

# THE OLIPHANT

No. 92

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th September, 1989

## THINK ABOUT IT

Time that is intolerant of the brave  
and innocent, And indifferent in a  
week to a beautiful physique.

Worships language and forgives  
everyone by whom it lives.

Pardons cowardice, conceit, lay its  
honours at their feet.

W.H. Auden

## Editorial

Rain in our school is symbolic of two things. Firstly hundreds of boys splashing around with pieces of black canvas over their head and secondly something which is often more eagerly awaited - No P.T. !

Yes friends, this is authentic data from the Welham Statistical Authority governed by none other than your jovial editor. So when most of the boys returned, it was quite expected that they had come adequately prepared for the rain (No P.T. Shoes!) However an annoyed Principal, and his team of prefects soon saw to it that everyone had ordered shoes of their respected sizes.

However, as we know all good things must come to an end. The deputy of the god of sleep (Monsoon Clouds) was therefore no exception. Grumpy teenagers for a few days deluded themselves with the false expectations that the lone dark cloud in the skies may prove to be the silver lining of their sleepy lives. However, this was not to be and everyone can be found sweating out on the P.T. ground these mornings.

Yours truly however has been a trifle busier than the rest of the community. On account of being one of

the loud mouths of his class and attaining great fame in narrating not so funny anecdotes of his daring escapades to his classmates, he has been labelled a debator. So I have been writing debates, tearing them up and finally voicing out whatever I remember of my speech on stage. Be it a debate at the capital, or one across the road by our common named school, I have attempted in vain to convince the new generation what I don't believe myself!

Our football team has been in Ajmer since a week. Their long stay can only mean one hopes that they are doing well.

Perhaps I would have written more, but the P.T. whistle is blowing, so I must run. Perhaps the god of sleep will send his deputy to save us within the next few minutes, one must never abandon hope .....

Yours Hopefully,  
Saurav Sinha

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

This comprehensive letter is in aid of all those worried folks at Welham, who would like to keep a

morbid eye on the spread of the Pink Virus' - of which, the baneful effect is being felt around the country.

Tarunendra Singh [Cool] is at Elphinstone College, Bombay, dealing with modes, medians, means and other nasty statistics (F.Y.B.Sc.)

Rahul Singh (Ping) is at Delhi's Zakir Hussain College, being harrassed by the weird tenets of Indian Philosophy (F.Y.B.A.)

Ambreesh Mohan (Machia) is at Bhagat Singh College, Delhi, doing history ..... battles, accession,

coronations, and dates (save the dry fruits) (F.Y.B.A.)

Aresh Shirali (Rumbo) is in St. Xavier's College, Bombay, studying probabilities and Math inanities (F.Y.B.Sc.)

Arnab Chaudhuri, (Boiled) is at the National Instt. of Design, Ahmedabad, slapping paint on canvas, and then calling it 'Commercial Art', perhaps because of the fall in the intrinsic value of canvas, occurring therein (F.Y.M.F.A.).

Ciao -

Yours Aresh Shirali

## *The Literary Affairs of Welham*

### CAT AND MOUSE

His face was tanned and he had rough brown hair. There was a long scar on his neck and he wore the most exclusive suit in town and a gold Rado gripped his wrist.

Disembarking from the train he left the station in a black Limousine. I followed in a red Ford Pick-up. It was mid night and the streets did not have proper street lights but still I kept my head lights off and I followed in the most usual pattern. He now caught on with the road leaving town towards Rackhesst Airfield; The only private Airfield in the state. I knew that if I slowed down even a little he would soon be out of sight. Suddenly, the brake light grew brighter and he was stopping. The entrance was at a sharp turn to the right. Switching off the engine gradually slowed down and stopped just before the turn. The airfield was enveloped in an electrified fence and armed men guarded the entrance. From the small gaps in the fence I saw the limousine stop near a waiting Beachcraft 5-seater. The man then climbed aboard where another man, whom I recognised as his client, greeted him. The plane then taxied to the runway and took off almost immediately. As I went back to the Ford, I saw the plane disappear from sight. My quarry Ilya Khushbinov had escaped.

