

THE OLIPHANT

You are right in your facts, but in no way right in your conclusions !

No. 5

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

8 September, 1983

EDITORIAL

Firstly, I would like to thank all the boys for a fantastic reply to our request ! We are glad to have received numerous articles ranging from class 6 to class 10, which are flooding in even now. All of us have really been inspired by this wonderful reciprocation and are grateful for this attitude. But we also hope that this practise is continued.

We would also like to thank Mr. R.J. Lawless who was the Staff Representative for our News letter, for his help and guidance.

We also welcome Mrs. I. Kamra who is the new Staff Representative.

Also, for your information, the Welham Old Boys Society (W.O.B.S.) is going strong and we recently received an inspiring reply from an ex-student, Jasnit Singh Soni (216; Cauvery). He has also put in a cheery 'Hullo' to every one at school. He felt that the Newsletter was a remarkable achievement, and was proud of our school and the editors.

All the members of our Editorial Board are from class X, who have to prepare for our Board examinations which are just a few months away. Therefore, class IX boys are now being groomed and will be introduced into the Board. They shall replace all of us at the beginning of the new term. The following boys will become future members of the Editorial Board :

	<i>Present Members</i>	<i>To be replaced by</i>
Sports	Arun Khanna	Umesh Shivlani
Cultural &		Udeshpal Singh
Literary Activities	Satyajit Rao	Mann.
Hindi	Samir Kakkar	Prakash Kothari
Editor	Vikram Sawhney	Vijit Sawhney
Cartoonist	Jagjit Singh	Sandeep Singh Rawat

We sincerely hope you enjoy this issue !!

—Vikram Sawhney

SPORTS NEWS

The past month left behind a long trail of matches, and it was really tough to tail this trail. Anyway, by putting it in short—we lost a real grand sum of matches.

'SENIORS'

One could see the slackness in the movement of the players ! Not much of an extensive training was given, but still, the team put up a fantastic show against the much—prepared Cambrian Hall team. Though we lost the first match of the season, it was not considered taboo or a bad start. The match started along with heavy downpour, and to make things worse—The field was all slippery and slushy. So instead of kicking the ball, it was mostly falling on your face or on your back.

Then the wonder struck ! Rakesh took the ball on his own and landed it scoring a first-class goal. Though we were in the lead for a long time, it was a treat to see those Cambrian guys fall on to the ball. They scored the next two goals for their victory.

Then we played against the Dosco eleven. Of course, it was a one sided match and the result was pronounced just as they scored the first goal and then the second, third, fourth. But the Welham team got a bit on their offence and scored two goals. Nevertheless, the Dosccs scored two more and ended with a tally of 6-2. We lost. One person who is worth mentioning was Sumerjit Gaekwad who played a marvellous

game and baffled the Welham defence completely. No doubt our team played well too, but they were the better side, so victory was on Dosco hands.

Another match was welcomed by a slight drizzle as the Welham eleven clashed against the RIMC eleven. The match was worth watching and had all the spectators glued to their seats. The football zoomed all over the field but.....once again there was a break-through the Welham defence, and they scored three goals to nil. All three goals were scored by cadet Devgun—a marvellous player and controller of the ball. We may give a pat to ourselves as well. The passing and movement of the ball was really unique and had the RIMC team in their hotpants sometimes ! On the whole, it was a very interesting match. Lots of praises were given to the Welham team for their marvellous display of technique and the handling of the ball. The team played a marvellous and a really stupendous game.

Captain Sameer and his team looked really sick of losing all the matches, and just before the football tournament, the team was back into high spirits and confidence seemed to be mounting.

