

THE OLIPHANT

No. 104

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

16th August, 1990

THINK ABOUT IT

**When I was young,
My mother told me
That if you were bored
It meant you had no
inner resource**

W. H. Auden

Editorial



Welcome back everyone. Yet another term has commenced here of Welham with several of the usual changes Long hair, fancy shoes and a drastic increase in weight are common features of the post vacation Welhamite.

The highlight of the holidays was obviously the soccer world cup. The excellent television coverage of this event has caused a great deal of interest to be aroused in all the young energetic minds here at Welham. To add to that, coincidentally it is now soccer season here. The result, soccer mania of proportions, never experienced by the school. Immediately after lunch they start and unless there is some event, carry on till dinner. This craze is not amongst only the good players, but even those who have probably never played soccer before and who look like highly enlarged footballs themselves. Well keep it up anyway!

The taste of sweet slumber is no longer

a rarity at Welham as these days the library is not in function temporarily giving all that have free schools a chance to catch up on the lazing front.

Well thats all for now. Leaving you to one Oliphant

Yours Truly
Saurav Sinha

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

Has the use of pseudonyms ever been contemplated? Certain articles sound quite conceited.

Yours etc.,
Mark Twain

Ed—It has been contemplated. It just needs a little persuasion.

Dear Ed,

During assembly instead of listening to the Royal Philharmonic and the others, why can't we have something like the Scorpions or Soul II soul?

Yours etc.,
Bad Medicine

Ed—Jive with the choir and be content.

Literary Affairs of Welham

Where the smoke keeps going down . . .

I remember my father by his little messages that still lie embedded in my heart I recall his lean outline, those witty eyes and that bright forehead; features I just cannot forget. My mother says that when I was born my father took me to his rice fields as if to inform me, that very moment that farming was to be my occupation.

There is one incident I should never forget—never ever forget in my life. One dark winter night when all was quiet and everything was cold to touch my father woke me up. He was intoxicated—I think he smelt of bad rum. I got up from my bed and walked outside into the darkness with him. Father did not take me far, but I was very scared because I was walking into a jungle of rice fields with a drunk man who happened to be my father. In the distance I saw the local wood-cutter's (who was also the watch guard for the jungle village) fire. My father was pointing towards this fire. My drunk father was crying.

He told me somethings are stronger than others; like blood is thicker than water and smoke is lighter than air. He said this explained why blood relations are generally stronger than other ones and why the smoke always rose. The wood-cutter's fire sent smoke upwards because it was supposed to happen that way. He said that the day something goes unlike it is supposed to, the smoke could be said to be going down.

We walked back home. Mother was still asleep not having moved from her position on the floor. I turned and looked through the door. My eyes falling on the wood-cutter's fire. It was too dark to see any smoke, but I presumed that it was rising.

Those days are gone now, when my father was at my side to fill me up with words of wisdom. I live in the same hut that my dead father left for my family. My mother now a middle aged woman lives the life of a dependee; she depends on me and my brother Sanjay. I carry out the work of a farmer like my mother says my father wanted me to. Having accepted this as my ancestral profession I do not mind sowing seeds and awaiting my harvest. Besides the family and the

plough I love my flute and I love my sumati. My flute is something I cannot do without, for I play soft notes of melancholy each time I remember father or lighter shades of joy when I represent a tired farmer resting in a rice field. As for Sumati, she is the girl who I feel will become my wife for I do not think I shall be able to marry anyone else. It was my flute which had actually attracted a tiny seven year old sumati to be my friend. She was the local Zimindar's daughter for me earlier, but after that day she was a friend that caught my hands in the darkness or went to sleep in the rice field while talking to me.

She became a part of the family, some one who shared the joy when the harvest was good or suffered when the rains failed us. She often pleaded to my mother to spend a night or two in our house but mother always refused, knowing that village people needed no time to cook up new rumours. As a result, this girl, who represented the better part of my innocent childhood had to settle for short moments of shared laughter in the evenings when I returned from my fields. I often played the flute for her, lifting her little heart into new heights of ecstasy each time I did so. She never seemed to mind the fact that I repeated the same notes over and over again, as I never could learn new ones. After the evening was over she would go trotting along the road with my mother, longing to tell her father of her happiness.

