

# THE OLIPHANT

## Golden Jubilee

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

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**No. 63      WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER      1, November, 1987**

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THINK ABOUT IT  
"If anything in this should grate  
Ascribe it to its natal state."

—Vikram Seth '65  
ex-Welhamite

### Editorial

I had just managed to grab the computer word processor to write the Editorial, when the news of the latest club hit me. My eyes narrowed involuntarily, "What? The Welham society for the prevention of cruelty to eyes!". Yes, I was told, it was out to prove the Oliphant lousy and 'Floccipaucinihilipilificate'; whatever that meant, it didn't sound like eulogy in the newsletters regard.

"Damn this animadversion!" I raged, "I would like to know who objects to what we print."

"That's pretty easy." Arnab handed me the school-list.

The Oliphant Editorial had better be great this time. "Parents will be reading it", I was told in a conspiratorial whisper.

And thus your enterprising editor embarked upon his new policy featuring his commitment to school-spirit, in the futile hope of making the Editorial read-worthy. Some hope; but worth a try nonetheless. Having taken an impulsive initiative, I decided to venture into the etymology of the word 'Welham'.

I could do with an innocuous little research assignment. As every Welhamite has, I had a vague idea as to the origin of the name 'Welham'. Mrs. Oliphant lived in a village, (or was it a county?) of that name, in England. Meanwhile I felt the chimera surface...I would write all about

the village and the Oliphant family. This place which lent its name to our school; this unique place. Returning to reality again, I managed to fish out the address of the British Survey Department from the library store, and trudge my way out of the 3 feet of dust. All I had to do now was write them for the information. So I was back at the word processor, typing away. I completed the letter. I also decided to give my aching fingers a rest. They got their rest alright, but I didn't bank on an unprecedented rest on the part of the worthy computer, which emitted a low pitched beep, and blinked out! I hadn't the sense to have stored the letter on a floppy disc. Here I was, back to square one.

Finally the request was sent, after the other traumatic experiences which go with using hi-tech machinery, and a couple of attempts at smashing the screen of the monitor. After the entire affair was forgotten and dismissed as 'antediluvian', I received a reply. Hey! Maybe my idea would eventually work out. I opened the letter and looked at the neat computer printed information. Very neatly printed on a daisywheel printer.

A slight, inaudible 'Oh' of resignation escaped my mouth...

There were 22 villages 'Welham' in England.

Maybe I should've stuck to my Editorials on latch-breakers, Computer Lab rules, grub-grabbing and other longstanding Welham traditions.

Aresh Shirali

# THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Rahul is seen walking all around the campus with a band-aid on his forehead :

Sanjeev—Hey, what happened ?

Rahul—Oh, nothing much. Just a little shaving cut.

\* \* \* \*

In the Dining Hall :

Captain—You chaps had better eat the vegetables. Otherwise you will always remain a puny little bag of skin

Inderveer—In that case you had better have some.

\* \* \* \*

After a PH dorm inspection :

Sanjay—I am better than those Red Indian rain dancers in 'Pallavi'. I have mental control over the housie.

Ajay—Yeah ? Like what.

Sanjay—I made him come and take that inspection.

Ajay (Still sceptical)—How ?

Sanjay—Easy ! I didn't make my bed, left my clothes on my study table, had my socks hanging all over the place and spilt tea on the window sill. It always works !

\* \* \* \*

After getting the Chem test marks :

Rajesh—What ! I got only 50% !

(He turns to the boy next to him)

Avinash, you nut, what is this...I thought you had studied.

\* \* \* \*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

For the first two weeks in PH, those antagonists to hair, otherwise known as barbers, showed no sign. Everyone appeared to be part of a movement to revive the hippie culture. Long hair ! The Bon Jovi fans and chaps who imagined themselves to be Elvis Presley part two, freaked out. Their bunks triumphantly displayed the message 'The King lives'.

They had momentarily forgotten that they were Welhamites living in a decent hostel—Principal's House (Or Pest-infested Hotcell). They had forgotten that the infallible authority had taken care of everything.

The boys soon realized the reason for not having any barbers. They had ingeniously designed a new method to brutally chop all that hair off. Of course, they were, (the substitutes for the barbers), right overhead...the fans !

Swinging their blades a couple of inches above the bunks, the fans took care of the haircuts. Only now the frequency of the haircuts had shot up from a moderate twice a month to an alarming twice a day. The early morning haircut, on waking up; and the night haircut on going to bed (or bunk).

I wonder if the innovative architects also had something in store for nail cuts !

Yours chopped-up,  
Skin Head

*Editor—Relax, the money being saved on barbers can be utilized for research in the field of hair fertilizers. Menedoxyl is the chemical, or so I believe.*

Dear Sir,

The cultured lot of boys known as the Wel-

hamites, seem to be getting exceedingly boisterous. If action is not taken, this notorious pack of hounds will top the ATV ratings. (ATV stands for 'All Time Vandals').

When a class load of these surge into a classroom, the desks and chairs and other odd bits of furniture have nothing in defence. All woodwork lies at the mercy of these boys. While one is giving a solo performance of George Michael's current smash on one table, the other is using a chair as a shield in a chalk fight. Not even the doors are spared. One Welhamite is demonstrating his amazing swinging ability with the door, while the other is thundering karate chops on it.

This is barbaric ! We are going to put an end to this atrocity and restore the furniture's due status !

'Nothings gonna stop us now'.

Yours Saw-dustily,  
Society for the prevention of  
Cruelty to Furniture

Dear Editor,

A new wave is sweeping Welham. Somnambulism—sleep walking. This new wave is as a result of the increased enthusiasm in imitating Lady Macbeth.

It's not very rare now to see boys walking around with arms stuck out, which doesn't seem to arouse much suspicion.

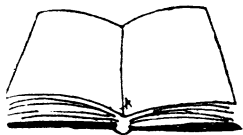
Boys with perfect halos around their heads, eyes shut, walk upto your study-table and coolly pick up your prep work and walk off ! Sleep walking is the ideal pretence. Break a mirror, drop someone's shampoo bottle...just keep your eyes shut.

But then we've also had some authentic sleepwalkers...and sleep killers. Does that ring a bell, Editor?

Yours Unaware,  
Sleep Writer

Editor—I thought everyone had forgotten my

little sleep murder. Well, it just so happened (Or so I was told on awakening) that I got out of my bed and walked to Sanyog saying "I'm going to kill you". Had someone not asked me to do the deed later, and go back to bed now, I would have killed him.



## The Literary Affairs of Welham

### My Strange Dream

I have always longed for a toy plane. One night my parents went to a party and left me at home. Soon I went to sleep.

I dreamt that my Uncle had come from Canada. He gave everyone a present but he didn't give me anything. I wondered why he didn't give me one. Suddenly he said, "I have a surprise for you." He opened his bag and took out a toy plane. I began to play with it. After a while I heard my mother calling me for dinner.

Suddenly I woke up. I looked around for the plane but it wasn't there. I realised that I had been dreaming.

Some days later a very strange thing happened. My Uncle came from Canada to visit us.

What did he get for me? A toy plane just like the one I had dreamt about!

Bikash Choudhary  
3-B

### Tim's Adventure

There was a castle on top of a hill. All the people said it was haunted because they used to hear queer sounds coming from it. A boy named Tim heard about the castle. He wanted to go and see this strange castle. But his mother would not allow him. But Tim kept on begging his mother and finally his mother gave in. He packed up his things and started his journey. He reached the castle in the evening and went inside. What a sight he saw! It was full of cobwebs. Tim thought it was really haunted. Suddenly he saw a man in white clothes coming down the steps. Tim hid behind the curtain and stayed there keeping a sharp eye on the man in a white dress. The man was carrying packets and Tim soon dis-

covered that they were drugs. Tim thought that if he could catch this man he might get a big reward. When night came Tim fell asleep behind the curtain. In the middle of the night Tim woke up because he heard a strange sound. Tim saw that the man was brewing a mixture and queer sounds were coming from the pot. Tim felt very frightened. In the morning he ran away from the castle. He told the police about the man in the white dress. The police caught the man and Tim got a big reward. He and his mother lived happily ever after.

Aditya Sud  
III-B

### My Self

I like to play  
In the month of May  
My name is Abhishek  
I like to eat cake  
I swim in the lake  
I like to make toys  
For little girls and boys  
I would not be shy  
If I could fly  
My friends call me Hay  
So I go on my way.

Abhishek Anand  
3-A



## Jack and the Dragon

Once in a far away land there was a boy named Jack. He lived with his mother. They were very poor. Near the village there was a cave full of treasure. The king said that whoever could take it would own it.

Many had tried, but had failed. Then one day Jack decided to try to get the treasure. His mother tried to stop him because it was guarded by a dragon. But Jack did not listen. When he reached the cave he saw the great dragon sleeping. Jack had taken some delicious food with him. He put sleeping tablets in the food and kept it

near the dragon and hid himself. When the dragon woke up he felt hungry. Suddenly he sniffed the air. He saw the food and quickly ate it up. After a few minutes he went off to sleep. Jack tied him up with strong ropes and went into the cave. He gathered up as much of the treasure as he could. He filled his pockets with gold. Then he ran home. The King also rewarded him. Jack gave the money to some other poor people also. He and his mother lived happily ever after.

Yusuf Anis Ahmed  
III-B

## A Night In A Haunted House

My friend and I were going to the old mansion of the lodges where the filming of a horror movie was taking place. The populace said it was haunted. I had a little part in the film and my friend accompanied me to see the glamorous actresses of Hollywood.

In the evening we went to watch the shooting and while they were shooting another scene I strayed into the rear of the building. I had decided to explore it. I kept walking on and on, till I reached the ballroom, there I noticed that it was getting dark. The time was 9 o'clock and I had lost my way. I kept walking, hoping to find a way out. I was walking straight. There was a mat in front of me, I stepped on it, 'THUD'! I fell on a stack of hay. I looked up and saw that the floor-board was missing. AHA! so that is how I fell down, I thought. It was a dismal room and on the wall some grotesque designs were painted. It looked as if someone had dwelled there at one time. Then suddenly a hand grasped my shoulder and a chill went down my spine. I looked behind and saw a man with a wrinkled face. He wore torn and old clothes. His vivid eyes were fixed on me. He spoke first and introduced himself as a stuntman but if you had a look at his body, you would be amazed. He was pale and thin. He asked me my name and age. I said that my name was Vidura and was a teenager. I hesitated for a while but finally asked his name and age. He answered that his name was Tyler Fenton and he said that he had stopped counting his age twenty seven years ago. I wondered why, but I kept quiet. He told me about his stunts and the risks he had taken in his earlier life. I

was engrossed but then I suddenly realised that I had to get back. I asked the way, which he showed me by pointing in a particular direction with his bony finger. He and I groped our way through cellars and passage ways till we reached the ballroom. He told me the direction to the door of the Mansion. He then turned round a corner and disappeared. I was puzzled, but my first reaction was to reach the motel where I was staying. I raced down the street and reached the motel and went to sleep. I was tired and was soon fast asleep.

When I got up it was precisely 10 o'clock. I got out of bed, changed and went for the filming. They all asked where I was the night before because there had been absolute panic when I could not be located. I gave an account of my weird experience and all listened eagerly with their mouths open in amazement! When I told them the name of the stuntman the chubby director Alec said, "The man you are talking about was a reputed stuntman of Hollywood until his tragic fall from this very Mansion twenty seven years ago." Now I realised why he had stopped counting his age twenty seven years ago. I could not believe my ears! I broke into a cold sweat when it dawned on me that I had been talking to a ghost!

