

THE OLIPHANT

No. 65 WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER 1, December, 1987

THINK ABOUT IT

No one can be slave to two masters: he will hate one and love the other; he will be loyal to one and despise the other. So it is with you: you cannot have both God and wealth as your master. (Mathew 6)

—The New Testament

Editorial

There was this vacant room in PH. It had no bunks, it had no fans and surprisingly, it wasn't characterized by that foul stench of rotting socks which the rest of the house was. It led to a lot of conjecture. It couldn't have been a common room, it didn't seem 'common' enough. It might have been a store room, but the solitary ledge had a curious depression in the middle, a sink I think, the more educated called it. No rational purpose could that little room be put to. Then what was it?

"A kitchen". It was a kitchen. Were we sure that the housie said kitchen and not Lichen? No one waited to confirm, but the entire set of boys began revelling in the jubilation of the declaration. The innate obstreperity in the Welhamite expressed itself in abundant proportions.

The so called kitchen didn't have much to boast of, except perhaps a dingy cupboard and a sink. But no one cared, the fact that 'grub' was allowed set the ball in motion. The implication being, no more boiling eggs in the secluded reaches of the cupboard, no more eating 'Maggi' in the bathroom and no more midnight-feasting in suspense.

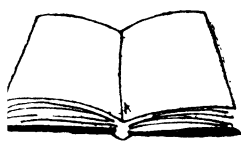
Feasts were now permissible and had been signed and ratified by the Principal.

Now, the feasting habits underwent radical changes.

Immersion rods burning out became a common sight, as did the splashing of coffee. Prep time became a pleasure. A threatening Economics book in hand, coffee in the other, sunk in profound concentration. Yes, making 'Maggi' did require a lot of concentration. Especially if the cooking utensil happened to be the Soccer-cup won by Ganges, and the immersion rod a couple of live needles stuck into an eraser. Improvisation, I think they call it. Trying to dodge the eggs being thrown about the dorms, took up another faculty of concentration.

In the likelihood of teachers noticing strange patches on noisome books, they should now be able to draw an accurate conclusion. And in case you wonder what could possibly have the editor's latest midnight-feast consisted of; Just hold up the Oliphant to your nose!

Aresh Shirali



The Literary Affairs of Welham

Our Earth

The gold plated watch strapped around my wrist showed the time to be four forty five. I had reached the conference room of the WMIF (World Moon Immigration Federation). "My God! The roads are so overcrowded: the popu-

lation of the earth is increasing so rapidly." I thought to myself as a man wearing a maroon tailored suit opened the door to the conference room number twenty seven.

Once inside the room, I seated myself in the fourth row and started fumbling with various papers which were significant to this meeting. This was the final meeting before the day the decision was to be made. The decision of a party evacuating earth i.e. to develop human civilization on the moon.

The meeting started with the Chairman, Geovani Papendreos of Italy addressing the various countries. After the formalities were over, various scientists from the USA talked on the subject for the umpteenth time : whether humans would be medically fit. After a monotonous speech of an hour and a half they decided that on medical grounds, the project would be a success.

That evening when I flew back to New Delhi from Geneva, where the meeting had taken place, I was mobbed by a swarm of new reporters and journalists. I thought it wise to hold a press conference towards the end of that week and moved away from the crowd, giving this assurance.

The next day, I roamed around the forests near Dehra Dun as I had a special liking for that region. I was quite against the idea of leaving earth but that sentiment in me was not very strong. Seeing the natural beauties of the earth made me feel ashamed of myself for not talking against this project. Little did I know that towards the end of the day, I would launch a revolution that would prove fatal to the earth evacuation project.

It started while I was going back to where my jeep was parked. By chance I tripped over a log and fell down a hill until I banged against an evergreen tree. My head was heavy and with a moan I got on to my feet. I felt as if I was flying in space—I sat again against the tree for a few minutes until I started to see everything straight again.

