

The Sanawarian

December 1955



The
Magazine of the Lawrence School Sanawar,
Simla Hills.

*"Send him to Sanawat
and make a man of him."*

Rudyard Kipling's **Kim**.



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Being the Magazine of St. Lawrence School, Sanawar, Simla Hills.

EDITORIAL

One hundred and eight years ago the first Sanawarians pitched their tents on this hill top and raised the flag that proudly flutters from our standard today. One hundred and eight years of achievement and tradition are behind us and years un-numbered still lie ahead.

The thought of our long heritage is a chastening one. The difficulties of today were not unknown yesterday, the present was still the future in the past. We should keep this fact in mind faced with our seemingly insuperable problems. Sanawar still lives, and God willing will continue to live for generations yet unborn, in spite of all the changes and the crises of the years that are past. We are throbbing with life, pulsating with the energy drawn through our deep-sunk roots, vivid and vital with the bloom of healthy sap.

Make no mistake about it. We are not apologetic. We are proud of our contribution, and our justification lies in the calibre of the products we produce. We are not gambling when we place our fate in the hands of our Old Sanawarians. We know that the good name of the School is safe in their keeping. We know that "they will always so order their lives as to be worthy of their heritage in the fellowship of this foundation, and by their examples help to establish a brotherhood amongst all men".

'Uttishatha Parantapa,'—'Stand up, O Arjuna'—was Sri Krishna's advice to the leader of the Pandavas. The same ideal the same recipe for success is condensed in our own school motto. Our Founder lived and died by it; we continue to preserve it:

NEVER GIVE IN.

H O M E

Children need love and affection as a tree needs water. The discipline of school is the pruning and the straightening of the young plant that is your child. The soil from which that young plant grows and in which the young tree will stand strong against adverse winds is the Home.

Children are deeply affected by their homes. Home provides that sense of being wanted which nurtures each young shoot. Home is not a luxury, it is a necessity for the full flourishing of a child's mind and body. As parents our teaching must be more than preaching. Our actions must bear out and underline any sermons we deliver.

Good discipline is constructive discipline.

"Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die",

might produce good soldiers but will certainly produce problem children. Discipline develops self-reliance, but it must be of the regulated sort; it must have its rules. Respect for parental authority can stem only from respect and love for parents.

In the family circle there must be a place for the very youngest. A child's attitudes towards success and failure are set to a great degree in early childhood. A lot of success is necessary for a child to gain self-confidence. His world in school is a hard world, and a competitive world; he starts with a distinct advantage if he approaches his problems with a feeling of confidence. Patience and encouragement from self-dedicated and understanding parents are the corner stones of this achievement.

Home must not be merely a place of release from School. Home should not mean only where a good time is had by all. Home is a sensation not a place. Home is where the self-discipline of love reigns. Home is where mummy and daddy are.

The Headmaster's Speech

—:o:—

FOUNDER'S DAY

6th October, 1955.

Mr. Vice-President Sir, Mr. Ashfaque Husain, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It affords me great pleasure to extend to you all, on behalf of Sanawar, a warm welcome to our 108th Founder's Day. We are particularly pleased and grateful that you, Sir, have been able to find time to be with us today and to preside on this occasion. When Mr. Ashfaque Husain telephoned from Delhi a few days ago to say that you had agreed to come to us for Founder's, he said, "You are very lucky." We are indeed, but we are, in addition, privileged and proud at the signal honour you have done the School.

Mr. Ashfaque Husain, a Member of our Board of Governors and a great friend of the School, knows, I am perfectly certain, how glad we are to see him. In addition to his many endearing qualities, he has a fine sense of discernment as is instanced by the fact that he always—or very nearly always—refers to Sanawar as "the better Lawrence School."

I should like to say a special word of welcome to Miss Hensman, Mr. Johnson and the party of boys and girls from our great sister School at Lovedale. We should like them to think of themselves, not as visitors, but as members of our Sanawar family, and we hope they will take back with them none but the pleasantest memories of their all-too-short stay with us.

I wonder have you heard the story of the two School Masters who were discussing what they would like to do when the time came for them to retire? One said he wanted to work in a jail, for there the old boys and girls would never want to come back. The other said he would seek employment in an orphanage, where there could be no possibility of parents perpetually proffering gratuitous advice as to how the institution should be run. Obviously, neither of these gentlemen had ever worked in Sanawar; for in Sanawar we are always delighted to see our old boys and girls, as well as parents, of course, and we are always glad of their suggestions and constructive criticisms. The happiness and success of Founder's in Sanawar is, I always feel, considerably enhanced by the presence of Old Sanwarians and parents that come to join in our celebrations, and we are all happy to have so many of them here today. But for the unseasonable weather, we would have had many more.

Just as we are always glad when people come to stay with us, so we are always sorry when people have to leave us, be they children or members of Staff; and the truth of this was never more evident than when we said good-bye to Mrs. Coombes and Mrs. Sircar. Each in her own sphere and in her own way made an invaluable contribution to the development of the School during the most crucial years of its existence, and I take pride in bearing witness to the loving and faithful service they rendered to Sanawar. In the case of Miss Rudra, who took over the Prep. School from Mrs. Sircar, and Mr. N. K. S. Rao, our loss is only temporary, for Miss Rudra will be returning to us in two years' time after completing a Froebel training in England, and Mr. Rao will be back in April next from the Central Institute of Education at Delhi, a full-fledged Bachelor of Education.

Before I pass on to a résumé of the life of the School this year, I wish to say a few words about our Headmaster. Mr. Carter, as most of you know, left for England in the middle of April, a very sick man, Within a fortnight of his arrival he went down with pneumonia and was dangerously ill for more than a month. After a long period of convalescence, he was able to sandwich a short holiday in the Channel Islands with his wife and son, between two further spells in hospital, during which no less than 17 doctors examined him and carried out innumerable tests. They decided that Mr. Carter had been suffering from a rare tropical disease, but that he was making remarkably good progress; and you will all, I am certain, be delighted to know that the latest news is that he is now well on the way to recovery and hopes to be back with us some time next month. If any proof were needed, Mr. Carter's letters show how great is his love for Sanawar and how completely wrapped up he is in all that pertains to the well-being of the School. Here is the Founder's message he sent us on behalf of himself and Mrs. Carter and Anne and Tup: "Affectionate greetings and all our love for Founder's and all time to the best School of all."

I now crave your indulgence while I strike a personal note. I do not expect nor do I want any credit for what has been achieved this year, for I have done little more than implement certain plans and schemes which Mr. Carter had in mind. But I do expect and I do want a full measure of credit to be accorded to all members of the Staff. The implementation of these plans and schemes has only been made possible by their unswerving support, whole-hearted co-operation and unflagging enthusiasm. Here I must emphasize that the term "members of Staff" includes not only masters and mistresses and matrons, but also cooks and bearers and coolies and malis and sweepers, all of whom play such an important role in the life of the School but whose labours we are prone to take so very much for granted. Each one has given ungrudgingly and unstintingly of his or her time and energy, and I gladly embrace this opportunity of publicly acknowledging my debt of gratitude to them. I am grateful too, to the Head Boy and the Head Girl and the prefects for all they have done to maintain and improve the tone of the School.

At the N. C. C. Public Schools' Camp at Lucknow last December our Cadets, even though they did not succeed in winning the coveted banner, acquitted themselves

well and we have reason to be proud of them. Our Head Boy, Surinder Pal Singh Gill, was adjudged the Best Cadet, and later commanded the N. C. C. contingent at the Republic Day Parade in Dehli. With the help of Miss Cherian, who returned to us in July after having attended a two-months' course at the Officers' Training Camp at Ranikhet, we are now endeavouring to airse an N. C. C. girls' troop.

Of the 24 candidates we presented for the Cambridge School Certificate Examination last year, 23 passed, 10 in the 1st Grade, 11 in the 2nd and 2 in the 3rd; and while we do not go to the extent of deluding ourselves that these results are excellent, we certainly have no cause to be ashamed of them.

The number of scholars on our rolls increases steadily year by year, and we now have no less than 59. Besides being an effective weapon with which to counter the attacks of those who stigmatize Public Schools as breeding grounds of snobbery and class distinction, I consider this an excellent thing for the School and a very happy augury for the country's future.

During the 10 days' holiday at the end of May, Sanawar was deserted but for the Prep. School. Most of the members of the Hiking Club went off to Maral Khand, and the resulting exhibition of drawings, paintings and photographs made it abundantly clear that the expedition was an unqualified success; a party of some 20 boys visited Bhakra Nangal; a group of 30 Senior Girls spent four very happy days at the Youth Hostel at Tara Devi; while the rest of the Boys' School went into camp at Dagroo and enjoyed every minute of it.

During the last week of April the School was inspected by a team consisting of Mr. Sethi, of the Ministry of Education, Mr. Kazimi, Director of Education, Jammu & Kashmir, and Colonel Goldstein, Headmaster of the Yadavindra Public School, Patiala. Contrary to expectations, the inspection proved to be an enjoyable experience, and Sanawar has benefitted not a little from the advice and guidance embodied in the Inspectors' Report, a kindly and surprisingly human document.

Towards the end of June we were fortunate in securing the services of two talented Dancing Masters, Shri Inder Dev and Shri Bannerji. They were with us for little more than a month, but in that short period they accomplished wonders. After their departure, their pupils, by dint of assiduous practice, put to good use what they had been taught, and I am confident that those of you who attend the School concert this afternoon will agree with my assertion that there has been a very appreciable improvement in the standard of dancing in the Girls' School. Further evidence in support of my claim will be provided at the Torchlight Tattoo later in the week. In addition to being talented, Shri Bannerji showed himself possessed of courage of a high order, for he undertook to instruct some of the boys in the Terpsichorean art; and although on one occasion he likened the movements of his masculine pupils to those of "boxing players", he persevered unto the end. I regret to have to announce that due to a number of pressing and more important engagements, the boys' dancing class will *not* be appearing in our Founder's programme.

This year we have on the time-table four two-hour periods each week for hobbies, and the building known as No. 5 is in the process of becoming the Hobbies Block. In addition to the Printing Press, where some 30 boys have worked keenly and interestedly throughout the year, it houses a Carpentry Section and a recently completed Photographic Section. In the Exhibition opened by Dr. Radhakrishnan this morning are examples of the drawing, painting, leather-work, clay-modelling, lino-cutting, needlework and woodwork done by some of the boys and girls. Indian music, too, in addition to finding a regular place on the time-table, occupies some children in their spare time; and there is no doubt that the music of the School, both instrumental and vocal, is on the up-grade. After a lapse of about 18 months, we once again have a Piano Mistress, and by this time next year, I hope we shall have a number of pupils ready to appear for the Trinity College and Associated Board examinations.

In the sphere of dramatics we have made great strides. Last year, in order to encourage budding actors and playwrights, Mr. Carter inaugurated the Saturday Club. The idea was that on those Saturdays when we had no Cinema, different sections of the School should stage performances of one kind or another. Up to date we have had two rousing, rollicking shows provided by Siwalik and Himalaya of the Boys' School, a wholly delightful Concert by the Prep. School, a polished and extremely well-produced variety entertainment by the Girls' School, and a lively Hindi Play by Sparrowhawks B. Determined not to be out-done, the grown-ups have now entered the field; and tomorrow night the Sanawar A. D. S., dormant since 1947, will present a play entitled "The Happiest Days of Your Life", directed and produced by Mr. Kemp. At this point I must mention that at the Shakespeare Society Dramatic Competition held at St. Stephen's College, Delhi, in August, no less than 9 Old Sanawarians took part. Ashok Nehru was adjudged the best actor, and Vikram Soni was awarded the prize for the best producer.

Our Societies continue to flourish and are now making a definite and useful contribution to the life of the School. I should particularly like to mention that, in addition to the Mathematical, Geographical, Scientific and Durrant Societies, we now have three English and three Hindi Societies, one each for the Lower, Middle and Upper Schools. Chief among the distinguished speakers who have given us of their wisdom have been Mr. M. J. Desai, at that time Chairman of the International Supervisory Commission in Indo-China, Shri Jagjivan Ram, Communications Minister and Dr. Katju, Defence Minister.

It would be misleading to refer to Domestic Science as an innovation, because for some years now the girls have from time to time been given lessons in cooking and needlework out of class hours; but this year, with a full-time Domestic Science Mistress on the staff, it has taken its rightful place as being of equal importance with all the other subjects in the curriculum. The girls are proving keen and apt pupils, as I am sure those of you who have seen their handiwork displayed in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, will agree.

Our games are going strong. Both our hockey matches against Bishop Cotton School ended in goal-less draws, but Yadavindra Public School proved too good for us. Their 1st XI beat ours by 5 goals to nil, and in the Colts' match the score was one love in their favour. In the Cricket match with them, however, our XI won by an innings and 218 runs. Unfortunately, both our cricket fixtures with Bishop Cotton School were washed out, quite literally, by rain. But far more important than the results of these Inter-School encounters is the fact that they are played in the right spirit — a spirit of friendly and sporting rivalry. We were able to revive the Inter-House Boxing this year, and though the general standard was not exceptionally high, the enthusiasm and courage displayed by the great majority of the 150 competitors was both pleasing and encouraging.

With a view to approaching more nearly the system where each house is a separate entity, we have done away with Sparrowhawks A, B and C, so there are now only four Houses in the Boys' School: Himalaya in Building No. 12, Nilagiri in Building No. 10, and Siwalik and Vindhya in the ground floor and upper storey respectively of Wavell Court, each with two dormitories, one for the juniors and one for the seniors. This means that boys coming to us from the Prep. School and new boys aged 9 and 10 will go straight into the House where they will spend the rest of their School career and thus be afforded an opportunity of indentifying themselves with that House right from the start.

Social Service has made some headway, though not nearly as much as it should. Some of the Senior Girls, guided by Miss Sinclair and Miss Solomon, have made a start on a cleanliness campaign and literacy drive among the servants' families. So far, the boys' activities have taken the form of clearing the hillsides of pine-needles with the object of minimising the possibility of khud fires, or helping with the serving of food and the clearing away and washing up of cutlery and crockery in order to give the servants an occasional evening off, and of clearing and levelling the plot known as Monkeys' Playground, the ultimate aim being to convert it either into an additional playing field or a building site.

That, ladies and gentlemen, completes my review of the year's activities. I now propose to desert the dull domain of facts and figures to dwell for a brief moment in the realm of the intangible. The education we are trying to impart to the boys and girls committed to our care, consists of something far more than getting them through examinations, coaching them in games, and training them to spend their leisure time usefully. It consists of trying to imbue them with an admiration for and a love of all that is true, pure, lovely and of good report; it consists of trying to inculcate an appreciation of and a striving after the things that are of truest worth. From time to time when we assemble in this hall at the start of our day's work we pray that as the years pass by there may go forth from this School a great company of men and women who, inspired by the spirit of unselfish service learnt here, shall labour faithfully in their different professions for the welfare of their fellowmen and for the good of India. God grant that it may be so.

The speech of the Vice-President of India.

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FOUNDER'S DAY

6th October, 1955.

Mr. Headmaster and Friends, young and old.

I am very happy to be here today, though both your Headmaster and Mr. Ashfaque Husain sent me a communication that I should not come today on account of the inclement weather. Apparently they gave in and did not adopt the Sanawar motto "Never give in." (cheers). At any rate, the message did not reach me and so I happen to be here.

The surroundings in which this institution is situated are pleasing to the eye, and soothing to the mind, and the tradition which this institution has had is a healthy one. Many changes have taken place in the history of the school from the time it was founded in 1847, but the two permanent things, its physical setting, and its intellectual and spiritual traditions, these two things have sustained the institution from its early beginnings in 1847, down to this date.

Changes have taken place. Change is the law of the universe. Those who resist changes are left behind. Those who are ready to change as circumstances demand they alone can survive; and this institution has rightly adapted itself to the changes that were forced upon it, as you see here.

We have adopted the rotating wheel as the symbol of this changing world. The blue colour is the colour of the sea. It is the colour of the sky. The wheel indicates that this world is to be regarded as something which is perpetually superceding itself. You don't look upon this world as merely a meaningless cyclic process repeating things that have taken place previously. History never repeats itself. There are ever fresh disclosures of spirit. New revelations every day take place. Every fresh impulse brings us a new adventure. Therefore we believe that there is a purpose in this world, and the changes which take place are changes which are intended to implement a higher purpose. If we want to realise that purpose, the first essential thing is discipline. Discipline in our country has been represented by the saffron colour. If we participate in the work of this world with the perspective of the eternal and submit ourselves to discipline we will establish the green paradise on earth, and the way to it is self-control.

Your Headmaster referred to the criticisms that are generally levelled against Public Schools. I have heard these criticisms before. All that it means is that facilities which are made available in institutions like these should be made available for the majority of our people. It is no use training boys and girls in schools which turn out to be mere factories where there is no personal relationship between the teacher and the students, where only some method of acquiring information and answering question papers at the end of the term is provided. If our

boys and girls are not properly educated it is because our schools and colleges do not have all the facilities which are necessary for a true liberal education. Our endeavour should be not to pull these institutions down, but to make the institutions in the country conform to the ideal which we have set before ourselves. In the matter of Public Schools, it is not a question of whether all should get the Public school type of education or none, but it is a question of steadily achieving the goal of having every boy and girl educated in a proper institution. I listened to your report and I must congratulate the Headmaster and the staff on the excellent results they have had. 23 out of 24 in the Cambridge Senior Examination is a creditable record and I hope that this number will be maintained if not improved in the years to come.

We are now launching what is called a democratic society; a democratic society where individuals look upon others with respect, do not look upon them as slaves or subordinates, but as equals, colleagues. In institutions like these where people from different social groups, from different religious communities, from different provinces come together, you have an excellent opportunity to make them understand one another and treat one another as equal citizens of this large country. Such democratic habits of mind should be inculcated in schools and colleges. By embodying them in our Constitution we merely proclaim an ideal, but by implementing them in the class room and on the playground, you are able to make your pupils really democratic in spirit. I should, however, like to say that democracy is only opportunity. Democracy is not equality of achievement. It is not equality of attainment. Every individual has the opportunity to express himself but naturally different people's achievements are bound to be different. It is, therefore, essential that while we inculcate democratic habits we must also tell most of our young people that they should have respect for character.

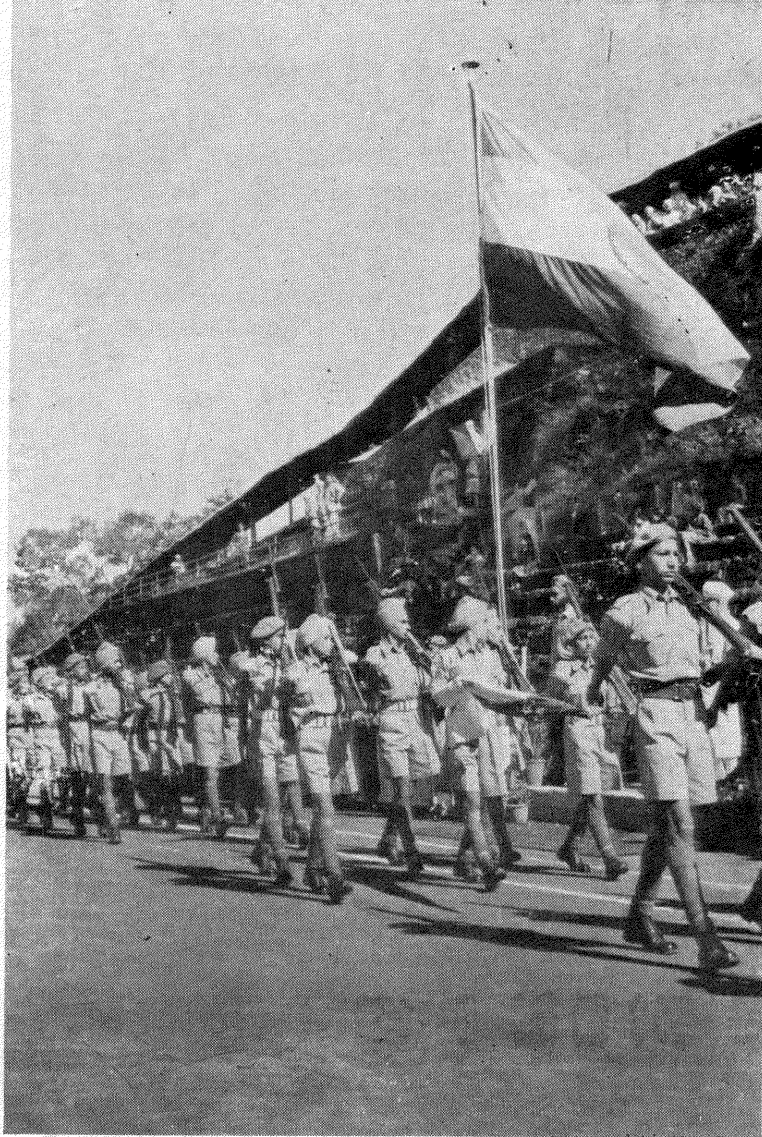
A distinguished metaphysician said "vision of greatness" is the ideal which we have to set before ourselves. True greatness consists in intellectual penetration, in moral elevation. True greatness is not growing like a tree, or even becoming an intellectual prodigee, but is the possession of the quality of compassion. Whatever else you may have, if you don't have the quality of Karuna, compassion, you may acquire eminence, but you will never be truly great. In other words, the essential character of greatness will be lacking in you. This vision of greatness can be acquired by people who read great classics, great lives of the great pioneers and explorers, the artist, the metaphysician, the religious hero, whoever they may be, it is essential for us to read their lives, to read them not merely in a mechanical way, but to meditate silently on them, and so assimilate what we learn from them, by self-transforming. The purpose of all great literature is to enable a person to develop, to acquire the universality of outlook. There is only one supreme rasa, Karuna eva. That is why great literature has to be read in a silent way.

Unfortunately today we listen to the radio. We read newspapers. We go to the cinema and mechanically assimilate the impressions that are produced by these. We have lost the habit of independent, critical reflection. We have become merely echoes of other peoples' minds. We do not think for ourselves. There is a tendency

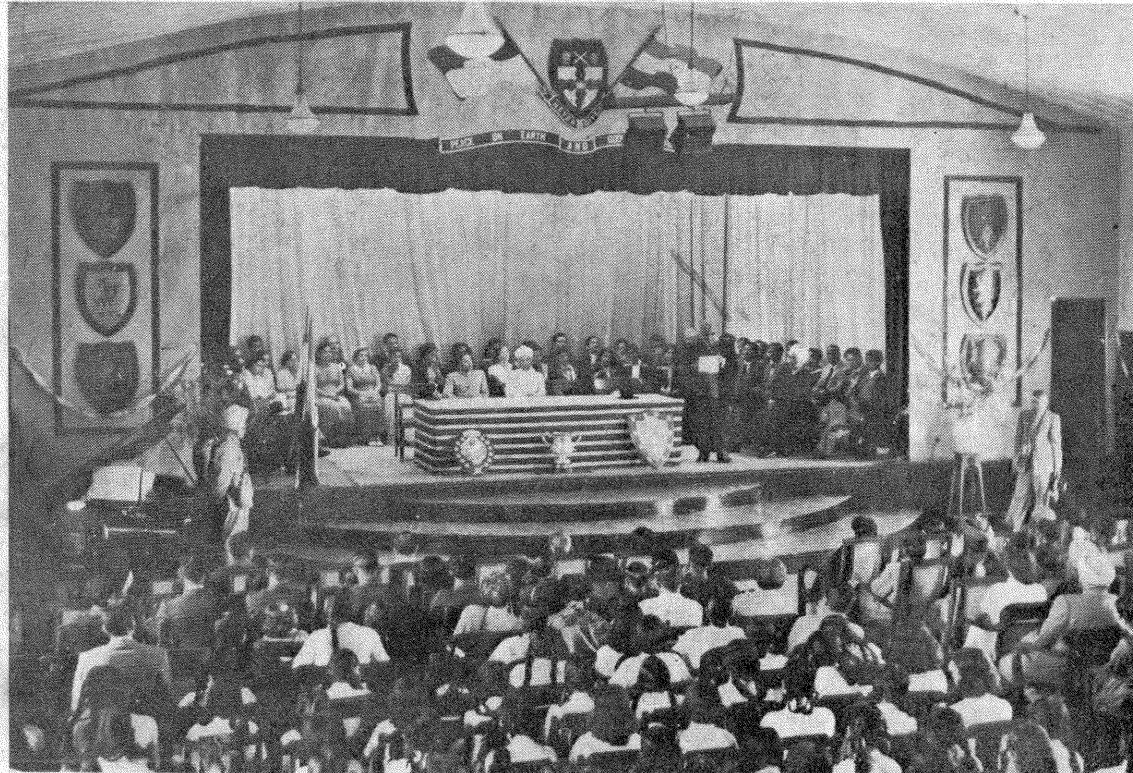
of what may be called an emotional engineering, the manipulation of the minds of men. It is essential for our young people to draw themselves together, to pull themselves away and to think for themselves. All the greatest achievements, advances etc. are brought about in moments of solitariness. So I should like to say that every one of us should have a few moments for ourselves, a few moments when great classics can be studied and assimilated. They give us understanding. Even the worst of criminals have their future, just as the saint has had its past. Therefore, it is wise for us not to judge other people. I hope in this school you will try to inculcate the reading of great classics by your boys and girls.

I am also glad to know of activities of your school like sports, games, music etc. The one lesson we learn from sportsmanship is that we should not get bothered about the score made. What counts is the play, not defeat, or loss. What is necessary is to take the defeat in a spirit of sportsmanship, with a smile on our lips, with no sourness of temper. This world is not a merry-go-round where we pass from one scene to another. If we treat it like that we will be doing something which is not worthy of human beings. What is essential is that each individual should try to discover the universal truth from science, from literature, from music. On that note your Headmaster ended his discourse. On the same note I like to end my talk. Thank you.

FOUNDER'S

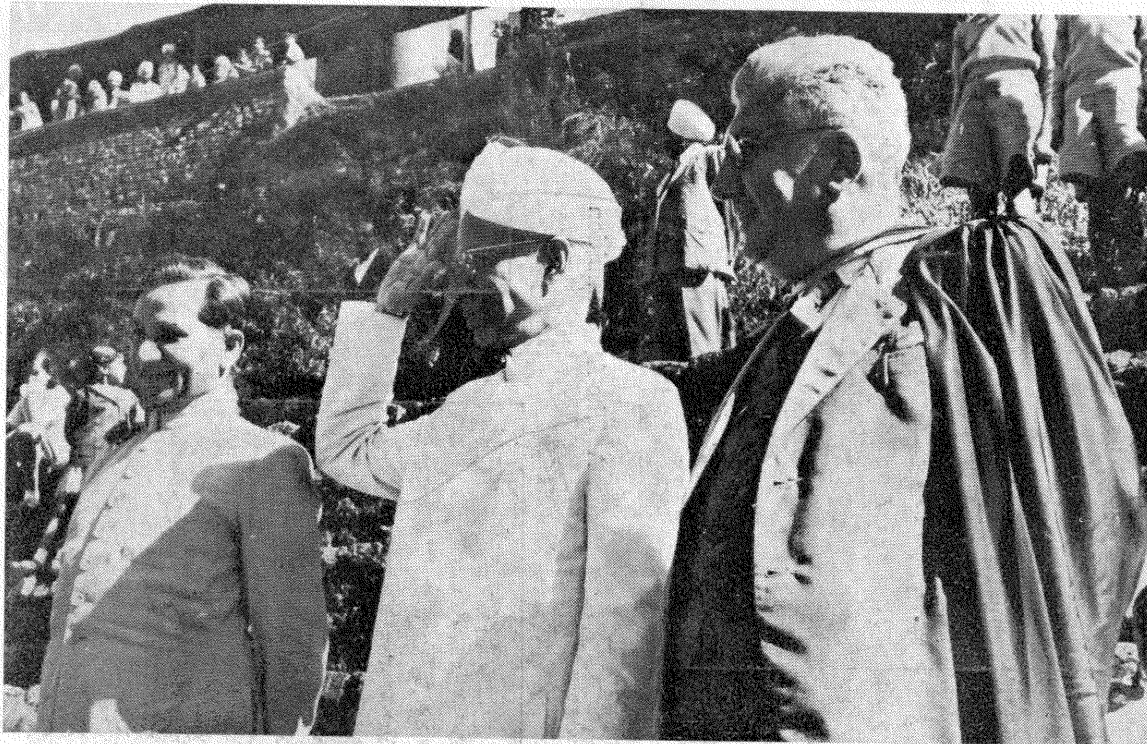


The March-Past



THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

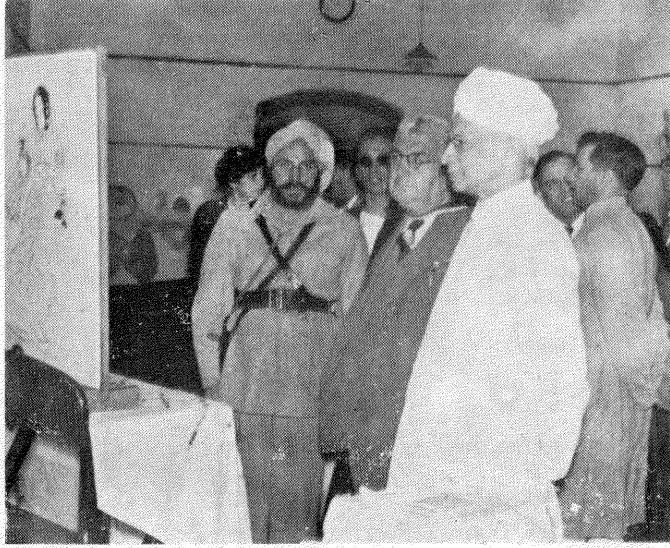
THE VICE-PRESIDENT TAKES THE SALUTE



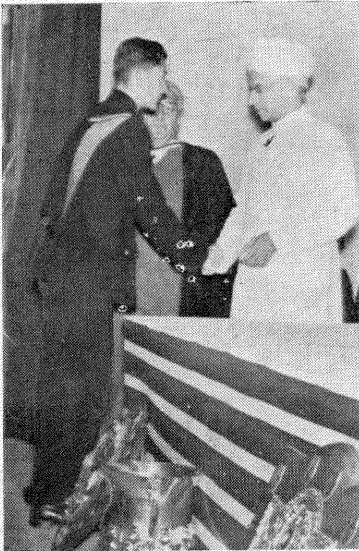
Syed Ashfaque Hussain

The Headmaster

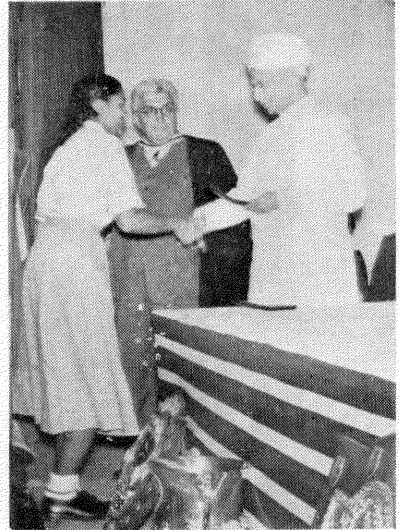
FOUNDER'S



At The Art Exhibition



P. Sahni



Usha Rani Choudhry

Winners of the Presidents' Medal



— DIARY —

MARCH

Wednesday, 2nd What a hustle and a bustle on Delhi platform : everything was bright and cheery. The happy, smiling parents glad to get rid of their young ones : the jubilant youngsters longing to get back to School ; the cheerful staff, arms outspread, enfolding each of their problem children in a fond embrace ; the comfortable accomodation, the benign and puckish ticket collector, the red-hearted hissing engine, all combined to provide a festive air. The only discordant note was struck by the master in charge of the party. He seemed to be sleep-walking, and, judging by his countenance, having horrible nightmarish dreams into the bargain.

