

FOUNDER'S DAY ISSUE

THE OLIPHANT

No. 108

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

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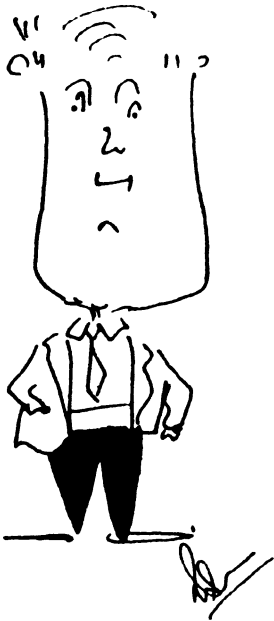
THINK ABOUT IT

*The blood dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned,
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity*

—W.B. Yeats

Editorial

500 DIE IN STAMPEDE AT WELHAM!
Yes, it is true. Over 500 ants were trampled last week when they had gathered near the dining hall at the time when the Welhamites



were busy pushing their way in for dinner. Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen for this anti climax. Going through previous Oliphants I discovered a desperate attempt of this sort to attract attention & so decided to try my luck at it too, for many sources had informed me that the Founder's Day editorials are NEVER read. So I resorted to this gimmick with the hope that this piece is at least glanced at.

Winter uniform has just begun. With its introduction, one can observe a sudden change (which lasts only till the first drop of daal falls on one's blazer) in the personality of the average Welhamite. Clad in such formal clothes, he feels it necessary to be as dignified as possible. As a result we see straight backs, conscious gaits and combed hair on a face which seems to have forgotten how to laugh. Dressing up smartly however demands time and so punctuality

is often compromised on. However, within ten days or so one gets tired of putting up a good show and slowly Welhamites loosen their ties and come back to their usual selves.

Founder's Day is always something to look forward to. Familiar faces, ex-Welhamites (and polka dots) are looked forward to. At Welham the amount of hard work being done in some spheres, is directly proportional to the number of cups of coffee consumed and if that is anything to go by, the Welhamites are working really hard. Be it play practice, the art class or the Physics lab, everyone has worked past midnight for several days.

This edition has several special features such as interviews with captains of a few teams, and an interesting lampoon on what people really look forward to in the school fete. Have a great Founders Day & Fete. Leaving you to the Oliphant. Yours Truly

—Saurav Sinha

Through the Key Hole

S.B. - "Don't provoke me, because these things don't provoke me".

After contemplating the profound remark.

A. Deb Roy—"Maam teaching Welham for three and a half years has taken its toll!".

Class XI asking their house master what his malady was.

S.S. - "You see, my kidneys have become a parliament of stones."

S.B. - "The moment I walk out of your class, I have to pop in a vitamin pill."

Varun Bhaskar—"Aren't we instrumental in trying to help you build up your stamina!".

S. Tyagi—"Maam, What is the meaning of the word encounter".

S.B.—"Look up the dictionary".

S. Tyagi—"Does it by any chance mean feeling each other face to face !!?".

Literary Affairs of Welham

The Last Three Months

You'll never realise that the amount taken
Is the amount you could never give.
Never, until you discover
That you have a few days left to live.

The country hated him as a citizen. The people detested him as their leader. Nothing happened in the country without his consent. No exit opened, not even the ones that are commonly sold, until the tyrant allowed them to. The only things that he did not rule were the babies of nature the rains, the winds and all the other things, that happen only with God's consent. He was Adam Muller, the president of this cursed nation and once the promise for a million better lives.

Legally, Adam Muller was the president, but if any heart dared to speak out, he would be called a dictator. He had been elected by his people eleven years ago but any soul that had suffered thought it to have been much longer than that.

The Pain : The doctor had told him it was serious. Only the final reports could reveal what it was that actually brought him the discomfort, and the final reports were due that day. Seven of the nation's best doctors had examined him and all of them had warned him of a serious illness.

Fear was exposed on each of the seven faces that stood before him. None of the seven pairs of eyes met his directly. None of his doctors were willing to speak. He had to shout for he was impatient. Moreover, he was scared of the silence, scared of what it meant and what it could reveal. One of them spoke, for no one toyed with his wrath, stepping forward and beginning cautiously.

"Sir, I am afraid it is bad news. Our doubts have been confirmed and I do not think I could promise you more than three months of life."

He lost his temper. He had to, because any man who has killed for power and killed again to preserve that power and prestige, fears his own death.

The Remorse : He had ordered the doctors not to let anybody know of his illness. He

forced himself to conceal the bitter fact from his family. For the first time in eleven years he was scared; scared because he had completely forgotten about the heavenly justice that awaits all after death. He fell prey to doubts and questions and, like always, each question was followed by another. Would he be remembered? As a ruler or as a tyrant? What would the people do to his family? What would the people do to his body?

It took him hours and much reasoning to reach the decision. His mother had always told him that life changes with your attitude and that the best way to live a happy life is to laugh yourself. He decided to redress all that he had destroyed, rewrite all that he had created and revive all that had once been invested upon him.

The next day dawned upon a new Adam Muller. His side still hurt him; so he could not forget that he had only a few days left, but somehow, he felt much better than ever. The palace attendants noticed it first, then came the courtiers, then the friends and then, even his wife could see it. She first doubted the sincerity in his behaviour that day but slowly began to unwind, along with the facts that she witnessed. Her husband had not shouted on a single soul in the palace that morning and he had returned from work with a smile on his face. For Adam Muller, the attempt to salvage his own reputation had begun well.

The Process : By the first month, the country began to sense a change. At first, they sensed a revolution, because change always seems to come when somebody sees the next step. It was only when the farmers were spared from a month's worth of tax and when half of the presidential palace was demolished for a better cause, that the people realised the kindness of Adam Muller. Adam Muller? Mr. President?

By the second month nobody stood surprised over anything good being done for them or their fellow citizens. Nobody gasped in disbelief upon discovering that Adam Muller (once Mr. President, only!) had donated some money to an orphanage or when the same Adam Muller had reduced the number of homeless people in the nation! The rust had been scraped and the country

had finally begun moving.

Farmers toiled, not due to the fear of Mr President, but with the joy of working. Students began to speak much more freely about what they felt rather than speaking about what they thought their president would feel. Newspapers had become, though only slightly more liberal. One of the newspapers even made a cartoon of the man who was once a tyrant for them !

The Ecstasy : The whole nation was there to listen to their leader speak that day. Many assembled around their television sets while the poorer sections of the society crowded the street where Mr Adam Muller was to speak from

"Countrymen, I stand before you today, on this raised platform, not to win those cursory glances or those occasional applauses for which I had once longed for, but for a moment of truth."

You all know me as a harsh and cruel man. The hungry know me as the man who eats meat everyday, while the homeless call the man living in a hundred rooms. I know myself to be the biggest failure that walked on this earth. A failure because I feared what I once gave you. I feared death, and the truth is that I do not have long to live.

I only hope that when I leave, you'll forget the sold exits, the poison rains, the locust winds and the bloody teardrops that I have created and remember me as Adam Muller, only.'

He died a few days later. The nation forget the tyrant that they had known and crowded him as the hero who emerged in in three months.

No longer did the winds say
Like they had once said.
Here lies a torn nation
The sword of Adam Muller, stabbing it dead.

—Amit Virmani

The Misery of War

Those brown eyes were filled with misery. He sat on an old wooden bench of a railway station and stared blankly at the yellow mustard fields of his nation. Age had caught up with him but he still sat erect,

chest out and his turban high and proud. A train thundered past him and brought so painful memories flooding back.

He had arrived by the evening train and was now enjoying the company of his wife and two sons. How much he had missed that homely love and the affection of his two young sons and his wife. It was nearly a year after he had managed to get a chance to see his beloved family. He was still admiring his sons when the morning post man brought a telegram addressed to him. War had broken out and he was ordered to report at company headquarters at once.

The train was due in another few minutes. He stood at the railway station waiting for the train to come and take him, away from his family, his nation, away, away to the battle field to answer the call of his country. The earth below his feet vibrated and with it came the black, smoky engine slowly coming to a halt. His wife had started to cry and clung on to him hoping to spend a few more moments with him. He got into the train, the engine gave a shrill whistle and then began pulling the rest of the train out of the station. He looked back at his family. Tears came flowing out of his wife's eyes but his two sons were bravely standing, waving to him. They were perhaps too small to understand the situation, but the thought of them bravely standing made him feel proud.

The war was short but bitter. Victory was hard won. The enemy was crushed and forced back and he was awarded a shining medal for his brave conduct during the war. His brilliant military tactics and plans had earned him the medal.

Travelling back home he thought about his sons and hoped that one day they would also grow up and earn name and fame for his family. He imagined them to be awarded with bravery medals too.

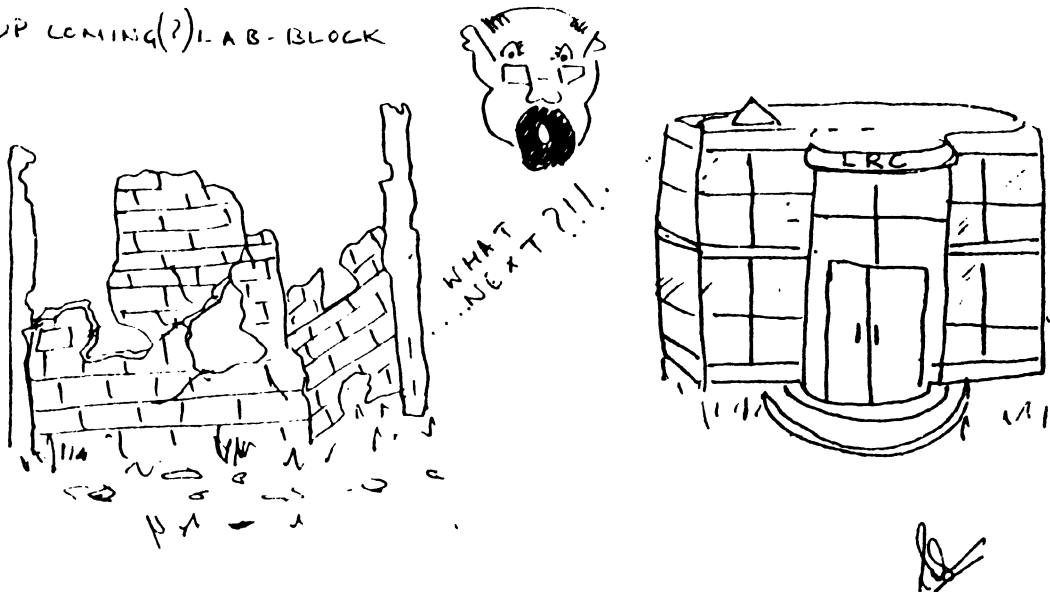
Slowly the train came to a halt and he got down. The small shattered station was all empty and the cold winter wind blew about. He picked up his luggage and walked out proudly walking through those small narrow lanes that lead to his house. He felt as if in the small period of time the whole place had changed. The air didn't smell as sweet and the walls felt rough and unfamiliar. Broken fragments of rock and wall covered the once clean road. Everything seemed different

but he paid no attention to it. Finally, the last turn came. His house was round the corner, but as he went around the turn his house was no longer there. The place at which his house once stood, there was now a deep crater. The luggage slipped from his hands and he walked forward towards the crater shouting and crying. His house had been blown out. One of the enemy aircraft had dropped its unholy cargo on it and destroyed everything. All his dreams were crushed. Fate had played a bitter trick on him.—**Vikram Jeet Singh IX** (*Vikramjeet, s essay won 1st prize in Group B of the essay writing contest*).

road to freedom. But first they were eager to know who that person was.