The tournaments began but unluckily we missed the first match of the tournament due to some miscalculations. Nevertheless, we played our second match against the St. Thomas College. The team was all set to win the match and soon with whole hearted fury and rage, the Welhamites pounced onto the ball and did not give in. But suddenly : after the lapse of just three minutes of the first half, St. Thomas scored their first goal. 'Grrrr !', said Neeran, Thakran and 'Jatta' and shot the ball ! This time with renewed fury, the team swooped on the ball and Neeran scored the first goal for Welham. Running neck to neck, the tension mounted. But suddenly Neeran came up with the second and the third goal taking the score to 3-1. The St. Thomas chaps did not stay back, and put the ball into the goal for the second time taking the score to 3-2. This score tightened the defence and the excitement came to bursting point. But that was it ! The St. Thomas team could not break through the defence and eventually lost the match. A marvellous game by the Welhamites, and very creditable too ! On a bright, Sunday, the Welham eleven were on the scramble again to play against Moravian. A tough match but still no problem. The cat-like swift movement of the forward-line paid off as Neeran scored the first goal. We led with a tally of 1-0.

Suddenly, a foul just outside the 'D' area got us into trouble, as the Moravians scored their equalizer. So What ! Yes sir, we scored another goal. This time by Sameer—by a kick into the goalkeeper's hand and having him stumble into his own goal. What luck ! The score mounted to 2-1 ! Just then Thakran neared the goal on his own, but in his hurry lost control of the ball and missed a clear goal. And then the unexpected happened ! Moravian scored their second equalizer, to our dismay, to bring the match to a draw. Both these tournament matches were played at the St. Joseph field.

Senior tally sheet.

W.B.S.	Vs	Cambrian Hall	
1	—	2	we lost.
W.B.S.	Vs	Doon School	
2	—	6	we lost
W.B.S.	Vs	RIMC	
0	—	3	we lost
W.B.S.	Vs.	St. Thomas	
3	—	2	we won
W.B.S.	Vs.	Moravian	
2	—	2	draw.

NOW, THE INTERS' :—

They played their first match against Raja Ram Mohan Academy at the St. Joseph field, and lost to the tally of 6—1. A bad show !

The second match was played against St. Joseph Acd. at Doon School and we lost 4-1. The sole goal was scored by Anshul. An interesting match, any way.

Inters' Tally Sheet.

W.B.S.	Vs.	R.R.M. Academy.	
1	—	6	we lost
W.B.S.	Vs.	St. Joseph	
1	—	4	we lost

JUNIORS :—

A fantastic opening match was played at the Doon School by the Welham Junior eleven, Mr. R.J. Lawless coaching really payed off, as they won their first match against the Cambrian Junior eleven to a score of 4-1. All four goals were marvellously timed and aimed. A good match indeed.

The Juniors and the Inters visited Sanawar to play against their teams. It was a good trip but unsuccessful. The Juniors lost to the score of 2-3, and the Inters had a draw.

Back at school, the Juniors played three more matches. Firstly, against St. Joseph which was lost 2-3. The second against R.R.M. Academy, which was won by us to a jubilant tally of 5-1. And—against the Dosco eleven which was again won by us to another treasured tally of 5-1. It was a marvellous game and had the entire school engrossed in it. For the first time, cheers could be heard loud and clear as the boys urged the Welham eleven on to win the day. For understandable reasons, the Doon Senior team failed to turn up the next day !

JUNIORS TALLY :—

W.B.S. Vs. Cambrian Hall
4 — 1 we won

W.B.S. Vs. St. Lawrence 'Sanawar'

2 — 3 we lost.

W.B.S. Vs. St. Joseph

2 — 3 we lost

W.B.S. Vs. R.R.M. Academy

5 -- 1 we won

W.B.S. Vs. Doon School

5 — 1 we won

Match Tally :

Lost — 7

Won — 4

Draw-- 1

So, a mediocre set of matches in which all the teams still have a lot of scope for improvement.

—Arun Khanna

**FOOTER DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
WITH ALL THE MISCHIEF DONE AGAIN !**



FATE FLIGHT

As the Boeing 727 lifted from the runway, the lights of Allena vanished, and I looked nervously at my watch. It was 9.18 p.m.

Half an hour later we would be landing at the Penxacola Airport, Florida. I was going to Florida for a business trip for my company and had to return the day after.

