

THE OLIPHANT

The wishbone will never replace the backbone.

No. 8

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

1 Nov. 1983

EDITORIAL

The seventh issue flew past us and we found our hands loaded with lots of work to be accomplished, once again! Firstly, we would like to apologize for the numerous errors which were committed in the previous issue and would be very grateful if we were pardoned by all of you. We certainly have gained some experience now, and this Newsletter is sure to pick up more momentum in the coming issues.

The past week was spent, burrowing into our files in order to dig out some matter to make interesting reading for all of you. And here it is, once again and lets hope you relish it! We had promised that we would be including a comic strip in this issue. We have kept our word! Our brilliant cartoonist Jagjit made a quick sketch—and we present it for your entertainment. Suggestions and contributions on these lines will always be welcome and gratefully accepted.

We have a feeling that a red signal must be shown to the crossword/puzzle venture. The excitement was generated to a great extent & soon after the release of the last issue, crossword/puzzles have been pouring in. It is worth appreciating that so much attention is

being directed on this line but the printers have a Herculean task making such tough blocks for printing puzzles made this way. Therefore, these articles may be regulated, but we certainly do not discourage them altogether.

A brilliant suggestion from a couple of class VII boys has set us thinking. We still have to be more systematic in our approach to the Newsletter as a whole, therefore, the suggestion of having a record of the climatic conditions in our surroundings can only be implemented gradually. Give us a short span of time and we will certainly do our best in this avenue.

There are mixed opinions about the system of floating classes. But it is nice of the senior students to give their opinion about this venture. Let us hope that their request is granted.

That's all what we have to say for now. So, farewell till next fortnight—and happy reading.

Best Contributor of the month : Aresh Shirali.

VIJIT SAWHNEY

Sport's Review

On your Marks, get set, Go! Right from the word 'go' the athletes have been busily training for the selections of the District and sports day events.

Boys with 'spikes' are seen hanging around the main-field waiting eagerly for a chance to have a sprint across the field. On another field we get to see more sport enthusiasts practising 'hurling' the Javelin and the discus. On another end of the school we witness a few hefty bodies eagerly competing in putting the shot.

The high jumpers and broad jumpers are seen dusting away the sand from all over themselves after vigorous training. The lusty cheering from the crowd of boys spurs the jumpers to 'higher' heights, and side by side encourages them to beat each other's records. Another addition to the upper ground which has not gone unnoticed, is the new sandpit which has just recently been dug in the vicinity of the badminton courts. This pit is supposed to be used exclusively for Broad jumps, but every now and then we get to see junior boys pract-

ising high jumps with the help of a skipping rope in place of the normal bar.

And then, there are those enthusiastic broad jumpers vying to beat each other. And also there are those side-line watchers envying the better jumpers.

Tennis is getting along side by. And in fact it has more fan's than athletics has Boys 'bunk' their games to have a fling at tennis. The courts are usually flooded with boys who fight incessantly for a go at the 'Raquet creating a Racket'.

Basketball is still getting ready for the rat race with athletics and Tennis—who are already on the run, with of course tennis taking the lead.

The attainment of a position in the district sports was the main aim of the vigorously trained atheletes.

The junior and mischevious section, the 'X' Section bagged the 3rd position in the shuttle relay event. It is the most prestigious moment for us to announce that the 'A' section did extremely well. Our warm and hearty congratulations to the 'A' section who came home victorious after receiving a cup having completed their winning spree. Inderveer Singh Shergill did noticably well, supported by his fellow atheletes.

In the 'B' and 'C' sections, we managed a 3rd place in the 4 × 100 Mts Relay. Also in the 'D' section we got the 3rd position in the same event.

One of the most promising and upcoming atheletes of our school is certainly Rupinder Brar who battled hard and got the 2nd place in the 100 Mts sprint.

