

# The Oliphant

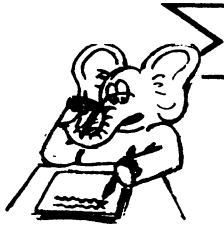
No. 303

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

10th September, 2004

## Think About It...

Lose if you must! but don't lose the lesson!!



## EDITORIAL

This feels better. Now this is better! Wondering what I'm talking about? No, I haven't ~~yet~~ lost my sanity. As a mat-

ture. However, small errors cannot be omitted at times, and hence should be forgiven.

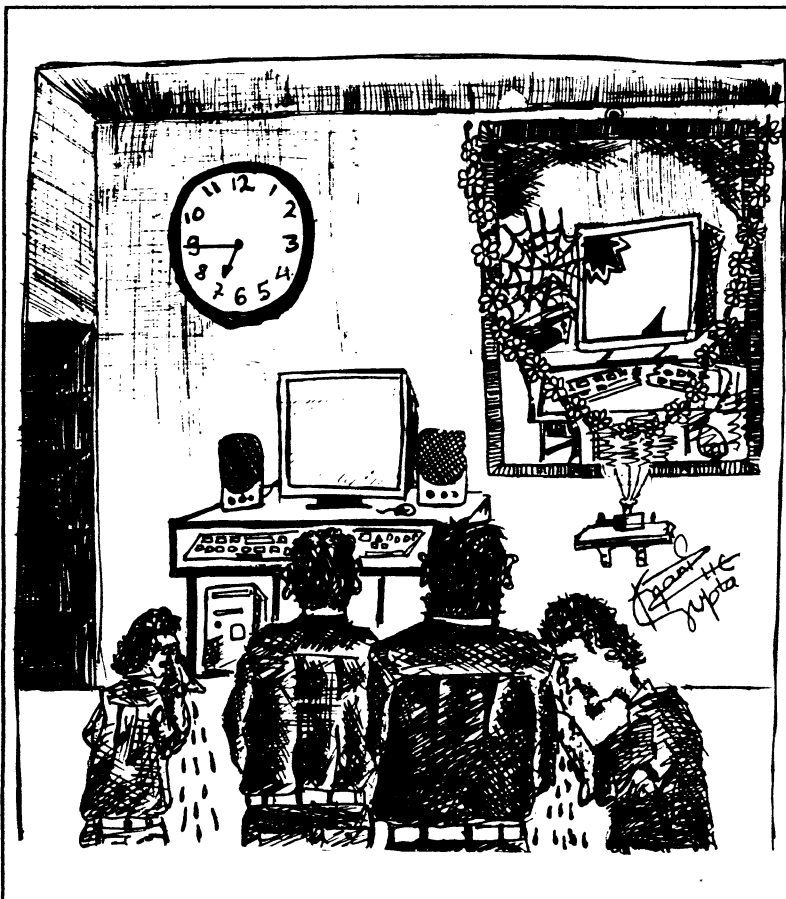
The school over the past fortnight has been more than just active. With so much to tell you I

seriously don't know where I should start.

The fourteenth of August was one of the most active days that we have had at Welham. It wasn't just a usual rainy dull Saturday but in fact it was a day where we expressed ourselves in different ways. The juniors had competitions like banana eating while seniors

ter of fact the school authorities managed to save me just in time. By God's grace they have finally given me a new computer to get my magazine going! May God bless them all!

Well, it's over a month since school reopened and I should have come out with the third issue by now. All thanks to my computer for where I am today. Now that I have a new Celeron at my disposal, the issues should be more regular.



Before I go on any further I need to apologize for the last issue that was fraught with errors. Let me not go into the details of it. When I say that we should not keep too many duplicate files of the articles, I give you my justification very directly! I promise such big blunders shall not take place in fu-

had an open house discussion on whether Welham should be changed to a co-educational institution. The rock stars in Welham also went a long way to entertain everybody present with numbers like Tears in Heaven and Brick in the Wall.

The evening too was very entertaining

with performances by upcoming musicians like Aranya Choudhary and Arindam Dasgupta from Kolkata. Mr. Prodipto De accompanied them on the Tabla while Mr. Abhik Mukherjee gave us a brilliant Sitar recital, and kept the co-ordination going. After the scintillating performance by the musicians, the staff had a small get-together at the IRC and danced their way into Independence Day.

