

The Sanawarian

December 1958



The
Magazine of the Lawrence School Sanawar,
Simla Hills.

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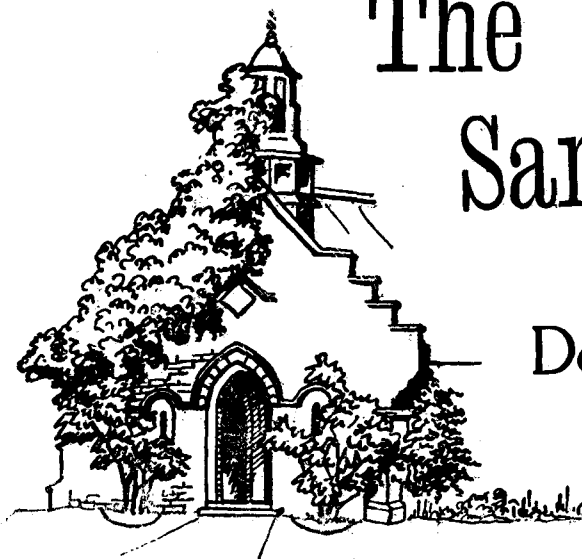
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Madhu Mehra
15 years



The Sanawarian

December 1958

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

A YEAR ONWARDS

Friday, the 7th of March saw Sanawarians back in S'na only to find everything looking the same as before, except for the swimming pool, which bore signs of having been worked upon. The Sparrows had their own Miss Jansen and the School, lots of new children. The film, the Cattle Queen of Montana, resulted in numerous gunfights on the pavement. March the 10th, (Black Monday) was spent in collecting textbooks and stationery and, two days later, the Sixth began their nightly reading of Macbeth. The rest of the boys pretended to do roadwork at Garkhal and, subsequently, on the bridle-path to Dharampore. The Festival Match ushered in the Cricket Season which coincided with Prep, weighing and measuring, water scarcity and the Labour Quota's unenviable task of transporting sand which was as heavy as it was expensive! Mr. Kemp bravely grappled with the Hobbies' lists; the Staff, with Promotions and Demotions; and the Senior English Society, with an inquiry into the need for the retention of English as the national language of India.

The School Prefects had tea at Bungalow No. 1; the hiking party went hiking; Monty's bunk was overflowing with language spoiling reading matter (confiscated comics); the Senior Hindi Society sang their verses; we saw educational films (clay-modelling, cricket and bicycles and commercial films (Jaldeep)); the boys got shorts and gave in their grey bags; while the

exhausted Staff had a Club Dinner. (Great Aunt *Guddi* groaned over the April Fool pranks.) Early in the month we had rain which washed out games, a holiday and a social for the S.C. results, a Possibles vs. Probables Cricket match, an invasion of O. S. and the Himalaya House Saturday Club Show. Meanwhile the girls played hard at their hockey, and welcomed Miss Cheryan their new piano mistress. The Preppers hailed their new matron, Miss Hatfield, as the Mr. Saleem Khan of the Prep School, while the angelic Sparrows warmed the cockles of Mary Ayah's heart. The gardens were a riot of pansies, poppies, petunia, anchusa and gypsophila.

More educational films (The Long Flight, the migration of wild geese, Outward Bound and Sea Scouts); a Foundation Day Picnic at Broken Bridge (a boy saw 12 water snakes) and Eagles' Nest (roast chicken and Battoo's extrafeathery-creamy chocolate cake); well chosen topics at the Geography Society; dog-days and boring Sundays, and gate crashing into the Preppers' cartoons were middle of April features. Inter-House cricket (B.D.) and Inter House hockey G. D.), Mr. Arnold-Brown's visit from Hyderabad, Sudarshan Sehgal's wedding at Kasauli, picture curtains in the Needlework Room, an invasion of Inspectors, a subsequent School Concert (*Inspector ki Report*), a Hindi Debate and a holiday highlighted the end of the month.

May brought the mid-term break (Pinjore and Simla), the Lovedale travels, new School Ties from Ireland, the Barne Memorial Cricket Match and Supper on the flood-lit pavement), the 2nd XI trip to Simla, khud cleaning, the summer hailing blue jacaranda by the War Memorial, the 1st XI vs B.C. S. victory (Home) followed by another win against the Y. P. S. team, a Mock Parliament, another holiday ("Hurrah for cricket and down with *gullidanda*," enthused Grand Nephew *Guruditta* as he guzzled Charlie's *Sindi Kalakand*), while the stalwarts of the Boy's School stamped out khud fires.

The girls played badminton and tennis, the boys practised Hodson Runs; Siwalik House had a Saturday Club Show (Coconut, a calypso featuring Shiv Mehra, Monty, Sonny and Kenneth Maharaj); History enthusiasts babbled about life in ancient Crete, a schoolboy's account of the French Revolution, the Han Dynasty's administration of China and Gregor Mc Gregor's stupendous hoax on the civilised world. The end of May saw the Inter House Boxing finals, the P. D. Hockey finals and water bottles for sale at the Tuckshop.

June started with educational films (Cambridge and Oxford, An English Village and the Lake District), a soccer match with the Modern School team, a visit from Asha D(hawan), and a Science Society meeting. The Staff

Club had another dinner and Housie. The Last days of Pompeii and some Preppers' films were shown. Vindhya House staged the third Saturday Club Show of the season and the girls played off their tennis matches. The British Council sent up some more educational films which taught us about coaching and goalkeeping. The next performance of the Saturday Club show was presented by the Girls' School. The Folk Dance and Indian puppet show were big hits. The whole School sang community songs in the interval. (Green grow the Rushes-O!) There were four short films for the Preppers and the Senior School saw Nicholas Nickleby and attended a Music Recital before the Half-Yearly Examinations which clashed with the Inter House Soccer tournament. We got weighed and measured, were entertained by the Preppers to a Saturday Club Show and rounded off the term with frilly picture curtains in the Mistresses' C. R. (a symphony in green and heart failure for the Bursar), cinema shows and a social.

Early August saw us back plus Anil Nehru who had come to bid us good-bye, minus Mr. Mukherji who had taken study leave and Miss Joshi, who was to be married, and in whose stead we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. H. Sikand and Baby Kiran who went to live in Stone View. Independence Day was a Servants' Day. Soon after, the Filtration Plant was installed and a Swimming Gala arranged. Shyam Kak and Marwaha resembled fish. The School XI trounced the H. M's XI but got a wiggling from the 11th Brigade. There was a very short "short" of Macbeth. Harish Gidwani came up on a visit. Swimming, the Y. P. S. Match and the film, The Conqueror, followed in quick succession.

Some robbers made an unsuccessful bid for Mr. Wad's Kashmiri silver tea service. Founders' preparations commenced. Miss White (O. S.), addressed the School on the Sanawar of her times. The boys had their favourite "tindas" for lunch. Siwalik big game hunters chased a stray dog that liked Monty's bunk. *Raksha Bandan* left the brothers a little (or a lot) poorer. The girls put in some hard practice for the Auckland House matches. Mr. Saleem Khan had the G. K. enthusiasts guessing, and the frivolous Staff had yet another Social. This time, by the Swimming Pool.

Quo Vadis, screened in September, caused Mr. Jagdish Ram to call for rakes to extinguish the fire. Sonny Mehta, who got cramps while swimming in the shallow end, was fished out by Kak. Navina Sundaram had a birthday. Shyam Kak (nearly) drowned in the deep end and was hauled out in time by Stout Siwalikan Prefects. The Tuckshop was closed for stocktaking. The boxers were weighed. Half of them were under weight and half over weight. Kind Hearts and Coronets was projected. The O. S. Room over Nilagiri Bath House

was nearing completion, the mazdoors making an all-out effort, and Mrs. Sehgal sat up embroidering the School Flag till the early hours of the morning.

The heavens turned the taps on. It rained cats and dogs in the evening and became cold at night. (Great Aunt *Guddi* borrowed Mr. Saleem Khan's *Kangri* and some live coal from Dead Eye B. Singh). Athletics practice was cancelled. Arms and the Man recalcitrants drove Mr. Gopinathan to distraction; the hikers went to Pinjore. Brig Verma's sumptuous lunch made G. N. *Guruditta's* salivary glands flow) and Kenneth Maharaj Singh's Band provided the noise at the N.C.C. practice. Would-be boxers went to see some bouts at Dagshai; Nilagiri won the Junior English Inter House Debate. (Cherubic Nagpal was tops.) The N.C.C. was presented with "full armour"; "Googly" made great inroads into Biology and Chemistry; Figure marching (with lighted torches) in the evening, resulted in a temporary disappearance of candles from the Tuckshop.

The weather deteriorated; the *darzies* worked overtime; indoor rehearsals reached a fine frenzy; jumping was postponed; and the anxious Staff and harassed children became glummer and glummer.

Came the 3rd October and blue skies and bright sunshine, Shri Kirpal, the Board and our Fairy godmother. The P.D. Concert was outstanding, the Tattoo astounding, the Parade was impressive, the Staff play romantic (Mrs. Lyall: Frederick! At last! Bhupi: Cecily! At last! Jolly: Gwendolen! At last!) (We made the couples embrace for at least ten minutes). The Fête was a swindle, the School Concert a success, with the O. S. Dance as a climax. We took Monday off and did our jumps on the Wednesday.

Roop Narang had a birthday, the Senior School its P. T. competition. The girls beat the boys at netball and vice versa at table tennis and donned their winter kit of scarlet blazers. The Maths Society had a meeting. The girls left for Simla, won laurels for Sanawar, and received a hero's welcome on return, earned a holiday for the School but lessons for the Sixth and a magnificent tea from Mrs. Nanda. (Great Aunt *Guddi* was sick with indigestion, excitement and rumination.) The Boys' hockey XI beat the Army 7-6. We had a social in Barne Hall to the lovely strains of Mr. Pillai's Bright Boys; there was lighting trouble at Preptime; the hockey teams left for Y. P. S.; and we had a holiday for the Head's birthday. November started with some British Council visitors, and a medley of matches. The girls had Inter House netball. The boys had hockey and boxing with B.C.S. and then on to Dehra Dun to box with the Doon School. Diwali was as usual. Count Curly, alias Sarvjit Lorai, took on Mr. Bhupinder Singh (Dead Eye) at target shooting but grand nephew *Guruditta*

laid his shirt on Davinder Singh for sharp shooting. Mrs. Nanda played hopscotch with the Sparrows and Mrs. Bedi dispensed coffee, and Mrs Kemp, cream buns at Elevenes. Mrs. Lyall wanted to give prizes to all the geniuses. In between whiles we saw All the Brothers were Valiant, The Caine Mutiny and Nav Neet as well as Peter Pan and Wendy and Hansel and Gretel although we're not Preppers. The Prep School had its sports and did brilliantly at lessons, so Miss Rudra had to help Mrs. Cherian decide who should get prizes. Mrs. Thomas had such clever dancers and Mrs. Kate such expert actors that Children's Day was a succession of plays, songs and butterfly dances.

The examinations were so deadly that we had chalk fights for Elevenes. Roof studying caught on, so our cardigans and skirts got ruined. The malis went on strike as the seeds weren't ordered early. The trees shed their millions of leaves and the sweepers were disgusted. The weather became arctic and a delicately etched snowline was visible beyond Simla. Backache became the fashion, so the red lamp was in action. Happy (almost) broke her head and hurt her finger. End of term was its usual round of parties and goodbyes. The kindly Headmaster sent us all down to Delhi; the Bursar (God bless him) arranged for us to see the Exhibition.

Bishop Barne:

The reference to Bishop Barne in the report of a talk which was published in the last issue of the SANAWARIAN has pained a number of Old Sanawarians who have every reason to idolise him.

The Editor hastens to disclaim any responsibility for or agreement with views expressed in the Magazine. In any case, in this particular case, they do not represent School opinion. Consequently, it is felt it would be doing the the memory a of very great man disservice if the matter is pursued further.

The Headmaster's Speech

—:o:—

FOUNDER'S DAY

4th October, 1958.

Ladies & Gentlemen,

It gives me great pleasure to welcome Mr. P. N. Kirpal, Secretary to the Govt. of India, Ministry of Education, as our Chief Guest at our 111th Founder's. Our pleasure is all the greater for the reason that it is the first time that our Chairman himself is presiding over our functions. We have always wanted this, and I am particularly grateful to Mr. Kirpal for so kindly agreeing to the unanimous wishes of the whole School that he should preside. I do not wish to embarrass Mr. Kirpal by referring to his experience, the great number of his interests and activities, except to say how very pleased we are that he is on our Board of Governors.

We hope in future to be able to welcome the new members on our Board of Governors, namely Dr. Sushila Nayar, Member of Parliament, and Lt. General Kulwant Singh who is at present officiating Chief of Army Staff. With your permission, Sir, I should like to welcome Mrs. Ammu Swaminadhan who is on the Board of Governors of our sister School at Lovedale and Mr. Thomas, the Headmaster, and Mr. Srinivasan who have come all the way from the South.

The Headmaster of another great school, the B. C. S., with whom we have been associated for almost a 100 years, has honoured us with his presence today. We are particularly grateful to Rev. & Mrs. Dustan who have so kindly found it possible to come up for Founder's. Also with them have come Mr. Brown, the Senior Master, and Mr. Advani, the Bursar, who are equally welcome.

We have with us more Old Sanawarians present than ever before, and we have also received a great many telegrams and messages of good wishes. As I said last year their presence in Sanawar is an assurance of past integrity and an incentive for the future. I hope they will enjoy themselves in spite of the bad weather we have been having. Not least among our Old Sanawarians, we welcome Mr. & Mrs. Vyas. Mr. Vyas, as some of you may know, was a Housemaster in Sanawar for great many years. He has now been specially recruited by the Govt. of India as a member of the Indian Administrative Service. I feel very happy to welcome them both and wish them every success. I must mention Miss Joshi, who is not here today but who left us last term to get married. She was one of our most loved and capable House Mistresses, and we miss her very much indeed. I am sure you will all join me in wishing her every happiness in her married life.

Then, I should like to say how very pleased we are to have with us my brother, General Som Dutt, Director of Military Training, and Mrs. Som Dutt, and also Brig. and Mrs. Bhagwati Singh and the Service Officers and their wives from the garrisons in Kasauli, Dagshai and Subathu. We have always relied on them for help and they have never failed us.

Lastly, and by no means least, we welcome the many friends we have and the parents whose presence not only encourages us and the Staff, but also the children.

I do not intend to give here a very detailed report on our activities this year. It would take perhaps too long, and a recital of mere routine is rarely entertaining. But I should like to refer to some of the more interesting aspects of our School life.

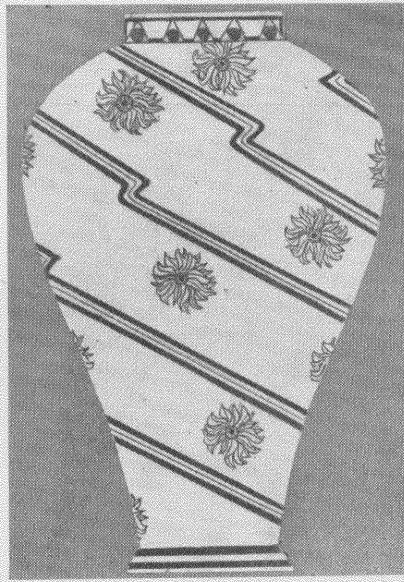
Firstly, our results in the Overseas School Leaving Certificate examination were reasonably satisfactory. This is the first time since 1947 that we sent up so many candidates for the examination. These included a number of children who had joined us fairly late in their school career. Nevertheless, of the 38 who sat for the examination 11 passed in the First Division, 17 in the Second and 7 in the Third. There were three failures. Two of them were unable to make the requisite groupings of subjects. One boy failed in English Language which is a compulsory subject. Even though he secured Credits in every other subject, I do not feel that the Cambridge Syndicate's insistence on a minimum standard is a bad thing. The results of our monthly Mark Readings this year have been satisfactory throughout the School and encourage us to believe that our results in the future will be as good, if not very much better.