Well, that was then, when sumati was a seven year old girl. Today she is ten and I am twelve. My mother tells us that she shall have married in a year or two. She has never mentioned this to Sumati but we all know that she shall smile shyly and probably start crying in order to say 'Yes'. My brother Sanjay is fourteen and his wife Sumita has already taken over the household chores. My mother has retired into general seclusion from the rest of us and she spends more time praying for the welfare of the family than spending time with us. The poor woman has never been herself ever since father passed away. After all she had humbly surrendered before him as a wife when she was only ten. Yes, she had known her husband for a very long time.

Coming back to my love for Sumati and her love for me, it would only be modesty if I said things are going on fine. The truth is that things could not have been better. She often comes dancing into the fields with my

lunch although mother is totally against it and watches me consume the dry vegetables with delight. She often tries her hand at sowing seeds or pushing the bullocks, but always ends up laughing. You cannot blame her for she has never worked in her life, like my mother has or like Sumita my sister-in-law has so she ends up chewing grass and watching me work in delight. What more can a village boy say about his love ?

She had lived her life the most decent way. She had worked with her husband when my brother and I were young. Even after my father passed away she assisted my brother with the work. She had fasted when we needed rain and slept when the food was scarce. Even when she surrendered the household chores to Sanjay's wife and retired into stout prayer and devotion, her auspicious presence did make a difference. Today she lay on her death bed whining time and time again in pain. The village doctor had said that there was nothing he could do. My brother and I braced ourselves for the moment. We had never really felt the loss of father we were very small then but doing without mother now...

She wanted to speak to us alone; Sanjay and myself. We asked the rest to leave the room. Through the corner of my eye I saw Sumita and Sumati leave the room. My god ! Mother was going to leave.

"I do not have much time, to decrease your sorrow there is something you must know before I leave for heaven," she began. "your father died of exhaustion. He had begun drinking too much, actually he died of sorrow. Sorrow kept biting him, kept eating him...kept killing him.

We asked her to forget it all because we felt that she should not waste her last words on the past. We asked her for blessings.

"I am in no position to bless you, my darlings I know you consider me to be an angel but, as much as I hate to say this before I leave, I am the vixen that had your father killed."

We stood shocked against the mud-baked walls of the room, petrified and scared.

She continued, "I loved your father more than anybody else in the world. I made one mistake in life. Something which your father came to know of, and the fact began killing

him ever since. I.....," she winced once, "carried out an affair with Dinanath. I am afraid I broke your father's heart. I am afraid, I killed him."

She died shortly afterwards, leaving us in darkness only minutes after she had actually shown us light. We all did cry; we had to she was our mother.

It suddenly dawned over me, the facts emerging from the walls of pretexts and false reasons. So that is what my drunk father meant by blood being thicker than water I was disappointed by my mother's extra-marital relations and that is what he meant by somethings not happening the way they should. For him the blood had proved thinner than the water. For him the smoke had gone down. My drunk father had spoke some sense that dark windy night. The woodcutter's fire had been more than a fire for him It had been an object which created smoke; smoke that rose upwards, and yet downwards.

Life was never the same without my mother. I somehow could not forget the middle-aged woman clad in snow-white clothes which revealed her motherhood, praying before the stone idols of the Gods or cooking for her little family. I wanted to hate her for what she did to my father but I discovered that I could not.

I am fourteen now. My mother has been dead for a year now, but her influence still lives on. Sanjay and his wife exist that I am old enough to be married to Sumati. At first I wondered whether I should, because I did not wish to enter the stage my father had, but then I realised, I loved her. My brother took me to the Zamindar and asked for his daughter's hand in marriage. The old man hesitated at first but resigned as discovering that, it was best for Sumati's happiness. The local priest was called and the marriage was set one month from that auspicious day.

I returned home, the most happy man in the world. Sumita hugged me on hearing the news and then suddenly withdrew realising her felony. After all, she was a married woman.

It would have been best if things had not begun, rather than end the way they did. I had been pushing the bullock through the fields when I accidently placed my hands below the plough. The pain came later, only

after I saw the blood, my hands had been slashed across the forearms, I screamed as I fell. Sanjay and some fellow farmers came running to help.

