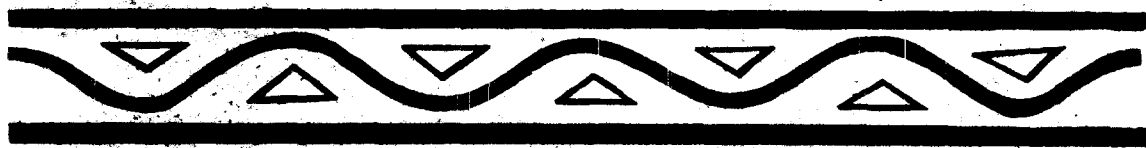
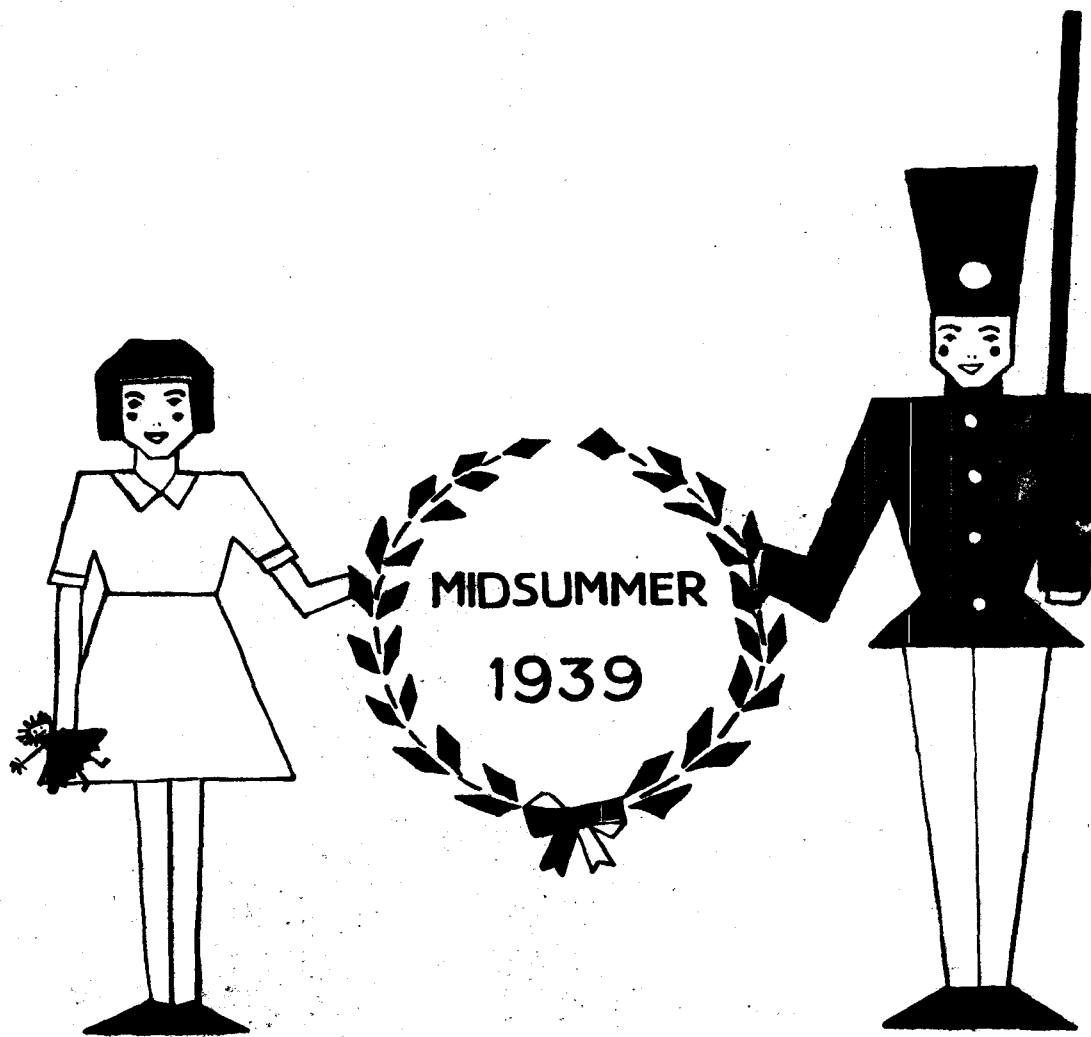


# THE SANAWARIAN





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## The Old School Streets

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I do think the people of Sanawar are an unimaginative crowd. They live in one of the most beautiful places in the world ; a place where the fauna and flora are of a variety not found anywhere else in India. A place where the hillsides are like gardens, they are so well kept and covered in flowers, and where the gardens themselves are illustrations of the Mali's triumph. And the inhabitants of this hill-top Paradise proceed to litter the place with the most unsuitable names in existence.

They live in charming bungalows which never leak—and what do they call them? The Geography master lives in a house that is a mass of roses and wisteria and all he can call it is No. 93-B! Why not call it the Villa Flora or something equally picturesque.

Mrs. Tilley's romantic house is usually called " Mr. Cussons' old house " (?). If people wish to keep the memory of Mr. Cussons ever-green why not call the house " Cussonia"? Trafford House is so called—not after any saint or benefactor as might be imagined—but after the man who manufactured the roofing material. Not very poetical! The nearest approach to romance is " The Retreat " and in a school where the motto is " Never give in " such a name is a disgrace. The Physics

(and incidentally the maths) master lives in a house that is nameless. Why not endow it with some such name as Eureka or Euclid ?

As each set of people move on so the last house they dwelt in retains a lingering memory of them in its name. The place now inhabited by Miss Jones and Miss Todd is known as " Old Nick " because last year Nicholson House girls lived there.

Admittedly there are some houses that are named aptly—such as "Bleak House" and the " Vatican " (because it is next to the R. C. Chapel), but they are few and far between.

The playground given to the children is known as the " Flats." Why not something like the Elysian Fields ? A more appropriate name for the Tuck Shop would be " The Rendez-vous " or " Cupidina "!