I should like to refer also to the cases of those children who are weak in studies. I am mentioning this because parents, I am sure, would like to know how we tackle this problem. We ourselves are very much alive to it. The children who are weak fall into two categories : those we know are weak and those whose parents feel are weak. In the latter case I would ask parents to bear with us. The essence of our system is that a child should develop as a whole. No amount of high marks will compensate a child, if in his attempts to secure these, he is found lacking in effort or interest in his fellow students, his environment, his games and his hobbies. The experience he gains in the enjoyment of these activities will stand him in good stead all his life much more so than knowing that Mt. Pappa, in Burma, is an extinct volcano or that H₂O is another term for water. But we do have with us the problem of the genuinely weak children. These, in almost every case, are limited to late entrants. Parents write to us asking that private tuitions be arranged and express their willingness to pay for it. Private coaching as such is not a very good thing except in the case of new admissions who may be weak in one or two subjects. Otherwise, it makes a child dependent on a crutch, when our main object is to make children rely on and trust their own developing talents. In Sanawar we do not permit private coaching on payment, as it leads to a number of abuses. But this does

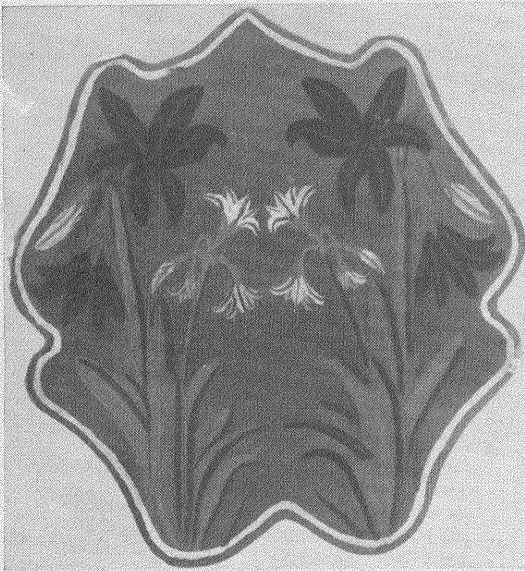
not mean that nothing whatever is done. Our results in the Overseas School Leaving Certificate examination alone belie this. The problem is tackled in two ways. Firstly, new admissions are definitely helped to reach the standard of other students in the subjects in which they are weak. Secondly, the Senior Master, Mr. Kemp, is making a start with a system that will make our present tutorial classes a part of the School time-table, when weak children can and will be given extra instruction, without either cutting in to the normal time-table of instruction or cutting in to those precious hours which are available for games and out of class activities. This system has merit, achieves results and has none of the demerits of private coaching. It will, undoubtedly, have to be limited to the lower forms and will also mean that fewer subjects will be learned, but these latter will be the really important ones.

We are placing increasing emphasis on Maths. and Science in Sanawar. This, I feel, is in tune with the requirements of our rapidly developing country. India very greatly needs its technicians, scientists and engineers. Some children have found this increasing emphasis on these two subjects unpopular, but if we can make our methods of instruction more interesting, and this we are constantly trying to do, there is no reason why these subjects should not become of the most absorbing interest.

Perhaps, the most interesting development has taken place in the Prep. School where Miss Rudra, the Mistress I/C, has very ably and most energetically put into practice a number of new trends and ideas. These changes are being initiated very gradually indeed as must most things in a school, and it will take some time before they are fully established, for it would be wrong to apply a cut and dried plan to a living organisation like a school. As we, who are older, know experience, pleasant or unpleasant, is the key-note of what we learn, and therefore, there is every reason for introducing experience, the ablest of teachers into our schools. The aim of the new system which might be termed learning through activity is to provide opportunities for each individual child to learn through his own experience and activity, at his own pace and according to his own mental age, in an atmosphere of that friendly help and guidance so necessary for the very young. Naturally, this requires of the teacher a store of imagination, initiative and organising ability. She must be able to create opportunities for individual progress as well as for group and class work. Fortunately, we have staff qualified and able to do this. Under this system a child is encouraged to feel the need for mastering basic skills and daily prepares himself for life, starting from the known in his environment to the unknown through experience and activity. Environmental studies which include History, Geography and Nature Study, are learnt through centres of interest giving children ample opportunity for exploration, observation and group adjustments. The same ideas extend to Art, Music, Drama and Physical Education. In all these directed activity plays a very important part. The child's energy, imagination and intellect are channelised to give full scope for the all round developments of the individual. The essence of this system is that it is better for a child to be able to say 'I have experienced' than to say 'I know'.



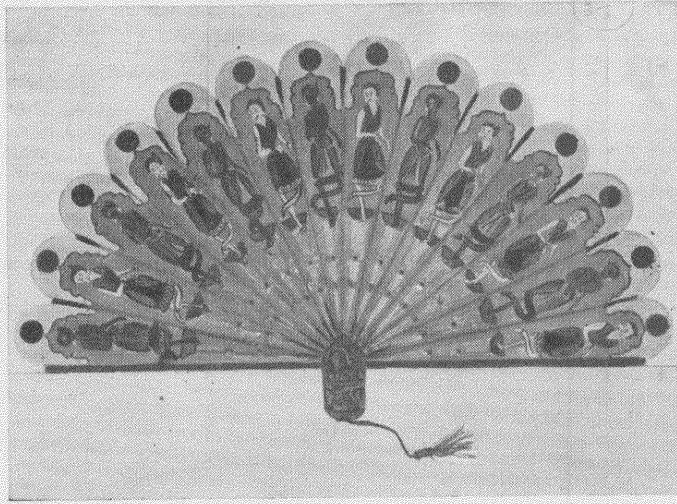
A. Pandya
14 years.



Prabha S. Kang
13 years



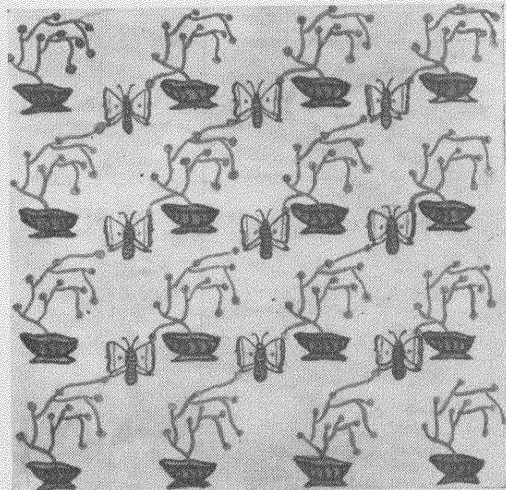
Shahnaz Menon
12 years



Basant Usha Katoch
14 years.



Krishen Kak
14 years



Kanchan Mohini
14 years

Throughout the School constant care and planning has enabled every child to have opportunities for development of capacities whether for Art, Music, Drama, Painting, Handicrafts, Dancing and Music. A measure of what has been achieved can be viewed in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition room and in the Concerts which some of you have seen and others yet have to see. A notable and encouraging activity has been the provision of facilities and time for reading for pleasure. There has been a most encouraging response, and the number of children taking books from the library has exceeded anything known in the past. This is a very good thing, as the habit of reading once acquired lasts throughout life.

We were recently inspected by a Committee of educationists appointed by the Govt. of India, and, I am sure, you will be glad to know that they commented favourably on the tone of instruction, the great attention given to Hindi, and the methods of instruction in Science and in the teaching of Painting and the Fine Arts.

We were able this year to send two parties of children on excursions, one to the South and one to Kashmir. The programme to the South had to be amended at the last moment on account of the scare caused by cases of food poisoning. The excursion to Kashmir was an unqualified success. The cost for a month's stay, including travel to and from Kashmir, did not exceed Rs. 265/- per child. They were able also to learn some of the crafts for which Kashmir is famous. A few examples of what they have been able to make from what they have learnt are on display in the Art and Crafts Room. Some of them also made a trip to Amarnath doing the whole journey from Pahalgam to Amarnath and back in three days, which is a remarkable feat of endurance and adventure. The total distance is in the neighbourhood of sixty five miles.

With regard to games, we have had a reasonably successful School year, particularly in Cricket which, as I said last year, is the game for which Sanawar has always been famous. The one month's break we had in summer has affected our football fixtures with either schools, and I don't see how we shall be able to continue these fixtures, as unless the B. C. S. or the Y. P. S. change their fixture cards, we shall never be able to compete with them at Soccer. It is possible that next year we might be able to raise the standards of athletics in the School if an idea I have meets with the approval of the Y. P. S. and the B. C. S., namely that we run an Inter-Schools Athletics Competition at the Stadium in Patiala. So far Inter-Schools Competitions in Athletics have never been a feature of our fixture card.

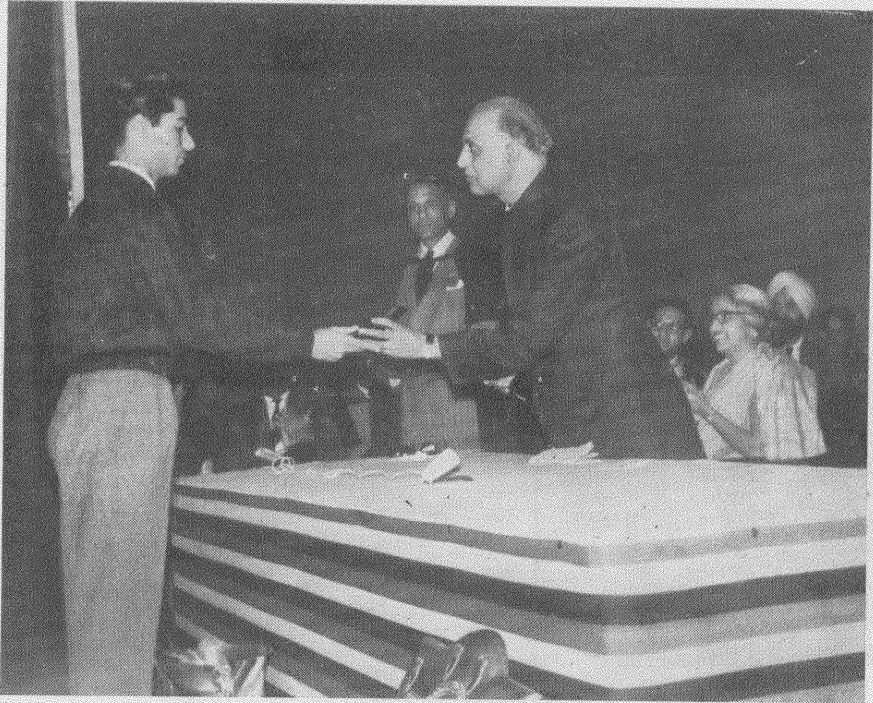
Health :I am very glad indeed to say that the health of the children has been good. There have been fewer admissions to the hospital. The number attending morning medical inspection has been smaller, and, what is of significant interest, the number of children who qualified in the preliminary heats for the Inter-House Athletics has almost trebled. This last is a most encouraging testimony to the stamina, endurance, and physical efficiency of the children. The Health Insurance Scheme, initiated this year, has proved very beneficial. we were visited in turn by the Eye, the Ear, Nose and Throat, and the Dental Specialist. Details of the examinations

and their recommendations were forwarded to parents wherever necessary. This periodical examination has contributed very greatly to the health of the children and to a knowledge of their needs. How very necessary these examinations are can be judged from a single instance. A boy had as many as 45 teeth in his head, 13 more than are really necessary. None of these extras were doing him any good and could in course of time have done his jaw irreparable harm.

Finance : As I said last year, we were able to balance our budget, and this year we have been able to do the same. When it is realised that in former years the School used to receive a recurring grant-in-aid of over a lac of rupees, and now receives not one anna, this is no small achievement. Not only have we been able to balance our budget, but we have also been able to put away approximately Rs. 23,000/- towards Depreciation and to make a net saving of Rs. 49,386/-. In addition, the extreme generosity of parents and well-wishers has helped us to build up an Endowment Fund which at present stands at a figure of Rs. 22,000/-. Great credit goes to the children and the Staff who have made every effort to avoid wastage of any kind, but I should like to thank in particular Mr. Kate, our extremely able Bursar, without whose constant care, vigilance and planning this would have been impossible. As some of you may know, Mr. Kate was selected by two Selection Committees for appointment as Principal of the Hyderabad Public School where, I am sure, he would have been most successful. Very fortunately for us, and equally unfortunately for the Hyderabad Public School, the Government of Andhra Pradesh did not accept the unanimous wishes of the two Selection Committees, and consequently, Mr. Kate has been spared to us, which for Sanawar is a very good thing indeed. Though our financial position is not unsatisfactory, I cannot help again referring to our need for financial assistance for the purpose of maintaining the extremely large estate we have inherited until such time as we are able to build up financial reserves of our own. Without this financial assistance we shall be unable to launch any bold or progressive experiments so necessary for the development of a living organisation like a school. We have no wish to increase fees, but buildings and land must be maintained, and maintained properly, in particular in the hills where land-slides are only too frequent. The Government has been extremely generous to us in the past, and I would appeal again to its generosity not to turn off the financial tap suddenly, a tap that has flowed for over 100 years, but to do it gradually until we can stand on our feet with real confidence in future. We must have money to maintain our buildings or we shall lose them. To maintain our buildings from fees means that education must suffer.

Lastly, as usual, I should like once again to pay tribute to the children of the School. It is they who run it not through committees and parliaments but from a sense of tradition and from their own sense of what is good and just and right. The Prefectorial system which this results in is the essence of all Public Schools. The fact that schools can be run by children on these lines is a most encouraging factor in India where students are compelled or encouraged to use strikes and demonstrations as a means of expressing their ego.

FOUNDER'S



Shri Prem Kirpal presents the President's Medal to Richard Mountford



Nina Dubey receives the President's Medal

FOUNDER'S



THE INSPECTION



The March Past (Vindhya).

Composition of Endowment Fund A/c.

Amount transferred from Fete a/c Rs. 8,000-00
 Amount transferred from Donation Fund a/c Rs. 6,074-08

Donations received from:—

| | | | |
|------------------------|---------|----------|--------------|
| Shri S. S. Chawla | ... Rs. | 50-00 | |
| Capt. H. S. Dhillon | | 250-00 | |
| Brig Rawind Singh | | 50-00 | |
| HH Rajmata K. M. Shah | | 250-00 | |
| Brig Rajinder Singh | | 250-00 | |
| Col. G. S. Sihota | | 100-00 | |
| Shri J. N. Soi | | 250-00 | |
| Shri A. P. Dhawan | | 51-00 | |
| Brig Joginder Singh | | 100-00 | |
| Shri Sucha Singh Anand | | 125-00 | |
| Mrs. S. Rao | | 100-00 | |
| Shri Wasu Deva | | 50-00 | |
| Shri H. L. Chadha | | 250-00 | |
| Shri B. K. Dhar | | 50-00 | |
| Shri S. K. Patel | | 1,000-00 | |
| Shri H. R. Sabherwal | | 5,000-00 | |
| Mrs. Harbal Singh | | 100-00 | |
| Shri Bhagwant Singh | | 250-00 | |
| Shri B. K. Nehru | | 75-71 | |
| Shri Thakar Das | | 183-52 | |
| Shri T. S. Kapoor | | 25-50 | |
| Brig Apar Singh | | 10-00 | |
| Shri Hari Singh | | 100-00 | |
| Brig Har Narain Singh | | 13-69 | |
| Genl. Joginder Singh | | 101-00 | Rs. 8,785-42 |

Total : Rs. 22,859-50

**The Speech Delivered by Shri P. N. Kirpal,
Secretary, Union Ministry of
Education.**

FOUNDER'S DAY

4th October, 1958.

Mr. Headmaster, Members of the Staff, Parents and friends of the School, and my young friends:—

I feel happy and privileged to be here today at this celebration of the 111th anniversary of the Lawrence School at Sanawar.

I have listened with great interest and satisfaction to your report, Mr. Headmaster. You and your colleagues on the staff deserve the congratulations and gratitude of the parents and all those who are interested in the welfare in the School. Progress has been maintained in studies and in extra curricular activities and in spite of financial difficulties, the School continues to provide more and more amenities to its members. During the Founder's Day celebrations we have all seen concrete examples of your achievements. True to its ideals and traditions the School continues to provide a balanced education, catering for various aptitudes and providing full scope for the expression of varied talents.

