



# THE OLIPHANT

No. 107

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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## THINK ABOUT IT

*There's only one thing more  
important than background  
and that's backbone.*

—George Eliot

## Editorial

He sat on his chair in the dining room, confused, irritated and brooding. A series of bizarre thoughts were running through his mind. Was what he saw (or rather what he didn't see) a result of the riots in town? Had the school suddenly decided to drop this 'hot potato' to exhibit its objections to reservations? Or had the D.T.T.D.B.F.M.C. (Desperately Trying To Diet But Failing Miserably Club) finally taken this step to reduce a few pounds? Whatever the reason, this common Welhamite could not digest the fact that his traditional 'tikki' was missing from his breakfast plate.

Trying to cool the disgruntled 'tikki' less boys, the caterer very generously offered the boys as many buttered slices as they could ingest (which turned out to be much more than they could digest). What followed is not easy to narrate but it is heard

that Welham Boys' has finally got a place in the Guinness Book of World Records for the institution consuming the highest number of slices in a single day (not to mention the number of Baralgons consumed on the same day too).

The bread turned out to be an extremely expensive commodity. As a result, the tikki was back where it belonged, on the breakfast plate once again much to the pleasure of the 'tikki' loving Welhamite.

Elsewhere, the Founders Day rehearsals have begun and many auditioned for the play due to their great passion to act (coupled with the attractions of no PT & daily coffee). Yours truly has been keeping himself busy by preparing 3 different debuts and then tearing them up due to their cancellations. Anyway, that's all from me. It's time for breakfast and my tikki calls.....

Yours impatiently  
—Saurav Sinha

## Litrary Affairs of Welham

### ... And yet I believe

I dont believe in liberty,  
And the crimes committed in its name.  
I dont trust technology's God,  
Because our next door devil plays a better game.

I dont believe in the eighties,  
Or the golden age of war.  
Where the dead man is not the loser.  
At least his head lies before your door.

I dont trust my lawyer's words,  
No, I cant trust his smiles.  
Because his facts dont remain facts,  
Until he makes them out of lies.

I dont believe in the preacher,  
Or all those glossy things he said.  
When the sun finally set in,  
An assassin's bullet left him dead.

I dont believe in the fool,  
Who fed his stomach with his fame.  
Because I can become more famous,  
If only I make my way through shame.

I dont believe in the money that rattles,  
I trust the dropping blood instead.  
Because in this land, the power of the gun,  
Over comes the thoughts from your head.

I dont believe in my lover's eyes,  
I dont remember the promises I was to keep.  
She said she would always be there,  
But then, beauty is only skin deep,

I dont believe in the former,  
Heaven knows I hate his soil.  
Each time I shed my blood,  
It asks me to continue to toil.

I dont believe in the wooden dice,  
Because its number is never mine.  
Yet the silver streaks in the clouds swear,  
There will come a time.

And so I believe.....  
And yet I believe.....

—Amit Virmani

### **A 'RAVEEN' of Emotion**

It was cold in Delhi that February afternoon of 1988. Dried leaves were piled haphazardly on the road. The entire block of Vasant Vihar, was a mass of people, nut vendors and automobiles. I was eagerly waiting for my father's return, who had gone to collect our tickets and passports, for that day we were going to France to attend my uncle's marriage.

Shortly he arrived and after a quick lunch we all reached the airport. At the airport my parents told me that I could look around till the time of departure. Then after leaving me behind they walked across to the terminal lobby.

I thought of looking around when suddenly my eyes caught hold of a young girl rather attractive, slim, fair, a typical Indian whose virginity showed in her face. The warm late afternoon sun shimmered on her black, soft silky hair. She had thir eyebrows and warm brown eyes. It seemed that the creator had been partial to her.

Behind her through the observation window are Air France airbus taxied towards the ramp. Suddenly a female voice annouced the arrival of flight 136, non-stop service to Paris arriving at gate 3.

All this time my attention was on that young girl. Oblivious of her surroundings, she had opened her compact to study the face in the mirror. I gazed down at her. My heart began to beat loud and fast while my courage failed me. It seemed the goddess of beauty herself was sitting in front of me.

Summoning enough courage I walked upto the chair beside her and sat down. I started by asking, "Nice day isn't it?" Startled she snapped the compact shut and apologized saying that she was day dreaming. On enquiring she replied that her flight was two hours late and my flight was due at six o' clock in the evening. That gave me precisely an hour and a half to be next to her.

