



# THE OLIPHANT

*Socrates said that there was only one good, namely, knowledge;  
and one only evil, namely, ignorance.*

No. 10

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

1 Dec. 1983

## EDITORIAL

THE bygone term left behind a storm of feelings, wishes, ideas— and of course, numerous happenings. Since the commencement of the term, we worked hard, if I may say so, and endeavoured to make all the issues equally interesting. We hope you too enjoyed reading the issues and found them satisfactory, just as we have enjoyed presenting them to you.

The term began with a flurry of furious activity and all of us became temporary reporters in the real sense! We introduced the 'Retrospect' column but it somehow seemed to be more like a diary of events and did not pose as an interesting piece for reading. We were glad to receive suggestions, and this helped us to eliminate this column. The occasional 'Welham News' has clicked ever since.

Sports in general, created a furor, and the column was well-packed all through. The names of competitions in each match or event will be put more often — at least we shall endeavour to do so.

The auditorium floor was decorated frequently for a variety of programmes which ranged from magic shows and other entertainment of the like, to educational slides. We hope you found this section covered well and had pleasant material to read.

Unfortunately, the Hindi section was confined to a maximum of two sides of the Newsletter and we still wait for enthusiastic responses. The Footnotes proved to be a worthwhile venture and the tit-bits of news were sieved out for you. Humour and brain ticklers were always in plentiful-stashed up in our files. The

change in trend has become recently noticeable, as the students now prefer giving articles like essays which is indeed a good sign.

The ever-increasing number of poems in our issues, shows how much the poetic talent of the students of this school has blossomed. We would like to thank them for this effort and we expect a continuous flow of articles from them.

There is still tremendous scope for improvement and we will gladly accept as many letters as you wish; they may be complimentary, for a good article, criticizing (we need it to improve) or on anything which you feel significant. After all, it is the Voice of Welham that speaks!

The new batch of the Board has virtually taken over completely by now, and as the term ends, our group of the Board also exits. We all enjoyed working for your pleasure and learnt many a thing in the process. We wish the new batch on the Board all success in developing the Newsletter still further.

It is a special pleasure for us to have brought out this issue on our 4th Founders Day, thus adding another new feature to this day which is seeing many innovations.

Hope you enjoy this 10th issue just as much as we did in compiling it. The future will still blossom may Welham and this Newsletter progress 'From Strength to Strength'!

Farewell..... and a very Happy Winter Vacation and New Year.

Vikram Sawhney

## Kibbutz Life ( Continued from last issue )

In the last issue of the *Oliphant* I attempted to introduce the Kibbutz concept. This time I will recount my own experiences of life on Bet Zeru Kibbutz in the Jordan Valley.

I spent my first week working night shifts (12pm -6am) in the plastics factory. The factory was never closed down in order to save costs and maximise production ! The work involved pushing buttons on vast machines to initiate two large moulding plates which clamped together ferociously to make a chair or bottle crate out of molten plastic. I was producing about one every minute-all of them destined for German markets !

The work was rather tedious for six hours non-stop and there was little chance to sit down! Occasionally the tedium would be relieved by a machine failure when sputtering noises and hot steam would indicate that plastic had melted in the wrong places ! I often had to clamber right into the machine to get it working again. This I was loathe to do because the machines sometimes had minds of their own and I did not wish to be clamped into a chair shape !

Tedium was also reduced by the presence of cheerful Israeli supervisors who would wander here and there whistling or singing and driving fork lift trucks. Electric shocks were another addition to the events on night shift !

That was my first week on the Kibbutz ; the factory is used almost as an initiation rite for newcomers. The following week I opted to move to the Kitchens.

What kitchens there were ! Catering for eight hundred is no easy matter and involves great organisation and energy. I vividly remember the time I nearly strained an arm muscle trying to mash potatoes for lunch ! Despite the apparent monotony of a volunteers job in the kitchen I stayed there for most of the time because I got on well with the cook—a jovial, rather round woman who could not speak English. I soon learnt a few essential Israeli words and can clearly remember the sound of her voice booming across the large kitchens saying “Regga ! Regga ! which means ‘wait ! wait !’ Another favourite was “Rampa ! Rampa !” which meant “O. K. you can clean the ramp now”. Apart from this we communicated in sign language which, as far as food is concerned, is not difficult !

Work started at 6am and continued until 12 noon with a break for breakfast in between. Most of this time would be spent chopping up vegetables or fruit-or on bad days cleaning fish or chickens ! By the end of my stay I was actually allowed to cook a few things !

One hour before lunch it would be time to start cleaning up and the food would be poured from the vast steaming tureens into the sections of the lunch trolley. Then the fun began !

To clean the kitchens there were hoses placed at various convenient places all over the room and we would stand at intervals in our gum boots spraying everything in sight (except the cook who had a fairly hot temper at times) Then came the buckets of soapy water which were sloshed over the floors to allow us to scrub them clean. After this our last job was to remove any trace of water using rubberised scrapers.

This kitchen work was not exactly exciting but it was better than working in the banana plantations. I spent a couple of days pulling up rubber irrigation pipes for eight hours at a time with nothing to keep me company but the stench of rotten bananas ! This, I might add, was the end of the season.

Other jobs for volunteers that were good were those on the hillsides cotton fields or driving trucks in the grapefruit plantations. Work was always fairly leisurely but consistent.

This was the working half of the day. After lunch everyone was free to do what they wanted-usually this involved a sleep at some point or other. Out kibbutz was quite good at organising social events for the evenings and we had at least one film a week as well as folk dancing or musical concerts.

So far you might think, the Kibbutz sounds like fun. Indeed that view is certainly true for volunteers. However, for the Kibbutzniks there is always a fear of Arab attacks against them and, even as a temporary resident, I was aware of this defence problem. I vividly remember one evening returning from a neighbouring Kibbutz after dark and being ordered to halt (in Israeli) by the guard on duty. Had I disregarded this he might well have fired the rifle he was pointing at me ! I might add that the Kibbutz also had high barbed wire fences all around it !

