

THE OLIPHANT

No.96

WELHAM BOYS' NEWSLETTER

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THINK ABOUT IT

It is the eyes of other people that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither a fine house nor fine furniture.

Benjamin Franklin

Editorial

There is a shortage of mirrors in the Principal House. The number of mirrors are quite insufficient, specially when the hostel boasts of a 72% rate of narcissism. Previously boys could be seen admiring the abundance of hair on their chin or in other cases looking in every possible angle for a long time to see wisps of hair on their cheeks.

Narcissism still reigns but the mode of it has altered to a great degree. Now, a P.Hite walking casually suddenly stittens as soon as he sees himself. No, he's not shocked by what he sees, he is simply flexing.

Yes, 'body-building' is the latest in-thing at Welham particularly amongst the seniors. The carefree Welhamite has now become health conscious. People who had never touched milk in their earlier years (when they should have) can now be

seen gulping down as much milk as is available (i.e. quite a lot)

In the evenings, the he-men are spotted in the back yard of P.H. next to debris sweating it out with whatever facilities they have (which is not alot)

Elsewhere, exercise of the mind is also being done by boys of all ages. The reason may not be their sudden interest in the theory of magnetism, but actually panic, on account of the final exams being only days away. In fact the day you get this edition (God wiling & printers printing) our examinations will commence.

Wishing everyone all the best.....

Yours Stubble faced
Saurav Sinha

The Literary Affairs of Welham

The Day Everything Went Wrong

One morning when everybody was doing something in the house. I the lazy one was fast asleep. But my dog, Scamp, jumped right on my stomach and I woke up with a howl. While I was dressing our maid who was taking an ice cube box to my father dropped two big ice cubes right at my door by mistake. Later as I opened the door I stepped right on the two ice cubes

and then guess what? With a scream I slid all the way to the dining room, bumped against the dining table and my head went inside the porridge bowl.

Later when I had got ready I went out to play football with the boys I gave the ball a powerful kick and it went flying through the air and landed in Mr. Grumpy's garden I climbed over the wall and was about to take the ball when I heard a growl behind me. I

looked back and saw a dog coming up to me with its teeth bared I quickly snatched up the ball and ran towards the wall hoping to get over it in time. But as I was climbing it the dog snapped at my trousers and made a big hole in them. I went home with a glum look on my face.

Later in the evening as I was cycling around the town, I saw Mr. Grumpy taking his dog for a walk. When the dog saw me, it again came running up to me with its teeth bared, but I cycled away very fast. Suddenly I saw a wall in front of me; i braked but to my horror the brakes were not working. I crashed into the wall and fainted. Later I was in hospital with a broken nose and I can never forget that day when everything seemed to go wrong.

Aditya Sud
V - A

IN TIME

I remember this incident distinctly I was in my attic searching for some valuable goods. As I recollected old memories, out of the dark appeared a tall, young man with a dagger in his hand. He took me by surprise and I could not comprehend his motive, I became livid and a chill ran down my spine. I realized that I had run into danger. Soon there was a tense silence.

As I glared at the glint of the dagger and noticed blood stains on it. The very look of the dagger was a constant reminder of the murder who's victim I would be. His skin was wrinkled ad there was a scar under his left eye, I recognised from his genteel appearance that he was in disguise. The weather turned in inclement and I grew frantic with fear.

There was Chinese script tattooed on his palm in which he held the dagger. He was clean shaven and it was clear from the glare of hatred in his eyes that he was intent on killing me.

I could not challenge him to a hand-to-hand combat because he had a well built body. As I observed the weapons in the attic in order to conceive a feasible way of escape he cried out in a coarse tone, "I have to accomplish my task." He spoke with a staunch French accent.

The dagger seemed to be as sharp as a razor and the horriffic thought of death filled me with terror.

Death was inevitable and my heart began to pound faster with every minute.

The situation reached its climax when the door creaked open gradually a beam of light entered the room. The murderer was not accustomed to the bright light and nor was I. This was the appropriate moment for escaping. As I headed for the door my intuition told me to bend down and just in the nick of time the dagger flashed past my head and landed on the floor, picked up the dagger and hurled it towards him in a flash and it penetrated his stomach. He fell to the floor never to rise again.

I felt relieved and heaved a sign of relief. I was amongst one of those fortunate people who escape from the jaws of death just in the nick of time.

This experience reminds me of one of the most formidable moments in life.

Pranit

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN

The weather had been hot and inclement that afternoon. It made me feel languid and I walked up and down the room. In between I looked out of the window. The hot wind blew hard and pierced my ears. There was a tense silence in the street except the loud hissing made by the wind. Dry, yellow leaves were piled up hap-hazardly and some were being blown away by the wind.

As I sat gazing out of the window, a young man appeared from the other corner of the street. he wore dark glasses and a hat at a jaunty angle. He tread along the street, kicking into the piles of leaves. It seemed that the man had some kind of liking for such weather. As he walked he looked left and right and up into the sky trying to comprehend something.

Just then a black Ambassador appeared in sight, withdrawing my attention from the man. It came speeding along and came to a screeching halt near the man. The car

doors flung open and six tough and masked men jumped out onto the street. They were all equipped with iron chains. They encircled their victim. The man turned pallid with fear.

The intentions of that gang looked formidable. The gangsters still started at that man twisting their chains around their fists. Just then the man tried to run, and the chains were flung at him tearing his clothes and his skin. The silence in the street was broken by the cries of the man. The gangsters whipped him without mercy. I went frantic with fear. I went to phone the police. My fingers trembled and struggled to fit in the number holes while dialling. I quickly told them the car number and whatever I had seen; all in one breath. I then ran back to the window. The car had disappeared with the gangsters. I ran down the steps to have a look at the man. The man lay still in a pool of blood. His skin was lacerated. I had for the first time seen such a terrible state of a man.

Very soon the sirens of the police vans were audible. The vans arrived and the policemen encircled the unconscious body. The police inspector shot a volley of questions at me. I was flustered by his questions but I somehow stammered and replied him.

