

The Sanawarian

December 1956



The Magazine of the Lawrence School Sanawar,
Simla Hills.

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A Wedding Scene

Gul Sahani

FOUNDER'S



Speeches



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

EDITORIAL

1956 will go down in the history of Sanawar as a year of great change. It was in January that we came to know that Mr. Carter would not be returning to Sanawar. He had left for England in April of the previous year, as a very sick man, and we had hoped that he would return to us as soon as he was fit enough to do so, bringing Mrs. Carter back with him. But it was not to be, and so a long association came to an end. The Carters have our good wishes and gratitude for all they did for Sanawar. The School lost another loyal worker in Mr. Cowell, who first came to Sanawar as a schoolboy, and subsequently joined the Staff, later to become Senior Master, and finally, Officiating Headmaster. Mrs. Cowell's lavish hospitality will never be forgotten.

Mr. Kate, the Bursar officiated, exercising a remarkable degree of tact and patience, although he did not refrain from pestering Mr. Ashfaq Husain to relieve him of his dual role as soon as possible. Mr. Ashfaq Husain, like the good Sanawarian that he is, had meanwhile found us a new Headmaster and used his good offices to arrange for Major Som Dutt to be loaned from the Army and it was on the 22nd. of August that Maj. and Mrs. Som Dutt came to Sanawar. We offer them a belated, but very warm welcome. Major Som Dutt is no stranger to these parts, having served as Executive Officer in the Simla Hills. It is fitting that the first Indian Headmaster of the School, should be one who has had a long REDACTED military record. The Major, as he is

affectionately known, has introduced many changes, and the School is the better for these much-needed reforms. The estate has been tidied and the domestic staff, augmented, while *tandoori roties* and *nans* are an appetising bill of fare. As a member of the I. M. N. S., Mrs. Som Dutt was on active service during World War II, and is already making plans for welfare work among the servants' families. We look up to the Som Dutts for their wise guidance in the years that lie ahead.

Yet another change has been the revival of The Sanawar News-Letter. With a growing demand for School Orders on the part of Old Sanawarians, it was felt that the time was ripe for the resuscitation of the News-Letter. This has naturally affected The Sanawarian, apart from the fact that the Editorship has changed hands. Miss Joshi and Mr. Gopinathan have recorded School activities month by month in the News-Letter and I have therefore digressed from the pattern laid by Mr. Kemp in last year's Sanawarian. His was very much a labour of love, single-handed at that. A School Magazine, to my mind, ought to be a record of the School year as well as a medium of self expression, contributed in the main, by children, Old Sanawarians and a few members of Staff. I am deeply grateful to the host of children, O. S. and Staff who have responded to my appeal. My very special thanks are due to Squadron Leader Mullick for some very lovely Founder's snaps and to "Ninety-seven" (O. S.) who has sent me regular instalments of an article on the Sanawar of his time. Brief Interlude is to be continued next year as time is short and he naturally wants to do justice to his old School. My thanks are also due to the "back room boys", the clerks and printers, who have laboured overtime to make the Sanawarian possible. I cannot but record my appreciation, for they have not spared themselves in discharging their duty. I have enjoyed editing the Sanawarian, and if, like the curate's egg, it is good in parts, may I "your humble patience pray,.....kindly to judge."

The Headmaster's Speech

—:o:—

FOUNDER'S DAY

4th. October, 1956.

Mr. Ashfaque Husain, Sir, Mr. Sachidanandan, Ladies & Gentleman, and by no means least, children.

May I, Sir, on behalf of the children and staff of the School extend to you, in spite of the weather, our very warmest welcome to Sanawar. It is a special Day for us. Founders' Day. We are 109 years old.

As you are aware, Sir, Dr. Sampurnand, Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh was to have presided at today's function but he is, most unfortunately, indisposed and has been forbidden travel of any kind by his doctors. This has been to us a very real disappointment as we had been most anxiously looking forward to meeting so distinguished a statesman and a scholar of great repute who has all his life been devoted to the cause of education. I am sure you will join with all of us in wishing Dr. Sampurnanand speedy recovery and expressing the hope that some day, in the not too distant future, we shall have the honour of a visit from him.

It was a very great pleasure to us to have had with us our distinguished Chairman and great educationist Mr. Saiyidain. It is most unfortunate that we have been deprived of the honour and pleasure of his presence today. I know how very much he wanted to stay and how much we all and particularly the children had looked forward to it but duties of an urgent and inescapable nature have forced him away. Before he left last night he asked me to express to you the children his profound regret that he had to go and to wish you all well.

We are, therefore, Sir, all the more grateful to you for the very real honour you have done us by so graciously agreeing at such short notice to preside over our functions today. Whenever we have been in difficulties we have always come to you and you have never failed us. May we always be deserving of this help. We have for you feelings of real affection and trust and I am sure I am voicing the opinions of all the children and the Staff by saying that we greet you not as a stranger but welcome you home as a fellow Sanawarian.

You know this School, its problems and its needs, possibly better than any of us here and your presence Sir is an assurance of security.

With your permission I should like to welcome very warmly indeed part of our family, Mr. Sachidanandan of the Board of Governors. Also Mr. Johnson

who has come across the length of India from our great sister School at Lovedale. I should also like to welcome the Old Sanawarians present, the guests both Civil Military who have so kindly come and the parents of our children here today. I should like to say to them how glad we are to have them and how grateful we are for the encouragement their presence brings.

Parents and schools do not always see eye to eye. I am afraid my sympathies are weighted on the side of the parents for it is they and they alone who can provide that link between home and school, enabling the child to be given that intimate and yet wider sense of belonging that is so essential to the proper development of every living and sentient being. I have heard it said to the contrary but I do believe that in an ideal world parents and schools would live side by side. I would therefore, apologise to parents all the more sincerely for not having been able to accommodate them in Sanawar. This decision was inevitable. It was forced on us by what is known in the army as logistics. We have neither the accommodation nor the facilities to make parents comfortable. A makeshift arrangement pleases no one and is really no arrangement at all.

Before I go on to give a very brief summary of the life of this School this year, I feel it imperative to pay a tribute to Mr. & Mrs. Carter, Mr. Cowell and Mrs. Grollét who each in their own way have become almost legendary figures, part of that living body of traditions which is this School. Mr. Carter came to Sanawar in 1922. He left in 1955 an association stretching across an immensity of 33 years' devoted service. Every aspect of life in this School today bears the impress of this long and wonderful association. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Carter in Simla last month. Though he is now Headmaster of another great School I know that he is still as much part of Sanawar as Sanawar is part of him. I am certain no words of mine could do justice to what Mr. Carter achieved here. I am equally sure he would rather find his reward in the lives of the countless happy children, now grown men and women, whom he taught and whose character he helped to mould. With him always will be associated Mrs. Carter under whose wise guidance the Girls' School is now what it is.

Mr. Cowell came to this School as a boy in the early years of the First World War and left as Offg. Headmaster in 1955. This mere recital is in itself a measure of his achievements and stature. Generations of Sanawarians will remember his energy, drive, efficiency and zeal.

Mrs. Grollét came to us as a girl during the First World War and only left us this year on getting married. She is remembered with love and affection.

Coming to the School. There were 66 withdrawals and 113 fresh admissions since last Founder's. The number on our waiting list today is 138. This includes a child born on 10th July, 1956, and registered with us on 20th July, 10 days

later. He is assured of a very warm welcome when eventually he does come to us. The School strength stands today at 254 boys and 61 girls in the Upper School and 102 boys and 37 girls in the Preparatory School, or a total of 356 boys and 98 girls. I have made an analysis of the homes of the children and find that there is not a single province of India which is not represented. We have, in addition, children of Indian parentage from Siam, Singapore, the British West Indies, Kenya, and Northern Rhodesia. For reasons readily intelligible to children they are known affectionately as the Africans. This makes the School truly Indian and with the ever growing number of scholars on our rolls—71 against 59 last year—increasingly public.

A School is often judged, wrongly I think, by its results at examinations. Even so, Sanawar has nothing to be bashful about. The results of the Cambridge School Leaving Certificate last year were in keeping with the past a hundred percent successful. 13 boys and 4 girls sat for the examination. Usha Choudhry passed in the first division. The other three girls in the third. Of the boys 8 passed in the first division, 4 in the second and only 1 in the third.

Since there are a number of Old Sanawarians present it might not be out of place to mention some of their achievements. 22 Old Sanawarians are in the National Defence Academy at Kharakvasla or at the Military College, Dehra Dun. I wonder how many schools can compare. Pritam Singh who passed out of the Air Force Academy this year won the sword of honour for the best all round Cadet passing out into the Air Force. I have had the honour of being an Instructor in the National Defence Academy (Military Wing) for nearly 6 years and I know what degree of excellence is required to win that coveted sword. Ashok Nehru, Ashok Batra and Ravi Bhatia won the best and smartest cadet's trophies in the N. C. C. for their respective colleges. Vikram Soni represented Delhi in the National Games at Patiala. Yashpal Chowdhury won the Nellie Lovell prize for 1956. Har Kishan Goron passed out with honours from Loughborough College in the U. K. and is now serving an apprenticeship with Imperial Tobaccos. By no means least is young Virinder Bedi who at the age of 16 shot two man-eating tigers after the local Shikaris had tried and failed. And that, sir, is not a fishing story.

Reverting to the School. Cultural and extra-curricular activities have formed an intensely real part of our School life. Some of our guests present have already seen some of the work done in the Arts & Crafts Exhibition. You will see and hear more of what is being done in the Prep. School and the Senior School Concerts, particularly in the form of Music and Indian Dancing. Our societies are run more or less on parallel lines in English and in Hindi and cover a variety of activities and subjects: Debates, Mock Parliaments, Play Readings, Drama and so on. The educational societies include English, Hindi, Geography Mathematics and Science. A very pleasing feature of our life is the Saturday Club when each Boys' House, the Girls' School and the Prep. School take it in turns to entertain

the whole School. The boys and girls usually produce and sometimes write their own plays. Staff help is available on request.

I have been here barely a month and have been trying to discover the reason for the intense vitality of these activities. The children and Staff, of course, must take much of the credit. The real reason, I feel though, is that these societies are not of mushroom growth, but are old, mature and part of our traditional way of life. This is one of the advantages of being over a 100 years old.

In the all too brief breaks a number of trips were organised, the most notable being those to Narkanda, Rampur Bushair, Kufri, Kulu, Kashmir and the Nilagiris via Ajanta and Ellora.

Games: We are very naturally handicapped by lack of playing fields and the drawing up of a time-table and programme which enables every child to play is a task deserving of a wrangler in Mathematics. I don't know how Mr. Kemp our Senior Master quite does this. We have re-organised our seasons and this year played Cricket from March to May, and Soccer from June to August. This is a much more sensible idea as it enables our Inter-Schools' Cricket Fixtures to be played in the dry weather. The B.C.S. were too good for us in Cricket, but we held our own against the Y.P.S. In Soccer we lost the 2nd. XI match against our old rivals, the B.C.S., but won a hard fought 1st. XI fixture against them. Against the Y.P.S. exactly the opposite occurred. We are hoping to revive an old traditional fixture, Boxing with the B.C.S., unofficially this November. Later we hope to make it a permanent feature. I would hasten to add for the comfort of those parents who are against Boxing that while training is compulsory, participation in the House tournaments is optional.

Swimming is popular. The new filtration plant has arrived, but at present cannot be used for want of A. C. power. I am experimenting with the possibility of running a dynamo off one of our fire engines. This might be a temporary solution of the problem. The Hockey season follows close on Founder's, followed all too soon by the annual examinations.

Health: I have been going into the hospital records and judging from the large number of outdoor attendances—I hasten to add, generally on matters of a trivial nature—it is obvious that the children have no dread of hospital but appear to treat the R. M. O. and his Staff as friends. This I think is a good thing, as it prevents the development of anything serious.

The main diseases, apart from the inevitable cuts and bruises, were common colds, upset tummies and measles. There were a few cases of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

Measles was, judging from the date of the outbreak, obviously imported

from the plains. Nevertheless energetic steps were taken to confine the disease resulting in no more than 40 cases which, in view of the number of children on our strength, is not excessive.

There was one case of chicken-pox and two of mild infective hepatitis or jaundice but the spread of these was immediately curbed and no further cases occurred.

The R.M.O. is trying to obtain Gama Globulin from the Government. If this becomes available the frequency and severity of epidemics on account of measles, mumps and infective hepatitis will be reduced considerably.

The R. M. O. has advised some parents concerning specialist treatment required by their children. These cases are not of an immediate nature and relate in the main to defects of the eye, throat and teeth. Parents are requested to co-operate by acting on his advice in the winter break. Their co-operation is also requested with regard to vaccination and inoculations against small-pox, typhoid and cholera. This is best done during the long break, well before the School opens in March.

A disturbing element which caused concern to the Staff and parents was the loss in weight of some of the children. Of these a few were slightly overweight and a reduction was normal. As regards the others it was found they weren't feeding properly. The most energetic steps have been taken to correct this. These are in the main:

- (a) A ruthless sanitary drive particularly with regard to kitchens and drains.
- (b) Improving the palatability of the food and the manner of its serving. It is obviously impossible to cater for all tastes but the food in general is now better cooked and better served.
- (c) One of the main problems has been that children were not eating enough wheat as compared with rice. This was because of the difficulty of preparing vast quantities of chappatis that did not become leathery by the time they reached the children. The problem has been solved to a large extent. We have employed a real expert from Patiala who is also an expert at making tanduri roties. Large sized tandurs have been installed and the quality of chappatis improved. These are also being supplemented by tanduri roties, nans and puris and of course, bread from our School Bakery.
- (d) The School Dairy has with the kind advice of Mr. Shamsheer Singh, Manager, Military Dairy Farm, been brought up to Army Service standards of sanitation, hygiene and inspection much to the shock, amazement and ultimate co-operation of the contractor.

- (e) The examination of fresh issue rations, both for quality and wholesomeness, has been tightened up, and the food now is good and wholesome.

With the glorious months of October and November to help us it is hoped that the problem of loss of weight will no longer be with us.

I cannot conclude my remarks on the health of the children without expressing our most sincere thanks to Lt. Col. Sahi, Officer Commanding, the Military Hospital, Kasauli, for the unfailing help he has given us sometimes at an hour's notice. The assurance that he is behind us has given us an almost rock like sense of security.

Thanks are due to a great many others, parents for their letters whether of criticism or otherwise, the M. E. S., the P. W. D., Government officials and a host of others far too numerous to mention here. All I can say is, and that most sincerely, thank you one and all. It would be wholly wrong of me though not to thank the children themselves and the staff who have so quietly and so tirelessly made the School what it is, in particular Mr. Kate who as Bursar and Offg. Headmaster has carried the School on his capable shoulders from December, 1955, to August, 1956.

May I conclude, Sir, by giving you very briefly my own first impressions of the School. I have found it friendly and wonderfully well disciplined—not the discipline of the drill square nor yet the discipline of flags, slogans and exhortations but disciplined in the truest sense of the word. The children appear to do instinctively what is right and good and just. This I feel is because of a traditional way of life, a way of living and developing together, the very young learning from the very little older who themselves have learnt from those who have gone before. And then there is the tremendously refining influence of coeducation which makes children feel almost at home, with the balance and sense of security this gives. And I feel the School is achieving its proper purpose which is not merely to fit a child for life for that alone is insufficient because the life a child will lead is obviously conditioned by his education, but rather to send out into the world young men and women who have learned to exercise their powers and talents to the full in conditions of unity and amity with their fellows.

The Speech of Syed Ashfaq Husain

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DELIVERED ON FOUNDER'S DAY
OF
THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR, 1956.

Mr. Headmaster, Staff, Boys & Girls, Parents and Friends of the School,

I share your regret that at this function, our most important in the year, we are without a Chief Guest. My regret is the greater because Dr. Sampurnanand, whom we had invited, has been prevented from coming by illness, and I am sure you will all join me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Without a distinguished outsider to preside over it, this function has no doubt lost its glamour; but I am not sure if a purely domestic function is without advantage. For we can now celebrate our Founder's Day without being self-conscious or demonstrative and going through our programme not so much to show to others as to ourselves what our achievements and also what our shortcomings are. We can speak naturally and freely in the intimacy of the family circle.

Let us first of all remember, on this day, our Founder, Sir Henry Lawrence, and pay homage to his memory. He was a great soldier and something greater than that, a great gentleman. But I can pay no greater tribute to him than was paid by another gentleman, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, when he visited the School in 1949. He saw Sir Henry Lawrence's picture, looked at it for a long time and then said, in a tone as if speaking more to himself than to the others around him: "He was a good man". And because Henry Lawrence was a good man, he wanted others to be good also. So it was that he conceived and founded this School nearly 110 years ago with the object of providing, as he put it, a good Christian Education for the children of the British soldiers in India. I hope none of you children will be misled by the word 'Christian'. Sir Henry Lawrence used that word in no narrow sense, and in its true sense a good Christian education is no different from a good Hindu education, or a good Sikh education, or a good Muslim education. For the aim of all religions equally is to help man to become a good man. That is the meaning of secularism which our country has adopted as one of its basic principles. Ours is a Secular State, not in the sense that religion has no place in our national life, but in the sense that we recognise all religions as equally right paths to God or, in other words to truth and goodness, and we think it wrong to give undue preference to one path over another. You should never, therefore, look down upon another because he follows a religion known by a name different to that of your own religion. Instead, you should judge him by his deeds and see if he is a good man. A good Hindu, a good Muslim, a good Sikh, a good Christian and a good Buddhist have far more

in common with each other, than they have with those professing the same religion as they do, but not following the principles of that religion. That was the spirit of Maulana Saheb's remark about Sir Henry Lawrence, and that should be the guiding spirit of Sanawar.

The other event in our history to remember is the change that took place in 1949, when the Ministry of Education took over the management of the School and turned it into what is known as a Public School. It was a far-reaching change and yet it did not alter the basic ideal of the School. It only gave a wider application to that ideal. It merely opened the doors of the School to all children without any distinction of race, religion or creed. All are equally welcome, including children from other countries.

Primarily, of course the School is an Indian school; and when I say that, I wish to emphasize two points specially. The first is that we are an all-India School and not confined to any one State or region. We should not, therefore, think in terms of being Punjabis, Bengalis, Gujaratis etc. but should think and behave as Indians. Indeed, I believe that one of the fundamental objects of a good Public School, and the greatest service it can render to the country, is to discourage provincialism and other forms of parochialism and so to develop an all-India outlook.

The second point to remember is that the whole atmosphere of the School must be Indian. One of the things said against Indian Public Schools is that they are imitations of British Public Schools. Let us frankly admit that the charge is not without basis. It is a fact that their academic, residential and other arrangements, like so much else in our present life, have been borrowed from the British. The Public Schools are, however, now fully conscious of the need to become more and more Indian not only in appearance but also in atmosphere and outlook. We, at Sanawar must make a special effort in this direction, because this was a British institution and naturally the whole atmosphere was British and many of our traditions and forms are British. Let us show how well we can transform a good British school into a good Indian school. Mark my words, my emphasis is on a *good* School. There must be nothing petty about what we do. While we certainly do not wish to imitate others blindly, we do not also wish to reject blindly everything that has a foreign origin. As Gandhiji said, the windows of our house must always be open to fresh breeze coming from whatever direction. We must never be narrow-minded, for no narrow-minded person can truly claim to be an educated person. We must always be not only willing but eager to borrow good things from others. Just as it was bad to do things and adopt ways simply because they were British, it is equally bad and foolish to reject something simply because it is foreign. There is so much in our life here that is derived from the British. Some of it is like the crust which has gathered on the surface because in the old days our minds were inactive and we just accepted everything that was British. Let us scrape off that crust, because it prevents healthy growth and in any case is not attractive. Let us, however, accept what has become

truly a part of ourselves and is good for ourselves. That should be the real test that we should apply to everything whether it is studies or clothes or social behaviour or games or other activities like dramatics, music or dance. We must think about each one of these things rationally and dispassionately and ask ourselves whether it is good for us as Indians and particularly for Indian children. This is all that matters, but it matters a great deal. We can truly progress only if we are truly ourselves. There are many beautiful flowers on earth but each requires a different soil, climate and setting of its own. So it is with men. They, too, have a wide variety of cultures and require different traditions and forms for their development. What may be permissible or even desirable in one country is quite unsuitable in another.

I have taken a little time in talking about this question. Actually I should have liked to speak at greater length, because it is extremely important from the educational point of view, particularly at this stage of our national history, that our children should be so educated that they have their roots firmly in their own soil. There is also another consideration. I do not know if you are aware of the very difficult situation which has faced Public Schools since Independence. There is enormous prejudice against them and one of the main points of criticism is that these Schools are too foreign in appearance and spirit. While I should not like ourselves to be unduly influenced by this kind of criticism into shedding anything that is good, simply because it is British, and adopting anything merely in order to give the School an artificial Indian appearance, we should certainly acknowledge what truth there is in that criticism and make all such changes as may be necessary or desirable.

Another criticism that is made against these Schools is that they are too expensive and exclusive. Unfortunately, here too there is basis for criticism, but fortunately all Indian Public Schools, and certainly we at Sanawar, are fully alive to it. The problem is not easy because good education cannot be had or the cheap. It costs a great deal of money and the present resources of the country will not allow really good education to be provided for all the children. In the circumstances, the few good schools have become an object of jealousy and hostility. The schools are thus in a dilemma. It is difficult for them to get help from public funds and, at least in the present circumstances, it would also be unwise for them to take that help if it was available. That throws them back on their own resources, and since public charity has not developed much in this country—so far, there are hardly any endowments or benefactions to look to, with the result that these Schools must depend entirely on their fee income. That, in turn means that children all come from the richer classes and a certain amount of inbreeding, if I may use the expression, and snobbery are inevitable. That, frankly, is our problem at Sanawar also, but we are fully alive to it.

I am sure our children also, particularly the older ones among them, realise the tremendous advantage which fate has given them over other children. They are

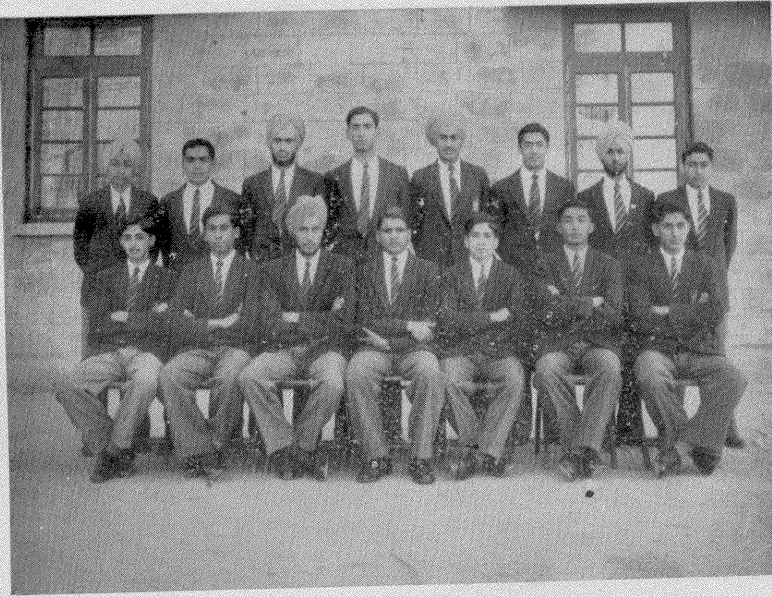
fortunate enough to have been born in rich families, or at least their parents are sufficiently well-to-do and enlightened to give them the best education available in the country. They have thus an advantage which is denied to almost all the other children of the country. They have done nothing to deserve this advantage, but they can do a great deal to repay it. If they realise what a great advantage they have had over other children, they will have a feeling of humility and not of superiority, leave alone snobbery, and by their future efforts and conduct they will be able to repay their debt through their usefulness to the country and their sympathy for those who are socially and economically handicapped.

In meeting this charge of snobbery, our Old Boys and Girls can render most valuable service, and the responsibility of the boys and girls who have passed out recently or who may do so in the near future is all the greater, because they are the first products of the new Sanawar and Sanawar will be judged by them. They are our ambassadors to the world at large at a crucial time in our history, and I am sure they will rise to the challenge to prove to all what they have been saying to themselves, that Sanawar is "the best school of all".

Now, I must not take much longer of your time, for I am not a privileged Chief Guest but merely one of you who is sharing his thoughts with you on this occasion of annual stocktaking.

There are of course lots of other things to look into, and I am sure that you, Mr. Headmaster, with the help of your colleagues and senior boys and girls, will do so. I have little doubt, therefore, that we may look forward to receiving even a better progress report from you next year. For the present I should like to rejoice with you on completing another year of well sustained progress. And this has been a particularly difficult year. In the very recent past we have been unfortunate enough to lose the services of our three oldest members of the staff, and they were particularly valuable and devoted members of our staff. I refer, of course, to Mrs. Carter, Mr. Carter and Mr. Cowell. Even though they have had, through unavoidable circumstances, to sever their connection with the School, we all know that they are still very good and loyal friends of the School, and I wish they could have been here with us on this occasion. We remember them with affection and gratitude, and I am sure every Sanawarian will join me in wishing them health and happiness wherever they be. The sudden loss of these pillars of old Sanawar naturally subjected the School to a very severe strain, for our staff is very largely young and not very experienced. Many of the parents were greatly worried and, though I then poohpoohed their fears, I need not now conceal from you that I was myself not a little concerned. It was, therefore, a most agreeable surprise to find how lightly this young and inexperienced staff carried the heavy burden suddenly placed upon their shoulders. From all accounts I have received, from a large number of reliable persons, the School this year has been, if anything, better not worse than before. I am deeply appreciative of

BOY PREFECTS



STANDING:— D. S. Chowdhry, B.S. Ahluwalia, Gurpartap Singh, K. Maharaj Singh, A. S. Grewal, R. Mountford, R. S. Virk, V. K. Maniktala.
SITTING:— M. S. Shergill, P. Rao, H. S. Brar, Naresh Bahadur, K. M. Verma. S. Mullick, V. K. Soi.

GIRL PREFECTS

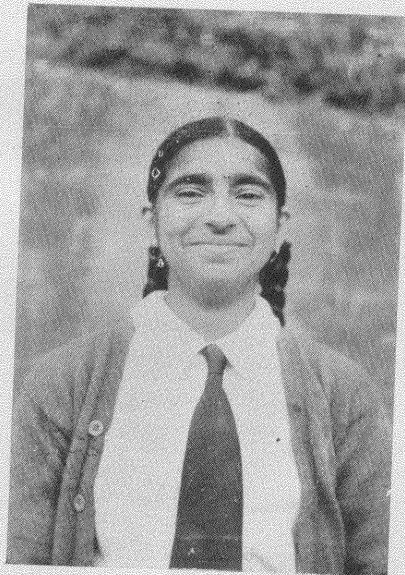


STANDING:— Satinder Kaur, Asha Narang, Gul Sahani, Jaya Krishen.
SITTING:— Asha Dhawan, Rina Charan Singh, Yogindra Dhillon, Venita Dubey, Suman Mala-Yadunath.



HEAD BOY
Naresh Bahadur

Winners
of
The President's
GOLD MEDAL



HEAD GIRL
Jogindra Dhillon

this and I am sure you will all join me in offering our congratulations to Mr. Kate and his colleagues on a job well done.

Let me now share just one more of my thoughts and I shall have done. Everyone here at Sanawar, I think, knows how dear Sanawar is to my heart, but they also think that I am a difficult man to satisfy and that I want perfection. I plead guilty to that charge! and can only say in my defence that nothing but perfection is good enough for "the best School of all", and certainly nothing but the best that the staff can give is good enough for our children.

Brief Interlude.

There can be no other scene with such a lasting effect on the mind of a boy than that of snow, especially when he has never seen any before. But snow, coupled with the steam hissing from the cylinders of the engine of a hill railway mingling with the condensed vapour of one's breath could do nothing but imprint itself indelibly on young minds. So it was with us. My brother was nearly seven. I was his senior by eighteen months. We stepped carefully down from a second class compartment on the Kalka—Simla Railway on to the platform at Dharampore and helped our rather agile grandmother to descend. It was February 19— but I leave the last two digits unwritten. Why date a story that is ageless?

Grandmother had travelled widely in India and she liked comfort when she travelled. That meant that every known domestic appliance had to accompany her and the luggage that piled upon itself seemed extensive for three travellers. She was adamant. Carriage, coach and guard's van had to disgorge and eventually she was satisfied. The tally was correct, and porters moved towards a white wooden gate. We were the only passengers alighting at "Dharm". Winter in the Simla hills is not the time for tourists. Grandmother asked for the waiting room. We were directed there. She was determined to remove the travel stains on two boys that Gumman, Taksal, Koti, Jabli and Sonwara had innocently deposited on their countenances. A leaky tap dripped monotonously into a tin tub leaning against the bathroom wall and it still does, some forty years on. The water was bitterly cold but a vigorous rubbing brought the first flush into pallid cheeks that were to retain the flush for ten adventurous years.

We emerged and Grandma nearly had a fit. Not a trace of any of our luggage could she see. Simla was synonymous with Peshawar to her and her first reaction was to wage war with her umbrella against the whole of the border tribes, the thieving scoundrels! (She is buried in Peshawar). However, an international crisis was saved by one of the porters indicating a tonga loaded to the roof with our luggage. The indication was accompanied by one word, "Sanawar".

It was a magic word. It still is. God grant it will ever be. Tonga ponies were well groomed in those days and it appeared that this particular one relished the idea of a brisk trip that winter morning. Its head had to be held as grandmother took her place on the seat facing the rear and we sat alongside her. Fashion decreed that the feminine ankle joint was a joint and not an entertainment and needs must grandma satisfy the dictates of fashion by ensuring that her voluminous and many skirts covered all and every portion of her trim ankles albeit encased in long leather boots. Satisfied, she called "Chal" and the tonga walla led his charge up a slope from the station into the main cart road.

It was the last lap of a long journey that had commenced some two and a half days previously somewhere in Central India where summer and winter are only differentiated by Christmas falling somewhere in the latter season. It did not appear incongruous for two boys to leave Central India clad in pink silk blouses with white lace collars, velvet shorts and long black stockings covering the knees. They were well dressed for the plains, even in winter. Overcoats? Never heard of them!

The cart road ran flat for a mile or so and then an imperceptible incline did two things. It made the tonga walla take a precarious seat on the shaft of the vehicle and second, it recorded a drop in temperature. Two small faces were changing hue, the first rosy flush was developing into a bluish thing and somehow the cold must have penetrated the blue veil that all but hid grandmother's features from the world. She called a halt, not only called it but rose in her seat brandishing the suffragettes' weapon, her umbrella. The tonga lurched, the tonga walla clutched a rein as he fell from his perch and the tonga pony came to a standstill. Grandma wanted blankets. They were in a holdall. The holdall was at the bottom of the luggage. But grandma wanted blankets. She got them. We all helped, we had to. That umbrella was everywhere. Here and there one could discern but veiled references made by the the tonga walla to his pony contrasting the difference between true paharis and plainsmen. He was true-blue pahari, so was his pony, so was his tonga, so was the road and likewise the hills. A blanket when the sun was shining? Nonsense!

We are composed again, two of the three in the rear were completely enveloped in blankets. Grandma's boots, skirts, veil and umbrella defied the elements and the tonga walla took his rightful seat. He called "Chal" this time and his pony "challed". There was no hint of its straining at its load. Its rhythmic trot set the bells around its neck tinkling harmoniously and the peace of the hills was upon us. A thin mist rose from the deep valleys as the sun's warmth played on the moist earth. It wafted in ribbons across our faces. There were many turns and bends in the road and the mist collected in some of them to form a light curtain. The bells tinkled our entrance to these curtains, but delight upon delight, the tonga walla must augment the music with a raucous blast on a military bugle. A delight for young ears, but a cause for the raising of the umbrella to more mature ones. And on we trotted. Months later we learned the significance of such names as Leopard's Valley, Khyber, Sanawar Village, Drinkings and Duttias. *We learned in months, we remember as the years roll by!*

Gharkal is an old—world village now. It was an old—world village then. Proud, honest hillmen set about their daily tasks with an independence bred in the hills. Severe weather topples a hut now and then but nothing has ever been severe enough to eradicate the vicious U turn that led Sanawarwards away from the main Kasauli Road. The pony's trot settled into a walk as it swung to the

right accompanied by pleasantries uttered by the tonga walla to acquaintances calling to him from the darkness of their huts. The walk continued. No chance for trotting anymore. The last mile was steep even for a hill pony, and it wisely took its time. The tonga walla in deference to its efforts, left his seat and walked at its head. Something in the air, something in the hills, something whispered through the pines caused him to sing, hardly melodious, muffled by the edge of his turban drawn across his mouth but a song—never written, never composed, just a lifting of the heart. He was not a boy going to school for the first time. He was not a boy returning to school—their feelings are totally different. But when those days are left behind and one does eventually return, who can deny that such a song surges within a heart, a song unsung held by pent-up emotion, the joy of ascending that same road again.

It is forty years on as this is written. What was the emotion then, forty years back? Butterflies! What in the winter? No, in the stomach! The road continued steep through two stone pillars. The pony brought his hooves down with determination. The vapour left its nostrils in fierce bursts. A few years later two pairs of human legs plodded the same slope along with many others with the same determination with lungs near bursting on the last lap of the Hodson Run, but then the pony was forgotten.

Its efforts ceased at the top of the slope. The road narrowed. It was bordered by trim buildings and a refreshing odour of new baked bread came from one of them. The scene had changed imperceptibly. A layer of flaky snow covered the road. Some hung in the trees, there were patches on red roofs and two small figures uncoiled themselves from a swaddling blanket.

Youth is ever curious. It was curious to read the name on a name—board. It read "W. Gaskell" meaningless then, but very shortly to be held in awe, then admired, then revered. But on, hoof beats and wheel turns muffled in the snow leaving clear imprints where they had passed, on, beside the down rush of soap scented bath water, snow covered tennis courts, another name beside a stone arch that will stand as long as the name "MacGuire" is remembered. It was the Lawrence Arch. It was "Journey's End". But it was the opening to an unforgotten and hallowed era. The pony walked, its head seemed to come up erect, proud of its achievement, the tonga walla tucked away his turban cloth and we completed the last few steps into the Lawrence Military Asylum, in silence.

The silence became monotonous and even ominous. Not a soul could be seen. We did expect to be surrounded by eager schoolboys clamouring to help newcomers. There was no one. The tonga walla preserved his dignity, so did his pony. He set about unloading the tonga. We alighted gingerly from the vehicle ready to spring back should the occasion demand it. We were not disturbed. To-

gether we advanced and mounted a verandah and on tiptoe peered into a window. We were back on our heels quickly and brother gazed at brother. We were there all right. What we had seen were desks in serried ranks. It was a schoolroom. We turned to grandmother and nodded. Who were we to break the silence! Grandma half rose to her feet, turned and bent double made to descend from the tonga. She froze stiff, suddenly. A gruff voice had called "Hey"! Grandma was caught bending and in that day and age no member of the feminine sex would ever dare to be so humiliated. She recovered her composure, her dignity and the regality of her years by assuming her seat in the tonga and beckoned the human who uttered "Hey" with her umbrella. The gesture was imperious, he obeyed. I'll never forget the conversation that followed. It will haunt me, for ever.

"Who are you?"

"I'm the Chief Instructor."

"Oh, are you! Where's the principal?"

"I'm afraid he has left for a holiday."

"Has he! Where's the headmaster?"

"He's away too."

"Then where's the matron?"

"Matron? MATRON? Madam, this is a boys' school!"

The Chief Instructor was a big man in his tweeds. He looked almost a giant to two small boys trying their best to hide behind a wooden pillar measuring six inches across. The pink of their blouses seemed to scream their presence to the utmost ends of the earth. But "Goliath" had not seen them. It was left to grandma to lead them to the torture chamber.

"These are my grandchildren, William and Leslie." And to us she said, "Come here Eddie and Lellie darling". We could see the giant wince. I can't blame him—now. We came. "They are coming to your school!" Grandma was caressing our hair. The giant looked at us as if we were something that the cat had brought in.

"Oh, are they?" We were ready to jump in the tonga and beat it. He continued. "And what is the name?" Grandma told him. "I see. I had no idea you were coming but Tilley will soon put that right." Grandma was now using the tonga seat as a throne and was holding court. "I'll soon get them fixed up." He turned away from us and in that turn glimpsed a wraith that almost disappeared as soon as it appeared. It was a small figure not much bigger than my brother. It was the same "Hey!" but he added "Nuthoo." The wraith solidified itself into another human, the first Sanawar boy we had ever seen. It was a sorry

sight and I can see now my brother's expression of incredulity matching a similar expression on 'Nuthoo's' face, only his was twice as incredulous, there were two of us. (I met Nuthoo years later when he was in the R. A. S. C. He remembered that brief encounter, with relish).

What stood before us was an English boy with an Indian nickname. Why it should be Indian no one ever knows. It was a Sanawarian custom. What followed was also Sanawarian, the language, the argot, the peculiar language of the school that has defied all attempts of bibliographers. "Get these two to the clothing room in 'C' Company and see they get ammos, greybacks, togs and a hat and the next two numbers." "Yes, sir!" Nuthoo saluted, turned quickly and disappeared. Literally he faded. The giant moved towards the tonga. The male had taken over his rightful command from the female. I heard a hiss and turned towards it. It was Nuthoo calling from behind another six inch wide pillar. It must have been a habit of boys. His bent finger beckoned us. We obeyed the summons.

Nuthoo allowed us to follow him but at a safe distance. We got the impression that he did not want to be held responsible for us should any other boy see us. He was spared the embarrassment. We three creatures descended a wide stone staircase and mounted two flights of brass bound wooden stairs to a second floor barrack room. We crossed a narrow verandah and entered a dormitory. It was empty except for two rows of neatly kept beds in perfect lines and we walked the length of the room to a doorway at its extreme end.

The door was closed and Nuthoo kicked it. Nothing happened. He kicked it again, turned and smiled at us. Nothing happened. He kicked again and nodded his head. It was an invitation. All three of us kicked. Nuthoo sat on the nearest bed. We continued kicking in order to please him. Something did happen. The door opened quickly and I just managed to duck in time. The broom missed me by an inch. "What do you think?" the speaker gulped. Nuthoo spoke from a safe distance. "Padar says you've got to dish them out with ammos and things, corporal." Nuthoo melted.

