



THE OLIPHANT

No. 199

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

20th May 1997

Think About It

Men always want to be a woman's first love; women have a stuble instinct: what they like is to be a man's last romance.

—Anon

EDITORIAL

"Everybody in the pool,
clap your hands and say oh O!"

The music was upto date and blasted through the whole school (regardless of the fact that exams were starting the next day and also all that talk of sound pollution). Drinks were in circulation. Adrenalin flowed freely and was in abundance. Hips were swaying and twisting with hearty(?) laughs. And the 'staff club', for whatever thats supposed to be, was painting the town red. A wild party was hosted by the 'staff club' comprising almost all members of the teaching staff, apparently for themselves. It is rumoured that in the excitement, one of the members even fell into the pool. In a heroic effort, another member gave nothing short of a head-in-dive(!) into the pool and supposedly rescued the drowning(?) person. Some boys say the teachers were really 'living it up' that night and claim they witnessed all teachers and even those with stiff upper lips shed their reserve and take on a jovial and exuberant disposition. I only wish the teachers would tell us what the occasion was. After all, boys can jump to quick conclusions and their imagination can sometimes run wild!

The Joint Production was an absolute success and a thrill to watch. The unmatched and obvious talent of all the boys and girls who acted must compulsarily be complimented. Considerable credit must also be given to all those behind the scenes. And to all the directors, we'll be ever grateful to you for helping make the JP an excellent one. I cannot help but mention that there were even requests from various people to stage the play again.

No broken windows. Hostels are neat and tidy. Classrooms are speckless. Every boy is impeccably dressed in uniform. No one is late for meals. And yet, Mr. Kandhari has been gone for over a week and a half. Sounds like something out of a fairy tale, huh? Well, the teachers and especially the Prefects certainly take the credit for that one. Their excellent managerial skills and sense of discipline seems to have sunk right into the grass roots. The way they are handling the school in Mr. Kandhari's absence must be admired. And to think, the school is even more disciplined now and everything is running even more smoothly than when Mr. Kandhari was around. Now that's something! Mr. Kandhari, I think, has every reason to smile far off in the States.

A few in school don't seem to believe in sitting for exams any more. Class ten unanimously(?) boycotted (attempted to, rather) the May exams. A stern reprimand together with gentle admonitions on behalf of the Prefects and a few teachers seems to have pumped some sense into their heads as they finally agreed to sit for the exams. Apparently, the teachers had over-burdened them, so they claim!

There seems to have been a slight change of plans. The prospective 'honeymoon' has reportedly been converted into a 'pilgrimage'. The destination of the 'joint-trekkers' has been decided to be Rohinsaratal. Well, have fun and give the Gods our salutations.

Ironic as it may seem, it must be mentioned, however, that the twelfthies seem to be taking considerable interest in the May exams. Consequently, expectations are certainly rising high among the teachers.

PH reforms have slowly begun to come about and there is a surge of hope in the PH'ites. At the rate things are going, PH is probably going to look like the seventh heaven when we come back next term. From Pathetic House to Party House! 'Bravo!' to those who're doing it.

There is regular work going on in the newly acquired land. Remarkable change and a complete transformation is expected next term.

The summer this year has definitely been a very pleasant one. In comparision to last year's summer, the real heat hasn't even begun.

The first term of the new academic year has gone excellently well. The school has made enormous progress in all fields, as one might have noticed through the various Oliphant issues. Regardless of a little slackness in between and the few inevitable mistakes, the school has certainly gone from strength to strength.

We're all looking forward to the Diamond Jubille Celeberations next term. Its undoubtedly going to be grand. Do come. And until next term, goodbye.

—Sourab
(1)

WELHAM NOW

1) The S.K.Kandhari English essay-writing contest was held for the senior school on the 14th of May.

2) Digvijay Lamba, Arcaprava Datta and Karan Gulaya represented the school in the Rajiv Khanna Memorial Inter-School Quiz held at Scholar's Home on the 9th of May. Our team stood first in the preliminary rounds and finally came third.

The same boys comprised our team who participated in the Miss Russell Nature and G.K. Quiz which was held in Welham Girls' on the 17th of May. Welham Boys' stood first in the Quiz.

3) The Hindi Joint Production with Welham Girls'

was staged for the parents and visitors on the 11th of May. The play was appreciated by all.

4) The Sports Committee meeting was held on the 15th of May, 1997.

