

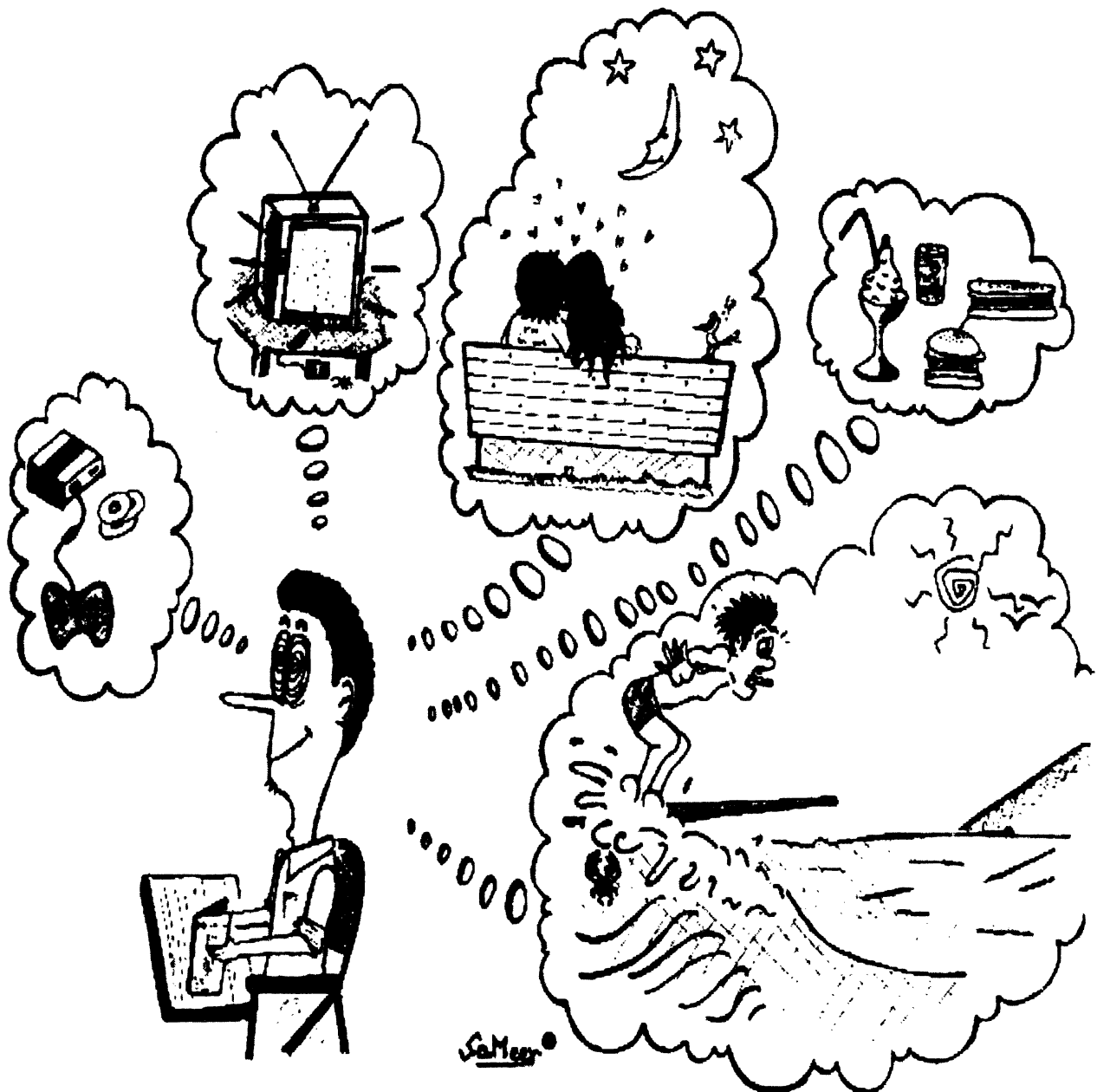


The Elephant

No. 307

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

21st May, 2005



EDITORIAL

This second issue of the Oliphant makes its way right through the exams, celebrating the coming of the holidays. Phew! It is such a relief, exams are over. It's time to put your books aside. Though holiday home work is plenty, an ongoing protest is to begin for the abolition of this social evil.

Mr. Gusain, our very own Dean of Academics, has left the institution, the end of the 'Justdi Era', a benchmark in the history of Welham. Towards the end of his assembly the students shared some fond memories with

the Page 6 fan. Finally after 5 long years I had an opportunity to tell him what a terror he was for us non-Cauvery-ites in class 7,8,9,10. A smile lit his face as he left this paradise.

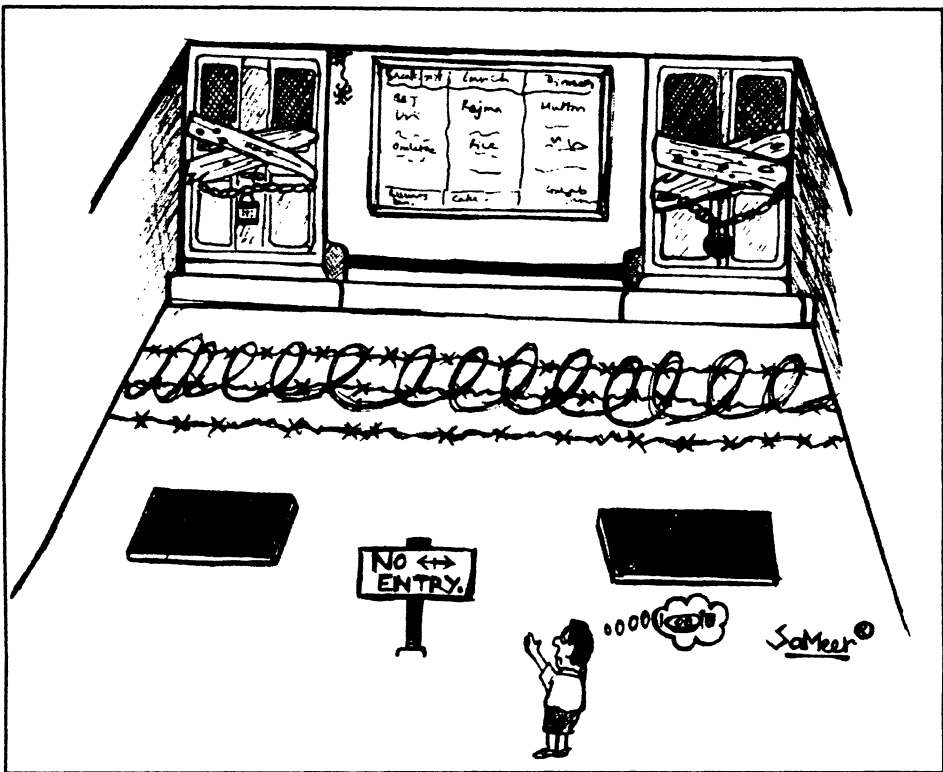
Getting back to the vacation, the theme of the issue. Lots to look out for these holidays - movies, music and books for you bookworms. Lots more serious pieces and ones that would make you laugh. The Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament was the latest event that made Welhamites shout. However, we couldn't make it. I had some player complaining that it was no fun scoring baskets without people present to cheer them up.

Time after time my chief kept telling me to write about the short story competition that was held in order to get more variety in the magazine. But I was not really keen on it, as a few members of the Oliphant Board have eaten

the pizza that was promised for the best story. No, that's not true, frankly speaking it was just one of the clever ideas that people keep coming up with.

A new rule was introduced during the exams that anyone coming late for a meal would be deprived the privilege to eat that meal and some how I ended up being the first victim. A friend and I were doing our last minute revision and were late for breakfast. Thereby the meal was taken away from us. Somehow school authorities always manage to get hold of the soft

spot and anyways I thought studies is what we come to school for. But wait, that was not the end of the story after assembly the both of us sneaked into the dining hall and hogged "WELHAM STYLE."



Chelsea won the English Premier League for the first time in fifty years and no more Champions' League fixtures till the holidays, so the common room doors have been enjoying a good night's sleep. No more secrets from the Welham underground, it's time for everyone to grab this issue of the Oliphant and run home.

See you all next term with more MIRCH MASALA to be read in this, our very own Oliphant.