The corporal looked us up and down, said 'Hm' and disappeared behind some clothing racks. I thought of Nuthoo. I thought of what he looked like. A cloth hat, more or less khaki in colour draped one side of his face while the other side was bare. The rim of the hat was turned up and fastened to the crown with a nail. There was a dent in the crown. A collarless grey flannel shirt covered his body tucked into a pair of blue velvet corduroy shorts. The front of the shorts was blue, the rear was of various colours ranging from blue to grey. A pair of grey worsted socks, one fastened below the knee with string while the other wandered between calf and ankle, terminated in a pair of heavy military boots one of which was done up with string, the other with a leather bootlace. That was Nuthoo. In an incredibly short space of time both my brother and I resembled him and an

efficient corporal was wrapping a pair of pink blouses and other garments in a brown paper parcel adding a remark, "Your mother will have to these back". I wanted to correct him, it was my grandmother. He brooked no interruption. He continued, "You're 96," to my brother and, "You're 97," to me. I wanted to correct him a second time but the door closed as a brown paper parcel fell at my feet.

We were alone. Brother faced brother again. It was fairly easy finding our way back to the tonga. Fairly easy because the brown paper parcel was loosely wrapped and a pink silk blouse seemed determined to wrap itself outside the package rather than repose contentedly within. The tonga walla had unloaded all the luggage by this time. He accepted the parcel without comment. He was well versed in the arrival procedure of new boys. He even indicated a house nearby. The reason was apparent as grandma had disappeared, so had the giant. The indication could only mean one thing and that was that they had disappeared together. Should we wait for them to reappear? Should we go and call them? Nothing was said but one brother looked at the other brother. The looks had one meaning, "You go." The response was identical in each case, "You be me!"

It was split second timing. The voice of the giant could be heard again as he opened a door and Grandma emerged, alone. We went forward to greet her. She gave a gasp. "My darlings, what have they done to you?". This after being in Sanawar for an hour only. She should have delayed asking that question for another five years or so!

What "they" had done was soon forgotten. What she was going to do was imminent. An attack was made on certain baskets in our luggage and grandma produced hardboiled eggs, cream crackers, seed cake and chocolate. We refreshed ourselves in the back of the tonga. It was while this repast was disappearing that she told us what a "nice" man Mr. Ricks was. In a shower of cracker dust we both corrected her, "No Grandma, it is Mr. Padar. THAT Sanawar boy told us." Grandma was not upset. Let it be Padar, let it be Ricks, her charges had to be fed. But just how "nice" Mr. Ricks could be was held very much in doubt by some 300 boys for a very long time. There are degrees of "nice" and quite rightly Mr. Ricks knew that being "nice" to boys would not make them nice boys. And that was why he was able to hand over to his successor, a year later, a bunch of tough, hard-bitten, disciplined young men, who were scared of nothing yet able to appreciate the nice things of life, home, the wisdom of parents, the sanctity of womanhood, they were Sanawar bred.

But I digress. There was nothing more to eat. We knew that a difficult period was approaching. Grandma would have to leave. Grandma knew that as well. She had been all that a father could be to us ever since mother was widowed some four years previously. Again the tonga walla took over proceedings. He

commenced loading the luggage into the tonga again. Everything. He knew that nothing could be left in Sanawar. The remnants of the feast were put into a napkin and handed over to me together with four annas. My brother took his four annas in silence. Grandma said, "It is all I am supposed to give you but I left some more with Mr. Ricks and he will give you four annas every week as pocket money." He did—at a pay parade! We clutched our wealth. We could do nothing else. The shorts had no pockets. Boys with hands in pockets looked slovenly. True, very very true!

We did not see anyone who could have witnessed the caresses that followed. We were wrong. The whole process was described in minute detail some hours later by many unseen witnesses. Three sets of lips quivered, three pairs of eyes were moist, grandma settled herself and the tonga moved away. As it passed under the Lawrence Arch we saw grandma settle her skirts around her ankles. It began to snow.

The fall of snow was heavy and it blanketed the shrill whistle that summoned some thirty hungry boys to dinner (1-00 p.m.) We had no idea of what was happening. We soon learned, however, that the whistle was superfluous as the boys were already clustered around the warm kitchen waiting for the dining room door to be opened. The rest was silence, only broken by the usual sounds of ravenous young appetites being appeased. We did have an idea to "discover" our surroundings and started with the schoolroom. It was shaped like two large "T"s joined together at their heads. We counted eight separate school rooms within and a central lobby with a desk. What took our eye was a bright, shiny, brass compass set in the floor in the geometrical centre of the room. We noticed that the "North" faced in a direction that allowed freedom from any sort of obstruction for the other points of the compass. It was significant. Its significance was brought to bear painfully on certain portions of our anatomies in later days when the peremptory command "Face north, bend down", had to be obeyed.

No wonder we were fascinated then, held no doubt by the spell of "coming events casting their shadows before them." Another thing that intrigued our young minds was a long low wooden bench that ran round the porchway formed by the legs of the letters "T". It was pock-marked with numerous indentations as though made by the nails in hob-nailed boots. Our surmise was correct. We also learned, in later days, that the bench formed a suitable vantage point from which a body could hurl itself on to the backs of other bodies scrambling for oven-hot "quilchers" (biscuits) thrown by a form-master as a mid-morning exercise for young people. The Eton wall game is played once a year, this was played every day of term!

The roof of the building was of corrugated iron painted red, with a wooden

lining. The brownish granite stones of the walls blended harmoniously with the dull purple of the "bujery" flag stones that formed the verandah and the whole edifice raised some two feet from the level of the surrounding ground was a picture that grew on one, firstly a sense of curiosity that we were indulging at the moment, second a scene of industry, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic in an atmosphere that ranged from tragedy over a compass to hilarity over the punning of a word by a master, third a sense of achievement when the last examination was over and the last book closed, finally a sense of pride, of gratitude, and paradoxially of humility when one returns to see again and realise the debt of gratitude that one owes to the building. It had no name then. In later years it was "Gaskell Hall" to commemorate the years of devoted attention paid by Mr. William G. Gaskell the Headmaster and now, still as Gaskell Hall, it is the scene where healthy boys hunger after food instead of learning. Gaskell Hall is now a beautifully appointed dining room.

We jumped down from the raised verandah of the school room and jarred our ankles within the military boots we were wearing. We were now on a stone "pavement", wide and spacious that stretched from the school room past another barrack block of three floors and terminated in a wall overlooking a precipice. We walked the length of the pavement to the wall and were attracted by a deep, rumbling sound. Curiosity overcame us and we were rewarded by finding the waste from a kitchen cascading down an open metal drain of huge proportions built along the surface of the precipice as far as the eye could see. It was fascinating watching the debris hurrying down borne on a torrent of liquid. It was a fascination that held the imagination of all boys. A few days later we joined others in sliding down that very drain to the detriment of shorts, corduroy, velvet, blue, pairs one, but we did take care to see that the drain was dry, or more or less dry.

Curiosity satisfied, we turned to retrace our steps. We halted. Again we were held by the noise of several wooden forms being pushed away from a table. There was a momentary pause. A piping voice called clearly, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful." The "Amen" that followed was in unison and was uttered simultaneously with a rush of young bodies through a dining room door. The rush caught us in its midst. Our education had commenced!

Nuthoo was in the van and he called loudly, "There they are." The "there" should have been "here" and thirty pairs of eyes were focussed on the napkin I was carrying. A bigger boy than the others, still picking his teeth asked, "What's your name?" I told him. Sanawar's abruptness came immediately, "You're Big and he's Small!" And so we were for ten years, fortunately spared any nickname, but dubbed for evermore. (Evermore is correct. Only the other day, and this is 40 years on a reply to a telephone call I made to an O. S. started,

“Then you must be Big——. What happened to Small——?”)

So “Big” and “Small” were shepherded back to the barrack room we had entered for our clothes—“C” company. Nuthoo invited us to sit on his bed and the rest of the escort spread themselves over the two adjacent beds. I still held the napkin and its contents. It was the first topic of conversation.

“What’s inside?” I opened it dutifully. Silence.

“Say G—B—G!” I did. Result—a perfect rucker scrum with all fifteen players on each side taking the role of forwards. I picked up the empty napkin from the floor. G—B—G meant “Grab boys grab” and I had given the invitation. It was the first part of the initiation ceremony. The second part followed as soon as mouths were cleared of crackers and cake.

“Where d’ you come from?”

“Mhow.”

“Where’s that?”

“Central India.”

“Oh! D’you know that big road near the cinema?”

“Yes.”

“Didn’t you see me one day sitting on the back of a tonga going past the cinema?” I didn’t remember seeing him but the question seemed to invite agreement.

“Yes.”

“You’re a liar. I’ve never been in Mhow!” The roar of laughter that greeted this condemnation was the signal for the party to disperse. There was no more food to keep them.

We were alone again after Nuthoo had said, “You’re in the four beds” and disappeared with the rest. The “four beds”—the sign of authority and the sign of degradation. So little seemed to separate them. Thirty beds faced across a narrow aisle. Each row of thirty was divided into three sections. The section near the clothing room had four beds—for senior officers. The middle section consisted of 22 beds, for the rank and file. The third section adjoining the wash-room had four beds—for the newly joined. We went slowly to two of them. The bedding was folded. Seven of the beds near us in the centre section were also folded. The rest were “made - up”. We made ours up according to pattern, our humiliation was complete.

There was a wooden kit box at the foot of each bed, ours included, and we lifted the lids to see inside. It contained articles of clothing and equipment. During our absence the clothing room corporal had issued them, correctly numbered, and some of our confidence returned when we saw "96" and "97" gazing at us from the sides of brushes, the border of towels and the edge of pyjamas. We closed the lids and "96" and "97" erstwhile "Small" and "Big" respectively, walked on to the rear verandah to look into the beyond.

At eye-level the beyond reached far beyond, the range of hills on which Kasauli is built, domineered by Tapp's Nose. To the left another range of hills surmounted by the Gurkha Fort and ending at the town of Dagshai; to the right, the cart road along which we had travelled "ages and ages" ago. We heard voices immediately below us—boys at play calling to each other from a few feet distance with the same vociferous volume when calling to friends many feet below in a valley. They had their games, seemingly chaotic, outlandish in name, (who can make head or tail out of "darba-doobie" ?), all double fortissimo and we were alone. And who would have foreseen that we too would do the same thing within 24 hours—in different camps of course—one "Big" and the other "Small".

But for the moment we stopped, looked and listened. "You're a liar" had branded us—outcasts. Somewhere, miles away, an engine whistled and a hill train left a station. Our sole link with a seemingly civilized world had been severed. Grandma was leaving us as fast as a train could carry her. It would be ten months before we'd see her again. Reverie—house, comfort, servants, mother, grandma, big fishes in a small pond! Here very small fish in a very large pond. Liar fish! The hours must have sped by as Nuthoo came up the stairs and with a rather kindly air said, "Supper, come on!" It was 5-30 p. m. We followed him to the dining room, we held our noses close to the wire mesh in the windows, we jostled with the others. We barged in with them and waited with them, standing erect behind a wooden form gazing at bread, ghi (clarified butter), treacle and a china mug before us. "For what we are about to receive," the boys stiffened to attention, "May the Lord make us truly thankful." Then "Amen" with a mouthful of bread, and seated.

Darkness had fallen before we left the dining room. "Big" and "Small" felt their way along the pavement, verandahs, steps and into the dormitory. A gas lamp gave light from the centre of the dormitory and the 30 boys clustered round it sprawled over the hapless beds in its glare. It was the time for telling stories. At 7-00 p. m. a corporal ordered, "Lower school—bed!" That included us. *Shirts and shorts gave place to grey flannel pyjamas. It was too cold to wash, and we turned our bed clothes back, hesitant to get to bed. We had been taught a duty at home—prayers, regularly, fervent. Could we tempt providence and have something else more defamatory added to "liar"?* Far ahead from the middle of the room we heard the schoolboys' vesper, sung in quavering high pitched tones.

“Lord keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.”

We knelt, unashamedly, and with the prayers, the “liar” vanished. We sensed we had been forgiven, let us forgive as well. My brother and I were drawn more closely to each other that lonely night than ever before or in the long years that followed. Closer even than when at 14 years of age he called for me in his delirium following the amputation of his leg. Our hands reached across the small space dividing the beds and I heard his promise, “Help me to get dressed—I’ll fight for you.” He kept his promise faithfully.

Our sojourn in the “four beds” was short lived. More and more new boys were arriving before term started and we found ourselves comfortably bedded somewhere amidships for the few remaining days of the Christmas holidays. It is difficult remembering the exact sequence of events. They changed daily. New members of the staff were also arriving daily but we were unable to distinguish new from old as we rarely, if ever, saw them. We knew they were soldiers from the Regular Army posted as instructors in gymnastics, drill and musketry and very soon become as “Sanawarian” as any “Old Sanawarian.”

We did see “Padar” often. He classified all names under one and to him we were all “JARNEE.” That was what he called us to our faces. I daresay he had many choice names when we weren’t looking but officially he knew every boy by name and Christian name. It took us a long time to realise that his name was Ricks. “Padar” had been bestowed on him when he first joined the staff and we addressed him with nothing else but “Sir”. We only knew “Padar” for the last year of his service in the school. Only occasionally did we find cause to recoil from the bark when once, so legend had it the bark and bite were equally ferocious. It was holiday time so we did our best to keep out of his way. This was not always possible and we found that he seemed to have a constant companion, a handsome, athletic, smiling young soldier with whom he was always in deep conversation. A legend was woven round this young man, that he had a silver plate in his head. How true it was we could never tell, there never came a chance to split his head open in order to find out. But the legend did have a certain authenticity because any football rebounding from that head appeared to soar to the utmost end of the soccer field. He used his head in more senses than one with the result that Sanawar will never forget his services and has seen fit to perpetuate his memory by calling the incline to the school “Tilley’s Slant” and more prosaically and reverently a memorial to him in the School Chapel. We met him once during the pre-term spell. “Padar” whispered something to him and he replied, “So that’s them?” Like Nuthoo, we had learned to melt into the background. We just disappeared!

Another figure that appeared as a fleeting memory was that of a slightly built, rather delicate clergyman who we were told was the Principal. Mr. Hildesley. We never met him to speak to because he too was leaving the school and the new "Boss" was soon to arrive in order to take over.

Rumour had it that we were to be transferred to another Company when term started and it was to be "A" Company. We looked for "A" company and found it in the Dining Room Barrack Block, 1st floor, identical with the "C" Company barrack room. The top floor was the "Band" only for sleeping purposes, however. They practised in a band room set well down the hillside. "B" Company, "C" Company and "D" Company were housed in the other Barrack Block. So now we had investigated the schoolroom, the dormitories, the dining room and felt we should go further. A large shed open to the wind on two opposite sides and covered with a corrugated iron roof was the gymnasium. At one end was a large room with all the tortures known to men of muscle while at the other end a corresponding room was the carpentry school. There was evidence of far more nails being driven into the benches than into the results of the art of the budding carpenters. The quadrangle between the gym and the lower barrack block was alternatively an unofficial play-ground or an official parade ground. It ended abruptly in another wall with an outlet at one end that gave on to a path. The path wound its way through endless twists and turns down hill to two large playing fields and for years they were known as the "Upper" and "Lower". A wider road led from the playing fields at a less steep angle to the Lawrence Arch but it was traversed by boys for part of its length only, and then when there was no fear of being caught. The halfway mark was "Ramjahni's", a small group of native huts that had a marked bearing on the comfort of the average Sanawar boy. He could buy, for a fraction of an anna, a goodly portion of "Ramjahni's Fat" (the nearest approach I can get to the phonetics of the commodity), the residue from a form of sublimation of certain parts of a pig.

It was holiday time and there was no fear where there was innocence so we continued past Ramjahni's and turned left passing through a fairly well-cultivated area with numerous fruit trees. The area was known as the school gardens. We could not help but notice patches of dark areas on the trunks of the trees. They were dry and on closer examination we found remains of moths adhering to the patches. We had stumbled on a well-known Sanawar pastime known as "sapping" but more of that later. We were then aware of a rhythmic beating sound muffled but distinct and we noticed that the ground was slippery where water had frozen into ice. As we approached the sound our ears picked up grunts, groans and hisses accompanying the beats and there before us was the school pumping station affectionately known as "Kinchunjunga". It appeared to run on its own as long as there was water in the catchment area often referred to as the "Kachmandaria" by the uninitiated.

The track led down hill again from this point and we were at the "dhobi-ghat" which was mostly a large tank surrounded by a corrugated iron, spiked fence, a

“protected” place as it was the swimming bath in summer months. Entry was, for non-swimmers becoming swimmers, over the fence—thrown in by two bigger boys. There is no record of anyone failing the test or succumbing to it.

Another short path again to the left took us to the “butts” that held the targets for the long range and in the distance we could see the firing points for the 100, 200, 300, 400 and 500 yard distances. A short distance below us was the main cart road to Dharampore—definitely out of bounds, so we retraced our steps to the Lawrence Arch only to be met by “Padar” and a gruff “What are you doing here?” There was no answer. We had melted again.

Our peregrinations had brought us back to the dining room in time for dinner and we were ready for it. It was a simple meal, all meals in Sanawar were simple but I am grateful to that simplicity because it built up my digestive organs to such a pitch that they were able to withstand four years of internment fare some twenty odd years later without any harm being done to them or to me. The menu had one item, stew. When term was in swing one half of the dining room was served stew and the other half, roast. The menu was changed on alternate days so we enjoyed a form of variety. Twice a week we also enjoyed a pudding known as “duff” and here again variety was the spice of eating as one half of the dining room had a boiled pudding while the other half had the same preparation baked. It was the baked duff that caused some apprehension regarding its mastication. A preliminary attack had to be made by the use of one steel knife laid across the portion and struck with the handle of another knife. Repeated efforts on one occasion caused the striker to remark, “Taggara knife won’t cut taggara duff!” It became a household expression. His efforts were crowned with success, however, as his eyes fell upon a crest adorning the plate. It read “Never Give In”.

Breakfast was even simpler. It consisted in the main of a huge mug of tea, with milk and sugar that had been thrown into the mug from Tapp’s Nose by a cook with a poor sense of direction. The rest of the meal was a plate moistened with a boiled mess of whole wheat ground to grit and a quarter loaf of bread with a smear of ghi. Supper has been described. How I long for that simplicity once again! Eggs, milk, puddings, side-dishes, fruit were but memories that concerned home only but without exception Sanawar boys could say the “Amens” with fervour, they were always hungry, they were always thankful.

The noisy rush from the dining room was inevitable and unalterable. It was followed by more noise on the pavement and the noise mongers gradually dispersed in small groups to do whatever small boys do when their stomachs are full. My brother and I had been accepted by the boys in general but we had not yet shown any particular habits that would have attracted the notice of any of the “gangs”. So we were left to our own devices and continued our exploration. Up to now it had been downhill, so we turned our faces uphill and walked. We met rebuff upon rebuff. The first was a garden, a beautifully kept garden although it lay under a light mantle

of snow. We walked up a neat path and a gardener asked, "Principal sahib chahiye?" No. We did not want the Principal sahib so we retreated. We skirted the Principal's house, walking warily, past a tennis court and on to the verandah of a long, low, rather picturesque building. A brass tablet told us it was the "Government Training College." We felt we were above our station and looked below us. We were at peace. We looked into an area of absolute tranquillity—the School Chapel. No rebuff here. A covered way led down to the level on which the Chapel had been built and we managed the stone steps with difficulty, they're fully fifteen inches deep! The snow had preserved the Christmas Card appearance of the entrances and the outside lattices of the stained glass windows still retained patches of snow in the corners. The interior appeared to be dark, but the faint sound of an organ drew us within a porch. The music was clearer now and a few years later the sale of records bearing the music of Mendelssohn's "Oh for the wings of a dove" with Ernest Lough singing the words was stupendous. We listened intently and sank to the floor in rapt attention. It was played twice and then stopped. We waited for more. It did not come. Instead a measured tread towards us, a swift opening of the chapel door and the organist stood before us. His greeting was slightly nasal, "Oh! So you like music? Strange!" He looked hard at us, at me in particular. I looked at a walking stick beating a tattoo on his shoulder blade behind his back. I was very apprehensive. He settled his gaze on me for a while, repeated the one word, "Strange," and walked away. (Four years later I had forgotten the incident. Apparently he had not. I sang the same solo during evensong on a certain Sunday as a member of the School Choir). It was our first meeting with the Headmaster, Mr. W. G. Gaskell. We did not know it at the time. We now know that no one man could have done so much to shape the characters of two boys so that they would grow into the men they have grown into and at the same time have not forgotten all he did for them. As the years went by my brother and I approached the Headmaster from entirely different view points. He accepted both and at an old Sanawarian Reunion in London he told us truths that we thought had been hidden from him. He caned me once. I deserved it. I faced "North" in time-ordered fashion and a week later he trained me to sing another anthem "The School Anthem" on Founder's Day! (This part of the story is dated 16th. November, 1956. Five days ago the same anthem was sung in the Cathedral by the Choir and I felt that the opening words "Let us now praise famous men" were dedicated by me, to him).

His footsteps drew away and we rose to our feet. The chapel "bearer" was locking up. We moved to the front porch immediately under the belfry and saw that Sanawar at that point was over 6,000 ft. above sea level, it was engraved in the stone steps of the porch. A postern gate was let into a wall beside the porch and it was ajar. We went through and met the final rebuff of the day. A lady was walking towards us. There was something "Padarish" about her demeanour. She did not greet us with "Jarnee" but just as brusque, "This is the Girls' School!" We retreated in full flight down the church slant and did not stop running until we were lying on our beds, panting. Girls! Girls! and "Padar" had said, "This is a Boys' School!"

“What funkled you?” It was a Sanawarianism. We looked at the questioner wild eyed. It was Nuthoo.

“We went into the Girls’ School!”

Long silence.

“Gosh!”

Long silence.

“Did you see any?”

“No!”

More silence.

“Who funkled you?” Persistent.

“A lady.”

“Miss Parker?”

“Dunno!”

Silence continued.

“Gosh!” Nuthoo was a man of few words with a tendency towards repetition.

“Gosh!”

The tense atmosphere drew the attention of a few more boys. Nuthoo explained the situation. Silence.

“Gosh!” It was infectious.

Ten days in Sanawar only and we had committed an unpardonable crime, apparently. Gosh!

“Did she take your numbers?”

“No!”

Nuthoo swung his legs freely at the side of the bed. The action eased the tension. Nothing was said. We understood identification would be impossible, the lady had not taken our numbers. Every article of the clothing we were wearing was marked with numbers. All she had to do was to remove our hats. We didn’t know. She didn’t know. But every farmer for miles round knew. Periodically, when the corn was ripe certain boys with a macabre sense of humour would “raid” the fields and fill their shirts with hastily snapped “bhuttas”. The total value of the booty would amount to a few annas but the headlong flight through the fields with an irate farmer in pursuit spelt ruin to a certain section of the standing crop. There were occasions when the raiders were caught and all the farmer wanted was one hat. He never demanded the return of the loot. He knew that it would be tasteless in the mouths of the doomed. Retribution followed swiftly. The farmer would appear at

the next parade with the Chief Instructor—with hat. The number would be called. A faint voice would answer "Yes, Sir!" It would come from the only bare-headed boy on parade. A short interrogation and the rest of the raiding party would be hailed before the court. Sentence—a "bhutta" hung round the neck at every break from school and the miscreants to march up and down the pavement for the duration of the break. Period of punishment—three days. "Fall in!" Farmer well pleased. "Fall out!"

If only the lady had known. But she didn't. Gosh!

But what have "bhuttas" got to do with girls? Not much, seemingly, but to every Sanawar boy, they both spelt trouble. The punishment wasn't the same. "Bhutta" trouble was a joke, girl trouble meant expulsion from school. No wonder the cause and effect were circumscribed by one word. "Gosh!"

The news soon spread and my brother and I were looked upon as heroes. We had made the grade. We were accepted. Our partnership as brothers was dissolved, never to be united again—except in trouble. A difference of eighteen months in age was as great as a difference in generations and we entered into two entirely different worlds. His activities thereafter appeared to me to be of a low order and I daresay he looked upon my set as snobs. So must this narrative cease to be a personal diary and become a generality.

What was this terrible barrier between the Boys' and Girls' School that it struck dumb boys who were normally extremely loquacious? It was a complete segregation. Although brothers were permitted to meet their sisters on the last Saturday of the month for a few hours they did so with a deep sense of embarrassment. I am certain the sisters reciprocated the sentiment! However, we did see the girls of the Lawrence Military Asylum and I must say that they looked as incongruous as the name I have just given them. We saw them twice a day—in chapel. The hallowed portals did nothing to ease the blow that any boy felt he would suffer should he by any mischance meet one of the girls or even speak to her. Boys did look across the aisle to the left but only to detect any untoward incident. One did occur shortly after I attended chapel for the first time and though I did not see it I was asked, "Did you see so and so chewing the paint off the pew?" Yes, the girls, the Girls' School and their mistresses were held in great awe. I had no sister, I do not know what the girls thought of the boys as a whole or as individuals. If they did think of them at all it could not have been on a high plane judging from the fixed scowl-like expression on their faces when the boys passed them on parade or on duty. Years later I asked an Old Sanawarian girl whether she remembered the scholastic ability of a certain boy. She said, "Oh, him. He was only a child when I was in school!" On reflection I knew they were both the same age.

The Girls' School was built higher up the hill than the Boys' School. This

may be the reason for the superior air they adopted. But the accommodation was definitely barrack accommodation identical with that of the boys. How do I know? Because forty years later in the days of co-education the Headmaster took me into one of the Girls' Barrack Rooms that had been re-appropriated as an arts and music room. The sweep of the brush and the chromatic zither scales did nothing to dispel the austerity of the limewashed granite walls. The (?) dulcet tones of girlish voices were but the ghosts of the past—they were hidden under the limewash.

They were subjected to some form of discipline because we could see them entering chapel in pairs and behind the pairs making entry we could see long, orderly ranks of more of them. I had been prepared for some sort of spectre as a result of the "Gosh" incident and my feelings when I saw a Sanawar girl in full uniform for the first time were not in any way feelings of disappointment. The substance lived down to the image! They appeared to be well-fed and it seemed a sensible idea that a muscular frame should have good support. The idea was that they wore strong, black leather boots that laced up the front. I do not know whether they wore stockings because the frock came well below the top of the boot. The frock can best be described as a "Mother Hubbard" of a pinkish colour and the feminine shape was preserved by a cloth bonnet tied round the wearer's middle, the bonnet itself reposing in the small of the back, and the strings entwined in front. I cannot remember ever seeing a girl wearing her bonnet. I understand it was a form of punishment to do so. It was the time of long hair, when it really was a "crowning glory". Some of the plaits could have served as a stage prop in "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk" and one's attention was drawn to them by red ribbon bows tied at the neck and at the extremity. Some girls in more affluent circumstances wore two plaits and with pocket money limited to four annas each a week, one wonders just how thrifty they were when they kept house in later years.

This is a secret, Sanawar boys were, and are, proud of Sanawar girls. They had one thing in common, they went to Sanawar to be educated. Throughout the long years of Sanawar history the standard of academic results achieved by the girls has been constantly high and when I look at the names at the top of the honour boards in the present Girls' Dining Room, I think of those intellectual giants who vied with us, tied with us but never actually beat us in this field of competition.

We look at honour boards and we see the names of our colleagues—what we do not see are the names of those who gave all they had in order to get the results—the teachers. Photographs appear of the "Heads" after they retire, some of the photographs have kept remarkably well, others have faded and faded into the nothingness that remains as a memorial to all those who taught. As far as I know "Parker's Perch" is all that remains to remind us of a woman, firstly, a woman who possessed all the admirable qualities of the gentler sex. Second, a prophetess who could foretell the future for any of her charges and trained them to meet that future. Third, a disciplinarian whose strict adherence to self-discipline as well as enforcing its rule won

the admiration of everyone and lastly a friend, not only of each and every girl but of many of the boys who had the privilege of meeting her and listening to her. One felt, instinctively, that one could never tell her anything. I happened to be one of the privileged, I returned a girl to her who had run away from school. I don't know what she said to the girl but I was entranced by her voice as she spoke to me and I knew that a tremendous fire of enthusiasm, of devotion to duty, of love for teaching must have burned in that slender frame, so that we could feel its warmth and be better men for having known her.

One wonders whether such severe segregation was really necessary. It didn't worry us then, but it worried our parents when we returned home for Christmas. The usual festive parties could only be considered festive when there were the same number of boys and girls in the party. Parents complained that Sanawar boys were boorish! Again, I do not know how Sanawar girls behaved when they went home. But I do know to my embarrassment being asked by a white haired gracious lady one day recently, "Surely you know me, William?" No. I couldn't for the life of me call her to mind. Who? When? Where? "I'm Miss Farrell." I would have gladly stood on the compass and faced 'North' in retribution. Of course, I was grey haired as well. To me the name spelt a fast moving forward line wielding hockey sticks or dribbling a football in "handball", an ace service at tennis and whose one command "Girls" could bring immediate silence to an excited gallery getting out of hand at a sports meeting. "Gosh!" If only I had met her a few more times while I was in school!!! So it was with all the others, Macquire, Waddington, Pell, Seddon, Bessent, some were Old Sanawarians before they became teachers, when we met we'd long to say, "Do you remember....." but we cannot, the Old Sanawar boy remains "boorish". Forgive us.

Looking up the hill from the level of the Boys' School meant looking for trouble but putting that aside for a moment, the Girls' School itself was looked down upon by another barrack block that housed the infants and small children of both sexes who enjoyed the benefits of coeducation until they were promoted to higher things, namely segregation. A large school such as "this" had also to think of illness and epidemics and midway between the two divisions of the school one could find the hospital with a hospital matron assisting an Assistant Surgeon from the Indian Medical Services. There was no resident doctor. It was never thought that any Sanawar boy or girl could ever get seriously ill. A diagnosis was usually made after the patient had answered three questions, "Got cold?" "Got cough?" "Got pain anywhere?" The panacea was wrapped up in Castor Oil, Throat Paint or Iodine. A fever meant bed for a few days. There were hardly any stomach troubles—there wasn't enough to eat! A short spell in hospital no matter for whatever complaint, tended to restore the balance between typical barrack life and home life. There was a kindness among the hospital staff that soothed fevers without even touching the patients and many a boy was tempted to malingering under the hospitable roof of the hospital. But tenderness can be firmness and boys found that "discharged to duty" was the result of a

scientific insight into an assumed malady.

The level on which the Boys' School was built was continued round the hill by a road known as the "Long Back Way". There was a "Short Back" but that meandered through the Girls' domain. The "Long Back" was a natural boundary that circled the hill but at one point a bridle path led downwards towards Dharampore. It was steep in many places and the steepest was adjacent to the school cemetery where the history of the school could be traced back to its foundation by reading the headstones. It was rarely entered for its sad purpose but the serenity of its setting, the peace of its surroundings, the simplicity of the service removed all the dread and fear of death from our young minds and to us the "Peace of God which passeth all understanding" was as real and as beautiful as the graceful pines that gave beauty to the sacred ground.

A path leads away from the cemetery across the bridle path. It leads to "Eagles' Nest" through the "Buffalo Ponds." The crags upon which this legend is based stand proudly against the soft line of the rolling hills. It had many uses. One was the vantage point from which the military umpire could view the progress of the many field days or "Sham fights" as we knew them. Many regular battalions were trained in those hills for the more robust life garrisoning the Khyber Pass and Eagles' Nest resounded to the crack of rifles firing blank. The sweet scent of the pines and deodars swept up the valleys and kept with the paths towards the "Long Back". They joined it at Moti's Corner where the small group of huts with its solitary native grocer's shop held no attraction for the Sanawar boy. Moti abided by the unwritten law of the school—a tuck shop provided all the boy needed. Moti sold only to the village customers.

The Christmas Holidays were over and school had assembled. Orders were posted on a notice board and "96" and "97" collected their uniform, equipment and bedding and moved from "C" Company across the pavement to "A" Company. Nuthoo went back to "D" Company. Another notice told us of our positions in the dormitory. "96" was relegated to the "four beds", he was the youngest boy in "A" Company, and I found myself well in the middle of the line of beds on one side of the barrack room. We settled in—in the same way as fifty-eight other boys settled in. Names meant nothing to me then, I was only interested in the young giants who occupied the "four beds" at the other end from my brother. They were huge—one even had a faint moustache. They divested themselves of home clothes and assumed uniform with an ease that was admirable. I focussed my attention on the winding of puttees around the legs. We were not required to wear puttees during the holidays and the transformation from an unkempt grey stockinged leg into a uniformed puttee clad one was astounding. There was a knack, it was soon mastered, but a very small voice behind me distracted me. It was No. 96. He held a pair of rolled puttees in his hands. I remembered a promise. I dressed him.

Early next morning we heard a bugle for the first time. It was reveille

piercing the blue of a wintry morning with the stars still high in the heavens. A voice called from the "four beds", "On parade in ten minutes." Blankets were thrown back, pyjamas changed for uniform, a hasty lick and promise in icy water, a brush of teeth and back to make-up the bed.

"On parade!"

There was a clatter as iron shod boots flicked over brass bound stairs, a noisy gathering on the pavement and some three hundred boys converging from all directions "fell-in" for the early morning "gun fire". Lest this narrative become too military at this early stage it must be explained that "gun fire" was a mug of tea and a "quilcher". We turned in ranks and filed past the kitchen where this "chota hazri" was collected and devoured on the spot. The Chief Instructor appeared and spoke to the Head Boy and we fell-in again. There were sharp words of command from each company commander and I found myself back in the barrack room again helping to make the beds uniform in appearance, lined meticulously at foot, fold and head while others were sweeping under beds, around beds, and away from beds. The bathroom was being "sloshed" with water and the discipline of years was being fulfilled in an orderly and methodical manner.

Time flew, in next to no time we were assembled again to the tune of "Cook-house" and filed into the dining room for breakfast. I followed where the others led. Barrack room again, brass buttons on a blue serge tunic to be polished, black boots relinquishing their coating of grease with difficulty, unruly hair "sarmed" back with water and "Assembly" called us again to parade—church parade.

This was very formal. The Company was divided into two ranks, big boys in the front, small boys in the rear. As far as the Company was concerned I was a small boy and the boy immediately in front of me turned with a scowl to see who he'd have to "look after" for the rest of the term. Then came the roll call. "96" and "97" were present. The front rank numbered smartly. There was a military evolution of "forming fours". We were helped by N. C. O.s in the supernumary rank. Then "form two-deep". Silence.

The lion roared! It was "Padar" standing on the school room verandah facing us. The commands were unintelligible, troops never act smartly when they understand the command, but the parade behaved as one man, some from custom, others from fright. We found ourselves facing the right flank then marching off in fours, wheeling and making for the Church Slant on our way to our first Church parade. It was a smooth movement. We filed into the chapel and took our places. The church bell stopped ringing exactly at 9-00 a. m. and the boys' choir moved into the chancel from the vestry. The Anglican service followed, a modified form of morning service with the singing of one hymn only. The number was called by another giant of a clergyman. His bold features were rendered bolder by an aquiline nose. I tried to see how much of it I could see from behind a pillar without seeing

the rest of his face. It was considerable. The pages of the hymn books rustled as the congregation found the place, and the organ gave the introduction.

I heard the same hymn for ten years.

“Lord behold us with thy blessing

Once again assembled here

We were Sanawarians from then on. We had received His blessing in the School Chapel dedicated to His Service. The choir filed out of their stalls down the chancel and into the vestry. A tall broad-shouldered figure wearing the red hood of Oxford was the last to go through the vestry door. It was GEORGE DUNSTAN BARNE.

(To be continued.)

“Ninety-Seven.”

O. S.



— DIARY —

MARCH.

- Thursday, 8th. Delhi party arrives. Sanawar bleak and bare.
- Friday, 9th. Rain ushers the School Party. The gardens wear a 'new look'. Major construction work—Prep School Wash and Bath Rooms, yellow chips, green chips, blue ones in Nilagiri Bath House. The "singing masons". Mr. Bhalerao down with typhoid at home.
- Saturday, 10th. The gardens, a combination of domestic toil, rubble, transplanting, manure and Mr. Kate's directions. Cinema: The Importance of being Ernest. Too "earnest" for the kids?! They were not amused by Wilde's polished wit or Rex Harrison's delineation, or the ladies' period costumes.
- Monday, 12th. Milk Bar behind Birdwood School provides mid-morning cocoa for the boys.
- Wednesday, 14th. Weighing and measuring G. D. 4-15 p. m.
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- Thursday, 15th. -Ditto- B. D.
- Friday, 16th. -Ditto- P. D.
- Saturday, 17th. "P. M." issued. Charlie Bootlace's sweets, Tuck Shop, toffee paper; litter, the H. M.'s nightmare. Sonia Thadani brings her cousin to School. Cinema show. The Affairs of Sally: hilarious, crazy.
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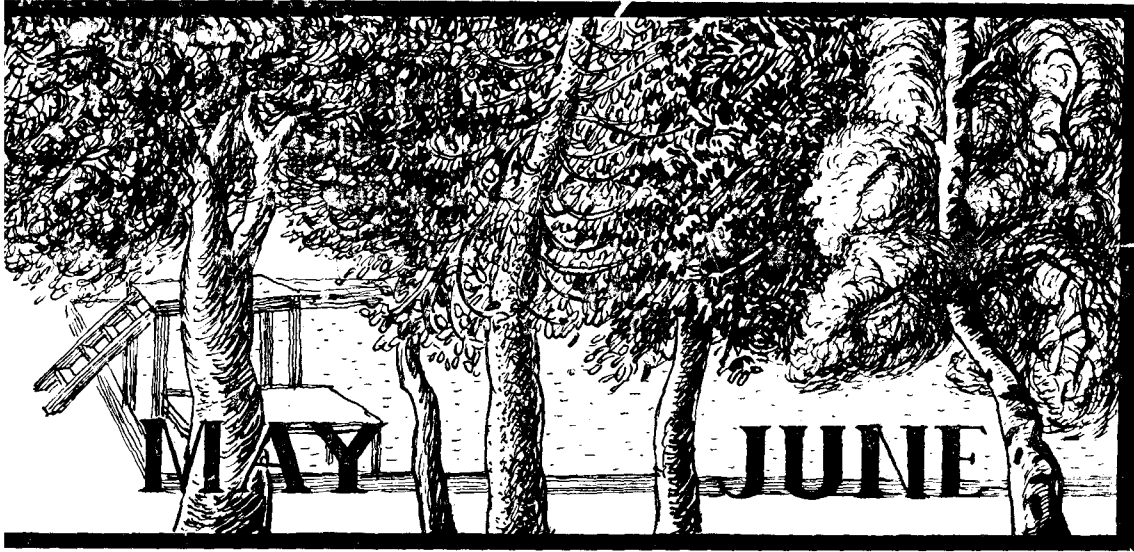
- Sunday, 18th. Staff Club meeting. Journals bought and sold. "Elevenses" dispensed. The billiards enthusiasts repair to the Billiards-Room, Pin-up girl, the attraction? The Prefects have an alfresco lunch at the Kates'.
- Monday, 19th. Rain: Mr. Carter comes on a visit.
- Tuesday, 20th. Rain: Festival Cricket Match.
- Wednesday, 21st. Rain again. Monty's birthday.
- Thursday, 22nd. More rain. Staff dinner party at Bungalow No. 1.
- Friday, 23rd. The sun shines. Spring is in the air. The soft greens and reds of tree-tops, the horse-chestnut in bud. Mumps!
- Saturday, 24th. Cloudy and cold. Mr. Wad takes Art Classes temporarily. Hindi film—CHHOTA BHAI.
- Sunday, 25th. Jagriti. Many Preppers cried.
- Monday, 26th. Mr. Carter leaves in School truck groaning under the weight of mountains of luggage. Hockey in the Girls' School: Boxing training commences.
- * * * * *
- Wednesday, 28th. S. C. results—9 Firsts, 4 Seconds, 4 Thirds—no failures. Mrs. Nanda has a fall (no bones broken!). Prep Starts: Boys in 'Dorms'—Girls in Parker Hall Prep Rms.
- Thursday, 29th. Shakespeareana arrive. Mrs. Gidwani arrives. 'Dru' celebrates by taking games and Prep. in the G. S. Met the Shah of Iran and Queen Soraya at Benares, and the French couple coasting down the Ganges in their rubber boat.
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- Saturday, 31st. Mrs. Bedi arrives, complete with Button, minus, the measles. Trimmings for the Staff Club. Pygmalion. Mullick found plenty of material for his lightning sketches.
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A P R I L .