5) The distribution of percentage for the various exams has been altered. The exam held in May will carry 30% weightage while the exam that is held in December will carry 70% weightage. The March exam will not be held any longer and boys will be promoted to the next class immediately after the winter vacations.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

Spiritual Up-Bringing

Moral problems are problems, not which an individual faces in his personal life, but problems he might face with the society, which lays down moral standards of living.

India is known as the land of diversity, the land of many different things. Religion is one of them. Today, in India we find people who preach and follow different religions. In India we have all sorts, from a handful of Jews to many million Hindus. So how does an atheist adapt himself to the so called 'norms of society' which are basically spiritual in nature?

Pick up any holy book, whether it is the Bhagvad Gita, the Granth Sahib, Koran or the Zend Avesta. They all preach the same thing only in a slightly different manner, to which a logical mind can easily adjust. It does not matter whether one is a hard-core Hindu, Sikh or a Moslem. The knowledge received is the same.

A child is born naked and vulnerable, not only physically but also mentally. A five year old will not know the difference between right and wrong unless he is told. The basic knowledge is at first given by the parents and later, as he grows older and matures, by his teachers. Anybody can make mistakes, and at this stage only a slight slip up is required, which will not be realised then but will be realised later when he grows up and steps out into the big wide world without the protective canopy of his parents and teachers who will not be there forever. He, as an individual, will continue to live in

a community, unless he decides to become a hermit. To be able to live in harmony with those around him, time and again he will need advice, which cannot be provided by the most sane man in the world. This advice will come to him only from the holy books which he should be able to understand.

Civilisation took centuries to develop the idea of childhood, but television has erased it in a few decades. What a child learned through reading was roughly enough to commensurate with his ability to process information. In the television age, however, we all get the same messages. A child and an adult can see the same images and hear the same words simply by pushing buttons.

It shows in our behaviour : children and adults now dress alike, talk alike and play the same games of life. The concept of childhood is vanishing.

A child will and does feel insecure if he is not given a set of rules to follow. This is because if he does anything not acceptable to the community, he will be severely ostracized, and this could leave a very damaging mark on his personality.

Like I have already mentioned, even though the religion of two individuals might differ, all religions preach the same thing. For example, quoting the Bible "..... Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me" (23rd Psalm). Similarly, it is also mentioned in the Guru Granth Sahib, the Koran and the Bhagvad Gita.

Religion also teaches a child and an adult to be humble. It tells a person that there is a force far superior than any human being on the planet.

What is the difference between a person who relies only on himself and a person who has turned to God for help? It's not that one will do good things while the other sins. The self-reliant atheist may be a fine upstanding person. The difference is that the atheist is like a bush growing

in the desert. If he has only himself to rely on, then when he exhausts his internal resources - he runs the risk of running dry and withering.

But the man who has learnt to turn to God is like a tree planted on the banks of a stream. What he shares with the world is replenished by a source far beyond himself, so he never runs dry.

—*Dhruv Dhindsa*

Class XII

The Recurring Dream

It was near the stairs right next to the red elephant (made up of the grass) below the open air stage that I first spoke to a Welhamite. His name was Saurabh. He called me and said "New in school? Oye I'm talking to you. You must learn to make friends and adjust yourself quickly." By the time he finished talking I really didn't know what had struck me because of my limitations in this foreign language which did not go beyond 'come', 'go' and 'sit' and on being a bit adventurous it was like 'I waaas going to market.'

March 1983 coming from a relatively humble background; here, I was in the midst of a commonality where I found myself absolutely lost among guys from different backgrounds.

It was bath time and I was ready with my new towel, and a mug containing a soap dish (all these items were bought from the army canteen).

Wearing a new nightgown and all set to have a few moments of privacy (basically the idea was to let the tears fall free) I entered the bathroom and what I saw and will remain one of the most memorable events that I would love to associate myself with. It was not because I was seeing so many guys without 'Undies' for the first time (I still call them Undies), it was their attitude that impressed me the most. With a bit of hesitation, soon I was a part of the clump. All of a sudden the door of the bathroom opened and in came Miss Torres along with Durga Bearerji to check whether the boys were having a bath or not and were shocked to find none of the boys in. On taking their names aloud the new boys were found to be in the following positions: Jodbir was hiding behind the opened door, Dhananjay was behind the repository meant for hot water and Arvinder came out from his hiding place with a mug obscuring his vital organs.

