

THE OLYMPIANT

No. 162

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

December 17th, 1994

Think About It

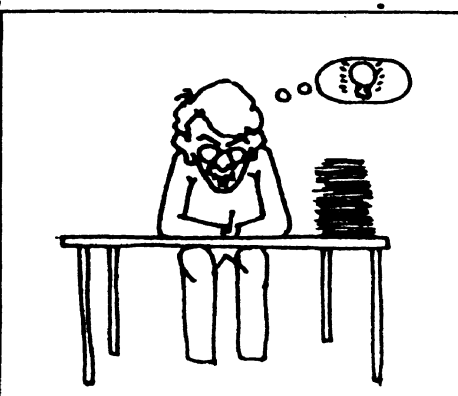
A child becomes an adult when he realises that he has a right not only to be right but also to be wrong.

—Thomas Szasz

THE EDITORIAL

The exams are over. The holidays are here.

But I am still in a bad mood (which explains why this editorial is going to be boring, and besides, I am always in a bad mood). The results are already out!!!



Seeing the guys studying was as the Welhamites put it 'psyching'. Boys, however, found some or the other way to circumvent strict rules against cheating. Hankies proved to be extremely useful for hiding chits. The wrist and forearm also proved to be new methods to cog. Writing on desks is now outdated..... Some things never change.

There was some cheer for the boys before the exams. The 'Auditions' for the Joint Production (Twelfth Night). On the first day nine boys turned up (to try for a cast of twelve). The cleverer ones however, waited till the next day when the girls auditioned. They saw how good the 'babes' were and then auditioned for the romantic roles. I got landed with a part I least expected and find it hilarious. The character is the opposite of what I am, or what I pretend to be. Yo, I'm Orsino. My co-star is about ten centimetres shorter than I and probably comes up to my arm pit (Yech)!

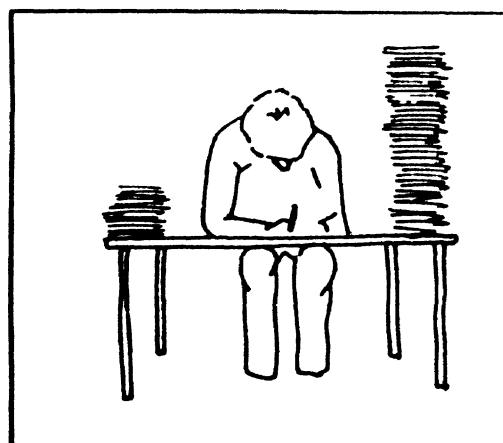
School has become freezing cold and the principal is wearing his selection of berets to prevent himself from freezing. His 'BATMAN' cloak also provides the necessary warmth. Once when the cold set into his feet, he was seen performing the 'BATDANCE.'

One of my colleague took time off to stop

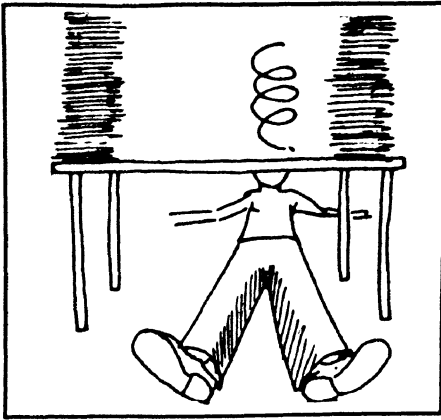
the rigor mortis that had begun to set in at the Oliphant Board. We went to attend a Junior School Assembly. They had put up a Christmas Pantomime. Apart from seeing the Princi arriving in what is called a 'change-in-break' and seeing him cross the main field we thoroughly enjoyed it. The best dialogue of the whole show was "I am Joseph and this is Mary. We are soon to be 'Mary-ed'." The narrator displayed great confidence even though his sheet went wafting off the lectrum and had to get off his perch to retrieve it. Seeing him narrate and the Principal speak and then the two of them glare at each other doing their parts, the poem 'The Owl and the Pussycat' came to mind.