When I woke up next, I wished that I had never woken up at all. The doctor had to amputate my hands. I lay still on the bed, the same fourteen years old boy, but this time I had no hands. I saw them all cry; Sanjay, Sumita, Sumati and even the village Zamindar himself.

The Zamindar came over himself to apologise to the whole family. He spoke very kindly to me; as if I was his own son, mentioning time and time again, that he had a lot of respect for my family. His words of affection failed to steal even a part of the pain. He had decided to break the marriage between me and his daughter, my Sumati. Although he started with other excuses, he was finally forced to admit that he could not surrender his royal daughter to a helpless farmer. I told him that I loved his daughter and he cut me short, saying that I would, or atleast should get over it. I attempted another justification, saying that she loved me.

It was here when Sumati interrupted. I did not even know that she was there. She said that she had liked me more for my music than as a person. I was forced to cry, realising that I had lost the battle to a flute. So that was where her heart lay, amidst the hollowness of a piece of bamboo; and not between the walls of love.

My brother reached at my bed side, pulled out the flute from below the mattress and flung it at her. "Go marry this", he said. The Zamindar left without anymore words. A rather haughty, Sumati followed her father. She had killed me in my sheet, even before I had married her. At least my father was betrayed many years after marriage.

A drunk man is not supposed to know
What he, so casually, talks
Once in my life, a night, long age
My father took me for a walk,
The night was dark and cold
The air was chill and thin
Before a fire; I was told
About morals of virtues and voices of sin.
When blood becomes thinner than water
Or like gets to be stronger than love
All traditions and rules shatter
(Rules laid by the God above)

Such is the story of my life
A story I cannot understand.
All I desired was a good wife,
But I lost her, along with my hands.
Now I know, that after I am gone
There shall be a fire, in this same land
Before which, a man's flute shall play a sad
song
Just like the one played by this young man.
And from the fire smoke shall rise
Moving up into the cold air
Watched by the young man's misty eyes
For he knew no care.
The woman he loved, took him for a clown
For him, the smoke shall always go down.

—Amit Virmani

LIFE IN 2090

Life in 2090
Certainly shall be dreary
To make life happier you might have a dog,
Instead of inhaling air,
You'll breathe in smog.
Everyone will commute
With an oxygen mask
It seems world destruction
Is no hard task.
Throughout the world, trees,
Will become an endangered species.
At the moment the depletion of the Ozone
layer
Is causing
Quite a big scare
Just imagine, what will happen,
When it just won't be there !
The Exxon oil slick is killing Alaska,
Maybe I'll go one day,
And sit down and ask'er.
I better go fast,
Maybe till then there won't be an Alaska to
ask !
The atmosphere,
Pretty soon won't be here.
We'll only breathe in CO
Due to which we'll all go
And then maybe the earth will become some-
what like Pluto.
Then nuclear weapons will be all the rage
Operated by automatons
And men will be displayed as museum pieces
On stage
Emotions will be mechanical
And rulers tyrannical.
But what can we do
To stem a mechanical takeover,
The robots will only say
Okay Man, move over !

—Ashish Deb Roy

TELL IT LIKE IT IS !!

It is really very true that apt quotations are as good as original remarks. While they are the germs of the profoundest and most useful truths, they also entertain a thought, to evacuate a passion, to employ one fancy.

"The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend, as to find a friend worth dying for."

(None)

"Conscience is the voice of soul as the passions are the voice of body—no wonder they often contradict each other"

(Gerald Massey)

"Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand still, philosophy lame letters dumb and all things involved in Cimmerien darkness.

(Bartholin)

"To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness."

(Fichte)

"Courage consists, not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing and conquering it"

(Richt)

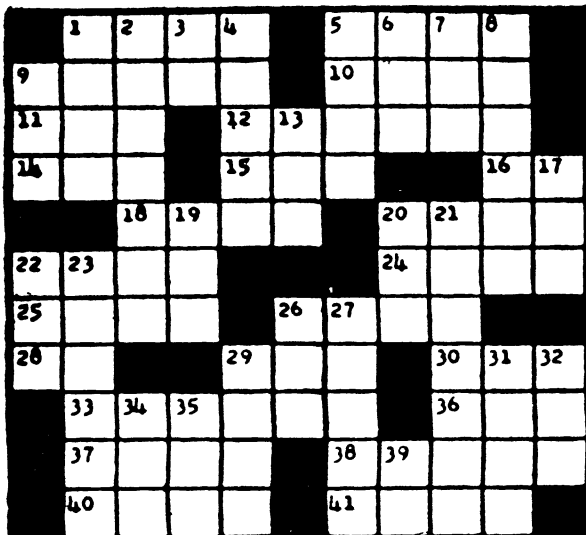
"Conceal your wounds when you have any; Silence is the last joy of the unhappy."

