

# THE OLIPHANT

Founder's Day 1988

No. 79 WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER 28th OCTOBER, 1988

## THINK ABOUT IT

He may live without books —  
what is knowledge but grieving,  
He may live without hope —  
what is hope but deceiving,  
He may live without love —  
what is passion but pining  
But where is the man, that can —  
live without dining ?

*Owen Meredith*

## Editorial



Narcissim abounds, mirrors are the most prized possession in all the cells of the Pesky Hell-hole. The average Welhamite is not ugly and hence the inmates are pretty well turned out—always.....

except when the rusty blade develops arthritis or as it often happens, all the combs and brushes disappear into that bottomless chasm which no one can find. No one has a clue as to the whereabouts of this pit, sometimes its shoes, or white shirts, but most often it's toothpaste, but that's another story.....back to the mirrors.

'A' shaves everyday because he has formed a hypothesis that blades last longer that way, so he gets an extra hour in front of the glass. 'B' shaves once a week because he loves his Don Johnson look which manifests itself midweek. Both spend hours holding mirrors from all angles discussing their "growths", belittling each others snorters and striking poses that would be the envy of a couple of thousand yogis on a contortion spree. 'C' won't play an all important match because he can't have his precious mug disfigured by a carelessly thrown ball and 'D' gets his hair done before going on to the field to kick the bladder. "They" might be watching.

The body builders are in a group of their own. Their charm lies mainly below the shoulders. Flexing of muscles and more curious poses are their trademark, "veins" "cuts" and meat.

Thatch on eggs, potatoes, or other monickers for heads is as varied as a whole field of snowflakes. 'A's hair is hard and curly, no comb charges through it. 'B' has thin, soft hair, a comb is a must. Last term's skinheads have grown their hair, so that class is left out, the polishing of domes no longer takes place. Regular shampoos and conditioning may be the envy of a whole bevy of Hollywood's fair damsels, so thoroughly are they exercised.

Barbers come and barbers go, the inmates visit when the mood takes them and on completion of the mowing, snap 'a little longer at the back please."

To sum it up, no man is a Welhamite unless he loves himself, it's true, it's true. Egos are as tough as an Ostrich egg and hard to crack.

The mirror beckoning, yours truly signs off, from now till then.

Exelsior  
Arnab Chaudhuri

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

This is to bring to your notice a sudden epidemic of toothpaste flicking in the gingivitis zone—PH.

Toothpaste is a scarce commodity, or so it seems, any “bad smells” can now be blamed on the paste-mafia.

Yours tooth achingly,

**Gin. G. Vitus**

Dear Sir,

The “new” building still retains its old name, “new” building. It isn’t, it’s an old building, so would people who refer to the old building, as “new” building, refer to the “new” building as Triveni ?

Yours etc.

**Soodo Nim**

Dear Sir,

Who is the long chinned, grotesque eared, thatch headed boiled egg indented with every editorial. I ache to know.

Yours etc.

**Potato Head**

Dear



*Blush !*

**Ed.**

Dear Sir,

All the world is a stage, they say, every guy plays a part, they say. What about me ? I was built last year, “a valuable addition to Welham”, what happens this year ?

I remain, left out.

**Die Knee See Us.**

Dear Die,

*Hang on ! they might cast you as the “chor’s” stand in, you’ll fit the part perfectly ! — Ed.*

Dear Sir,

First December, first week of November and now the end of October.....

Every year, like the boys, the date for our Founder’s day celebration changes as well. So

much that I doubt if anyone really knows when our real Founder’s Day was. In the five years that I have been in school, the ‘Founder’s Day’ has been changed that many times. What is the exact motive of ‘Founders’ ? If it is to celebrate the birthday of the school, the school sure has many birthdays.

Recently, as I was walking across the Peacock stage for the second time in the history of Welham, ‘The Peacock’ sprang out from the stage and told me of his piteous state. He asked me about how I would feel if my birthday would be changed every year. Deploring the school authorities, he told me to make our school community aware of his condition which they seem to be totally oblivious. Even his neighbour ‘The Elephant’ joined him in the argument and I had to run for my life.

On the other hand, I realize that the dates are not changed for our convenience but for the convenience of others. Still I am dubious about the right and wrong in that matter, but what I do know is that if our Founders keeps changing every year—beware the Peacock and Elephant.

Yours etc.

**Saurav Sinha**

Dear Machiavelli,

I would not like you to pollute the Oliphant with substance that is factually incorrect. You stated that the motto of the recently concluded Olympics was “Seoul to the World and the World to the Devil.” The real motto however is “Seoul to the world and the world to *Seoul*.”

Please be more cautious in the future, to print rubbish after all, is anything but wisdom To follow the policy of ‘make your own’, ‘Garbage in, Garbage out’, will be much safer and wiser.

Yours unfaithfully

**A sports Authority**

*Revered Sports Authority,*

*Your sense of humour seems to have died minute you were born.*

**Ed.**

## *The Literary Affairs of Welham*

### **Here Lies John Grave**

**Born August 1st, 1947. Died August 1st, 1987.**

Forty years ago my wife and I were the happiest people on earth to give birth to John, our son, on the 1st of August, 1947. It was lovely to watch

my son grow up so quickly. He was going to turn ten the following day but something mysterious happened that night. After I had my supper, I went to wish my son good night but when I opened his bedroom door he was not there. I searched the whole house but I could not find him.

We lived in Kansas city. I immediately reported the matter to the city police. They searched the whole city, but in vain. My wife did not eat for a whole week. All she would do is just sit at one place with John's photograph in one hand and cry. I went from place to place in search of my son. Texas, Houston, Dallas, Chicago but efforts, to locate him have proved futile.

My wife and I had no one to succeed us. I could not work properly and had sleepless nights. Days passed, weeks passed, and even years. We still hoped that our son would return some day. My wife and I, both had grown old and feeble. We were sick and tired living in Kansas until one day my close friend Robert invited us for a holiday to Bermuda. We needed a change so we decided to go to Bermuda. We landed in Bermuda on the 30th of July, 1987. Bermuda was a beautiful holiday resort. Our hotel was just opposite the ocean. There were five of us, my wife, Robert, Catherine (Robert's wife) and their son Tim and myself.

Every morning Tim would go to the beach for a swim. It was the 1st of August, 1987. Tim had gone out to swim at eight in the morning. It was past lunch hour but Tim had not yet returned. Robert was getting a bit worried. Robert was about to leave in search of Tim when suddenly the phone rang. It was the city police. They told Robert that they had found the dead body of Tim. Robert could not believe he had heard right. On hearing this we immediately rushed to the spot. Later we learnt that he had drowned while swimming. Robert was in tears and so was his wife. They did not know such a thing could ever happen. Robert decided that he would bury the dead body in the famous grave yard "GHOS-THY".

The burial took place at 5 p.m. the same day. Tears could be seen coursing down Robert and his wife's cheeks as they saw their son's dead body slowly being covered with mud.

When we were about to leave, a stranger came up to us and told us that another person had died the same day. We walked up to the grave of the dead man. In dark black bold letters it was written. "Here lies John Grave." It was the grave of my son who had been missing for thirty years, born on the 1st of August, 1947 and dead on his birthday, the 1st of August, 1987.

*Sandeep Misra's essay won the First Prize for*

*the 'Kandhari Essay Writing Contest for Seniors.'*

## CATHERINE

*"No one who had ever seen Catherine Moreland in her infancy would have supposed her to be a heroine".*

Mr. Moreland took the morning paper from underneath his door and was not a bit surprised to find his daughter Catherine on the front pages of the paper. It had almost been a fortnight that her pictures and her press conference with various journalists had been printed in the headlines. Catherine Moreland was very much the same lady who had saved a passenger aircraft with 560 passengers aboard.

"Tim," Mr. Moreland was called in the days which he still very clearly remembered. He very vividly remembered the day his only child Catherine was born. How happy he and Catherine's mother Loraine had been. Loraine was a beautiful young lady with sharp attractive features and beautiful blue eyes, but to his utter dismay, Loraine, whom he loved immensely passed away. She had been suffering with high fever for quite some time. Tim was a total wreck. After keeping baby Catherine for sometime with him, he thought he could not manage her, so he left her at an orphanage. Tim never married again but as the days passed he amassed enough wealth and earned a name for himself. Although, he had everything, he still did not bring Catherine home nor did he ever try to meet his one and only daughter.