Dinner was soon served. Bread, soup, raspberry juice and a newspaper. George's hand slipped while drinking the juice and he was about to throw it into the fire when suddenly it became visible. He got the idea. He could now send written notes to their neighbour. He told Edgar about it and they agreed with each other. That night they got to work. With their forks and spoons they started breaking the wall. All through the night this went on. At the break

UP COMING(?) I. A B - BLOCK



The Escape

There were two prisoners in the dark, damp cell. Everything was quiet except for the sound of dripping water. Then, from the other side of the wall, they could hear the noise of someone tapping on stone. They too replied by tapping. Then the noise stopped as suddenly as it had started. The two prisoners, George and Edgar had been captured a few weeks ago during the American Civil War of the Northern and Southern states. They were to be hanged a few days later and were trying their best to escape from the cell in which they had been confined. Back to their land in the North. They were desperate to know what or who was behind that wall Edgar found a small sharp-edged stone and started scraping the wall. He stopped after some minutes and heard the sound of scraping from the other side. Someone was there and that someone was the

of day there was a hole in the wall. They were very eager to find their neighbour. He was an Italian, a blonde old man. He had tried to escape many times but had always been caught. They told him about their juice trick and said that they would talk to him through that. He was glad to have George and Edgar as friends, but what were George and Edgar going to do about the hole in the wall? They covered this hole with a small cupboard and they slipped the paper through the hole. The soldiers brought in the food daily but never suspected anything because whenever the food was brought, George always took the napkins and hid them in the cupboard. One day when only a couple of days were left for their death. Edgar could no longer stay. He told George and the Italian that he was going to escape, so George bolted the door and the Italian slid through the hole into their cell. They got into the pitch dark chimney staircase and climbed to

the top of the roof where they had a bird's-eye view of the whole camp. They had to get to a tower and jump into the river down below where a boat would be waiting for them, as George knew one of the sentries and had bribed him to arrange for a boat. He had brought with him the napkins. He tied them together in knots and threw them at the tower window with full force. He had tied a huge stone in front and that stone got stuck between two bars. He pulled it. It was stuck fast. First the Italian held the knotted rope and reached the tower safely. Then went Edgar. Last off of all went George. But unfortunately the knots broke and he fell down below in the river. Edgar's heart stood still but he knew he must escape. He suddenly saw the boat and was thrilled as he jumped in and the boat started.

Two days had passed and they had not seen the face of their boatman. They were still sad about George's death. On the third day they saw George's face. He had pretended to be the boatman. They were so happy that they started hugging George. Yes, they had finally escaped.

—Yusuf Anis Ahmed

Yusuf's essay won 1st prize in Group C of the essay writing contest.

A Night on the Street

I walked down the dark, lonely street. I couldn't see a soul in sight. Almost reflexively I quickened my pace. The pregnant silence of the night was broken only by the sound of my footsteps falling on the pavement.

The clock struck one. The only source of illumination was a single street-light at the end of the long narrow street. It was a moonless night and a nice and pleasant breeze blew outside

I was walking very slowly and steadily. All at once there was complete darkness and I soon realised that it was a power cut. However I kept walking.

Flash! and the street light once more emitted light. I kept walking, and as I looked down I suddenly stopped

I was paralysed with terror. Sweat trickled down my spine. My hair stood on end. I went a shade whiter and my face became pale.

The moments ticked past slowly and there was deathly stillness and silence. My heart beat frantically. Fear gripped me. In front of me lay a hideous reptile, which is enough to send a wave of fear and disgust into any human. It was a COBRA!

By now my shirt was soaked with sweat, and my throat was parched. I was in a frenzy—whether to attack or to defend. As the saying goes: "KILL IT BEFORE IT KILLS YOU!". I had to come to a quick and decisive conclusion and react instantaneously. I clenched my hands. Squinting my eyes, I spotted an iron bar. "Ah!", I said "At last I stand a chance of survival." I turned back and lunged at the iron bar. I gripped the rod tenaciously and charged at the snake. Before the cobra could react to my actions, I swung the bar and brought it down on the Cobra with full might. It was all over in a minute.

As I turned the body of the corpse, I realised that it had been shot and had been lying dead much before I came along.

—Gaurav Wahi, 8B

The Mist of Time

As I passed the dark, looming manor that was rumoured to be haunted, I shuddered with a moment's fear. The tall, imposing, decrepit structure was enough to frighten anyone. By some twist of fate the clouds began to thunder and inevitably it started to rain. Compelled by necessity rather than will, I ran into what was called The Manor.

I jumped onto the broken old porch (as the steps had long since rotted away) and gently pushed the front door. It creaked open and I could see the cobwebs tearing. Everything in the house was covered by a layer of dust. My curiosity overtook me and I climbed up a flight of stairs that took me to the first floor of the house.

The corridor was lit by a single naked bulb suspended from the ceiling which cast dim light in all directions. I opened the door of the first room and was astounded to find an old but seemingly healthy man. He had distinct Aryan features; the signs of the 'Master Race'. He was bent over what looked like a Second World War radio transmitter, apparently tapping out a message.

He must have sensed my presence for all of a sudden, he turned around and his old face broke into a smile. "You must be the agent sent to meet me. Heil Hitler!", he said, with his hand raised in the Nazi salute.

At first I couldn't believe he was for real but I soon realised that he meant business. It seemed that this man was still living 50 years in the past, the time of the Second World War.

His transmitter was, as I said, of World War II vintage. Next to it lay a Mauser pistol, close at hand, if need to use it arise "Did HQ send any messages for me? It's been a long time since I heard from the Abwehr". suddenly it all clicked into place. Here, in front of me, was a man who did not know that the Second World War had come to an end 45 years ago, and was still awaiting instructions from his department, which was German Military Intelligence, or in other words, the Abwehr.

The man was a German alright. Von Hausen by name and also a fervent Nazi. I tried to play along with him, not having the heart to tell a man dedicated to a lost cause, the truth.

Von Hausen chatted with me for some time. From what I heard, I gathered that he was a sleeper agent, planted before the outbreak of war, to avoid suspicion. His new identity was as an American, Vince Hudson, and his initial mission was to steal information from the near by aircraft factory, which had been torn down about 30 years ago.

I looked out of the cracked window pane and noticed that the rain had stopped. I bid good-bye to Von Hausen and left.

As I stepped out onto the unkempt driveway and into the chill of the night, I looked back to see the manor shrouded in mist. Ethereal mist which had metaphorically protected him from reality, like a cocoon for almost 50 years.

— **Ashish N. Debroy**

Caught

It was a fine but chilly night. There was a cool breeze blowing and the clouds were scudding across the sky, obscuring the half

moon from time to time. The deathly stillness of the city night was broken only occasionally by the shrill cry of a bird or some other object of the city. It was close on midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaiswal, a very polite and middle-aged couple, were sleeping peacefully in their small house, which was away from the common din.

The city appeared as a graveyard. It was a moonlit night and there was no electricity.

Mrs. Jaiswal was suddenly awakened by a peculiar sound—the sound of a person trying to open a lock. The sound was not clearly audible, so at first she thought it to be her imagination. Her immediate reaction was to wake her husband, and inform him of what she had heard.

They listened as they had never listened before, wondering if the thief was somewhere in the house.

Again the same peculiar sound broke the silence. Sweat trickled down Mr. Jaiswal's spine. His hair stood on end. He was now absolutely sure that there was a burglar in the house.

The seconds ticked past. Mr. and Mrs. Jaiswal were frantic. They had to inform the police before it was too late. The message could only be sent through a telephone.

Mr. Jaiswal tip-toed towards the telephone, trying his level best to avoid making a noise. He was sweating profusely and an expression of nervousness was on his face. "Hello," whispered Mr. Jaiswal, after dialling the number of the police station. "Yes, Constable Gopal speaking", came the reply. "There is a burglar in our house and we require assistance in capturing him. Please come quickly. Our address is 39 Nehru Road, opposite the post office." said Mr. Jaiswal in a hurried tone.

Within a few minutes an inspector and a few constables were let in through the back door, by Mr. Jaiswal.

The party peeped through a crack in the door. It was now that they got their first glimpse of the burglar.

He was stockily built with fleshy jowls but he moved agilely. He had a sack thrown

over his shoulder and the dark enhanced his brutishness.

The policemen gripped their sticks tensely. Quick as lightning one of the policeman charged towards the burglar. But the thief looked back at just the wrong moment and seeing the onrushing policemen, swung his huge fist at him. The constable swerved and managed to avoid the blow that was meant for him. In the next instant, his stick came crashing down on the brute's skull, rendering him unconscious.

All the people present there relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief. Mr. Jaiswal thanked the policemen for having arrived in the nick of time. The thief had at last been caught.

—Sharib Khan VIII

The Accident

It was about 9'O clock as I sat in my ancient study. The one which was full of old books and the latest ones too. This was the usual place I took to after a hard days work. I would rather call it a library. There at the corner was my ancient, but well kept desk. One which my brother would not dare to touch without my permission. The old, yellow walls were partly covered by large cupboard-like racks which were jam—packed with well maintained books.

I could see, as I read the newspaper, the polluted street. The sky was clear, the trees were swaying from side to side. The cold spring breeze blew past the ruins of some building which was the only interesting monument worth taking a look at in this nearly abandoned part of the city. You hardly saw a car in the street. The common ones were the pedestrians, who raised dust from the foot path into the air. And just next to the lamppost of the only crossing, stood a police man.

I had done away with the newspaper and now was having a look, with my half moon spectacles, at my remarkable collection of stamps which I had started while still a child. Some people would laugh at me when they saw me peering into these stamps with unlimited interest. I had really taken great care of these stamps, for these were the stamps which I had taken years to collect. There was some thing very inte-

resting about these printed rectangles I was then disturbed by a nasty sound. A thud !!, to be precise. The feeling of curiosity overcame me as I peeped through my glasses. All the pedestrians had stopped shouting at each other. The street dogs had started to bark. I gently took a step to see what had happened.

Peeping through the open window I saw, near the dark foot path an accident, a minor one. I could not notice the make of the cars. I then saw two men come out, furious with rage. I knew what was to come.

"You guttered swine !" shouted the former. "you cursed hoax"!! replied the latter as they both charged at each other with their muscular arms ready for offence.

There they were, into a nice little quarrel. Each one was equally strong, dealing each blow with all the energy he could muster. 'What's going on here' came a harsh, commanding but familiar voice. I knew who it was.

There, from under my flat appeared the only police man in this area. He had the shoulders of Hercules. His moustache resembled Bismarck's. Massive was his chest and it appeared as if he could hurl a rhinoceros into the air by a twist of his broad wrists. He was extra ordinarily tall. The two quarrelers, who looked surprised at seeing the great figure, stopped, and now were staring at with gaping mouths.

"Oh ! Sir its all his fault" said the former in a hurry "That's a lie, that's a....."

"Shut your trap, damn fool !", shouted the policean in a commanding tone to the latter. "Sir, he's a drunkard sir, You surely will believe me sir, he is" said the first one. The policean stared hard at the other man, with his blood shot eyes.

He was dressed in a black, crushed coat and wore a brown pair of dirty trousers and covered his head with a red cap. And with a shake his head of he said, "No Sir, he's said that to have me trapped" "Well, what's your story" "It was like this sir, I was driving home and from a distance away I saw this Dodo's cars blazing lights. When we were near enough I gave him way, but, Sir instead of passing by he came straight towards me, and, then I had to go down, down, on the footpath. This man raced down on me with

tremendous speed, and then there it went, bang !", he finished his legend.

"Tell me your's, you there" said the police man after thinking for a some time. "Sir its all a lie sir, all a....." said the one who had kept quiet all the while.

"Once and for all, tell me what happened!" the policeman said harshly

"Sir, It was like this Sir," he said anxiously, "this dog's goddamn car's headlights were off, Sir and, Sir he came slyly into my way and I just managed to catch a glimpse. And Sir I was in a fire. So I just stopped to avoid collision. But Sir he came right in and

banged into me, this dumb foot," he concluded with a hastily look.