The Israelis are justifiably wary of P. L. O. terrorists. During my stay in Bet Zeru there was a Kibbutz in the north broken into by terrorists and four Israeli children were killed

An Israeli retaliation had followed causing a number of Palestinian casualties in Lebanon. During this week Bet Zeru was put on guard against further attacks and we had one emergency when terrorists were spotted across the Jordan border a few miles away. This experience was quite nerve wracking as all the Israeli men took to wearing guns slung over their shoulders and would prow, almost like hunters, around the Kibbutz at night !

In fact there were constant reminders while I was there that this was a country under attack. Four or five times a day the patrolling border jets would fly low over Bet Zeru breaking the sound barrier as they did so. This is quite an alarming sound for the un-experienced and on my first day I thought they had dropped

a bomb in honour of my arrival !

Another rather sad reminder of their preparedness for war was the sending of young men and women to the army. The women had to work for two years and the men for three. This meant also that there was a lack of the 18-22 age group on the Kibbutz itself. In fact, the Israelis are now facing the problem of ex-army people migrating to the towns. This could cause great problems for the Kibbutzim who rely on their younger members to carry on the traditions.

The Kibbutz is a fascinating community unit and, for a volunteer, it presents an excellent opportunity to see and understand a people, their country, and their ideals. Whether the Kibbutz experiment provides a sufficiently ideal example for the rest of the world to follow remains a question that sociologists and economic development theoreticians are still puzzling over !

Miss. R. A. Ward

## POLLUTION

Pollution,  
Yes Pollution,  
Is a horror for our institution !

There are people who care not for us,  
Turn a deaf ear to our fuss,  
Smoke, dust, and more smoke  
That's all we see today,  
In Kilns - the fuel's every poke,  
Makes all of us,  
Everyday —  
Choke !

We know it harms us,  
We all raise a fuss,  
We all cry.  
But can only - still, sigh.

Who listens ?  
From the kitchens to the kilns,  
I think it all sins -

Oh,  
This Pollution !

Pollution harms the Environment,  
It is a disarmament,  
For Nature, us - each one of us  
But all we can do is fuss.

Can't we stop these belching chimneys ?  
Can't we awake and realize,  
That we can develop Nature !  
And then emphasize,  
Stop this Pollution !!!  
Bring an end to our fuss,  
Its enforcement is a must for each one of us.

Pollution,  
Yes Pollution,  
Is a horror for our Institution !!!

Vikram Sawhney

## OBITUARY

We offer our condolence to Mrs. Chopra on the recent demise of her father.

## BROKE !!! ?

Last year I was broke, penniless, down at heel, without any proverbial bean to my name. Nothing is pleasant when you are in this unhappy condition, but some things are more unpleasant than others

One thing which figures very high on the list of nastiness is a journey to court, especially if you are about to have your arms twisted by the judge on behalf of a vulture, a sucker-of-blood who is going to get back the debt you owe him even if it takes the remainder of your respective lives.

I, then was very unhappy. I walked slowly, reluctantly, because I had to go where I never wanted to be. All the while, I gazed at the pavement. Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle.

And then I saw 'the envelop'. It was fat, thick with importance, a well fed square of Manila staring at me from the pavement.

I picked it up. Fingered it and felt it. And then thought. I must have been tempted to slit it open and see what was inside, I pondered.

How very careless somebody must have been to leave this tempting packet lying on the ground. But I, for all my poverty was very honest. I did not hesitate for long. With a rather faster step, and hugging the

envelope to my chest. I took it round to the nearest police station.

Well ? asked the desk sergeant.

'I've found this, I exclaimed.

They slit it open, and out tumbled Rs. 5000/- Five thousand quids, Crisp, rectangular slices of paper, to me, which was wealth unparalleled.

They also found out who earned it. It was a lady.

Dear me . . . how very careless of me . how kind of this young boy to bring it round. Do you think he might accept a small reward say twentyfive pounds ?

Blimey !

*And so it came to pass that I went to court, for I had to pay the debt I owed to a man I was fined £3.40*

I paid the man his required amount and still had \$21.60 left with me. In the morning I did not have a single penny to pay my debt, but now after paying the debt I still have some money left, which would last for a few days.

I was no longer broke.

Sanyog Mehta

## Before The Footlights

As you may realize by the length of this article, it happens to be a report on all the literary and cultural activities that have taken place throughout the year. Programmes and competitions have taken place and there is a lot, really a lot, to tell all of you about.

Today as all of you know is our founders day and we are putting up an entertainment programme as usual. The main items in this programme are 'EK THA GADHA URF ALLADAD KHAN' the Hindi play and 'DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND', the English play. Well lets hope you enjoyed the whole programme.

Well in January 1983 the first entertainment programme comprised plays staged by each house, all houses did their plays very-well. Not much later the girls (three of them who are now studing in WGHS & SJA) staged the play called 'laughter is the best medicine' and

kapil and a few others did a Hindi play. They both were good. The senior also had an Interhouse Elocution Competition Jamuna House won (overall) with 225 pts.

A Hindi recitation competition was held in Feb. Actually this was more of an entertainment programme. On March the 5th our boys went to the YMCA for a declamation competition. Sanjay Bharwani won the first position in his section and Vijit got a complementary certificate. On the eve of the exams we staged a programme comprising of plays The Hindi one 'Arjun Talash' was beautifully done. The English was a musical-'Romeo & Juliet'. In this item the actors played their parts to the hilt.

Baisakhi came and along with it came a wonderful entertainment programme. We also had a Declamation-cum-recitation competition. All went well

but we politely brought up the rear. We also had our Annual Quiz competition for which Ganges were the winners. Later that month (April) Miss Pramila Pande from Delhi came over with her accompanying artists to give us a Kathak Dance recital.

In August we had a series of programmes Guitarists, Magicians, Media Coordinators, Puppitiers who gave us all a lovely time exhibiting their talents.

Both Jamuna and Ganges houses gave combined entertainment-programme-Boy! was it something! Both houses did very well. Not very much later the Cauvery and Krishna Houses entertained us with songs and plays. They did well though the Krishna house could have had a larger variety by adding mimes etc.

A Rajasthani gentleman was over to give us a slide show on Rana-Pratap and his eventful life. Another of his programmes was based on the fact-'city life

is unhealthy and village life is pure.' Welham Girls' had invited boys for their founder's day programme fete. They both were well organized though rain had jeopardised the fete being a success.