I was driving the Ford madly through the small streets at breakneck speed till I arrived at the Airforce Apron. Stopping the vehicle with full pressure on the brakes I climbed aboard the small Cessna. I liked the

modifications and the legrest under the instrument panel gave me a sportscar like feel. The control tower informed me that the Beachcraft had landed 150 miles south-west of there. I was there in 30 minutes and parking the plane with authorised hangar. I drove away in the already waiting corvette. As I left the airport grounds the man at the gate signalled me to go right.

There the limousine was being towed away by a breakdown and the men were just beginning to move away in a silver Buick. It was almost dawn now and I could make out the silhouettes of 3 men at the back while one at the wheel. Surprisingly the car turned away on road A32 which led only to Rackhest Oil Refineries. This place was also heavily guarded but with my fake uniform and secret identity card I gave them the slip. The air was foul with the smell of petroleum distillates and the heavy smoke made it difficult to breathe. The whole compound was about 10 sq km in area with cracking chambers, huge diameter pipe lines engine rooms and a fully computerised control tower. Ilya was coming out of a small room when suddenly I saw a note pad slip out from his breast pocket I grabbed the pad and going to a quiet corner I read "Open Pipeline in 15 mins. Draw all oil there commence operation Red Dragon" 15 minutes was all I had without any assistance what would an international terrorist do with 10 million tons of petroleum? If I could manage to break valve No. 9 all oil would be evacuated and all processes stopped. There was only one solution left and I went ahead with it. Running

upto him I punched him under the chin and taking off my fake moustache and beard I ran back towards valve No. 9. He fired in my direction and blew the alarm whistle till 5 other men joined him in the same act. I was hiding behind valve 9 and their bullets were tearing at the steel. Then appeared the black shadow of Ilya shouting "Stop firing, you fools. Move back you dumb idiots." But it was too late the oil gushed out like water from a broken dam. Jumping over the fence I ran towards my Corvette and switched into third gear directly and roared away at full speed. Suddenly the ground began to tremble and I heard a series of blasts behind me. I stopped the Corvette on the side ad turned back to see the cumpound blown sky high. The blasts continued for atleast 10 minutes but the fire continued all night. Sitting huddled up in the foam seat of the Corvette I radioed a call to Headquarters "Black Sky here! Major fire at Rackhesst Oil Refinery. Send emergency services fast and kindly pick me up on Road A38. Over and Out"

Sonaal Rampal

## GIMMIT THE GENIUS

There was a time, when the king of London was very unhappy because his town was full of bees. The bees used to sting men, women and hens. And above all the great Big Ben. The people complained about it to the king. So the king hung a notice, it said "The princess will marry anybody poor or rich who can kill all the bees. By order the king of London." A man named Gimmit, who was 20 years of age saw the notice hung on a tree. He thought if I kill the bees I may become king of London. So he tied all his money in a piece of cloth. And from the florists he bought two dozen lillies, pansies and roses. He bought a small plot of land for two pounds for that was the money he had left. Then he planted the flowers in a neat row. He poured some adhesive (sticky like gum) mixed with honey. Then he hid himself behind a wall. And after a minute or two a whole swarm of bees appeared. They started sitting on the flowers. As soon as they used to sit on a flower the adhesive used to stick on their legs. The Gimmit set a fire to the garden. The bees could not fly but only could cry and cry. They all died in the fire. And after some days Gimmit was crowned king of London and

he married the princess.

Vivek Khemka III B  
N.G. Hostel

## ONE NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

The Niltava Nature Club is a tiny organisation of the Naval Estate in Dehra Dun. Its young members are children between the ages 10-14 years. As the Club's Adviser, I take them on birding trips, on short treks to the Deer Park and on longer ones to Mussoorie. In the middle of May, we planned a one-day trip to Dholkhand in the Rajaji National Park.

Dholkhand is on the Southern slopes of the Siwaliks and the Park is only 14 Kms away from Dehra Dun. It falls in three districts viz., Dehra Dun Saharanpur and Pauri Garhwal. It extends from the Delhi-Dehra Dun Highway in the West to the Rawason River in the East.