And then the Roads ! We have a charming little road that is just ideal for a school girls stroll and someone named it the Short Back as though it were bacon or something. Considering the number of times the khud falls on to the road or the road down the khud I should think the Rotten Row would be a more suitable name. Then there is another longer road named—by the same butcher I presume—the Long Back. This road is generally used to train our stalwarts for the pugilistic profession or for the Hodson runs and as such should be called " The Trainer's Paradise." There is also a " dinky " little path that winds its way around mossy stones and hidden violets that the unenlightened refer to as " Donkey's Slant " tho' we fear the only donkeys we've ever seen go down it were—well, we'll pass on—a better name would be—— !

CECILIA GRAY,  
*Sixth Form.*

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## My Prefect

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My Prefect is a loathsome thing, God wot.  
Vile swot,

Large nose,

Talks rot,

All pose.

My inmost being loathes  
Him and he loves me not.  
Strange ! Sometimes my blood has froze  
With thinking of his nasty tricks ;  
I wish the Boss would give him six.

*(The author, who owes an apology by the way to T. E. Brown, prefers for reasons of personal safety, to remain anonymous. He might be in the Upper Fourth or again he might not.)*

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## What I Think of England

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England is not much of a place. When we went on leave last year I had not been for many years in short since I was a mere child so I had forgotten what it was like and I did not like it very much. Perhaps it is because I was born in India and lived there most of my life. I think India has something more picturesque and adventurous about it than England. England has some very beautiful scenery but I love the hills in which our school is situated more than the scenery of all England.

I like England for a change ; I like the fun fairs and the cinemas are bigger and more beautiful there ; in fact anything to do with pleasure is better done there but life is not all pleasure and when I have to get up early, light the fire and make the tea, run all the errands and do all the odd jobs, after having servants to wait on me, I found it out-weighed the pleasure. I think what put me against England most was the weather. We did not have one decent storm not what we would call a storm in Sanawar but it just drizzled and drizzled day in and day out. I found summer was only expected to last one week. Being very fond of swimming I disliked this very much and I was ready to come back to India by the first boat.

Christmas came and with it the snow. This was great fun but I soon found there was no fun in going to sleep in an icy cold bed and waking up in the same condition. Eventually I got news of our boat and I was just too pleased for words. So I left England with contempt and returned to India and school joyfully.

EILEEN CASS,  
*Aged thirteen.*

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## Mechanised Cavalry

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One day, just after our regiment had been mechanised, the C. O. and the Adjutant were going round and the Adjutant laughed because one of the men was cleaning a car and making a hissing noise to it as if he were grooming an animal. But the C. O. said that it was better for a man who had been used to horses to forget and treat a car as if it were a horse than the other way round. In the war, he said, a recruit came to us who had been a motor driver before the war and one day he came on parade with his face looking too awful for anything, all knocked about. The Colonel said he looks as if he had been to the war on his own but the serjeant major said No sir, you see he was riding a mule the other day and when it stopped and would not go on, he got off and crawled underneath it to see what was the matter.

L. BROWN,  
Attached 17/1st Lancers,  
*Aged 14.*

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## The Disadvantages of Living in a Gingerbread House

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A Gingerbread house would be very nice but there would be many disadvantages of which this artikle is going to tell you.

The first disadvantage of being in a gingerbread house would be the smell. After a time the smell would grow. The second disadvantage is that the temptation would be too great when there is gingerbread walls all round you, you cant resist tasting a bit and soon there there would be a lot of holes here and there if you carry on eating.

The next disadvantage is that when it rains and if there is any gingerbread house left by that time it would all turn to sop and then it would fall on top of us. Then when the time comes to put up pictures or curtains where you would have to bang nails in the walls the walls would crumple. Besides all the pariah dogs in the station would smell the smell and come and eat a bit.

And the last disadvantage would be that if you lent on the table it would colapse and each time you walked you would make a deep footprint.

HEATHER CAMPBELL,  
*Aged twelve.*

*(Heather comes from Simla and her father—according to Heather—is the mainstay of army headquarters).*

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## Polo

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Polo was an old Persian game and it is very interesting to watch. I have often been to it myself. It is great fun when the horses dash towards you and then they suddenly dart round as someone hits the ball and start chasing the other way.

The horses have their tails tied up with all different coloured bands, this is done so that their tails do not stand the chance of getting entangled in the polo stick as the rider swings it round and round. Now and then a trumpet is blown and then the players stop play and the horses are changed.

Polo is a very dangerous game, there is always a man near each goal to stop people from passing by the goals because of accidents. Sometimes men are thrown off their horses but most horses are trained very well and cost a lot of money. For these and other reasons I do not think polo is a very suitable games for girls.

GWENDOLINE WILCOX,  
*Aged 13,*  
Seventeenth/Twenty-first Lancers.

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## Things that Amuse Me

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Some jokes amuse me when I am in a laughing mood. Others amuse me when I am in any mood. Some people are born with a great sense of humour, but on the other hand some people scarcely laugh at anything. I like jokes but not cruel ones like tying a string of cans on to a dogs tail or teasing animals, which are tied up. These are called jokes but not in the sense that I mean. I do not like rude word jokes either but conundrums and tongue twisters amuse me. Tongue-Twisters are best such as if a good cook could cook cuckoos how many cuckoos could a good cook or Mrs. Cripps cat crept into the crypt crept round and crept out again through a crack. Also riddles like why did the butterfly flutterby? Arfs. Because it saw the dragonfly drink the flagondry.

Riddles, conundrums and jokes all help to make me laugh but one of the best things in the world is to hear the hearty laughter of little children.

HILDEGARD KEMPSTER,  
*Aged 11,*  
Royal Indian Army Service Corps.