As for Catherine, she was busy growing up in the closed covers of the orphanage. She began to grow up with all sorts of children who were different in creed, colour and nationality. She hated the orphanage as much as she disliked her father. She hated almost everyone and almost everything in the orphanage. In her habits Catherine was altogether different from the rest of the children. She was very quiet, in fact she hardly ever spoke to anyone in the home. Catherine did not show anyone how much she hated or disliked them. She neither did any favours, nor helped anyone hardly ever laughed, never smiled. Catherine at that time was still a kid. She knew and realised how neglected she had been and had always wished she was a little fortunate like the rest of the children outside the orphanage. She always craved for a little love and affection which she never ever received. The lady incharge there, Mrs. Word, "that fat stout lady" as she was always called behind her back beat the life out of Catherine and the rest of the children and cursed them, calling them "good for nothings and scum of the earth." She wept softly at night thinking

and wondering how unfortunate she was and at times even thought of jumping down from the tall building and killing herself, but she was too scared to do that, too scared to think about all this. She just sat in a corner and brooded over her life and thought how unlucky she was.

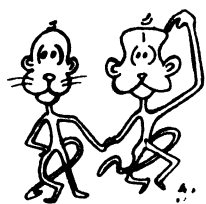
When she enrolled as an air hostess for Pan American Airlines she was at once taken in because of the beautiful features she had inherited from her mother whom she did not even know. Catherine had grown up to be a beautiful girl. She had changed quite a lot, but she still hated life and her father, whom she met once in New York, when she had gone down looking for her father's house.

When her plane had flown from Heathrow to Amsterdam she had been serving sweets to the passengers after nearly an hours flight she suddenly experienced a sudden hunch and knew that something was wrong. The plane was on fire, she decided to jump down, but realised that the safety of the passengers comes first, she helped them out first, and then in the end jumped herself without a parachute and luckily landed in water, saving herself.

Amitava Ghosh

*(Amitava Ghosh's essay won the Second Prize for the Kandhari Essay Writing contest for seniors)*

## APEING



*"A Humorous Dialogue between two Monkeys at a zoo. Discussing some of the visitors."*

Place Kennedy zoo, Chicago, U.S.A. Two monkeys,

Bee and Harry, sitting in a cage with a tree in the middle of the cage and a comb of bananas next to them.

**Bee** I told you not to approach Ameena. I knew you would get a slap from her.

**Harry** Actually, I just wanted to make friends with her. I did not know she was so mean and rude. Besides, she is the most beautiful girl around.

**Bee** She is aware of the fact that she is beautiful that is why she does not even look at an ugly guy like you.

**Harry** What do you mean? Are you saying I am ugly?

**Bee** You bet!

**Harry** Do you know that Sarita, Geeta and Rekha come to meet me every evening.

**Bee** Big deal! That is just a brotherly feeling. Do not be deceived. I am sure they would not have you as a boyfriend.

**Harry** Is that a challenge?

**Bee** What is the point? It will be embarrassing for you. Two boots at a time.

**Harry** O.K. ! O.K. ! What about you?

**Bee** What do you mean?

**Harry** I mean about your girl scene.

**Bee** Basically, I am not interested in these girls. I prefer being with human girls. They have smooth and lovely skin so. They also smell good, and if I really want to make friends, these girls will never say no. After all the most handsome guy around is me.

**Harry** You are really conceited.

**Bee** A fact is a fact and you cannot deny it.

**Harry** Well the fact remains that Yogi is smarter than you.

**Bee** Shut up. Have you seen his face? He hardly has any hair on his body and his eyes are so small. O.K. Let's give up this topic. Just throw me a banana. (He gets the banana, peels it and takes a bite). These bananas are really bad. John (zoo incharge) has started giving rotten ones. They are hardly sweet.

**Harry** Well, he buys cheap stuff and pockets the leftover money. These human beings are really corrupt.

There, look at that, that man is trying to steal the woman's purse. How can they do such a thing? These people should be caught and given a hard spanking.

**Bee** Look at that man. He is nine times the size of me. God! look at his stomach. It is like Anil's (Hippopotamus). He can hardly wear his trousers. If he clings on to this tree probably it will break.

**Harry** I hate these small boys. They like to tantalize us. They start laughing to see us irritated. Feel like plucking their eye balls out.

**Bee** There comes the woman of my dreams. I wish I was in her lap.

**Harry** Stop dreaming monkeys! She isn't even coming this side.

**Bee** Don't worry she will come. My love will draw her here.

**Harry** Oh no! The trainer has come. Now I got to do all sorts of silly stunts. OK see you later.

**Bee** Ciao!

*Sanjeev Sehgal's essay won the third Prize for the Kandhari Essay Writing Contest for Seniors.*

## Examination Report Card

*"Examination Report Cards should be*

abolished". Do you agree or disagree with the statement ?

"Examination Report Cards should be abolished." Well, it is a statement which every kid would agree with. Today's world is a competitive world. If one disagrees with this sort of a statement, well, it will not take him long to come down to the streets and beg for his living.

Everyone should think about his own benefits. A person comes to know where he stands by merely glancing at the report card. Everyone loves to live a luxurious life. The fact remains that if you do not know where you stand in class. I am sure you would be least bothered to know where you stand in the society.

Since there is an Examination Report Card system at Welham I know how exactly it helps. Every boy loves to get a good Examination Report Card. A person cannot get it, merely by thinking about it. He has to work hard to get it. He sits down to three or four months in advance to prepare for his examination. When the results are declared and the child gets his Examination Report Card, he feels proud of himself. He is at that moment on top of the world.

The boys who do not work hard for the examination, fail. How easy it is to fail? Well, you just have to speak out four alphabets. That is it! but when it comes to facing reality these are the people who commit suicide. There is no one to offer them solace. Well they are the social hazards for the society. These are the people who disagree with the statement "Examination Report Cards should be abolished." These are the people who hinder the progress of a country. These people want every thing served in their dishes. They are not hard working.

Whereas a person who is a hard working at school does not become a burden for society. He is a hard working fellow who never gives up. He has already learnt how to work hard for his Examination Report Card during his school days. This is one of the first lessons that a child gets during his childhood. "Work hard for your Examination Report Card." If you abolish the Examination Report Cards, well, I think that will be the major cause for the collapse of a country.

Well as I drop my pen, I would like to tell the citizens never to abolish Examination Report Cards. It teaches the Indians that "WORK IS WORSHIP."

*Rajbir Grawal's essay shared the third Prize for the Kandhari Essay Writing Contest for Seniors.*

## RENDEZVOUS



*He's a guy, he's a girl, no he's a guy. Carol? Poor fellow, lumped with a name which gives him a stupid feeling of feminophobia, who named him? We decided to find out.*

Ed.

I was named, O! so many moons ago, by a misogynist who decided to ridicule womankind forever by naming me Carol. I'm a cross between a rabid alsatian, a scrawny timber wolf and a couple of hundred other mongrels of dubious past and present. The Indian Ocean you guys built is a grrreat water hole, thanks. I've seen a lot, you bet, you have probably seen me lazing around, I laze, and I watch. I know all. Charlie's my kind of guy, he takes life easy and has just as much hair as I do, especially around his muzzle. Another is RJ, boy, do I admire his Marx looks. Did you guys look at me and then decide to put all these fellows in shorts? Christ! Their legs are a laugh, skinny and hairy, a couple of walking sticks lost in a maze of thatch. I remember an article in the Oliphant on napping, why don't you put me in charge of this CCA, Manjul and me could do wonders to put up an excellent exhibition, the highlight of this year's Founder's Day! I don't have much to say, unlike Junko, my steady girl, boy is she talkative! I'll leave you a gem of advice, sleep boy, it'll do you wonders!