Rumour has it that a new bunch of prefects are being appointed on the last day 'Special Assembly'. The eleventhies who have already claimed the title of sixth form, are ironing their trousers, keeping them clean, borrowing blazers, after shave, shoes, socks!?? The works. Rumour also has it that there is a bunch of unruly boys walking around at night raiding teachers stocks of coffee. That too, all lady teachers.

Before the term winds up, our round of 'daily duties' I would like to talk about the speeches at assembly. Why? Why does everyone have to talk



a b o u t the Welhamite? Its okay if one gives constructive criticism, half the speakers personify what



they are talking about. Half the speeches start off with "Chal, lets study for the test." And someone replies, "O forget it Yaar." The speeches have now become sub-standard and boring. Guys talk

about the dress code. However, even though they are talking about the dress, they themselves are wearing games stockings, unpolished shoes, filthy grey slacks, ketchuped shirts etcetera. The ones who are well dressed are exceptions to the rule.

Criticism when constructive is the best way of improving a magazine, especially a school one. Bitter criticism is easy to laugh at but to a certain extent. I find it hilarious that the Oliphant can be considered as a publicity tool. Truth, as they say, will out. Whoever you or your'll are, Thanks a lot!! That now adds to the uses of the Oliphant, if we list them, they would run like this-

1. Publicity
2. Toilet Paper
3. Wall Paper
4. Window Paper
5. For covering books
6. A loud Speaker
7. A Swatter
8. Magazine.

We've given preference to your suggestion and its now first on the list and will list a few of you with the 'Illiterates!!!' We've received a lot of praise about the column 'Those Wacky Woodseaters.' Thank you very much. (Those of you who don't like it, a pity)

For the past two issues, the Board has received a lot of praise. Any of you who don't have any praise, please write to me. And please address your letters to :

The Editor,
The Oliphant. and not like :

The Editor,
The New York Times.

And last of all, please avoid religion or creed.

Seeing everybody packing, I too made an effort to do something constructive. I haven't shaved (only the stubble is on my cheek bones and nowhere else) for a week to look studious when I go home. I've lost a little weight and developed a very bad cold. When I go home and say that I am the Editor, I know everybody is going to say, "Yoouu??" Well, I have got

to give some of my brother's Editorial looks.

There are going to be Christmas and New Year's celebrations this time. Most of you will be out boogieing with your babes but remember, don't drink too much wine or any of the other stuff. The juniors will be looking forward to the presents they will be receiving.

The class twelve are displaying their love for the school in ample amounts by staying back during the holidays. There are quite a number of them who have decided to 'endure lesser ills' of school food 'unshaken.' (I take this opportunity to congratulate the caterer on improving the quality of the menu. 'Chicken is no longer like rubber but the lunch has improved tremendously.') One of the few brave ones being our Ex-Literary Affairs Incharge. The hols also give him Ex-tra time with his girlfriend.

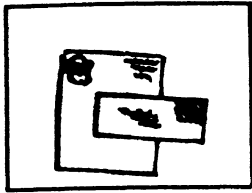
Happy Holidays and enjoy yourself, try and study a bit (I don't plan to do any) and fall in love (I don't plan to do any of that either). Don't be too shocked with the changes in school when you come back. Construction of the Squash Courts will be complete and we'll probably see a lot of coverage of the sport in the ringside view. I'm sorry, Rumaan I couldn't publish your letter (about the Schoolie). It was too scathing.

I'd like to end my third issue by whispering a prayer for the dying:-

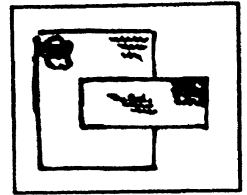
No more English, no more French,
No more sitting on the old school bench.
If the teacher interferes,
Tie her hands and box her ears.
If that does not serve her right,
Blow her up with dynamite.
No more pencils, no more books,
No more teacher's dirty looks.
We don't need no education,
We don't need no soul control.
No dark sarcasm in the class room,
Teachers leave the kids alone.

Adios,
Sudeep





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Ed,

Thanks for the trouble taken to collect material from Junior school. Could the seniors sometimes contribute an article- written in simple English please- of interest to the juniors? The little ones do enjoy reading the Oliphant.