It is a very easy to act in a horror movie but to have this experience in reality is very different. I can or will never forget this episode till I breathe my last.

Vidura Bahadur  
VI B

## Indoor Wargames

The opening of the front-door attracted my immediate attention. A lean figure, bedraggled to the skin, stepped in—My drenched grandfather walked into the living room, squelching with his walking stick pointing upwards, oblivious of my narrow eyed scrutiny. He squeezed the water out of his grey beard, "That was some shower! Luckily I had my umbrella"

"You mean your walking stick!" I shot back, trying to suppress my smile.

He suddenly broke into a temperamental shout, telling us of his intention of finally teaching Sunil how to fire a revolver. My brother spared a moment to look up from his book, reminding him of Sunil's death five years ago.

My idiosyncratic grandfather had spent the previous week explaining the strategies of war, while I listened to my Walkman nodding every now and then to assert my interest. Equivocation obsessed me; war obsessed him, oh yes it did.

It had been an hour, when my sister tore into the room, demanding to be told what Grandfather was up to this time. I spoke "He ambiguously mentioned something about—"

"About ?"

My eyes widened, "...teaching baby how to sabotage enemy waterpipes." The significance of the catastrophe dawned upon me.

In the adjoining room, my father was chairing a meeting of the University Council—Under this room lay the doomed pipes, the victims of Grandfather's animosity

"Heavens ! Baby is barely a year old!" exclaimed my panic stricken sister. His eccentric obsession with teaching everyone commando warfare had never assumed such disastrous proportions. Perspiring profusely I made a bolt for the meeting chamber, as the present scenario of the basement flashed across my mind.....Baby sitting in the basement and him practically demonstrating the ease with which one can loosen the pipes, to the curious and innocent little infant ! He would probably even venture into differential calculus to justify his ludicrous 'misdoings.'

A perfect fusillade of knocks thundered across the door before I burst into the meeting. All the intellectual eyes looked at me, the quaint element of insolent interruption. "The water...",

I searched my vocabulary for words. I stopped to listen to a distant rumble, faintly audible. And then before me the floor ripped open ! Everyone froze as a geyser erupted, sending a jet of water through the meeting-chamber. Pandemonium broke loose.

My father was no less a nut. I heard him say, "Gentlemen, I suggest we ignore this attempt at re-enacting the Poseidon Adventure, and proceed with the meeting. Now about the annual budget....." The council members had already fled the scene.

A section of the disintegrated floor was pushed up and a thin old man emerged, with the baby in his arms.

"This is exactly what we did in 1941 to rescue the prisoners from a Jewish concentration camp."

Frowning, the entire family took them to safety, where he coolly completed the thrilling narration of his heroic performance in Germany.

He rhapsodized endlessly and the catastrophe with the waterpipes was forgotten. We had only to get accustomed to wading around the house. Everyone knew precisely what was coming up next. Yes ! His experiences in the marshy weed country of East Anglia, during the 'Battle of Britain'.



And so, before the Water Works Dept. could rectify things, everyone knew how to camouflage himself under-water.

Aresh Shirali

## Between Two Fires

"But thats exactly what I've been trying to tell you", she spluttered angrily. The reason for this little outburst was no mystery to me, indeed I was the cause of it.

It all started when two girls and a friend bearing the same monicker as me came to spend the weekend with me in the country. They were Jane and Sally, and he was Arnie, which incidentally was the means of identification I went around with.

Arnie had a romantic turn of mind coupled with a Mr. Universe figure, and a face which would be idolized by every actor who had the least amount of self respect to call himself a screen star. Compare that to me. I had pimples all over my face rather like some excuse for a child's spray brush drawing. My large red nose had pimples all over it like a billiards game gone haywire with balls strewn all over the place. My body was long and long and long, in fact as a baby I was not referred to as plump and healthy

but long and sickly. I was all skin and bone and hair. Hair I had tons of. Whatever else I didn't have was made up by the more than ample substance of my hair.

Both Jane and Sally were madly in love with Arnie, which one, I didn't know, and that was the cause of Sally's little outburst. These two girls were given to soliloquising out loud, standing in front of a mirror. Needless to say they were both stunners with identical long black hair and large brown eyes.

I, being starved of girls, often sneaked round the back door, to peep in on one of them tending to their morning ablutions. One day I heard Sally speaking out loud. "Arnie", she said, "You're one gorgeous hunk of a man I wish you'd look at me with those large steely blue eyes with more than just a brotherly fondness."

This sent me into raptures of delight, my eyes weren't blue but I was too high on the clouds of

infatuation to realize that. I set about to immediately try and reciprocate. I began to dress in something more than my usual tattered shorts and thread-bare tee-shirt. I started gazing at her with something definitely more than brotherly fondness. She, whenever she saw me gazing star- rily at her, gave little startled jumps like a scared rabbit.

The next day as I sneaked round the back way, I saw Jane in front of the mirror, mouthing exactly the same words.

Wow! Here was not one, but two young girls falling in love of the highest order, with me.

I took to giving flowery speeches and bowing gracefully whenever any of them passed. All this only succeeded in getting them jumpy and nervous like startled guinea pigs. All the while Arnie hung round the background with his disarming smile and macho figure.

I finally decided on a showdown. I cornered Sally in the garden and broadcast my love for her. I told her how I had heard her rhapsodizing about me and how I had been touched by the warm fingers of love and how I longed to hold her tight. She stood gazing at me with her large brown eyes

which grew and grew till they became the size of large saucepan covers. When I had finished, she clapped her hand over her mouth and first letting out a strangled squeak, burst into gales of laughter.

I was flabbergasted and stood blinking and gaping like a fish out of water. Then I got angry and accused her of picking up 'men' and dropping them like so many ninepins.

Subduing her laughter, she asked me first why I acted like a sneak peeping from back windows and the like. Second didn't I realize that she and Jane had spoken exactly the same words? And third didn't I know that they were both actresses in the latest stage musical, 'Run To Play'.

"That's exactly what I've been trying to tell you", she spluttered angrily, "everytime you came around making speeches that Shakespeare would've envied and bowing like some weird wind-up toy".

I left it at that, and fast. I did see 'Run To Play', it was lousy and neither of them were in it, though the lines were spoken by another black haired and brown eyed lissome lass, and I decided to win her over.....

**Arnab Chaudhuri**

## **Those Ten Years Of My Life**

Across the fields of yesterday, he sometimes would come back to me, the lad back from games, the boy I used to be.

Those poignant memories evoke a sense of nostalgia. My mind wanders back in time and makes me the child I was. It reminds me of teachers long forgotten, incidents that have dimmed with time, values and lessons that I have learnt and friends I have had.

I remember those pine trees so dark and so big, that I thought that their tops touched the sky. But that was childish ignorance and now things have changed. But have things really changed, or have we changed? We have lost that childlike innocent perception of the world, which we had in school.

Reminiscence of my first day at Welham finds me standing in front of Woodseats, gawking at the various boys who had come in assorted shapes and sizes.

Then I saw the hostel...Woodseats. The hostel where we had no more privacy than a goldfish in a glass bowl. As the days went by, we were afflicted with a familiar disease, 'Home-sick blues'.

But life passes, joy comes and grief goes. I know not how.

Soon I had playmates, companions and schooldays were now enjoyable. One of them could have become a great actor, because crying would make his eyes wide and innocent. Another one used to say, "Do unto the other fella the way he'd like to do unto you and do it furst, because no one ever forgets where he buried the hatchet". We forged the strongest bonds of friendship sharing the smiles and tears of boyhood years.

Books and stories taught me nothing compared to what people in school did. A teacher affects eternity, he doesn't have any idea of his influence's limit. Without that personal touch which the teachers provided and that special atmosphere of the school, it would become an institution where the boys are fed with logic, not their own, and made to perform a scholar's part with a parrot tongue, and proceed to be graduate dunces.

But swiftly did the moments fly. How the years flash along, scarcely here, but already gone by. We see childhood pass. We were soon seniors. Shrugging off the minor hiccups of life, like being caught while bunking to Delhi.

The time comes for parting. We come to an end of a perfect phase and the beginning of a new journey. It was time to leave Welham. We left, but we carried with us a new disease..... 'Schoolsick blues'.  
**Pradeep Jeswani**

## On Leaving School

*No more pencils, no more books,  
No more teachers dirty looks.*

Ecstatic shouts filled the air. My school life had come to an end. Had I realized what this meant, I would have found myself in an altogether different corner, a bit more disturbed perhaps, but at the present moment all I did, was join the chorus.

At breakfast it hit me that this would be the last one in school. No more chapattis to chew, hard rock to bite and no more Welham 'grub', that gave the word 'muck' a new dimension. I strolled around the Dining Hall. The superficial jubilation had simmered down. I felt a certain uneasiness inside me. I could not bring myself to believe that this was the last day in school. Those eleven years of hardship, toil and trouble, around every corner; punishments and long nerve-wrecking lectures: the acme being the final year of pride and recognition.

We began taking leave from the teachers. This time it wasn't a formal end of the term 'Goodbye, Sir'. It was contrastingly different. 'All the best' was so soothing. Yet I found my-

self yearning for the good old ruffled tone, commanding and not pacifying, formal and not loving. Oh! Their eyes were so water logged...

We had to play a farewell football match with the Eleventhies. It would probably be the last time I'd ever kick a ball. No more jubilation after scoring a goal, no more treats for winning. Perhaps there wouldn't be a win now.

That evening a buffet was arranged, with total disregard to the unpredictable appetite of the average Welhamite. Then came the most melodramatic part of the occasion. Taking leave of the Princy, who generally had himself armed with a flood of words. But that dinner he actually found himself at a loss for words.

I thought of the melancholy the senior batch displayed when they left. I now realized that it wasn't a drama. I now felt as they had felt then. The alma mater had always been a home for me. As I got into my car the school motto soldered in my mind, 'From strength to strength'. It gave me the strength to drive away.

Kundan Chaudhary

## The Intangible Relationship

Jubba Hills, my lethargic native village; I had always found it boring. Things change, they say. They did!

"What! A girl would be coming to spend her Summer in this 'enchanted' hill resort?" It was true. My erstwhile indolent self turned over a new leaf. It was her hair that struck me first, her silky locks infringing her fragile shoulders. Funny, thought I, Freud said it is the eyes that attract first. Anyway, she had pretty lips and a delicate nose. I noticed her eyes the last, perhaps just to controvert Freud.

I was officially pronounced her 'guardian', as a result of which I got to spending all my time with her, walking in the woods. I spent this time in attempt to be alternately hilarious and 'macho'. She spent it laughing uncontrollably. Before long we became very close.

In her I found companionship; but was that all? The relationship was deeper than that, by all means. We had, after all, discussed the most personal of things. Maybe that's how she was over-gregarious. On the other hand she hadn't ever had a boyfriend, or so it seemed. It was a paradox.

It was past sunset and the two of us were walking down the slopes of the Jubba Pine forest. I talked with all my wit, and her attraction to my sense of humour was made evident by

the manner in which she rolled in mirth. I rhapsodized on my school life at Welham, pausing now and then for a perverted interpretation of what she said. Suddenly I realized how physically close we were. Only intentionally does one lean on a boy with one hand on his shoulder!

There were no two ways about it. That night I drew a conclusion. She had a 'crush' on me. It was manifestly obvious. In the sheer euphoria of the moment, I rejected all skepticism. Did I love her? I would have probably turned into a pseudo-intellectual if I sought an answer.

My school reopening date drew ominously nearer. How does one say it, I wondered. Does she expect it?