I then asked her about her destination. She seemed so distressed as though unsure whether or not to make conversation, but then she replied that she was going to New York. I then asked her it she was going alone or if she was being accompanied by someone. With a deep blush she replied that she was all alone. I then explained that very rarely we find people to whom we can talk to in places when surrounded by strangers. She agreed instantly and blushed even more but nevertheless she seemed more at ease. I then asked her name. With a deep blush and in a low tone she spoke the word

'RAVEENA'. It seemed as if it was the most beautiful name I had ever heard. We were silent for a while, but again I stammered, asking her why she was going to New York. This time she replied in a depressed tone that her grand father had expired the day before and she had to go instantly. I apologized and consoled her. Again we were silent, but now I knew that I could not take it any longer. I could not live with my frustration. It had to be alone. I had to express my love to her. I was summoning up my courage when suddenly a female voice announced the departure of my flight. We stole a glance at each other. We know what it was. We had to part and my love for her now seemed futile. For the last-time I looked at her, and with her tender lips she shaped the word "Good bye."

With a heavy heart I bid her farewell and walked towards the security check. I did not look back, not even once. Then our plane headed towards Paris. The sun sank below the horizon and everything was obliterated except for Raveena's face which was deeply imprinted in my mind.

### **The Elephant**

The elephant is the largest animal on land. There are two kinds of elephants. One is the Indian elephant and the other is the African elephant. African elephants are larger than the Indian elephants. They have thicker skin and larger ears.

Elephants travel in herds in the jungles. The oldest cow is the leader of the herd. If an elephant is sick other elephants do not leave it alone. They bring food for it.

An elephant drinks water with its trunk, it picks up nuts and blades of grass with it and it picks up logs of wood with it. An elephant's tusks are made of ivory. Beautiful ornaments are carved out of an elephant's tusks.

The elephant has no enemy except man. It is killed by poachers for its valuable tusks.

Elephants help men in many ways. They carry heavy logs for their master's and push heavy loads for them. Some elephants perform in circuses.

Elephants are being killed by poachers and greedy men. In this way all the elephants will disappear from the earth. The government is trying to stop men killing elephants. I hope no one kills elephants any more.

**— Vipul Swarup-III-A**

### **A Sea Adventure**

Here I am ! an old man of seventy-six, waiting for the Almighty to call me. I sit on my rocking chair, looking at the starlit sky which looks like a big black cushion studded with small, countless diamonds, lying in peace and silence, without any hopes or intentions. My teenage days were livelier, much more livelier. I prefer this age though I am not capable of doing anything, but I don't have to face death anymore. I must tell you about an incident which took place when I was young and fighting fit.

It was a dull, foggy Sunday morning the rustling of trees showed that the wind was blowing, taking away the fog. The sun could not be seen. This morning seemed very peculiar, it looked as if a disaster was going to take place, I was quite right.

As I did not have anything to do. To stare out of my small cozy room's window at the quiet seemingly harmless sea. Ah ! I knew what I would do. It would be a nice idea to go out alone by myself in my new boat.

After a hurried breakfast I packed up some snacks in a small polythene packet, and a pair of fragile but handy binoculars. The sea seemed to have no end until it met the clear horizon. As I undid the strong, thick rope which held the boat I remembered the several other people who would be out at sea.

Pushing the boat gently into the water I quickly jumped into it. I was heading straight for the centre, according to me, but I thought nothing of it.

As I saw through my small pair of binoculars the deserted sea, no, not quite deserted, for there at a far distance I saw a wooden plank go right up in mid-air and come down with a splash. My calm eyes turned into a frown and began to grow curious. It was my curiosity which drove me to the horrifying incident which took place.

I steadily rowed towards the plank. After covering some distance the boat started moving in a circular motion ! But by the time I realised that I had been taken into a tremendous whirlpool it was too late !! My eyes widened gradually, my heart skipped a beat. My teeth began to chatter. Butterflies began to flutter in my stomach. I