The body was taken to a hospital and the police vans hunted the city for that black Ambassador.

The weather had calmed down by then and the sun shone brightly but I still shivered in the scorching sun. The boring and dull afternoon suddenly turned out to be full of furor and curiosity.

Vijay Bishnoi
VII A

THE WOMAN AT MULRAJ

9.45 still two two hours and 15 minutes before the mid night train to Nasik arrived. This was my second year in boarding school and I was going back home to Nasik for my summer vacations.

I was so anxious that I arrived at the station at 6 'o' clock in the evening. Since then many trains had come and gone. Each time a train arrived the people would alight in a

swarm and ?I would be pushed back to the entrance. But now it was over. The last train had come and gone. Only the 'Rajdhani Express' was due at midnight.

I was tired and I sat down near my suitcase. There was no noise but the shrill shout of a bookseller. Suddenly a warm hand came to rest on my shoulder. I turned to see an old woman dressed in a simple white sari staring at me. Her face was wrinkled and she wore a pair of huge spectacles but there was something about her which made me feel she resembled my grandmother who had passed away a year ago. She patted my back and asked politely, "What is your name, Son? Are you alone?" "My name is Karan and I am going back home alone to Nasik by the mid night train for my summer vacations." I answered "Well then" she said, "Since you have spare time let's go to the restaurant for a snack?" She took me gently by the hand and started taking me to wards the next plat form. She first stopped near a coolie whom she told to take care of my suitcase and then at the cafe on the first floor. She looked poor but ordered a plate full of Jalabis, Samosas, Juice etc. for me. Being a school boy I ate heartily but in the most polite manner. Herself, she ate or drank nothing. While thus eating I began telling her about my home, my school, my friends, my likes, dislikes etc. She listened to me with enthusiasm but did not tell me anything about herself. Time passed very quickly. At last I finished eating and she paid the cashier when I suddenly saw the wall clock near the entrance. It showed 12:45 "O migosh!" I muttered "I've missed my train." Turning to the lady I told her that my train had already left but she seemed the least surprised and catching my wrist took me to the exit. There, just near the steps stood a tonga with my suitcase in the hands of the driver. I did not protest when she asked me to get onto the tonga. The driver whipped the horses who began trotting leaving behind the station. Astonishingly I fell asleep in 10 minutes and woke up in the morning when I heard the lady saying "Karan! Get up my dear." I sat up rubbing my eyes and saw the gate of my house just 200 yards away. As the tonga stopped at the gate I rushed in just to meet my mother in the lawn who was overwhelmed at seeing me. She hugged me tightly and I brought her to

the door to introduce her to the strange lady but I was astonished to see no one there and my suitcase stood at the gate I was utterly confused and did not know what to say but I went in and decided to forget the episode.

The next day I was up early and after my usual exercises I grabbed a toast and a glass of milk and came down to sit under the sunshade in the lawn. The early editions of the paper were already out and I went in to get my copy. As I sat reading it the grip of my fingers on the paper gave way and the paper came to rest on the soft grass. The glass of milk spilled over my shirt and I fell back into the armchair, Unconscious. The headlines that day read -

"Worst Train disaster of the Decade Nasik bound Rajdhani Express with a goods train and got derailed 45 kms after Mulraj Rescuers report no survivors -----"

Sonaal

THE REJECT

Pedro looked through a window pane (there was no window) into the deserted miles before his eyes. He was seated, on a pile of papers which served as his chair and bed; in a one room house. Pedro had never understood life; the meaning, its worth and all. There never has seemed to be any problem at all; the days flowed like a river until the bed gave way and down the river came into a cascade. It was in this cascade where, despite the light that shone upon him, Pedro was consumed by the shadows. Why? The cascade spelt, R-E-J-E-C-T.

When Pedro was born in 1964, everybody in the Swift family felt happy. Champagne bottles revealed celebration that night; music and dancing took one into dawn. However, when the news arrived that Mrs. Swift had passed away eight hours after the delivery, the innocent baby was discredited as an evil omen. The river had already stooped once. When Pedro began to crawl his father could see that he was turning out to be a menace. The first time he touched an article, in his actual senses he broke it. The article ... his father's photograph, in a royal frame. That night his father expired. Had he been a year older, he would have seen through the glares his relatives gave him ever since.

Brought up by his maternal uncle, Pedro grew up to be a very handsome boy. In school he was innocent. In high school, he was 'the mover' of the lot. He could order anyone to do anything and all obeyed him because of his lovely eyes. But then good things come to an end! Pedro lost a leg in accident.

When he returned to high school after his recovery, attitudes towards him had changed. George, his best friend, entered the nearest room on seeing him at the other end of the hall. Michelle and her girl friends, who used to fight to date this chunk of perfection, never gave him more than a cursory glance. The teachers who had made it a point to ask him about his progress earlier, never bothered for him now. Why? A leg was not all he lost. He had burnt a major portion of his face and had prominent scars all over his body. He could not walk without crutches. Indeed, the eyes had lost their shine and were no longer lovely.

There was no more football for him. Saturday nights got to be boring. The optimistic views on television made no sense to him. One by one like leaves from a tree, all his faiths had forsaken him. For once, "How are the mighty fallen!" meant more to him, than just another line from the new testament. After all, God sends meat and the devil sends cooks. What he did not understand is that despite not having ever complained, nor having bursted with pride, the goddesses of fate hand sent destructions and had changed the tide.

His maternal Uncle was growing old and the family's business was sinking under inflation. Pedro, in the meantime, had given up his business. Did it ever occur to you that a person without his right leg, does not want to wear a shoe on his left foot? No!! Pedro realised so and as a result, along with the food, he threw the plate. He was willing to give up his life.

Back in the present times : Pedro could already feel the poison taking his life away, slowly. His hand raced over the piece of paper before him, as he made his last statements. A spider crawled up his neck; but there was no hand to drive it away. The owner of the neck had left the practical world,

he had once began a part of, to meet the man who cared each one's destiny. He wanted to ask god a question. Just one, "Why?"