*We left him wallowing in the Indian Ocean, staid, dignified,.....he's got it made!*

Ed

## The Last Word

*More gems of advice, this time from three of our gems. One the 'skoolie,' one a giant on the field, and one who puts Plato to shame.*

Ed

- ★ The Greek meaning of the word 'School' is 'Leisure', Keep this in mind!!!

Sanjeev Sehgal

\* \* \* \*

- ★ "Procrastination kills inspiration."

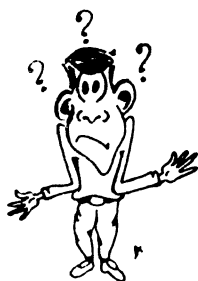
Manvendra Salkian

\* \* \* \*

- ★ "We meet to create memories....."

and part to cherish them.....”

Piyush Gupta



## What's New !

Mid-terms have come to a close. They commenced on the 12th of October and ended on the 16th. For class XI they commenced on the 9th and for Junior School on 13th.

- ★ The Athletics season has commenced.

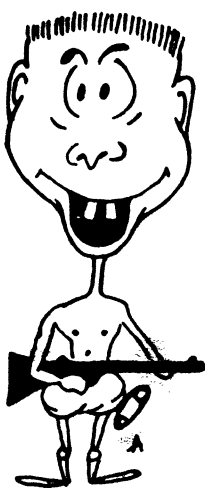
- ★ The Krishna House and Jamuna House Entertainments were a big hit. Congratulations to all participants.

- ★ The Picture Club telecast a Science Fiction Movie “Dune”.

- ★ As winter is slowly setting upon us we shall be changing shortly from summer to winter uniforms.

- ★ Aresh and Arnab brought the Chakerbutti Memorial Debate trophy home. Well done !

Rajesh Mookerjee



## Round the Bend

### What the Kids Say

*Junior school, unexplored so far, we decided to look in on them. Not forgetting the Baby gang.....* Ed.

I stopped over that familiar threshold, after exactly seven years and I was face to face with those old posters, which still hold memories of pleasant moments, and this time I wasn't here to put out my hands for sweets or to listen to one of

those interesting fairy tales, but as a senior who had just come here for a chat with these little Woodseaters, and they enjoyed it, despite the fact that I had stolen their recreation hour.

Of course these innocent cherubs feel their mother's and father's absence. I did when I was here. The playing field is heaven for them and no fortune can match it, when they are not allowed to play. Yet, Mickey and Minnie Mouse are equally adorable, but Donald Duck steals the distinction of being the favourite for the simple reason that he can 'Speak and quack'. If you ask them who the best fairy-tale character is, you get to hear of Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, Snowwhite in varied sharp tones.

There is a not-so-notorious personality whose visage speaks what he is. His favourite pastime is picking enemies (may be friends too) under the table and when the victim catches hold of another neighbour and they squabble and pull each other's ear, that mischievous smile shines on our friend's face, but more than that, he loves pinching and chucking pebbles and the very sight of the cane puts a halt to his juvenile pranks and then he behaves like an obedient angel. He promises to be a good boy, thanks to me.

Then you make a list of their 'Worsts' and the list is endless-tart, 'kheer', custard, halwa and so on (I better stop here before the Food-Committee fellows hold me by the collar). These finicky gourmets, however manage to gulp it down for they believe that 'bad fairies' steal boys who are on an empty stomach. The moment those fried 'tikkis' are served, they crystallize into ravenous gluttons.

And so the quotidian rituals continue one after another until they are handed over to the next phase of life.

Shashank

## Everywhere You Go.....

### Kids Wanna Rock !

What you folks are going to read about may startle you, but this interview clearly indicates that even the youngest in Welham play a vital role in the functioning of this school.

Vivian's favourite cartoon character is 'Donald Duck'. On being questioned as to why he preferred Donald to the rest he coyly answered, 'I like him because he is a duck and quacks real loud and good.'

Then moving on food, Anjun yelled out, "I love breakfast !! I can hog my favourite food, eggs and tikki !" His matron jokingly remarked. "Thank Goodness they get their favourite cuisine." That's one side of the story he on the other hand

spoke out violently against school puddings. 'I hate tarts and caramel custard, he wailed. "It's too 'Pheeka' (bland)", he added later.

**Rinchin Wangchuk** from Ladakh feels strongly about punishments in school. As he is a keen sportman and budding athlete, he grows very irritated when he is not allowed his stipulated quota of games. He feels that punishments should not be conducted on the games field.

**Sidhartha Gupta**—The naughty one. He has a great time in school, but knows that for discipline to gain priority over mischief when he sees his matron's long, narrow cane whip being revealed.

One of the greatest tribulations of a fresher in school is his/her first day and first night in school. One boy went mad with rage on being parted from his parents and smashed a window. The first night is the time when all the kids cry for their parents far-away.

A message from the gang : Have a pleasant Founder's Day ! Au Revoir.

**Rajesh Mookerjee**

## Lampoon



*Founder's day, joy, celebration, girls galore, food and above all-no classes ! What we decided to find out was the darker side. What you don't like about Founders day.*

**Sanjeev Shah** : Hedonism has hitherto been my way of life. Lady Luck has lumped me with a flash of sobriety bang in the middle of chaos, I've got to study !

**Sarvesh Bhargava** : My schedule gets ruined, my books are further from my mind with all the confusion around. Excitement encourages late, loud music which disturbs even my burning of the midnight oil !

**Tarunendra Singh** : Speeches get on my nerves. Sitting through them is worse than going through an issue of the Oliphant, my posterior aches so !

**Rahul Singh** : All the songs sung on the stage tend to drag. A couple of short, snappy ones could fit the occasion perfectly.

**Sanjeev Sehgal** : The oldies in the audience seem to disapprove of the young lot's idea of freaking out. You know the rest !

**Aresh Shorali** : Rumour has it that the Fizzix lab is not exhibiting the mirror that shows ones face from all angles. My narcissism is rebuked. I love my potato head !

**Anonymous** : There are so many girls around that I can't pay attention to all of them. I feel hurt. Also I don't have pens enough to oblige all autograph hunters.

**Ambreesh Mohan** : I'm a maverick, and I make my mark. So many people around makes me feel like a part of a massive cow-herd. Being part of a unruly horde is not exactly my idea of fun.

**Misogynist Ping** : So many girls, god, my race seems to be dying out, misogynists unite fight this evil !

## Brain Teasers

### Stuff



*Here are some questions which probe the secret world of some of our staff. Find the answers and win an award of Rs. 25/—*

- Q. 1. Mr. J. K. Kapur was in the commercial world before he joined Welham Boys' School. Which firm did he work for last ?
- Q. 2. When were Mr. and Mrs. Raina engaged to be married ?
- Q. 3. When did Mr. Rajiv Jayal, an old boy, pass out from W. B. S. ?
- Q. 4. What is Mr. Mahendroo's wife's first name ?
- Q. 5. Mr. A. Singh has been at school for 25 years, who was the Principal when he first joined ?
- Q. 6. Where did Dr. Saxena first meet his wife ?
- Q. 7. How many years has Miss. S. Roy been at Welham ?
- Q. 8. Miss Z. Rehman's father served the school for 15 years, what was his name ?

- Q. 9. Which school did Mr. Khaira study at ?
- Q. 10. Miss P. Malhotra has acted in a couple of our school plays, which is the first play she ever acted in ?
- Q. 11. Which regiment did Dr. Sabharwal serve as an army doctor ?
- Q. 12. What is Miss. S. Singh's dog's name ?
- Q. 13. Where was Miss M. Kapoor born ?
- Q. 14. What did Miss S. Chopra get a gold medal for ?
- Q. 15. Which was Mrs. M. Devendra's first school ?
- Q. 16. What does the "L" in Miss M. L. Yadav's name stand for ?
- Q. 17. What is Mrs Deshpande's maiden name ?
- Q. 18. How tall is Mr. Pinnauli ?
- Q. 19. Mr. N. Jayal has inherited his ability to foretell the future. Name the person whom he inherited this from.
- Q. 20. When did Mr. S. Kandhari graduate from The Doon School ?