(Alexander Dumas)



Brain

Teasers



ACROSS

- 1 Water (L.)
- 5 Homework (Brit.)
- 9 Explode
- 10 Verdi opera
- 11 Estuary (Span.)
- 12 Apathy
- 14 Needlefish
- 15 Actor Carney
- 16 Scale note
- 18 Uncommon
- 20 Fault
- 22 Follow commands
- 24 Fixed routine
- 25 Valley
- 26 Scent
- 28 While
- 29 Suffix : sweet drink
- 30 Young child
- 33 Province in Canada
- 36 Self-esteem
- 37 River in U.S.S.R.
- 38 Proprietor
- 40 Republic of Ireland
- 41 Network (anat.)

DOWN

- 1 Opera melody
- 2 Squabble
- 3 Higher
- 4 Fragrance
- 5 Apportion
- 6 Tear off
- 7 Tokyo of old
- 8 Tropical bird
- 9 Unit of work
- 13 Mine product
- 17 Summer (Fr.)
- 19 Affirmative vote
- 20 Full theater sign
- 21 Omen
- 22 Eggs (biol.)
- 23 Woman's bodice
- 26 Lyric poem
- 27 Stage setting
- 29 Competent
- 31 S-shaped molding
- 32 High craggy hill
- 34 Swiss canton
- 35 Hearing organ
- 39 You and I

Welham Now !!!

* We heartily welcome the following teachers to the school :

Mr. Sanjay Sharma (Physics)
Dr. Madhuri Prakash (Hindi)
Mrs. Mukherjee (Matron, Triveni)
Mr. Richard Wilkins (E.V.S.)
M. A. Mehra (English)
We hope they enjoy their stay with us.

- * Mrs S. Matthews replaces Mrs. Neera Singh as teacher of class I who has gone on maternity leave.
- * Varun Sood takes over the Brain Teaser section and Bikash Chaudhry the Discovery Section.
- * An attempt at levelling the main-field has been made. The main field is now completely circled by boundary walls.
- * An extension to the laboratories is being built in the upper field.
- * We bid a tearful farewell to Mrs. M. Devendra who retired after 24 fruitful years of teaching.
- * The learning Resource Centre shall be opened soon.
- * The PC room has been completed and is in current use.
- * Mr. Raina is now Principal of a school in Nahan and Mr. Shashi Bhushan has taken over as Jamuna House master.
- * Out felicitations to Mr. N. Jayal who got married during the holidays. We wish him and his spouse a happy married life.

DISCOVERY

THE IMPORTANCE OF FORESTS

For thousands of years man has cut trees ruthlessly for fire wood, shelter and other various purposes. The tree has been a friend of man but man has been an enemy of the forests.

In this successive series of articles on "Quarry Reafforestation" let us know the

importance of forests. The ultimate objective of the Quarry Reafforestation is not only to make the Valley green but also to raise forests for future benefits.

It is very interesting to know the direct and indirect benefits from forests. Few are listed below.

Forests are a vital part of an "ecological system". They improve environment by purifying the air. They conserve moisture and represent the largest perpetual factors of an eco-system. They are the necessary wealth of environment.

Forests check and stop "soil erosion". They protect soil on the hill slopes from erosion by water. They also increase fertility of soil.

Forests are rich sources of "multitude products". Beside providing softwood and hard wood timber for various uses, we obtain fruits, gum, honey, wax, turpentine oil, seeds for making soaps, rubber, flosses, quinine, tar, cork, resin, lac, thatching grasses and herbs of medicinal value, Katha, some flowers (Mahua) dried and used in alcohol, drug plants, bones, hides and horns etc.....