Thursday, 3rd Party arrived safely. The new School truck doing its first trip up to Sanawar, was 'challaned' by the police at the Barrier.

Friday, 4th Bombay, Calcutta and Amritsar parties arrived ; Mr. Bhupinder Singh looking bronzed and active after a shooting holiday.

Tuesday, 8th Started classes ; books issued. Meena Lamba gets chicken-pox. Mr. Vyas gives a short talk on "Holi" after Assembly.

* * * * *

The red window curtains and the red stage curtain are a great improvement on the previous green ones. The old crests, relics of the days when Houses were named Hodson, Nicholson, Lawrence, Herbert-Edwardes, Roberts, Outram and Havelock, hang on the side panels of the stage-front.

* * * * *

- Saturday, 12th Hockey match : Staff vs. boys. Staff won by three goals to two.
- Tuesday, 15th Spring is in the air ; a light sprinkle of rain ; birds very active in nest-building, and Housemasters in House-settling
Aditya Nehru and Gita Bery paid us a flying visit.
- Saturday, 19th The Kirik* and the Kukur* are in glorious leaf, the cherry and the apricot are in flower ; the white eyes of the " May " begin to peep from out the hedges.
*trees.
The central library in the Band House was broken up and Form libraries resurrected.
- Monday, 21st Celebrated the Vernal Equinox by starting prep.
- Thursday, 24th Cambridge results announced : 10—First Division, 11—Second Division, 2—Third Division, and 1—Failure. Everybody jubilant. These are good by any standard.
* * * * *
S. C. vignette :
Deshraj, behind the stage curtain, (as the Senior Master announces the results and begins to read) face pale, lips tight-drawn, hands clasping and unclasping—" Nehru, Bedi, Sharma, Devinderpal, "—colour blanching—" Sita, Gita, "—strain visible, hand shaking—" Sonia, "—rising from his seat—" Dogra, Deshraj, "—collapse, and a flood of tears.
* * * * *
- Friday, 25th B. C. G. vaccinations caused a cancellation of prep. and games. Boys arranged a Social instead.
- Saturday, 26th Holiday ; children spread over the surrounding hills and valleys like a flight of locusts, but took their food with them.
- Wednesday, 30th Thick dust clouds in the air ; Kasauli invisible ; yellow glare ; breathing difficult.

A P R I L

- Friday, 1st Big fall in the temperature; snow-fall on the further hills makes a white back-drop to Simla.
* * * * *
Extract from ' Orders ' :
For sometime now I have been puzzled as to the exact date on which the School came into being. The first report by the Rev.

April continued.

W. J. Parker merely states that 14 children of both sexes arrived in April, 1847. Hodson, after whom our Hodson Runs are named, was responsible for the original building work at the School. In a letter dated April 1st, 1847, he describes his work at "the new Hill" School. In his next letter, written "a few days later," he mentions the arrival of Mrs. George Lawrence whose tent was pitched close to his. Thus, it is clear that the School opened in April, 1847, even though the first entries in our Registers are dated May 1st, 1847. Henry Lawrence, however, in a letter dated the 7th March, 1847, to the Editor of the Delhi Gazette, says "I have arranged for opening the Institution on the 15th April." That date would seem clear enough and I think that the 15th April might well be celebrated each year as "Foundation Day".

* * * * *

- Saturday, 2nd** Harprith Singh Gill arrived on a short visit. Film: "I see a dark Stranger." The Banksia on the Mall is in full bloom.
- Saturday, 9th** Harprith left. Film: "Tender Stranger".
- Sunday, 10th** A farewell party was held on Peacestead. The Headmaster left for Kalka after dinner.
- Wednesday, 13th** Mr. Cowell returned from Delhi. Heard the first cuckoo. Today and tomorrow are to be holidays given by Mr. Carter. Rain, hail and a high wind, did not deter a hardy party of five who hiked to Gurkha Fort.
- * * * * *
- 'Milk is a mixture because it does not produce any heat or light when it is formed, for if it did the cow would naturally be burnt.'
- A Lower IV boy.
- * * * * *
- Friday, 15th** Foundation Day; picnic at Dagroo; D. P. S. Rarewala and Rattan Kaul came up.
- Monday, 18th** Black Monday: Mark Reading in Hall. Deshraj, Rattan and Dileshwar went down.
- Saturday, 23rd** Y. P. S. Hockey matches: Colts lost 1-0, XI lost 5-0. Film: "Let us make Music".
- Monday, 25th** Black Monday: The Inspectors start inspecting.
- Tuesday, 26th** School concert for the Inspectors at 6-30 p. m. Film for Saturday: "Mad Wednesday".
- Wednesday, 27th** 2nd XI drew against B. C. S.. (0-0).
- Friday 29th,** Hockey XI left for B. C. S., Mr. Cowell left for Lovedale, B.C.S. left for Simla.
- Saturday 30th.** Hockey XI drew with B. C. S. in Simla, (0-0).



M A Y

“ People known as kidneys are found in the Congo Basin. ”

Shashi Choudhry.

Monday, 2nd	Festival Hockey.
Tuesday, 3rd	Water shortage acute; Power House shut down because of lack of water for cooling the engine.
Thursday, 5th	‘ The goodly smell of rain on dry ground;’ not much of a shower.
Friday, 6th	Bishop Barne’s birthday: Cricket season opens; so do the heavens. No play in the Festival match.
Saturday, 7th	Festival match: Boys beat staff by 2 runs. Film: “The Lavender Hill Mob”.
Sunday, 8th	Puppet show in the evening.
Thursday, 12th	Bright sun; monsoon conditions for the past six days.
Friday, 13th	Mark reading; holidays begin. Narkanda party leave before Lunch.
Sunday, 15th	Nangal party left at 7-00 a.m. Boys’ School went into camp at Dagroo.
Tuesday, 17th	Girls’ school left for Tara Devi.
Friday, 20th	Everybody back from the various organised trips.
Saturday, 21st	Prof. D. Almond, magician, gave a performance at 6. 30 p. m.
Sunday, 22nd } Monday, 23rd }	Y. P. S. Cricket match : Sanawar won by an innings and 213 runs.
Tuesday, 24th	Summer Time-table is put into operation. Classes start at 6-40 a. m.
Wednesday, 25th	Karaminder Singh (O. S.) arrived.
Thursday, 26th	The African invasion; six Patels arrived,— two to each department.
Saturday, 28th	Board of Governors’ meeting. Film: “Francis, the Talking Mule”.
Sunday, 29th	First Hindi Society meeting.
Monday, 30th	The days are so hot even the monkeys are sitting in the shade.

J U N E

- Saturday, 4th Mr. Desai gave a talk to the Durrant Society on Indo-China.
- Tuesday, 7th A busy night. Staff and servants fought a khud-fire below the school gate from 8-00 p. m. to 8-00 a. m. The boys joined in at 6-00 a. m. The fire burned the whole of Crater and the lower slopes of Honoria Court hill. A high wind added to the difficulties of the fire-fighters.
- Saturday, 11th } The XI beat a Bhargava College XI by an innings and a hundred
 Sunday, 12th } and twenty runs.
- Wednesday, 15th Mr. M. R. Sharma staged a Hindi play with Sparrowhawks B. It was a very well-rehearsed performance and had as its theme the changing of a donkey into a Governor.
 A khud fire reported below monkeys' playground.
- Thursday, 16th Mr. Balraj Sahni spoke to the senior school on 'Acting as an Art'. He advocated the scientific approach. "Any fool can produce a play with ten thousand rupees, but it takes an artist to do it with ten".
 Another khud fire reported.
- Saturday, 18th Rain in the morning reduces the possibility of further fires.
- Sunday, 19th Prof. Dastoor gives a very entertaining talk on "Laughter without Tears".
- Monday, 20th Shri Inder Dev and Shri Bannerji arrived from Simla.
 The solar eclipse was not visible due to the overcast.
- Thursday, 23rd Another magician gave us a performance in Barne Hall.
 The blue smoke of forest fires fills the air.
- Sunday, 26th Thrilling finish to the cricket match,— Staff won by two runs with two minutes to spare.
- Monday, 27th The MONSOONS break.
 * * * * * *
 "The lightning flashed,
 The thunder roared,
 The powers of heaven were shaken :
 The little pig turned up its tail and ran to save its bacon."
 * * * * * *
- Tuesday, 28th Rain; 2nd XI left for Simla.
 Shri Jagjiwan Ram spoke to the school.
- Wednesday, 29th 2nd XI match in Simla cancelled because of rain.
 Sita Bhai has been awarded the Nellie Lovell scholarship for 1955.
-



J U L Y

- Friday, 1st B. C. S. matches cancelled because of rain.
 Art Exhibition of the Maral Khand hike opened by Mr. Cowell.
- Sunday, 3rd B. C. S. leave for Simla and the rain stops. Bright sunny day;
 Inter-House cricket matches start.
- Tuesday, 5th U. IV and L. V visit the C. R. I.
- Saturday, 9th Vana Mahotsava celebrated on the 9th and 10th. Over a thousand
 saplings were planted by the children.

* * * * *

Co-ed.

To the Senior Master.

"Madhu Mehra reports that some sweets were left in her desk. Please ensure that the boys do not use unfair means to press their attentions on my girls".

The Senior Mistress.

Next day:

To the Senior Master.

"Madhu says that her brother has told her that he put some sweets in her desk so that she could have them after chiretta. I am sorry for the confusion".

The Senior Mistress.

* * * * *

AUGUST

Monday, 1st	Staff responded magnificently to a call for extra tuition during the holidays. Classes are being conducted according to a regular schedule.
Tuesday, 2nd	The Revival Group of Dancers gave delightful performances in Hall for two days. Even the boys were appreciative.
Sunday, 7th	Holidays end.
Monday, 8th	Hodson-running season commences. Short-back out-of-bounds due to a land slip below the Power House.
Friday, 12th	Six members of staff went down to Delhi to visit the Hindi Exhibition.
Saturday, 13th	"The Great Change". The four House system came into being. The boys did a tremendous job of work : home-boxes, beddings, beds, lockers, clothing-rooms, table-tennis tables, common rooms, N. C. C. kit room, P. T. gear room and Housemaster's quarters were changed, removed, sorted, settled and set up by 4-00 p. m. Operation "Switch" was a resounding success and everything went like clock-work. At the end of it all, one boy had lost one shoe, and that reappeared later.
Monday, 15th	Independence Day Service was followed by Tree-planting and social service.
Tuesday, 16th	Holiday for Mr. Carter's birthday. A special lunch and the Himalaya House Saturday Club show made a very enjoyable day.
Wednesday, 17th	Miss. Rudra left for England.
Monday, 22nd	After a week of heavy rain the sky was cloudless and beautifully blue. Piano lessons started. A case of typhoid among the servants resulted in the whole School being inoculated. A team of doctors came across from Kasauli and injected nearly 700 people in two hours.
Friday, 26th	Hodson-Run Heats.
Saturday, 27th	Swimming Heats. The Girls' School Saturday Club show was one of the best so far. It was light, delicate, well put-together, polished, colourful and enjoyable.
Monday, 29th	The new arc projector arrived. It is an expensive model, in fact we are the only school to have one. Our thanks to the Chairman of the Board for sanctioning what had become an urgent necessity.
Tuesday, 30th	Hodson-Run Finals. Morning rain had made Long Back into a quagmire. No records were broken but the timings were good.
Wednesday, 31st	Swimming Sports postponed for an hour due to rain.

July continued.

- Monday, 11th The monsoon seems to have done its worst in washing out the B. C. S. matches ; little or no rain since. The cricket House-matches were completed today,— they lasted only nine days instead of the allotted fourteen. Three Houses tied for first place ; Nilagiri was not one of the three.
- Tuesday, 12th Girls' Inter-House Tennis Finals won by Himalaya.
- Thursday, 14th Festival match : The XI beat the Head-master's XI by an innings.
- Friday, 15th A Colts' cricket team left for Chail.
- Saturday, 16th The Prep. School Saturday Club show was a delightful performance : if only their elders could capture the same spontaneity and lack of self-consciousness.
- Sunday, 17th Sparrowhawks A beat the Prep. School at cricket.
All four Houses tied in the Girls' Inter-House Badminton Tournament.
Mr. Rao left on ten months' study leave.
- Monday, 18th Inter-House Boxing Tournament started. Moonsoons re-appeared; heavy rain all day.
- Saturday, 23rd Mr. Bhudiraja, Commissioner, PEPSU, visited the school.
Himalaya won the House Boxing.
- Sunday, 24th Prep. school challanged Sparrowhawks A to a return match,— this time on Barnes. Preppers were beaten by an innings and fifty runs. The lunch in the pavilion was enjoyed by all.
Doctor Thomas, from the C. R. I. Kasauli, spoke to the Durrant and Science Societies on " Viruses and Bacteria ".
- Tuesday, 26th Preppers gave a farewell party to Miss Rudra.
- Wednesday, 27th Usha Rani won the Scanlon Cup Tennis Tournament for the third time. This feat is an all-time record.
- Thursday, 28th Swimming Gala ; Mullick distinguished himself,— as a clown. The dance recital in the evening was an excellent programme.
- Friday, 29th Mark Reading.
Children went out for the Holidays after lunch.
Dr. Katju, Defence Minister, spoke to the school at 3-30 p. m.
- Saturday, 30th Extra classes started for children detained during the holidays.
* * * * * *
Mr. Vyas : "What is the name of your country?"
Mark Thun : " Sanawar. "
* * * * * *



SEPTEMBER

“Stand a graduated brunette, full of air, in a beaker of alkaline pyrogallol.”

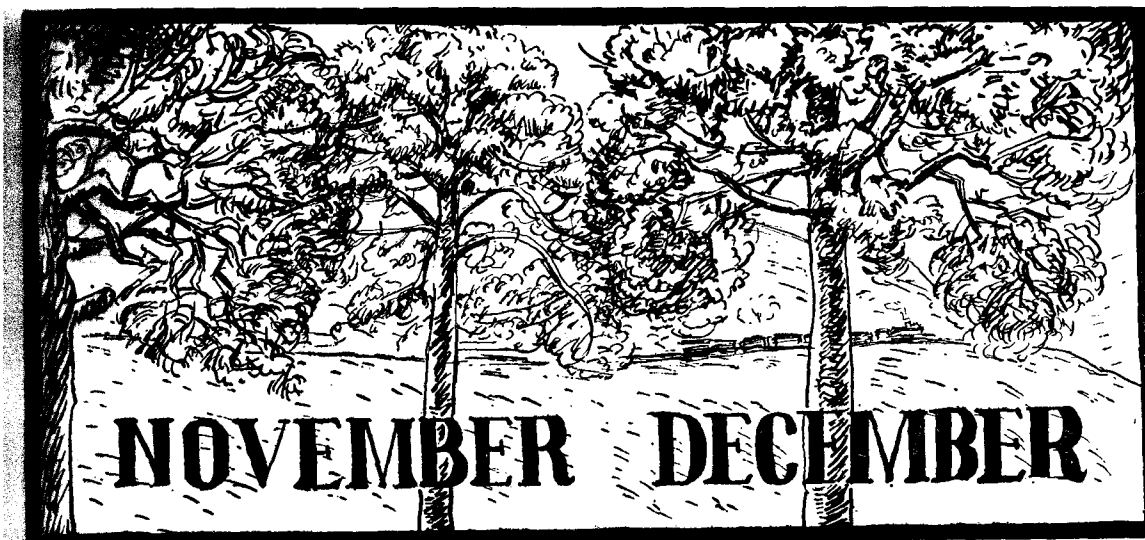
Harishpal Singh Dhillon.

- Thursday, 1st First cinema show with the new projector: “Across the wide Missouri.” It looked like 3-D and Cinemascope combined after what we’ve been used to seeing. Unfortunately the Power House and the converter were temperamental. They reminded me of a train journey from Ambala to Kalka in 1952, with two engines on the train. One refused to work with the other. The journey, and the cinema show, ended one hour late.
- Friday, 2nd Black Thursday; pocket money reduced to Rs. 6/- p. m.
National Relief Fund—Receipt No. 14295 dated the 25th August, 1955, was received from the Secretary, Prime Minister’s National Relief Fund, for Rs. 332/- sent to him by the staff and students of The Lawrence School, Sanawar, for flood relief.
 A further sum of Rs. 423/- was despatched from the school after the Punjab floods.
- Thursday, 15th The rain has been pouring down for the past ten days.
- Friday, 16th Bright sunny morning.
 Mr. Cowell returned from Lovedale.
- Wednesday, 21st Five days of lovely weather.
 Rain today washed out the Kasauli fete. S. P. S., Pratap and Sahni, who were due to hoist the Flag at the Fete, were very disappointed; they missed their lunch at Alasia.
- Friday, 23rd Mark Reading.
- Friday, 30th We seem to have a periodical recurrence of the monsoon. Rain has prevented completion of the Heats for Athletics. Outdoor preparations for Founders have been severely curtailed. Since Mark Reading the school has been working to a restricted class programme to fit in as many rehearsals as possible. The burning question is, “Will the Rains give over before Founders?”

OCTOBER

- Sunday, 2nd** Gandhi Jayanti; a special Assembly was held in Hall attended by the Prep. School; Tattoo rehearsal cancelled due to rain.
- Monday, 3rd** Rain! Rain! Rain!
- The Concert dress-rehearsal brought forward to the afternoon, in case a clear evening allowed us to have the Tattoo rehearsal. 2-00 p. m., still raining.
- 6-00 p. m., cyclone struck Sanawar; torrents of rain and winds of gale force.
- Everything depends on the depth of the cyclonic disturbance; we still have two days to Founders.
- Tuesday, 4th** A note from my diary: High winds all night; radio aerial down, dahlias and cosmos flat; gardens a shambles. Still blowing hard at lunch time; raining non-stop since 6-00 p. m. yesterday, and Founders starts tomorrow; athletics unfinished; rehearsals cancelled; everything at sixes and sevens. Barometer half-way between Bright/Stormy."
- Wednesday, 5th** The rain stopped for two hours last evening and started again at 8-00 p. m., obviously the second half of the cyclone. Rain poured down all night and did not let up till 5-00 p. m.
- The Lovedale party and some Parents arrived in the morning. News of blocked roads and broken telephone and electric wires began to trickle in. Sanawar was cut off from every-where by lunch time, trees were down and a few roofs blown off.
- The concert was cancelled and the Supper venue transferred to Gaskell Hall. The Power House mechanics worked hard in repairing and clearing the lines to give us the current by supper time. The Headmaster made an attempt to send a wireless message through the Military in Kasauli apprising Dr. Radhakrishnan of the conditions prevailing and suggesting that he cancel his proposed visit.
- Thursday, 6th** Founder's day dawned bright and clear, and with the dawn came Dr. Radhakrishnan, inspite of every difficulty. The programme was hurriedly re-arranged and Assembly, the Parade, Speeches, and the Concert, followed by dinner in the Gym. after Dr. Radhakrishnan's departure, filled a very successful day.
- Friday, 7th** Another bright day. Preparations for the Torchlight Tattoo were quickly under way; the Fete was timed for 2-00 p. m. The Tattoo commenced punctually at 6-40 p. m. Fortunately extra flood lights had been erected, for the mist cut down visibility considerably.

- Saturday, 8th The weather-gods are smiling again. The Past drew with the Present in a keenly contested Hockey match before lunch.
- The A. D. S. (staff) play, "The Happiest days of your Life," was independent of the weather, as were the concluding items of the day's programme the Old Sanawarian Dinner and Dance. The latter, ably encouraged by Max Geiger and his band, did not break up till 2-15 a. m.
- And so ended another Founders, a very difficult Founders, but withal, a very happy and successful Founders.
- Sunday, 9th Anti-climax compounded of relief, joy, and amazement that we had managed to complete so much. The Athletics have been postponed to Thursday, October 20th, and the Gymkhana has been cancelled.
- Thursday, 13th Boys returned from the Holidays.
- Friday, 14th Early morning Prep. (6-45—7-45 a.m.) started today. The timetable has been reorganised to give Games and Baths in the afternoon, and two teaching periods after Tea.
- Sunday, 16th House P. T. competitions won by Vindhya Girls and Nilagiri Boys. P. Sahni was judged the best gymnast.
- Thursday, 20th Brigadier Pathania presided at the Athletics meeting. Prep. in the evening as usual.
- Sunday, 23rd Bill Colledge, Mrs. Colledge and young William came up on a short visit. Bill is an old Sanawarian of 1930 vintage and is at present in the Preventive Service (Customs) in Hong Kong. He is full of reminiscences and the Headmaster has mapped out a programme of talks and cinema shows which he (Bill) will give the School during the coming week.
- 23rd: A commentary and cinema show to the Senior School.
- 25th: Cinema show to the Preppers.
- 27th: A talk to the Senior School.
- 29th: Cinema show to the Senior School.
- Saturday, 29th Bill Colledge had to cancel his cinema show due to a last minute break down. The projector burnt out just before the show and he, and we, were most disappointed. Mr. & Mrs. Colledge and William left for Kalka after a supper party at the club.
- Sunday, 30th Girls vs. staff (ladies) at Netball. An exciting match; staff handicapped by lack of many things,—speed, stamina, training, practice, knowledge of rules, partial refereeing (Mr. Jagdish Ram); some staff were overweight, some underweight. Staff shooter (Miss Kavery) was good, so was their "back-drop" (Miss Cherian). Girls won at 4-2.
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NOVEMBER

Tuesday, 1st The weather is grand; the days are warm and bright and the evenings have a decided nip! This is the best month of the year.

Friday, 4th The Girls left for Auckland House. The School lined the route. Pratap called for three cheers for the teams in a rather self-conscious way and stalled the truck. He had to call again when the mechanical trouble was overcome.

Saturday, 5th Girls won their matches in Simla :—

Tennis 1st string: 6—0, 6—1.
 „ 2nd „ : 6—0, 6—2.

Table Tennis : 3 matches to nil.

Netball : 13 pts. to 5 pts

Tuesday, 8th L III and Preppers went to the cinema in Kasauli to see Jagriti. All cried unashamedly.

Wednesday, 9th B. C. S. Soccer matches cancelled due to an outbreak of chicken-pox in Simla.

The senior School saw Jagriti. Mr. Jagdish Ram cried like a baby (or so the rumour goes).

Friday, 11th Colts and Soccer XI leave for Patiala.

Saturday, 12th Yadavindra were too good for us.

Y. P. S. vs. XI
 5 — 0

Y. P. S. vs. Colts
 3 — 1

Sunday, 13th

The Soccer teams returned from Patiala. On the way they paid a trip to Chandigarh, the architect's nightmare. One felt that another fifteen years would elapse before cosmos emerged out of the seeming chaos.

Monday, 14th

Some experts from Nahan (or was it Nabha) gave us a fireworks display on Peacestead. This was followed by a bon-fire and the children's display (much better).

The School had a combined supper in Gaskell Hall at 8-00 p. m. S. P. S. and his minions had decorated the inside with Devas and candles and the outside with torches. The venue was bright and gay.

The boys dashed in determined to be gentlemanly and to see that the girls and staff were served first. Unfortunately the girls had got in before them and were already half-way through the first course. The Preppers had their supper in the Ridge theatre and a bon-fire on the P. D. flat.

* * * * *

Q. Give a pen-picture of "The Toff."

P. Mucchal asks: "Have we to do a drawing, Sir?"

* * * * *

The Printers are adamant that the 'copy' should not be delayed any longer, and so this diary must end forth-with.

The Soccer House Tournament in the Boys' School is to be played off from the 15th to the 19th of November. The House shooting will take place on Monday 21st, and the Table Tennis Tournament on Tuesday 22nd.

The Cambridge Examinations are on Monday 28th.

A special supper is being arranged for Guru Nanak's birthday on Tuesday 29th.

Mark reading, Prize Distribution, the Break-up Supper, and HOME DAY will follow in due course. The Editor hopes that a "Stop Press" edition of the Prize giving results will be included before the Magazine is finally closed in its binders.

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"Ramma was a Scientist:
Ramma is no more.
Ramma thought it H₂O:
Not H₂SO₄!"

OLD SIXTH FORM RHYME

* * * * *

Staff Notes.

Sanawar, like the Brook, might well sing "men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever". Under the above heading there are always changes to be recorded.

Most of the staff and children arrived up on March 3rd, in bright sunny weather. Mr. Misra came back in double-harness (and glad we were to welcome Mrs. Misra), while Mr. and Mrs. Rawat brought a future Sanawarian in their little daughter Sabita. We were glad to see that Mrs. Rawat had fully recovered from her illness.

Mrs. Coombes and Leslie had both left before the opening of School and Sanawar seemed changed without them. I can remember the days when young Jasper was a babe in arms, and big sister Leslie was in the P. D. *Tempus Fugit!* and innocuous little girls suddenly become charming big ones, and Editors begin to feel their age. Mrs. Coombes and the kids carry our good wishes with them wherever they may go. Sanawar owes much to Mrs. Coombes' dedicated unselfish devotion, and to her untiring efforts in the rebuilding of a new Sanawar on the old foundations in the crisis of 1948. She will not forget us, and we cannot forget her.

New faces met us on arrival and we bid welcome to Mr. H. K. Mehta (our new librarian), Mr. R. K. Bhatia, Mr. M. J. Mehta and Miss M. Cherian. Mr. U. P. Mukherji and Mrs. Jacob (Nursing Sister) joined us on the 15th of March, while Mr. H. C. Srivastava (Carpentry), Miss S. N. Sinclair and Mrs. P. Bedi arrived a month later. Mr. A. Bhalerao (Art) and Miss E. Paranjoti also arrived in April, and Miss L. Dewan left us a little earlier.

Miss Dewan carries with her our very best wishes for the future. Her husband's gain is Sanawar's loss. We, and the little girls in particular, were sad at her leaving. We hope that she will be very happy, and that someday she will visit us again.

Mrs. N. Hickie went on a month's leave in March prior to her retirement. The news that she was old enough to retire was a shock to everybody. She seemed to have found the secret of the elixir of eternal youth, and looked younger each succeeding year. Mrs. Hickie's quiet and devoted service in the care of her young wards was a comfort and consolation to hundreds of parents over the past years. We wish her all the comfort and careless ease that she so richly deserves. May her only worries be grand little-ones.

Miss Vera Seymour, Miss P. Silva (Stenographer) and Miss Sushila Solomon joined us in May, and Mr. V. V. Thakar (Music) in June. Unfortunately Miss Seymour and Miss Silva left us in July, for reasons beyond our control. (The Editor suspects that arch-enemy of all schools matrimony; but hastens to add he has no proof yet).

Shri Inder Dev and Shri Bannerji joined us in a temporary capacity as Masters for Indian Dancing on June 20th. Their short stay of a month was characterised by its intensity of approach. They achieved miracles of grace in turning our girls into nymphs and naiads; unfortunately the boys were made of sterner stuff and were constitutionally resistant to change. In July, Mrs. Bedi took over the Domestic Science and hand-work classes in the Senior School, Miss M. Cherian returned after her two-months N. C. C. training, and Shri Surrinder Nath was appointed Engineer in charge of the School estate. In July, too, Mr. N. K. S. Rao went on ten months study leave to attend a teacher's training course in Delhi.

In August, one of our major dreams came true. Miss J. Albuquerque was appointed Piano Mistress. (The other dream is Miss Albuquerque's opposite number in the Boys' School, a Band Master.)

In September Miss Joyce Seymour filled the breach left by her sister (Vera), Mr. L. C. Khanna stepped into the vacancy created by the departure of Shri R. L. Chopra (Steward), Mr. S. P. Sharma took over the Biology classes taught by Mr. Rao, and Miss Romola Sen and Mrs. E. S. Lyall augmented the hard-pressed Prep. School Staff.

Miss Rudra left us on the 17th of August for further training in England, and will be away for two years. The Preppers gave her a party before she was due to leave and when her sailing date was postponed, demanded to know why she had not gone. We had the novel experience of seeing our very self-assured Pulu in tears at this Party. Perhaps it is the distant view of the snows that 'unmans' one in Sanawar. I've seen the moist eye on more than one occasion at parties like these,—and not the feminine eye alone.