began to tremble with unlimited horror. I felt as if I was going deep into the sea and surprisingly what did I see? Big masts of wrecked ships, and several planks of wood in front and behind my boat, which was like a small particle flying in a great cloud of dust. I went down with the other planks. The whirlpool was quite wide but unusually not very deep! I buried my face which was white with fear in between my thighs and clasped my shivering hands over my neck and waited, for death to claim me. miracle took I went deeper in, I was going, going to die a terrible death! Impossible, justimpossible! I couldn't believe it, No o o !! ? !! . Then suddenly, I felt a tremendous bump. What had happened? I felt as if I was in mid-air, just like the plank I had seen through my binoculars. I looked about and to my surprise what did I see !! ? !! Clouds, clear clouds!. Below me I could see the wide sea, and the whirlpool, where was the whirlpool!. There at the other end I could see it, dying off into the depths of the hungry, shining sea. I was falling, falling into the sea! I closed my eyes, which had gone red because the blows dealt to me by the water in the now extinct whirlpool and gripped the edge of the boat with both hands as t and as I could Splash!! there I was, back into the sea, safe and sound! All thanks to whom, who else except the saviour above, the Almighty. I couldn't believe my eyes when I viewed the quiet sea again. I couldn't stay on for long after such an awful experience. I took one last look at the sea and reached for my oars, My oars, where had they gone!. I looked hither and thither, but they were no where to be seen, except, except their ruins on both sides of the boat!. Disappeared. Gone with the horrible whirlpool!. I bit my tongue with irritation and clenched my teeth. Then I calmed down, thinking of my next step. But what could I do except lie down and hope, just hope that Go'd would guide me out of this mystery like he marvelously did with the former one. I lay down using the wet edge of the boat as a pillow. I could feel the warmth of the sun through my wet clothes. I could see land. yes land, but how was I to reach it? I was now again getting impatient and restless, but I calmed my self down. If I tried to swim all the way through it would result in certain death. If I waited for a ship, one which would come tomorrow, only if the weather was favourable, but then I would be dead or lying at

the bottom of the sea. Yes, alas! I had almost been beaten just when another miracle took place.

It began to grow darker, sunlight started to fade away with the coming of the setting sun. The sea now seemed to be motionless and covered by silver. The wind blew rapidly across my face. It grew colder and colder. The moon was light over my head, no stars could be seen, which showed that there would most probably be a storm.

The wind started blowing profusely. Silver tides could be seen far away. And guess what? my boat was moving slowly! A new hope was aroused in me. My oarless boat tilted from one side to another. The rapid wind now started to blow faster, the waves increased in size and length. My boat now started to rock! I soon realised what was going to happen. I was going to be thrown a she! But would I stay alive after anding with such great impact? I grabbed the edge of the boat as a little child sticks to his mother after viewing a night-mare. My hair stood on end, my blood ran cold. My stomach was churning.

Had a minute Hardly passed when there came a tremendous wave which lifted me in the air like a football. I could see the beach coming nearer, about three fourth of a kilometre away. Unexpectedly I started going down! Suddenly my boat cap-sized. I quickly took my head out of the salty water what choice did I have, except swim to the sandy shore which was now heaven for me.

I began to swim slowly, losing the least amount of energy which was left in my broken body. I began to get tired, I surely couldn't stop! There seemed to be no end to the sea Oh! for the first time in my life. I really, felt I was going to die a cowards death. I felt as if I was sinking, sinking like a stone thrown into water but I wasn't going to give up so fast I began to grow tired second by second. I knew I was going to die, there was certainly no way to escape it. I opened my worn out, blood red eyes. What did I see? Trees, yes trees! or was I dreaming, no, they were trees at some distance. As the saying goes, where there is a will, there is a way. I did not give up. There was a blazing streak of hope in my body. Despite my being tired I swam to the beach. The first step I took I felt as if I had come back to earth from another planet, I felt relieved! I certainly

could not sleep here or the next morning I would be in a crocodile's stomach. So I started dragging myself along the beach.

During my hour long lying, tortuous journey to my destination I stopped thrice for breath and to rest. My back was aching, my bones seemed to have been broken down. My ankles had swollen up to a great extent. The I was in front of my home's entrance. In my state I could not walk even one step more. I felt as if there were thorns in my neck. My thighs were aching. I felt as if I had been hit on the head by a Viking's club.

The last I remember was that I opened the door spending the last bit of energy I had and collapsed in the small corridor, to get up next the morning, refreshed to tell who-ever would listen my remarkable, unforgettable, incredible tale.