The next day's programme was different from what we usually have. The junior school put up a small skit after which we had races for the staff. The boys also witnessed an acrobatic display, which was followed by a community lunch.

Raksha Bandhan followed Independence Day. The guards on the other side and even some on this side were all ready with their DNA test kits to make sure nobody except the brothers walked into forbidden territory! How did the ones without sisters manage to walk in is something worth finding out!!

The last bit of the construction work is still on. The skating rink is almost complete and so is the wiring of the school. The squash court is looking much better and I hope the team's results look the same.

Boys have started some beautification

work in Cheshire home. They have planted trees along the wall and plan to give the place a brighter look. I would like to bring this to everybody's notice. Cheshire home is not a place where we go to just spend some time with the people who are crippled for life. We all go there with different objectives in mind. The boys with Cheshire home as their SUPW have started this little project, and any ideas and co-operation would be appreciated. Let us show the world that we care.

The mid-term examination fever has hit the school once again. With the piling syllabus, things are becoming rather difficult. Psyched faces are the order of the day.

Moving away from school, the Pushkin Chandra case has taken our community by storm. I have no comments regarding the issue nor am I justifying anything, but just give it a thought. The high court recently rejected the plea to legalize homosexuality. Will such behavior be accepted by society in the near future? The matter holds great scope for argument and any views regarding such behavior would be welcome.

Till I get rid of the mid-term monster,

Yours Truly,  
Karan

## Welham Now

This August 14<sup>th</sup> was not another usual rainy Saturday. It was the day for 'Monsoon Mania'. This was Mr. Lahiri's brainchild and was organized by the staff members for the boys. The boys were kept busy with different activities for different classes. The 'activities' were Banana-Eating competition, Poster Making contest, 'What's the Good Word?' and so on. Classes XI & XII had an open house debate on whether Welham Boys' should be co-ed. The debate was highly interactive with most teachers and students expressing their opinions. Of course, the climax of the 'Monsoon Mania' was the students' music performance. The Mania came to a wonderful end when the whole of senior school joined Uday Mansahia to sing (a.k.a. shout) 'Another brick in the wall'. The teachers didn't mind, though their ears did hurt!

Later, the same evening, a classical music evening was held at the Activity Center. Joining our very own Mr. Pradipto De and Mr. Abhik Mukherjee were guest artistes from Kolkata, Mr. Aranya Choudhary and Mr. Arindam Dasgupta. The foursome brought in a whiff of high culture into our otherwise mundane lives...

The Chief Guest for the Independence Day was General Bakshi. There were a number of patriotic plays and songs. After events like musical chairs and tug of war for staff and students, acrobats who had come from Maharashtra took everyone's breath away with their homespun

skills.

Dr. Kanti Bajpai, Headmaster of The Doon School and an expert on International Relations, delivered a lecture on the American invasion of Iraq in mid-August in the LRC for the eleventh and twelfth graders.

Karan Mehrotra and Samridha Rana participated in the regional round of the Outlook India Debate held at GRD Academy on the 20<sup>th</sup> of August. Karan Mehrotra was adjudged the best speaker while our school was placed second overall. The duo has qualified for the zonal round that would be held in Delhi soon.

Junior school presented a puppet show on 21<sup>st</sup> August. On the same day, students from our school went to Hotel Madhuban for a talk organized by the British Council about studying in the UK.

A 'Mathemagic' workshop was held for class VIII on 26<sup>th</sup> August.

The Kandhari Essay Writing Contest was held on 27<sup>th</sup> August.

Cauvery house won the Inter-House Basketball.

The Arthur Hughes English Extempore Debate was held on 3<sup>rd</sup> September. Vasant Valley School won the trophy.

There was a 'Model UN' conference held at Delhi organised by the Ryan International School. We were represented by Nishant Joshi, Parth Parasher, Mohit Shrestha, Vishal Choudhary and Suyash Gupta. Nishant Joshi was adjudged the best delegate and Suyash Gupta's resolution was accepted by 110 schools. Now that's something! we Welhamites are proud of.

## **Literary Affairs**

### **A War Broke Out**

A war broke out on the other side of town,  
Peace! The only dream.  
People dying, naked children crying,  
So here's my song to the homeless.

Don't cry pretty ones,  
There is no one to hear you.  
I don't know how you feel  
So there is pain in my poetry.