The vacation came to an end. The two of us stood in the early hours of the day, out in the pine grove. The rays of sunlight streamed in and hit the pine-needle covered ground, forming a web of illumination. I stood face to face with her. We were to part. We stood a long time. We stood two feet apart, looking at each other, the eternal ocean of space between us. None of my rationalizing grey cells seemed to function. I tried to suppress my inability to act normally.

She stared into my eyes. I felt her appealing to me, to let my emotions run loose. The urge to hold her tight welled up inside me. My arms, however, were inexplicably glued to my side. She expected it.

"You said something, eh?". Her eyes bore through my heart.

I shrugged, "No, did you?"

Both of us stood in silent expectation of what we both desired. I couldn't bring myself to make the move.

I tried comic relief, "Well, this is it, I guess. I hope you can circumvent your chronic inability to write".

She didn't find it funny. We were too painfully conscious of this being our possible last meeting.

I just picked up my bag and walked to the car. Her silhouette in the sunlight could be seen, standing still. I had just thrown away my last chance to begin a relationship. Make it corporeal. In all my life, I've never held and kissed a girl; and by the looks of it, I probably never shall.

Arash Shirali

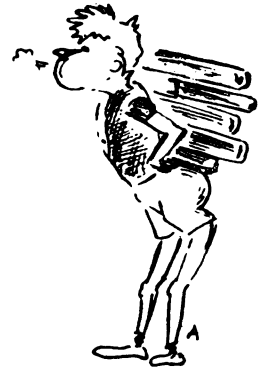
## And The Illiterate Affairs . . . .

*An excerpt from an English essay, in Vijay Kapoor's Language book—*



Shanghai Village, a tiny, underpopulated settlement is tucked away between the Congo and Amazon on the continent of Africa. The temperate grasslands of the Congo, are called the 'Tundra' and those of the Amazon, the 'Andes'.

The chief livelihood of the people of the village, is fishing for a dainty little fish called the 'Piranha'. Though, a number of the villagers survive on the Cheese plantations which cover the southern part of the terrain.....



## Those Wacky Woodseaters

*Welham Boys' School...  
...a target reached after a year of hard labour, sums and grammar, grammar and spellings, drilled into his head over and over again till finally he passed the entrance exam. Phew!*



His first view of the hostel is one of pure delight, rows and rows of beds with the accompanying boys of various backgrounds. Wow! He'll have a whale of a time, playmates and more playmates.

His "school mother", is fantastic, she enfolds him in her chubby arms and assures his parents that their li'l boy is in safe hands. He is out to have a big, first step up the staircase of wisdom.

He doesn't know why, but the first night he spends in the cute little hostel is drowned in tears. He wants his mother, his father and his own room again. He is quite unaware of the millions of other sobs all around him. He isn't alone.

Soon he fills into the grind of school life and assumes the role of a 'Woodseater', a member of that exclusive club where little boys only upto a certain age are admitted. The other criteria for membership being, having to be a notorious

bedwetter, porridge hater and an established tantrum thrower.

His first bath is hilarious. He is made to join the circle around the bath tub and—attack! Screams, yowls and shouts. "Hey, let go of my mug", "Stop pushing", "Filthy Pig" and "Put your toothbrush back we aren't brushing".

Punishments are humiliating. "Stand in the corner" and this chastisement is too much to bear. The only sensible thing to do is tell the matron he hasn't a clue as to what a corner is.

Bed wetting is severely punished. Standing in the corner for five days of the week, everyday, from three to four PM. He does this once and then gets a bright idea. That night he climbs into someone else's bed; Eureka! It works. Now he can get all his enemies punished. So excited is he by this success that he tries it again, only, it flops. His intended victim just happens to be in the hospital and when the matron finds an empty wet bed, she puts two and two together and he stands rubbing his nose against the wall for the next five days.

Storytime is heaven. All of them gather around the homely matron and listen, enthralled by the mysteries of Enid Blyton's adventures. Till



one day he notices her holding her book upside down and with eyelids shut in blissful repose, chanting out the story verbatim like a wind-up toy. So used to it is she, having told the same tale to countless Woodseaters over the years.

And life goes on, and on, and on. Leaving

him to his own carefree world, going to sleep promptly at seven under the threat of, the sevil Goblin'. Away from the humdrum existence of a less fortunate Welhamite, secure in his happiness and his little cubby hole-Woodseats.

✓ Arnab

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE . . . again !

### During a Test

JJ-Vishal, don't look into Avinash's book !

Vishal-Sir, I'm not coggng his work.

JJ-Don't lie,

Vishal-(Getting belligerent) WRONG ! I AM NOT !.....(Softly) I' m copying Soumit's work !

\* \* \* \*

### PH Preptime

Sharda-Hey, have you heard Madonna's latest, 'Who's That Girl ?,'

Tyagi-Whitney's voice is super in I Wanna Dance' And what about Pet Shop Boys with "It's a sin." Abhay-' Nothings Gonna Stop Us Now' is just far out.....the best song

Pratyush (Trying to study)-Shut up ! Doesn't academic determination mean anything to you ?

Sharda- 'Academic Determination' ? No ! Who sang it ?

\* \* \* \*

### Physics Class

MK-OK ! Now I want you to do some problems on velocity-time graphs.

Amit-No, Ma'am. Not a velocity-time graph, Please.

MK-Then what kind of a graph would you like to get ?

Ashish-Steffi Graf

\* \* \* \*

### CHEM LAB

JG is trying to give the belligerent class a test.

JG-I dont want any excuses, sit down and take the test. (He sees Raju coolly walking off)

.....And Raju where are you going ?

Raju-Sir, I' m giving you a walkover !

\* \* \* \*

NJ-I hope to get my educational aids by next term.

Rakesh-No sir. Hold on ! I don't think Dr. Sabharwal can cope with Aids yet.

\* \* \* \*

Housemaster-C'mon I'm sure someone else bunked with you. Tell me who.

Bunker-Sir, you wouldn't want me to be a sneak, would you ?

Housemaster-Well, I guess not.

Bunker-Besides, I was the one to force Pankaj to bunk with me.

\* \* \* \*

MY- 'There's a beautiful girl walking down the road' Pradeep change that into an exclamatory sentence.

Pradeep-WOW !

\* \* \* \*

Housie-This is the third time I've caught you bunking classes.

Bunker-Three out of forty is not so bad.

\* \* \* \*

### In Toad Hall

Abhinav-Rajesh, which house will you want to be in ?

Rajesh-I want to be a Cauverite.

Abhinav-Ganges is the best house, why do you wnat to be a crummy little Cauverite ?

Rajesh-Because when my Dad was here in School, he was a Cauverite.

Abhinav-Ha Ha Ha.....if your dad was a babboon, what would you be ?

Rajesh-A Gangeite !

\* \* \* \*

Parth-Sir, I got 92 % in Maths. Good chit.

Housie (Pleasantly surprised) Honestly ?

Soumit-That's a different story.

\* \* \* \*



*Any resemblance to characters living, or nearly dead, is purely a coincidence.*

## Pogonotomy

Pogonotomy ; no it's not the study of pogo sticks. Simply.....shaving.



The prefect was taking a round of the hostel. "Yogi ! Why haven't you shaved ?" "I thought I did" "Can't you feel all that dirty stubble on your chin ?" "Oh well, there was such a crowd around the mirror in the morning. I must have shaved someone else !"

All the inhabitants of PH, commonly referred to as the 'Pest-infested Hot-cell', may be categorized into three broad groups. Those with such a growth of facial hair that would turn a grizzly bear green with envy, those that'd be the envy of the smoothest billiard ball, and those with "long time no see" wisps of hair. The last having your venerable editor as a classic example. Incidentally the first category is epitomized by the 'Princy' himself.

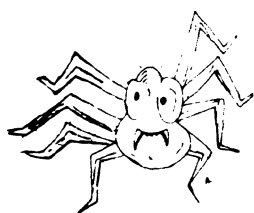
Razors too can be categorized. The grizzlies use something akin to Macbeth's fabled dagger (Gouts of blood et al). The dimpled cheeks use only the complementary after-shave. The last are content with a single blade for a couple of terms or so. Seeing is believing, 'PAPA' shaving would give Lady Mac nightmares.

The brandishing of a razor goes hand in hand with the various activities forming the essence of life in a public school, so does fighting for a mirror in the morning, as does the liberal splashing of after-shave. Old Spice to Givenchy depending on the occasion; a rendezvous with one's you-know-who, or an accidental cut in the face.

Of course shaving has another side to it too. It does keep one from looking unkempt (Turning a broad back to the case of Ashu and the turbaned lot), but that's an altogether different story...

Arnab and Aresh  
(Shavers par excellence)

## Tales From The Dark Side



*Welham lives in an ephemeral world of unreality and apparition. If we venture into the occult, we realize what exists in the hostel attics, among the evil powers of necromancy, Ogres, ghouls and yes, sometimes even creepy spiders ..... They belong to the dark side.* —Editor

The spider scuttled across his arm, digging its fangs into his hand. 'Ouch !' Spontaneously the other hand closed in on it, reducing the arachnid to a gruesome pulp of blood and internal tissue.

The victim of the spider's bite was surrounded by a multitude of swarming awe-struck faces. The news spread fast and it wasn't long before cries of "How's it going, spidey !" and "I need a mosquito net" reached his ears. The bite victim, contemplated the prospect of biting his way through the crowd. But the hostel crowds were not going to let him off easily. A demand for a display of his newly acquired spider-powers materialized.

The 'lucky' bite victim found himself set up against the Krishna Commonroom wall. "Climb, climb", the enthusiastic crowd cheered on, like a chant of a medieval ritual. The cheers brought about a mental metamorphosis in him. The cries ricocheted against the walls of his brain. A sudden calm came over him. Renewed energy coursed through his body. He felt revitalised.

Holding up his superior hand for silence, he moved a few steps back. The anxious audience looked on.

Silence prevailed, as he screwed up his concentration. His gaze bore the wall, examining and gauging. This would be his first attempt at walking up the wall, in reminiscence of the celebrated comic character.

He charged and leapt at the wall. In a second he had scrambled up three feet..... consequently falling three feet !

Pulling himself off the ground he limped to a chair. Why weren't the powers working ? A few lads clustered around him, sympathising. Suddenly someone had a brainwave, "You haven't given your powers sufficient time to develop." Eyes lit up, yes, that was the problem.

"Let's try it in the hall" The brave bite-victim was herded out of Krishna. They cut across the flower beds. The excitement was apparent. "What shall we name him ?" "Let's see.....something original." A voice piped up, "How about Scuttle-Web !"

Suddenly Scuttle-web cried out, "Hey ! I don't believe this. My spider senses are buzzing." He was almost euphoric, "The buzz is getting louder, something is going to happen. I know it.....I can feel it."

And feel it he did. The wasp stung him on

his nose ! Perhaps it didn't take kindly to people trampling his food-patch.

A gloom descended on Scuttle-Web, He had no powers. He could not climb, he could

not spin webs. Then almost magically his gloom dissipated. Logic had struck him. What need would he have of powers enabling him to swing and climb. He was a Welhamite, wasn't he ?

Soumit Roy

## Napping - The Ultimate CCA



Welham happens to be a hyperactive school preparing boys like us to have a hyperactive future in a hyperactive world. It is an absolute necessity for every Welhamite to be up and about at all times, be it classes.

PT, SUPW or games. We must be conversant when it comes to hostel discussions, have a scintillating CCA and prepare to assume the role of Peter Cetera, Phil Collins, Gray Slick, Glen Medeiros and Elvis Presley when the occasion requires it.