Before boarding the plane, I had felt very nervous and had a feeling that something was going to go wrong. It was 9.40 p.m. Anxiously, I peered out of the window, normally at this stage I could have seen the lights of Penxacola, but at this moment there was complete darkness. I could feel the tension mounting me.

A couple of minutes later, the Captain announced that we would be making a surveillance approach to the Airport because the Airport's instrumental landing system was out of order. And if we still could not see the lights of the Airport, then we would turn back to Allena. So my apprehension had come true!

The Captain started bringing the plane down at the rate of 146 m per minute. The control tower told him that they were exactly $1\frac{1}{2}$ km away from the runway.

As the plane started descending, red lights started to blink on the control panel. The crew (except the Captain) thought that this was happening because they were descending at a very fast rate, and they should pull up at once. The Captain denied this statement and said the altimeter was working perfectly.

The plane hit the ocean with a sudden impact! Many people were injured. The crew was most seriously injured. Luckily the radio was not damaged. The Captain at once radioed on S.O.S. to the control tower at Penxocola and gave the exact location.

Meanwhile, all the emergency exits had been opened and the passengers (wearing life jackets) were jumping from the plane. The water was slowly rising in the fuselage.

As we were not far from the shore, two coast guard ships arrived within an hour, and all the passengers were rescued from the sinking plane!

I was very pleased and thankful that we were still alive.

—Samir Duggal

THE FOOTLIGHTS ARE FLASHING ONCE AGAIN !

Saturday evenings are usually fun but now a days they are lovely.

We have had a Guitarist called Joseph over with his assistant lead guitarist, Navin. The theme of this programme was love! The whole hall was a booming chamber of songs as the guitars struck the first notes of 'you can't ever buy love'. They played all kinds of songs—country rock, heavy rock and even slow music.

The audience joined him in singing off—and—on. All of us were lost in the melodies of song when abruptly we realized it was 11.10 P.M. After great persuasion, he gave us two more 'last songs' and we called it a day!

The next day, we were given a slide show—on sports—by a Library and Media Co-ordinator called Miss Bandana Sen. What slides they were! We saw great stars like Frank Avons—doing his best in a

Baseball league match; Mark Spitz—the famous U.S. swimmer winning his 'Grand Slam' 7th Gold Medal for the United States in the 1972 Munich Olympics; Pele, or in other words, the Football Wonder—in form giving a fabulous Banana Kick; Jesse Owens—famous athlete—winning a race as usual; some were of Borg—the Tennis Player—the 'king of the court' during his time, with complete concentration on the opponent and the Ball; one of Dennis Lillee—that fantastic bowler, in full form; and so many more that its frightfully difficult to remember.

Not many days later, a Saturday was round the corner. This time we had a Magic Show—good on the whole. Bhalla using his wits and tact, caught the magician by the hip by exposing the trick.

When he was asked to repeat the trick he palmed off the subject by saying—'Magic can't be repeated!'

Before we knew it, we were having another show ! This time a puppet show !! A Rajasthani troupe was doing it well. It was pretty good.

When a boy was called during the show Dinesh Aggarwal went and did exactly what they told him to do and made the scene more hilarious and all of us were

almost rolling with laughter. We congratulate him for exhibiting a very good sporting spirit.

So friends, that's about all for the time being—see you after some time.....

Satyajit Rao

WE WISH

.....the field behind the Assembly Hall would be looked-after properly. Cows must be banned from entering the field as there are innumerable blobs of 'pancakes' all over it (One is found dodging them more than the opponents !).

.....our Dining Hall could be looked after more efficiently as there are a number of leaks in the roof. The dripping roof is very irritating while hogging

.....crapping was not a nuisance ! The bathrooms ought to be maintained especially the seats and the 'thrones' in general.

.....the bikes were stronger and would not just fall apart after each cycling trip.

.....the Music Systems would arrive faster than possible for the 'Wreak' (Rec.) Rooms.