Naked infants, tears of blood,  
Satan dances and insanity prevails  
Where are the golden beaches?  
Where are the silver doves?  
Where are the sweet angels?

I do believe in Power  
And at the same time despise

The ones holding it.  
Our mothers are bruised and they are feeble,  
All I want is—Power to the people!  
Power to the people! Power to the people!  
Power to the people right on.

Peace prevails in the blankness of the walls,  
But this holy land is filled with blood and tears.  
Don't cry pretty ones,  
There's no one to hear you.

- Parth Prasher & Mohit Shrestha

## Wings of Freedom

"We do not realize the problem of enabling finite free will to co-exist with omnipotence. It seems to involve at every moment almost a sort of divine abdication." (C.S. Lewis)

God has a perfect mind, with perfect thoughts inside. Yet, his thirst for imperfection led him to the creation of man. And Adam came into existence along with God's imperfect creation – the power of choice... freedom. He roamed about the earth, seeking his destiny. He faced every obstacle that came in his way. Sometimes he would rest to think, reminiscing his years that had gone by, but he would never stop. He would gaze at the heavenly objects above him, wondering what kind of hope did these sparks have that kept them shining among the darkness... And out of all these mysteries that surrounded him, he seemed like a boy idealizing the world through his virgin perception.

One day he reached a village and saw a people who were all happy and prosperous. He felt that his search for a home was finally over. He settled down as a farm boy and soon learned the skills of effective farming. Years went by and he started his own farm, growing wheat and barley. He went on to become the richest man in the village.

He would buy land and rent it at a very high price to the peasants. The peasants became poorer and poorer while Adam became richer and richer.

His greed for wealth would make him exploit the poor even more. Then he came to be feared and hated by everyone. Yet all along, the money that he had would not fill the emptiness inside him. He tried to find happiness in gold but he only saw the hollow image of a rich ghost.

It was a bright, sunny day, and Adam, now an old man, was having his breakfast when a messenger came to deliver a message – his son had met with an accident and had passed away. It came as a great shock to him. They had the funeral in the village graveyard. While Adam was returning home, he reached a fork along the way. He looked up and saw the two paths that lead to two different worlds. One was a world of gold and wealth while the other was a world of suffering and darkness. The left path lead to his house, his life, while the right path lead to a house for the unfortunates. It was then that he suddenly realized the beauty of God's imperfection – the creation of man and his power of choice.

Without another thought, he walked down the right path to help those in need. He gave all his wealth to the poor, living with them as a family. He had finally exercised his choice... choosing to live with his creator. Now he felt truly free and fulfilled, and his wings of freedom took him up to heaven.

He became an old man with wings... he became an angel.

- Ramthan Siama  
X-B

## Death Dates

It was a very shocking morning for the police of Kolkata. A person had died after being informed on the phone that he would be dead on that day. The person's death was natural, from a heart attack. The police could not figure out anything and even the post mortem report did not give anything mysteri-

ous.

Barely had the excitement over the strange death died down, that two more similar deaths were reported after a few days. The police were baffled and were running helter-skelter for clues, and investigating day in and day out. These deaths had also

been predicted and told to the victims by telephone.

The police could not do anything and the case was handed over to the C.B.I. The C.B.I. officer-in-charge for the case was Mr. D'Souza, a genius with such bizarre cases. Mr. D'Souza studied the cases of all the three victims carefully and came to the conclusion that all the victims were heart patients, and members of the Kolkata Health Club, and all of them were treated by a Dr. Khan.

It was past midnight when Mr. D'Souza figured out these things. The next day he took a team and raided the Kolkata Health Club and investigated the place. They came to know that the club was owned by a Mr. Oswal.

They questioned him and then they came to know that every person who became a member of their club was checked up by Dr. Khan. Their suspect was Dr. Khan and they planned to search his house.

But when they went to his house, they were shocked to see his house burning and the fire fighters trying their best, but not keeping up with the inferno. Unfortunately they could not save Dr. Khan...

The team searched the burnt remains of the

house but all in vain. Soon Mr. D'Souza figured out, that they could try the phone. They went to the phone company and they had luck. They found out that the last call made by the doctor was to Mr. Oswal.