It was a hard judgement to make, but almost an impossible one.

The policeman stared at the man with his bulging blood shot eyes for some time, and then did the same to the other one. Then he cooled down and his eyes were now normal. Unexpectely, he shrugged his shoulders, turned, and walked off as if he had happened to be a passer by. What could the others do? They looked into each other's eyes expressionlessly and, walked up to their car's, sat down and zoomed off.

Kirtiman Singh VII

We don't get them (like we used to)

*Black coffee in a sowing spoon,
For a mistress & the dishonest bridegroom.
In bed a motel without a name,
They see each other -- They live in shame.
A rich fat man on a little stool
He's losing money, so he's losing his cool.
Then the blind man who lost his way
With a hopeless sight, in the best of day.
This is what I want to tell you
We don't get them, like we used to.*

*A lost farmer—in the field he toils,
Tearing his skin as he tears the soil.
While on the dusty desert, his dead baby is born
Another dream dead, another hope gone.
A big disease out, with a little name,
Buy it easily, just make contact with shame.
Shattered glasses adorn an empty school,
The workman dies, selling his tool.
I trust you to have got a clue,
We don't get them, like we used to.*

*A rose is plucked by its thorn,
Another day is darkened by its dawn.
A man weeps into the hole in his floor,
He's been losing; he needs to lose some more.
A coin in the jukebox & the guitar begins to scream,
It's but the wishbone, that has shattered my dream.
The lost souls dance to the devil's noise,
Until its all over, like a child's broken boys.
Like the entrepreneur, who had nothing left to do,
We don't get them, like we used to.*

*The priest sells a blessing for a dime,
The saviour kills to pass his time.
The one who gives him all the needs,
Is the sorry victim of the criminal's deeds.
A pinch of cocaine and a fistfull of nicotine,
Another filthy book, another filthy movie seen.
The story is passed, & yet remains untold,
There's black & white: a mankind with colours two.
We don't get them like we used to.*

*And the shotguns that rule our lives
 And those widows who always pay.
 And the preacher who cries before speaking
 And the women sold to the sage.
 The lies of Satna, which are part of the truth
 The heat of the rich man's rage.
 The heavenly beauty that crumples to dust,
 And the magic of goodness, that must fade.
 Surely, even you'd admit too,
 We don't get them like we used to.*

*We've felt the politicians' cold treachery
 And heard of the morals sold before lust.
 What about the principles of freedom?
 What about the love that crumpled into rust.
 See the Almighty, weary in the alley
 Or crawling across the drug lord's street.
 Witness him with the cat on the garbage can
 Or feel him with the dirt beneath your feet.
 Humanity dies, waiting for another to take the cue
 We don't get them, like we used to.*

Write an original story about a man whose doctor has given him three months to live -

I walked along the railway track thinking, speaking to myself, sometimes a loud. I could hear the distant puffing of the railway engine and then it hooted, loud and piercingly. The shrill sound echoed through the yawning tunnel announcing its arrival, and then the rising smoke was visible. Suddenly I had this desperate, yet half-hearted urge to fall directly in its path. I would have done it I really would have if it had not been for the enormous exterior, the engine presented. There is a hope I spoke aloud and as if remarking on the statement I thought, "hoping against hope alright". All these thoughts crept into my mind as I walked towards Ramnagar, my village, a village where Ali Saab lived too.

Ali Saab had been employed by Amma to take care of me as a baby. As a child I had never really thought what our relationship would turn out to be like. His almost bald head, long beard and hard stubble is all I remember at that stage. Baba (my father) had expired when I was still in my mother's womb. Not having really seen my father, Ali Saab presented a perfect father figure to me. This was nineteen years ago when I was a small child and Ali Saab a much younger, healthier person. I cannot visualise a life without him. The Doctor's last words echoed again and again in my ears, "Three months is all he has, give him the best son". He had

never really spoken or mentioned about his illness to anyone until everybody in the village noticed it, and acknowledged it as a horrible one. Ali Saab knew well of his illness but was afraid to talk about it, from fear of being alienated by the rest of the villagers. Our village is a village haunted by superstitions, which was a reason why he was reluctant to talk about his cancer, the cancer which was slowly but steadily breaking him down. The disease was particularly due to his excessive indulgence in 'Bidis' and the communal hookah.

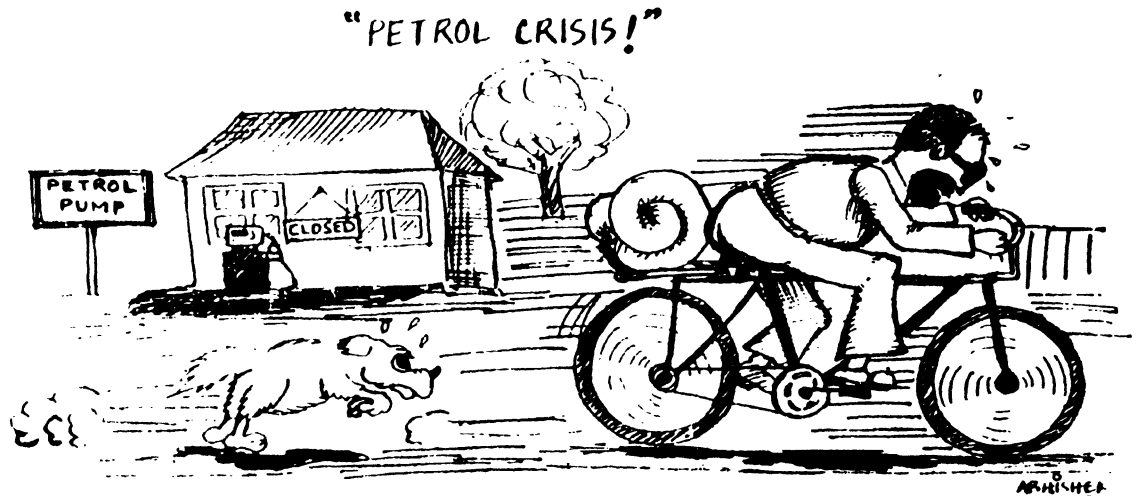
I saw the old man walk down the staircase weak, incapable of doing anything, but he still held the glass of milk in his hands, placing each leg cautiously as he continued to walk down the sparkling marble stairs. "Baba your milk", he said looking straight into my eyes. I noticed his faint smile and the thin film of water which covered his experienced eyes. I quickly held him in my arms, and I did so strongly. Nineteen years ago it was he who did not, and didn't whenever Bhai, my elder brother beat me up. Ali Saab burst into tears and so did I realizing the fact that three months hence none of us would hold each other as we did now. Gaining control over my emotions which had so suddenly taken priority. I drew back and gently wiped the tear from his face. We understood each other so perfectly. It was now that he felt the loneliness creeping on him. He freed himself from my hands and made his way through the long passage which led to his room. A nurse had

been employed for his sake. He would often get into a fit of anger when the nurse would pester him to rest or take his medicins. It was as though he did not want to accept the harsh truth that three months was all that the almighty had Spared for him. At times he would just sit back on his bed and gape at almost everything around him, as if these were the only things which mattered. He would describe everything and anything only in beauty. I remember Ali Saab telling me once, "Baba what will you do when I am gone". and I replied in a puzzeled tone, "gone where Ali Saab".

Ali Saab's Condition had begun to deteriorate at a very rapid pace. I would sit with him almost every hour of the day and every

limited life Occasionally he vomited blood and experienced acute depressions. He would try and fatch hold of everything within an arm's reach. be it his spectacles or his diary, for now Ali Saab's movements were ristricted to his bed not by the nurse employed or the Doctor but due to his Incapability of doing so. He would never let go of my hand, and only when he laid fallen asleep, did I retire to bed.

One early morning Iawoke with a sudden jerk when I heard loud knocking on my door. Wiping the sleep off my eyes, I slipped into my gown and opened the door. "Ali Saab's condition is critical" said a servant panting, gasping for breath I paced down the spiral staircase and darted my way into his room



hour the man felt closer to death. He told me about strange illusions haunting him. Illusions of darkness associated with death. It was evident that Ali Saab's three month period was drawing to an end. All day long he would talk about how once during a village fare he had outsmarted his opponent in the sport or wrestling or the time when he had first been employed by Amma. He never cried, neither did he laugh, I could almost feel that lump in his throat, the urge to want to cry whenever he felt nostalgic about one thing or the other. He talked to me about his illness only once, and when he did, he described it as putting your finger between a door and slamming it again and again. It depressed me to think, that here was a man who when awoke every day

pushing everyone aside. By now there was a considerable gathering in the hallway "It couldnot possibly happen today, there is still a week to go before the last month comes to an end", I thought to myself as I held Ali Saab's hand in mine. He was saying something. His voice was supressed by the heaxy breathing and occasional coughing. He was looking straight into my eyes as I felt the grip suddenly lighten and loosen. Ali Saab. My Ali Saab was no more. I did not cry nor was I shocked, for I had seen the man die everyday of his life for the past three months and had at a time wished for his death, only to relieve him of his suffering. That was the day I had seen my father die. Before that I had seen him die for three months.....Every day.

From Our Archives

Mrs. Geotrude Stuart Oliphant, who gave the funds for the school out of the Welham Estate money, was born on the 1st of December, 1856 and died on the 19th of December 1947. She was the mother of Miss Hersilia Susie Oliphant. She loved music—Beethoven and Chopin were her favourites. She also played the harp and for many years the organ at the Welham and Clayworth Village Churches. Cricket was her favourite game and she was known to sit a whole day at Lords watching a match. She was also very fond of knitting and gardening.

x x x x

The School audio-visual squad came into existence when the father of a boy named Jaykant presented the school with a 'Kodascope 8' cinema projector a screen and some films in about 1940. Films were shown every saturday. At first films were borrowed from a Major Cadogan Rawlinson and then Miss Oliphant began to order one or two films a week from Bombay and Calcutta. Around the same time a boy named Jit Rikh presented the school with a cine-camera, before he went to the RIMC. At present the Audio-Visual squad possesses equipment such as colour televisions, videos, a slide projector, spotlights etc.

x x x x

The shield which hangs outside the Principal's Office was presented to the school in 1940 by Mrs. G.S. Oliphant. It was made in Kashmir of walnut wood and carved by a Kashmiri craftsmen. On it is the school crest, motto and the name of the two companies at that time, Ganges and Jumuna. Each term a silver plate with the date on it was put under the name of the winning company.

x x x x

In 1940 the school started its own War Fund and Collected about Rs. 420 by saving pocket money, staging little entertainment shows and even a major performance of the 'Toad of Toad Hall' which hauled in Rs. 321 by itself.

x x x x

The first Indian to be awarded a Victoria Cross in the Second World War, was 2nd/Lt. Premindra Singh Bhagat, brother of Hari Bhagat who was a student of Welham at that time. The enemy had laid mine fields for many miles. In each mine-field there were about 300 mines. He cleared 15 mine-fields

on 55 miles of road.

CLM 04

x x x x

The first school banner was made in 1941 on blue silk. The school staff of that time helped to make it.

x x x x

The custom of awarding school colours was started in 1941. They were first awarded in the form of bands or caps in the usual colours of blue, yellow and brown with special letters on them to show for what sports they had been won. At present they are circular, brown and gold badges.

—Ashish N. Debroy

Lampoon

Founders Day every year is a much awarded affair-with all its fun and enjoyment and the FETE ofcourse is the king on the cake. Fete, the name itself is associated with fun and frolic. For the younger ones the main attraction is probably the numerous stalls while for the older ones its the eatables and jam session all the way. However to draw a more clearer picture regarding the 'Importance' of the fete I decided to question some of the 'rock in' Welhamites. So my first target was obvious - that ultimate freak Bhuvi Gandhi and I confronted him with my question. "What attractions does the 'Welham Fete' hold for you'.