Happy holidays, Good-bye, Adios, Ciao,

Ok ok that's it from the editor's desk,
Mohit k. Shreshtha

WELHAM NOW

- Ajitesh Kir, Ankit Sahay and Apoorv K. Singh represented the school at the Saroj Srivastava English Debate held at the Welham Girls' School on 10th April.
- Shakespeare's Day was celebrated in school for the first time on the occasion of William Shakespeare's birthday on 23rd April. The English Department paid homage to him by doing a presentation on his life and works.
- Jamuna House was in the limelight all through April as they walked away victorious in the Inter House English Debate for classes XI and XII, Inter-House Hindi Debate and Inter-House Hindi Elocution.
- Ms. Geetanjali of Silverline Communication conducted a 5 – Day English Communication Skill Workshop for class VIII.
- The much-awaited annual Oliphant Debate was conducted on 30th April. We were represented by Parth Prasher and Ajitesh Kir.
- An Inter – School English Quiz was held for classes VI, VII and VIII on 23rd April. Brightlands School won the quiz.
- The first round of the Senior Inter – House Science Quiz was conducted. Ganga House emerged victorious.
- Aamir Nizam Ansari has been named this year's Science Society President and Vishal Choudhury is the editor of the Wavelength.
- A one-of-its-kind fun quiz called 'Quizzotic' was held by the Quizzing Department for the senior school. It was a quiz for individuals. Marij Khan won the first prize.
- The hospital ran out of headache pills as the end of term exams started on the 12th of this month. The usual late night sessions and last-minute revisions could be seen.
- There has been a rare outbreak of chicken pox in school

LETTERS ~~TO~~ FROM THE ED...

Dear Readers,

The new Oliphant Board is overwhelmed by your extensive appreciation of our first issue of the Oliphant. Still amidst the positive responses, we are sure that there might be suggestions for improvement and valuable criticism which we are yet unaware of. Consequently, from the next issue, we are doing away with the column 'Letters to the Ed' substituting it with a 'Response Column' which would contain all the reader's suggestions, bouquets and brickbats for every issue. The space in such a response column is not only for Welhamites, but also teachers, parents, ex - Welhamites and readers from other schools.

You can send us your response either by mail at oliphant@vsnl.com or by post at

Response column,
The Oliphant,
Welham Boys' School,
Dehradun.

We eagerly await your response. Thank you.

Ed

THE TRUTH UNTOLD

I was walking past the Academic Block when I heard someone call my name. It was the Khadimali Block. He was in doldrums. He said to me that all members of the Academic Block are crestfallen due to some problem or the other. I heard their grief-stricken stories and felt sad. This is what each of them had to say.....

1) **Hughes Block** – One thing that I abhor about everyone is that they think my name is “Huggies”, Excuse me, I’m not a diaper brand, my name is pronounced as “hues.” It’s so hot these days, and the boys do me a great favour by leaving the lights and fans switched on, and the Principal punishes the little boys for carrying out such a humane deed. The computer Department is the only reason why there is a bit of entertainment in my life. The boys should be allowed to access the lab whenever they feel like. I just love the Oliphant room. It is so quiet, the students there are so obedient. They leave the room at 9:30 sharp and the room is always *spic and span*.

2) **Khadimali Block**- I was painted about fifteen years ago. I have encountered the puckish of students, and I think they have speakers in their throats - both students and staff. Recently, my windows have stopped rattling because my favourite batches have been shifted downstairs’. How I miss them! I have a perfect view of the swimming pool from one of my windows, and sometimes I hear ‘Dhoom Machale’ from a strange building just next to me which they call The Cottage. The Geography Department is my pride, as everyone’s sleeping there, most of the time. If anyone has any problem, please come to me, as I am the ‘Dada’ of this jungle. Did anyone say ‘Dada’?

3) **Seven Seas**- I definitely don’t know why I am named ‘Seven Seas’. I am the most prestigious building of the school because I have the offices of the two pillars of Welham- the two ‘Deans’. I also have the staff room where I get to hear all the latest gossip in Welham such as, pigs can fly, and donkeys have brains, etc. Not to forget the Engliz Department which is right under my nose. Most of the time

they are babbling in Hindi and troubling the only male teacher there.

I am obliged to have the Chemistry and the biology department to my credit. I hear – “Rana-yeh laana” all the time in the chemistry department and I suspect the Biology department of stealing onions and potatoes from the dining hall.

4) **The Physics Department**- I don’t like it yaarr, staying under the Principal’s office yaaarr. I have been the biggest fear of every Welhamite. I don’t understand why lights and fans have been put in here, as they are never used. I’d like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Manvarrr who looks after me like a baby. I am the spy centre of Welham and I have the spy satellite and other latest spy equipments hidden in my lockers. Shhhh...somebody’s coming.

5) **Middle School**- I have been attached with a very scary tale since time immemorial. A headless horseman visits me at night and also an old lady in white, I am also visited by a headless ‘chowkidar’ with his head on a plate!!!

6) **LRC**- I am supposed to be the best library in town but I wonder if I am a library? I’m a movie hall, an auditorium, a railway station waiting room, a bedroom, an art gallery and last but not the least a banquet hall(staff parties and socials). I’m visited only during fruitbreaks, therefore I’d like the Principal to give the boys more free schools to visit me. I look more like a hotel with the carpets, courtesy - ‘Patto’.

7) **Dispatch Office**- I am the most frequently visited place in school. I have Devdases dropping in all through the day between classes, waiting for their letters from across the LOC –students and staff both. I have had instances of people waiting from 6 am in the morning till 4pm in the evening sitting outside the door. I just have one request for the ladies-please do reply to these hungry hearts.

(I have promised the Khadimali Block that its problems will be looked into as soon as possible.)

Busy painting the Khadimali Block,
Ajitesh Kir

MURPHOLOGY AND THE WELHAM FACTOR

Things that have to go wrong will go wrong. This is what is popularly known today as Murphy's Law. These sets of laws may sound very funny and stupid but are very real. We as Welhamites do experience such situations, which can be related to these laws, some of which are actually created by us. Here are some incidents, which a Welhamite might relate himself with.

Many boys in our school bunk P.T. but the person who gets caught is always the one who is doing it for the first time. This sounds quite amazing but it holds true for most times. The first time that I bunked prep, I had all four teachers on duty hunting for me. I was marked absent. The funny bit is that a friend of mine (his name cannot be mentioned as he would get into serious trouble) happened to bunk prep all week and still went unnoticed. So, doing anything for the first time could be "DANGEROUS".

A vast majority of the Welham population prays for rain during P.T. to get that extra hour of sleep. It seems like God does answer their prayers but only partly, as it does rain just before P.T. and straight after it.

During classes, quizzes etc, the answer that you doubt and never gather the courage to speak out turns out to be the right one. Then you say to yourself "Damn! Why didn't I say it?". The only maths class that you miss (un) intentionally in the whole week turns out to be most important, as the most difficult part of the course is taught. To make things worse, the teacher refuses to teach and asks you to do that part with the help of your friends who themselves are zapped about $2n+8y$ or $3z+9x$. Assemblies too turn out to be a terror sometimes. The day that you change your trousers and forget to get your prayer book is the one on which Mr. Lahiri too asks the boys without prayer books to fall out. Sometime later it is you who is wondering in the detention room, "Why don't they check for prayer books when I have it?"

Being a junior in senior school means that your life is in the hands of your seniors. Your only job seems to be doing favours and getting yelled at by the house captain. A peek into the common room is enough to make you realize that its no use going in as the channel that the seniors are watching is obviously not the one of your choice. Then comes a Sunday and everyone goes on an outing, that is, everyone except you. You console yourself with the thought that finally you would be getting the whole common room all to yourself with no one to disturb you. But it has to be this very time that there is nothing

good worth watching. Not even on any one of the 48 channels that you have already surfed through more than 20 times. Not even a single music video worth watching. No movies. "What's wrong with the cable guy?" you wonder. Damn! You must have been born unlucky, you think. But then that's the reality.

Every Welhamite is very conscious about dressing (just look around if you haven't noticed). He simply loves wearing new clothes. Branded clothes are his top priority. So being so self-conscious about his dress, wearing a "white" white shirt or kurta means a lot to him. He takes all possible protective measures and makes every effort to keep it clean. It is no surprise that with all his gentleman like manners, he also manages to drop drops of gravy on this very shirt or kurta and stains it with permanent marks. He tries everything to remove the stains, even missing his meal in the process, but in vain.