Miss Oliphant did start a Junior school, yet so far we've been treated as the outcasts?!!

—Mrs. Chandra

Ed- I hope the juniors do read the Oliphant and enjoy it. About the seniors writing simple articles, it's pretty difficult, but the teachers could help by reading out and explaining the enjoyable ones. It is also the literary genius of the seniors which prevents them from writing something everybody can understand.

Dear Ed,

Breakfast timings during exams were torturous. The strict rules imposed on coming late not only made us miss breakfast but our fete also, although that hardly seems a valid enough reason to cancel it.

When we juniors come late, we almost never get breakfast but when class twelve walks in half an hour early or late they always get their breakfast, not only their own share but extras too.

—Yours Lately,

Abhinav Gera

Ed- Moral of the story is, 'Come on time.'

Dear Ed,

Your column of letters is too scathing. Your correspondents tend to pick out the not so perfect people in campus. Why?? Wonder how you'll feel if something that bad was written about you. After all the school has got more than just one magazine to illustrate their thoughts.

Why don't your correspondents pick out the finer things that happen around school and happen daily?? Near the peacock stage at assembly time. The last day of the exams and the pressure of days and days of hard work finally overcame a junior who was about to fall. The ever watchful eye of one of the prefects seized the situation and picked him up in his arms and carried him to the hospital for a well earned rest.

I think such acts of consideration should be highlighted and credit given to deserving cases.

Yours optimistically,

Ankur

Ed- I agree with you. I will welcome any letters about the good or bad aspects of the school. Please do write more often. It saves more members the trouble of concocting letters to me.

Dear Ed,

I think the school campus should be watered regularly atleast during the winters to keep the dust where it should be.

Yours chokingly,

Shivank Sidhu

Ed- Take a shower and bite the dust.

NATURE'S DIARY

A few of us realise that our school is a paradise of birds. It houses more than fifty species of birds which thrive in the lesser disturbed areas in the school campus. Birds which can be seen include robins, bulbuls, mynahs, drongos, munias, white eyes, wagtails, hoopoes, kites and many others.

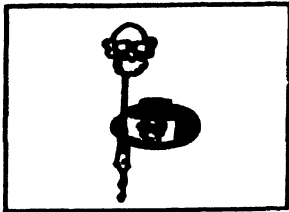
With the arrival of the winter, birds like wagtails are seen wagging their tails all over the area. A flock of hoopoes delve deeply into the ground looking for food in the Krishna field while a kite hovers overhead. It is all very fascinating to watch. The beauty of these heavenly creatures is uncomparable. To have such a wonderful natural surrounding and not to appreciate it at all! So much for the beauty of our campus.

The summer visitors which include the Paradise flycatchers, the Orioles, the Pied Crested cuckoo, the Sunbirds have left for warmer climates. The winter residents- the mynahs, sparrows, robins the bulbul, the Magpie robins can however, still be seen.

Birds are accomodating, resilient, hard-working, caring and indeed have all the qualities which we require in life. Observe them closely; there is so much to learn from them.

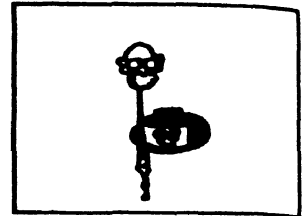
—Digvijay Lamba

Class IX



LITERARY AFFAIRS

PLEASE DON'T GO



*Now that you guys are over the bridge,
Just sayin' Goodbye will not fill the ridge.
We had a really great time with all of you,
For not giving us a 'Ragra', we all thank you.*

*Out of all the prefects, the most just was Vijay, .
From him all the truants kept well away.
Sameer and Jayant were the best of all,
At their girlfriend's constant beck and call.*

*Ashish and Rohit were perhaps the thickest of pals,
What a pity they didn't have any sexy gals.
The tennis freaks who didn't give a damn,
No wonder they both have become dark tan.*

*HUM was just like a 'Paan ki Dukaan,'
With 'filmi' music, 'Subah se Shaam.'
The headsurds of 12th were Amit and Davinder,
Their mod homes being Ludhiana and Jullundhur.*

