

THE ELEPHANT

No. 194

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

March 26th, 1997

Think About It

Small minds think people, mediocre minds think events and great minds think ideas.

-Anon

EDITORIAL

Its been a hard day's night,..
And I've been working like a dog ".

The Beatles certainly sang that one for me. I have been doing more than burning the midnight oil to get this issue out, what with the few days given to me after the Midterms. Well, here it is, long overdue as usual.

The Midterms were certainly a refreshing break from the dull, monotonous school routine. Apparently, some have, however, still not got over the fact that Midterms are over as they turn up late for all activities. Anyway, I guess its back to the books now.

There was a surprisingly tearless departure of the last batch, albeit the sadness in their eyes was clearly discernible. Out of the protective walls of Welham and into the cruel world they go. On behalf of the entire school, I wish them a bright future.

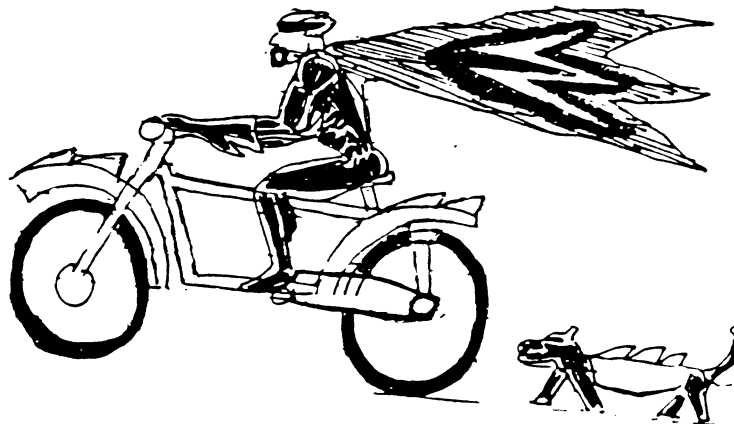
With the start of a new academic year, there are a number of new-comers. It gives intense pleasure talking to these boys and learning more about them. One notices how much boys differ from school to school. Welcome to them all! I'm very sure they'll enjoy their stay at Welham for however long it may be.

Boys have noticeably begun to take a longer time to dress nowadays. Shoes remain polished, hair is in place at all times, and uniforms are always clean and uncrumpled. Before Prefects steal the credit, I'll let the cat out of the bag. Parth Arora has started making the documentary film on Welham for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. So don't be surprised at heads sticking out during Assembly or an 'accidental' appearance before the camera.

The 'studies' in every class were caught red-handed during the Scholar's Recognition Ceremony held yesterday. Despite the envious frowns of their classmates,

I am overjoyed to wish them 'Congratulations'.

To everyone's amusement(?), the Boss has taken to a new hobby of riding a bicycle around the school campus. To the boys' disappointment, it certainly takes him around the campus pretty quickly, cutting 'retreat-time' greatly. I think the Principal has set us a great example and we should try and remain fit perpetually.



The weather has astonishingly become cooler after the Midterms. On a little questioning, it was discovered that it was due to a big bout of rain that poured consistently for three days. It is expected,

however, to become warm in a few days. The long-dormant swimming pool is therefore opening shortly.

Hockey season has set in with all the vitality and zeal that cricket had. Once again the Hockey Captain this year is none other than the School Captain himself. All fields are occupied in the evenings and sticks are clashing everywhere. Happy-Hockey-playing to everyone!

Everyone is looking forward to do a little painting on each other's faces as Holi is nearby. Eggs are suddenly in high demand. Have fun, everyone!

The new twelfthies are looking forward to something else too. I hear that an invitation for a social(?) evening has already been sent across the border. Well, all I can say is wiggle-wiggle!

Until the next issue, goodbye.

- Sourab

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed.,

I would like to bring to your attention the fact that articles published in the Oliphant nowadays are predominantly to do with drugs, death and the like. Moreover, most of them are abstract and vague and incomprehensible to a majority of the school. I think it wouldn't do any harm to publish some articles that are humorous, action-packed, or even to do with love!

Also, I'm curious as to why the Lampon, a popular section, is not being published. On behalf

of all readers, I wish you would start it again.