As a public school imparting a broad and liberal education of high quality Sanawar has fully justified itself. This is a good and heartening result, and very welcome today when people are questioning the relevance and usefulness of what is called the public school system of education. In reality the public schools do not provide any special system of education; they merely aim at imparting the best type of education, which is bound to be expensive. Since the cost of education in public schools is high and quite beyond the means of an average citizen, it is natural that the State should hesitate to give grants for the maintenance of these Schools. In the socialistic pattern of society, to which we are now dedicated, there can be no question of subsidizing privilege. At the same time the Government do not, and indeed cannot, afford to neglect education of the highest quality for those whose talents can earn the enjoyment of this right. The answer, therefore, lies in liberal endowments from philanthropic sources and in increasing the number of scholarships for meritorious boys and girls to enable the sons and daughters of poor parents to receive, along with the rich, such education of high quality as the public schools offer. With such encouragement from Society, our public schools will find it easier to maintain and improve their standards and to get more closely integrated to the national system of education. Sanawar has already achieved this integration to a very large measure and it makes me happy to see the signs of progress and vitality all around.

Although this is my second visit to this old and reputed institution, and both times I have come in an official capacity, I think I can claim that I am a Sanawarian at heart. During many a summer in the days of my youth I have roamed around this lovely hill, often hearing the animated conversation and joyful laughter of young people who always appeared to be intensely absorbed in work or play.

This was many years ago. It must have been the same before that and I see that very spirit of good fellowship, of earnestness and of delight around me today. Great institutions have an air of timelessness about them; the outward forms and appearances change but the essence of things remains unaltered, gaining in depth and in strength by the sheer passage of time. This is the meaning of tradition, and Sanawar has, undoubtedly, built up a great and cherished tradition for itself.

This tradition must live for ever in the lives of all Sanawarians, young or old but it is on Founder's Day that the institution becomes most conscious of its past, its present and even the unborn future, of the continuity of values, principles and ideals which distinguish it from others, and especially of the fellowship of human beings which nurtures and expresses tradition. Many changes have taken place in the life of the School during its long existence, and especially in the recent past, and many more will surely come. Change is the law of life and the capacity to adjust to new circumstances is the measure of the vitality of an individual as well as of an institution. Sanawar has abundantly proved its capacity to adjust without discarding anything of value.

The Founder of this School belonged to a race of people different from our own, and he founded this School to teach young people of soldierly stock to do their duty in maintaining an order of society which has since passed away. Exactly after a century from the founding of this School in 1847, India won its independence from foreign rule. During the years of struggle for our national independence we had some differences of opinion and some conflicts with the foreign rulers and with the regime which was upheld by them. Looking back at the past in this moment of time, when these differences and conflicts have been resolved successfully and harmoniously, we are oblivious of any differences of race and colour, and we can now claim all the years since the foundation of the School as a part of our national history in which the Founder, and the young soldiers who were trained and educated here, also played a part. In this awareness and in this spirit we can today salute the memory of the Founder who did his duty towards his fellowmen and left behind him a noble example of selfless service, and leadership.

The motto of this School sums up the spirit of Henry Lawrence. "Never Give In." This is a sure guide to a soldier who must never give in to the enemy and who must try to overcome all difficulties and achieve the objective set before him. Today this spirit of the fight and this tenacity of purpose which must belong to those who never give in are greatly needed by the youth of our country. After attaining independence we are all engaged in a tremendous enterprise of building a great nation,

which must be true to its ideals and traditions and at the same time build upon new ideas and new forces. We have to strengthen and consolidate our national unity; we must toil hard for the economic and social reconstruction of our society; and we have still to establish firmly a democratic order on the basis of true equality and individual freedom. These are vast and difficult tasks and the urgency of accomplishing these is like that of a battle for national survival and national glory. In this battle the soldierly qualities of discipline, stamina and perseverance which your School teaches are of great value.

So we must never give in to the enemy outside us in the form of ignorance, poverty and disease. We must fight the evil and ugliness around us with all our might, but there is also the enemy inside us who needs to be watched constantly and to be conquered completely. We must never give in to fear, to despondency and to temptation. These also have to be conquered. The quality of education which is imparted in this School and the opportunities for the building of character which are afforded here make it possible to conquer these hidden enemies living inside us.

Fear is a dangerous enemy and it often lies unsuspected and unrecognized. Despondency or faint-heartedness follows from fear and inertia. Temptation comes to those with a weak moral fibre, content to take the path of least resistance and deluded by passing pleasures and comforts. Like the Founder of this School and like all good and conscientious men, we must never give in to fear, despondency and temptation and must try to conquer these enemies by self-knowledge and courage, by a sense of joy and of hope, and by discipline and self-control. The system of education in this School, the happy relationship between teachers and pupils and the good spirit of fellowship among boys and girls aim at strengthening those qualities of character which would always help in conquering fear, despondency and temptation.

You must be familiar with a sentence which occurs in a well-known book of Kipling's. It refers to a boy who needs schooling. Somebody says in the story, "Send him to Sanawar and make a man of him." Sanawar has indeed lived up to this reputation which it had in the days of Kipling. To make a man or a woman of a boy or a girl is the whole purpose of education and this transformation is achieved through purposeful guidance, free expression and the subtle influences of the environment. In all these things Sanawar is fortunate.

Conscious guidance to children comes from the leadership and sympathy of the Headmaster and the skill and devotion of his staff. The signs of this are obvious in the intelligence and poise of the young people gathered here, and in the excellent results in examinations and games which the School achieves.

Free expression seems to be an integral part of the School's education and its spontaneity is encouraged in an atmosphere of sympathy and understanding. The results of this free expression are evident in the wonderful artistic and cultural func-

tions which we have witnessed and enjoyed yesterday and today. The education of the emotions, which is as important as the sharpening of the intellect, is given its proper recognition in this institution.

The influences of the environment are often decisive in the moulding of a particular character for an institution. Here Sanawar is specially lucky. Its beautiful setting in the mountains and the old, rugged hills, around must cast a spell on those who live here. Slowly and silently, and with a quiet assurance, the mountains whisper their mysterious messages into the hearts of men and this impact goes deep down into our natures. It is no wonder that the men and women of Sanawar, when they go out into the world after their schooling in this lovely environment, should display such qualities of sturdiness, patience, determination, quietness, along with a certain detachment and compassion, qualities which are to a large measure given as gifts of the mountains. In this environment Kipling's unschooled lad, and those who followed him had a very good chance, and those who will follow them will have an even better chance, of growing up into men and women, who can be expected to contribute to the ideal inscribed under your motto in this hall: that is "Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards all men."

Today when the peace of the world is threatened by large preparations for war and by the prospect of terrible consequences of using the latest weapons of destruction when mistrust, suspicion and illwill divide human beings from one another and corrode their souls, this ideal of humanity looks like a dream which has little relevance to reality. The great challenge of extinction or survival of utter barbarity or a wonderfully rich and gracious civilization, is posed before us now and the choice will largely depend on the boys and girls of today whose education will transform them into the men and women of tomorrow. Looking at the bright eyes, the confident expression, and the disciplined bearing of the young people assembled in this hall today, one is filled with hope for the future. May the men and women of Sanawar contribute their utmost, in a spirit of dedication and humility, to the building of peace on earth and goodwill towards all men!

—————:o:—————

The Boot-Leggers Expedition

What I intend to narrate is an expedition, but in a sense it was more than a mere expedition, for we obtained more than pleasure from it. I have decided to refer to it as the 'Boot-Leggers' expedition for no other reason than that I was a boot-legger myself, for those few hours at least.

We decided upon camping in a hollow for not only was it near the lake, but it would provide an excellent hide out from the 'police'. (You'll hear more of their efficiency later!) The first thing we did was to erect our 'bivocks' which, I might add, are miniature tents made from 'ground sheets' and, as it went, were meant to accommodate three of us. Then we went around cutting bushes and camouflaging our 'bivocks.'

After all the rushing about had subsided we decided upon making ourselves some tea. This resulted in our tongues getting sorely blistered. However, after that, we were given some lessons in mountaineering by Mr. Arnold Brown. Incidentally he was with us just as a spectator and so was naturally not inclined to give us any clue as to the whereabouts of the 'police'. Anyway, thanks to him, I am here today, whole—no ribs missing, no bones broken and my master gland functioning normally!

Then we waited for it to get dark. And while we waited, we tried desperately hard to persuade Mr. Brown to whisper certain very important information to us, but he wouldn't hear of it. So we went into the lake and consoled ourselves by having a little swimming.

While we were thus rapt, I gathered the 'police' were engrossed in playing potted sports (this is something the N. D. A. have originated). I might tell you that the 'police' had Major Mackeen, a very interesting and efficient young officer who was there for the same purpose as Mr. Brown was, with us. Undoubtedly he was the moving spirit behind these potted sports and, thanks to him, the 'police' were totally unaware of the crafty elements that were working their way towards them. Yes, so they were—three patrols, as we called them, were moving stealthily towards their camp. We didn't know where they had camped of course, and nor were we meant to. All we were to do was to obey our 'patrol' leader—obey him to the last word and not question his sense of direction or mental apprehensions. So three of us, and Mr. Brown (who again did nothing but observe, without comment, and inwardly digest our romantic inclinations,) went off on a wild goose chase—somewhere. First we went a mile in the opposite direction, just in case we walked into the 'police patrol'. Then we went through tall cornfields, stopping at every few hundred paces, then hiding behind trees, then going on a little distance on our bellies, then lying flat on the ground with our faces buried in the sand, while our patrol leader conversed with

some terrified villagers. Another rather interesting peculiarity of this man was that he insisted on our jumping from one side of the road to another, again, I presume, to avoid the advancing 'police patrol'.

However he had a sane side to him too, for he managed to procure some vital information from the villagers about the 'police' camp. You see he would appeal to the dormant senses of the villagers by speaking to them in their mother tongue, which is so dear to every soul. Now the only problem that faced us was how to enter their camp and, if possible, get something which would testify to our having been there.

Fate came to our rescue. Some bullock-carts came down the road. Our 'patrol leader' persuaded them to give him a lift and also lend him their shawl. So he managed to walk into the police camp and talk to their 'sentry' for at least five minutes, and have a smoke with him. He was, however, eventually discovered as his feet were unusually clean for a villager's.

So came to an end our little adventure. But we had gained a lot by it. We had unconsciously abided by, and been a part of the 'Outward Bound' motto—"To strive, to serve, and not to yield". Even on our way back to the camp we strove to persuade the third occupant of our 'bivvy' to sleep outside in his 'sleeping bag'. He didn't agree, so he found himself sleeping where he ought to have been, in the middle of the night. We didn't want to do it. Of course we had to do it, for he wasn't prepared to yield.

Richard Mountford
Sixth Form

Excursion to the South

2-5-58 At last ! the long awaited day arrived. Half an hour, fifteen minutes, five, four, three, two, one, "Zero hour". The brakes were released and the bus moved. Soon the familiar School Gates were left behind and we were rolling on to Kalka. We arrived at our destination at 8-30 and we were given a meagre supper of crumbly sandwiches. On deciding that it was not enough we went for a second dinner at the Kalka Refreshment Room (Poor Service). Then there was the usual rush for compartments, a lot of confusion, and a few calamities, which were brought to a stop by the train moving out of the station at 11-30 p. m. Hope no one is left behind.

3-5-58 At 6-30 Delhi was reached. We arrived safe and sound and none the worse for own journey, though a bit grubby, and before we went home with our parents, Mr. Kemp gave us some sound advice. "All of you have baths. Don't forget to wash your neck; or else!!!" We stopped at Delhi for 9 hours, we had to be back in New Delhi Station by 3 o'clock. There the Janta Express air conditioned coach waited us. The train left punctually at 4, and after waving good-bye, we settled back in our seats to begin our long journey to the South.

4-5-58 Still travelling in the Janta. We amused ourselves by walking up and down the corridor of the train. The train was very crowded and there was a mile long queue outside the dining car, and unfortunately we were always at the tail end of the queue. So finally one of our bright specimens thought of a grand idea. When we finally got our places for tea we refused to budge from the dining car and stayed till we had, had our dinner, and there were the people outside the car shaking their fists at us, but we didn't care as long as we got our food. The bearers were rather lazy when it came to serving, so 1, 2, 3, the Sanawarians pressed the dinner bell, and if that didn't bring them to their feet, nothing could have. Mr. Katoch who had been travelling with us from Delhi broke his journey at Kazipet.

We have been travelling through the Deccan, and there are plenty of peacocks here, who glad to have us "us" notice them, danced with joy.

5-5-58 We beheld Madras and all its splendour at 1-45, the train being 2 hours 45 minutes behind time. The clouds, overjoyed at seeing us, unburdened themselves on us. Even the air was sticky and hot. A kind gentleman from the A. V. M. Studios met us, and he took us to his house, where, after washing we went to the Studios for lunch. We had a delicious meal of *dosas* and *sambhar*. The only trouble was how to tell them whether we wanted more or not. As they knew only Tamil so we began moving our hands about the place (till they finally understood) and using some Tamil words which we had picked on the trip). *Illo* means, no. *Vanakan* means, thank you, that's about all we knew). After lunch we found one of the native boys standing on his cart near the garden. So to test our knowledge of Tamil we went to make conversation with him. "*Inga Pouron?*" (Where are you going?) asked one of us and in answer received a string of Tamil, of which we understood nothing. Saying "*Vanakam*" we turned our backs and left him staring. We returned to our house and were ready just in time for dinner which we had at Kwality's.

6th May We woke up to find rain pouring down. Rather disappointed we set about getting ready. Twenty six people and one bath room was not very pleasant and by the time we were all ready it was nearly lunch time. On our way to lunch we changed our minds and went to Marina Beach. It was still raining, yet mackintoshes were thrown off and we all stepped into the sea. Though we could not swim we were wet from head to toe. Some went rolling with the waves, others got themselves splashed. One of us actually sat down in the sea. In the end we had to return to change and then on to Kwality's for lunch.

The rest of the day was spent shooting and sight seeing. We visited the Madras Museum and the Lighthouse situated on top of the High Court. It was all very interesting. On the way home we voted for a picture and this was accepted and we saw Joe Dakota.

7th May We woke up expecting sunshine but alas! it was raining still. After a breakfast of *dosas* (which unfortunately we were not in a mood for) we left the house to go shopping. Luckily for us it cleared up and we were able to go around

more freely. Sanawarians (especially girls) are always good customers and the shopkeepers greeted us with open arms as word had spread like wild fire "watch for the "Sanawarians." After lunch at Kwality's we paid a visit to Triplican Beach. The sun sparkled against the water and the breakers clashed against the shores. It was all breathtaking. We brought many mementoes and souvenirs from the beach for no one wanted to forget Triplican. Then we went for tea, straight after which we went to the house, packed, and left for the station. Our train left Madras at 9 a. m. "Farewell" Madras and I am sure no one will ever forget the lovely time you gave us.

8th May Early in the morning at six we beheld Bangalore which is known for its cleanliness and natural beauty. We saw Bangalore at its best. The golmohur and acacia were in bloom. Red, pink and violet masses scattered about the place added to the beauty.

Two military trucks awaited us at the station and took us to King George's School, our residence for the next two days. The school was closed but Mrs. Graham, one of the matrons, made sure we were comfortable.

After washing and making ourselves look more respectable we visited "Lal Bagh" which has a lakh of different types of trees. It's a very big and pretty garden with a big pond at one end, and a glasshouse and a small restaurant in it.

Lunch was followed by shopping which was followed by a picture "The Girl most likely". That night we slept in beds after seven days.

9th May Today we got up with swollen faces as we had been bitten by bugs and mosquitoes in the school. After breakfast we got into a private bus, which was reserved for us, and went out sightseeing. We passed the Town Hall, Bangalore Fort, and the new Assembly Hall. We visited the Bangalore Museum, and Tippu Sultan's palace. After lunch we went to the telephone industry which was opened by Shri Jagjivan Ram in January 1953. The foundation stone of this industry was laid in 1948 by the Honourable Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, the Communications Minister. Then we proceeded to the Indian Scientific Institute. Since children were not allowed in the laboratory, we walked through a library which consisted of books whose names and thickness put us off completely. We then went to the Hindustan Aircraft Company, in Duravinni Nagar. Here, we saw many different types of planes and how they were made. We saw fighting planes and bombers. This finished our sight seeing. We packed hurriedly and set off for the station. We said goodbye to Bangalore at 10 o'clock. The night was rather uncomfortable as there were twenty-six of us in one compartment and there were eight children to a bunk.