Mr. Carter went down to Delhi on April 10th on the first leg of his journey to England. He had been confined to bed since the opening of term and before, and was due a rest. Before his departure he insisted on attending a farewell Tea which was held on the girls' flat. All three departments were present and a few guests too. Mr. Cowell spoke of the School's deep anxiety and voiced the hope that a change of climate and a rest would find Mr. Carter stronger and fitter in the very near future.

Mr. Carter replied, and, while wishing the School all success in the coming year, made his answer to the gossips who were predicting his non-return to Sanawar. He categorically denied any intention of not returning. He would be back, he said, as soon as his health permitted. There was prolonged cheering at this news.

We have had a great many changes of staff this year and one cannot view with any equanimity a process which delays and prevents consolidation. The picture is not as black as it looks however, for a number of newcomers this year are in new appointments, the Engineer, the Steward, the Music Mistress, and one Prep. School mistress are cases in point. Changes there must be, for this is a human problem and the work is hard, specialised and unremunerative.

An unchanging staff would indicate efficiency and dedication of a high order. That Utopia is a visionary's dream.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

I'll not attempt to explain the heading. I cannot. It is my personal reaction to the daily presentation of the M. I. Book. Day after day and month after month Lamba has presented himself with the set formula: 'The M. I. Book, Sir.' And each time in my mind, unbidden, has risen the thought: 'Chapman's Homer.' Stout Cortez, upon a peak in Darien, stared at the Pacific but once, and his emotional storm was over. I'm more like some faithful watcher of the skies when planets nightly swim into his ken. My experience repeats itself day after day, and having finished with the one, I'm impatient for the next survey. Let us carry the metaphor with us as we turn the leaves of—Chapman's Homer.

Cough: Mist. cough T. A. G. ;

Cold: Mist. cold T. A. G. ;

these are the Sun and the Moon of our firmament, waxing and waning but almost always present.

Injury, wrist; injury finger; abrasion knee, ;

these are the stars, changing with the seasons; hockey, football, cricket, producing their own bright spots of tincture iodine.

Nose, enlarged; eye, black; ear, thick,

are a sure indication that the House-boxing tournament has started,—and that boys are seeing stars on their own account.

The first planet swims into our ken on page six.

Pityriasis versicolor: sulph. ointt.

One can forgive the days of waiting, forget the boredom of:

Boil, buttocks; ear-ache, carbolic glycerine; sore throat, absent;

in the brilliant effulgence of this rainbow-hued stranger. And what a lovely name! Any boy should be proud to have achieved such distinction.

Thus days run on, each making its little or great contribution.

Whitlow finger, A. S. Dressing; excites sympathy.

Wax ear, Sodii Bicarb. glycerine; rouses interest.

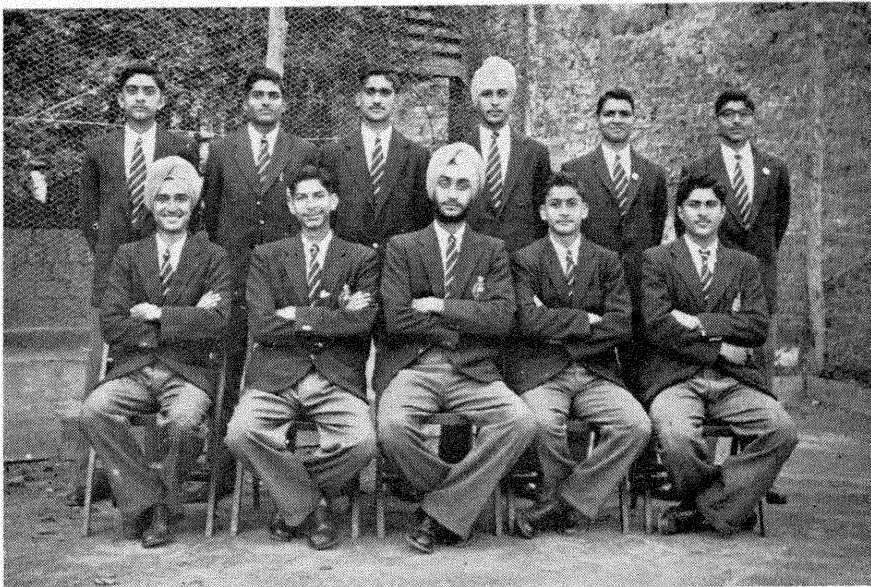
Wart nose, Acid nitric; calls for investigation; while

Blepharitis, Yellow ointt., and

Stomatitis, Boro-glycerine, send one running to the dictionary.

There is no end to this cycle. Still every morning Lamba presents himself: "The M. I. Book, Sir", and still rises the thought in my mind,—"Chapman's Homer."

PREFECTS



G. S. Lamba D. Pratap S. P. S. Gill (Head Boy) P. Sahni K. K. Soi
B. P. Singh Y. P. Choudhry K. S. Dhami H, S, Brar N. Bahadur Sudhir Singh

PREFECTS



Mira Koregaokar Asha Sircar Usha Rani Choudhry (Head Girl) Yogindra Dhillon
Rina Charan Singh Gul Shahani Harinder Gill Asha Narang

Our visit to the Kasauli Research Institute.

Towards the end of June, the senior school visited the Central Research Institute at Kasauli.

The C. R. I., which was opened in 1906 was extensively reorganised and re-modelled in 1933 and 1946. Moreover the function of the Pasteur Institute Kasauli, was incorporated with the C. R. I. in 1933. The Institute provides facilities for medical research work, manufacture of vaccines and sera, and is a training centre for selected medical personnel.

The work carried out during the first half of this century, on the prophylactic use of anti-rabic vaccines and sera, and the preparation of anti-snake-venom sera, has put the name of Kasauli on the map of world. During both world wars the Institute was responsible for the supply of millions of doses of cholera, T. A. B. and different sera to the Middle and Far East.

The boys and girls were first shown round the serum concentration section. Here the blood of horses which have received repeated injections of certain poisons (e.g. snake venom) is processed in order to recover in a pure form the fraction which contains the antibody. These antibodies are produced by the protective mechanism of the horse, to counteract the effect of the poison injected into it. The deadly nature of cobra venom was amply demonstrated when one of the doctors injected 3/10,000 gm of the venom into a live pigeon with instantaneously fatal results.

We saw a number of snakes kept in glass boxes and the party was very interested to see how the venom was collected. The snake is gripped behind the head, and the deadly fangs pressed through a piece of gauze stretched across a wine glass, whereupon a few drops of the poison trickle into the glass. A few drops, yes! but sufficient to kill a half-dozen people. We were told that snake-poison is a very powerful digestive juice,—its killing properties are a secondary function.

We also saw the anti-rabic section.

Rabies is a disease of the dog-tribe which is transferable to other animals, including man. In man the disease produced is called 'hydrophobia' and always ends fatally after three or four days of intense suffering.

Louis Pasteur (d. 1895), most famous of French scientists, evolved a treatment for those unfortunates who had been bitten by mad dogs and wolves, whereby the dread disease was prevented. He founded the Pasteur Institute at Paris for research in and treatment of 'rabies'. The virus (poison) of rabies occurs in the brain and spinal cord of the affected animal, and that employed at Kasauli is the original Paris virus.

There is a rabbit room at the Institute where the virus is kept alive by inoculation from rabbit to rabbit. As a rabbit becomes a victim of rabies it is killed, and its brain removed. An emulsion of this brain is injected into that of

a healthy rabbit, which in ten days or so, itself gets rabies and is killed. The brain of this rabbit is removed and from it another healthy rabbit is infected and so on week in and week out.

A rabbit's brain is so small that, for reasons of economy, the vaccine is made from the brains of sheep, the sheep being infected by inoculation of brain emulsion from an infected rabbit.

The sheep shows symptoms of rabies after a week, is killed about the tenth day and its brain removed.

Two brews of vaccine are made from each sheep's brain. Each half-brain is cut up into small pieces which are emulsified with a certain quantity and strength of carbolic acid solution. The carbolic kills the active virus in the brain emulsion, and the dead virus is the basis of your vaccine. The emulsion is carefully tested to be certain that it is pure and contains no active virus, and is stored in the vaccine room on screened shelves.

The emulsion, now to be termed vaccine, is filled into glass bulbs, or ampoules of varying size. Clear glass ampoules are used for vaccine intended for human beings and amber coloured for animal vaccine. The vacuum filling machine by which this transference is obtained is quite ingenious, and was an interesting spectacle for the party.

After filling, the ampoules are sealed in a blow flame, tested in a vacuum cell for leakage, again tested for sterility, labelled and packed. A stock of 90,000 c.c. of vaccine is kept in ampoules.

Patients are treated by daily injections of this vaccine for a fortnight,— the presence of this vaccine in the body producing substances which prevent the development of the rabies virus, and so inhibit the onset of this dread disease.

In the diagnostic section the doctor-in-charge patiently gave a simple explanation of the methods used for diagnosing various infectious diseases. The different steps and safeguards used in the preparation of typhoid and cholera vaccines were also shown and explained to us.

The Institute has anti-biotic screening, anaerobic, bio-chemistry and other sections, but space does not allow a full description of them.

We are very grateful to the Director and his staff for allowing us to spend some very profitable and interesting hours in their famous Institute.



Bubby Nanda

On Letters Home

“ My dear Ma, How is Pa?

Send me a parcel. Ta Ta.”

Letter writing is the bane of one's life, and the bane starts early,—right here in school.

Fond Mamas and Papas insist that letters should contain all the available news. “You don't read my letters,” complains one. “Answer all the questions I have asked,” adjures another. “Write neatly or,” threatens a third. “Your matron is impossible, your Doctor improbable, your Housemaster imperturbable, and your Headmaster imperishably implacable. Do not fail to look up these words in a dictionary”, lectures a fourth.

Every Saturday the boys are crowded into Form rooms, handed pen, ink and paper, and told, “Write to your parents; not to your chums, not to your pen-pals, not to your girl-friends,— but to your parents”. And every Saturday a page of writing laboriously achieved with much pen-sucking, head scratching, and appeals to neighbours for news, is enclosed in an envelope and delivered with relief to the Housemaster.

The torture is not new. It has been going on from time immemorial, and certainly for over a hundred years in Sanawar.

Looking through some vintage SANAWARIANS (the magazine, not the opaque human kind) the Editor came across an article which helps to prove the point. The writer signed himself, “Only a Humble Housemaster”, and was obviously one of the considerate kind-hearted sort. He tried in his small way to alleviate the distress he saw around him every Saturday, and suggested a But let the extract speak for itself.

“ To the Editor of the Sanawarian,

Sir,—Would you consider a suggestion from a mere Housemaster? The suggestion owes its inspiration to the Field Service Postcard in use during the war... ..

Now, Sir, remembering your own frequent reprovings of the House Staff for failing to extract regular Home letters, our own desperate efforts to produce more and better letters to satisfy you, and the tears the young shed in the process of producing them, I submit that a letter modelled on the Field Service Postcard and printed in bulk would save us all a vast amount of perspiration. Would the following commend itself to you, for instance?



My dear Parents,

I am quite well . I am very happy in school; it is just like Home . Last
quite ill . unhappy Hell .
so so middling Borstal

Mark Reading I came Top Middle of my form the Head gave me a smack on the back
eye
Bottom bottom

Miss Jones tested my voice and told me it reminded her of a bul-bul
ju-bube
bath running out

and that with a voice like that I ought to be in the choir Singapore . There are lots of
Sing Sing

Prizes win
diseases to be had at this school; I am doing my best to catch the lot.
butterfly collections flick

Well, Good-bye my dear parents from your very loving son
loving daughter
fairly loving mixed infant

(Delete what does not apply.)

I commend the idea to you, Mr. Editor, and beg to sign myself,
ONLY A HUMBLE HOUSEMASTER.

Flowering in Sanawar

Sanawar is very pretty during spring. All the trees start getting new leaves, and the flowers wake up after a long winter's sleep. The most common flowers are the dahlias, roses, May flowers, cherry blossoms and the yellow banksia.

May flowers come out before Easter. Walking down to the hospital or round the Short Back, we see nothing but bushes of these flowers. They look as if snow lay on the bushes.

The dahlias near the School Office are of enormous size. Here and there on the Khudside we find Sun-flowers. Sitting in one of the classrooms if we look out of the window we see nothing but flowers.

Going for a short walk is a pleasant experience with the sound of bird song in your ears and the feel of the cold breeze blowing into your face. The hillsides are full of pink crocuses, like a pink carpet on the green grass. Everything is quiet and one can hear a stream flowing down in the valley. Butterflies haunt every flower.

The hillside near the Girls' School is always pretty. Holiday House garden always has some pretty flowers and some wild ones are seen growing on the hillside. There is a rock garden outside the girls' dining hall which has cactus growing in it. Near the study-rooms grow rockflowers and cock's comb.

On the hillside of Long Back we find many wild flowers. There are wild violets and forget-me-nots. Lilies of the Valley are also found. Lily of the Valley is a very small flower with a delightful scent. Sanawar looks very pretty during spring when we hear the first song of the cuckoo.

Suman Mala.

And Suman has forgotten a few.

The pink and the white of the cherry, medlar and apricot blossoms; the mauve Wistaria hanging grape-like on garden trellises, the purple Jackeranda near the Church, the Meena Labata creeping up the walls, the intoxicating Honey-suckle and Lady of the Night, the Canterbury Bells and Gladioli, the white slipper of the Arum lily and the Spider and St. Joseph lilies which crowd the hillsides.

The hardy Geraniums giving us a splash of colour before the rest are out and after most have gone. The white and mauve and red of the " Ragged Robin " in its monsoon setting, the multi-coloured Cosmos and the red and purple Salvia, tiger-eyed Nasturtiums and the pale blue wild Violets of softer memories.

Our hillsides catch the drippings from the palettes of the Gods. The magic colours splash around us as the Immortals paint, and Aster, Petunia and Marguerite,— Larkspur, Verbena and Marigold,— Antirrhinum, Carnation and Pansy,— Primrose, Daffodil and Daisy,— spring to life in a rainbow-hued kaleidoscope of colour.

Yes! Spring-time, Summer-time, Autumn-time, and almost even Winter-time, is flower-time in Sanawar.

FOUNDERS

OCTOBER 1955.

The first of the brave and bold (parents) arrived on the 5th morning drenched to the skin and already wishing themselves elsewhere. The cyclone was not in the Programme for Founders, and founder the programme would if the cyclone continued. Old retainers waxed voluble, hoary heads shook, rheumy beards waggled, and a disastrous earthquake was predicted. However the Gods were kind and apart from rumours of Shiv Mehra, Ravindra Mehta and Jagdish Thakur falling out of bed no earthquake materialised.

Arrangements had been made to accomodate over one hundred parents and guests, and Sanawar was organised on a war-time footing. Staff had vacated their quarters and children their dormitories, servants had been engaged, and stocks of vitamin pills laid in.

The mood was a sombre one on Wednesday the 5th as the first change of programme was announced : Supper would be in Gaskell Hall, the Athletics meeting would be postponed till after Founders and the School Concert would take place on Thursday.

Details of events have been given elsewhere, so it is sufficient to say that Founder's Day October 6th, dawned bright and clear. With the sun came Dr. Radhakrishnan, or to capture the mood more accurately, with Dr. Radhakrishnan came the sun. From that moment we did not look back. Three crowded days, and nights, were filled to capacity and the consensus of opinion was summed up in the phrase "A wonderfully happy Founders."

The tempo was fast and much improvisation had to be done. (The giraffe's tail for the Tattoo went down longer than it should have been and disorganised the torch bearers.) Tempers were occasionally frayed and the strain peeped through in hard words, but much was attempted and much was achieved.

Our family quarrels (and say what you will, we are a family) were patched up immediately, and on we went encouraged by the appreciation of parents and guests and helpers, until Sunday morning told us that the work was done and we could rest awhile.

THE MARCH-PAST

Few occasions are more bright and happy in school life than Founder's Day. The most important event on this particular day from my point of view is the March-past where our honoured guest takes the salute.

This year Founder's Day was on the sixth of October, and as it had been raining incessantly the previous days, it was feared that the outdoor items

such as the March-past and Athletics, might have to be postponed. To save our guest of honour, the Vice-President of India Dr. Radhakrishnan, the trouble of coming up to Sanawar all the way from Delhi, our Headmaster Mr. Cowell, sent him a message asking him not to come; but fortunately, the message did not reach the Vice-President, and here he was in Sanawar at the appointed time. The sky was absolutely clear and it seemed as if the Vice-President had brought the sunshine with him.

So after all, the March-past was not cancelled and it took place on 'Peacestead' at the scheduled time,—10.30 a.m. The two troops of the N.C.C. with the Colour party in between were drawn up in front of 'Holiday House', facing the bank. They were neatly dressed and the glitter of their boots and buckles could be seen far off. The bank was lined with visitors. Many sat on chairs at the base of the bank along with our staff and old Sanawarians. In the centre was a small platform and beside it the National Flag on a high pole. The rest of the school was formed up in squads near the Girls' school dormitories. There were eight squads. One senior girls' squad, four senior boys' squads and three Prep. school squads.

The Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, escorted by Mr. Cowell, and followed by a large body of officials and civilians, came into view. The white-robed illustrious guest was like an angel, bringing sunshine and warmth with him and removing all apprehensions from our minds.

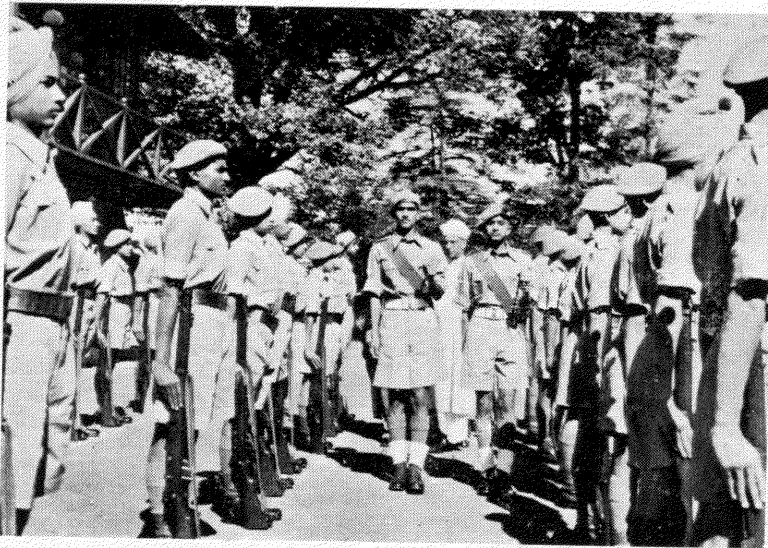
Everyone stood to attention. The N.C.C. presented arms, the band played the National Anthem and the National Flag was gently unfurled. When the Anthem ended, the N.C.C. "sloped arms" and at another command from the troop sergeant, Naresh Bahadur, the cadets "ordered arms". After this, Naresh Bahadur marched smartly up to the Vice-President and informed him that the Parade was ready for inspection. Dr. Radhakrishnan accompanied by Mr. Cowell, was then escorted by Bhupinderpal and Dhami through the 'open' ranks, with a slow march from the band.

After inspection and after the Vice-President had reached the platform, the N.C.C. Cadets did "close-order-march" then "left turn", and finally, 'quick march',— all at commands from the Troop sergeant, who was now leading. Their march-past was very good, and the extra smartness of the colour-party rendered the N.C.C. parade all the more impressive. The stimulating music played by the band, enlivened us even more.

The N.C.C. troops were followed by the girls' squad, then the four boys' squads, and finally the three Prep. school squads. The march-past was very good and all of us were pleased that it had come off successfully. After this we went back to our dormitories, happy that the first item of Founder's Day, and also the most important, had ended well.

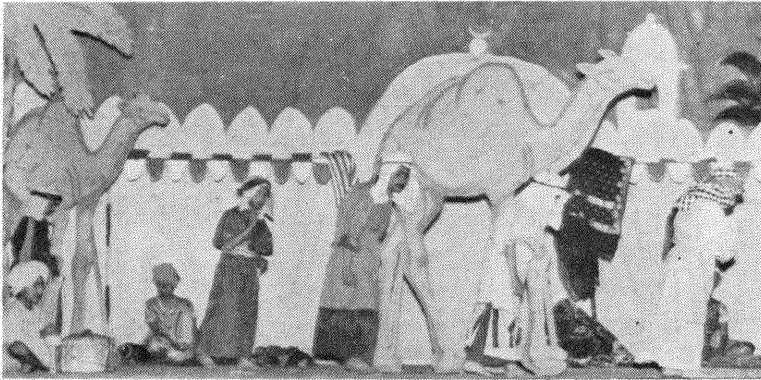
H. S. Bedi.

FOUNDER'S



The Inspection

FOUNDER'S



The Persian Market



Asha Narang

The Mohiniyattam

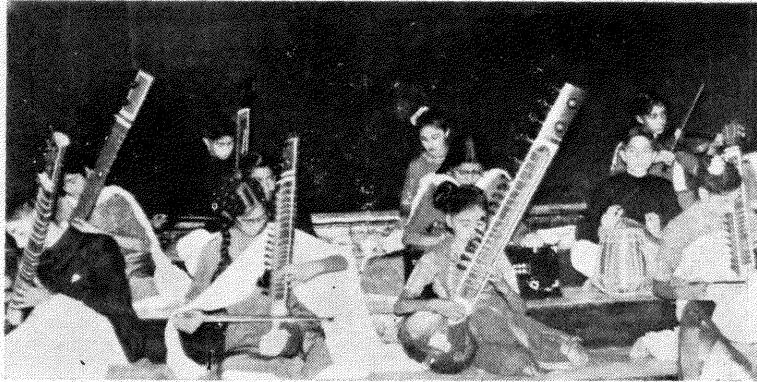
Harinder Gill

Usha Choudhry

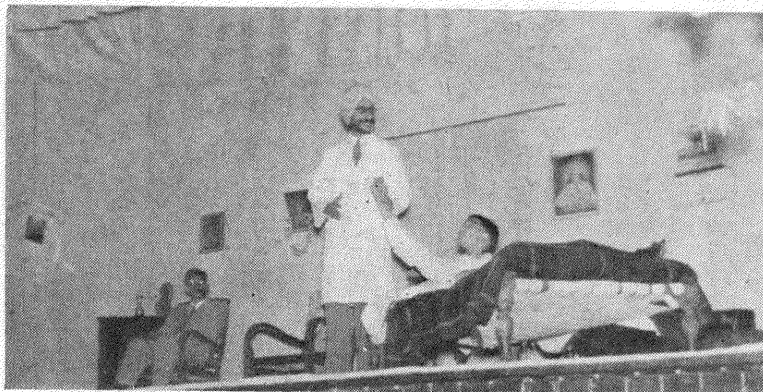
FOUNDER'S

FOUNDER'S

The Orchestra



FOUNDER'S



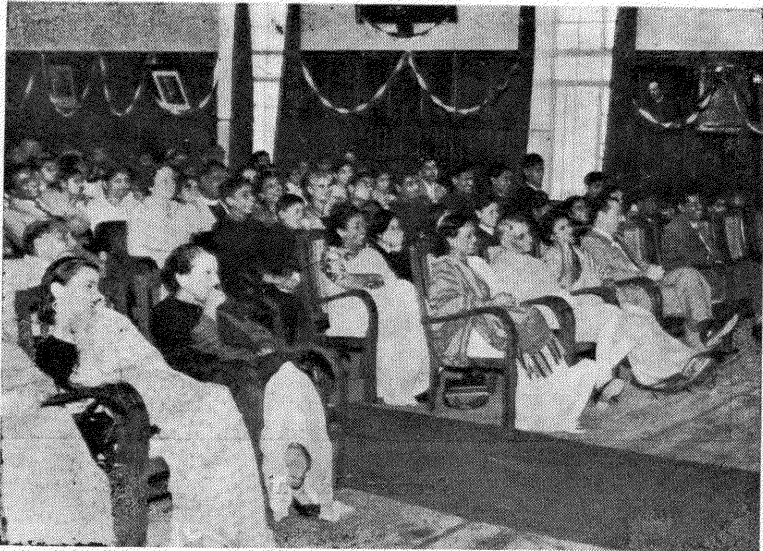
Beemar Ka Ilaj

FOUNDER'S



The Santhal

The Audience



SCHOOL CONCERT

PROGRAMME

Rag Rageshree, ... Orchestra	Mohiniyatatyam,	{ Usha Rani Choudhry Asha Narang Harinder Gill
In a Persian Market, ... Prep. School		
Chorus, ... Senior School Group	Santhal Dance,	Junior Dancing Group
	Bharatvarsha Hamara,	Prep. School Group
	Trishna Shanti,	Senior Dancing Group
A Musical Interlude, Prep. School		

Naujawan Doctor (*A Hindi Sketch*)

CHARACTERS

Doctor	... Arun Mahajan	Mistri	... Ravinder Bhambri
Compounder	... Suresh Dhir		
Patients	... { Jawahar Lal Seth Har Raghbans Singh Vipal Singh		

Beemar Ka Ilaj (*A One-Act Hindi Play*)

CHARACTERS

Vinod	... K. Maharaj Singh	Pratima	... Asha Narang
Kanti	... Kanwal Kumar Soi	Mharee	... Yogindra Dhillon
Chandra Kant	... Devendra Pratap	Panditji	... Naresh Bahadur
Hakeem	... Suresh Mullick	Dr. Ahluwalia...	S. P. S. Gill
Sukkhoo	... Vijai Maniktala	Vaid Hari Chand	Parikshat Sahnii
Saraswati	... Usha Rani Choudhry		

OUR STAY WITH THE LAWRENCIAN BOYS

The Vindhya "B" dormitory had been emptied of all the junior boys and seven of us seniors were shifted across into it to stay with the Lawrencians. This was a great disappointment to the others of Vindhya "A" who thought that the Lawrencians were going to stay with them, they therefore wished us "good riddance" and "so long seniors, huh! "

The "A" dormitory was packed with fifty-three boys while we were eight boys with twelve extra beds for the Lawrencians in the "B" dormitory. The Lawrencians were due to arrive at 9-00 a.m. but on account of the cyclone that was raging about us they arrived at 10-00 a.m. when we were up in class.

That morning when class gave over we seven boys entered the dormitory in a group so as to show a brave face to the Lawrencians. All of us were a little nervous. What would they look like? Would they be tall or short? Would they be agreeable? On entering the dormitory we heaved a sigh of relief. They

were not there, although they had arrived as their baggage was lying on their beds. Then, more out of curiosity than out of habit, there began a quick inspection of the baggage. Yes, here was something that had some musical instrument in it. We would all have fun now.

The Lawrencians then entered and we formed a group at the far end of the dormitory. My first impressions of them were good enough for they seemed just like us in Sanawar. They were mostly tall and dark in complexion, while the few smaller boys were fair. After we had been introduced to them by an old Sanawarian we again assembled in a group. What next? Well, I felt that this was not quite the right way to start off so I approached one of them and started helping him to make his bed. The others followed suit; then gradually by making a remark about the weather and the leaking windows we finally made friends.

Strangely, now that I come to think of it, our making friends was a quite difficult task, while I remember a time when, to use a phrase, "We were hardly knee-high to grasshoppers" we made friends in no time at all.

Anyway we got on well right from the start and found out their names and told them ours. In the afternoon we asked one of the boys who had brought his musical instruments to play some tunes for us. I must say that he was very obliging and for about forty-five minutes gave us an interlude on his accordion and saxophone,—'sax' for short. In the evening as we were all busy preparing for the parade on the next day, the Lawrencians gathered around us and we had a merry time discussing Lovedale, Sanawar, and the teachers of both schools. One of the Lawrencians was full of jokes, and he kept us amused for a long time.

Well that night we went to sleep rather late, quite happy that we had made a good beginning.

Anyway, as the days passed we became quite intimate friends and to all intents they were Sanawarians to us rather than Lawrencians.

One night after 'lights-out' we asked the Lawrencian with the instruments, known as Jerry to us, to give us some more music. The Headmaster we knew was in Kalka or somewhere out of Sanawar and at that time, I regret to say, the Senior master did not matter to us. So when everyone else was about to sleep there broke out melodious music on the 'sax' and accordion. The matron questioned me next morning and asked whether we were having a jazz session, to which I answered simply, "I think so, ma'am".

Founders over I asked one of the Lawrencians what he thought of Sanawar. "Lovely place!" he said. "After that Old Sanawarian dance I don't feel like going back". I had a tough time suppressing my laughter, for this sounded suspicious to me.

FOUNDER'S



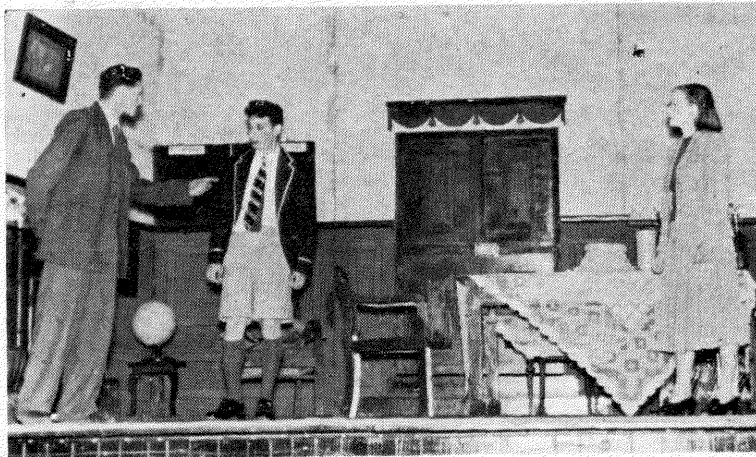
The O. S. Dance.