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## A Spot of Leaf

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I had a lovely voyage to England when we landed it started to rain, but we went to the station so we could get a train, but while we were starting someone pulled the chain and we had to wait an hour before it started:

My Mother, father, brothers and I used to go to the Sea Side and my little brother nearly drowned in the Sea. After we had been enjoying ourselves like that at the Sea Side for some time when we came home My Mother started ironing and she told me to be careful of the road but my friends and I started playing high and low which is a nice new game and someone has to do what the girls say. Well I had to go to a gate and as I was going I was just thinking about different things and so I did not see the car coming and the next thing that I remember happening was a nurse leaning over me and she said to sit up and drink this theres a love. I was in bed a month and a half and so I missed a lot of school. When I did go to school again we had to move because my mum thought the road we were in was too dangerous for children. But I broke my arm on the road we moved to so I mist more school. It would rain on the last day in England, it was rough the first day and a little boy fell overbord but he caught the last rail of the last deck.

*(Evelyn comes from Rawalpindi and is in the Military Engineer Services).*

EVELYN BOWEN,  
*Aged twelve.*

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## The Kind of House I would like to live in

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I would like to live in a small cottage.

It would have a thatched roof and walls made of big stone bricks.

I would have cream net curtains at the windows and a pot of geraniums on the sill. In summer I would have flox under the window and in the autumn I'd have some pretty coloured flowers growing. I'd have a lawn with flower beds all round it.

I'd have a few fruit trees—apples, pears and plums. I'd grow gooseberries in the back garden and red, white and black currant bushes.

I would keep chickens in a small pen, all brown hens.

Now I will turn back to the house. In the dining room I'd have a small fire with logs of wood burning in it. A black cat would sit by the fire to keep me company. The dining room would be a sitting room as well so I would have an armchair by the fire. There would be a sideboard on which all my crockery would be put and best silver and glass. There would also be a piece of china that my granny gave me; it is a china tub, with a china pig washing its baby fixed on to it.

It would be an old fashioned sideboard with carvings on it. In the bedroom I would have a picture of Jesus hanging on the wall above my bed and some holy pictures all round the room.

I'd have a table beside my bed with a picture of my mother and father on it. On the dressing table I'd have photos of my brother Ronald and my sister Marion. I'd have a dressing table set of tortoise shell, including a brush and comb, a tray, and a mirror and clothes brush. I'd have a bottle of perfume, hair oil and things like that.

I'd have some carpets I had made myself on the floor, and a patchwork quilt on the bed. I'd have a Bible, a prayer book and other good books on the shelf.

In the scullery I'd have pots and pans all on the proper places. I'd have jars for raisins, currants, sultanas, candied peel, cloves, cinnamon, essence, salt, and sugar, and all other things like that.

My sink would always be kept clean.

I'd have a cupboard to keep ingredients, vegetables, tin stuffs, and meat in, and to keep spoons, a bowl, pastry board and things to roll pastry out with.

I'd have a boiler to boil clothes in, and a wringer. I'd keep the stove clean with blacking, and the kettles and things I put on the fire I would clean with vim.

In the bathroom I'd have a towel rack, and a shelf to keep my tooth-mug, toothpaste and tooth brush, and a nail to hang my flannel on. Everything would be green, my soap dish as well.

I am writing this thinking of my old age. I think if everything was like what I have told you I would be quite happy.

MARGARET SIMMS,

*Aged ten.*

*(Old age is not really a pressing problem yet with Margaret, who comes from the Royal Army Medical Corps in Jubbulpore.)*

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## How we are Addressed

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The Reverend E. Jinks,  
Sanawar School.  
*(Now, do I look like the Reverend Jinks?)*

Mister Lawrence,  
In the School, Sanawar.  
*(Simple).*

The Incharge of Girls,  
Lawrence High School.  
*(Neat).*

Honourable Evans,  
Sanawar School.  
*(Flattering).*

The Head Teacher,  
Sanawar.  
*(Rude).*

Canon Barne (or the one who came after),  
Simla Hill School.  
*(Humiliating).*

The Venerable the Dean  
Sanawar College.  
*(Thank you).*

O. Evans, Esq.  
Principal.  
*(Vocative, or perhaps Irish).*

The Principal,  
Bishop Cotton Girls' School, Sarrawar.  
*(Merely Inaccurate).*

The Mother Superior,  
Sanawar.  
*(Superior, yes ; Mother, no).*

E. A. E.



## The Gondoliers

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO	(a Grandee of Spain)	..	..	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>												
LUIZ .. .. .	(his Attendant)	..	..	<i>Mr. Hopcroft.</i>												
DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO	(the Grand Inquisitor)	..	..	<i>Mr. Cowell.</i>												
MARCO PALMIERI .. .. .	} (Venetian Gondoliers)	..	..	{ <i>C. Wissett-Warner.</i>												
GIUSEPPE PALMIERI .. .. .					} (Venetian Gondoliers)	..	..	{ <i>Mr. Hodgkinson.</i>								
ANTONIO .. .. .									} (Venetian Gondoliers)	..	..	{ <i>P. Licence.</i>				
FRANCESCO .. .. .													} (Venetian Gondoliers)	..	..	{ <i>E. Ledlie.</i>
GIORGIO .. .. .																
ANNIBALE .. .. .	} (Venetian Gondoliers)	..	..	{ <i>C. Millar.</i>												
THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO .. .. .					..	..	..	<i>Miss K. deGruyther.</i>								
CASILDA .. .. .					(her daughter)	..	..	<i>Miss D. Harvey.</i>								
GIANETTA .. .. .					} (Contadine)	..	..	{ <i>Iris Kells.</i>								
TESSA .. .. .									} (Contadine)	..	..	{ <i>Miss N. Wheeler.</i>				
FIAMETTA .. .. .	} (Contadine)	..	..	{ <i>Edith Winckler.</i>												
VITTORIA .. .. .													} (Contadine)	..	..	{ <i>Elizabeth Etchells.</i>
GIULIA .. .. .																
INEZ .. .. .					(the King's Foster-mother)	..	..	<i>Elizabeth Etchells.</i>								

#### Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine :

G. Calder, D. Carlson, R. Chapple, G. Davenport-Jones, G. DeBeaux, F. DeFraine, L. Fletcher, D. Fordham, P. Fuller, R. James, C. Millar, T. Sutherland, A. Turner, D. Wilson.