"I once raced my hands through my hair, to look tough; but now the hands are burnt and my hair is rough.

Dating never meant much to me. Now it seems there are no more fish in the sea.

Well even if I accept it as my destiny.

How come no one cries for me?

Why can no one share my sorrow. No one helped me see through tomorrow!

The lights of ignorance were cast upon my eyes.

You said Mama loved me

I know you lied.

The greatest wound I have ever had

Is that because of me, my mother died.

This and other facts I must accept

The most dreadful of them all,

That; I was a reject!"

Welham Now !!

1. The basket Ball Inter-house tournament commenced on the 20th of Nov.

2. Hindi Debate was held on the 22nd of November, Ganga won.

3. The School Basket Ball team brought home the Council Schools Trophy.

4. Upcoming photographers are taking keen interest in the photography Club.

5. The Senior School went to Sahstradhara on the 14th of Nov. to prepare the site for reforestation.

6. The Motilal Nehru School of sports staged the play 'The School for Wives'.

7. Senior School Quiz was held on the 18th of nov. Krishna won the sheild.

8. Middle School 'B' house Entertainment was held on the 21st of Nov.

9. A cartoon and painting Contest was conducted by the Art School on the 22nd.

RIVER SIDE NEWS

The 'B House' Entertainment

The 'B House' entertainment was held on the 21st of November, Tuesday. The classes, Four and Five, displayed plays, songs, skits & dances.

Each hostel, (Toad Hall, New upper and White house); and the dramatics club presented a play each. All the plays were very interesting and good.

Amit Sharma Amrinder Sachdeva & Rohan Sud did break-dance and amused the audience. But, best of them all was Amit Sharma.

Anshul, Anurag and Vivek Gary were also excellent at the musical instruments.

All thanks to Mrs. Bajpai, who assisted the entertainment.

Mohit Agarwal

V B

THE PRINCIPAL'S FOUNDER'S DAY SPEECH

Mr. Dharma Vira, Board of Trustees, Ladies and Gentlemen,

As always it is a great pleasure to welcome you to the school on our Founder's Day this year. I am particularly happy to see so many of you here even though it is Friday. I had also hoped that that well known messiah of technology Mr. Pitroda would have been with us today. Unfortunately it seems that with the

coming of hi-tech old fashioned courtesies like sticking to one's commitments have gone.

I am grateful therefore to my old class-mate Gen. Syed Mustafa Anwar Hussain for, at such short notice, agreeing to give us his Founder's Day address. I must tell you very briefly that he was here in this school the same years as I was in 1943 to 1946 and then we went on to the same public

school and subsequently he had a distinguished career in the Pakistan Army and is now involved in the most interesting project which is to launch a residential public school on the line like ours and other well known institutions like the Doon School in a place earlier selected near Lahore. I wish him all success in that venture. It's always a pleasure to see another good school coming up.

Generally principals begin their Annual Report by addressing themselves to the Chief Guest, Governors, parents, old students, staff, students, friends and well - wishers etc. etc. Obviously it is difficult to make a speech that makes any sense to such a diverse audience, therefore I plan to address myself to the thinking adult and our senior students. As you have my printed report with you, I hope, I can spare you having to listen to a recital of this year's events at Welham Boy's and so keep my address, I hope, short. Right on the top of the printed report is a table of our exam results. This table does not truly indicate that this year the texture of our results was disappointing, the impression that it gives is the results were excellent. That is not so; because not many candidates got marks in the 80 or 90%. I hope and expect that future batches starting with the present one will do better.

Some weeks after the results were announced a parent, and mind you a thinking parent dropped in one evening and asked me whether I was not unfair to our boys by having I quote "such tough invigilation in the examination hall that the candidates could not cheat".

I asked "in what way was I unfair ?" "Because," he replied, "in the Rat Race to get college admission those students doing their exam in more lax institutions will naturally have the edge over your students". I ask all of you to look deep into your hearts, think and let me have your views truthfully.

We all know that many colleges have got cut-off points like 81%, 86% and so on, before they begin considering candidates for admission. How many students can expect to get such high percentages at the +2 level ? Do we condemn those of our students who fail

to obtain a high percentage ? Please forgive me here if I give a very brief ex-position on the normal probability curve. This well-known graph again and again shows that if we take a large number of students and plot their likely levels of academic attainments, only 3% would have a I.Q of over 130 whereas 68% would have an I.Q of between 85 and 115.

Thus most of your sons, who are also mine, will be in the 68%, not in the 3% bracket and the fact that a student gets average marks does not mean that the student is average it does not mean that the student is mediocre because there are greater and more valuable traits than that of getting high marks in tests, such as skills in management, communication and above all the determination to strive and work hard. But that, I know, is of little consolation to parents whose children do not get in to a good college in India and therefore look elsewhere. The tragedy is that many of our affluent parents will send their sons to the USA and they will do so well there that many will not return to India.

Thus though we have a new education policy, an accumulation of the reports of various commissions on education, a true reform movement in education has yet to develop. An area that should be of special concern is that schools in India are by and large and I include even schools like mine are failing in the education of those 80% of our students who can not keep quiet and cannot sit still for hours on end, who can not memorize and regurgitate; who are humiliated in front of their peers in the class rooms where that fail to answer questions correctly; for we are only succeeding with those who are already academically inclined; already clever.

Someone has compared the school system to a patient's visit to a doctor. If a doctor were to prescribe a certain medicine and it proved not only to be ineffective but to cause negative side effects you would tell the physician of the side effects and to change the medicine. If the physician were the school system of today he would say, "You have a lot of cheek, not responding to the pill!"

Essentially, we have one remedy, one pill, one way of reaching the

students. We declare the child is maladjusted, an underachiever lacking ability if he does not respond to our remedy. We simply assume that if our methods of teaching fail to get a positive response then there is something wrong with the student.