The most valuable product is timber which is used for making boxes, house building material, furniture, in construction of ships, railway sleepers etc. The other uses of timber are those for distillations, dye stuffs, fence posts.

Forests are homeland for prey and predators. The wildlife is well preserved in forests.

Forests are sources of "pastures". They have grazing grounds. They supply fodder and sustain millions of livestock.

Forests are beautiful and good recreational centres.

Forests are lastly sources of "employment" Lakhs of people are engaged in forests and forest related industries. People are employed as wood cutters, carters, carriers and craftsmen. There are many industries whose raw material directly comes from forests. For instance sports goods, furniture, paper and pulp, rayon, pencil, cane, toy making

industries etc.....

Imagine, forests are shrinking rapidly day by day due to growth in population which leads to increased demand for agricultural land, establishment of industries, and new townships.

Think !! If we want to stop the desertification of land we need to conserve forests. The simplest incentive for this is to let us learn to love nature more and carry out mass tree-plantation programmes. Remember still it is not too late !!!

Surjeet Singh Khaira

LAMPOON

The common-rooms of various houses in Welham are synonymous to loud blaring music. Screaming house masters, pleading matrons—all are ignored when a Welhamite pops up the volume of the rather shaky and much in need of repair decks to an astonishing wattage which sometimes reaches a high of 150 to 200. From hard-rock to the sentimental kind—each has a taste of his own so it is not surprising to see rival supporters of 'Maine pyar kiya' and Rod Stewart struggling to get to the music machine first. As I write this I can hear my mate calling out Dil Deewana oblivious if the guy screaming and howling trying to get as close as possible to Stewarts 'some guys have all the luck'. I thought it was worth a try to find out who held the edge in the Welham world of music. Since English vs Hindi would have been a virtual no-contest I passed a more realistic question to the rockin Welhamites.

"WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE POP GROUP & WHY?"

1. The whole school is well aware of the soft, romantic image that I have. I'm the lonely dreamy kind of a guy so Cliff Richards is definitely my favourite.

Munish Awasthi

2. You can't tie up a freak like me to one group or singer. I can dance and freak out to almost anything ranging from Def Leppard to Rick Astley. No wonder others of my kind have named me the president of their newly founded freaks society.

Sumesh Suri

[President—'Freak out' Society]

3. Help ! I'm in trouble. This is an S.O.S. call for all Bappi Lahiri fans. We are the few survivors of a dying breed so lets get together and make an effort to bring our hero's songs on the Welham charts. I'm so isolated I can hardly play a cassette without being rebuked and laughed at. So come on Bappi loyalists lets prove it to the world that 'Tama Tama' is no less than 'Another Day in Paradise'.

[Name withheld on request because of fear of English music fans]

4. I have a definite liking for anything that is the 'latest'. So what if my ear drums nearly burst listening to all that trash. I'm supposed to be a 'mover' and if I listen to even fortnight old songs—boy ! That will be the end of me.

Bhuvan Gandhi

5. Wow Man ! Rock HARD (?) is definitely my kind of music. Those long haired heroes of mine drumming and shouting away as if it was the end of the world fascinate me no end. If Motley Crue invites me to join them as drummer atleast my regular practise on Suvig's head will pay off.

Vikram Chopra

6. Despite my origins being in Bengal its Punjabi music all the way for me. I love lifting one leg, two hands and twisting from side to side to 'Pump up the Bhangra' and 'Daddy Da Paisa'. They say I stole the show doing Bhangra on Baisakhi day, I say all I did that day was pretend I'm carrying a weight on my head and wearing a shoe that bites terribly hard.

Sudeep Mukherji

7. How did you have the guts to ask me such a question. Do you not realize that I am the leader of the anti music movement in school Unfortunately our society has just one member—me. These music maniacs have made life hell for me. All this noise pollution—these guys should be arrested for breach of environmental rules.