English Essay Writing Competition—1st Position

Myth or Mystery ? Time Will Tell :

The great English writer of the 14th century, William Shakespeare had very inspiringly written—'The world is but a stage and every man must play his part.' This magnificent stage was designed, created and formulated by the Force—one which Man is yet to recognize, but still worships and praises. We call this Force—God ! He is believed to have created this entire, beautiful Universe. But one question which constantly revolves

The results are as follows :

- 'X' Section : 3rd in 4 × 50 Mts
Samarendra Routela
Gagan Taleja
Abhishek Mishra
Sharad Dutt.
- 'A' Section : Inderveer = 80 Mts 1st, 100 Mts 1st
and Broad Jump 1st.
1st in 4 × 80 Mts Shuttle Relay :-
Inderveer Singh
Rajat Khorana
Dheeraj Kakati
Rohit Jain
- 'B' Section : 3rd in 4 × 100 Mts Relay
Vijay Kapoor
Satyendra Shah
Pankaj Bansal
Ashish Goswami
- 'C' Section 3rd in 4 × 100 Mts Relay—Meeraj Hussain
Musroor Hussain
Sandeep Rawat
Alankar Singh
- 'D' Section : 3rd in 4 × 100 Mts Relay : Rupinder Brar
Samir Karmacharya
Musroor Hussain
Arun Khanna

Rupinder Brar—100 Mts 2nd position

We hope you shall be patient enough to wait for the next issue for the results of the Council sports.

Umesh Shivlani

we have never had the opportunity to witness such a sight. This intriguing case was taken up by several physicists and astronomers, but a concrete solution is yet to be made.

The United States of America have been proudly launching many crafts in'o space. On a recent trip, an astronaut, Sally Ride, is said to have witnessed such an Unidentified Object. She described it as a large saucer-shaped disc which had hundreds of lights constantly flashing all around it. It disappeared from sight in just three seconds. I admit, this sounds very imaginative, but if seen from the scientific point of view, one is puzzled.

Then again, a Brazilian villager, Joao Prestes was melted to death by the beams of a square, glowing object. In the Death Valley, U.S.A. a ship was found in the desert area. No passenger on the ship was found and all the instruments were going haywire. It was traced down that the ship was missing from the Mediterranean Sea. Now, this is another of the hundreds of incidents which are happening at the rate of missing men or objects per month. And who is responsible for this myth? Or Mystery? Or Both?

Bright men like Steven Spielberg and Johannes King have probed this sector from almost every possible angle and have come to the conclusion that these Unidentified Flying Objects which have governed space are aliens to our Solar System. They most probably belong to other galaxies like Andromeda. Such ideas have been vividly depicted by these men in their spellbinding motion pictures, in order to interpret the feelings of the common man and give suggestions for such phenomenon

The term-'Unidentified Flying Objects' usually brings to the mind a sinister-looking craft with plenty of flashy lights on a saucer. Well, Squadron Leader A. B. Mathews from the United States Air Force firmly stuck to his sighting. He claimed to have seen an exact replica of what has just been explained at the beginning of this paragraph. Like his sighting, the N.A.S.A. has received over seven hundred sightings from all over the world. Which one is true cannot be positively stated, but each of these seven hundred must be having some percentage of facts. Which means that hundreds of aliens have already begun their research on our 'Blue Planet'.

This gives way to a new avenue, and throws light upon the feelings, of many on Earth-that are these aliens here to become invaders on our planet or are they friends? Or then again, have they come here after traversing millions of light years just to probe and research? If thought about, one does not achieve a satisfactory answer. This means we are still backward in comparison to these objects. They still remain an undefined mystery.

Whatever be the root cause of their venture or visit, one is fascinated by them and cannot but help admiring these Flying Objects. At present one craft from Earth has left our galaxy to the next-Andromeda, with the hope of bringing back friends from another Universe. This shows that we are still at the bottom rung in comparison to our neighbours-but, what sort of neighbours we shall meet is unknown.

Man's imagination plays tricks with him innumerable times and I often wonder what our neighbours are like, short or tall, fat or thin, pale or dark and so on. Only time and progress of science can tell. All answers will fall into place and the magnificent jigsaw of controversy will be solved.

I eagerly await the day when such dreams of all of us come true. The scientific limitations break barriers add progress ever onwards into the inky blankness of dazzling space.

Time will tell !!

Vikram Sawhney
Class X

Our due apologies to Mrs. Deshpande, Mrs. S. Singh and Willam Lawless. Mrs Deshpande is also incharge of the Hindi Dramatics and Dr. Oberoi accompanies Mrs Singh in the First Aid C. C. A. Willam Lawless was the third prize winner in the 'B' Group of the English Essay Writing Competition along with Gaurav Kampani. We regret these mistakes and shall make our maximum effort not to let them occur in future.