Thanking you,

Rohan Sachdeva
Class VIII

Ed: I don't recall a single issue of the Oliphant having an article on drugs. All members of the board make every endeavour to have as broad based articles as is possible. I would appeal to readers and potential writers to assist in sending in articles for publication. Humorous, action packed

WELHAM NOW

1) The *Scholars' Recognition Ceremony* was held on the 21st of March, 1997 in the Activity Centre. The awards presented were to the following students:

Subjects	Section 'A'	Section 'B'
English:	Karan Gulaya	Nakul Bhuwarka
Hindi :	Kumar Abhijit	Rachin Goyal
Maths :	Rahul Choraria	-
Physics:	Amit Gupta	Arjun Trivedi
Chemistry:	Karan Gulaya	Digvijay Lamba
Biology :	Karan Gulaya	-
Computers:	Ajeet Bajaj	Ashish Gupta
History :	Rahul Choraria	-
Geography :	Karan Gulaya	Amrut Kar

Scholar's Gown was awarded to:

Class VII : Amish Raj Mulmi
Class VIII: Divya Agarwal
Class IX : Rahul Choraria
Kumar Abhijit
Sandeep Jha
Ajeet Singh Bajaj
Karan Gulaya

Scholar's Scarf was awarded to:

Digvijay Lamba XII Science.

2) A 'Puppet Show' was organised on the 12th of March by the teachers and students of class III A and B. The puppets were made entirely by the students- the creative drama of Sleeping Beauty was performed. The show was warmly appreciated by the audience.

(2)

3) New boys arrived in the school on the 19th of March. A warm welcome to all of them.

4) On 12th March Mr. Rajiv Kumar and Mr. Kamal Agarwal from the Peoples' Science Institute (P.S.I.), Dehra Dun gave a lecture on 'Pollution Monitoring and Control' and its effects on humans and plants. They talked about the health and environmental problems caused by lime kilns in our neighbourhood. The members of the P.S.I. will be measuring pollution levels in the school campus from the 25th to 31st March.

5) The Computer Department organised a workshop / seminar on 16th, 17th and 18th of February, 1997. Mr. Shamit Khemka, the proprietor of Live Wire BBS, Calcutta, conducted several awareness and training workshops, involving students and teachers. The installation of the E-Mail System in the Network Lab for all the nodes (workstation) was completed. At present on the unlimited E-Mail accounts/users, 10 users can simultaneously use the E-Mail System to read and write their mails. The students/staff members have been assigned personal E-Mail addresses with their passwords.

6) The Indian Medical Association in Dehra Dun had organised a 'Health Mela' on the 22nd of February, 1997 to make the general public aware of the various diseases and how they can be avoided. The various N.G.O's and the Pharmaceutical companies were invited to put up

stalls at the Hathibarkla Estate. The class VI boys also put up a stall on behalf of the Friends of the Doon Society. They projected the environmental

degradation that had been allowed to affect our environment and how the remedial measures could be initiated to reverse this.

W.O.B.N

Extract of a letter from Nitin Kumar Agarwal

'I am very thankful to the Welham community for all that I was taught there and for my subsequent achievements.

At the moment, I am studying in Bareilly College. I have taken up a vocational subject which was offered in B.Com under the study guidelines of UGC. In my first year, I was made President of the Society of Vocational Students. I have now been honoured in my third year with the title of the 'Best

Student' in the Commerce faculty. I was awarded this title on our Annual Celebration Day, 14th of March, by the Principal of my institution.

I have also secured a scholarship from NIIT for which a written exam had been conducted some time back.'

Our congratulations and here's wishing you continuing success. Thank you for keeping in touch.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Report on Round-Square Conference at Kenya

On the 1st December, 1996, the Welham Boys' School Delegation left Bombay for the 29th International Round Square Conference, held between 1st and 7th December at Starehe Boys' Centre, Kenya (Nairobi).

Nairobi is a modern city with a traditional background. Starehe Boys' Centre is located in the eastern part of the city.

On our way from Nairobi Airport to Starehe, teachers and Heads of the delegations were dropped off at the ICIPE Guest House, Duduville ('Dudu' in Swahili means 'insect') and the Standard Chartered Bank Hostel.

We reached Starehe Boys' Centre and were assigned our respective rooms. After registering ourselves, we were given the programme for our six-day stay. The rest of the day was spent familiarising ourselves with the campus and students of all the other member schools.

The next five days at the Conference were an amazing experience of our lifetimes. There were staff and students from thirty-five different schools.

In a few days, friendships and alliances were formed and all prejudices disappeared.

At the Annual Conference, delegations from member schools evaluated and discussed projects already undertaken as well as those in preliminary stages and scrutinised topics which were significant

to the world.