FOUNDER'S



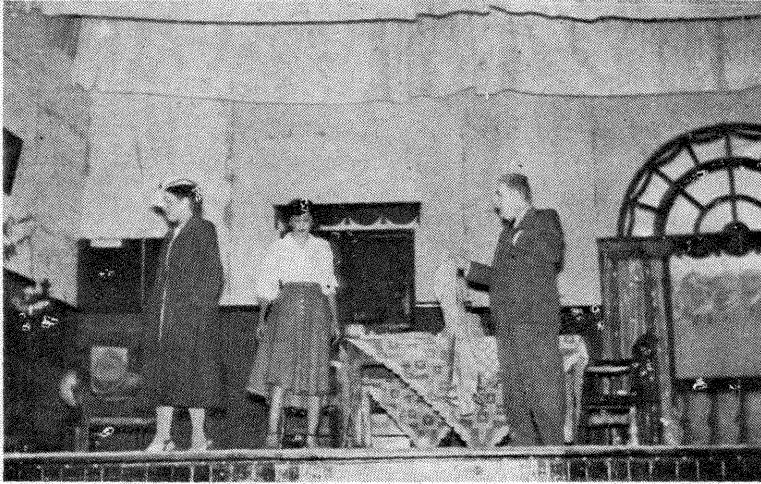
'They're Throwing Fishcakes?'

THE



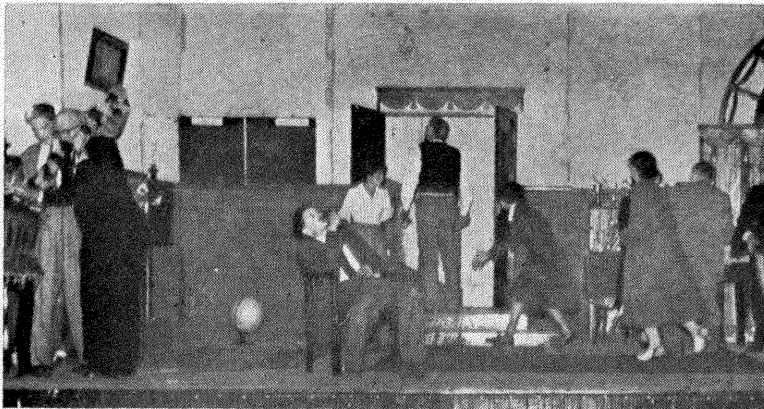
"That's not one of the uses of Treacle"

FOUNDER'S



"They make these darn things here?"

ADS

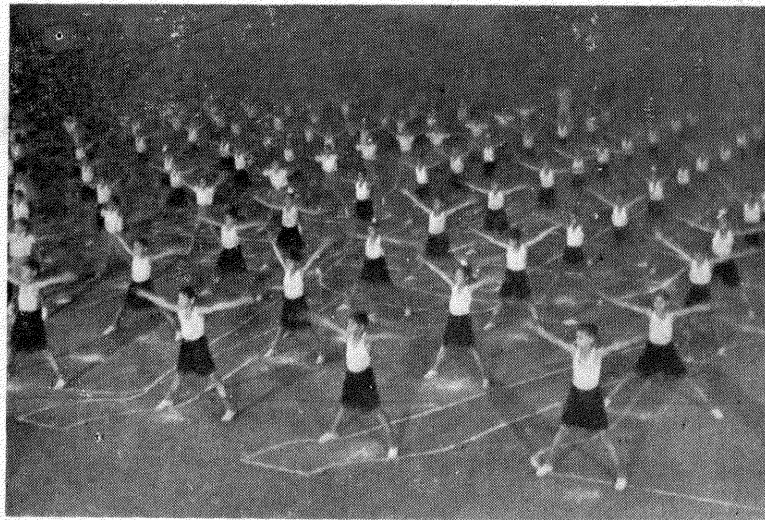


"Bolt the Doors, bar the Windows, barricade them?"

FOUNDER'S



The Naga Dance.



The P. T.

We too were sad when the time for saying good-byes came. We knew that we would now have to get back to the normal routine without any "jazz sessions."

I wished them all good-bye and when I asked Jerry if he had had a nice time his answer was, "Sure!" and the wink he gave me was sufficient to testify to the good time he had had at the dance.

Incidentally I got some more fun out of another of them who kept on calling me Om Prakash when I had told him a hundred and one times that my name was Parvez.

And so ended another happy time for me during one of our most successful Founders.

Parvez Kumar.

THE FETE

(JOTTINGS FROM U. III)

Last year somebody tried to blow up the Headmaster with a hand-bomb placed under the Roulette table, and so this year crackers were banned. Nevertheless we had a good time.

There was no policeman at the White Elephant stall but somebody said that Mrs. Lyall the new Mistress, was taking his place. I went to see, but came away disappointed,—she looked neither like a policeman nor like a white elephant.

The Darts were a swindle but the Treasure Hunt was good. I knew the answer before hand; my friend had found the puzzle in a book.

I lost at the Roulette, so that was a swindle too.

The Lucky Dip was half-and-half; on one side they gave you four rupees for four annas, and on the other a toy worth one anna.

The Aunt Sally was a swindle. I hit a coco-nut but it seemed to be tied down. Afterwards they must have untied them, for I saw some boys with coco-nuts.

I did not get a free tea. I did not see the needlework section, nor the Art and Carpentry. I did not want to.

Fête Accounts 1955.

Stall	Expenses	Net Receipts
White Elephant	... —	... 64 1 0
Darts	... —	... 62 4 0
Chats, Drinks, & Home Produce	... 114 8 3	... 103 14 9
Needlework, Embroidery & Toys	... 238 15 3	... 1,305 2 9
Roulette	... —	... 50 13 0
Treasure Hunt	... —	... 7 8 0
Lucky Dip	... —	... 141 4 6
Art & Carpentry	... —	... 188 13 0
Sweets	... 118 10 0	... 159 2 0
Roundabout	... —	... 81 2 0
Tea	... 185 9 6	... 178 6 6
Aunt Sally	... —	... 82 12 0
Lottery	... —	... 108 0 0
O. S. Raffle	... —	... 216 0 0
Contributions from parents	... —	... 611 4 0
Total Rs. 657 11 0	... 3,360 7 6

The A. D. S. Play

The much talked about A. D. S. Play was staged on the 8th of October at 2-00 p. m. in Barne Hall. Fifteen minutes before time, the Hall was packed to capacity. People did not mind the fifteen minutes wait before the start, because Max Geiger and his band entertained the audience to some fine music.



At 2-00 p. m. sharp the curtain lifted to show us a room, poorly furnished (if furnished at all) and very badly kept,— inappropriately called the Assistant Master's Common Room at Hilary Hall. (I don't think a staff common room at Hilary Hall was a necessity, because we found that there were only two members of staff, excluding the Head.)



After some time Mr. Tassel (Virendra Vyas), a young man just back from the wars introduces us to Rainbow the school porter (Saleem Khan). The next person to appear is Mr. Billings, (Bhupinder Singh), who is back for the opening of term. He greets Mr. Tassel warmly. They talk about old times. From the conversation we come to know that Mr. Tassel prides himself on being a lady-charmer while Mr. Billings is a staunch hater of women but does not mind pretty ones, as is evident from his collection of pictures. Mr. Pond the school Head, acted by Trevor Kemp, suddenly comes out of nowhere to tell the other staff that he has just had a letter from the Ministry telling him that another school by the name of St. Swithins is going to share their premises, as its own buildings are in a shambles. At once they start planning how the new school is to be accommodated. After some time they arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to all three. Near the end of the act we are introduced to the staff of St. Swithins, which latter unfortunately turns out to be a girls' school. They are Miss Whitchurch (Audrey Kemp) the Principal, Miss Gossage (Jessie Thun) and Miss Harper (Piki Bedi). Once again I must say that St. Swithins also seems to be short of staff.

At once the guests make themselves comfortable and begin using the Hilary Hall premises as if they were their own. This act of the girls is not liked by the boys of Hilary Hall who in later scenes show their disgust. At the same time Miss Harper and Mr. Tassel develop an attraction for each other. Finally, after providing us an hour's fun the Act comes to an end.

In the second Act we are shown how some boys of Hilary Hall play mean tricks on the girls but escape all punishment as Mr. Pond thinks that the girls deserved what they got, while the main culprit Hopcroft Minor is actually rewarded with five 'bob' by Mr. Billings who highly approves the joke. Later in the scene

we make the acquaintance of the Pecks (A. Bhalerao and D. Gidwani) who have a daughter in St. Swithins, and the Sowters (S. Cowell and E. Paranjoti) who have a son at Hilary Hall. At this point we are shown some childish tricks by which the staff of the two schools think they will be able to stop the parents from knowing that boys and girls are staying together. Their tricks are indeed jolly amusing and the audience react to them with loud guffaws. After another hour, during which most of us had stomach-aches due to the amount of laughing we did, we finally come to the end of another most enjoyable Act.

With great impatience we wait for the third Act to begin. As the curtain goes up we find that the Sowter's and the Pecks have both decided to withdraw their children from the Schools. It is indeed very distressing as well as amusing to see the staff of both schools trying to make both parents change their minds. I may add that one was apt to feel sorry for them as they tried their hardest to thwart the parents' plans. The parents however have faithful allies in two children Barbara Cahoun (Sheila Sinclair) and Hopcroft Minor who make it their business to see that the parents finally succeed in withdrawing their children from the school. Near the end of the Act Mr. Pond gets another letter from the Ministry saying that another school is coming to stay at Hilary Hall. At this juncture the combined staff really show their lack of sense when they start barricading the Common Room as if that were the only building in Hilary Hall. At this point the curtain drops and we are left clutching our sides, raising the roof with our guffaws.

The A. D. S. really deserve our sincere congratulations, for the play really provided top-class entertainment (and excellent potrayals of the people they were acting) for over three hours, which was only possible after a lot of hard work put in by the Staff of the School. I am sure that everyone is wishing that these plays become an annual event in our Founder's celebrations; one thing, however, is certain, the boys will always look forward to the next A.D.S. play. Well done the A.D.S.

Bhupinderpal Singh
U-V.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.

8th October 1955, at 2-30 p. m.

CAST

DICK TASSEL (Assistant Master at Hilary Hall)	<i>Virendra Vyas</i>
RAINBOW (School Porter and Groundsman)	<i>Saleem Khan</i>
RUPERT BILLINGS (Senior Assistant Master at Hilary Hall)	<i>Bhupinder Singh</i>
GODFREY POND (Headmaster of Hilary Hall)	<i>Trevor Kemp</i>
MISS EVELYN WHITCHURCH (Principal of St. Swithins School for Girls)	<i>Audrey Kemp</i>
MISS GOSSAGE (Senior Assistant Mistress at St. Swithins)	<i>Jessie Thun</i>
HOPCROFT MINOR (Pupil at Hilary Hall)	<i>Marzban Mehta</i>
BARBARA CAHOUN (Pupil at St. Swithins)	<i>Sheila Sinclair</i>
JOYCE HARPER (Assistant Mistress at St. Swithins)	<i>Piki Bedi</i>
THE REVEREND EDWARD PECK	<i>Ashok Bhalerao</i>
MRS PECK (his Wife)	<i>Dru Gidwani</i>
EDGAR SOWTER	<i>Sam Cowell</i>
MRS. SOWTER (his Wife)	<i>Elieen Paranjoti</i>
STAGE MANAGER	<i>Uma Mukherji</i>
PROMPTER	<i>Madhav Gore</i>
BACK-DROP PAINTED BY	<i>Ashok Bhalerao</i>

THE PLAY DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY TREVOR KEMP

Greetings for Founder's were received from :—

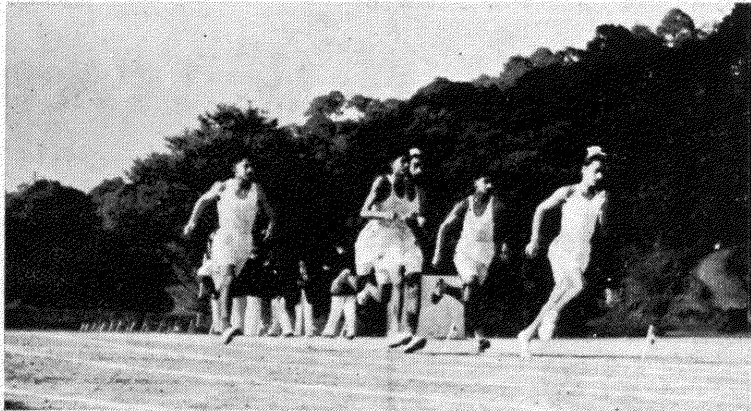
The Head Boy and Head Girl, Lovedale ; The Old Sanawarians in Delhi ; Mrs. Coombes, Lesley and James ; Mr. Amar Singh Gill ; Miss Rudra ; Mr. and Mrs. and Raj, Sircar ; Gurdip and Devinderpal Singh Kalyana ; Pamela Sodhi ; Om Sarup Dogra ; Nikki Verma ; Surinder and Rajinder Kalaan ; Gita Bery ; Indu Bhatia ; Ashok and Aditya Nehru ; Saroj Singh ; Sita Bhai ; Ramma Kapur ; Bikram Lal Khanna ; Sowarnjit Singh ; Reena Thadani ; Jim Cowell ; Ranjit and Ravi Bhatia ; Diljeet Singh Chowdhry.

The School gratefully acknowledges gifts and/or donations for the Fete from:—

Shri L.C. Stokes, Maj. Maha Singh, Lt. Col. P. R. Chahaun, Lt. Col. Pahlad Singh, Maj. P. S. Grewal, Shri Nichant Chand, Dr. Y. D. Bhardwaj, Mrs. P. Bhatia, Shri K. A. Khan, Shri S. R. Sablok, Shri S. S. Chawla, Capt. G. S. Singh, Mrs. S. Nagrath, Shri H. L. Wattal, Dr. Dev Raj Bhatia, Shri Krishen Kapur, Shri Badri Sarin, Prof. D. N. G a i n d, Shri Bachan Singh Bala, Shri B. K. Gurtu, Shri Amin Chand, Lt. Col. Gurdial Singh, Shri Prithipal Singh, Shri C. L. Kanvaria, Shri B. S. Randhawa, Shri Santokh Singh, Shri Balwant Singh, Shri Bhai Inder Singh, Shri J. Barla, Brig. M. M. Khanna, Dr. Kalyan Singh, Shri S. Patel, Shri H. S. Sachdev, Shri Joginder Singh Brar, Shri S. Balbir Singh, Miss Indra Sachdev, Shri J. R. Anand, Shri V. J. Patel, Shri S. N. Chowdhry, Shri Dharam Vir Singh, Shri Brij Bhushan Lal, Shri B. R. Puri, Shri P. L. Lamba, Shri Kate, Shri Vyas, Shri Bhupinder Singh, Shri Saleem Khan, Shri M. J. Mehta, Shri A. Bhalerao, Shri Gore, Shri J. K. Pruthi, Mrs. S. N. Chowdhry, Mrs. Charan Singh, Mrs. G. B. Singh, Mrs. Sundaram, Mrs. O'Hara, Shri P. N. Varma, Shri Ram Parkash, Shri Dharam Singh, Col. M. S. Boparai, Shri G. P. Shahani, Shri S. L. Naher, Maj. Jaswant Singh, Shri Anup Singh Bedi, Shri P. S. Master, Mrs. B. K. Nehru, Shri Amar Singh Gill, Shri Balraj Sahni, Mrs. R. S. Hora, Brig. K. K. Varma, Maj. P. K. Yadav, Miss Mala Sen, Mrs. S.K. Grewal, Mrs. L. Cowell, Mrs. Rawat, Mrs. Grollët, Mrs. Nanda, Mrs. Sehgal, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Tika Ram, Mrs. Bedi, Mrs. Gidwani, Miss Sita Bhai, Miss Sonia Thadani, Miss Reena Thadani, Miss Paranjoti, Miss Chatterji, Miss Joshi, Miss Cherman, Miss Albuquerque, Miss Sinclair, Miss Solomon.

ATHLETICS

800 Metres (Open)



Sahni

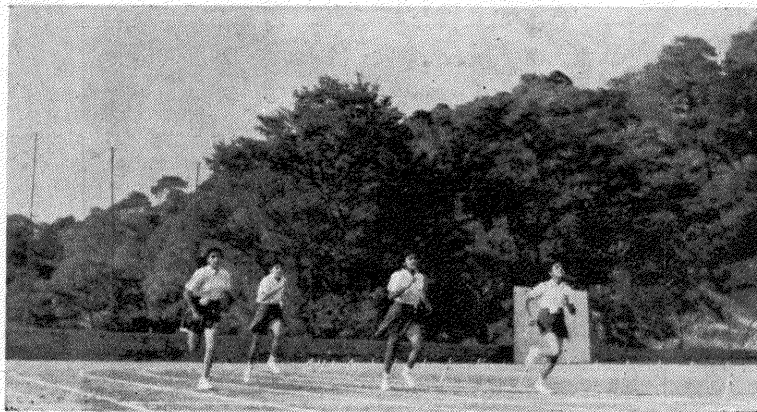
Deiswal

Sudhir Singh

S. P. S. Gill

G. S. Lamba

Girls, 200 Metres U. 13



Venita Singh

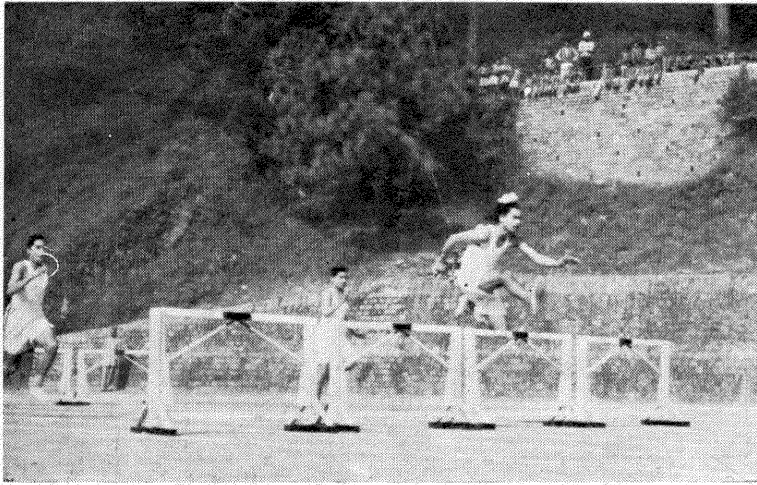
Asha Nanda

Jasbir Kaur

Kum Kum Batra

ATHLETICS

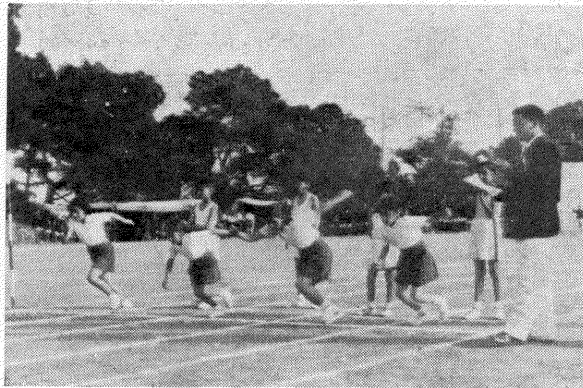
110 Metres, Hurdles (Open)



R. Mountford

K. M. Singh

Gurpratap



The P. D. Relay

ATHLETICS



Asha Puri

Meena Lamba

Leela Kak

Venita Singh



K. K. Soi

Brig. Pathania

The Indian Revival Group

The Indian Revival Group from Calcutta visited us during the August holidays and gave two very enjoyable programmes of dancing and music entitled Rhythms of India. The five talented dancers were aided by a superb orchestra as they treated us to a feast of Kathakali, Bharat Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri dances. We were amazed and delighted as item after item followed with split-second timing and effortless ease.

Particularly enjoyable was the Jolly Fishermen dance of Orissa performed by Yogindra Sunder, Gopal Kumar and Bhanu De, so too, were the colourful Peasant dance, in which Bela Dutta was supported by Yogindra Sunder, the lively Moghul court dance by Gopal Kumar, Bela Dutta and Laxmi Roy, Yogindra Sunder's Kathakali dances and, finally, the carefree Gujrat Folk Dance by the entire group. Not only were we transported over the length and breadth of the land through the medium of their dance and mime, but we were made aware of our cultural glory as we came under the spell of their magic.

The synchronisation of music and dancing was perfect, and we marvelled that the artistes displayed such verve and spontaneity throughout a lengthy programme. They were generous with their time and talent, and we hope they will visit us again next year and unfold new delights to us.

R. C.

FILM REVIEW

We are luckier than most schools, as we see a picture nearly every week. This year hardly a Saturday has passed without a picture in the evening. The day we arrived in Sanawar, after the winter holidays, was a Friday,— the chaprasi barely entered with Orders, when there was the usual dash for them. Bubbly happened to be the first to lay her hands on the Orders while the rest packed themselves like sardines around her. Of course, the first thing read aloud was the name of the picture "Blanche Fury." Then were showered many comments on it. Anyhow, it turned out to be a very exciting and adventurous picture, and everybody enjoyed seeing Stewart Granger, one of the favourite stars of the school, on the screen.

Our next picture was "Way Ahead" which was shown on March, 12th. It was all about the recruiting of soldiers, and I am sure the boys thoroughly enjoyed it. On the 19th of March, we saw "Man in the White Suit." To us it sounded like the title of a mystery but it was not quite that, in fact it was an eyesore. The next picture on the list was "Personal Affairs." It was quite the opposite of what we had expected. In parts it was so interesting that there was pin-drop silence in the Hall.

On the 2nd of April we saw "See a Dark Stranger" which was quite good. The next two pictures "Tender Comrade" and "Two Tickets to Broadway" shown on the 9th and the 23rd of May respectively, list among the best pictures seen so far

this year, particularly the latter in which Janet Leigh and Tony Martin acted. Once again on the following Saturday we saw Tony Martin in "Let us make Music." As the title suggests, it was indeed very musical, and for the next few days its songs gained popularity amongst the girls.

"Mad Wednesday" was shown on the 30th April. It was an exciting picture with many thrills and spills. During the picture there was a lot of clapping and jumping about through excitement by the younger ones. "Lavender Hill Mob" was the next picture, followed by "Francis the Talking Mule". This one was very humorous, and provided plenty of entertainment.

A list of very good pictures was sent to the School by the film contractors, which was passed around to us, to tick off the names of the films that we would like to see. We are now looking forward to the time when we will start receiving these films.

Harinder Gill

Then came the Board of Governors who banned any further pictures until we bought a new projector. Thus the long suffering Projectionist was saved from total blindness. ED.

RESULTS

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

1954

DIVISION I	DIVISION II	DIVISION III
Aditya Nehru	V. R. Chowdhry	R. K. Kaul
D. S. Kalyana	A. K. Angrish	Gay Butler
O. S. Dogra	B. S. Bala	
A Deshraj	Ravi Bhatia	
V. S. Bedi	Karmjit Singh	
Sita Bhai	H. S. Gill	
G. S. Somal	G. P.S. Sandhu	
M. V. K. Sharma	G. S. Kalyana	
Gita Bery	Rena Thadani	
Sonia Thadani	J. L. Coombes	
	P. C. Khanna	

One failure.

DETAIL-ANALYSIS OF MARKS:

DISTINCTIONS	CREDITS	PASSES	P/F	FAILURES
22	127	24	1	4

Four failures in a total of 178 subject-papers is a remarkable performance, and all concerned, teachers and taught, deserve our congratulations.

Prep. School Notes



How the year has flown! It seems only the other day when term re-opened on March 4th and ever since there has been a long never-ending rush with one thing or the other.

The School returned to find that Mrs. Sircar had vacated her appointment and Miss Rudra was officiating in her place.

The number of children on the rolls had increased but not the staff, nevertheless we began with all enthusiasm and within a few days both work and games were in full swing.

Hardly had we settled to work when came the news of the much dreaded Inspection. In its way this did us a world of good, for it gave a new impetus to work and to the tidiness of the place.

The Inspectors were very human and put us at our ease, and on reconsidering it one feels it was not at all the ordeal we took it to be.

The Prep. gave a variety Show under the auspices of the Saturday Club.

The May holidays found Sanawar in the throes of a Mumps epidemic. During the Holiday the Preppers went for long walks every day, had picnic-lunches and suppers, and spent as much time out of doors in the lovely sunshine as possible. Fortunately throughout the holidays the weather held fine. We went to Kasauli for a day's outing, had our lunch in the Abbey grounds and finished off with Ice Creams at Alasia. We had a very enjoyable social on the last evening.

Cricket was started under the able guidance of Mr. Mukherji. The boys and the coach showed great enthusiasm and a match was arranged one Sunday against Sparrowhawks A on our P. D. flat. After the match the two teams and the staff enjoyed a good lunch in the Ridge theatre.

On Mr. Cowell's return from Lovedale he found the Prep. boys full of cricket talk and he arranged a match with Sparrowhawks A again, but this time on Barnes, the Senior School field. Preppers would not admit it, but the size of the field and pitch proved a bit unnerving. Again a lunch was arranged after the match. This time of course in the Pavilion.

Mr. Thakar takes each form for two Indian Music lessons a week. Children have learnt a few delightful ditties and the Prep. School buildings ring with the echoes of "Ham dharti ke Lal". The Preppers are now ever ready to burst into song.

P. T. has also started in right earnest. Each form has one school of P. T. every day. Children adore Mr. Jagdish Ram the P. T. instructor, and handstands and somersaults are being tried all over the premises. Such is the keenness that the most effective sanction one can apply is, "No P. T."

Preppers took part in the Swimming gala too this year. Under the watchful eyes of the senior boys some managed to swim a breadth.

Miss Rudra left us for higher studies in England. A farewell party was arranged for her. She will be back in 1957.

We had a very happy Founder's. The Prep. took part in everything alongside the Senior School. They joined the morning Assembly and the March Past and contributed their share in the School Concert.

The Founder's holidays found us as active as ever with walks and Picnics and Socials.

In the Athletics on October 20th, Siwalik House carried away the much coveted Cock House Shield and Cup.

For the last term of the year we are following practically the same time table as the Senior School from early morning study to evening classes up to 5-10 p. m.

This term three masters from the Senior School come to coach our boys in Soccer. Before long the Preppers hope to challenge the Sparrowhawks to a Soccer match.

Mr. Colledge, an Old Sanawarian, came on a short visit to Sanawar. Little William was very proud indeed to come and attend classes in Daddy's School. Mr. Colledge greatly endeared himself to Preppers by giving a very delightful Cinema show for them with cartoons.

On Sunday the 30th, October, we had a Cinema Show of our very own in the Ridge Theatre. We were very thrilled about it. Of course, this is only the first of its kind; we hope to have many more, for the projector is now a permanent fixture in our Hall and we have made arrangements to darken the room with heavy curtains.

As the year draws to a close we can look back on a very full, active, and enjoyable nine months.

* * *

"Oh! Teacher you're very unkind,
Thus needlessly laying-on behind.
I put it to you,—
Try something new :
Concentrate on impressing the mind."

* * *

Society Notes

ENGLISH (SENIOR SECTION)

President :	Parvez Kumar
Vice-President:	S. P. S. Gill
Secretary :	Mira Koregaokar

The English Society functioned under the guidance of Mr. Kemp and Miss Paranjoti.

The first meeting of the society was held in Barne Hall, where a sharp-practice debate took place.

Later meetings were held in the Geography room. The English Society was compulsory, and was divided into three groups, the Junior, the Middle and the Senior. The Senior Society having the least number of girls and boys met in the Geography Room.

We had a variety of entertainment ranging from poetry-reading to a full length debate. Each class took a turn in putting up something at the different meetings. Upper V entertained us with a play-reading scene from Julius Caesar, and the Sixth form presented us with a pleasant hour of poetry-reading. We attempted one full length debate the subject being, "The A-bomb should not have been dropped." A majority of the House were of the opinion that the bomb should have been dropped.

Last, but not least, I must mention that Lower V put up a good show. They presented a series of mock-trial cases in Barne Hall, at which the senior school and various members of the staff were present. This was indeed enjoyable, and was an original source of entertainment for most of us, especially as it was the only one of its kind this year.

The last meeting was held on Saturday the 22nd October, when a sharp-practice debate took place. At the end of it the Vice-President gave a speech, and this was followed by a talk from Miss Paranjoti. With this, the last meeting, and one of the most successful societies of the year came to an end.

Mira Koregaokar,
VI Form

ENGLISH (MIDDLE SECTION)

The first meeting of the English Society, was held on June 26th 1955.

Office bearers were elected. U. IV A read and acted "The Prince who was a Piper". It was very successful. U. IV. B. read and acted "The Thread o' Scarlet". Keeness and talent were shown by many of the performers.

The second meeting was on July 10th.

U. IV. C. read "The Grand Cham's Diamond". It was slightly confusing, but at the end everything suddenly became clear and enjoyable.

L. IV. A acted "A Prince among Thieves". Considering that it was their first time acting and reading it together, a special interest was taken in them.

L. IV. B read "The New Mayor". It was a very amusing play.

The next meeting of the English society was held in August, after the holidays. Debates were held. The subjects were :—

- i) "Hodson Runs should be abolished."
 - ii) "A Boarder's life is better than a Day-scholar's." The votes were 86-13, in favour of the latter.
 - iii) "Gateing children in Sanawar serves no useful purpose." The votes were 83-16, in favour of the motion.
 - iv) "Our pocket money should be increased." The votes were 73-34, again in favour of the motion.
- There were many speakers.

The fourth and last meeting was held on October 22nd. It was the most interesting of the four. The organisers, Mr. Mehta and Mrs. Kemp, had arranged an English Grammar and Literature quiz. It needed a bit of hard thinking, but everyone enjoyed it. There were six teams of four each. Two of the six were girls' team. The remaining girls and boys formed a team known as the "Know alls". There was keen competition. The "Know alls" won.

We have enjoyed our meetings this year.

Neena Dubey,
Secretary.

GEOGRAPHY

President :	P. Sahni
Vice-President :	S. Mullick
Secretary :	Asha Narang

The Geographical Society was added to our many societies this year. Its progress has been steady and the meetings were always well attended. The meetings we had were made interesting by the varied discussions on Geographical subjects.

Our first meeting was held on June 12th. The subject under discussion was, "Geography Controls Man". The next meeting was held on July 9th, the subject: "The Importance of Vegetation". At the third meeting on August 14th a short debate on "Plains are the centre of civilization" occupied the first half. The second half was devoted to an illustrated talk on 'Means of Transport and Agriculture,' by Mr. Misra. The fourth and last meeting of the year was held on October 30th.