There are many more things that happen which you couldn't in all possibility have thought would happen. Some of these are: the basketball match of your school that you were not allowed to witness was against your biggest rivals. It is not your fault if you think that this was the reason due to which our team lost. The days on which you are on time for the first school, your teacher turns up late. But the very day that you turn up late even if just by a few minutes, you get the news that you have already been marked absent. The day you think about returning someone else's property that you borrowed is the day that you spoil it. I am sure that many of you would not be surprised to read what follows. Half the time, when you crack a joke, the people laughing are actually laughing at you, not at the joke. The favourite lunch for most of us Welhamites seems to be "rajmachawal". This is the time when you fill yourself to the brim. This is also the time when the Prefects ask the school to report outside for punishment (not now but in the past). All of a sudden, even before the Prefect asks the school to "get down", half the school has some medical problem. People start having all kinds of aches, ranging from the head to the toe. Some people suddenly have a disease that even the doctor would not have heard of. For example, Zygopheria (I am sure you have never heard of it). The Prefects here at Welham surely have, and not only this but also many more. The only thing that they can do is wonder at the sudden outbreak of these medical problems, whenever an epidemic such as viral fever or conjunctivitis (the most common ones in Welham) hits the school, the number of boys in the hospital is always less the boys missing classes. We here at

Welham certainly know for sure to strike at the right time. We seldom miss these opportunities. One of the severe cases relating to this that I have heard of is that when nearly half the school was down with viral fever and the boys were being sent home, a boy made every effort to get fever. He stood in the hot sun, roamed around in the rain, but in vain. He somehow managed to deceive the doctor as well as the thermometer and was sent home too. But guess what, his efforts turned out to be useful at last. A week later he was struck down by typhoid: Holidays murdered.

We people can never be sure what to expect of things. The result might be the one, which we possibly hadn't even imagined. The article that I was actually writing for the Oliphant is still only half completed. How I ended up writing this, even I do not know. The article that you are now reading is actually the second time I have written it. The editor lost my first effort, the worst thing that could happen. So all I can say is that the things that have to go wrong will go wrong.

Waiting for the right things to happen,
Chirantan Singh.

SOCIALS REVISITED

April 16th, judgement day for a few and the last opportunity, for many. Yes, the socials with Hopetown Girls' School. After much of toil and turmoil, we had it at last.

The disregard for the evening dress is pretty evident, from the 'grey' (supposedly white) pants and kurta pyjamas that everyone wears. However, for the D-day, branded, dry-cleaned raiment were flowing from everyone's lockers.

Triveni and Krishna house had a water problem that day. Washing their faces for the nth time, the guys took the socials a bit too seriously.

As evening came by, the smiles became broader and the twinkling in the eyes sparkled 'hope'.

The ice-breaking session went off well and seriously the girls had no 'attitude' problem. Then came the dancing part. Usually, everyone's scared of squashing the toes of the girl by mistake but I was stupefied by the way many were swaying to the beats of music. Par excellence would be the word to define their dancing.

The 'socials-mania' had also taken into its grasp the 'girl-haters' who were spotted socialising and dancing with girls.

English with a firang's accent was flowing from many a tongue. The 'desi-babus' had metamorphosed into 'Hinglish gentlemen'.

Stories of valour and achievements were being heard from every corner. The unsung heroes were singing their unheard heroic deeds.

As dancing ceased and reluctant feet moved towards the dinner table, Welhamites

showed certain etiquettes and manners, which were a taboo in the Welham civilization. Against the expectations of many teachers, there was no one rampaging the food on the 'heavenly tables'.

However, the 'booked-guys' were seen with stuffed faces and finding the loneliest and darkest corners around.

Then was the time for the ladies to go back to their lonely dormitories. Many being in a mellow mood, some were caught smuggling cold drinks to the hostel. With great pain the boys bid adieu to the girls.

As expected, many had been struck down by cupid. Only sighs and smiles could convey the love-seeds that had budded in many a heart.

Problems started to creep in. Fraternity and brotherhood, which was so existent in the Welham family, began to drain away. Guys with the cutest girls were the main targets and everyone waited for the single opportunity to take their places.

The gym nowadays is seen packed with guys, trimming their bodies. Bethany is having the problem of food wastage, shortage of face washes and face packs. The hangover has hovered for a long time and now everyone is waiting for the letters. The effect can be clearly seen in the examinations.

However, then came the 'Theory of LOC' which states that the socials with the girls across would derive more utility.

The reason is that they have 80 girls and we have 34 guys...

Getting tanned,
Vishal

POETRY GALLERY

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

The world is not gloomy and dark,
You are just closing your eyes.

Things are not that bad,
You are just worrying too much.

Time is not running away,
You are just giving it pseudo legs.

You are not alone,
You just don't see the people around you.

You are not low on confidence,
You just don't believe in yourself.

You are not a loser,
You just don't get up every time you fall.

Things are not that bad,
You are just giving them a bigger dimension.

You are not insignificant,
You just don't stand up tall.

Life is not short,
You are just not living every moment.

Love is not lost,
You are just not loving enough.

- Nishant Joshi

TIME FLIES

In the morning, I read about demagogues
Who in their calculated butchery
Of human life and human spirit
Led their countrymen to such
Nauseating heights that a rash
Plunge into the depths of
Destruction became inevitable.

And never a day passes without the
Customary oscillation, as a hungry learner,
Between Nietzsche and Blake.
How then, can I possibly pause and
Admire the purple coloured Jacaranda,

Leave alone the subtle fragrance of
Jasmine and Sandalwood blended together.

In the night, exhaustion as my only blanket
I land on the idle bed
I stare outside the window and find
The moon standing silent, emitting
Sublime combinations of silver arrows.

And it is then,
That I am forced hard to think and ponder —
How swiftly did childhood fly?
Never again will innocent days return
When paper planes and snowballs were
hurled at loved ones,
When cartoon channels kept me glued
to them...
And a place to hide
Wasn't hard to decide
After daddy having read the report card
Would come straight for me —
Mama's closet would be the place to be.....

Just then,
Ugly sloth wriggles like an adder
And grips me rather violently,
My eyelids fall,
And sweet slumber takes over me.

Tomorrow again the day shall return,
When Nazi Germany and Algebra take over me,
And each day unfolds in a similar way,
Same are the faces, the schedule the same.

Hail monotony! You take over!
For you are here to stay....

- Parth Prasher

THE POISON TREE

When I was angry with my friends,
I gave vent to my frustration
And my anger died,
But when the same thing happened with foes,
I trapped my feelings and let my anger grow.

Each winter morning, religiously I watered this tree
called 'Hate',
While my many enemies played in the arms of fate,
I watered it with fears
With blood churned in tears.
And each night I paid a visit to my little garden —
Indeed, my grotesque companion did well to grow.

One summer evening I stepped into the garden
And in numb delight, saw an apple shining bright,
This gorgeous shade of red outdid rubies
As best does the least
'By far the loveliest I ever had seen!'

A few months later
My enemies were there to see it shine,
Were attracted, and immediately recognized it to
be mine,
(On a cool starry night,
When the moon looked like a dry-blood beast,
They trespassed my little property
And managed to get their veiled hands on my
precious entity.....)

Early next morning I found four
Outstretched beneath my only tree,
The apple, half eaten,
Smiled back at me.

- Parth Prasher

COMPLEX SIMPLICITY

ⓀHACHAK! The huge meat knife fell with great force on the bleating goat's throat. "I want that goat cut into all shapes and sizes, the orders keep coming but nothing seems to be going out!

Capone's butcher shop was overflowing with village folk. The huge establishment clearly gave away the fact that he was good at his job. There were several counters where his minions could be seen chopping and serving meat to the customers.

Huge chunks of meat were suspended from hooks, drops of red blood slowly falling to the dirty floor. Every few minutes, the meat would be brought down, chopped up, and a new chunk of meat replaced on the hook.

The sick stench of raw meat permeated the place and pools of blood surrounded the counters where the half animals lay.

Capone's tall, heavy broad shouldered figure could be recognised clearly as he strolled through his shop from counter to counter supervising the work. Just then one of his regular customers walked in.

With an expression of pure joy on his face Capone walked up to his customer and personally took him around the shop showing him all the sights

and sounds of butchery. As they moved from counter to counter, he explained with great knowledge and professionalism, the flavour and tenderness of each meat.

This shop, this business and all its fame had been part of Capone's family for generations. They had made themselves known in every house in the village and beyond. The reason Capone did so well at his job was because he put his heart and soul into his work (no pun intended).