The trip to Dholkhand was planned with the assistance of a fellow wildlife enthusiast, mountaineer and veteran trekker, his wife and three-year-old daughter accompanied him. He made the arrangements for the Rest House at Dholkhand. Accordingly, I geared up the children of our Organisation for the impending trip and they were agog with excitement. We made Field Lists for the essentials. And so, I was very surprised when few parents embraced this idea.

The adults feared the jungle. They told their children that some thing might bite them - or worse, devour them. There was to be no electricity and there would be mosquitoes. The children would have to carry drinking water, candles, torches and matches. Fires could break out in the jungles and much worse. The children were confused, dismayed and disappointed. But I chose to stay out of the confrontation between the children and their parents. Finally, i meekly accepted the one child, whose father was adventurous enough to encourage his daughter to spend a night in the "fearful" jungle.

Our party, now reduced in number to four children and four adults, drove to Rajaji National Park at 4.00 PM on Saturday, May 89. Our first encounter was with the Gujjars those tall handsome men with beautiful women

they were spread out on the fringes of Park.

As we drove deeper into the jungle the road took us alternately through flat bottomed river-beds and through low alluvial Savannah Woodland. We found other common tree species like the Sal (*Shorea robusta*), Crocodile Bark (*Terminalia tomentosa*), Indian Laburnum (*Cassia fistula*), the Rohini (*Mallotus philippensis*), a common smaller tree, a major item of Elephants' diet.

The Rest House at Dholkhand takes you by surprise. It is set apart, on a low hill. the river-bed lies on one side and the forest on the other. The house is over a hundred years old. It is spotlessly clean and had basic amenities for cooking. The Chowkidar is an amiable fellow and is very helpful.

We had hardly arrived, when the elephant was at the doorstep, ready to take us into the forest. An armed guard climbed aboard with us, his rifle loaded in readiness. He was informative, friendly, but bid us keep strict silence. We were now guests of the Forest. The children understood immediately. We were in tiger territory, panther territory, elephant territory. Our eyes were peeled for any movement but we were hardly a match for our armed guard. He pointed out an elephant herd in the distance, just discernible. Suddenly, there was a flash of colour from a Red Jungle Fowl. He identified the roar of a male spotted deer; the bushes shook around us, as Wild Boar hurried past. And our elephant silently made its way through. It's amazing how gently this great beast treads in the jungle. Sitting on top of the elephant, we had to brush away the branches before they smacked our faces. When we reached the waterhole, a Sambhar, who had been drinking, turned away into the forest - a Spotted Deer, more timid, bounded past us. Herds of more spotted Deer, males with their great antlers, females and young were within touching distance. 'A zoo without a cage', said one child.

That evening, just before sunset, the white-throated fantail Flycatcher sang its ditty to exhaustion; the white breasted Kingfisher trilled its breeding song and suddenly, as dusk fell, there was a strange sound -

Chuck-chuck-chuck-chuck-r-r-r-r", reminiscent of a stone gliding over a frozen pond. Then came a loud, quick repeated "chuck-chuck-chuck-----". in an unbroken run of fifty or more "chucks". In the distance, we were able to identify another "chaunk-chaunk-chaunk". It resembled the blow of a hammer on a plank. In the failing light, a bird flew out of the trees and glided down clearly showing us its diagnostic marks. I had never seen a Nightjar before, but armed with Salim Ali's books, the children easily identified the common Indian Nightjar. The Himalayan Jungle Nightjar and the long tailed Nightjar. As darkness fell, the night was alive with sounds.

We had our mattresses put out on the roof. No one wanted to be shut up in room. We wanted to experience the darkness. Sleeping under a carpet of stars is in itself memorable, but having the World move around you, as well, was an extra. Trees were being uprooted, bushes shook, a rutting deer's call rent the air, and the nightjars continued chuck-chucking. We couldn't lie still, much less fast asleep. So we peered into the binoculars in the moonlight to try and identify the animals. And we looked up into the night sky and tried to identify the constellations. It was all such fun. It was a moment when I felt there was no difference between us adults and children who were with us. We were as wide-eyed, as eager as filled with a sense of novelty that overtakes you everytime you watch animals in the wild or watch nature at work.