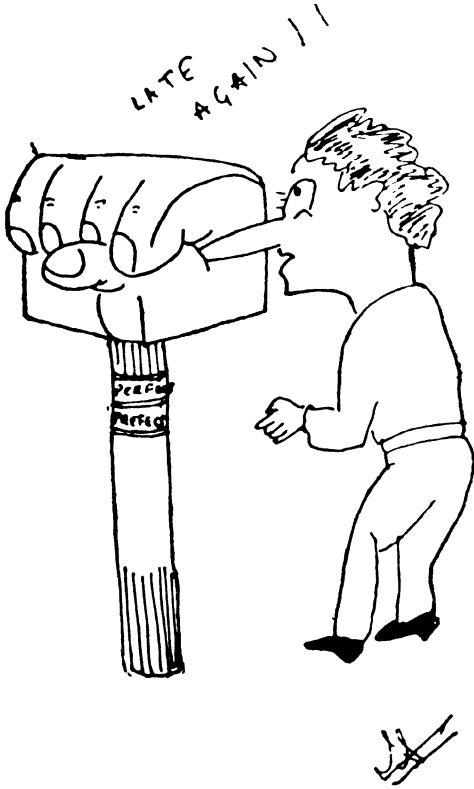
Sidhartha 'Mosquito' Tandon

8. If you wanna know my favourite music group or individual then just glance at me at assembly time and you'll see me—eyes closed and in deep concentration listening to Mozart and Vivaldi render

one masterpiece after another. Infactmost of the time I end up cursing our principal for breaking the spell that these musicians cast on me. Live, Mozart-Vivaldi-Live.

Rajkamal Phukan

THE NEW DEVIL TO BE INSTALLED
IN THE "DINING HALL" —



वह निर्जन टापू (अनुभव)

मनुष्य के जीवन में ऐसे कई अनुभव होते हैं जो कि अविस्मरणीय होते हैं। जो कि भुलाए जाने के बाद भी मन में उसका सजीव चित्रण आ जाता है। ऐसी ही मेरी एक समुद्री यात्रा का अनुभव था।

शीतावकाश हुए एक सप्ताह बीत गया था। मेरा विद्यालय शीतावकाश की छुट्टियां होने के कारण बन्द हो गया था। अभी हमारी छुट्टियां करीब डेढ़ महीने की थीं। रवि और मैंने यह प्रोग्राम बनाया कि हम कुछ दिनों के लिए लक्षद्वीप जाएंगे। हमने वहां जाने की पूरी तरह से तैयारियां कर लीं। हमारा जहाज कलकत्ता के बन्दरगाह से करीब छः बजे सुबह जाने वाला था। लक्षद्वीप हिंद महासागर में है। हमारा सफर करीब बारह घण्टे का था। मौसम बड़ा ही अच्छा था। आसमान पर बादल नहीं थे अर्थात् आसमान बिल्कुल साफ था, और सूर्य की कड़कड़ाती

धूप महासागर के जल में चमक रही थी। आसमान में पक्षी उड़ते हुए दिखाई दे रहे थे।

हमारा जहाज ठीक समय पर कलकत्ता के बन्दरगाह से छूटा। मेरे माता पिता और मेरी छोटी बहन हमें बन्दरगाह पर छोड़ने आए थे। उनसे बिदा लेने के बाद हम उस जहाज पर चढ़ गये। जहाज पर जाकर हमने जहाज के कप्तान को अपना परिचय दिया और अपने केबिन की ओर प्रस्थान कर गये। अपना सामान रखकर हम बाहर आ गये। जहाज अब काफी लोगों से भर गया था। तरह-तरह के कर्मचारी तरह-तरह के लिबास में नजर आ रहे थे। फिर हम जहाज के ऊपरी हिस्से पर जा खड़े हुए जहां से हमें मीलों लम्बा समुद्र दिखाई पड़ता था। मानों ऐसा महसूस होता था कि यह महान विशाल सागर की कोई असीम सीमा ही नहीं है। उसका कोई अन्त ही नहीं है। समुद्र के अन्दर हमने काफी तरह की मछलियां भी देखी, जो कि झुंड में तैरती हुई रहती हैं। हमने और कई जहाज पानी में तैरते हुए देखे जो कि अपनी यात्रा कुशलपूर्वक पूरी करके वापस लौट रहे थे। मौसम बड़ा ही सुहावना था। जहाज पर ठण्डी-ठण्डी शीतल हवा बह रही थी, और सभी लोग खड़े होकर उसका आनन्द लूट रहे थे।