Each day of his, continued in this way and his hard work and dedication always paid off. At the end of the day he would return home content with his day but with a growling stomach. The hunger in him was growing, and he decided he owed his tired body a good meal.

He washed up and moved to the dining room. The table was laid lavishly and his family, already seated, had begun eating. He said Grace, sat down and asked his wife to bring him his meal.

A few minutes later she walked out of the kitchen holding a steaming platter. She placed it in front of him as he looked, with bated breath, into a plate of plain vegetable stew and dry bread. He never touched meat, you see.

-Kartik Vishwanath



OLIPHANT FOCUS



Oli says, Leaving? Nah! He is not going anywhere. As you can't take Welham out of him, you can't take him out of Welham either.

Mr. Jasbir S. Gusain. A chemistry teacher, a housemaster, a Dean, a legend.

After his twenty years of association with Welham Boys', one can say that this man has seen the school mature from scratch to what it is today. Through the school's highs and lows, Mr. Gusain has always been a prominent member of the school. His emotional attachment with the school, and the school's with him was certainly evident on his farewell where the only things contagious were tears.

He is now the Principal of Drona Public School, Dehradun. It is believed, and of course we know for sure, that he is a boon to the school and will take it from strength to strength, like a true Welhamite. So it was only natural that we chose him for our Oliphant focus.

DALTON...HITLER...OR JUST...

MR. GUSAIN

Strict, yet understanding. Fierce, yet gentle. Good fun, but wise and knowledgeable none the less. A few words perhaps to describe the figure who walks into Triveni at 5:30 in the morning and ascends the stairs to the first floor, where reside the Cauvery-ites, his soldiers. As we students will testify, he was a dedicated housemaster who was always there to protect, encourage, and advise us, so, I guess we have no right to complain as he boots us out of bed for P.T. After all, within a healthy body resides a healthy mind, so he too would agree.

For his second appearance, we are greeted by his chiding shouts as we stroll in late for the first school. Unfortunately for him (or perhaps not), he always misses the first school, as he is busy scooting the latecomers into their respective classes. I guess being the Dean of Academics wasn't as easy as it looked. We students are overjoyed, but nonetheless respect the man and his profession; we silently get down to work, fulfilling his duties.

At breakfast, after he would forego his own meal, he would stroll around in Bethany, supervise us while constantly twirling his mustachios, and at times would hitch up his trousers. Otherwise, he was also seen sitting with the students, laughing, eating and recounting the times we made each other laugh with our antics.

So moving on to the Activity Centre, it turns out that the Principal is not present to take the assembly, but fortunately Mr. Gusain is present to step in. As he walks into the hall, all prayer books flip to Page 6. A few stifled giggles emanate from here and there, but one stern stare from him and all shut

up. Then he proceeds with making the announcements in his royal and stately manner.

Once again in the Academics Block, he can be seen twirling his mustachios, roaming around ensuring that all administration is running smoothly. Fortunate souls manage to catch his attention as they approach him for guidance and advice; wise and supportive as he is. He always goes out of his way to help others, encouraging his colleagues, providing sincere support and co-operation.

It comes as no surprise that the Principal assigns all important and urgent tasks to him. He can be trusted with any task and you can be sure to expect it done within the desired time. After all, twenty years of working in the school, he has surely earned this respect and admiration.

At 1:35 pm, the final bell rings and everyone moves for lunch, but the man can still be seen sitting at his desk, twirling his mustachios (yet again), and thin ring (things beyond the average Welhamite's understanding). Eventually, he returns home for a well-deserved rest, but not before ensuring that nothing is out of place.

As soon as Mr. Birader's whistle blows at 4:00 pm, he can promptly be seen charging into Cauvery house and driving the students out of their comfy beds, hence, disturbing our precious afternoon nap. As he always said, a strong balance should be maintained between academics and sports, something he made sure we always did.

As we students will explain, we don't mind this, or rather can't afford to, owing to the fact

that he has always saved us for our sorry behaviour from the Principal's wrath (STRAIGHT EXPULSION), and keeping house matters within the house.

As we practise marching for the Sport's Day, he personally inspects the Cauvery squad, teaching the new boys and encouraging the old ones. It is indeed a comic sight to see him marching alongside the students, motivating them, and all the while twirling his mustachios!

Towards evening, after making an appearance at the Academics Block for prep, he returns home for dinner and quality time with his family, once again striking a balance between work and leisure.

11:00 pm at night, he is back in Triveni to complete his last assignment for the day: lights out. Rescuing the juniors from the seniors, he can be seen prowling around in the corridors pouncing on the students who are out of bed. You can be sure he is there because, not long after you fall off to sleep, a torchlight glows into your face and your eyes open to face the enquiring look.

Lastly, I would like to mention that during this research on the stalwart I conducted, each person repeated the words, "sincere & hardworking." So Welham, think again before you let this one out of your hands.

- Kartik Vishwanath

UTHA KAR KE JO HAI...

Articulate, pragmatic and sometimes,
As warm as wine,
Mr. Gusain's intellect would put to shame,
The genius – 'Albert Einstein'!
As a junior I feared to encounter his wrath,
As a senior, the phobia never died out
Badrinath and Jim Corbett were his favourite mid terms,
And Dhanolti his favourite night out!

His green shirt and *baggy* trousers were never missed,
Nor was missed his favourite green suit
As the first bell would ring, he'd be at the subway,
Threatening to kick you with his boot!
He could be spotted during inter-house matches,
Showing how to 'swing' the ball
He'd be busy in his office; he'd be busy in the class,
He'd be busy even in the dining hall!

Mr. Gusain was an excellent housemaster,
He would look after every new comer
He would come for the staff-student matches,
Wearing his maroon tracksuit in the summer!!
20 years and now he's gone,
Now that's what I call 'fate'
He'd pull up his pants and twitch his moustache,
And ask, 'Why the hell are you late?'

For him we were like 'Jai Ranjan',
He never differentiated between boys
He helped us in our sorrows,
He joined us in our joys!

A brick in the Welham wall,
Now that is what we lack
Dear Sir, if you ever feel bored,
You can always come back!!!

Walking down memory lane,
Ajitesh Kir.

MR. GUSAIN...

Mr.Gusain is a true “karma yogi”, a man who believes in doing. He has never flinched to tick us off when we were wrong, which is something very rare. Not many of us have the spunk to call a spade a spade. It will not be an exaggeration to say that Mr.Gusain was the “conscience keeper of the school.”

Many a newcomer has sought Mr.Gusain’s guidance and has realized that our man has a heart of gold. A sensitive man, Mr.Gusain always has a word of appreciation for his colleagues.

I take this opportunity to wish Mr.Gusain all the best. May he grow from strength to strength.

- Mrs. J.K Anand

We worked together in the adopted school and he was a very inspiring colleague.

- Mrs. Lahiri

He was a hard working person as the Dean of the school. Even though I’ve been here for a short time with him he has been a man of his word.

- Mrs. Rehman

He was sincere and focussed. I am very much sure wherever he goes, will set an example as far as hard work, honesty and sincerity is concerned and keep the name of Welham up.

- Mr. Vinod Singh

Very diligent, trustworthy and reliable.

- Mrs. Pande

He has been a very helpful colleague and dedicated to his profession.

- Mrs. Goel

A meticulous helpful and down - to - earth man.

- Mrs. Tandon

I have known Mr. Gusain for the last 20 years and I found him to be a very vocal and dedicated person.

- Mrs. Bajpai

Omnipresent.

- Mrs. Mahajan

Once when I was walking down the subway he pointed out to me that my shoe laces were untide. Then he said, “Its not that I care, I do not want to name substitutions”. He was very caring and considerate.

- Mrs. Bakshi

An extraordinary gentleman who cared for his house and the students.

- Pranav

He was a foster father to us.

- Geet

From ‘Justdee’ days to page 6 assemblies...we will always remember him.

- Karamveer

Note: **‘THINK ABOUT IT’** is the latest section consisting of quotations, aphorisms and verses.

THINK ABOUT IT...

WHAT THE CATERPILLAR CALLS THE END, THE REST OF THE WORLD CALLS A BUTTERFLY.
- LAO TSU

I MAY A NOT BE A SMART MAN BUT I KNOW WHAT LOVE IS.
- FORREST GUMP

REALITY LEAVES A LOT TO IMAGINATION.
- JOHN LENNON

KNOWLEDGE SPEAKS, WISDOM LISTENS.
- JIMI HENDRIX

I DO NOT SEEK. I FIND.
- PABLO PICASSO

PAINT BRUSH

I keep my paint brush with me
Whenever I may go,
In case I need to cover up
So the real me doesn't show.
I'm so afraid to show you me,
Afraid of what you'll do-that
You might laugh or say mean things.
I'm afraid I might lose you.