Then came our own fete. It was a grand success and I hope our visitors also felt the same way. The fete ended with a stupendous show of fire works.

The Assam Regiment Officers came over on Saturday the 12th of November to give us a show-mainly focusing the rich technique and heritage of the Assamese Dance and Culture. The show was fantastic and hope we have one more of the similar kind.

So that's all from me for good as far as this column is concerned. I wish you all Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Satyajit Rao.

## CHILDREN AT PLAY

'Stop there you thief',  
Cried the young chief  
But the thief did not wait,  
And ran to the imaginary gate.

But his mission failed  
And he was caught and nailed  
The thief cried "Please. Stop.  
You are only a play cop".

The chief got very, very angry and said  
"I am a real cop,  
And I won't stop".  
The thief cried "It is very painful  
And not at all playful".

A fight broke out  
And they began to shout.  
Just then they heard footsteps  
And they were back in their respective beds.

Akin Mehta, VIIB



## RIDDLES

1. What takes you to your room without moving ?
2. As round as a cup as deep as an ocean, 25 horses can not pull it ?
3. A boy to another : How do you know that the train has not passed ?
4. What gives milk to us, white coloured and has only one horn ?
5. How can you stop a skunk from stop smelling ?
6. How can you stop a pen from leaking ?
7. How can you stop a bicycle from feeling cold ?
8. How can you stop a water pipe from leaking ?
9. What time is it when an elephant sits on the fence ?
10. Why did Andropov throw the clock over his head ?
11. Why are ghosts so scary ?
12. What did one joker say to another joker ?

Kamal Oberoi

## OUR ENVIRONMENT

We have got an extremely beautiful school,  
With large green fields plus a swimming pool  
With huge buildings scattered around  
And boys in them making cheerful sounds.

Still why does everyone taunt and complain  
That stuffy air is hindering our progressing lane,  
But whom are we here to blame  
Our own carelessness or the limestone flame ?

I think the factories are at fault a bit  
But they just do not realize it.  
We should stop littering here and there,  
And keep our school clean and fair.

Mukul Goyal

VIII B

## LAST MINUTS BEFORE HOLDAYS

The bell rings,  
the boots they fling,  
The children come out,  
With many a shout.

With many a shout,  
They jump about,  
Dance in merriment,  
For there's a rout.

No maths, no science,  
Enjoy Yo Yo  
For the school is closed  
For a month or two.

Munish Sethi

VII B

## SACRIFICE

Babar stood by his son's bed,  
his face was pale and his eyes ever red,  
The whole night did tears he shed,  
for his son, his hier Humayun was on his death bed.

Doctors and Saints came from far and wide,  
as quickly as they could ride.  
But in vain, for as hard as they tried,  
They could not remove Babar's plight.

Then came Suleman the wise,  
And said, 'If thee want thy son to rise,  
thee will have to pay its price,  
the most valuable thing in thou eyes.'  
Thus did Babar his life did sacrifice.

Mujib Ahmed

## Woodseats Newsletter

In our last letter we wrote about our chick-a-diddles. That was some time ago. Since then they have grown big and are now an active, kicking and eager lot hungry for adventure. Their long wait for camping in the jungle this mid-term break ended on the morning of 29th September last. Everything had been arranged for them. The Reserve Forest Rest House at the Satya Narain Block had been booked for them for a stay of 4 days. A bus had been engaged. It arrived on schedule. Presently it was loaded with bags and baggage, cooked lunch and rations and the impatient 54 patches of humanity followed by members of the staff and bearers. We reached Satya Narain Rest House around 1 o' clock after noon.

While baggage was being unloaded, the children played about like rabbits on a farm. A quick washup and lunch on durries picked them for a splash in the stream nearby. By three o' clock all were ready and agog for the refreshing bath equipped with towel, soap and bathing trunk each. The entire party lined up and with Ma'am proudly leading, the jungle echoed to the shouts and laughter of a happy throng.

The sight of water drew children like ducklings to a pool. They found it a lot of fun wading and splashing at each other. A shoal of glistening fishlings called them for a sport with them. An hour's hard chasing around yielded nothing. The fish was too clever for simple woodseaters. Tadpoles proved easier to get at but of little merit. While thus busy someone espied a hefty black crab lazing in the sun on the opposite bank. This was big game. One of the more enterprising, aware that a crab can be dangerous managed to wrap up the fellow in his towel. He was immediately hailed a hero and all crowed about his feat. From then on the crab became a prize show piece.

In the evening after dinner everyone was free to talk unchecked till sleep arrived. Like a mother she came to each one and the children slept as never before. They slept on the floor stretching their limbs to the limit and in all directions of the compass. They slept on the bosom of Mother Earth, one with Nature. Is there a greater joy for a child ?

The next day we expected a visit from our Principal, Mr. Kandhari and Mrs. Kandhari and the hon'ble Minister of State Forest. They arrived about 11 o' clock in the morning. As soon as their car stopped at the gate a rush of children flooded them on all sides. Mr. Kandhari emerged with his face wreathed in happiness as boys clung to him; Mrs. Kandhari beamed graciously, warm smiles on those that went for her and the Minister found himself besieged in happiness. He soon pulled out his camera and took several coloured photographs of the children and Mr. and Mrs. Kandhari as also of other groups in the camp. It was noticed that Mrs. Kandhari never tired of admiring the crab and asking the children many questions about it. Mr. Kandhari as usual got entangled in playing with the children. A hastily prepared tea was served and our distinguished visitors reluctantly left to go to other camps. However, the Minister in obvious appreciation of our children's behaviour instructed the Forest Staff to show a film of jungle life in colour to our children in the evening. This was found quite an entertainment as also of much educational value.

On the following day we were invited by Sri Avinash Vashisht to his farm for lunch and swimming in his private swimming pool. How well the children enjoyed and became part of the company and social atmosphere wherever they went is matter of pride for all of us. Our hosts were pleased and fed us sumptuously. We were happy and grateful to them for their affection. We offered them our profuse thanks when we took leave of them.