The night passed swiftly. As 5 AM, we were all awake. Wisps of white floated through the trees; the Paradise flycatchers sailed through the air. A flash of butter yellow, then its fluty breeding call - and the black headed oriole announced itself. Grey-headed mynas, magpie-robins, golden orioles, the jungle was an aviary.

The Elephant and his Mahout and the armed guard were waiting for us at 6 AM. We were ready for our morning ride. As we rode once again into the forest, we surprised, a Khalij Pheasant, which flew back hurriedly into the bushes. Further deeper into another part of the jungle, sambhar almost touched us- some continued sitting watched us pass on elephant

back. It was an hour's ride. Suddenly, a spotted deer and Sambar fled. There had been a warning call of the Rhesus monkey. Even our elephant slowed its steps. Perhaps, there was a Panther or may be a Tiger in the vicinity - the mahout had seen one crossing the river-bed that morning. But life returned to the jungle. the danger had

probably passed:

Even if we hadn't seen the big cat, we had atleast felt his presence. Surely these memories are worthwhile - Dholkhand indelibly stamped on our souls. What an exciting way to spend a weekend.

Jennifer Nandi

## Brain Teasers

Complete the following book titles.

1. .... and Prejudice
2. The ..... Carol.
3. The ..... Babices.
4. A ..... to India.
5. War and .....
6. The ..... Machine
7. The Lord of the .....

Give the correct number to each of the following :

1. How many makes company?
2. How many makes a crowd?
3. How many to be unlucky?
4. How many eyes did cyelopes have?
5. How many labours did Hercules perform?

ANSWERS TO THE LAST BRAINTREASERS

Famous couples

1. Hansel and Gretal
2. Romeo and Juliet
3. Victoria and Albert
4. Jack and Jill
5. Antony and Cleopatra
6. Caesar and Cleopatra
7. Samson and Delilah
8. Napoleon and Josephine
9. Oberon and Titania
10. Zeus and Hena

Who said or wrote the following quotations?

1. Queen Elizabeth I
2. Sir Artur Conan Doyle
3. Sir Winston Churchill
4. Queen Marie Antoinette
5. William Shakespeare.

## WELHAM NOW!!

\* A movie by the name of "My step mother's an alien" was screened by the picture club. It was highly enjoyable.

\* Welham Boys' School secured 3rd position in the inter school 'Miss Saroj Srivastava' debate held at W.G.H.S. The participants, were Saurav Sinha and Rajesh Mukherjee. Nine schools participated.

\* Tariq Azad has been accepted in AFMC, Pune. Our congratulations to him.

\* Mr Sharma's daughter - Priya, Ex Jamuna, 153 was married these summer holidays. Miss Monica Sani, now Mrs. Sharma was also married these holidays. Mr Bhattacharya also got married, his wife is helping in the Computer department.

\* The school has taken over its own catering. Mr Sharma has joined the food department.

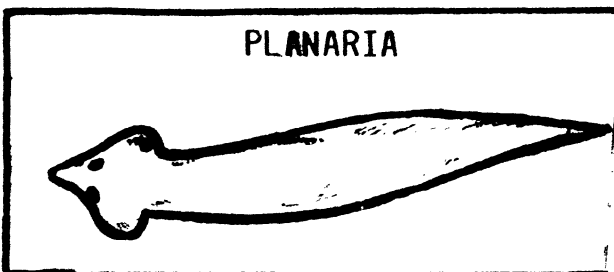
\* Welham Boys' School went to Chesire Home to celebrate their Founders' Day.

## NATURES DIARY

A strange eclair-shaped creature a FLATWORM of the class Turbellaina characterized by a three- branched digestive tract. Its size may vary from 0.5 to 150 mm (0.02 to 6 in.) long. They resemble a flattened arrow and glide on a ciliated undersurface or swim with up and down movements. Their mouth is used both to ingest food and to excrete. Should one be cut in two by accident, two new Planarian grow from the two halves. They have a well developed nervous system and can

learn their way through a maze.

By experimenting on American Planarian it was proved that they



could be taught to select either a white or a black tube by giving weak electric shocks. Moreover, if the Planarian was cut in two, both bits could remember this lesson. If a

trained Planarian is devoured by an untrained one the untrained one 'inherits' the trained one's knowledge!!