**The Stolen Tree**

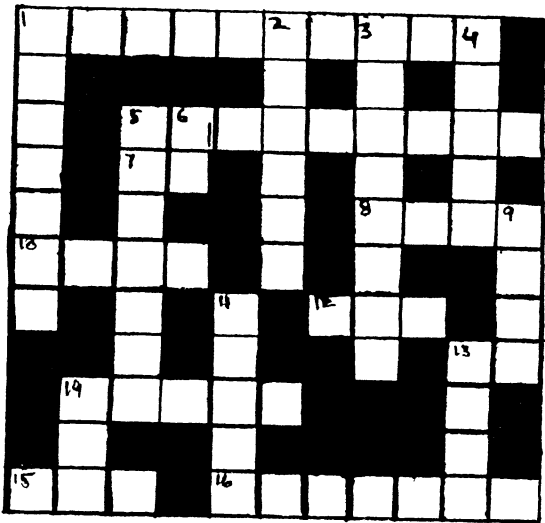
Miss Oliphant who had a passion for trees and plants, planted one in the Welham Lodge field, shortly after, this valuable sapling was stolen by a neighbour. After a great hunt the tree was relocated and planted yet again. Point out the tree to us and win an award of Rs. 30/-

**Acrostic**

Encircle any horizontal, vertical and diagonal word you see within this grid.

B	A	D	M	I	N	T	O	N	X	F	Z	M
T	A	B	L	E	I	E	V	S	A	I	D	
K	A	S	L	S	Y	X	P	T	V	S	U	P
X	C	S	K	E	W	T	E	N	T	T	T	I
V	U	B	K	E	B	X	Z	W	R	V	A	Y
S	I	N	I	S	T	E	R	B	A	C	D	E
Y	O	T	S	I	I	B	G	F	P	I	K	E
M	M	L	K	E	J	H	A	N	O	P	Q	R
B	V	W	U	G	T	W	E	L	H	A	N	S
O	W	A	X	E	V	Z	I	Z	L	O	O	T
L	A	V	I	S	H	O	V	S	W	X	O	X
T	K	E	B	C	P	Z	I	Y	H	O	R	T
D	E	M	O	N	S	T	R	A	T	I	O	N

**Cross Word**



**ACROSS :**

- 1. The Schooly's game.
- 5. A hospital said to be haunted, but exists no more.
- 7. That thing.
- 8. Mild and patient.
- 10. Open the mouth wide.
- 12. Beer.
- 13. Supported by.
- 14. You are holy to the people who make you dirty.
- 15. A person who mimics others.
- 16. Ganga, Jamuna, Cauvery.

**DOWN**

- 1. The lab of the dead.
- 2. Begetting its first teeth.
- 3. Between 10:00 AM and 10:10 AM during the summer.
- 5. A common attraction for geography lessons
- 6. That thing.
- 9. Irish funeral song accompanied by wailing.
- 11. U. S. spelly of a bundle of twigs tied together for burning as fuel.
- 13. A crow, a black cat.
- 14. Space.



## Tales from the Dark Side



She ambled in, not a care in the world, her ears flapped unconcernedly. noiselessly she chewed the cud, WBS, huh? She'd see.

A platform? Funny though, bars across it. Walk on anyway. Then it happened, she fell in with all her bovine weight behind her.

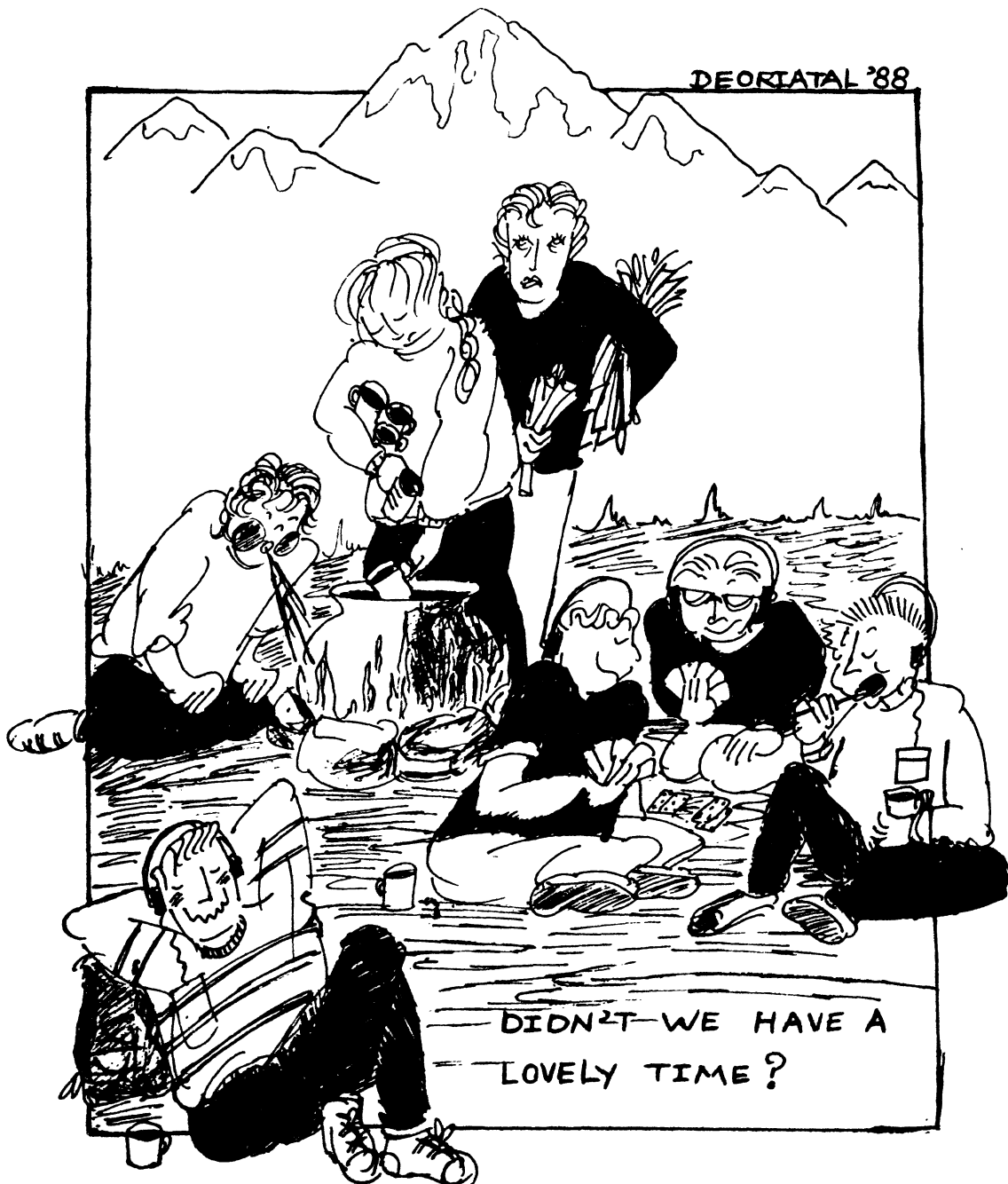
Stampede!? No, just the Welhamites on their way to class after assembly. A cow in the cattle-trap! The ancient ruse had finally worked. A crowd soon gathered, pinching and prodding the bewildered cow. Bewildered? She seemed quite content!

She was. Attention had grabbed her fancy immediately. She looked at the hordes of curious faces, and settled deeper into the trap. She was loving it.

What was this? Skinny, half dressed men with ropes? A couple were thrown around her belly, and all right, heave ho!

Dead silence, save for the grunts of the heave-ho'ers. More pulling, pushing and general confusion. She was getting bored, so were the onlookers, or was it the bell and a couple of bellows from those on high? The crowd disappeared faster than a couple of Tikkis at the tuck shop.

How she got out remains a mystery. Maybe those heave-ho'ers finally managed to pull the recalcitrant bovine out of her centre-spot, what we prefer to believe, is a nonchalant stroll out-the way she came in!