The Conference theme was discussed at two levels - the Barazas (groups) and the Reekas (tribes). There were fifteen Barazas each consisting of Governors, students, Heads and teachers from different schools. The Reekas were Leopards and Lions.

Two excursions were arranged for us. The first one was to Mt. Longonot Crater/Valley. This crater had inspired J. Haggards to write his famous book, 'King Solomon's Mines'.

The trek to the peak was a tiring one and it took us a long time to reach there. After the trek, we had lunch at the Lake Nairasha Country Club.

The excursion was a tiring one. The following day, after eating lunch, we went to the Nairobi City Centre and bought some traditional souvenirs.

The subsequent day consisted of a Plenary Session, Chapel Service and Conference Dinner.

The Plenary session was presided over by H.M. King Constantine of Greece. The Chapel Service required a student delegate from every school to light a candle and read a psalm.

The Conference Dinner concluded the conference and the good time we had with our new friends. The 29th Conference is one we will never forget.

***--Members of the Delegation
(3)***

Round Square - Doon Valley Project(9th to 22nd of Dec., 1996)

Welham Boys' is now a member of the Round Square which is an international body of schools committed to education through service, adventure and international understanding.

The Round Square India- Social Service Camp was held at Ramgarh- Shishambara Village in Dehra Dun.

The schools that participated in this programme were Lawrance School- Lovedale, Lawrance School - Sanawar, Scindia School- Gwalior, Doon School - Dehra Dun, Welham Boys' - Dehra Dun, Athenian School - U.S.A., Wellington - U.K., St. Annes - U.K., Rannoch - U.K., Appleby - Canada and Boxhill - U.K.

The members of the Welham Boys' team were Nikunj Gupta, Sumant Pai, Manu Talwar and Ritesh Pandey.

Our Project was to build two class rooms at Ramgarh - Shishambara for the village children. The S.M.T.A. society was already running a school for the primary children in one

of the Elders' residences.

The object of the Camp was to work with S.M.T.A. (a well known N.G.O.) which have a camp at Ramgarh Village and to build two geodasic domes as school rooms for the village children.

The members of the Round Square Camp were required to provide physical labour for the construction. All material required was provided at the site and skilled workmen were made available.

Working hours were spent working at the construction site while the afternoons were used for Village surveys, reporting and discussions.

The children learnt to work and socialise among themselves besides learning about the life in a village.

Tea was served followed by a short meeting when the children were briefed about the programme for the next two weeks.

This was a socially interactive workshop culminating in productive positive contribution to the needs of children.

***--Sumant Pai
Class XII Sc***

Free at Last

I woke up with no recollection of what had happened. There was darkness all about me. Thinking it was night I looked at my watch switching on the light. The green phosphorescent light confounded my fears; there were walls all around me. At first I was terrified-the last thing I wanted was to be captured alive. Different thoughts came to my mind but I was forced to ignore them.

I looked around my cell to see if any of my comrades were with me. There was no one in my cell, except for me and the rats.

To evade boredom, I went over the mission assigned to us and what could have been done to correct the mistakes which had occurred. I was angry at the Helicopter pilot for arriving late and hence forcing us to make contact with enemy troops in order to secure the pick-up-point. Gradually I realised I must have been blown by the after-shock of a grenade.

I felt myself for injuries and checked what all equipment was left. I had my Dog-Tag Identity, discs with a razor edge, a wire saw stitched to the inside of my right boot and a 5-

inch long Hat-Pin stilleto blade.

My mind was drawn at attempting to escape. I didn't have any idea where I was. I was waiting to get interrogated. At 10:30 in the morning my cell door was opened. A guard came in and took me to a room with two chairs, a tape recorder/mike and a type writer. In front of my chair there was a crescent and star that I had learned to hate.

A short bald man came in. He was exceptionally well built. I looked up to his shoulder-flashes and cap-badge. They indicated that he was a Colonel in the Special Service Group Commandos. His name was Aslam. He asked me for my name, rank, number and unit. We were never supposed to give our unit. The 9th Para-Commando Special Forces or the Wolves - we were trained to fight in the mountains with the tenacity and aggressiveness of a wolf.

From the start I refused to co-operate with my captor and revealed no information. Their interrogation tactics varied sometimes from coaxing to severe thrashing. At night I used to sing and laugh and think of ways to kill my captor and escape. Soon, I realised I was in P.O.K and it was near Baramulla. I had re-run my escape in my mind a hundred times.