*Danish was the stud who was good in all sports,
He even lived up to his image, even on the tennis courts.
Khattar was a prefect who was always in dress,
Just that he spoke as if under lot of stress.*

*Piyush and Pavan never came in the limelight,
But they showed their colours on the Baywatch night.
Sheikh Arshad Nawaz, of impressive fame,
Even he doesn't know from where it came.*

*Khattari and Imit were the Volleyball champs,
But when Udai entered, they both had cramps.
Sharad 'Modern' Poddar was always proud of his height,
His connections in MIS brought him out in the light.*

*Nishant always thought he was a bit too cool,
And was always intent on breaking every rule.
Mayank and Kapil formed a studious pair,
Their unshaven looks proved they slogged more than their share.*

*Biswajit and Anurag were two of a kind,
What others said they never did mind.
Bhanot was the 'Raggaman'; an expert flautist,
He won every contest, in his art he was truly an artist.*

*The little master Alok, was all of slide tackle,
His favourite chocolate by far was 'Crackle.'
The shortest pair was Jayendra and Vijit,
They always stayed well inside their limits.*

*The 'Ed' and his bed were definitely dirty,
But these days he's getting a bit too flirty.
Jai 'Jatta' Singh was like a terror for us,
Coz' he's always crammed with loads of fuss.*

*The TRIO gang was fond of dunks and slams,
Their motto remained, 'Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am.'
With music that was really of taste,
Not a single moment did they like to waste.*

*The most glamorous guys were in PENT HOUSE,
Yet not a suspicion in our minds did they arouse.
Waseem and Asif were the 'Pehalwaans' of the room,
Their respective posts, their image did groom.*

*Rana 'Speedo' Randip was the Canteen incharge,
No wonder his account's contents were always very large.
Rana's best friend who was called 'Stylebhaee,'
Was none other than our dear Gaurav Wahi.*

*The Science freaks were Nitin and Puneet,
That's why their images remained suave and neat.
That leaves me with just one more name to go,
So just read on if you really wanna know.*

*He's dark, slim with his shirt pulled back,
To wish guys back, he seemed to have a knack.
Vikas is the one who I'm talking about,
It was all so clear, there was hardly a doubt.*

*We'll miss your orders, we'll miss your cracks.
Your footprints will remain embedded in our tracks.
A year with you guys, we learnt such a lot,
All the experiences speak for what you've taught.*

*We'll shed more than just a tear when you leave,
But ofcourse time will provide the needed relief.
I guess that's it; The end of the show,
I don't have words to say, "PLEASE DON'T GO."*

—Ankur Nigam
Class XI

Excerpts from a letter from the Basus to Mr.Kandhari:

— life was rather hectic and strenuous after our arrival. The Orientation Conference at Canterbury was most informative and relaxing. Many teachers were able to air their grievances and difficulties quite openly and informally and we returned to school with a greater knowledge of the National Curriculum in Britain (going to change in 1995- after ten years, they have finally decided to go back to the emphasis on Spelling, Handwriting etc.).

I also attended a drama workshop by National Theatre, where I learned quite an original way of teaching Shakespeare. Today, I was on INSET the whole day, learning computers and can practice any time I'm free as I have my own disk now. There are only two of us teaching drama and as I am working very closely with my colleague, I'm picking up new skills. I am going to participate in the Staff Christmas pantomime, *Babes in the Woods*. The staff here are most supportive and there is no rivalry or jealousy, the atmosphere is relaxed and congenial....

— It's wonderful to be a part of Mynyddbach which is like a family.

When I was One

*When I was one,
My father bought me a gun.*

*When I was two,
I bought a pair of shoes.*

*When I was three,
I climbed up a tree.*

*When I was four,
I went to a sea-shore.*

*When I was five,
My body was tight.*

*When I was six,
I learnt many tricks.*

*When I was seven,
I learnt about a demon.*

**—Pranay Patodia
Class IV**

ADVERTISING

Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, would announce her arrival at any port by opening the huge vats of perfume she had on board her ship. This, probably, was one of the earliest instance of advertising known to man.

Today, of course, advertising has evolved to become a multi-billion, exciting and dynamic industry all over the world.