J. Bradbury, B. Browne, C. Christie, I. Carlson, M. Edwards, C. Gray, P. Grimley, A. Holmes, M. Harrison, L. Kempster, P. Leyden, D. Miles, Miss Stevens, D. West, F. Wilson, M. Winckler, E. Yapp.

At the pianos	.. .. .	..	..	<i>Miss Jones and Miss Robinson.</i>
At the drums	.. .. .	..	..	<i>S. S. I. Hare.</i>
At the baton	.. .. .	..	..	<i>Miss Steventon.</i>
Producer	.. .. .	..	..	<i>Mrs. Evans.</i>

Performances of the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera, 'The Gondoliers' were given on May 18th and 20th, by the school, in addition to a dress rehearsal which was attended by the Junior School. Large and appreciative audiences were present at each performance.

It is not possible for a casual visitor to say how this production compares with previous attempts, but at least it fully deserves criticism by professional standards, and everyone concerned is to be congratulated on providing delightful entertainment.

To produce such a popular opera at all requires courage, for so many people have seen it professionally acted, and comparisons are inevitable. In this case, however, the venture was more than justified.

The chief honours in this performance must go to the producer, Mrs. Evans. As the result of her labours the play was coherent and well-knit, and the grouping and the gay costumes provided a feast of colour and harmony for the eye. The scenery also, though perfectly simple, was effective and adequate. It is notable that most of the costumes were made for this opera.

Two points perhaps deserve criticism. Stronger stage lighting would have made the costumes even more effective than they were, though this was no doubt limited by the available power.

A second, and more important failure was that the action was a little slow. Gilbert's dialogue is never lighter than in "The Gondoliers" and his fantastic humour will not tolerate a weighty delivery. Speed of action is of course the hallmark of professional acting, and one would not bring such a criticism had the general standard not been so high.

In one respect the players were, if anything, above professional standards, and that was in the clearness of their delivery. Gaskell Hall is not, of course, as large as most theatres, but it is wide, and one fancies that a voice from the stage might easily be lost. As a matter of fact, every word, both in speech and song, was clearly audible from the back of the Hall.

Turning to the actors, the chorus deserves first mention. Their movements were well-drilled and they gave the impression of enjoying themselves. Their singing was a special delight and the castanet dance pleased every one.

Incidentally, songs and dances were generously encored, and if the enthusiasm of some of the younger members of the audience was sometimes governed by the thought that every encore kept them longer out of bed, they played their part in the general gaiety.

Among the individual actors, the Duke of Plaza-Toro and the Grand Inquisitor, exactly caught the spirit of burlesque which best suits Gilbert's nonsense, and the other actors and actresses were always adequate.

Some of the individual singers showed a slight tendency to go off the note, probably through nervousness, but on the whole the singing was excellent, and Marco deserves special mention for his excellent rendering of "Take a pair of Sparkling Eyes," which is, of course, the outstanding song of the opera.

The singers were competently supported by an orchestra which was always efficient and never overpowering.

A tremendous amount of work is involved in a production as good as this, and all who had the pleasure of attending these performances must be grateful to those, both on and off the stage, who gave their time and energy so lavishly.

We hope that the opera was as big a success financially as it was artistically.

T. H. D.

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## “ Camp ”

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### *Monday.*

Arrive at Dagra feeling hot, tired and dusty. Thankfully drink some lime-juice provided by Rangers; then inspect hospital tent and check stores. Un-guidelike meditations as to whether I could rest on the hospital bed for a while interrupted by distant war-shoops. The Guides have arrived. Stagger forth and immediately institute verbal onslaught, to be continued with variations for the duration of camp. “ Why are you standing in the sun without your topi ? ”

The day passes fitfully until supper-time when we have an incredible meal of macaroni cheese with jam, bread without butter, and tea without milk. Too hungry to care! Spend a restless night due to chorussing of tree-frogs, the crying of a strange bird, and a persistent cuckoo.

### *Tuesday.*

Rise at 5-15 and chlorinate water supplies in order that they may be ready for 6-30 when the cooks propose to get up. Subsequently learn that no one arises until after 7 o'clock. Am annoyed.

Have a busy day: the Guides thoroughly enjoy their swim. Some stay in long enough to lose their games' shoes. These have to be retrieved by me in the muddy depths of Hart's Pool. Irish stew for lunch and several Guides remove their belts during the meal. Afterwards they come along and plead to be given the enormous haunch-bone from the stew-pot. It is returned to us later picked clean.

The period after tea is spent lighting fires and boiling cans of water thereon. Depart thankfully to bed and sleep soundly until morning.

### *Wednesday.*

Guides swim in the morning and later tidy camp in readiness for visit of Commissioner after lunch. The Brownies arrive. We pointedly show them the way to the Pool and then return to the business of Tidying-up. The Commissioner comes and everything passes off splendidly.

I treat several cuts and scratches during the day.

At camp fire the Guides beg to sing “ When I recall — ”. This proves to be words set to the music of a song made famous by Miss Jose Collins from “ The Maid of the Mountains.” They also sing libellous songs about the Quartermaster's Stores.

Go to bed as usual at 9 p.m. and am awakened one hour later by two heated Guides who have been quarrelling. Captain deals with this firmly.

### *Thursday.*

Send Guides who had come to tent last night to make day's supply of lemonade. They depart for Mess tent eyeing each other distrustfully.

Visitors arrive throughout the day. Remark to one that I am tired of telling the children to do this or that and not to do something else. Am told, "Yes, if you're not careful, you'll get a voice like a P. D. matron." Decide to ignore this.

Continue Natural History and firelighting after tea. Say that I do not wish to be shown gasping fish in handkerchiefs as trophies of diligence but it happens nevertheless. Am shown strange berries from time to time and say that *all* are poisonous. I do not encourage exploration of this kind.

Am asked for loan of treasured penknife and on enquiring what it is wanted for am told "to make useful gadgets." Decline to lend penknife as I know what happens to blade when making "Useful Gadgets."