1. Oh! come on. Isn't the answer obvious. I just love the 'JAM SESSION' For freaks like me the fete provides a good chance to dance-whether its break or lambada. Also its gives a chance to my numerous fans from across the fence to boogey the day away with me. However there's only one thing the jam session ladies-hair dryers. If this suggestion is implemented it wont be a mere jam session any longer - for me it will be heaven.

—Bhuvan Gandhi

2. Chowmein ! Aloo Puri ! Choclates ! Biscuits ! Ice creams ! cold drinks.. ...I can go on and on about the attractions the fete has for me. Infact all other stalls besides, the eatable should be banned. In this context I must also mention that the Hoggers Association of Welham is planning to launch an agitation regarding this issue. So watch out the hoggers from Welham are on the loose !

—Sudeep 'Glutton' Mukherji

3. Fete was so much fun earlier. But ever since my height shot to over 6 feet and my face started getting that Tom Cruise look I hardly get respite from signing autographs for my numerous fans. I wish the Almighty had given me ordinary looks-atleast I would have had time enough to enjoy and freak out.

Anurag 'Top Gun' Kumar

4. How can you ask a soft, lonely romantic like me this question? With all that noise and confusion the Welham field looks like another of those fish markets. So what if my sweetheart will be there - I'd prefer a walk down a dark, lonely road-anyday.

- Sumeer Goyal

5. Horse Riding is the ultimate attraction for me. Every night I dream of myself riding a black stallion and whisking away my dream girl far away from the maddening crowd-a la Prithviraj Chauhan. Infect my friends after complement me for my striking resemblance with Prithviraj. Hope this fete sees me fulfilling my long cherished dream.

- Vikram Chopra
'The Dreamer'

6. The main attraction are undoubtedly those fair maidens dressed in white and blue. Those dreamy eyes, that delicate wall leave me 'moonstruck'. I must stop here coz if I were to go on. I could write volumes of encyclopedias about them. Looking forward to seeing lots of white and blue on fete.....

Manav Chopra

7. Fete is a golden opportunity for me to snap away with my camera. It goes without saying that my subjects will mostly be the damsels across the road, but I just hope that my camera's flash doesn't dazzle them more than my looks do!

- Premal 'Shutterbug' Betal

8. I only wish that the venue for the fete was nearer to the basketball courts. It would give me a better chance of starting my own fan club and also a better chance at viewing the dames. May be there'll be a stall using the orange globe in some way.....

- Durgesh 'Baskets' Bhatia

Welham Now !!!

- * The Inter House Hindi Debate was held on the 4th of October. The results were as

follows :

Nitin Jain	--1st
Aviral Singh	--2nd
Pranav Priyadarshi	--3rd
Vijay Bishnoi	--3rd

Jumuna house won the shield.

- * The Inter House Swimming Competition was held on the 7th of October. The results were :

Ganga	--1st
Jumuna & Krishna	--2nd
Cauvery	--3rd

Durgesh Bhatia was proclaimed the best swimmer in the seniors division and Danish Ansari in the Juniors Division.

- * The play 'A Night at an Inn' was staged for the senior school on the 10th of October. It was preceded by a song, 'Matilda' Both items were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

- * Nitin Bhanot was judged the best musician in the Flute Division of the District Music Competition.

- * The Mid-term break which started on the 13th ended on the 17th of October, with some parties returning on the 18th various groups went trekking, cycling and river rafting some areas visited were :-

Chakrata	Rishikesh
Kodiyala	Lakhamandal
Har ki Doon	Deodital
Okhimath	

- * Diwali was celebrated on the 18th and was much enjoyed by all.

- * The new extension to the laboratory block collapsed in the third week of this month.

- * The laminated identity cards will soon be issued to everyone.

- * The swimming pool remained open till the 12th of Oct.

- * Congratulations to Mrs M. O'Brien (House matron, Toadhall) on being blessed with a baby boy.

Discovery

Cheshire Homes - A Report

The Cheshire Homes organisation was established by an Englishman by the name of Group Captain Henry Cheshire after the Second World War. These homes are meant for people who are mentally disabled

and it is in these homes that these people are given the love and affection that the rest of the world does not care to give. At present there are around 40 to 50 such branches of this organisation in India alone.

Cheshire Homes Celebrated its Founder's Day on the 7th of September 1990. An entertainment programme was prepared for this occasion and it comprised of nine different items, ranging from dances to a fancy dress show.

The programme began with a welcome speech given by the Chairman. Then came a prayer (Jeevan ke Andhere Mein Prabhu, Deep Jala Dena), recited by the residents of Cheshire Homes. Next Harjit, a resident, presented a poem after which Welham Boys enacted a skit about a mynah and a clever but lazy crow. The skit was directed by Jagmeet Kohli. Nitin Bhanot then entertained the audience with an enchanting flute recital. Ramesh (a resident), who was always been



DISCOVERY.

known to be a good singer, sang a song 'Nile gagan ke tale'. The residents then presented a group dance entitled 'Titli udi' followed by a song by the students of Welham Girls. Welham Girls also presented a Rajasthani folk dance. A fancy dress show was then presented by the residents.

The programme was concluded by a speech given by the Chief Guest followed by the singing of the national anthem. Special thanks must be given to Nitin Jain and Manish Raina who helped with stage decoration and also to Capt. I.S. Kochar, who helped out with general arrangements.

All the guests then went to see the Handicrafts display which made evident of the

diligence and effort put into making the various items. Everyone was then served with light refreshment and tea, and it was plain for all to see that everyone had enjoyed the afternoon.

—Abhijeet Chowdhry

TETE-A-TETE

Q 1. How does it feel coming back to Welham?

A 1. It's a great feeling. My association with Welham had been such a long one that I could never forget the years I had spent here.

Q 2. How would you compare Welham then with Welham now?

A 2. Welham 'then' was a Preparatory school and it was only in the late 70's that the expansion and upgrading of classes began.

Class 9 was the seniormost class when I left for Rai in '81. Today Welham is a full fledged High School with an identity and character of its own. Bringing it up to this level must have been a stupendous task for Mr. Kandhari. He's done a great job!

Q 3. You have taught for 9 yrs in a C. B. S. E. affiliated school, how would you compare the C. B. S. E. and I. S. C.

A 3. Both have distinctive features of their own.

Q 4. What in your opinion is a tribute to the fine art of teaching literature?

A 4. The teaching of literature is a fine art as long as it is used on a means to refine the learner's mind, shape his attitudes and build his character. A teacher can develop a student's critical sense ability by juxtaposing literary situations and characters with real life situations and characters. Turning the learner's mind into a passive receptacle for information obtained from various sources is not the aim of teaching literature.

Q 5. What made you choose this profession? Do you have any future plans?

A 5. I came across about 100 cute Welhamites enjoying a polo match at the I.M.A. the midsixties and decided to join it as

a teacher. I quickly went infor my B.Ed and did quite well-I topped in my batch.

Well my future plan materialized the day I rejoined Welham !

Q 6. Who are your favourite authors ?

A 6. My favourite authors are Jane Austen, Canrad, Saul Bellow and Any Rand.

Q 7. What are your other interests in life ?

A 7. I enjoy travelling, listening to music, cooking and chatting with youngsters.

Q 8. In your view, what is the single most important contribution that the school makes towards the development of responsible citizens.

A 8. The students involvement in Social service I appreciate the stress Mr. Kandhari is laying on social service.

Nature's Diary

Rain Forests

Million of years ago when man had not emerged on the earth and even before the ice-ages, the atmosphere on the earth was warm, and there existed Rain Forests on the greater part of the earth. Gradually as the earth reached its present form, the whole globe was divided into climatic zones. The tropical regions near the equator sill had the suitable climate and thus Rain Forests exist here. More than half of the world's total creatures are to be found in these Rain Forests yet only a minute part of the profusion of these creatures have been closely observed.

The heat and continuous rainfall of upto a hundred inches produce a steamy atmosphere and these forests stand resplendent in their misty robes. These forest have an uncea-sing treasure to offer. Costa Rica is the richest natural example. When Columbus landed in 1502 in a beautiful land so exotic, unlike any-thing he had ever seen in his life before, he described the rain forests of Costa Rica by say-ing "Its lands are most beautiful and are filled with trees of a thousand kinds and are so tall that they seem to touch the sky. I am told that they never lose their foliage, and remain as green and lovely as they stand before my eyes now."

The earlier explorers and adventurers had a misconception that these forests were impenetrable because of the dense under-growth and the concentrated growth of the fringes, that they saw. But this is not the actual truth. Little light penetrates the canopy of the high forest trees, and so no under-growth exists in the central part of the forest. The jungle remains dark and the serene silence is broken by the barks of a howler monkey or the heavy calls of the Toucan. An estimated five million different life-forms survive in the depths of these forests and although the jungle is always alive with activity the major part of these life-forms lier imperceptible.

It is a paradox that such a rich forest has an impoverished soil. The whole system of sustenance is so efficient that all the nutrients develop into new growths. When the dead trees and fallen leaves rot, and hardly any nutrients are left in the soil. The ground is heavily littered with leaves and the fungi flourish on this dead and decaying matter. Among these leaves, a careful eye can spot a coral snake who is searching for water. A beautiful snake with black head, bright yellow and lustrous red bands it silently slit-hers up to a curled leaf which has enough water for him to quench his thirst. He has to shed his old skin and so he rubs himself against a rough, surface trying to get rid of the worn-out suit. Just there the Leaf Cutting Ants are busy harvesting leaves with the help of their scissor like claws. They then hoist these big pieces of leaves much heavier than themselves on their backs, and walk over the chemical trail layed out towards their nest. Hundreds of ants following each-others trail look as if a mass exodus is taking place from one part to another. These leaves are not eaten by the ants but are actually used to culture fungi on which their young larvae feed. Fungi are very precious for them as it sustains the colony.

It is the mating time and the Poison Arrow Frog, known for its lethal poison, calls out for his mate with a monotonous cooking sound. The male leads the way and the female fol-lows and then under the shelter of a curled leaf she lays the eggs, the male then fertilizes the eggs with his sperms. She stays near the eggs till they hatch and then come the young tadpoles on her back to a Bromilliad plant where a little rain water is collected in between the huge leaves. Here she drops

the tadpoles in the little pool and they will be growing up now in this little pool. The Anoline Lizard, a formidable predator on small insects is also displaying to his mate. The display consists of puffing up of yellow bag on the throat and bobbing it up and down. Afterwards the female sheds her skin but she eats it up for it (the skin) is too nutritious to waste. The Paper Wasps have also prepared their nest of wood-pulp and many small larvae are growing up in the chambers of their nest. Hell has broken out in the nest – the Army Ants have attacked. They completely rip the nest and savagely devour all the young larvae of the wasps who have already fled in fear of these deadly ants. During the rains when the nests of the wasps get wet they dry it by drinking or spitting the water out of the nest or by vibrating their wings so rapidly that they produce a current of air which ultimately dries the nest. The rare Golden Toads compete with each other to mount the much bigger black female. The Green Leaf Frog male, a multi-coloured specimen with orange eyes, green body, lilac legs and orange pads, also hangs on to the bigger females back till she lays the eggs. He then fertilize them. The emerging tadpoles of the Glass Frog drop directly into the stream below, such is the far-sightedness of the Glass Frog female who lays her eggs on a plant just above a stream.

Plants run riot in the rain forests. Every scrap of land is covered with vegetation of some sort. Tall trees upto thirty meters high grow and their canopies prevent the light from reaching the ground, so there is always a great competition for place in the sun. Each growing plant is entangled with creepers. The Acacia tree is an exception because it has soldiers to protect it. If any creeper even touches the plant the Brown Ants attack the creeper and cut it from its point of attachment. Even if any other intruding insect lands on the tree the ants attack it, and bite it viciously. In return the acacia tree produces a sweet sugar solution and small orange drop-like growths, on which the larvae of the ants feed. In the thorns of these acacia the ants rear their brood.