10th May After a sleepless night full of Mr. Kemp's "Khuses" we tumbled out of the train at 5 a.m. and half dead we stumbled to the Dasaprakasa "Modern"!! Hotel in Mysore, pulled ourselves up to the fourth storey of the hotel to a room

which was a large dining room. This was turned into a dormitory, where both boys and girls were put up. After freshening up we went to the Zoo. It was situated in a very attractive place and the inside looked like a garden with animal noises coming from every direction. After saying hullo to the Rhinos, Hippos, and Chimps we walked back towards the Hotel. We were all remarking on the rudeness of the Hippo in opening its mouth in a large yawn and showing us all its bad teeth which required dental treatment. This yawn came while we were talking to him. On our way back we walked through the Nishat Bagh and saw the Maharaja's father's and grandfather's statues, one of which has a gold plated dome. We looked at the palace from the outside as we did not have a permit to see it. This too has golden domes on all its towers. The garden unfortunately was not in full bloom, but what we could see of it was pretty. We were back at Dasaprakash for lunch, after which we slept till five. Nothing more was done that day so we had an early supper followed by bed.

11th May We were woken from our sweet slumber by Mr. Kemp's bellow "Out of bed you!?!". A very quick breakfast was followed by our getting into a hired bus that took us on our tour of Mysore. Our first stop was the Maharaj's Chitralla. We went through galleries and rooms full of different styles of South Indian art. Our next stop was the Maharaja's stables. We first saw his coaches, forty-five in all. Some of them meant to be drawn by zebras, others by camels and elephants and the rest, by horses. His State Coach which was very beautiful was made of silver. Then we went through the horses' stables and our horse (guess who) was offered an empty stall.

Next we drove through the Thandi Sadak which is covered with creepers and and went on to the Lalita Mahal. Here the President or Governors coming to Mysore, are put up. It is provided with a lovely dance hall and beautiful furniture. The carving on the walls is also well done. On the whole it is a beautiful and glamorous place.

From here we climbed on to the Charmandi hill and visited the Charmandi Devi in her famous temple. On the way we stopped at the statues of Mahahiru and the Nandi Bull.

We went back for lunch, did our packing for the next day and left at two-thirty for Seringapatam. Here the history of the late Tippu Sultan was told to us. We first saw his tomb. His grave is covered with red cloth to show his ferociousness, and next to him lie his mother and father. Some mangoes were raided outside and we departed amidst screams from the mango-keepers. It started drizzling at this time and we had to make a dash for the bus.

We next stopped at Tippu's Summer Palace. It consists of more teak wood than stone. This, as the guide said, was to keep the heat out of the palace. There were huge paintings on the wall representing scenes of the four wars Tippu fought

against the English. The face of the Defence Minister (who was a traitor) had been scraped out because the people did not want to see it. We saw the hall where Tippu held his darbar and where the Ministers and ladies of the court sat during the Darbar.

We next drove to the fort to see the site of battle. We saw the place from which the British crossed the River Godavari and the water gate through which a traitor let them in. We visited the dungeons and saw the cell in which William Bellic died after four years of imprisonment. Mr. Kemp and Miss Joshi deputised for the prisoners so that it was easier to explain how they had been tied. These dungeons were constructed by French engineers. We also saw one of the four cannons that were presented to Tippu by the French. This cannon had fallen into the dungeon, due to the push it gave after the gun powder had been shot. We also saw the spot where Tippu was shot, and where his dead body was found. We saw an arch which was built by a French engineer, De Havillang. The wonder of this arch is that if a person stands on top of it, it moves about six inches, pushing the enemy off. Its span is 210 feet, height 13 feet, thickness 3 feet (Find the area). The idea of this bridge seen in Tippu's eyes was that if an army was crossing it, one man would be able to wipe out the whole army. It is constructed on two pillars and is made of bricks.

We then started out for the Brindavan Gardens. On the way, to our dismay we saw a tree on an electric pole and the wires had broken. Our hopes of seeing the gardens lighted up were dashed to the ground, and to top it all, it was still raining. We crossed the dam and arrived at the gardens. Half way across the dam it began to pour. Then "The charge of the Light Brigade" and in the panic to seek shelter the party broke into two, one half succeeded in finding a pavilion under which they took shelter and the other half stood under some trees. These people then decided to run across the dam, back to the truck and were soaked to the skin. When finally the rain subsided, those of us in the pavilion decided to cross to the other side; and with the help of the chivalrous boys who escorted us across the dam, we managed to get to the other side without falling into the water. At 9 o'clock the lights showed no signs of coming on, but we did not lose hope and finally after a long wait, during which Mr. Kemp dosed us with Aspros, the light came on. So we walked through the gardens, marvelling at the amazing beauty which surrounded us. The fountains of different hues, white, red and orange made the water look as though a rainbow had set in it. Then another exquisite sight, and that was the water-fall over the staircase. On the stairs were red lights, and this looked as though it was the sacrificing altar of the temple and this red water was the blood of the sacrificed animal cascading down. We then got back in the lorry, wet, but happy, that we had at least seen one of the great sights of India, the Brindavan Gardens.

12th May Early in the morning we caught the 6-30 bus to Ooty. It was a cloudy day and the journey was very pleasant and enjoyable. At 1 o'clock we arrived in Ooty and there we were met by the head girl Dorothy Dudley and the head boy Ragu Venu Gopal. We got into their school bus and after a 15 minute

drive, we beheld at last the real destination of our whole trip, "Lovedale". The scenery there is very different from our heavy scenery, beautiful thick green grass growing all over the massive lawns, eucalyptus trees swaying in the majestic buildings standing close to each other, and not scattered about like ours. Flat lands and the Lovedale stables and orchard. We were greeted warmly by the friendly Lawrencians, and soon felt quite at home, and the kindly matron made quite sure that we were comfortable.

13th May Today was a great day for them. Their 100th Founder's anniversary was on the next day. There was the usual excitement that we have in School. It was amusing to watch others rehearsing for Founder's without our participating in it. After breakfast we went to the Top Flats to see a rehearsal of their Athletics. Then we were shown around the School and taken to the Prep. School for a special lunch. Visitors remarked, "SANAWARIANS DON'T EAT" (just imagine). In the evening we saw the Staff Play, "As long as they are happy". It was a very amusing and well acted play.

14th May Today was their 100th anniversary. We were woken in the morning by the shouting and screaming of the excited girls.

The day began by a visit to the Top Flats for the Trooping of the Colour. It was very much like our N. C. C. parade except that the girls also participated. This was followed by Speeches and Prizegiving at 11 o'clock in Large Hall. The guest of honour was the Governor of Madras. The Governor of Mysore was also present. The President's Medal was awarded to Joseph Thomas.

The rest of the afternoon we had to ourselves. At five in the evening we witnessed the Prep School Show in their hall. They acted a play called "Raja of Ratnapur". This was followed at seven by the Senior School Show.

They did a play called "Sacrifice". It was a tragedy written by Tagore. The main story being that a man loses his humanity when it concerns his Gods. So it was with Ragupathi (Denzil Prince) an irreconcilable Brahmin servant of Goddess Kali and high priest of the temple. But when King Govinda (Krishanaswamy Naicker) forbids the shedding of blood for sacrifice to Kali, a deep rooted Brahmanic tradition is threatened and grim ideological conflict is born. Into this conflict are drawn Jai Singh (Zaffer Hai), Queen Gunavathi (Dorothy Prince), Prince Nashtra (Romir Chatterji) and the beggar girl, Aparna, who could never believe that "the mother" could be so cruel as to desire bloodshed.

The solution is found in the end in deep personal tragedy. After this we went to the Headmaster's house for supper where the Sanawarians gave some songs and dances.

15-5-58 The Athletics were held at the Top Flats at 9 o'clock. After the opening of the meet, all the athletes took an oath to perform with spirit and for the good of the school. Thus the sports began. There was an inter school relay. Sanawar

occupied the last place! Lovedale came first. Even though we came at the bottom, we were told that we had a good sporting spirit. Our team consisted of Malti Verma, Jyoti Dhawan, Andrea Kemp and Manju Soi, who were half the size of the others. There was a beautiful air display, given by the Lawrencians.

In the afternoon we were escorted by the old and present Lawrencians to Ooty. First we went to the lake where we boated. We got caught in the rain. All of us were far out in the lake. Somehow we hurried and came in near the shore. By this time all of us were drenched. We got into the bus and went to Dasaprakash Hotel. Here the first thing we did was to rush to the boiler. Then we had some *dosas* and coffee. We went to the Botanical Gardens. It was still drizzling. We saw the 'Toda' Huts NICE AND WARM. We came back shouting, screaming and singing. We reached Lovedale at six o'clock in the evening, had supper and changed for the Tattoo.

They had P. T. which they did very well. They kept time with the music. They even had some gymnastics (Quite the same as ours). Their fire tactics were really good. They had Indian Dancing too. Considering that this was their first attempt, it was a good show.

16th May This was our last day in Lovedale. The day began with the Fête. We had a great time here.

At first all of us looked lost! Then gradually we began going to the various stalls. It was surprizing because today seemed to be a lucky day for the Sanawarians. We went on gambling and the majority won. Unfortunately we had to leave for Coonoor at eleven o'clock in the morning. So we left with three Lawrencians.

At first we went to see the Gunernsay Tea Factory. The fragrance of the tea was strong. We saw the tea and how it was made. Straight after that we went to see the Singara Tea Estate where we saw magnificent scenery while we had our lunch. Then we went to Sim's Park. It was very large. Then getting into the bus again, we drove back to Lovedale, had our tea and began getting ready for the dinner and dance. At seven o'clock we found ourselves at the Boys' School having dinner and then we went to Large Hall for the dance. In between dances we saw a small girl doing the Bharat Natyam. She was very good. The dance was meant to finish at 11 o'clock, but as usual, we rounded up at one, after enjoying the dance. Just before we got into bed, some croaking floated through the window. We looked out and found the old Lawrencians singing farewell to us. At a loss for words, we said goodnight and goodbye.

17th May After a few hours' sleep we awoke at five in the morning. We had breakfast at 6 a.m. and were standing at Flagstaff House, ready to depart, at 6-30 a.m. We got into the bus, escorted by the headboy and some old Lawrencians. We sang all the way down. Arriving in Ooty, the last few goodbyes, and thankyous were said, and we were at last on our way back to Sanawar. We slept most of the way, and a girl

had the record of eating one and half dozen bananas. We were in Mysore for lunch, which was eaten at the Dasaprakash.

We arrived at the station at four expecting to be on our way to Poona by six. When we got the news that there had been an accident beyond Arsikera and so we could not leave Mysore, that evening. We saw "*Tumsa Nahin Dekha*". That night we slept, with long faces, in one of the coaches in the station. Our visit to Bombay lay at stake, everything depending on whether we were leaving on the morrow or not.

18th May After a comfortable night's sleep, we got up refreshed and invigorated. We then went to the Municipal swimming pool where those children who had their costumes could swim. Unfortunately for us, there were a whole lot of men and boys who refused to move from there saying "We want to see the North India style of swimming." So only the boys swam and when there were 15 mins left, then only could the girls go in. Weren't we amusing them ?

After lunch we went shopping and at five came to the station and got into our compartments. The train left at six. It was a very pleasant evening and all the way the engine was giving out sparks that looked like red fire-flies flying in the dark.

19th May We travelled the whole day in a 3rd class compartment (rather a torture). The day was spent sleeping, eating and singing. The lack of seats was made up for by one of us getting into the fruit basket and making oneself comfy. We had lunch at Hoobli and had to change trains at 11 or 12 o'clock at night. We sat up the rest of the night.

20th May We arrived at Poona station at 6-30 in the morning, and were met by Nazli Habibullah and Mr. Oberoi. After the luggage had been checked we piled into the truck awaiting us. We were prepared for a 15 mile journey, which proved to be quite pleasant. As we reached a certain point we could see the whole of Khadakvasla spread out before us. Everyone gasped in surprise because from the 5-6 houses they had imagined it to be, it turned out to be a miniature town. As we reached Kadakvasla we were shown to one of the empty blocks where we changed and tidied up. We then walked across to the nearby Cadets' Mess to have our breakfast. Here we were met by the O.S. who were coming in one by one and were allowed to miss classes for our sake. They were all looking so different and smart in uniform.

We were then led to the stables and saw the well trained horses. After that we got into the truck to be taken to headquarters. We entered the hall and thought it to be most beautiful. We were shown round the classes in that block as well. We visited the library and were told there were over 5000 books there on various subjects. Then we were taken to the Science Block where we were joined by a few more Sanawarians who had skipped classes. We then went along to the Commandant's House, for coffee and biscuits. This was a long way off and we saw a good bit of the

N.D.A. Then on the way we stopped at the swimming pool. This was almost incomparable and a feast for the eyes. There was crystal clear blue water with blue tiles underneath. Then, once again on our way, we soon reached Gen. Habibullah's house. There was a beautiful view of the lake and surroundings. Inside we saw all the O.S. gathered there and we all helped ourselves generously to cold coffee and snacks. As we were leaving we had a snap of the whole party, including O.S., taken. After thanking Mrs. Habibullah for the wonderful coffee we were driven to the mess for lunch, only to find we were late. We got our lunch eventually, after which there were the O.S. begging Nazli to obtain permission from the Commandant to be allowed to go boating with us. After what seemed an eternity word was sent that they could go. We arrived at the lake, finding it quite breezy and pleasant as we stepped into the motor launch. We sang on the way, while we were being taken for a tour round the lake. This was a hurried trip, after which we were rushed to the waiting room to wait for Gen. Habibullah to convey our thanks to him, for so generously allowing us to remain these few hours at N. D. A. Eventually he arrived and after thanking him warmly we were rushed, for the last time, to the Mess to have a quick up of tea. Outside the Mess we bade the O. S goodbye and left the N. D. A. all wishing to stay on longer. We turned back for our last view and then it disappeared round the bend.

We arrived at the station quite late. We once again thanked Nazli and Mr. Oberoi, who were with us, and left the station at 5-30 p. m. At about 9-40 we arrived in Bombay and were met at the station by Mr. Behl who escorted us to his flats. We thank Meena Lamba for helping us out for the second time. Supper was provided at the house and we were given the luxury of a spring bed after the hard wooden train benches.

21st May A wonderful sleep was broken at 10-30 Mr. and Mrs. Balraj Sahni were with us for breakfast. Breakfast was followed by a trip to the Aquarium. We saw all the fishes we wanted to and went for lunch to Gaylord's.

After lunch we went to the Gateway of India and set off in a motor launch towards the Elephanta Caves. Mr. Balraj Sahni treated us this trip. It was an hour's journey by boat followed by flights of steps to be climbed before we looked on to the caves. There were three caves. The first and main one being full of carvings and statues of different reigns from the life of Shiv. We had tea there and paid a woman 8 as. for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bucket full of drinking water, and left at 4-30 for Bombay. On the way, the engine stopped and as we were discussing various ways of our being rescued, it began again, enabling us to be back at the Gateway by 6-30. From there we broke off in parties and went out shopping.

We had supper at home while the radiogram played rock'nroll records for us. The main thing done today, was eating. Mira has a record of 10 ice creams. After supper we went to the Marine Drive and saw it lighted up.

22nd May Late rising was followed by breakfast, followed by sitting and waiting for the truck. One of the shops insulted the Sanawar boys by not letting them

in. It wasn't the shop actually but the bearers standing outside the door. The result being that while they were not at fault the people concerned walked in, did their shopping, and walked out.

The bus came at about 12. We got in and went to Malabar Hill. We saw the famous Shoe and the Hanging Gardens. Next we paid a visit to Betrollies Restaurant which is made of bamboo, and attractive women serve, instead of bearers. Our next stop was the cocacola and ice cream factory. We were treated to fresh ice cream. Then we went to Juhu and had lunch with Mr. Balraj Sahni and family at their house. We visited the beach and, as usual, came out wet. Jyoti decided to sit down just as the waves came in and we told her she might as well swim now. The sea was quite rough and the hot sun did not spoil our fun. After a wonderful time we set off from Juhu and headed for the Vihar Lake. A crocodile was spotted in the lake (may have been imagination) and we all slid down the tongue of the big round face. We were back home by six-thirty and so we went shopping. We said our farewell to Bombay at 9-25. Dinner was provided by Gaylord's and eaten in the train.

23rd May We travelled the whole day in a IIIrd class compartment. Even the fans did not co-operate and insisted on giving out hot air. The manager of the dining car happened to have worked in Sanawar for two years from 1940-42. He was working with the M. E. S. when Honouria Court was built. We had no trouble with the food. This was our last night on this trip.