- Sunday, 1st. Easter. The Chapel dressed all in white. The "May" hedges have burst into flower. Cricket Match.
- Monday, 2nd. The great "switch"—Gappu (P. D. Cook) and Jacob (G. S. Cook) change places. The banksia along the Mall, a picture of yellow profusion. The evening air is balmy with fragrance. Lilies—amaryllis, arum, purple flags, periwinkle, blue.
- Tuesday, 3rd. A warm day. The "May" is wilting. Storm in the evening; the wind whistles and moans through Parker Hall.
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April Continued.

- Wednesday, 4th. The sun shines.
Thursday, 5th. The first cuckoo.
Saturday, 7th. Debate on Co-ed. Staff party, Club.
Sunday, 8th. Cricket. April showers.
* * * * *
- Tuesday, 10th. Peter Kemp—measles. Epidemic.
Friday, 13th. Harish Gidwani (O. S.) pays a visit.
Saturday, 14th. Film: Tarzan and the Green Goddess—old, but popular: an amusing Laurel & Hardy side-reel. The new projector has its own “cabin”.
Sunday, 15th. Foundation Day. Dugroo picnic; blisters. Kamlesh Katoch discovered with measles.
Monday, 16th. A half-holiday—Social Service. Subhash Kalia passes a critical night.
* * * * *
- Wednesday, 18th. Sudha Stokes seriously ill. 1st. Mark Reading.
Thursday, 19th. Sudha and Kalia better. Dhobi's child has a head injury—11 stitches. Mr. Bhalerao returns—pale and lean.
* * * * *
- Saturday, 21st. The pink and white candles of the horse chestnut. Film: Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs in technicolour.
Sunday, 22nd. Mr. Wad's exhibition of his water-colours. Cricket. Mr. C. A. F. Dundas, Representative, British Council, addresses the Durrant Society on Errors in Thinking. Supper, Bungalow No. 1.
Monday, 23rd. A bathless day, and hot. Mr. and Mrs. Dundas go round the School. Mr. Wad leaves. Cuckoo, on and off. We visit Sudha in Kasauli hospital.
Tuesday, 24th. Sudha leaves for Simla. Hot day! Pleasant evening. The gardens are abloom with nasturtiums, poppies, clarkia, delphinium, phlox, border carnations, pansies, antirrhinum.
Wednesday, 25th. Another hot day; sudden storm after dinner—with a sprinkling of rain.
Friday, 27th. Hot day; dust-laden air. Mrs. Gidwani shows pictures of birds on the epidiascope to her Nature Study enthusiasts.
Saturday, 28th. Siwalik House Show—*Adhikar ka Rakshak and Barmy meets Joe.*
Sunday, 29th. Hindi film in Kasauli. *The mercury rises.* Lila Kak—measles. Hindi Societies meet. Mr. Gupta reads a paper on Sur Dass to the Seniors. The Juniors have bhajans.
Monday, 30th. Max. Temp. 90. G. S. House Hockey. Nilagiri beat Vindhya 1—0. Himalaya beat Siwalik 1—0.



MAY

- Tuesday, 1st. Mr. Mukherjee finds monkeys sitting in the Physics Lab. with books open before them. G. S. Hockey: Nilagiri defeats Siwalik 2—0; Vindhya and Himalaya draw.
- Wednesday, 2nd. G. S. Hockey: Vindhya vs. Siwalik 2—1.
- Thursday, 3rd. G. S. Hockey Nilagiri vs. Himalaya 2—2. Slap up tea in Parker Hall followed by Harish Gidwani's dinner.
- Saturday, 5th. Mr. Sinha's talk on 2nd. Five Year Plan.
- Sunday, 6th. Bishop Barne Memorial Cricket Match. Staff beat boys. Tea, Social.
- Monday, 7th. Boys' Hockey team leaves for Jullundur to see the Hockey Finals. Cinema show at Kasauli. No games, no prep. Fire in Kasauli.
- Wednesday, 9th. Northern Rly. Cricket fixture.
- Thursday, 10th. — Ditto —
- Friday, 11th. 2nd. Mark Reading. 1-00 p. m. Holidays begin.
- Sunday, 20th 5-00 p.m. Holidays end. The Cruel Sea 6-30 p.m. Sound not clear.
- Monday, 21st. The Girls have swimming. B. D. and P. D., two days earlier.
- Wednesday, 23rd. Mr. Gore's daughter born. B. C. S. arrive.
- Thursday, 24th. B. C. S. 2nd. XI match. We lost.

May Continued.

- Friday, 25th. School XI leaves for B.C.S. First and Second Five Yr. Plan Pictures. "Good Behaviour and Children" and Bhakra-Nangal, instructive; Buddha Jayanti, very interesting. Sudarshan Sehgal (O.S.) Kitchen Matron in P. D.
- Saturday, 26th. Cricket 1st. XI vs. B. C. S. (Away). 1st. innings, B.C.S. 148, Sanawar 52. Peter Pan in technicolour. The enchanting Never Never Land. Peter Kemp plays "pathakas" with Daddy's cartridges.
- Sunday, 27th. 2nd. innings, B. C. S. 145, Sanawar 75. K. K. (Soi) visits the School. Hindi Society.
- Monday, 28th. Peter X-rayed.
- Tuesday, 29th. B. S. House Cricket matches. The temp. drops — black clouds; a little rain. Mr. and Mrs. Sircar and Asha spend the day.
- Wednesday, 30th. Another cool day. Nilagiri (B. S.) beat Himalaya. Mrs. Grollét marries Mr. S. W. Trutwein. Rly. shooting at Kalka.
- Thursday, 31st. A heavy shower in the morning—Chota Barsat. J. K. leaves at 5-00 a. m.
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JUNE

- Saturday, 2nd. Y. P. S. cricket (Home). Film: Kasi Nath. A storm at night.
- Sunday, 3rd. Sanawar win by an innings.
- Monday, 4th. House matches continue in B. D. through the week.
- Tuesday, 5th. Rain in the evening.
- Wednesday, 6th. Heavy rain on and off.
- Thursday, 7th. Raj Sircar and Kulbhushan drop in.
- Saturday, 9th. Mrs. Sullivan becomes Kitchen Matron B.D. Junior Hindi Debate. Miss Ramma Singh addresses Senior Society.
- Sunday, 10th. Exhibiton of Australian Children's paintings.
- Monday, 11th. Holiday to finish off B. S. cricket. Hot weather continues—no rain. Commander Pratap visits the School.
- Tuesday, 12th. The Sircars spend another day in Sanawar.
- Wednesday, 13th. Kamlesh Mehra leaves.
- Saturday, 16th. Mr. Kate returns from Lovedale. Vindhya House Show.
- Sunday, 17th. Sr. Debating Society. Scenes read from Shakespeare.
- Monday, 18th. Ranjit Bhatia arrives. Another hot day. A short sharp shower at night.
- Tuesday, 19th. Rain in the early morning. Soccer Season commences. Staff win 3—1. G. S. House Tennis. Vindhya beat Nilagiri. Himalaya beat Siwalik.
- Wednesday, 20th. Rain in the morning. Dileshwar and Ranjit watch the tennis.
- Friday, 22nd. 3rd. Mark Reading. Sarabjit Sandhu arrives. Tennis Tournament at Kasauli Club.
- Saturday, 23rd. Cinema: A Day at the Races. Tennis at Kasauli.
- Sunday, 24th. Sarabjit, Ranjit, Dileshwar wanted a social. Scientific Society addressed by Dr. A. K. Thomas on Snake Bite And Its Cure. Tennis—Mr. Kemp and partner win doubles, Mr. Vyas, semi-finals of mixed doubles.
- Wednesday, 27th. Kasauli Tennis Finals. Mr. Saleem Khan wins the Singles.
- Thursday, 28th. Music recital. Apalam Chapalam stole the show.
- Friday, 29th. Mid-team break. Socials for P. D., L. IV down, and U. IV and above.
- Saturday, 30th. The Staff have their innings.



JULY

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- Sunday, 1st. Eng. Debating Society.
- Monday, 2nd. Mrs. Trutwein, Dhami and Sarabjit left.
- Tuesday, 3rd. Bhupi's party.
- Wednesday, 4th. Ranjit left. Indian Revival Ballet Group performance.
- Saturday, 7th. Miss T. P. Annamma, the new Librarian. Educational films for Boys. Girls' Saturday Club. Shabnam, a winsome Dutch girl. Darwaza a pronounced success.
- Sunday, 8th. Junior English Debating Society. Anil Khanna and Lalit Dhawan the Sponsors!
- Tuesday, 10th. Scanlon Cup Final at the Club. Yogindra beat Rina 2—6, 6—1, 6—3. Heavy downpour after match. Vikram Soni up on a visit.
- Wednesday, 11th. G. S. weighing and measuring. A lady officer from N.C.C. comes to discuss the possibility of starting a N.C.C. wing.
- Thursday, 12th. W & M. B. D.
- Friday, 13th. W & M. P. D.

July continued.

- Monday, 16th. Half-yearly exams. Black Monday.
- Wednesday, 18th. Mr. Kemp's birthday. No holiday.
- Saturday, 21st. Cinema. The Story of Robin Hood in technicolour.
- Tuesday, 24th. Art Exhibition: Ties and hikes.
- Wednesday, 25th. A little duck—ducklet.
A little cat—catlet.
A little river—revulet.
Piano recital by Mlle. Gisele Guillaume.
- Thursday, 26th. Boxing Finals.
- Friday, 27th. 1-00 p.m. Holidays begin - Ghaggar in flood, but no one is washed away.

AUGUST

- Friday, 3rd. Miss Joshi's appendix removed, Ramsay Hospital, Naini Tal. Mrs. Saguna becomes Siwalik House Matron. Sudarshan leaves for B. T. course, so Mrs. Chahal replaces her as Kitchen Matron P. D.
- Sunday, 5th. Holidays end 5 p. m. An adventurous ride from Saharanpur, accident, marooned on Ghaggar ferry. Film: Chacha Choudhry.
- Monday, 6th. Founder's term—Swimming followed by Sports. It continues to rain.
- Tuesday, 7th. Tagore's fifteenth death anniversary. Short talk at assembly. Special song—portrait.
- Wednesday, 8th. Preparation for Independence Day—vivid sunset. The jacquaranda planted along the Mall is doing well.
- Thursday, 9th. B. C. S. Soccer 2nd. XI. They win 4-0 (Away).
- Friday, 10th. Truck stuck, landslip near Tara Devi. B. C. S. team arrive in the evening. Road blocked.
- Saturday, 11th. Educational films: Latitude and Longitude, The Moon, Day and Night—excellent.
1st. XI Soccer (Home) beat B. C. S. 2—1.
Special tea. Film: Behave Yourself.

August Continued.

- Sunday, 12th. "For the rain it raineth every day." Swimming Heats G. D. and B. D. B. C. S. stranded at Dharampore. Truck still at Simla.
- Monday, 13th. G. S. Diving heats. House matches. Soccer House Matches commence.
- Wednesday, 15th Independence Day. Tree planting. Landscape paintings (loaned by Br. Council) on display; Swimming Sports, Music, Supper.
- Saturday, 18th. Cinema: Springfield Rifle: A Western in technicolour.
- Sunday, 19th. Science Society: Nuclear Explosions—a talk by Mr. U.P. Mukherjee.
- Wednesday, 22nd. Maj. and Mrs. Som Dutt and Mitzie arrive in the evening, as The Ghaggar is in flood again. The School lines the route from the School Gate to Bungalow No. 1.
- Thursday, 23rd. Holiday. Hodson Run Heats, Staff Lunch, Pagal Gymkhana, Social.
- Saturday, 25th. Y. P. S. Soccer. 1st. XI and Colts.
- Sunday, 26th. Hodson Runs in the rain.
- Monday, 27th. Lovedale party leaves. By bus to Ambala. The train is late. The girls bag an empty Ladies', but at Delhi we are crowded out.
- Wednesday, 29th. Manmad 01·55 hrs. Aurangabad 04·58 hrs. Breakfast. Motor to Ellora Caves. Lunch at Daulatabad Fort. Sight-seeing at Aurangabad. Buy tickets in the evening.
- Thursday, 30th. Ajanta (by bus). Leave Aurangabad 21·11 hrs.
- Friday, 31st. Leave Manmad 02· 12 hrs. in the rain. Arr. Bombay 08· 05. hrs. Civilisation: baths, breakfast—eggs and coffee. A round tour of Bombay. The harbour, Japanese Art Exhibition, The Museum—stuffed animals, birds, fish, paintings, china, jade, the Gateway, The Taj, ice cream (yum yum), lightning shopping spree (shoes, sandals) curses—Marine Drive, the C. C. I. more shopping (sweets, this time), The Hanging Gardens, the Old Woman's Shoe—Lunch with Pussy's aunts, Worli and Victoria Terminus, The Deccan Queen. Poona melee. No dinner but plenty of fruit and biscuits and, a compartment! Blissful sleep.



SEPTEMBER

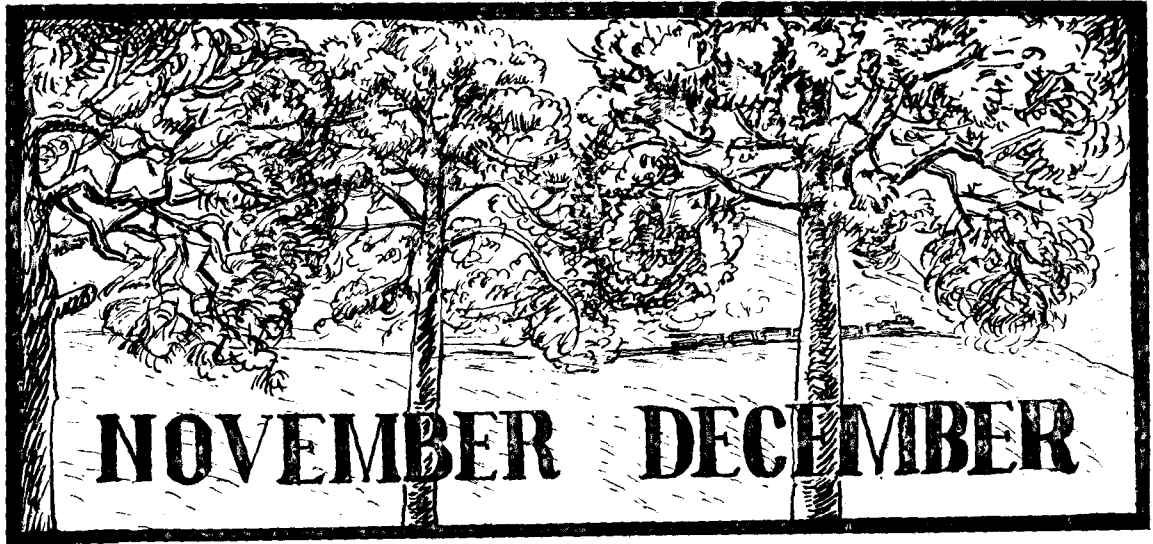
- Saturday 1st. All day in the train. Our first experience of S. Indian food.
- Sunday 2nd. Arsikera 01. 17 hours—Catch train to Mysore. Rooked by coolies, taxi-drivers & the Dasa Prakrash (Hotel). No bath, no water—a cat's lick. Sightseeing by taxi. Chamandi Hill, (temple, Nandi, Summer Palace) Lalita Mahal (Guest House) the Royal Mews (The Sacred White Horse). The Zoo (macaw, cockatoo, zebra, giraffe, ostrich, hippo., variations on a theme of monkey, kangaroo, lion, tiger, deer and dwarf). Lunch on banana leaves, The Palace, Seringapatam. Haider Ali's tomb, Summer Residence, fortress and dungeons; The Brindaban Gardens—Fairylane; a boat-ride in the ornamental lake and then the long drive back. Singing non-stop for 14 miles. Shopping at 11 p. m. Another vegetarian meal. In bed at midnight.
- Monday, 3rd. 5 a. m. rouser. Coffee, bus tottering, more passengers. Change bus—same story. Luxuriant vegetation, teak, bamboo, anthills, The Ghats begin. Tea and coffee plantations, and drizzle—hot coffee and bananas. More rain. Ooty at last, v. cold. On to Lovedale with the Lawrencians, lunch, collapse. Hairwashing, Founder's Dinner and Dance.
- Tuesday, 4th. Up betimes. Leave for Ooty in the drizzle. See Govt. Gardens (cactii, begonia, liles, camelia, gardenia. Toda huts, lofty trees eg. Monkey Puzzle, beautiful layout—turfed downs). Asha D. takes a

September Continued.

- toss, rolls down—grazed knee. We drive past the Ooty Downs, gorze, mimosa, English cattle. Lake—boating, an oar goes down, Pussy and two others have to be rescued. Late for Prep. School Lunch. S. Indian Palao stuffed with nuts, chicken mayonnaise, salad, trifle. Tour of the School. Staff Play—Arsenic and Old Lace—“bully!” Dinner with the cast at H. M’s. Rival music parties—classical session in the drawing-room. Swing, in the next room. Disperse at 1. a. m.
- Wednesday, 5th. Coonoor by bus. Sim’s Park, the Research Institute (smaller than the Kasauli one), Silk-worm factory, Singhara Tea Estate. Lunch on the terrace. Scrumptious tea (heart-shaped cakes) at the Girls’ School. Prep Play (sparkling trebles, clear diction, magnificent decor, gorgeous costumes). School Play, Aladdin and Out—Opera (traditional). Dinner with the cast. Turned—in late again.
- Thursday, 6th. Lovedale Founder’s Day. Trooping The Colour on the Top Flat; Eleveses, aero-modelling display; Speeches and prizes; Art and Craft Exhibition; Pineapple tart for lunch. Leave by Nilagiri Express. Areca nut Palms. Music.
- Friday, 7th. Madras. Past Marina Beach and the Cathedral of San Thome to Underwood Gardens. Idlis, and dosa and coffee, yachting, shopping, Chinese lunch, shopping, ice-cream, chips, tropical garden, aquarium, Mars—a yellow lantern in the sky, supper on the terrace, a long walk back. Cool sea-breeze lulls us to sleep.
- Saturday, 8th. A Cook’s tour of the Fort, lighthouse, souvenirs, ices, G. T. Express.
- Monday, 10th. 9-30 a. m. in New Delhi, by taxi to Delhi Main. Lunch, chicken, pineapple ice-cream, First Class for a change. “Cokes” all the way. Ambala, School truck; supper, Kalka and up to School 9-30 p. m.
- Friday, 14th. 5th. Mark Reading. Cinema: “The Wizard of Oz”.
- Saturday, 15th. Rain overnight. Inter-House Hindi Debate, Boys and Girls.
- Sunday, 16th. Miss Owen addresses the Durrant Society on Japan. Mrs. Chatterjee (Monty’s grandmother) in the chair.
- Saturday, 22nd. Rain again. Cinema: Yatrik.
- Sunday, 23rd. The Russian Ambassador, Mr. Menshikov and his daughter visit the School. They see the Athletics and Tattoo. The girls are given a set of miniature Russian dolls.
- Monday, 24th. Army athletes from Dagshai demonstrate sprinting, hurdling, high and long jumping and shot-putting. No Prep. Tattoo rehearsal daily.
- Friday, 28th. Annuals Sown. Downpour in the evening.
- Saturday, 29th. Rain. A. D. S. Dress Rehearsal for Preppers.
- Sunday, 30th. Rain again. Band arrives.

O C T O B E R

- Monday, 1st. School Concert and A. D. S. Dress Rehearsal for Lower and Upper Three.
- Tuesday, 2nd. Gandhi Jayanti. Special Assembly, addressed by Mr. K. G. Saiyidain. P. D. Dress Rehearsal. Tattoo Dress Rehearsal.
- Wednesday, 3rd. Grey skies, rain in the afternoon. Prep Concert—delightful, effortless. Founder's Eve Dinner in Gaskell Hall. Many O. S. present. The Private Secretary. A laugh from beginning to end. Mr. Mehta hurt, but acted through.
- Thursday, 4th. Founder's Day. Intermittent rain in the morning. Assembly; Parade cancelled. Art Exhibition, Speeches, School Concert, Aruna Vasudev arrives. Tea in Birdwood; Tattoo, mist and dew.
- Friday, 5th. The sun peeps out. Athletics delayed. Fête. O. S. Meeting in H. M's. Bungalow.
- Saturday, 6th. Hockey, Tennis, Pagal Gym. O. S. Dinner Dance, fun and games, and so to BED.
- Sunday, 7th. "The rain it raineth every day." The Colledges come to Kasauli on a ten-day visit from Hong Kong. Mrs. Colledge has had a long and serious illness.
- Wednesday, 10th. Mr. Colledge shows his Sanawar film among others.
- Thursday, 11th. The holidays end 6 p. m. O. S. Social. Mr. Colledge M. C.
- Friday, 12th. Raining hard since Sunday, 7th. Hockey season commences.
- Saturday, 13th. Rain. Cinema show by Mr. Colledge.
- Sunday, 14th. Rain. Cinema : Jack and the Beanstalk.
- Monday, 15th. Bright.
- Tuesday, 16th. Bright. Festival Hockey.
- Saturday, 20th. Cinema. Beast from 20,000 Fathoms. Kasauli Club Social. Sanawar wins a lot at Housie.
- Saturday, 27th. Income Tax troubles, Kasauli. Inter-House English Debate (G. S.) Venita Dubey the best speaker.
- Sunday, 28th. Music Recital in Chapel.



NOVEMBER

Thursday, 1st.	Zozila Day at Dagshai. Mid-term break from 2-00 p. m.
Friday, 2nd.	Diwali.
Saturday, 3rd.	Y. P. S. Hockey (Away). They win 5—0, 3—0 Colts.
Sunday, 4th.	Inter House G. K. Quiz (Jrs. & Srs). Nilagiri & Vindhya tie for first place.
Monday, 5th.	Prefects Council set up.
	* * * * *
Thursday, 8th.	Hockey. B. C. S. vs. 2nd. XI (Home). We win.
Saturday, 10th.	Hockey. B.C.S. vs. 1st. XI (Away). They win. Boxing (unofficial). They win. B. C. S. "invaded" by a party of 75 children and some staff: Operation Gardens.
Sunday, 11th.	Film: Swayam Siddha.
Saturday, 17th.	Film: Ivanhoe—technicolour—very well received.
Sunday, 18th.	Guru Nanak's Birthday. Kirtan, Prayers, Lunch. Photographic and stamp exhibition by Siwalik House B. D. Music Recital.
	* * * * *
Tuesday, 20th.	Promotion exam. in three shifts.
Wednesday, 21st.	S. C. exam.
Saturday, 25th.	Cold at night, unkind to seedlings. Film: Lilli, Technicolour, haunting melody, good acting.
Sunday, 26th.	Staff Club meeting. Elevenses.
	* * * * *

D E C E M B E R

- Saturday, 1st. Promotion exam. ends. Hooray ! Film breakdown.
- Sunday, 2nd. Repeat performance.
- Tuesday, 4th. S. F. P. very well organised, except for the sad ending.
- Thursday, 6th. Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Carlill arrive. P. T. and groundwork display. Tour of the School. Prize Distribution. Buffet lunch in Parker Hall. Russian salad (yum yum Mala !) baked apples. Hockey Match. Tea in Gaskell Hall. School variety entertainment. Bhagat's mincing steps, the rollicking Bathroom Door, Meri Gudiya—entrancing little mothers. Break up Supper, Gaskell Hall. Dinner at Bungalow No. 1. prior to Social in Barne Hall, organised by the Sixth. Sad ending.
- * * * * *
- Friday, 7th. " Home parties " leave. The Office invaded by anxious boys who need more P. M. : chn. & Staff, by autograph hunters.
- Saturday, 8th. Home Day.

* * * * * *

Springtime and Summertime in Sanawar

These two seasons in Sanawar are incomparable. The Cherry blossoms come out and cover the hillside with their pretty pink flowers. As soon as it gets a little warmer one sees many birds.

The days grow warmer and the mists of dawn are swept away by the sun as it grows stronger. The hedgerows soon get covered with white flowers, commonly known as "May flowers". Amongst the creepers, the Banksia rose is one of the prettiest. It creeps up the bare walls of buildings giving life to the otherwise lifeless grey stones.

In late spring most of the flowers are at their best. Pansies of many pretty shades adorn the numerous flower beds that are now all over Sanawar. All the trees that were previously bare begin getting small bright green leaves.

The fields on the lower slopes of the Sanawar hill are ploughed and seeds planted. The weather at this time is heavenly. The sky is almost always clear and blue.

As the summer draws on, the days grow longer and hotter. The khud sides are covered with luscious green grass, through which pretty pink crocuses peep. There are glorious sunsets, full of colour, and glowing sunrises.

Beautiful dahlias grow all over, lilies and cosmos also give more colour to the already colourful scene. All the flowers are at their loveliest.

It is also in summer that our swimming season commences, and swimming in the cool water on a hot day is very enjoyable.

The fields that had in the spring been planted with seeds are covered with a green carpet of the growing wheat. The summer and spring are quite eloquent in their appreciation of God's bounty of nature and then comes the autumn when the green leaves turn to brown and offer all they have and raise their bare branches in supplication to God, praying for the next spring and summer to come soon.

Lila Kak
L. V.

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OUR LOCAL BEAUTY SPOT

Our local beauty spot, Dugroo, lies some seven miles out of Sanawar. It is way past Dharampore on the road to Sabathu.

It is the haunt of many streams and brooks, that tumble gaily over rocks devoid of any mud on them. Small fishes attract the attention of the boys who go around with bottles ready to take specimens back home.

On the hillside, the fir and pine trees, with some bushes of flowers combine to create a picturesque scene. Flat grassy spaces lie here and there to provide room for pitching tents. Pretty bouquets of flowers growing in a bundance on the hillside can easily be made. A few paths, trodden upon for years can barely be seen among the tall grass growing on either side.

The main attraction of this lovely picnic spot, are the clear, merry streams playfully flowing among the rocks and occasionally making miniature cataracts and pools. As these streams flow gaily with their rippling laughter, one's heart sings with joy. The water is deliciously cool, should one venture to paddle in it.

When the Sanwarians go there for their annual picnic, a rush is made for Heart's Pool, one of the deepest pools formed by the streams. It is a natural swimming pool, but recently it has been deserted for an artificial pool has been constructed in the ruins of a tank built by the Americans in World War II.

The hillsides seem to stretch on infinitely, so that the adventurer venturing into these endless hills, seems to find several places to explore or discover.

Dugroo has been and will be for ever the local beauty spot, not for Sanawarians only, but for all true admirers of Nature.

Asha Dhawan
U. V.

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Places of Interest in and around Sanawar

As we all know, Sanawar is 109 years old, during this time boys and girls have roamed the hills around. Naturally they have given names to many spots which they visited. These places are of great interest and they have been passed down the years. Some of these places have been recently discovered, some are in Sanawar, while the others may be in the hills surrounding us. I myself have visited most of these spots.

If one were to walk along the Mall from the Bakery to the Quad, one would come across a gate on the way. This leads us to "Warriors' Grove", a little grove of oak trees. In the middle is a fountain. Warriors' Grove commemorates Sanawarians who died in the First World War. A path leads from here into Leisure, a small garden "made" by the girls. The little bridge which is of wood, is also claimed to have been built by the girls. The girls used to come and spend their Sunday mornings here under the shade of the pine trees and they still like to pay an occasional visit to Leisure.

In another direction lies Moti's Corner. It is beyond the hospital. Moti's is at one end of Sanawar. The bridle path to Dharampore starts here. The senior boy's long distance course passes through Moti's, which consists of two shops, the owner of one being a Member of Parliament. It is from these shops that the boys get their Diwali crackers. Moti's is not frequented ordinarily, but yet it is quite an important place.

Carrying on along the bridle path to Dharampore, for another 500 yards we see a huge hill with a small path leading up. This hill is commonly known as Eagle's Nest. It is covered with huge evergreen pines at whose foot is a rich carpet of pine needles. This is a wonderful spot, for boys can take their snack lunches and relax on the matting of needles under the cool pines. Till 1952 this hill was greatly infested by the boys on holidays, but now, the urge to roam the hills has greatly decreased in Sanawar. The Preppers' Annual picnic is at Eagle's Nest on Foundation Day. In 1951 there was a big khud fire here. It left Eagle's Nest in a black charred mass. The trees are still black at the base, reminding us of the disaster.

Beyond Eagle's Nest on the same road we come across a shallow, rectangular, dirty pool called Doom's Pond. On Home Day, Doom's Pond is a landmark for all the enthusiasts who are eager to try the so-called short cut to Dharampore. There is also a path which goes round Eagle's Nest. It is used by most of the boys collecting pine cones as it is easier to carry a heavy load on this path. When I was in Upper Three this spot was very popular with most of the boys.

Returning to Sanawar below is a flat piece of ground known as Monkey's Playground. Formerly it had a number of deep ditches in addition to which, there were a few half grown trees. A few years ago the boys were sent there to get rid of the trees and to fill up the ditches with rocks from a nearby natural quarry. The trees were removed in double quick time, but the ditch-filling proved rather tedious, and to this day the ditches have not been completely obliterated.

Half a mile below is Apples' Hill. The only eatables here are blue-berries. This place is like a terraced hill-side with huge bushes which contain hundreds of nests. This is just the ideal spot for collecting birds' eggs. It is a suitable picnic spot as it is a convenient distance from School and is very beautiful. Apples' Hill is infested with hare and partridge which I have seen with my own eyes.

Tin Can Valley is just below our kitchen. It is covered with pines and is a shady spot. It is filled with great ditches, which in turn, are filled with tin cans. Thus it got its name. There must be literally thousands of cans in this valley. It is a well known place but it is not frequented by the boys.

Immediately below Barne's is a little spring known as Drinkies. On Sunday boys go to Drinkies and sit in the little hut there. This is the most cooling place I know. Below the spring is a dirty little pond full of frogs. Dragon flies are abundant here. Below this is a grove of walnut trees where one can lie down.

Not far from Drinkies is the famous Sanwara Village. Boys go there to get pears, corn and onions. The main road passes through the middle of the village, which is not a compact group of houses, as the houses are scattered all over the hill-side. There is a shortcut to Jablee Station from here.

To get to Music Valley we have to pass through Sanwara. It was discovered and named by Raj Sircar and a party of boys in 1950 and is famous for its pine cones. The hills on either side are thickly forested with pines from which cones fall and slide into this valley. In the pine cone collecting season the majority of the boys collect their pine cones here.

Just outside our school gate is a hill, shaped like a crater and known as Crater's Hill. Below it is Lover's Pond. Both these places are popular picnic spots.

On the ridge opposite Sanawar is Kasauli. On one end of this ridge is a steep hill known as Monkey Point. It is about four miles from Sanawar and many girls and boys have been there. From the top one gets a clear view of the plains and with a pair of binoculars you can see as far as Ambala.

There are probably many other attractive spots in these hills waiting to be discovered by Sanawarians, but unfortunately khud roaming is on the decline.

Vijai Nair
U. V.

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THE WAY TO KASAULI.

We are allowed to go to Kasauli on Sundays and on holidays. If you wanted to go, you would have to get a pass from your Housemaster, and if it is a sunny day he would allow you but if a rainy one, bad-luck or, you may say, sad luck. When we go to Kasauli we have to pass below Mr. Kate's house.

Kasauli is three miles from Sanawar. Between Kasauli and Sanawar, there is a small village named Garkhal. When we start from Sanawar we have to go downhill till Garkhal and uphill starts after Garkhal. Near Garkhal is a madwoman's house. If you throw a stone at her house she will start howling. She says that she will cut off your head.

Karan Ahuja
L. III.



Where to next?



A most welcome break

On Hiking

I was anxiously looking forward to my first term in Sanawar full of hope that that it would be an ideal spot for hiking and large-scale roaming in the hills. I had done sufficient trekking in the Himalayas to make it difficult for me to resist the call of the hills. Some of my pleasantest memories of hiking were associated with an outing in the Chakrata Hills with a party of Doon School boys where I realized that apart from the sheer fun and pleasure it provides, an expedition could be of great educational value to the young hikers. How it helps to develop character, leadership, systematic planning, love of adventure, camaraderie, team-work and ability to put up with hardships.

Sanawar, I was told had in the past sent parties to surrounding hills from time to time but, sad to say, it had not become a part of our tradition. When the ten-day break arrived children were anxious to get off to Simla or Kasauli or Solan and "have a good time". To laze in the sun was the favourite pastime of those who stayed behind. The more daring ones confined their adventures to "Khud Roaming", or expeditions to 'Drinkies', 'Lovers' Pond', 'Eagles' Nest' and as far as Sunshine Valley beyond Garhkhal. Monkey Point, too, was scaled by a few budding Tenzings.

Being aware of this apathy in a place which may well be called a hiker's paradise, a start was made by establishing a Hiking Club in 1951. The Club made a not-too-happy start by organizing a trip to Gurkha Fort on the hottest day in summer which proved a gruesome experience and only succeeded in knocking out the enthusiasm for adventure from the minds of most of the participants. A subsequent hike when N. K. S. and Bhupi nearly set up a record by taking a party from Sanawar to Simla in a single day resulted in brisk business for Bata's pedicure department in Simla and helped further in dampening the ardour for hiking in Sanawar.

These were all single-day excursions rather than planned hikes to distant places which seemed to present a number of hurdles. What if a child gets involved in an accident? Who should finance the expedition? What about parents' permission? Anyhow, next year a party of senior boys was sent to Baghi, north of Simla. What a jolly crowd it was and for six days we had incessant singing, dancing and merry-making. Many beautiful places were visited, peaks climbed and lasting friendships made. It was their first adventure in the heart of the Himalayas and they enjoyed every bit of it. Raj Sircar has since become a confirmed mountaineer and makes a bee line for the Shipki Road every summer. So the experiment was a success and helped in dispelling many doubts.

In 1953 we had a one-month break in July-August and owing to the uncertainty of the weather it became difficult to organize hikes on a large scale. Saleem, Rathin and I made a last minute plan to trek from Narkanda to Kulu via Jalori Pass. The weather proved to be merciful and we thoroughly enjoyed our trip up to Rohtang

Pass and returned via the Kangra Valley. This was followed by a successful assault on the Chaur Peak by a party accompanied by Saleem. Last year when we had reverted to the old system of 10-day breaks another ambitious hike was planned. Our destination was Pabar Valley but the snow-covered top of Maralkhand proved a greater attraction. Nearly all the members of the party reached the 13,500 feet top which commanded a glorious view of the snow range and towering peaks including Banderpoonch.

This year we reached nearer our objective when several outings were planned in May. Parties went to Kufri, Baghi, Rampur Bushair and as far as Naini Tal, Rohtang Pass in the Kulu Valley and Kashmir. Not to be outdone the girls went to Narkanda and Hatu Peak. All this is most heartening and I hope this interest in hiking will grow from strength to strength in the coming years. What the School now needs badly is some hiking equipment like rucksacks and light tents. Transport arrangements are improving day by day opening new horizons for us. Comfortable Dak-bungalows and camping sites are easily available. Picturesque villages, sparkling streams in sunlit valleys and innumerable peaks are inviting you all the time.

Now and then a boy asks me, "What about Banderpoonch? What about Trisul?" I have a great respect for high peaks, I adore them but I would rather take the low road to the valley and join the hill folk, watch their dances, and listen to their songs. I sincerely hope we will soon have a Jack Gibson or a Gurdial amidst us who will take the high road and teach the boys to wear crampons, carry ice-axes (with School flag) and conquer virgin peaks.

V. V.

KULUIANS AHOY!

Kulu Valley adventures retold because of public demand.

It is wholly true and has not been exaggerated anywhere.

The hike commenced on the 11th. May and ended on the 19th. May
in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Fifty Six.)

At last the day had come; the clock had struck 2-30. Our bundles were neatly piled in the Quad. The Kuluians and the Rampurians (boys going to Rampur-Bushair for their hike) were having a discussion as to who would have a more enjoyable hike. The Kuluians boasted about the wonderful time in store for them. The Rampurians gaped open-mouthed as Vinod Nair began to pour out a long list of his undone deeds. The bus arrived abruptly. The harangue was hastily and rudely stopped. The door of the bus jammed. Ranjit Singh (Skinny, to his friends) found a good way of getting inside—through the window. Soon we were inside and seated ourselves comfortably on the uncomfortable seats and tried to relax. "Where's Shiv Mehra?" the cry went round. Even as we spoke the pavement shook and the bus

rattled as Shiv Mehra trundled up with his haversack lunch. We gave him a hand to climb in. Thus began four merry hours during which we sang and screamed and made our way to Simla.

At Simla we were all dismissed and there was a regular stampede to Kwality's. After that we roamed along the Mall and stared at things displayed in shop-windows which were far above our pecuniary means. At 8 o'clock we assembled at Kwality's to have a splendid dinner. After that we walked down to B. C. S. to bed down for the night.