We hope that the society will continue its progress next year and have more meetings than were possible this year.

Asha Narang,
Secretary.

S C I E N C E

President :	P. Sahni
Vice-President :	B. S. Bhasin
Secretary :	P. Kumar

This year the Science Society included last year's Biology society, and became more comprehensive thereby.

The first meeting was on June 25th and, surprisingly, was very interesting. Speakers had taken care to prepare their papers and members spent a profitable evening. Space does not permit a detailed account of the meeting, but a list of the topics will indicate the ambitious efforts of the boys.

" Indian National Laboratories "	S. Dua
" The Destructive Power of Atomic Weapons "	K. K. Soi
" Plastics "	S. P. S. Gill
" X-Rays "	B. S. Malhans
" Einstein's Theory of Relativity "	B. S. Bhasin.

Our second meeting was on July 24th. Dr Thomas of the C. R. I. addressed the society and visitors on the work of the Central Research Institute. He spoke of vaccines and their preparations, and the part that viruses and bacteria play in the propagation of disease. He surprised us by showing how civilisations have been wiped out by disease. Darwin's Theory of Evolution applies to bacteria as well as to human and other species. We should be careful in our use of powerful and potent drugs and anti-biotics, lest the bacteria in our bodies mutate and breed new strains resistant to the drug.

We were full of questions at the end of the talk and would have kept Dr. Thomas for another hour had we been allowed. We are grateful to him for a very interesting and instructive talk.

On August 21st Mr. Mukherji, who is in charge of the Society, gave us an up-to-date talk on Sir C. V. Raman and his important discovery, " The Raman Effect ". Sir C. V. Raman was awarded the Nobel Prize, and we felt proud indeed to know that our own country was making such outstanding contributions to the advancement of Science.

At the same meeting B. S. Malhans spoke on ' Oil Prospecting, ' Mr. H. K. Mehta on ' Disease and its causes, ' and, in a lighter vein, H. S. Bedi on ' Flying Saucers '.

P H O T O G R A P H Y

After a long period of unsteady existence the Photographic Society was given a new lease of life this year. We are very grateful to the School for converting a portion of Building No. 5 into a full-fledged Photographic Section. Now the

Society can well be proud of its new home. We have separate rooms for developing, enlarging and dry-work, besides additional space for holding exhibitions etc. All this involved a lot of labour and the new dark-rooms could not be got ready before Founder's. Availability of electric current has been another persistent problem responsible for curtailing this activity and we are very glad that now current has been provided for us from 4-00 p.m. on half days and from 2-30 p. m. on Saturdays and Sundays. The printing room has been fitted up with Kodacraft metal printers and it will now be possible for six members to use the printing room simultaneously. Each member has been provided with a separate locker. We are importing large size porcelain tanks which will be installed in the developing room in the near future.

The Society has been functioning vigorously and an increasing number are applying for membership. It has been decided to restrict entry to those who are very keen as there is a long waiting list. Photography is an expensive hobby and children must be prepared to make a substantial contribution to the running of the Society. The School has provided a sufficiency of expensive apparatus, the running expenses will have to be borne by the members. A member must be prepared to spend at least fifteen rupees a month, if he hopes to gain the maximum benefit from his membership.

DURRANT

In Sanawar, this year, a number of speakers have been requested to speak to the Durrant Society and the school.

The first talk was given by Mr. M. J. Desai who had recently returned to India, after having held the post of Head of the Supervisory Committee in Indo-China. He gave a brief account of India's ancient wisdom, and then went on to speak about India's Foreign Policy. He mentioned the condition of Indo-China, and described the customs of its people and a few of his personal experiences during his stay there.

In July Mr. Balraj Sahni, the celebrated actor and father of two Sanawarians, gave a most amusing and instructive lecture about his experiences as a student at the famous college of Shanti-ni-ketan, and of the difficulties he met later on as a young actor.

A week or so later, Dr. Dastur addressed the Durrant Society on "Laughter without Tears". He stated the various causes for laughter, giving well selected and witty examples, and concluded by saying, amidst great applause, that he hoped we would understand the cause for our laughter the next time we were amused.

Dr. Jagjiwan Ram, Minister of Transport and Communications, gave a speech in Hindi. He laid particular stress on the need for one to learn the dignity of manual labour, and told us of the valuable work the N.C.C. cadets were doing. He also laid stress on the necessity for the encouragement of Indian Art and Literature.

Durrant Society continued.

The Defence Minister, Dr. Katju, spoke to the School towards the middle of the year. He stated the need for discipline, and congratulated the School on its high reputation for discipline which had been maintained ever since it had been a British Military school.

Dr. Thomas, of the Central Research Institute in Kasauli, addressed the Durrant and Science societies, and during the course of his lecture told us of the aims of the Central Research Institute, and explained the causes of various diseases and the precautions which are being taken to prevent them.

Jaya Krishen,
L. V.

“CHUCKLES”

Dr. P. Dastoor spoke to the Durrant Society on the 10th of June, on ‘Laughter without Tears.’ I remember a few of the examples he used :

Once a great orator was giving a speech standing on a barrel as was the style then. His weight was too much and the barrel gave way under him. The orator got up at once and addressed the audience: “Ladies and gentlemen, I told you that the weight of my argument would see me through.”

Two persons were once having a quarrel. Quoth the first : “ Heard of the Pacific Ocean. My father made the hole for it.” Quoth the second : “ Ever heard of the Dead Sea ? My father slew it.”

Once a gentleman with a black eye and a blue nose was lying beside a ramshackle bi-cycle. A tramp came up and asked sympathetically, “ Have an accident, Sir ? ” Replied the gentleman, “ No thank you. Just had one. ”

A restaurant hung this sign on its door: “ Silver cutlery is not medicine. It is not to be taken after meals. ”

Wrote a scholar in an essay “and the pitch white pea-cock..... ”

An elderly gentleman once watching a mourning procession asked an on-looker, “ Who is in the coffin ? ” Replied the latter : “ The poor old dead gentleman. ”

A gentleman was a great friend of the Prince of Wales. The Prince and he once went for a walk and came to the gallows. Said the Prince : “ What would happen if justice had its way ? ” Replied the friend: “ I would be walking alone, Sir. ”

Once, an elderly gentleman reported another to the ticket collector for smoking in a non-smoking compartment in which he and his companions were sitting. The accused said to the ticket collector: “ This gentleman has a 3rd class ticket and is sitting in a 1st class compartment. It is your duty to turn him out. ” The accuser was turned out having being found with a 3rd class ticket. One of the occupants asked him how he knew about the ticket. The reply: “ It was sticking out of his pocket and was the same colour as mine. ”

An Englishman, a Scotchman and a Jew were once invited to a “ golden wedding ” where the presents have to be of gold. These three gentlemen were misers. So they fell to thinking a way out of this dilemma.

The Englishman after scratching his head and adjusting his spectacles got an idea. He took a bowl of ‘ goldfish ’ as a present.

The Scot after deep meditation got a better idea. He took a packet of ‘ Gold Flake Cigarettes ’ along.

The Jew without any hesitation took his friend Goldstein with him.

Gurvinder Singh,
L. V.

Boys' School Notes



Himalaya House

Housemaster:	...	Mr. Bhupinder Singh
School Prefect:	...	Devendra Pratap Singh
House Prefect:	...	Y. P. Choudhry

The new boys settled down very quickly and soon began to enjoy every aspect of school life. H. S. Virk, with his genial nature and his unruffled attitude towards the bantering which is every boy's share in normal school life became a 'hot favourite.'

We were very sorry to lose Baljit Singh Sahmey who left us in the middle of July to join a college in Allahabad.

We decided to have a Common Room committee and Maniktala, Mohinderjit and Kamaljit were appointed to look after the Common Room; they have done a good job. A new rug, gramophone records and new magazines were added to our collection. We are at the moment in a sound financial position to carry out our ambitions for next year. It has been proposed to buy a new carpet and the boys have decided that they will each bring some object of interior decoration when they return after the vacation, and we'll make a start towards a brighter and more cheerful dormitory.

Sports. We shared first place in cricket with two other Houses and were declared the winners in the Inter-House Boxing Tournament. Ashok Seth was adjudged the best boxer. We were also very close runners-up for the Inter-House P. T. Competition.

Saturday Club. Himalaya House put up a performance on Mr. Carter's birthday. It was made up of two short humorous plays, one in Punjabi, written and produced by Mohinderjit Singh Grewal and Gurpartap Singh and the other in Hindi, written and produced by Aman Singh Yadav. Other items consisted of mouth-organ solos by Vijay Khanna and Y. P. Sharma and a chorus in Hindi. We have had a number of lean years but seem now to have turned the corner. Our teams have given a good account of themselves on the playing fields and our boys are taking an increasingly greater part in all walks of school life.

Having got over the worst we have a firm conviction that we'll continue to march from strength to strength.

A. Chakravarti.

NILAGIRI HOUSE

House Master	...	Mr. Saleem Khan
School Prefect:	...	K. K. Soi
House Prefects:	...	{ K.S. Dhami H.S. Brar.

No. of Boys in the House: 57.

The Junior dormitory has twenty five boys under the charge of K. S. Dhami, while K. K. Soi and H. S. Brar look after the senior boys.

In the field of sports we began well by sharing the Inter-House Hockey championship with Siwalik. Each House entered one team in the league. We won our matches against Himalaya and Vindhya but drew with Siwalik. Cricket was not our strong point and we got the "wooden spoon" as expected, while the other three Houses shared the 1st place. We suffered the same fate in Boxing and Hodson Runs. We showed our recovery from this relapse by coming second in the swimming competition, and followed this up by coming first in the Inter-House P. T. competition.

In athletics also we put up a good show and finished in second place. Out of the four championship cups our boys got two, and similarly out of the four relay cups we got two. One of our relay teams set up a new record and now three out of the four relay records are held by Nilagiri. One of our boys, K. K. Soi, was adjudged the best athlete in the Senior Division.

Now we hopefully look forward to the Inter-House soccer matches; the soccer trophy has been our monopoly for the past five years. We were well represented in all the School teams and we have not done badly in the academic sphere either. Last Mark-Reading showed a great improvement in the results of our boys.

We have cleared away a patch in front of our dormitories for gardening. Unfortunately due to the lack of time in the second half of the year our attempts at gardening have not been very fruitful.

The re-organisation of the "House-system" brought us from Wavell Court to No. 10, which is next to the Chapel. The conduct of the House has been satisfactory and the boys have developed a close spirit of comradeship. On the whole we can look back on a fairly successful year.

K. K. Soi.

SIWALIK HOUSE

Housemaster	Mr. M. S. Rawat
School Prefect	S.P.S. Gill
House Prefects	{ G.S. Lamba Naresh Bahadur Sudhir Singh

The year under review has been a good one for Siwalik House.

We shared the Hockey Cup with Nilagiri and the Cricket Cup with Himalaya and Vindhya. In Boxing we had to content ourselves with coming second. We won the Hodson Runs for the fourth year in succession, the Athletics for the second year in succession, and if we win the 'Study Cup', as we hope to do, it will be for the fourth time in four years. We also had the satisfaction of winning the Defence Cup this year. Siwalik was adjudged the best House in P. T. though owing to our unsatisfactory score in groundwork and horsework we did not get the P.T. Cup. We hope to win the Table Tennis and the R. & N. trophy.

Mr. Rao went on ten months study leave and Mr. Rawat, formerly the Housemaster of Sparrowhawks 'A', has taken over charge. Mr. Gore and Mr. Bhatia are now our Tutors and Mrs. Simon is the Matron.

The House put up a variety entertainment on July 8th, which was quite good. The programme included a Hindi skit "Reed Ki Haddi" produced and directed by Mr. Gore, "Capt. Balmev" written, produced and directed by Richard Mountford, a short skit "Having Johnson to Dinner", and a number of musical items.

Our congratulations to O.S. Dogra, Ravi Bhatia, P.C. Khanna, G.D.S. Kalyana, D.P.S. Kalyana and M.V.K. Sharma on their success in the S. C. examination; S.P.S. Gill on his appointment as Head Boy and on his being adjudged the best Cadet at the All India Public Schools N.C.C. Camp held at Lucknow; Naresh Bahadur on his appointment as Troop Commander of the School N.C.C. Contingent; M.V.K. Sharma and Ashok Bhakri on their selection for the J.S.W.; R. Mountford, Kul Prakash, Anjon Mehra and P. Dhir for having maintained the tradition of the House by coming first in their age groups in the Hodson Runs.

The Common Room. We thank Dr. and Mrs. Beri for sending us "Sphere," "Courier," "National Geographical," "Life" and "Motorist" for our Common Room. We also thank S. Hari Singh for sending us 'Saturday Evening Post' and 'The Illustrated'. In addition to this the House gets 'The Illustrated Weekly of India,' 'Dharmayug,' 'Sarita,' 'Reader's Digest,' 'Chandaman,' 'Tribune,' and 'Hindustan' for the Common Room. Our radio and gramophone and many indoor games keep the boys occupied in their spare time. Contributions and gifts from parents for the Common Room are always welcome.



THE HOCKEY XI

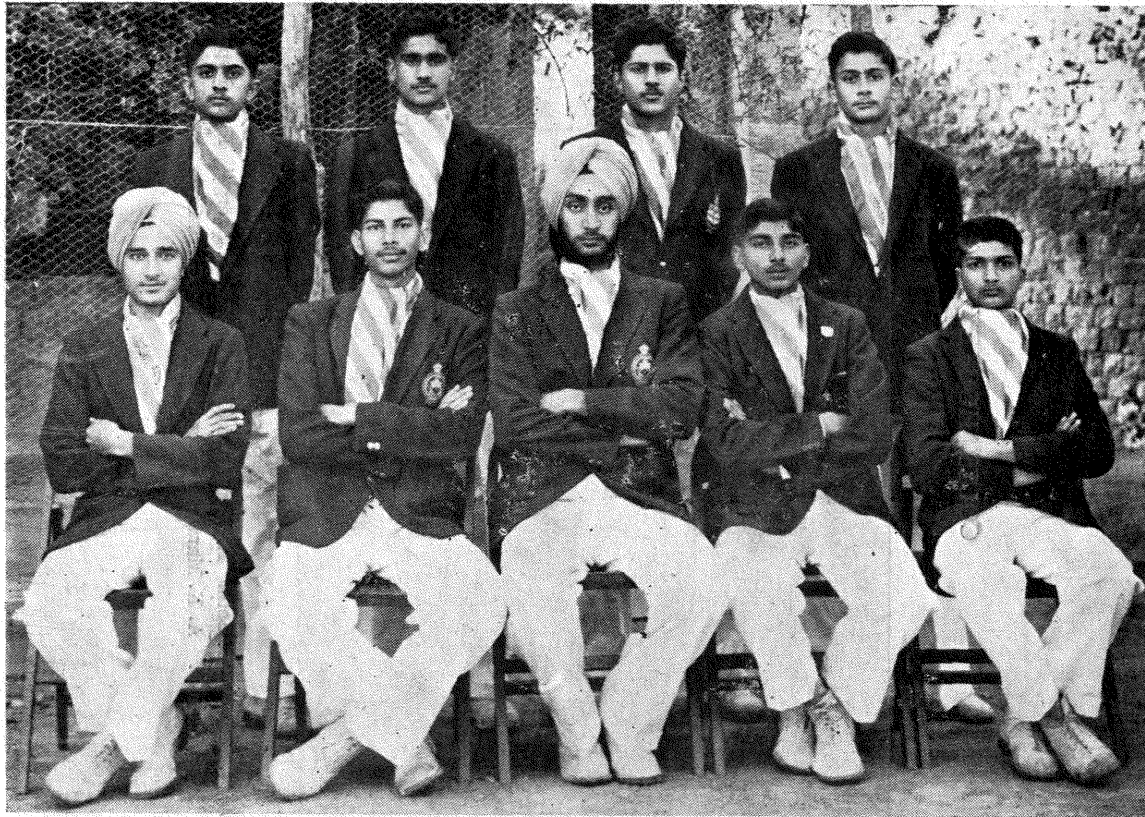
COLTS, FOOTBALL



Y. P. Sharma

S. Mukherji A. K. Marwah R. Mountford (Captain) H. S. Kochhar Gurpreet Singh
N. P. Dube Hans Raj A. S. Bal D. S. Hazuria A. K. Seth

CRICKET XI



G. S. Lamba D. Pratap S. P. S. Gill (Captain) Sudhir Singh S. Gaekwad
B. P. Singh K. S. Dhani K. K. Soi P. Sahni

Not Present : B. S. Sahmey
Hardial Singh

COLTS, HOCKEY



Y. P. Sharma

A. K. Seth K. S. Sethi R. Mountford (Captain) M. S. Shergill H. S. Boparai
D. S. Hazuria A. K. Marwaha Preminder Singh G. D. Sud N. P. Dube

VINDHYA HOUSE

Housemaster	Mr. Vyas
School Prefect	Parikshat Sahni
House Prefect	Bhupinder Pal Singh

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Amarjit Singh Makni, H.S. Pental, Ashok Shahani, Arjun Soni, Sudhir Khanna, Arun Dua and Abinash Bedi into our House. We had quite a number of additions in the Sparrowhawks A, B and C.

Parikshat Sahni became our Prefect while Bhupinder Pal Singh left us to take charge of Sparrowhawks B.

After the half-yearly examinations the Sparrowhawks were abolished, so to say, and joined to their respective senior Houses. Sahni remained the senior prefect while Bhupinder Pal became the prefect for the 'B' dormitory. The dormitories too were changed, and we shifted to the previous Himalaya and Nilagiri dormitories, upstairs, in Wavell Court.

Founder's was a very exciting time for us all and the preparations for it, although a headache to us then, now seem quite enjoyable. The party of boys from Lovedale stayed in the junior Vindhya dormitory with eight of our senior boys, the juniors being crammed into the 'A' dormitory. We all had a grand time and felt a bit depressed when Founder's was over.

At sports our House did not do as well as it had done in the past, but that was not surprising as we are a small House, small that is in stature, not in spirit.

In hockey we came last, in cricket we tied for first place with Siwalik and Himalaya, in swimming we came first, in boxing second and in athletics and P.T. fourth.

Studies do not seem to be of any interest to most of the boys, I regret to say, but anyway that is.....er.....well.....you know what I mean.

Incidentally, our whole-hearted congratulations go to Parikshat Sahni for winning the President's Medal and the best gymnast's prize.

HOCKEY

We were unfortunate to have lost all our old Colours except Desraj. Still, due the efforts of Mr. Kemp and the invaluable help rendered by Mr. Vyas, we were able to produce appreciably good sides.

The XI, although fairly good, was far below the standards of previous XIs. During the short season of one and a half months, our Colts were broken in and the first XI moulded into a compact unit. Deshraj one of the best forwards of recent years, captained the side. Under his leadership the XI began to take shape, but unfortunately he left on the 17th April, a week before the Y.P.S. match. Besides losing a good inspiring forward, a complete reshuffling of the side was necessitated. The return of S.P.S. Gill who took over the captaincy, greatly improved our position, but resulted in a further reshuffle two weeks before the B.C.S. match. An unusual feature of the season was the difficulty of arranging outside matches owing

to the delayed arrival of the military detachments in the surrounding stations. In such circumstances the Staff had to provide the opposition, and though they were successful in only one match their help was invaluable.

In our annual encounter against Yadavindra Public School, our rivals recorded a decisive victory over us but our fixtures against Bishop Cotton School ended in a draw in each game.

The House Tournaments were played on the customary league system in which Siwalik and Nilagiri tied for first place.

In conclusion, our thanks to our coach and to those members of the Staff who turned out frequently to provide opposition for the School side.

HOCKEY

THE XIs.

FIRST	SECOND	COLTS
S.P.S. Gill (Captain)	H.S. Brar (Captain)	R. Mountford (Captain)
A.S. Chonkar	K.M. Verma	K.S. Sethi
K.K. Soi	Sudhir Singh	G.D. Sud
K.S. Siddhu	Gurpratap Singh	M.S. Shergill
D.S. Pannu	A.S. Yadav	A.K. Marwaha
Bhupinderpal Singh	A.S. Grewal	Preminder Singh
K.S. Dhami	P. Sahni	H.S. Boparai
G.S. Lamba	Naresh Bahadur	D.S. Hazuria
Hardial Singh	D. Pratap	A.K. Seth
V.P. Singh	V.K. Gauba	N.P. Dube
B.S. Sahmey	R. Mountford	Y. P. Sharma

THE Y. P. S. MATCH

22nd and 23rd May.

Surinder Pal won the toss and elected to bat. Hardial and Sahni opened for Sanawar, but before either of the two could open his account, Sahni was run out. With the score at 17, three batsmen were already in the pavilion. Surinder Pal and Pratap however took the shine off the ball.

The first hour produced 74 runs. After a chance-less knock of 40, Surinder Pal was clean bowled. Sangram Singh joined Pratap with the score at 79 for 4. Sangram defended confidently while Pratap scored the runs. The 100 of the innings went up in 80 minutes. Sangram Singh opened out and hooked and pulled 5 consecutive balls to the boundary and finally took a single off the last ball.

The 200 of the innings was scored in 2½ hours, and Pratap's century came before lunch, in 2 hrs. 15 mts.

After lunch Pratap fell a victim to the 3rd new ball. The pair were separated after they had added 180 runs for the 4th wicket.

Sangram, caught near the sight-screen, was out for 139. Dhami, Devinderjit, and Bupinderpal took the score to 360.

Sukhpal and Gobinder Singh opened for Y.P.S. to the bowling of Pratap and Bhupinderpal. Pratap set a very attacking field for both the batsmen and struck the first blow for Sanawar when he caught and bowled Gobinder Singh for 3. The batsmen were very cautious when facing Pratap who was swinging the ball appreciably.

Lamba was introduced in place of Bhupinder Pal, and met with immediate success having Lokender Sen caught in the covers by Sangram. Lamba struck another blow for Sanawar when he made Pushpinder Singh play onto his stumps. The two Sanawar bowlers were now right on top, and both managed to bottle up their ends successfully. Wickets fell at regular intervals. Lamba was keeping an immaculate length and spinning the ball appreciably. Y.P.S. had scored 67 when the last wicket fell.

The 'follow on' was enforced, and Pratap after having unsuccessfully appealed against Sukhpal in his first two deliveries, bowled him with the last ball of his first over. At the close of play for the day Y.P.S. had scored 3 for 1; the over-night watchmen being Jaswant (1) and Gobinder (0).

Next day half the side were out for 56. The only batsman showing any confidence was Surjit Singh who scored a gallant 29. He succeeded in piercing Lamba's leg side field more than once. The end came when Dhami bowled Inderdhir with his second delivery for a 'duck'. The Y.P.S. total was 85 and Sanawar had won the match by an inning and 208 runs.

SANAWAR—1st innings : 360

(S.P.S. Gill, 40; D. Pratap, 124; S.S. Gaekwad, 139; K.S. Dhami, 23)

Y.P.S. 1st Innings: 67

(Pratap 3 for 25; Lamba 6 for 18)

Y.P.S.—2nd Innings: 85

PARTNERSHIPS

- SANAWAR—1) 180 runs between D. Pratap (124) and S.S. Gaekwad (139) (4th wkt.)
2) 62 runs between S.P.S. Gill (40) and D. Pratap (124) (3rd wkt.)
3) 64 runs between S.S. Gaekwad (139) and K.S. Dhami (23)
-

HOW THEY MADE THEM

- 1) S.P.S. Gill (40): 11 twos, 1 four.
2) D. Pratap (124): 1 six, 8 fours, 31 twos.
3) S.S. Gaekwad (139): 8 fours, 39 twos.
-

HODSON RUNS

3-30 p. m. Tuesday, 30th August 1955.

Cock House	Siwalik	138	points
			Himalaya	71	;
			Vindhya	70	,"
			Nilagiri	59	,"

Training for long-distance running started on Monday, August 8th, after we had returned from the holidays, and the Finals took place on August 30th.

Long Back was in a very bad state due to the road being widened and prepared for motor traffic. Next year the timings in the Middle and Long Hodsons should improve. This year with the road ankle-deep in slush we did not expect to do much.

We started our training by jogging round the course, and within a week were running the whole distance.

There have been rumours that the old course, twice around Long Back, will be revived. I can only hope that it will not be in my time—once is more than enough for me. The Qualifying Runs were held three days before the Final and at this preliminary stage the Points' Board read:—

Himalaya	24
Nilagiri	21
Vindhya	29
Siwalik	28

The day was clear and without hint of rain for the Finals. We were lucky. A wet Long Back would have been dangerous apart from any considerations of speed. No records were broken but the Running was not much below standard.

In the Finals only the first ten to finish the course are awarded points. Names published below are in the order of finishing.

Under 11	Under 13	Under 15	Open
P. Dhir (4' 44")	A. Mehra (5' 26.5")	R. Mountford (9' 27")	K.S. Deiswal (11' 46")
Ameet Merchant	Jaspal S. Mann	N. Nand Singh	G.S. Lamba
Ranjit Mehra	K. Himat Singh	J.P.S. Soin	Sudhir Singh
A.S. Jamwal	H.S. Kochhar	Ravi Khanna	Kamaljit Singh
A.M. Mehra	A.S. Gill	Gurvinder Singh	K.S. Dhama
G.S. Anand	M.S. Bhagat	A.K. Seth	P. Sahni
Harjinder Singh	Arun Bhatia	A.S. Grewal	I. Lakhani
I.S. Gill	Gurdip Singh	M.S. Shergill	P.N. Khanna
Rajinder Pal Singh	Karamjit Singh	S.C. Sood	K.M. Verma
J.S. Oberoi	Sonny Mehta	A.K. Marwaha	K. K. Soi

Siwalik was Cock House for the fourth time in succession.

PREVIOUS RESULTS.

Under 11	Under 15
1. 1949 T. Carter 4' 11"	3. 1949 S. Mohan 9' 31 ¹ / ₅ "
1950 A.K. Chaddha 4' 20 ³ / ₅ "	1950 B.S. Bala 9' 28"
1951 R. Mountford 4' 4"	1951 G.S. Mann 9' 53"
1952 R. Mountford 4' 5 ¹ / ₅ "	1952 D.R. Chand 9' 36 ⁹ / ₁₀ "
1953 A. Mehra 4' 22"	1953 Sudhir Singh 9' 25 ¹ / ₅ "
1954 J. S. Mann 3' 59" [R]	1954 K.P. Deiswal 9' 37 ¹ / ₁₀ "
<i>Under 13</i>	(Record: 1944 R. Nuttall, 9' 1")
2. 1949 K.B. Deiswal 5' 45"	<i>Open</i>
1950 T. Carter 5' 39"	4. 1949 G.J. Singh 11' 58"
1951 Sudhir Singh 5' 45"	1950 H.S. Guron 13' 12"
1952 Sudhir Singh 5' 20"	1951 Ranjit Bhatia 12' 23"
1953 R. Mountford 5' 30 ¹ / ₂ "	1952 Ranjit Bhatia 11' 25" [R]
1954 R. Mountford 5' 7 ¹ / ₂ " [R]	1953 B.S. Bala 11' 44 ³ / ₁₀ "
	1954 Ravi Bhatia 11' 33 ³ / ₂ "

SHOOTING

Cock House	Himalaya	...	199 Pts.
	Vindhya	...	167 "
	Nilagiri	...	166 "
	Siwalik	...	161 "

Best Marksman J. P. Singh 34/35

[Application 20 ; Snap 15; Total 35]

Himalaya House				Siwalik House			
	Appli- cation	Snap	Total		Appli- cation	Snap	Total
1. Gurpratap Singh	17	9	26	1. G. S. Lamba	18	15	33
2. Ashok Seth	18	9	27	2. V. P. Singh	12	12	24
3. J. P. Singh	19	15	34	3. G. Sood	9	6	15
4. K. Ranjit Singh	19	12	31	4. D. S. Chowdhry	15	12	27
1. Aman Singh Yadav	16	6	22	1. N. B. Singh	10	0	10
2. V. K. Maniktala	13	6	19	2. V. K. Gauba	7	6	13
3. Gurpreet Singh	12	3	15	3. S. P. S. Gill	17	3	20
4. P. N. Khanna	16	9	25	4. J. P. Soin	13	6	19
			199				161
Nilagiri House				Vindhya House			
	Appli- cation	Snap	Total		Appli- cation	Snap	Total
1. R. S. Virk	13	6	19	1. Opinderjit Singh	8	0	8
2. H. Gidwani	18	6	24	2. B. S. Malhans	15	9	24
3. A. Nehru	17	12	29	3. H. S. Bedi	16	15	31
4. V. Soi	15	3	18	4. A. S. Bal	18	3	21
1. V. A. Singh	11	6	17	1. M. S. Shergill	17	3	20
2. H. S. Boparai	18	6	24	2. A. K. Marwah	16	3	19
3. S. Mullick	15	3	18	3. Parvez Kumar	19	9	28
4. K. S. Dhami	11	6	17	4. K. Amarjit Singh	13	3	16
			166				167

Inter-House Boxing Finals

Saturday, 23rd July, 1955, at 3-00 p.m.

OFFICIALS

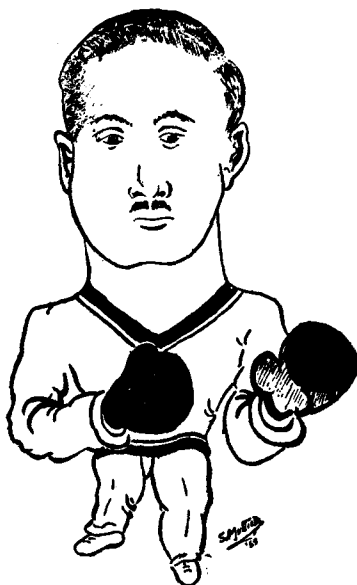
<i>Referee</i>	... Mr. Cowell.	<i>Time-Keeper</i>	... Mr. Vyas.
<i>Judges</i>	... {	Mr. Kemp	<i>M. C.</i> ... S. P. S. Gill.
		Mr. Saleem Khan	<i>M. O.</i> ... Dr. D. S. Soin.
		Mr. Jagdish Ram.	<i>Recorder</i> ... Mr. Gore.
<i>Whips</i>	... {	Mr. Misra	
		Mr. Rawat.	