24th May Early in the morning, at about 8, we arrived in New Delhi. Some people went off with their parents while others remained on the station. The loyal O. S. were there as usual. Sanawar Boys have turned chivalrous. Vijay and Anil escorted 4 girls to Queensway and surprisingly brought them back safe and sound. The train left Delhi at about one. At one of the stations a blind man jumped on to the moving train in order to beg. "8th wonder of the world". We travelled on, arriving in Ambala at about six. The familiar school trucks were waiting for us. The truck journey was spent singing at the top of our voices. We stopped for a drink in Kalka and all of us hailed the Sanawar lights from the 7th milestone. The gates were entered with loud three cheers for Sanawar. The Headmaster, Mr. & Mrs. Kate as well as Mrs. Kemp with Tisa in her nightgown, met us at the Bakery. Three cheers were given to Mr. Kemp and Miss Joshi and then, a dash to the dining hall. Most of the girls were awake in the dorm and all the news was told. So ended our trip. Not one of us would have minded it lasting longer. All the jokes are being related with all possible exaggeration. A competition between us and some girls who went to Lovedale in '56 has just ended. We were discussing who enjoyed the trip more. Jyoti went as far as to ask them if they had got hives. On the ans, "NO" she said "Well I did."

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|---------------------|-----|
| Mira Harkirat Singh | U-V |
| Malti Verma | L-V |
| Navina Sundaram | L-V |
| Shabnam Sahni | L-V |

Poetry Corner

WHEN I WAS ONE

When I was one I had fun.
When I was two I had little to do.
When I was three I was free.
When I was four I ate more.
When I was five I knew how to dive.
When I was six I was always in a fix.
When I was seven I nearly went to heaven.
When I was eight I had put on weight.
When I was nine I drank wine.

By Pradip Patel
U-III

THE RAINBOW

Dancing way up high,
In a dull and cloudy sky,
The rainbow softly gleams.
But the sun will soon dispel,
The rainbow's laughing spell,
With tumbling sunbeams.
O lovely rainbow way up high!
Must you leave a lovely sky?

Madhu Katoch
U-III

THE SPARROW

I once saw a sparrow in the rain,
It stopped to get a worm, but couldn't fly up again.
I took pity and caught it by its tail and put it on the rail,
It shivered with cold and fluffed up its feathers,
As soon as the rain stopped, it flew to its brothers.

By Bhagwati Patel
U-III

A FAIRY

When I was lying in my bed,
A fairy flew above my head.

She settled on my pillow,
And softly whispered " Hello "!

She had a bell-like voice,
It seemed she couldn't bear the slightest noise.

She had a magic wand
Which could turn seas into a pond,

After teaching me sweet prayers,
She said "Goodnight" and went upstairs.

By Gurshinder Kaur

U-III

MY PUPPY

I had a little puppy, his name was little Misk,
He was rather naughty and all day long he'd frisk,

He'd go in the kitchen to eat a scrap of meat,
To watch him lap a bowl of milk was ever such a treat.

He seized his rubber bone and hid it in the hall
But soon forgot about it when he heard his master's call.

Kiran Kumari

U-III

A PUPPY

I had a little puppy and its name was Rover,
He used to play so roughly that he tore my pullover.

All day long he'd eat till he got so fat
That he did'nt even to bother to chase the cat.

He is very, very clever and can do many tricks,
He loves me and covers my hand with licks.

But be kind to him and he will give you a thousand licks.
There's no need of hesitating because he's got no ticks.

Asha Bery

U-III

THE TWO FIDDLERS

There were two fiddlers who fiddled all day
They fiddled through Spring and all hot May,

But in Autumn and Winter it was bitter cold,
When all through the village they played.

People of all ages came out of the houses.
Spinning and dancing they went round and round,

Dancing so lightly scarcely touching the ground.
When Winter came the leaves came whirling down

And the merry fiddlers went on to the next town.

By Asha Rani
U-III

A BUTTERFLY

I saw a tiny butterfly,
High in the sky it could fly.

I thought I shouldn't catch the poor little thing,
Because I was afraid to hurt its wing.

It was of the brightest yellow,
And it dipped its wings to say 'Hello!'

Kiran Kumari
U-III

LIGHT

It is used mostly at night
To make the room very bright.

In straight lines it travels
As you'll soon find out when the poem unravels.

It cannot be seen early in the morn
For its colour is of faded yellow corn.

Light cannot be felt
Nor made to melt.

I admit that you will feel some heat
If directly under it is your seat.

I agree it can be seen
But it is not felt like a solid bean!

By electricity is formed light,
We cannot stare into it, for it is very bright.

And it also by staring makes our eyes water with might
And I forgot to tell you, it spoils our sight.

It travels faster than a swallow,
Which will be fascinating for many a fellow.

Now I'll ask you not to forget
That this poem was written by Anil Kak, the poet.

Anil Kak
L-IV

THE OAK

Majestically you did sway
 In the summer breeze
Majestically you did sway
 Even when the winter began to freeze
They that live on the earth's brown crust
 They—the plants and the trees.

In the summer did the leaves so green
 Grow on you
The little flowers so very sweet
 Surround you
The climbing ivy twisted and turned
 Around you.

The birds twittered and fluttered amidst your boughs
 Robins, sparrows, tits and crows
Such a noise they made
 That even the Gods did bend and bow—
From a heavenly glade—
 To see what on earth that could be!
And when they saw that it was thee
 Playing with a pretty bevy
Of birds, They laughingly did retire
 Amidst the music of the harp and lyre
Blessing thee and thy progeny.

In autumn did your leaves turn brown
 Some turned yellow and others gold
For the time had come for them to drop
 From your kindly and protective hold
Then the cold winds blew heralding

The coming of the Snow King.
The winter came and with it the frost
The poor flowers died—
Their seeds were lost
The North Wind blew; the snow did fall
Turning everything pure white
But you did stand solitary
All through the lonesome days and nights.

But when spring came and with it the sun
The earth awoke and joyfully began
To repair the havoc winter had done
And you, mighty you, burst into flower—
For,
'Rejoice,' cried the Gods, 'Spring is here.'

K. K. Kak
L-V

HIKES

The spirit of adventure can never die out in boys. Hikes and expeditions are perhaps another name for adventure. In Sanawar, there are two periods when the boys undertake hikes. One is during the last days of the final term, when they are freed from the worry of the Annual Examinations. These are more of "Pine-cone expeditions" than hikes, as the main aim of the boys is to collect pine-cones for the fire place. The other and the more notable period is in the beginning of the term when there is nothing much to do.

This year perhaps, there have been more organised hikes than in any of the preceding years. This is solely the outcome of Mr. O. P. Sharma's interest. With him, some of the boys have hiked to Gorkha Fort, Kothar, Simla and Pinjore. He also led a party to Kashmir in which there was some hiking we are told.

Three years ago, when a party of four boys hiked to Gorkha Fort and back, they literally became heroes. To reach Gorkha Fort and back in Sanawar in one day seemed quite impossible. Anyhow it was done, and some of the boys thought that that was the greatest deed of that year.

This year, when we heard that a hike was being planned to Gorkha Fort, we thought that it was the best opportunity for us to climb it. It is no less than thirteen miles from here, and the final climb appears to be about four miles. But we were not frightened and were prepared to go.

The twenty-seventh of March was a Sunday. We had planned to leave on that day. After a somewhat early breakfast, we started our hike. There were thirty of us with a member of the staff who decided to undertake this hike.

After two hours's descent, we arrived at a stream, commonly known as "Meet" among the Sanawarians. We waited there for about half an hour before we started off for the final climb, which lasted for nearly three hours. The way was quite clear, but we took the wrong route and got into difficulty. We got a lot of pleasure when we finally reached it, and after having lunch, we decided to retrace our path. Before leaving, we made use of a pencil and some paper and thirty of us signed our names and preserved it in a bottle there, so that, if we ever climb that fort again, we will remember with delight the expedition we had made before.

The return journey was quite tiresome as many boys suffered from cramp. But, nevertheless, they did not give up, and keeping the school motto 'Never give in' in mind, they kept struggling. We were back in the evening and had taken

about ten hours while our predecessors had taken more than that. A week later Mr. Sharma organised another hike, this time to Kothar, a place about seven miles from here. The hikers started after an early breakfast and followed the road to Garkhal. From there they took the route to Kothar and after about two hours' walk they arrived at their destination. The place occupies quite a large area and one is easily able to recognise the palace which is situated on a somewhat higher level. The boys decided to approach the stream which flowed below; as that would be the only suitable place for them to have lunch. The lunch was quite enjoyable as most of the boys were tired. There were two small pools in which the boys swam and enjoyed themselves by having "Water fights" and building dams. After spending more than an hour at the stream, they made up their minds to return and were fortunate to meet a person who agreed to take them a shorter way. The return journey though shorter was more fatiguing due to the climb.

During the mid-term-break which commenced on the third of May, Mr. Sharma and eighteen others, decided to undergo another bold expedition, this time to Simla. On the afternoon of the Saturday, following a light lunch, the party set off from Sanawar. The School truck left them at Dharampur. Considerable time was wasted in waiting for the bus to Subathu. From Subathu, a three miles' descent into a valley led to the ironbridge, (over a stream) which was the site of the first camp. The blankets were spread in two rows on fairly even ground. All of a sudden, the moon shot up filling the entire area with a pleasant weak light. The stars and the full moon provided a beautiful setting although the night was cold there were not enough blankets. Camp-fire, jovial singing and lastly the patrol duties were the main features of the night. The next morning, everyone was ready to undertake the journey of thirty miles which lasted for about nine hours. The continuous windings of the barren road and the steep inclines struck awe in some hearts. Breakfast was at Mamelu. The sun was becoming intolerable and its burning heat provided a contrast to the cold night. A three mile walk led to Syri the biggest village on our route. From Syri the determined hikers began a steep climb for Badera where there was a short pause for lunch by the side of a cold spring.

The final climb from Badera to Jutogh was extremely tiresome. At length the exhausted hikers reached Simla where they were refreshed by a hearty tea at the Y. M. C. A. The next morning was spent in a fruitless excursion to "Chadwick" Falls which could not be found.

Before Founder's, another hike was planned to Pinjore, which is about eighteen miles from here. On a Saturday afternoon, thirty of us left, carrying with us provisions for the night. We reached Kasauli and from there took the road

to Monkey Point. From Monkey Point, we decided to follow the stream as that was the shorter way. The day was cloudy and it began to drizzle. Some of us lost our way but we ultimately succeeded in finding it.

The vegetation around the stream was very dense and although Bala did a lot to find the way, it became very difficult for us to follow. After about four miles hard journey we arrived at the road to Kalka. The sun had set and it had become dark by the time we reached Kalka. We paused a little there and finally set out for Pinjore which is about three miles away. It had already been arranged that we should spend the night at Pinjore. After supper, thirty of us made ourselves comfortable by lying flat on the carpets (as there was a scarcity of beds) and going off to sleep.

The next morning was a bright sunny one. Some of us decided to have a morning walk around the whole garden. It was however pleasant to see lovely flowers and trees and, moreover, in the place where the Mughal Emperors had loved to stay.

After a light breakfast, we set out to see the factory at Surajpore, which is at a distance of about three miles. We were shown around the factory by an agent. The factory is large and at places, the noise made is so deafening, that if one shouts as loudly as one can, the person next to one will not be able to hear because of the noise. A small room known as 'the ice chamber' seemed to be the favourite resort for some of us and we did not hesitate in sucking lumps of ice. We had lunch at the Manager, Brigadier Verma's house and after that, we began to retrace our steps towards Pinjore. In the morning, we had been the only visitors but by the time we returned, we could see crowds of people in the garden.

We had already packed up our belongings before leaving for Surajpur and so did not waste time after our return. A group photograph was taken and immediately afterwards we set off towards Kalka. From Kalka we caught the Kalka—Kasauli " Road ", which is no better than a bridle path. We were again troubled by the rain, but it did not last long. The long winding path exhausted our energies at each bend as the climb lasted for nine miles. About three hours' tiresome journey from the foot of the hill to its top led us to Kasauli.

After a slight pause, we started off towards Sanawar. It had become extremely dark and slightly difficult for us to follow the path until it reached the road. The rest of the journey finished extremely quickly. Everyone was making an effort to sing or rather shout. By the time we reached Sanawar, the bugle for the 'lights out' had been blown, but we managed to have some supper.

When I went to bed I did not feel that I had accomplished a great feat, because I had walked forty miles in a day and a half, but I knew that later, I would recollect with delight, not only the expedition to Pinjore or the one to the Gorkha Fort, but many others, some pine cone expeditions, some excursions, which would bring me genuine joy and would also remind me of the good old days that we had in Sanawar.

Chittarpal Singh
Sixth Form.

KHUD FIRES

Khud-Fires cause great trouble in our school. In summer even when we are asleep we are disturbed by the bugle calling us to put out the fire. Sometimes the whole ridge catches fire. A fire is common in summer; it might even break out with a bottle full of water lying on the Khudside. The fact is that the rays of the sun are focussed on one point.

Of course water cannot be used as a fire extinguisher in such instances. For one thing too much water is used and besides the fires spreads from side to side. We have to put it out by beating it and clearing the Khudside. We use bushes for beating it and rakes for clearing it.

It was a bright sunny Sunday morning, before breakfast, which we usually have late on Sunday. My friend came running to me and said "Look at the sun." I was surprised but a thought came to me and I knew they had learnt something new in Physics yesterday.

When I went out to see it. It was nothing new. The sun was red in the thick grey clouds of smoke. It was perhaps a khud fire. To make sure I saw it from the top of a roof. It was a khud fire.

We rushed down to the spot and saw one of the houses burning down. We at once got some rakes and cut some bushes soon. The fire was out and we were on our way to a late breakfast.

We heard some shouts of joy behind us, but when we looked back we learnt that the T. B Sanatorium was in danger of catching fire. Under our prefect we rushed down to the sanatorium by the bridle path. When we reached the fire was still blazing fiercely but was partially under control. It was only a few feet away from the walls of the building. We told the small boys who had accompanied us to clear the place between the fire and the building and we began to beat the fire. We assured the patients, who were going away that they would be safe and the fire would be extinguished. After some time we managed to control the fire around the building. Now we hastened to school with dry mouths and empty stomachs. We quenched our thirst, had an enormous breakfast and washed our faces and become calm again.

Anil Khanna
L-V

Giants of the Present

NIKKU

A well known figure in Kasauli is Nikku. He is the head-waiter, bar-tender, salesman and odd job man in Kasauli's posh hotel, Alasia. Nikku has been at his present job from time immemorial and O. S. visiting Kasauli after the lapse of a decade still find Nikku patiently serving cold drinks at twice the rate that they are in the plains and other things at thrice the rate. He is a short rubicund person in his early forties, and has a tendency to grow stouter as the years pass. Always dressed in immaculate white and with a pugree to hide his premature baldness, Nikku is a smart figure. He always has a cheerful smile on his face as if to atone for the bad service and exorbitant prices.

If Renbrandt had been alive he would have rejoiced at the beautiful colour scheme effected by Nikku. The white of his uniform, the dark hued bottles on the shelf behind him, the deep red of the stools and the bar, and the cherry pink of his face merge together to form a separate distinctive picture. Nikku loves to muse over the past; his reminiscences taking him back to the days when champagne was as cheap as soda water and the import of the finest Spanish sherry was allowed. He talks of wines like a connoisseur and allows no one to contradict him. Nikku is one of the mainstays of Alasia's and his cheerfulness imparts itself to the otherwise drab surroundings. No visit to Kasauli is ever complete if Nikku is not on the itinerary.

Karm Sheel Oberoi
L-V

GIANTS OF THE PRESENT—2

SOHAN SINGH

Every alternate day one can see an old mailcarrier shuffling the length of 'Peacestead' with a big khaki mailbag on his back. Short and bent, he walks with difficulty, spinning a little on his heel. His white caterpillar moustache and his silver-streaked hair add snaveness to his already pleasant face which though still young, looks wornout because of tiny wrinkles round his mouth and at the corners of his eyes, the unforgettable marks of his good humoured nature. My friend Asha and I chatted with him once at milk break. We had an interesting conversation about—him.

At first very shy and nervous, he hardly spoke. Then gradually by being friendlier still we drew him out of his shell and he talked freely to us.