No wonder we seem to find a 'midnight feast' the ideal remedy for all that fatigue. But the Seniors seem to have cracked the system and resorted to the ancient method of alleviating it all—sleeping. To become a dedicated napper, dedicated lazybones and a dedicated Welhamite, you must realize the philosophical necessity behind the practice.

An average of one class a day is free. Everyone walks to the hostel. While one of them is thinking of sorting out his problems with Calculus, the other is seriously contemplating finishing his overdue prep work. The studious lot grab a book and sit at their respective desks. After a couple of minutes. they feel it would be

easier if they got on top of the bunk. Relax..... within the next minute, these aspiring bookworms are fast asleep. So much for the Calculus !

So napping is one co-curricular activity that is proving to be a hit with Welhamites. You see its so simple. Who wants to bother with sitting in-front of a computer, soldering a component or slapping paint on canvas. All one has to do is stretch and close his eyes. Everything will still be there when he returns to reality Napping is so easy, he'd wonder why he ever liked working on the BBC-micros.

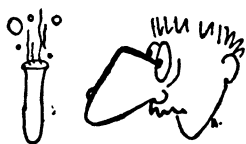
To pursue this exhilarating CCA, one doesn't need be in the Art class or the Electronics lab. Any place does. Classes are of course the ideal place, considering all those soporific pedagogues (A term which is used randomly for any teacher), telling us how important ISC is, as they had been telling us how important ICSE was, and would probably later be telling us how important the Bachelor's degree is. Ennui, ennui and more ennui. One can imagine why Manjul, Abhay and the like, got sleeping sickness.

The eleventhies and the twelfthies will help make Welham a lethargic school preparing lethargic boys for a lethargic future.

Aresh

## Discovery

We milled around the door of the laboratory. Eager expressions of anticipation adorned our faces. Our first Chemistry practical class. Each of us had fantasized about this fateful day, each interpreting its significance in his own way.



The door opened and we stepped over the threshold. We stared about us in undiluted amazement. There were rows after rows of bottles containing deceptively innocent looking solutions. With a little fooling around we could concoct something so potent, it would make a fire-dragon seem like a puppy-if we could find one in heaven.....

Upon our allotted desks we found a white-lab coat. Pulling it on, I wondered to myself, "So this is what the bright young man in wearing these days." The right sleeve was in shreds and the cloth coming to pieces. My eyes caught the

tell-tale stain of Nitric acid. My experienced eye perceived the trade mark of the Welhamite. "Takes a thief to catch a thief". What was it I had read the other day ? Something about a new fad. Acid-wash was apparently very much in. Takes all sorts, doesn't it !

I eagerly thumbed through the lab-manual, also placed on the desk, it maintained a constant flow of O.H.T. [Over Head Transmission].

The sample provided was a white amorphous substance, rather like talcum powder. After subjecting it to a severe scrutiny I applied myself to the exemplary task of analysing it. I had dissolved a portion of it in water when the test tube was whisked out of my hand. By my side, stood the corpulent. Bharat-a perfect example of the adaptability of the human body. His build was not exactly that of a runner's and appropriately he had been endowed with a generous number of spare tires around his waist. Incidentally, the stare which he gave me would

have turned the strongest to putty. He drew a green carton out of his trousers and emptied the contents of the watch glass into it. The box looked sickeningly familiar. The sight of Glucose-D usually pestered me up somewhat; today however it was not to be so. I tried to apologise but the proverbial cat got my tongue. I was retrieved from the jaws of death by the clanging of the bell.

The class was over. I solemnly swore to request a raise in salary on behalf of the ringer.

The discovery was made the next morning. The great marathon runners discovered what it was like to be given 'glucose-D' after the fund raising run. Glucose-D which smelt of burnt sulphur !

Soumit Roy

## Gandhara Art Tradition in Our History

The province of Gandhara which later came to be known as Kandhar, in the north-west bordering on and including parts of Afghanistan was in the past part of the famous Indo-Bactrian empire of the Greeks and a seat of great artistic and intellectual efflorescence. It represented a healthy and creative synthesis of ancient Hindu-Buddhist as well as Greek art and culture.

Every art is concerned with truth and beauty and it was this point that was so eloquently stressed in our literature in the ideal of "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram." In Hindu-Buddhist art there is, as Anand Coomaraswami points out, total sublimation of beauty which is its noblest feature.

In Gandhara art this feature is combined with a foreign, that is Greek, features. Will Durant points out "The noblest Greek art was a union of two ideals—the restless masculine power of Dionysus and the quiet feminine beauty of Apollo". Thus, Gandhara art offered virility and a new strength to Indian art and the inner spirit of this art was Indian whereas the outer form was Greek in the main. In contra-distinction to the art of Bahrut, Sanchi and Mathura and in some other schools, the delineation of human forms in Gandhara depict a healthy change. Greek features such as muscular bodies, aquiline noses, broad foreheads, tall figures are some of the specialities of this art. Fine Greek clothes with fine folds, Greek capitals on statues, Greek mythology and so on form some of the popular features of the famous Gandhara art.

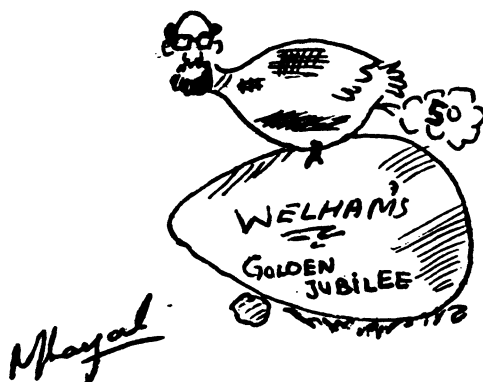
It was mainly during the reign of Kanishka-I that the Gandhara art came of age mainly due to the adoption of the more liberal Mahayana doctrines after the Fourth Buddhist Council. The great king invited many Greek artists and intellectuals in his court at Purushpur (present Peshawar). The Greek engineer, Agesilaos, contributed a lot in the development of art and building activities of the time. The Mahayana (literally 'Greater Vehicle') doctrine permitted the representation of the Buddha in human form which at once gave a great impetus to art and specially sculpture. The Buddha is presented as a Greek youth with muscular body. The representation of feminine forms in Maya Devi and Hariti are also Greek to a great extent. In addition other Greek motifs such as bacchanalian groups, Corinthian type pillars, Ionian capitals and representation of Bodhistavas, specially Bodhisotava

Vajrapani with thunder in hand and Bodhisatva Padmapani with lotus flower in hand, become very popular in this period in the art of Gandhara. The details of foldings of fine clothes and anatomical details of the human figure clearly indicate influence.

The principal beauty of the Gandhara art consists in, that in course of time the Greek features were so sensibly absorbed in Indian art as not to permit anyone to doubt that it was wholly Indian. We find this complete and sensible absorption during the Gupta period. Indianisation of outward Greek art features was the peculiar distinction of Indian art tradition in the Gupta and post-Gupta period. As Mme. Jeannine Auboyer has so effectively pointed out, "The principal characteristics of the Gandhar art are—on the one hand the application of Hellenic forms to Buddhist themes, and on the other hand creation of an iconography in which till that time the Buddha was not delineated in human form". The blending of the two arts in Gandhara was complete in every sense.

Miss Shashi Chopra

## ✓ Golden Jubilee CRACKING UP ON 50 YEARS



We are looking forward to our Golden Jubilee  
How wonderful it will be !  
It will be lots of fun.  
And our parents will come in the warm sun.  
At the fete there will be a lucky-dip stall.  
For one and all.  
We'll have an exhibition to see.  
It will fill us with glee.  
I am waiting for that important day.  
So that we can enjoy and play.

Chetan Kumar  
III-A

## “The Story of Woodseats”

The landlord of Ambala House, (The present Woodseats,) Lala Suraj Bhan came to Miss Oliphant and asked her for a little accommodation on the plea that he had no place to live. Out of compassion, she gave him two rooms and a bathroom with a kitchenette. After a fortnight, he put on a signboard of an Ashram outside his rooms. That annoyed Miss Oliphant very much. She thought over this very seriously for a few days. One fine morning she called me after breakfast and told me about her plan to throw him out of Ambala House. I requested her to wait till the evening to avoid a scene. She agreed.

As luck would have it, it started raining in

the evening. It was the month of November. She collected all the school servants. It was dark. We raided his rooms and threw him out along with his luggage. He made a lot of noise. After that, she went to her cottage and informed Mr. Mahmud Butt, the D.M., about the incident. He sent four police constables with the Head constable to keep law and order.

Next morning, Suraj Bhan collected a big crowd and tried to capture the rooms which he had been lent, but the police kept him and his supporters away. Ultimately, we bought Ambala House. Miss Oliphant named it Woodseats, as she was disgusted at the previous owner's behaviour.  
—Mr. Gaur

## The Day Before . . . . .

### The PT Time Obsession

In all my long life of 21 years, the greatest discipline I ever learnt was at Welham, ages ago. If my rapidly depreciating memory serves me right, it was six years ago, to not be so precise.

“Enough of the same old field games !” screamed the principal. And the next day we had a bunch of really weird looking Swamis initiating us into soul refining ‘Transcendental Meditation’. We were to attain complete mental harmony and peace of mind. That peace of mind bit was an impossibility at Welham, but anyway, we being spirited young boys, made a headlong go for it. By the time we would leave school we would have our souls refined. The weird swamis rhapsodized for hours endlessly, till all of us were convinced that we were desperately in need of exploring the spiritual side of life !

The principal fixed a time for all of us to practise this new discipline. And guess when : PT

time. And that was it ! Even the chaps who till now vehemently ridiculed meditation, became avid meditators.

Now all we had to do was sit upright in our beds during PT, and were guaranteed an extra 25 minutes of undisturbed sleep ! The only catch was that snoring aroused suspicion. So routinely, when Mr. Gurung's invariable whistle blew, we would just pull ourselves up and leaning against the wall, looking demurely, enjoy the rest of the morning's sleep.. .....

Welhamites ! Why don't you try to get Charlie to give meditation a shot ?

*Editor's Note—Meditation seems to be a great way to palliate tension ! But we know what the prefects will have to say to this divine discipline of PT time napping—‘It's a Sin’ (Not forgetting the Pet Shop Boys)*

Jasnit Soni'83

## Memoirs

Welham, in the early 1940's, nearly half a century ago, is almost lost to my failing memory. As I think back trying to remember my days at the school, odd disconnected images appear like mixed up slides. Poplars (or were they eucalyptus) line the road to the school; Kurien and Gaur who took classes and games appear with fairly complete faces; the school dormitory looks like something out of Dickens; a newly acquired boarding house (Toad Hall ?) takes shape on the other side of the playing field; Tejinder Singh showing early signs of brilliance (and contrariness) races through the text-books well ahead of the class; and, of course, looming over all is the redoubtable figure of our Founder and Principal, Miss Oliphant. She stands ramrod straight, clearly etched in my mind's eye, her physical form comm-

anding awe and her stern eye still demanding from me obedience and punctuality; courage and fortitude to bear adversity (the school bully for example who should have been neutralised but then our education would have been incomplete) and, of course, discipline, that bug-bear of all school boys.

I don't (Teachers, please read ‘do not’ !) think I saw Miss Oliphant very often, apart from the daily assembly and school functions, but I do remember an upholstered sofa and chairs in her office and being totally at unease when I went in. And once I got caned for missing a special photography class on a Saturday afternoon, Mr. Gaur having nobly sacrificed his half-holiday and ours. I had either not heard the announcement

or forgotten (more likely) about it and therefore felt the punishment to be rather unfair, certainly excessive. "But that's life and life is unfair," I can hear her say and then add, "I am sure that it did you a world of good." I am not so sure that it did but I have no scar, physical or mental, and it certainly has a place of dubious importance in my list of experiences.