As I rose to my feet, I saw in front of me a tree with wiring around it and a placard fixed into the wiring with something written on it. Seeing it, something in me moved and I felt as if that tree had some link with my childhood. As I went nearer to the tree, I saw my name written on it. It read "Planted by Ravi Sharma on 19th August, 1992".

The board was rusted and the paint was barely visible. I realised that; that was the same tree that I had planted when I was seven years old.

I suddenly realized the great effort that man had put in for thousands of years to reach the position man and the earth is in now. I realized the great foolishness of the project that tried to make man desert the efforts of their ancestors. I decided to try and stop this project by making the other members of the committee feel that same way as me.

The next day as I was entering the press conference room, I quickly reviewed the points that I had planned to speak on.

As I walked on the stage, I was blinded by the flickering of the flashes of cameras. I explained to them what I had planned to do, including calling for an emergency meeting of the WMIF. After a week, I flew to New York which was the venue of the meeting.

When I started my speech, I knew everyone looked at me with hostility in their eyes. They wouldn't understand what could be so important as to call an emergency meeting.

But as I started narrating my points, more and more members started to seem to be influenced. I had purposely asked for a television coverage of my speech. I began to be totally contemptuous of the project in my speech.

Towards the end of my speech, I commented on the education given to us. "We are taught faith to our religion by our parents, loyalty to our nation by our teachers but love and loyalty for the brilliant planet we live in, by none. Perhaps if taught more of that, instead of a WMIF, the WMPRCF (World Marine and Polar Regions Civilization Federation) would have been formed. After all, 70% of our earth is still without human inhabitants."

As my speech ended, so did the silence in the hall. There was great thunder of applause by even the most hostile enemies of mine.

A month later the election has taken place. The results have not yet been declared but it does not matter. I had made the members of the board realize all the harms of leaving Planet Earth.

If they still didn't have the sense to abandon the idea, they were not fit to be called humans and get a chance to live on this beautiful, but man exploited planet.—THE EARTH

Saurav Sinha
IX B

Welham

Today in about four months time I'll start my final exams and the final exams last only a fortnight. A mere fortnight will mark the end of twelve years, of Welham and looking back over those twelve years, time seems to have flown past. It only seems like yesterday that I was amongst the dozens of six year olds playing

outside Woodseats forever smiling and throwing sand from the sandpit everywhere, and continually being yelled at by various huge matrons. Nothing has changed. Outside Woodseats the children are doing just what I was doing. Living in constant fear of having their tuckshop, outings and swimming stopped. It was exactly the same for

me but worst of all was being sent to sit alone in a corner while all the others were given various sweets to munch.

From Woodseats we moved to the heady heights of Junior and Middle school. It was in the Junior School that my acting career flourished. I stole the show acting as a princess. The humiliation of being a princess marked the end of my short but sweet career as an actor.

All this reminiscing makes me almost regret the fact that in a matter of months, Welham for me will be over. I distinctly remember, Abhay, who I met in the Middle school. We both had the same outlook of life—we were in Welham to enjoy ourselves which we did but it frequently led to various measures taken against us such as being gated. I always seemed to get into the deepest troubles. Always being blamed in retrospect quite rightly for being the ring leader. On one occasion we got into serious trouble for refusing to eat school porridge. Matters were made worse when in the same week we were caught hiding all the 'mail'. We were severely reprimanded.

It was this period of Welham in which the end of term was godsend. The porridge, the huge matrons, the sittings in the corner and the ban on trips to Mussoorie went and in their place came unlimited amounts of food, love and affection.

Pressure was applied on the first day in the Senior school. The myth that we were here to enjoy ourselves was rapidly suppressed and in its place we were told by various heads of depart-

ments and teachers, we were here in fact to work and we really did. By the tenth grade, things really began to hot up. Serious public exams loomed and the prospect of failing them was haunting. For weeks before the ICSE exams the majority of tenth graders spent lonely nights working. Apart from Abhay and Sanjeev who were put in charge of making us coffee. We had persuaded them that these exams weren't important ones. Nervous, was an understatement once the exams began. However, relief came when the sound proofing on the roof of the hall decided to come to our rescue, by collapsing.