The canopy of the forests are inhabited by a myriad of creatures ranging from the clumsy Spider monkeys to the exquisite Ruby topaz Hummingbirds. The resplendent Quetzal males are one of the most beautiful birds in the Western Hemisphere. They

have a carmine breast, emerald green wings and a stunted yellow beak. Only royalties could wear their long beautiful plumes, and killing them was strictly prohibited as these birds were supposed to be sacred. The three toed stoth hangs downwards. It is his way of viewing the world and maybe he is right. The Bellbirds announce their territories from the high branches of a tree, with a sudden harsh amplifying honk. Huge Toucans (birds) and Scarlet Macaws (birds) flutter from one canopy to another. The spider monkeys walk dexterously through the high branches while a Puma combs the jungle with the same dexterity in search of his prey.

The rain forest, a haven for a multitude of life forms is now threatened. These forests are being felled at an alarming rate – 3000 acres of this land is destroyed in an hour. At this rate the rain forests would soon disappear before our eyes. Costa Rica has become a great conservationist as one quarter of its land is permanently restricted under national parks. Other countries also have to follow suit, for it is a race against time and if we do not act now we may be too late.

—Gagan Gahlot

A poem on 'Shastradhra'

*The hills of Shastradhra are very green
And in between there is a long stream
Over there Sunflowers are very big
And in the middle there is a tall fig.*

*Some hills are bare
No trees are planted over there
We will plant many cherry trees
Which, perhaps will become house of been.*

*The people who sit beside the stream
Always get attracted and start to dream
They will dream of Shashtraadhra
Which is as beautiful as Masai Mara*

*We will try to stop pollution
Which will be good for our nation
We will stop men from cutting trees
Because they bear Cherries*

*Some men cut trees
To make beautiful ferries
Over there the bamboos are very long
From them we can make huts, which are strong*

—Amit Kumar-V-B

Mid Term Camping near Nahan

Our Mid-terms started on 13th Oct. Toad Hall went to Sirmor District. Nahan by Bus. We travelled approximately ninety kilometres. It took us two and a half hours to reach Sirmor. We Stayed at a government lodge near Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalay. We all were divided into three camping groups. Each group was given a room with many beds. We rested for a while and then had our lunch in a big hall with a stage. We played outside for sometime. The weather was very pleasant. A slight breeze was blowing. We had a lot of fun playing. When evening came we had our tea. Our English Sir took us out for a walk down the road. We saw many unusual insects and animals on the way. We came back and had our dinner and went to our rooms to sleep.

The next day after break-fast we went for a picnic to Rani Tal Bagh. We took a lot of sweets etc. to eat. There was a very big lake over there where we saw many big Gold Fish. In the evening after tea we went for a difficult trek down the hill and then went up from the other side. We reached the top of the hill and went back down the road. We had our Dinner and went to bed. The next day we got up early in the morning and dressed. After break fast we went by bus to visit the Siwalik Fossil Park to study fossils. After one hour when we came back we were very tired. We rested for a while. Then we had our dinner.

The next morning just after break-fast we went for the most difficult trek. We even saw a crab. After lunch the same day we left for Dehra Dun. We all were feeling very sad after leaving Nahan.

Visit to Siwalik Fossil Park

On the third day we went by bus to Siwalik Fossil Park to study about animals. We even saw many fossils for example : *Gairolis Brown*.

This animal was 8 metres long. It lived 10 to 15 million years ago. It had 25 to 30 slightly curved, pointed teeth on each jaw.

Sabre Toothed Tiger

This animal disappeared 1 million years ago. Its jaw was so constructed that it could be opened to an angle of 90 degrees.

Hippopotamus

It was almost the same size as it isut pre-

sent. It had a wide mouth, smaller brain, long jaw and pig like legs. It used to live 2.5 million years ago.

Giant Land Tortoise

It was the largest of all the land tortoises. It used to live 2.5 million years ago. It had a thick protective shell measuring about 3 metres across.

Giant Elephant

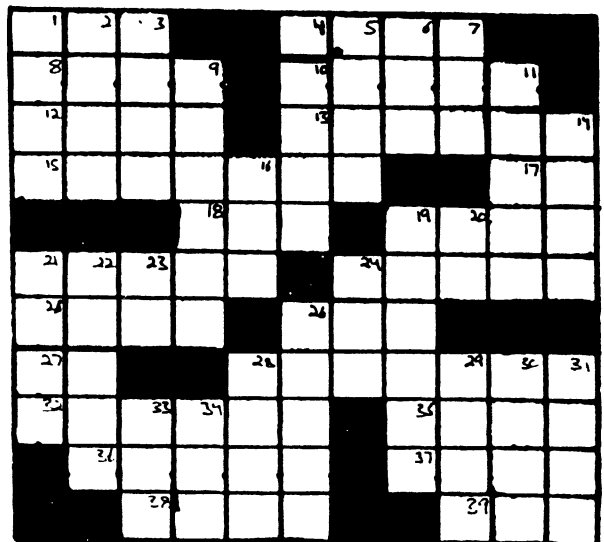
Nearly 15 million species existed 7 to 15 million years ago. It had a small brain and 4.5 metre long trunks a heavy trunk and strong limb bones. The present African and Asian elephants are the only two survivors of it.

—Gauravjit Singh-IV-A

Brain Teasers

Across

- 1 Turkish Chief
- 4 Ship's bow
- 8 High-Strung
- 10 Coaxes
- 12 Wide mouthed jar
- 13 Climb
- 15 Removable fastener



- 17 Otherwise
- 19 Black thorn Fruit
- 21 Stringed instrument
- 24 Lyric Poem
- 25 Leave out
- 26 Friend (Fr.)
- 27 Higher
- 28 Learned

Down

- 1 On
- 2 Festival
- 3 Old (Scot.)
- 4 Arrange
- 5 Hard Crisp bread
- 6 Sea Monster
- 7 Teeny
- 9 Ability
- 11 Hair net
- 14 Willaw, e.g.
- 16 Gold (Span.)
- 19 Cast-iron fry pan
- 20 Him (span.)
- 21 Bauffant garment past
- 22 Urge forward
- 23 Three-toed Sloth
- 24 Australian Bird
- 26 Ampithcater
- 28 Ardor (Fr.)
- 29 Angered
- 30 Former Russian Emperor
- 31 Weird
- 33 Spinning toy
- 34 Three (comb form)

Results of the Essay Writing

Competition in English

Held on 6th September, 1990

Junior Division (Classes VI & VII)

First —Yusuf Anis Ahmed—VI A

Second—Tapan Kuniyal —VII B

Third —Aneesh Kapur —VII B

Intermediate Division (Classes VIII & IX)

First —Vikram Jeet Singh—IX B

Second—Sharib Khan —VIII B

Third —Kirtiman Singh —VIII B

Senior Division (Classes X, XI & XII)

First —Amit Virmani —XII

Second—Nitin Jain —XI

Third —Varun Bhaskar —XI

Result of the IPSC Quiz

The following boys obtained the highest marks in their respective classes in the IPSC GK QUIZ.

Ritesh Khanna	XI	75%
Harjot Singh	X	58%
Rohit Aggarwal	X	58%
Vidur J. Bahadur	IX	70%
Saurabh Paliwal	VIII	72%
Gaurav Jain	VII	66%
Vikas Kumar Sinha	VI	83%
Arcaprava Datta	V	79%
Gauravjit Singh	IV	62%

Welham Basketball Quiz

1. Who has the highest individual score in an official match ?
2. Who was the first coach in the school ?
3. Name the player who entered the school team in the period of one month ?
4. What is the highest score by our school senior team ?
5. Which captain has been the most successful till date ?
6. Who has been the tallest player ever in our school team ?
7. Name all seven players who have played in state level championship from our school ?
8. How many times has our school won the district basketball championship ?
9. Which match has been the most memorable match the school team ? Against whom was match played and what was final score ?
10. Which player won the highest scorer award in the first Golden Jubilee tournament ? which school did he belong to.

A prize of Rs. 30/ will be awarded to the first person who answers all the questions of this quiz.

N.B.—Boys in the basketball team are not allowed to compete.



In the Arena

of

Sports

Samarendra Rautela—**ATHELETICS**

OLIPHANT: What were your reactions on your appointment as Athletics captain ?

Samanendra Rautela : It did not come to as a surprise. I quite expected it. Nevertheless it gave me great satisfaction.

OLIPHANT : As a captain were you under any pressure while participating.

SR Never, I never felt the pressure as a Capt.

OLIPHANT : What was your aim as Athletics Captain. Personally my aim was to be the fastest athlete in the district but as a team I wanted Welham to do well in the District Sports.

OLIPHANT : As the District Sports is still away, do you think you will achieve your aim ?

SR What Welham really needs is a well qualified coach and a sense of determination among the boys.

Gagan Taleja—**CRICKET**

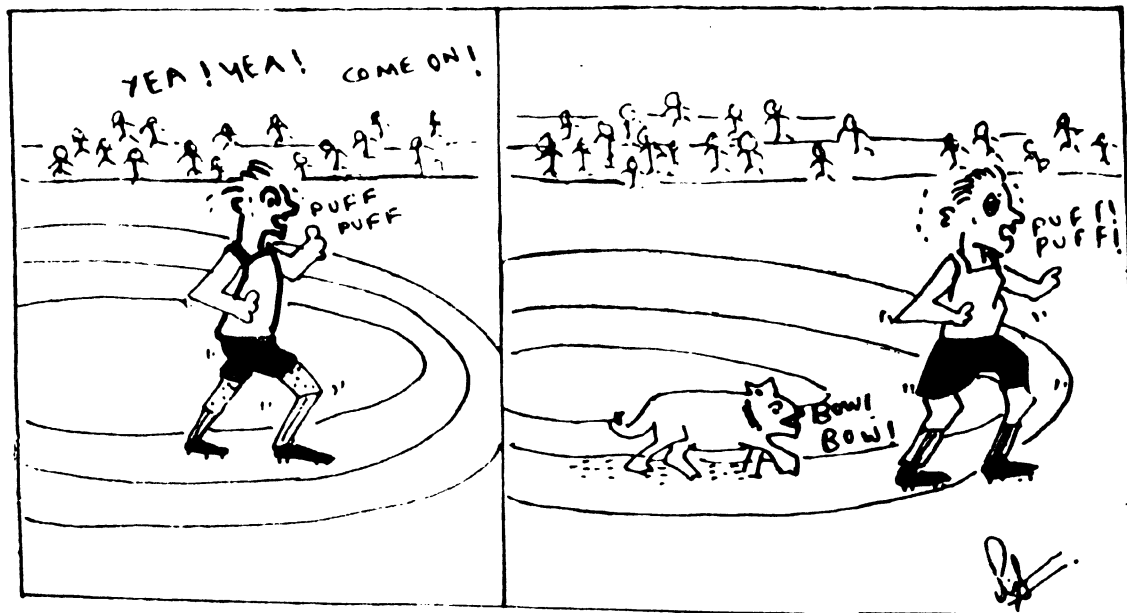
OLIPHANT : What were your reactions on your appointment as Cricket Captain ?

Gagan Taleja : Despite the fact that I expected it I was very much thrilled at my appointment. It was one of the high points of my career.

OLIPHANT : As a Captain were you under any extra pressure while playing ?

GT Obviously, A lot is always expected from the captain so he

ATHLETICS SEASON



SR Yes I am confident of my team.

OLIPHANT : What do you have to say about the future of track and Field in Welham ?

SR I am sad to say but the future looks bleak.

OLIPHANT : Who in your opinion are the athletes who will shine next year.

SR Unfortunately Welham Boys does not have any promising athletes.

OLIPHANT : What do you feel can elevate the standard of Athletics in our school to new heights.

is under tremendous pressure. It is the captain who is answerable in case of victory or defeat and he is the person to be criticized or appreciated.