In this list I must also include my one and only blundering presence in the world of dramatics. Welham decided to stage 'Toad of Toad Hall', a part of Hilne's classic 'Wind in the Willows'. Because of my shape or size or dopey appearance or more likely as there was no one else, I was selected or more correctly coerced to take the part. There used to be an out-of-focus photograph in the family album of a boy in a black peaked cap looking quite bewildered and rather unhappy—me as Mole. I couldn't have

been any good but remember raising a mixture of guffaws and sniggers when the performance was repeated at The Doon School and I made a fast running entry down the slope of an open air theatre and barely managed to stay on stage. An early example of my will power when all the rest of me just wanted to get the hell out of stage, theatre, school and town.

What else? Nothing more really, except general impressions of being happy; of excellent teaching standards (Kurien's grounding in Mathematics stood me in good stead all the way to a Physics Honours Degree); of being exposed to the importance of 'team spirit' on the playing field; of becoming Ganges House Captain, because undoubtedly there was no one else, and of having to leave at the age of ten and a half when I would have much rather stayed back at good old Welham.

Ashwin Desai '46

## Down Memory Lane

It's quite disconcerting, the way our memory works. As a youngster, one simply took it for granted and treated it as a faculty with few limitations, which one could access in and out of, at will and expect reliable performance from, at all times; except, perhaps, for the odd poem here or the odd lesson there. With the years, one recognised that it really had to be a finite storage facility. One could continue inputting but there was, inevitably, some overflow and stuff kept spilling out and that too quite at random and without logic or to a set pattern. It wasn't always that the oldest events disappeared first nor the most unmemorable ones and certainly not the most painful ones. Tragically, it was always people who seemed to be singled out for the harshest treatment of all for this random vanishing process. Names and faces, sometimes together but most often separately, simply dropped off without traces, causing some of the most embarrassing moments of one's life—(thank heavens for name-tags at Jubilees!).

The happy days spent in Seven Oaks and Seven Seas (for the benefit of the more recent Welhamites, those were the two senior Houses you were at before leaving the school at 11, and were located in the long white building stretching from the present Art class to the Laboratories) are now myriad pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, some, clear and bright, fitting perfectly and easily into the niches of their neighbours, others, blurred and hazy, not quite specific in time or place: and yet others, sadly, lost forever, or at least till restored through excursions down memory lane, during the Jubilee.

For some reason, the first train journey to school with the Delhi batch seems to remain vividly clear. Because Father was accompanying one that first time, the other two occupants of the compartment, Tipi Brar and Sanjivan Sahni,

were over so well behaved and friendly. Once in school, however, all that changed. Suddenly one became a lonely alien in home clothes, in an unruly sea of brown, and brown, with questions being fired in staccato from all directions in a language where every sentence had to end in a "ya". Gautam Tandon and Lalit Bhadwar, one's first room-mates, eventually took charge and conducted the initial guided tour of Seven Oaks house and the first introductions. In due course, Mrs. Barnes had the mob in order and a motley platoon marched in single file to the long central corridor of the main building with its faded prints from paintings of a bygone era, which served as Dining hall. The first shock of "haathi kaan" chapatis and kali dal linger to this day.

The remaining three years seemed to have simply tumbled past in a flurry of activity in the sequined pattern of PT, classes, meals, games bedtimes, holidays and train journeys back and forth. Fleeting images roll by of picnics at Jamnipur, and horlicks bottle aquariums of flattas, stripees, solas and other little delights; the mid-term "camping" trips to Ravinder Goel's farm at Malhan, the rides on the tractor there and the swims in the stream; the weird stories of Gapparsallu, the Chowkidar, during summer nights when beds were allowed outdoors; the pleasant authority of Mr. Gaur at PT and Games time; the Meccano club at Mrs. Malik's house; the familiar erect figure of Miss Oliphant doing the rounds of the campus; the umpteenth production of 'Seven Ages of Man' on Founder's Day, the Saturday afternoon "across the river" trips and the Bud Abbot & Lou Castello movies afterwards; the mass subjection to Eno's Fruit Salt on Saturday nights; Mrs. Cook's amazing stories of the Amazon jungles; the queuing up for sweets after lunch every day; the use of pen holders and the messy little square ink-pots and trying to copy

Miss Meissenheimer's beautiful handwriting; the pillow fights on 'Good night'; Mr. Kuriyan's efforts at inculcating the use of the straight bat; and so it goes on and on—images and reminiscences

## Rendezvous With Dionysus

*The latest addition to the school community, and the first dyed in the wool Greek, Dionysus hailed us across the field and demanded that we interview him. Considering we don't have Greek Gods, or for that matter any Gods, insisting on clandestine meetings every day, we decided to give it a shot. The interview was successful, incessant rambler that he is; he did all the mouthwork, though we did throw in a syllable or two.*

—Editor

"OK, guys, I ought to bore you with my past. I was born yesterday...I wonder why I didn't yowl as all respectable heavenly babies do. Probably, I was too dumbstruck seeing a lady slapping clay all over me. That wasn't all, there was also a guy standing in a position which only a constipated boa-constrictor would have the stupidity to do. I nearly passed out when the lady produced a wicked looking knife and began carving my nose out! She stuck it right up my nostrils, so much so that I thought my Sinus' would burst. A wonderful reception for a God-baby."

"You people didn't even bother to let the plaster of Paris harden, instead you carted me around that weird platform with steps all around it, and dumped me on that rickety altar. I was told I was in the drama, Oedipus Rex. I proceeded to throw myself wholeheartedly into the project. Not literally though, I'd break into little pieces if I did. I made a tremendous effort to play my role to perfection. I didn't bat an eyelid on seeing Jocasta sway above a crowd of cloaked weirdos, arms in the air, making total fools of themselves. Are my eyes playing tricks, or are Jocasta's robes, discernibly less revealing than when I saw her in my previous birth? Tsk, Tsk. What's the world coming to."

"Also, these fellow males swinging around me, gives me the creeps. The life and times of Dionysus were never easy. Oedipus, with his close-knit eyebrows and crossed eyes, arouses pity in my wired jute heart."

"Frankly, I suggest taking the cast out to dinner. They look like they need it. Especially that doddering old blind man who points fingers at Oedipus, and the emaciated priest, who can't bear the sight of him (Hyuk Hyuk). In this modern day and age, I find all this ridiculous lamenting and repentance of Oedipus, a farce. Imagine 30 minutes of it. Why not just play 'It's a Sin' full-blast for a couple of minutes and have the entire audience point their fingers at Oedipus and Jocasta!"

from the distant past, some clear as crystal, others vague and hazy—but each a treasured reminder of happy days well spent.

Prabir Basu : (1954—57)

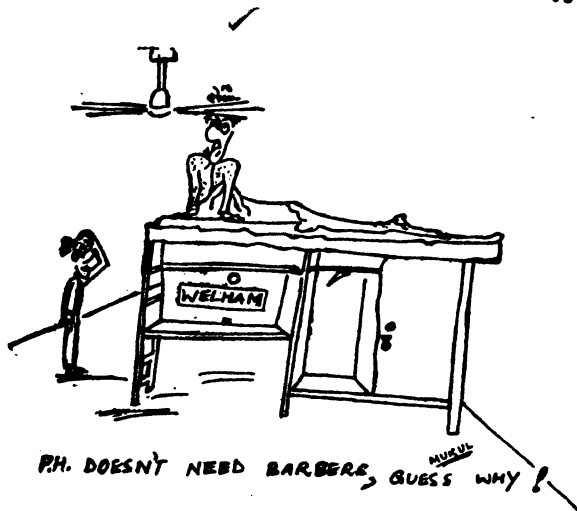
## Quantum Rock

(To the tune of 'Meet me Halfway' by Kenny L.)



In a life-time,  
There is only . . . Chem-istry  
I believe in the Labo-ratory  
Every Chem-test,  
I return to give bad-chits,  
When you've got an outing . . .  
On the rocks,  
Know what I've got on my mind,  
Meet me Halfway,  
Across the block,  
This is a new experiment,  
Only Quantum Rock!

—Jayjee



# COMPUTER PREVIEW

The computer clubs have planned quite a few interesting programs for the Golden Jubilee exhibition. They are all likely to be ready by then, as the programmers seem to be spending quite a lot of their time in the dust forsaken "Chip-bin". Some of the programs are :

"School life" and "Charlie and Marlie" by Niraj. "School life" is a mouse based graphic reproduction of the various hilarious occurrences in Welham. The screens have been drawn by Arnab (AC). They have then been linked with a caption to each, in BASIC.

The latter "Charlie and Marlie", too owes its graphics to the A.M.X. mouse. It has been modified into story-form with screen being loaded, followed by a test, which is verbally spoken too, by Superior's "Speech" program and then the next page is loaded, so on and so forth.

:"JACKPOT" by Shantanu. This is a computerized version of slot machines in casinos. The bottom of the screen has 6 slots. Above them is a very rapidly moving ball, which is to be dropped into any slot, thrice. The slots are marked by "£, #, \*". If the pattern of the three slots, into which the ball has dropped, coincides with the preplanned choice of either a trail of a certain figure, or one of each figure, the player gets the proposed reward. The program may be used in the fete too.

:"Derby" is another game of chance most likely to be used in the fete. This very nice program has been made, surprisingly by an eighth class programmer Puneet Mahajan. The program is this race between four horses moving at a random pace. 4 people are supposed to choose a horse each, or rather bet on a horse. The race is then started and the luckiest of the four people gets his initial money back, doubled !

:Utilization of the Word-Processor and the "Quest Filing System" are to be demonstrated in the Exhibition too. Aresh, the Editor of the school Newsletter is going to be showing off the various functions available in "Word-Wise", the word-processor which is being used for the processing of "The Oliphant" articles. The Word-Wise is accompanied by the "Font-wise", a front designer. This is used for changing the normal type-style for printing documents. It has a total of twelve different fronts, which can be magnified, made bolder and changed in many other ways.

The filing system on the other hand is being presented by Aman Mehra, Rajeev Lath and Sanjeev Sehgal. The files with information on the present school population, and the Welham Old Boys' have been prepared on this utility. The data required can be brought on

screen pretty easily, and then if necessary, be printed out too, on the Epson Serial Printer.

:Maze Daze"; is an ingenious, though not all that complicated adventure which has been created by Amit Ranjan. It starts by informing you of your position as a mole in the CIA. Your mission is to find two vital documents for the benefit of your country, namely Russia. This search is incorporated into a maze. The two documents are in different spots on the maze. So though you are not exactly dazed, you are more than puzzled, throughout the adventure.

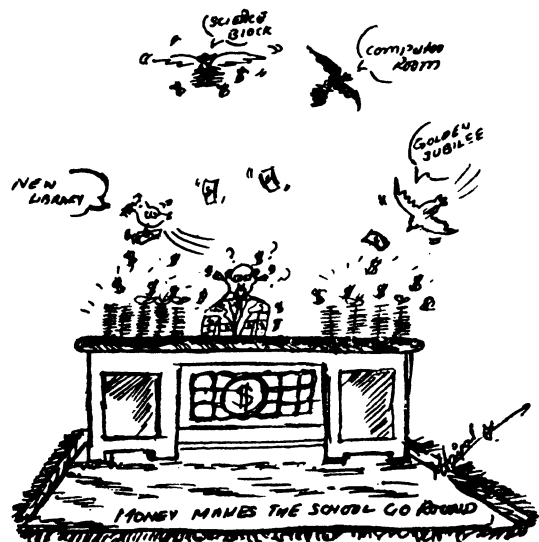
:"Payroll" is a file creation, initialization and presentation program created in basic by a ninth-grader, Raj Kamal. It is a beginning step towards the business utilities available. It takes the various inputs, such as the actual wage, deducted benefits tax charges, lent money deduction etc. This information is then checked to see if it is possibly true, i.e. you couldn't have a tax charge more than the actual wage. If a faulty data is found it is sent back to be checked. Then the data is processed and the amount to be paid to a worker is calculated and presented.