It was dinner time and we had changed into our white ducks/incidentally this was the third time we had changed our clothes. The prayer before

dinner went something like this 'Bless us Oh Lord for these your gifts (at times nearly) we are about to receive' and it ended with a strange word 'Amen' which I initially mistook for 'Our meal'.

Our house was above N.U. (I still don't know what it stands for). It was called T.H. (Toad Hall). Right next to my bed was a Surd who was urging me to narrate a story, expecting a bedtime story of sorts. He was awake with his eyes wide open. I started off with the introduction of characters " Superman was the son of Batman who was the son of Spiderman who was the son of Hulk who was the son of....." And by the time I reached the tenth generation, he was fast asleep.

Life was more or less the same in junior school although it was a bit miserable during the classes, especially in Mrs. Bannerjee's class. On entering the teaching block, the first room on the upper storey of the building on the right hand side was where I had my first encounter with her. She was a short lady with long hands, our faces and ears right within her reach. It was in the middle of the class when I asked for permission to be excused, and there she was with her nostrils flaring and wanting me to answer a question in maths before going to the toilet. (I'm not trying to justify what I did after that but it was just that I drenched my newly bought shorts with waste material (material being anybody's guess.))

There are certain events in my life which are difficult to reason out, and there was one such event in school. There was this ice-cream man standing near W.H. On our insistence, our teacher treated us to an ice-cream each on the condition that we would pay her back when we got our coupons. Some of the boys forgot about it, I being one of them. I immediately repaid her with double the amount (Rs. 2) in order to undo the damage which had affected my image. On doing so she accepted the extra rupee and said " God bless you". Had she

not done the former action (the accepting part) perhaps I would not have mentioned this event but to date I haven't really figured out why she did so.

Being in Jamuna house, I was in room no. 3. We celebrated our emancipation from day 1 by playing 'dark room'. All the windows were covered by bed covers and the one who was to enter the 'dark room' was the one to be bashed up to one's heart's content.

Our house mistress was Mrs. Sinha and house master Mr. Raina better known as 'Rhino'. There were six of us in each room with a cupboard to each of us. The switch board had all its sockets cut off, except for the lights and fans. Somehow we took our new found sovereignty a bit too seriously and posters made their way from our mantels to the walls of the room. Rhino had to come, and he came. Saw the walls and ran out of gas. Not knowing how to interact with a person double your age in such a situation, someone had to find a way out, and Rhino did exactly that by going out of the room. Though on his way back he did say "Yaar, don't make it difficult for me to enter your room."

We had our first experience with floating classes and after a day long relay from one class to another, it was time for the most deserving fruit break. In the fourth school we landed on our beds and dozed off for a full FIVE minutes, the frivolous part being that this break had nothing to do with fruits.

Our routine was something like this. First we had P.T. which was considered to be the antonym for E.C (excuse chits). These were given by Dr. Sabharwal (another DYNamite), and were considered priceless possessions. After a quick shower it was time to attend the first two classes with empty flab. Then it was time for the much awaited breakfast where we were served a 'tikki' (cutlet), a slice with jam and a slice with butter and a cup of milk having two surfaces one on the other, separated by water (sounds like an apparatus in the physics lab). At each table head, a teacher was seated and served jam and butter separately in a bowl with other quintessential items. The jam and butter left was devoured by the guy who used the strange prefix 'bagsed...!'

Next came assembly. The junior school assembly was held at the peacock stage while in senior school it was held in the indoor auditorium below N.G. Then at times there was this strange

phenomenon when all of a sudden, the choir just stopped singing. The Principal had to prompt us to start all over again.

After two or more classes it was lunch time. Lunch was more like a routine with every one tired and wanting just to get back to their rooms. On being back in the rooms, half of us went to sleep, while the others played some indoor games.

Then it was time to go for games. The steps involved to go to the fields were as follows: First we had to find out the field allotted to us, the sport for which we would be going and the teacher who would be with us. Then it was time to interact with the person who always reminded me of Tenzing Norgay: Mr. Gurung. I remember Mr. Gurung for his word-of-mouth **Aliva** which was used quite often by him. It was after a great bit of research we found out that it stood for **As you were**.

After games it was bath time as usual, and then came dinner. The boy on duty distributed the napkins (wrapped in a helix having our numbers). The highlight of the dinner was the pudding which was served at the end- my favourite being the cake pudding and the worst being the egg pudding (worse than the milk of magnesia). Out of all the 'beararji's' (how refined), my favourite was Prem beararji, the sole reason being the extra pudding factor.