—Kirtiman Singh VIII

## Welham Now !!!

- \* The staff team played a match against the school team with the staff team losing (3-0)
- \* Sincere apologies to our cartoonist Shubra-jeet Konwer whose name was wrongly pointed in the last two issues as 'Shubra-jeet Gunwar.'
- \* Cauvery House emerged as the victors of the Inter House Football Tournament.
- \* Maldevta is being frequently visited almost every weekend by the avid rock-climbers of our school.
- \* Rehearsal for the Founder's Day play is being conducted.
- \* The taekwondo Tournament was held on the 27th of Sept.
- \* The second round of the Quiz Competition was held on the 28th.
- \* All out of town fixtures have been cancelled as a result of unfavourable conditions.
- \* The results of the Hindi essay-writing competition are as follows :—

### Group A

1. Paresh Harshvardhan
2. Anup Kumar
3. Monit Goel

### Group B

1. Aviral Singh
2. Rajnish Ranjan
3. Pranav Priyadarshi

### Group C

1. Vivek Garg
2. Manish Kumar
3. Bharat Bhushan

- \* Identify Cards are being issued to every member of the Welham Community.
- \* Preparations for the commencement of the Athletics season are being made.
- \* Preparations for the Founder's Day have begun.
- \* A Quiz Society has been formed. It's members are :

Sameer Paintal  
Manu Rajvanshi  
Vikram Chopra

Kabir Bajaj  
Ranjit Bedi  
Nitin Jain

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### Obituary

Our heart felt condolences to Mrs. M. Torres and family on the sad and untimely demise of her son-in-law who passed away at the young age of 38.

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### Brain Teasers

See if you can solve the following jumbles :

TORPAPR  
GYOFG  
ITSMY  
TANIGLE  
GNIERL  
GORUAEC

### Jumbles

*Answers to the previous Jumbles*

- |          |          |
|----------|----------|
| 1. BLEAK | 6. RUSE  |
| 2. BLURT | 7. SAGA  |
| 3. CARAT | 8. TEPID |
| 4. PURGE | 9. STEER |
| 5. PUNY  | 10. GOAT |

### Discovery

#### TETE-A-TETE

She is the latest addition to the English Department Staff, She teaches the senior classes. After some time we finally managed to interview her. She is Miss Neenu Puri.

Q. 1. *Firstly ma'am we would like to know your place of birth and something about your family.*

A. 1. I was born in Jullundar in Punjab. My father is a retired government officer, and my mother a school teacher. I also have an older sister who is married and works in a Bank in Punjab.

Q. 2. *Ma-am, could you tell us something about your academic career.*

A. 2. I did my schooling in Bombay (Fort Convent) and Delhi (Convent of Jesus and Mary). I did my graduation and post graduation from the Lady Shri Ram College in Delhi.

Q. 3. *Have you taught in any other institution before Welham ?*

A. 3. Yes, first in Satyavati College in Delhi for a short while and then in D.A.V. College in Kangra, Himachal Pradesh.

Q. 4. *How come you happened to join Welham ?*

A. 4. After working in D.A.V. College, I became interested in school teaching and seriously considered taking up school teaching as a career. At that time, I saw the advertisement of the Welham Boys School and applied for it and luckily managed to make the grade.

Q. 5. *Have you been to Dehra Dun before ?*

A. 5. No, this is my first visit.

Q. 6. *What do you think of our school, its staff and boys ?*

A. 6. I have been here for a very short while but what ever little have seen I like. The boys are well disciplined and responsive.

Q. 7. *Do you have any special interests ?*

A. 7. I like reading especially fiction and newspapers and magazines I am also interested in music.

Q. 8. *Do you have any future plans ?*

A. 8. At the moment I don't, I like to take things as they come.

Q. 9. *Lastly, would you like to say some thing for our boys.*

A. 9. It's nice-to be with you.

## **Jewel of the Kalahari**

There exists in the south of Africa a fairly dry and bush covered plain, the Kalahari. It spans across the whole of Botswana and challenges life to defy its indomitable and hostile heat. The large herds of zebras and wildbeasts which cross and recross this sunbaked terrain know that somewhere they will come across the jewel of the Kalahari—the River Okavango.

The only perennial watercourse is in the wetter north of Botswana, where the River Okavango enters from the northwest, and forms the Okavango swamp. Here you can find gigantic hippopotamus wallowing in the muddy waters, with oxpeckers meticulously searching for parasitic insects on their backs. The river is channelled between two rock-holds here and later fans out to form the Delta.