	RED		GREEN
1.	Atom Weight (Under 4 st.)		
	J. K. Mahajan (V)	<i>lost to</i>	S. S. Sodhi (V)
2.	Gossamer Weight (Under 4 st. 7 lbs.)		
	Sudhir Khanna (V)	<i>lost to</i>	T. S. Shergill (V)
3.	Paper Weight (Under 5 st.)		
	T. S. Chowdhury (N)	<i>beat</i>	J. S. Mann (H)
4.	Midget Weight (Under 5 st. 7 lbs.)		
	G. D. Sood (S)	<i>lost to</i>	Anjon Mehra (S)
5.	Mosquito Weight (Under 6 st.)		
	Ashok Seth (H)	<i>beat</i>	J. P. Singh (H)
6.	Gnat Weight (Under 6 st. 7 lbs.)		
	H. S. Bedi (V)	<i>lost to</i>	D. S. Chowdhry (S)
7.	Fly Weight (Under 7 st.)		
	M. S. Grewal (H)	<i>lost to</i>	K. M. Verma (H)
8.	* Bantam Weight (Under 7 st. 7 lbs.)		
	A. S. Yadav (H)	<i>lost to</i>	G. S. Lamba (S)
9.	* Feather Weight (Under 8 st.)		
	K. S. Deiswal (S)	<i>beat</i>	Bhupinder Pal Singh (V)
10.	* Light Weight (Under 8 st. 7 lbs.)		
	A. S. Grewal (H)	<i>beat</i>	Yash Paul Choudhry (H)
11.	* Welter Weight (Under 9 st.)		
	K. S. Dharni (N)	<i>beat</i>	Naresh Bahadur (S)
12.	* Middle Weight (Under 9 st. 7 lbs.)		
	Parikshat Sahni (V)	<i>beat</i>	Devendra Pratap Singh (H)
13.	* Light-Heavy Weight (under 10 st.)		
	K. M. Singh (S)	<i>beat</i>	B. S. Malhans (V)

* 1½ minute rounds ; 8 ounce gloves

Best Boxer	... A.K. Seth	
Cock House	... Himalaya	77 pts.
	{ Vindhya	50 pts.
	{ Siwalik	
	Nilagiri	27 pts.

BOXING



One hundred and thirty five boys entered for the Inter-House Boxing and we saw some very spirited bouts. The standard is still below, far below, what we normally associate with Sanawar, but the number of entries this year, on a purely voluntary basis, was most encouraging. Once the younger generation have sampled the exhilarating excitement of a scientific give-and-take under the bright lights of a crowded hall, prospects for the future must improve.

School-boy boxing, with its rigid controls and safeguards, is not a dangerous sport. Every boy, unless physically incapable, should make a point of adding this wonderful "game" to his armoury of experiences and achievements. He will be the loser if he neglects to do so. Once School-days are over the opportunity will never present itself, and his character, his bearing, his conversation, his very approach to life, will be weaker for the lack of it.

The House Boxing Tournament

Atom Weight—Sodhi rushed in to shake his lighter opponent with a flurry of blows.

Mahajan used his feet cleverly and seemed the more scientific boxer. He lost to a heavier opponent

Gossamer Weight—Shergill was too strong for Khanna and the latter is to be congratulated on putting up a very plucky performance.

Paper Weight—T.S. Chowdhry gained a well-deserved decision, but only by the narrowest margin. His straight left scored more points than Mann's hard hitting round-arm right.

Midget Weight—Sood and Mehra indulged in a wild affray rather than a boxing match; it was a good scrap with experience telling in the end.

Boxing continued.

Mosquito Weight—Seth and J.P. Singh had a very close bout, and the decision might have gone either way. Singh's punches carried a lot of weight but Seth landed more often.

Gnat Weight—Bedi was inclined to treat his opponent with too much respect. Both Boxers continually landed off the target and very few points were scored in three round. Both will have to learn to hit straight.

Fly Weight—Verma was in poor condition and was wilting in the third round. Grewal was younger than his opponent and was a very game loser. He took some heavy punishment.

Bantam Weight—Yadav lost to Lamba after a very close fight. Lamba must be careful not to lead with his right ; it is a fight-losing fault against an experienced opponent and usually results in the bout finishing earlier than expected. Yadav used his feet well, but was not sufficiently aggressive.

Feather Weight—This was a wild and weighty rushing encounter, with Bhupinderpal using his weight and Deiswal doing his best to keep out of the corners. Deiswal's superior footwork and his occasional straight left decided the bout in his favour.

Light Weight—Neither Grewal nor Choudhry knew much about boxing and both were in poor physical condition. They showed plenty of spirit but little science.

Welter Weight—Dhami should have done better against an opponent with less experience. Naresh Bahadur must learn to use his left,—leading with the right is an unforgivable fault.

Middle Weight—Sahni has the makings of a boxer but did not give much of a display. Pratap lacked aggression. He was too busy keeping away from his opponent to score on his own account. A disappointing bout.

Light-Heavy Weight—This bout was reminiscent of the stories of the 'old sluggers'. Singh and Malhans stood toe to toe and exchanged punch for punch till neither could lift a glove to defend or to attack. They showed no science but gave a wonderful display of 'guts'.

FOOTBALL

Our Football season began in the last week of October. Out of 8 matches played, 2 were won, 5 lost and 1 drawn. In this connexion, I must also say a few words about the Colts (a team consisting of youngsters under 14) who shaped better than the XI as a team, in all the matches they played against outside teams. Out of 4 matches played, 2 were won and 2 were lost.

Football continued.

The following played regularly for the 1st XI,

S. P. S. Gill	(Goal)	Sound: made full use of his height.
B. P. Singh	(RB)	Fearless tackler; lacks sense of anticipation.
Gurpratap Singh	(LB)	Slow moving; works hard.
D. Pratap Singh	(RH)	Requires more practice and experience.
K. S. Dhami	(CH)	Tireless; combines sense with energy in his game.
A. S. Grewal	(LH)	Slow; plays merely a destructive game.
Hardial Singh	(RE)	A fast winger, but an erratic shooter.
P. Sahani	(RH)	Keeps moving; lacks method.
K. M. Verma	(LI)	A good opportunist; his lack of inches is a drawback.
K.K. Soi (Capt.)	(CF)	A clever dribbler with good ball-control; lacks match temperament.
A. S. Yadav	(LE)	He will do better when he acquires some confidence and gains some speed.

Our matches (both 1st XI and 2nd XI) against B. C. S. did not take place this year. In our fixture against Y.P.S. at Patiala, we lost by five goals to nil. They were superior to us in all departments of the game. Our boys played hard but did not function as a well-combined team.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Boys' School.

At 2-30 p. m. every half-day the notes of the bugle summoned all and sundry to the Quad and, armed with picks, axes, shovels, rakes and pine-needle forks, the labour squads fell-in and marched off.

Khud cleaning occupied our time, till the break of the monsoon reduced the danger of fires. The few fires that did approach close enough to be a danger showed us the vital necessity of clearing the pine-needles from our hill-side slopes.

Monkey's Playground is a small piece of flat ground that the monkeys play on. We were all in favour of leaving nature undisturbed. " Monkeys unite !" was our slogan. "Nuts to you," was the Headmaster's, and so we spent much of our time chopping trees and filling holes and generally spoiling a perfectly good playground for four-legged monkeys in order to improve it for two-legged ones. Rarewala was heard to express the fear that monkeys would haunt him at night, whereupon Khanna was up in arms and denied the rumour that he, Khanna, walked in his sleep.

However we worked like Trojans and filled 2000 rocks a day into one yawning abyss. At the end of the month it looked, to me anyway, as deep as ever.

Social Service continued.

Another facet of our Social Service was "servers and cleaners." The former worked before meals and served out the food, the latter cleaned up the mess. I've come to the conclusion that the School would save a great deal of money if 'cleaners' were banned and a couple of extra bearers employed instead. I think it was Shiv Mehra who dropped a whole tray of glasses when he removed his hands from the handles of a tray in order to blow his nose. Or was it Harishpal? I can't quite remember. On another occasion one of the 'cleaners' sprang smartly to attention when addressed by Mr. Bhupinder Singh quite forgetting he had a tray of plates in his hands. Mr. Bhupinder Singh had to do some smart springing too or that load of plates on his toes would have curtailed his activities for quite some time.

I wonder if you have heard the story of the 'cleaner' who fell into the cocoa? I'm sorry I can't tell you it. I gave him my solemn promise never to reveal his name.

Some of the more enthusiastic members of the Staff went down to the village of SONWARA. Apparently they had some wild-cat scheme of our adopting the village and doing some social service like milking the cows and looking after the babies. Fortunately the Sonwara villager is a hard-headed sensible type. He has been living next to Sanawar for over a hundred years. He was quite prepared to come and work for us, but refused point blank to allow us to work for him; or to permit us to come anywhere near his village.

What a pity monkeys can't talk.

And so Social Service has been a strenuous but enjoyable pastime for us. We can't quite understand what all the fuss is about. Everybody talks about the dignity of manual labour. So what! We *like* working with our hands. It gives our brains a rest.

N. C. C. CAMP

"Awake! for morning, in the
Bowl of night,
Has flung the stone that
Puts the stars to flight."

Thus Mr. Jagdish Ram as he rudely shook my shoulder on the first morning of camp.

I forced open my eyes to behold his beaming face. "What's it?" I asked. "The Lucknow camp," he replied. "Better hurry; seven minutes left for parade."

I have not been able to make out to this day why one has a tendency to oversleep in camp. I hurriedly threw aside the blankets and jumped out of bed, forgetting entirely that I was no longer in my spacious Sanawar apartments but in a cramped tent.

N. C. C. continued.

Thud ! Something hit me violently on the head and a stream of cool liquid came pouring down. "Seven !" I shouted. "What ?" queried Jagdish rushing from the adjoining tent. "Stars," I replied.

Why must hurricane lanterns be slung just where one puts one's head and why must they always lack stoppers ?

"Be a sport Jagdish and pass me a cigarette." "Better not," he replied ominously, "before you know what has happened, your moustaches will be going up in smoke."

Anyway we managed to rush onto the ground in time for parade and life in camp commenced.

The details do not always provide happy reading. All camps are similar. There is always the problem of getting up bleary-eyed, going through the normal routine of training with sports and games thrown in for good measure and the inevitable spit and polish which is the last thing before retiring. On my part I have long become accustomed to the melodious snoring of Mr. Jagdish Ram who puts the best army buglers to shame.

The Lucknow camp was marked by only one noticeable difference, and that was absence of beds. There were the usual preparations for the various inter-troop competitions, Trophies had also to be contended for on the playing fields. When all was over, we emerged runners-up for the Best-troop Banner.

Roughing it has never been any great problem for Sanawarians and very soon we were all settled down. It was no uncommon sight, as one walked into the Sanawar tents in the early mornings to see blankets, shirts and socks flying in all directions as we got ready for parade. Voices rose high as each denounced the other for having taken away his brogues or his shirt. Socks were known to be discovered at some very odd hours dangling playfully from the folds of a turban.

Once as I happened to walk into a tent, I discovered a youngster searching frantically for something amidst a chaos of blankets. "What are you looking for ?" I asked. "K. M. Verma, Sir," was the agitated reply.

There's many a tale told about Sanawarians in the dining hall. Once, I found Vijay Gauba having his plate piled up at the non-vegetarian counter. "Good evening Sir," he beamed. "Good evening my lad," I replied. Fifteen minutes later I discovered him sitting at the vegetarian table with his plate again full of food. Later as I turned the corner, I was amused (and shocked) to find Vijay Gauba with an indignant expression on his face, threatening to take the contractor to the camp commandant for accusing him of taking two helpings.

Camp is a mixture of many elements most of them enjoyable. The life is rough and uncomfortable but one enjoys the give and take and the ever present sense of competition. Most boys do not look forward to camp but all are sorry to leave.

B. S.

Girls' School Notes



Himalaya House

House Mistress	...	Mrs. Kemp
School Prefect	...	Usha Choudhry
House Prefect	...	Harinder Gill

We were sorry to lose Pamela Kapur and Asha Sircar who were transferred to Siwalik House. At the beginning of the term we had eleven girls in the House. Jyoti Dhawan joined us a little later.

Inter-House Hockey matches were played in April. After a hard struggle we managed to tie with Nilagiri House for the Hockey Cup. In Tennis we came first, but shared the Badminton Cup with the other three houses. We won the Tennis House Tournament for the third year in succession.

Next on the list was P. T. for which we practised hard, but unfortunately we came last. Naturally we were very disappointed but we were determined to do better in the Athletics. Soon we proved our worth. We won the Athletics' Cup for the third year and beat the second House by 22 points.

Andy Kemp won the under eleven's Athletics' Championship, while Harinder Gill won the Open Championship for the second year in succession. Usha Choudhry won the Scanlon Tennis Championship for the 3rd year in succession and also received the President's Medal for 1955. In studies Anupma D. Singh is an outstanding member of our House and we were very happy to see her get a double promotion.

We have every-reason to be proud of our House.

Usha Rani Choudhry.

VINDHYA

House Mistress	...	Miss Joshi
School Prefect	...	Mira Koregaokar
House Prefect	...	Rina Charan Singh.

We began the year with Hockey and followed with Tennis and Badminton. The Badminton matches were very exciting. The games were closely contested and all four Houses were equally good. In fact it was such a close contest, that we broke the Boys' School record of three Houses tying for first position, by all four Houses winning the Badminton Cup.

The Swimming Sports went off well and though we were handicapped by having lost Gay Butler we fought valiantly to come second.

P. T. was something that we were not too eager to face. However, being true to the School motto we did not give in and, much to our surprise, we won.

Athletics followed next and, with the help of Harvinder Kaur and Malti Verma, Championship winners in their age groups, we managed to come second.

The Study Cup seems to be beyond our grasp. All the girls have tried their best but luck is not in our favour.

Vindhya House has always been as unpredictable as the English weather. However we seem to have taken a turn for the better this year, and I do hope that Vindhya will continue, in the years to come, to 'fight to the last'.

Mira Koregaokar

NILAGIRI

House Mistress	...	Miss Paranjoti
School Prefect	...	Yogindra Dhillon
House Prefect	...	Asha Narang

We were sorry to say good-bye to Miss Dewan, our House Mistress, Doreen Field, our Senior Prefect, Priti Singh, Neena Sethi and Reena Nanda.

We welcome Miss Paranjoti and all the new girls in our House.

After Hockey, in which we shared the cup with Himalaya House, the seniors went on to Tennis while the juniors played Badminton.

Due to the shortage of water, our swimming season was cut short. In the swimming sports we came first, while in athletics we came last, though we managed to win the House Relay Cup. In P. T. we did not fare so well and came third.

Doreen Field who left us at the end of last year, very kindly sent us Rs. 50/- for our Common Room. We hope to get something really nice with the money for our Common Room.

Well, one last word to our parents. We would be grateful for any article which would help us to make our Common Room a more cheerful and a happy one. Thank you.

Yogindra Dhillon.

SIWALIK

House Mistress	...	Miss Cherian
School Prefect	...	Asha Sircar
House Prefect	...	Gul Shahani

Gita Bery, Sonia and Reena Thadani, Bhagwant Kaur, Manju Singh, Kiran Yashpaul, and Vijay Nanda left us this year.

Three new girls, Gul Shahani, Sukaram Bala, and Neena Sabhlok joined us, and Asha Nanda and Shashi Hora were put in Siwalik too.

In games and class work we have managed to keep within the first three places, except for hockey and swimming where we came last.

Our Common Room, too, has been progressing. A number of girls have contributed towards improving it, by giving books and other decorative things. At the beginning of the year we were given new green curtains, and matching sofa covers. Early in September, we bought a pair of green vases with the money we had collected in the House Fund. At the end of September, we got a new carpet for our Common Room. All the girls have taken a keen interest in the Common Room, and have subscribed towards the House Fund. Apart from this, we have been receiving a number of parcels containing magazines from Gita Bery, who left us at the end of last year, and we are very grateful to her for having sent them.

Asha Sircar.

HOCKEY

This year much interest has been centred on games. The year opened with Hockey. Though it is not the most popular game, yet all girls played seriously in order to win laurels for their Houses. After a short season the House-matches began.

The first two matches were played on Monday the 25th of April. The match between Himalaya and Vindhya began at 4-15 p. m. After a hard struggle the victory was Himalaya's the score being one love. The next match between Nilagiri and Siwalik was very exciting. Each side fought hard to the bitter end. The match ended in a draw, the score being love all. The next day, Himalaya played against Nilagiri. Himalaya scored the first goal within fifteen minutes but Nilagiri equalized almost immediately. By half-time the players were quite tired and were thankful for a little rest. After a hard fight Nilagiri proved to be the better team by scoring another goal just before the final whistle.

In the next match Vindhya beat Siwalik by one goal. Then Vindhya drew with Nilagiri, and in the last match Himalaya beat Siwalik. So ended the Hockey matches. Himalaya and Nilagiri shared the cup with 5 points each, while Vindhya came third with 4½ points and Siwalik fourth with 4 points. The results were very close and all the matches were played with great keenness.

Usha Rani Choudhry.

TENNIS

There has been a marked improvement in the standard of tennis in the girls' School this year, as I am sure all those who saw the Inter-House tennis and Scanlon tournaments, will agree. After a hard struggle, Himalaya were successful in winning the tennis cup, and they deserved it too. The other Houses, however, are not to be forgotten. Each House did its best, Siwalik secured second position, while Vindhya were third and Nilagiri were fourth.

Some good tennis was played during the Scanlon tournament too, which was held shortly after the Inter-House tournaments. A larger number of girls entered for the Scanlon tournament this year than last year. The final match was played at the Club courts, and every one agreed it was a match worth watching. It was a very close fight before Usha Rani Choudhry succeeded in winning the Scanlon cup for the third year in succession.

All the tournaments have shown that the tennis in the girls' school has definitely improved, and I hope we meet with success against Auckland House and Chelsea Convent, early in November.

Asha Sircar.

DANCING

One evening coming back from P.T. we were told to go quickly to Barne Hall. We were very curious and wondered what was in store for us.

Miss Rudra was already there waiting for us, and she broke the pleasant news that we were going to be taught Indian dancing by two skilled artistes, Shri Banerji and Shri Inder Dev.

After a few minutes, two very impressive figures entered Barne Hall dressed in spotless white starched "dhoties" and "kamezes." They were Shri Banerji and Inder Dev. That evening we were divided into senior and junior groups. For the next month each group had dancing every evening for half an hour,—the seniors in Parker Hall and the juniors in the Recreation Room.

For the first few days we learnt the various dancing exercises, and then we learnt the steps of a Gujrati folk dance known as the "Garba," and a classical dance called "Mohiniyatyam" in Bharatnatyam style. At the same time the junior groups learnt a "Santhal" dance. We learnt two other group dances, the Naga tribal dance and the Tagore dance called "Trishna Shanti." On the 28th of July there was a combined dance recital by the girls' school, Shri Banerji and Shri Inder Dev. The girls' senior group of dancing performed "Trishna Shanti" and the junior group did the "Santhal" dance. They were both much appreciated by the audience. Shri Inder Dev did a Peacock Dance, which was full of expression and very graceful. Shri Banerji did a Hunter Dance in Kathakali style. He danced remarkably well, and the majority of the audience admitted that it was the best performance of the evening. After a few days our dancing masters left us, but we still continued our dancing practices. About a fortnight before Founder's Shri Inder Dev rejoined us, and he polished up the dances we had been taught.

Dancing continued.

For the Founder's concert there was a Classical Dance which was done by three girls only. It was very colourful and enchanting. The junior group performed the "Santhal" dance, which was indeed very gay and the singing added to the cheerfulness of the dance. The senior group performed "Trishna Shanti." The dances were enjoyed by the audience which included many parents and visitors.

For the torch-light tattoo we danced the "Garba" and the "Naga" dances. The costumes and strange Naga music created a very mysterious atmosphere for the Naga dance.

We are very grateful to Shri Inder Dev and Shri Banerji for having taught us these dances, and the greater part of the credit we earned at the Founder's performances really goes to them.

Harider Gill.

ATHLETICS

This year athletics were held on October 20th as the bad weather at Founders prevented these being held on the 6th of November.

Before the commencement of the races, the competitors marched past Brigadier Pathiana who was to present the cups and certificates.

Harinder Gill of Himalaya House won the Open Championship Cup, and the challenge cup, besides a number of certificates. She was the only girl this year to break a record. She bettered the timing set by Asha Sircar in the 200 metres. Other Himalaya House girls to receive certificates were Mala Yadunath, Andy Kemp, Anoopma Ahluwalia, and Jyoti Dhawan. Andy Kemp also won the under 11 Championship Cup.

Siwalik House, though heavily handicapped by the absence of two of their best athletes, managed to come third. Two of the Siwalik House girls, namely Lila Kak and Asha Nanda, received certificates.

The under 15 and under 13 Championship Cups went to Vindhya House and were awarded to Harvinder Kaur and Malti Varma respectively.

One of the last events was the House Relay, which was won by Nilagiri House. The Defence Cup was awarded to Siwalik House who had the highest points in the three schools.

Jaya Krishan.

SWIMMING

To the sorrow of the whole school, the swimming season was cut-short by the shortage of water. At first it was felt that the swimming sports would have to be cancelled but the oncome of the Monsoons made it possible to hold them on August 31st.

The standard of the swimming this year was low, and for this we can blame our short swimming season. The girls found it impossible to produce relay teams due to an outbreak of coughs and colds. Nilagiri House won the trophy for the third year in succession. The points: Nilagiri 15, Vindhya 6, Himalaya 5 and Siwalik 4.

The boys' swimming was better than the girls', on the whole. Vindhya got the trophy this year for the fourth time. The results: Vindhya first, followed by Nilagiri, Himalaya and Siwalik.

The 'All-In' at the end of the sports was longer than that of last year as it was the last time the girls were to swim. The boys carried on till about the middle of September.*

Asha Narang.

*This is the longest "All in" on record. ED.

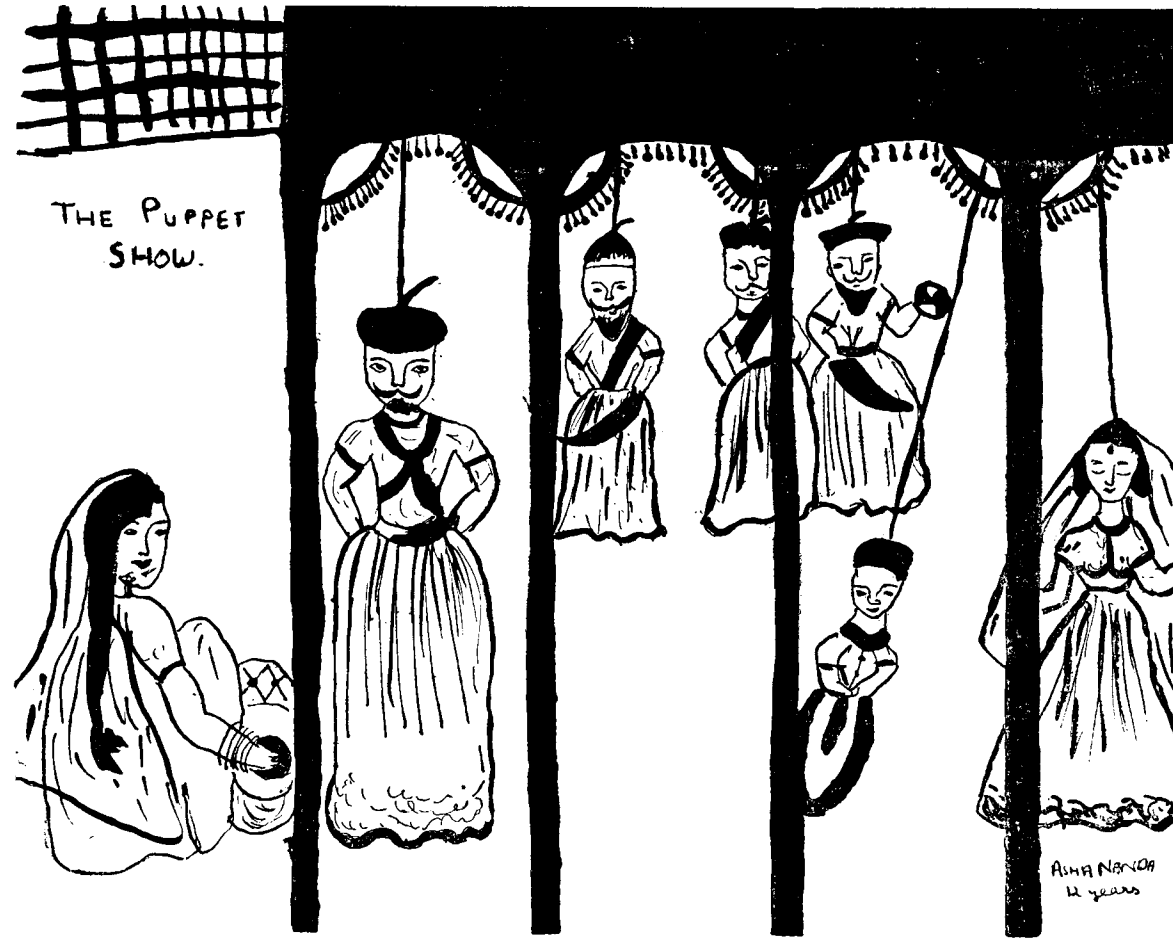
Combined Swimming Sports

1955

Events				Winners	House	Time
Boys,	1 Length,	Under	11	Himmat Singh	H	20 secs.
Boys,	1 Length,	Under	13	Simar Harnarain Singh	V	18 secs.
Boys,	1 Length,	Under	15	Harish Gidwani	N	13.5 secs.
Boys,	1 Length,	Open		Parikshat Sahni	V	10.3 secs.
Boys,	Diving,			Parikshat Sahni	V	
Prep. Boys,	1 Breadth,	Beginners		Avatar Singh	V	14 secs.
Girls,	1 Breadth,	Beginners		Subadra Patel	N	11 secs.
Girls,	1 Length,	Under	15	Neena Dubey	N	17.5 secs.
Girls,	1 Length,	Open.		Asha Sircar	S	17 secs.
Boys,	2 Lengths,	Under	11	Himmat Singh	H	50.4 secs.
Boys,	2 Lengths,	Under	13	K. Himmat Singh	V	40.8 secs.
Boys,	3 Lengths,	Under	15	Harish Gidwani	N	54.9 secs.
Boys,	3 Lengths,	Open		Parikshat Sahni	V	41 secs.
Girls,	2 Lengths,	Open		Usha Rani Choudhry	H	40.8 secs.
Girls,	2 Lengths,	Under	15	Neena Dubey	N	40.3 secs.
Boys,	... House Relay,			Siwalik House		58.8 secs.

COCK HOUSE COMPETITION

Girls				Boys			
1st	Nilagiri	15	points.	1st	Vindhya	37	points.
2nd	Vindhya	6	points.	2nd	Nilagiri	29	points.
3rd	Himalaya	5	points.	3rd	Himalaya	24	points.
4th	Siwalik	4	points.	4th	Siwalik	20	points.



THE PUPPET SHOW

Asha Nanda.

DRAMATICS

Because of the encouragement dramatics received last year, several shows have been produced by both girls and boys, this year.

At the beginning of the year a number of Upper Four, Lower Three and Upper Three girls decided to stage a play. This was called "The Patchwork Quilt" and was finally acted before the Inspectors. A puppet dance produced by Miss Rudra was also staged at the same time. This was acted in mime and the actors had to reproduce the jerky movements of the puppets.

Towards the middle of the year, Mr. Dev and Mr. Banerji put up a dance recital. There were two dances one of them being Tagore's "Trishna Shanti," and the other a lively and colourful Santhal folk-dance.

After the August Holiday the Girls' School produced a highly successful show for the Saturday-night Club. This included a Hindi play, an English play, an Indian dance, the playing of a popular "hit" tune, and a Punjabi song. At the end of the show a mock horse, complete with cardboard head, improvised tail, and saddle, did a grotesque dance during which the front and the back legs performed different actions.

A number of girls also took part in the school concert. The two dances previously performed were done once more for the benefit of the visitors, and in addition a classical dance. A number of senior girls also acted in an amusing Hindi play called "Bimar-ka-Ilaj" which was produced by Mr. Vyas.

On the whole the girls contributed largely to the entertainment side of Sanawar life.

Jaya Krishen.

N. C. C.

For a long time the girls had looked forward to joining the N. C. C. and when one of our Staff, Miss Cherian, went to Ranikhet to receive the full course of N. C. C. training, our happiness knew no bounds! She was absent from school from May to July and we were literally on tenter-hooks during her absence. Miss Cherian returned to Sanawar a second lieutenant,* but as luck would have it she went to hospital and was there for quite some time.

On the 10th August, we had our first lesson. I am sure you can imagine how excited we all felt. All morning everything seemed to go topsy-turvy. In the afternoon we arrived on the field. We did nothing very much on the first day except practise right, left, and about turns, which we thought we knew but strangely enough our knowledge of these proved to be quite incorrect. We were rather enthusiastic about it, and for the next few days the topic of conversation was nothing but N.C.C., especially among the younger girls. At first only the girls of U. IV upward were allowed to join, but later, due to insufficient numbers, the L. IV girls were also enrolled. We have learnt the slow and quick marches, the salute, etc. We were highly amused when our instructress taught us the sign language, especially the circular movement of the hand over the head which indicated a retreat.

Our N. C. C. squad was to participate in the March-Past on Founders' Day, but, as our uniforms were not ready, we had to give up the idea. Anyway we hope to get our kit by the end of this year.