In India, prior to independence radio dominated the Indian Scenario. This continued till the mid seventies as films were the only other popular form of entertainment for the masses. Programmes like 'Binaca Geet Mala' for hindi films music broadcast by Radio Ceylon become a rage.

With the advent of television, radio became sidelined. Infact the first advertising films to capture the fancy of the Indian population were probably 'Lifebuoy', 'Charminar', 'Wills' and 'Lux' to name a few.

Just fifty years ago, we had just one TV channel to choose from namely Doordarshan. Today we can't seem to make up our mind as to which channel to watch. Especially in a household with just one TV., someone or the other, normally the smallest in size, ends up with a black eye on

suggesting a different channel!

It is not surprising when one has to choose from Star Plus, Zee TV, BBC, CNN, ATN, Channel [V], and of course 3 Doordarshan channels to add to the confusion. For example Cadbury's Chocolate ad with it's memorable song, the Thumps Up 'Taste the Thunder' ad, the Red Eveready 'Give me Red' ad, The Surf Ultra 'Daag Dhoondhte Raih Jaaoge' ad all stand out.

If one is to choose advertising as a career, then one can have many options. You can, if you write and have a vivid imagination, become a copywriter, or a jingle writer or on the other hand become an art director if you can draw or you are just creative. You can become a client surveying executive if you are the management type. If you have a head for figures then its the media department for you.

So, while you are about to select a career today do not forget about this brand new line of making fast money. It is very painstaking and a lot of hard work and effort is required but it definitely makes for a very rewarding and exciting one indeed.

**—Rohan Sood
Class IX**

KINGDOMS MUST FALL

Just to watch the wind fall on its knees and trouble my pace.... and I let the dust gather me in its space. To be lifted without reason makes me happy.... lifted way beyond the world of little feet and their lives. And quietly, the dust settles on all that I keep- ruffled edges, peaceful centres.... waiting for the next return. Till finally, the reasons ceases to matter.... for now I live by terms! And feel a little scared to write in the midst of wrong preposition and spelling.

But nevertheless.... I write!

Dear Father,

I miss you. He's gentle here in the shadows. The sun has learnt to warm and yet not to burn in its premises. I like it. And I think it likes me too. It often walks me on my way to work slipping a little warmth into my frosted universe.

The trees, they are ageing father. For there is a little kingdom not very far away from where I live.... which slowly poisons our souls. It has chimneys and a lot of smoke. And higher fortresses to keep away the light of the sun.

Many suns ago, its ruler had solemnly pledged to draw all colour away from our universe and is now consciously living his diabolic intent. He's choking our world with grey fumes. He's teaching about death, death of colour, death of life, death of celebration, of being alive. He's succeeding father. I can see him win. The little hands while drawing on paper, do not recognise colour anymore. They do not understand the need of it, I guess, because they have seen so little of it. They just race through their time. Their visions clouded by the fumes of ignorance emanating from neighbouring kingdoms. Just like their pictures are made in black, white and grey. I feel sad, father.

In the meanwhile, the chrysanthemums in my garden have lived their life. Six new born puppies wait to be fed while Farhan still drops milk on the dining table diligently everyday. The wood-seaters have fallen in love with my bamboo gate and happily use it as their goal post. I have also learnt how to send birthday greetings correctly. Many happy returns of the day, father. I rush now for the sun is knocking on my door waiting to carry me to work.

I wish it would carry its warmth to that cold kingdom and light it with its wisdom but its a long journey.... I think. And we must learn to wait.

And not die.

Yours,

Monika.

HOME LAND

The English play 'Home Land' was staged on the 28th of October, 1994. It was a devised play which included dance, drama and music. It also started with slides about the country and the coal mines.

Home Land was a play about Wales and it's people. The characters were coal miners. The aim of the director and the cast was to take the audience to Wales and make them feel that they were in Wales. The script was not written by one person but included extracts from many plays, poems and stories written about Wales by Welsh men and women. Some of the script was also written by Ms. Blair. It presented all types of feelings which a man can feel like happiness, joy, tragedy and many other feelings. It was our intention to give you an insight into all aspects of Welsh life.