Sohan Singh is a happily married individual who has seen fifty joyous autums. He has a very young wife and two children, a nine year old girl and a five year old boy. Life, it seems, is a happy experience for him as he loves his work. He has been working at the Sanawar Post Office for twenty years. He originally

belonged to Nahan but now he loves his home at Sanawar and intends staying on as long as he can.

Milk break is very short, only twenty minutes, so we couldn't stay longer, much as we would have loved to find out more about him.

Anupam Bal
U-V

AND GIANTESSES

MARY AYAH

She is one of the oldest servants in School. She came here when she was 14 and is now 44 years old, and is growing fatter and fatter day by day.

She looks after the Prep girls and has actually learned how to speak pidgeon English. I remember when I was a Sparrow she used to look after us very well, but bullied us quite a bit, which was probably very good for us. And she used to give us baths, and dress us and polish our shoes, but used to shout in the dormitory and get very angry with us.

She is married but has no children, but of course she has many in the dormitory. She has some nephews and nieces who come to meet her every now and then. She seems to be very fond of this School, and only likes to work with the Prep School girls and none else. She lives somewhere down the khud in a small house which is crowded with people. She even possesses a parrot. And she has to climb quite a bit before she gets to her house but still refuses to get thin.

Whenever we say 'Namaste' or "Good Morning, Ayah". She always says "Become a good girl, pass in your exams" and when ever she says that I fail. When I go out of the school I will never forget the fat, lovable Mary Ayah who looked after me so well in my childhood.

Manju Soi
U-IV

JAPAN AS I REMEMBER IT.

We had left Okinawa a couple of hours ago, when over the cabin loud-speaker, the captain's voice boomed that we would pass over the city of Tokyo in just half an hour's time. That half an hour passed very quickly. Suddenly just below us was a vast expanse of lights—shimmering and glittering in the night. The multi-colours of the neons were clearly visible. But we could only catch glimpses of this great city as the clouds blocked our vision. We finally landed at Haneda Airport, which is about ten miles from Tokyo. We put on our great coats and disembarked. It was dark and foggy outside. A few Customs officials came to welcome the passengers to Japan and also to escort us to the Customs.

After finishing with the Customs formalities we proceeded to the lounge. There I met my father who was waiting to take us home. It was practically six

months since I had seen him. The drive home was quite a pleasant one.

Next morning dawned bright and clear. I woke up rather early. I went to the window, looked outside and saw frost on the ground. But when I looked up there was Mt. Fujiyama, in the distance, staring me in the face, with snow covering its crown. Mt. Fujiyama, or Fujisan as it is commonly called in Japan, is one of the most perfect mountains in the world. Its base is surrounded by lakes, lovely as only nature could make them. Seeing it for the first time, a thrill ran down my spine. It was really a breathtaking sight.

Soon I was exploring Tokyo which seemed to me a replica of New York. My father took us to the heart of Tokyo—Ginza. It is an area crowded with tall buildings and department stores. There was an American touch in everything. In the department stores one found escalators going up and down. This was a novelty to me and I used to go up one and down another half a dozen times a day. These stores were kept spick and span, and operated on the American 'help yourself system'. One picked up a trolley lying around, began picking the stuff one wanted and then had the stuff checked at the counter before one left. Another novelty to me was the subway and the elevated train system. This system connected practically every part of the city and the trains ran at short intervals.

In Tokyo, itself, are many places of interest—many beautiful parks and avenues. Meji Park is the most popular of the lot. It covers a wide area and has ornamental lakes, beautiful butterfly bridges, lovely flowers and well-trimmed lawns. In the trees, a speciality is the dwarf trees, which stand no more than four or five feet above the ground.

The Tokyo roads are broad, well constructed and can often accommodate six to seven cars standing side by side. Most of these roads are lined with cherry trees and it is a real pleasure to drive through them when they are in bloom.

In Japan there are a number of picturesque places. The place which I liked most is Nikko—a hill station about 4000 feet above sea level. The town of Nikko is ideally situated on the banks of a huge lake. In summer people can boat in the lake and in winter they can skate. About six miles from Nikko are Japan's famous Kagaon waterfalls.

Another place I liked was Hakone which derives its name from the lake it is situated on. It is fairly close to Mt. Fujiyama.

The sea side resorts of Japan are popular, especially the Atami Bay resort. It is crowded on week-ends mostly by the U. S. Army personnel. Here also is found a typical American scene, with beach umbrellas, people basking in the sun, some playing with huge beach balls. Kamakura, another seaside resort is well-known for its huge statue of Buddha.

Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, is a picturesque city containing a

mixture of both modern as well as ancient architecture. The Emperor's palace is a wonderful example of Japan's ancient architecture. Here the frail Japanese pagodas and paper houses and the massive buildings of the present rise side by side.

A short distance from Kyoto is the national park of Nara. This is actually a Buddhist monastery with a few shrines. But all this did not interest me. The main source of attraction were the deer which came and ate out of one's hand.

Osaka is an important port of Japan and is heavily industrialised. It is perpetually under a cloud of smoke and soot. It seems to be the home of noise. At all times of the day one can hear the noisy cranes working in the shipyard, the cargo being unloaded and the sirens of the factories.

The Japanese, I think, are the only people in Asia who take a lot of pride in their country. Each individual holds himself responsible for the cleanliness of his neighbourhood. One often came across a Japanese picking up paper from the street and throwing it in the dust-bin. Then on certain days of the week, I used to come across children from schools and colleges picking up paper from the streets in their neighbourhood, and seeing that everything was kept neat and clean. This I suppose was their social service.

The Japanese seemed to me to be a race extremely proud of their ancient culture. Indeed they are justified in being so. They do not consider their art to be the same as Chinese art, though there is a resemblance. A mere suggestion of this point is enough to bring one into an argument with them. They even go to the extent of calling Gautam Buddha, their Buddha. This I have heard many a Japanese say.

The people of the Land of the Rising Sun love art and this love is expressed in many ways—in paintings, in the Kabuki (classical drama) or in the intricate tea ceremony. But the art which fascinated me was the numerous ways in which they could arrange a few flowers in a vase or a bowl. These people excel in the art of flower arrangement. In fact all the ladies are expected to know this art—right from the maid to the lady of the house. On the canvas these people can produce practically any idea in a most exquisite poetry of colour and harmony.

The people of Nippon are very courteous and polite. Their language sounds sweet and melodious. It is spoken softly and has no harsh sounding words. The Japanese very rarely lose their temper and always have a ready smile. Whether they mean what they say or not is immaterial to them, as long as they show a cheerful face. They never reveal their inner feelings, but are always willing to oblige others.

In the one and a half years I spent in that country of cherry blossoms and paper houses, I became very attached to it, and when, in 1952, I had to join this school, I left that country with a feeling of nostalgia. It is not easy to forget a country like Japan. Oh! what wouldn't I give to go there once again.

Shyam Kumar Kak
Sixth Form

CHANDNI CHOWK

Built in the sixteenth century Chandni Chowk has aptly been named 'The street of the Silver Moon'. The foundations of this grand thoroughfare were laid by the Moghul Emperor Shah Jehan in the latter half of the sixteenth century. This street is amid a number of architectural monuments of the Moghul Era. Rising in the foreground are the red sandstone walls of 'Lal Qila' or Red Fort with its beautifully carved battlements and white domes which dazzle in the sunshine. Further to the south rises the famed mosque of Juma Masjid towering above with tall stately minarets centred by a gleaming white dome, capped with a golden trident; which glitters resplendently in the summer sunshine.

As you enter this street-cum-marketplace you seem to step from the modern world of science and progress into an age of mediaeval splendour. During the days of Shah Jehan large canals used to flow on either side street which carried rose water that was sprinkled on passing pedestrians. Among the many ancient yet famous shops that line this street are the *Ghantewalla* Confectionery the *Dariba* Jewellers and *Lala Hukam Chaud's* Hosiery mart.

As you wend your way along this thoroughfare you come across the dignified *Lakshmi Narain* temple with its imposing walls of real marble streaked with white stone. Here you find thousands of seminaked fakirs, sadhus and venerable saints with white flowing beards. Along with them are a multitude of devotees who throng to the temple every day. Suddenly you are given a sharp shock from behind by the sudden clanging of a large bell which signifies the coming of a large monstrous dirty structure on eight wheels known as a tram!

As you traverse along the street you find a host of pedlars, hawkers, costers, vendors, hucksters, higglers and cheap jacks who continually stop your way and force you to buy an assortment of articles ranging from a ribbon to an antique tea kettle! In the centre of the street is a large open space in which there is a grey fountain under whose shade you find legions of birds which are chirping, crowing, singing and bathing. Along with the birds you find swarms of lepers, beggars and cripples who evoke a pang of pity—they perpetually wail for alms and charity. All of a sudden you might see a marriage procession with blaring trumpets, clashing cymbals and banging drums, along with garlands, jewellery and horses. In the centre you see a handsome groom bedecked in a golden *sherwani* and a number of silver garlands—wending his way on the bridal horse through the crowd—truly does it remind one of the ancient splendour of 'Ind'. At the end of the street are the imposing buildings of the Delhi Town Hall and the offices of the Delhi Corporation. The white washed buildings look serene and dignified surrounded by beautiful gardens and tall trees.

Thus you come to the end of one of the most colourful sights of the capital.

Arvind Bery
Sixth Form

SKATING IN MUSSOORIE

During our one month's holiday we very often went skating. Every time we saw a boy who would do Rockn' Roll on skates and off skates. He did it so well that everyone stood still and watched him. We had great fun in the skating hall. It rained every day but a lot of people came skating.

Sharan Khanna
L-III

MY HOME IN THE VILLAGE

I live in a village in the South, in a little house with my mother, my father, my dog and cat. It is not like the village houses which are made of bamboo with mud plastered on them. At night it is quite frightening for panthers and bears come right up to the house. Once a panther took away one of my dogs. The inside of a village house is very plain. It has no rooms but is separated by neatly made bamboo walls. The village people eat on banana leaves or platters. The villagers get up very early, and get ready for a long day's work—they go to the meadows with their cattle or to the fields. The women also go with them, while the children stay at home and look after the house.

Sunita Malgoankar
L-III

SIMLA

Simla is one of the most gorgeous hill stations in India. Though of no historical interest it is a good health resort.

The town or bazar of Simla is not very vastly spread out, but it is unique and compact. It is known as the Mall. Along the Mall we will find a number of very gaily decorated shops and stalls, and finally we come across a by no means negligible hotel known as 'Clarke's'.

During the day the Mall is very crowded, but as dusk falls and the evening shades prevail it becomes deserted.

The highest point in Simla is a place called Jakko where there is a small temple. You view the temple on one of Simla's tree crowned hills with the shade of those gigantic pines falling on the winding path and the green meadow just beside. Jakko could be called an ideal picnic spot except that the monkeys there give the picnickers no rest.

On the way up to Simla we cannot neglect the valleys known as Tara's Gap through which the plains spread out beyond our sight. Another valley of great beauty, which lives up to its name, is Paradise Valley. That is one that really could be called a picnic spot.

I must now make mention of the outstanding buildings of Simla such as the Cathedral, the Secretariat, Grand Hotel, Cecil Hotel and many more.

There is quite a lot of entertainment in Simla, as there are four or five theatres, quite a nice park, and last but not least, there are numerous restaurants.

One of the most attractive portions of Simla is a certain hill called Kufri.

Though Kufri is deserted in summer it makes up for it in winter because it is the only place where tobogganing and skiing can actually be done. This is where the winter sports are held annually.

In my opinion, one of the best things about Simla are the gigantic waterfalls there, out of which the Chadwick Falls will for ever stand out in my memory. They fall from a height of approximately fifty feet into a huge pond and from there flow into a valley. It's really the most awe-inspiring sight!

After reading all this I hope you will agree with me that Simla is a place really worth a visit.

Aruna Rai
U-IV

MY JOURNEY

On a pleasant evening we drove up to Palam Airport to board a plane to Karachi. On reaching the airport as the plane was not yet ready to take off we wandered about, curious to know where each door led to.

Later in the refreshment room our departure was announced. It was half-past eleven. With hurried goodbyes we took our seats. I sat next to a window.

After we had settled down a bit, one of the propellers started, followed by the rest. Having taken a good run on the runway, we took off and were soon high up in the air, looking down upon Delhi which looked hardly bigger than a toy-land splendidly illuminated with lights (red airport-ones included).

The crew were very nice and so were the passengers. Somehow, I managed to make friends with the air hostess and she took me to the cockpit. It was a jigsaw puzzle of screws and knobs. I was scared at first but soon I got used to it.

There were very few children on the plane. I made friends with one or two. The air hostess gave us games and puzzles, and that made the journey even more interesting. As it was night, we could not see what was below us and were all eagerly waiting to spot some lights as we were far away from Delhi. It was quite late when we saw some. Soon we found that we were nearing Karachi. I was so excited at the thought of going to an entirely different place from the one I knew!

We were told to fasten our belts as we were approaching Karachi Airport. We landed with a big bump on the ground and had quite a few by the time we stopped.

Later we said goodbye to the air hostess and thanked her for taking care of us. We were then taken to a hotel where after a hot bath and delicious supper I went to bed.

The first thing the bearer brought for breakfast the next morning was a dish of Karachi Halwa.

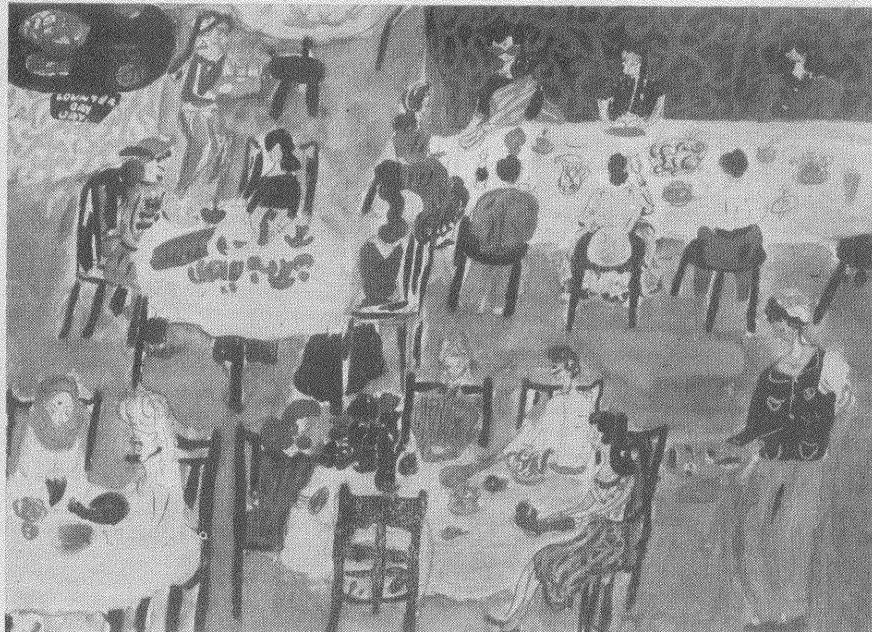
There were so many things to see and do that one was kept occupied. We stayed there for sometime and then continued our journey.

Sunita Narendra Nath
L-IV



Holi

Bharati Chauhan
11 years.



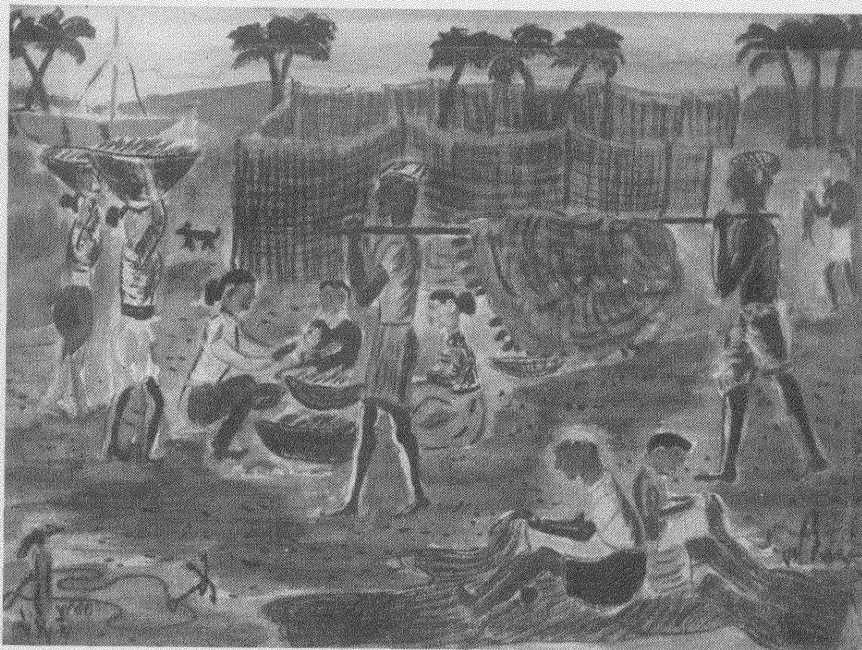
Restaurant

Sunita Narendra Nath
13 years.