—The Board

LIFE

Conflict, doubt, realisation, contradiction,
Futility and purpose,
Heart and mind,
Surrounded by a coral island,
With despair and hope.
Roads, houses, traffic signs, people,
Wait.
Hope.
For the arrival of a new dawn,
Every dusk,
Enveloped in memories of yesteryears,

Eyes without hope,
Hangovers of the pass,
Walking.
But not advancing.
Existence, a solitary loneliness,
I think.
I dream.
I need someone.

S. Anand

THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE

Science is knowledge and knowledge has no end. The only limitations which knowledge are those imposed by the human intellect and reason. In theory, there is nothing material which science may not hope to achieve.

Recently, the most wonderful of inventions have been made. Man has been bewildered. Even the wildest dreams of man have come true ! All these inventions may lead us to think that very soon the final limit to man's ingenuity and intellect will be reached. He will be able to make no other scientific achievements. But it is not so. No time will ever come when man's

ingenuity will come to an end. Science would continue to be an eternal source of new blessings.

But this is only one side of the picture. Had man been matter alone, there would have been no limits to science. But man is not only matter but also spirit, and it is only nothing for the human soul.

Science has nothing to offer to a man's spirit. On the contrary, it makes him forget the spirit. Man no longer cares for the spirit. Science is the root cause of all evils. But it's breath-taking inventions following one after another and with a promise of nothing like the spirit. Man has become characterless !!

Thus, bewildered and baffled by scientific inventions man has forgotten his spirit. Art and Religion are the greatest gifts of the spirit. Science has tried and is still trying, to deform one and to efface the other. Man has lost faith in religion decaying? The sad plight of our art is also clearly visible. Man no longer cares for beauty or truth. He has no longer any leisure to stand and stare. Worldly wealth is the only God he knows. Science has made him a mortal dwarf. It has no power to uplift him and inspire him with noble ideas and ideals.

Owing to the threat of universal destruction hanging over him, man has been rudely disillusioned with science. He has become aware of its limitations. Man has come to realise that in art and religion alone, lies Salvation! Man is in a very awkward position. Already the most alamborous fruits of science are turning to ashes in his presence.

Gaurav Kampant

TIPS FOR RUNNING FREE

At all great sports' meets, like the Olympics or the Asiad, it's always the runners who are 'The Greatest'! Maybe because, out there on the track, you're on your own with no one to help you. Maybe because, once the race begins, there's no stopping until the race is won or lost. A runner doesn't just need talent—he or she needs a powerful mind to drive on his or her body when it can't go further.

Running is a marvellous sport: you don't need any equipment except a pair of sports shoes, and you can run anywhere along the roads, around a park. You don't need a team, or even an opponent. Running is practically cost free, and there's nothing that makes you feel as free as a good run.

AM I TOO YOUNG? Not if you're over ten. Run around your neighbourhood or local park. Choose a time when there's not much activity so you don't have to keep checking and changing your strides. Start with shorter runs, say, one km., then try longer ones.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR? Cotton socks and keds; cotton shorts, cotton shirt or singlet.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD RUNNER? Strong lungs; strong legs; relaxed, rhythmic strides; a calm, determined mind.

HOW SHALL I START? Start jogging slowly and rhythmically. Don't start off fast, get out of breath and then stop. Start slow and let your body get used to running. Then, when your breathing has settled down, you can increase your pace.

HOW SHOULD I RUN? Run naturally, with the ball of your foot coming down first, not heel first, as we do when walking. Don't raise your knees too high—that wastes energy, and could lead to your hurting your ankles if you're running on hard roads. Keep your body relaxed—don't tense up your muscles. Let your legs and lungs do the work. Hold your arms bent at the elbow, but make sure your hands are loose, not clenched into hard fists. Keep your elbows swinging backwards and forwards, close to your side—not flapping!

WHAT ABOUT THE TRAFFIC? Obey all traffic rules. Traffic policemen will usually help you out if you need to cross a road. Stay on the pavements as far as possible.