Meantime we could snatch a few hours to visit Hardwar. We saw the beautiful bathing ghats, Har-ki Pauri and the Shiva temple. Hardwar takes its name from Shiva also called Har. It was Shivji who brought nectar churned from the sea to Hardwar. The Ganges enters the plains here carrying the life giving waters for one thousand five hundred miles in its course down to the sea.

The next day we returned to Welham bringing with us clusters of memories of kindness, gracious

treatment, affection, friendship and a very enjoyable time out in the open. Our children will grow up but these memories shall always remain with them and will bring moments of happiness whenever they will think of this trip.

Goodness never dies. It bring happiness to him who is good and to him to whom we are good. At



Welham we take much care to see that children in our care are happy and good.

Thank you for your interest in us.

F. Young

Housemistress.

## UNNATURAL LAWS

Have you received a phone call the minute you stepped outside and locked your door? Certain people have noticed that such events are not the exceptions but rather the rule. Famous people like Murphy, Peter & Parkinson have given some 'Unnatural Laws' mentioned below-

1. Murphy's law-  
If anything can go wrong it will.
2. The Unspeakable law-  
As soon as you mention something - if it is good, it goes away - if it is bad, it happens
3. Law of Selective gravity - An object will fall so as to do the most damage.
4. Jenning's Corollary - The chance of the bread falling with the buttered side down is directly proportional to the cost of the carpet.
5. Hoard's law of large problems - Inside every large problem there is a small problem struggling to get out.
6. Boren's first law - When in doubt - mumble
7. The golden rule of arts & science - Whoever has the gold makes the rules.
8. Segal's law - A man with one watch knows what time it is. A man with two watches is never sure.

Miss Manju Kapoor

## Woodseats Newsletter

1. I enjoyed my camping very much, because we slept on the floor and there was no rule of no talking

Simran Nurpuri

2. I was very happy at the camp, but at night I was very afraid, when we were eating dinner outside the Rest House, all the time I was looking towards the jungle and I saw a giant and heard lions roar when ma'am saw me frightened she showed with the

torch that tree which I was thinking was a giant.

Vikram Sharma

3. At camp Mr. & Mrs. Kandhari came with big forest minister, Mr. Sanjay Singh. We were very happy. Kandhari ma'am was talking to us and Sir was playing carrom with us. so I said to sir we want to stay five days more. He laughed and did not say anything.

Karan Mirchandani



4. At camp Udai's father Mr. A. Vashisht invited us for lunch and swimming. We enjoyed the lovely lunch and swimming. I wish next year we will go there again.

Pranav

5. On Dussehra day our hostel ma'am made a real and big Ravan. We put the Ravan outside our

hostel. Our bearerji burnt the Ravan at night and it was full of crackers. When it was burning we all shouted "Ram Chanderji ki Jai" After that ma'am distributed sweets to all the boys. We invited Mrs. Kandhari ma'am. We enjoyed that night very much.

Mohit Mehta.

## The Cosmic Terror

It was the 4th of April 2150 A. D. and the morning was warm and sunny. The people were busy with their own work and the streets of Metropolis were as usual, overcrowded with cars. Suddenly there was a scream from a young man whose eyes were bulging out of its sockets, as he was staring upwards in terror. He motioned upwards with his hand and all the eyes automatically turned upwards and they saw a red spot which was rapidly approaching them and getting larger. They knew at once that this red spot was actually a meteorite and that it would cause a lot of destruction. At the same time a group of scientists were working very hard for they had known about the meteorite a long time and were trying to calculate where and when the meteor would land. Suddenly one of the members shouted that he had found the answers to it.

When the head of the scientist read out the results they were all shocked for the meteor was to land on Metropolis at 9 a.m. which was 4hrs 30 minutes away. The news spread around the city like wild fire and there was panic and chaos all over. The streets were packed with people trying to get away from the city destined to be destroyed to ruins and shambles within a few hours. Yet hope was not yet lost by the group of scientists and they thought how to save their beloved city. Suddenly one scientist, Peter Smith, said that they may be able to destroy the meteor before it hit the earth. But this would have to be done in two hours and if it exploded the particles might still damage the Metropolis. "The risk has to be taken" said Peter Smith.

10 minutes later they were at the headquarters of the Ministry of Defence, arguing for a Floating Air SS-7 which was the fastest plane the AAF was equipped with and for a SR-18 missile which had a

speed of Mach 11. They won the argument and got the plane with three of the missiles but now there was no volunteer to fly the plane.

The minutes ticked by in silence then the clock struck 8, 1 hour left. Unexpectedly there was a cry and Peter Smith had volunteered to pilot the plane. Half an hour later, Smith was all suited up and ready to go. In the air after 10 minutes of zig-zagging after the meteor he managed to get it on radar and within firing range.

He tensed his muscles and pressed the fire button Whiz...z...z a slight error in his calculations and the missile had zoomed wide off the meteor's way. Two more left. Taking careful aim he again fired but the missile was lost in the atmosphere before hitting the meteor. This was now his last shot and the life of thousands of people and children depended on that shot.

Beads of sweat appeared on Peter's face even though the aircraft was airconditioned. His muscles and arms were tensed. His body screamed in agony and protest, but he held on. His face was full of pain and agony. His teeth were gritted together and he felt as if he was dead.

The meteor again swam into his target screen and he prepared to fire again.....No mistake this time he thought in his troubled mind. His brain and hands ached as he tried to concentrate on the target His brain and hands ached as he tried to concentrate on the target and shift his hand from the throttle to the fire button.

There were only about 30 seconds left and they were now dangerously near the earth's surface. 'NOW' he screamed so himself in silence and hit the button. There was only a click and then silence. The missile was still attached to the underwing of the aircraft and

was obviously jammed there. Peter knew the count down mechanism in the missile, it would explode in a few seconds.

Accelerating the plane after the meteor, he knew that he could only destroy it by colliding with it. The friction was great as the aircraft raced after the meteor. In the cockpit, Peter sat, all tensed and alert. His brain had cleared away all pain, from his head and he concentrated only on his target.