Construction

Rupinder Randhawa
12 years.



Fishermen

Viveck Mundkur
13 years.

Upper Three Remembers

I remember, when I was about four or five years old, my twin brother who was always up to mischief, tried an experiment on me. He brought a long knitting needle and commanded me to lie down. He poked the knitting needle right into my ear. To my horror I saw the blood trickling down my ear and of course I began screaming and howling. Hearing my cries my mother came rushing to our room and seeing my brother trying to stop me from crying, she snatched the needle from him and asked what had happened. My mother got very worried and it was fortunate that the doctor was in the house and he attended to me at once.

I remember when I was six years of age we went out fishing to one of the famous streams in Kashmir. There were many beautiful streams running down the valley. My brother and I decided to cross one of the largest of the streams. When we reached the middle of the stream, I started feeling dizzy because the current was very fast and the water was quite deep, too. I was so stupid, that I started looking down at the water. It made me feel dizzy and I fell down, and nearly drowned, for I didn't know how to swim. One of the men passing by saw me and jumped into the water and pulled me out. I was wet through and by the time I arrived home I had a cold and fever.

Madhu Katoch

U-III

My brother at the age of one was weak and took some medicine to make him strong. There were plenty of other medicines in the house which looked the same as my brother's. One day by mistake the ayah gave him the wrong medicine. In a minute he fainted. The ayah went and told my mother who phoned the doctor and soon my brother was all right.

In Simla we had a huge house quite near Bishop Cotton School. I used to be a day-scholar in B. C. S. I never liked to go to school and did not like to study and was glad to come home in the evening.

One day we had a fair and everyone had to buy a paper cap. The boarders got money but I did not. But still I was given a cap. On the same day we were having our sports. My mother came to the fair and paid for the cap. After the fair we had lunch and then we had our sports. I was taking part in the sports. When the time came for our race I got on to the field and when the starter fired the gun I stood there dreaming. Then somebody shouted out to me and I ran as fast as I could and came fourth out of six boys.

That same evening I saw the picture "Treasure Island" which I did not understand.

At the age of two I had an Alsatian puppy called Brussie. I could not pronounce its name and called it Bushie. It was very fond of me and did not let any grown ups except my mother and father come near me. It loved children and in the evening when my parents went to the club they took Brussie and me along and left us at the playground. I used to pull its tail but it still liked me a lot. I had the bad habit of eating sand. My mother used to put some bitter medicine in my favourite places. But I was cunning and before eating it used to give Brussie some to taste whether it was bitter or not. When we were being transferred from Jullundur to Simla we stopped for lunch on the way. While we were having our lunch somebody stole Brussie from the car.

Ranjit Bhatia
U-III

When I was small we used to live in a house near a mountain stream. I used to sail paper boats down the stream.

I had a toy motorboat and a train which was electrically controlled and a meccano set. I was naughty and I used to hit my sister and do many other naughty things.

My father, mother, my sister, who was about three years old and I lived together. We had two dogs. One was called Lassie and the other was Sandy. Lassie was quite old and was a very good dog. As for Sandy, he was just a puppy.

One night my father had to go away on very important business and my mother, sister and I were in the house. That night our dog Sandy was outside and we did not know it. As my mother was about to go to bed she heard a sharp yap—and all was silent. My mother took out her torch and opening the window switched it on. Too late she saw that the poor pup had been carried off by a cheetah. My father returned in the morning and was told about it.

Ananta Dipak Chhetri
U-III.

Once I was travelling in a train from Delhi to Lucknow on Holi Day, and at a station, the villagers threw mud at us. We had to close the windows and doors of our compartment but a woman climbed up and tried to take my father's watch. We caught her and at the next station, which was Lucknow, we told the police and they took the woman to jail for trying to steal.

Once I was given a toy helicopter for my birthday. After the party my mother told me that she would show me how to fly it, but I was impatient and I tried to work it myself. It broke and couldn't fly any more.

Last year I was living next to my friend. He used to collect stamps. One day I had a fight with him for trying to take my stamps but after he had returned my stamps we became friends again.

Gopal Bhatia
U. III.

I can clearly recall the place where I used to live in London. It was called Tatendon Gardens. There were two gardens and overlooking each garden was a block of flats. Our flat was at the top of the right hand block. In the basement lived the caretaker and his wife, who had a small dog called Tags. Nearby, there was a doctor, a chemist, a butcher and a primary school at which I used to study. In winter when the gardens were covered with snow we often used to build snowmen.

While I was living in London an aunt of mine gave me a lovely electric train set. This set did not have steel rails but rails of a paperish substance which wound in and out of tunnels, over bridges and past signal posts. The whole model was in one piece except for the signals and the tree and was made out of clay. At one end of the box were two batteries and when a lever was pressed a little plastic train began to move. When I came back to India I had to part with this lovely toy.

I remember once having a fat cook called Dhillon. This Dhillon used to eat about five seers of ghee every month. He was very dishonest. When he brought the daily accounts he always overcharged my mother. He used to drink heavily. My mother was glad to be rid of him and so, when we went to Ceylon, she dismissed fat Dhillon.

Y. R. Isar
U. III

I remember when I was very young there was a party going in the house and everybody was having a drink. I asked mummy to give me a drink too, but she would not give me one. At last I went to the bedroom and saw a bottle of Dettol kept in the cupboard. I took the bottle and opened it. I saw that the colour was the same as the drinks the people were having, so I drank a little and found it was not tasty. I put the bottle back in its place. Then I went to mummy and told her that I had also drunk the same thing which she was drinking. She asked me where I had found it, so I said it was lying in the cupboard. She came along with me and I pointed at the Dettol bottle and her face became pale and she quickly washed her hands and put her finger down my throat and made me get sick. Then I was put in the

car and taken to the hospital. I was in hospital for five or six days. After that all dangerous things were kept out of my reach.

Kanwar Rajinder Singh

U. III.

I was two years old. It was my Birthday. My father said that he would get me any pet I wanted. At once I said I wanted a monkey because my friend had a pet monkey. I often went to her house and played with it.

In the evening we went to one of my father's friends. My father asked him for a monkey and he gave us one. Soon it became a great favourite with me. It used to play with me and my toys. After some days it became very naughty. Daddy said his pen and pencil were missing. Mummy found a number of her handkerchiefs were missing. I found that my doll was gone. We searched the house but we could not find the missing things. Very soon my ayah came down the stairs with all the things that were missing. She told us that they were in the monkey's cage.

One morning a mad monkey came and bit our monkey's nose. Our pet was only a month old. We tried to make the monkey well but all was useless and after a few days it died.

Asha Rani

U-III

—:o:—

Our Kashmir Trip

OUR JOURNEY FROM PATHANKOT TO SRINAGAR.

We were at Pathankot at 8 a. m. on the 14th of July. Pathankot is the northernmost railhead of India. After a wash and breakfast at Pathankot, we left by two tourists' buses for a long journey into Wonderland. We hated the idea of covering 268 miles by bus, but soon we found it enjoyable as the road was gorgeous with shady glens on the sides. It was thrilling as we passed beautiful mountains, thick forests, green pastures, rich valleys, meadows and cool uplands.

About eleven miles from Pathankot we came to Lakanpur. Our permits were checked here and some of us were given new names by the permit checker.

A vast and pleasant countryside stretches as far as Jammu. We crossed the river Ujh and Basantar and left many towns behind and got to Jammu at half past one. We had a light lunch at the tourists' reception centre. There are many temples in Jammu. We could see the purple background of the hills and the splendid scenery of the plains. We noticed the barley, wheat and rice fields in the neighbourhood.

We passed through Udhamapore Khud (we were eager to see the Khud Jail) and the Chenab River. We passed through the most beautiful hills on either side of Patni Top. We reached Banihal Dak Bungalow at about 9. 30 p. m. Banihal is situated in a valley at the foot of the highest mountain ranges on the way to Srinagar. We had supper and spent the night there.

Next day we left Banihal early in the morning. From Banihal the road ascends to an easy grade in a wonderful series of zigzags. We passed the famous Banihal tunnels under construction and crossed the existing tunnel. As we were at a height of nearly 9,000 ft. we were feeling cold and had to put on our warm cardigans. As we came out of the tunnel, we viewed the beautiful valley of Kashmir stretching ahead of us. We stopped the buses and had a very lovely view of the valley, as it was a clear day. The green rice fields and the poplar trees looked really beautiful.

We had our breakfast at Gazigund in a small hotel. At 11 a. m. we left the dirty place, heading for Srinagar. At last, after a long bus journey, we came to our destination (Srinagar) in the afternoon. We rushed to our house boats for lunch and we were thrilled at the idea of living in house boats.

Sukaram Bala Malhotra
U. V

A HIKE TO SANKARACHARYA

On the 17th we went to visit the famous Sankaracharya temple. We left our houseboats at 6. 15 a.m. The temple is built on the top of a high hill and one has to go on foot. For us, Sanawarians, the climb was far from difficult. We took it easy

and reached the temple at 7-15 a. m. From the temple we could see nearly the whole of Srinagar. The Dal Lake and the Char Chenar looked wonderful.

The inside of the temple is very clean and the *Shiveling* was about 5 feet in height and there was a big bell by its side. We took many photographs. We stayed there for about half an hour. Coming down the hill was an easy task. We returned to our houseboat by 8. 30 a. m. and had a very hearty breakfast. The day was very hot.

Himmat Singh
U. IV

RADIANT! ROMANTIC! RELAXING GARDENS!

On Sunday the 20th of July, early in the morning, we left for the Moghul Gardens. We were very excited because we were staying out the whole day. We jammed ourselves in our waiting bus, and were on our way soon. Mrs. Sehgal offered us some golden *palam* (plums).

The Moghul Gardens of Kashmir are the most beautiful gardens laid out from the foothill to the Dal Lake. Our first visit was to the Chashma Shahi Garden. It is about five miles from Srinagar on the hillside above the Dal Lake. It is famous for pure, cold and transparent water from the Royal Spring. There are many beautiful flowers and fruit trees. We admired the beauty of the garden. From the garden we can have an exquisite view of the Dal Lake and other scenery. The garden was built by Shah Jahan. From there we were on our way to the Shalimar Garden.

Further beyond the *Chasma Shahi* is this famous garden built by Emperor Jehangir for his wife Nur-Jehan. This is a very beautiful spot for picnics, so we had a hearty lunch here. After this we rested and some of the Sanawarian Artists sketched flowers. This beautiful garden has many artificial water falls and fountains. In one of the water falls, dahlias were arranged in steps and when water fell from the top they looked like coloured bulbs. From Shalimar Gardens we proceeded to Nishat Bagh.

This was built by Asaf Jah. From this beautiful garden we can have a wonderful view of the Lake below, and of the mountains in the background. Roses, lilies, zinnias and dahlias were in full bloom in their beds. Most of us enjoyed our visit to this garden. The high fountains which babbled, looked wonderful in the bright sunlight. From the famous Nishat Gardens we went to Naseem Bagh.

This was the fourth and the last Moghul Garden we visited. This was laid out by Emperor Shah Jehan. This garden has its own charm, with beautiful fountains, smooth waterfalls and flower beds. It is a very delightful spot. We had our cold drinks at the restaurant inside the garden.

We were very surprised to see Actor Balraj Sahni. Hardly any of the people recognised him. We were quite disappointed when we came to know that some actors

and actresses had left Srinagar a week before our arrival. We were glad to meet Balraj Sahni. At about six, we left the gardens behind us and were on our way to our houseboats. At seven we had our tea. After supper, which we had at ten, we sank wearily on our cosy beds and slept, dreaming about the most radiant, romantic and relaxing Moghul Gardens.

Hansa and Bhagwati Patel
L. V U. III

THE SEVEN BRIDGES

After lunch on the 22nd we left for the seven bridges by *shikara*. When we came to Dal Gate the gates were closed, so we had to wait for fifteen minutes. As we arrived at the first bridge the water was dirty; as we came to the next bridge it was stinking, and half the boys and girls were fast asleep in the *shikaras*. All the bridges were equally dirty. All the dirt of Srinagar was collected in this water by means of drains. The Kashmiri boys were chucking stones at us. One of the stones got me on my head as well as the person who rowed the *shikara*. We returned by 6 p. m. and had a lovely tea. After tea we were free and went swimming.

Autar Singh Brar
L. IV

TUNG MARG—GUL MARG—KILAN MARG

On the 23rd of July, as the dawn was breaking over the mighty mountains of Kashmir, our bus rattled through the quiet stillness of the forests towards Tungmarg. Ignoring the horses at Tungmarg we decided to trek up to Gulmarg. Having climbed for two hours by the short cut we reached Gulmarg, panting. After resting for a while we surveyed the enchanting scenery. Later we ate our lunch which we had brought up with us. After about half an hour we mounted our ponies to ride up to Kilanmarg. At first our ponies were uncontrollable and we bounced up and down calling frantically for help. When we had caught the knack of handling the ponies we found the ride enjoyable. Not before having a few mishaps, like somebody's pony refusing to budge and acting like a mule which it closely resembled, did we reach Khilanmarg. We stood there on the plateau drinking in the serene beauty of the dazzling white snowy mountains. We then walked up to the snow and enjoyed ourselves by doing things that come naturally to one who is seeing snow after a long time. Having enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent we carried chunks of snow down to the Kilanmarg plateau where, having washed it, we ate it. We mounted our ponies again to journey back to Gulmarg from where we walked down the long way to Tungmarg. Then through the fading sunset and the majestic mountains we rattled back to Dal Lake and the comfort of our houseboats.

Indra Sachdev and Vinita Singh
U. V

CAMP LIFE AT PAHALGAM 27TH JULY TO 9TH AUGUST.

We arrived at Pahalgam on the 27th afternoon. Pahalgam is situated on the beautiful Lidar valley. Superb scenic beauty of snow clad mountains, streams and

excellent camping sites meet any person's taste. Arriving at Pahalgam we rushed to the dining tent and gluttonously ate our lunch like hungry wolves. We were rather excited as it was our first experience of staying in tents. After lunch we had our baths, unpacked and settled down in the new environment. After having lived in house-boats, we found camp life very homely.

The next day was spent in seeing the beautiful surroundings of Pahalgam. The evening was spent in going for a pleasant walk towards the stream. The same day a party of six boys left for Amarnath. On the 29th morning we went to Shikarga hunting grounds. On the way we had to pass through some dirty locality so we didn't enjoy the walk. On the 30th we rested and went to the bazar in the evening.

We went to Bai Saran on the 1st. We had to do a lot of climbing since it was three miles from Pahalgam. Bai Saran was a beautiful large meadow ; we had horse riding there. It took us no time to return as we ran back the whole way. We had nothing to do for a few days so we girls decided to cook our own food. One evening we went around to fix a suitable spot for our "cooking expedition." We started off the next morning carrying our utensils to the spot which was near a stream. We fetched water from the stream and lit the fire. Within two hours' time everything was ready. We had a pure vegetarian meal and Mr. Sharma heartily praised the "budding cooks." By the time we finished our lunch and washed the dishes, it was time for tea. We had to hurry through the tea. We returned to our tents by five, tired and worn out.

For a few days the weather was quite uncertain and so we were confined to our camp area. The fancy dress which was on the 5th was the most exciting part of our camp life.

Towards the evening it started to rain and we very disappointed ; but it cleared up by about 8 p. m. After supper we made a huge bon-fire and everyone came dressed in their various costumes. It was very hard to decide who the winners were. The four lucky people, Asha Puri, as a beggar, Vinita Singh as a Negro, Autar Singh and Tarsem Singh as Jats won the prizes.

We were to leave Pahalgam on the 7th morning, but to our excitement, at dinner time, we came to know that the road was blocked. So our departure was delayed by two days. There is nothing better than camp life and we would'nt mind staying for months and months in tents.

Subhadra Patel L-V & Shashi Hora U-IV.