I'd like to remove all my paint coats
To show you the real, true me,
But I want you to try and understand,
I need you to accept what you see.
So if you'll be patient and close your eyes,
I'll strip off all my coats real slow.
Please understand how much it hurts
To let the real me show.

Now my coats are all stripped off.
I feel naked, bare and cold,
And if you still love me with all that you see,
You are my friend, pure as gold.

I need to save my paint brush, though,
And hold it in my hand,
I want to keep it handy
In case somebody doesn't understand.
So please protect me, my dear friend
And thanks for loving me true,
But please let me keep my paint brush with me
Until I love me, too.

- Bettie B. Youngs

YOUNG IS BEAUTIFUL

‘A boon and not a bane. But realizing this takes a whole lifetime’. It is a time when we are sheltered from pain and sorrow, where everyone is anticipating your every next step; steps that will lead you to heaven...or hell. It is a period, which people forget as they grow older but the effects and impressions of which are seen throughout their lives. This period of time can be insidious for some people but that does not necessarily mean that their future is going to be destroyed completely, although the unpleasant past still reflects in the person’s feelings and emotions. It is a period when one leads an absolutely carefree life. There are no responsibilities to shoulder but one major aspect of a youth’s life must be ‘introspection’ - to realize the mistakes made and learn from those mistakes. A time when one experiences almost everything for the first time; a drag of a cigarette, a sip of whisky or rum or wine, handling money for the first time and getting duped! I’m not implying that a youth only has had bad experiences but emphasizing on the fact that whether bad or good, these experiences are highly influential. The lessons learnt are the ones needed through out life. It is a time when one rejoices the very opportunity bestowed by God, to be born on this Earth. The jolly and warming company of a friend, the mere satisfaction of knowing that someone out there cares for you...loves you! Where is the time to love and care for someone in this fast-moving world? A place

where ambition, like a stimulating drug, just keeps you going to reach the top. Where is the time to stop and...look? A youth has this advantage, this time.

But a youth is also a prey to delusion. He is stubborn and ignores even the weightiest proofs against these illusions until they are shattered. A time when we are without any prerogative but we dream of becoming powerful. These dreams when realized make that person successful in life.

The major task for young people is self-discovery. ‘Self’ is so vast a subject that even a lifetime seems too short for it. But people, who understand themselves early, go on to make a difference in this world. They know what they want and the only job left for them is to strive to get it. I agree that youth is a stage highly vulnerable to vices but being over protected is not good too. It only adds to the claustrophobic feeling developing inside a youth, due to the lack of a forum to express his feelings. Society fails to understand the importance of these feelings; feelings which are conceived in a beautiful mind. Due to this major drawback, a young mind is like a cosmos where there seems to be a pandemonium. The dilemma of a youth, no matter how irrelevant it may seem to an adult...makes a lot of difference to a youth.

‘Youth is a frisson experienced once in a lifetime, relish it in your memories or ignore it, but you can never avoid it!’

- Ankit Sahay

A WALK FROM TRIVENI TO THE SUBWAY

It was meant to be just another hundred metre walk – one which I whisked through a number of times everyday. But it was destined to be something different. The night had blinded me but the streetlights presented a ray of hope, a ray that penetrated through the veil. The frantic wind pushed me, pulled me, played with me. It also frustrated the trees whose leaves tried desperately to be in stable equilibrium. As the wind turned violent with the trees, it softened its grip on me. This time around, caressing me and exciting my hair as it breezed through it. The streetlight, I realised, was acting as a spotlight in the dark. For the first time, I pantheistically conjured, the spotlight was not on me, but on everything around me. The struggle of the leaves with the wind, I carefully noticed, was

pretty sportingly executed. The rebel and the tyrant seemed to be in a playful mood, both appreciating and gayfully accepting each other’s role. The spotlight on the grass of the backfield seemed to suddenly expose an exotic beauty, which my unalert gazes had almost every time dismissed and refused to acknowledge. But today it wasn’t going unnoticed. Today, there was something magical in the night. And as the cool breeze balmed my skin, piercing through my shirt and causing a cool sensation, I had a smile on my face. I just looked at the half illuminated moon, winked and entered the subway.

P.S. The next day I realised that the ‘magical night’ was actually the night of **FRIDAY the 13th**.

- Nishant Joshi

(15)

Holiday Blues? Unlikely as it may seem, if you don't know what to do these holidays, this section is just for you. We asked some of our correspondents to chalk out a list of movies, books and music they would want you-

TO HEAR...

Holidays are finally here and I bet most of you are waiting to get your hands on the latest music, but first you'll need to find out what's good. This article does just that.

Lets start with something you've probably never imagined or heard of.

The White Stripes: With just two members in the band, these rockers have still managed to crawl up the billboard charts. A female drummer and a male guitarist who is also the vocalist have delivered hits like "Seven Nation Army" (don't miss this one).

Alter Bridge: This band is 'creed' with a different vocalist, Myles Kennedy. The music is completely different from that of Creed's and is now blessed with some great lead guitaring. We will definitely miss Scott Stapp's voice but you can check out their tracks like 'Open your eyes' and 'Burn it down'.

Jet: This band is basically modern rock with a touch of rock n'roll. Foot tapping songs like 'Are You Gonna Be My Girl' are a must hear. They also have a few slow songs like 'Look What You've Done' that are equally good.

Danger Mouse: This guy is just great. He has mixed Jay-Z's the Black Album with The Beatles' White Album. What we get is...Danger Mouse's 'The Grey Album'. Mixing '99 Problems' with something like 'Let it be' is not a bad idea. If you manage to find this in the stores, buy one for me too.

And last but not the least...Radiohead: Now, this one's a personal favourite. This alternative rock band is a whole new experience. Their music is something like you've never heard. Their album 'Ok Computer' has been voted as the best rock album ever. 'Paranoid Android' is one of their hits, but you can try 'Karma Police' and 'Creep'. They're mind blowing.

TO WATCH...

Gandhi: One of the rare Oscar nominated Bollywood film, this massive epic portrays the life of one of the world's cleverest and most revered strategist – Mahatma Gandhi. This classic is a must see for all those who do not know the power of non-violence.

Casablanca: People talk, quote, hear and write about the same old love stories about lovely maidens meeting Prince Charming, but few might have ever heard of Casablanca, a story of unrivalled, unbounded love between two young people, discovering love.

Dr. No.: The first James Bond film and perhaps the most thrilling one. It was the classic which set the foundations for the times deadliest spy. Starring Sean Connery as the man with the 'license to kill', Dr. No just increases our love for fiction.

Psycho: The Alfred Hitchcock masterpiece never fails to give one the creeps. Ever seen a thriller, bet you've never had taste of something like this. This movie unfolds a new horizon of omnipotent fear. Tastes best if seen in a dark room alone. Hitchcock is a master chef at suspense. Jack the Ripper was much more merciful.

TO READ...

The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night Time by Mark Haddon. A must - read. You will never forget the autistic protagonist.

The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint Exupery. If you haven't read it still, you are seriously retarded. This is one book that will clear your fundas about life.

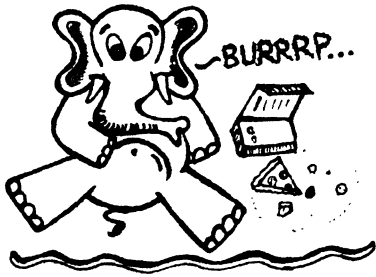
Romeo and Juliet, by William Shakespeare. Read the original if you dare. Some of the world's most breathe taking love poetry is in there. GO ON !

Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll. Seriously, eternally entertaining. If you call yourself 'educated' you got to know this book. Inside out.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

This issue of The Oliphant is a 'Vacation Special'. So it is actually a take-home copy. Consequently, Oli the elephant declared a short story competition open for all the Welhamites.

The author of the best story of this competition is entitled to get a Dominos Pizza!



The short story competition was kept, keeping in mind the long-journey-home for most Welhamites. So we created this competition considering that it might be useful in providing a good read during the empty hours on the bus or the train.

All Oli can tell you is not to get engrossed in the stories that you take your eyes and attention off your luggage! Going, going, gone!

Hey, wait a minute, where is the Dominos pizza?

Oli says: Burrp! Excuse me!!