When I take my class I some times realize what the truth, is about by my failure to quicken interest in that student who require guidance in a non-traditional way. I hope therefore that my younger colleagues can individually and in groups will provide change; change that will give meaningful learning experiences to those of our students who fail to get 80's & 90's in their exams. If this change is ever to come about there must be continuous dialogue between parents and students on the other.

This latter is particularly important as a neglected sphere of education is the excellent teaching that can be done by the peer group. We often see a boy who returns to class after a long absence in hospital, quickly catching up the boy has missed so much work quickly catching up with what he has missed and why? Because a peer has sat down with him and taught him, so perhaps we should seriously think of tapping this reservoir of peer teaching or teaching by peers.

I am afraid I have spent some time on this matter at the risk of boring you but unless we all get together to improve the learning climate well harm further generations to help create this learning climate in our school, the Board, the Staff, all of us are typing to do a little bit by allocating funds for teacher development, by expanding computer facilities, augmenting our Audio-visual equipment and as you can see by or if by transmuting the dreams of a fully equipped Learning Resource Centre into reality those of you went around the campus to-day would have seen this building coming up, would have seen, the boys at the computer room having made programmes themselves. You have seen boys of all ages from class one upwards demonstrating their projects with full knowledge of what they had done, they were not regurgitating something taught to them, they were telling you something that they have done, something that they had truly learned, not something that was taught. All

this, particularly in this inflationary economy, means expenses and that is why earlier this year, the Board of Trustees directed me to inform all of our parents, that in future it is likely that fees will go up as the rate of inflation. It is a matter of great pride to me, a great delight to me that most of my parents said that if the school will serve a good job then, we accept this, many did say have a heart as it is we are broke your making us broken can you do something about this? So I did say that the Board is trying its best to increase the number of Bursaries and we shall always keep this in mind and please therefore, parents do not hesitate, as some of you do not all of you, to suggest to me the means of augmenting our facilities. with out hitting your bank balance.

Ever since 1983 a continuous theme in my Founder's day address is that the goal of our school is to produce the "whole man". The training of the intellect is very important as is the training of the body but even more important is the development of compassion, of a commitment to improve our community and its environment. In this regard I commend to you those boys and teachers who are giving so much time and doing so much hard work in various social services. Especially to those groups who have gone to Raphael, who have gone to the Cheshire Home and that group of young boys who have done such an arduous job of starting the re-afforestation of the disused abandoned quarry, the other involved in thankless tasks, and they do these tasks cheerfully. For example those who lift chairs from one end of the school to the other, those who helped to keep the stage neat and tidy, even though so many of you litter it with the offerings of sweets that you bring for your children.

In having this goal of the "whole man" we are truly keeping in mind the vision of our Founder, Hersilia Susie OLIPHANT. It is to remember her and her mother whose financial help started this school that we are assembled here. In 1937 in one rented accommodation and with just a handful of students, one of whom has just arrived from Pakistan, she started this school. I hope you get a chance to meet one of our original old boys Aurangzeb because I think he will tell you what a formidable and wonderful

lady she was and you know she had to fight tremendous odds, bureaucratic hurdles and tight finances and she did all that and built up this school into what was the premier prep school of the country. It is because of that solid foundation that we have achieved construction of what I think is an excellent higher Secondary School. It is note worthy too, that 20 years after starting Welham Boys' School in 1957 she started the premier girls Public School of India; Welham Girls' High School.

No mean achievement for a single person. To her and to all our benefactors our thanks and our prayers. Incidentally, one association that has ended is the late Sukan Chand and his son Suresh who were our caterers for over 26 years. I must thank them even though we are doing our own catering now for a job well done under very arduous conditions, I must also thank all members of the school community : the teaching staff,

Adm staff the subordinates for all their co-operation and help in what has been smooth running of the school. To Dheeraj Kakati our school captain and his team of seniors rather and his team of seniors a disciplined and conscientious lot, my sincere thanks for a difficult task, well done.

I would like to end my address to you in the same way as I start my day, by reading one of our Assembly prayers.

"Creator of all joy and beauty; we bless Thee this morning for Thy bright world, for the sunshine on the hills, for the mists on the rivers, for bird and beast, mountain, plain and forest, all giving glory to Thee that we may look, as though lookest, upon all the beauty of this earth.

O Master, lover of beauty and joy, make our hearts simple and trustful, make our wills lowly and pure that we may share in Thy will, whereby is created and upheld all the joy and the beauty of this Thy great universe".

THE CHIEF GUEST

Our Chief Guest on Founder's Day, Major Gen. Syed Mustafa Anwer husain was born in Oxford, England on 14th March 1935. He studied here at Welham from 1943 to 1946, and then at Doon School until 1948. Later he went to St. Anthony's High School and Forman Christian College in Lahore, Pakistan. He had the singular honour of being selected for training at the Mons Officer Cadet School and at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, England, from which he graduated placed first in order to merit in his

batch.

After serving in numerous military institutions, Major Gen. Husain returned to India and was appointed Chief of Staff. in the UK he did his post graduation from Kings College, London university in 1980. He was later posted as Director General, then opted for voluntary retirement and given the honorary rank of Major Gen. He is now on the Board of Governors of the Doon School Society of Pakistan.

CHIEF GUEST'S FOUNDER'S DAY SPEECH

The Chairman, Board of Trustees, Honourable members, Principal Welham Boys' School, ladies and Gentlemen and my dear boys.

I am simply overwhelmed to be here, to have been given this honour to address you this honour to address you this evening. It's been a long time since I was here. I came here forty six years ago and left this school forty three years ago. I do not know if you can share these feelings with me. I am not getting sentimental but there is no word to express how I feel, coming back to this very fine institution. It has really grown from

strength to strength; from the time we were in school and used to play marbles, to the computers that I saw and the way everything was organised here today. It has grown tremendously. We were just two hundred here then but today I think there are about six hundred students. It has grown into a big school and that too a fine one.