The C.B.I. team went to Mr. Oswal's house and saw that it was locked. They were informed by the gatekeeper that he had gone to Delhi the previous day. The team forced their way in, located his phone and switched on the answering machine. They heard this: "Hello!! Oswal! I am Khan here and I wanted to tell you that a few days back my cardio-logical machine went out of order and I repaired it. The next time I conducted a test, at the end of the report, people's death dates started coming out. I was shocked and I started informing the people through phone calls. I thought it could do them good. One day I tested myself on the machine and came to know my death date was today. I locked myself up in a room and went off to sleep, but when I woke up my house was on fire. I tried to find the key of my room but I couldn't find it. I was going to show this machine to the government, but could not. Bye! Bye! The fire is coming near me. Aaaaah!!!

- Ankit Saraf

307 IX-A

## The Graveyard

Delhi 2003...

John and his parents lived a luxurious life in Delhi. John was fourteen years old and loved his uncle who lived next door. John's uncle Marcus Butler was an engineer who had jet-black hair and a sallow complexion. He was rich, sophisticated and loved drinking.

Marcus and John often went for long refreshing walks admiring Mother Nature. John would always request his uncle to play a squash match with him although he always lost! Sometimes John would even defy his mother for his uncle. Marcus had been living in Delhi for three years but never spoke to anyone except John and his parents.

One stormy night while John was busy watching television, he received a call from Marcus requesting him to come for a walk. "Now?" John asked but as far as the reply was concerned it was "please." The cold wind howled outside making the tall towering trees sway furiously. John found Marcus waiting near the garden wearing a weird raincoat. John noticed that there was something peculiar about Marcus. The scar near Marcus's eye was emitting a dim light. John was flabbergasted but was scared to react to the situation. "Let us go to the burger shop,"

Marcus requested. John quietly agreed and started walking, pushing the wind aside. "Providence help me!" John muttered.

Soon they were near the shop. The sweet smell of the wet earth refreshed John, when suddenly John saw Marcus falling on the ground. He rushed to help but Marcus pushed him aside and started running towards the city gates. John followed, but to his utter amazement he saw Marcus entering a graveyard. Everything was silent.

Marcus ran and stood over a grave. Dark black clouds hovered over them as rain started pelt-ing down. John slowly walked up to Marcus, when suddenly Marcus went into a grave! "What?" John thought when something hit him on the head and he fainted. Next when he woke up it was morning.

John got up as the bright sun rose from the horizon. He rushed towards his home. His head was aching as he arrived and knocked at the door. But no one answered and John's hands just went through it. John walked towards the bathroom and reached for the wash basin in order to wash his face. But there was nothing in the mirror...

- Sudhanshu Khemka

# Bob's Banter

## Happy Birthday India...!

It was a birthday party with a difference, as all the countries lined up to greet the young fifty-seven year old. "Happy Birthday India," said China as it walked up with a jade bowl and a smirk, "May you prosper this year and become as great a super power as I am."

"I already am," said India, with a billion people who can think what they want to, say what they like to and not be shot dead in Tiananmen Square when they try to express themselves...!

"May your rulers rule long," said Pakistan.

"Ah," smiled India, "my rulers rule as long as the people wish them to, not like your khaki-clad generals who rule with guns and subdue the will of the people. My rulers are the people, and may they rule long...!"

Sri Lanka, who had been standing behind China and Pakistan, smiled and went up to India, "May you have peace in your life this year!"

"Thank you," said India, "and I wish you the same, that you may be allowed to follow a peace process like ours, where a President has no powers to tamper with the peace a Prime Minister works at. Where there is only one person at the top, and not two working at logger heads and confusing the people."

"Bomb blasts!" shouted Pakistan angrily.

"Your bombs, your blasters," said India quietly.

"Happy Birthday India," said the confidence voice of the US of A, "don't see too many gold medals being won at the games!"

"Ah! No, Mr. America, we're too busy playing with software and silicon and earning your dollars while emptying Fort Knox."

"You have a million soldiers," said the US of A, "send some over to Iraq and we'll pay you good money."

"Ah! No, America. "Bringing down legitimate governments, then bullying and wiping them is not our cup of tea, even if your President decides to shower green bucks on us...!"

"You are cheeky for a fifty-seven year old!"

"You have grown arrogant for a two-hundred-and-fifty year old...!"

"I dare say you've grown confident and old," said England as it stretched out to wish the young birthday country.