There were 88 people excluding audio-visual and stage committee in the play which included middle school and senior school boys.

After lots of afternoon, evening and night rehearsals, the play was performed! The whole cast felt like they were living in Wales and were Welsh people. The drama had all sorts of characters but we particularly enjoyed the music and the dance. We worked hard preparing for the play and looked towards performing it. When the set was constructed and everything was ready, we were eager to perform.

On the whole I think the play was a success. The credit goes to the cast and the director.

—Shobhit Agarwal

Class VI

The Boy Who Cheated

There was once a girl who was very good in Arithmetic. She always got her sums right but there was one boy in her class who was very jealous of her. He wanted her sums to be wrong and him to get all his sums correct but she would not get them wrong. One day, their teacher gave them a test on multiplication. The girl did all her sums correctly, the boy did them all wrong. Their teacher told them to keep their papers on her table so that she could correct them afterwards. The boy who was not good at arithmetic planned to change the name on the girl's paper and put his name instead. So, when nobody was looking at him he went to the teacher's table and took out the girl's paper and his paper. He rubbed out his name and the girl's name. Then he wrote his name on the girl's paper and the girl's

—continued on page 8

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

God Gives But Also Takes

It was a cold dark night. I was going to a hotel with my two friends. Suddenly, the car stopped near a grave yard. One tyre was punctured. We were terrified. We waited for a car to come but no car came. Suddenly, there was a horrible sound. A priest came and said, "Tonight is the Doom's night." Joe started crying. We said, "Don't cry and pray to God." Then we saw a big house. We knocked at the door and a stranger came out. His voice was awful. He said, "Come in." He showed us a room. I felt strange in it. We had a good dinner and went to bed. At night John went to wash his hands. One hour passed but he did not come back. I went to look for him. In the bathroom the bathtub was full of blood. I wept. Then I went to Joe. I did not tell him anything about John. We went to sleep. At midnight I felt something wet on my face. I woke up and saw that Joe was covered. He was dead. I knew that the owner of the house had killed my friends. Quickly I jumped out of the window. I ran until I reached the village. In one of the huts I saw him again. That evening I told everyone about the man who had killed many people. Finally one day a brave man killed that man. I was saved but alas, my friends are not in this world anymore.

*—Harsh Rana
Class III B*

Raju's Adventure

Once upon a time there lived a boy. His name was Raju. His father was a rich man. One day his father had an accident and he died. Raju now had a lot of money. He spent all his money on his friends. After some years he became poor. One day he was very hungry. He didn't have any food. He thought that he would go to another country. He went to the harbour. While he was walking he heard somebody shouting. He looked back and he saw an old man. He was a captain of a ship. The captain asked him, "What is your father's name?" Raju told him that his father's name was Rahul. The captain said, "Your father was my friend." The captain took Raju to his house. The captain gave him new clothes. The captain helped him to become a sailor. One day they sailed away on a ship. After some time they reached an island. The captain threw his

anchor into the sea. Then they got off the ship. Actually it was not an island. It was an enormous whale. The captain quickly jumped back onto the ship but Raju was left on land. The whale swallowed Raju but Raju did not die. Inside the whale was the King of France who had also been swallowed by the whale. The king said, "If you will kill the whale and help me then I will give you twenty bags of gold and a palace covered with diamonds to live in."

Raju felt very excited. He quickly cut the whale's stomach. The whale died. Then Raju helped the King to get out. They were rescued by a ship and went to France. Everybody was surprised that the King was alive. The king thanked Raju for saving his life. The King gave Raju twenty bags of gold and a palace to live in. The king had a daughter. He married his daughter to Raju. Raju lived happily ever after.

*—Namgyal Wanchuk
Class III A*

A Picnic

I went for a picnic with my parents to Manali for a week. I visited many places on the way. We stayed in a hotel called Holiday Inn. It is a beautiful hotel. One day we decided to visit Rohtang Pass. It was cold over there. My brother and sister skied over there. After that I returned back to the hotel. We visited many other places in Manali. We had a very enjoyable picnic.

