the second half.

The Welham Open Volleyball Tournament was

also played. There were 21 teams divided into four pools. Some night matches were also played. The semi finalists were the Terminators, Zaalims, Wolverine Crue and the Baseline Busters. Terminators played against Zaalims. Zaalims were mostly school team players. They won the match in straight sets. The score was 15-12, 15-3, 15-6.

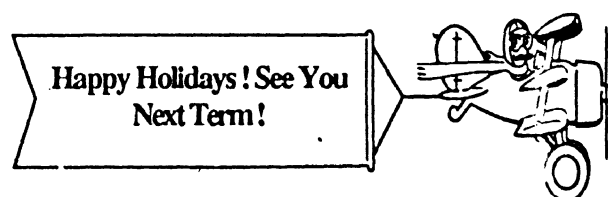
Wolverine Crue played against Baseline Busters, beating them to enter the finals. The finals were very exciting. The best teams played against each other. Finally Zaalims lifted the trophy after defeating the Wolverine Crue 15-6, 16-14, 15-8.

Table tennis districts were held at M.K.P college on 12th, 13th and 14th of May. Akhil Bhanot stood first in the cadet division and second in sub-juniors. Jayendra Shah reached the quarter finals but lost. Rahul and Sunit also played well.

On the 16th of May, the T.T team played a fixture against the Doscocs. Jayendra Shah and Sunit Mehta beat the Doscocs and won all five games. Rahul beat four players but unfortunately lost to one Dosco. Anyway, Well played Rahul!

Some of our players had gone to Lucknow for districts Basketball trials. Samarth and Akshi were chosen with Samarth as captain of the D.Dun team but due to a misprint in the birth certificate, Samarth was not included. All the good wishes to Akshi who'll be playing for Dehra Dun. Best of luck to Samarth for the next year and to all sporting Welhamites. Come back well prepared for the most exciting of all sports, Athletics and Soccer.

Have a great Holiday!



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