MAOIST

This is Sunita's home. Sunita is a Maoist. 450 kms away is the heartland of the people's army 'The Maoists'. This is feared by some and liked by some. I am 19 years old, and I should be in the classroom but I am here with a gun in my hand. My brother is in the other group which is fighting The Royal Nepal Army. We were both taken into the People's Army a few months back by men who came to my house in the middle of the night. They threatened to kill my brother and me if we didn't join the people's army. But now my brother and I are true and royal Maoists.

The Royal Nepal Army will kill them if they catch them but I am not afraid of dying for the poor people and the country. This struggle was started in 1996 by the commander-in-chief Prachanda. He started it with a few men with kukhuri's and ancient weapons but now it is a 6000 strong army with modern weapons.

Yesterday the commander-in-chief of the people's army himself came and had a conversation with Sunita. He said that dying for the people and this struggle was an honour. With this he told us to go and fight bravely and not to fear death.

Today, it is 4.30 a.m. and my group of 30 soldiers are to go to the neighbouring village,

65 kms away. We will be reaching the village in some days and then wait for the Royal Nepal Army patrol.

As we walk we listen to the news on the radio being transmitted by Radio Nepal. It says that the Royal Nepal Army has killed a number of Maoists in various encounters in many places. But many Royal Nepal Army soldiers have been killed. If I have to, I will kill the soldiers of the RNA because they have killed my friends. My brother is fighting them and I have not heard of him from the day he had gone to fight.

The world has branded us as terrorists but they don't know what is happening here. We are fighting for communism because democracy and monarchy will lead us nowhere. The rich will be richer and the poor will be poorer. The Royal Nepal Army has modern weapons and is backed by other countries but this is the Maoist area and the Maoists know it by heart, every peak and every village and every jungle. The Royal Nepal Army lacks this; they don't know the terrains and the places. The Maoists fight and then disappear into the jungles.

In Sunita's group the comrades are between the ages of 15 and 30. There are two brothers, who are both 15 years old. It is bad that they have been taken into the Maoists at such a young age. If they had not joined the Maoist then there would have been no future for them. They would not get quality education and no work later. It is for them and the poor people's benefit that they are fighting against the rich and the politicians who do nothing for the country. The Royal Nepal Army took their father away because he was suspected of being a Maoist informer and never did he return. Their mother is always waiting for her husband outside the Army base camp. She is now mentally challenged. They haven't met her for weeks now. And if they die they would die for the poor and the country. Sunita always listens to Krishna. He is 30 years old and is the head of the group, and is a veteran and has engaged with the RNA in various engagements. He is the man who teaches the soldiers in his group the tactics and the art of making bombs.

It is night and Sunita and her comrades have walked the whole day. Tonight they make the deadly pipe bombs for the attack on the RNA. Krishna takes out the pipes and fills them with stones, which will work as shrapnels, and with gunpowder. Krishna tells the group that

filling the bombs with stones will make it more effective and create maximum fear in the enemy. They make the bombs with wire, which will work as remotes from them. They rest for the night. They have also got news that the group in which Sunita's brother was has won the battle against the RNA, but her brother has lost his life in the battle. Sunita cannot stop crying but she is also happy that her brother died fighting for the poor and the Maoist struggle. They celebrate the night by singing songs and shooting into thin air.

After two hours of rest it is 1.30 a.m. and they continue their long walk which is nearing its destination. They talk like normal people about the current affairs and the politics. They share jokes as they walk.

An informer from the village meets them with news that the RNA Patrol would be at their battle area by morning. They reach the battle area and start making preparations for the attack. As the cliff side is already a dangerous one they place the pipe bombs on the mountainside. And a long wire controlling the bombs goes up into the mountains. After placing the bombs they go up to a certain height from where they can see the RNA Patrol and after fighting disappear into the thick jungles. Everything is at place - the bombs the Maoists. Now they wait for the RNA Patrol.

- Omit Gurung

A HAUNTED HOUSE

I was as happy as a lark when my father thought of a plan to go to Nainital for a picnic because I secured the highest marks in my class. My happiness knew no bounds and I ran swiftly towards my room and packed my luggage.

The next morning we left early. We were jam-packed in the car because of the luggage. We reached the station soon and kept the luggage in the train. The train started and we soon reached a village. The farmers were working in their fields. The field was lush with fresh corn.

The hawkers were shouting on top of their voices to sell their goods. The automobiles were waiting for the train to pass by. Children were grinning at the train. After a long journey at a stretch we reached our destination. We booked a room in a hotel and rested for a while. The next morning, when I came out of my room, the visibility was zero, because of the fog. We

went to 'Naini Lake' for boating. The water was crystal clear. We fed some ducks that were as white as milk. Suddenly it started to drizzle and gradually it began raining cats and dogs. We came out of the lake and took shelter under a shed.

In the evening we went in to the woods. We started playing football. Suddenly my father kicked the ball very hard and I went in search for it. I went in to the woods and soon found out that I was lost.

I started weeping but all in vain. Soon the spectacular sunset was out of visibility. Suddenly I saw light at a distance. I ran over there and found a house. I opened the door and suddenly it shut itself with a thud. Everything inside was as dark as ebony. It gave me goose pimples. The pigeons and bats were flying from one corner to another. I saw a huge window through which light was coming. I saw an eagle looking towards me. I ran swiftly to search for

a door but while running I fell into the basement where on getting up I found that a witch was staring at me. She had broken teeth and a horrible face. I was shocked so I ran as fast as I could, and jumped out of the window.

I ran as fast my legs could carry me and climbed a tree. I waited there till dawn thinking that every cloud has a silver lining.

The next day I woke up with a sound somewhat related to my father. My father soon came and rescued me.

Moral: Don't lose hope in any situation and work hard until you succeed, as nothing is impossible in this world as the word itself says I AM POSSIBLE.

- Ashray Chopra

OH IT'S GONE!!

"Oh it's gone". These were the words heard by the people celebrating a birthday party in the hall just after a sudden power cut. The words belonged to the Queen of Edinburgh who was weeping incessantly after she realized that her billion-dollar diamond necklace was missing.

The Duke of Edinburgh immediately went to her to console her. But it didn't work. The duke then rushed to the gatekeepers and asked them if somebody had left the hall. The guards said no. This clearly proved that the culprit was still inside the hall standing amongst the royal guests. The clever Duke gathered seven of his men and they all started to search for it. They checked every pocket, every corner of the hall and every place possible but it was just a fruitless effort.

The Duke had given up his hopes. A disheartened Duke, angrily sat on a chair and

asked one of the waiters to fetch a glass of water.

The waiter bowed his head and offered a glass of water to him. The Duke got a firm hold of the glass and astonishingly instead of drinking it he stopped. He carefully placed the glass on the table and with a jump, stood before the waiter and knocked his hat off, and out fell the dashing glittering diamond necklace!

Everyone was just stunned and curiously asked him how did he manage to know that the waiter was the culprit? To this the tranquil Duke calmly sat on the chair again and happily replied, "I had gifted the Queen a perfume on her birthday which she while spraying on her body might have put on the necklace as well. When this man offered me the glass I sensed the perfume's fragrance which I undoubtedly knew was coming from the hat!"

- Kushagra Prasher

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS

With yet another hope, Aman went for an interview for the post of an assistant, to the Boss of Union Gas Corporation (UGC).

He took a cab and left for his destination. He reached the office of UGC. He paid up and got down from the cab. After this he proudly marched up to the door of UGC.

On reaching, he discovered that to his dismay, he had forgotten his file of certificates in the cab.

"Alas!" he cried. Determined to get back his possession he chased the cab to a point, where he finally collapsed.

In the mean while, a rival of Aman who had been keeping an eye on him, took a chance. He went to the UGC requesting for the same post. Mistaking him to be Aman, the manager gave the job to the man.

As soon as Aman came back to his senses, a friend of his told him that Ramu, his neighbour, his rival, had got the job. On hearing this Aman fainted again.

After a few hours he recovered, and was thinking about a way to get another job when suddenly the nurse appeared with a sheet of paper in her hand. This was the bill. Unknowingly the nurse had brought the bill of the neighbouring room to Aman. The bill read, "Rs. 1,50,00" and on seeing this Aman fainted again.

Can you find a way to help Aman? If yes, then please contact the Medical faculty.

- Ishan Basnet

IX - A

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Mr. Khaira (*as demanding as ever!!*)– You have to read the entire word to word towards the last word.