*—Mohit Bansal
Class II B*

A PICNIC

One sunny day, I went for a picnic with my parents. We went at 8 o'clock. On the way I sang many songs both in Hindi and English. Then we stopped at a temple. After visiting the temple we continued to go. Then we stopped near a river. I swam in the shallow part. After swimming I played Kho-Kho with my cousins. Then we had lunch.

Suddenly I saw an eagle eating a dead dog. It filled me with a very strange feeling. I felt very sad for the dead dog. On our way back I saw a cobra snake. We reached home at about 9 o'clock. I had lots of fun and enjoyed myself.

*— Samridha Rana
Class II B*

RINGSIDE VIEW

The shortage of space in this column saves us the trouble of writing two sides of sporting junk. So, here we go.....

The results of the inter house Volleyball Tournament were finally out on the 15th with the winners being Jamuna. The best player award was given to Abhishek Khattri.

In the table tennis for the seniors, Gaurav Wahi was adjudged the best player and the trophy was given to Cauvery. Akhil Bhanot and Jayendra Shah went to Lucknow for the Table Tennis National Championships. Akhil lost in the quarter finals of the cadet section and Jayendra came third in the men's section.

Rana Randip has gone to represent Delhi in the State Athletic Championship. Our best wishes are always with him.

Practice for the IPSC badminton Championship is in full swing. The tournament is supposed to be hosted by the school next term.

The school basketball team will be going to attend the IPSC tournament at Daly College, Indore on the 21st of December. Best of Luck.

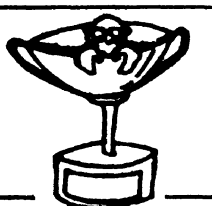
The juniors tennis inter house ended with the following results. The best player was Vivek Sharma. The discovery of the year was Rohit Lohia and Varun Puri was the promising player. The trophy went to Cauvery.

The enthusiastic juniors in the back field are utilising the Kho-Kho and Kabaddi courts very constructively. They are seen playing the above mentioned sports with great vigour under the supervision of Capt.M. Ram.

The class twelve organised a match on the 14th. They divided teams amongst themselves and played a rather interesting game. It was really amazing to see the science genies come on to the field and show their dexterity.

After the exams are over we are back to our boring schedule of morning PT and often wish that exams would last forever. From tomorrow we won't have to do it. We finally decided to sign our names.....

—Akshi and Prashant



WELHAM NOW

Results of the Middle School Quiz :

1st Toad Hall (305 pts.) 2nd White House (300 pts.) 3rd New Upper (275 pts.)

Results of the Hindi Essay Writing Competition :

Group 'C'

1st Puneet Bansal
2nd Rahul Chauraria
3rd Alok Kapoor

Group 'B'

1st Abhinav Agarwal
2nd Rachin Goel
3rd Ankur Chakore

Group 'A'

1st Vijay Bishnoi
2nd Bharat Bhushan
3rd Amiya Setu

Results of the Nepali Essay Writing Competition:

1st Ashesh Pant

2nd Bikash Gurung

Results of the English Essay Writing Contest :

Class IV A

1st Prayaas Rana
2nd Anuj Golaknath

Class IV B

1st Jatinder Pal
2nd Sukant Goel
3rd Neha Joshi

Class V A

1st Sahil Vohra
2nd Pradipta Rana
3rd Rohan Varshnei

Class V B

1st Shutham Khanna
2nd Archit Baweja
3rd Mohnish Charan

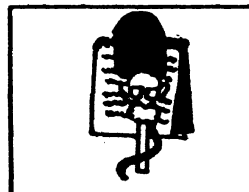
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name on his paper. After that he went back to his place. When the teacher corrected the papers, she was surprised to see that the girl had done them incorrectly. When she corrected the boy's paper she at once knew that the boy had cheated. The next day, she punished the boy for cheating. After that he never cheated. He tried his best to work well. After a few weeks he started to do well in Arithmetic. He always got full marks. His teacher was very pleased with him. She gave him a prize. After that he always did well.

—Raunak Agarwal (III A)

WOBN

Rajan Singh (Ex-357/J/87) has tied the nuptial knot. Congratulations and Best Wishes to the newly weds.



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