12th. May. We were up and about by 4-30 a. m. We had our wash and a very tasty and filling breakfast supplied by the B. C. S. steward. Our spirits rose. After breakfast we sat down to wait for our brand new, airconditioned, streamlined, super-sonic bus which was supposed to pick us up by 7-00 a. m. 7 o'clock—no bus : 8 o'clock—still no bus : (Bother ! Has the driver lost his way or head ?) 8-30—What's happened to the cursed bus ? 9 o'clock—By Jove, just wait and see if I don't bash up the driver... ..9-30.....and the conductor.....10 o'clockand all the chaps who have anything to do with the Transport System. 10. 05... faint noise heard. Sharp-eared Skinny hears it first and conveys the devastating piece of news to the rest of us Kuluians. Bus arrives. Terrific Battle of Panipat ensues. Kuluians victorious. Manage to grab seats near windows. Mr. Saleem Khan (Rampur hike in-charge) "pops" up—"Rampurians only". Kuluians hear the dreaded order and with surprising presence of mind bash up the Rampurians (making faces and putting out tongues & showing thumbs) depart screaming Apache war-cries. Kuluians sit down with grim determination written on their faces, turning over in their minds a hundred different ways of beautifying the features of the driver for being late. Suggestions of black eyes and cut-lips welcomed. 11. 30 — bus arrives finally. All hatred for the driver forgotten in the mad scramble for seats. Bus, no better than the one which Rampurians bagged. In fact, it is much worse. But we pretended that it was the latest and most impressive specimen of the ever-growing automobile industry. Left Simla finally by noon. The bus started off fairly well but only flattered to deceive. A series of animal noises were emanating from some unknown source. Odds are even as to whether Shiv Mehra or the bus was responsible. We were soon in the countryside — treeless, with tufts of grass here and there. Occasionally a clump of trees broke the monotonous desolate landscape. Our bus also carried some 'foreigners' not belonging to our party. Soon we got down to business and christened all of them. Hope you can make out what type of fellow-travellers we had by the names we gave them." Chief Big Sitting Standing Sleeping Stinking Long Hair ", Chief Big Grin " etc.

Whenever the bus showed symptoms of "stomach ache" (or was it pain in the neck ?) we started off "Ah...h...h..hs" and let fly the "Choo...oo...oo...oos" and the bus would recover promptly. Time flew past. We grew tired watching the unchanging, dreary scenery. The scenery must have affected the bus too for it grew weary and refused to go any further. We tried to coax it, cajole it, flatter it, joke with it; but the bus refused to move an inch. Finally when we had given up

hope, it started. Soon we passed a battered old fort perched on a hill. Sarabjit Arjan Singh claimed that it was the Gurkha Fort — a fort near Sanawar and which according to my calculations should have been a full hundred miles away. Vidya Sagar Rao (Ocean of learning) was firmly of the opinion that Sanawar was on the other side. This darkness in the mind of my friend was but a prelude to the darkness which soon settled over the world, as the sun dipped over the horizon. Through the darkness we sped down—descending steeply towards Bilaspur, on the banks of the Sutlej. Three miles from Bilaspur our bus “ conked out ”. We had long since lost faith in it. So we decided to walk the distance rather than hope for the bus to start again. We were hungry and we walked as we had never done before. Our hunger assuaged and our bus re-fuelled, we were once more on the move by 11-30. An hour later—the bus was still grinding on its way, all of us were asleep, the stars were twinkling overhead, a stream was murmuring nearby, everything was quiet and peaceful — and then bang! With an explosion the bus came to a stop.

A council of war was held. Drastic measures were decided upon. “The Big Four ” i.e. Amarjit, Preminder, Skinny and myself accompanied by Mr. B. Singh and Mr. M. J. Mehta decided to walk down to Dehar — 8 miles away. The rest were to sleep on the bonnet, under the wheels or any other such comfortable spot they could find. 1.00 a. m. — and we set off. It was a creepy business. The “ crunch...crunch ” of our shoes on the gravel was too ghostly for our liking. Every third minute, we looked back to check upon the number of ghosts following us. To ease the situation, I began to play “ Clementine ” (my own version) on my harmonica. The others didn't think much of my efforts but still joined in. Soon we were proceeding parallel to the River Sutlej. It was awesome. It looked like one of those legendary rivers surrounding Hades—pitch-black, tossing, pitching, thundering, roaring on its way. We finally reached Dehar at 3 a.m. The town was asleep and in our efforts to find the Dak Bungalow we almost fell over a cliff into the Sutlej. Finally we spotted a likely- looking edifice and concluded that it was the Dak Bungalow. We yelled and shouted at the top of our voices.

All was locked and barred. No chowkidar appeared. We took possession and went to sleep—with clear consciences.

13th. May. We got up early. The chowkidar recovered from his fright and brought us some breakfast. We explored the surrounding area and spent a good deal of our time crossing and re- crossing the suspension bridge across the Sutlej. Having worked up an appetite, we ate a hearty lunch and took our afternoon siesta. Soon the “ rescue ” bus arrived for us from Mandi. By 5 p. m. we were on the move again. The journey was practically without incident but those creaky bridges, steep climbs and U-turns on the narrow roads—they gave me the creeps. By 8-00 p. m. we reached Mandi—safely. We were exactly one day behind schedule. Not bad for a start, is it? We drove up to the Dak Bungalow and had a most excellent supper provided by N. N. Khanna's father. With full stomachs and happy hearts we fell asleep.

14th. May. Our bus for Kulu was scheduled to arrive at 7-00 a.m. so we got up early in order to be ready in time. But as usual the bus arrived late and we started on the last lap of our journey. Our road ran parallel to the Beas. Below us was the foaming, seething torrent of the Beas. We watched tirelessly the tall firs sticking their tops into the azure blue of the cloudless sky, the flower-strewn hill-sides and the fern-covered rocky cliffs. And then there was the crystal clear water of the thundering Beas. We reached Kulu by noon. We got out to stretch our cramped legs on the meadows. We went to have our lunch and met (to our immense delight) Mr. Badal Roy. After numerous hand-shakes, he told us that he would accompany us to Rohtang Pass. After lunch we went down to the banks of the Beas, now of a lovely green hue and cold as frozen ice in one's mouth. We wandered along till we came to the main township. We were caught in a downpour and headed back for the Rest House, drenched to our skins. We went to bed at eight that night and all of us were soon drowned in fitful sleep after the tiring journey.

15th. May— By 11.30 we were on the move again, to Manali about 23 miles away. We soon came in sight of the glistening snow-peaks. The narrow road wound in and out tortuously over the cliffs and suddenly as we came across a bend in the road we sighted Manali. Manali is a picturesque little spot, surrounded on all sides by fire-topped hills. The snow-covered mountains were only a few miles away. After lunch, we got busy hiring coolies to carry our stuff up to Kohti — 8 miles away. The coolies tried to browbeat us into paying some colossal amount.

Led by Mr. B. Singh we acted tough and decided to carry the stuff up ourselves. The coolies gazed in wonder as we proceeded carrying terrific weights of 3 and 4 ounces each ! The climb up to Kohti was steep and tiring. It would have been awful but for the splendid scenic setting in which we toiled upwards — the Beas — the peaks — the firs — the meadows — all so enchanting, so bewitching. Indeed this valley is aptly called the Kulu Valley — the Valley of the Gods. By the time we reached Kohti it was freezing. The elevation was about 9,000 feet. The eternal snows were around us. We dropped off to sleep in the lap of the Himalayas.

16th. May— We roamed about after a late breakfast and admired the surroundings. To the left of us was the deep gorge through which the seething mass of the Beas roared. Beyond were the snow-covered peaks from which rose the tributary of the Beas. On the right were fir-clad hills and beyond that the snow-covered ranges. In front was the Rohtang Pass (height 14,000 feet, distance 7 miles). We climbed a nearby peak — height 16,000 feet. (The attention of the reader is drawn to the fact that this account contains no exaggerations) .

It was noon by the time we reached the top. The biting cold wind and the strenuous climbing had sharpened our appetites. We realised rather late that we were far from our headquarters. We beat a hasty retreat and reached Kohti by evening. We had our " lunch " at 4-30. After that we went to sleep, rather we

tried to sleep. Our hearts were sad as the next day we were to start on our return journey. We tossed about restlessly cursing ourselves for the holidays being over so soon.

17th. May — The next day, the atmosphere was particularly gloomy. The mountain air which had seemed so fresh and bracing but yesterday seemed dull and listless today. Every one was irritable and short-tempered. We looked for the last time with longing eyes at nature's magic which we may perhaps never see again.

18th. May — We reached Simla and saw our old friends (?) the Rampurians. They pretended that they had enjoyed themselves immensely. We were too moody to argue with them. We wandered around Simla that day.

19th. May — Our holidays had come to an end. We were homeward bound. As we travelled back to Sanawar, each one of us carried with him a precious memory of the delightful sojourn in the mountains.

SKELTON IN THE ARMOUR.

Once a poet had a dream and in the dream, he saw a skellton, he got very frightened. But after sometime a voice came from the skeleton that I have come because I did so many great deeds but no poet wrote about me and now I have come to you to write about me, and the skeleton's hands were stretched as he was asking for something. Now Skeleton started his story that now he became a skeleton. He started off like this, that he was a great man he did great deeds and he use to come around the sea, and near the sea there lived a beautiful maiden, I fell in love with her and she also liked me, but her parents said that I was of a noble family and they wouldn't mary her with me oncc. I look the maiden away and when her parents knew that I have taken her they gave a chaise but wind was against so that my boat went faster and faster but because of the wind they couldn't catch me, I took her to a city. first she felt sad how Bad! but then I built a castle for her and she lived happily, after sometime a child was born, but the child died and for the child's sake she also died. And I loved her very much and so I murdered myself with a spear and I became a skeleton now. How brave.

(An extract from a Sanawarian's exercise book.)

The Diary of School-boy

- May, 1st. Tumbled down the "Khuds." Had to attend M. I.
- May, 6th. Discharged at last! Celebrated the occasion by not doing Prep.
- May, 7th. Got the "sticks" for a bad report from a master.
- May, 10th. Attended a party on the 9th. Got stomach-ache from eating too much cake.
- May, 16th. Out of hospital. Rejoiced by buying two chocolates.
- May, 29th. Mark Reading! Result a huge 'F' marked in red ink.
- June, 7th. Drank a bottle of ink. Not so tasty. Had chalk in it!
- June, 18th. Sunday!—Given a black eye by a prefect.
- June, 20th. Had my own back on the prefect by putting a pin on his chair and had the satisfaction of seeing him jump.
- June, 27th. Wrote "Fool" on a prefect's back. Had a good laugh over it.
- July, 2nd. Wrote an article on "How to drink ink". Rejected by the editor of the News-letter.
- July, 11th. Learnt about Akbar. Why was he ever born? Making us write notes miles long. He ought to be put in prison.
- July, 21st. Had a fight. Got another black eye!
- July, 30th. Had a Maths test. Marks as usual—a big zero on a smaller ten.
- August, 12th. Made paper-chains for the 15th. Useless work! A plate of chicken curry looks better than a thousand chains.
- August, 15th. Marvellous supper and delightful pudding. Every one enjoyed it (except the prefect who could not get any pudding because we had emptied the bowl.)
- August, 16th. Prefect took his revenge by eating three shares of pudding.
- August, 21st. My birthday. Received a great many knocks. Head swollen by noon!
- August, 22nd. Came to class with a huge bandage as big as the parcel I received on my birthday.
- August, 23rd. Parcel raided by prefect. Nothing remained in it!
- August, 24th. Prefect went to hospital with a stomach-ache. Hurrah!
- August, 30th. Prefect came out—Misery of miseries. Got a hiding because he said my 'grub' had poison in it.
- Sept., 6th. Tampered with the electric meter, so that the light would fail for Prep. But to no avail. One minute before Prep, the electrician appeared and ten seconds before Prep the lights came on.
- Sept., 23rd. Wrote another article for the News-Letter—Heading: How to play Cricket. It was rejected. It seems a busy-body called Don Bradman had written a book on this subject before.
- Note:—* Because someone took the unused pages from my diary I have to stop here.

Karam Sheel Oberoi,
L. IV.

Mark Reading

When I rose up that morning,
My heart was beating fast—
To day I'd find, after the grind,
If I'd come first—or last.

I walked up to the classroom door,
A haze before my eye,
Oh! I felt fine, but when in line
I muttered "Do or die".

I flexed my muscles, raised my head,
I marched into the hall.
And as I thought, I felt I must
Get quite good marks in all.

I'd mugged my theorems (more or less)
I'd studied Hindi grammar,
I felt quite proud; but still aloud
My heart beat like a hammer!

I took my seat, and cheered myself,
And held my shaking hand,
In came the Head—I thought of bed
And found I couldn't stand.

With folded arms I said my prayers,
Sang lustily the hymn.
"Now to be sure, for ever more"
My hopes rose high, then dim.

He chanted names, and came at last
To our class, and grew stern.
As he went on, my courage gone,
My eyes did downwards turn.

The first chap got the most applause—
He went on down the line.
And names were called, and names were bawled,
But still no name was mine.

At last, at last, he paused apace,
My name declared—not fast.
He stopped apace, stared at my face,
As usual, I'd come last!

The moral of these verses is
The thing to do is shirk,
Depend on pluck, depend on luck—
But ne'er depend on work!

Jaya Rani Krishen

U. V.

Mitzie -- A Newcomer to Sanatwar

Mitzie is our Headmaster's dog. She is a Dash-hound, and she looks very intelligent. She is one year and six months old.

Every fortnight she has a bath in Halo shampoo, so her coat is always shining. As all Dash-hounds are clean, so is Mitzie. She eats what is put before her, and surprisingly likes sweets, which is unusual for a dog.

She is very fond of a ride in a car, a walk or any little outing. She isn't very intelligent, as she hasn't been taught any tricks, but she is always very obedient.

She is a friendly dog, but she is always on the alert, and she is a very light sleeper. If a person is badly dressed, it is only then, that Mitzie goes for him.

Like all dogs, she is always after monkeys or birds, and is forever trying to sleep on a sofa.

Navina Sundaram
L. IV. A.

AURANGABAD AT LAST

At long last we arrived at our destination—Aurangabad.

Wondering what Aurangabad held in store for us we stepped out of the train into the cold morning air.

We had to wait some time on the platform before we were summoned to a waiting bus, wherein we all piled and were driven straight to our residence—

From the outside our residence looked really well kept. It had quite large grounds and we were thankful for that.

The house too, looked big in the dimness of the morning.

On reaching the door-step we were received kindly by our host and then led to our bed-rooms.

So weary were we that we were ready to plop straight into our beds and never wake up again. On entering the "bed"-room we got a shock—no beds!! No beds!—but that was incredulous, where'd we sleep?

Our host explained that we had to sleep on the floor, since no beds could be provided...

After our breakfast—a pure Hyderabadi meal, we set out for Ellora Caves by bus.

We reached at last after sighting many a picturesque village.

We had a look over the Ellora Caves which provided a big sight of carvings and a waterfall, nothing more nothing less.

After this we visited another set of caves. These provided many opportunities for our cameras.

The carvings and giant statues were uncountable.

On our return to Aurangabad we turned to look at what seemed like silent and long-forlorn caves.

On the way back we stopped at a particular spot known as “Echo Point.”

After some explanation we began shouting.

“Art thou a fool or a donkey?” shouted some one.

“Donnkeey,” came the mocking reply.

“Should I be in heaven or hell?”

“Helllll,” came the cheeky answer.

After this we visited a number of graves and tombs.

One of these graves—so we were told—was a saint’s.

With much curiosity we stepped in, but a guide put a restraining hand on us.

“Mem—Sahib!” the old man squeaked, “this tomb be saints’s grave.”

“So?” we enquired.

“Wemen not be allowed inside, mem-sahib.”

That was the last straw! Hastily we withdrew, and once outside we burst into giggles, much to the annoyance of our mistress.

After some time we arrived at the Daulatabad Fort where we were to have lunch.

After lunch which was again purely Deccan we continued on our sight-seeing trip.

We had earlier seen a big pink minar known as the Chand Minar.

We were very eager to climb it but the guide said that there was more to see than that.

First of all we arrived at a huge tank known as an elephant bath. The meaning you may understand.

We were told that if one of us gave a shout, this shout would echo seven times in the bath.

“How?” asked somebody loudly. The guide was about to explain when the tank started talking.

“How?” it echoed solemnly, “How?” How?” “wow?” “wow?” “ow?”

It was long after the last echo had died away that anybody spoke.

Then began a series of shrieks and yells and the tank replied obediently.

This experience was followed by cannon-inspecting and moat passing.

We came to a sudden stop in front of a subterannean passage.

It was ghostly dark in the passage and we were lighted by olden-time torches.

es danced about and it was hard to see. At last we came to a gaping hole leading down to the moat full of crocodiles.

ators!" announced a bright young spark.

ed on and at last came to the end of that dreadful passage and started to the peak.

ched at last, tired, foot-sore and thirsty.

a drink of water we were urged right to the peak by a guide who said it ul there.

We went all the way up, just to see an old cannon and the hot merciless sun g ferociously down upon us.

Oh! how we cursed the guide.

When we reached the Chand Minar again we were so weary that we were loth , climb it.

The guide urged us again, saying that from the peak of the Chand Minar we would be higher than the Daulatabad peak. Then climb we did, but just to see the peak towering high above us.

Oh! how angry we were.....

Next day—on the 30th.—after a good sleep we set out for the Ajanta Caves, by bus again.

The Ajanta Caves are about 60 miles away from Aurangabad.

We reached at last and made a thorough tour of the Ajanta Caves which I can tell you were better than the Ellora Caves, except that they smelt too much of rats.

There was a cave which had two solid pillars on it. When one was beaten upon, it made the sound of "Dhaa" and the other, "Dhin". This hall was called the singing hall and the 2 pillars were there to keep time to the singing.

There was another cave in which there was an enormous statue of Buddha. This Buddha was made of stone, and if a searchlight was put on the left hand side of it the face of the Buddha would look melancholy and if the light was moved to the right hand side, the expression was a smiling one. If the searchlight was put in front the face would put on a thoughtful expression.

Another cave was full of old murals. These paintings had a long story to them which I will not describe.

After lunch at the Rest House and a few jokes we started back for Aurangabad.

We reached there by evening. We then got ready, packed, thanked our kind host and guide and started towards the station.

Thus ended our visit to Aurangabad and I hope that the Sanawarians who will visit it year after next will enjoy it, as much as we did.

Indra Sachdev

U. IV.

Lovedale

The road was winding its way up the hill, but it vanished in a mist which surrounded the hilltop. As our bus ascended I could see the hilltop. Ooty lying below me, half in and half out of the slanting sunlight, its square church trying to catch the full golden touches of the sunlight. All around, the road continued the folding and unfolding into the northern distance covered with green spruces towering high over the shrubs.

All of a sudden the mist cleared, and ahead of us stood our sister school on the green hilltop, covered with trees laden with yellow 'Founder's flowers' (Mimosa).

Lovedale, covering an area six times as large as ours, was founded ten years later in the memory of the common person and thus came to exist as a Lawrence School.

We were lodged in the Guest House with a little garden behind it. The garden overlooked the Headmaster's fine residence. The back verandah viewed the Girls' and Prep Schools. On the other side was the Staff Club and the playground, ahead of which lay the Boys' School.

The Boys' School had a big double storeyed building surrounded by three smaller ones. The larger one consisted of the Headmaster's Office, the dining room, the recreation room, the clock tower, the main hall, and accommodated half of the Boys' School. The rest of the buildings were the classrooms and the Boys' Dormitories. All of them faced each other and so formed a small quadrangle. At one end of this was a flight of steps leading down to the Art, Music and Carpentry classes, ahead of which were the stables.

On the other side of the hill were situated the Girls' and Prep Schools. The girls occupied only one double-storeyed building. The upper storey was their dormitory while the lower one housed their dining hall, prep room and common room. On either side of the building were the Netball field and the Hockey ground.

The Prep School had the same plan but for an additional building which had their class rooms and their main hall.

The road stretched from the guest house to the white misty nothingness of the valley. To the west lay the hills and peaks behind which the sun sets daily to refresh the human souls for the next day's routine.

Maninder Singh Bhagat
L. V.

Set in a background of blue gum trees, Lovedale is renowned for its scenic beauty. Few schools can boast of its acreage. Few Houses in other schools can hope to make a net profit of Rs. 1200/- on potato-farming as Mr. Mukherjee, the enterprising Housemaster of Aravali House, anticipates this year. This profit is to be set aside for buying bicycles for the House.

The vegetation of the Nilgris is vastly different from that of the rugged hills of the lower Himalayas. In Sanawar we have cultivated vegetation, there, all one has to do is to lay down some turf and hey presto! there are velvety green lawns, springy and lush. The hedges too, are English-looking, and are so thick that interesting designs can be cut into them.

The gardens are lovely. The flowers are choice ones—(carnations, lupins, gerbera, arum lilies that grow wild, and of course, purple and golden flags (irises),—and are perhaps helped by the very English weather we sampled during our stay.

Two impressions stand out most vividly in my mind. One, that hobbies are very firmly established. The aero-modelling was most impressive and the Arts and Crafts section, very prolific. The girls have joined a Ramblers' Club. The wooded hills around offer plenty of scope. Sometimes they go farther afield. Last year's trip to Ceylon and this year's southern tour of the temple of Mahabalipuram, Madras and the caves at Ajanta and Ellora were all part of rambling.

The other impression that I gained was that Lovedale is a great singing school. Their singing is breath-takingly exquisite and their orchestra, very skilled. Their Indian Music section is in its infancy.

As the train pulled out of Mettupalyam on the first leg of our journey back, and the Nilgris looked bluer and bluer in the soft light of evening, we, loth to part with Lovedale, enjoyed the jolly music of three gifted Lawrencians all the way to Coimbatore.

The Prep. School Concert

The first item on the Founder's programme was the Prep School show on the 3rd. October. It was a good beginning to our Founder's celebrations as the Prep School treated us to something very enjoyable.

The programme began with the inevitable percussion band. The conductor was very professional in his attitude, but provided great amusement when he ordered the band to 'bow' before and after each piece. The clang clang and the bang bang, however, were very good and the preppers kept in time to the march and waltz that were played on the piano and the changes from one instrument to another were extremely well-timed.

The One-Act play, "All on a Summer's Day" was very sweet indeed and the acting was a great improvement on what the Prep. School usually puts up. Robin Hood, enacted by R. Pathania, was very good, indeed. The way he carried himself and the way he spoke to people like Guy of Gisborne was wonderful, for he gave the impression of actually living the part. His answers were subtle, "No other man could lie as Robin is lying now," when he, dressed as Guy of Gisborne, spoke to the Sheriff of Nottingham. Simple Simon, portrayed by R. Anand, deserves special mention for being very sweet and simple. Friar Tuck and Little John were also good. The scenery and costumes were very good.

"Jis Dharti par Jamna Liya", a Hindi song, was sung with great gusto by the choir group. The expressions on the singers' faces were very amusing.

This item was followed by the interval during which the Patiala Band treated us to some delightful music.

The curtain rose on the Hindi One-Act play, "Kanjus ki Thaili". The Kanjus, Makkhi-chus Mal, enacted by A. Mahajan, was quite professional, he looked and, I think, lived the part. The way he counted his money was just like any bania would. He deserves special mention for this wonderful portrayal of a very difficult role. His wife, Birju ki Ma, portrayed by Arun Gidwani also gave a commendable performance. She was very much the rich 'Sethani' both in dress and speech. The 'Kisan', A. Bhatia, was also very good. The story centred round the Kanjus and we saw him in different attitudes. First, he was counting his money when he discovers the loss of a hundred rupees. His horror and fright at what had happened was very professionally portrayed. Birju ki Ma, however, is very unsympathetic when she hears of this catastrophe.

The Kanjus, angry one moment and terrified the next when the Kisan calls the police because Makkhi-chus Mal refuses to pay the reward money, was very well acted. This play, in my opinion, "took the cake", being quite the best acted item in the whole show.

It was followed by an Indian dance "Meri Gudiya", done by six Sparrows. The Preppers were very good at being "little mothers" to their dolls. The facial expression of each girl was very realistic and their attitude towards their dolls was very good in such young people. Special mention must, however, be made of Asha Rani, Anita Thomas and Romola Patel. The movement of the eyes and the facial expressions of these three girls were wonderful. All of them were sweetly dressed in red kamizes trimmed with gota, zari waistcoats and white churridar pyjamas.

The puppet show, "Akbar ka Darbar", was the best dressed performance on the programme. As the curtain lifted the Durbar filled in one by one and then stood in position and whispered to their neighbours until Akbaar came in. His hukah and punkhah followed him and the Durbar was set. Tansen's song which followed, deserves special mention, his miming, I mean, as there was no real song. Birbal's undignified exit, after he had been showered by the bhishti, was very amusing. Neera Bal as the court dancer, was very good indeed. All the "puppets", besides being well dressed, were very much like puppets for they remained very stiff. Mrs. Lyall, reciting the *Baat* deserves special mention, for the melodiousness and distinctness of her voice.

As is natural, all good things came to an end. I must congratulate the Preppers, and all the staff who helped them, on a very polished show which showed us that the Senior School will soon have some very good actors, actresses and dancers.

Asha Narang
Sixth Form

The Sanwar A. D. S.

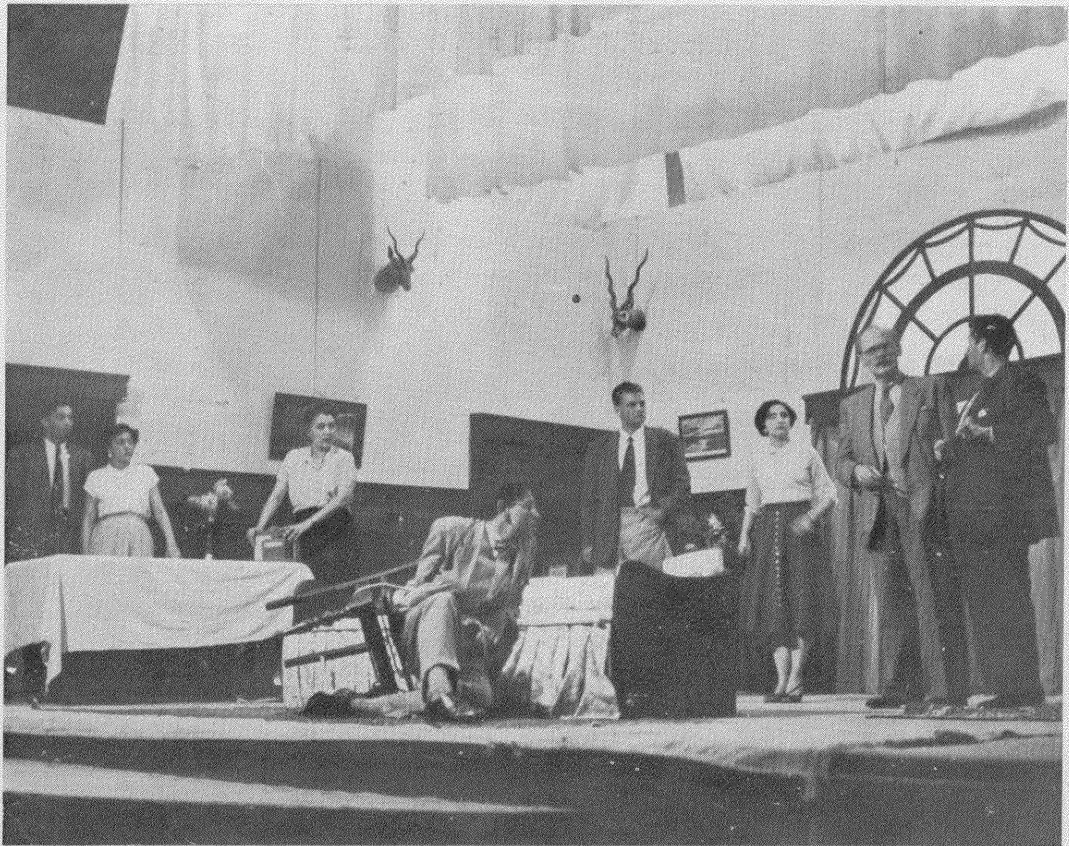
References to concerts and plays can be traced back to the days, at least, of Mr. Cole, second Principal. In his report for the year ending March, 1872, he says that "with the view of promoting innocent recreation for the children of both sexes and of promoting harmony among the officials, concerts, readings and even amateur theatricals have been introduced during the past year". The Sanwar A. D. S., however, an enterprise entirely confined to Staff, was not born till 1921. In 1920, "The Quavers", a body of Staff, gave "a concert and dramatic entertainment". The play produced was "His Excellency the Governor". The ladies in the play were described as "lovely and fascinating by nature and art" and it was doubtless the success of the performance that led to the formation of the Society a year later. In Founder's Week, Miss Sime, the Nursing Sister, produced "The Private Secretary". It was voted a great success and in the following year, 1922, Mr. J. Hale, one of the masters, produced "The Brixton Burglary". After that there was a lapse and it was not till 1927 that the A. D. S. was organised under the direction of Major P. Savage, the Medical Officer. He was an excellent Producer and regularly each Founder's Week delighted audiences with, in the main, thrillers. "Sherlock Holmes" in 1927 was followed in 1928 by "The Speckled Band" and, later in the same year, "Bulldog Drummond". In 1929 the production was "The Ringer". The following year Major Savage provided lighter fare with "Tilly of Bloomsbury" but he returned to a thriller in 1931 with "The Ghost Train". It was his last production. In 1932 he was transferred and his loss to the A.D.S. was considerable. His place as Producer was taken by Canon G. D. Barne, Principal, and Mr. E. G. Carter who together revived "Sherlock Holmes" in 1932. Canon Barne left shortly afterwards to be Bishop of Lahore. No play was possible in 1933 but in 1934 Mr. Carter produced "The Fourth Wall". Another break occurred till 1938 when "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" provided entertainment for the School. The first night was marred by a serious accident but, fortunately, no permanent damage was done to any of the actors and it was possible to produce the Play in full a few days later. No further production took place till 1941 when "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was staged in Founder's Week. It was followed in turn by "The Lilies of the Field", "Nothing but the Truth," "The Ghost Train", "Little Ladyship" and, in 1946, "Housemaster".

Our Centenary production in 1947, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure", was a revival and was followed, in 1948, by "Laburnum Grove".

No plays were possible for the next six years. Mr. Carter's enthusiasm and Directing ability had been the backbone of the Society from 1932 to 1948, but even his keenness could not overcome the obstacles of the post '48 period.

The revival of the A. D. S. in 1955 with the "The Happiest Days of Your Life" was a happy augury. This year's production, "The Private Secretary", is produced with the same script used by Miss Sime thirtyfive years ago.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY



Mr. Gibson comes into his own



Photographs by kind Courtesy of Sqn. Ldr. Mullick.

Oh! Don't strike him, Sir.

The A. D. S. Play



From the moment the curtain went up, "The Private Secretary" was a roaring success. "A farcical comedy in three acts" said the programme and so it was—real slapstick comedy served up in a smooth, slick way. The cast acted together marvellously and played up to each other splendidly. All of them were uniformly good. The delivery of the lines and "freezing" (two essentials in any comedy) were excellent.

Bhupinder Singh as Douglas Cattermole was superb. In spite of the fact that he enjoys himself in dashing young Casanova roles, I think he is in danger of being 'typed'. Vitendra Vyas as Harry Marshland was his usual debonair self and is, I feel in the same danger as Bhupinder Singh. Joyce Mckie portrayed the typical landlady in an inimitable and amusing manner. Marzban Mehta "cut a fine figure" as Mr. Gibson the tailor who wants to soar—'the more he drinks, the more he talks' and the more he talks, the more funny he is. Om Prakash Sharma as the Private Secretary brought the house down. Mr. Sharma, "If you are discovered (by Hollywood) you are lost (to Sanawar)." Hats off to him for his really splendid portrayal of the half-wit private secretary. Trevor Kemp as the dyspeptic old uncle was so natural that he could have been giving somebody a rocket in the Chemistry Lab. rather than asking Mrs. Stead to blot herself out. Blossom Lyall as the spiritualistic Miss Ashford was so realistic that she almost hypnotised the audience. Salim Khan as Mr. Marshland made light weather of a heavy father role—one would like to see him in bigger roles. Dru Gidwani as Edith, Piki Bedi as Eva, Gopinath Menon as John and Uma Mukherji as Knox acquitted themselves well. The stage management was efficient, the sets attractive and the costumes adequate.

On the debit side I feel that the play dragged in places, especially in the Third Act. This was only a minor defect compared to the almost non-stop laugh-riot which the play provoked. Trevor Kemp and his cast are to be congratulated on a highly amusing production, the slickness of which is proof of the hard work put in by everybody.

Vikram Soni.
O. S.

C A S T

DOUGLAS CATTERMOLE	<i>Bhupinder Singh</i>
MRS. STEAD (His Landlady)	<i>Joyce McKie</i>
MR. SYDNEY GIBSON (Tailor of Bond Street)	<i>Marzban Mehta</i>
HARRY MARSLAND	<i>Virendra Vyas</i>
MR. ROBERT SPALDING (The Private Secretary)	<i>Om Prakash Sharma</i>
MR. CATTERMOLE (Uncle of Douglas)	<i>Trevor Kemp</i>
KNOX (A writ Server)	<i>Uma Mukherji</i>
MISS ASHFORD	<i>Blossom Lyall</i>
MR. MARSLAND (Uncle of Harry)	<i>Saleem Khan</i>
EDITH MARSLAND (Daughter of Mr. Marsland)	<i>Dru Gidwani</i>
EVA WEBSTER (Edith's friend)	<i>Piki Bedi</i>
JOHN (A Servant)	<i>Gopinath Menon</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.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

Founder's!

Founder's!

Founder's!

As our 109th. Founder's Day approached there was a general buzz of excitement amongst young and old. Rehearsals had been arranged with great gusto, and success was foreseen by every one. And at last the scheduled day arrived. But lo and behold! What have we here? A shower! a downpour, would be more exact. It came upon us as a thunderbolt. And this was what I call an 'unwelcome guest'. The results were inevitable for it was an Act of God. And thus with heavy heart and deep thoughts, eager to know what would follow next, we went to sleep, but the next day conditions were worse. The parade which was scheduled in the morning was postponed. As soon this announcement was made, the clouds seemed to vanish in thin air and in their place the sun threw its blazing hot rays down on us. Such is the perversity of Nature.

Vinod Chopra
U. V.



Water Boy

Indera Sachdev

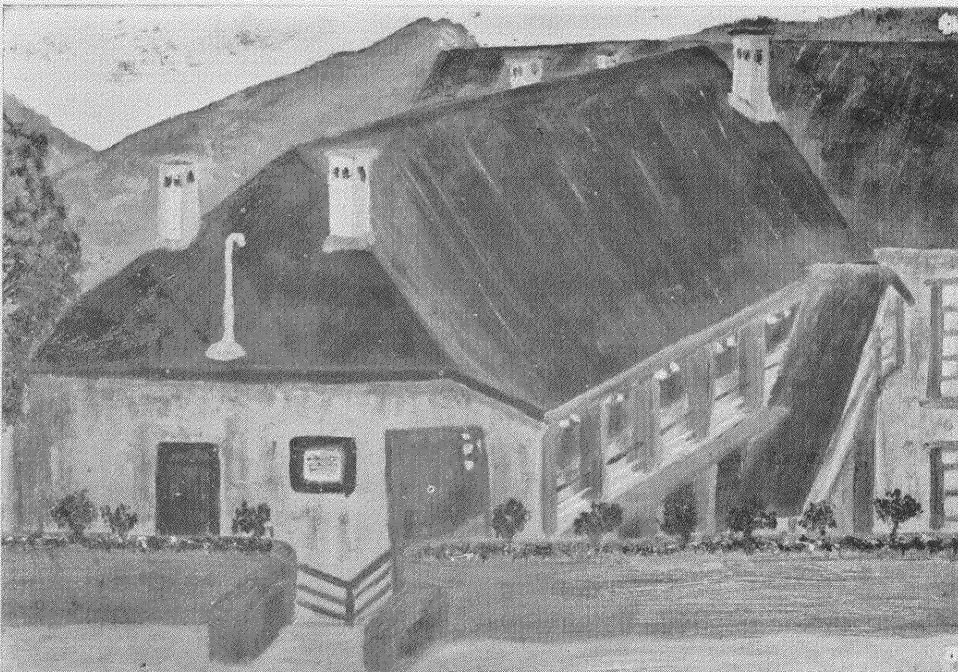


Responsibility

Urmilla Kumari



Mr. Bhalerao Explains



Somaresh Mukherjee



Above
"Wavell Court"

Left:
"Roof Tops"

Suresh Mullick

The Founder's Art Exhibition

The Founder's Exhibition of 4th. October, was due to open at 10-30 a. m. Parents and guests were standing about in little groups and going over yesterday's great successes, the two plays. Some groups were trying to peep into the future by imagining what the Exhibition would be like. They had no doubt about its success. Some were stamping their feet with impatience, waiting for the Exhibition to be opened to the public. There was a fairly large crowd and that crowd was making a certain amount of noise, but as soon as the chief guest arrived, all fell silent and parted to make way for Syed Ashfaq Hussain, and those immediately behind him.

The opening ceremony was simple. Mr. Ashfaq Hussain, accepted a pair of highly polished silver scissors from a silver salver held by Mr. Bhalerao (the School Art Master). The tape was cut; the photographers clicked their cameras, and the visitors and boys began clapping and cheering. The impatient visitors then filed in.

A noticeable feature was that as soon as the parents set foot over the threshold they let out exclamations of wonder, admiration and surprise. It was beyond all they had expected.

Out of the four murals, that of Suresh Mullick, a 'Bangra' scene from the Punjab, was the best liked. The favourite painting was the one placed in the centre, Basant Usha Katoch's scene from Kulu during the apple picking season. It had been done with great patience and care. Flanking it were paintings in oil, water colour and pastels.

The show ranged from landscapes to portraits. Bright colours were harmoniously mixed together giving pleasure to the beholder. Nothing had been missed—there were beach scenes; the moving fair; the circus on wheels; the village well; harvest; tilling the soil—all were there. The ages of the artists ranged from 9 years to 16 years.

On the right hand of the hall were the lino-cuts. Scenes from school life were depicted mostly, e. g. swimming, social service, hiking. There were portraits, too. The Art Souvenir, which most parents carried back with them, was a booklet consisting of thirteen lino-cut prints.