This daily routine of ours was occasionally interrupted when we had the medical check-over. Going for the first time for the medical check-up, I really had no idea how to go about this check-up. We were all standing in lines ready for our medical scrutiny and sister said "119 next." Ensuing which I went inside the compounders room. There he was waiting for me with his gloves on. Without wasting any time he told me to take off my shirt. No I heard it all wrong actually. It was the shorts and not the shirt. Then he saw me in and out without a bit of hesitation.

In school one comes across several teachers but there are some of them with whom the time spent remains an ever lasting reminiscence. A profile of such teachers in my perspective is as follows: Mr. Raina: "There are three players in Cauvery **the** Rahul Rai, **the** Gurjot and **the** Maghroob Hussain." These were the instructions for us when we were about to play the final match in the Inter House competition and it really reflected his involvement with us.

To start with, he was an absolute terror for us

since he was our house master as well as physics teacher. There was this system of good and bad chits, in class tests (depending on the marks) and we were to get them signed by the house master. Being honest I was always begging Mr. Gusain to give me 8/20 (8 being the magic number) and was always backed by the class also. In order to keep the outing intact, the various timing to get the chits signed were as follows:

- 1) Immediately after Jamuna won a match.
- 2) After collecting a substantial amount of good chits.
- 3) When he was busy with the audio-visual gang.
- 4) Last but not the least, when he was talking to Miss Yadav.

It was during one of his classes when he asked, "Kohli, how will you determine the weight of the oil in a can with a physical balance?" Kohli to my class of species was spellbound by the problem "oil that too in a can!" but there was Rahul to help him out who was sitting next to him. After a bit of consultation, Aray was ready with the reply and the repartee was "Sir we will first break open can and count the number of molecules...." that's as far as he got, and before he knew it, he found

himself being made a 'Murga' with his bums pointing heaven-wards.

Mr. Gusain : "Just you see" was usually a prefix to every sentence he spoke. It was during an inter house cricket match which Mr. Gusain was umpiring, a boy called him a cowboy for the round cap he was wearing. Mr. Gosain was really ticked off with the boy and said in disgust "Just you see we come here wasting our Sunday and you call us the **cow ka bachha**."

To be continued.....

If I ever manage to complete this article I will love to associate my name with this incomplete memoir of life at Welham and definitely pour out the remaining half.

Ed: Thank you, anonymous Ex-Welhamite. All that stuff was so interesting and amusing that I just had to tell you. Your article was an absolute delight to read. Do send in the next half of your article. The Oliphant Board would be honoured to have your article published in the Diamond Jubilee issue of the Oliphant.

W.O.B.N.

Excerpts of a letter to the secretary W.O.B.S. from Sanjeev Seghal.

Sorry for not keeping in touch for a long time. Hope all is going well in school. I read the Oliphant and was glad to know that you guys have an E-Mail address. It will be easier for us to communicate. Well first of all, I would like to give my heartiest congratulations to Mr. Vachani on his incredible accomplishment. Give him my regards and tell him I hope to be playing some hoops with him soon!

The first thing that I read when I get the Oliphant is the sports section, especially the Basketball. Evidently, since I have left, the basketball programme had made great progress. I think it is safe to assume that this is the work of Mr. Basketball (Mr. Vachani) himself. From the day that the first court was laid near Krishna House to now Mr. Vachani has always been there. (Still remember trying to dribble past the potholes and after shooting had to be aware of the bumps!!).

When I was in the eight grade I used to spend my afternoon rest hours on the basketball

court shooting around by myself. I remember one afternoon : Mr. Vachani was passing by and seeing me, he stopped his motorcycle and came on to the court. At that time he was not even our coach. He asked me whether he could join me. We started to shoot around and he taught me some moves and gave me a lot of shooting practice. He came around often and I would be waiting for him. I had love for the game but he was the one who pushed me and taught me how to play it. When I played for the school team and he was not on the sideline, I could not play to my full potential. He knew exactly my strengths and weakness, he knew what was going through my mind. I want to thank him not only for the lessons he taught me on basketball but the lesson he taught me on life.

Here is just a short note about what my brothers and I are upto:

1. Sudeep Sehgal (ex-131) : Works and owns an export company. Happily married with two children.
2. Rajesh Sehgal (ex-487) : In his last year of undergraduate studies- he is studying in University of Denver, Colorado. (Keep your fingers crossed,

hope he graduates).