After the interrogation session, (this time I was unfortunately coaxed and persuaded to answer) I was sent to my cell, where I shaved off my stubble with my dog-tag razor edge. I kept a moustache; my guard had kept one. At lunch time, my guard opened the door with his AK-47 with a bayonet fixed and a torch attached to it, in front of him. In one fluid movement I snatched his gun and rammed the stilleto into his sternum and flung him into my cell. Our uniform shirts were basically the same and I wore his trousers and web-gear and ammunition pouches.

I locked my cell and threw the key inside. Outside, I walked normally and tried to avoid excessive conversation. I went to Aslam's office and set up a cartridge trap in his chair- on sitting on the seat, bullets would rip open his thighs and stomach.

I walked out of the camp casually and walked in the general direction of the Indian border. Next morning, I was in India. I could not believe, I was free at last.

--*Arcaprava Dutta*
Class XII

The Loneliness of a Newcomer to a Town or City

Educated. Yet naive. Courageous, brave, yet insecure. A man of principles, yet unsure of how to implement them. Dark skinned in a sea of fairer people. Thrown in, by destiny... a South Indian racist small-town Bhojwara.

'Urmadi Ranatunga Tyagarajan, saar. Back in Kerala, they called me Urvashi Rana Tyagarajan, for short'. The man on the other side of the table was not impressed. Amused, yes- impressed, no. The garlanded photograph of his late Grandfather hung above his head, as if frowning at his Grandson's mere existence. The Grandson, however, couldn't care less for anything at that moment, but how to utilise the lungi clad, rubber slipper-slapping young man from the 'other side of the country' to the entertain his friends.

'Oye, Gopi, Raja, Suresh, Mahesh, Ganesh, Sukesh,...' Almost at once, about a dozen paan-chewing, bidi-smoking, side-kicks appeared, much to the bewilderment of poor Urmadi. An onslaught of questions ensued. 'Where do you come from?' or 'Are there people blacker than you back home?' and 'Do all bushmen dress like you - how many floors does your 'bush' have?'

Urmadi wasn't stupid - but before he could realise it was a set - up, he was caught in the middle of a growing congregation of locals. Not one familiar face, not one similar accent. He was crying by the time he left and vowed never to seek a job at a 'dhaba' again. 'India - a secular nation he thought'. Bullshit - they treated me like they treat a dog, or a thief. But I'm new here ...'

Urmadi went to sleep on the railway platform, where he had just been a few hours ago. The ninety-six rupees he had had just about brought him so far. 'Go up north,' he remembered his father tell him, 'seek your destiny.'

He had promised he would, and as he slept, he dreamt of his mother's food - Cassava and gare, and rice with fish. He hadn't eaten in a day.

Urmadi wanted to work. And work hard. Sweat and labour were two things his master at the village school had taught him never to compromise on. Stretching out on the railway platform he saw the passengers of the Gurgaon Express disembark. Coolies ran to the train from all directions. Coolies. The idea struck his head and he was determined to give it his best shot.

The station master was sipping a cup of tea, reading the paper. 'Saar, my name is Ur...' Somehow the name seemed to put them on their guard. Like the simpleton in front would pull out an AK-47 and open fire.

'I'm busy. Come back during my lunch break.'

'But saar, please listen to me...'

'You are wasting my time.'

'Saar, if you could help me...'

'Chowkidaar!'

'Urmadi was flabbergasted. In his haste to rush away, he blurted out something in his vernacular. The station master was almost certain that the man was abusing him, but Urmadi was shouting out something totally innocent-

'But, saar, I'm new here...'

Nobody, not even God, they say, gives anything on credit. And Urmadi was asking for a lunch. 'Please, saahab, (that was a word he picked up from some paan-wala selling cigarettes) I'll do anything. Wash dishes, cook, sweep. Give me some food.' Urmadi broke his vow - it somehow it didn't matter anymore. It bore no fruit.

The hunger was killing him. Somebody told him that there were jobs at the Maharaja's 'Kothi', but somehow he wasn't too optimistic. He eventually

found his way there.

The gate-man was the most curt fellow Urmadi had ever encountered, but after much begging and pleading, he was allowed to stand by the gate and greet the Raja as he went on his evening horse-ride. 'But I must warn you... the Raja is a very moody person', said the gate-man. 'You see, he was adopted.'

Around two hours later, the Raja and his entourage of assistants appeared. Urmadi was finally given his chance. The Raja stopped, and gaped in awestruck silence. The gate-man intervened.

'He wants a job, saaheb.'

'Give him anything he wants and I want to see him in my private quarters upon my return.'