Clay work had not been forgotten. There were pipe-stands, ash trays, and various other items of every day use. There were life-like men, and skilfully made women and children.

On the whole, the Exhibition was a grand success. According to most parents they had not seen better art in any school. Our success is all due to the tireless striving of Mr. Bhalerao.

Gurvirinder Singh
U. V.

The School Concert

The 4th October, Founder's Day found Barne Hall packed to capacity. The audience had come to see the Senior School Concert, which began with the singing of the first verse and chorus of the School Song. The first item on the programme was "Rag Kerwani", played by the School Orchestra. The idea of an Indian Orchestra in the school appealed to most visitors.

This was followed by a classical dance, "Swarajit Abhinayam" performed by Malti Varma and Basant Usha Katoch. It was executed with a professional air, and the two young artists received long and hearty applause.

Then the School Choir put in an appearance, and sang "Jan Bharat He". Following this, was a sitar solo called "Rag Jaijawanti" by Ranjana Debnath who went through her piece smoothly and with great skill. Then came a delightful dance by six of the Prep. School girls who suited their actions and expressions to the words of a song "Meri Gudiya". This number had already been performed for the Prep. School Concert the day before, and was very much appreciated. The little girls went through their dance very un-selfconsciously, and did credit to our dancing mistress, Mrs. Thomas.

After this item, the School Choir gave a lively rendering of an Uttar Pradesh folk song "Ehi Par Ganga." The last item before the interval was a dance based on a song by Rabindra Nath Tagore, and performed in Shantineketan style by the Senior School girls with smiling faces and colourful costumes.

Mention must be made of the Patiala Band. They very kindly entertained us with delightful music during the short interval, after which the curtains drew back again upon the One-Act-Hindi play "Charu Mitra" by Ram Kumar Varma. The players gave an excellent account of themselves. The story was based on an incident from Emperor Ashok's reign. The story told of how the Emperor depicted by Naresh Bahadur changed from a blood thirsty tyrant into a pious man through the influence of the palace attendant, Charu Mitra, played by Madhubala Mehra. Her murder in the end was portrayed with great pathos. Special mention should be made of Asha Narang who went through the long and difficult role of Tishya Rakshita with great dignity. This tragic play left a deep impression upon the audience, and was definitely the highlight of the evening's programme.

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Gurvirinder Singh
U. V.

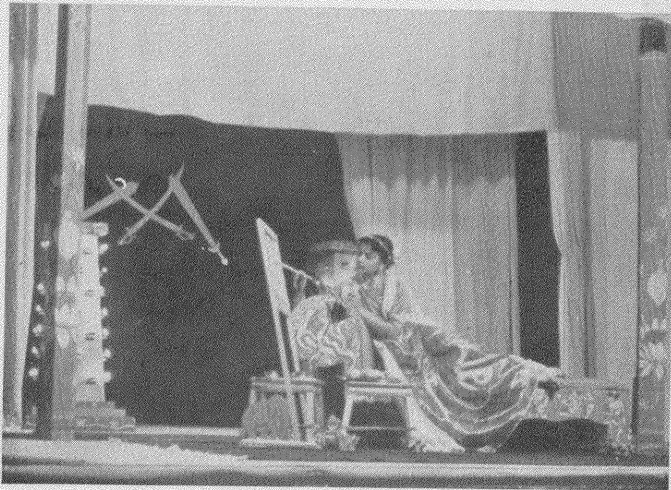
FOUNDER'S



Akbar ka Durbar



"Charumitra" The Cast

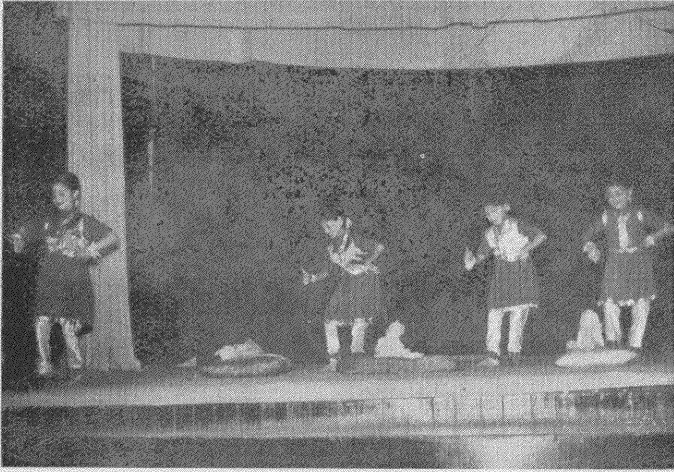


Queen Tishya Rakshita



A Bevy of Dancers

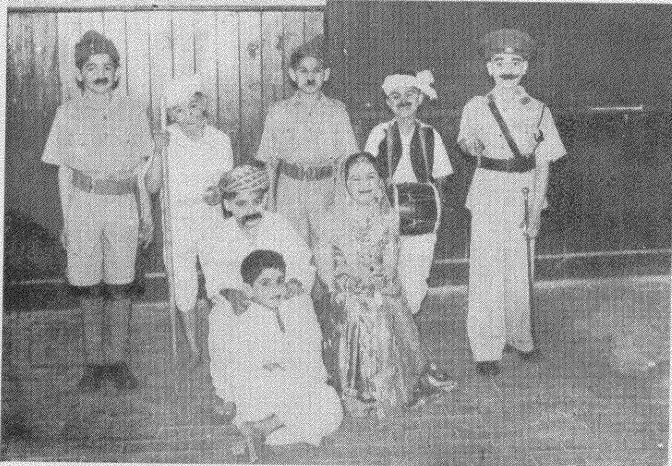
FOUNDR'S



" Meri Gudiya "



" Robin Hood "



" Kanjoos ki Thali "

Full credit should be given to Mr. Vyas on directing the Hindi play so skilfully, and everybody else who helped to make the School Concert the great success it was.

Gul Shahani
Sixth Form

THE SCHOOL CONCERT AS SEEN BY O.S.

Every Founder's we have come to expect good entertainment from the School Concert, and this year's Founder's was no exception—the School Concert was excellent. A well-balanced programme was calculated to please everybody, and did not fail in its objective.

In its two items the School Choir did well—"Ehi Par Ganga" was particularly amusing, though "Jan Bharat He" was technically the better work. However, a small suggestion here could possibly be adopted in future performances of the Choir. Why do the choir boys and girls look so needlessly grim? I am sure a group of smiling faces on the stage would cheer everyone up and make both the performers and the audience feel much more happy.

The Concert was dominated by Ram Kumar Verma's one-act Hindi Play "Charumitra". True to Sanawar traditions, and following in the wake of such memorable productions as "Vishvasghata", "Meri Fees Wapas Karo", "Shakuntala" and "Bimar Ka Ilaj", this year's play again was a first-class performance. The standard of acting was high, Mr. Vyas's direction was excellent, and Mr. Bhalerao's sets were absolutely breathtaking. Among the players, Asha Narang and Yogindra Dhillon were particularly outstanding. Asha's part as the Empress was no easy one to perform and her noble bearing, her faultless diction, and her almost professional lack of stage-consciousness were extremely impressive. In spite of her very short appearance on the stage, Yogindra's brilliant characterisation of a bereaved mother was so perfect that it brought tears into the eyes and lumps into the throats of many in the audience. Naresh Bahadur, in a difficult role as the Emperor Ashok was unconvincing to begin with, but greatly improved as the play progressed.

Mr. Vyas and the cast must be congratulated for giving us such an excellent performance, and the school deserves our congratulations for a thoroughly enjoyable programme.

Ashok Nehru
O. S.

THE TORCHLIGHT TATTOO.

This was actually the most important item for most of us, at Founder's, as nearly everyone got a chance to do something.

It began on the night of the 5th. of October at eight o'clock. There were a number of parents and visitors, who had come to see Sanawar's ability.

Peacestead was floodlit, and the whole affair looked really lovely in spite of the mist which threatened to spoil the tattoo.

We began with Mass P. T. which was in perfect time, and often received a clap after a few exercises. It ended with a tableau, from the top of which a flag, with "SANAWAR" printed on it, was waved.

After each item, the lights were put off and just before the next, a signal was given from Holiday House, and they flashed on again.

The Ground Work and Horse Work which followed were done by a few specially chosen boys. They provided us with a very interesting item. Unfortunately, one or two of the best, but most dangerous exercises, were cut out, as more than one boy had hurt himself while rehearsing them.

The girls did two dances. "*Ghir, ghir aye re*" and "*Ab machal utha he daria*", which were so colourful and graceful that they could not but receive really good applause. The younger boys did Lezium and their efforts were duly appreciated.

Medicine Ball was very interesting. The partakers had to use a lot of energy as each ball weighed many pounds and the drill was very smart.

Lastly, there was Figure Marching. It was done in darkness, but the boys and girls taking part held red and green torches. After doing a series of different patterns, which looked like a colourful network, they formed FOUNDER'S 1956.

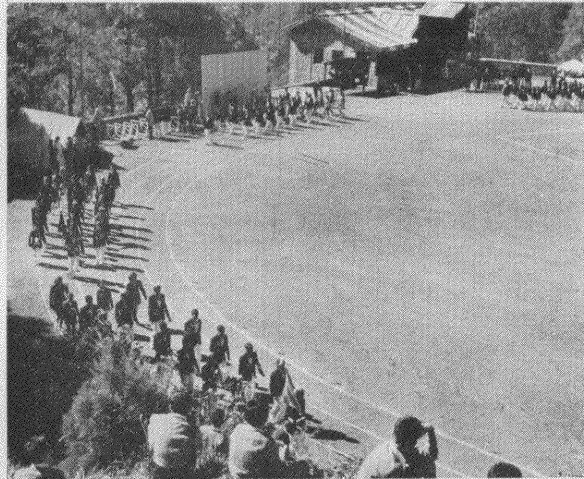
In spite of the wind which constantly blew out their torches, the girls and boys put up an excellent show, at the end of which all of us formed up in between the figures and sang the first verse of the School Song. Everyone got a hearty clap for their efforts, and then gradually the parents and visitors filed away, and we were left to collect our belongings and retire to a well-earned rest.

Nina Dubey.

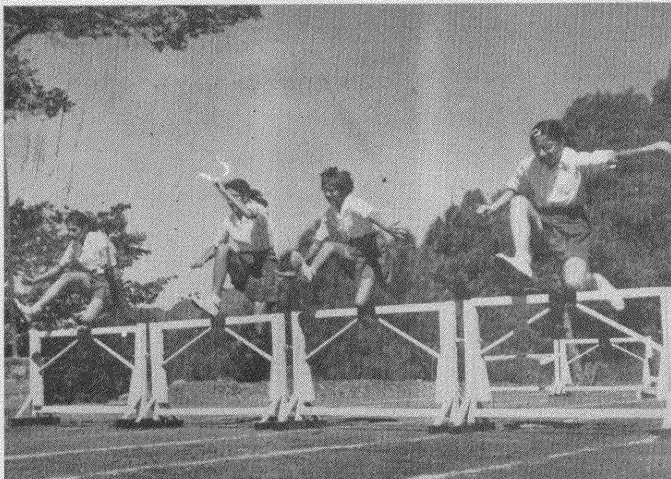
FOUNDER'S



Groundwork—The Pyramid



Athletes' March Past

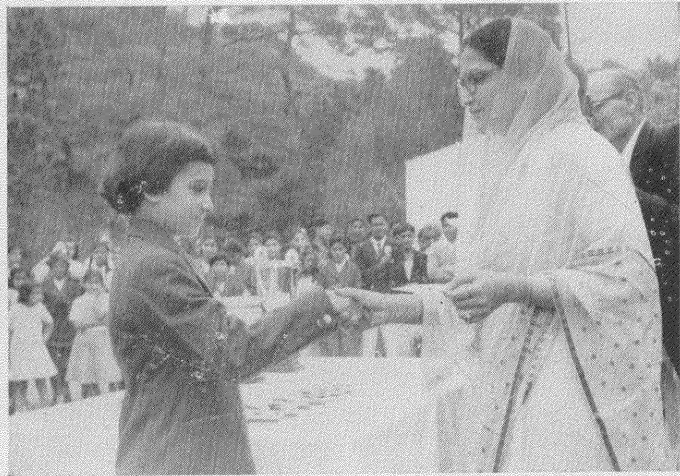


Girls' 80 metres hurdles.

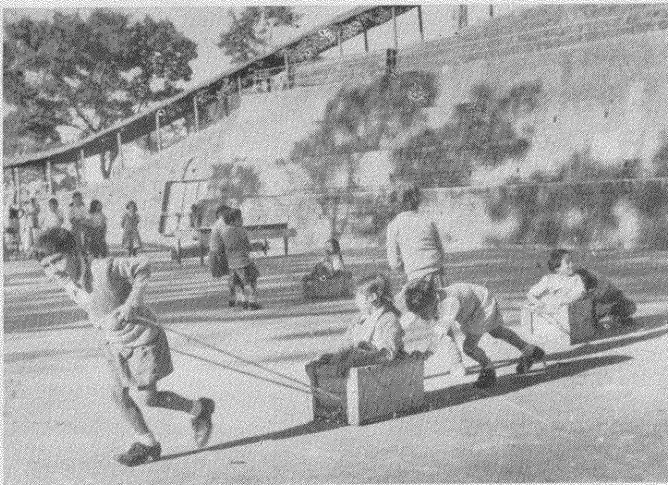
FOUNDER'S



Parents' Race—Mothers



Her Highness The
Maharani of Baroda
gives away the prizes.



The Wheel—barrow race

ATHLETICS

The morning of October the fifth, dawned bright and clear. The weather, which had made a rather wet mess of Founder's Day itself by washing out the parade, had very obligingly taken a turn for the better. We were therefore able to have our Athletics after all.

As is customary, we started with an athletes' March Past. Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda took the salute and presided over the sports. This year the band was conspicuous by its absence at the Athletics. Usually its presence there succeeds, where ours of practice fails, in making the athletes keep in step during their March Past. Band or no band, Sanawarians being what they are, the March Past went off without any serious mishap.

We now come to the main thing, the Athletics. Ye gods: What athletics they were too. The number of records (and I don't mean gramophone records) that were broken was just nobody's business. I doubt if so many records have ever been broken in Sanawar at one meet. In the 'Opens' Gurpartap Singh was declared the best athlete. He broke two records. In the "under 15's" Richard Mountford swept the board by breaking five records when he partook in six events!!! His 100 metre dash in 11.1 seconds comes breathtakingly near the Delhi University Record. "What Ho!" and "Hey! what goes on?" were some of the illustrious comments on the announcement of this result (somebody has been reading P.G. Wodehouse again). In the "under 13's" and "under 11's" B.S. Bala and Ranjit Mehra seem to have been outstanding. In the Girls' School Rupinder Randhawa won the "under 11's" championship. In the "under 13's" Kanchan Mohini did outstandingly well by winning all her events except the High Jump where she came second. The "under 15's" and "Opens" championships were won by Asha Nanda and Harvinder Kaur.

This year for the first time we had an O. S. and a Parents' Race. After a very heated discussion S. P. S Gill and his six footer confederates lost and the 100 metre dash was settled on as the O. S. Race as against a long walking race suggested by Rattan Kaul. The hectic and colourful race was won by V.S. Yadava in a smashing timing of 54.9 secs (not much to compare with Mountford's 11.1 secs. for the same course I'm afraid). But then you have got to take into consideration that O. S. were not dressed for such stuff. After all, fellows in hobnailed boots and flannels are not expected to compete with blokes wearing featherweight spikes and flimsy cotton shorts and singlets.

The innovation of the Parents' Race was a brilliant idea. The race being only 50 metres, the ladies naturally got a 25 metre lead. Mr. Ashfaque Hussain, covering himself in a shawl-like affair and carrying a lady's handbag and pink parasol successfully managed to hide himself among the ladies. With this 25 metre lead over the other gentlemen it is small wonder that he won the race.

After the Parents' Race, as time was running out on us and the Maharani of Baroda had very kindly consented to give away the prizes, everyone gathered near the lower pavilion for the Prize Distribution. In spite of the desperate attempts made by the usual crowd of Sanawar photographers to mess up everything, the prizes were distributed. The Cock House Cup went to Siwalik in the Boys' School and Vindhya in the Girls' School. The Defence Cup which goes to the House having the highest total when the Girls' and Boys' School points are combined, was won by Siwalik.

As all good things come to an end, so did the Athletics. And as the young Olympiads bearing their laurels left the field, in everyone's mind occurred one word, one thought— "LUNCH".

Harish Gidwani
O. S.

THE MARCH PAST.

According to the Founder's Time Table, the March Past had been scheduled to take place on the 4th. of October before Speeches, but due to the rain it was postponed. We were all disappointed, especially the N. C. C. boys who had spent much time in shining their boots and belts.

During Athletics, when everyone was excited at every record broken it was announced that the March Past would take place at 2-30, before the Fête. This greatly pleased us.

By a quarter past two we were all on Peacestead ; the N. C. C. impressively arrayed, the sun falling full on their shining barrels and glittering bayonets and boots.

Mr. Ashfaque Hussain inspected the troops with the band playing the "slow march". Then he took the salute. The whole school marched past him.

The March Past is an important part of Founder's. It ended successfully. Another important event was the Fête which took place immediately after it.

Thus the Athletics, the March Past, and the Fête all crowded into one day, made the 6th. of October, a memorable one.

Ravi Khanna
L.IV.

FOUNDER'S

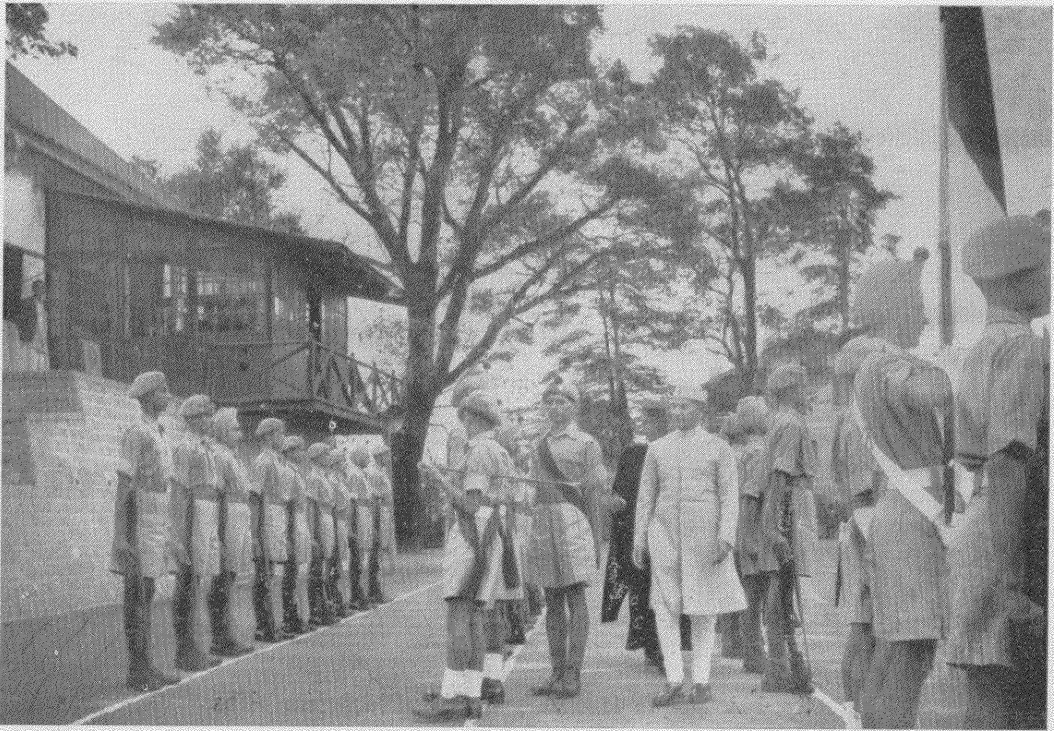


Syed Ashfaq Husain and other Old Sanawarians



Parents outside Headmaster's House.

FOUNDER'S



N.C.C.—THE INSPECTION.



"SPARROWS"—THE MARCH PAST

THE FÊTE

On a fine sunny afternoon after the March Past, the Fête started. It was a jolly affair, for everyone enjoyed it. Somebody said it was a big swindle. I do not agree. The Home Produce Stall was good (Pickles!) and the coconut shy was not bad (because the coconut did not feel shy of me and one came to me).

Still, there were two big swindles. One was the O. S. Stall (with apologies to the O. S.) and the Prefects' Stall (No apologies to them because I lost three rupees there). The Scientific Exhibition was another swindle.

The other stalls were the White Elephant Stall, but I did not see a white elephant anywhere; the Lucky Dip, which was another swindle; the Needle-Work Stall and the Art and Crafts Stall. Here there were delightful examples of the children's handicraft. Then there were the Sweet Stall and the Roundabouts which were enjoyed by the Prep School. The Tea Stall was marvellous for the hungry boys. (An afternoon at the Fête can develop an enormous appetite).

The Darts' Stall was good, (but not so, if you sat down on a couple of darts). The Treasure Hunt was a perfect Wild Goose-Chase.

At five-thirty, people began to go back, in twos and threes, to the Dorms. The Fête was enjoyed by everyone.

Karam Sheel Oberoi
L. IV.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITION

We were glad to hear the news that the present Physics Lab. would be the scene of a Scientific Exhibition during the Founder's Fête.

As it formed a part of the Fête, it had to be money-making in its outlook. We had admission tickets, sold some kaleidoscopes we had been able to make, and put up some "swindling stunts". The 'fortune-teller' and the 'Test your Nerves' fetched large crowds.

As the Fête commenced, there was a heavy rush towards the Science Block. The Scientific Exhibition advertisers had taken pains to see that every one knew about the Exhibition. H.H. Maharani Shanta Devi Gaekwad of Baroda was the first visitor.

The exhibits were mostly put up by the boys themselves. The first half of the Exhibition was the biological section. Some clay models of the heart, brain, eye and ear were exhibited. One interesting feature was 'The snakes of Sanawar'. Different kinds of snakes, killed and collected in Sanawar over the past years, were exhibited, bringing screams from the girls and looks of concern from the parents.

The other half of the Exhibition was the more interesting. The boys seemed more anxious to look through a periscope, a spectrometer and a gadget demonstrating multiple reflections in parallel mirrors. People were surprised to see a wooden cone roll upwards on wooden rails— this gadget had been constructed entirely by the boys. The working of the steam engine and a telegraph system were also demonstrated. The jars of “ Chemical Gardens ” looked most colourful. Miniature ‘neon lights’ were most beautifully displayed. These are only some of the exhibits that so captivated the public.

The “ Test Your Nerves ” proved a complete swindle, for nobody had such steady nerves as to win the prize. All seemed to be led away by the prize of 5 rupees at the expense of a two-anna bit. The “ Fortune-Telling ” provided great entertainment to all, as all were anxious to know if they were liked by their girl-friends (or boy-friends). Parents, invariably, had a shot at the question, “ Is my child a crank ? ” and due to some irony of fate, whenever the child was present, the answer was always ‘ Yes ’.

This Exhibition was the result of an earnest endeavour by Mr. Mukherjee and Mr. Gore, the organisers, assisted by some boys and was certainly enjoyed by all who were able to see it. We hope to put up a still better show next year.

Subhash Dua
Sixth Form.

THE O. S. MEETING

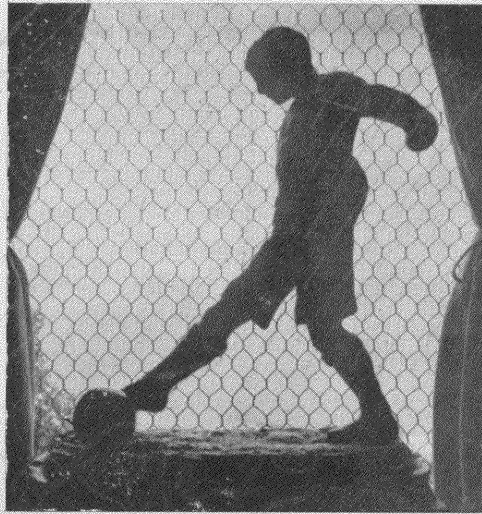
The rest of the activities during the day were confined to the O.S. A meeting was held to discover who were the real O. S. and who were the not so real O. S. The conclusion arrived at was rather complicated, punctuated by clauses 1,2,3,4, and so on. It’s all in the minutes. Amongst other things, the O. S. were informed that the Founder’s Dance would have to stop much earlier this year. There were suppressed groans in the ranks of the faithful, but like true Sanawarians they took this sad news bravely. I am sure that the parents who came to this year’s dance enjoyed it as much as the children and would have wished it to go on longer. It was real good fun.

Aditya Nehru
O. S.

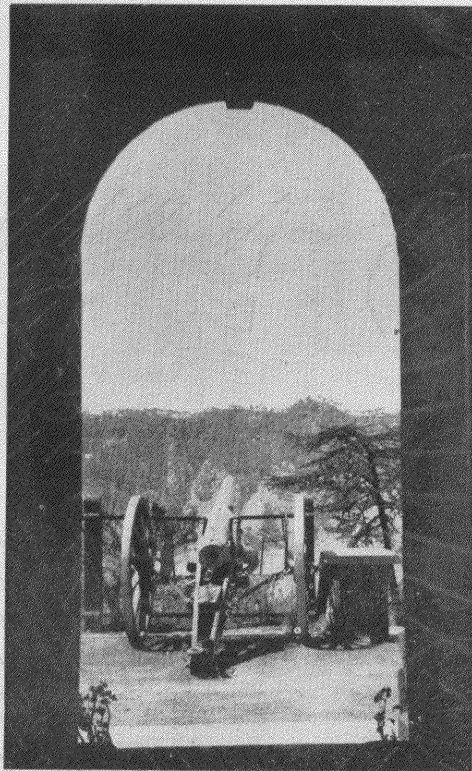
HOCKEY PAST vs. PRESENT

The morning of the 6th began with a hockey match between the Past and the Present. This sounds paradoxical, but it is made quite clear when I add the word Sanawarians to the sentence. The initial goal by the O. S. was put past a rather stunned goalkeeper, who having kissed the ground a few minutes earlier was still in a state of semi-consciousness. The O.S. team, drawn from the galaxy of one-time stars though not in their best form, won the match. Feeling proud, though very tired, they tramped off triumphantly.

Aditya Nehru.
O. S.



Y. S. Kadan
WELL TRAPPED SIR!
More Hobbies



S. Mehta
CANNON THROUGH THE CLOISTERS

HOBBIES OF SANAWARIANS.



BULLYING.....



DRAWING.....



AND SMOKING (STAFF).

Join.

HOBBIES OF SANAWARIANS. (CONTD.)



PHOTOGRAPHY.....



COOKING (GIRLS).....



GAMES.....

TENNIS : PAST vs. PRESENT

On the 6th. October, the O. S. girls put up a string of doubles against the present Sanawar girls. Aruna Vasudev and Gita Bery (Past) played against Yogindra Dhillon and Rina Charan Singh (Present).

The first game went to the Past. The Present warmed up and got the next three games. They lost one more game and then got the first set, 6-2.

The game had become very exciting and spectators were watching with keen interest. The second set proved as exciting. The Present got the first four games. The next two went to the Past, who were putting up a strong fight. The Present got the next two games thus winning the match. 6—2, 6—2.

Aruna's services, Gita's back hand, Yogindra's shots and Rina's unexpected good returns were the highlights of the play.

SINGLES

With a little rest, Yogindra and Aruna went on to play a Singles match. Before the match, it was taken for granted that Aruna would win easily, but Yogindra made it quite difficult by putting up a strong fight.

The first set went to Yogindra 6—2. Yogindra's services and shots were very good. Aruna now warmed up and got the next set after a hard fight 6—4.

By now the game had become extremely exciting and it was difficult to tell who would be the winner.

The third and final set went to Aruna. Yogindra got one game.

So the Past won this match 2—6, 6—4, 6—1.

The players went off, hot and tired, and the spectators hoped that there would be a similar match next year.

Asha Dhawan
U. V.

THE PAGAL GYMKHANA

Saturday, the 6th. October dawned bright and clear bringing with it the much looked forward to Pagal Gymkhana. Last year we had been unfortunate, as it had been impossible to have a gymkhana.

Peacestead, where it was to be held was a scene of activity just before two-thirty. There was a hilarious bustle, as every one scrambled to get a place on which to sit.

Also many parents and visitors had come to see how 'Pagal' Sanawar could be. I'm sure they were not disappointed. They sat all around Peacestead, so that they could see everything.

Then it began. Mr. Kemp announced in his usual form—not without "P. J's"—at the mike. The "mighty" Old Sanawarians rose to give the 'Present' a beating in the Tug of War, or so they thought, till after many strenuous heaves and gasps, the "Present" managed to shine, and so the O. S. had to swallow their pride.

The Prep School boys were indulging in a sack race. This meant that they had to roll on the ground in a sack, the first person to reach the other end being the winner.

There was also a balloon race for the Prep Girls. Of course, many of them went away with more than one balloon, but sad to say, I believe a few of the older girls succeeding in 'wangling' a balloon or two from them by using their charms, or their influence!

The girls had to go around, and collect as many names of the visitors as they could, in four minutes. The girl with the most names, of course, was the winner. I do not doubt that many of them invented a 'few' names, but 'girls will be girls', unfortunately, in this case.

Lower IV Downwards had a three-legged race, or rather an eight-legged race, as it ended up.

The O. S. brick race was very amusing. Some of them did not quite know the 'art' of walking on bricks and so were only half way through, when the winner was proclaimed.

Another race which was a 'hit', was the Parents' 'Bhutta' race. They had to make a necklace twelve inches long out of bhutta seeds, then garland their child, and race to the other end. It was quite pleasant to see the 'old' mummies and daddies running!

Lastly, there was the obstacle race. It was really tough, I guess, but we delighted in seeing someone get stuck in a double bar etc.

After the obstacle race, Mr. Kemp announced that the fun and games were over. We left the field littered with bhutta, paper etc. and so the Pagal Gymkhana came to an end having lived up to its name as usual.

Neena Dubey
L.V.

The O. S. Dinner and Dance

The old Sanawarian Dinners have now come into their own. They were held spasmodically in the past, and during the war and post-Partition years fell in abeyance. In 1953, however, the O. S. Dinner was revived and has now become an integral part of our Founder's celebrations. More and more Old Boys and Girls have attended these Dinners in the last four years, and their numbers this year enabled us to have a dinner exclusively for Old Sanawarian and Members of Staff.

The 29th. O. S. Dinner was held in Parker Hall on Saturday, October 6th, at 7 p. m. The labour and care expended in "doing up" the Hall was amply rewarded by the attractive picture the latter presented. The electric lights were soft and diffused, while the tables glowed with many candles. The floral decorations added to the charm of the setting.

After signing in the O. S. Register, the guests sat down to dinner. The dishes served were excellent and throughout the meal, conversation flowed freely and an atmosphere of easy camaraderie prevailed. Harish Gidwani, as the youngest O. S. Present, proposed toasts to "India", "The President of India" and "To the Memory of Our Founder". Subsequently toasts were also proposed "To the School" and "the O. S. Society" by Vikram Soni and Ashok Nehru. These two Old Sanawarians appeared to voice the general feeling prevalent among their 'kind', that the School was forging ahead along the right lines and that the relationship between the Staff and students was more friendly and less formal now than it had been in the past.

As time was running short the party broke-up, albeit reluctantly, and with a lusty and prolonged singing of "Auld Lang Syne", the guests left for Barne Hall.

Here the rest of the School had assembled for a grand finale to Founder's week—the Dance, an event of great magnitude to the younger children. Our numbers on this occasion were augmented by the presence of many parents, some of whom were attending the function for the first time. The music was provided by the Patiala Band and the dances were interspersed with games in which more often than not the Old Sanawarians were called upon to prove their mettle. As the evening progressed, the atmosphere of fun and great exuberance of spirits was heightened and the children seemed "all set" on dancing into the small hours of the morning. In view of the heavy programme and accumulative strain of Founder's Week, it was decided to terminate the Dance at 11-30 p. m. amidst loud cheers and applause.

S. J.

“ ONCE IN DAYS TOO WELL-REMEMBERED ”

There is so much about Sanawar that is precious to a Sanawarian. Its breathtaking beauty the whole year round, those glorious winter days, the May and the Banksia in Spring, and the wild profusion of flowers. Looking out of the window during Assembly, at the red roofs against the brilliant blue of the sky. The melancholy beauty of Sanawar in October, and those “autumn sunsets exquisitely dying”, the winter-hue bringing home-day nearer and nearer.....

Amid the din of a busy city, one thinks often of Sanawar in much the same way as Rupert Brooke wrote of Grantchester—

“There’s peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,

A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.”

When one was in school there were days when one hated Sanawar, there were days when one loved it, but one can never be indifferent to Sanawar.

I went up to School this year with mixed feelings. It was two years since I had been there, and although I longed to go back, I hesitated at first because I had heard that it had changed and I didn’t want to go back to a Sanawar that was different in any way from my memories of it. These doubts, however, were completely dispelled as we drove up from Garkhul, up that familiar drive, past Laughing Rock—through the School Gates. I was in Sanawar again and for the moment nothing else was of importance.

Later, even in the mad rush so characteristic of Founder’s, I realized how foolish these feelings were, for however much the superficial things may have changed the essential sprit of Sanawar remains unaltered as it has through the past 109 years. Outward changes are necessary and to be expected, for “the old order must change” yielding place to new.....lest one good custom should corrupt the world”. It is what Sanawar stands for and the spirit it infuses into all Sanawarians, which cannot change, and it is because of this that “when one is all alone and on one’s own, with life’s stern game to play”, one can have nothing but happy memories of glorious days in the “Best School of all”.

Aruna Vasudev
O. S.

FOUNDER'S

(Through L. III (Set C) eyes)

The School Concert was on the 4th. Oct. The first atom was a rag by the orchestra.

(A. K. Gupta)

The masters favoured Gurpartap by giving him the Kalinga Cup. He hardly broke 3 records; while Monti dished 5 records, and his timing was much better.

(Jatinder Singh)

The P. D. concert was very good, as good as I was, I thought. I liked best Kanjuice ki Theli.

(A. S. Brar)

The A. D. S. play was very funny. Mrs. Lyall was an old lady called Mrs. Marsland. Her husband was Mr. Marsland (Mr. Saleem Khan).

(Kalpana Shama)

Our A. D. S. play was very good. Many of the masters were very good. Our Tattoo was very good. The P.T. was very good. And the Prep School concert was very good. And many boys were in hospital. And many boys went home after Founder's. And then we went down for supper.

(C. S. Ugal)

I was in the three items in the Torchlight Tattoo. Most of the items were of Sir. J. Ram.

(Nirmaljit Singh)

The Prep School dance was very sweet. It was called Mary Gore.

(Lina Bagchi)

Society Notes

ENGLISH (Senior Section)

The first meeting of the Society was held on 7th. April. The subject for discussion was that "Co-education in Sanawar is a hindrance to its progress as a Public School". There were four main speakers after which the debate was thrown open to the House. The motion was put to vote and carried by an overwhelming majority.

The Society met for the second time on 17th. June. The evening's programme consisted of play-readings from Shakespeare. The Forum Scene from "Julius Caesar", the ghost scene from "Hamlet" and the court scene from "The Merchant of Venice" were done effectively. This attempt at play-reading was a highly commendable effort.

On 1st. July, the Society conducted an Inter-House Debate for Boys. The subject for debate was that "India's foreign policy is a contribution to World Peace." Each House was represented by two speakers, one for and one against. Vindhya House was placed first. The Inter-House Debate for Girls was held on 27th. October. The evening's topic was that "Woman's place is in the home". Siwalik House was placed first.

The Society held a Mock Parliament on 25th. August. The proceedings began with a lively half-hour of questions and answers which provoked repeated laughter. This was followed by the debate on "The Government Bill" which sought to ban moustaches. A spirited debate ensued after which "The Bill" received its "first reading."

On 2nd. September the Society held a practice debate when the motion that "Newspapers are good for the country" was debated. There were six main speakers. The motion was put to vote and declared carried.

The various meetings of the Society held during the year revealed a wealth of debating talent.

M. P. G. M.

ENGLISH (Junior Section).

The first meeting of the Junior English Society was held on the 9th. June, 1956. The following Office bearers were elected :—

President :	Lalit Dhawan.
Vice President :	Anil Khanna.
Secretary :	Navina Sundaran.

The subject of the Day was "If I were a prefect".

The Inter-House Junior Debate was held on 8th. July in Barne Hall. The subject of the Debate was "Health is better than Wealth". The speakers were allowed five minutes each. The results were as follows—

Himalaya came first, Vindhya second, Siwalik third and Nilagiri fourth.

The third and last meeting of the Junior English Society was held on the 2nd September. The evening's programme was "The Reading of Essays by the children".

All those who participated read well, and on the whole it was very enjoyable.

Navina Sundaram
Secretary

THE HINDI SOCIETY (Senior Section)

Our first meeting was held on 28th. April, Mr. Vyas presiding. Mr. Gupta read a paper on Sur Das. He mentioned that there were four other people of this name, and told us about them. The next meeting which took place on 28th. May dealt entirely with poetry. This was the first of its kind to be held in Sanawar. The girls and boys recited their own poems with great zeal and meeting went off very well. The third meeting of the year was held on 9th. June. On this occasion Miss Ramma Singh, a Professor of Mahila Vidyalaya College, Lucknow, spoke to us about Tulsidas and the times in which he lived. The great epic Ram Charita Manas is one of his renowned works. At the next meeting, the main topic under discussion was that the Past was better than the Present. The Present was judged better. The last meeting of the year was an Inter-House debate. Major Som Dutt, and Mr. and Mrs. Kate were the judges. The subject was that in order to encourage Hindi, it should be spoken outside class as well. Both sides spoke with great zest, but in the end, Nilagiri stood first, with Vindhya second, Himalaya third and Siwalik fourth.

Jasbir Kaur

HINDI (Junior Section)

Our first meeting was held in the Boys' School dining room. Mr. Atma Ram and Mr. Thakkar were incharge of us. We had not yet elected our President, Vice-President, or Secretary. We began the meeting by singing a poem by a famous poet. We went on to recite poetry and tell stories.

At our second meeting, we debated on Home vs. School. Both sides made good points, but in the end home life won. Our third meeting began with elections. Shambu Dayal became President, Basant Usha Vice-President, and J. Pandit Secretary. They have controlled the Society well. That day we acted Hindi Plays.