Before The Footlights

Not very long ago a Rajasthani gentleman was over at Welhams to give us a Multi Media Show. The show commenced with a short speech, by the gentleman, on what he was going to show us. The light and sound programme was based on Rana Pratap, the legendary hero. The light and sound Co-ordinated conveying clearly the bravery of Rana Pratap, the courageous hero of India, depicting his numerous battles for his motherland and his eventful life. They also conveyed to us the stories of his skillfully planned strategies and showed us some exquisite paintings (fresco).

The battle of Chittor, which he fought against Akbar, was also part and parcel of the show. This was to regain his territory. Although he fought with bravery and his zeal to gain independence was immense. But it was not prophesied in his destiny to regain that lost independence. But his effort was not in vain, for when ever India has been faced with such problems, the stories of such legendary heroes have helped us overcome them.

From the slides one is dazzled to learn that Rajasthan is not only a hostile, dry endless desert but a part of it also comprises of hills, dates, lush green forests, beautiful waterfalls, and turbulent rivers. Some of the slides

are of exquisite-beautiful sunsets, rolling vallies, intricately carved statues, temples-par excellence-like the beautiful kandhariya Mahadev Temple in khajurao: the Dilwara Temples of Mt. Abu and beautifully done paintings. On the whole the entire show depicted the rich culture and heritage of Rajasthan. The slides were explained by a tape which played simultaneously. Another show by him was—slides again—on life.

This part of the show explained to us about the fact that humanity, which lives far away from the madding crowd (civilization), lead a pollution free life in their own healthy environment. Thus they have a larger and more healthy life, (was this telling us indirectly that we should lead a primitive villagers life ?)

On the 21st of October the Welham Girls invited our boys for their founders day entertainment programme. The orchestra and plays were pretty good. The exhibition was well done especially the art department, which was done up beautifully.

So friends, thats about all for the time being and more in the next issue.

Satyajit Rao

TONGUE TWISTER

When a doctor gets sick, and another doctor, doctors him, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor or dose the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored or does the doctor doing the doctoring as the doctor, doctors in his own way

Teacher : The question papers have gone to the press.
So only two days are left for examinations to begin. Do you have any questions to ask ?

One student : Yes sir, what is the name of the printing press !

—MOHIT SAIGAL

Answer to Quiz Time (Issue 7)

1. Because the real name of the bone is 'humourous'.
2. South Korea and Bahrein
3. United Kingdom
4. a) Equine b) Bovine c) Leporine
d) Ophidine
5. The Trans-Siberian rail road between Moscow and the Soviet Far East. It takes more than 8 days to make 97 stops.
6. "Queen Anne's dead" meant 'old news'.
7. Willey Post, an American in 1933, in 7 days and 19 hours.
8. Atlantic sail fish—speed 78-80 kms. per hour.

MK

NIGHT WITHOUT END

It was a drive of 2 hrs through the dense jungles of Zingowa. It was a moonlit night. The constant hooting of owls and the spooky noises of the wild animals would certainly scare the wits out of any person stranded in the jungle.

The car touched the speed of 120 km. ph. Suddenly there was a bang! The car went haywire. Amazingly it did not climb off the road. I brought the car to a screeching halt. My doubt was cleared as I saw the rear tyre, it was shredded to bits.

During my numerous drives through the jungle this was the first time I had neglected carrying a spare tyre. I was disgusted over my negligence.

I gathered all my wits and decided to walk the rest of the way. It was a cold night. The frost bit into my uncovered face and I could feel my knees trembling with cold.

I was surprised to find a house in such a location and I was aware of the thought that I had not noticed the house in my last journey. I reluctantly approached the house with the hope of getting some help. My knocks at the door brought no response. I tried the door knob and the door opened with a loud creak. I hesitantly walked in.

As I walked in, the door closed behind me. I consoled my mind with the thought that it closed due to the wind.

A window opened and the gushing wind flipped open a few books lying on the table. The lightning illuminated the whole room. Within those few seconds of illumination I saw a ragged piece of sofa and an old book shelf full of old, tattered and torn book.