इसी तरह सारा दिन यूं ही व्यतीत हो गया। शाम को जहाज पर कैप्टन के तरफ से कोई पार्टी थी। इसलिए सब लोग तैयार होने लगे और जहाज के बीच वाले हिस्से में जाने लगे जहां पर यह पार्टी थी। शाम होने तक मौसम में कुछ बदलाव नहीं आया था। मौसम सुहावना था और किसी तरह की आशंका नहीं थी कि मौसम बाद में बिगड़ जाएगा। पार्टी के दौरान जहाज के सभी लोग वहां पर उपस्थित थे। लोगों ने खूब मजे किये फिर सब सोने के लिए अपने-अपने केबिन में चले गये।

रात के ठीक दो बजे जहाज पर सायरन बज उठा। सब लोग धबरा गये पता नहीं क्या हो गया। फिर पता चला कि खूब जोरों से जबरदस्त आंधी आने वाली है। मौसम बिल्कुल बिगड़ गया है। मौसम के बारे में अभी कुछ भी कहा नहीं जा सकता है। कैप्टन ने हमें यह बताया कि हम यहां से आगे नहीं जाएंगे क्योंकि आगे खतरा हो सकता है। तब हमारा जहाज पास ही के टापू पर जा रुका। यह टापू हिंद महासागर के दक्षिणी भाग में था। इस टापू पर कोई निवासी नहीं रहता था। यह अनाम था। सब कोई वहां पर उतर गये। मौसम हौले-हौले बिगड़ता जा रहा था। जो भी जरूरी सामान था हम अपने साथ उतार लाए। यह विशाल टापू बड़ा ही अजीबो-गरीब था। चारों तरफ बड़े-बड़े पेड़ थे, सब जगह पर जंगली घास उगी थी। रहने के लिए कोई जगह मिल ही नहीं रही थी। हम काफी दूर चले आए तब जाकर

कोई जगह मिली। यह जगह पेड़ों से घिरा हुआ था। चारों तरफ घास उगी थी। यहां पर पेड़ों की वजह से अंधेरा छाया हुआ था।

सभी ने अपना सामान उतारा और वहीं पर रख कर सब सुस्ताने लगे। सुस्ताने-सुस्ताने सबको नींद लग गई। कुछ देर बाद जब सबकी आंख खुली तब बारिश हो रही थी। सब जल्दी से पेड़ों के नीचे जा चिपके। बारिश करीब नौ घण्टे लगातार हुई। जब बारिश रुकी तब सारा सामान भीग चुका था। हमारा सारा खाने-पीने का सामान पानी में भीगकर खराब हो गया था सबके कपड़े भीग गये थे। उसके मारे सब ठिठुर रहे थे। मौसम सुधरने के बजाए बिगड़ते जा रहा था। इस निर्जन टापू पर तो कुछ भी नहीं था। सभी को सर्दी के साथ भूख भी लग रहों थी। पर इसका कोई इलाज न था। फिर जब बारिश कम हुई तब हमने वहां पर आग जलाई और सभी लोग चारों तरफ से घेर कर बैठ गये। यहां पर मौसम बड़ा ठण्डा था। बारिश होने के कारण ठण्डक कुछ और बढ़ गई थी। इसी तरह पूरी रात पेड़ के नीचे कट गई। सब यही सोच में थे कि मौसम अच्छा हो और हम यहां से चलें।

लेकिन मौसम ठीक होने का नाम ही नहीं ले रहा था भूख के मारे सबकी हालत खराब थी। ठण्ड से सब कोई ठिठुर रहे थे। फिर सुबह जाकर मौसम में कुछ बदलाव आया। आसमान में धीरे-धीरे बादल हटने लगे लेकिन पूरी तरह से आसमान अभी साफ न हुआ। करीब शाम को जाकर धूप निकली फिर सबके जान में जान आई। दो दिन उस निर्जन टापू पर बिताने के बाद हम वापस लौट आए।

हमारा यह सफर अच्छा रहा। भले ही कठिनाईयों का सामना करना पड़ा फिर भी यह बहुत अच्छा अनुभव था। हमारी यह यात्रा बड़ी ही रोमांचकारी थी। हमें बहुत से नए अनुभव हुए।