Our last session was a House Debate in Barne Hall. The subject was that corporal punishment should be abolished from School. Each House had very good speakers. In the Boys' School Siwalik came first, while in the Girls' School, Nilagiri won the first position. The best speakers in the Boys' School were Shubash Chopra for, and Dinesh Srivastava against the subject. While in the Girls' School, Basant Usha was considered the best speaker for the subject and Manju Soi, against. Mr. Balraj Sahni was present in Sanawar on this occasion and he addressed us. He appreciated our fluency, and said that each speaker spoke with great confidence.

Malti Varma

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

This year the various societies like Mathematics, Biology and Geography were amalgamated into the Science Society. This enabled a boy or girl to listen to discussions on a variety of topics.

The Society began functioning with a talk on the Second Five Year Plan by Mr. Sinha. He stressed the need for national planning, and showed us how the preparatory First Five Year Plan had achieved its unspectacular but worthwhile objective. We were told how the Second Plan differs from the First. The Second Plan based essentially on the development of heavy industries is a bold step to wipe out poverty and unemployment and is expected to raise the standard of living. He also discussed the benefit which the common man gains from these plans which eradicate the nation's weaknesses.

The second meeting was held on 24th. June, when Dr. A. K. Thomas, of the C. R. I., Kasauli, gave a very interesting talk on Snake Bite and its Cure. He first gave us a clear picture as to which types of snakes are poisonous. He next described the various classes of poisonous snakes and explained how to distinguish them from the non-poisonous varieties. Snake bite has no panacea. If treated immediately, there is a chance of survival. In spite of the vast extent of research in the field of snake bites, an unfailing antidote has yet to be developed. Dr. Thomas mentioned the pioneering work that is being carried out in this field by the C. R. I., Kasauli. The talk was illustrated by epidiascope projections.

The last meeting of the Society took place on 19th. August. Mr. Mukherjee gave a talk on Nuclear fission. He outlined the structure of the atom, suggesting how nuclear fission can take place. He described nuclear explosions and the experiments leading up to them. Mr. Mukherjee also explained how atomic power can be harnessed by means of 'reactors' for the welfare of mankind. He dwelt at length on the many harmful effects of nuclear explosions, mentioning how human cells suffer mutation, because of radio-active emanations. The lecture was illustrated by the use of the epidiascope.

M. V. G.

Dances of India



If we search for the earliest possible records of Indian dancing, we will find that these date back as far as 2000 years ago. Several detailed accounts of the codification of dancing are to be found in many ancient Sanskrit books. This art of India is still based on its religious philosophy, and in its idealism we find the key to the understanding of it.

In Indian dancing the stress is laid mainly on gestures and postures, as these are supposed to convey a meaning to us. One of the hand-gestures which clearly shows its meaning is “matso”, which means fish.

Kathak, only one of the various classical dances, is a dance that is commonly found in the Panjab and Uttar Pradesh. This dance is famous for its intricate foot-work. The hands also move but they do not always express any meaning.

Kathakali is the glorious art of Kerala. It depicts many mythological scenes like those from the religious books of the Hindus such as the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The meaning of the word Kathakali, “story dance” helps in making the last few lines clear. The eyes, hands, feet and body all move in harmony and so make this dance a general favourite. But, unfortunately their masks and painted faces prevent us from noticing their facial expressions.

Another singularly beautiful dance is the much heard of Bharat Natyam of Southern India. The chief difference between Kathakali and Bharat Natyam is that in the latter, one does not indulge in profuse facial and eye-expressions.

The Manipuri dance hails from Manipur in Assam. It is a swift dance and the foot-work is akin to the sound of khol—a kind of drum played for this particular dance.

The folk-dances of India are popular, too. They differ greatly from the classical dances. One of the main differences is that folk-dancing is done more for the enjoyment of the dancers than for the enjoyment of the audience!

These picturesque and lively dances show the nation's cultural achievement.

The folk-dances of Deccan, Bengal, Assam, Central Provinces, Gujerat and Uttar Pradesh are well known.

The dresses for these different dances are unique and gay and so provide a colourful picture for on-lookers.

Here in Sanawar dancing is also carried on, and the junior and senior girls learn it once a week from their enthusiastic young teacher Mrs. Thomas.

Included in our Founder's Day celebration this year were five dances, amongst which were a Manipuri dance, a Kathakali dance and one or two folk-dances as well.

Thus we see that dancing forms a constant source of joy not only to those who understand it but to one and all, old or young.

Romola Krishen
U. IV.

INDIAN MUSIC

This year the Tabla and Sitar lessons were taken over by Mr. D. C. Gupta. The tar-shahnai (Satinder Kaur), guitar (Harish Pal) and flute (Anil Malhotra) were added to the orchestra.

Hindi and Sanskrit songs continued to be sung at Assembly. Musical evenings were introduced and musical items were included in the various entertainments during the school year. Music played a dominant part in the celebrations on Independence Day. The dilruba and israj duet, the sitar duet, garba dhun and a bhajan by Nanak deserve special mention. On Gandhi Jayanti some songs were sung about Gandhiji.

The increasing interest shown in Indian Music by the children is a very encouraging sign and will enable us to go on from strength to strength.

V. T.

Music Results

Mr. Peter Cooper of the Trinity College of Music, London, called at Sanawar on the 5th October, 1956, to examine the music candidates.

The results were as follows :—

Preparatory Grade

	Results
1. Harish Pal Singh Dhillon	Honours
2. Navina Sundaram	Honours
3. Shabnam Sahni	Merit Pass

First Step Grade

	Results
4. Indra Sachdev	Merit Pass
5. Naveen Bratt	Merit Pass

Initial Grade

6. Vir Pal Singh	Honours
7. Ranjit Nagrath	Honours
8. Romola Krishen	Honours
9. Urmilla Kumari	Honours
10. Jayant Barla	Honours
11. Kalpana Sahni	Merit Pass
12. Sheila Baria	Merit Pass

Our Congratulations.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Photographic Society, whose existence had been uncertain during the preceding years, was once again revived this year by the new members under the guidance of Mr. Vyas. We had to limit the number of members to 24, with the result that many youngsters had to be disappointed. This year it was not only the boys who showed a keen interests in photography, but many members of the staff also gave it their whole-hearted support.

The Photographic Society nowadays has a section of Building No. 5 devoted solely to it. The Dark Room consists of three separate rooms for Developing, Printing and Enlarging. As a result of the boys for enlarging (trying to make life-size pictures of Mount Everest etc.) the Kodakraft printers in the printing room are lying idle.

During Founder's Week we held a photographic exhibition-cum-competition; and comparing the standard of the photographs with the period of the Society's existence we can really say that the exhibition was a remarkable achievement for the Society.

Major Som Dutt, Miss Chatterji and Mr. Bhalerao very kindly consented to judge the competition, and I would like to thank them all for the trouble they had taken. The results of the competition are as follows :—

1st. Prize Yashvir Singh Kadan ('The Soccer Trophy', 'Church Tower').

2nd. Prize Rajeshwar Pal Singh Sangha ('Inside the Chapel').

The prize winning photographs are reproduced elsewhere.

The Siwalikan members of the Photographic Society also put up a photographic exhibition on the 18th. of November entirely on their own initiative, the subject being mainly 'Sanawar Views'.

A proper start has been made and we hope that now the society will grow from strength to strength in the future.

P. K. Soneja.
(Secretary)

Book Reviews

“The New Headmaster” by Alan Ker.

“Journey Down a Rainbow” by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes.

“The Old Man and the Sea” by Ernest Hemingway.

“The Vermilion Gate” by Lin Yutang.

“The Art of India” by Stella Kramrisch.

THE NEW HEADMASTER (By Alan Ker).

A book which both the lay reader and the professional school-master will find amusing, though for very different reasons.

The former will find, definitely entertaining, the dogmatic conduct depicted, a manner of life based on illusions which, because almost universally accepted as proper in schools, appears to be truth.

The latter will appreciate a story so closely allied to his own. The technician will enjoy the striving for grammatical exactitude, particularly if he prefers the untrammelled fluency of the modern writer.

R. S. D.

JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW. (By J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes.)

To describe Journey down a Rainbow aptly, I had perhaps better repeat what its authors had to make clear to us in the preface. “This is not another of those books about America. True, it begins like a travel book.....but we had no intention of adding one more volume to the pile, already too high, of books about America by visiting authors from Europe.” And so, to make this a resourceful book for fact-hungry readers, the two writers launched upon a research into the comparative study of modern America, in the glittering and ultra modern town of Dallas and Houston, with that of primitive America, in the remote corners of New Mexico, where the Navaho and Pueblo Indians dwell.

This book is a compilation of their notes and discussions about all that they had observed of interest. Their views are presented with utmost candour, with the result that little remains hidden from the reader of all they saw, and of their reactions to their experience. It makes most delightful reading.

Baljit Singh Ahluwalia.
U. V.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA.

(By Ernest Hemingway)

Like other novels by Hemingway "The Old Man and the Sea" is a fascinating piece of literary creation. The story is of an old man who goes fishing alone. The story describes his fight with the sharks to bring his catch home. At the outset this appears rather a skeletal plot for a full-length novel, but Hemingway has treated it in this usual masterly fashion, absorbing our interest to the very end.

The fight of the old man against the sharks and against the sea, symbolises the eternal fight of mankind against the forces of nature. The old man sailing the seas in his frail craft stands for mankind struggling to assert itself in a strange dark world. Hemingway pictures vividly the old man's feelings before he sets out. He, like others, shows his interest in the world around him but once he goes to sea he leaves behind a world of sorrow and tribulation. He is alone and he has to fight his battle single-handed. This perhaps, is Hemingway's philosophy, that in the final reckoning, man has to fend for himself.

Hemingway belongs to the modern school of writers who have lived, what they write. This novel of the troubles of a lonely man at sea, in spite of its lack of colourful background and striking characters, proves to be one of his best.

Lila Kak

L. V.

THE VERMILION GATE

(By Lin Yutang)

The famous Chinese author has risen to fame once again with his breath-taking novel "The Vermilion Gate". Yes it is Lin Yutang who has held many in awe and admiration. It has the usual theme which is the basis of so many Chinese writings; the people groaning under the yoke; the Japs setting foot on Chinese soil; the rising of the People and in the end, crowning their efforts in Victory.

In this book the people, their life and sorrows, their momentary hopes are all brought forward clearly. You feel with them, rise with them and die with them. The style is simple and straight-forward and every sentence is pregnant with meaning.

Even the hero and heroine, Li Fei and Joan have their troubles. There are family disputes and intrigues, and above all the "masquerade since the time of Jupiter—Love". But in the end all is settled peacefully and well, "and they live happily ever after".

Gurvir Inder Singh

U. V.

THE ART OF INDIA BY STELLA KRAMRISCH

Lovers of art are familiar with the name of Stella Kramrisch who is an authority on Indian sculpture. She belongs to Hungary but having spent some years in India, she has studied the various schools of Indian art.

Among her many famous works on Indian sculpture and painting the "Art of India" is a valuable gift that conveys a comprehensive knowledge of Indian sculpture. The book is illustrated profusely and gives a fascinating glimpse of the rich heritage of Indian art. It contains mainly a number of plates. The first fifty pages contain eight coloured plates and a brief but informative note on the traditions of Indian art. The next portion comprises one hundred and fifty-six plates and the last thirty pages are devoted to notes on all the plates contained in the book and to an appendix of illustrations.

In the coloured plates symbolism is convincingly portrayed. The paintings cover a very wide range of period. The first three paintings from Ajanta are representative of Indian classical art, the one of Buddha expounding his doctrine, perhaps represents the main theme of Indian art in those days. The next two which are full of decorative style convey the influence of the Timurid, Turkish, Persian and the European Renaissance. And in their own diversely flavoured styles, the last three furnish an idea of Rajput art.

More than the coloured plates, the plates on sculpture bring out the greatness of India's ancient culture and civilisation. Many of them are taken from panels on the stone walls of the temples scattered throughout the country. Here and there a decorative touch is observed but the spiritualistic aspect predominates in almost all the plates on sculpture. A number of these plates depict sites of the temples of India.

O. P. S.

Ye Oldē Sanawarian News

Mrs. Carter is Senior Maths Mistress in the Grammar School at Bury, St. Edmunds and likes her job very much. Anne is teaching in Aldeburgh, Timothy is still in school.

Miss Rudra writes from Whitelands College, London:—

“ This year is extremely busy and college work has piled up. However everything is worthwhile and it has made me very methodical.

.....We've just had our half-term. I went down to Cornwall with some college friends. Luckily the weather was lovely. The sea was beautifully green and calm.

..... Mrs. Carter and Anne came up for Meena Ahuja's Wedding Reception. They first came to me for tea and then we went along together.....Met Dr. and Mrs. Amin. Gita, I believe is growing up (she was with us at the age of four, and was the sweetest, fattest, most independent Sparrow—ever Ed.) and wants to be a Doctor.

Sunil Ahuja is attending a Preparatory School and will go to the same Public School as the Amins' nephew.

I haven't met Mrs. Coombes or Lesley yet. Lesley is now teaching in Birmingham and Mrs. Coombes and she have a flat together. James is doing National Service. He has gone into the R. A. F. Gay Butler is studying in a sort of finishing school in France. She did very well in the G. C. E. Advanced Level.

.....I've had a wonderful summer holiday, with a visit to Switzerland, Italy, and the Lake District in England. I've cut down my social activities, due to pressure of college work—besides I'm in charge of our Hostel and also have to organise conferences for the University of London Institute of Ed. Students' Association, attend its debates etc.”

Here is another letter from London—

“ I thought to be given the 'sticks' for not having written earlier to you all in Sanawar, but London is so busy and hectic that you are taken up at once into its roar of cars and trains, and engulfed in a wonderland of lights and sounds (also soot and fog).

I commenced my studies for the Advanced Level General Certificate of Education at the St. Marylebone Grammar School, where my brother is also studying, and will take my Exam. next July. It's a very nice school, and the boys are hefty, rowdy, considerate, and all in all a jovial lot. It did not even take me a day to make friends as they reminded me so much of boys in Sna. Some even look like them! My subjects are Physics, Applied Maths. and Pure Maths., and it's funny that the

subjects I detested when I was in Sanawar, right from Lower III to Upper V are now my favourites. Perhaps the punch that I got on my nose during the boxing season in Sanawar, made me change my mind.

I have come into my House 1st. XV Rugby team. I think it's mainly due to the experience gained through the 'rough and tumble' fights I used to have in Sanawar."

Just an Old Sanawarian,
Parvez Kumar

And now one from Hong Kong. We greatly enjoyed the Colledges' visit and the showing of colour films taken of India, their holiday in England and Scotland, of life in Hong Kong and of the arrest of an illicit distiller of country liquor. We hope that Mrs. Colledge who has been seriously ill, will soon be her old self.

"I had my doubts even last year (that Sanawar would carry on) but my recent visit confirmed my views that there will be a Sanawar, always.

Somehow, I find that one can place the utmost confidence in Major Som Dutt and his teaching Staff. His assurance that the Chapel would remain an integral part of the School removed all apprehensions. I shall return, and I shall try to get as many O. S. to come as well every year."

BILL COLLEDGE

K. K. SOI writes from Calcutta:—

"I am studying in St. Xavier's College here. My subjects are Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and Language and Literature."

Mr. Bhatia and P. S. Mangat are here. I meet them quite often.

KULDIP SINGH SIGHAT who is at Kharakvasla—

"The best part of the two years I have been out of contact has been spent at the National Defence Academy undergoing training as a 'Pongo' (Army Cadet). Quite a few old Sanawarians have passed out and are at present at the Mil. College, Dehra Dun. Among those lucky guys are Gurbirinder, Pardaman and Vinod. Most of us here will be following in their wake in a year or two.

Perhaps no better description can be obtained of the Academy than that from a fresher's mind—to quote Bhupinder Pal Singh 'it's just an imposing magnificent structure sprawling over a huge area and offering a variety in provincial representation that would do any museum. Its curriculum varies widely between academics and out-door life with a good bit of military traditions and mannerisms thrown in.'

Even though the instruction imparted covers a wide range of subjects greatest stress is laid on drill, the very name sort of sends shivers up our spines and the name spells an unpleasant Wednesday or Saturday afternoon."

Kharakvasla bulletin contd. (BHUPI).

All the Sanawarians are fine (That's our Sgn. chaps, Sodhi, Gurbir, Sighat and Kalaan).

I am sure you'll be glad to hear that the "Doggies" are doing very well and are hoping, OK, it'll be better if I say, trying very hard to be champion. I am sure that we'll be able to do it as we have already won five competitions. The only obstacle is the "Drill comp:" which has nearly always gone badly with "Dog" Sgn.

The Mil. Wing Football and Cricket teams were down here about a month back. Honours were evenly shared, though the N. D. A. XI definitely played better.

I was just thinking about it, mind it is up to you to decide if my idea is practicable or not—instead of "Charley" selling his "sweets" the way he does now, I *think* that it would be far nicer if some room could be converted into a sort of "Cafe" where Charley could sell his stuff and the School could have soft drinks, ice-cream etc. on sale there. I am sure the chaps will like it far more than the present system. And anyway I think it's worth a try."

Yours affectionately,
BHUPS.

SURINDER KALAAN who was not present during Founder's writes.—

"There are about fifty Sanawarians on the whole in the Academy. Twelve Sanawarians including my brother Rajinder came in the new course.

H. S. Sodhi is the senior most cadet among the Sanawarians at present. He is in the Academy riding and cricket teams. Gurkirpal Singh who is just the same as before, is also in the Academy cricket team. Sarabjit Singh Sandhu who came fifth in the Cross-Country, out of Nine Hundred cadets, was awarded a half-blue'. Then Lamba finished 12th which is not at all bad. So there were two Sanawarians among the first twenty. Sarabjit is also a great tennis player and is in the Academy team for this game. He may get his 'half-blue' here as well. K. S. Dhami won his weight in Boxing. By these achievements you can see that Sanawarians are actually putting up a good show.

H. S. BEDI—

"We cannot forget the kindness and hospitality with which you kept us during our stay there. (At Founder's.)

After Founder's, that is on the 7th, Dileshwar, Rattan, Soni, Desraj, Harprit, two or three others and I went to Simla to see Mr. Carter, Mrs. and Mr. Cowell.

It was a great surprise for Mr. Carter and Mrs. and Mr. Cowell. The whole afternoon was spent in talking about the 'good old days', and how some of us managed to get caned.

In the morning we met Mr. Cuzen and Mr. Williams who too, were very surprised to see us all there. At ten o'clock Mr. Carter very kindly took us up to St. Bede's College and by Jove! they were impressing (I mean.....ahem! ahem!). However, boys like Rattan were placed under the safe custody of Mr. Carter and the Reverend Mother.

After that we had lunch at Mr. Carter's house and at 4-00 p.m. very reluctantly, we left for our respective colleges."

USHA CHOUDHRY who is having trouble with her back writes in a fit
of the blues—

"I have been having a dreadful time with various injections and horrible medicines. It is so irritating to stay in bed the whole time. No one seems to know what is wrong with my back."

"Since I came back to Delhi I have been very busy. I have Shorthand and Typing lessons every morning and I'm also learning the Piano. Actually I've just got a job. It's only a temporary one with the Ministry of Education for the duration of the UNESCO Conference, but I'm rather pleased about it, because I don't really have any qualifications for a job, only a B. A. Honours degree which is not really very useful."

Aruna Vasudev.

THE TIMES OF INDIA REPORTS ON 19-11-'56.

Besppectacled Ranjit Bhatia of St. Stephen's College who set up a new Delhi University mark in the 1.500 metres run improved upon his own mark of 4 minutes 21.4 seconds, which he set last year by 10.4 seconds. He clocked 4 minutes 11 seconds.

Bhatia was off to a flying start. He took a lead of 10 metres and maintained it till the second round. Khalsa's Ranjit Singh, who was chasing him, tried desperately to reduce the distance but Bhatia, with an electric burst in the last round, breasted the tape first beating his rival by more than 100 metres.

"Well Done Ranjit!"

LUDHIANA NEWS.

Surinderpal is doing well. He will be representing the College this year. He will be going to the trials for the Punjab University team, as a wicket-keeper. Gurpal is waiting for his Intermediate Results. Harprit has been a little quiet since he returned from Founder's. He participates in most of the College debates and Declamation Contests, and has won a number of prizes. Devinderjit is here, but we don't see much of him.

Ashok Desraj.

Boys' School Date



HIMALAYA HOUSE

House Master ... Mr. Bhupinder Singh
House Tutors ... Mr. Bhalerao
 Mr. M. S. Sinha
 Mr. Jagdish Ram
Prefects ... K. M. Verma (School)
 V. K. Maniktala
 Amarjit Singh Grewal
 Gurpartap Singh

Once again the School reopened with trivial and significant events, yet unknown, ahead of us.

Many youngsters entered our rolls and adjusted themselves to the corporate life of the House in a remarkably short time.

There has been a perceptible improvement in our general discipline and demeanour. Estrangement between prefects and boys is non-existent, and self-inspired co-operation is steadily developing.

Academic :—

Many of our boys have worked hard which has consequently brought us up in points. Mohinderjit, Chawla, Vijai Khanna, Samaresh Mukherji, Anil Seth, and Avinash Bahadur have each made a vast personal contribution.

Sports :—

We have made our presence felt on the sports field and many of our boys have represented the School at Cricket, Soccer, Hockey and Boxing.

In the Cricket House matches Preminder Singh and Manjit Singh batted with caution and helped mount our totals. Ashok Seth's fielding was exceptionally good. Our Soccer, somehow, lacked co-ordination, and was partly dependent on Verma's personal effort.

Himalayan boxers were however supreme in the ring and the preliminary rounds were fought off with great zeal. Of the finalists, Har Raghbans, J. P. Singh, Ashok Seth and K. M. Verma achieved supremacy in their respective weights.

We shared the first place with Siwalik in Hockey.

Common Room :—

The new set of rooms have been converted into the Reading Room and the Common Room respectively, and now we have Prep. in the old Common Room.

Our House Fund has been steadily increasing and we hope to procure objects that will be the envy of others.

A few competitions are still left over and we have a firm conviction that we'll do our best in the true Himalayan spirit.

Anand Chakaravarti.
Sixth Form

NILAGIRI HOUSE

House Master	...	Mr. Saleem Khan
House Tutors	...	Mr. U. P. Mukherji Mr. V. Thakar Mr. A. R. Sharma
School Prefects	...	Mr. H. S. Brar S. K. Mullick
House Prefects	...	V. K. Soi R. S. Virk

Nilagiri House this year has been divided into three tutorial groups, each group being under one of the above mentioned tutors; this leaves the House Master to deal with the pocket money only.

The Junior Dormitory was looked after by Dhami and Mullick, but the departure of K. S. Dhami brought R. S. Virk to help S. Mullick. The Senior Dormitory is under H. S. Brar and V. K. Soi.

The year started off with Cricket, each House entering one team. We came second by winning two out of three matches. The next season was Soccer and we shared the second place with Himalaya. We however got the Inter-House Swimming championship, and surprised the other Houses by coming second in Hodsons. Boxing was our weak point again, we came last and followed it up by coming third in Athletics. In Hockey we shared the second place with Vindhya.

There were some new Inter-House competitions this year. These were the Inter-House Debates in English and Hindi and the Inter-House G. K. competition. We came second in the Senior English Inter-House Debate and third in the Junior Inter-House Debate. In the Senior Hindi Debate we were first and second in the Junior. In the G. K. competition we shared the first place with Vindhya House.

Nilagiri House would like to inform its old members that the House has bought a new Phillip's Radio out of the House Fund, because the old Ferranti had a nervous breakdown after intensive service. The Ferranti is now undergoing a series of experiments under Mr. U. P. Mukherji. The old gramophone was, however, sold for the handsome sum of Rs. 40/-. We now have our own bath-house, with new showers and blue chipped walls. The old bath-house having been cleared of its tubs is now used as our Prep. Room.

V. K. Soi.
U. V

VINDHYA HOUSE

House Master ... Mr. V. D. Vyas

School Prefect ... Pradeep Rao

House Prefects ... Malvinder Singh Shergill
B. S. Ahluwalia

A number of new boys came to the House when the term opened in March, and our total strength was 65. We were very glad to have Mr. O. P. Sharma, and Mr. D. C. Gupta, as our new House Tutors this year, and are grateful for their services to the House. Mrs. Massey, our new matron, joined us, after the transfer of Mrs. Thun.

Bhupinderpal, our House Prefect since last year, was appointed Head Boy. P. Rao. went as Prefect to the Junior Dormitory while M. S. Shergill stayed with Bhupinderpal in the Senior Dormitory. B. S. Ahluwalia was appointed Prefect in September. Bhupinderpal who had been selected for the N. D. A. left us in June. His departure was not only a great loss to the House, but also to the School. Our good wishes go with him.

Vindhya has not been very successful in games this year, but they were played with great enthusiasm and spirit. Each player gave of his best. This year for the first time, Vindhya staged a Saturday Club performance which was a great success.

Vindhya fared very well in the Inter-House Debating, both in English and Hindi. Our hearty congratulations to B. S. Ahluwalia who was declared the best Boxer, and captained the School Boxing Team against B. C. S.

by a handsome margin. We also won the Defence Cup. Special mention must be made of R. Mountford who set up five new records. He participated in six events. In the Inter-House relay for Boys Under 11, the Siwalik Relay team smashed the old record. We shared the Inter-House Hockey Trophy with Himalaya and thus completed a "grand slam" by winning all the three major field games. From last position last year we went up to first position this year and bagged the Inter-House Shooting also. J. P. S. Soin was adjudged the best shot. The Inter House P.T. is yet to be decided and we are hopeful of giving a good account of ourselves. If the pre. exam. "swotting" is any indication, we ought to retain the Cowell Cup for Studies which has traditionally been ours.

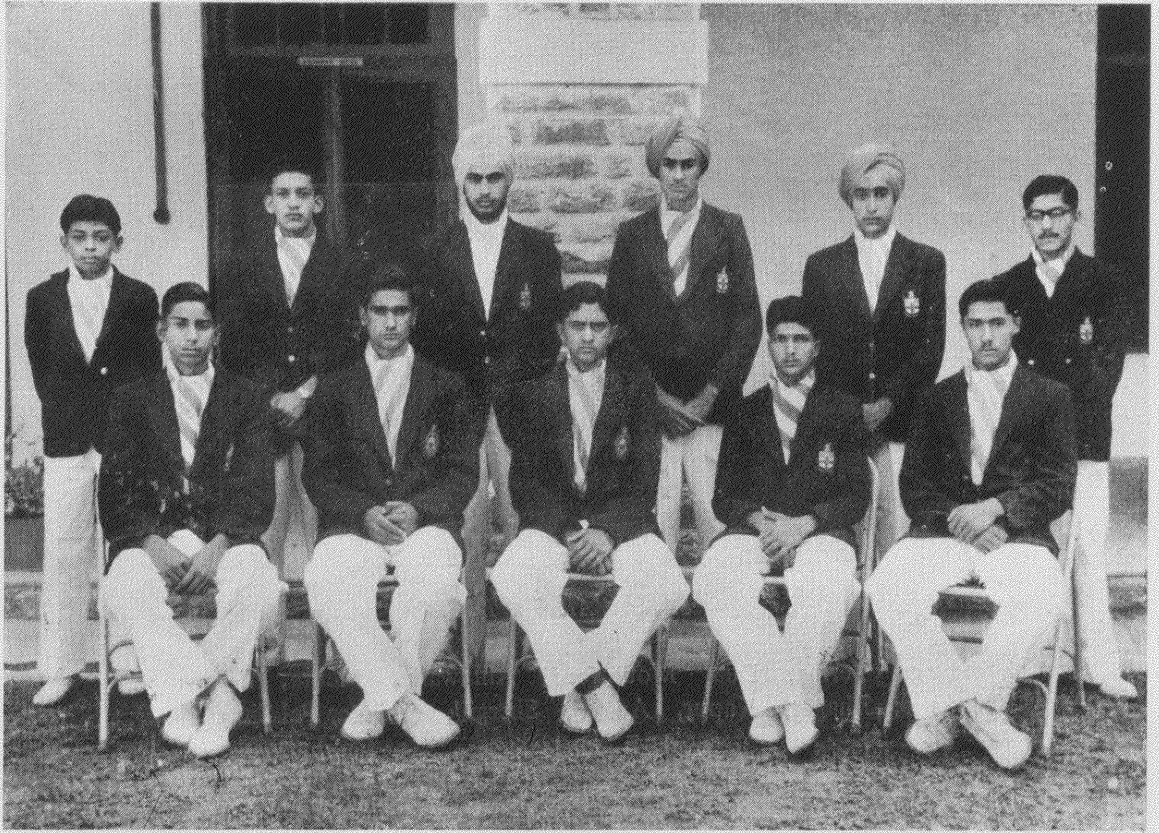
During the year, Naresh Bahadur was appointed Head Boy of the School. He also won the President's Medal for Boys. Along with Virendra Pal, he has been selected for the J. S. W.

We welcomed Mr. M. P. Gopinath, who joined us at the beginning of the year as our House Tutor. In May, Mr. Rao returned from his training. We were as happy to have him back with us as he was to be with us. He took over from Mr. Rawat and immediately started "bullying" us in order to win the Cock-House Trophy. Mr. S. P. Sharma, who had been with us during Mr. Rao's absence, left us in May. In July, our Matron, Mrs. Harrison left and her place was taken by Miss Sudarshan Sehgal, an old Sanawarian, for about a month. In August, Mrs. Saguna joined us as our Matron. Mr. H. C. Srivastava left us in November to take up an appointment elsewhere. Our best wishes go with him.

An appropriate conclusion to this year's highly successful chronicle of events would be the mention of the Siwalik House Exhibition held towards the end of the year. Stamps, photographic studies, emblems, first-day covers etc. were on show. Summing up, I would like to state that this year has been a very satisfactory and thoroughly enjoyable one for the Siwalikans.

K. M. Singh
L. V.

CRICKET XI.



STANDING: Patel, Marwaha, Gurpartap, Grewal, Parminder Singh, Gauba.
SITTING : Virendar Pal, Dhani, Bhupinder Singh, Gaekwad. Mountford.

BOXING



SANAWAR Vs. B. C. S.

STANDING: Verma, Dua, Mountford, Ahluwalia, Mehra, Seth.
KNEELING: Bhagat, Kapur, Anand, Shergill, Jatinder Pal Singh.

CRICKET REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

Only three old colours—Bhupi, Dhami and Sangram had returned. Around them the team had to be built. We had to find a new wicket-keeper, a fast bowler to partner Bhupi, and an opening pair who could give us a reasonable start. We needed a couple of stroke players in the middle and some resolute batting at the end. On two occasions only we crossed the 175 mark.

Last year we had Surinderpal and Devendra Pratap who repeatedly came to our rescue. This year we had to depend on Sangram who, I must say played some very good innings. His 119 against Y. P. S. was a delightful effort. Among the others, Bhupi was too impatient; Marwaha took a very long time to settle down; and Dhami always picked the wrong ball to hit. To the end we remained a weak batting side.

We had a steady bowling side but it lacked 'sting'. Bhupi did splendidly with the new ball, but lost interest as soon as the ball lost its shine. Dhami was steady without being formidable. Patel bowled his left arm spinners cleverly in short spells. Marwaha's off-spinners were good, but his length and direction were not so good. Our fielding was keen without being brilliant. Virendra Pal developed into a safe wicket-keeper. The outfielding was smart, very few catches were missed out in the middle, but we lacked good slip fielders.

The record of the team is as follows :—

Played 10 ; Won 3; Lost 5; Drawn 2.

In our annual fixtures against B. C. S. and Y. P. S. we lost to B. C. S. but managed to beat Y. P. S. again.

With boys leaving in the middle of the term to appear for the J. S. W. and the Matric, team building will always be something of a problem. I suggest that the joining age for the J. S. W. be not below 18 years. Then we will have a decent team.

M. S. K.

ON GOING IN TO BAT.

I have had the wonderful opportunity of seeing John Reid of New Zealand coming in to bat. I have always admired the way that hard-hitting vice-captain entered the field. He came to the top of the stairs, stood there for a second or two, pulled on his gloves, then carefully watching the stairs, came down them at full speed. On coming on to the field he pulled at his cap hard. Then very confidently he stepped on to the pitch. Well, I tried to copy that swashbuckling all rounder once, but I didn't succeed much. Firstly, I found that there were no stairs from the top of which I could cast my proud (I mean scared) glance on to the field. Anyway, I gave my gloves a good tug, a very good tug that nearly tore them. Coming down the stairs was out of the question since there were none. I was feeling a bit sad and brooding on the absence of the stairs.

I remembered that the next thing was to give my cap a good pull. Absent-minded as I am, I did give it one, but found out the hard way that I didn't have one on. On stepping on to the pitch, I was far from confident, so much so, that I held my bat the wrong way to the amusement of everyone. I determined (I mean dreamt) to score a double century to wipe out this disgrace. But the best part is that where Reid would have scored a hundred, I scored a "duck".

Arun Maira
L. V.

SWIMMING

A newcomer to Sanawar is rather surprised when he sees a swimming pool situated in the centre of the School. He would be even more surprised if he were told that there was another pool in Sanawar. This other pool is now out of use since the water used to seep through the cracks in the cement and flood the Headmistress's house which is just below it. The Swimming pool which was in use is surrounded by trees which provide a natural concealment for it.

It is a pity that the Sanawar Swimming season is short. This is mainly because of the weather since it gets too cold to swim by the middle of August. The other reason for our having such a short season is because of the water shortage in Sanawar. We will soon be getting a filter plant by which one "fill" will last at least a month. The length of the pool is roughly twenty metres and there are four lanes in it. When the architect designed the pool he did not allow for a spring board. If a spring board is used the diver will inevitably crack his head open at the bottom of the tank.

The Swimming season started in June and ended in August. Everybody is very excited the first time they get into the pool. The swimmers are constantly giving the non-swimmers 'duckings' and it is quite a common sight seeing the Master on Duty falling headlong into the pool in all his regalia. The Swimming Sports are at the end of the season. Competitors from each 'House' take part in swimming one length and then three lengths of the pool. This year Nilagiri came first in the Boys' Department, followed by Vindhya, Siwalik and then Himalaya.

The season ended with the Annual Swimming Gala. During the Gala there were "tub races", "potato races" and various other types of queer races. After the day of Gala the weather suddenly changed and it got too cold to swim any more.

Anil Nehru
U. V.

HODSON RUNS

Hodson Runs training began this year on 12th. July, a little before our half-yearly examination commenced, and the Finals were held at 3-30 p. m. on Sunday 26th. August, 1956.

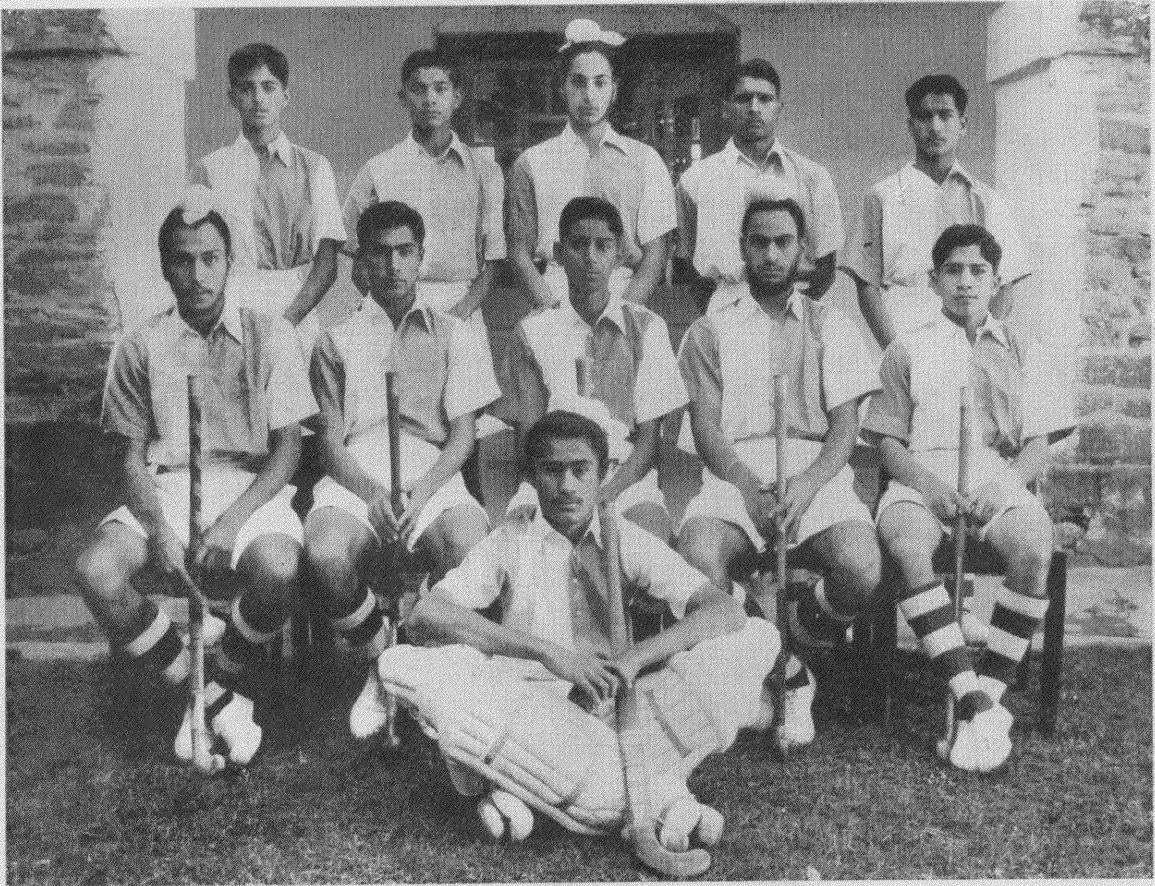
SOCCER XI.



STANDING: Gauba, Sood, Kamaljit Singh, Sethi, Seth.

SITTING: Marwaha, Gurpartap, Verma, Grewal, Mountford, Naresh Bahdur.

HOCKEY XI.



STANDING: Shergill, Netyanand Singh, Sandhu, Naresh Bahadur, Sood.
SITTING: Brar, Mountford, Verendar Pal, Gurpartap Singh, Verma, Grewal.

Unlike last year, Long Back was less slushy and but for occasional interruptions by a heavy downpour, the practice went quite satisfactorily.

The qualifying heats were held a day before the Finals and the points scored were as follows :—

Himalaya House	13 points
Nilagiri	„	...	11 „
Siwalik	„	...	14 „
Vindhya	„	...	12 „

For the finals, we started off in clear weather and luckily it continued so all through, except for the prize distribution when a sudden heavy shower compelled us all to race into the Gymnasium Hall.