I could hear the gentle tinkling of the chandeliers above me. As I took a step forward there was a deafening sound behind me. I looked back and in the dim light I could make out that the chandelier had fallen. I was terrified by the thought that I would be lying under that huge heap of glass.

I heard the flutter of wings, something flew across my face. Suddenly my face went numb. The wing of the flying object had hit me across my face. The unexpected slap paralyzed me. I could hear the thing coming

for me again but I could not even budge from my place. It scratched me across my right cheek.

At that point I broke out of my state of paralysis. I started walking back slowly. I was unaware of the fact that a door opened behind me. Unknowingly, I walked in.

The door shut across my face with a loud bang. The blood on my cheek had dried up. I tried the door but it did not open. I was frightened. The room was so silent that I could hear my own heart beating.

My heart sank, my knees trembled so much that I was unable to stand and fell on the floor in a heap. Immediately an arrow whizzed above my head and pierced halfway into the wooden door.

I sensed some danger above, so I moved to my right. As I did so a huge slab of stone fell right next to me. I was petrified by the thought that I could be lying dead under that rubble of stones.

The window opened and something in the room made a rocking sound. I was breathing very hard. I strained my ears to listen as to know from which direction was the sound coming. It seemed as if the sound was coming from all directions.

It grew louder and louder. Soon it was unbearable. I opened my mouth to shout but my voice was drowned in that ear-deafening noise. Suddenly the noise stopped. I gave a sigh of relief. The big dong of the grandfather clock caught me unaware and it gave me a tight jolt. My imagination soon caught up with me. I imagined ghosts in the room. I could hear spooky noises

My hair were standing on end. I was frightened so much that I ran blindly and dived through the window. Soon I was falling through empty space. Then I blacked out.

As the first rays of the sun hit my eyes I got up. I was surprised to find myself alive. I was sure that, that fall would have killed me. I thanked my lucky stars and went to report this incident to the nearest police station. The attendants just laughed at me and told me that there was no house or inhabitants in that jungle. I was mystified.

I decided to erase that spine chilling memory from my mind. I did not tell that incident to anybody whilst I be made a laughing stock.

I am quite sure that for some time to come I shall stay out of those mysterious jungles of Zingowa. ..

Umesh shivlan

QUIZ TIME

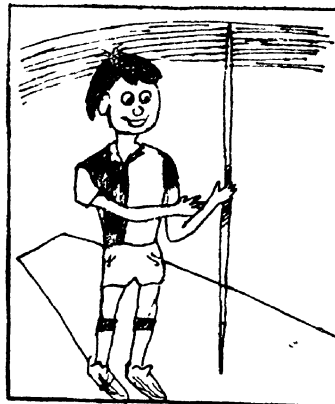
1. What were, what we call (postage) stamps, once called ?
2. Which is the fastest flying bird and how fast does it fly ?
3. Who devised the roller skates and when ?
4. Which is the oldest song in the world that is still sung ?
5. Which is the shortest river with a name ?

Urvashi Chawla

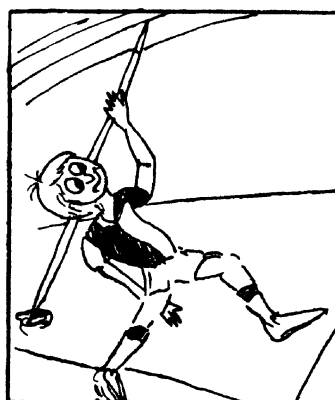
Answer To Puzzle No. 1

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Ravi Shankar | 11. Ian (Botham/Fleming) |
| 2. Beethoven | 12. Diana |
| 3. Mozart | 13. Anne |
| 4. Leonardo | 14. Lata |
| 5. Gavaskar | 15. Ronell |
| 6. Nehru | 16. Stalin |
| 7. Lenin | 17. Newton |
| 8. Washington | 18. Zia |
| 9. Napoleon | |
| 10. Nobel | |

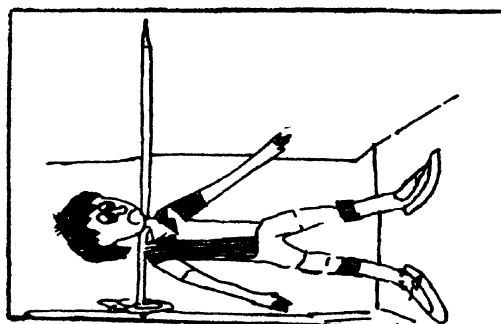
THE CHAMP



ON YOUR MARKS



SET... ..