The final leg of the journey through Welham was nearly prevented when we were caught 'bunking' to Delhi during our mid-term. Luckily, however, the most exciting part of Welham was not taken from us. We were given a second chance, we were allowed to return for our eleventh and twelfth. The escapade down in Delhi was one of the more daring exploits.

The eleventh was a year between exams and so I decided to take the year off and apart from thoroughly enjoying myself I did little else.

The start of twelfth jolted me back to reality. Work piled on which after a year of relaxing proved hard to cope with. However, the bad times were just a drop in the ocean compared to the good times. Friends have been made and experiences been gained but most of all Welham had been an integral part of my life that I would not trade for anything.

Indervir Shergill

The GOLDEN JUBILEE—A Report

DAY ONE : Welham Boys' School celebrated its Golden Jubilee on the 30th, 31st of Oct. and 1st Nov. 1987. The three day celebration began with a picnic for the old boys of the school at a nearby river side spot: Lachchiwala. The reunion was marked by recollections of the 'good old school days', with everyone rolling in mirth. The nostalgia was apparent in every little word they spoke. Old boys came from as far away as New York and Pakistan, many with their families.

The guest of honour for the day, Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi, batch of 1948, and Mrs. Sharmila Tagore were shown of the exhibitions later in the afternoon. In the evening Mrs. Sharmila Tagore laid the foundation stone for the new library building.

On the South End stage, Pataudi made a short speech, and spoke with nostalgia of his school days. The principal, Mr. S. Khandhari having introduced him as a 'distinguished' guest, he spoke of the two distinguishing things he did while at Welham. Hitting a six over the audito-

rium, and being reprimanded publicly for breaking windows playing cricket.

'The Times of Miss H.S. Oliphant'. Welham boys paid their late founder, Miss H.S. Oliphant, a tribute with a production featuring old boys' reminiscence, of the times of Miss Oliphant. This succeeded in leaving a strong impression on the many generations of ex-Welhamites of her personality.

There was a cocktail party given by the Old Boys for parents and former teachers.

DAY TWO : The guest of honour, the Chief Justice of India, Pathak, was shown around the exhibitions put up by the Junior School and Senior School. The Junior School exhibitions consisted of various paper models and other exhibits showing the skills of the youngest pupils.

As for the Senior School, the Computer Room displayed all the numerous programmes made by the boys on the BBC Micros. All sixteen

computers were surrounded by guests who were completely taken in with the various programmes. The theme of the Golden Jubilee celebration "the environment", was reflected by all the exhibitions. The EVS room traced the beginning of the world to the present day, very effectively. All the science exhibitions had projects on the destruction of the environment, with specific regard to the scientific facts of the entire process of the imminent doom. The art class, the carpentry class, the Geography and Economics departments also had exhibitions.

PALLAVI—The major production of the celebration, was Pallavi, a light and sound production conceived produced and directed by a member of the staff, Miss Maya Yadav. 'A Celebration of Nature'; Pallavi, was in keeping with the Welham tradition of original (unconventional) drama, on a stage worth a one hundred metre span besides a screen for visual effects, ingeniously devised by Mr. T. Raina.

DAY THREE: The third and final day of the Jubilee was one of fun and laughter—a note all celebrations should close on. The day began with a colourful Jubilee Fete with numerous stalls; Lip Smacking food stalls, Games and Lucky Dips galore. Parents and Welhamites old and present, walked around contentedly basking in the sun, participating in games with as much enthusiasm as expected; gyrated in "The Web", the fete's discotheque that attracted the young ardent ones seeking a place for a rendezvous; and tucked into kababs and cholas with a fervour that was hard to believe.