Many small islands are formed here which tempt the hippos, who mark their territory by excreting on the base of the trees. The banks are also occupied by the crocodiles who make their nest in the sands. The main occupants of the banks are the African Skimmers, who can be seen busy with their ritual courting dances. After the courting the female lays eggs in the sands. The young chicks when born instinctively know that the white-breasted Fishing Eagle is dangerous and beautifully camouflage themselves while the parents drive the raider out of their territory. These birds are called Skimmers because while flying they skim the water surface and carry the unfortunate fish which suddenly gets caught in the beak.

The game of the hunter and the hunted is played here too. The catfish fall prey to the Pallas Fishing Owl who is a dextrous fisherman. The smaller fish of the channel are terrorised by the Tiger fish, a close relative of the dangerous Piranas, and the aerial raids are done by the Fishing Eagle. It is the opportunists like the common sandpiper (a bird) who then thrive on the small morsels of fish rejected by the others. Even these small waders are very fussy about food and eat the mud covered food only after washing it in the river water—true sense of hygiene.

Papyrus reed—the fastest growing reed flourishes in these waters and are used as watch-towers by the Reed Cormorant (a bird) who scan the river for their prey. They are

efficient underwater divers and know where they will find their prey—the Squeakers. These fish are called so because they squeak. It is not easy to eat this fish because on both sides of its gills there are two sharp hooks which get stuck in the throat of the bird. Therefore the comorants first kill the bird, then disengage the locking mechanism and are then able to eat the fish. The Carpenter Bees bore the reeds and make their home there. They fly from one waterlily to another sucking nectar from each flower while it bathes the bee with pollen, thus the bee helps in pollination. The Brown ants, ferocious invaders attack the bee's home for honey but the Carpenter Bee blocks the entrance hole with its strong armoured abdomen, thus preventing an invasion. In the water the Bladder-worts suck in mosquito larvae with their special sucking mechanism and digest them with the help of some digestive enzymes.

As the river moves towards the south it fills shallow basins forming lagoons. Pygmy Geese like bright pink lilies paddle in the peah-white water. It is the mating season so the male plucks a fruit of lily and presents it to the female. She takes it if she finds her suitor handsome. The warm water has brightened the colours of the fish who are ready for courting. The Dwarf Mouth-Brooder (a fish) lays her eggs and puts them in her mouth, the male sprays the sperms which are also taken in the mouth, thus making fertilization inevitable. She doesn't eat for two weeks for she already has quite a mouthful. The young-ones hatch and gradually learn to swim around their mother but as soon as they feel the presence of another fish they vanish into their mother's mouth. On the bank the African Jacanas have mated and after laying the eggs on a lily-leaf the female ventures out in search of another mate leaving the poor male to incubate the eggs. When the chicks hatch the inner white of the egg-shell attracts the Fishing Eagle so the male takes the shell and intelligently places it next to a white lily duping the eagle's eye. He cannot leave the kids alone when he has to go in search of food so he holds his kids tightly under his wings. The cargo is now in safe custody and only the dangling feet reveal the hidden cargo.

In summer the water of the floods from the north slowly seeps into the flood plains which gets covered with grass. The water level has risen and the pikes (fish) who are

present in great numbers are also rejuvenated. But even they have to hide for the Fishing Eagle has at this time of the season young ones to feed. The tiny Mayfly has also laid eggs and they die within two days of laying eggs. They were born just for this purpose and once the aim is achieved they leave this immortal world.

The waters of the River Okavango are a precious stream and flourishes only due to the timely floods in the north. Within and around it an enormous number of creatures flourish. It is this river which enlivens the Kalahari and provides sustenance to life in the desert. Thus the cycle of life goes on, supported by the prolific Jewel of the Kalahari.

—Gagan Gahlot

### The Origin of Himalaya

'Himalaya' means the "abode of snow." To perceive clearly about the origin of Himalaya let us begin with the origin of earth. When earth separated itself from the sun, it was in a gaseous state rotating on its axis and revolving around the sun. From a gradually cooling stage it was converted into the solid state. Owing to heavy rains the depressions were filled by water and there existed one large ocean.

In the beginning of the history of the earth there was only one landmass which was surrounded from all sides by the sea. The geologists call it as 'Pangea'. Later on due to crustal movements 'Pangea' split up in two parts. One landmass drifted to the South. The low lying area between these two land masses was occupied by the sea. The northern landmass is known as 'Gondwana land' and sea separating them is known as 'Tethy's sea.'