GO !

Pitched Tent or Pinched Tent

It had been raining since the last two days and clouds hung gloom over the town of George ville.

Martin Durg, the sherlock Homes of the modern decade, sat in his so called 'Thinking Chamber'. This was part of the unused garage of the Durgs. He sat reading the 'Georgeville Times' newspaper, under the powerfull lamp, among all various detective instruments used for his amazing hobby of detection of crime : A sign hung, 'The mastermind is in' at the doorway adding to the professional look.

A young boy of ten, with shiny red hair entered hanging his raincoat aside : 'Martin, help me out of this situation, please !' Martin nodded as if to gesture him to speak on, 'A few people have taken over a tent which I pitched, you can ask my friend, Digby. I just left it on order to collect my sandwiches from Mummy and I return to find these big buiks playing a game of cards, in my tent. They are not returning it', he pleaded with sulky eyes.

'Come !' said Martin grabbing his raincoat. The red haired boy leads Martin out of the garage, through all kinds of treegroves and parks and finally to a blue outstanding tent, in an open space, surrounded with oak trees. This camping site was in the 'Span Camping Resort', not very crowded due to the wet weather.

The red haired boy, followed by Martin, approached the tent, lifting up the side-flaps. Three of college boys gazed at them, 'What's the matter ?' said one rather placidly.

'Return my tent or I shall report to the police !' burst out the little red-haired boy, taking Martin in full confidence.

'Prove it to us, that the tent is yours, first, sonny. Shot the rather fat one back profuse in
The boy with the red hair shot a glance at Martin.

'As we are not very well aquainted, I'm Martin Durg, the detective'. One college student with a freckled countenance sneered rudely.

'First you prove the tent is yours !' Martin replied in return to this rudeness.

'We pitched this tent so its ours ! said the fat boy playing his chance of cards. They were playing cards and in the middle stood a wooden crate with a few cards on it. A pillow was lying about and a chess board also Martin knelt down, a little in the tent, as the rain had increased.

'Exactly, from where did you get this tent ?' interposed Martin.

'It's mine my ' he thought a little, 'My aunt, No my, Yes my aunt gave me this tent as a present! The third one, with thick framed spectacles said.

'When ?' 'On my birthday'

'I see, who pitched this tent ?'

'Me !' exclaimed the fat one of the trio.

'How ?'

'Stop kidding, like it is done !' he grinned.

'When exactly ? Under whose supervision ?'

'At five O' clock, a few seconds past five, yesterday !' the fat boy missed, trying to create a satirous atmospheres.

'Who saw you ?' asked the mastermind.

'Why, the trees, birds, the rocks ! Ha ! Ha ! was the answer.

'But, my friend here claims to have pitched this very tent, this very spot himself !', fought Martin, with an air of protest.

Grins from all the three card players, was the reply.

Martin looked at the little boy with a twinkle of triumph in his eye, 'Is that pillow yours ?'

'Yes !' said the boy and leapt over the crate to the other end of the tent, knocking over the pack of cards to scatter them all over the ground. The red-haired boy, caring little of what he had done, examined the pillow closely, after he had picked it up.

The fat boy, picked up the cards and dusted the sand off them and said loudly,

'I pitched this thent, so it is right fully mine !'

'You pinched this tent, not pitched it, youmean !' said Martin with a sly twinkls in his eye. Martin leant

over the fat college boy's ear and whispered a few words
With a red face, he got up and with his friends, left
the tent in the rain, 'You win !'

QUE : WHAT PROOF DID MARTIN GIVE TO THE
FAT LEADER OF THE TRIO. THAT THE

It is a great thing to take a pride in our work.
Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well. Even
in the humblest task we should be ambitious, to do it as
well as we can.

For Example—A cobbler should not think his job a
humble one.

It can be scamped and done anyhow.