पारेश हर्षवर्धन

कक्षा १०

समाज सेवा

आज समाज को ऐसे सेवकों की आवश्यकता है, जो निःस्वार्थ सेवा कर सकें। किराए पर लाए हुए सेवक, सेवक नहीं कहे जाते, उन्हें लोग नौकर कहते हैं। आज देश को त्याग और बलिदान करने वाले युवकों की आवश्यकता है जो अपने देश को, समाज को, हर स्थिति में सेवा करने के लिए उत्सुक हों। नौकरों से कभी देश का भला हुआ है क्या? देश के

भले के लिए सच्चे समाज सेवक चाहिए, जो जनता के सुख-दुख को पहचान सकें और उन्हें अपना समझ सकें।

जिस प्रकार नवीन पौधे की शाखाओं को आप जिधर चाहें झुका देते हैं वह उसी प्रकार उधर ही फैलने लगती है। परन्तु यदि आप चाहें कि किसी पुराने ओर बड़े वृक्ष की किसी शाखा को अपने मन के अनुकूल मोड़ लें तो वह सर्वथा असम्भव होगा। वह शाखा भले ही टूट जाए परन्तु मुड़ नहीं सकती। इसी प्रकार मनुष्य की बाल अवस्था में, जिधर चाहे मोड़ सकते हैं। मनुष्य के निर्माण के लिए यह सही काल है। अच्छी या बुरी आदतें जैसी भी इस काल में मनुष्य में आ जाती हैं फिर वह जीवन भर नहीं जाती।

मैं भी अपने स्कूल में समाज सेवा का 'एस.यू.पी. डेव्यू' का सदस्य हूँ। हमारे दल का उद्देश्य 'रफैल' और 'चेधायर होम' में रहने वाले बालकों, जवानों और वृद्धों की सेवा करना है। हम हफ्ते में दो दिन वहां जाकर सामाजिक हित से सम्बन्धित कार्य करते हैं। हम सत्यवादी, सहानुभूतिपूर्ण, संवेदनशील, कर्तव्यपालक, दयालु अथवा सहनशील भाव से इन सज्जनों की सेवा करते हैं। हम ईश्वर से प्रार्थना करते हैं कि इनकी मानसिक अवस्थाएं पूर्ण रूप से काम करने लगे। हम वहां के विकलांगों और मानसिक रूप से बीमार लोगों के साथ खेलकर उनका मनोरंजन करते हैं। उनको शैक्षिक भाषण देकर प्रभावित करते हैं। उनको सफाई रखना भी सिखाते हैं। उनको कहानी सुनाते हैं और तमोज सिखाते हैं। हमारा यह प्रयास उनके लिए अत्यन्त उपयोगी है। जब भी हम उनके साथ कुछ समय बिताने के लिए जाते हैं उनका हृदय खिल उठता है। वे प्रसन्न हो उठते हैं। अगर हमारे पास कुछ कहने के लिए नहीं होता तो इधर-उधर की हांक देने हैं। जिस दिन हम नहीं जाते उस दिन उनका मन खट्टा हो जाता है।

इस छोटे से दल में उन लोगों को बहुत लाभ है। इस दल में समाज को कई लाभ हैं। यह उन लोगों के स्वावलम्बन और आत्मनिर्भरता की भावनाओं को जागृत करती है। इसमें छोटे-छोटे बालकों में सेवा धर्म और दया भाव का सूर्य उदय होता है। हम उनके कल्याण को अपना कल्याण समझते हैं। उनका हित हमारा हित होता है। उनके चरित्र में आदर्श का भाव आता है। हम चाहेंगे कि इस दल में विद्यालय के और बालक भी रुचि लें और इस समाज के छोटे से हिस्से की, जो अन्य समाज में ठुकराए हुए हों सहायता करें।

'वह हृदय नहीं है पत्थर है जिसमें इन समाज सेवकों के प्रति स्नेह नहीं।'

मोनिल गोयल

कक्षा X ए

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OBITUARY

We greatly mourn the sad and untimely demise of Mr. Kaushik, the senior school music teacher, who left us at the young age of 39 in the last week of July, 1990. He leaves behind him in this world a wife and three children, Our heartfelt condolences to them all.