The following stood first in their age groups :—

UNDER 11	UNDER 13	UNDER 15	OPEN
Ranjit Mehra (4' 12.5")	Anjon Mehra (5' 14.3")	R. Mountford (9' 25.4")	Nitya Nand Singh (11' 41.7")
1. Siwalik	97 points
2. Nilagiri	91 „
3. Himalaya	69 „
4. Vindhya	59 „

The low score of individual Houses can probably be attributed to the fact that this year for want of time, we had to run Boxing, Soccer, Swimming, and Hodson Runs all at the same time, However, the timings have improved throughout.

M. V. G.

FOOTBALL.

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

The Football season was probably the leanest we have experienced in recent years. The selection of the School XI presented a real problem this year, for, we just did not possess the material for a first class football team. To the very end, one was not quite sure who would be in the team. All possible combinations were tried in the very limited time we had at our disposal, for the mid-term holidays interrupted our games, in addition to the unusual epidemic of 'Bronchitis'. However we did pick up a side, who were ready to learn, keen to improve and determined to do well against our traditional rivals.

If selecting the School XI offered some problems, shaping a 2nd. XI offered still more difficulty. Our teams this year were young sides, wanting in height and weight, but despite our misgivings, our boys acquitted themselves very well in the Inter-School fixtures.

The School XI played altogether 8 matches, excluding the Inter-School fixtures, out of which they won 5 matches and lost the remaining 3 matches. The 2nd. XI played only one match and that too, against our Colts and lost to them! The Colts played 6 matches, won 4 and lost the other 2. Thus the teams did not have many matches either.

The 2nd. XI fixture against Bishop Cotton School was played at Simla and resulted in yet another win for our rivals by 4—0. There was no doubt that they were a superior side. The School XI fixture played at Sanawar resulted in a victory to Sanawar by the odd goal in three. Sanawar played a hard and determined game on a slushy field and though our opponents were a heavier side, the condition of the ground went against them and they were caught on the wrong foot time and again. *A brief account of these matches is given separately.*

After our victory over the Bishop Cotton School, we were all looking forward to our fixtures with the Yadavindra Public School, which were played at Sanawar. In the Colts' match Sanawar won by 3—1 goals, Anjon Mehra's fine opportunism being responsible for two goals. Our opponents playing on a hard and fast field, were struggling hard to settle down for most of the time.

The 1st. XI match provided the most entertaining football witnessed in recent years. Though we lost by the odd goal in five, we were not disgraced. It was a very clean and fast game and was anybody's till about 5 minutes from the final whistle.

The House Tournaments roused considerable enthusiasm as all Inter-House fixtures do, and Siwalik are to be congratulated on being Cock-House. Their way was by no means an easy one, and they were deservedly the winners.

N. K. S. R.

A FOOTBALL MATCH.

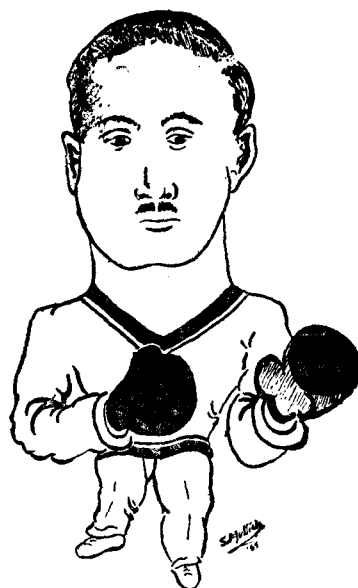
The second football match against Bishop Cotton School was on the 11th. September. The day was not clear. The rain was not heavy but it drizzled slowly down on the earth, the wind blew softly. The boys brought their rain coats and sat down wherever they found a comfortable place. Now everyone waited impatiently for the match to commence.

The referee blew the whistle, and the field was cleared and the captains came running to the centre, where they shook hands and tossed. The match commenced, and there was an uproar from the boys and girls. The ball was light and so it rose high up in the air and it looked as though it was rotating slowly like the earth, but soon it was changed. Many boys fell down, and some skated, and we were all very amused. Sanawar's left out dashed forward with the ball and near the goal he kicked it. The ball went into the goalie's hand but it slipped and went in the goal and there was a sudden uproar from the boys. Everyone threw their rain coats up in the air. The game continued, and the B. C. S. boys were trying their best to score goals, but it was half time now.

The match continued and there were loud cheers. Sanawar succeeded in scoring two more goals. The Bishop Cotton School boys had lost hope, but they also managed to score two goals.

The match ended and it was Sanawar's day of victory. We cheered the Sanawarians and the B. C. S. boys for playing well and making the game interesting.

Birinder Singh Bala
L-IV.



BOXING

Boxing training was included in the regular Games' programme from April to July, and some of the younger boys showed considerable aptitude and enthusiasm. In a few years we will have a reservoir of talent on which to draw for our Inter-School fixture.

About 180 boys entered for the House Tournament and this represents a voluntary 72 %.

We were privileged to have Brigadier Pathania give away the medals and certificates on the day of the Finals, and very pleased to hear him remark that he had never witnessed a 'cleaner' session; to use his own words: "The fights were hard and clean, and showed plenty of courage."

HOUSE COMPETITION

1st.	Himalaya	75	Pts.
2nd.	Vindhya	56	„
3rd.	Siwalik	47	„
4th.	Nilagiri	38	„

Best Boxer's Award— B. S. AHLUWALIA

Best Loser's Award— YOGINDER SINGH

BOXING

Sanawar (3) vs B. C. S. (8)

Our unofficial Boxing fixture held on November 10th., was a welcome revival. The last meeting between the two Schools was in 1947. Our lads fought gallantly but B. C. S. were too good for them and we could register only three victories. It must be said in extenuation though that our training period, from October the fifteenth to November the seventh, was very short.

- Match Weight—** Anand started well but was not fit enough to last the three rounds.
- Paper Weight—** Sher Gill and Sethon (B.C.S.) put on a good hard-hitting scoop. There was nothing to choose between the boxers, and Sher Gill was unfortunate to lose.
- Midget Weight—** Kapoor opened well and shook his opponent with a battery of blows. He had a clear lead at the end of the first round but seemed to lose ground as the bout advanced. Again the decision might have gone either way.
- Mosquito Weight—** Bhagat is a hard-hitting boxer and has plenty of experience behind him. Both boxers punched hard and clean, with Bhagat winning the first round, but losing his advantage towards the end.
- Gnat Weight—** Mehra was too quick on his feet for his slower opponent. This bout was in sharp contrast to the preceding one, and not many points were scored.
- Fly Weight—** J. P. Singh has the upright stance associated with an earlier day. He is a determined fighter and has courage. His opponent though giving away seven pounds was four years older than J.P., and the result was never in doubt.
- Bantam Weight—** Seth was too good for Dotiwala (B. C. S.) and packed a punch much heavier than his opponent's. Dotiwala put up a very courageous performance.
- Feather Weight—** Verma rushed in to shake his opponent with a welter of blows but Sondhi (B.C.S.) soon found an answer: he used his feet and he used his 'left', and Verma's wild bull-headed tactics were nullified.
- Light Weight—** Dua was up against an experienced boxer and was outclassed; leading with the right is a fight-losing fault, and Dua must make an effort to remedy this weakness in his tactical approach.
- Welter Weight—** Ahluwalia walked into a left hook and the fight was over in twenty seconds.
- Middle Weight—** Mountford used his feet cleverly and was wise in not attempting to 'mix it'. Chaddha (B. C. S.) was swinging hard but paid the penalty of leaving himself open. Mountford used the double punch well whenever he stepped inside his opponent's guard.

HOCKEY

The Hockey Season was scheduled to begin after Founder's but owing to the heavy rains we could not start till the 16th. October. The season opened as usual with the Festival Match which was packed with thrills. The Staff lost the match and gave the School a promising start. This was followed by daily practice by sets. Not many days were left for our fixtures against the Y. P. S., Patiala and a few outside matches were arranged with the C. R. I., Kasauli.

On Diwali the First Eleven and Colts left for Patiala. The Colts' match started at 3 p. m. the next day. Our team made a good start and managed to break through their tough defence many times, but failed to net the ball. By the interval the exchanges were almost equal and no goal was scored by either side. In the second half, unfortunately, our players could not prove equal to the consolidated attack and three goals were scored by Y. P. S. in quick succession. This was followed by the seniors' match. Right from the beginning Y. P. S. appeared to dominate the show. Our players were not too comfortable on turf against a superior opposition. The Y. P. S. side had experience and speed and the first goal was scored within five minutes. The Y. P. S. lightning attack was too much for our defence and they had scored three goals by half-time. Our side gave a better account of themselves in the second half but could not do much and the result stood at 5-0 at the end. Though both our teams lost at Patiala it must be said to their credit that they played a very spirited, clean and hard-fought game from the 'bully off' to the final whistle.

The Second Eleven match against B. C. S. was played at Sanawar on the 8th. November. A big crowd had come from Simla to witness this anxiously awaited event. As the game commenced B. C. S. started pressing hard against us and broke through our defence again and again but just failed to score. In the 12th. minute Dua stopped a fast cross hit from the right and neatly 'flicked' the ball into their goal beating both the back and the goalie. This came as a shock to the Cottonians and they intensified their attack. The ball seemed to be all the time in our 'twenty-five' area and our backs and half-backs put up a remarkably good defence and foiled all their rapid moves. Y. P. Sharma, our goatee, made a few spectacular saves. In the second half Dua scored another goal during a 'melee'. So to the delight of all Sanawar we won this match by two goals. The First Eleven match was played at Simla on the 11th. morning, Before our players had time to settle down on unfamiliar ground a goal was scored against us. Our forwards made some quick moves but were always caught 'off-side' owing to the single back technique of the opponents. In the beginning our players appeared to be too excited to play a normal game but in the second half they planned some good moves and played a very steady game. Mountford was unlucky to miss a goal just before the final whistle. Thus we lost the match by a solitary goal.

Inter-House matches marked the culmination of the Hockey season. All the House teams appeared to be equally matched and all matches were keenly contested. As usual, excitement ran high and loud cheering went on incessantly throughout the tournament which ended in a combined victory for Himalaya and Siwalik.

1st. XI	2nd. XI	Colts
V. P. Singh (Capt.)	Pradeep Rao (Capt.)	K. S. Sethi
Gur Pratap Singh	Ashok Seth	Y. P. Sharma
Richard Mountford	K. S. Sethi	D. S. Hazuria
H. S. Brar	Preminder Singh	N. P. Dube
A. S. Grewal	S. K. Kak	A. S. Bal
K. M. Verma	Y. P. Sharma	Balraj Singh
Naresh Bahadur	A. S. Bal	B. S. Bala
M. S. Shergill	D. S. Hazuria	Samaresh Mukherji
G. D. Sood	B. S. Bala	Hans Raj
Opendirjit Singh	S. C. Dua	Sarabjit Lorai
Nityanand	J. P. Singh	C. K. Mahajan

V. V.

INTER-HOUSE SHOOTING

The shooting competition took place on the 24th. November. This year the boys did not have any practice prior to the actual competition and consequently, the results were poor. Each House entered a team consisting of four boys. We decided to do away with snap shooting and had only 'Application' and 'Grouping'.

Siwalik House came first with a total of 93 points. Nilagiri, Vindhya and Himalaya came second, third and fourth respectively. Joginder Pal Singh Soin was adjudged the best shot and Jitender Pal Singh, last year's best shot, came second.

B. S.

INTER-HOUSE P. T.

The Inter-House P. T. competition was held on Sunday, the 2nd. December. As the Girls' contingent of Himalaya House doubled into the arena there was complete silence among the otherwise chirpy crowd of excited boys and girls. The four Girls' Houses finished their P. T. Major Som Dutt announced the results. Siwalik House stood first, followed by Nilagiri, Vindhya and Himalaya, in that order.

The Boys' School Inter—House Massed P. T. was held next and after that, the spectators drifted down to Wavell Court for the Gymnastics which included horse work, rope climbing, ground work and beam work. After the House competition was over, the individual competition for the Best Gymnast was held. Siwalik House once again ran away with the cup, this time followed by Himalaya, Nilagiri and Vindhya who gained the wooden spoon. Vijay Maniktala was declared the best Gymnast of the School. With this ended the Inter-House P. T. competition for the year 1956.

Suresh Mullick
Sixth Form.

Girls' School Notes



HIMALAYA HOUSE.

House Mistress	...	Mrs. P. Bedi.
Senior Prefect	...	Suman Mala Yadunath.
Junior Prefects	...	Jaya Krishen. Asha Dhawan (M. I.)

We were sorry to find that Mrs. Kemp had been transferred to the Prep Department. We, however, welcomed Mrs. Bedi, our new House Mistress in April. We also welcomed Romola Krishen and Kanchan Mohini.

Jaya Krishen and Shashi Hora were transferred to our House from Nilagiri and Siwalik respectively. Lina Bagchi, and Janak Kumari were transferred from the Prep School to the Senior School.

The term opened with the Hockey season. The girls played their best, though, unfortunately, two of our good players were excused games and hence were unable to play in these matches. We however managed to come second.

In Tennis we were also second, and in Badminton, third. After this was Swimming, in which we came first—which was the first time in the history of our House. In Athletics we had quite a good chance of coming first, but again Suman Mala was unable to participate. We came third in this. Kanchan Mohini broke a record and got the under 13 championship.

Netball was quite tough but we tied with Nilagiri for the third place.

We are already leading in the Study Cup and hope to get it at the end of the year.

Our Common Room has improved considerably since last year. We have got new curtains and a carpet to match. In the middle of the year we decided to get a record changer, and we are very grateful to all parents who so generously contributed towards it.

Considerable progress has been made in the field of activities, though we did not fare well in debates.

We were sorry to say Au revoir to Mrs. Bedi, who left us in the middle of November to join her parents in England.

We hope to (and will) put up a better show next year.

Suman Mala Yadunath.

U. V.

FOUNDER'S



DEWALI

FOUNDER'S



Basant Deha Karoch
1956

Toilet Scene

NILAGIRI HOUSE.

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

We were sorry to lose Venita and Neena Dubey and Jaya Krishen who were transferred to Siwalik House and Himalaya House respectively. Anjana Thadani and Priti Dhawan joined us in the beginning of this year. Sheila Barla, Kanwaljit Gill, Rehana Khurshid and Bharti Chauhan were transferred from the Prep School to the Senior School in the beginning of the year, too. At the outset we were sixteen girls in the House, but Rehana left us in July because of eye-trouble. Most of the girls in the House were very young, but still they were very keen to learn and attempted all activities to the best of their ability.

As usual, we began the year with Hockey. Although our House team was the weakest on the field, it showed what it could do, and by a stroke of good luck we won the Hockey Cup. We were not so fortunate in Tennis, Badminton, Swimming and Athletics. We did not fare so badly in the Netball and Table-Tennis House matches. We are trying to win the P. T. House Competition which is to take place on the 2nd. December. On the whole, all the girls have given of their best. Yogindra Dhillon won the Scanlon Tennis Championship and also received the President's Medal for 1956.

Besides Games, the House has taken a keen interest in the Societies. We secured the first place in the Inter-House Junior and Senior Hindi Debates. Basant Usha Katoch and Manju Soi were judged to be the best speakers for the Junior Hindi Debate, whereas in the Senior Hindi Debate Yogindra Dhillon was the best speaker. We secured the second place in the Inter-House Girls' English Debate.

Our Common Room has also made considerable progress. A week before Founder's, we received a beautiful carpet from Kashmir. All the girls in the House have taken a very keen interest in looking after the Common Room, and keeping it clean and tidy. On behalf of the House I would like to thank all the parents and relations for their contribution towards the Common Room and for helping us to make it look attractive.

I hope the House will have better luck next year, but still we have no cause for regret, and on the whole can look back on a fairly successful and a very happy year.

Best of luck Nilagiri House and "Never Give In."

Yogindra Dhillon.
Sixth Form.

VINDHYA HOUSE

House Mistress ... Miss Joshi.
Senior Prefect ... Rina Charan Singh.
Junior Prefect ... Satinder Kaur.

The House has had a very successful year, and we can look back upon it with a feeling of pride and satisfaction. There has been a happy atmosphere existing among its members, and the girls, as usual were very keen, full of life and very mischievous!

We were sorry to say good bye to Mira Koregaoker, our Senior Prefect, and Kamaljit Grewal.

We welcome the Bal family and Deepa Bhattacharya.

In the field of sports we began rather badly by coming third in the Inter House Hockey. We pulled up our socks however during the Tennis season, and ended by coming first. In Badminton, the juniors proved their worth, and again we got the Cup.

The Swimming Season went off well, and though we did not get the Silver Spoon we consoled ourselves with the Relay Cup. We tied for the second place with Siwalik House.

The pleasantest surprise was yet to come. In spite of keen competition we got the much prized Athletic Cup. Hope gave wings to the runners, and we got the Athletic Relay Cup, too.

We also annexed the Table Tennis Cup, though Nilagiri House gave us some very anxious moments.

The Netball matches were played extremely well, and though we came second, we are still very proud of our team.

In class we do not shine at all—of course there are a few exceptions. The younger girls seem to do much better in this line than the senior girls, who are usually at the bottom of the class. As far as studies go I think the 'Wooden Spoon' has been reserved for us. However, what we lack in intellect, we make up for in ardour.

We have every hope of getting the Cock House, so I hope we do well in P. T. Congratulations to:—

Harvinder Kaur for getting the Athletic Open's Championship. Last year she won the Under 15's Championship.

Navina Sundaram for getting honours in her music exam., and all the other girls who did well too.

In ending this account I should like to say thank you to every one of you in my House for giving me your unending loyalty and co-operation.

Good luck Vindhya—keep smiling to the end. I bet you anything we will come out on top again in 1957.

Rina Charan Singh,
Sixth Form.

SIWALIK HOUSE.

House Mistress ... Mrs. Gidwani.
Senior Prefect ... Venita Dubey.
Junior Prefect ... Gul Shahani.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Cherian and to all the girls who left us previously but we really welcomed Mrs. Gidwani and the new girls.

Regarding sports, unfortunately luck has not been in our favour this year. Though we had quite a strong team we did not do well in our Inter-House matches as our strong players had to fall out at the last minute. However, we are extremely proud of winning the Defence Cup for Athletics. We won the Netball Cup at the matches played off in the middle of November.

We have not done too badly in the field of debating. In the Inter-House Junior Hindi Debate we were placed third, while in the Inter-House Senior English Debate we managed to secure the first place.

Our thanks go to all the parents who have helped to make our Common Room a cheerful and homely place.

Some Old Sanawarians sent us a number of magazines for which we are very grateful. We made many plans to furnish our Common Room. Unfortunately, all could not be carried out this year and we hope that next year more improvements will be made.

All the best Siwalik. Keep to the old school motto and "Never give in".

Venita Dubey
Sixth Form

HOCKEY

The Hockey Cup in the Girls' School was won again for the third year successively by Nilagiri House, after three closely contested matches.

The matches were played in the latter half of May, the order and score of the matches being :

1st. Day : Himalaya vs. Siwalik
Score — 1-0.

Vindhya vs. Nilagiri
Score — 0-1.

2nd. Day : Himalaya vs. Vindhya
Score — 1-1.

Nilagiri vs. Siwalik
Score — 2-0.

3rd. Day : Vindhya vs. Siwalik
Score — 2-1.

Nilagiri vs. Himalaya
Score — 2-2.

Siwalik, though heavily handicapped by the absence of several of their best players, played very well even though they lost all three of their matches.

Vindhya, considering their very good team, did not play as well as expected, and secured third position after losing to Nilagiri and drawing with Himalaya.

Himalaya House were unfortunate enough to have their captain disabled at the eleventh hour. However, the younger girls especially, refused to get discouraged, and Himalaya came second.

The unexpected happened when Nilagiri House finally won the Hockey Cup. Their team work was very good, and it was mainly their co-operation that led them on to victory.

On the whole, play was much better than last year's — probably because of the keenness of the younger girls though many had just learnt to play Hockey.

Jaya Krishen
U. V.

TENNIS

The Girl's School Tennis Matches were played on three consecutive days—namely the 19th, 20th, and 21st, of June.

The result of these matches was that Vindhya won the Tennis Cup, breaking the Himalaya House record, who had won it for the three previous years, successively. This victory was mainly due to the teamwork and steadiness of both Vindhya House players. The other three Houses, Himalaya, Nilagiri, and Siwalik came second, third and fourth, respectively.

The finals of the Scanlon Cup matches were played on July the 10th. The two finalists were Yogindra Dhillon and Rina Charan Singh, who had both battled their way up to the finals.

Rina Charan Singh with her fast forceful services and tricky placing seemed intent on tiring Yogindra out. From her play the impression was given that she would win an easy victory. She won the first set, the score being 6-2. However in the second set Yogindra seemed to have settled down and to have got used to her opponent's play. On the other hand, Rina seemed to have tired noticeably, her services being slower and less sure, and her strokes being rather wild. The second set went to Yogindra, the score being 6-1.

During the third set both players seemed to rally, but Yogindra's unbeatable steadiness saw her through and she won the match and Cup by winning the third set with a score of 6-3 in her favour.

Jaya Krishen
U. V.

BADMINTON

The Badminton season was short but fairly successful, and there was the usual keen competition for the House Cup which was won by Vindhya.

Every year, Badminton practice has been hampered by a challenging wind, which seems to spring up provokingly at games' time. Despite this, the girls practised hard, in all their free moments—even when there was a strong wind, and the shuttlecock did remind us of a white bird soaring towards the sky.

This year, the House matches were played in Barne Hall. Here, at least, we had no strong breeze to harass the players or the shuttlecocks, though the ceiling was a great obstacle. This did not hinder the keenness of the players at all, in fact once or twice in the middle of the match, both sides tried to see who could hit the highest! This game seemed to raise the House spirit to its greatest pitch—judging by the deafening applause of an excited gallery—perhaps because it is one game in which the younger girls get a chance to prove their mettle.

The matches were played on the league system. The House points were as follows: Vindhya 12, Nilagiri 6, Himalaya 4 and Siwalik 2. Each House put up three junior girls, one singles and two doubles.

An outstanding match of the tournament, was that between Vindhya and Nilagiri. Both put up a hard fight, but the former proved to be the steadier and better of the two.

Siwalik, though it came last, played valiantly.

Congratulations to Vindhya House, on winning the tournament.

Rina Charan Singh
Sixth Form.

TABLE-TENNIS

The Girls' School Table-Tennis House Matches were played on November 5th. and 6th. On the whole the standard of play was higher than it has been in recent years. The teams were well-matched and all the games, keenly contested.

The first was a doubles match between Nilagiri and Siwalik. The former won after playing three games. The next match was again a doubles in which Himalaya played against Vindhya. Vindhya did not have to struggle very hard to win. In the two subsequent doubles matches Vindhya and Nilagiri got the better of their opponents and finally faced each other across the table. The Vindhya pair won after three very close games.

The Singles matches were not without "thrills" and the spectators witnessed some good Table-Tennis. Many of these matches ran into three games and often it was difficult to foresee the outcome till more than half-way through the third game. However, in the final match Vindhya was again pitted against Nilagiri. This match was very interesting and there was no knowing who would win. Both players played extremely well and there were a few tense moments.

In the end Vindhya House gained a victory over Nilagiri House and was the winner of the Cock-House Cup. Nilagiri came second followed by Himalaya and Siwalik.

Suman Mala
U. V.

NETBALL

Our Netball season commenced on the 18th. of October. We began with playing Netball everyday in our respective sets. Later when our School matches against Auckland House were drawing near, the boys used to come to give us practice every alternate day. We really had a tough time playing against them, though they gave us very good practice. One of our main advantages over them was that they made quite a number of fouls.

There was just a week left for the Inter School matches. We were all looking forward to them very eagerly. We did not know that a big disappointment was awaiting us. The disappointment was that the Auckland House team were unable to play against us. They had various reasons for not coming, the main one being, that they had no practice because of the rains.

To make up for this disappointment, The Lady members of Staff very kindly agreed to play against us. But in playing against the Staff we lost our best player, Yogindra, to them since they did not have a complete team. We, however, beat them, the score being 18-9. The best part of the day was the magnificent special tea after the match.

The next thing we looked forward to were the Netball House Matches. They were played off on the 12th., 13th. and 14th of November. These matches were played with keen interest and friendly rivalry, the scores of the matches being very close. These matches were very exciting and each House fought for the Cup till the end. Siwalik, however, managed to win followed by Vindhya, while Nilagiri and Himalaya tied for the third place. And with these results the Netball season was brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Kum Kum Batra
L. V.

THE SPARROWS

The word 'Sparrow' forms a picture of a small, sweet lovable bird. In Sanawar, however, we apply the word to our small, sweet and lovable "birds"—the Prep School girls.

It is very interesting to live with these Sparrows, and notice their peculiarities, yet it is surprising to see that in spite of their different natures, they all live as one big happy family. They are:--

- Madhu Malti — a charming and efficient Senior girl, who has an artistic temperament.
- Kiran Kumari — an intelligent and good prefect, specially in the dormitory.
- Bhagwati Patel — a very conscientious prefect.
- Sanobar Sahni — Full of fun and life, and likes school very much.
- Nila Deva — a well behaved girl, who has settled down nicely.
- Rita Gidwani — a budding actress who is not "stage-conscious".
- Jagjit Kaur — loves school — a very generous and unselfish girl.
- Nira Bal — a talented dancer, who didn't like 'BODING' at first, but has got used to it now.
- Romila Patel — likes Africa, but prefers Sanawar a bit more.
- Pushpa Patel — will bring a smile even to the sourest face.
- Rumu Israni — acted in the Senior School Concert—a sociable and sweet girl.
- Gurshinder — all pixies are naughty but here is an exception.
- Suniljit — an intelligent and considerate girl.
- Amita Sobti — a clever girl who has a very sunny nature.
- Sunita Gadi — mischief shines out of her eyes, probably that is why she is popular.
- Asha Rani — another dancer, but she sings too.
- Asha Tikaram — reserved and shy, needs a protective hand.
- Sudha Anand — talkative and amusing and very fond of picnicing.
- Happy Master — Happy's name gives a clue to her nature. She professes to be a 'koot kirl'.

- Kaushalya — though she is a doll herself, loves playing with dolls.
- Parminder — a quiet girl, who is always ready to help others.
- Anita Thomas — shows signs of being as talented a dancer as her mother.
- Vijay Chopra — an affectionate girl, needs to be drawn out of her shell.
- Shashi Sakhuja — we hope she will follow her father's footsteps in becoming Sanawar's doctor, somewhere in the future.
- Suneena Subhlok — very friendly, and full of mischief.
- Renuka Dhanda — has taken to school life and does not want to go home.
- Roop Malhans — very sprightly and full of life. A generous girl.
- Rita Sehgal — hates study 'BUKS', but doesn't mind library ones.
- Champa Mukerjee— her two irresistible dimples make scolding impossible,
- Virendra Chauhan— being one of the youngest, is petted by all.
- Sudha Stokes — a lovable tomboy — we are glad to see that she has recovered so well from her serious illness.
- Aruna Sucheta — has given us a few moments of anxiety but is otherwise a sweet child.
- Pushpa Kumari — who is very scared of mice, because they took away her front teeth.
- Reena Kumari — a friendly and studious girl.
- Asha and Usha Mangat— Forever smiling Usha is a contrast to her more serious minded sister Asha, both are very charming girls.

A word of advice to the Seniors — Beware of what you do and say in front of Sparrows!

They are in that stage of their lives, when their little minds are busy copying the ways and habits of their seniors.

Rina Charan Singh
Sixth Form.

Prep School Notes



The day the children returned to School was a miserable one. Mrs. Grollét (now Mrs. Trutwein) and Mrs. Tika Ram are to be congratulated on the way in which they coped with leaking roofs and some of the tiny scraps who objected to being left in a strange place. We thought little Bhagwati would never stop crying, but to every one's delight he was as merry as a cricket by Saturday.

Children who had been here last year were pleased to find two new bath houses with showers, sanitary basins and a black and white marble-chip floor and walls. New playrooms and two matrons' quarters were completed by the month of May and the swing, merry-go-round and slide were erected and in use by June. The dining-room was extended and will continue to be in use until the new building, which is projected rises alongside the Assembly Hall.

We welcomed Mrs. L. Thomas and Miss Kavery on the teaching staff. Classes were soon in full swing. Form I increased so rapidly that it was found necessary to divide the children into three sets for English, Hindi and Arithmetic. This enabled the weaker children to get individual attention and the good pupils to forge ahead.

HOLIDAYS—

During the May break we were almost the only ones left in Sanawar, but with picnics, socials, ice-creams, cinema-shows, sports and a visit to the Senior School Camp at Dagroo, the days flew by and the holidays seemed all too short. In August and October many of the children went home and those remaining were a little home-sick at the start, however, the Staff organised a wealth of activities and everybody spent a happy time.

This year we have been lucky to see a member of jolly films. Snowwhite and the Seven Dwarfs, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Story of Robin Hood and Cinderella being some of the better ones. The appearance of the witch in the Wizard of Oz spoiled for us what promised to be a delightful evening.

Diwali was celebrated with the usual bonfire, fireworks and supper and much to the surprise of the Staff there were no accidents.

On November 13th. the Prep School Sports went off very successfully. We were happy to have our own Sports Day once again after a lapse of two years.

Our brief account of the year's activities would be incomplete if we did not include a tribute to Mrs. Grollêt's long service in Sanawar. For the last three years she has worked in the Prep School and has coped with a difficult and trying position with cheerfulness and success. She left us after her marriage to Mr. J. Trutwein in July and we were sorry to say goodbye to her. We wish her and her husband every happiness and we hope that she will visit us again as often as she can.

A. K.

SPORTS

The Prep Dept had their Annual Sports Meet on the 13th. of November. It was held on Peacestead and the sun was shining brightly.

Miss Sen had worked very hard and it was due to her that everything ran so well and smoothly.

The children were very excited and only a word was needed to get them into their positions.

The Sports were opened by a March Past of the teams, according to their Houses. Each House was proudly flying its colours. The Headmaster took the salute amidst loud clapping.

The very smallest boys opened the flat races. With numbers on their little backs and House Colours on their little shirts, they were feeling so important.

In one or two of the races the results were a surprise, for the boys who had always come in first in the practices, now came in last!

In the flat race Asit Choudhry ran in far ahead of the second boy. Asit did very well in taking the 1st. prize for the High Jump.

The girls looked very bright and so trim in their red shorts and white shirts.

The House relays were very exciting—not only for the Preppers but for all the Senior School who were watching. Each cheered his or her House most heartily.

A medley of races now followed, the most hilarious being the Paper Cap race. As a hopeful entrant would run up towards the winning post, a strong breeze would blow his cap off—only to do the same to all who ventured to approach the tape. It was indeed funny as was Mr. Kemp's running commentary over the loud-speaker.

The Visitors race was good fun too. They were in pairs and had to make a paper chain of 10 links and run. While running they each held an end and invariably the man ran so fast that the chain snapped. Mrs. Som Dutt and Mr. Mehta won this difficult event.

The prizes were kindly presented by Mrs. Som Dutt. They were all in the form of packets of sweets, and 65 children got prizes.

The Cock House Shield went to Vindhya House and Shaminder Singh came up to receive it.

A lovely tea had been arranged on Lower Peacestead for the preppers, guests and Staff. The matrons made a good job of it and the place looked so gay and inviting. Really good tea was served—and I feel I must add—that the children enjoyed it and showed it by behaving so well.

B. L.

THE PICNIC AT DHARMPORE.

On Sunday morning when we awoke we were very excited and we hoped it wouldn't rain. We wondered if Mrs. Kemp would arrive and say there would be no picnic. Then Mrs. Kemp came up the hill and told us there would be a picnic.

We took our lunch packets and we went by the P.D. Flats and past Moti's Corner. We ran down the hill and rested a little while. Then some of my friends and I formed a group and we ran. Again we rested for a while.

Suddenly we saw that another group of boys had come near us. We started walking as fast as we could. We stopped at the cemetery and we saw the graves from outside. Then we went on to Doom's Pond and as we walked we were hungry and we began to eat our lunch! We walked two and a half miles and by that time some other boys and I had finished our lunch and only had our packets of Charlie's sweets left.

When Mrs. Kemp and the girls caught up with us, we were on the car road, so Mrs. Kemp told us to walk on the left of the road. As we walked on, we saw many crooked trees and then we saw a tap and had a drink of water. We went much further than Dharmapore and we saw a nice spot for a picnic, so we went there.

Mrs. Kemp gave me an extra packet of lunch as I had finishhd mine on the way down. We ate our lunch and our Charlie's sweets and started playing. While I was playing I slipped and got my clothes dirty. As I was coming up my foot got stuck in the soft ground and I managed to get it out and I took a stick and tied a string to it and there was a pool and I started playing at fishing.

After some time a boy got hurt and some boys from a school near by put on a bandage and Mrs. Kemp phoned Mr. Kate and asked him to send the school truck. We were lucky, instead of walking another three or four miles back, we came home in the school truck.

We sang songs all the way back. When we arrived at the dormitory we told the boys what a lot of fun we had.

RAMESH PATHANIA.

9 Yrs. 6 Months.

Form II B.

The Christmas Term

The IXth. All India Public School Masters' Conference Jaipur.

This year the All India Public School Masters' Conference was held at Jaipur from 23rd. to 26th. October. It coincided with the 31st. session of the All India Educational Conference.

Proceedings at the All India Educational Conference began with a welcome address by Shri Mohan Lal Sukhadia, Chief Minister of Rajasthan. Then Shri Shriman Narayan, the General Secretary of the All India Congress Committee, delivered his presidential address. He asked all teachers to make our system of education truly Indian after which the Conference divided itself into various sections including one dealing with the Public Schools of India.

The IXth. session of the All India Public School Masters' Conference was inaugurated by Mr. G. C. Chatterji the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Rajasthan at the Maharani Gayatri Devi Girls' Public School Assembly Hall. After the inauguration the Public School Masters' Conference held two business to discuss:—

(i) The Ideal House System.

(ii) The possibility of converting Public Schools into Multi-purpose Schools.

Regarding the Ideal House system the Conference decided that the tutorial system should be worked out more efficiently, each tutor being in complete charge of 10 to 15 boys who would receive individual attention and personal supervision. The strength of a House should not exceed 50.

It was resolved that instead of converting the Public Schools into multipurpose institutions the Public Schools should absorb the salient features of multipurpose schools without losing their individuality and essential characteristics.

34 delegates from 20 different Public Schools of India attended this session.

The Public and residential schools' Section of the All India Educational Conference was held at the Maharaja's College, Jaipur. Mr. J. T. M. Gibson, of Mayo Collage, Ajmer, presided over this sectional conference. The possibility of attaining UNESCO ideals in Public Schools was discussed. It was resolved that a certain percentage of seats in the universities and higher technical institutions of India should be reserved for persons coming from regions outside the jurisdiction of the University concerned.

Along with the conference various cultural activities were organised. There was an Arts and Crafts Exhibition which was opened by Her Highness Maharani Gayatri Devi of Jaipur. We had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the rich folklore of Rajasthan through the various dances and plays performed for the delegates.

M. S. R.

Impressions of a Girls' Public School.

Founded in the year 1943, as a school for educating the daughters of the Sardars of Jaipur State the Maharani Gayatri Devi Girls' School emerged as a full fledged Public School in 1950. Today it is the only Girls' Public School in India.

A visitor to the School would find it hard to believe that this impressive building humming with activity, just a few years ago consisted of nothing more than a few rooms and housed a mere handful of girls. Since then, there has been a steady rise in admissions and the buildings now spread over an area of twenty six acres of land. New wings have been added to the academic block and a lovely hostel has been built for the juniors.

The main building itself is a successful combination of modern architecture and the traditional domes and arches of India. It is built with white stone and conforms in design to the two colleges, the Maharani College and the Maharaja College which are on the same road as the Maharani Gayatri Devi Public School.

The children begin their day with an impressive morning assembly with the singing of hymns both Indian and English; prayers and School News follow. The assembly hall with its cutglass chandeliers and a beautiful portrait of Her Highness Maharani Gayatri Devi lends a regal charm to the room.

The Classrooms are large and airy and full of beautiful charts, diagrams and models. The kindergarden rooms are a child's dream come true. The children have plenty of time for hobbies and are encouraged to do everything for themselves. Most of the charts, diagrams and models are the handiwork of the pupils.

Being a Girls' School, naturally more emphasis is laid on dancing, music and home craft than is possible in co-educational schools. The girls are taught Rangoli (Floor decoration done with dry colour), needlework and dancing from the moment they enter the School no matter how young.

This year a small cottage was furnished, as an experiment, for the senior girls. Six girls at a time occupy this cottage for six weeks when they are entirely responsible for its cleanliness, upkeep and for cooking their own meals. Another new addition to the School is the School Museum—though still in its infancy there is no doubt that with the drive which both Staff and children possess, it will soon be yet another feather in the cap of the School.

The pride and joy that the children have for their School is tremendous. The hospitality and friendliness of both Staff and children is truly Rajasthani, nothing is too difficult or too irksome to do for their guests. We were amazed at the unceasing energy of the M. G. D. School who even though themselves were almost rushed off their feet with work, went out of their way to make one's stay in Jaipur an enjoyable and memorable one.

P. B.

The School is very fortunately situated. Immediately opposite, are the fascinating public gardens with their attractive ornamental hedges. These are trimmed in interesting shapes including peacocks, and men driving cattle. The gardens themselves are scattered in the extensive grounds. An ornamental lake, gay winter annuals, roses and a greenhouse are some of the features. In the gardens too, are housed the Zoo and Museum. The M. G. D. girls are lucky to do able to take a peep at wild animals including brown bear, a leopard, a tiger and a rhino, frightening 'crops' and a clever gibbon, not to mention colourful macaws and cockatoos. The Museum is a vast store of information about the past. There are lovely antique carpets, silver ornaments, models of the thugs, ancient costumes, paintings and pottery.

The main gate is off the famous "pink bazaar" in which you can buy jewels, Sanganeri prints (traditional Rajasthani hand-blocked designs) and of course, embroidered Jaipur juthis and brass—and the City Palace with its exquisitely patterned walls and ceiling and its sparkling crystal chandeliers.

In the bazaar is the well-ventilated Hawa Mahal. Overlooking the city is Nahargarh Fort which, when illuminated on Republic Day looks like an enchanted castle from the Arabian Nights, as the hillock on which it is situated is naturally not visible in the dark.