DON'T WORRY IF PEOPLE LAUGH AT YOU—IT'S WORTH IT!

CONDENSED FROM
'TARGET'
MAGAZINE

SCENES AT SUNSET

Fishing had a common liking amongst all the members of the family. So all of us decided to go fishing that weekend to the lake.

I waited the whole week anxiously for this day to come. We left in the morning and arrive at the lake side

motel sometime around noon. As soon as we had had our lunch I ran off to the lake side to choose a suitable place for fishing.

We fished the whole afternoon and as evening approached, I saw a beautiful range of mountains. I

had not noticed these before because I was so engrossed in my fishing.

The beautiful scenery of the sun setting behind the mountains was simply enchanting. The rays of the sun fell in the water making it appear red. The clouds surrounding the sun were all red beautifying the scene.

The snow sparkled on the mountains tops, while pine trees glistened on the slopes. The thick shiubbely surrounding the lake was simply adoring in that enchanting scenery.

The huge red ball was gradually sinking in the western horizon and night was approaching.

We could hear all the birds singing and could see them returning to their nesting after a hard day's work.

It seemed to me that I had merged into that fascinating scenery of the sun setting. It seemed torturous leaving those magnificent surroundings !

Umesh Shivlani

MAROONED ON THE ISLAND

It was the 13th of May when it happened ! The SS Baltic was having its way through the stormy seas and everyone on board was sure that they had nothing to worry about because they all thought they were in safe hands. A few of the passengers knew that this was the roughest and most dangerous part of the world. And an experienced seaman I knew said, that we could easily hit a reef anytime and I hoped this would not happen. But luck was against us and the next moment an alarm blared out. We were going to hit an unavoidable reef. We all braced our selves for the collision and within a minute, there was a bone jarring impact and then we heard the sickening thud of tearing metal.

At once I rushed out onto the deck, but it was very slippery and I slipped and hit my head against something and I blacked out. When I come to, I sat up groggily and began to look for more survivors. I saw Captain and three more sailors trying to salvage all they could.

We got into two rafts which had been left behind and drifted away from the wreck. Morning found us near the shore of an island, which none of us had ever known.

We made for the island and when we landed on it, we found that it had a very rich and fertile land. We began to look for a good place to make a hut for we never know how long we would be on the Island. We found a freshwater stream, and on the banks of this stream, we decided to build our hut.

By late afternoon, we had completed two sides of the hut we decided to have some good. Towards the evening we had completed the hut and after a meagre meal of bread and cheese, we hit the sack !

Next morning we decided to explore the island. We found many coconut and banana trees. We also saw a few antelopes and four or five lakes absolutely teeming with fish. This satisfied us because we knew that now we would not starve to death on the island. We also found a hillock from which we could see our ship.

That evening when the weather had settled down, we rowed out to the wreck and salvaged things like eatables First Aid Kits, stationary, blankets, sheets weaponry, and other things which we knew would come in handy.

For the next few days, we were busy getting stores and making a raft because we knew that we were not far off from the shipping lanes.

Then one afternoon five weeks after we had landed, our lookout on top of a tall tree shouted out that he had spotted a liner out at sea. We lighted a huge fire on the hillock which we had named Falcon's Lookout and began to wave our shirts madly. To our extreme joy, they lowered a boat towards us ! After relating our whole story to the Captain, we were taken aboard. All of us left the island feeling happy and joyous.

Later we found out through the authorities, that the island was a floating one. It had broken off from the mainland of the famous Galapagos island and had been named the Galapagos Floating Island.

Saurav Roy

UMBRELLA OR WEAPON !

Martin Durg, the brilliant sleuth and also the main mastermind behind the police force of the town, walked up the ascending escalator, even though the 'moving staircase' was moving upwards. The place—fourth city square, the towering sky-scraper—the luxurious and lavish Royal Apartments.

'I wonder now Aunt Nelly can afford this', thoughts floated in and out of Martin's ever challenging brain.