The evening's entertainment was provided by the Music Department's Hindi Choral Group in the form of a series of songs celebrating the

seasons—"Ritu Chakra". The Junior School contributed their bit with an entertaining and lively Rajasthani folk dance under the guidance of Mrs. Gahlot. This was followed by "Juta Avishkar" a comedy adapted into dialogue from Tagore's poem of the same name, written and directed by Mrs. M. Devendra, a member of the Welham staff. "Juta Avishkar" told the story of the invention of the shoe—an invention that came of the necessity of pleasing a fastidious and eccentric King who strongly objected to dust invading the royal foot. When the courtiers are told, in no uncertain terms, to resolve the problem, they fall into a quandary and their imagination leave the Raja cold. Eventually the "first" cobbler comes to the rescue with a richly embroidered shoe invented to keep the Raja's feet immaculate.

The light hearted mood of the comedy; casual air of the commentators (Piyush Modi and Viresh Sharda); frivolities of the Raja (Parth Arora); the dumb founded perplexities of the courtiers and the gaiety of the villagers stole the show with much laughter. (A Review follows in the Hindi section).

The evening ended with a bang—Fireworks—followed by a cocktail party hosted for the parents by the staff.

The Golden Jubilee celebration will always be an event to remember—not only for its festive air and gaiety, but for new and old contacts made and revived, for an opportunity to show the world the dizzying heights of achievements Welham has made in the last few years and the pride in a school that has grown in strength in more ways than one—to become a place for all to remember.

Hon'ble Shri RS Pathak's Address

I am grateful for the warm words of welcome with which I have been received. I am very glad to be amidst you on this occasion of joy and happiness when Welham is celebrating its Golden Jubilee. May I take this opportunity to congratulate the Board, the Principal and the members of the Faculty as well as the students, past and present, for the excellent record of achievement during the last 50 years.

On an occasion such as this one's mind goes back with gratitude to those who laid the foundation of this institution, and nurtured it through all these years. It is heartening to see that the school, which was founded in January 1937 by Miss H.S. Oliphant with a loan of just £ 1000, has since grown into a premier educational institution. I am sure every one here will join me in paying our humble tribute to the initiative and foresight of Miss Oliphant and the band of dedicated workers who have developed this institution by their labour, their love and their talent to its present stature as one of the best schools in the

country.

During these last 50 years several generations of young men and women have passed through this school, equipped with education which has done them proud in the outside world. A good education is not easy to come by. If all the children in India of school-going age are taken into consideration, you constitute the fortunate microscopic fraction of them all. You are indeed the lucky few, in some sense the privileged, and by virtue of your educational attainments the country expects much from you. India awaits you, an India full of promise, with an exciting and adventurous future. You will be citizens of an era when the discoveries of science and the remarkable achievements of technology are fast changing the fundamental quality of life, and indeed the very substance of human existence. Never before in the history of man have so many options been open to the youth of the world, along paths of progress and in theatres of enterprise undreamt of by earlier generations. To

enjoy those glorious opportunities and to be able to seize them with both hands, much will depend on how you utilize these years in school. There was a time when boys and girls passed out from school, joined colleges and universities, and then took their time to find their true vocation or profession in life. You will find it difficult to afford that period of waiting. You must be ready to take on the world as soon as you leave University, for the severe competition of life brooks no dallying, for the race is now to the swift and to the strong, and he who procrastinates and trails behind will be lost perhaps for longer than he knows, far behind those who caught the early boat and have already embarked on the voyage of life. It is when you have left school and finished college and university, that the true significance and meaning of this education will be fully known to you. Talent and ability are not the products of overnight; they are the result of continuous sweat and toil over a long stretch of aggregated years. Genius, it has been said, is mostly perspiration spiced with a little luck. We are apt to forget that genius takes several years to nurture and to blossom into individual brilliance. In the years of our youth, we seldom realise how prodigal we are in using up the two basic gifts that life has given us. One is time, and the other is our reservoir of mental and physical power. We are inordinately wasteful with these two great assets in life, little recking that as the years pass the supply of both is getting exhausted from day to day and that what is lost can never be got back again. It is the wise use of time and a proper use of one's physical and mental energy that distinguishes the mature adult from the immature.