When I first came here forty-six years ago in 1943 I was 8 years old. Miss Oliphant had a small office in the corner of the Main Buildings verandah. I was walking down with my mother towards it. I was wearing a white pull over with a zip and just to

make me feel comfortable and at home Miss Oliphant appreciated my pull over and she asked if my mother had knit it and I said yes and I looked proudly towards my mother. She said that it was not of school pattern but she would still allow me to wear it, and so I felt at home on the very first day. She asked me if I would like to come back the following day and start school or if I would like to join straight away. I said I would like to stay back and join class.

My name as you know is Mustaffa Anwar Hussain, so there was the advantage of three names and I could be called by either of the names. Since there was already an Anwar Mirza in the school, she asked if I would mind if she called me Mustaffa and I said I would be delighted to be called so. I was known as Mustaffa ever since.

I went to Mayfield, that is the first boarding house I went to, I lived a little away from the school across a field.

I have very pleasant memories of my stay here. I was a very poor student and was weak in my studies. I failed in six subjects out of seven. I was still not the last. The following term I remembered it was due to the efforts of one Mrs Frazer's very special coaching that I improved. The next term I was given a progress card

and the following term (in a new class) I was given two achievement cards; One for general achievement and the other I think said Imtiaz in Urdu or something. I still hold those cards dearly and display them proudly because it was from this school that I failed and improved so tremendously. With me being given all the achievement cards you might wonder where your Principal stood. actually, I was a class ahead of him in this school and later on when we went on to the Doon School we were in the same class. It was then that I realised that there were other students getting higher marks than me and he was doing much better than me, so it was Kandhari who was ahead of me.

After going around various stalls and exhibitions of the junior boys and that of the senior boys and also having taken a drive in Miss Oliphant's Rover, I really felt very very nice. I cannot find words to describe my feelings.

I wish to pay a tribute to the Board of Trustees and to the Principal of Welham Boys' School for really doing a magnificent job in bringing up this school to what it is today. I wish you all the best of luck and best wishes for all success here in this school and I am sure you will feel as proud as I do when you talk about this school after you leave.

Thank you.

Brain Teasers

Explain the following phobias and manias :-

1. Megalomania
2. Claustrophobia
3. Kleptomania
4. Agrophobia
5. Rgomania
6. hydrophobia
7. Dipsomania
8. Necrophobia
9. Anthomania

10. Photophobia
11. Bibliomania
12. Zoophobia
13. Monomania
14. Toxiphobia
15. Opsomania
16. Xenophobia
17. Theomania
18. Nyctophobia
19. Monophobia
20. Ailurophobia

LAMPOON

Are EXAMS all that important as they are made out to be?

* EXAMS!! hey guys that's the last way to test your knowledge for the forthcoming I.C.S.E. examinations.

-Varun Bhaskar

* I have reached the conclusion that exams are a 100% waste of time. In my opinion exams are the freakiest time of year because it's the best time to catch up on the years sleep lost.

Cherry Jyot Singh Anand

* If there were no exams I would have freaked out and I mean it. Bunking to girls school and Rawat's Shop would've been part of my daily routine.

Shashank Swarup

* Exams are very important since they help the boys to divert their attention from other places of interest. It's good too that they start after Welham Girls leaves, so that we worship our knowledge and not

anything else.

Simran Nirpuri

General comment frankly speaking I feel that examinations are very helpful to everyone since they train us for our boards as well as for further competitive exams. Thus Welhamites, be prepared to take the mighty plunge on the 1st and come out unscathed. In much simpler words. BEST OF LUCK.

Rajesh Mookerjee

THE PIED CRESTED CUCKOO

The Pied Crested Cuckoo is a bird of open, well wooded country and a visitor only from June to August or September to a large portion of the continent. It is not a shy bird and one bird may often be seen chasing another. It is as noisy as the other Cuckoos, and has a variety of shrill metallic calls.

The most striking feature of this bird, like its other cousins is that it is parasitic, and lays its eggs in the nests of birds like the Babblers and Laughing-Thrushes. The babblers are the common fosterers in the plains, the Laughing Thrushes in the Himalayas and the Nilgiris. The newly-hatched Cuckoo ejects its rightful companion out of the nest thereby getting the fullest attention of its foster parents. The methods of inserting eggs into seemingly inaccessible nests and many other



problems related with the parasitic habits of these birds are of much interest to the ornithologists. So friends be on a look-out may be you get to see one.

Gagan Gahlot

In the Welham Arena of Sports

The 17th November will go down in the Welhams Calender of sports as a memorable day. It was on this day that the Welham Basket ball team brought glory to the school by lifting the Councils Basketball trophy after a tense and exciting final against arch rivals Doon School.

What a match it was! The referee's whistle signalled the start of the match. The Doscogs had the home ground advantage. Psychologically too they had an edge because in the last two meetings between the two teams they were the ones who came out trumps. The Doscogs thought the trophy was as good as theirs. The gutty Welhamites had other ideas.

While the Doon School players relied on drive-ins and lay-ups the

Welham coach had more faith on his long range shooters. The tactic paid off and soon Welham was firmly in the drivers seat with a slender five point lead by the lemon break. The match got increasingly tense as the game progressed. Doon School which had been trailing throughout managed a 1 point lead with 45 seconds to go. This was when Bharat was obstructed inside the 'D' and as a result he was awarded 2 free throws. He duly converted both of them to give us an unlikely victory. Delighted Welhamites swarmed onto the court and lifted the delighted player of the playing arena. It was a fitting reward for the basketballers who found themselves in the limelight once again. Although each player played his part to perfection special mention must be made of Durgesh Bhatia, Mohinder Bedi and Bharat Bajaj who

connected time and again with long shots. Kudos are also due to the skipper Mohit Saigal who transformed his team into a bunch of fighters and motivated them to this victory. To add icing to the cake Durgesh bhatia bagged the 'highest scorer' trophy. Our heartiest congratulations to the basket ballers.