Gagan Ghalot

## In the Welham Arena of Sports

The Football fever has caught the school in a frenzied grip. Football enthusiasts are seen playing on the field striving to reach a certain high level of perfection which might make them Pele's of tomorrow. The school team had also been practising with much gusto for the Mayo Centenary tournament which they have gone to play in Ajmer. As heard from unreliable sources our team has reached the quarter-final stage. We sincerely hope this is the truth and they bring home top honours.

Before departing for Mayo they played in the Council Football tournament back at home. In the first match we played a rather lowly rated Childrens Academy. As expected the match was a one-sided affair and we handed them a 9-0 drubbing. Suvig scored thrice while Bedi, Devraj and Samar netted twice each.

W.B.S. Childrens Academy  
9 0

In the next match we played arch-rivals Doon School. We had to win the match in order to qualify for the semi-finals. The Dosco's proved too strong for us and despite some brilliant saves-brought about by custodian Avinash Kumar - we were trounced 3-0 by a far superior team.

W.B.S. Doon School  
0 3

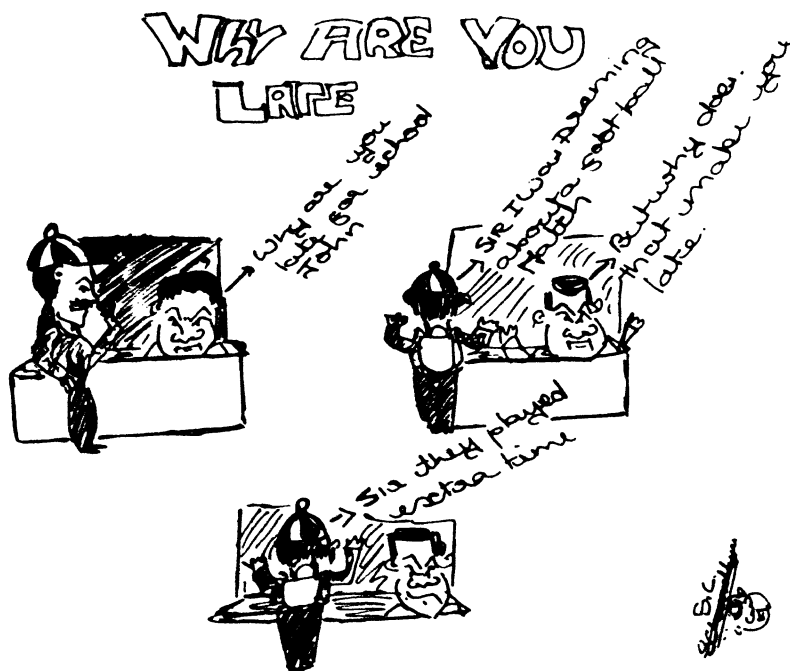
In the shadow of football the Council Badminton tournament was played. As defending champions we had a trophy and a reputation to defend. Due to lack of practise our players failed to produce their peak form and we lost to Cambrain Hall in the first match. Harinder and Devraj lost their respective singles. But in the next match Devraj and Harinder won their matches against their C.A. opponents to set up a semi-final clash with the Dosco's.

Janak Singh gave the Dosco's an excellent start by beating Gurjyot in the opening Singles 15-9, 15-12. Harinder pulled one back for us when he won the second singles 15-7, 15-8. But the Dosco's beat us comfortably in the deciding doubles and went through to the final.

Some boys from our school played in the individual Table Tennis tournament organised by the I.P.I. Our boys fared very badly and except for Ankush Bansal, who lost in the second round) all lost in the first round of the under - 16 as well as open section.

That is all in the Welham Arena of Sports.