OLIPHANT : What was your aim as a Cricket Captain ?

GT Firstly my aim was to win the Cricket Council Tournament. Also I wanted to establish the name of Welham as a strong force in the cricket arena of the Doon.

OLIPHANT : As the Cricket Councils are still away do you feel you will achieve your objective ?

GT I am pretty confident we also one holders so we are the favourites too. I hope that if the team will put in hard work we can surely win the cup.

OLIPHANT : What do you have to say about the performance of your team in the Inter School Matches.

GT The team lacked match experience. The boys were very young and unexperienced. Nevertheless I appreciate the hard work and effort the team put in Lamba in particular played exceptionally well.

OLIPHANT : Who do you feel are the players who will shine next year.

GT Our schools future depends upon players like Anurag, Vikrant Lamba, Kabeer Bajaj etc. These people have match temperament and experience. Anurag and Lamba can prove to be outstanding batsmen. Kabeer Bajaj may produce outstanding spells at times.

OLIPHANT : What do you feel can elevate the standard of cricket in our school to new heights.

GT Firstly and mainly we need a separate coach for cricket. Also the period for Cricket practice is very less. Cricket Season should be longer. Proper equipment should be supplied to the players and emphasis should be laid on physical Fitness. In the end I would like to repeat the 3d's Discipline, Dedication and Determination towards the sport.

Suvig Mohan Sharma—SOCCER

OLIPHANT : What were your reactions on your appointment as soccer captain ?

Suvig Mohan Sharma : It was quite unexpected. I was shocked on my appointment. Therefore I was quite elated.

OLIPHANT : As a Captain were you under some extra pressure while playing.

SMS Yes. I was always awaiting my first victory which unfortunately came very late.

OLIPHANT : What was your aim as a Soccer captain ?

SMS Well my main aim was to win the Council Soccer Football Championships. Also I wanted to enhance the prestige of Welham in the Mayo College tournament.

OLIPHANT : Did you achieve your aim that you had set.

SMS Despite the fact that we did not win the cup our standard in Soccer improved greatly. Statistically our performance last ten year was much better. We come up with some good performances. Also due to unavoidable circumstances the Mayo College trip was cancelled.

OLIPHANT : What were the high points of your team as a Soccer Captain.

SMS Our performance against Col. Brown in which we won 4-2 was good. Also the victory over UP Roadways (2-1) gave me great satisfaction. But certainly our best performance was against DPS R.K. Poram NEW DELHI. Although we lost 1-0 we could not repeat it in the council's soccer.

OLIPHANT : What do you have to say about the performance of your team in the Inter School Matches.

SMS I must say, the team played very well in the matches against DPS, Col. Brown and U.P. Roadways. After a string of losses when we began our victory stint I was satisfied with the team.

OLIPHANT : Who in your opinion are the players who will shine next year.

SMS Sanjay Paintal picked up football very fast and much can be expected from next year. Speedo Rajnish Goswami is very slow and needs to improve his speed a hell of a lot otherwise technically he has a good game. You will be to have Vikrant Lamba who I feel is an excellent goalkeeper.

OLIPHANT : What do you feel can elevate the standard of soccer in our school to new heights.

S M S Firstly boys should concentrate more on the Forward Line. Our defence is excellent only. The Forwards are shaly. Boys should understand the game and play it. Also they should be more disciplined in their approach to the game and take the coach seriously.

Manov Chopra—**HOCKEY**

OLIPHANT : What were.....as Hockey Captain ?

Manav Chopra : It was quite unexpected and came as a surprise to me therefore it was a source of great happiness to me.

OLIPHANT : As a Captain were you ever under extra pressure while playing ?

M C Not exactly. There was only a slight under because you are answerable to everybody about the team's performance, discipline etc.

OLIPHANT : What was your aim..... Captain ?

M C Welham Boys School has been wining the Hockey council's for the past three years running. So it has become a kind of a tradition of Welham winning the Hockey Council's. My aim was to continue that tradition. Also I wanted our school to take part in the IPSC Hockey Meet at RAIPUR (M.P.).

OLIPHANT : Did you achieve.....you had set ?

M C Yes, when we won the Hockey Council's But I was sad at the cancellation of the IPSC trip to RAIPUR (M.P.).

OLIPHANT : What were the high points of your tenure as HOCKEY captain.

M C Naturally when I held aloft the HOCKLEY COUNCIL'S cup.

OLIPHANT : What do.....of the team.

M C It was much better than I expected. Each and every member know exactly what he had to do. Harinder Mann proved to be

an excellent forward. Harjyot also excelled on the field. With his super dribbling and tactful passing he baffled the opponents. Gagan and Munish Suri were like Rocks in the deep defence.

OLIPHANT : Who in your.....shine next year ?

M C Anurag Kumar has great potential and I hope he utilises it well. He can prove to be an excellent player. Lamba and Kataria are also good players. Udit also is good in the defence and much is expected from him. You also have a nice goalkeeper in Bikash.

OLIPHANT : What do you feel new heights.

M C I would request the Sports Committe to assign a separate Coach for Hockey. There should be a separate field for Hockey because of the length amount of stones which not only spoils the game but is also dangerous. Also good Hockey sticks As our team is the best in Dehra Dun I would suggest that we participate in more meets outside the city. The IPSC meet would have been excellent experience for the boys.

Durgesh Bhatia—**BASKET BALL**

OLIPHANT : What were.....as B. Ball Captain ?

Durgesh Bhatia : I quite expected it.

OLIPHANT : As a Captain.....while playing ?

D B Yeah ! of Course, It is the captain who is usually blamed for the defeat even though the whole team's performance may have been bad often a captain has to face such an awkward situation but I thank my team which has never tasted defeat in the season.

OLIPHANT : What was your.....Captain ?

D B To win the District as well as the Council Basketball tournaments. It was also my aim to return victorious from the scindia tournament. It has always

been my aim to beat the DOON SCHOOL in each and every match by a margin of at least 30 points.

OLIPHANT : Did you achieve.....season ?
We won the District tournament. To toy it we beat the DOSCOS in the final by a large margin. Unfortunately the DOSCOS do not play more matches with us, the reasons are not known to us.

OLIPHANT : Who do you.....next season ?

DB It gives me great pleasure to say that Welham still has great players who will promote the game further in future, Rajesh Sehgal—is very young and has the go in him to come up with great things. Sudharshan Mishra the learn and lanky player has tremendous talent in him and will go a long way in Basketball. Anurag and Ashish have the potential in them to work wonders on the court after they produce an excellent game to dazzle their opponents.

OLIPHANT : What do you..... of your team ?

DB If I had to point out one reason I would say that it was the sheer dedication of Mr. Vachani towards us that made us do so well. He is an excellent watch and it was his strong tactics and moves that clinched the District title. I must on behalf of the whole team thank him.

OLIPHANT : Lastly what do..... to new height ?

DB Employment of the coach is the most important factor which can improve the game. We are very very lucky to have Mr. Vahani who certainly is the most important man behind our team. Also the boys should do rigorous training and lay stress on physical fitness and stamina.

Harinder Mann—BADMINTON

OLIPHANT : What were Badminton Captain.

Harinder Mann : I expected it from the very beginning, nevertheless it brought me great joy, happiness and a feeling of satisfaction at having achieved something.

OLIPHANT : As a Captainwhile playing ?

HM Well, the quesion of extra pressure is not really relevant because Badminton is an individual sport. Here the onus is on the individual rather than team effort.

OLIPHANT : What was your..... Captain.

HM Badminton has not been one of the popular sports in our school so my first aim was to ereate in the minds of the boys a certain interest towards this game. Also I was very keen that Welham should be a major power amongst the School in Badminton.

OLIPHANT : Do you feel you have achieved your aim.

HM It gives me great satisfaction more thatBadmintonhas become a far more popular game during this year. Also Welham established its name in Dehra Dun by performing excellently in the YMCA tournament.

OLIPHANT : What were.....as a Badminton Captain.

HM It was undoubtedly the YMCA Inter School Tournament where we almost made a clean sweep of all the titles at stake. The only title that eluded us was the open singles where I lost due to certain unfavourable conditions in the FINAL. In this tournament both Hurjyot and I registered convincing wins over players who regularly represented the district. It was an unforgettable tournament.

OLIPHANT : What would you.....matches ?

HM As a team we never lost to any School in the entire district. We won all the Inter School tournaments we participated in Amongst the individuals. I would like to congratulate Hurjyot for

putting up a splendid performance.

OLIPHANT : Who in your opinion..... next year ?

H M It saddens my heart to not that there are no champion material players in the senior classes. However every cloud has a silver lining and Aditya Ahluwalia is Capable of great things provided he is dedicated and determined.

OLIPHANT : What do you.....new height ?

H M Construction of the multipurpose hall will definitely give a fillip to Badminton in our school because all tournaments are played in indoor courts. Also the employing of a coach will go a long way in improving the standard of sports

OLIPHANT : Now I ask all of you to say a few words to the school.

SR, GT, SMS, MC, DB, HM—We wish them very best of luck and hope Welham Sports goes FROMS PR-ENGTH TO STRENGTH.

हिन्दी अनुभाग

‘मैं’ और तीन ‘रूबाइयां’

जिन्दगी की स्याह काली रातों से डरने लगा मैं।
प्रभाकर की प्रचण्ड रोशनी से बचने लगा मैं।
हमेशा की पथ-प्रदर्शक—पीछे हटने लगा मैं।
उस दामन को जिसमें दर्द था, समेटने लगा मैं।
उन लोगों को जिनसे लड़ना था, छोड़ने लगा मैं।
जिन्हें प्यार करना था, उन्हीं से नफरत करने लगा मैं।
आज के समाज में पैसा भगवान है,
पैसे के पीछे दौड़ता हर एक इंसान है,

अपने ही दिल से पूछ के तो देखो—
पैसे पे तुमको कितना अभिमान है।

हर सवाल का जबाब हो, जरूरी नहीं,
हर इस्तहान कामयाब हो जरूरी नहीं,
मरते तो हैं लोग जहां में बहुत से—
हर मौत पे इंकलाब हो जरूरी नहीं।
हर बुरे काम का अन्जाम बुरा होता है,
हर बुरे दिन में इन्सान बुरा होता है।

यादों की कब्रों में लेटा हुआ दिल बड़ा,
सुस्त निर्मम और इन्तकाम भरा होता है

— अनूप कुमार

भय और कायरता मनुष्य के सबसे बड़े शत्रु हैं।

“जिसके पास हिम्मत है, वह मौसम के सितम सहता है, पर पेड़ खड़ा रहता है।” यह बिल्कुल ठीक कहा गया है कि अगर किसी मनुष्य के पास हिम्मत है, वह हर मुश्किलों को सह लेता है। परन्तु जो व्यक्ति डरपोक और कायर होता है वह कभी भी सफल नहीं हो पाता है। हर कार्य करते समय उसे किसी चीज का भय होता है। इसी भय के कारण वह दिन पर दिन कायर होते जाता है। कारण वह अपनी जिन्दगी में असफल होता है।

भय और कायरता को मनुष्य जाति का सबसे बड़ा शत्रु माना गया है। यह मनुष्य को जोवन में हर क्षेत्र में असफल बना देता है। इन दोनों के शिकार होने से मनुष्य एक तरह से अधमरा हो जाता है। वह कितनी भी कोशिश क्यों न कर ले पर असफलता उस का हमेशा साथ देती है। अगर उसमें किसी भी कार्य करने की क्षमता होती है तो वह भी इस भय और कायरता के कारण दुनिया में काफी लोग अपने निजी जिन्दगी में असफल रहे हैं। चाहे वह पढ़ाई के मामले में हो या फिर व्यवसाय के मामले में। अक्सर यही देखा जाता है कि एक व्यक्ति जोकि पहले बहादुर और जांबाज आदमी था वह किसी कारणवश या मजबूरी के कारण कायर और डरपोक बना दिया जाता है। इसी कारण उसका भविष्य खराब हो जाता है। यद्यपि उस में सफल होने के गुण हैं पर वह भय और कायरता के कारण कुछ नहीं कर पाता।