.Mr. Vashisht – With you guys I am finding out that day night I am *decaying*.
(*maybe that's getting a little too emotional ,sir!!*)

Nikhil Bansal – Ma'am is *upping* the stairs.
(*Here's one guy who has surely got to catch up on some words!!*)

Abhimanyu Hannah in Mussoorie – Guys it's *damned* chilling out here.
(*damn!!*)

S E P A R A T E D A T B I R T H

Bhavnish Walia
Karan Goyal
Mr. Ravi Lal
Mr. Ansari
Faizan Hanif
Chirantan Singh

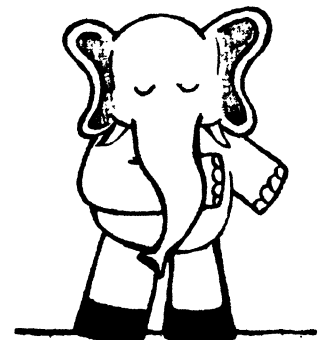
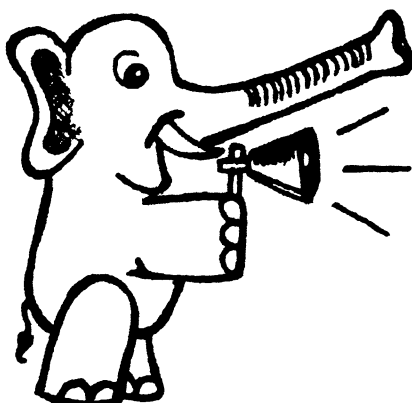
Yoga Instructor
Mr. Bean
Gopal Krishna Gokhle
Rustam in Munnabhai MBBS
Shrek
Pranav Singhal

WHAT'S IN

AV Room
House Committee
Prefect's 'Card'
Mr. Das
Students picking up litter
CY and Mr. Dhingra
School Authorities
Mr. Sinha's Sideview shades
Mr. Lahiri's Dhoom Machale gang

WHAT'S OUT

Common Room
Disciplinary Committee
Prefects 'Haath'
Mr. Gusain
AO
Mr. Kandpal and Mr. Dhingra
School Barbers
Mr. Lahiri's Ray Ban
Linkin' Park



RINGSIDE VIEW

Neither the heat nor the game was driving the Welhamites to the Activity Centre, it was the under-18 Girls Basketball State Championship. The biggest turnout was for the girls finals between Dehradun and Mussoorie. Nothing but out of curiosity I had asked many whether they were 'Welhamites'. Dehradun was victorious in both boys and girls categories

The 2nd S. Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament went underway from the 17th of April. The Doon School beat Welham Boys' School in a scintillating penalty shoot-out (3-2).

The 19th Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament was held from the 2nd to the 6th of this month. The final being a joy ride for the Doon School, which crushed the Modern School (62-40). Our school was beaten in the semis by the Modern School in an epic game, never to be forgotten.

The Hockey Inter-house passed us like a whiff of scent, uncharacteristically, without too much of drama and controversies. Krishna House again proved its superior skills in the field beating Ganga (8-3) in the finals. All I can comment is that the level of skills has drastically gone down and we need to do some introspection.

All you can see is the dried up float of grass in the main-field, and the heat melting all the anxiety to resort to physical exertion.

Next term, the 'Nepali Junta' season (read soccer) would be back and all I wish for is more and more trophies in the sports arena and of course, a few cheerleaders!!

2nd KANDHARI MEMORIAL INTER-SCHOOL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Pool A

The Doon School
RIMC
Oak Grove School

DS vs. OGS: 1-1
RIMC vs. DS: 0-2
RIMC vs. OGS: 1-1

Pool B

St. Georges College
Bishop Cotton School
Welham Boys' School

WBS vs. BCS: 2-0
SGC vs. BCS: 1-1
WBS vs. SGC: 2-2

Semi-finals

1st Semi final

DS vs. SGC: 2-1

2nd Semi final

WBS vs. OGS: 4-3

Final

DS vs. WBS: 3-2 (penalty shootouts)

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY

Jamuna vs. Ganga: 3 - 3
Cauvery vs. Krishna: 0 - 1
Ganga vs. Cauvery: 2 - 2
Krishna vs. Ganga: 3-2

Jamuna vs. Cauvery: 1 - 1
Krishna vs. Jamuna: 3 - 1
Ganga vs. Cauvery: 3 - 2 (penalties)

Finals

Krishna vs. Ganga: 8 - 3

19th GOLDEN JUBILEE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

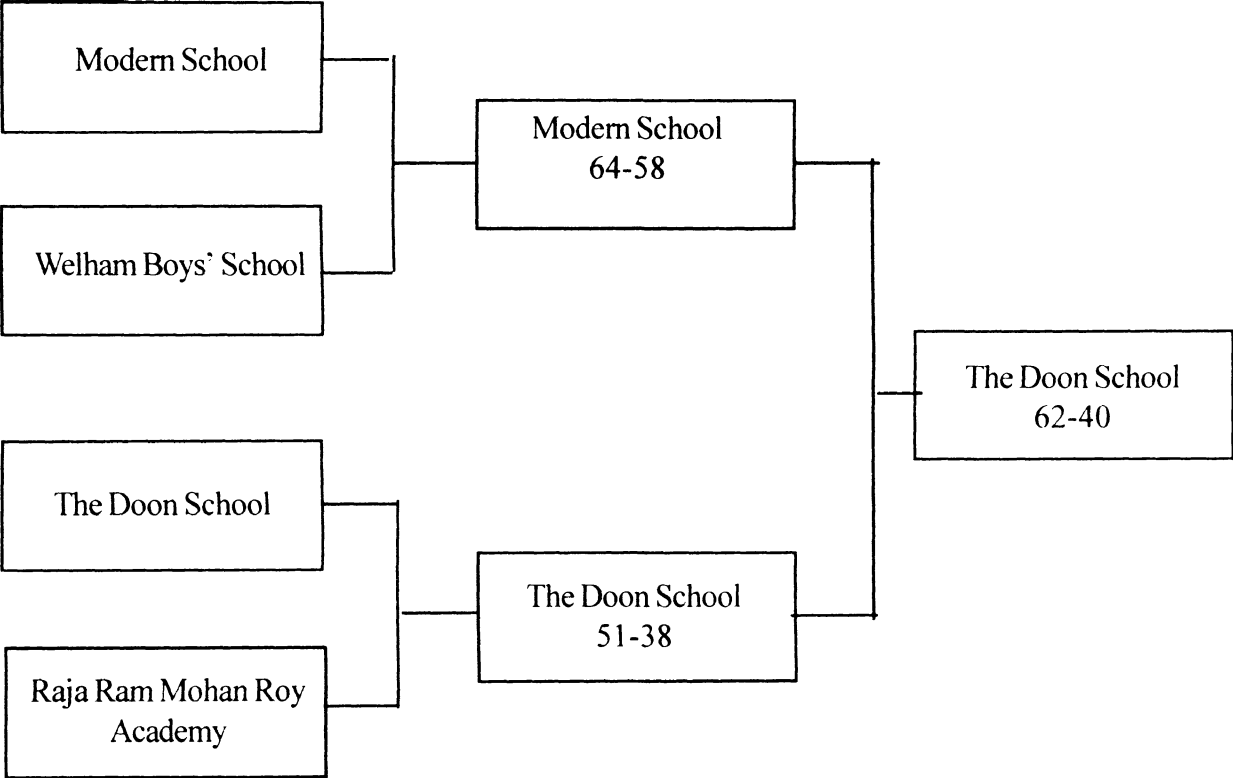
Pool 'A'
Blue Bells School
The Doon School
Sardar Patel
Welham Boys' School

Pool 'B'
Cambridge School
Modern School
SriRam School
Raja Ram Mohan Roy Academy

BB vs. SPV: ---
DS vs. SPV: ---
BB vs. WBS: 32-34
BB vs. DS: 21-41
SPV vs. WBS: ---
DS vs. WBS: 53-42

CS vs. SRS: 23-48
CS vs. MS: 23-50
MS vs. SRS: 32-40
CS vs. RRMA: 32-68
MS vs. RRMA: 48-15
SRS vs. RRMA: 32-60

Semi finals



THE WELHAM OBSESSION

From 'Welham Welham ooh! Welham Welham ahh!' to 'Welham Shah, BADSHAH', the decibel level does not even accidentally fall down, instead it keeps on rising!