At a time when we are attending to meet the challenges of the modern world and building a new nation of democratic institutions, there is need to go back to the springs of wisdom contained in our ancient heritage and culture. We must find inspiration from the eternal ideas and ideals contained in that wisdom. We cannot jettison those values, for they represent the roots from which we spring. I should like to tell my young friends that if we are to know ourselves, and realise the strength within us we must try and understand the heritage which history has given us, the roots to which we belong and the basic ethos which is part of all of us. It is that strength which has enabled India to be the home of the civilisation of the world.

The collapse of the materialist values of western society have sharpened the appreciation of the peoples of other countries for the values for which India stands. There is an enduring spirituality in this great country which has become to many abroad, who confused and bewildered by the loss of faith in their own systems, attempt to find warmth and solace in the comfort of India's humanity. India has never rejected the seeker, he has always been welcomed. It is this conception

of the fundamental unity of the entire human race which has distinguished this great country through world history. Today when the great nations of the world profess different ideologies and value systems, and possess nuclear arsenals capable of destroying this planet many times over, and find it difficult to agree on the major issues facing mankind, India has this message of the oneness of humanity to give to the world.

And yet in our own country we tend to stray from the philosophy of our true heritage. We permit ourselves to be divided along the lines of region, religion, language, caste and country. We become a people with limited hopes and lowered aspirations. These are weaknesses which open up great dangers to our mother land, and the democracy of which we are so proud. They are dangers which can be combated only if we believe, and if we act in the conviction, that we are all citizens of one country, that there is only India, and there are only Indians. Let us not forget that the torch has been passed on to us by the great leaders who fought for our freedom, and made tremendous sacrifices in order that the shackles of slavery should be removed from us. The flame of that torch embodies the high values of national unity and integrity which inspired those leaders, and it is our responsibility to keep those values alive.

We live in age when powerful and sophisticated machines are displacing human beings in large number in places of work. It is essential that we preserve the spirit of men. From the beginning of history down to this day, it is the free spirit of man which has revolutionised the social order and brought about great changes in society. The many achievements for man in philosophy and religion, in art and architecture, in science and technology have been due not to the man who has been the slave of his environment. The free spirit of man is embodied in his will, the will to rise above his limitations and the wasteful influences of the thoughtless prodigality. This will has been given to you by the nature of man, the nature which resides in you, and it constitutes the lever of power given to you by life itself. If you harness the enormous power which flows from the human will, and wisely employ the mental and physical resources given to you within yourself, you are well on the road to achievement and success.

Today, there is a great debate raging in different parts of the country on what should be the character of education in India. The real purpose of education is to make the individual aware of his innate potentiality, and his relationship to society. Education should promote right-thinking, right-feeling and right-action. Education should lay proper emphasis on creativity, originality and excellence. It should lay the true foundations of high character and nobility. The technique of education should focus itself on the refinement of the intellect and the development of a balanced

personality. It is necessary, therefore, that teachers in our educational institutions should dedicate themselves completely to the cause of improved education, and in the dedication they should discover or study new techniques of imparting education. Courses of study, are more complicated today than they used to be, and the demand on the student's resources is heavier than ever before. Let our young students be conscious of the potential within themselves. Let them be alive to the traditions inherited by them, let them acquire respect for the nobility of life and life's values. Let them develop the fullest use of their talents and ability, and let them grow, tall and strong, to serve their country.

I would lay great stress on developing a scientific attitude of mind. The scientific temper is necessary in modern education, even as it is necessary for enquiring into the undiscovered truth and the unravelled mysteries of life and of the universe. In every thing that man does, it is the spirit of scientific inquiry which enables him to take the next step forward in human progress. The spirit of enquiry flows from the inner content of man. It is the essence of his existence, and the power which propels him. From birth, man embarks on a journey in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, and his questing spirit of voyages into the unknown on the wings of scientific inquiry. I regard it as a vital ingredient in the educational technique. The young people should be encouraged to think scientifically and

so to assimilate more of what is taught to them.