## From the Scroll of Socrates !



*An antobiography of a prisoner Mau has always possessed a strong desire for freedom. This desire knows no bounds. Man has freed himself from some of the most nerve wrecking predicaments. An example of this is the escape of the Jews from one of the most closely guarded concentration camps in history. Sor-bibor Nazi occupied Poland. What I have referred to is a case of*

sheer courage which comes to light when the powers buried in the depths of the human mind are used. The question which now arises in my mind is whether we of the human race are the prisoners of life ? Are we bound in the cycle of birth, life death and rebirth ? The answer is still unknown.

The theory I have mentioned in the above lines may seem highly supernatural but it has troubled a host of great thinkers and philosophers of the past. Only an intimate study may reveal its answer.

According to me, man is a prisoner in this beautiful world. In spite of all his progress man is an evolved animal and some of the animal instincts in him may never die. The most fatal attraction for man is 'Maya' or illusion. It is this power that man has always succumbed to. If man did not have this weakness in him we would have probably attained moksha (freedom from this cycle) long ago.

Man can attain 'Moksha' by not succumbing to materialistic views.

Lord Krishna's speech delivered to Arjuna which was recorded in the Gita says that if a man's 'Karma' (deeds) are good and if he does not succumb to materialistic thoughts, he will attain divine enlightenment and will also be subject to God's divine grace. This does not mean that one must be spiritualistic but it means one must lead a pure and virtuous life.

Not all people agree with me. Different people have different ways of following my above examples but that is their choice.

I feel that the bravest must fight for our freedom. Freedom from the earth, freedom from reincarnation. May be one day someone shall do so but I think we have a long way to go and man must not rest until he solves the greatest

mystery of the earth and free himself from the bounds of captivity.

**Rajesh Mookerjee.**

*Our absiruse reflector is back, he's gotta have faith, remember the Jubilee issue ?!*

—Ed.

## In the Welham Arena of Sports



Ben Johnson struck a fools gold at the XXIV Olympic Games held in Seoul. Mind you the controversial runner representing Canada was not the only one thrown off the team for drug taking. A graffiti writer aptly altered a sign in the Canadian Olympic team office. It used to read, above a list of competitors "Canadian weight lifters, clean and jerk", but after four lifters were thrown off the team for drug taking, the sign was changed. It then read : "Canadian weight lifters : Three clean and four jerks".

Looking back over the year it won't be wrong to say that our teams-Cricket, Hockey, Basketball, Table-Tennis have been rewarded for their dedication and hard work. Take for instance Basketball by far the most popular game in our school, the effort and hard work put in by the boys, eventually paid off. They effortlessly won the 'District Championship' out-classing their rivals, Cambrian Hall. We also reached the finals of the 'Golden Jubilees Exhibition Tournament' defeating the title holders Delhi Public School. In both tournaments Sanjeev Sehgal won the best player award.

In Hockey we retained the 'Council' cup. We were held to a 0-0 draw by The Doon School, in the finals. The trophy therefore was shared by the two schools. Although we lost to 'Yujavendra Public School' 0-3 in a friendly match Rohit Jain bagged the best player award.

Our cricket team also enjoyed a good season, this year, winning both against, R M I C and 'Lawrence School Sanawar' Gagan Taleja scored a maiden to while Manvendra and Sunil Agarwal was adjudged the best batsman and bowler respectively.

In football, we failed to retain the council trophy. We lost to The Doon School 4-0 and thereby were knocked out of the tournament. Although later, during the season our team gave some good performances. Beating Delhi Public Schools' 6-3 and also holding The Doon School to a 3-3 draw, in a return match.

So, all in all, I can summarise by saying that it has been a good year for our sports.

**M. Salkhan**

## मनुष्य

सीखा मनुष्य ने,  
सबसे पहले,  
आग जलाना, हल चलाना,  
सीखा,  
पशुओं को मारना, वृक्षों को काटना,  
सीख लिया उसने,  
स्वयं को मारना,  
त्राहि-त्राहि मचाना ।  
अब—

प्रकृति वृक्षों को कटते देख रोती है,  
जननी लालों को मरते देख रोती है ।  
वृक्षों को काट नहीं भरा मनुष्य का  
मन अभी,  
कर अणु वम का उपयोग अन्त हुआ  
नहीं उसका अभी ।

वर्तमान युग दे रहा चेतावनी,  
मनुष्य विनाश को बुला रहा,  
उस सीमा पर पहुँचा है,  
अपने पैरों पर,  
स्वयं कुल्हाड़ी चला रहा ।  
बना लिये ऐसे हथियार,  
तितर-बितर हो जाए संसार ।

सुन मनुष्य धरती की आवाज,  
कह रही मत बन ऐसा जाँवाज ।

—नितिन जैन

## साँझ ढली, अब निशा हँ छाई

साँझ ढली और सूरज अस्त,  
कोई नहीं रहा अब व्यस्त ।

पंछी लौटे नीड़ों को,  
ओह, जरा उनको देखो ।  
गगन में उड़ती शुभ्र कतारें  
मानो नभ के पुच्छल तारे,  
मन भावन ये दृश्य समाँ-रे ।

आँगन की ओट है निशा समाई,  
संग अपने चाँदनी ले आई ।  
साँझ ढली और सूरज अस्त,  
कोई नहीं रहा अब व्यस्त ।

निकले रात्रि कालीन पक्षी,  
जंगल में शिकार को भक्षी ।  
वातावरण बना सुनसान,  
झींगुर की केवल मृदु तान ।  
तिमिर के काले आँचल में,  
सृष्टि अनोखे रूप सजाए ।  
निबिड़ अन्धकार के परदे पर,  
नित-नित नए खेल रचाए ।

साँझ ढली और सूरज अस्त,  
कोई नहीं रहा अब व्यस्त ।

—गगन गहलोत

## कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ;

कहीं सता रहा है भूचाल,  
कहीं सता रहा अकाल,  
कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

कोई माँग रहा गोरखालेंड  
कोई माँग रहा खालिस्तान,  
कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

बढ़ते बंजर, घटते अरण्य,  
बढ़ती नालियाँ, घटती नदियाँ  
कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

बढ़ता झूठ, घटता सच  
बढ़ता संदेह, घटता स्नेह  
कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

बढ़ती हिंसा, घटती अहिंसा,  
बढ़ती दुश्मनी, घटती घनिष्ठता  
कैसा होगा भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

अब तो केवल चमत्कार से,  
सुधर सकता है भारत का भविष्यत्काल ?

—हितेश महाजन

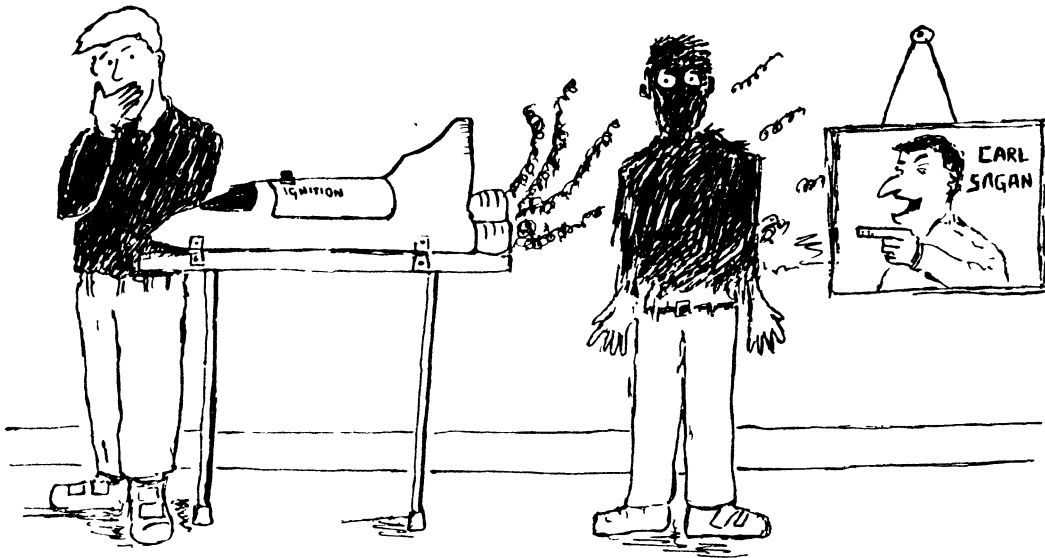
## खोजो तो जानें

इस शब्द जाल में लेखक, स्वतंत्रता सेनानी और  
वैज्ञानिकों के नाम छुपे हुए हैं । कुल मिलाकर २०  
व्यक्तियों के नाम हैं । खोजिए ?