Later, Guide asks where she is to empty bucket of potato-peelings and is told "In the pig bucket." Dear child turns round and empties whole outfit on to the ground. We are speechless.

*Friday.*

Last day of camp so up early. Spend tiresome morning checking stores and acting as peace-maker between squabbling Guides. Sense of humour re-asserts itself at taking down of Colours: the first word of the National Anthem is immediately preceded by loud hiccough from small Guide and again as we pause for breath before "send him victorious—"

Regretfully strike camp after tea and walk back to Sanawar. Am determined to go to camp again. In the meantime, "burra ghushl, ek dum . . . ."

"LIEUTENANT."



## Ourselves when Young

From The Sanawarian Vol. I, No. I.

" I, The Sanawarian, lineal successor of ' Our Paper ' and a long line of ancient chronicles, now make my bow to Sanawarians, past and present. I am to carry on what they begin (sic), to serve my generation and chronicle the facts and feats of present day Sanawar."

" The year 1913 has passed by quickly enough. At times of course it has had leaden feet, but what year has not ? "

" It defeats us why some boys and girls are content to be idle, or at best only moderately keen, when they could improve their chances in life a thousandfold, by putting their shoulders to the wheel and doing their best always."

" The weather has been rather out of the ordinary. Never has there ever been so early a monsoon or so cool a summer."

" Matches have been played with fair success, though we were defeated by Bishop Cotton School at Simla at football . . . . . We notice that the ' gallery ' cheer and clap at pieces of play that are very poor football . . . . . Let everyone remember then that hard, high, hasty kicking is bad football. Let them show too that they know this when they watch a game."

" We realise that we are very bad at cricket . . . . . A combined XI journeyed to Chail to play against Patiala B team. We regret to say that they were beaten by an innings and a good many runs . . . . . We understand that some members of the team do not appreciate train journeys and motoring in the hills,—but that is another story."

" In the Diocesan Scripture Examination the L.M.A. did very well and the high tradition of the past was fully maintained. The girls have been a long way the best . . . . . Twelve candidates in the Diocese were placed in Class I. Ten of these were from Sanawar."

" The first Choral Communion was celebrated on Advent Sunday. Next year there will always be a Choral Communion on the first Sunday in every month at 11 o'clock."

" The collection on Easter Day came to Rs.142."

" All ' Red Letter ' Saint's Days are now half-holidays."

" May 23rd is our late Principal's birthday and is to be an annual whole holiday."

" On June 20th we had a whole holiday to commemorate the Viceroy's recovery."

" A Concert was held in the Asylum Theatre on February 1st. Sergeant Seymour opened the entertainment with a piccolo solo. Conductor Ricks then gave one of his topical songs entitled ' When I was a boy at school ' ; he followed this by another comic piece called, ' Couldn't help it, had to.' This humorous drollery amused the children greatly. Then came the fun of the evening, the well-known farce ' Box and Cox.'

The second concert of the year was held on October 31st and was rather more ambitious than the former entertainment given earlier in the year. The first item on the programme was the singing of the old favourite, ' Sweet and Low ' as a sextette. Mrs. Firth then quite captivated her hearers with two pretty songs prettily sung. Mr. Ricks, true to his reputation, then convulsed the juvenile members of the audience with the old school favourite, ' Ju-Jah,' containing as it did allusions to recent events in Sanawar. Then followed a Japanese action song from musical comedy. For the next half-hour the girls and boys were kept in continual merriment by the acting of Mrs. Firth and Major Willoughby-Osbourne in their extravaganza entitled ' Packing up.' An old and familiar coon song, ' Good Night ' was then sung by the sextette and a pleasant evening's entertainment brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

" There will be an optional holiday task for Wards of the Asylum. The Principal thinks that it would be a good thing for children to read at least one book in the holidays. Prizes will be given by the Principal, who will hold the examination during the first week in February."

" Founder's Day was begun by a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. At 10-30 a.m. we had Divine Service in the School Chapel where the Rev. H. M. Lewis, Principal of Bishop Cotton School, Simla, was the special preacher. The Distribution of School Prizes took place at noon, when Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Ratcliffe, D.S.O., addressed the boys and girls for a short while, exhorting them to always adhere to the motto of the School. Before the one hundred and forty prizes were distributed, (among them being the prize of a Gold Medal awarded to Kathleen Grimley ' for saving a baby from being run over by a run-away pony and trap at the risk of her own life) : the Principal rose and spoke somewhat at length on events of vital importance and interest to the School. Soon after Lunch the Sports Gymkhana took place on the school playing-field. Some of the events were very amusing, especially so was the event termed ' Grinning through a collar ', in which the competitors vied with each other in their efforts to make the most original and hideous facial contortions. Onlookers of this extraordinary but entertaining exhibition were heard to remark that there must be some truth in Darwin's theory of the origin and ancestry of man ! The lusty singing of ' God Save the King ' ended a day full of pleasant memories and healthful recreation."

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## Half A Year Onwards

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School opened in **February**, a rude and revolting month. No sooner had we lured in the last child, re-assured the last nervous parent and put away the last home hat than the wrath of heaven descended on us. Sleet, snow, rain, mist, thunder, lightning and piercing winds came to rock the very hillside. It was trying enough for those who had wintered in the hills but for those up from Central India and the South, it was murderous. Colds were general, in school and chapel "coughing, drowned the parson's saws", there were seven cases of pneumonia and the hospital was packed. It was all rather miserable while it lasted, but fortunately three weeks saw it done. The month also brought us the examination results; nothing very brilliant this time. The percentage was sixty-three and the strange part of it was the almost complete collapse of the girls. Cecilia Gray sustained their honour in the School Certificate, but in the Junior examination, the rout was almost complete, a sad and largely unaccountable business. Two old Sanawarians were married this month, too; Mabel Crossey in Allahabad and Aileen Pearman who married the Head Boy of her year, a school-day romance that actually came off! Amongst the new arrivals were three who were third generation Sanawarians and very good advertisements too. About a dozen returned from English leave, glad, without exception I think, to be back. The new wash-houses and bathrooms are now in full swing; they make brother headmasters gnash their teeth in envy and provoke inspecting generals to reminiscences of the hip-bath kept under the bed at Eton and ceremonially dragged out once a week. One gathers that the victories of the Aisne and Marne were largely won in the hip-baths of pre-war Eton.