I have spoken to you of the great brotherhood to which all citizens of this country belong. In our constitution democracy, all our citizens have equal status and equal rights. And yet there are some whom history, orthodox tradition and blind superstition have relegated to a lower level of existence. They belong to the weaker section of society, the poor, the backward and depressed classes. For the large mass of them, democracy and promise of equal status, of equal rights and equal justice have no meaning. It is your duty as citizens to extend your helping hand to them, and to assist them in rising to the level where they can effectively share in your responsibilities and join you in the common benefits of Indian brotherhood. We must bridge this great social divide. That is a duty which plainly rests on each one of us, and it is in the manner in which we discharge that duty that the strength of our nation will be ultimately tested when we face the challenges of the future. Remember India belong to every citizen, rich or poor, educated or illiterate, advanced or backward, and it is only when the vision of a truly united India is realised that our country will rise to the great levels of productivity and power necessary to her proper place in the world.

And now, my friends I have great pleasure on this occasion in once again offering you my heartiest congratulations, and wishing you every success in your Golden Jubilee Celebrations.

Discovery

Our Mid-Term Holidays

Our mid-term holidays began on the 3rd of November. We went to Kansro by bus. In the bus our Ma'am gave us snacks to eat. We sang many songs also. We reached Kansro in the afternoon. Then we had our lunch.

By this time our rooms were settled. We took rest for sometime and played football too. By then everyone was hungry for a hot dinner. We all went to sleep early as we were afraid of wild elephants.

Next day we got up early to brush our teeth because we had to go a little far for the water. In the afternoon we went to the

river side. We caught many fish and tadpoles. All the children looked into the water and saw insects and frogs. We gave a fish to the cook. He fried the fish and it was served to Mrs. Torres ma'am. Mrs. Torres ma'am enjoyed eating the spicy fish. Our ma'am had a camera. And she took some snaps.

Next day we went to Satyanarayan. We went into the water at Satyanarayan. There we found many shells. We saw a big red crab.

On these three days we enjoyed the beauty of our doors.

Parun Sekhri
(II-B)

Cycling In The Doon Valley

We started late after breakfast and whizzed onto the Hardwar road. To add a little colour, we tied gas balloons to the rear of our cycles. It looked crazy but it served as a good indicator for people to clear the road. Soon after our balloons were trailing on the road we heard someone skid. Tariq was the first victim of the first catastrophe. His rear wheel had got jammed.

Near mid-day we were at Lachiwala attempting to swim in the knee deep water. Our attempt was disturbed by a cracking sound. Manish Bajaj, who preferred to stay dry was sitting in front of a huge home-baked cake. You can guess what happened next.

Doiwala was our next stop for lunch. The

Dhaba owner was shocked at our enormous appetite. As an explanation we told him that we had eaten less because we had a lot of cycling to do. He nodded vigorously, before we could say anything more.

Cycling from there to Satyanaran was tedious and we took a break in the middle, to pinch some sugarcanes. Bajaj dirtied his pants while breaking one. So by the time he finished wiping his pants clean, we wiped his sugarcane clean. It was only at Satyanarayan that his temper cooled down. We settled down in a rest house when it got dark. We walked up to Raiwala for dinner and walked back. Too tired for words, we went off to sleep.

The next day, as expected the first pair of eyes opened at nine a.m., the rest of the four pairs took their own sweet time. By ten thirty, we were on our way to Hardwar. At twelve thirty we were having our breakfast, not lunch. Lunch was at three. In the middle of these two meals we went upto Mansadevi by trolley. There instead of going to the temple, we decided to explore a small path leading into the jungle. We ended up in front of the latrines. The stink was enough to send us down back to Hardwar.

After lunch we walked around buying whatever looked good. Then after sometime we started back to Satyanarayan. We dumped our cycles in the rest house and tried to catch a lift to Raiwala. To our dismay every vehicle ignored us but we didn't give up. It grew dark with nothing in sight except for a bullock cart. We looked at each other and before the cart-driver could say anything we were comfortably seated.