Cheering in Welham has always been taken seriously, for the sheer fact that Welhamites like to win the battle both on and off the field. This season, one has to say, cheering reached the highest level ever. Every year the Elevens, as a Welham tradition, inherit the front role in cheering, and this year's eleventhies were much more than willing to accept their new role. They introduced some absolutely new cheers this year including the outrageous 'Hail Welham' in which our very own 'Pops' would stand on a table, carrying the Welham flag, and shout 'Hail Welham', which the whole school would repeat!

Thus, all through the hockey and basketball tournaments, the whole town knew something was happening in Welham, not because of the newspapers and publicity which these tournaments got, but because of the cheering, which was, believe it, audible in places quite far from school. Of course, the shop supplying 'Strepsils' to the school hospital also experienced a surge in profits!

BASKETBALL DIARIES

FROM THE BASKETBALL CAPTAIN

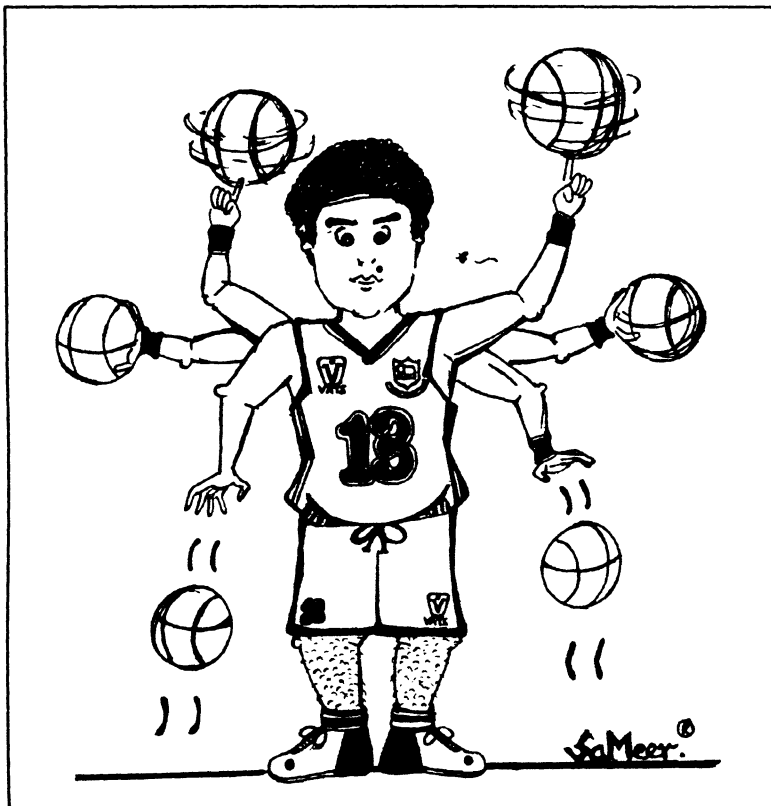
Having played four basketball state championships and three nationals, Gagan Juneja is an asset to the school. Here the basketball captain has a message for those whom calls his assets, the basketball team and their supporters.

When I got the responsibility of captaining the school basketball team, I knew my team had everything in it except 'experience'. I had faith in my team and of course, they did not let me down. Our performance in every tournament was appreciated by all. Though we couldn't make it to any finals, we played real good basketball in most of the tournaments. Obviously, in some matches we

could have done better justice to our potential and talent, but I guess everyone has a bad day or two. One can take out positives from every match one plays, and I guess we have. Considering the amount of practice we did and the number of people who came for practice, we still managed to perform well. I know my team has individual skills but we need to combine and play as a team. Basketball is a team game and it is only together that we can make an impact.

About my team, I just want to tell them one thing, "There is no short cut for success". Only I know how I dragged everyone out of their beds. Then boys would come with some excuses for not running. I just want to tell them one thing - if we had practiced a little more, we would have done wonders. On a more humble note, I would like to express my happiness and gratitude

with the amount of support my team has received from all Welhamites and our other supporters. I know that they had a lot of expectations from our team which we did not live up to. On the behalf of the team I would assure all our supporters that we will not leave them disappointed next term. We still have a lot of major

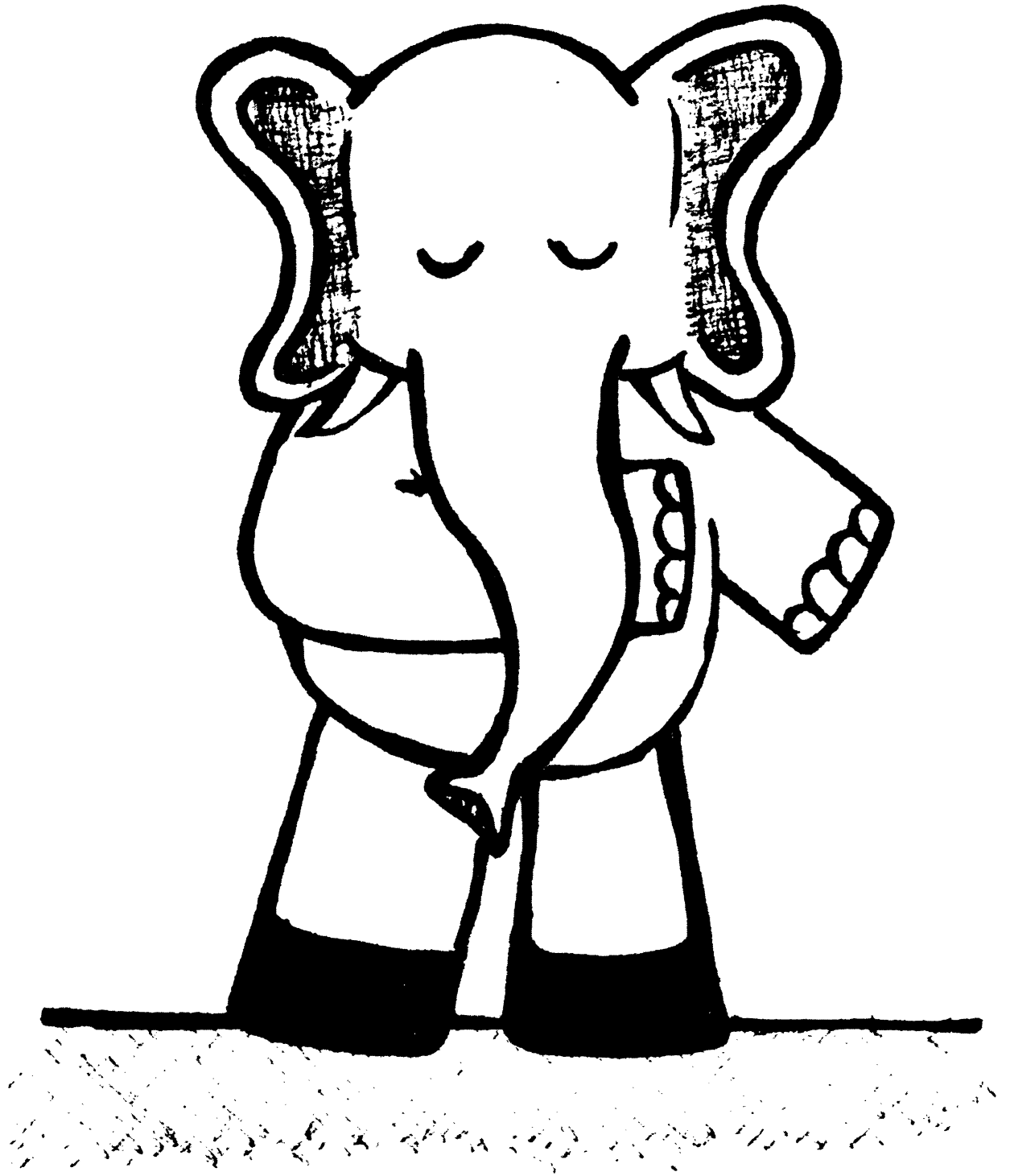


tournaments left and we still have a lot to show.

In the end I would like to thank Mr. Rana (our coach), who is leaving us next semester, for putting his valuable time in training us to become one of the best teams in the country. I wish him luck for his life and assure him that he would remain in our hearts forever. Thank you, Sir.

- Gagan Juneja
Basketball captain

Oli says: We will, we will rock you!! Hey captain, I am your huge fan and have full faith in you. Best of luck to you and your team for the tournaments next term, which includes the IPSC . All Welhamites are with you and together we will rock everyone. Ripdaas!



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