Amber is another famous hill fort a few miles away, but one needs a whole day to visit it.

Jaipur is indeed a tourists' paradise, for it is the epitome of Indian colour and artistry.

THE ORGAN RECITAL

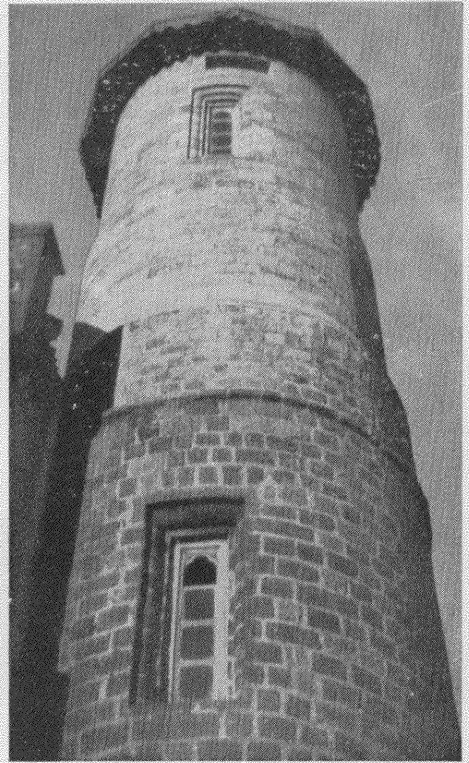
Quite unexpectedly, it came out in School Orders that there would be an organ-recital in the Chapel at 6 p. m. on the Sunday following i. e. the twenty eighth October. Most of us were just thrilled at the idea. Everyone was seated in the Chapel by 5-50 p. m. The Chapel was very beautifully decorated with lovely cherry pink blossoms, and candles whose wonderfully soft light was most befitting to the occasion.

The programme started with Chopin's Prelude in A major rendered as a solo by Miss J. Albuquerque. It is a beautiful piece and was very well played, even though it was rather too short. This was followed by a carol, the well known "Adeste Fideles" or "O come all ye faithful". It was sung very well and was one of the best items on the programme. The next item was "Chanson Triste" one of Tchaikousky's compositions played by Miss E. Paranjoti. Miss Paranjoti played well and gave it the usual Tchaikousky touch. This was followed by a vocal solo by Mrs. J. Thun accompanied on the organ by Mrs. A. Kemp. "Bless this House" a very serious hymn was sung very well. The next was Brahm's Waltz in A flat major played

THE CHAPEL



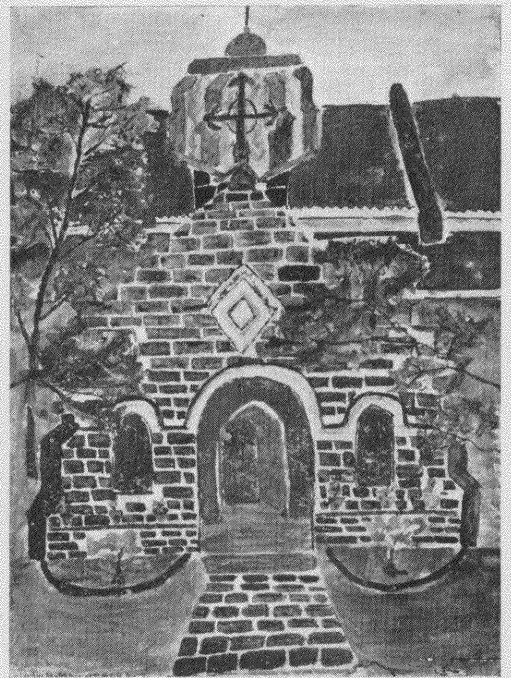
Sqn. Ldr. Mullick



Y. S. Kadan



Rajeshwar Pal



R. Mountford

by Miss J. Albuquerque. It was a beautiful piece which was much appreciated by the more serious minded of the small gathering. "The first Nowell" another well-known carol came next and was sung well by the choir. "Ave Maria" by Schubert was next. It was sung by Mrs. B. Lyall who was accompanied on the organ by Miss. J. Albuquerque. This difficult piece was rather well executed. This was followed by Schubert's "Serenade" played by Miss E. Paranjoti. This solo proved very popular with the audience. The next item was another carol sung by the choir, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". Most of us must have heard it for the first time. Then came a surprise item, "Sleep Holy Babe", a vocal solo by Miss E. Paranjoti, accompanied on the organ by Miss J. Albuquerque. Miss Paranjoti sang really well and no one would have suspected her of having such a sweet voice. Gounod's version of "Ave Maria" given to us by Mrs. A. Kemp on the organ, was next. This was followed by the popular "Good King Wenceslas" sung by the choir. It was presented in a novel way, Baljit Singh Ahluwalia singing the part of King Wenceslas and Suresh Mullick that of the page, the choir singing the rest of the carol. Last, but undoubtedly the best, was the famous old carol "Silent Night, Holy Night". Even the candles flames seemed to be nodding gently in time to the music. It really enchanted all of us with its soft, slow rhythm. Indeed it was a fitting end to the wonderful recital which all of us really enjoyed. The items for the recital were prepared within two days, since the first the participants heard about it was on Friday morning.

Harish Pal Dhillon
U. V.

ZOGILA DAY

The first day of the month of November held a surprise for us which was an invitation to attend the annual Zogila Day celebration of the 25th. Bn. the Punjab Patiala Regiment, at Dagshai.

A party of a hundred boys and girls and Staff left Sanawar at 2 p. m. — the boys trudged — the girls had the truck.

As we alighted at the parade ground a sign bearing "Sanawar School" on it met our eyes. It indicated a shamiana for the Sanawar contingent. The girls of course got front seats and the boys had to be content with chairs at the back which were half submerged in wet mud—"quick sand".

The celebrations began with a march past which was led by a jeep towing a gun captured from Pakistan during the Zogila battle, followed by a contingent in full regimental dress, followed by the athletes of the A, B, C, D, E and F companies. The brass band and the pipe band accompanied the parade.

From 3 p.m. to 4-10 p. m. most of the races were run off. We were interested to see that a visiting athlete to Sanawar, Naik Gurmet Singh took part in the proceedings.

Tea was then served and Sanawar had a special table bearing " grub ".

Tea was followed by musical chairs for the ladies. We were glad to see three girls from the " best School of all " come off the field with 8 ozs. of wool, Lux Soap, talcum powder, Binaca toothpaste and a packet of biscuits as prizes.

During Founder's Sports our boys broke a number of records, because of the demonstration by Dagshai athletes, but no records were broken on the Dagshai field. However, the performance gave us an opportunity to see the athletes in action (an example is not to be taken from the cooks' race which only taught the boys the quick method of making chappatis.)

The afternoon's events ended with the spectators' race — no Sanawarian took part (since all Sanawarians including Staff were under age—the limit was 30 years).

The end, for once, the best part of a happy and a memorable occasion, was the Beating of the Retreat. It began with a solo performance on the bugle, the strains of which were taken up by the brass band which soon gave way to the solo again. This brought back pleasant memories of " From here to Eternity " and also made some of us (the Sixth Formers) sentimental because it reminded us of the day when we would be leaving Sanawar.

After this the brass band slow marched and ended by playing the " Cradle Song ". The best part of the latter was the echoing effect of a bugle in the distance while the band played very softly. The brass band gave place to the pipe band which formed the word " Zogila " in figure marching to music. They too marched off, but not for long, as both bands joined to play the last part of the retreat.

Thus ended one of the most memorable celebrations that we had the opportunity to witness.

Asha Narang & Yogindra Dhillon
Sixth Form.

—————:O:—————

A PICNIC AT LOVER'S POOL

It was an unexpected change from the daily Sunday routine when we came to know that we were going to Lover's Pool for a picnic.

We started at 11 o'clock and went gaily along, exploring the hill-side, singing songs and doing a thousand and one things to show that we were happy.

As we reached Lover's Pool we separated. Some of us had brought books to study but mostly we had story books. As we were roaming about the hill side we saw a house. We wanted to see who lived in it, but when we approached it an old woman began shouting at us and calling us names. I suppose she thought that we would take her bhuttas. But we would not go so she sent her dog who chased us away.

After that as we had nothing much to do we climbed down the hill-side. We went down and down until we came to a plain on which we began to play. Soon we heard a distant shout for lunch. Then we started climbing up until we arrived at our picnic spot.

We were so tired. Climbing down, we just ran from one place to another, but going back, we were panting.

We got delicious food at lunch though we were late. As we were all tired we wanted water but there was none. We were able to quench our thirst when water arrived from Sanawar.

After lunch we did not explore so much but sat down and listened to the gramophone. Soon it was time for tea and we returned after spending an enjoyable Sunday at Lover's Pool.

Jyoti Dhawan
L. IV.

A TRIP TO SURAJPUR.

We caught the 7 o'clock at Gharkal on the 4th. October. It took us to Kalka where Brigadier Verma picked us up in the car and took us to his house which was just near the Cement Factory.

All morning I played with his children and we decided to go and conquer a high hill. At last after a long struggle we arrived at the top. After trying to stand a flag on the ground, we returned to the house. We played for some time before we had our lunch; then after lunch Brigadier Verma took us in his jeep to the factory. He explained the method of making cement to us.

He showed us some big grinders which were grinding limestone, which is brought from six miles away by buckets which run along a wire from the factory to the stone quarry and back. This limestone is mixed with clay and then ground. After it has been ground well, it is turned into a liquid like treacle. This is put into a big reservoir and heated in a kiln which is full of fire. After the mixture is put in the kiln, it is burnt and comes out as black lumps called clinker which is ground to make cement.

When he had told us all about the factory it was time for us to return to Sanawar. He brought us back to School in his jeep. We had all enjoyed the day very much.

Andrea Kemp.
L. IV.

“ GURU NANAK’S BIRTHDAY ”

The 18th. of November is a great day in the history of India. On this day, the first and greatest preacher of the Sikhs, Guru Nanak, was born. This day is celebrated with all sorts of ceremonies all over India. Prayers are chanted by the sants or priests in the Gurdwaras early in the morning at about three o’clock and are continued for the rest of the day. The Sikhs do not worship idols or men but they have a sacred book—“ Guru Granth Sahib ” in which all the teachings of the gurus (sacred teachers) are written.

For the first time in the history of Sanawar the Guru Nanak Birthday celebrations took place in Barne Hall. After our House snaps in the morning, we changed into our home-clothes and went to Barne Hall. The sacred book, Guru Granth Sahib, was on the stage and the people who attended were seated on durries spread on the floor. First of all the Kirtan took place. In this a few holy songs and bhajans were chanted by some sants or ragis (priests). All the Sikh children and a few others were present. There was a giani (philosopher) who explained to us the importance of this day and some of the great things done by Nanak. Then a portion was read from the “ Guru Granth Sahib ”, after which the ardas (concluding prayer) was said. Then came the time for the Prashad to be given out, for which most of the boys and girls were waiting.

Harvinder Kaur
U. V.

THE WESTERN AND INDIAN MUSIC RECITAL.

The second Music Recital was held in Barne Hall on the 18th. November. The programme was organised by Miss Joan Albuquerque and Mr. Thakar. It was a delightful session of music, which kept most of us enthralled to the very end. All the children played with great self-confidence, and the effort to re-live each piece of music or song was quite marked. The items contributed by the Staff, too, were excellent. The most striking contributions were—Shabnam’s “Voices of Spring”, which was played with an artistic form. Most of us were quite surprised to find Suresh Mullick adopt a serious air in his Rag Kedar which was so unnatural to him, though he sang it well. But once again he resumed his normal role in “ Poor Papa ”. Navina played the “Hungarian Dance” with great feeling. “Teddy Bears’ March”, by Indira Sachdev was also worthy of mention. When Danny Lyall began his piece we were all wondering in what position his book would be, but “wise” Danny made it a point never to look at his book, lest he found it upside down again as in the first Recital. Anupam Bal in “Koyalia Bol” excelled herself with her sweet and melodic voice. M. S. Bhagat proved to be quite a ‘tabalchee’ while playing the “Teen Tal” with his skilful fingers. Beethoven’s “Album Leaf” by Harish Pal was very pleasant to hear, and he played it

PRIZE WINNERS

The following is a list of prize winners :—

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

SIXTH	{ 1st Pradeep Soneja 2nd Subhash Chandra Dua
UPPER V A	{ 1st M.S. Grewal 2nd Nitya Nand Singh
UPPER V B	{ 1st Yeshvir Singh Kadan 2nd Ashok Kumar Chawla
LOWER V A	{ 1st Ashok Kumar Sehgal 2nd V.K. Khanna
LOWER V B	{ 1st Arun Bhatia 2nd D. S. Hazuria
UPPER IV A	{ 1st Indra Sachdev 2nd Romola Krishen
UPPER IV B	{ 1st Samaresh Mukherji 2nd Anil Seth
LOWER IV A	{ 1st Ravi Khanna 2nd S. N. Gupta
LOWER IV B	{ 1st Shambhu Dayal 2nd Amar Nath Dutta
UPPER III A	{ 1st Suresh Kumar 2nd Avinash Bahadur
UPPER III B	{ 1st D.K. Srivastava 2nd Himmat Singh
LOWER III A	{ 1st Rupinder Randhawa 2nd Urmilla Kumari
LOWER III B	{ 1st Janak Kumari 2nd Kalpana Sharma

Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Asit Choudhry 2nd Rajesh Kumar
FORM II B	{ 1st Jayant Barla 2nd Ramesh Pathania
FORM I A	{ 1st Asha Rani 2nd Raj Kumar Bansal

FORM I B	{ 1st Happy Master 2nd Bhushan Lal
UPPER K. G.	{ 1st Rakesh Nath Passi 2nd Parminder Kaur
LOWER K. G.	{ 1st Naresh Acharya 2nd Ramila Patel

The Trinity College of Music, London. Certificates.

Harish Pal Singh Dhillon		Ranjit Nagrath
Navina Sundaram		Romola Krishen
Shabnam Sahni		Urmilla Kumari
Indra Sachdev		Jayant Barla
Naveen Bratt		Kalpana Sahn
Vir Pal Singh		Sheila Barla
SHOOTING CUP Siwalik
BEST MARKSMAN J. P. S. Soin
P. T. CUP BOYS Siwalik
P. T. CUP GIRLS Siwalik
BEST GYMNAST V.K. Maniktala

Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR ENGLISH	...	Asha Narang
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	{ B.S. Ahluwalia Arun Maira
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{ Subhash Dua Ravi Khanna (LIV)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ Naresh Bahadur Asha Puri Dinesh Srivastava
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ Subhash Dua (Chem.) Pradeep Soneja (Physics) V. P. Singh (Biology)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Suresh Mullick Ashok Sehgal

with grace and expression. Mrs. Gidwani sang the most beautiful and difficult song, the 'Song of India', with feeling. Miss J. Albuquerque's "Sparkling Cascade" was truly a sparkling piece. Displaying remarkable command of the piano both in the handling of melody and rhythm, she gave the widest scope to its expressive power. The grand "Finale" was Mr. Gupta's Sitar Solo, 'Rag Kedar'. His playing and the extreme lucidity and brilliance of the instrumental articulation kept the whole audience spellbound.

R. S.

QUOTABLE QUOTES.

Motto for Council Meeting—

' Give thy thoughts no tongue. '

Comment on Eve of S. C.—

' She hath perused conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. '

Reviewing one's Maths Exam paper—

' For mine own part it was Greek to me. '

On being caught reading after Lights Out—

' Out, out brief candle. '

3 minutes before Weighing and Measuring—

' O that this too, too solid flesh would melt. '

To end these Quotations—

' Brevity is the soul of wit. '

ASHA NARANG.

Sixth Form.

First little girl :—" Do you know who the Head Girl is ?"

Second little girl :—" Yes, of course, Silly ! The girl with the biggest head !! "

After Lights Out in Honoria Court. M. O. D. politely requests Neena Dubey to hurry up with her beauty preparations.

Neena :—" And who is **that** CROAKING ?"

M. O. D. :—" It's me, Miss Joshi."

Neena :—" Splutter, Splutter, Glug, Glug."

THE CREAM OF THE SCHOOL.

In the following jargon, the VIth. Form reveals the cream of the school, the 'malai' that turned cheese.

The ANGEL that ascended to the Sixth,
Became either Sooji, or a maths myth.

BULLU, the needlewoman of the day,
Could never thread a needle the right way.

Antony to others, but Chikoo for us
Could quote Julius Caesar without any fuss.

Dua, the CHOOHA, had cameras galore
He took a hundred snaps, but still wanted more !

FISHY did make the biggest splash
When as Captain of Hockey he did flash.

A GOOSE in the VIth. Form did honk all day long
He disturbed the good muggers with his noisy song.

The Health Science expert, GUINEA, we are afraid,
Stated the normal temperature to be 212° centigrade.

Bright mathematician was GULLU
Who, becos' she couldn't add, was called an Ullu.

The Horsey, of course, quite took the floor,
With her ear-bursting, head-splitting, Hindi roar.

Magnifying glasses in the Form abound,
Especially when INSECTS are around
Enrolled as an artist was PESTY PEST
Whose art was Sanawar's greatest jest.

Pretending to be the greatest saint,
PANDITJI had anything but a holy taint.

ZULLICK, the man with the beard,
Of blades was he mortally afeard.

This from the Sixth Form.

When we leave, all will cry
We say AU REVOIR but not GOODBYE.

THE S. F. P.

The Sixth Form Party was held on the 4th. December, just the day the S. C. Exams had ended. At seven, there were yet three guests to arrive. So, in the meantime, a treasure hunt was started. Unfortunately, no one succeeded in finding the treasure—a gold-plated pencil. The proceedings continued with the snow-ball dance, and this was followed by a couple of dances in quick succession.

After a grand dinner by candle-light, dances and games occupied most of the time. Amongst the games, forfeits provided the best entertainment. Then came the blanket-tossing, when the Sixth Formers were tossed high up in the blankets—a few light ones nearly touched the ceiling. After this, Miss Chatterji gave away the presents from the Fifth to the Sixth.

Whoever knew that such a riotous party would come to such a sad end? After two songs, the Sixth were greatly touched by the overwhelming affection and sentiment displayed by the Fifth, and there were tears in everyone's eyes, when the party broke up at 10-30 p. m.

Virendra Pal Singh.
Sixth Form.

ANNUAL PRIZE GIVING DAY

The Lawrence School, Sanawar was very greatly honoured by the presence of Vice-Admiral, S. H. Carlill, C.B., D.S.O., Chief of the Naval Staff, and Mrs. Carlill.

They arrived on the morning of 6th. December and after witnessing a Massed P. T. Display which was a model of precision toured the School area. They were way-laid and, justifiably so, by an Arts Exhibition and a one man show by Suresh Mullick which revealed some of the wealth of artistic talent Sanawar possesses.

Thereafter Admiral Carlill gave away the prizes. The manner in which he did so and the keen interest he took not only in the prizes but in the prize winners will always remain a fortifying and gracious memory. Sanawar will be interested to know that Admiral Carlill is presenting a Cup to the School to be awarded to the boy or girl who makes the greatest all round progress since the last end of term report. This will be an opportunity for every child, for the cup will not necessarily go to the best who win prizes any way, but to the child who tries its best even if it doesn't reach the top.

Admiral and Mrs. Carlill lunched with the girls and the Staff in Parker Hall after which they witnessed a Hockey Match, the School vs. The 1st. Punjab Patiala Regiment. Following tea with the teams they attended a Himalaya House, Saturday Club concert supplemented by items from the School concert.

After dinner they took a most wholehearted part in a School Social much to the delight of the children.

Next morning they left to the cheers of the School leaving behind the memory of a most gracious and inspiring visit.

R. S. D.

THE WILL OF THE SIXTH FORM OF 1956.

In the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty six, we, the Sixth Form hereby sign the following document, pledging our personal wealth to those who follow us.

- ANAND — My philosophy and lectures to the levity of the Upper V of 1956.
- ASHA — My needlework (tacking especially) to VIJAY NAIR.
- DEVENDER — My ability to quack (and my saintliness) to J.P.S. SOIN.
- GUL — My maths. books to MOHINDERJIT (in the hope that he will correct the mistakes).
- KANWAL MOHAN — My high-heeled shoes and ability for getting lost to HARISH, PAL (hoping he'll use them well).
- NARESH — My 'Soul' to the immorality of the Upper V of 1956 (in the hope that they will sanctify it).
- PRADEEP — My angelic qualities to V. K. SOI.
- RINA — My ' bunions ' and P. T. Shoes to S. CHADDA.
- SUBHASH — My ability to mug in the noisiest places to PRADEEP RAO.
- SURESH — My old blades and shaving sticks to CHOPRA (in the hope that he will remove the rust).
- VENITA — My Hindi books and laughing gas to JAYA.
- VIRENDRA PAL — My 'gils and fins' to BRAR and SATINDER (in the hope that they will 'swim' next year).
- YOGINDRA — My skirts to the Boys and Health Science Books to Biology students.

The Sixth Form leave their Goodness to future Sixth Formers ; their GOOD WISHES to SANAWAR ; and their GRATEFULNESS to all who made life in Sanawar so wonderful for them.

The above is hereby, in all seriousness, signed, sealed and delivered by.—

The Sixth Form, 1956.

WITNESSES:—1. R. Chatterji. 2. R. Som Dutt, Major.

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R. S. D.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Suresh Mullick Basant Usha Katoch Rupinder Randhawa
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Pradeep Soneja Amar Nath Dutta
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE	...	Asha Narang
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Asha Narang Suresh Mullick Harish Pal S. Dhillon
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Yogindra Dhillon
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	Malti Varma
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Vipen Mahajan
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHY	...	{ Yeshvir Singh Kadan R. P. S. Sangha

Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Naresh Bahadur
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Yogindra Dhillon
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ H. S. Brar Suresh Mullick Pradeep Rao K.M. Verma
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Rina Charan Singh Venita Dubey Suman Mala

Trophies

STUDY CUP, Prep.	...	Vindhya
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Himalaya
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE, Prep.	...	<i>Vindhya</i>
COCK HOUSE, Girls	...	Vindhya
COCK HOUSE, Boys (The "R. & N." Trophy)	Siwalik	
THE CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Siwalik

SANAWAR

1956 draws to its close—and it is with mixed feelings of regret and pride that I write this article.

Regret at having at last to say goodbye to my School among the whispering pines and rainbow hued hillsides, and pride at having had the honour to live and learn for many years in this wonderful place.

Some of us who are leaving Sanawar this year feel as if we will be leaving a part of ourselves behind. We have yet to discover that mysterious, magnetic power Sanawar possesses, which binds both children and Staff to it.

Perhaps that power has been handed down the years, perhaps it is present in the buildings, in the wind that blows across it, but wherever it is, it always affects all Sanawarians.

As we look out of the window we notice the leaves are changing their tints, there is a cold spell in the air. Soon winter with its gusts of wind, its snow and clouds will descend upon Sanawar, and some of us will have left for ever, to depart to another sphere of life.

With reminiscence I recall my early days here, five years ago, and I often wish I could relive those days all over again. They are right when they say that the happiest days of one's life are at school.

No matter where we go—what we do—Sanawar will always remain a poignant memory with us, as fresh and as lovely as ever.

Rina Charan Singh
Sixth Form

Magazine Section

A PIC NIC.

I like to go for a pic nic. I will go in the car. I will eat my lunch, with my friend. I saw a tadpole in the pond. I play with birds.

Bhagwati Prashad
Class—L. K. G.
Age 6 yrs. 4 mths.

A DAY AT DAGSHAI

I went with my father and my uncle for a picnic to Dagshai. There, in the garden, we broke some lemons; we had our lunch there, too. After we had finished our lunch we went for a shoot. We shot two deer and our dog chased a rabbit which hid in the bushes. After that we went fishing but we could not catch any fish so we went to Dharpore to see a picture. We saw "Bap rei Bap." It was getting very cold so we came back. We arrived at Kasauli by midnight.

Rajan Anand
7 yrs. 2 months
Form II B.

MY DOG

I have a dog. He is all black, and so his name is "Blackie." Blackie is a friend to me and I am his friend too. He is a very good dog. He guards our house at night, and he also guards it by day. If a cat comes to drink the milk, he catches the cat by the throat and they both fight. Our dog usually drives the cat away from our house.

In the morning another dog called 'Johnny' comes and scratches at the door. We open the door and Blackie goes out with us. When Blackie sees the other dog he goes to the field and Johnny and they chase each other around the field.

Sometimes, Blackie is naughty. He upsets the milk on the table, and laps it up, off the floor.

We give him a bath when he is dirty. When we are going to have our meals we tie a collar around his neck and chain him up so that he does not come to the dining-room. But sometimes he gets loose and he drags the chain after him into the dining-room.

Once my dog ran away from our house. We couldn't find him anywhere, but at last we heard that he was in my Uncle's house. They fed him, because they knew it was our dog. We brought him back.

I go home and my dog can't recognize me, so he barks at me. When I pat him he remembers me. He jumps up and tries to lick my face but he can't, because I run away.

Once Blackie was walking on the railway track. The train was coming, and he did not know. I saw him and called out to him as loudly as I could. He heard me and looked up. I ran towards my house knowing that he would try to catch me, so Blackie was saved. I love my dog very much.

Jayant Barla
9 yrs. 1 month
Form II B.

A PICNIC

I went for a picnic with my Daddy, Mummy and my brother. We went to the Brewery tank and we had our lunch and tea there. My brother was very naughty and he tried to push me into the tank. But my Mummy caught his hand and I was saved.

I had my air gun with me and I shot two rabbits. Their legs were broken so I took the rabbits to my Daddy's hospital and they are still there.

As soon as we arrived home my brother said to me, "When you go to school, I will take the rabbits and bring them to the house." But before I came to school I told my Daddy not to let my brother go to the rabbits' hutch.

Sukbir Singh Sahi
9 yrs. 2 months.
Form II B.

THE BAD ROSE

Once upon a time there was a rose and a creeper. The rose was very pretty, and so all the children loved her. But she was very vain and selfish. The creeper was her enemy, but the latter was good and kind. The rose thought that the creeper was ugly.

One day the rose asked the gardener to throw the creeper away. So the gardener did so. A little girl saw the poor little creeper and planted it in her garden and looked after it.

It grew up into a graceful little plant. But do you know what happened to the wicked rose? She was blown away by a strong wind and she withered away quite uncared for!

Rita Gidwani
9 yrs. 2 months

THE WIND YESTERDAY

When we came out of our dormitories we saw a train stopped and the wind was terrible. We threw paper and the wind would send it flying away. After lunch we brought out our towels. We tried to fly and used to jump from the wall and say, "Here is Captain Marble". If we put the towel on our chest we used to be pushed back by the wind. Manohar Narang and I made a parachute, which got up to the roof with the wind. Then it started raining, and the wind lessened.

Ashok Yadav
L. III.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUPEE.

I am a rupee. I was made in a mint. When I was newly made I was a shining rupee. I am made of nickel and silver. When I was made, I was taken to a bank along with my friends. There a rich man took me and put me in his pocket and took me to his house. In the night, a burglar stole my friends and me. The burglar bought a dagger and I was given to a shopkeeper. Then another man bought a gun. I was given to the man who bought the gun as the change which was left. When the man was going back to his house his pocket was torn so I fell down. I got a scratch on my face and some of my shine came off. Then a beggar saw me and picked me up. He bought some food for his family. I was given to a shopkeeper. Then a man bought a pen and he gave the shopkeeper 5 rupees. The pen cost 4 rupees so he gave me to him. As the man had to go somewhere he went to a railway station and I was given to a coolie because he carried the luggage for him. Later I was given to a cloth shop. The shopkeeper gave me to his son along with my friends to buy some books. I was given to a bookseller. Then I was given to a photographer's shop. The bookseller bought a camera. My friends also came with me. Then I was given to an umpire who uses me for the toss. I fall down every time he tosses me but I fall on soft grass. Still some of my imprint has come off. I have got some scratches and I have no shine left.

Dalip Gambir
U.III.

LOST IN THE FOREST

It was a fine sunny morning when I decided to go for a picnic in the forest which was on the outskirts of the town.

I asked my mother for a knap-sack and some food.

When everything was ready I slung the knap-snack on my back and, after saying good-bye to my mother and father, started on my picnic hoping that something unusual would happen.

There was a well-known glade in the forest with a brook gurgling merrily through it, and it was here that I decided to have my picnic.

When I reached the outskirts of the town I took a path which would take me to this glade. The path forked and as this path was a new one, I got confused and did not know which way to go. Unluckily for me, I took the wrong path.

As I sauntered along, I wondered when I would reach the glade. I kept on walking when suddenly I realised that I was on the wrong path.

I was so frightened that I began to run onwards hoping to reach the outskirts of the forest. But, instead, I went deeper into the forest and came to a remote spot which was completely unknown to me.

I tried to summon up all my courage and walk bravely without getting frightened by any creepy noise, but to no avail. Every now and then I would hear a noise which would make me shudder.

Slowly panic crept over me and I began to run helter skelter through the forest hoping that I would meet somebody who would help to get me out of that awful place.

But in my panic I did not remember that this forest had no snakes or dangerous animals in it, and it was only the wind making a whistling noise in the thick foliage.

As I ran I stumbled over rocks and hurt my knees and fell inside a stream with fright. I was hungry and utterly exhausted but I did not realise that there was a knap-sack full of food on my back. I got stuck in some brambles which tore my clothes and scratched me as I struggled to get free.

Then, slowly my panic vanished and it came into my head to follow the stream in which I had fallen in.

I retraced my footsteps and reached the stream. As I followed it, I became conscious of my surroundings which became familiar to me.

Soon I came to a thick barrier of trees. I managed to get through and found, to my utter joy, that I had reached the glade.

I sank on the ground and opened my knap-sack, eating till I had had enough. When refreshed, I started for home, vowing never to come to the forest again.

Krihsen Kumar Kak.

L. IV.

A BUSY RAILWAY STATION

As you enter the Railway Station from the calm and quiet street, the noise is deafening, with all the hawkers shouting at the top of their voices and people rushing about. People walking about you not caring to see where they are going, knock you down to be trampled upon.

There can surely be nothing in modern life more like a dragon's cave than a large city Railway Station. Even on the sunniest day it has a dim and gloomy atmosphere, with only one semi-circular patch of brightness in the far distance where the rails emerge into the light of day. When an express train enters the station, it comes breathing smoke and roaring as any dragon in days of old.

Hardly anybody is in a normal state of mind at a Railway Station. Either one has arrived far too early and is impatiently fretting at the waste of time involved in waiting for the train, or one has left it too late and is in a state of terrified apprehension lest the luggage should be left behind, or the lunch basket forgotten, or the tickets lost or the train missed altogether. Mothers collect their children about them like hens, their chickens, rebuking the adventurous ones who wish to roam and inquire, and stirring up the sleepy ones who are in danger of being run over by a porter's 'thela', or of attaching themselves to the wrong party.

All one's natural kindness and courtesy seem to desert one on the Railway Station and in a train which is about to start. One rushes for the best seat, and glares indignantly at passengers who have the temerity to introduce themselves into the same compartment. Men and women, who would, in their normal states of mind, be the first to acknowledge the gracious loveliness of children, shudder with dismay when they see a child or two enter the train. Their minds at once fly to the pieces of banana they will find adhering to their shoes, the innumerable questions in shrill voices to which they will be obliged to listen, if not to answer, and the thousand and one "dont's" that will proceed from the guardian of the young before the end of the journey.

As the time for the departure of the train draws nearer, the infernal nature of this gloomy cavern of a station increases. Doors are banged, the guard shouts and blows his whistle, the train itself hisses and snorts, everybody shouts out the things that have already been said a thousand times; those on the platform quite unnecessarily exhort those on the train to write to them when they arrive at their destination. At last, with a final fiendish snort and shriek the dragon pulls itself together and precipitates itself out of its cave in a cloud of steam. The gloomy cavern is left dull and lifeless and those left behind, turn and walk away into the world again, quickly forgetting their brief sojourn in the draconial den.

Ranjit Mehra
L. IV.

ANJAR

There it was the bubbling mass of humanity, caring for little else besides its own selfish desires. It seemed as if it had gone mad. Men and women in their brightest apparel made merry, jostling each other, laughing, dancing, in fact, doing all they ought not to have been doing at that hour of the day. And immersed in their song and dance and cups they forgot the Creator of them and their pleasures. They did not forget their desires and passions and lusts but they forgot Him, The Lord, the only One

But let us glimpse at a secluded corner of the same town. The shadows are lengthening; the birds fighting noisily for their abodes; the wind whispering a soft lull-a-by through the tree-tops. The din of merriment does not penetrate into this quiet corner. All is still, and silent, and lonely. All is deserted.

It seems as if the legendary temple, overgrown with moss and ferns and creepers is deserted. But it is not so. Two faint flickers from a couple of "deeyas" light up either side of an age-old shrine of Shiva, casting gloomy shadows on the walls, and barely driving away the oncoming darkness. Within the once grey walls, now blackened by age, vibrates the sound of song and prayer, until in a break the sweet voice of a child cuts in "Let us be going home Grandma. I am hungry." "Just a moment more Munnu," replies the harsh and broken voice of an old woman, "I am almost through with my devotions ." "All right Grandma, but please hurry," says the sweet one with a sigh of reluctance. Grandma then knelt before the idol of Shiva, offered a few sweets with muttered prayers for Him to accept them, as they were poor and could afford no more. Then bowing for the last time, she got up, put a garland of sweet smelling 'chameli' buds around the neck of the idol, and made for the entrance. Munnu was already there, waiting impatiently. As soon as Grandma reached the threshold he held her by the hand and then led the way through deserted alleys, over piles of dung heaps and under fallen buildings, towards home.

It was not much of a house, that tumble-down structure of mud and stone. It consisted of two small, low rooms, and in these a heavy smell of 'dung' was prevalent. In the bigger room nothing caught the eye besides two worn-out, filthy quilts. The smaller room was littered with articles of all shapes and sizes.....broken bits of colourful pottery, pitchers and a few soot-blackened copper jars. The two biggest copper jars were then taken off the heap. The bigger one was set over a mud 'chula', and the other was filled with cool, sweet water from a well. Half of this water was poured into the bigger one and set to boil; the remainder was reserved for drinking purposes and stowed away in the cool recesses of a corner.

After lighting the dung in the 'chula', she sat down on the floor and occupied herself in peeling some old, hard onions and potatoes which she had found. After peeling them with deft fingers, she placed them in the pot. Soon a savoury essence temporarily drove away the smell of dung. When the water was bubbling and hissing noisily and the potatoes and onions had boiled properly, only then did she take down the pot and place it on the floor to cool. When it was cool enough to be eaten, the thick nourishing gravy was poured into two wooden bowls worn smooth by constant use. This was their evening meal and this they consumed in silence.

After he had finished and thanked God for His kindness. Munnu prepared for sleep. It was quite dark now. A few lights flickered in the huts at a distance. Only Grandma's high-pitched, penetrating voice broke the

silence. She sang of warriors and priests, kings and beggars, lulling Munnu to sleep. Presently, a soft snore crowned her efforts. Munnu was asleep. Tears of happiness danced in Grandma's eyes as she filled them with Munnu's sleeping form. Then her memory wandered back.....

It was five years ago. Munnu was only a babe then. All he knew was to wail for his mother. One night, during a heavy downpour, the house in which he lived, collapsed. They found him next day, miraculously, unscathed, waiting for his parents. But alas! they would come to him no more. No more would they fondle him and caress him. No more would they play with him, for they breathed no more. In a surge of pity Grandma had offered to adopt Munnu. From that day to this she had reared him, and brought him up under her care. She was the only one Munnu knew, and Munnu the only one, Grandma knew.

Grandma put off the light with a sigh. She stood for a moment in the doorway, one foot on the threshold and the other on the street. She paused, turned and looked again at Munnu's sleeping form. Then she turned about, shrugged her shoulders, and still sighing, walked out. Her mind was not at ease, her countenance, disturbed. "The Gods are angry", she murmured. To ease her worried frame of mind, she walked forth through the deserted streets, viewing the heavens. A sudden storm was gathering. All was calm.....the calm before the storm. It was far into the night when grandma returned and stretched herself on the floor to sleep.....but she could not sleep.

It was mid-night. The skies were overcast. The thunder rumbled in the distance in an awesome roar. The lighting flashed most threateningly. The wind roared through the streets. Something in her cried, "Beware, the anger of the Gods. "BEWARE!! BEWARE!!!" Perspiring now, her eyes rolling wildly, she raised herself up on an elbow. Munnu was sleeping soundly. For a few moments she stared at him, then suddenly, a scene of five years ago flashed past her eye.....a tumble-down house...two dead bodies.. a child under the debris screaming for its mother. Tears were trickling down her cheeks now. She fell on the floor sobbing, "Oh! Lord, don't take my only one from me!" Then suddenly she got up. The voice in her cried louder "BEWARE! BEWARE!! BEWARE!!!" She clasped Munnu to her bosom and tottered towards the temple screaming, "Don't take my only one, O Lord! Don't, Don't!!" Suddenly the wind flared up, the thunder crashed overhead, the lighting zig-zagged blindly through the frowning heavens. Then in one wild untamed burst the rain came pouring down. But Grandma knew nothing saw nothing. She clasped Munnu tighter and fought against the elements to

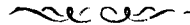
reach the temple, struggling wildly, panting, but undaunted. Suddenly, the familiar grey form loomed before her. She fell on the threshold sobbing. If she had looked about then she would have seen everything swaying—the wheat, the rocks, the very town—only the temple remained still.....

Dawn crept over the horizon. The sky was still overcast. There was a slight drizzle. No cock crew to welcome the dawn, no dog barked to rouse the village. All was silent, the silence of death. All was still, eerie.

Silhouetted against the brightening horizon, two figures crept haltingly towards the town. One was the withered frame of an old woman, the other, that of a child. As they neared the town, Grandma (for it was she) lifted Munku to her hip. She stared about vacantly with eyes which saw nothing. The earthquake had destroyed all, all except the long grey temple of God. Slowly Grandma turned her back on her native town, and set her face towards the temple. She clung tighter to Munku, thinking, fearing that he might be snatched away from her. He looked up with inquiring eyes and asked if anything was the matter. But she heard nothing, saw nothing. She only limped towards the temple, and slowly in the broken horizon her withered frame faded.

Now no din of merriment breaks the still air. All is silent, all is still. The creepers and ferns have grown thicker on the ageing wall of the temple, but yet they do not stop the sound of song and prayer that come pouring profusely through the leaves. But the voices are only two ... the two who did not forget Him in their direst hours, the two who will not forget Him till they breathe no more.

Gurvir Inder Singh
U. V.





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