Urmadi had not looked up from the ground, but could not believe his ears. When the Maharaja was finally a few metres away, Urmadi looked up and saw his back. His skin was dark, and his hair, curly. By all accounts, a South Indian.

—*Aman Kasewa*
The Doon School

This essay was awarded the third prize in the K.C. Joshi Memorial Essay Writing Competition.

Nepal my Homeland

Nepal is a blend of diverse land scapes, people, customs, culture and language, a mixing rather than a melting pot. It is impossible to reduce the country to a single image. The crowded narrow streets of old Kathmandu contrast with the wide open spaces of the mountains, where the only sound is the distant roar of a glacier fed stream. Its multifarious edifices vary from the elegant marble floored hotels and sprawling stucco palaces to the mud walled houses which shelter the vast majority of the population. Tourist districts awash with knick knacks and sovereignty clashes with the basic reality of a land with an average per capita income of US \$180 a year. Kathmandu is a city of Supermarkets, computer offices, buffalo herders and Rajbankshi peasants carrying great swinging baskets of radishes suspended from the shoulder poles.

Few other countries on earth encompass such diversity. With sheer altitudinal variation Nepal stretches from the near sea level terai, a flat and streamy strip along the Southern Border, to the summit of Sagarmatha (Everest) the world's highest

mountain. To the north is a towering array of Himalayan peaks including eight of the world's highest mountains. In between are the hills, a rugged region of deep valleys and terraced ridges. Nepal's area totals 14781 square kilometers (5681 square miles) approximately the size of Austria or the State of Georgia, yet the undulating landscape, if it could be detached from the rugged terrain and stretched flat, would approximately be equal to the area of the United States. With dozens of ethnic groups and hundreds of languages. Nepal is many countries combined into one.

The official boast is that Nepal is 'the world's only Hindu Kingdom', but interwoven with the predominant Hindu religion are strands of Buddhism, animism and tantra, which mellow the predominant religion, making it more tolerant and open than the Hinduism practised in India. After the unrelenting intensity of India, it is a palpable relief to cross the border into relaxed Nepal...

—*Bishesh Shrestha*
Class IX A

The Balance Of The Forces

Skimming waters, silvery in the light of the moon. The gold letters tell the story of man, its on the water. The tide distorts it, strange twists and stranger happenings creep into the story. The old man coughs, a baby is born. In with the new and out with the old, that is how the story is told.

There's a blind beggar in the corner, he sees what no one can and probably no one will. He knows but won't tell anymore. He can't, nobody

will believe him. He knows every sordid, gruesome detail for he can see the soul of man in the dark of his blindness. He turns to the lizard king for solace, he sees the words and is enthralled, he knew the beginning and searches for the end. The end was real, there was no more to be said for the end was just the beginning.

From here, the story remains untold, the future is being made, the present is sold. The world

is blind, only one can see. He sees the other side that only his eyes have access to. It was too ugly, an unbearable sight, he wished he was blind, with all his might. The Unknown soldier helped him fight his battle. From the Last Child to the Dreamer, everyone witnessed the sight. It was glorious, detractors were furious, their effect was spurious as everyone who knew us.

Will both sides never balance, will the ends never meet. Will anyone tell me why we say, 'the sun has set', when in fact it is the earth that has

moved. Is there no reason here? Doesn't a system prevail? We might regret and we might wail, it will be redundant, indeed of no avail.

Somewhere in the future there has to be a force so strong that all the discord in the force of life will settle into orchestra-like harmony. The way is mottled in the mind but a challenge to our force, so live on Sons of language, live on, and give from your source.

--*Unknown Soldier*

NATURE'S DIARY

The Poor Aim Syndrome

It is evident that Welhamites have 'poor aim'. Most litter ends up outside the huge dustbins placed all over the campus.

What is it that makes people litter their school campus? There are various ways to answer this.

The answer, I think lies in the word 'their' in the question above. A sense of belonging is a must. There has to be a will to keep your environs clean. However, this will take birth only when one relates to the environ as one's belonging. Unfortunately, there is a wrong trait in everyone's character. One neglects the maintainance of things owned by society.

We, at Welham plan to find a solution to this 'poor aim' syndrome. It is important to place dustbins at the right spots. The fancy dustbins with

two funnels on opposite sides provide the free-time freaks an opportunity to do some target-practice. There are also those which have a lid on top and there is the green drum. We need to do away with these ingenious architectural designs.