Closer and closer, he came and suddenly they collided together. The impact and the explosion were shattering and thousands of pieces of stone and metal pelted down on Metropolis and the countryside

Down on earth people had watched in joy and

### A NOBLE DEED

Sir Philip Sydney was a great and brave young army officer. The comfort of his soldiers was always supreme in his mind. Once he took part in a battle. It was a fierce battle in which there was a heavy loss of life. The enemy was routed. The battlefield was littered with the bodies of the dead and dying. The wounded cried with pain in the still night. There was no one to take care of them. Some died of thirst and some died with pain. It was a dreadful dose to a dreadful battle. Sir Philip Sydney who fought bravely was also wounded. He lay on the ground among the dead and the wounded. He was suffering badly. Life was slowly oozing out of him. He grew weaker and weaker. He gasped for breath. After short intervals he faintly cried for water. A group of young soldiers of his army chanced to pass by. They recognized their officer and ran to help him. They themselves had run short of water. Only one of them had a little water.

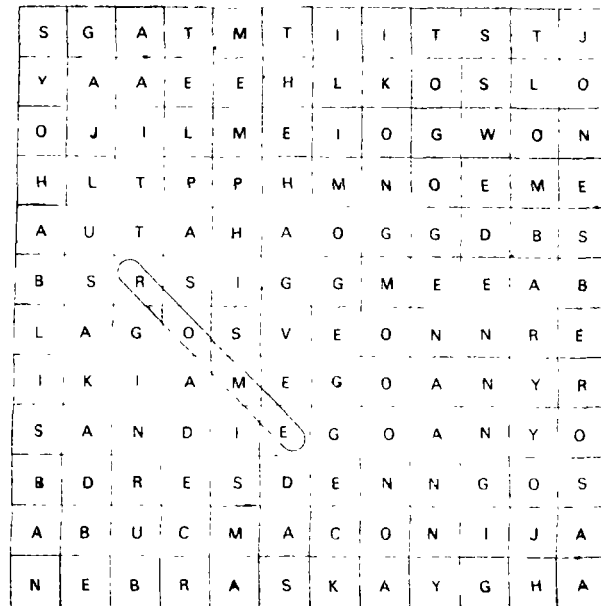
He lost no time in offering the saving drop to his master. Hardly had Sir Philip taken the bottle to his mouth, when he saw a young wounded soldier beside him. The soldier who obviously belonged to the enemy ranks was groaning with pain and was looking wistfully at the bottle. Sir Philip put down the bottle and offered it to the young soldier saying "His need is greater than mine"

Akin Mehta  
VII B

in horror as the first two missiles missed and when there was no third missile and now they rejoiced and mourned for the safety of their beloved city and for the death of an excellent and brave scientist.

The broken jagged pieces of metal did not cause too much damage that could not be cleaned up and PETER SMITH was posthumously awarded the WASHINGTON CROSS and was again a year later awarded the SMITH AWARD for bravery by civilians.

Saurav Roy	&	Soumit Roy
369		320
Cauvery		Ganges
VII B		VI B



### THE SOLDIER

There he stood stockstill on the great rock  
On the bluebell Patch that chimed out their mock,  
His face was worn and marked with battle scars  
His body was a heap of flesh and bone like an alien  
from Mars.

He was past all help and friendship from anyone  
He stood there carrying all memories for everyone.  
He had stayed all his life in the army  
And so he got a little bit barmy.

He had resigned the day before that  
And all he had was a cute little cat.  
He fought in the regiment of the German man  
The one they called General Sam.  
He was caught by the French,  
While working in a trench  
They threw him right in prison,  
Without giving a sound reason.  
There was a French soldier who was a bit partial,  
And so he was court martialled.  
After days of rotting,  
He got a chance of plotting.  
When the guard came with his food  
He gave him a punch on his tooth.  
The guard was knocked out—and he got out  
His escape was announced,

In the whole town.  
The German had gone too far  
And so he wasn't within their reaching power.  
He had many troubles on his way  
But he took care of them with a little pay.  
When he reached his home,  
Which was in the city of Rome,  
He found that his wife had died  
And his children cried,  
They had nothing to eat,  
And so they begged on the street,  
And now he lives by the great rock  
And there he fills his stock  
And this is the end of the sad story of the German  
man Von Gert Mory.

Saurav Roy

## THE BUTTERFLY

There was a butterfly  
She flew, flew and flew,  
She flew to a ship and  
Talked to a crew.  
She sucked a kg of nectar,  
And she became very fat  
Then she went into the neighbours  
And stole a hat.

In the Morning she had a fight,  
In the afternoon she took a bite.  
The whole evening she flew a Kite,  
And had a sound sleep in the night.

Ankush Bansal

## THE RABBIT

Once upon a time,  
I went up the hill  
I saw there  
A small bill.  
When I Looked inside,  
I saw a rabbit ill  
When I was about  
to take him out,  
He started to feel chill  
And became more ill.  
When I took him out  
He stood still

Then I caught him and took him down,  
but suddenly he jumped and went into his bill.  
I ran up the hill  
but I couldn't catch him still  
The clouds came in the sky,  
The sound of the wind became shrill  
And I had to go home ill.

Manjot Chugh

## JOKES/RIDDLES

- 1) What is the silliest question to ask in an antique shop?—Whats new?
- 2) Have you ever heard of a tree move?  
No! But I have heard of a walking stick
- 3) Why did the fool throw gum at the sun?  
Because he thought dawn was breaking.
- 4) What does Santaclaus do in his garden all day?  
Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!
- 5) Why is the sea salty?  
Cause the fish don't like pepper.
- 6) In which place do people have to swim in order to take walks?—Venice.
- 7) How does a cat on a beach remind you about Christmas? Because it has Sandy Claws.
- 8) Why don't the planets bang into each other?  
Beacusc they are polite (not like some people I know)
- 9) What do you get when you cross a duck and a beach?  
Quack Sand
- 10) What do you get when you cross a couple of broken eggs and a small car?  
Yolks Wagon.

Akin Mehta VII B

## Sportes in Brief

So here I am once again to give you a whole lot of news about all the exciting events that have been taking place in our arena (imaginary) of sports

In January 1983, the cricket season was rather thrilling as Arun Khanna (Team Captain) led his team to victory almost always. Sanjay Kumar, Ashish Yadav, Jagjit Singh, Arun Khanna showed tremendous skill in all fields of the game. Varun Mehta and Anshul Jareth and Ravi Kant Kedia are other three whose names are worth mention as they too showed up with some unexpected talent. Mr. A Rawat our cricket team coach ought to be given a special pat on the back, for leading our evergreen team to its zenith of glory.