The rivers from Gondwana land and Angaraland started flowing in to the Tethy's sea. These rivers carried large amount of sediment with them which were deposited on the bed of the Tethy's. This process went on for several million years. Owing to continuous sedimentation the Tethy's sea became very shallow, and a great 'geosyncline' region was formed. At this time, great thickness of sediment led to formation of sedimentary rock on the bed of the Tethys. After that due to the enormous weight of sedimentary rocks the sea bottom started sagging.

Hence it is believed that great geodynamic forces pushed the continents closer

under these circumstances the mountain building activity started from the north i.e. Angaraland started drifting towards the South.

Though the stable block of Gondwana provided maximum resistance to this South ward movement and due to compression of the sedimentary rocks the great mountain system originated from the bed of the Tethy's. This was the huge, mighty and loftiest 'Himalayas'.

The Himalayas are the youngest fold mountain ranget which took about 7 million years to attain their present elevation. The mountain building activity has not yet stopped. Even now they are continuing today as is evident from the fact that attitude of the Himalaya is still rising and this weak section of the 'earth experiences numerous earthquake tremours.

— **Surjeet Singh Khaira**

## In the Arena of Sports

It has been a rather disappointing month for our sportsmen close on the heels of the cencellation of the trip to Mayo for the football tournament comes the news that due to the anti-reservation stir in the country the trips to Scindia for basketball and to Gangtok for badminton have also been called off. The disappointment of the involved people is understandable considering the hours of practice and the amount of hard work that they had put in. However life has to go on.



The Inter House soccer brought the much needed excitement and provided various thrills and surprise. It was a very closely fought Inter-House and kept the boys on the edge of their seats as long as it lasted. Mentioned below are all the results and a brief summary of the matches.

### ( SENIORS )

Cauvery	vs	Krishna
Harjyot-1		
3 Shailendra-1		0
Rajnish-1		

This match was played early in the morning and it seems that the Krishna players slept through it. They seemed to be lacking motivation and the will to fight was definetly not there. Playing with a depleted team Krishna was clobbered by three goals to nothing.

Ganga	vs	Jamuna
Niladri-3		
5 Paresh-1		1 Ranjit
Banta-1		

The scoreline of this match hardly tells the story. The teams were going neck to neck at 1-1 till a controversial penalty award knocked the fight out of Jamuna. The penalty was converted and Ganga scored three more in as many minutes. One wonders that had the penalty not been awarded, what the fate of the match would have been.

Cauvery	vs	Jamuna
2 [Harjyot, Vijit]		0

Cauvery was at the receving end for the major part of the first half but quickly recovered to score two goals in the second half. Jamuna muffed up a penalty, awarded when keeper Lamba held on to an onrushing Ritesh Khanna's legs.

Krishna	vs	Ganga
1 Harinder		0

This was a very closely fought match and both sides missed a number of chances. At the fag end of the match Harinder Mann latched on to a loose ball and placed it pasted an onrushing goalkeeper to give Krishna a well deserved victory.

Cauvery	vs	Ganga
2 Harjyot		0
Shailendra		

A team contest was expected from this match. Intelligent moves were created from both sides. However it was a case of one team taking their chances as Cauvery scored once in each half.

Krishna	vs	Jamuna
2 Deepak-1		0
Rajesh-1		

The tournament had reached a stage where goal average would decide the winners. Hard as Krishna tried they could score only twice as Jamuna packed their defence with five defenders.

### JUNIORS

Ganga	vs	Jamuna
0		0

The opening match in the juniors division was a hard fought draw. The defenders of both the teams played well to deny the forwards a goal. Vijay Nishant always looked dangerous but failed to score.

Krishna vs Cauvery

Cauvery was disqualified from this match and 2 points were awarded to Krishna because Cauvery fielded an overage player.

Ganga	vs	Krishna
3 Vijay-1		0
Muzaffar-1		
Gaurav-2		



The Ganga players played a tactical match. Danish Ansari and Khattar were both bottled up and the Ganga forwards took advantage of some very weak goalkeeping to pump in three goals in the second half after the first half had ended goalless.

Cauvery	vs	Jamuna
0		1
		Sanidhya-1

Underdogs Jamuna shocked Cauvery in this crucial match. The result of this match ensured that the Inter House would be decided on goal average basis.