3. Sanjeev Sehgal (ex-151) : Doing M.B.A. at Sasin -Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok. Hopefully will graduate in March'98. I also work part time with Sudeep. Well, you must be preparing for the Diamond Jubilee. Please send me the schedule. I really want to make it and hope the days fall on my break time.

Will talk to you soon. If there is something that I can do from here, please let me know. Please give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari and the rest of the staff.

*P.S: My E-Mail address is as follows:
Sanchai@Mozart.inet.co.th*

WHAT'S IN AND WHAT'S OUT

What's In

Teddy's haircut
Boxer Shorts
Pajamas
Joint Trek
S.P.Chamolee
Independence Cup
Class 12 giving exams
Class 10
Sasha Gunda Singh
Floaters
Blank papers

What's Out

Laloo's haircut
Frenchie underwear
Jeans
Joint Production
Sandeep Datt
Exams
Class 10 giving exams
School
Vatsal Innocent Arya
Shoes
Written papers

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Oliphant Debate

Manavjeet : 'What's the topic, jaar?'
Nikunj : 'The past fifty year period in India has been one of degeneration.'
Manavjeet : 'Oye jaar, it was the same topic last year.'

Overheard in town

Time : 10:00 P.M.
Small boy : 'Mummy, I don't want to sleep. I want to watch T.V.'
Mummy : 'Beta, chup chap so jaa| P.H. ke gundae aa rahe hein|'

Overheard

Mr. Das : 'Boy, you've got the wrong misconception.'

One teacher to another teacher : 'I must have excused the JP boys while I was sleeping.'

Another teacher to a boy: 'I don't like your teeth.'

Authority : 'Hey guys, has Nirvana taken out any new album?'

CREATIVE YOUNG MINDS

Examinations are boring,
Especially when its pouring.

You sit for an hour or two,
Writing your answers through.

Even to drink water one can't get up,
Oh! I get so fed up.

(6)

Examinations are always taken in subjects like English, Hindi, Maths.
Never of cats, rats and bats.
Examinations are a TENSION,
So please don't MENTION,
The word Examination.

***--Mayan Dhawan
Class VII B***

NATURE'S DIARY

The Tiger and Leopard Census

Contrary to the views expressed by me in an article in the earlier issue; I and a few other like minded boys and Jagjit went on a two day long trip Rajaji National Park and this time to look for tiger and leopards. We were to help the Forest Department in the Tiger and Leopard Census.

His romance with designer jeans was over, he wore shorts; his clothes perfectly blended with the surroundings and because he did not want to incur his majesty's wrath he wore no cologne. He no longer listened to music but heard the chirping of birds, the barking of deer and roaring of the tiger. All of us had turned into 'shikaris' in the finest attire hoping that years of futile search in forests for the mighty cats would at last end and we would get a glimpse of a few of them.

Unlike orthodox Welhamites we stacked into the car and sat quietly staring into oblivion. Glad at heart to have managed to get away from school most of us waited before venting out our excitement.

Once inside the park the heavily loaded car moved slowly through the causeways. Apart from giving a bumpy ride to us the innumerable boulders surely made the owner of the car skip a beat with each hit (the car now needs servicing). Like motionless owls we sat in the car searching for tell tale signs of a tiger on the road side.

Later in the evening we got to see a pair of tuskers fight (playing). The clatter of their tusks sent chills down our spines. It was definitely a rare sight and boosted our morale. Expecting a lot more the next day we went off to sleep in the verandah of the V.I.P resthouse after having the 'generously' made 'school paranthas' for dinner.

Little had we realised that the alarm calls made by a Sambar close to the rest house would be more scary than anything else at night. A few poor guys did not have a deep sleep. To be woken up late on a moonless night by the roar of the tiger and unaware if the next fellow is awake or not can be really scary.

In the morning at seven 'o' clock, two forest guards were ready to guide us into tiger territory. The youngest amongst us was delighted to have a

look at a 12 bore gun which one of the guards carried. I am sure that rusted thing would not have fired had we required its service for its presence.

A long walk through a ravine led us to a kill; a Sambar stag killed by a tiger a day or two earlier. The scavengers had probably fed on it as it lay in the open next to a rock. The spinal cord still lay intact with the head, while one leg lay two metres away. Further up the ravine we found rocks with blood stains and drag marks. The Sambar had been killed nearby and dragged behind the rock 50 metres down the ravine. The photo session continued with all of us posing like great hunters with our trophy (the deer's antlers). Near the kill we spotted tiger pugmarks (4.5 in. by 4.5 in.). The fact that the guards had had no training in tracing the pugmarks did not surprise us. The census had begun a day earlier but they still did not have plaster of paris to make casts of the pugmarks.