Towards the end of the cricket season the inter-house matches also commenced. Krishna house came first (most unusual) leaving Jamuna and Cauvery house

Story—

## The Jester's Retort

Some merchants once visited an Eastern King and offered to sell several beautiful race horses. The King persuaded the merchants to accept only half of what they had demanded for the horses. Get me six more horses of similar kind, said the king overjoyed with his bargain. "We will do so," said the dealers, "if we receive the money in advance." "Take this," said the king, handing them a bag of gold, "and come back with the horses as soon as you can."

A few days later the king, being in a merry mood asked his jester to make a list of all the fools at the court. He did so and placed the king's name at the top of the list. "Why have you done so?" said the king in a rather angry tone. "For giving a large sum of money in advance to strangers, without even knowing where they live" "Ah! but suppose they should come back," said the king with a smile, "In that case I shall strike off your Majesty's name from the top of this list and put in theirs instead."

Yogeshwar Singh

7.

second and third respectively and last but not the least came ganges house.

During the first term of 1983 Boxing and Basketball were also introduced. Avid interest is being taken and both sports are progressing

In the second half of the term hockey picked up momentum and it was wonderful to see the boys displaying their talents on the field. Kamal Achantani, the hockey captain, kept his team prim and proper. Even though we did not win all matches a welhumite will be proud to say that we did exceptionally well.

Basketball, in general, was a very thrilling sport and the first match our team played was against students of the Garhwal University Unfortunately we lost 32-60. Not bad for a first try. We also played another match against the staff and ofcourse the boys won, bad luck staff

In August the football season began with rains, tall and slippery grass and lots of zest and zeal. The first match the school played was against the staff. The boys won 4-2. I think its high time the staff puckered up a bit and played better. Swimming also began in a full swing and tennis also came into vogue. The Football craze went on and the same for swimming and tennis. The team played a large number of matches, won and lost some under the able captainship of Sameer Karmacharya.

The opening ceremony of the sports day was displayed by the march past of all four houses. Thanks to Mr Gurung, the spectators were proud to watch their school mates execute their marching with perfect timing and technique. The salute was taken by Mr. Shaw our Chief Guest of the day.

At the start of the day the score board showed the points as follows :

Jamuna	1st,	82 Points
Krishna	2nd,	79 ,,
Cauvery	3rd,	69 ,,
Ganges	4th.	57 ,,

At the end of the march past there was a hustle and bustle amongst the participants as they prepared for their events.

The first scheduled event on the day was the 'd' section '50 Mts. sprint. The results were as follows.

50 Mts. 'D' Section.

1st-	Rohit Jain
2nd-	Mishal Aggarwal
3rd-	Samarendra Routela

100 Mts 'C' Section.

1st-	Deepak Aggarwal.
2nd-	Anil Bharwani
3rd-	Vijay Kapoor

100 Mts. 'B' Section.

1st-	Meeraj Hussain
2nd-	Satyajit Rao
3rd-	Alankar Singh

The 100 Mts dash of the 'A' section was most anxiously awaited by the spectators. This would decide the fastest runner in school, and who would get the title 'Bullet of Welham' Rupinder Brar bagged the title as he ran gloriously to a win closely followed by Samir Karma-

charya and Masroor-Hussain and not to mention a good performance by Vikas Verma.

100 Mts. 'A' Section.

1st-	Rupinder Brar
2nd -	Samir Karmacharya
3rd-	Masroor Hussain

80 Mts. 'D' Section.

1st-	Rohit Jain
2nd-	Mishal Aggarwal
3rd-	Lokesh Chugh

200 Mts. 'C' Section.

1st-	Deepak Aggarwal
2nd-	Pankaj Bansal
3rd-	Anil Bharwani

200 Mts. 'B' Section.

1st-	Meeraj Hussain
2nd-	Satyajit Rao
3rd-	Deepak Jaiswal

200 Mts. 'A' Section.

1st-	Rupinder Brar
2nd-	Samir Karmacharya
3rd-	Masroor Hussain

4 x 50 Mts. Shuttle Relay 'D' Section.

1st-	Jamuna
2nd-	Ganges
3rd-	Krishna

4 x 100 Mts. 'Shuttle Relay 'C' Section.

1st-	Jamuna
2nd-	Krishna
3rd-	Cauvery

4 x 100 Mts. 'Shuttle Relay 'B' Section

1st-	Krishna
2nd-	Cauvery
3rd-	Jamuna

4 x 100 Mts. 'Shuttle Relay 'A' Section.

1st-	Cauvery
2nd-	Krishna
3rd-	Jamuna

I am sure the close finishes might have baffled the judges and the unexpected wins the spectators.

At the end of the day the points were as follows :-

1st--	Jamuna	160 pts.
2nd--	Cauvery	139 ,,
3rd--	Krishna	112 ,,
4th--	Ganges	89 ,,

The long distance marathon was certainly an exciting event. Neeran Mann did exceedingly well to receive the first position followed by Arun Khanna and then Meeraj Hussain. Neeran Mann again stood first in the 1500 Mts. followed by Arun Khanna and then Dinesh Aggarwal.

The closing of the day was once again marked by

the march past by all the four houses.

Jamuna did extremely well as they picked up the trophy. (Marthan and 1500 Mts). A well deserved win. Our hearty-Congratulations to them on their victory.

And of course the best athlete's cup of the year goes to Arun Khanna.

### ANSWERS/RIDDLES

1. Stairs
2. A Well
3. I can see the train tracks.
4. A milk van.
5. Hold his nose.
6. Do not put ink in the pen.
- 7 Give it a coat (of paint)

8. Call the plumber.
9. Time to get a new fence.
10. Because he wanted to be ahead of time
11. They want to scare everyone.
12. Do not try to be too funny.