Rahul Singh



## बाढ़ का दृश्य

प्रकृति के साथ मनुष्य ने सृष्टि के प्रारम्भिक क्षणों से संघर्ष किया है और आज भी कर रहा है। कोई वर्ष ऐसा नहीं जाता जिसमें जनता के प्राण बाढ़ों से या सूखे से आर्हें न भर उठते हों। प्रकृति का प्रकोप किसी भी नागिन के गुस्से से कम नहीं होता।

अगस्त के अन्तिम सप्ताह को, बिहार के पटना नगर का विधवस्त जनजीवन इस पीढ़ी को भूला न सकेगा। रात को जब पूरा शहर चैन की नींद सो रहा था कि तभी धरती को हिला देने वाली एक फुंकार सुन कर उठ बैठा।

नागिन की तरह फुंकारती और सर्प के भांति फन फैलाएँ धाराएँ, नगर के दक्षिण हिस्से से प्रवेश कर शहर की पूरी आबादी को जलमग्न कर दिया। लोगों में भगदड़ मच गई। पूरा शांत वातावरण अब चीख पुकार में बदल गया। नदी का पानी झाड़ झाड़ा, पेड़, पशु और मनुष्यों को बहाता हुआ तेजी से बढ़ रहा था।

बूढ़े, बच्चे और जवान सब जान बचाने के लिए दौड़ पड़े। कई विशाल पेड़ों पर आश्रय लेने के लिए उनपर चढ़ गये। परन्तु बाढ़ के प्रकोप के सामने कुछ नहीं टिक पाया और तेज बहाव के कारण पेड़ जड़ सहित गिर गए और सारे लोग नदी के बहाव के द्वारा बह गये। जगह-जगह छाती तक पानी भर गया था। पूरा शहर देखते ही देखते बाढ़ की चपेट में आ गया। कई लोग टोकरियों में बैठ कर शहर से बाहर जाने की कोशिश कर रहे थे लेकिन, नाकामयाब हुए। सेना के जवान कुछ देर के बाद जगह-जगह जी-जान से राहत कार्यों में लग गये।

विमानों से अनाज के डिब्बे फेंके जा रहे थे। लोग पानी में तैर कर उन तक पहुँचने की कोशिश में थे। राज्य-मार्गों में पानी भर गया था और एक जगह से दूसरी जगह तक जाना नामुमकिन था। सारी झोपड़ियाँ उजड़ गई थी पानी जहरीला और काला हो जाने के कारण लोग प्यास से तड़प-तड़प कर मर रहे थे। विमानों से सीढ़ियाँ लटकायी जा रही थीं। लोग उन पर चढ़ कर विमान पर खींच लिए जा रहे थे। बेघर और विधवा औरतें रो रही थी। छोटे-छोटे बच्चों की लाशें पानी में बह रही थी। अनाज भंडार बह गये थे। पटना संग्राहलय और गोलघाट में दरारें पड़ गई थीं।

सेना के जवान हवा के ट्यूबों को गले में डालकर डूबते लोगों को बचा रहे थे। पीड़ित लोगों को नावों में बैठाकर शहर के बाहर सैनिक पड़ावों में ले जाया जा रहा था।

शहर का अधिकांश भाग उजड़ चुका था। लाखों लोग बेघर हो गये, महीनों की मेहनत मिट्टी में मिल गयी। सारे खेत उजड़ गये थे। बिहार सरकार द्वारा पीड़ित लोगों को पुनः जीवन शुरू करने के लिए पैसे दिए गये।

आखिरकार प्रकृति का ताण्डव देख मनुष्य भी उसके सामने झुक जाता है। प्रकृति का ऐसा विनाशकारी रूप पहले कभी नहीं दिखा था।

शारिब खाँ  
७ 'बी'

## मनुष्य की सफलता परिस्थितियों पर निर्भर करती है।

पैसा, पैसा, पैसा। इस दुनिया में पैसे से महत्वपूर्ण कोई चीज़ नहीं। काबिल से काबिल आदमी पैसे की कमी के कारण बेरोजगार हो सकता है परन्तु पैसे वाला आदमी कभी नहीं। इसका एकमात्र कारण है कि एक गरीब आदमी अफसरों के हाथ की खुजली दूर कर पाने में असमर्थ होता है। एक अज्ञान व्यक्ति जब अच्छे अंकों से उत्तीर्ण हो जब नौकरी के लिए निकलता है तो उसे हैरानी होती है कि अच्छे अंकों के बावजूद वह अब तक बेरोजगारी के अंधेरे में क्यों है। पर उस देचारे को क्या मालूम कि अफसरों की जब भरे बिना वह सफलता के किसी भी शिखर पर नहीं पहुँच सकता।