All along the way we found enough water to quench our thirst. Before the walk ended we came across another pugmark. This one was of a tigress (5 in. long, 4 in. wide). Thus the four hour long walk over stoney river banks ended leaving us tired.

The resthouse *chaukidaar* had disappeared leaving the rooms locked. We like thirsty antelopes in the desert fell down on the verandah floor and tried to make best out of it.

To our delight we later met Christy William a research scientist with the Wildlife Institute of India who is doing his Phd on elephants in the Rajaji National Park. He told us a lot about wildlife in the area.

In the evening the deputy forest rangers could no longer send us for a walk. The morning walk had probably become too much for the forest guards. He pretended that they had already left for the census walk while we later found out that they had not. This gave us a chance to go with Christy and to track one of his radio collared elephant. We found the whole herd close to the rest house.

More on the tiger Census and the concluding part of this safari in the next Oliphant.

—Digvijay Lamba
Class XII

RINGSIDE VIEW

The Inter House Hockey finally came to an end, leaving behind lots of broken faces and black eyes. All in all it was a very interesting tournament both in the juniors and the senior section.

In the finals of the junior section, Krishna took on Ganga. It was a typical Welham style hockey game with both teams giving in all that they had. The first half ended without any goal being scored. Both teams were trying very hard but conversion was very poor. However, the breather seems to have had charged their batteries and both teams showed a more positive outlook in the second half. They attacked more freely and unlike the first half did not pack their defence making goal-scoring much easier. Ganga were the first to grab the opportunity scoring in the tenth minute of the second half through Anshuman Singh who managed to get rid of his marker and deflect a hard hit shot into the goal. Krishna came back quite strongly and quite unexpectedly scoring two goals within two minutes. With just about ten minutes left in the game Krishna led by 2 goals to one but they still did not apply defensive tactics and kept on attacking coming very close to a third goal.

In the senior final Krishna was once again there, this time their opponent being Cauvery. But they were unable to repeat the feat of their juniors. This match was exciting and well supported by the boys of the respective houses; Krishna ended up on the losing side. Varun Puri and Bikash Gurung combined excellently to give Cauvery the lead towards the end of the first half. Cauvery came back even stronger in the second half and immediately increased their lead to a difference of two. Krishna did stage a comeback but it came a bit too late. They managed to get one goal and ran out of gas trying to get the second. There were two main reasons why I think Krishna ended up losing this match. The first being that Cauvery showed a greater determination to win. They tried a little harder and that clearly showed in the final score. The second being that Krishna's trump-card could

not make it for the match as he was more interested in adventure sports. The Hockey season has finally come to an end. It wasn't a very successful season but one can't call it a complete failure either. We made it to the finals of the council schools tournament and that in itself is an achievement.

The Welham Open Volleyball which has now become an annual feature of the sports calendar was a highly entertaining and exciting event this year. It ended with the class tenth team of 'Zalims' defeating their eleventh class counterparts in the finals. Kumar Abhijeet (member of the winning team) was declared the best spinner, Ashish Kumar (also of the same team) was awarded the best lifter prize. Shariq took home the prize for the best defender. Varun, Gurung, Amit Kumar and Gauri were all declared promising players. Sourab Dhungel was adjudged the best all-rounder. This was one decision which was pretty easy to make. Volleyball is now a very popular sport in school. There are lots of guys who are taking up the game seriously. Lets hope that we produce some good Volleyball players and do well in the sport at the Inter School level.

The trials for the Dehra Dun district basketball youth and junior teams were held recently on the Krishna courts (it was good to see some basketball on that court). Parivesh, Sachin, Ritesh, Kartikeya, Saswat, Akshat and Karan Singh were selected to represent the district in U.P. State Youth basketball Championship currently going on in Lucknow. I wish them all the luck and hope that some of them grab this opportunity and go on to play the nationals. In the junior section Manavjeet, Vipul, Amit Kumar, Vivek and yours truly have been selected for the district team. They will be leaving for Kanpur on the 21st of this month. Lets hope they do well.

As the term comes to an end it is rather disheartening when I look back at the sporting achievements in the last four months. Lets hope the coming term brings us better luck and we get to see some good performance in different sports.

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