**March** came in like the proverbial lion and went out like a lamb, or rather, it would be nearer the truth to say it came in like a polar bear and went out like a ration goat, barmy in appearance and quite untrustworthy. Mr. Coombes talked to the Durrant Society on the Crisis, hurriedly getting it in, as he said, while it was THE crisis and not merely the last but two. The Debating Society opened its year with a lively sharp practice debate which promised well for the future, and the Music Staff whetted our appetite with the first of the monthly recitals. The Sports were held on the warmest day for months; indeed, one or two people declared it to be oppressive but Miss Tod voiced the opinion of many when she declared firmly that during the recent cold spell, when she was too miserable to think, she had solemnly vowed never again to complain about the heat. Miss Petherbridge arrived from England to take Upper 3A under her wing and rehearsals for "The Gondoliers" began. Holy Week came and went; cricket nets began to go up and Peacestead was marked out for tennis.

This month we learnt the marvellous news that we had won the Junior Shield for Shooting for the second year running; some fourteen hundred schools all over the Empire compete and though conditions of light and the proximity of the range give us a pull over many schools, still our position is a real feather in our cap.

In *April* we learnt of Mr. Hildesley's death within a few days of his eighty-second birthday. Born the year of the Mutiny, appointed Principal of Sanawar in 1884, he does indeed seem to belong to an India past and gone. Contemporary photographs show staff with "mutton-chop" whiskers, their ladies in bustles, military staff of incredible corpulency and hair-raising headgear. Boy Prefects sported moustaches, girls wore buns and fringes; their faces were solemn and severe, another race almost; or was it due to having to "hold" a pose for a full minute? Mr. Hildesley reigned in Sanawar for over a quarter of a century and served under three sovereigns. It is not many Headmasters who, like myself take over a big school with not only their predecessor but one but their predecessor but two still alive and "going strong." The memoir to Mr. Hildesley, to be found on another page, is necessarily brief since only two members of the staff have any recollection of him and that, naturally, only the faintest.

The various societies met as usual and those who had been compelled to volunteer for "The Gondoliers" began to ask bitterly who was the fool who first thought of the thing? Rehearsals became daily and twice daily affairs. We were bidden to think nothing, dream nothing, talk nothing but Gondoliers; snatches of choruses came from rival ends of Birdwood School, usually in the form of naked thirds and fourths. People practised cachucas in cookery class and were promised hell with the back of a hair brush if they persisted; conversely, they did not practise cachucas and were therefore promised the same with the same when they were sticky at rehearsals. Life was indeed very bitter. The most unlikely people found themselves being made love to (for practice) and one continually stumbled on the most flaxen-haired and stolid boys or girls declaring (to a looking-glass) that they were the jolliest fellows tra-la-la-la or the most abandoned of contadine.

Camp brought some relief; forty guides and rangers went to live the primitive life at Dagra, accompanied by six bullock carts of assorted equipment. Sixty boys went to Sabathu similarly and though less communicative about it, apparently enjoyed it at least as much.

This month a new dietary was begun; we now absorb four thousand calories a day. It means five hundred pints of milk, a thousand eggs, five hundred loaves and lots of other things daily. Daily, dozens of hefty cows labour that we may eat, drink and grow globular; several miserable beasts pass under Parker Arch never to return except in the form of ribs of beef, sirloin and best end of neck. Morghies for miles round make up their minds to perform one task and one only, Sanawar must have its eggs! Forests of banana trees, rivers of treacle—but the imagination boggles. Suffice it to say that the new dietary began.

In the *Spring* a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love says the poet, but I guess he was not thinking of the Indian Plains. There a young man's fancy chiefly turns to thoughts of ice and punkahs or better still to the hills. To the hills he began coming in some quantities and in *May* our isolation was a thing of the past. His Excellency the Governor spent a night with us; a great thrill for Sanawar. We played trombones and things at him in the morning, displayed our



party frocks and party manners at him at lunch, swam to him in the afternoon and played and sang at him in the evening. His Excellency told me he would never forget his day in Sanawar, a statement I can well believe.

This month the M. E. S. wrote to say that there was, as usual, an acute water shortage since the year was, as usual, abnormal. Would we please drink less, wash less, gargle less, not swim at all and clean our teeth, if at all, over the flower beds so as to save water?

Rehearsals for "The Gondoliers" grew oftener and ruder. The Music Staff now shed completely any veneer of civilisation they ever had and fought openly for the bodies of boys and girls. Terrible battles took place in the corridor between the gym mistress and the singing mistress for possession of a child who would be almost torn to pieces in the process; whoever secured the largest piece made it (the piece) practise its piece. The 18th of the month brought Ascension Day, the A. F. I. Camp, the D. M. S. and the first performance of "The Gondoliers" all at one fell swoop. Making up began at seven o'clock for the nine o'clock performance and we were not in bed by midnight; still, it was good fun. Two days later came the Auckland House match and the last Gondoliers effort. This last was the best; the audience would have encored everything with any encouragement and the curtain went "up" again and again before people were satisfied.

Boys continued with cricket, Girls continued with tennis while Juniors continued with see-saws, spending their pocket money and similar forms of sport. The debating society had an animated meeting and the Durrant Society presented a triple bill of which Act 1 was Cecilia Gray on the Old School Streets with the nomenclature of which she is much displeased; Act 2 starred Iris Kells on the Old School Song with which she is very pleased; Act 3 was Eugene Ledlie on the Old School Tie but whether he was pleased or displeased with it is known doubtless to himself but to his audience it was a matter of uncertainty.

In June, Miss Tod departed in a blaze of glory and Mister Ulavi's second-best car; the half-yearly examinations began, cricket and tennis matches heralded the end of their seasons and owing to the oppressive temperature, a hot-weather timetable was introduced. This, as always, promptly brought on the monsoon all over the country and Sanawar proved herself, as in the past, not only a common benefactor but the BEST THING IN INDIA.