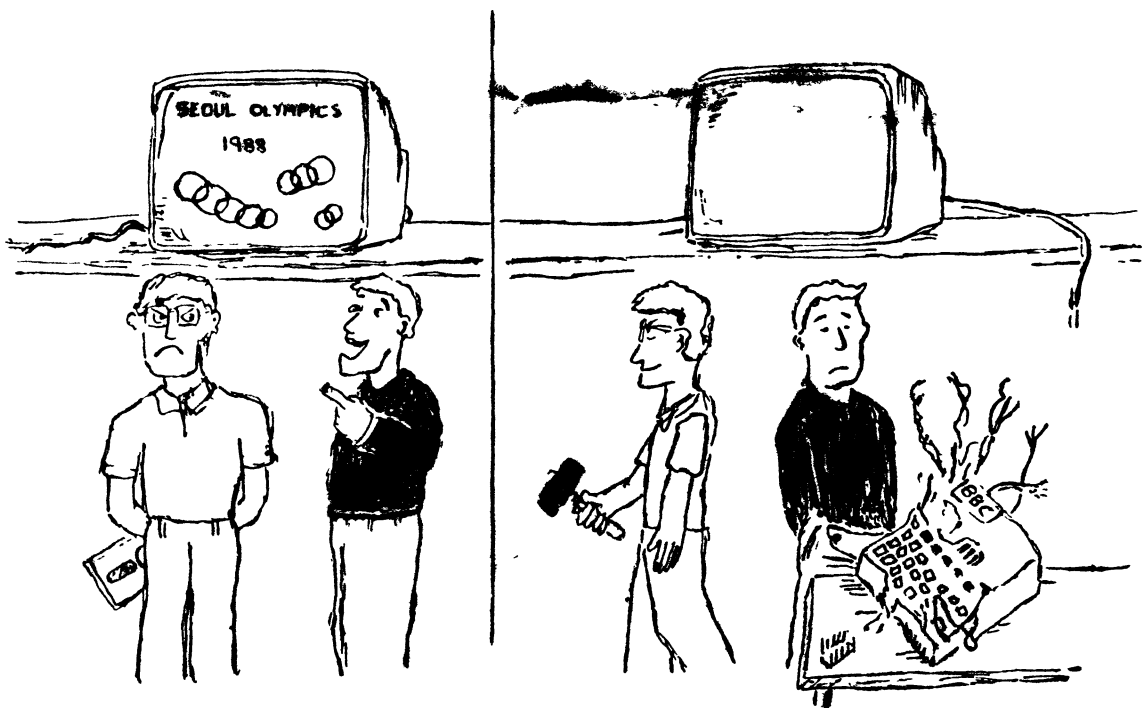
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रजनीश अग्रवाल

## CLASS 3 SPACE PROJECT



## FOUNDER'S DAY PROGRAMS



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# THE OLIPHANT

No. 80

WELHAM BOY'S NEWSLETTER

15th NOVEMBER , 1988

Think about it

I am saddest when I sing.  
So are those who hear me,  
they are sadder even than I.

Artemus Ward

## Editorial

He was stumped, his voice wouldn't appear with more than a panicky squeak: the hymn was on.



It began with a low wail, a couple of air-raid sirens in perfect harmony, gradually building up to a beautifully synchronised... whisper. Prayer books were flashed around with gay abandon, no eyes peered into them. The whisper died down to a final wail and it was over.

The bearded pedagogue on stage proved to be sarcasm personified, thanking the horde for a "welcome break" from "last night's barbaric cacophony."

The cacophony mentioned goes on every night. Devout odes to various men-and-women-on-high, who must be deaf. The odes are played at a volume that would shame "The Who" at their cacophonous loudest, rendering any kind of sleep useless and putting a final touch to the already study weary minds. Welhamites therefore pace the night away; books, sleep and eardrums shelved till P.T. time.

Reasons for the wailing and whispering of hymns range from a simple "no prayer book", to, "permanent paralysis-of-vocal-chords-due-to-unnece-

ssary-extra-P.T.-meted-out-by-sadistically-inclined-authoritarian-paragons-of-every-Welhamite's-idea-of-absolutely-nothing." In short, the perfects are too mean.

Research from the various labs say that hymns sung at a low, almost inaudible volume are conducive to the growth of hair on hither to hairless pates and jowls i.e. there may be a change in the scenery.



This wouldn't do at all, no one would even consider loving a change from the beloved polished dome, so, buck up lads, never mind if it rains, give full vent to your vocal chords, croaking, braying et al.

Of course, there is another side to it. Obligations, duties, school spirit and the like. But that's just another side.

Signing off,  
from now till then.  
Exelsior.

Arnab Chaudhuri

P.S. The Oliphant has been granted the use of a flashy red bicycle for visit to the printer. Agreed, the gears are confusing and the rider usually winds up with the chain halfway up a greasy trouser leg. But taking everything with a couple of thousand shrugs and a few more pinches of salt it helps immensely. A.C.

## Lampoon

"I'm just a red blooded boy and I cant stop thinking about girls!" The lyrics mentioned are generally controversial. We decided to check it out : "Should Welham turn co-ed?"

Akshay Kant Purohit - It would be simply excellent. I will not have to go across the border on the pretext of meeting my sister when I want to pursue my obsession - Bird Watching!

Sumesh - As our school has a good reputation as a boys' school, it should stay this way.

Uday Walia - On hearing the proposition, the male chauvinist in me awakens and says : "Don't let girls interfere with the integrity and pride of your School". So, no way, for co-ed. Hope other chauvinists and machos like me agree.

Rahul Sahai - I would really love to have our school go co-ed but I would need police protection .... after all, I have to do other work apart from sign autographs.

Piyush Jain - Not only exciting, but also helpful in building one's character. It would help a lot of us in getting rid of our inhibitions.

Harry - Although it would make school a lot of fun, many of our keen 'joggers' would lose their interest in jogging and hence our school athletic team would really suffer.

Manu Rajvanshi - People call me the jughead of my school. So I am not too keen on girls joining, unless of course they are taught cooking, in which case my perpetual hunger would be satisfied.

## OJE'S - Compiled by Ambresh Mohan

SS: Piyush, your name is punctually in the late book.

\* \* \* \*

X : Will you go around with me?

Y : No, I don't wanna be taken for a ride.

X : That's OK. I don't have a car anyway.

\* \* \* \*

Capt. Ayy. Cee : The soccer matches rival between skools in Darjeeling tend to get rather violent.

Charlie : I remember one of the principals lost his shirt during one of them

Capt. Ayy. Emm : Did he manage to find it?!

\* \* \* \*

Aich. Tee. : He'd better ask her to finally go out with him.

Ambi : Yaiyy! I thought she was gated!

\* \* \* \*

MY : We have two schools together tomorrow.

Machia : Yayyyy! I hope its Welham Boys and Welham girls!

\* \* \* \*

Ballsky : Body building is really helping. My muscles are finally increasing.

Chug : Where? In your head?!

\* \* \* \*

S.K. : The fans for P.H. have finally arrived, in time for the cold spell.

Cap. Ayy. Ess : We can always use them to dry our socks.

S.K. : Yes you can , provided you wash them first!

\* \* \* \*

# *The Literary Affairs of Welham*

## G A M B L E

It was the 1st of August, 1988 - John's birth and death anniversary - and I stood in front of his grave remembering the day I had found him lying on the road. He was hardly six years old then and was wearing only a tattered old shirt as he lay huddled up against the wall of my house. I spotted him and took him inside the house with me.

I had no intention of keeping him with me then, but after coming to know through him that he had no parents and had just run away from an orphanage, I decided to keep him.