These thoughts may not appeal to many but the fact is that such details do add up and in the end become a big issue.

With the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations fast approaching, cleanliness is the key to a beautiful campus. The need is for better designed dustbins which blend with the surroundings.

All boys interested in campus development and those who can do some brain-storming are welcome to join the Campus Beautification Team.

--*Digvijay Lamba*
Class XII

Summer Visitors

Amongst the first bird to have arrived this March, has been the Golden Oriole. Its call of 'have no fear', 'have no fear' was heard on 8th

March & the bird was spotted on the Jackranda tree next to the swimming pool. More news of our summer visitors in our continuing issues.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Authority to Dhruv Dhindsa: " Since there was no ice in Auli, how did you guys skate?"

Mr. Khaira: Yes, there will be tea, but no 'she.'

Rachin Goel at the New Delhi Railway station on the weighing machine. TING!!

Rohan: 'Sir, the paper is very hard.'

Mr. Khaira (feeling the paper): 'No, it seems soft enough to me.'

ONE AT A TIME

PLEASE

Said the weighing machine.

Rachin: 'Sir, why do you crack so much?'

Mr. Khaira: 'I was born on Diwali.'

Dubey: 'Sir will there be any tea-she at the institute we are visiting?'

Authority: 'Hey guys, who wants colours for Diwali?'

RINGSIDE VIEW

Tennis has finally come of age at Welham. There are lot of guys who are showing interest in the game. We have a whole bunch of promising youngsters who are willing to work hard. The one thing that still eludes them, however, is a good coach. There has been some development in this regard but no major breakthrough yet. Let's hope they get a good coach as soon as possible-till then they will have to sweat it out with the little help they can get from each other.

The tennis team recently took part in a local tournament at D.A.V. college which was open to people of all age groups. Most of our opponents were much more experienced and initially it looked as if it was going to be another first round exit for the Welham team but that was not to be. The juniors did well to get past the first and second rounds in both singles and doubles. They received a lot of encouraging remarks from the tennis faculty of DehraDun and hopefully they will improve on their performance. Our seniors also performed better than expected. The doubles pair of Captain Pai and Anant went as far as the pre-quarters but the surprise of the lot was Teddy's and Gauravjeet's effort in their doubles. They beat the top-seeds en-route their heroic run to the semi-finals of the doubles event. They left almost everyone spell-bound with thier giant-killing effort in the semi's but in the end experience and ability prevailed over adrenalin and they lost to the eventual champions.

The seniors cricket Inter-House this time was a very close fought battle. Almost every match saw a houseful on the Triveni windows. There were lots of heart stopping finishes. The first match was played between Jamuna and Krishna. Batting first, Krishna got a reasonable total of 125 runs in the stipulated 25 overs. When the Jamuna batsmen came down to bat, it looked as if they were going to get to the target with comfortable ease but wickets fell at regular intervals and it all came down

to 7 runs off the last 4 balls with just 2 wickets to spare. Three consecutive wides and Jamuna were almost assured to win on the second last ball. Ashish Kumar hit a four on the back foot and confirmed it. For Krishna it was a match of bad planning and missed catches and they paid for it. The second match was a one-sided affair between Cauvery and Ganga. Batting first Cauvery piled up 150 runs. Amit Kumar's unbeaten knock of 54 was a delight to watch. Chasing at a run rate of 6 per over was never going to be easy. Except for Vivek's fiery knock of 34 in 16 balls, there wasn't any substance in their batting and the match ended up as expected. In the third match the school cricket Captain was at his very best. Krishna lost the toss and was put to bat. They made a mockery of the Ganga bowlers hitting them to all corners of the field and scored 175. Manas played like a true captain. He got 78 (and this is his best to date) in just about 50 balls. It was an innings that will stay fresh in the memories of those who watched it for a long time. Ganga was all out for a mere 89.

In the next match Jamuna beat Cauvery with ease. They set a target of 125 for Cauvery and earlier on in Cauvery innings, it looked gettable but as the match went on Jamuna's bowling got more and more accurate and they got a well deserved victory.

Cauvery once again took on Jamuna in the finals. They won the toss and this time decided to bat, but once again their top order failed against pin-point accurate bowling by Jamuna. Some excellent running between the wickets by Gurung enabled them to get to a decent total of 129. Jamuna never looked in danger and chased the set total in a professional manner. Faisal Burza played a Captain's innings and scored 42 not out. This led to a comparatively easy win for them. They are the new champions and have worked hard to get to it.

--Pratyush

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