Kamal Oberi

### सम्पादक की ओर से

हवा चली और अपने महक भरे भोंकों के साथ ले गईं डम मुनहरी, आनन्दमय तथा रोमांचक घटनाओं से भरपूर मत्र को। इन गतिशील चार महीनों में हमने आपको पूरापूरा मनोरंजन प्रदान करने का अथक प्रयास किया और हमें विश्वास है कि आपने हमारे हिन्दी अनुभाग की सभी त्रुटियाँ माफ कर दी होंगी। अगर आप हमारी सभी पत्रिकाएँ पढ़ते हैं तो आप इस सच से अनभिज्ञ नहीं होंगे कि हमारे हिन्दी अनुभाग के अनुदान में कमी है। हमें इस बारे में कई पत्र भी प्राप्त हुए हैं जिन्हें पढ़कर हमें लगा कि आप इस पत्रिका को अपनी ही आवाज समझते हैं और जब अपने में ही कोई कमी हो तो उसे दूर करना ही हमारा कर्तव्य है। इस त्रुटि का एकमात्र समाधान और पढ़ने वालों की तरफ से भरपूर योगदान जो कि अब तक ऊँट के मुँह में जीरे के बराबर रहा है। जैसे कि हम आपको पहले भी बता चुके हैं कि चाहे हिन्दी में निबन्ध चुटकुले, कहानियाँ रोमांचक घटनाएँ आदि कुछ भी हो या फिर कोई कविता ही हो, आप हमें लिखकर भेजिए। पर यह ध्यान में रखते हुए कि वह कहीं से नकल करके न लिखी गई हो, और हम निश्चय ही उसे अपने अनुभाग में छापेंगे।

खैर यह तो बान हुई योगदान की और अब कुछ बातें हो जाएं इस रोमांचक मत्र की। इस मत्र में कई घटनाएँ घटी जैसा कि निबन्ध प्रतियोगिता, नाटक, मध्य मत्र की छुट्टियाँ आदि जिनके बारे में हमने आपको पूरी जानकारी दी थी आपको याद होगा कि हमने आपके सामने इस मत्र की पत्रिकाओं में कई चुटकुले, कहानियाँ, निबन्ध तथा प्रेरणापूर्ण कविताएँ छपी थीं। आशा है उनसे आपका मनोरंजन हुआ होगा।

अन्त में मैं आपसे विदा लेता हूँ और आशा करता हूँ कि आप इस अपनी पत्रिका, अपनी आवाज समझते हुए, इसे और अधिक रोचक बनायेंगे।

नए साल की शुभकामनाएँ।

हिन्दी सम्पादक  
समीर कक्कर

### व्याथ—कथा

मैं बहुत दिनों से इस उम्मीद में पड़ी हूँ कि मेरे धके हुए तन को मोत आकर राहत देगी। इन्तजार है, मुझे-वेहद इन्तजार है उसका भीतर की बेचैनी के बावजूद अपने बुझे मन को मैंने थपकी दी है- आस बंधाई है चिरनिद्रा की जो अनन्त सुख होगा।

जीवन के आखरी पड़ाव पर मेरा ही बेटा मुझे इस होम में घकेला छोड़ गया है। अपनी इच्छा होती तो इस कमरे की देहरी पर पांव न रखती। कम से कम इस जगह नहीं। लेकिन यह जगह मैंने नहीं चुनी थी। जिन्होंने चुनी है, वे मुझे यहाँ तक

पहुँचा कर अपनी दुनिया में लौट गए हैं। छोड़ गए हैं मेरे कमरे में एक पुराना होल्डोल और पुराने जमाने का टीन का ट्रंक जिस पर मेरे पुराने घर के पते का लेबल, मुर्दा पतंगे की भाँति चिपका है। मेरा घर ! सचमुच हैरानी होती है मुझे अपनी विचार धारा पर। अपना घर होता तो क्या आज में यहाँ होती ? इस होम में ? जहाँ चारों और विकलांगों की कराहटें हैं - दवाईयों की बदबू है। कभी विकसित सी हँसी है और कभी चुप्पी-गहरी चुप्पी मेरे इर्द गिर्द।

मुझे यहाँ छोड़ते वक्त बनावटी गम का मुखौटा पहना था उन्होंने। कुछ देर आँखें भी छलछलाई थी। लेकिन मेरी आँखों ने उनकी रूखी उदासीनता भाँप ली। भाँप लिया था उनके कदम कितनी तेजी से लौटना चाहते हैं। उनके पास मेरे लिए बक्त नहीं है। उनके लिए मैं एक बन्धन—हूँ एक बोझ हूँ जिसे ढोते रहना उन्हें गवारा नहीं। उनके जीवन में एक विसर्गति हूँ, एक कसैलापन हूँ। कभी-2 आत्मा की कचोटन हूँ जो उन्हें चिड़चिड़ा देती है। “और क्या चाहिए तुम्हें? इतना पैसा खर्च तो कर रहे हैं तुम्हारी देखभाल पर।” यही उनके कर्तव्य की इति श्री है।

लेकिन क्या कहूँ ? क्या कहूँ अपने लाल से ? तेरे मन के स्नेह का स्रोत तो सूख गया पर मेरी ममता न सूखी। तेरे घर के एक कोने में पड़ी रहती तो तेरे कदमों की आहटें तो सुन सकती।

## बिजली से

बड़ी शरम की बात है बिजली  
बड़ी शरम की बात,

जब देखो गुल हो जाती हो  
ओढ़ के चादर सो जाती हो  
नहीं देखती दिन है या रात

जब हम खाना खाते हैं  
तो पता नहीं चलता  
किधर दाल और किधर भात

बड़ी शरम की बात है बिजली  
बड़ी शरम की बात।

धरमेश दत्त

## देवलसारी

देवलसारी एक छोटी सी पहाड़ी जगह है जो मसूरी के उत्तर में हिमालय में बसी हुई है। इस प्रदेश में केवल एक ही डाक-बंगला है जो कि बीच जंगल में स्थित है। देवलसारी में देव-दार के सघन वृक्षों से पूरा वन आच्छादित है। देवदार के वृक्षों की वजह से ही यह स्थान देवलसारी कहलाया। लकड़ी के काम के लिए देवदार के वृक्ष अत्यधिक उपयोगी है।