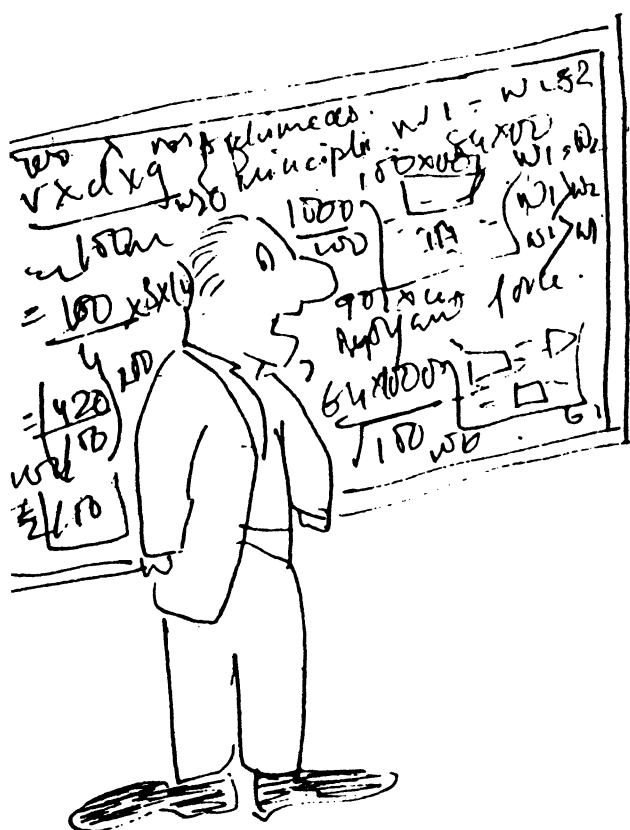
As I write this the Welham cricket team has entered the semi-final they beat new comers Hai-ka-Shain rather early. Put into bat the opposition found themselves up against the hostile pace of Gagan Talya and

the gentle swing of Durgesh. They were bundled out for a paltry 47. Durgesh and Gagan shared the wickets with the former grabbing the lions share of the spoils. The Welham batsmen reached the total without any problems losing a solitary wicket. The team is now billed to meet St. Joseph's Academy in the semi-finals. The cricketers are keeping their fingers crossed and so is the rest of the school.

I hope the most 'Arena of Sports' constitutes the details of yet another memorable victory for Welham.

Harinder Mann

"ANY PROBLEMS"



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पागल घोड़ा

एक था पागल घोड़ा,
वह हो गया था बूढ़ा।

उसके मालिक ने उसे भगा दिया
भागते-भागते उसने एक शेर जग दिया।

शेर भागा उसके पीछे,
घोड़ा गिरा पहाड़ी के नीचे।

लगी उसके दिमाग में चोट,
और हो गया वह लोट-पाट।

तभी एक शिकारी आया,
और उस पागल घोड़े को पकड़ लाया।

घोड़े ने की शिकारी के घर तोड़-फोड़,
और शिकारी गया अपने घर को छोड़।

उस दिन से वह रहा शिकारी के घर में,
और शिकारी रहा जंगल में।

कवि-अजय कुमार
३ 'बी'

जीवन के कुछ रोमांचक क्षण

संघर्षों का सामना करने वाले ही आगे चल कर सफल होते हैं। जो संघर्षों से डर कर मुंह मोड़ लेते हैं वो जीवन में हमेशा पीछे रहते हैं।

संघर्षों का सामना करने के लिए हमने अपनी पद-यात्रा जो चक्राता से आरम्भ हो कर नाड़ा नामक गांव में सम्पन्न होती, शुरू की। हमारे कंधों पर आठ किलोग्राम के 'स्क-स्क' थे जिनमें हमारे कपड़े और खाने की सामग्री थी।

पहले दिन सूर्य की निकलती किरणों के साथ हम भूजकोटि की ओर रवाना हुए। रास्ते में चारों ओर हरियाली थी और रास्ते के किनारे साल के वृक्ष अति मनोरम लग रहे थे। रास्ता काफी चौड़ा था अतः हमें चलने में ज्यादा दिक्कत नहीं हुई। भूजकोटि चक्राता से सात किलोमीटर दूर था। भूजकोटि में कुछ देर आराम करने के पश्चात हमने खडम्बा नामक जगह पहुंचने के लिए चलना आरम्भ किया। खडम्बा जाने वाला रास्ता बहुत संकीर्ण था, रास्ते के बाएं तरफ बहुत गहरी खाई थी। बिना घबराए हम आगे बढ़ते गए। खडम्बा पहुंचकर हमने चैन की सांस ली परन्तु आधे घंटे बाद ही हमारे अध्यापक ने निर्णय किया कि हमें बमडई नामक गांव की ओर रवाना होना था जो वहां से छः किलोमीटर दूर था। रास्ता

था तो छोटा परन्तु उतराई थी इसलिए हम चार बजे शाम तक पहुंच गए वहाँ जाकर हम रहने का स्थान खोजने लगे परन्तु हमें सिर छुपाने को खुले आसमान के सिवाए कोई और जगह नहीं मिली। परिस्थिति को समझते हुए हमने निर्णय किया कि हमें चौदह किलोमीटर दूर नाड़ा गांव जाना चाहिए।

शाम के चार बज रहे थे, सूरज की लालिमा ने आकाश को अभी तक प्रकाशित किया हुआ था परन्तु ऊंची पहाड़ियों के कारण काफी अन्धेरा हो चुका था। इन सब बातों को ध्यान में रखते हुए भी हम नाड़ा गांव की ओर चल दिए। दूर पहाड़ों के पीछे डूबता हुआ सूरज बहुत सुन्दर लग रहा था। धीरे-धीरे अन्धेरा होने लगा और हमें अपना गंतव्य कहीं नज़र नहीं आ रहा था। हमने अपने-अपने टार्च निकाले और चलना जारी रखा। अगर हमने जरा भी कदम इधर-उधर रखा होता तो हम हजारों फीट नीचे खाई में होते। थोड़ी दूर चलने के बाद हमारे सामने एक छोटा सा नाला आ गया जिसमें से पानी बह कर आस-पास के गांवों में जाता था। परिस्थिति को अनदेखा करते और अपनी क्षमता को जानते हुए हम उसे नाले पर चलने लगे। कितनी बार तो हमें नाले के अन्दर ठण्डे पानी में धुसना पड़ता था और जब हम बाहर निकलते तो हमारे पैर सुन्न होते। संघर्षों का सामना करते हुए हम कुशलपूर्वक नाड़ा पहुंच गए।