Martin walked into a dark column, his ears were not strained on anything, but heavy thumping suddenly attracted his ears? His ears deafened to hear a crash as if a chandelier shattering to pieces? Martin, his nerves twitching, held his breath as a cry greatly agonized found its way out of some persons mouth, some person—a dying person?

'What's going on??' Martin looked around to see a fat person, in his dressing gown. A few more people were aroused finally the door of an apartment, in which the supposed violence took place was broken down, unconcerned about the state of the apartment they all walked into a living room, adjacent the kitchen. What they saw was terribly drastic !!

A middle aged man, with a white overcoat, his right hand clutching a brown leathers bag. His feet covered by patent leather shoes, was lying, his back on the brown carpet with a deep crimson stab in his stomach !

'By Jove ! Murder?' It was not until Martin pointed out that the window was broken that it was noticed. A rope hung from the window leading to the next window in the same building, externally ! This window, was of the neighbouring apartment occupied by Mrs. Perinkson !

Soon after, the police forced their way inside, reporters scrawled the place as guards held people from penetrating. The dead man, assumably a doctor was Dr. Jefferson Maverick.

Martin Durg wasted no time, he hurried to the neighbouring apartment of Mrs. Perinkson, finding the

door open, he ran in to find Mrs. Devinkson reading the news paper.

'Excuse me, Mrs. Devinkson, did it ever occur to you, that some violence took place ?'

'Oh Yes ?' Her eyebrows rose excitedly. Yes ? Mrs. Devinkson, a murder, a cold blooded murder ? Jefferson Maverick was murdered in the living room ? She stood her mouth open, 'Maverick, who'...She broke off !

'Have you heard of him ?'

'No, never ?'

'Someone called for him assumably and murdered, I gather information that the murder weapon was an umbrella ? Are you sure you didn't ?'

What ? She reddened "Accusing me of murder ?? What do I have to do if some lunatic called a doctor and killed him ?"

'Cool down ?' Martin walked to the open window to which the rope lead, 'Did you see anyone coming in or leaving ?'

"No, idea ! I was in the bedroom, but one thing was peculiar. The front door was open—not as I had left it !"

The next question Martin asked was who lived next door to which she replied, 'Next door ?? It's been vacant for 3 months ?'

'Timid woman', said Martin to himself as he left. On his way, he ran into Inspector Roderick. He asked, 'Inspector, is there any other access connecting the two apartments ? Martin received a positive answer. There was a long pause.

'Why don't you arrest Mr. Devinkson, Inspector, under charges of murder ??'

What made Martin sure that Mrs. Devinkson committed the murderous crime ??

—Aresh Shirali

ANSWER TO 'THE PRICELESS RING'

The big mistake that Mrs. Vostock had made was that she said the shot missed her, and then all she could do was scream. But—John had already found out, from the guards, that she screamed and then the shot rang out !!

Thus, Mrs. Vostock's plans were foiled by an 'irratating' and 'inquesitive' detective.

Aresh Shirali.

HUMOUR

John : When I grow older, I will become a policeman, and follow my father's footsteps.

Thin Lady : Why ?

Tom : I never knew your father was a policeman.

Fat Lady : Whenever I step on it, it shows me a sign "One at a time, please".

John : He is not ! He is a burglar.

1st burglar : Quick, jump out of the window ! The police is coming.

John : I have had this car for a year and never had a w-reck.

2nd burglar : But.....but we are on the 13th floor.

Robert : You mean to say, you have had this wreck for a year and never had a car !

1st burglar : Oh, come on, Don't be superstitions.

Fat Lady : I am very annoyed with that weighing machine of mine.

Navden Kumar

जीवन

यह कैसा जीवन है,

जिसमें कुछ भी नहीं,

पर सब कुछ है।

ऐसा क्यों लगता है,

कि हम अकेले हैं,

पर सब तो हैं।

न जाने ऐसा क्यों लगता है,

कि कोई हमें चाहता नहीं,

पर सब चाहते तो हैं।

कभी-कभी मन रोना चाहता है

तो कभी हँसना,

ऐसा क्यों ?