"Thank you," said India, "but each year I grew, after you left my shores, I tottered and stumbled, slipped sometimes and fell, but got up and walked on, sometimes slowly, often crawling. I was chided and criticized and chastened, but I pushed on with grit into my long walk with freedom."

"Are you tired?" asked England.

"Not as tired as you, carrying Bush on your back!" laughed India, "no, I'm happy, content on this birthday of mine and ready to move on to still greater heights."

"Happy Birthday India...!" cheered the world together.

Robert Clements

*(As appeared in the Sentinel on 19<sup>th</sup> August 2004.)*

## What's In

Isolation ward  
Night out  
Suspension  
Triveni emergency exits  
Prez

(6)

## What's Out

Tihar Jail  
School out  
Detention  
Main entrance  
President

School movies  
The 'stubby' look  
Welham News room  
Intranet

Common room  
The 'chikna' look  
Oliphant room  
Internet

# Through the Keyhole

Tushar Saini(During Biology class): Ma'm what if we have a *heart in the hole*?!

Richeek to PK(in Mussorie): Ma'm, let's go *upstairs in the cable car*!!

Mrs Bajwa(Heights of exaggeration): In my school days I had finished *100m in 9 seconds*.

MB(in the staff room): Oh! I've left my cell at home!

KN: Oh! Thats terrible for a biology teacher.

Karanveer to the guys: Oye it's getting really boring in school so lets go and *bunk into the walls*.

Abhijit to PK: Ma'm, how come you come?!



## *Nature's Diary.* **Cruelty- Why animals should not be used in Research**

O my children, never give  
Pain to things that feel and live;  
Let the gentle robin come  
For the crumbs you save at home;  
Never hurt the timid hare  
Peeping from her green grass lair.  
Oh! Let them sing their happy songs,  
Never do these gentle creatures any wrong.

It has been estimated that almost 200 million animals die in laboratories around the world every year. The actual figure could be even as high as 300 million. That's between 5 lac to 8 lac lives lost DAILY. Every day, these innocent beings, each a unique creation of God, suffer agonizingly and die at our hands just so that we, callous, unfeeling, selfish human beings can use talcum, lipsticks, shampoos and purses, and possibly live a few years longer. How, you may well ask?

These are a few examples:

- 1) Talcum powder, lipstick and hair dye are made safe for human use by thrusting tubes of them down the throats of tiny, chattering Squirrel Monkeys squashed together in cages. Each item is fed to them to find out

at what dosage level the animal dies.

- 2) Perfumes use a Civet Musk base. The Civet is shoved into a 25 X 30 cm cage where it cannot even raise its head. Every ten days it is whipped because when it is in pain it secretes the musk in its pouch. The pouch is then forced open and scrapped with a spatula. This is done every 10 days till the poor, innocent, suffering animal dies.
- 3) A rabbit's head is clamped to a clutch and its eyes are pegged open with metal clips. It cannot even blink. Shampoo concentrate is dropped in its eyes to ascertain the dosage at which it will go blind. Most rabbits die. In struggling to break free they break their backs.

This list is endless. All these animals are sacrificed daily just to satisfy human vanity. We don't need most of these things. They do not enrich or uplift our life in any way. None of these add to our health and happiness. But nevertheless, we are willing to torture, maim and kill just for looking better. There are alternatives available for all these prod-

ucts, made from herbs and plant extracts or even chemicals that do not have animals as their base. Why not use them?

There are two fundamental objections to research on animals. The first is that it is wrong to kill. The second is that it is wrong to cause pain and suffering. All religions in the world advocate kindness to "all" living beings. Every single prophet, messiah, leader or guru has repeatedly emphasized the need for us to be kind, gentle and protective towards animals. And yet we humans have done just the opposite. In the name of science, in the name of advancement, we have crossed all limits in our cruelty to animals- those weak, dumb, innocent creatures can do nothing but await a slow, painful death.

Many argue that animals are required for medicinal purposes. Experiments performed on them may prolong human life. This may be true but is it justified that we extend our lives at the expense of others? And would the same persons agree to the use of human beings in the same laboratories if this too could prolong other human lives? Let's pose this question in even harsher terms. Would the experimenters be prepared to carry out their experiments on a human orphan under six months old if they could save thousands of lives? If the answer is no, then the readiness to use nonhuman animals reveals an unjustifiable form of discrimination on the basis of species. So whenever someone says that the use of animals is justified on medical grounds, we should

ask them if they are prepared to use humans instead of animals.