I was 22 years old then. I still remember the date; it was the 29th of February 1953. I was a captain in the crime branch of the CBI and was posted to New York City. I remember celebrating his 1st birthday after I found him. We celebrated it by going out to a restaurant for dinner.

I put him into a government school. He turned out to be an excellent student who took his studies very seriously.

Years passed like days and soon he passed out of University and was employed as a sales executive in Viking Systems International. I had become the Vice Chairman of the CBI.

Life seemed to be going along as usual until one day I was summoned by the president. He told me that the present chairman of the CBI was to retire in a couple of days and I could be appointed the chairman if I was able to track down and kill the underworld don of the USA, who was involved in a big drug scandal.

I left the president's office determined to achieve the impossible. On reaching my office I learnt from my subordinates that they had arrested secretly Jack London, a professional gunman. I went to see him and to my surprise found him to be exactly of the same looks as my adopted son,

John. I immediately struck upon a plan. I called my son up and told him to see me at my office.

He arrived in 20 minutes. I took him to my office and carried out the plan. Soon I had the dead body of Jack London secretly disposed and the beaten up body of my adopted son carried to a doctor. He was 30 years old then.

In a few days the doctor had brought him back to consciousness. He had lost his memory. The first part of my plan had succeeded. The most important part now began.

He left the doctor's house in an attempt to find out his past. My men were meanwhile spread all over the city. Everywhere he went, they addressed him as Jack London until he began to believe he was Jack London - the professional killer.

My plan was to make the underworld don believe that John was Jack London and make an attempt to hire him, and my men would tell John and kill the don.

Finally the don contacted Jack one day. It was 1st of Aug. They met in an old building. As my men waited for the opportunity the don unexpectedly fired and killed John. As the don began to run I shot him down. I had killed the don and was now sure to become the chairman.

I was very sad. I thought that perhaps if John had been my own son I wouldn't have risked his life. I began to hate myself.

Tears ran down my eyes, as I sat in front of his grave. The epitaph read -

'Here lies John Grave. Born 1st Aug. 1947, died 1st Aug. 1971.

## SHE

She was the first that I had seen,  
I was turning seventeen.  
She was there for my birthday bash.  
On her head was a dark blue sash.  
Her long and silky hair.  
Merited a real long stare.

It seemed to be love at first sight  
My piece of cake I couldn't bite.  
I gaped at her my mouth wide open  
By her good looks, my state was shaken.

I said "Hey honey, Wanna dance?"  
She said, "Sorry boy, you aint got a chance."

Seeing my look she said, "Don't frown,  
may be you may take me to town."  
My heart jumped - she was interested,  
She'd seemed to agree when I insisted.

Night and Day seemed to be one.  
Books and Pens, I did shun.  
We sat together for many hours.  
Gazing all right at the stars.

It seemed at last I was in love,  
What I did fear, was a shove  
She was what's called "a very fast girl"  
Under her thumb, egos did swirl.

Things never were the same,  
This one was my very first game.  
On looking at my lovesick state,  
It was obvious - checkmate !

The time had come, she went to school  
Now it wasn't all that cool,  
I was not on her visitors list,  
To see her, my name did twist.  
Communication ? ---- monkey mail !  
No letter ? ----- I did wail !

One year in love we had spent,  
Anniversary gift .. her favorite scent

I think my brain was down the drain,  
"Go out with me" she asked again.  
I said, "Hey girl - I've been gated !

Which was not the answer she anticipated.  
I realised I had been a fool,  
I wanted to jump into a pool,  
To hide myself that would be,  
She had asked, thank god, for me !  
Eventually I said....." Yes "  
She smiled and said that she that could guess.

Our school life now should never end,  
Or our life would round a bend,  
And when or how that will nap,  
My life ill be one big gap.  
I hope that day never ever comes,  
Or I will go and live in the slurs !

Ambreesh Mohan



## The Last Word

Three more crumbs of advice from three more top-of-the-shack inmates of the hell-hole.....ed.

Deepak Jaiswal : Our greatest glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.

Sandeep Singhal : Its better to keep your mouth shut and let others think you are a fool than open it and confirm it.

Himanshu Kapoor : we met each other as strangers, and saw each other as friends. I think we've come from heaven, where friendship never ends.

## WHADDAYAKNOW ?!

Midterm is over, the pooped trekkers and other outdoors maniacs are back.....Ed.

## CHAMBA - DHANOLTI - MUSSOORIE

Chamba was very cold, when we arrived.

The next day, early morning, we set out trekking for DHANOLTI. Although it was not very tough or time consuming, it was tiring. However, with beautiful nature by our side the trek seemed short 'N' sweet. We managed it in 6 hrs. Since, we were very tired we decided to promptly go to sleep. With great difficulty we managed to get a Rest House, but it definitely was worth the wait since it was very comfortable. Dhanolti was not very cold. It is about 28 kms from Chamba.

ext morning, we were to trek to Mussoorie. After an early breakfast we started our trek at about nine. Frequent rest breaks and light music seemed to make our trek easier. The determined boys did not flinch and covered this distance in about 5 odd hours. We reached Mussoorie, we were too tired and immediately went to sleep.

The next day we went to Kempti Falls and back. The going was much

easier but coming back was very tough since, it was all uphill. This total distance was 30 kms.

The last day was reserved for roaming about in Mussoorie. After about six hours of sight seeing we boarded a bus to Dehra Dun and were sort of relieved to be back in school.

Overall it was an enjoyable mid-term break.

## RENUKA LAKE

We went to Renuka Lake on the 12th of October.

The first day we went to a temple 14 km. away from Renuka. We crossed 4 mountains and reached the temple which was 1700 m. high. A saint called Jagdam Dev Rishi had meditated for 88,000 years.

The next day we went on a Lion Safari. There were two lionesses and three males, and 4 cubs too. The following day we went boating. We saw fish, eels, turtles and water snakes. The day after, we went to the Giri River for a swim. We enjoyed swimming in the deep waters. We also saw a 40 kg. python.

Dhananjai.

## OKHIMATH - DEORAITAL -MASTURA

Having spent a night in Okhimath and having been bug-bitten the whole night, we trudged up the remote hills the next day. Deoraital being our destination. And guess what scenes would have shocked your eyes up there?

Welhamites scanning the sylvan surroundings for fire-wood and twigs. And when a faint drizzle extinguished the fire, no one could have cursed the heavens more than they did. For the first time Welhamites slept under the stars and survived on 'chaya ' and tinned food in a place that overlooks the snow-clad peak of Char Kmamba. And when they loathed shaking off the sleep from their eyes, early next morning they had to hear a chorus of scolding from the escorts.

They faced the rough and tough of the rocky slopes which led to Mastura. And the most wonderful thing of all-

the staff representatives having grown a couple of shade darker, blowing into the fire.

Freeze these scenes. That's exactly what our midterm excursion was.

Shashank.