मान लीजिए कि श्याम और राम एक साथ ही डिग्री प्राप्त कर नौकरी की तलाश में निकलते हैं। श्याम के पिता एक मंत्री हैं जबकि श्याम को तृतीय श्रेणी से डिग्री प्राप्त हुई है। पर अंत में श्याम ही बाजी मार लेता है। उसके पिता का पैसा एवम् सम्पर्क उसे उसके आड़े बक्त में बहुत काम आया। राम जिसको एक तारा बनकर सफलता की अनन्त उचाईयों को छूना था, इस दुनिया की अन्जान गलियों में खो गया।

उपर्युक्त कथन का शायद एकलव्य का सबसे जीबन्त उदाहरण है। एकलव्य जैसा धनुर्धर होने का गौरव शायद इतिहास किसी और को नहीं दे पाया। आचार्य द्रोणाचार्य का शिष्य बनकर वह और ज्यादा प्रगति कर सकता था परन्तु वह बेचारा न तो कहीं का राजकुमार था और न ही वह क्षत्रिय था वह तो एक छोटे से कबीले का सदस्य था इसीलिए आचार्य द्रोण ने उसे अस्वीकार कर दिया। महाभारत में ही एक दूसरे पात्र के साथ परिस्थितियों ने एक भयावह खिलवाड़ किया। उसके साथ अन्याय किया किसी और ने नहीं बल्कि उसकी अपनी माँ ने किया।

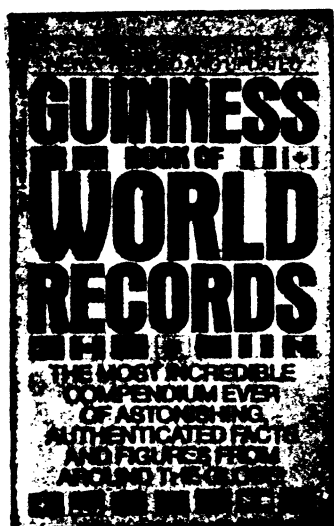
कुन्ती जो कि अपने आप में एक आदर्श मां थी उसने बदनामी से डर कर अपने बेटे कर्ण को नहीं स्वीकारा। इसी कारण कर्ण को दुपद के दरबार में द्रौपदी ने उसे सूत पुत्र कहकर अपमानित किया। कर्ण जो कि अपने भाइयों की तरह महाभारत के पश्चात राजसी सुखों का भोग करने का हकदार था, वह इस युद्ध में कौरवों की तरफ लड़ता हुआ मारा गया। वह युद्ध में सफल हो गया होता मगर कुन्ती ने उससे यह वचन ले लिया था कि वह किसी पांडव को नहीं मारेगा। इन दोनों उदाहरणों में एकलव्य और कर्ण की निष्फलता का कारण पैसा नहीं बल्कि जाति-भेद व बदनामी का डर था। कर्ण के पास पैसा था तो उसके पीछे माँ-बाप का हाथ नहीं था। यदि एकलव्य के अन्दर एक अच्छा धनुर्धर बनने की प्रबल इच्छा थी तो वह न तो राज-कुमार था और न ही क्षत्रिय।

लेकिन आजकल के ज़माने में सब कुछ पैसा ही

है। आजकल एक परिवार में पांच-छः बच्चे होते हैं जिसके कारण उनके माता-पिता उनको अच्छी शिक्षा देना तो दूर ठीक से उनकी परवरिश भी नहीं कर पाते। इसी कारण आजकल के नौजवान कुसंगति में पड़कर अपनी सफलता के रास्ते में खुद रोड़े अटकाते हैं।

अगर किसी छात्र की परिस्थिति अच्छी नहीं तो उसे अपना जीवन पहले से ही अंधकारमय नज़र आता है। वह जानता है कि किसी भी अच्छे कालेज या स्कूल में उसका दाखिला न के बराबर है इस कारण उसके मनपने से पहले ही उसके जीवन में निराशा का अंधकार छा जाता है। माधवी छात्र होने के बावजूद उसके भाग्य में क्लक होना लिख जाता है। इसीलिए मेरा कहना है कि मनुष्य की सफलता उसकी परिस्थितियों पर निर्भर करती है।

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