He should be able to make better shoes than anyone

A tinker should take pride in mending, even an
old kettle better than any tinker.

This is what we call, "Pride in one's work".

KAMAL OBEROI

A REPORT ON C.C.As IN WELHAM

In continuation of the one before

CHESS—To give the masterminds something to
rattle their brains with, chess was started. Mr Jayal
himself a very good chess player is training the promis-
ing youngsters into excellent chess players. There are
about 30 players in this hobby. The boys are learning
slowly but surely by experience, the different tactics of
playing chess. The chess competitions will be coming
up soon, and dont you be surprised if you find that all
the competitors turn out to be from this C.C.A. because
they are good class of players and have a good experie-
nce in the game. The editorial board has a suggestion
to make. Wont it be a good idea to send some of our
players to outside schools to play with. Then at least
they would not be continued to play with the same players
and they would know how high is their standard through
this. All our best wishes are with them and we hope
they live up to our expectations where ever they play.

2. **YOGABHYAS**—Unnoticed by most of the
school, every Thursday and Saturday afternoon finds
the auditorium full with boys learning yogabhyas .

TENT RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO THE
RED HAired BOY, WHICH MADE THE FAT
LEADER LEAVE THE TENT FOR HIM ????

ARESH SHIRALI

SHAMPOO SCANDAL

ANSWER

If you observe carefully, the officer checking the
yellow shirted person's luggage, dropped the bottle of
'shampoo' (one out of the many) but behind the counter!
A natural 'mess' of glass and the narcotic is created, but
not in Martin's sight. The happening directly after this
aroused suspicion in the brilliant brain of Martin Durg.
The officer, in order to clean the mess got a broom and
a shovel ! If the bottle did contain shampoo, the semi-
viscous thick liquid, a mop and a shovel would be used !
A broom was used to clean up the mess, therefore the
mess was of solid particles !

Thus, again Martin proved himself a great sluth!

Aresh Shirali VII

It is said that a healthy body and mind go toge-
ther. By a healthy body I do not necessarily mean a
muscular or a strengthy body, but a body derived from
any form of diseases. Yogabhayas is exactly the practise
to have such a body. You can not only be diseae-rid
person, but can also give your body any shape you
prefer (slim, tall etc.)

The boys are practising various asans (poses) for
different factors. For example Surya Asan for a perfect
blood circulation, Triban Asan for becoming slim.
It is a matter of great help to have this
C.C.A. in our school, because all the boys having any
types of problems can always contact the yoga boys.
(Dont you think so for boys)

3- **MUSIC**—This is one of the largest C.C.As.
It has been divided into many parts Tabla, Bongo,
Harmonium, Guitar. Banjo, Sitar and vocal music. The
Tabla, Bongo and Harmonium are taken by Mr.
Jaswinder Singh. The Guitar is divided into two parts,
Spanish and Hawain. The Hawain style of Guitar is

taken by Mr. Ravi. He also takes Banjo and Sitar, and the Spanish Guitar is taken by Mr. Rik the sir who has recently joined welhams. He also takes English vocal music. The Hindi vocal music is taken by Mrs. Misra. She also gives a hand in Harmonium, Sitar and tabla.

A rather large and complex system this C.C.A. was though, but their achievements have been remarkable. The boys practising vocal music prove the worth on stage everyday at assembly time. As far as other instruments are concerned, you may have hardly heard the boys playing. Even if you chance to pass by the music room on C.C.A. days, you cannot judge their standard and achievements because you will most probably be greeted by a pandamonium which is a result of all the instruments being practised at one time. But if you go in and see each room individually you will know how hard they have practised, and how skilled they are at their instruments. You can judge for yourself their talent soon, by chance if they do get a chance to display it on an entertainment programme, which we think they should, and hope too.