उन क्षणों को जब भी मैं याद करता हूं तो मेरे रोंगटे खड़े हो जाते हैं और रक्त तक जम जाता है। हमें अपनी क्षमता पर पूरा विश्वास था इसलिए हमने मुश्किल से मुश्किल संघर्षों का सामना करते हुए अपने गंतव्य की प्राप्ति की।

अनुराग कुमार

टिरैनोसौरस रेक्स

टिरैनोसौरस खाता था मीट,
और उसकी थी लम्बी सी पीठ।

उसके थे बड़े-बड़े दांत,
और उसके थे छोटे-छोटे हाथ,

मगर अचानक ट्रिसेराटांप आ गया।
तब एक जंगल में टिरैनोसौरस भाग गया।

तब एक जंगल में टिरैनोसौरस ने मीटिंग करवाई,
और ट्रिसेराटांप को भगाने की तरकीब सुझाई।

लेकिन जब ट्रिसेराटांप गये घर,
देखा उनके बच्चे गये थे मर।

तब ट्रिसेराटांप को गुस्सा आया,
और उसने युद्ध का संदेशा भिजवाया।

आखिर जीत हुई ट्रिसेराटांप की,
और हार हुई टिरैनोसौरस की।

कवि-कपिल
३ 'बी'

मूर्खराज

बहुत समय पहले की बात है। चंदसुर नामक एक गांव में एक धनी एवं दयालु व्यापारी रहता था जिसका नाम धनश्याम था। उसके तीन पुत्र थे। सबसे बड़े का नाम बनबीर, मंशले का बरदराज और सबसे छोटे का नाम मूर्खराज था।

बनबीर एक निष्ठा और बहादुर सेनापति था। उसका नाम पूरे राज्य में मशहूर था। मंशला बेठा बरदराज अपने पिता के समान एक व्यापारी था। मूर्खराज बड़ा भोला भाला था और खेती बाड़ी संभालता था।

एक दिन धनश्याम सेठ ने अपने धन का तीनों भाईयों के बीच बंटवारा कर दिया। तीनों भाई अपना-अपना हिस्सा लेकर वहां से चले गए। जब बंटवारे की खबर पत्ताल लोक में रह रहे तीन शैतानों के कानों में पड़ी तो वह किकर्तव्य विमूढ़ से हो गए। उन्होंने सोचा था कि वह खुद ही सेठ का खजाना हथिया लेंगे लेकिन उनके सारे इरादों पर अब तो पानी फिर गया। वह तीनों तुरन्त ही पृथ्वी पर आ गये ताकि वह तीनों भाईयों को खत्म करने में कामयाब हों।

तीनों ने एक दूसरे से विदाई ली और फिर अपने-अपने उद्देश्य पर चल पड़े, पहला शैतान बनबीर के घर, दूसरा बरदराज के घर और तीसरा मूर्खराज के घर।

पहले शैतान ने बनबीर के मन में धमंड पैदा कर दिया। वह अपने राजा से जाकर बोला 'महाराज, अगर आप हुक्म फरमाएं तो मैं पूरी दुनिया फतह कर आपके पवित्र चरणों में रख दूँ।' यह सुनकर राजा फना न समाया। उसने उसी वक्त बनबीर को हुक्म दे दिया। दूसरे दिन तड़के ही बनबीर ने अपने जवानों के साथ पड़ोसी राज्य पर घावा बोल दिया। देखते ही देखते दोनों पक्षों में एक द्विद युद्ध छिड़ गया बस पहले शैतान को इसी सुनहरे मौके की तलाश थी। जब सारे जवान रणभूमि में अपने देश के लिए लड़ रहे थे तो पहले शैतान ने खेतों में रखी सारी बारूद में पानी डाल दिया। युद्ध में बनबीर की करारी हार हुई क्योंकि बारूद सड़ जाने के पश्चात बनबीर के सिपाही तोपों का इस्तमाल न कर सके। जान बचाने के लिए बनबीर कायरों की भांति पीठ दिखाकर रणभूमि से नौ दो ग्यारह हो गया।

जब वह वापस अपने राज्य पहुंचा तो उसके राजा ने हार की खबर सुन उसे कारागार में बंद करवा दिया। इस तरह पहला शैतान सफल हुआ।

दूसरी तरफ बरदराज दूसरे शैतान के मायाजाल में फंस गया। दूसरे शैतान ने उसके मन में इतना लालच पैदा कर दिया कि उसने गांव के सभी किसानों से

अनाज खरीद अपने गोदामों में रखवा दिया। रात को जब सारा माल गोदामों में पड़ा था तो दूसरे शैतान ने अपनी शक्ति द्वारा उन्हें सड़ा दिया और फिर लुप्त हो गया। जब बरदराज को अनाज सड़ जाने की खबर मिली तो उसके गांव जमीन तले धुस गये। उसे कोई चारा नपा वह मूर्खराज के घर पनाह लेने चला गया।