:"H.C.F." is a Basic program to find the Highest Common Factor of numbers. This is based on the maths formula to calculate H.C.F. This program was devised by Anuj Tikku and Gagan Gahlot.

:"Guess my Number" is a program by Niladari Ghosh and Bikash Choudhary. The computer chooses a random number and the user tries to guess it.

:And lastly from the kids corner, under the guidance of Miss Malhotra the boys of III, IV and V have produced some stunning graphics on the LOGO utility.

Niraj





## ऐसा क्यों ?

आज़ादी की लड़ाई में हजारों लोगों ने अपनी जानें गंवा दीं। मरते समय तक वे डटे रहे। उन्हें गर्व था कि वे अपने देश के लिए शहीद हो रहे थे। आज़ादी हासिल कराने में उन सब ने बड़ा योगदान दिया है। आज हमारा देश स्वतन्त्र है तो सिर्फ उनके बल पर।

आज स्वतन्त्रता के चालीस साल बीत गये। हमें आज भी उन शहीदों का त्याग याद है। लेकिन आज़ादी के बाद अनेकों ने आज़ादी का अनुचित फायदा उठाया। भारत सरकार उन लोगों को ताम्रपत्र और आर्थिक सहायता दे रही थी जो आज़ादी के लिये लड़े और जेल गये। किन्तु इनमें से कई लोग, जो चोरी कर के भी जेल गये थे, अपने आप को स्वतन्त्रता सेनानी पुकारने लगे और सम्मान पाने वालों की पंक्ति में जा बैठे। आज उन्ही लोगों के पुत्र बड़े इज्जत वाले कहलाते हैं।

आज भारत में कई ऐसे परिवार भी हैं जिन्होंने आज़ादी के लिये अपना सब कुछ दे दिया लेकिन जिनको बदले में कुछ भी न मिला। वे भगत सिंह जिन्होंने स्वतन्त्रता के लिए अपनी जान हँसते-हँसते दे दी, उनको माँ और बहन गली-गली में ठोकरें खाती फिरती रहीं। उन्हें किसी ने न पूछा।

यह दुनिया ही ऐसी है।

शायद इतिहास उसे ही याद करता है जो अपने त्याग के बदले कुछ माँगता हैं। जो लोग अपने स्वार्थ के लिये नहीं बल्कि समाज के सुधार के लिये कुछ करते हैं इतिहास में उनको कोई जगह नहीं मिलती।

आज इतने लोगों के घर के सामने नाम-पट्ट पे लिखा होता है 'स्वतन्त्रता सेनानी'। पर इस युग में कौन जानता है कि वह आदमी वास्तव में कोई स्वतन्त्रता सेनानी था, या कोई भयंकर डाकू।

मुझे तो स्वतन्त्रता सेनानी की याद तब आती है जब मैं किसी गरीब को देखता हूँ। मेरे मन में सवाल उठता है "क्या यह कोई भगत सिंह का रिश्तेदार था?"

सौरव सिन्हा  
IX-B

## डरावना सपना

एक दिन मैं रात का खाना खाकर अपने पलंग पर जाकर सो गया। मैंने देखा कि मैं एक पहाड़ पर जा रहा हूँ। वहाँ मैंने एक महल देखा। शाम का समय था। जब मैं महल के दरवाज़े के पास गया दरवाज़ा अपने आप खुल गया। अन्दर अन्धेरा था जैसे ही मैं अन्दर घुसा उजाला हो गया। मैं बहुत डरा हुआ था। वह एक आलीशान महल था। अन्दर मैं एक कमरे में गया, वहाँ अन्धेरा था। मैं टार्च

लेकर अन्दर घुसा और बत्तियाँ जलाईं। मैंने देखा कि एक आदमी वहाँ सो रहा था। वह उठ गया। उसने मुझे देखा और कहा, "मैं तुम्हारा ही इन्तजार कर रहा था।" फिर उसकी शक्ल इतनी डरावनी होने लगी। उसके दाँत बड़े होने लगे उसके नाखून बड़े होने लगे। वह बोला, "मैं तुम्हारा खून पियूंगा"। मैं वहाँ से भाग कर दरवाज़े के पास गया। दरवाज़ा अपने आप बन्द हो गया। मैंने वहाँ से मुड़ कर भागना चाहा। लेकिन वहाँ पर वह डरावना आदमी पहुँच चुका था। उसने अपना हाथ मेरी तरफ बढ़ाया। मैं चिल्लाया, "बचाओ! बचाओ!" तभी मेरी नींद खुल गई और मैंने देखा कि मैं अपने पलंग पर लेटा हुआ था।

अंशुल अनुराग  
III-B  
634

## डाक्टर का जीवन

डाक्टर का जीवन बहुत परिश्रम और मेहनत का होता है। डाक्टर बनने के लिए बहुत पढ़ना पड़ता है। डाक्टर हर दम लोगों की सेवा करता है, चाहे वह दिन हो या रात। डाक्टर को हर समय किताबें पढ़नी होती हैं ताकि उसे यह पता चल पाए कि कोई नई दवाईयाँ निकली हैं या नहीं। उसे हर मरीज की अलग अलग बीमारियों का इलाज ढूँढ कर करना पड़ता है। डाक्टर को कभी भी अपना नहीं सोचना चाहिए। उसे हर दम दूसरों की सेवा करने में जुटे रहना चाहिए। ज्यादातर उसे गरीबों की सहायता करनी चाहिए। हमारे गाँव में डाक्टर की बहुत जरूरत पड़ती है। हर डाक्टर को सिर्फ पैसा बनाने की बात नहीं सोचनी चाहिए। उसे गाँव में जाकर गाँव के लोगों की सेवा करनी चाहिए क्योंकि कितने गाँव के लोग बिना इलाज के मर जाते हैं। डाक्टर को गरीबों की सहायता करके अपना जीवन सफल बनाना चाहिए।

Anuija Setu  
Class 3 A

## उन्नति की ओर बढ़ते कदम

बहुतेरे लोगों से यह सुनने को मिलता है कि हमारे देश में उन्नति नहीं हो रही है लेकिन मेरे ख्याल से ऐसा कतई नहीं है क्योंकि जिस जगह मैं रहता हूँ वह कुछ समय पहले एक बहुत छोटी सी जगह थी लेकिन देखते ही देखते वहाँ इतनी उन्नति हुई है कि अगर आज वहाँ जाकर कोई देखे तो बिल्कुल भी ऐसा नहीं लगता कि वही जगह है।

इस शहर का नाम है गोरखपुर। यह उत्तर प्रदेश के पूरब में बिहार की सीमा से थोड़ी दूर बसा हुआ है। कुछ सालों पहले यहाँ के लोग मुख्यतः खेती-बाड़ी पर निर्भर थे पर आज यहाँ कई छोटे-बड़े कारखाने खुल चुके हैं, जैसे चीनी मिलें व इस्पात मिलें इत्यादि। ये गोरखपुर से थोड़ी-थोड़ी दूरी पर बनी हुई हैं।

इन कारखानों के खुलने से आज कई बेरोजगार कमाने लगे हैं और इसके साथ-साथ इस जगह का नाम भी हो गया है।

अब सड़कों को ही ले लीजिए जो इतनी चौड़ी और अच्छी कर दी गयी हैं कि देखते हुए लगता है जैसे हम किसी बड़े शहर में पहुँच गये हों। यहाँ जगह-जगह सड़कों पर बत्तियाँ लगा दी गयी हैं। और विश्वास ही नहीं होता कि यही सड़कें कभी सूर्य के डूबते ही अन्धकार और सन्नाटे में डूब जाती थीं।

कुछ दिनों पहले ही जब मैं गोरखपुर के बाहर एक झील की बगल से गुजर रहा था, जहाँ अधिकतर मछुआरे ही नजर आते हैं, कि अचानक मेरी नजर झील के किनारे पर पड़ी जहाँ बहुत से शामियाने आदि लगे थे और बत्तियों से सजाये हुए थे। वहाँ पर बड़े-बड़े 'बैनर्स' पर मुख्य मन्त्री बीर बहादुर सिंह का अभिनन्दन पढ़कर मेरी इच्छा हुई कि पता लगाना चाहिए क्या बात है। मैंने अपनी गाड़ी अनायास ही उस तरफ मुड़वा दी और पता लगाने पर मालूम हुआ कि उस झील को साफ करके सरकार उसके बीचों-बीच एक बहुत बड़ा होटल बनवा रही है जहाँ पर लोगों के मनोरंजन के लिए नाव आदि भी उपलब्ध होंगी। झील के किनारे ही एक नक्षत्र-लोक भी बन रहा है और उसके बगल में एक बच्चों के खेलने के लिए उद्यान। इन सब पर पाँच करोड़ रुपये खर्च हो रहे हैं। और इसी का उद्घाटन करने के लिए श्री बीर बहादुर आये हुए थे। मुझे यह सब सुनकर बहुत हैरानी हुई क्योंकि मैंने कभी सोचा भी नहीं था कि गोरखपुर जैसी जगह में ऐसी उन्नति भी हो सकती है।

नेपाल और भारत की सीमा भी गोरखपुर से काफ़ी पास है और इसलिए यहाँ वायु-सेना का भी अच्छा इन्तज़ाम है। यहाँ वायु-सेना का एक हवाई-अड्डा है जिसके एक तरफ आम सवारियों के लिए भी दिन में दो-तीन हवाई-जहाज उड़ानें भरते हैं। सबसे आश्चर्यजनक बात तो यह है कि वायु-सेना का अड्डा भूमितल के नीचे बना हुआ है। सेना के जहाज उतरते ही भूमितल के नीचे चले जाते हैं।

कुछ वर्षों पहले यहाँ दूरदर्शन के कोई भी साधन नहीं थे लेकिन अब दूरदर्शन केन्द्र के खुलने से घर-घर में टेलीविज़न आ चुके हैं।

यही सब देखने के बाद मुझे लगता है कि हमारे देश में उन्नति हो रही है। और गोरखपुर की उन्नति का यही अन्त नहीं है, मुझे पूरा विश्वास है कि जहाँ इतनी उन्नति हो रही है वहाँ आगे भी बहुत होगी।

सुमेश सूरी  
IX-B

## शेर का शिकार

एक दिन मैं अपने पिताजी के साथ जंगल में शिकार खेलने गया। दोपहर में जब मैं टहल रहा था, तभी मैंने एक शेर के साथ एक शेरनी और चार

बच्चे देखे। पहले तो मैं बहुत ही डर गया क्योंकि शेर बहुत ही भयानक लग रहा था। तब भी मैंने हिम्मत रख कर गोली हवा में चलाई और शेर मेरे पीछे भागने लगा। मैं जितनी तेज़ भाग सकता था मैं भागा। मेरे पैर दुखने लगे और मेरी साँस चढ़ गयी। शेर धीरे-धीरे मेरे पास आ रहा था। तभी मैंने अपनी जीप सामने खड़ी देखी। मैं उसमें जल्दी से चढ़ गया और मेरे पिताजी जीप चलाने लगे। हम लोग जल्दी ही घर पहुँच गये।