4. ARTS—It always pleases ones heart to see a good painting or a sketch. And while entering the art room it would be injustice to say just pleased, for you would be overjoyed to see such good sketches done by boys from 1st to 10th Standard. Meanwhile there are some boys from 10th who have taken art instead of Economics. These boys are taught. Batic, Tie and dye, watercolour painting, oil paintings & sculpturing and they have successfully adorned the art room with beautiful sketches and paintings. Some of the good paintings are even hung on board in the Yellow-Building. The artists had entered many art competitions held by the lions club last term and had been successful in bagging five or six prizes. Recently they entered an All India Camel art contest, the results of which will be coming out in November or December. Mrs. Taluqdar and Mrs. Banerjee have been training most of the artists from young classes and have moulded them into elegant painter and sculptors. They have a suggestion to make, they would like to have better equipment, proper chairs and tables and some frames to put the good paintings in. The Editorial Board wishes them best of luck and hopes that they get their required equipment so they can practise better, and the artists get a chance to boost out all their talent.

Udeshpal Singh Mann

With Reference to your letter to the editor in your issue of October 15th 'All Super Tens' have expressed their feelings about the floating classes. This scheme was put into operation because I as a geography teacher found myself too lazy to carry globes, maps and charts from class room to class room. Further, we found that the science class could not function until experimental work was conducted in the lab.

After series of discussions with the boys and teachers therefore, this change to floating class took place. There are disadvantages, particularly for lazy and careless boys !

However, there is no waste of time as incorrectly stated by the Super Tens.

Yours etc,

S. Kandhari

Welham News

Parting is such sweet sorrow, which leaves one in a complete state of sadness. The downcast faces of the boys, expressed the same sadness on the departure of Dr. Mukherjee for R.I.M.C. Dr. Mukherjee had been with us since 1978 and his departure has been a great loss to us. We wish him all the best and a very long happy stay at R.I.M.C.

So do we bid goodbye and good wishes to Miss. A. Kumar who is also leaving us to get married. Our best wishes are with her for a very happy married life. The young ones will surely miss her. We hope she had a pleasant and fruitful stay in Welhams.

Excitement in boys is keeping up with their hard work as the Fete is nearing. Mr. Kandhari assisted by the boys are going all out to organize the Fete, the best they can.

The 10th class boys are studying very hard while the rest of the school is preparing for the final Exams, due in November.

And hearty congratulations to Mr. Bhatia on becoming the S.U.P.W. incharge and Mr. Anand becoming the Ganges Housemaster.

सवाँगना है अगर तुम को गुलशन
तो पहले काँटों में उलझाओं जिन्दगानी को ।
जगजीत सिंह

हिन्दी निबन्ध प्रतियोगिता-प्रथम स्थान

आप बाढ़ पीड़ित इलाके का दौरा करके लौटे हैं। वहाँ की परिस्थिति का वर्णन कीजिए।

हाल ही में मैं बाढ़ पीड़ित इलाके का दौरा कर के लौटा हूँ। वहाँ की परिस्थिति का चित्रण मेरे दिल और दिमाग में विस्तृत रूप में हो गया है। उस परिस्थिति का ख्याल करते ही मेरे रौंगटे खड़े हो जाते हैं। भगवान् का इतना भयंकर प्रकोप मैंने न ही पहले कभी देखा था, और ईश्वर करे न ही कभी देखने की संभावना हो।

कई दिन लगातार वर्षा के कारण गुजरात के गांवों में पानी एकत्रित होता रहा। वर्षा के पानी के झकड़ा होने और उस की सीमा बढ़ने ने बाढ़ का रूप धारण कर लिया। पूरे देश में यह खबर जंगल में आग के समान अखबारों द्वारा फैल गई। मैंने भी यह खबर पढ़ी और वहाँ की परिस्थिति को अपनी आँखों से देखने का निश्चय कर लिया। अपने आप एक डाक्टर होने के नाते मैंने यह अपना कर्तव्य भी समझा कि वहाँ जाकर पीड़ित का इलाज कर उनकी सहायता करूँ।

सब आवश्यक सामान लिये मैं गुजरात में ही बाढ़ से पीड़ित एक इलाके के विश्राम गृह पहुँचा जहाँ की दशा और पास ही के गाँव से मुश्किल थी। बाढ़ के मुख्य इलाके को देखते ही मैं दंग रह गया।