अब तीसरे शैतान को अपनी बाजी खेलनी थी। एक दिन जब मूर्खराज खेतों में हल जोत रहा था तब तीसरे शैतान ने धरती के अंदर घुस मूर्खराज की हल को जोड़ से पकड़ लिया। मूर्खराज ने पूरी ताकत लगाकर हल को हिलाने की कोशिश की परन्तु ना-कामयाब हुआ। अन्त में मूर्खराज वहां की जमीन को कुत्साल से खोदने लगा। खोदते-खोदते उसे शैतान का हाथ दिखाई दिया और वह पूरे जोर से उसे बाहर खींचने लगा। शैतान को देख मूर्खराज चौकन्ना हो गया। इससे पहले कि शैतान मूर्खराज पर बार करता मूर्खराज कुदाल उठाकर शैतान के पीछे दौड़ पड़ा। शैतान घबराने लगा और अन्त में उसने मूर्खराज से माफी मांगी। मूर्खराज ने कहा, 'जाओ भगवान तुम्हारा भला करे' भगवान का पावन नाम सुनते ही शैतान का पेट फट गया। इस तरह तीसरे शैतान का दुनिया से नामोनिशान मिट गया तीसरे शैतान की मौत की खबर सुनकर पहले शैतान का पारा सातवें आसमान पर पहुंच गया। वह बदले की आग में जलने लगा। एक दिन जब मूर्खराज अपने नित्यक्रम के अनुसार खेतों में काम कर रहा था तब पहले शैतान ने अपनी शक्ति से मूर्खराज के पेट में एक दर्द पैदा कर दिया। पेट में दर्द होने के कारण मूर्खराज को हल जोतने में बहुत कठिनाई होने लगी। फिर भी वह अपने काम में विलीन हो गया। यह देख पहला शैतान हैरान रह गया। वह क्रोध की ज्वाला में जलने लगा क्योंकि उसकी जादूई शक्ति मूर्खराज के आगे सफल न हुई। वह दौड़कर जैसे ही मूर्खराज की बैलगाड़ी में रखे अनाज को सड़ाने वाला था कि मूर्खराज ने उसे देख लिया। वह चिल्लाता हुआ शैतान की ओर दौड़ पड़ा। शैतान घबरा गया और मूर्खराज के चरणों के सामने गिर उससे माफी मांगने लगा। मूर्खराज ने कहा 'जाओ, तुम माफ किया लेकिन मेरे पेट का दर्द का इलाज तो बता दो।' शैतान ने अपना हाथ हवा में हिलाया और उसी क्षण उसके हाथ में तीन बूटियां आ गईं। उसने मूर्खराज को वह बूटियां दे दीं। मूर्खराज ने एक बूटी खाई और पलभर में उसका पेट दर्द ठीक हो गया। मूर्खराज बोल उठा जाओ भगवान तुम्हारा भला करे। दूसरा शैतान भी भगवान का पावन नाम सुन कर घबरा गया और उसी पल उसका पेट फट गया। इस तरह मूर्खराज से टक्कर लेने वाला पहला शैतान भी बेमतलब हो अपनी जान गुंवा बैठा। अब बस दूसरा शैतान जीवित जो ईश्वर की आग में जल रहा था और मूर्खराज से अपने दोनों दोस्तों का बदला लेना चाहता था।

एक दिन जब मूर्खराज कुछ पेड़ काट रहा था उस दूसरा शैतान उस पेड़ पर बैठ गया जिसको मूर्खराज काट रहा था। शैतान उस पेड़ पर बैठे हुए इसलिए मूर्खराज को वह वृक्ष काटने में बहुत कठिनाई हो रही थी। शाम होने लगी थी लेकिन मूर्खराज वह वृक्ष नहीं काट पाया था। जल्द से पहले उसने बाखरी बार कुदाल से पेड़ पर बोर से बार किया और पेड़ कट कर जमीन पर गिर गया शैतान भी जमीन पर बोर से गिर पड़ा और पेड़ की टहनियों के बीच उसका पांव फंस गया। शैतान को देखकर मूर्खराज सब कुछ समझ गया और बोले उठा, "तो फिर से तू मुझे तब करने के लिये आ गया।" पलक झपकते ही मूर्खराज शैतान पर कुदाल से टूट पड़ा। शैतान करहाने और मूर्खराज से माफी मांगने लगा। मूर्खराज ने उसे बाफ कर दिया। शैतान ने मूर्खराज को जाने से पहले एक ऐसा वंश बताया जिससे अक्षरफियां बनाई जा सकती थी। मूर्खराज ने कहा "भगवान तुम्हारा भला करे।" दूसरा शैतान भी भगवान का नाम सुनकर मर गया। इस तरह दुनिया से शैतानों का नाशोनिष्ठान मिट गया।

एक दिन जब मूर्खराज को यह खबर मिली कि राजा की बेटी मौत के निकट है और उसका इलाज करने वाले को पुरस्कृत किया जायेगा तो मूर्खराज शैतान की दी हुई जादुई बूटियों को लेकर राजा के महल में पहुंचा। उसने राजकुमारी को वह बूटी खिला दी। क्षण भर में ही राजकुमारी फिर से भली बंगी हो गई।

राजा ने मूर्खराज का विवाह अपनी बेटी के साथ कर दिया और उसके भाई बनबीर को भी जेल से रिहा कर दिया। इसके बाद मूर्खराज खुशी-खुशी अपना जीवन व्यतीत करने लगा

सरिब खां
७ 'बी'

बादल

झूम-झूम कर आए बादल,
वर्षा करने आए बादल।
मोर को नचाने आए बादल,
सब जगह हरियाली करने आए बादल।
कितानों की फसल को उगाने आए बादल,
सब जगह कीचड़ करने आए बादल।
सूरज को भगाने आए बादल,
नदियों में पानी भरने आए बादल।
सबकी प्यास बुझाने आए बादल,
झूम-झूम कर आए बादल,
वर्षा करने आए बादल।

-निहुंज गुप्ता 715

4-बी

जापक माई

हिबंगू उतेल

जापक माई बनना चाहते अध्यापक,
रोज़ ये कक्षा को जाते हैं,
सार्ता में वह जाणते हैं,
कितानों के मनो रठते हैं,

हाथ में बैन,
थैरा में बप्पल,
यान टोमल खल्लो हैं,

दांत हैं लाल,
पैर हैं काले,
जापक माई हैं मिराले,

एक दिन वह बड़े बनेंगे,
अपना नाम रोगन करेंगे,
अध्यापक भी बरुन बनेंगे,

हाथ में होगी छड़ी
बांह में होगी छड़ी,
पढ़ाई वह करवायेंगे,
जापक माई अध्यापक कहलायेंगे।