We went straight to the railway station because that was the only place which seemed to be pulsating with life. Once we were on the platform, Sanjeev Jain suggested we take a look at the signal box. So we were there, staring at a few surprised people. They were kind and told us all about their job, but before they could elaborate we thanked them and disappeared, only to reappear in the steam engine, which was ready to leave for Rishikesh. The bewildered driver stared at us five goons who had barged into his tiny compartment and who showered all sorts of questions at him. He answered patiently but we noticed he was loosing some of it, so we disappeared again not to reappear in the Stationmaster's room, but in front of steaming hot food.

We walked back to our resthouse and sat around the fireplace, to have a good laugh at the day's events.

Next day we got up early and started off for Rishikesh. The first thing we did when we reached there was to have breakfast. After that we went to Laxman Jhula, and even further, to an isolated spot. There we climbed down to the River Ganga. The whole area was like a beach with a stretch of glistening sand. We took off

our shoes and ran up and down chasing each other. Ashu Gupta was in the mood to swim but when he dipped his feet into the ice cold water, he didn't mention swimming again. We spent our whole afternoon relaxing on the sand patch. We would have stayed on till evening but our stomachs gave way. We decided on a good dinner so we had something light. After dinner we went back to Satyanarayan, and then, to sleep.

We were conscious of it being the last day but we were going to make the most of it. On the way we stopped at the Birla-Yamaha (generators) factory, and had a look at it. The armature assembly was especially helpful to us for it cleared some concepts in physics. We spent a good two hours at the factory and after that our muscles refused to move. Somehow we got our cycles moving and reached Doiwala. There we bought some snacks and not to forget, a cabbage. We took these things with us to Lachiwala and had a pleasant picnic there. The food really pepped us up and we came zooming back to Dehra Dun all ready for a good "end of of mid-term dinner."

Mukul



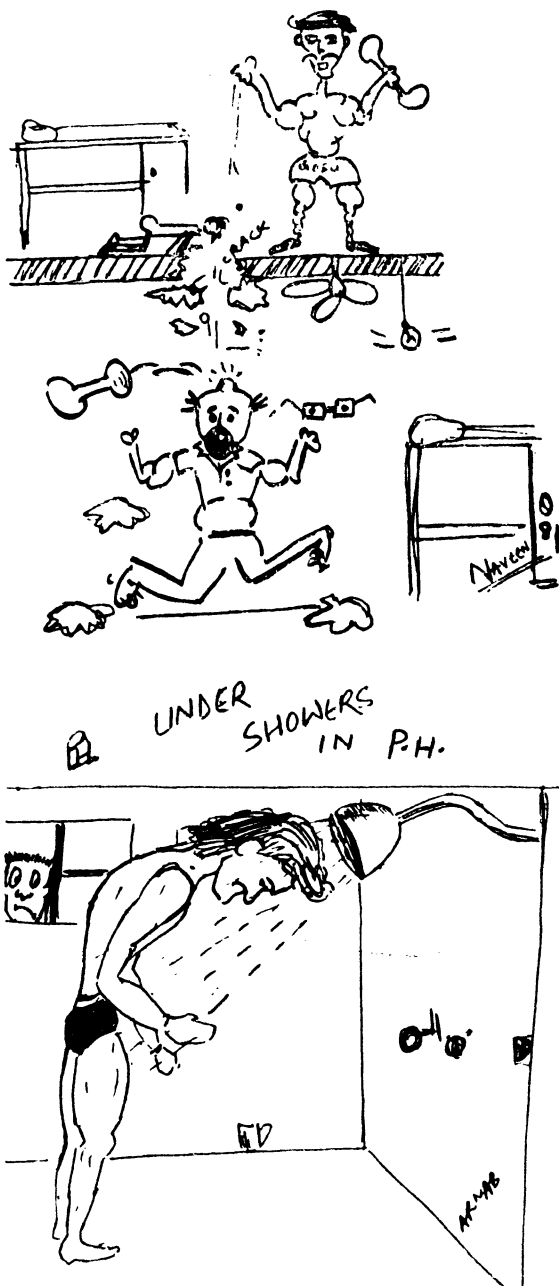
In The Arena Of Sports

The Basketball District Tournament is now underway. Welham Boys' played their first match against Cambrain Hall. Titleholders Welham's easily won their opening match 69-33. Sanjeev Sehgal was the top scorer, with 24 points closely followed by Abhay Singh with 20 points.