अगले दिन मैं अकेला उसी स्थान पर गया। वह शेर फिर वहीं टहल रहा था। तभी उसने मुझे देख लिया और मुझ पर एक छलाँग लगाई। मुझे इतना डर लगा कि मानो मेरा दिल मुँह में आ गया हो। वह मेरे ऊपर कूदने ही वाला था कि जैसे-तैसे बन्दूक चल गई और गोली उसके सिर पर लग गई और वह वहीं ढेर हो गया। मेरे साथ एक बहुत भयानक हादसा हुआ जो मैं कभी नहीं भूल सकता।

विवेक कुमार सिन्हा  
3, B

## वह व्यक्ति जिसकी मुझे तलाश है

मुझे एक ऐसे व्यक्ति की तलाश है जो भारत की समस्याओं को अपनी समस्या समझकर हल करे। लेकिन ऐसा व्यक्ति है कहाँ? इस दुनियाँ में तो मार-काट के अलावा और कुछ हो ही नहीं रहा। आदमी-आदमी एक दूसरे से लड़ रहा है। यही आपस की मुठ-भेड़ हमें कमजोर और बुज़ादिल बना देती है। विदेशी इस बात का पूरा-पूरा फायदा उठाते हैं। एक ऐसा दिन आएगा जब हम फिर किसी देश के गुलाम बन चुके होंगे। अभी तो सन् १९४७ में हम भारत-वासियों को स्वतन्त्रता प्राप्त हुई है। हम उसे ऐसे ही खो देंगे और शहीदों की मेहनत पर पानी फेर देंगे। एक तो व्यक्ति होगा जो भारत माँ की पुकार सुनेगा उसकी रक्षा करेगा।

मुझे एक ऐसे व्यक्ति की तलाश है जो सच्चा देश-भक्त हो। आजकल सारे व्यक्ति अपने स्वार्थ को ही देखते हैं। आजकल के नेता भ्रष्ट हो गए हैं। सब के सब स्वार्थ-परायण हो गए हैं। कोई तो हो जो स्वार्थ-परायण न हो और भारतवासियों के दुःख दर्द को समझता हो!

मैं इतना व्यथित क्यों हूँ? एक उदाहरण ही ले लीजिए-मैं एक सूखा-क्षेत्र में गया जहाँ लोग भूख-प्यास से तड़प-तड़प कर मर रहे थे। उनकी सहायता वहाँ सरकार अनाज के पैसे बाँट के कर रही थी लेकिन पैसे से थोड़ा बहुत अनाज पहले ही निकाला जा चुका था। यही नहीं बल्कि कुछ पैसे तो उसमें से गायब भी हो रहे थे। यह सारा अनाज इकट्ठा करके व्यापारियों के घर जा रहा था। वहाँ लोग मर रहे थे और यहाँ पहले ही अधिक अनाज होते हुए भी ये व्यापारी और अनाज वहाँ से मँगवा रहे थे। इन्हें उन मरणासन्न लोगों पर ज़रा भी दया नहीं आती। भारत जैसे देश में ऐसा क्यों?

देश में जाति-पाँति की भावना बहुत है। यह बड़े लोग अपने को शूद्रों से बहुत ऊँचा समझते हैं। उनसे बात तक नहीं करते और अगर उन्हें गलती से छू लेते हैं तो स्नान करने को दौड़ते हैं। यह भावना किसी भी देश में नहीं होनी चाहिए। यही भावना भारत को नीचा दिखलाती है।

मैं दुःखी हूँ नेताओं से—उन नेताओं से जो सियार की तरह रंग बदलते नज़र आते हैं। कोई भी व्यक्ति नेता बनने के लिए तो जनता को ऐसा बहलाता है जैसे कि वह उस जगह का नक्शा ही बदल देगा और यह मूर्ख जनता सभी सच मान कर उसे ही अपना बोट देती है। पता चलता है कि नेता बनने के बाद वह उस जगह की ओर भ्रांख उठाकर भी नहीं देखता।

मैं दुःखी हूँ, उन सरकारी तन्त्र अधिकारियों से जो बिना मुठ्ठी गरम किए, एक कदम आगे नहीं बढ़ते। यही अधिकारी दुनिया को एक दिन बरबाद करके छोड़ेंगे। जैसे, कोई दुर्घटना हो जातो है, तो जिस की गलती नहीं होती है उसी को उस सिलसिले को दबाने के लिए पहले कुछ मुठ्ठी गरम करने को देना पड़ता है तभी पुलिस अफ़सर उस पर कुछ विचार करता है।

मैं ऐसे विद्यार्थियों से तंग आ गया हूँ, जो स्कूल या कॉलेज में पढ़ने तो क्या नारे लगाने जाते हैं। आए दिन देखो तो स्कूल में विद्यार्थियों ने हड़ताल की है। यही विद्यार्थी ड्रस लेने लग जाते हैं। रात-दिन नशे में खोए रहते हैं। इस बात का किसी को पता नहीं चलता, यहाँ तक कि उनके माता-पिता भी इससे बेखबर हैं। यह ड्रस ऐसी चीज़ है जो एक बार पी लो तो छूटती नहीं। ये नवयुवक और नवयुवतियों को भी छोटी सी उम्र में मरने को मजबूर कर देती है। यह जानते हुए भी न जाने ये छात्र इसे क्यों अपनाते हैं।

ऐसा कोई व्यक्ति तो होगा जो इसका विरोध करेगा और इसके खिलाफ आवाज़ उठाएगा ! मुझे ऐसे व्यक्ति की तलाश है।

पीयूष जैन  
IX-B

## स्कूल में मेरा अन्तिम वर्ष कैसे बीता

स्कूल का अन्तिम वर्ष अर्थात् प्रमाण-पत्र प्राप्ति के लिए अध्ययन का आखिरी साल। वर्ष का अर्थ १२ मास या ३६५ दिन होता है; किन्तु स्कूल का अन्तिम सत्र १५ अगस्त से १५ फ़रवरी तक की अवधि में सीमित होता है। इन छः महीनों में से रक्षा-बन्धन, दशहरा, दीपावली, ईद, बापू-दिवस, शीतकालीन अवकाश आदि को कम कर दें तो इस अन्तिम वर्ष की अवधि पंचमास ही रह जाती है।

दसवीं की पढ़ाई, पाँच विषयों के विस्तृत पाठ्य-क्रम, गद्य के बोझ के समान पुस्तकों का भार और परीक्षा-रुपी भूत के अज्ञात भय से युक्त यह अन्तिम वर्ष कैसे बीता ? सच बताऊँ तो हँस पड़ेंगे।

मैं पढ़ाई की दृष्टि से न फिसड़डी हूँ और न प्रथम श्रेणी का छात्र। दैनिक स्कूल-कार्य करना, पाठ कंठस्थ करना, प्रश्नों को हल करना, मेरा स्वभाव है। किन्तु स्कूल-व्यवस्था ने मेरे इस क्रम में विघ्न डालने में कोई कसर नहीं छोड़ी। हमारे स्कूल का स्वर्ण-जयन्ती समारोह मेरी पढ़ाई को ऐसे बरबाद कर रहा था, जैसे राक्षसगण ऋषियों के यज्ञ को विध्वंस कर रहे हों। मैंने अपने अध्यापकों से लाख अनुनय-विनय की, पर फिर भी उन्होंने मुझ पर रहम नहीं किया।

प्लेटों का कहना है 'संकट के समय धीरज धारण करना ही मानो आधी लड़ाई जीत लेना है।' मैं ने ब्रह्ममुहूर्त में उठकर कंठस्थ करना शुरू कर दिया और गृह-कार्य के लिए सांयकालीन खेलों से विदा ली। प्रातःकालीन अध्ययन के कारण मेरी सारी दिनचर्या बदल गई। सर्व सन्ताप-धारिणी निद्रा देवी मुझे दिन में अपने बाणों से बीघने लगी। कक्षा में जो पढ़ाया गया, वह समझ में नहीं आया क्योंकि एक ओर से जैसे तन्द्रा ने आक्रमण किया वैसे ही अध्यापक की शिड़कियों की बौछार प्रारम्भ हुई।

परीक्षाएँ समीप आने लगीं। जब कक्षा में मासिक परीक्षा हुई तो पता चला कि सभी विषयों में 'निल बटा निल'। किताब खोली तो कुछ भी समझ में नहीं आया। सभी अध्यापकगण मुझे परीक्षा रुपी भूत से भयभीत करने लगे। मुझे दिन में तारे नज़र आने लगे। मन सहम उठा, चक्षुओं से अश्रु-धारा वह निकली। किसी तरह अध्यापकों ने आश्वासन दिया कि परीक्षा से पहले अतिरिक्त कक्षा लगवाकर मुझे ठोक-पीट कर मेरी कमजोरी पूरी कर देंगे। डूबते को तिनके का सहारा मिला।

मरता क्या न करता। मैं अतिरिक्त कक्षाओं के लिए जाने लगा। अध्यापकों की दया, कृपा, कृपा व सहानुभूति से मेरी कठिनाइयों का निवारण हो गया।

२५ फरवरी आई। मैंने बड़े उत्साह के साथ परीक्षा दीं। परीक्षा के बाद मेरा मन बाँसों उछलने लगा क्योंकि अब वह समय आ गया था जब मैं कठिन परिश्रम करने के बाद आराम से घर के सुख को लूट सकता था। स्कूल से विदाई ली। मित्रों से सहर्ष गले मिला। और इस तरह मेरा स्कूल का अन्तिम और जीवन का सबसे संघर्षपूर्ण वर्ष बीत गया।

अंकुश बंसल  
कक्षा-दसवीं 'अ'

## प्रातः काल की ध्वनियाँ

दूर क्षितिज पर अर्ध सूर्य मानों पूरे अम्बर में सुनहरी रज फैला रहा हो और जैसे रात्रि को अलविदा कह रहा हो। मेरे वातायान से भास्कर की उज्ज्वल किरणें प्रवेश कर मेरे कमरे को प्रकाशित कर रहीं थीं। मेरे निद्रा से भरे नेत्र अकस्मात् प्रकाश

की इन तीव्र किरणों से निरविलम्ब हो उठे। हृदय से चाहते हुए भी मैं नहीं सो पाया और फौरन उठ बैठा। अब तक सब चीजें जीवित हो उठी थीं और अपने-अपने नित्य-कर्म में लगी थीं। मैं आलस्य और सुवह की थकान को नींद की भूल-भुलझाई में छोड़ अपने आस-पास के वातावरण को महसूस करने लगा।

दूर कहीं से किसी मन्दिर के घण्टे का मधुर कलनाद सुनाई दे रहा था मानों जोर-जोर से वज्रकर बता रहा था, कि हमेशा ऊँचाइयों पर चढ़ो, कभी किसी से दवो नहीं और न ही अपने को दुर्बल समझो। दूसरी ध्वनि जो कानों को अपनी ओर आकृष्ट कर रही थी, वह थी, पक्षियों का मीठा, रसीला, कलरव। कुछ खग नीड़ बनाने में व्यस्त थे तो कुछ अपने नन्हें बच्चों का पेट भरने में, सब प्रभात से ही अपने कामों में जुट गए थे।

मेरा ध्यान अभी पक्षियों की ओर ही था कि तभी ऊँची आवाज सुनाई दी—“दूध, लेलो, दूध”। आवाज में वही शब्दाडम्बरपूर्ण समानता का भाव था जिसे सुनकर मेरे कान भी अभ्यस्त हो गए हैं। दूसरी ओर से चिल्लाने और चीखने जैसी आवाजें आ रही थीं। असल में वह, उन मजदूरों की आवाजें थीं जो आजकल हमारे घर के पास एक होटल बना रहे हैं। वह तड़के ही अपना काम शुरू कर देते हैं और पूरा दिन मेहनत से काम करके गुजारते हैं।

अब तक अच्छी खासी धूप सिर पर आ जाती हैं और सड़कों पर भी काफी चहल-पहल हो जाती है। अब तो किसी एक ध्वनि का स्पष्ट रूप से पहचान पाना भी मुश्किल हो जाता है क्योंकि सब राह चलते व्यक्तियों के वार्तालाप और दूसरे वाहनों की आवाजें एक दूसरे में मिल जाती हैं और एक अनोखे प्रकार का शोर वातावरण में गुंजित हो उठता है। आखिर-कार यही जीवन का चक्र है जो रोज नई सुवह लेकर हमारे सम्मुख प्रस्तुत होता है।

गगन गहलौत  
८-ए ३३०

## Happenings

The Diwali lunch was skipped, and all the proceeds from the money saved, went to the Famine Aid Fund. Even the fireworks were frugal.