वह जब भी किसी कार्य को करने जाता है, तब वह हजार बार यही सोचता है कि कहीं कुछ बिगड़ न जाए। यह भावना भय और कायरता के कारण दिल और दिमाग में उत्पन्न होती है। वह रात दिन यही सोचता रहता है कि वह किसी कार्य को करे या न करे। मनुष्य कभी अपने आप से डरता है और कभी किसी और से। यही सोच विचार उसे अन्दर से खोखला बना देती है। वह कोई भी कार्य करने से झिझकता है; क्योंकि उसके मन में भय और कायरता का निवास रहता है। इसलिये वह कुछ नहीं कर पाता।

यही एकमात्र कारण है कि अधिकतर लोग इस बीमारी के शिकार हैं। कोई अपने मालिक से डरता है तो कोई अपने माता पिता से। ऐसी दुर्लभ हालत में वह कहीं का नहीं रहता। क्योंकि उसमें यह भावना रहती है कि अगर मैं यह करूंगा तो उससे मार खाऊंगा। यही भय उस मनुष्य को कायर बनाने पर मजबूर करता है। वह लाचार हो जाता है कुछ करने

से, या कुछ बनने से। उसे एकमात्र चिन्ता सताई रहती है कि यह कार्य करने से उसे मार पड़ेगी। यही बात उसके मन में बार-बार उत्पन्न होती है और वह उमका समाधान नहीं निकाल पाता। यही प्रश्न जब वह अपने आप से करता है तो उसका उत्तर उसे ढूंढने से भी नहीं मिलता। वह ऐसे मानसिक और शारीरिक दबाव बना रहता है कि वह तुरन्त अपने आप से बाहर हो जाता है। वह अक्सर अपने ख्यालों में गुम रहता है।

वह उसे इतना कायर बना देती है कि कभी-कभी तो वह अपनी जान भी दे देता है। वह यह नहीं सोचता कि उसकी भी कोई जिम्मेदारियां हैं, अपने परिवार के लिए। भय और कायरता उसे मजबूर कर देती है कि वह अपने तरीके से अपनी जिन्दगी बिताए। वह अधमरा सा रह जाता है। उसके जीने का कोई अर्थ ही नहीं रहता। वह इतना भयभीत होकर रहता है कि वह अपने आप से भी डरने लगता है। यही कारण है कि वह आजीवन कभी भी सफलता प्राप्त नहीं कर पाता। उसका जीवन भय और कायरता से बीत जाता है।

—पारेश हर्षवर्धन, दसवीं 'ए'

प्रथम पुरस्कार विजेता ग्रुप ए।

मैं, तुम और वो

जब 'वो' रहता है,
तो
'मैं' और 'तुम' नहीं होते।
मैं और तुम को,
मिटाने ही की संज्ञा
है, आत्मविरमृति।
शून्य में विलीन,
यदि 'वो' पाना है,
तो
जाओ भूल खुद को,
खुद को मिटाना ही,
खुदा से मिलन है।
बसता है,
इसी में
सत्
वित्त औ
आनन्द।
दर्शन की परिणति,
समरस का आनन्द।
जिसकी,
एक घूंट,
पीना व पिलाना ही
जीवन की सार्थकता है।

—डा० माधुरी प्रकाश

दिल

हमारे शरीर में है एक दिल,
रंग है उमका लाल।

धक-धक करता रहता हर पल,
रुकता कभी न क्षण भर।

जब भी धड़कना यह दिल,
स्वच्छ खून निकलता।

शरीर के हर अंग तक पहुंचाता
धमनियों के द्वारा।

अगर होता न यह दिल
न होती हम में जान।

कभी न हम में होता साफ खून
और ले पाते न हम मांस

दिल के दुश्मन शराब, बीड़ी और सिग्रेट
नगाना न इनको तुम कभी हाथ

हो सकती है तुम्हें दिल की बीमारी
हो सकता है धोना पड़े तुम्हें जिन्दगी से हाथ।

—कुमार अभिजीत, तृतीय 'ए'

हड्डियों का ढांचा

हड्डियों का ढांचा,
करता बहुत काम।
हमें बैठाता हमें चलाता,
हड्डियों का ढांचा।

खड़े न हो सकते हैं इसके बिना हम,
न ही चल सकते हम मांस का ढेर,
न होता और यह हड्डियों का ढांचा।

हड्डियों का ढांचा,
होता है बहुत काम का,
अंगों को रखता सुरक्षित।
हर अंग का यह करता हित,
हड्डियों का ढांचा।
हड्डियों का ढांचा,
अगर कहीं से टूट जाये,
तो होता है तीव्र दर्द।
लगवाना पड़ता है प्लास्टर
जोड़ने के लिए हड्डियों का ढांचा।

—अंकुर जिन्दल तृतीय वी

हमारा शरीर

भगवान ने दिया हमें एक शरीर,
इसमें होते बहुत से हिस्से।
कभी रूकावट आती न इनमें,
हर पल करते बहुत सा काम।

सब अंग मिल-जुल कर रहते
एक दूसरे की मदद करते।
अगर अंग कोई हा जाये खराब,
तो हम हो जायेंगे नासाज।

जब हम खाते हैं गन्द-मन्द,
तो हमारे पेट को मुश्किल हो जाता है इसे पचाना।
उसी समय हमारे पेट में उठता है दर्द,
और हमें जाना पड़ता है पाखाना।

रखना चाहिए हमें शरीर का ख्याल,
नहीं तो हम हो जायेंगे बेहाल।
जब रहते हैं सब अंग स्वस्थ,
तभी हम हो सकते हैं तन्दुरुस्त।

—पुनीत बंसल तृतीय 'बी'

पुलिस के सिपाही के कर्तव्य

पुलिस, प्रत्येक राष्ट्र की सफलता की पृष्ठभूमि है। यह देश की अनुशासन सम्बन्धी शाखाओं में सर्वोपरि हैं क्योंकि अनुशासन का निर्माण तो सरल है। परन्तु उसकी बागडोर सम्भालना कठिन कार्य हैं। किसी भी राष्ट्र की निधि गरिमा तथा प्रतिष्ठा दर्शाने का एकमात्र दर्पण है—उस राष्ट्र के पुलिस बल की कार्य कुशलता। इसलिये राष्ट्र-सार्थकता तथा राष्ट्र-निर्माण की आधारशिला उसकी पुलिस ही है।

यही कुछ कारण हैं, जिनके आधार पर पुलिस का सिपाही स्वयं को गौरान्वित एवं प्रतिष्ठित पद पर पाता है।

पुलिस के सिपाही के कुछ विशेष कर्तव्य भी होते हैं। इनमें कुछ प्रमुख हैं—जैसे, राष्ट्र की सार्थकता तथा प्रगति में हाथ बंटाना। समाज में पल रहे खोखले तथा विषैले तत्वों की छानबीन करके, उनके बढ़ते कदमों में बेड़ियां डालना भी पुलिस के सिपाही का कर्तव्य है। देश में काले धन्धे करने वाले सफेदपोशों के मुंह से मुखौटा उतारना भी पुलिस के अनेकों कर्तव्यों में से एक है।

यही नहीं, वरन्, गलियों में नाना प्रकार असा-माजिक तत्वों का विनाश करना भी इन्हीं का कार्य है।

आज देश में जगह-जगह जातिवाद भड़क रहा है,

जनता में रोप पैदा हो रहा है। दहेज-प्रथा, लाचारों पर अत्याचार आदि देश में अपनी धाक जमाये हुए हैं। चोर, डकैती, लूट-मार धोखाधड़ी तो आम बात है। इन सबकी रोकथाम करना पुलिस का ही कार्य है।

अक्सर होता है कि पुलिस गुनाहगार को पकड़ कर अदालत में ले जाती है, परन्तु वहां वकीलों की उधेड़-बुन से, गुनाहगार बच जाता है। ऐसी परिस्थिति में पुलिस को निराश नहीं होना चाहिए। परन्तु, उनका यह कर्तव्य होना चाहिए कि इससे प्रेरणा लेकर वह आने वाली परिस्थितियों में अपने कर्तव्यपालन, ईमान-दारी तथा सत्यता की अखण्ड वास्तविकता पर अडिग रहे।

समाज में अविरल गति से बढ़ रहे भ्रष्टाचार को देखते हुये, एक पुलिस सिपाही को भिन्न प्रकार के आकर्षणों से प्रभावित न होकर स्वयं संयमी होना चाहिए। पुलिस के सिपाही को अनुशासन-पालनीय होना अनिवार्य है; क्योंकि उसके कार्यकाल के चरित्र-निर्माण की नींव अनुशासन ही है।

अगर इन कर्तव्यों का पालन कोई सिपाही नहीं करता है, तो उससे उसकी ही नहीं अपितु समस्त राष्ट्र की हानि होती है। क्योंकि, जब समस्त में पुलिस सहायता की कमी होगी, तो समाज में विचार-संकीर्णता, चरित्र-क्षीणता आदि झलकते हैं।

अतः पुलिस के सिपाही को समस्त मोह-माया से परे होकर निःस्वार्थ भाव से कर्तव्य का पालन करना चाहिए।

—अविरल सिंह

प्रथम पुरस्कार विजेता ग्रुप बी

आरम्भ

जब मुझे अध्यापक के रूप में वैल्हम् न्वायज स्कूल में कार्य करने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ तो अनेक प्रश्न मेरे दिमाग में थे, लेकिन जब मैंने पढ़ाना आरम्भ किया तो प्रश्न स्वतः ही मुलझते गये। अब मुझे इस स्कूल से इतना लगाव हो गया है कि मैं उसे पूर्णतः शब्दों में नहीं उतार सकता। यहां अपनेपन का जो अहसास मुझे प्रधानाध्यापक, अन्य अध्यापक-अध्यापिकाओं, छात्रों तथा कर्मचारियों से मिला यह बहुत कम स्कूलों में ही मिलता है।

'संघर्ष ही जीवन है'—यह उक्ति पूर्णतः इसी स्कूल में चरितार्थ होती है, क्योंकि मैं इस स्कूल की समय-सारिणी और व्यवस्था को देखते हुए कह सकता हूँ कि

छात्रों का बहुमुखी विकास वास्तव में यहीं सम्भव है, यदि छात्र और अध्यापक एक दूसरे को अपना पूर्ण सहयोग दें। इस स्तूल में मुझे अनेक अनुभव प्राप्त हुए हैं। विद्यालय के जितने भी छात्र मेरे सम्पर्क में आये उनमें मैंने पाया कि वे अपने ऊपर डाली गई जिम्मेदारी को पूर्णतः निभाने की कोशिश करते हैं—चाहे वह पढ़ाई का क्षेत्र हो, खेल का मैदान हो या कोई अन्य क्षेत्र यथा समाज सेवा।