ED.

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## The Reverend A. H. Hildesley

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By the death of the Reverend A. H. Hildesley, reported earlier in the year, Sanawar loses a former Principal whose work here covered a period of 28 years. It is an odd coincidence that three men who achieved fame in Punjab educational circles should have died within a year of each other. The other two were Canon W. T. Wright, who at one time was associated with Mr. Hildesley in Sanawar, and the Reverend Wightwick of Ghora Gali. Mr. Hildesley, who was in his eighties, had been ailing for some time and the end was not entirely unexpected.

Mr. Hildesley first came to Sanawar on April 1st, 1884, and it was not till 1912 that he laid down his charge. When he came, educational standards were low, discipline was rough and the school grossly under-staffed; there were, indeed, only eight teaching staff to five hundred children and some of these quite unqualified. The task before him might well have deterred a more timid man, but Mr. Hildesley threw himself wholeheartedly into his work and, ultimately, was able to overcome those difficulties which had appeared insuperable. But it was no easy matter. Radical changes in outlook and education could not be effected without opposition. The boys did not take kindly to his ideas, and on one noteworthy occasion went on strike and marched down to Kalka. Mr. Hildesley met the situation with great tact and skill and never again was there a recrudescence of indiscipline.

Mr. Hildesley was a man of many interests, chief among them being Music and English Literature. His interests were reflected in the School, and the Glee Club, which he founded in 1885, flourished under his encouragement. It was he, too, who conceived the boys' playing field.

On his retirement, he was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal for his labours for the welfare of Sanawar; he was, however, too indefatigable to remain idle and accepted the incumbency of Wyton in Huntingdonshire where he spent most of his remaining days. He was of great service to John Drinkwater when the latter was preparing a biography of Charles James Fox and the author acknowledged his debt.

His was a life given to Service and we pay our humble tribute in these pages. May he rest in peace.

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## Music

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The monthly concerts, which have already become a feature of the life of the School, have taken a more intimate note this year. The seats for the audience are now arranged in semicircles, having a space in the centre of the hall for the performers. This space, tastefully decorated with flowers and lit by shaded lamps, provides a striking contrast to the cold severity of the formal stage. The glare of

the footlights has gone, and with it the mistaken idea that these concerts are designed to display the ability and talent of individual performers : whereas their real purpose is to foster a love of all that is noblest and best in music.

While on leave in England Miss Steventon added 'cello playing' to her already not inconsiderable accomplishments. She has thus made it possible for the seeds of Chamber Music to be sown in this remote corner of India. Regular violin classes have been instituted and it is gratifying to find so many of Miss Jones' young pupils already contributing to these concerts.

Under ordinary circumstances the children would have little opportunity of hearing the better known pianoforte concertos, but through the highly enjoyable medium of two piano playing, the Music Staff are now endeavouring to inculcate an appreciation of this form of music. In the first of these concerts we were introduced to Mendelssohn's G Minor pianoforte concerto.

On the occasion of the visit of H. E. the Governor of the Punjab, a programme in somewhat lighter vein than usual was arranged. Among the most popular items were two stirring choruses from "The Gondoliers", and animated gipsy dance by Barbara de la Rue Browne and Margaret Harrison, and "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba" arranged for two pianos played by Miss Steventon and Miss Jones.

A resume of the musical activities of the School would not be complete without a reference to the production of "The Gondoliers." Miss Steventon and Mr. Cowell undertook the training of the girls' and boys' choruses respectively, in which task they were ably assisted by Miss Jones at the piano. As the School orchestra is still in embryo, the music for the opera was arranged for two pianos and percussion and was provided by Miss Jones, Miss Robinson and the Band Instructor Serjeant Hare. Miss Steventon conducted throughout, and inspired the cast with the true spirit of the music.

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## Chapel

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The Chapel itself changes little from year to year, naturally ; it is the people inside it who alter. For instance, Fr. Roe has left us after three years as Assistant Chaplain. Three years is a long time in terms of schooldays and we had begun to accept him as part of the permanent furniture of Chapel, like the War Memorial Window only not so blue ; it seems strange to think we shall not see his tall figure standing at the Altar again. As yet we have no permanent successor to him but an advertisement in the various Diocesan Magazines produced two priests "on loan" for five weeks each. Mr. Dart from Calcutta speedily endeared himself to us all but especially to the Juniors ; they were firmly of the opinion that whatever he was doing in Calcutta, he had mistaken his vocation which was to *them*. By a coincidence, he, I and Fr. Roe all come from the same school. Mr. Ferguson followed him and, like many another, fell in love with our Chapel and its services.

During Holy Week we had lantern Services every evening based on the " Men who Crucified Christ "; whatever may be said against lantern services for older people, there is no doubt in my mind of their value for young people who want something to look at if their worship is not to be vague and unreal. Perhaps we all do if it comes to that ; the older I get, the less trust I put in the " Words, words, words " which Hamlet complained of.

We were left with only two of last year's Servers but Mr. Bennett soon had a further eight drilled and ready ; they are younger than usual, but so is the whole school if it comes to that. Miss McGuire and Miss Pell continue to do sacristan for us and continue to raise flowers of some sort or other even during the most barren times. We have learnt nothing new in the way of music but the choir has worked valiantly. The organ, on the other hand, is a fiend in disguise. I strongly suspect its being in the pay of the Evil One himself to distract us during Service time. Several boys once depressed, stay " put " and neither prayers nor prods will induce them to rise and refrain from joining in the conversation when not required. Satan's ingenuity is past belief.