देवलसारी का नैसर्गिक सौन्दर्य अतुलनीय था। उषाकाल में सूर्य निकलने के पूर्व पी का फटना, व सांझ को आकाश में डूबते हुए रवि की लालिमा हर एक के हृदय को जीत लेती थी। रात्रि के

जो मेरे साथ घट रहा है उस पर क्या कोई बस है मेरी इच्छा का ? एक उजीब थकान और हताश मुझे जकड़ लेती है। कमरे में फँसी उजाड़ यवीमी और दीवार की रंग उड़ी गलमारी की तरह मेरा जीवन भी बदरंग और यतीम होता जा रहा है।

एक दिन में सभी रिश्तों का लेखा-जोखा निबटा कर वे दोनों लौट गए। मेरे मन में बीहड़ सी वीरानगी उमड़ आई। चाहती थी, पुकार लूँ, रोक लूँ अपने खून को—पूँछ—क्या मैं तेरे पास नहीं रह सकती ? आज यदि तन में इतना जोर नहीं कि उसके बच्चों को सम्भाल पाऊँ आज अगर थक गई हूँ—बूढ़ी हो गई हूँ तो क्या हम मिल कर नहीं जी सकते ?

वे मुझे 'अतीत' बना कर चले गए। भूल गए, मैं अब भी जीवित हूँ, मौजूद हूँ, वर्तमान हूँ। लेकिन — ये घटनाएँ दिन-रात रौंदती हैं मेरे मन को। कमरे में घिर आई उदास शाम के वक्त हनुमान चालीसा के पाठ से यारों के भूत-प्रेतों को भगा नहीं पायी हूँ।

कब और कब ? ये व्यर्थ, अर्थहीन जिन्दगी छोड़ेगी मुझे ?

कब समाप्त होगी, मेरी ये व्यथा—कथा ?

मं देवेन्द्र

मानो एक परी वहां खड़ी हो और अपने पंख हिला रही हो व बुलाने का इशारा कर रही हो। सच्चाई यह है कि देवलसारी का नैसर्गिक सौन्दर्य मन की भावनाओं में पवित्रता भर देता था।

ऐसे ही सुन्दर स्थान पर हम अपनी मध्य-सत्र की छुट्टियाँ बिताने गये थे। हमारे अध्यापक श्री एन० जयाल हमारे साथ गए थे मसूरी से देवलसारी तक लगभग ४० कि०मी० की पद यात्रा थी। पहली रात हम थथुड में ठहरे। थथुड, मसूरी से लगभग ३० कि०मी० दूर, एक छोटा सा गाँव है। नीचे छोटी सी पहाड़ी नदी बह रही थी। उस रात एक ढाँचे में भोजन करने के पश्चात हमने रात एक गोदम में काटी दूसरा कोई चारा ही न था। सारी रात हम ठंड से ठिठुरते रहे।

अगले दिन प्रातः ही हम पैदल देवलसारी की ओर चल पड़े जहाँ चार बजे शाम तक पहुँचे। वहाँ हमें डाक बंगला मिल गया था। अगले दिन हमे देवलसारी से 'नाग-तिब्बा' जाना था, जहाँ पहुँचने के लिए १५ कि०मी० की कठिन चढ़ाई तय करनी थी। हमने एक गाइड नाग-तिब्बा तक के लिए साथ लिया था जो हमें वहाँ की

विशेष जानकारी दे सके। हम दोपहर तक 'नाग-देवता' के मन्दिर तक पहुँच गए किन्तु हम सब बहुत निराश हुए जब गाइड ने मन्दिर को ही 'नाग-तिब्बा' बतलाया, वास्तव में वह हमें 'नाग-तिब्बा शिखर' तक नहीं ले गया था जहाँ मे मसूरी, देहरादून, नरेन्द्रनगर आदि नजर आता था। खैर वहाँ गुजर रहते थे, उनसे दूध खरीदा, पीया, नाग देवता के दर्शन किए व वापिस देवलसारी डाकघराने पर आ गए।

अगले दिन हम "मोलधार" गए जहाँ कि लकड़ी की बँते विख्यात है। वहाँ हम देवदार के घने जंगलों में घूमने रहे तथा वेगवती नदी में स्नान भी किया।

अब हमारी मध्य-सत्र की छुट्टियाँ खत्म होने को थी। पहाड़ों के बीच बसी सुन्दर देवलसारी से लौटने को मन ही नहीं कर रहा था देवलसारी के प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य ने मेरा हृदय जीत लिया था। काश मैं वहाँ रहता।

सजीव जैन

Calling all old Welhamites. We request you to let us know about your whereabouts, your activities since you left Welham and your profession. We would like to put you on our mailing list and remain in contact.

## Brain Buster Puzzle No. 2

In the puzzle on Page 10 you are required to find out 20 names of places, cities, towns, countries, states, Continents etc., so go ahead and enjoy yourself 'BUSTING YOUR BRAIN'

### WELHAM NEWS

The boys of class 8 and 9, along with the students of other schools, organized a silent March for the removal of limestone kilns, on Childrens' Day. But due to certain circumstances, halfway through the march was called off. These kilns situated near the Raipur area create pollution and spoil the environment. This greatly affects our health, as we inhale this polluted air.

The same evening a Variety Show was organized in The Doon School. A number of schools of Dehradun presented various items. Our school presented an English play 'Blue Murder'. The Hindi song 'Hum Honge Kam Yaab', was sung by all the schools.

A wonderful cultural programme on Tribal Dances was put up by the Assam Rifles in our school. The dancers were adorned with beautiful ornaments and

their dresses were extremely colourful.

The School Sports Marathon was held at 6.30 a.m. on Friday. Niran Mann Thaiba (Cauvery) and Arun Khanna (Cauvery) hardly received any competition from the other competitors, and they trotted home to an easy victory, standing 1st and 2nd respectively.

The Art Class is all ready and has been beautifully decorated under the supervision of Mrs. Talukdar and Mrs. Roy.

The Boxing Tournaments are also over. The best boxers award in the Junior Section went to Craig Lawless and in the Senior Section the award went to William Lawless. Anurag Singh got the best loser's award in the Juniors and in the seniors this award went to Samir Karmacharya.

### EDITORIAL BOARD

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