Brain Teasers

CROSSWORD

by UDIT MITTAL

- ACROSS

1. Youth

4. Bock or lager

8. Glut

12. Poem

13. Huron or Superior

14. Central meaning

15. Marveled

17. Grasslands

18. Motel

19. Exploit

21. Musical note

22. Pay out

25. Perfume

27. Spreads hay

28. Speak of

31. Before

32. TV's David

34. Man's cousin

35. Mosque's tower

37. Be in a stew

38. Incline

39. Devises

40. Skyward

42. In time past

43. \_\_\_\_ bean

44. Nigh
46. Throws about

51. Time in office

52. Sea eagle

53. Groove

54. Bits of food

55. Colorer

56. One or all
- DOWN

1. Depressed

2. Bother

3. Cozy room

4. Mix

5. Be gainfully employed

6. Stretch out to make

7. Loses weight

8. Still

9. Fruit drink

10. Salty drop

11. Expedite

16. Loud noises

20. Transmitted

22. Flower stalk

23. Persian fairy

24. Beautiful gardens

25. Struck

26. Coronet

29. Not shut

30. Snares

32. Adult tadpole

33. Rested

36. Danger warnings

37. Apartment

39. Fonda, Jr.

40. Do \_\_\_\_ others, etc.

41. Stare

43. Window glass

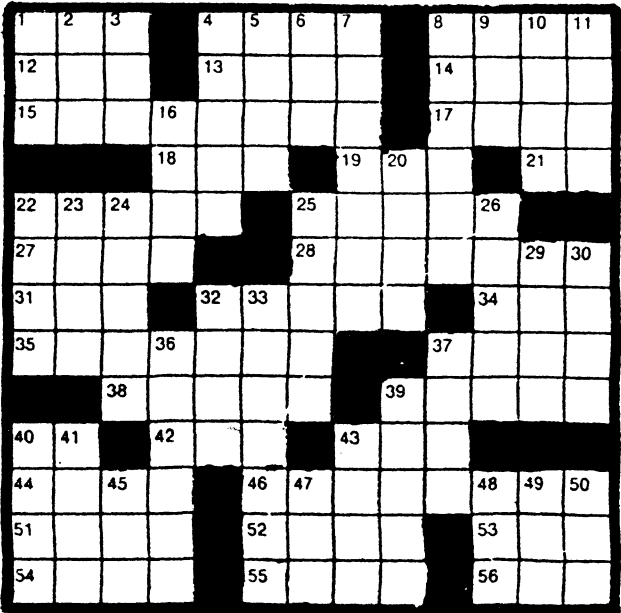
45. Skill

47. Baby's call

48. Time period

49. Flee

50. Pigpen



ANSWERS -

THE STOLEN TREE

It is situated between the two sand pits in Welham Lodge. The tree is Wrightea Tinctoria or Pomgamia Pineta. (Answered correctly by Devindas Sawraj)

ANSWERS TO 'STUFF'

A-1 Mr. J.K.Kapur was the general manager of a company, Containers and Closers L.D.T., Calcutta.  
A-2 Mr. and Mrs. Raina were engaged on 26th June, 1972.

- A-3 Mr. R.Jayal passed out from Welham Boys in 1964.
- A-4 Mr. Mahendroo's wife's name is Richa Mahendroo.
- A-5 Mr. Marshal was the principal when Mr. singh joined school.
- A-6 Mr. Saxena first met his wife in Agra, 10 months before they married.
- A-7 Miss Roy has been teaching at Welham for 20 years.
- A-8 Miss-2 Rehman's father's name was Mr. Syed Taquir Rehman.
- A-9 Mr. Kharia Studied at Central school, Arty center, Nasik Road, Maharashtra.
- A-10 Miss Malhotra first acted in 'Inherit the Wind'.
- A-11 Dr. Sabarwal served Army Medical Corps. in the army.
- A-12 Miss S.Singh's dog's name is Mitchy.
- A-13 Miss M.Kapoor was born in Jalandhar.
- A-14 Miss S.Chopra got a gold medal for studies.
- A-15 Mrs. M.Devendra's school was 'Mrs. Nightingales school' in Ranikhat.
- A-16 The "L" in miss M.L.Yadav's name stands for Lydia.
- A-17 Mrs. Deshpande's Maiden name is Kamla Mahendra.
- A-18 Mr. Pinauli's height is 5 feet 11 inches.
- A-19 Mr. N.Jayal inherited his ability to foretell the future from his Great Grand Father, Gaja Dhar Jayal.
- A-20 Mr. Khandari graduated from the Doon school in 1952.

## What's New !

- \* The founders day celebrations were a smashing success.
- \* Boys went to the Doon School to attend a concert by the Albion ensemble, a five piece woodwind group - enchanting, all of it.
- \* "Lethal Weapon ", a run - of - the - mill "bang - bang" was screened.
- \* The fag end of the term heralds examinations. The Oliphant wishes you all the best.

## In the Welham Arena of Sports

There has been so much brouhaha over India's (non) performance in the Olympics that anything more would be an overkill. Yet one factor has been overlooked in the damning indictment of the contingent, especially the athletes. Where does the luck stop ? If, say, athletes are to be cleared on the recommendation of the AAFI, that's it. But if some athletes are selected on a qualifying system approved by the national body, some on ministerial recommendation and a few through the back door for non-sporting reasons, then embarrassment and disaster are unfortunate, but inevitable consequences.

Well coming back to school, the 'Council' and 'District' Sports' have just concluded and the performance of our athletes is somewhat worrying. The sports Authority, as a matter of fact, will have to sit down and chalk out the guidelines which the athletes should follow (the following year and so on ) to attain a standard level. There are various questions which come to my mind. Our domestic sports should conclude before the 'Council Sports' or there should be a system of qualification that is a minimum stand-ard to qualify. By this, the authorities in our school, will be in a position to pick the best possible contingent.

Although Welham performed poorly in both the 'Council and District Sports' some athletes performed outst-

## Cross Word ANSWERS.

1	B	A	S	K	E	T	B	A	L	L	
	I					E		S		A	
	O		5	R	I	V	E	R	S	I	D
	L		7	I	T		T		E		L
	O		S			H		M		E	K
10	G	A	P	E		E		B			E
	Y		A		11	F		A	L	E	E
			N		A			Y		O	N
		12	G	A	N	G	A				M
		A			O					E	
15	A	P	E		16	T	R	I	V	E	N

andingly. They were mainly in the senior division. In the long jump event Ashish Goswami jumped 5.75 mts to finish second. He also clocked 11.6 seconds to finish third in the 100 mts sprint. Manvendra Salklan and Durgesh Bhatia both finished third in the 200 mts and 800 mts respectively. Our quartet of Ashish, Devraj, Samrendra Manvendra came second in the 4X100 mts relay.

Even in the District Sports our dismal performance continued. Although Ashish ran spendidly to finish second in the 110 mts hurdles. Rana Randeep ran a good race in the 50 mts dash to come third while Amitabh Sinha's throw won him the silver medal in the javelin event.

Manvendra Salklan

## चरनदास चोर

बैदा होते ही मेरे माता-पिता ने मुझे पिक्चर दिखाई होगी, या उसी समय भारतीय फ़िल्म-इण्डस्ट्री में सहर सी आयी, होगी,  
शायद इसीलिए अभिनय करने में इतनी रुचि है, कभी-कभी तो मैंने देखा है कि इस मैदान में मेरी क्षमता बहुत उंची है।

एक बार विद्यालय में चरनदास चोर बनने का मौका हुआ, बड़े चाव से 'रोल' लेकर देखा कि हमें बहुत बड़ा धोखा हुआ,

क्योंकि किसी रोल को करने के लिए उसमें ठस जाना बहुत जरूरी है,

इसलिए हमने सोचा कि अब चोरी करना हमारी सबसे बड़ी मजबूरी है।

उस दिन से हम भी अपने छात्रावास में 'Flicking spree' पर लग गये।

पहले बहुत सी चीजें उड़ायीं और बाद में दूसरों के साथ हम भी जग गये।

बहुत से लड़के अपनी चीजों न पाकर दूसरों को जगाने लगे,

तब तक बूट, ओल्ड स्पाईस चीनी पेन, मँहगी

पुस्तकें, सभी हमारी बलमारी की शोभा बढ़ाने लगे।

एक दिन अहसास हुआ कि काफी 'एक्स-पीरीअन्स' हो गया है,

हमारा अलमैरा भी दूसरों की वस्तुओं से बहुत 'डेंस' हो गया है।

हमने तुरन्त सोच लिया कि अब सबकी वस्तुएँ वापिस कर देंगे,

रात के अन्धेरे में एक-एक का सामान वापिस उनकी अलमारियों में भर देंगे।

रात का समय था, मुश्किल था काम मुझे क्या मालूम था मैं हो जाऊँगा बदनाम।

सामान जब रख रहे थे दिल रहा था घड़क, किसी का हाथ कन्धे पर पड़ा, हम रह गये फ़क।

हमें हुई बहुत सम्बी सजा, जिसकी हमें पता नहीं बजह,

हम अपना सम्बा मुँह लटकाए बाहर आ गये, मकर फिर हमने सोचा कि "हर इन्सान हमारे जैसा जैसा सलाकार थोड़े ही होता है"।

फार्म अरोड़ा

## GUESS WHY

SCHOOL DESSERT  
DRIVES US BANANAS!