We have not had N. C. C. parade for quite some time now, first due to the Founder's Day celebrations and now because our final examinations are fast approaching, and also because we have to practise for our Inter-School and House-matches.

We were hoping to go to camp this year, but as that is impossible now, we, the lucky ones who are coming back next year, may yet be fortunate enough to experience life at a camp.

Gul Shahani.

*The original 'copy' had *with* before the *a*. ED.

Combined Athletic Sports

Thursday, the 20th October, 1955, at 2-30 p. m.

COCK HOUSE COMPETITIONS

Boys		Girls		Prep.	
Siwalik	118 pts.	Himalaya	55 pts.	Siwalik	31 pts.
Nilagiri	87 „	Vindhya	33 „	Himalaya	29 „
Siwalik	71 „	Siwalik	16 „	Nilagiri	25 „
Vindhya	60 „	Nilagiri	14 „	Vindhya	17 „

DEFENCE CUP

	Boys	Girls	Prep.	Total
Siwalik	118 pts.	16 pts.	31 pts.	165 pts.
Himalaya	71 „	55 „	29 „	155 „
Nilagiri	87 „	14 „	25 „	126 „
Vindhya	60 „	33 „	17 „	110 „

CHAMPIONSHIPS

	Boys		Girls	
Under 11	I.S. Gill	12 pts.	Andrea Kemp	10 pts.
Under 13	R.S. Mundi	8 „	Malti Verma	6 „
Under 15	R. Mountford	14 „	Harvinder Kaur	12 „
Open	K.K. Soi	10 „	Harinder Gill	14 „

THE AUCKLAND HOUSE MATCH

Friday the 4th November saw 9 Sanawarians all set for an encounter with Auckland House in Table-tennis, Net-ball and Tennis. The batch left for Simla to the cheering and "Keep it up Sanawar" of the rest of the school.

Table-tennis.—In the first match, Usha Rani Choudhry meets Prem Rana of Auckland House. Both keep very close and Usha loses to Prem by only one point in the first game. By way of encouragement, wasn't it, Usha? In the second game Usha displays her skill by winning by a good margin of 6 points. Prem puts her best into the third game but Usha is too good for her and takes the last game.

Yogindra and Rina meet Anita and Shanti in the next game of doubles. Yogindra with her smashes and Rina with her alertness are really too good for their opponents who lose both the first and second games, though they run quite close at times.

Usha with partner Harinder Gill play Prem and Sabita in the third and last match. It is a rather close fight, the first game ending at 20-22 in favour of Sanawar. Then Usha and Harinder decide to give their opponents a chance. They let them get far ahead and eventually lose by 11 points. Usha and Harinder now pull up their socks for the last game, and this is decided in favour of Sanawar.

Netball.—The game was most exciting to watch from start to finish. Thanks to good coaching our girls outwitted their opponents with clever passing, alertness and accurate shooting. The first half of the match saw us triumphantly 4 points ahead of Auckland House. The second half was more of a tussle but our girls still kept well ahead ending up with the score at 15-8. A hearty handshake and both teams ruled out all differences. It was all in the game! Better luck next time Auckland House!

Tennis.—Usha and Yogindra played against Prem Rana and Anita James in the first match. The first set was a love set in favour of Sanawar. The second was a bit of an improvement for Auckland House but Sanawar won 6-1.

Auckland House lost another love set in the second match between Rina with Harinder, and Shanti with Aruna, but rolled up their sleeves for the second set and managed to win two games making the set score 6-2 in Sanawar's favour.

Thus ended our matches and a perfect week-end.

Enthu Susi Asm.

And now Boys, you know the Secret: take off your coats, pull up your socks, roll up your sleeves, hitch up your trousers, let down your hair,—and B. C. S. are at your mercy. ED.

SOCIAL SERVICE

This year, Social Service in the Girls' school first began in the form of 'khud cleaning'. On every half-day, a batch of girls was sent down the hill-side to clear it of pine-needles and thus lessen the danger of khud-fires.

Later Miss Chatterji told us that we would be going down to the servants' quarters to teach the women and children various things. This news was received with great enthusiasm, and all the senior girls volunteered to help Miss Sinclair and Miss Solomon, the teachers incharge of Social Service.

Our good work began in May, and a group of sixteen girls was taken down to the servants' quarters for an hour every Tuesday and Thursday. At first the people were not very co-operative because they thought that we were only trying to interfere in their daily lives. It was difficult for us to get them to agree to anything. So we decided that the thing to do was first to win their faith in our schemes. We divided into groups, some played with the children while others talked to the women and tried to make them understand our intentions.

Gradually the women began to realise we were only trying to help them. Their surroundings were not too good, so we set about trying to clear the litter. This plan was not very successful as the people persisted in throwing their rubbish outside all over again.

Some of the women asked to be taught sewing, knitting and other house work. Quite a number were also interested in learning to read and write, so after getting books for them we began regular classes.

Some of the pupils were remarkably bright and picked up everything quickly, while with others one had to have a great deal of patience; now all are progressing quite rapidly and we hope that by the end of this year there will be quite a number of literate servants in Sanawar.

Rina Charan Singh.

COCK HOUSE RECORD

Girls' School

	Hockey	Tennis	Badminton	Swimming	Athletics	P. T.	Table Tennis	Netball	Study Cup	Total Points	Position
Himalaya	3½	4	2½	2	4	1	4	4	3	28	I
Nilagiri	3½	1	2½	4	1	2	3	2	4	23	II
Siwalik	1	3	2½	1	2	3	1½	1	2	17	IV
Vindhya	2	2	2½	3	3	4	1½	3	1	22	III

The June Holidays

BHAKRA NANGAL

In my opinion, these holidays have been the most enjoyable in the past four years. The School arranged three excursions,— a hike to Pobar Valley, a trip to the Bhakra-Nangal projects, and a four-day camp at Dagroo; I decided to go to Bhakra-Nangal.

We left early in the morning in our new school-truck. Our cracked singing nearly blew the roof off the truck. Our first stop was at Chandigarh. Most of the buildings were still under construction, but it looked majestic with its sun-breakers.

Soon we were in the truck again travelling speedily towards our destination. We stopped on our way to see the Ganguwal Power House. With a permit, we were welcomed in. We were first taken about 60 feet underground into a huge cylinder through which water would rush from a height, thereby running a turbine. Two turbines had already been constructed, but this third one was meant for future purposes. Higher up we could see parts of the turbines revolving. Around these higher up, were wound wires in a particular manner revolving in a magnetic field producing electricity. Even though we were so many feet underground, the temperature and pressure were wonderfully maintained. On the floor were two generators, and other complicated machines with dials which were used for detecting leakages or defects. We had lunch there and then left for Nangal.

At Nangal we were lodged in the officers' hostel. We left to see the dam in the evening. The water of the Sutlej was dammed by means of two pairs of steel gates, lowered or lifted in case of emergency. Water was run into the Hydrel canal 300 miles in length. It is the only canal to be cemented on both sides. From the Hydrel water is run off into different channels for irrigation.

Next day, we left to see the Bhakra Project. The first sight of this immense scheme sent through me a shiver of awe. We were told that the first step in building the dam was to divert the course of the river by building two tunnels. This alone cost five crores. The next step was to dig one hundred and eighty feet into the river bed to lay the foundation. In the officer's own words, "After we reach this depth, the process of concreting will commence, entirely done by the pressing of a button. Concrete will be mixed automatically, and will be poured at the rate of 400 miles per hour day and night, for four years, to complete the dam. It will be the highest of its kind in the world, irrigating a crore of acres of land, and will enable a tremendous amount of electricity to be generated."

We left for Sanawar the same afternoon seeing on the way the headworks at Rupar. Next day we joined the boys at camp in Dagroo.

Anand Chakravarti,
U. V.

THE HOLS.

Whenever a school boy thinks of the future, he generally does so in terms of holidays. How many will he have in the coming month or how many days are there to be gone through before the long vacation arrives?

So it was with me. For almost a month, I had been counting the number of days left for our first ten-days break and we were all very happy when the first day of these holidays arrived. It was the thirteenth of May that the holidays started, and though thirteen is said to be an unlucky number and so means bad holidays, it was the best ten-days break that I have ever had.

Most of the boys went out with their parents to have a grand time, but no one can say that those of us who were staying back had a bad time. A holiday, it is said, cannot be called a holiday unless we have change from our normal routine. For this reason many outings were arranged for those of us remaining here.

Early in the morning on Sunday the fifteenth, 20 of us packed into the School truck along with three masters and started for Nangal. On the journey down to Kalka, some of the boys complained of sickness, but when a box of sweets was handed to me by one of the masters for distribution, most of the boys brightened up. One second I was sitting there grinning at the other boys and the next second I lay gasping on my seat with only one sweet in my hand, after a concentrated onslaught by the majority of the boys in the truck. After that fewer boys complained of feeling sick. We drove straight on to Chandigarh, having passed groves of mango trees where the dangling fruit brought water into our mouths. At Chandigarh, Annapoorna attracted all of us and when we emerged from inside the restaurant our faces bore smiles of contentment.

The road to Nangal was very bumpy and due to repairs taking place in parts, we had to make diversions into dusty fields and, once, even into a river. So far the weather had been fairly cool, but by mid-day it became stifling hot. Whenever we put our heads out to get some cool breeze, hot blasts of air met our perspiring faces even though we were travelling at fifty-five miles an hour. At the Bhakra Dam site

On returning to Nangal we had our lunch at the club. It was very interesting to note the expressions on the faces of the bearers there. Two dishes of rice were placed before us, and when two of us finished off one dish, their faces changed from expressions of happiness to concern, wonder, and finally horror. However, more rice was got and we all had a hearty meal. That afternoon we started back for Sanawar stopping at Anandpur Sahib, where we saw the headworks on the Sutlej, the Presbyterian School of leather works, and Chandigarh.

After leaving Chandigarh, where we had our supper and roamed about for an hour, the boys awakened, so to say, and started making a din by singing or shouting their lungs out. I doubt if any passer-by would have believed that we were human beings. We arrived at Sanawar late at night and went to bed as soon as possible.

FIRST XI



K. M. Verma
B. P. Singh

S. P. S. Gill
G. P. Singh

K. K. Soi (Captain)
D. Pratap

K. S. Dhami
P. Sahni

^A
V. S. Yadav
A. S. Grewal

Not present : Hardial Singh

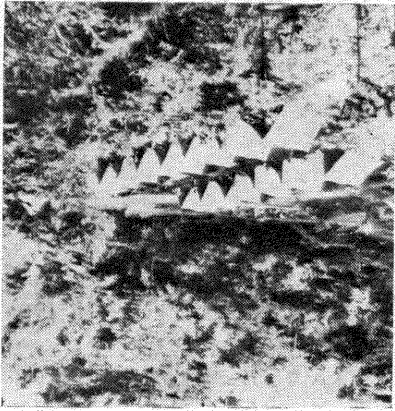


THE MARAL

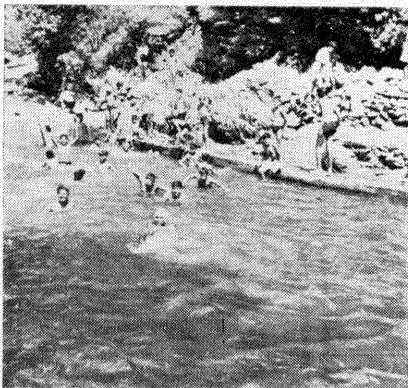
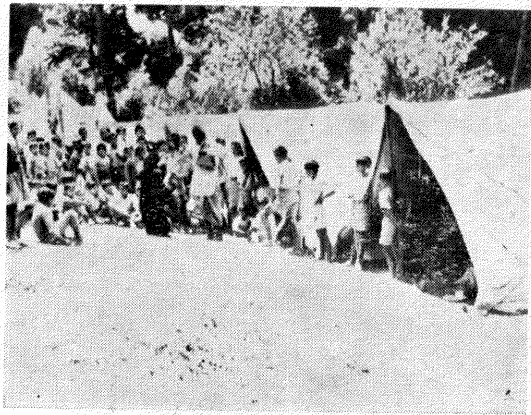
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KHAND HIKE



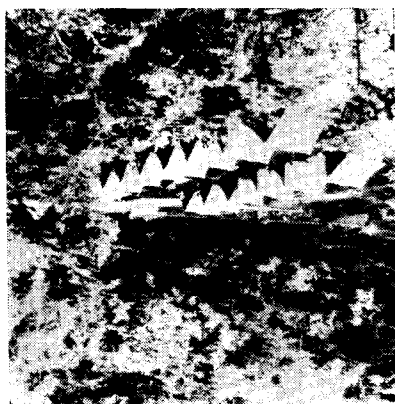


DAGROO

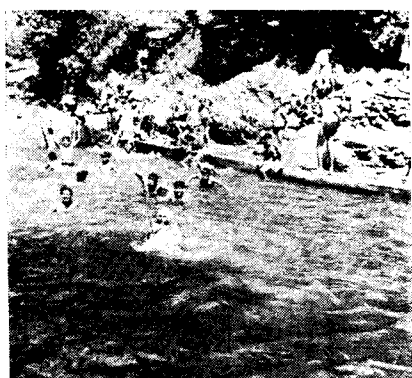


KHAND HIKE





D A G R O O



The 'Hols.' continued.

The next day we left for the camp at Dagroo arriving there near lunch time. I was greatly impressed by the way the boys had made themselves comfortable in their tents as no mattresses had been supplied. Swimming, paddling, fishing and hiking, were the main attractions. I tried my hand at playing "catching" amongst the bushes and had succeeded in finding a good place to hide, when all of a sudden with a loud howl of pain I squatted down to gingerly extract the inch-long thorn that had passed through the sole of one of my shoes, to enter my big toe. I played no more.

Sleeping on pine needles was not a very pleasant thing especially when a few decided to poke you through the blankets placed above them. The camp was nevertheless enjoyed by all of us. The nights were fairly cold and in the mornings when we used to have our wash in the stream, a numbness would come over our hands. After supper we used to gather around a large Petromax lantern for songs and jokes. The masters, boys and bearers featured in these performances and it was hilarious when a boy stated that he wanted to tell a joke, did so with great gusto, only to find that nobody laughed. At meal-times order was maintained by the senior boys, the lectures of one of them bringing roars of laughter from the boys.

After two days of fun all faces bore sad looks, as we had to return to Sanawar. The next few days at Sanawar were passed in idleness until a picture show about the Five-year Plan and a magic show helped to liven us up. The last night I slept on only one mattress for there were not any vacant as there used to be before, when seven mattresses below me were common.

Well the holidays are over, and now as I sit at my desk writing this I find great pleasure in going over the events of the past ten days. These holidays, in my opinion, have been the best we have ever had in Sanawar.

Parvez Kumar,
VI.

THE HIKE TO POBAR VALLEY

We arrived in Simla at five o'clock, but B.C.S., where we were staying, was a ten minutes drive away, and we wished to see a picture that evening.

Luckily we were just in time for the pictures. The majority went to see 'Rob Roy'. The picture over we had our supper and went back to B.C.S., but there was a surprise awaiting us. We entered the dormitory to find our beds overturned, our baggage opened out, our Gurkha hats missing, and, in the centre of the room, written most artistically with our toothpaste, were the words 'Good night'. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible we went to sleep, only to be roused by a rain of Gurkha hats. We were glad to get our hats back but angry at being awakened. Thinking of the hike ahead we went to sleep again quickly.

Saturday morning was cool. We were heading for Narkanda and were happy about it. We saw the real beauty of the Himalayas. There were no pines, but beautiful fir, cypress, and other trees whose names I was unable to learn. Every one's eyes were fixed on the snow-covered mountains in the distance. We felt giddy looking down into the valley because of the perpendicular drop.

The Hike to Pobar Valley continued.

At last Narkanda was sighted. Another five minutes and we were passing through the dusty streets. We alighted from the bus and a cold breeze welcomed us. We wandered about for some time looking at the snow-covered hills not more than fifty miles away. We continued our journey and another ten miles of road and beautiful scenery brought us to Baghi. Here we alighted and had a lunch consisting of two slices of bread, an egg and a piece of sponge cake. Then we wrote letters home.

As we were about to start our eight miles walk, a truck came to a stop near us. We begged the driver to take our luggage to Khadralla, and, relieved of our burdens, we started off with light hearts.

As we trudged along the dusty road we noticed that the people there had no idea of distance. On asking a man how far it was to Khadralla, the answer one got was "Three miles". Having walked for half an hour we met another man, who told us that Khadralla was four miles away.

We also noticed that a number of trees were being felled. We were surprised to hear that such huge things would be carried down by the water during the monsoons. On rounding a bend another surprise awaited us; there was our luggage scattered on the ground! On inquiring into the matter we discovered that the truck had got stuck, and it had to be lightened to free it. Anyhow, grumbling at the driver, we picked up our bags, and carried on; luckily the rest-house was just two furlongs away.

Next morning the masters had to bang hard on the door to awaken us. We got up, but the problem was to get water. We asked a few hill men and were directed to a stream about three furlongs from the rest-house. We were glad to find it, but not so when we dipped our fingers into it,—the water was ice-cold. Breakfast over, we loaded two mules with our luggage and set off again.

Sungri was a nine mile walk from Khadralla, and a really tiring one, for we had to carry our bundles. The scenery was similar to that beyond Khadralla. The slope was scarcely noticeable, for Khadralla lies at a height of about nine thousand five hundred feet, while Sungri is eight thousand nine hundred. Everyone was surprised to discover that the pine needles were in clusters of five or six needles as compared with three at Sanawar. At last our destination was sighted, and in we walked, absolutely tired out. Our beds were spread and after our usual evening programme, we went to sleep.

The next day was spent in just refreshing ourselves, for a great day lay ahead of us,—we were to climb the Maralkhand Peak, at the majestic height of fourteen thousand feet! We did not go down to the Pobar Valley, because the permit for the Pobar rest-house had not been granted to us. Anyhow, the walk would be the same. That night around the camp-fire we were given instructions for the next day.

The Pobar Valley Hike continued.

Thirteen boys and three masters left at half past five to climb Maralkhand. Five boys and one master did not go. The cold morning breeze made us shiver, but the thought of the climb ahead filled every one with excitement and so they forgot the cold. The party, after many difficulties, reached the peak at ten o'clock, and was on its homeward journey by two. The first group to arrive at the rest-house spread the news that four boys and the masters had got lost, but by luck the boys arrived at six and the masters at seven.

That night there was a really cheery bonfire, and the masters told us of their adventures. The boys who were left behind told of the village they had visited. It was a very old place with wonderful carvings and old coins. The people were very hospitable. They treated the little party very well and were good enough to pose while our Art Master sketched them.

We went to sleep really tired. This was our third and last night at Sungri and the next morning we walked back to Khadralla. We found the rest-house as we had left it and after staying a night there, boarded the bus for Simla. While we were at Khadralla some of the boys had 'Bushairee Topies' made, similar to the caps worn by the locals in those parts.

We arrived at Simla at seven in the evening, had supper at Kwality, and went back to B.C.S. at 10-00 o'clock. This time they played no jokes on us so we slept peacefully.

After thanking their Headmaster for his hospitality, we boarded the bus for Sanawar.

V.K. Maniktala,

L.V.

S I M L A

The holidays began after Mark-Reading and I stayed at Kausali for two days. Alasia during these days was packed with Sanawarians, and made plenty of money on the ice-creams.

We left for Simla on the fifteenth. Solan at mid-day is a very crowded place but the lunches offered by the restaurants are delicious. People often stop to eat meat specialties at the Khalsa Restaurant and this time there was hardly any standing room inside.

After lunch we started off again. We sang all the way up, making a terrible din as there were three of us singing on different notes. The scenery at this time of the year is breath-taking, Spring and Summer combining to make everything beautiful. Rain during the past week had given the hills a well-laundered look.

When we arrived in Simla, the Mall was crowded with school blazers. Everywhere one went, a St. Stephen's or an Old Boys' Doon School Badge was seen. Sanawar and St. Bede's badges, of course, infested the place.

The Sanawar girls came up to Simla from Tara Devi on the seventeenth, and people everywhere remarked on the smartness of their green dresses. Davico's and Kwality's did good business that day!

Pictures, ice-creams and book shops filled my days

Sunday morning! Back to School! The car refused to start so we wasted about fifteen minutes in persuasion. Finally it gave in and we set off. After driving four or five miles the foot-brake got stuck. Nothing could be done about it so we drove to Kandaghat without brakes. In Kandaghat the brake was repaired and we set off after two hours. We arrived in Sanawar by five in the evening after a stop at Kasauli.

Asha Narang,

U. V.

T A R A D E V I

Our holidays began from the afternoon of the thirteenth of May. It was a very pleasant day, just right, it seemed, for the beginning of a holiday. The girls who were not going to spend their holidays away from School, were just as excited as those who were going out with their relations and friends. The buzz and chatter of voices could be heard all over the dormitory, as parents and friends came to take their children home for the ten-days holidays. The next morning, after most of the girls had gone home, only twenty three of us remained to spend our holidays in School. We did not mind, though, as we knew that the School had planned various forms of entertainments to keep us occupied.

On the second day of our holidays one of our mistresses took a few of us walking to Kasauli. We left the dormitory as soon after lunch as was possible, and returned by about six o'clock in the evening. At Kasauli, some of us spent most of our time shopping while the other girls visited the famous Alasia Hotel, and ate ice-cream. Anyway, we all enjoyed ourselves. When we arrived back in School, we went straight up to the dining room, where we had a late tea, and then went down to the dormitory.

The fifteenth of May was a Sunday, and we did not have anything special to do. Some of us spent the early part of the morning in doing all our washing and mending, and then we played cards and listened to the gramophone. On Monday we had nothing special to do either, except to sort out all the things we were taking with us to Tara Devi.

We left Sanawar on the seventeenth morning, after breakfast. All our packing was done in the early hours of the morning, and part of it had been done on the previous evening. From Sanawar, all of us walked down to Dharampore, where we left by train for Tara Devi. The train came in at Dharampore at about a quarter past ten, and by half past ten, our luggage having been seen safely put into one of the compartments, and having got into another compartment ourselves, we were on our way to Tara Devi. Our matron and one of our mistresses came with us, while our Senior Mistress and the Bursar went to Simla by an earlier train to do some work.

We had taken the gramophone and some records with us, and kept both these things in our compartment, and almost throughout the journey we had the gramophone playing. The journey from Dharampore to Tara Devi would take about four hours, and lunch packets had been taken for each one of us, as we would be in the train at lunch-time and would get nothing else to eat. However we all started feeling hungry by a quarter past eleven, and so our matron allowed us to have our lunch, but warned us that we would get nothing more to eat till tea time. All we knew was that we were feeling very hungry at the moment and could not wait till one o'clock for our lunch. The School had given us a delicious lunch, and some of us were quite satisfied after we had eaten it, but after some time some of the girls said they were feeling hungry again. However, everyone cheered up when, at Solan, Mr. Chatterji brought us plenty of apricots and bananas.

Taradevi continued.

We arrived at Tara Devi at two-thirty in the afternoon. The journey had taken exactly four hours. From the station we had to climb up a hill for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, in order to get to the place where we were staying. A few "coolies" were hired to carry all our luggage up. Everything had to be carried up as there were no proper roads either big enough, or otherwise suitable, for cars and vehicles to go on, and we were all feeling sorry for the people who had to carry our luggage.

When we arrived at the place where we were to stay all the girls were taken to the Youth Hostel, and our matron and our mistress were shown the kitchen and a room where we could have our meals. The Youth Hostel was like one of the military barracks, with a number of berths, arranged so that two berths were in one part of the room, with one berth on top of the other. The mattresses were stuffed with pine-needles. As soon as the luggage arrived, we got all our sheets and blankets out and made our beds. After tea, one of the people in charge of the Youth Hostel, gave us a table-tennis table, net, bats, and two balls, and a set of ludo and some other indoor games for the younger girls. We took the table-tennis table into the room where we were having our meals, and had a good game. The table was one of the folding kind which could be moved from one room to another.

Later on in the evening, a few of us went for a walk higher up the hill, until we came to a fairly big house. This, we were told, was the headquarters of the scouts. Outside this building was a most beautiful rose garden. It was covered with different kinds of coloured roses. The person who showed us around the garden explained that there were over eighty different types of roses which bloomed at different times of the year, and throughout the year they always had some type of rose in bloom. There were a few other flowers also, and some walnut and apricot trees. All around the garden you could get the strong scent of roses.

That first night at Tara Devi, most of us had found it difficult to sleep on the pine-needle mattresses, and we discovered that we also had bugs in our beds, but for the next two nights we got more-or-less used to the mattresses and the bugs.

The next day we went to Simla and did a lot of shopping and ice-cream eating.

The day following our trip to Simla, was spent at an orchard which was about one and half miles away from the Youth Hostel, and which belonged to a Colonel Phelps and his wife. This was one of the most beautiful orchards I had seen. Apart from fruit trees, there were a number of other shady trees, among which were five trees grown from a cutting of the tree on Napoleon's grave.

There were also many beautiful flowers, including roses, pansies, daisies, and californian poppies. The whole place with the Phelps' house in the centre, formed a very beautiful picture. Colonel and Mrs. Phelps were very kind to us.

We left Tara Devi in the afternoon and reached Dharampore at six-thirty. At Solan, Mr. Chatterji again brought us some lovely hot "samosas" and "jalebies" which were welcomed by everyone, and we were all very grateful to him. We were back in Sanawar by 10.00 p.m; and so ended a lovely holiday.

Asha Sircar,

VI.

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAY

The first days of my holiday were spent playing tennis. Then on the seventeenth we went to Tara Devi; we thought it was a fine place and it would be like a Hotel. We had a quite pleasant journey. There were plenty of tunnels going right up to number 92. We kept making fun of the girls whose numbers were written on the tunnels which were short.

When we got to Tara Devi we walked and walked and were getting a little impatient. As we arrived at the camp all the girls who had got there before us, told us to run up and see it. After we arrived we sat down under some weeping willows which were cuttings from Napoleon's grave.

The man who was in charge of the place came and showed us around. Our dormitory was made with a wooden floor, and the beds were made of wood also; we had pine-needle mattresses on our beds. After supper we took out our toilet, made our beds and went to sleep.

The next day we went to Simla and bought many things. We roamed about all day and went back to Tara Devi by train. We were glad to be back.

On the third day we went for a picnic to Colonel and Mrs. Phelps's house. The garden was covered with flowers, and there were such a lot of fruit trees we really enjoyed ourselves.

When we were coming back to Sanawar we really didn't want to come but had to. On the journey back we were playing cards most of the way; sometimes we would stick out our hands and try and catch the bushes and dry weeds which were poking out of the hill-side. We had quite a swift and pleasant journey back to Sanawar. When we were nearly at Dharampore we saw a fire burning near the railway lines. We got such a fright.

Andrea Kemp,
U. III.

I LIKED 'EM

Holidays! Holidays! The very idea of holidays soothes anyone. And now the Mark Reading was over and the holidays had begun. Well, most of us did deserve a rest, or, at least, a week away from books

For all of us, these holidays were full of fun and enjoyment. Each new day gave us 24 new hours, not to pass but to fill. I wish we could have all our holidays as enjoyable as this memorable set.

Sudhash Dua,
U. V.

The Printing Press: Tuesday, December 13th, 1-00 a. m. — The Editor apologises for a mental lapse; please read **MAY** for **JUNE** in the heading of this Section.

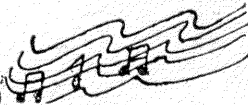
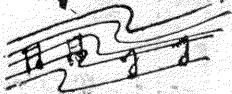
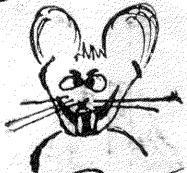
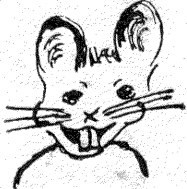
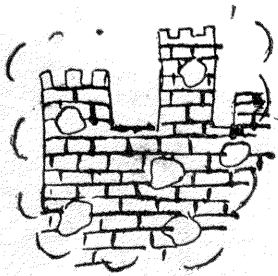
NETBALL



Suman Mala
Yogindra Dhillon

Promila Seth
Harinder Gill

Harvinder Kaur
Usha Choudhry Mira Koregaokar



The Pied Piper of Hamelin

(With apologies to Robert Browning)

There was once a city,
Infested by rats,
They were everywhere,
Even in gentlemen's hats.

They were in babies' prams,
As well as in the food,
They would make faces at you,
They were ever so rude.

The mayor then did offer,
A handsome reward,
To the one who should rid them,
Of this bothersome horde.

A pied piper, then,
On the scene did arrive,
And when he had finished,
Not a rat did survive.

He played his pipes, and all the rats,
Hearing the merry sound,
Short and tall, big and small,
Came scurrying o'er the ground.

Stumbling, Dashing, Skipping,
Jumping, Running, Tripping.



They followed him all over, for
The music brought them visions,
Of castles made of cheese,
And other such provisions.

He led them to a river,
In which they all were drowned,
And now the townsfolk felt themselves
Once more safe and sound.

The piper then claimed
The reward for his deed,
But the mayor would not pay him
The sum first agreed.

The piper made a plan of revenge,
A clever plan, one day,
This time with his music he charmed,
Not rats, but every child away.

He led the children on and on,
And reached a cavern by the end of day,
Where he lulled them into sleep,
And peacefully dreaming they lay.