पूरा का पूरा गाँव पानी में डूबा हुआ था। चारों ओर कूहराम मचा हुआ था। छोटे-छोटे डूबते बच्चे तिनके का सहारा ढूँढ़ने की कोशिश में थे। पर सब ही डूबने वालों को उसी समय सहारा देना असंभव दिख रहा था। दो-तीन नौका वाले डूबते हुए लोगों को बचाने की पूरी कोशिश में थे। माताएँ अपने डूबते बच्चों को तो देख नहीं सकती इसलिए आव देखती न ताव और पानी में कूद पड़ती अपने दुलारों को बचाने। पानी के बहाव से कच्ची भोपड़ियाँ सब तितर-बितर हो गयी थी, और उनके मालिक अब भोपड़ी के बचे हुए हिस्से पर छिपक-छिपककर बैठ हुए थे। लोगों के खेत भी पानी में डूबे पड़े थे, अत्यधिक अफसोस गाँव वालों को इसी बात का था। लोगों की शक्ल-मूरत देख यह प्रतीत हो रहा था, मानों कई दिनों से खाने का एक तिनका भी उनके पेट तक नहीं पहुँचा हो। सब सूख कर लकड़ी के समान हो रहे थे। बड़ा ही दुःख भरा दृश्य था। मेरे बस में होता तो सबको अपने घर ले जाकर भर-पेट भोजन खिलाता। दिल को कितनी शांति मिलती। देखते ही देखते मेरी नाव के सामने से जिस पर बैठा मैं यह सब देख रहा था नन्हीं लाख गुजरती दिखाई दी। यह दृश्य मुझसे सहा न गया। धीरे-धीरे मैं नाव में आगे बढ़ा और भोपड़ियों से बाढ़ के

गन्दे पानी से पीड़ित रोगियों को अपनी नाव में ले आया। उसी इलाके में कुछ और डाक्टर भी थे जो अपने दिल और जान से लोगों का इलाज कर रहे थे। फिर मैं कुछ रोगियों को अपनी नाव में विश्राम गृह ले गया और उनका इलाज किया। मैं प्रति दिन यह कार्य करता रहा। तब एक दो दिनों बाद आकाश में हेलिकाप्टर दिखाई दिये जिससे अनाज नीचे गिराया गया। लोगों के चेहरे पर मुस्कान की एक झलक दिखाई पड़ी, जिसे देख कर मेरा मन प्रफुल्लित हो उठा।

कुछ ही दिनों बाद बाढ़ का प्रकोप कम होता गया। आखिर तक बाढ़ का नाम और निशान न रहा, और मैं घर वापिस लौट आया। पीड़ित लोगों के बारे में मैं अब भी सोचता हूँ तो दुःख होता है। ईश्वर उनका ख्याल रखे और उनका भला करे।

प्रकाश कोठारी कक्षा ९

चाँदनी रात

दिन जब झूलस कर थक गया तो उसने अपने को निशा को सौंप दिया। चाँदनी रात के आने से दुनिया में शीतल समीर बहने लगा। दिन भर विवस्वान की किरणों के ताप के बाद चन्द्रमा की शीतल चाँदनी ने, पृथ्वी को नहला दिया।

ऐसा लगता था कि सारा जग सो गया है और तुहिनकरण, धीरे-धीरे धरती पर सफेद चादर बिछा रहे हैं। चारों ओर का शीत-गुल थम गया था, शान्ति और सन्नाह छाया हुआ था, केवल भीगुर की झंकार कानों में पड़ रही थी। पेड़ों के पत्ते चाँद की रोशनी और मस्त हवा में हिल रहे थे। चाँद काले बादलों की परछाई में छुप्या-छुपी खेल रहा था।

नभ के काले परदे के ऊपर टिमटिमाते तारे हीरक जैसे लगते थे। ऐसा महसूस होता था कि तारों से भरा काला समुद्र बहता जा रहा हो और इस समुद्र का अन्त न हो। तारक-हीरे से भरे समुद्र में शान्त चन्द्रमा, किशती के समान बहता जा रहा था। दूर कहीं कोई बंसी की तान छेड़ रहा था। लगता था, मानो कृष्ण धरती पर आकर रास रचा रहे हो।

चाँदनी रात के मोहक सौन्दर्य ने मेरा मन मोह लिया था और मैं धीरे-धीरे निद्रा के भवँर में डूबने लगा था।

पंकज त्यागी

“दीपावली के शुभ अवसर पर आप सब को हमारी
हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ।”

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