यह देखते हुये मन अति प्रसन्न हो उठता है जब प्रत्येक व्यक्ति न चाहकर भी किसी न किसी कार्य में उत्सुक रहता है ताकि छात्रों को अधिकाधिक लाभान्वित किया जा सके। सप्ताह में दो दिन S U P W. अर्थात् समाज सेवा के लिये प्रत्येक सोमवार और शुक्रवार निर्धारित किये गये हैं। मैं भी कुछ छात्रों के साथ सर्वप्रथम चेशायरों होम गया, वहाँ मानसिक रोग से पीड़ित रोगियों का मनोरंजन करने के उद्देश्य से छात्र जाते हैं, साथ ही उनके उद्यान तथा भूमि में हमने मिल कर कुछ सब्जियों के बीज भी बोए। यहां मैं श्री यशि भूषण के साथ गया कुछ छात्र भी इन्हीं के साथ जाते हैं। छात्रों में सिमरनजीत, जगमीत एवं अन्य छात्र यहां जाकर रोगियों के भावों को समझने का प्रयत्न करते हैं तथा अपने जीवन में काम आने वाले मत्वमे महत्वपूर्ण तत्व समाज सेवा अर्थात् मानव कल्याण की भावना को अपने हृदय में उचित स्थान देते हैं, जिसके परिणामस्वरूप इनके स्वभाव में दया, निर्ममता की भावना जागृत होती है। छात्र अपना और अपन साथियों का मनोरंजन करने के उद्देश्य से कहीं-कहीं शारारतपूर्ण हरकतें भी कर जाते हैं, जो एक सीमा तक हमें भी ग्राह्य होती हैं।

पर्यावरण की समस्या को लेकर यह देश ही नहीं अपितु सम्पूर्ण विश्व चिन्तित है, इसी उद्देश्य की पूर्ति करने के लिये वातावरण को पूर्ववत् बनाये रखने के उद्देश्य से भारत सरकार की ओर से महाम्बधारा स्थान को हरा-भरा करने के लिए पंचवर्षीय कार्यक्रम कुछ स्तूलों को मौंसा गया है जिसमें हमारा स्तूल सर्वप्रथम है। पर्यावरण मन्त्री श्रीमती मेनका गांधी 14 सितम्बर 1990 को इस स्तूल में आईं। मैंने भी उसी दिन स्तूल में अपना कार्यभार सम्भाला। पुनः वृक्षारोपण के सम्बन्ध में पूर्ण जानकारी इस कार्यक्रम के संचालक श्री सुरजीत सिंह खेरा से प्राप्त हुई। अब तक इस सूखी और पथरीली भूमि पर कड़ी मेहनत करके लगभग 15,946 पौधे लगाये जा चुके हैं साथ ही पूर्ववत् लगाये पौधों की देखभाल का कार्य किया जाता है ताकि वे मुच्यारु रूप से बढ़ सकें। छात्रों के साथ सप्ताह में एक दिन महाम्बधारा जाने का अवसर मुझे भी मिलता है।

वैयक्तिक जिम्मेदारी अर्थात् स्वतन्त्र रूप से कुछ छात्रों से मिलकर रेफल जाने की ओर मुझे भाटिया

जी ने प्रेरित किया। रेफल भी चेशायरों होम की भांति मानसिक रोगियों के लिए खोला गया है। अब मैं प्रत्येक शुक्रवार मायं चार बजे से पांच बजे तक कुछ छात्रों के साथ गार्डकिल पर गवार होकर वहां जाता हूं और सभी छात्र वहां के रोगियों का मनोरंजन करते हैं। इन सब गतिविधियों को छात्रों के साथ करने हुए वास्तव में मुझे आनन्द आता है।

स्तूल कार्यक्रम का बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण अंग है— रात्र के मध्य में पांच दिनों का अवकाश श्रमण। इसके अंतर्गत विद्यार्थियों को अपने स्वाभिमान, आत्म-विश्वास, दया और उत्साह इत्यादि गुणों को परखने और विकसित करने का अवसर मिलता है ताकि आगामी जीवन की समस्याओं का समाधान कर सकें। अन्त में मैं यही कह सकता हूँ—

नहीं रुकना होगा, देखकर हमें कोई पहाड़,
नहीं रुकना होगा, तोड़ना होगा उसे।
अपना रास्ता खुद बनाना होगा तुम्हें
मिल जाणगी मंजिल, अपने आप तुम्हें।
नहीं रुकना होगा, नहीं रुकना होगा.....।

—राजेश ओबेराय

आरक्षण देश के हित में है

आज की वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता का विषय है— 'आरक्षण हमारे देश के हित में नहीं है। मैं इस विचार से बिल्कुल असहमत हूँ क्योंकि पिछड़ी हुई जाति जिन का आज तक विस्कार किया गया है, उन्हें समाज में आगे लाना, उन्हें बाहर की दुनिया से अवगत कराना है करना वे तो एक रूप मण्डूक के समान हैं। इसके लिये आरक्षण का होना अत्यंत आवश्यक है क्योंकि जब तक उन्हें स्वीचकर ऊपर नहीं लाया जाएगा, वे ऊपर आने की चेष्टा नहीं करेंगे, क्योंकि उनको दबाया जा रहा है। महाभारत में द्रोणाचार्य ने भी यही किया था। उन्होंने एकलव्य के भील और नीची जाति का होने पर उसे शिक्षा देने से इंकार कर दिया। जब उसने अपनी मेहनत और लगन से उनके शिष्यों की बराबरी करनी चाही तो उसे अपना अंगूठा काटने पर मजबूर कर दिया ताकि वह फिर ऊपर उठने की चेष्टा न करे। आज भी यही हो रहा है। जब इन पिछड़ी हुई जाति को लोकशिक्षण में आरक्षण देकर ऊपर आने का मौका दिया गया तो उन लोगों के मन-मन में आग लग गई जो अपने आपको समाज में बहुत आगे गमझते हैं। चूंकि वह किसी को अंगूठा काटने पर मजबूर नहीं कर सके तो उन्होंने क्रांति खड़ी कर दी। दंगे जलायी, पेट्रोल पम्प उड़ा दिये, और न जाने जितनी राष्ट्रीय सम्पत्ति नष्ट कर दी। कुछ ने आत्म-दाह की कोशिश भी की। पूरे देश में तनाव पैदा कर दिया जिससे देश की प्रगति रुकी हुई है। पर सरकार

को इसकी तरफ ज्यादा ध्यान नहीं देना चाहिए क्योंकि हर बदलाव के पीछे क्रांति का हाथ रहा है और एक कोशिश है उन्हें फिर दवाने की।

अब मेरे मित्र कहेंगे कि उन्हें शिक्षा दी जाए न कि आरक्षण। अगर वो अद्वल निकले तो प्राथमिकता उन्हें दी जाए। मैं उनसे कहना चाहता हूँ कि वे पढ़ेंगे कहाँ? और कौन पढ़ायेगा उन्हें? हमारे विद्यालयों में उनके लिये जगह नहीं। अगर सरकार ने उनके लिये कोई अलग संस्था खोलने के लिए पैसे दिये तो देश के दलालों ने उसे पहले ही हजम कर लिया। अगर उन के लिये कोई संस्था खोली भी गई तो पढ़ाने के लिए अच्छे अध्यापक नहीं। अगर आप में से किसी को कहा जाए कि जाईये, उन्हें पढ़ाइये। उनका हाथ पकड़कर लिखना सिखाइये तो देखते हैं आप में से कितने तैयार होते हैं।

चलो, मैंने यह भी मान लिया कि उन्हें शिक्षा दी गई। मगर परीक्षाओं और प्रतियोगिताओं में औरों से अद्वल नहीं निकले। यह तो लाजमी है क्योंकि यह प्रतियोगिता तो एक ऐसी है जिसमें एक प्रतियोगी ह्यूम-पुष्ट है तो दूसरे के पैरों में सदियों से डली हुई बेड़ी और समाज के धक्कों से दिये गये जड़म। अब खुद सोचिये दीड़ में कौन जीतेगा। ये आरक्षण तो इन के पावों की दवा है जो हमने इन्हें दिये हैं। एक तरह से ये उनके लिए अनुभव भी है क्योंकि एक अनुभवी व्यक्ति ज्यादा समझदार होता है उस व्यक्ति से जिसने सिर्फ पढ़ा या सुना हो।

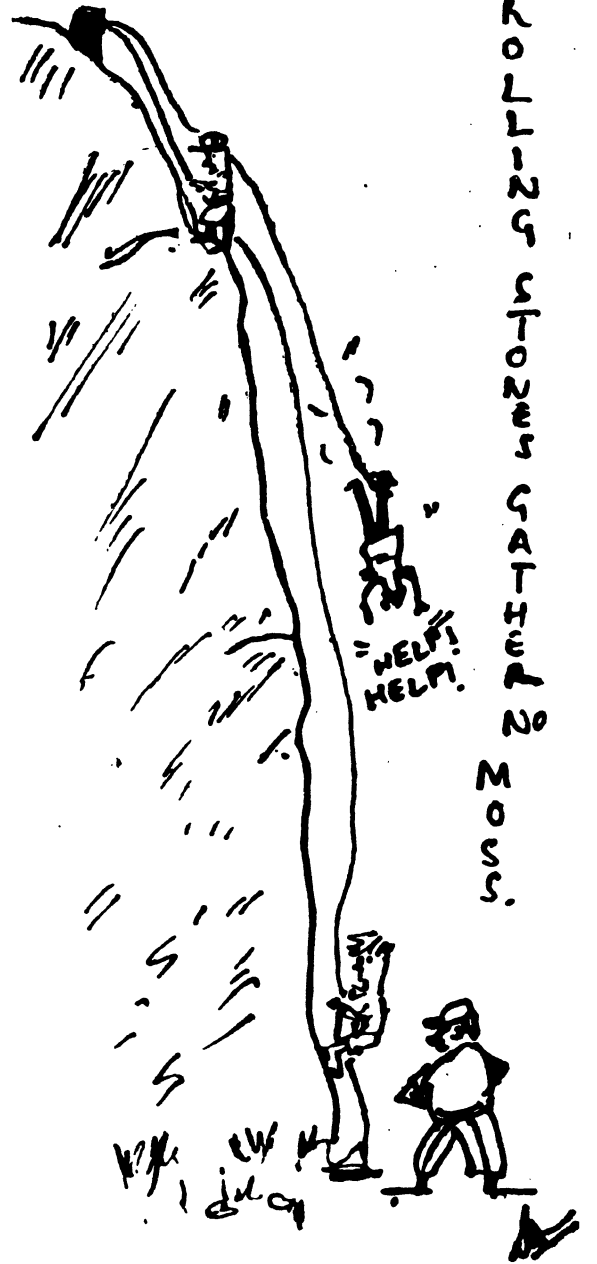
अब कुछ लोगों का कहना है कि आरक्षण सिर्फ गरीबों और हरिजनों के लिये ही क्यों? सभी को बराबर देना चाहिए। अब मैं उन्हें बताना चाहूँगा कि हमारा समाज एक कारवां है जिसमें कुछ लोग बहुत आगे चले गए हैं और कुछ को धक्का और दबाव डाल कर इतना पीछे खदेड़ दिया है कि वह चाहते हुए भी आगे नहीं जा पायेंगे। अगर हमारा कारवां इसी तरह बिखरकर चलता रहा तो डाकू हमें लूट ले जायेंगे। इस लिए हमें कारवां के दोनों सिरों को जोड़कर एक अखण्ड कारवां बनाना है ताकि बाहरी विध्वंस शक्तियां हमारा कुछ न बिगाड़ सकें।

आपस में जाति मतभेद रखना, शूद्रों से दुर्व्यवहार, अद्वल की भावना रखना, ये सब सामाजिक खोखलेपन को प्रकट करते हैं। आरक्षण तो सिर्फ एक तरीका है हमारे विद्वर्खलित कारवां को एक साथ मिलाने का। महाभारत के एकलव्य को अपना अंगुठा

खाना पड़ा क्योंकि उस समय आरक्षण नहीं था। इस लिये ये आरक्षण आज के उन एकलव्यों का आरक्षण है ताकि वे बाहरी ममाज में अपना कौशल दिखा सकें मगर इन भारतवासियों को कौन समझाये? असल में ये कुप्रथाओं से दलित और पुरानी परम्पराओं से प्रताड़ित हैं। यही कारण है अन्य देश चंद्रमा पर पहुँच गये पर भारतीय समाज का रास्ता आज भी बिल्ली काट जाती है।

— विजय विश्नीई

तृतीय पुरस्कार विजेता



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