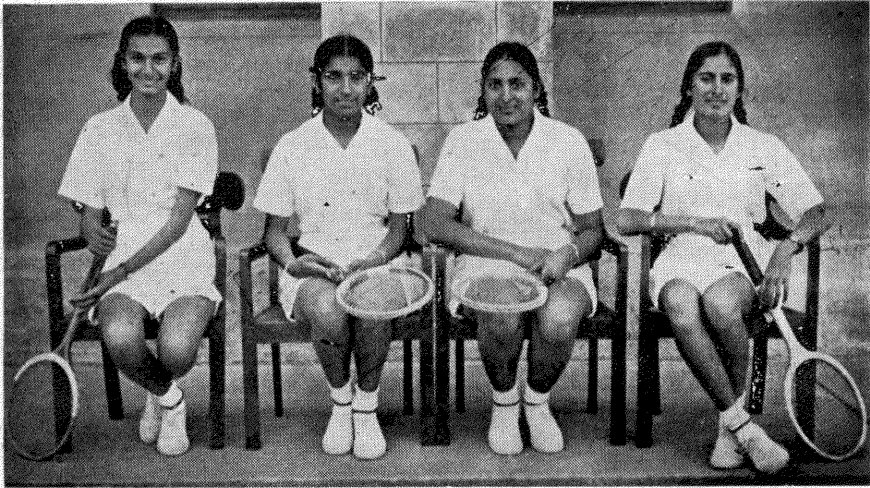
The piper had his revenge,
He never set the children free, —
But if ever you could spy on them
You would find them happy as can be.

—: THE END :—

Indira Bhai (O.S.)



TENNIS



Rina Charan Singh Yogindra Dhillon Usha Rani Choudhry Harinder Gill

Old Sanawarian News

We have little to produce in the way of news from Old Sanawarians, but a beginning must be made so what we have we give you. The Editor hopes that as many as possible will write next year giving news of themselves and of others, so that this section of the Magazine will have a wider interest. When addressing the Editor always remember to indicate your "Sanawar age".

The Past did not forget the Present with the approach of the School Certificate Examination. Letters and telegrams of good wishes for the Sixth were received from,

B.S. Bala, O. S. Dogra, Gurdip Singh Kalyana, K. S. Soin, Amarjit S. Bal, A.S. Chonker, Prithvi Raj Sood, Ranjit Bhatia, and the Old Sanawarian Associations in Delhi and Ludhiana.

The 'Old Girls'

Time and again we hear from Old Sanawarians. Even if some of them are "across the water" they still keep in touch with the School.

Gay Butler, who did her Senior Cambridge last year, has deserted us for her motherland. Gay has not told us yet whether she has joined College or not, but when we last heard from her she was in London. Gay came across Tripat Bhalla in London, and both of them sent in a combined article for the Sanawarian.

Miranda House is the beauty spot of many of the Old Sanawarians. The girls who are there at present are, Sita Bhai, Gita Bery, Sonia Thadani, Saroj and Charlotte Singh, Jasjit Kaur, Shuba Kapur, Aruna Vasudev and Prem Mohini. Sita, Gita and Sonia joined College this year and seem to be enjoying themselves.

Rena Thadani is in Lady Irwin College. She is not the only Old Sanawarian there, however, as Ramma, too, has decided to take up a domestic science course.

Indira Bhatia is at present in Hindu College.

Pamela Sodhi paid us a visit a few months ago. She is now at the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow.

Our congratulations go to Gita Bery (O. S.) who was awarded the cup for the best cadet at the Delhi Girls' N. C. C. Camp in September of this year.

Mira Koregaokar.

From St. Stephen's College

In the Shakespeare Society Dramatic Competition held on Saturday, August 20th :

Ashok Nehru was awarded the best actor's prize ;
Vikram Soni was awarded the best producer's prize ;
Aditya Nehru was highly commended.
Five other Sanawarians took part.

The latest news to come from out those portals tells of Aditya and Ashok playing 'leads' in "The Taming of the Shrew," Raj Sircar and Ashok Bhatia having supporting roles, and Vikram Soni being Stage Manager.

A Week-end In London

After a strenuous week of college, both Gay and I feel like forgetting all about work, and having a good time at the week-end.

On week-days, we spend most of the time in college and get back home after five o'clock in the evening. After tea, we usually watch Television, and before long it's time for dinner. After this, we sometimes do some prep. (which is not compulsory, Thank Goodness!).

On Friday night, Tripat rings up, "Where shall we go this weekend?"

That is a very good question, because there are so many things that we can do but it's so difficult to decide on one.

Our Saturday mornings are usually spent in shopping. The shops in London are spacious and beautiful, some comprising six storeys. It's a pleasure to enter a shop and look at all the wonderful things displayed in glass counters on the ground floor, or to go up by lift or escalator, to visit the various other departments.

After lunch, we can go to a museum, or to see the life-like wax models at Madame Tussaud's, but as these are more educational, we prefer to spend the afternoon rowing on the Serpentine in Hyde Park. There is usually a long queue for the boats, but if we go quite early, we do not have to wait long to hire a boat.

Saturday evenings are always busy for Londoners. Long queues can be seen outside cinemas and theatres, which are noted for their delightful performances. So quite often we book seats for the well-known ballets at Covent Garden theatre, or see a film.

Sundays in London are much quieter, as all the shops and theatres are closed. So we sometimes visit the Regent Park zoo, which is interesting, and it's amazing how many people we recognise in the "monkey house". But if it's a fine day, we take lunch and go by a pleasure steamer up the Thames to Hampton Court which takes us about three hours. Once there, if we are lucky, we manage to find our way to the middle of the Maze, at the first try. There we can buy tea, before catching our bus home.

After the freedom of the week-end, we hate thinking of a week of work ahead of us, but as our long summer holidays will be starting soon, we hope to have plenty of time to enjoy ourselves then.

Gay Butler & Tripat Bhalla,
London, July, 1955.

Kharakwasla

My dear Sir,

This will, no doubt, be a surprise to you. Getting a letter from a person after almost six months is very surprising to many people.....

The passing out parade at the N. D. A. is on June, 5th, and the Prime Minister is coming to take the salute. I am passing-out (Air Force Cadet) and will be going to one of the Air Force Academies at Jodhpur or Begumpet. Pritam is also an Air Force Cadet. The rest, Vinod, Gurbirinder and Pardaman, are staying for another year as they are Army Cadets.

Vijay Rattan Chowdhry and H. S. Sodhi joined in January and both are doing well. Cariappa is still with us.....

The most talked about event of this term was the cross-country run. Although the route was only about four miles the effect on Cadets was very bad.....

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
Sowarnjit.

Magazine Section

BEHIND THE FOOT-LIGHTS

"Evelyn! Not that way!"

"Yes Maestro."

Maestro was extremely difficult to please today and Evelyn was very tired. An hour at the barre and several other exercises were enough to make one's whole body ache, and then to practise for the coming concert was too much!

Maestro had just finished with the Sleeping Beauty ballet and now Evelyn Day was having her lesson for the Sugar Plum Fairy solo she was to dance.

* * * * *

"Stop! You'll spill it! Give me the make-up box!" "Where is the lipstick?" Girls crowded all over the dressing room getting ready for the concert about to begin in half an hour. The room was a sea of white tutus and bare shoulders.

The hour had come. Evelyn was all keyed up with excitement and was very nervous. "Best of luck!" whispered the girls as she went onto the stage. It was her first time behind the footlights. The music began and she danced as she had never done before. She forgot the sea of faces in front of her and the people in the wings, and just danced and danced.

The last chord sounded, the curtain came down, the thunder of the applause rolled up to her: Maestro came and clapped her on the back: the girls whispered "Bravo!" The moment she had waited for so long, was over. "The best things in life always end soon and are so hard to get," thought Evelyn, as she went down to the dressing room.

* * * * *

It was three years later that she won a scholarship to Saddle's Wells School. Madame Picard, in whose class she was, greeted her warmly. She was taken to a big dancing hall where some of the girls were already practising. She went over to the dressing room and changed into her tights. She was asked to do a short dance to show Madame and was told that she might get into the Middle School Concert next month.

In the dressing room, at the end of her first lesson at Saddle's Wells, the girls clustered round her showering questions "What's your name?" "Where did you learn ballet?" It was all wonderful and she made friends very quickly. Jeane Voss, a small, dark-haired Swiss girl became her special chum. She was an orphan staying at Saddle's Wells hostel.

Evelyn spent the best four years of her life as a pupil at Saddle's Wells. She had passed with honours in the examination for joining the Saddle's Wells touring company. It was the best thing on earth, and both of them had been chosen to join the company at Geneva, for some real practice and amateur shows at first, and then to train as professionals with the Company.

* * * * *

Behind the Foot-lights continued.

"Wake up, Jeane ! Look, isn't it lovely ? Wish I were an artist, I'd paint it like that."

"Divine ! But you'll enter Paradise later on. It's the middle of February so there will be ice-skating and maybe an ice-ballet."

"I do hope there is one ! I saw one when I came to Geneva ages ago. I tried out some of the figures and lay in bed for the next day !"

"It's very easy once you know how."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Madame Le Roy was waiting at the station for them, and, as soon as they were ready, she took them to the Wintershof Hotel where the company was staying. That night the Skating Comets were playing at the Blue Dome rink so they went and saw them. It was "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" played on skates. It was fascinating.

Then began the practices every day after that; they were terribly exhausting but great fun. When the Sleeping Beauty ballet was ready, it was performed at the Blue Dome Hall. It was a great success so they flew to Berne for another performance.

On the way, there was great excitement until it was shattered by the cry of "Fire !" from one of the girls in the corner. Sure enough, the engine was on fire. It would be impossible to get to Berne ! The plane was descending very fast ! Messages had been sent, a relief plane was on the way but ! It was too late ! The plane was practically all burnt. It crashed into a tree and lay a smoking wreck.

* * * * *

"Who is that ?" Jeane asked this as she heard a groan. It was about mid-day by the look of the sun and Jeane had thought she was the sole survivor of the party. "Oh-h !" It came again. Jeane struggled towards the sound; she had broken her knee and was slightly burned.

As she looked she could see just a hand, and the moaning was very distinct. She managed, after a long struggle, to move some of the half scorched branches and could now see the girl's head and completely scorched back. The hair was unrecognisable as most of it was burnt. She moved the remaining branches and pulled the girl out. It was Evelyn. She tore up her own dress and made bandages for Evelyn's back. As she put Evelyn down the girl screamed with pain and said there was something hard under her. Jeanne lifted her, and, to her delight, there lay one of the black crystal sets belonging to the company. It was slightly damaged but the battery was in working order. Jeanne pulled at the aerial wires fixed the knobs and was tuning it when, all of a sudden, they heard, "Plane 574. Plane 574. Crash landing. Any survivors ?" This went on for about three minutes, when at last Jeanne fixed the other knobs and said, "Plane 574. Plane 574. Two survivors." "Where are you ? Can you locate yourself ?" "Yes. About twenty miles out of Lousanne, between Berne." "Stay there. Relief plane coming. If it gets too dark, build a fire."

Behind the Foot-lights continued.

It was about nine o'clock at night when the plane spotted them. It was flying low and saw the huge fire they had built. It was an ambulance plane so their burns were attended to. Back in Lousanne they were taken to a hospital. It was discovered that Evelyn's burns were serious and her leg and ankle were badly injured.

"Well, it's hospital for me."

"Lucky thing, only a crutch and a couple of bandages," came a rueful voice from the high hospital bed.

"Oh, you'll come through if you are careful." Jeanne was comforting, but they both knew that Evelyn might not dance again.

They heard someone saying, "Yes, a great tragedy. Poor child, dancing was her life." The door opened and there was Madame Picard. She had come from London on the first plane when she heard that the girls had survived.

* * * * *

It was months later that Evelyn was allowed to hobble around. She moped about the house, and Jeanne did her best to liven up things, but all in vain. Evelyn wanted to dance. They had been moved to England and Evelyn's parents had adopted Jeanne legally.

Jeanne continued to dance at Saddler's Wells and was trying to win a scholarship to Italy a year hence. One day she heard the music of the Sugar Plum Fairy from their room, and walked in to see Evelyn dancing it. She was actually on her toes. It was a funny sight, though, because the dancer was in pyjamas! The music finished and Evelyn as if she were on the stage, bowed and then asked, with eyes shining, "How was that?"

"Lovely!" came the answer.

She told her parents and danced for the doctor, who after a great deal of persuasion allowed her to go back to School a week later. There was a grand "Welcome Back" party at the School for her the next Monday. She was much out of practice when classes began, but with extra coaching she soon caught up with the class.

She had decided to enter for the scholarship and both Jeanne and she, practised constantly. Jeanne was dancing the Dying Swan from Swan Lake and Evelyn was doing a solo bit from Less Patineurs.

* * * * *

The scene was the same as it had been years ago, in the dressing room before the concert. Hers was the first item on the list. Words of encouragement floated up to her as the music began. She danced in, completely oblivious of the sea of faces in front of her and of the critical eyes of the judges. The music ended, the curtain came down; the applause was like thunder, and there were cries of "Bravo!" and "Encore!" but there was no time for re-appearances.

Two hours later the competition was over and everyone assembled in the hall for the results. She couldn't believe her ears as the judge said, "First: Miss Evelyn Day. A very promising young dancer." It was thrilling but even more so when Jeanne's name was called out second. Now they could both go to Italy together!

It was a wonderful evening for both of them, ending with dinner in one of the restaurants.

"Italy in a month's time: what a thrill!"

"Yes! I've always wanted to go there! Well, 'All's well that ends well,' " to quote Shakespeare, and you are behind the foot lights once more, Evelyn, my love, and, I hope,—to stay!"

Asha Narang,

U.V.

FLOATING FUNERAL

There was silence. No sound was heard except the lapping of the waves against the boat's side. Anxious faces peered over it, their reflections shining in the deep green water.

Far away, down in the depths of the sea, the boy Carl Montague, was enjoying himself, not knowing about the worried people in the boat. He was a good swimmer and diver.

'The sea-world is better than the land-world', he thought, as he swam in and out of the waving sea foliage. Colourful plants floated gently around. The rocks were equally beautiful. They were shaped strangely and each had a queer colour. He collected a handful, and rose steadily to the surface of the water. He was met by anxious sailors who demanded to know the reason for his taking so long. He showed them the stones. They grabbed them, and examined them anxiously; but an old wise sailor shook his head and said, "Carl, Captain Reubaix only gave us an hour of spare time, and it has been wasted on you. What will these ruffians say when they find out? They had other pleasures waiting too." Carl hurriedly scrambled on board. The sailors however began fighting for the stones and knocked him over and he fell into the water with a splash! He came up spluttering to the surface, red and angry.

"You can all wait for me, now," he shouted, "I shall take up all your spare time!" With a laugh and a plunge, he disappeared into the inviting green water again. This time he remained in the water a long time, coming up for air on the other side of the boat, where the sailors were not looking down.

He decided that he had punished them enough, and that he had better leave the sea. Swimming to the surface, he discovered the boat gone, and the ship already moving South. He gasped in dismay. "They have gone! They took me for dead!" The ship was slowly moving out of his line of vision. "Alas, it serves me right." He looked towards the island; his mind was made up. He must face the sharks, and all the sea scourges.

While swimming towards the isle he heard a faint splash behind him. He turned round warily. A shark's fin showed plainly above the water not twenty feet away! He had only a dagger with him, but he had to fight for his life. Clutching the sharp weapon he dived below. The shark was the first to attack, but Carl dodged, and it passed harmlessly. As it did so, the knife lashed against its side. It turned over slowly struggling to gain its balance. It managed to do so, and moved away in the opposite direction. Gasping for breath Carl managed to reach the island, and fell down on the beach.

* * * * *

When Carl Montague awoke it was dark. He noticed that he was in an unlighted musty room. Beside him was a little bowl of water. He felt thirsty. Just as he was about to lift the life-giving fluid, a mouse scampered up. "It is also thirsty," Carl said aloud, "I will let it drink first." No sooner had it drunk than it fell down dead. "Poison!" cried Montague. "I must be in a native cell!" He ran to the door, and to his surprise he found it open. He ran out into the fresh night air, breathing deeply.

Just then there was a fearsome roar; a black panther leapt out of a thicket. A bit of a spear stuck out from its side, and its eyes glittered with rage! Carl seized a burning faggot, and waved it aloft. The beast advanced. It was a large cat eager to take its revenge. Then it leapt. There was a low blood-curdling growl, a quick beating of its paws, and it was on Carl. He hit out with the red hot stick, and blinded the panther. It growled even more fiercely, clawing at him; but the burning brand soon scared it off. It ran a little distance, and was suddenly struck down by a long spear. A dozen or more natives leapt out from the jungle brandishing spears, and screaming murder! Carl shrank back in fright! They quickly bound him up, then an eagle-eyed, murderous looking man towered up in front of him.

Floating Funeral continued.

Carl guessed he was the chief by his dress and stature. "So," the ruffian sneered, "an English man has come to Spear Island? We will teach him! We will teach him!"

* * * * *
It was dawn now. The sun's appearance would announce Carl's doom. He lay on his back watching the clouds. Two gigantic savages sat on either side of him. He groaned. "I wish I could die straightaway," he thought.

Suddenly he saw a ship moving rapidly towards the island. He nearly screamed with joy. One of the natives also saw the ship. He pointed to it. Immediately everyone began working. A raft was formed. At first Carl thought the chief was going to set him free but he soon cast these hopes aside. He was lead firmly towards the raft, and tied to it. A pile of dry wood was placed about him. "To be burnt alive," he cried despairingly. "I did'nt even guess."

The wood was set on fire, and the raft put to sea. "Why could'nt the ship hurry!" . . . His thoughts became blurred. . . . He . . .

* * * * *
When the ship arrived at the raft, there was nothing to be seen except the burning pile floating gently on the blue-green water.

Neena Dubey,
U. IV.

I DISCOVER MY LOSS

It was a Saturday afternoon. After games I decided to go to the Tuck Shop. I ran upstairs and made a list of the articles I would buy,—my toothpaste was finishing, I must buy a new comb, a slab of chocolate and some sweets.

On reaching the dormitory, I immediately opened my box. I found that my purse was not in its usual place. I did not think this unusual, it just made me impatient. I might have put it under a book. I looked under the books. There was no purse to be found. I emptied out the contents of my box in a hurry, but found nothing. I slowly replaced each article of clothing, examining those that had pockets. When I had replaced the last article and had not found my purse, I closed my box with a bang and tried to think of all the places where I could have kept it.

I was getting slightly confused now. Then an idea dawned on me. I had decided to go to Charlie's shop the day before but had played "Bang, Bang," instead. I was in a hurry to play and the nearest place was under my pillow; I might have kept my purse there. My hopes of finding the money were reviving. Eagerly I turned the pillow over, but found nothing there. Still I did not think of a thief having taken it. My dressing-gown pocket was just as near. I might have put it there. I turned both pockets inside out and yet I did not find my purse. All my hopes were dashed. Why did not I leave that infernal purse in the right place.

I still did not think it was lost. I was storming with rage,—at myself of course. I looked in my rain-coat pockets and found nothing there also. Now, the truth dawned. Why was I in a hurry to put the purse away? To start the game soon. But a minute more would'nt have mattered. Anyway, if it was lost I had to try and find it. I had searched all the possible places; where else could it have gone?

Somebody might have taken it! Who saw me put it away? Nobody! There was nobody in the dormitory at that time. Should I report the matter? No, I should not. Suppose I found it: I would look a fool. Anyway it will be hard to find the thief. He's not going to own up. Then from the possible I thought of the impossible. It might be in my sheets. I stripped my bed. Nothing! Without caring to remake my bed, I sat down and thought hard. Did I spend it? Impossible! If I had spent it, the empty purse would be in its place at any rate.

Oh Lord! Why did I not think of it before? I remembered I had given it to my brother! With a light heart, I ran out of the dormitory to find him.

Arun Maira,
U. IV.

HOBBIES of SANAWARIANS. 11



RUNNING.....



WOODWORK.....



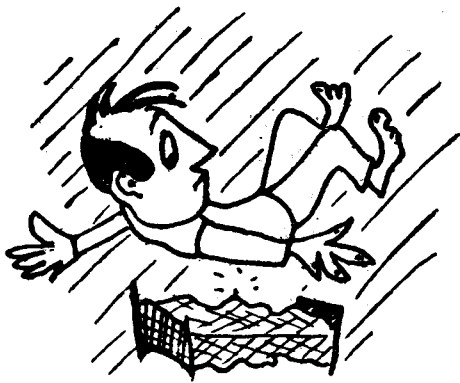
BUTTERFLY WATCHING
(& COLLECTING).....



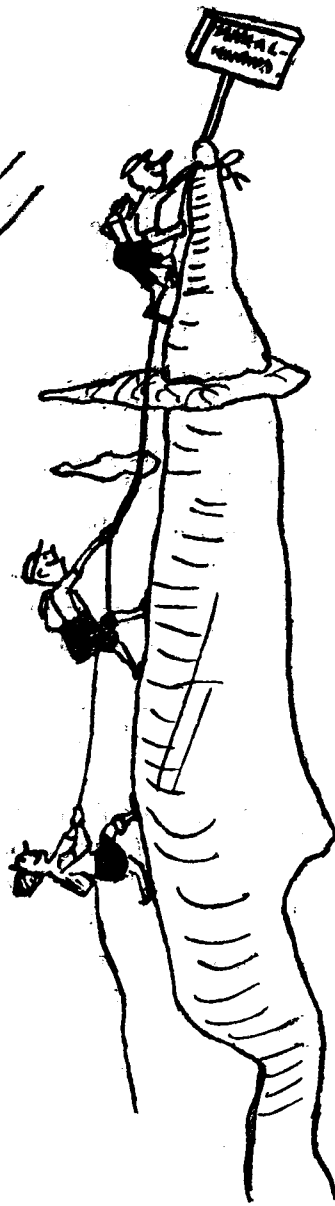
READING.....



EATING ----



SLEEPING ----



AND OF COURSE
HIKING.

INDRU

Indru Lakhani,
VI.

A FIGHT WITH A CROCODILE

One day my friends and myself had trudged a good ten miles into the dense jungle. Our idea was to take pictures of the wild life. We were following a jungle trail with dense undergrowth on either side.

At noon we came across a small lake surrounded by trees. We decided to swim across the lake. I volunteered to swim across first. I pulled off my boots and took off my shirt and waded happily into the shallow water knowing not what awaited me at the other shore.

I started swimming, but as I neared the other end I saw a huge crocodile coming towards me. It bared its yellow fangs and charged. I stood in the knee-deep water and tried to flee from the deadly monster. In a flash it was upon me. I yelled and fell back. Next moment I was on my feet, and drawing my dagger I plunged on to the crocodile. My arms encircled its belly. It reared and struggled and I was forced to let go my grip.

I could imagine how his long sharp fangs would dig into my flesh. Once again I plunged onto his hard back and dug into it. His tail lashed me until blood ran out of my side. I was almost out of my breath. The dirty waters splashed as we rolled and struggled. My heavy hunting-dagger plunged again and again into his breast until the dagger dug deep into the savage heart.

I rose from the dirty water; there lay the body of the first crocodile I had killed.

Devinderjit Singh Pannu,

U. IV.

DAWN AFTER A STORM

The wind did whistle through the trees,
The green leaves rustled in the breeze,
Then everything was silent, still.

The vivid lightning downwards flashed,
Lit up the moor, lit up the mill;
The thunder followed,—rumbled, crashed;
Then everything was silent, still.

The sudden rain came pattering down,
Drenching cottage, field and town,
Breaking the silence of the night.

The screaming wind downwards swept,
It bent the tall pines with its might,
And with the rolling thunder kept
Breaking the silence of the night.

The storm grew less as came the dawn,
Disclosing a green spring morn.
The sun's first rays shone on the scene.

After the storm the peace, the calm:
The moist, brown earth smelling so clean:
A spring morning's wondrous charm:
The sun's first rays shone on the scene.

Jaya Krishen,
L.V.

THE AMULET

In the corner of the temple the priests were monotonously chanting a prayer to Shiva. Sumayun laid down her earthen pot and rested in the cool shade of the temple. It was very hot, and she sighed as she looked over the roof-tops of Mohenjodaro to the River Indus, a shimmering blue line in the distance. A blind priest came up the temple steps and she made way for him courteously, lifting her earthen pot a little away from the doorway.

The priest walked slowly up to the doorway, and then paused, as if sensing another's presence. "Who goes by? Is it Sumayun who chances to wait by the abode of Shiva?" he questioned.

"It is, indeed, O guardian of the sacred altar," she answered. "The sun is hot outside, and the shadows here cool and refreshing." His sensitive fingers felt her wrists. "Hast thou lost the bracelet, given at thy birth? Thy silver bracelet with its lucky amulet?" he enquired in his musical voice.

Sumayun cast down her head and answered in a low voice, "I have indeed, 'twas when helping in the annual festival that I dropped it."

"Nay, but thou must have one!" said the priest vehemently. "Come, I have a pretty gold one in which there is silver interwoven which thou mayst have. Take off thy sandals and come softly in for I have kept it in a casket and placed it in a cavity in the Northern side of the temple."

Sumayun obeyed, and slipping off her sandals softly entered the dark temple, where all was silent save for the chanting of the priests.

A strange peace descended upon her as she stepped in, and the outside world seemed to exist no more around her. She could see the vague forms of the idols of Shiva and the Nagas, and wave after wave of the scent of sweet herbs, swept upto her nostrils.

She listened to the chants and knew what the priests were praying for. Though she could only catch one or two words, she understood that the prayer was to beseech the Gods to stop the Indus from flooding. There had been one or two bad floods lately and now after the rains it threatened to overflow again and lay waste what was left of the crops.

On and on the chants went on, — and even when she stepped into the little room she could still hear the droning voices.

The blind priest felt about the box for the bracelet and amulet. It seemed, from the fond way his fingers caressed the ornaments, that he knew and loved each one. At last he found the one he was looking for, and, giving it to her he said, "Take care of it, child. It is powerful, and will guard you, besides, it is precious.

Sumayun looking at it felt quite sure it was, for the silver in the dimly lighted room flashed where it caught the light, and the gold burned dully forming a contrast.

The Amulet continued.

“ Yes, I will guard it well, she promised as she tied it on and stepped out. It was getting late and she had to go to the other end of the city. So she walked quickly into the bright sunlight, hoping to make up for time lost

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The evening coolness was setting in when she came back. She was very tired. Once more she sat on the temple steps. Last time the temple had provided her with shade, this time the steps gave warmth, for the stone had absorbed heat during the day.

Yes, she was very tired and she was so comfortable. She laid her head back, and closed her eyes

Sumayun turned and her knee came in contact with stone. She got up with a start... . Could it be that she had slept? It was very dark... . She hastily picked up her pot and looked about her. Every thing looked very still and strange... ..

She listened intently What was that she could hear? It sounded like water She strained her eyes towards the place whence she heard the unfamiliar noise. In front a vast wall of water seemed to be coming towards her, growing bigger... and bigger The street, also, seemed to be deluged in water. Why hadn't she noticed it before? She gave a scream of terror... . She knew what had happened now! The River Indus had flooded.

The temple shook... . She was up to her knees in water... . She retreated a little further... . She had no time to think. A wave was approaching... approaching... . She waited for it to break over her as she cowered back. It drenched her from head to foot. The next wave, she knew, would take her with it, or if not the next, the one after that. She, and Mohenjodaro, were doomed!

She looked at her bracelet wistfully. It was so pretty... . “Good-bye!” she whispered, “Good-bye my amulet!” and taking it off she looked at it.

In the silver the turbid waters were reflected, and she was still looking at it when the waters closed over her head for the last time... ..

Jaya Krishen,
L. V.

THE END

Annual Prizegiving.

Mr. F. M. Brown, Headmaster, Bishop Cotton School, presiding.

9th December, 1955.

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

SIXTH	{ 1st I. Lakhani 2nd B. S. Bhasin
UPPER V	{ 1st Pradeep Soneja 2nd Subhash Chandra Dua
LOWER V A	{ 1st M.S. Grewal 2nd Jaya Krishan
LOWER V B	Nitya Nand
UPPER IV A	{ 1st Vijay Kumar Khanna 2nd Sarvjit Lorai
UPPER IV B	Aroon Bhatia
LOWER IV A	{ 1st Samaresh Mukherji 2nd Anil Kumar Seth
LOWER IV B	{ 1st Anil Malhotra 2nd N.P. Dube
LOWER IV C	Kuljit Singh Sethi
UPPER III A	{ 1st Ravi Khanna 2nd S. N. Gupta
UPPER III B	{ 1st Atul Gurtu 2nd Jaspal Singh Mann
UPPER III C	{ 1st Shambhu Dyal 2nd B.K. Sood
LOWER III A	{ 1st Suresh Kumar 2nd Ajit Pal Singh Sandhu
LOWER III B	{ 1st Pradeep Verma 2nd Surinderjit Singh Gill

Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Rupinder Randhawa 2nd Asha Lata Punj
FORM II B	{ 1st Urmilla Kumari 2nd Sunita Narendra Nath
FORM I A	{ 1st Arun Kumar Mahajan 2nd Viney Kumar Lothia
FORM I B	{ 1st Rajesh Kumar 2nd Sunena Sabhlok
UPPER K. G. A	{ 1st Jayant Barla 2nd Jasjeet Kaur
UPPER K. G. B	{ 1st Happy Master 2nd Surendra Mohan Verma
LOWER K. G.	{ 1st Sudha Anand 2nd Om Prakash Singh Rawat

Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR ENGLISH	...	Parvez Kumar
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	{ Jaya Krishan Neena Dubey
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{ I. Lakhani Ravi Khanna
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ U. R. Choudhry Asha Puri Shambhu Dyal
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ Y.P. Choudhry (Chem.) I. Lakhani (Physics) Parvez Kumar (Biology)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Parikshat Sahni Vijay Kumar Khanna
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Parikshat Sahni Basant Usha Katoch
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Y. P. Choudhry Samaresh Mukherji
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Parikshat Sahni Ranjana Debnath H. S. Dhillon (Piano)
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Venita Dubey
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	J. P. S. Soin

Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	S. P. S. Gill
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	U. R. Choudhry
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ D. Pratap Singh K. K. Soi Parikshat Sahni
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Yogindra Dhillon Asha Sircar Mira Koregaokar

Trophies

STUDY CUP, Prep.	...	Siwalik
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Nilagiri
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Siwalik
BEST BOY, Prep.	...	Virpal Singh
COCK HOUSE, Prep.	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE, Girls	...	Himalaya
COCK HOUSE, Boys (The "R. & N." Trophy)	...	Himalaya
THE CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Himalaya