Our boys started badly and at the breather the score was 30-22 in favour of our school. From now onwards it was a fall order for the Cambrian Hall boys for they could not match the skill and stamina of the Welhamites.

Manvendra Salkalan





डाकुओं का हमला

एक रात जब मैं सो रहा था तभी घोड़ों की टापों से और गोलियों की आवाज से पूरा गाँव गूँज उठा। गाँव में डाकू आए थे। डाकुओं के सरदार का नाम शमशेर सिंह था। डाकुओं ने गाँव के एक धनवान आदमी को लूट लिया और उसके परिवार का खून कर दिया। तभी पुलिस आ गई। सारी जाँच-पड़ताल करने के बाद पुलिस चली गई। तब से रात को दस पुलिस कांस्टेबल हमेशा पहरा देते थे। एक रात फिर से डाकुओं ने हमला किया लेकिन इस बार पुलिस तैयार थी। दोनों तरफ से गोलियाँ चलने लगीं। कई डाकू घायल हो गए और कुछ पकड़े गए। शमशेर सिंह और उसके साथियों को फाँसी की सजा दी गई। तब से हमारे गाँव में आज तक किसी डाकू ने हमला नहीं किया।

कोशल किशोर

3-A

जूता-आविष्कार

स्वर्ण-जयन्ती के उपलक्ष्य में रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर की हास्य रस से पूर्ण लोक-कथा 'जूता-आविष्कार' का सफल मंचन श्रीमती देवेन्द्र के निर्देशन में नव-निर्मित मंच पर किया गया।

इस नाटक का समस्त आधार इसके नाम से ही स्पष्ट हो जाता है। यह नाटक कई वर्षों पूर्व का जीवन हमारे सम्मुख उजागर करता है जब जूते का आविष्कार नहीं हुआ था। राजा हबूराय इसलिए परेशान हैं क्योंकि उनके राज्य की धूलि उन्हीं के पग को मलिन कर रही है। बस फिर क्या? राजा के परेशान रहने का मतलब था दरबारियों की नौकरी जाना इसलिए समस्त दरबारी एवं प्रजा इस समस्या का समाधान खोजने में डूब जाते हैं। तरह-तरह के सुझाव आते हैं। कुछ ऐसे, जिन्हें सुनते ही आदमी लोट-पोट हो जाए-मसलन "क्यों न ऐसा करें-राजा को महल में ही बन्द रखें। न रहे रोग न वैद्य।" अन्त में चर्मकारों का सरदार आकर राजा की धूलि समस्या का निदान करता है एवं राजा को प्रथम बार जूता पहनाता है। उसी दिन से जूते का रिवाज चल जाता है।

इस नाटक की सफल प्रस्तुति इसके पात्रों की कड़ी मेहनत का नतीजा है। मुख्यतः पीयूष मोदी, वीरेश शारदा एवं पार्थ अरोरा के अभिनय ने सबका मन मोह लिया। मंच-सज्जा भी कुछ कम न थी। गाँव का दृश्य सभी को बहुत भाया। विद्युत एवं संगीत का सही और सुन्दर उपयोग किया गया था। नाटक के अन्त में समूह से उपज्जी तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट ही इस बात का प्रतीक थी नाटक ने दर्शकों का मनोरंजन करने में कोई कमी नहीं छोड़ी। नाप तोल कर देखा जाए तो सब कुछ बिल्कुल उस प्रकार हुआ जिसे हम अंग्रेजी में कहेंगे—Very Professional

संदीप अग्रवाल
कक्षा ६

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