E. A. E.



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## Trials of a Medicine Man

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“ . . . Our House, ‘ the Cottage ’, you have heard about. The smoke room—park—closet—gunroom—what you may, is adorned (?) with caribou, gnu, koodoo and emu heads ; skulls of wart hogs, road hogs, springboks, sjamboks and nickerboks grace the pitchpine panelling. On the stairs hang Zulu shields, whole crocodiles, swordfish beaks and Nigerian brassieres scattered with minute mirrors. The grate is lined with really old Dutch tiles and the ceilings are so low that Mallinson would be forced to look you perpetually in the eye or be scalped. Not an easy house to keep clean but always warm and cosy. If I look up from this desk I encounter the basilisk eyes of an outsize billygoat, the door key hanging on its horns. I view him with distaste. I got up once in a hurry and he dealt me a cruel blow on the head with his proboscis and then shook his head reproachfully for a full half-minute. There is also a zebra’s skull and a tiger skull which supports one of our violins . . . ”

W. REED

*who once lived in Sanawar  
and is now dead in S.E.7.*

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## Games Review

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We opened badly. The weather, which had remained excellent throughout the vacation, broke as we returned to School and, in the first week, little could be done other than occupy ourselves in the House Playrooms. But soon the serious task of preparing for the Athletic meeting began, and training was both thorough and, in time, vigorous. Training here is graduated, so that the newcomer from the Plains is not subjected to any great strain before he or she is thoroughly acclimatised. We had a good Sports Meeting towards the end of March, a combined meet for both Schools. The events were carried through without a hitch, and we were glad to welcome a number of visitors from Kasauli. The boys failed to set up any new records, though Calder and James amongst the Seniors, and P. Fordham and Fuller amongst the Juniors are promising athletes, and it can only be a question of time before they distinguish themselves. The girls were more successful in smashing established records, and Alice Holmes and Barbara Browne are to be congratulated on setting up new times for the Senior and Junior Hurdles. Both hurdled correctly and gracefully and finished strongly. Roberts House in the Boys’ School proved too strong for any of the other Houses, and were easy winners of the Cock-House Trophy. In the Girls’ School Nicholson was top, a victory due largely to Alice Holmes who has the makings of a really sound athlete.

The Boys’ School followed up their Athletics with long distance running. The Hodson run, on the recommendation of the doctors, was shortened and a new system

of scoring, following the system in use at Oxford and Cambridge, was introduced. Further, the run was limited to teams of eight from each House. It was a successful experiment, and we had a good race and a keen finish in April. James of Roberts, finished first in 8' 45 2/5", closely followed by Lovett (Lawrence) and Licence (Havelock). Lawrence packed very well and that was responsible for their victory in the team match. The points for the different Houses were:—Licence 142, Roberts 163, Herbert-Edwardes 180, Havelock 199, Nicholson 217, Gibson 239.

Meanwhile, the Girls' School had started on tennis. Considerable enthusiasm was displayed and under Miss Tod's guidance much progress was noticeable. It was difficult, though, to get girls to vary their game and think out their shots and strokes improved, both forehand and backhand, games were apt to be stereotyped—long rallies from the base-line, with an absence of those forcing shots which prove winners. The VI, however, developed steadily and Iris Kells and Victoria Harradine made a worthy first string. We had a close game with Auckland House, Simla, on our own Courts when they beat us in a close match 4-4, for the first time since the inception of these Inter-School fixtures. It was unfortunately that Victoria Harradine should have gone into hospital on the eve of the match, but that in no way detracts from the Auckland House victory, and we congratulate them most heartily. Victoria was to distinguish herself shortly afterwards by reaching the finals of the Scanlon Tournament where she met Iris Kells. She was beaten in three sets after winning the first. It was one of the best matches we have witnessed in this tournament for long years and was productive of sound, and at times brilliant, tennis. Both players have reason to be pleased with themselves.

Cricket, by now, was occupying the Boys' School. A few old colours remained to form the nucleus of a new XI, but there was a dearth of good material and as the side took shape many weaknesses became all too obvious. But there were redeeming lights. Fletcher was a good captain and a sound cricketer, literally capable of winning a match off his own bat. An injury to his back kept him from bowling for most of the season but he came into his own in the last few matches, fighting the ball cleverly and getting a great deal of work on it. Miller, his Vice-Captain, was always a valuable member of the side, a good opening bat, a useful spin bowler and a first-rate fieldsman. Calder came on tremendously as a bowler and was always dangerous with the new ball. James developed as a batsman and hit up some very useful scores. Peter Fuller kept wicket very satisfactorily. Warner, Ledlie, Owens, were keen members of the side, but their cricket did not always display that confidence which makes for success.

Edwards, P. Kelly and Chapple made up the XI. In the House Matches Roberts were the only giants and won all their matches easily, beating Lawrence in the finals by an innings and 26 runs.

The Match against Bishop Cotton School was played at Simla on June 15th and 16th and resulted in a win for the school by 50 runs. It was largely "Fletcher's match" for his batting, bowling and captaincy were the deciding factors; still, no one man can win a match and he was most admirably supported by his team, the fielding in particular has seldom been equalled and every man was on his toes

all the time. B. C. S. won the toss and put us in and as we were dismissed 88, it is probable if their tactics were justified. Fletcher was caught out on a rising ball and through Millar amassed a patient 35 and James 23. This looked grim for Sanawar for the bowlers were well on top of our batsmen. B. C. S. opened with confidence and it looked as if two of their men were set for a big score. Fortunately, Fletcher beat Price at 62 and the side collapsed unaccountably; the innings closed one run behind ours and Fletcher's analysis read 6 for 25.

Our second innings opened disastrously, two wickets down for 11, when Fletcher came in to retrieve the situation. He scored a glorious 58 all round the wicket and assisted by the others, took the score to 104. B. C. S. were unable to compile the necessary 106 for a win; towards their defeat, Fletcher took 7 wickets for 21 and Pugh, as a recruit to wicket-keeping, distinguished himself by stopping two men.

The Colts (under 14) match was played at Sanawar on the following Monday. We batted first and were pleased with our 120, Bew (17), Edwards (39) and Sutherland (32) being responsible for most of the runs, but the B. C. S. batsmen were a bit too good for our bowlers and contrived to get 160; a second innings not being possible they thus won the match by 40.

We can look back to a good half year on the playing fields; the lack of the monsoon tells us that swimming and Football are more seasonable and our efforts will be recorded in our next number.