We observed a day of social service on Gandhi Jayanti.

On the 26th of Sept., the Junior School Inter House Quiz had taken place.

The results were as follows :

- 1st—Toadhall
- 2nd—White House
- 3rd—N.U.

Even the Senior School had their Quiz Contest a few weeks before the juniors. The results were as follows :

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

There has been a new introduction in our old way of having assembly. The suggestion of playing some of the old time favourites, like Brahms, and music from classics like the “Chariots of Fire”, has been duly carried out by the audio squad on the Schools’ new system.

As the Jubilee comes inevitably nearer and nearer, there has been an increasing in activities. The play rehearsals are getting longer every day. The time-table has been varied slightly to accommodate these important activities. The boys not involved are also playing their bit, trying to lessen the consumption of elec. in the evenings, to cope with the large wattage required for the audio and visual effects. They are even working hard at their exhibition projects.

A few constructions have taken place, too. There is an aquarium mounted on steps at the foot of the model of India. The aquarium is to be given its occupants, the fishes, by Mr. N. Jayal who is the incharge of the respective SUPW. Unfortunately there is a crack on the glass of the aquarium already. There have been a series of steps constructed from the gymnasium to the White Elephant. The path concluding from the steps has been laid with stones. The gardens in the office block have been done up well too with a carpet of Nilgiri grass and a path of bricks.

Lastly, the A.V. Squad picked the movie ‘Mannaquin’ for the viewing of the Senior School on Sunday, the 11th October. It was an enjoyable comedy, though it does get a bit sentimental in the end. But the end, in the literary sense of the word, will remain in some of the boys minds, because of the past favourite “Nothings gonna stop us now”.



## In The Arena Of Sports

I have always been told that games make a person healthy, wealthy and wise. Games don't do any thing for me besides the tension, and perhaps aching “writing fingers”. I shall now proudly tell you of all what Welham won. And indiscreetly concede what we lost.



### BASKETBALL

As the basketball court was built, Mr. Christopher Aaron and his Basketball coaching programme made a perfect lift off. The Basketball revolution's spirit has been so immense that we lifted the district championship trophy at our first participation. Doesn't it bring back memories of the “Great Saturday night Basketball extravaganza !”

The final match against The Doon School

was very enthralling because of the close competition. The final whistle blew with the score

The Doon School Vs. W.B.S.

42

51

And the jubilant team lifted the glorious District Championship Trophy ! Basketball is the winning sport at Welham. Sanjeev Sehgal won the best basketball players' Award.

The tumult of applause at Colonel Brar's jubilant declaration of The Welham Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament open, prophesied the whopping success with which the great event met. The days to follow had a perpetual crowd flanking the much highlighted centre court.

#### The Final

Thundering cheers spurred the Welhamites to the first basket of the match. However despite the roars of the crowds, the Welhamites succumbed to the visiting team's penetrating attack. Their defence proved Herculean, as the home team watched the scoreboard tilt towards the superior team. The final score stood.

DPS

WBS

64

42

The most promising player : Abhay Singh.

#### CRICKET

Cricket at Welham is going great guns, infact it has gained a lot more momentum than before.

Beating Lawrence School, Sanawar has become a Welham tradition. A hostile Welham pace attack prevented the visitors from scoring more than 67 runs in return to our mammoth total of 200 runs. The juniors also beat Lawrence School quite convincingly as they could score only 32 runs in reply to our 199 runs.

The School team decided to take on the challenge by dueling it out with Motilal Nehru School of Sports at Rai. We lost in a thrilling match in which the home team bowled us out for 107 runs in return for their 161 runs,

We entered the finals of the Council tournament but unfortunately lost to St. Joseph's Academy.

There was plenty of excitement during the Inter-house tournament. Hats off to the great team and sportsman spirit of Cauvery which helped them snatch the trophy from defending champion Jamuna. Avinash Kumar and Abhijit Ghosh were judged the best batsman and the best bowler respectively.

#### HOCKEY

An interesting match was played against Yadavendra Public School, Patiala. The visitors beat us as they didn't give us the chance to penetrate their defence.

#### SCORE

Y.P.S

Vs.

W.B.S.

1

3

The council tournament finals played on the St. Joseph's field was clinched by us in both the senior and the Junior wings. We beat the Doon School in seniors. It was the Guru Nanak Academy which had to face defeat against us in the Junior section.

#### THE SCORE

Seniors

THE DOON SCHOOL

Vs

W.B.S.

0

3

Juniors

G.N.A.

Vs.

W.B.S.

1

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The Inter-house tournament was won by Cauvery. Abhijit Ghosh, loved for his dribbling, shooting and energetic displays was declared the best player for the second time.

#### SOCCER

The soccer season was kicked off with great enthusiasm.

We entered the finals of the Inter school Soccer Council tournament after beating the St. Joseph's Academy in a match which was a thrill till the end. The final match against Guru Nanak Academy was a totally one sided affair in which we thrashed them 4-1.

This year Ganges was the victor of the inter-house Soccer tournament. Lokesh Ranas accurate shooting was a very effective weapon which won him the best players' medal.

#### ATHLETICS

Our school did fairly well in the Council School's Athletics meet. We stood second in the Intermediate section.

As usual the Inter house competition was a success. Cauverites lifted the trophy. The cup for the best marching went to Krishna. Viresh Sharda won the Marathon cup. Musroor Husain lifted the mammoth cup for the best Athlete after a remarkable performance. Bikas Chaudhry and Devraj Singh were declared the best Athletes in the junior and Intermediate section respectively. In the sub-juniors, Abhijeet Roy won the Harjeet Lally cup.

#### SWIMMING

The Elephant's bath tub is what our pool has been nicknamed. The entire school seem to have turned maritime during the Inter-house swimming competition. The morning heard nothing but splashes of water and cheering as Ganges swam to victory. Ashish Goswamy showed his astounding agility in water, and won the best swimmer's medal. Ganges lifted the diving cup and Ashish Goswamy was judged the best diver.

#### TABLE-TENNIS

Mr. Kandhari, characteristically narrowed his eyes and scrutinized what he referred to as "mysterious cup." He proceeded to inquire what it was for, and then for the first time a Table-Tennis cup was awarded to Krishna. The best player was Himanshu Kapoor.

We were the runners up in Inter School T.T. championship. We lost the finals to the Doscocs.

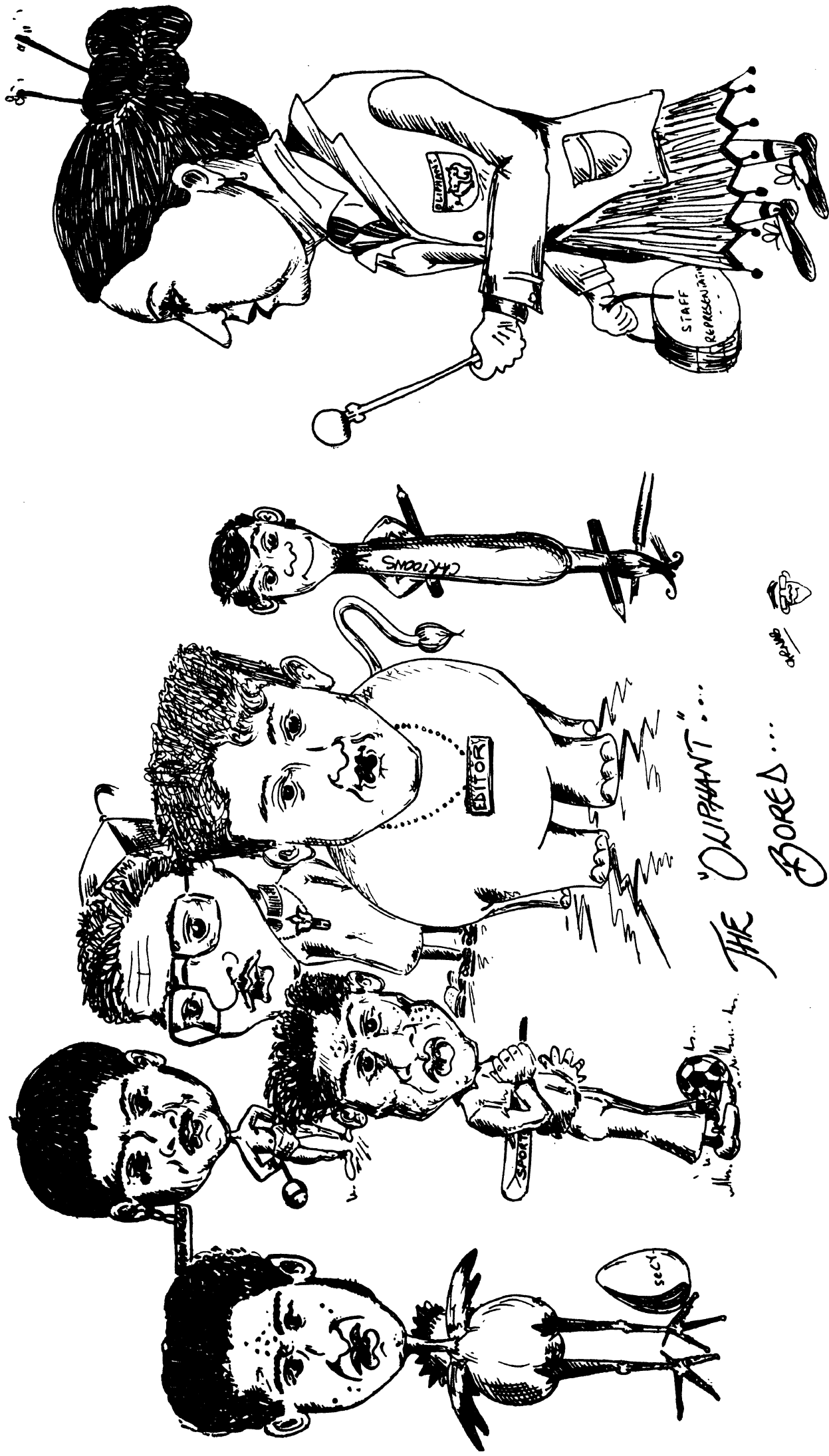
#### BADMINTON

Krishna won the Inter-house tournament with ease. Abhijeet Ghosh lived up to his reputation of being "the best."

#### TENNIS

The Inter-house Tennis trophy went to Jamuna's common room. Vishal Mohan was declared the best player.

Vishal



THE "OLIPHANT" ...  
BORED ...

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