इसका जवाब है किसी के पास ?

-बिकाश वर्मा

हास्य का खजाना

जज-जब मैं वकील था, तब तुमने वकरी चुराई थी। अब मैं जज हूँ तो तुमने भ्रूस चुराई है ?

चोर-हुजर, आपके साथ-साथ मैं भी तरक्की कर रह हूँ।

पिता-बेटे, दिल लगा कर पढ़ा करो।

बेटा-लेकिन पिताजी, आप तो केवल चश्मा लगाकर पढ़ते हैं ?

सीमा-मेरे पति युद्ध में मेरी तस्वीर अपने साथ ले गए हैं।

मीना-हाँ, उन्होंने सोचा होगा शायद तुम्हारी तस्वीर देखकर दुश्मन पास नहीं आएगा।

कन्डक्टर-आपने क्या यह पढ़ा नहीं ? बिना टिकट बस में बैठना जुर्म है।

यात्री (गर्व से)-इसी लिए तो खड़ा हूँ, महाशय।

—पंकज त्यागी

अच्छी बातें :

१. दान से धन में कमी नहीं आती है।
२. सबसे अच्छा नशा जनता की सेवा है।
३. दान बिपत्तियों को खा जाता है।
४. क्रोध बुद्धि को खा जाता है।
५. इन्साफ जर्म को खा जाता है।
६. चिन्ता आयु को खा जाती है।
७. सबसे अच्छा दान क्षमा करना है।
८. रिश्वत इन्साफ को खा जाती है।
९. प्रायश्चित्त पाप को धो देता है।
१०. विद्या से बढ़कर कोई दौलत नहीं।

—नवीन कुमार गुप्ता

भारत में बेकारी की समस्या

भारत में बेकारी की समस्या जब फाह्यान ने भारत की यात्रा पूरी करली उसने कहा था कि भारत एक बहुत सुखी देश है। इसमें दूध की नदिया बहती है और डाकुओं का कोई आतंक नहीं है। बहुत कम लोग नास्तिक दिखाई देते हैं। और सब लोग सत्य बोलते हैं। यह था हमारे प्रचीन भारत का दृश्य। लोग खेती बाड़ी करते थे और यहा बेकारी विल्कुल नहीं थी।

भारत उसके बाद में मुगलों के राज से गुजरा और अंग्रेजों के राज से गुजरा। मुगलो और अंग्रेजों की लालची नीयत ने हमारी 'सोने की चिड़िया' को नष्ट कर दिया।

भारत की सारी अमीरी, गरीबी में बदलने लग गई। भारत में गरीबी, बेकारी और हिंसा का जन्म होने लगा। जब १९४७ ई. में भारत को आजादी मिली तब भारत के पास सिर्फ बेकारी, फैशन, निर्धनता और नास्तिक बची थी, जो अंग्रेज छोड़ गये थे। इस बेकारी के मुख्य कारण हैं :

१. भारत विभाजन के पश्चात देश की अच्छी और उपजाऊ भूमि पाकिस्तान में चली गई और बहुत सारे लोग जो भारत में रहते थे दर-दर भटकने लगे।
२. भारत की बढ़ती हुई जनसंख्या ने इस समस्या को और भी जटिल बना दिया। आज प्रति वर्ष भारत में एक करोड़ नये चहरे प्रकाश में आते हैं।
३. आज भारत में बी० ए० के छात्र भी अपनी रोटी का धन्धा नहीं ढूँढ सकते। उन्हें जो पढ़ाया जाता है वह उससे अपने लिए रोजगार नहीं ढूँढ सक्ते। वह सब किस काम का ?

भारत में हर जगह "नौ बेक्रेन्नी" के बोर्ड से आदमी तंग हैं। भारत में बेकारी बहुत है। भगवान भारत को वही भारत बना दे जो प्राचीन कालों में 'सोने की चिड़िया' कहलाया जाता था।

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