How can we justify using animals and not humans? Do animals not feel pain? Do they not suffer? Just because we happen to be more powerful, does that give us the right to decide an animal's fate? One major drawback of using animals has been the fact that what is poison for one species may not be the same for another species, i.e. humans and vice-versa. Therefore one is causing pain to these animals for no reason at all. The solution is to look for alternatives, which can satisfy both the researchers and animal lovers alike. Tissue cultures, organ cultures, gas chromatography and mass spectrometry along with computer-generated models are examples of techniques that can successfully replace animals at a lesser cost and with more accurate results. The only thing lacking is the will to use them.

Let us learn to be the protectors of these beautiful creatures instead of their destroyers. Let us learn the power of mercy, for as Shakespeare truly said:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.*

- V.I. Chopra  
(Administrative Officer)

## Tehri Dam

Disaster struck at the Tehri Dam in Uttaranchal at 10.15 pm on August 2, 2004. A huge landslide inside the vertical shaft of a tunnel claimed the lives of 29 workers and left about 12 injured.

Officials of the Tehri Hydro Development Corporation (THDC) which is supervising the work on the Tehri dam project, refused to comment on the exact cause of the tragic incident. But J.P. Gaur, head of Jai Prakash Industries, the contractors responsible for constructing the dam structure said, "The dam is strong, but inherently the mountains are weak." The comment engenders the question: could such a tragedy be foreseen and if so, what steps had been taken to protect the lives of those underground from the 'inherent' risk?

About 10 km from Tehri is Malidewal vil-

lage, which has more than 300 families. This would be the first village to be submerged when the reservoir starts to fill up. The villagers have been given land in Pashulok area in the Tehri region. Until now, only 45 families have started constructing their houses in Pashulok. There are countless tales of corruption. The paltry sum of Rs. 40,000 given to these people (only God knows how much they finally got) to construct their houses is not substantial.

July 29 was a black day for the residents of the Old Tehri town who had decided to remain in the town. At around 2 pm, the water in the lake surrounding the almost-empty town rose and entered their homes. The 20 or so families left had to run for their lives, grabbing whatever they could, cursing the THDC.



The Tehri Dam has been jinxed from 1949 when it was first conceived. When in 1978 the construction began, it had to face major revolts. In 1980, the Environment Appraisal Committee appointed by the government refused environment clearance for construction and in 1990 it rejected the dam again. In 1991 an Earthquake measuring 6.6 on the Richter scale rocked nearby Uttarkashi, raising questions as to the dam's seismic safety. In 1999, the Chamoli earthquake, measuring 6.8 on the Richter scale wrought large-scale destruction. However, the construction went on. July 29, 2004 brought another tragedy when water levels rose to submerge the town of Tehri.

I ask you again, what is the viability of such vast projects of the Indian government involving such huge investments and use of resources, when all of them result in loss of life, relocation of settlement and plenty of problems and controversies?

However, dwelling on unanswered questions alone would be as futile as such prodigal projects, for it is solutions that are needed. I personally feel that the erratic mountains are not to be trusted with such huge risky projects, which are a potential danger to thousands. Perhaps small-scale projects in large numbers would be a good solution, as many feel, to this problem.

- Suyash Gupta  
XI-H



## RINGSIDE VIEW

The past fortnight's sporting and un-sporting action has made the sports department go topsy-turvy.

The soccer team is in disarray as they haven't been able to play a single tournament. The upcoming Council tournament is their only chance to redeem themselves. But the practice they are getting in these days is simply not enough. At times the U-17 team goes off to play some friendlies, or at others the meagre games time clashes with something else.

Anyway, the school team was unable to play the soccer IPSC's due to yet another new rule. The IPSC is affiliated to the Subroto Cup, which picks up players only under 17. As a result we had to forfeit the first game because the team, comprising the eleventhies and twelfthies, was overage. We brought in our U-17 side and won the remaining two games 3-0 each. Yet we were unable to qualify for the semi-finals.

After the good impression we had set in the Jackie tournament, St. George's came down to play a friendly match. However we lost 8-1 as many of our school team players weren't playing. It was the same case against The Doon School and we lost 8-0. But we got back hard at them, with our U-17 & U-14 sides beating their teams 6-0 and 2-1 respectively.