Krishna	vs	Jamuna
6 Ansari-2		1
Khatter-2		Bishnoi
Prashant-2		

Krishna had to win this match to stay in contention for the trophy and they did it in style by scoring six times. The Krishna forwards were simply unstoppable on this day.

Cauvery	vs	Ganga
4 Sharib-2		1
Manish-1		Muzaffar

The last match of the Inter House was to decide the fate of the tournament. Cauvery had to win to clinch the Inter House and despite some stiff opposition they managed to do it to deny Krishna the trophy.

The end result was as follows.

Cauvery	— 8 points	Best player [seniors]
Krishna	— 8 points	Suvig Mohan Sharma
Ganga	— 5 points	Best player [Juniors]
Jamuna	— 3 points	Sharib Khan

Cauvery won the Inter House due to their superior goal average. They had a quotient of 11-2 compared to Krishna's 9-7. It was a fitting finale to the closely fought Inter House though one could not help but sympathize with the Krishnaites. However one team has to win and this time it was Cauvery. Our congratulations !

## कुत्ते की मौत पर

आज बजेगी न शहनाई,  
आज न होगी कोई शादी,  
आज न घर में दीप जलेंगे  
आज हुई है बरबादी ।

आज निकलेगा न सूर्य पूरब से  
आज कलियां न सुगन्ध फैलाएंगी,  
आज हवा चारों दिशाओं में,  
मातम संदेश पहुंचाएगी ।

आज नहीं हुआ दुनिया का विध्वंस  
न ही मरा कोई साधु-संत,  
पर रोओ गाओ दुःख मनाओ  
आज हुआ कुत्ते का अंत ।

मामूली नहीं था ये कुत्ता,  
कुत्तों का सरताज था,  
देश भर के कुत्तों का राजा,  
मसीहा था यह आज का ।

दुःख होता था यह देखकर,  
कुत्ता जो मखमल पर सोता था,  
आज चिंता पर लेटा है ।  
जग जिसे किस्मती ठहराता  
आज इसकी किस्मत पर रोता है ।

एक महीने के लिए देश में  
मना भयंकर शोक,  
दुकानों के खुलने पर भी  
लगा सरकारी रोक  
कुत्ते राजा की याद में  
नहीं लोग हिल डुल पाए,  
बंद रहे ऑफिस दफ्तर  
केवल मंदिर मस्जिद ही खुल पाए ।

झुके रहे देश भर के झंडे,  
कोई खुशी मनाता तो पड़ते डंडे ।  
अब तो दूरदर्शन पर भी कहानियां  
कुत्ते की ही आती ।  
आकाशवाणी भी दिन रात  
गाथाएं कुत्ते की गाती ।

स्वर्ण अक्षरों में लिखा इतिहास ने  
इस कुत्ते का नाम,  
लोगों के लिए बना यह कुत्ता  
सबसे बड़ा भगवान ।

अब रात दिन होना मंदिरों में  
इस कुत्ते का जाप,  
इसका ही नाम जाप कर लोग  
उनारते अपने पाप ।

देश भर के बामी कर-कर इस कुत्ते को याद,  
करते रहे आंखों से आंमुओं की बरसात ।  
आज वो दिन है जब लोग मनाते हैं भयंकर शोक,  
करते हैं कुत्ते को याद खाना पीना रोक ।

आज नहीं हुआ दुनिया का विध्वंस,  
न ही मरा कोई साधु संत,  
पर रोओ गाओ दुःख मनाओ  
आज हुआ कुत्ते का अंत ।

—निशान्त सिंह

## वाद-विवाद उद्देश्य प्राप्ति में आर्थिक विषमताएं नगण्य हैं।

सम्माननीय अध्यक्ष महोदय, मेरे विपक्षी मित्र कहते हैं कि मनुष्य को सफलता के शिखर पर पहुंचने के लिए धन के सोपान की जरूरत नहीं है। जरूरत है केवल साहस और संकल्प की। चलिए मैं उनकी बात मान लेता हूं पर ऐसा करने से, मैं एक विस्मय में पड़ जाता हूं। एक पहिली में उलझ जाता हूं, जिसका समाधान मैं आप लोगों के साथ मिलकर खोजना चाहता हूं।