One main problem concerning sports in our school is that only a select few play, while the

rest do absolutely nothing. So the Sports Department came up with the idea of introducing a league. Each house will put forward an A and a B team. All A teams will play the A league and all B teams will play the B league. This is serving a double purpose. Not only do more people come out and play, this league system has helped in infusing a considerable amount of house spirit, which has been lacking in recent times. Thus, it has proved to be a pretty successful venture.

The basketball inter-house surprised us all. Jamuna, who had the best team on paper, played the opening match against Ganga. Ganga put up a brave performance - braver than Jamuna had expected - and overwhelmed them by seven points, beating them 67-60. Cauvery played Krishna, next. Playing without their ace, Maroof, Krishna kept the game alive, but lost by a meagre 3 points. Jamuna took on Cauvery and Jamuna found their lost form, beating Cauvery by 16 points. Ganga vs Krishna was a dismal game as Ganga beat Krishna 36-5 in what was a rather low-scoring performance in an otherwise high-scoring tournament. In order to book a berth for themselves in the finals, Jamuna had to beat Krishna by a good margin. However, Krishna showed Jamuna the door by holding on to win by 3 points. Jamuna's last hope to reach the finals was a Ganga victory over Cauvery, which did not happen. Ganga lost to Cauvery by 5 points,

whom they met in the final. In the final, Ganga led straight from the start only to lose in the final seconds. It was another low scoring game as Cauvery came back to win 37-34, being 13 points behind at one stage. The tournament was brought alive by Rock star Uday Mansahia who played Cauvery's entry music on the harmonium, or at least tried to! Another highlight of the tournament was the team captains who literally took their team's classes. Every night before their match, captains coached their teams, sketching strategies on mirrors! Now that's what I'd call dedication.

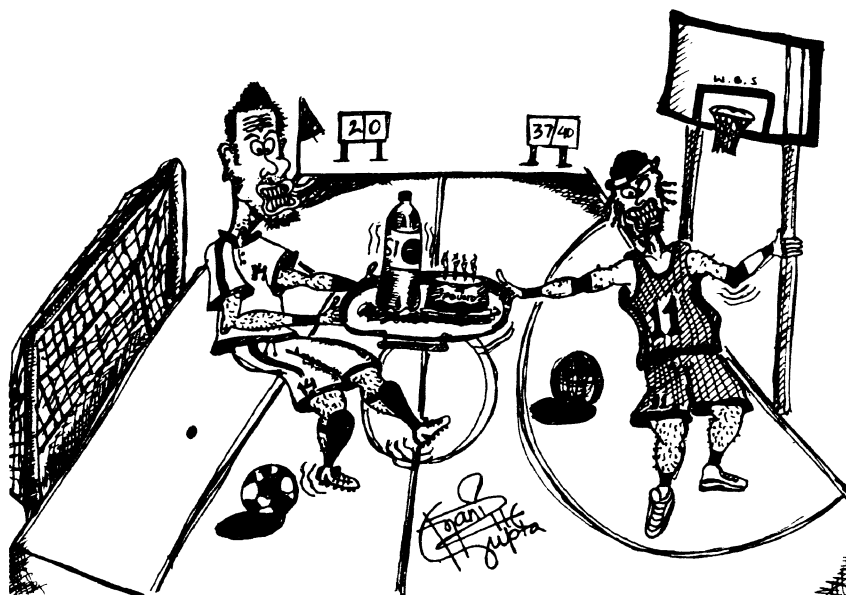
The latest in sports these days are horse-riding and shooting. Our equestrian champs go to Hillgrange School where they learn horse riding. Shooting is actu-

ally a new C.C.A., but some of our boys participated in the Uttaranchal State Shooting Competition. Navandeep Matta won gold in the Individual Rifle Shooting, silver in the Individual Pistol Shooting, two more silvers in the Rifle team events and a bronze in the Pistol team event.

He has now qualified for the National Championships. I think he's trying to emulate India's sole medallist at Athens 2004 Major Rathore. The skating rink that has been proposed to be made in front of the dining hall is half done. All of us Welhamites are looking forward to roll around and emulate Tony Hawk. The Soccer Councils have commenced and we have almost made it to the quarter finals. I'll have the detailed results for you by the next issue,

Until then,

Shaunak



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