पहले यह है कि ऐसा क्यों होता है कि हर वर्ष कुछ अमरीकी वैज्ञानिक नोबेल पुरस्कार पाते रहते हैं, जबकि अब तक केवल दो ही भारतीय इस ईनाम को प्राप्त कर पाए हैं। हां, दो और भी भारतीय मूल के वैज्ञानिक हैं, जिनको यह गौरव मिला है परन्तु अमरीका में बस जाने के बाद ऐसा क्यों होता है कि एक अमरीकी नागरिक, चन्द्रमा के ऊपर चरण रखता है और मानव के साहस और संकल्प का प्रतीक बन जाता है, जबकि एक भारतीय वायु सैनिक को अंतरिक्ष में जाने के लिए रूसी राकेट का सहारा लेना पड़ता है।

मैं पूछता हूं, ऐसा क्यों होता है कि खेल-बूद की हर प्रतिस्पर्धा में छोटे-छोटे धनी यूरोपीय देश कई तमगों को हासिल कर लेते हैं पर हमें ऐसे मौकों पर बजने वाली मधुर राष्ट्रीय धुन के सुख से हर बार वंचित रह जाना पड़ता है।

क्या इसका यह कारण है कि भारत के पास इतनी प्रतिभा, इतनी मनोषा नहीं है कि इसके नागरिक अनेक नोबेल पुरस्कार पा सकें। क्या इसका यह कारण है कि इस धरती की धूप में वह यौवन नहीं है जो जोखिम और साहस की चुनौती स्वीकार कर सके।

अगर ऐसा नहीं है तो फिर क्या कारण है कि हमें एक सी.वी. स्मन पर संतोष कर लेना पड़ता है या फिर एक पी.टी. ऊषा ही हमारे सम्पूर्ण गौरव का प्रतीक बन जाती हैं जबकि अनेक भारतीय यौवन की त्रिवता में

अनेक संकल्प लेकर आते हैं लेकिन अपने उद्देश्य को पाए बिना ही मुरझा कर विलीन हो जाते हैं।

यदि मेरे मित्रों के पास इस प्रश्न का उत्तर नहीं है तो मैं उत्तर दे सकता हूं। भारतीय मस्तिष्क, विश्व में सर्वश्रेष्ठ है लेकिन आर्थिक अभावों के कारण यह देश उन्हें वह सुविधाएं नहीं दे सकता जो अन्य धनी देशों में उपलब्ध है। यही कारण है कि भारतीय युवक अपने सामने, अपने उमंगों की चिता जलते देखता है। उसमें इतना साहस है, इतना संकल्प भी है कि वह सागर के वक्ष को चीर कर रत्न और मोती ला सके। लेकिन, साहस और संकल्प का यह अर्थ नहीं है कि हम मूर्खतापूर्ण ढंग से छलांग लगा दें और जान गंवा बैठे। यह तो सरासर पागलपन होगा। साहस और संकल्प के साथ एक तीसरी चीज भी जुड़ी है और वह है साधन। साधनों की कमी होने पर साहस और संकल्प किसी काम का नहीं रहेगा। इसीलिए एक गोताखोर को साहस के साथ-साथ नौका आदि साधनों की भी जरूरत है। यही बात जीवन के हर क्षेत्र में सही उतरती है, चाहे वह क्षेत्र क्रीड़ा का हो या फिर विज्ञान का या अन्य जोखिम भरे कार्यों का। लेकिन मेरे मित्र कहते हैं कि धन की बैसाखियां द्वारा दूर तक नहीं जाया जा सकता। अध्यक्ष महोदय, धन बैसाखी नहीं है। यह उसी प्रकार हमारे जीवन का एक अनिवार्य अंग है, जिस प्रकार हमारे हाथ-पैर और हमारा मस्तिष्क। आर्थिक बाधाएं हमारी प्रगति को रोकती हैं हमारे अरमानों को मसल कर रख देती हैं। यदि हमें आगे बढ़ना है, जीवन के नए सत्यों को खोजना है तो हमें धन सम्पन्न होना पड़ेगा।

यही दृश्य आज हम खाड़ी संकट में देख रहे हैं, क्योंकि तेल के बिना हमारे समाज के, हमारे देश के किसी भी कार्य का होना असम्भव है। तेल तो काला सोना है, सोना-जो अर्थ है, अर्थ-जो हमारे उद्देश्यों को पाने में हमारा साथी है, हमारा मित्र है, जिसके बिना हम आगे नहीं बढ़ सकते।

—नितिन जैन

द्वितीय पुरस्कार विजेता

( मिस लिलेनल अंतर्विद्यालय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता )

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