OUR FANCY DRESS NIGHT

Every one was learning his part. A jumble of words was murmured. It was Thursday the 5th of August. We had our supper at seven and at seven-thirty there was a rush on the powder and the lipstick and at the end the girls found that they had

nothing left for themselves. Father Christmas could not put on his coat because the fur started coming off. The fisherman could not find a *Dhoti*, but when he found it, he could not put it on. *Munimji* lost his spectacles and the beggar did not have any money to put in her begging dish. The *Jamadarni* spoilt a brand new shirt and could not find any dirt to put in her basket. The Negro wife and husband and child could not find any polish to blacken their bodies with, and the Pirate could not find a sword.

At 8-30 Mr. O. P. Sharma came yelling out, "Come on, the fire is on." No one was ready, except two *Khalsas* and *Munimji*. So every one hurried up. At 9-00 all were ready except Father Christmas whose beard would not stick. At 9-15 every one was going around the camp fire, and we kept moving till all the guests and judges were seated. By that time we were fagged out. The guests included some English ladies who knew Mountford in Delhi. After that we sat down and started doing our parts one by one. The three Negroes were the first—they went there and shouted in African language and went off. Father Christmas came next and gave presents to two judges. Next was Radha and Krishan combined who did their dance. The *Jamadarni* came and said something about money and went off. The next were the Red Indians. They gave a Yahoo call and charged off. Then came *Munimji* who was concerned about money and argued about a Naya Paisa with Mr. O. P. Sharma. Then came the beggar woman who begged and got nothing. The three clowns were the next; they kicked and punched and ended up with chasing each other. Two *Khalsas* came next and made a jumble of words of Punjabi and ended up with *Bhalu* shooting. A fisherman came along with a *Pathan*. The *Pathan* drew his dagger and the fisherman charged off from the place. *Dhoban*, a shy looking girl, did nothing. Then came the boot polisher who thought of polishing Mr. O. P. Sharma's shoes but felt shy and marched off. Next came two bearers who talked about the food that we were getting: *Bichu-Buti* special, frog curry and for pudding, coffee plus brown polish (chocolate pudding). Then came the Spanish lover who sang a song and went off. Last of all appeared Adam and Eve and Adam said, "Madam, I am Adam." The camp was dying out. The Negroes, the beggar-woman and the *Khalsas* got the prizes. The evening was gay and jolly and everyone enjoyed it.

K. S. Patel
L-V

PAHALGAM

Near the Dar Camp there is a stream where we go to wash every day. Since we came to Pahalgam we have washed our clothes several times. We go there and collect stones too. Once or twice we went there to wash our hair. This stream goes into Sheshnag.

Veena Sabharwal
Form II

A TRIP TO BAI SARAN

On the 1st of September at about 1 p. m. we left for Bai Saran a place about 3 miles from Pahalgam.

Some of the party hired ponies while the others walked up. The road was very dangerous and at one place the road was blocked by a fallen tree, so we had to descend downwards until we reached a stream. Then we had to ascend to the road above us. We arrived at Bai Saran at 2-30 p. m. It was a beautiful spot lying in a valley.

We stayed there for about forty-five minutes. Then we started back for Pahalgam, by the same route. We arrived at Pahalgam at about 4-30 p. m. and had our tea.

Arvind Sikand
L-IV

THE RIVER SHESHNAG

On Monday the 4th of August some of us set out for Adi, but on the way we decided to go half way to Chandanwari. We walked quite a long way and we were tired, so we sat down on the bank of the River Sheshnag. Mrs. Cherian came with us; we asked madam if we could take off our shoes and paddle in water. Madam said, "Yes", so we took off our shoes and started walking in the water. It was hard to cross to the other bank. We paddled in the water for a long time and then we thought we ought to collect some pebbles. We found many coloured pebbles. We played for a long time. Then we said that we must go back to our tents. We went where Madam was sitting and she said "Let us go". So we put on our shoes and started on our way back. We picked many flowers from the roadside. We came to the city garden. We went in to play in the garden and as we entered we saw a board on which was written "Grass grows by inches and dies by feet". We played in the garden for some time and then we came back to our tents. We enjoyed our outing.

Pushpa Patel
L-III

KASHMIR AND THE KASHMIRIS

The Kashmiris are very beautiful but they spoil their beauty by being dirty. They do not have a bath for many days and sometimes for many months. They do not even open their hair for many months. They wear a lot of silver jewellery like very big earrings and very big necklaces, and bangles. They are fighter-cocks.

Once we went out to visit the seven bridges and the old city and while returning we saw a Kashmiri family who were very dirty and they were talking in Kashmiri which was very different from Hindi. Suddenly they started fighting and the man

pushed the woman into the water. Their daughter went after the woman and both of them were nearly drowned. Some other people pulled them out of water and saved them.

Usha Choudhri
L-IV

A KASHMIRI FAMILY

The Kashmiris are very pretty, but they spoil their beauty by keeping themselves dirty. They even spoil Nature by keeping the surroundings dirty. Most of the lakes are also very dirty. They use the same water in which they wash and swim, for cooking. The ladies do the same kind of work as the men. Kashmiris are very hard-working.

Ramila Patel
F-I

THE AMARNATH HIKE

The seven of us had been waiting patiently for this day. To our delight, the day dawned crisp and clear. The weather in itself was an inspiration to us and without wasting any time we set out on our journey. Somewhere to the north, 27 miles away, lay our object—Amarnath. The first seven miles of our journey was by the side of a roaring mountain stream. On this path we were often greeted with breathtaking spectacles of scenic beauty. The walk was a pleasant one because the slope was gradual and the surroundings beautiful. At the end of our interesting walk we arrived at a village called Chandanwadi. The ponies carrying our luggage and provisions had not arrived yet so we waited for them in the village. On their arrival we went outside the village and had our lunch by the side of the stream which had been keeping us company throughout our morning walk. Not far from us was a snow bridge across the same stream. After lunch we pushed on. The next two miles proved to be the toughest out of the whole journey. We had climbed vertically up the side of a mountain. At the end of this we found ourselves well above the treeline. Now our path lay over comparatively level ground. On our right was a deep gorge while on the left we were protected by a sheer mountain wall. On either side of the path could be seen bunches of brightly coloured flowers. They were like jewels strewn on a gigantic lawn. We met many other fellow travellers on the way. At the end of three hours we found ourselves gazing upon a magnificent sight.

A small lake with turquoise coloured water surrounded on all sides by snow capped mountains. This was our destination for the day. It was 6-00 p. m. Our tents were pitched and we made ourselves comfortable in them. That night we retired early after a hot supper with tea as pudding.

Somebody lifted the tent flap and the sunshine came pouring in. It was 8 o' clock already. We must hurry. By 9-30 we had packed our luggage and eaten our breakfast. We continued on our journey. For the first two miles the slope was

a gradual one. We saw many cascading waterfalls, we crossed streams, and walked over melting glaciers. It was a wonderful experience. We pitied those who were left at Pahalgam. Now we had to do no more climbing; our path sloped down towards our destination. Panchtarni was no place at all, a few tents here and there, that was all. We arrived here at 12-30 feeling ravenous. The cook warmed the lunch which he carried and within the twinkling of an eye, our heaped plates were empty. While the servants pitched our tent we stretched full length on the mountainside and had a brief nap. We spent the rest of the afternoon exploring our surroundings. The mountainside was splashed here and there with patches of bright colour. On close investigation we found them to be clusters of pretty little flowers of every imaginable shade. The hillside could be described as a "botanist's paradise".

Tea time found us drinking mugs of hot sweet tea. Here one welcomed tea as one would a plateful of icecream on a sizzling May afternoon in the plains.

After tea we spent our time watching the marmots. They were like miniature bears clothed in brown fur. Every now and then one would sit on its haunches and give a sharp piercing shriek. On the slightest provocation they would jump down one of the numerous burrows and vanish out of sight.

That night after supper we had a bit of music. Each of us in turn tried to entertain the company.

By five the next morning we were ready and on our way to Amarnath. Only four miles separated us from our destination. In the darkness we covered the four miles without feeling the strain. As the first rays of the sun embraced the mountain tops we arrived at the Amarnath Cave. Mr. Sharma had a bath in one of the streams. The water was so cold that he found it difficult to hold the mug with which he was having his bath.

We entered the damp cold cave, minus our shoes, and it was with difficulty that we could stand on the cold ground. The *Shiuling* was of solid ice, about 8' high. We offered our prayers to God and without any further delay we left the cave. We decided to return to Pahalgam the same night. Pahalgam was 27 miles away, and we had already done 4 miles. Could we do it? No harm in trying!

We returned to Panchtarni had a quick breakfast and started off for Chandanwadi. This time we decided to take a short cut. For the eight miles after Panchtarni we had to climb steadily. For the better half of the journey, the path lay over snow. It was delightful walking on the crisp snowflakes. We topped a low bridge and found ourselves overlooking a valley about 5000 feet below us. The slope leading to it was nothing short of perpendicular. We took an hour to descend the slope. We had our lunch in the valley and immediately afterwards we continued on our way. According to our guide, Chandanwadi was only two miles down the valley. We kept on walking endlessly, climbing mountains and descending valleys but still still there was no sight of Chandanwadi. When we saw it, we had walked approxima-

tely eight miles after lunch. We found that even the maules, which had started after us and come by the longer route, arrived before us. We had our tea in the village at 6 o' clock. We had yet to cover seven miles to get to Pahalgam. Now it was all going down and moreover it was like going home. We covered this distance in two hours. By eight we were in Pahalgam relating our experiences to our friends.

The hike was thoroughly enjoyed by each of us. The trip was a unique experience: it was both a hike and a pilgrimage. This is one trip which we will remember for some time.

Ajit Sinh Gaekwad
Sixth Form

KASHMIR

Poets sing praises of the beauty of Kashmir, artists sing them with a brush and paints, so much so, that one can say that the pictures show the glamour and the words give all the facts.

This is what I saw in Kashmir—

From the top of one of the hillocks over Pahalgam one sees the azure of the sky reflected on the snow-tipped peaks of the impressively regal mountains which command a view over breathtakingly vivid vistas, the dazzling sweep of rolling meadows, the River Sheishnag, sweeping on in its headlong course, surging through exotic land, twisting and turning following the writhing snake-like ribbon of a road, threading its way through cool glades and silent foreboding forests, shimmering here and there through the thick foliage of majestic firs, the town of Pahalgam with its teeming market place, the gleam of tent-tops of the Dar Camp and humans who, from this height, look like ants.

This scene is certainly a refreshing release from the sledgehammer school.

Indira Sachdev.
U-V

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS

The day was begun by the usual ceremonial singing of the National Anthem, which was followed by a Hindi song. Both were sung with great gusto and enthusiasm.

After Assembly everyone went down to Barnes to witness matches which were being conducted by the prefects in order to entertain the servants. The footballers cheered on both sides and loud applause was given to Mary Ayah in the old women's race. Mrs. Somdutt very kindly gave away the prizes after which sweets were distributed to all the servants of the School.

We were given a simple lunch, which consisted of a sandwich and a banana each, as the servants had been given a holiday.

The girls spent the afternoon in arranging their dresses for the fancy dress party that evening. At 6 o'clock, all arrived at Parker Hall dressed in costumes depicting various nations. The evening's programme began with the fancy dress parade. Among the outstanding characters, the bookworm, the cameraman and his model, and the Kangra pair stood out most. The other good ones were the coalblack Mammie with her piccaninnies, the three witches from 'Macbeth', the snake charmer with his snake and the monkey display. Amongst the Staff, the sailor with a Marwari bride attracted attention. The dinner was very tempting especially after the sandwich lunch we had had.

We ended the evening's programme with the display of the flag which was depicted by the girls themselves and by the singing of the National Anthem. Thus ended Independence Day, which had been thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Asha Nanda
Sixth Form

————:0:————

THE PREP SCHOOL CONCERT

This was the first occasion I attended Founder's at Sanawar. Even when Parikshet won the Rashtrapati Medal in 1955 I failed to fulfil my duty as a parent. My children may have forgiven me but I can't forgive myself for such lapses, especially now when I have seen with my own eyes what a magnificent thing Founder's is.

Truly these three days were unforgettable. Everything I saw or participated in was so inspiring and attractive. Parikshet tells me off and on that he finds his college life pale and thin in comparison with Sanawar. I have been taking this with a pinch of salt, because it is generally taken for granted that college life is far richer in every way than school life. But these three days spent in Sanawar were full of surprises for me. I had never imagined that Sanawar afforded opportunities to students in so many directions. In my own schooldays I could never even dream of such facilities. The fact is that I can't even think of anything which may be lacking at Sanawar. If that is an exaggeration, I beg to be forgiven. But indeed I am happy and grateful for what Sanawar gives, and pray for the day when every Indian child will have it in the same measure.

Another thing which makes me happy and grateful is the fact that in Sanawar there is a distinct tendency towards discarding slavish imitation of foreign culture, towards patriotism, toward love for our own people and our own culture. This new orientation is plainly visible among the teachers as well as pupils, although a man of my views would like the pace to be much faster. In the Founder's programme there were several inspiring items which aroused in the audience a welcome feeling of national pride. This last quality was most evident in the Prep School Concert, about which I want to say a few words in this article. So far as I think the Prep. School Concert was an outstanding feature of this year's Founder's.

This does not mean that the other programmes were in any way inferior. They too were full of artistic value. Mr. Prem Kirpal, Chairman of this year's celebrations, Chairman of the School Board, and a very dear friend of mine from college days, said, in his thought-provoking speech in Barne Hall, that the atmosphere around him had influenced him so much that he already felt like a Sanawarian. Exactly the same thing has been happening to me. And so I shall praise the Prep School Concert in the Sanawarian spirit, and expect my readers to read it the Sanawarian way.

The first thing which impressed me about this Concert was the way in which each item was conceived, arranged and meticulously executed. It was a wonderfully organised affair. When a children's concert has to be presented some grown ups are unavoidably necessary. While this puts an extraordinary burden of hard work on them it also gives them enviable scope and freedom to satisfy their own creative hun-

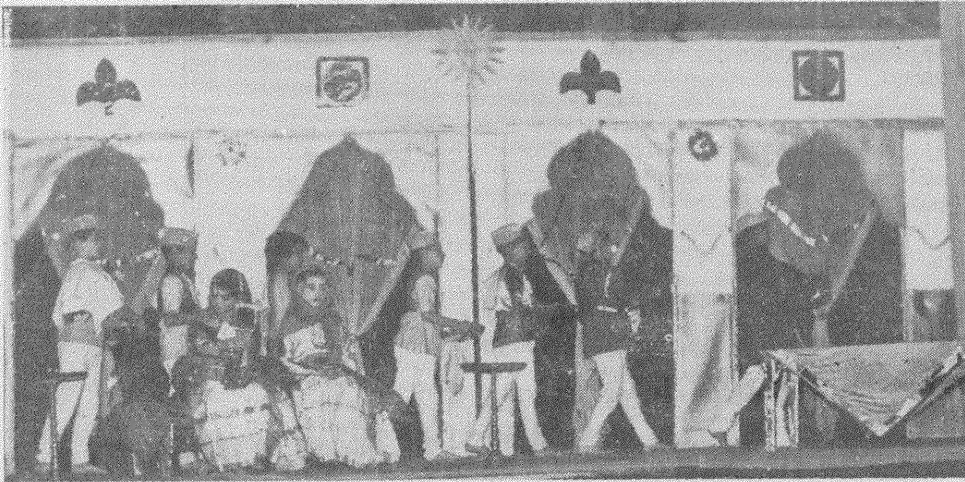
ger. The grown-ups behind the curtain in this case seemed to have taken the fullest advantage of their opportunities. Instead of doing their duty mechanically they had done it creatively, thus achieving remarkable results. For example, the opening play "The Fairy and the Cobbler" was a feast to the eyes in the matter of what we call in film language the production values i. e. decor, costumes, etc. The scene in which the King and the Queen came to the Cobbler's house for dinner was so cleverly done that the turning of everything into gold with the magic touch of the Cobbler's shoe was vividly established. Even the doors and windows seemed to be made of gold.

The choice of characters was equally noteworthy. The queen (Kiran Somal) was every inch (or shall we say centimetre?) a queen. One could not take one's eyes off her. The Cobbler (Gautam Vohra), his wife (Sanobar Sahni), his daughter (Veena Sabherwal), the fairy Queen (Neela Rudra) and even the minor parts were appropriately allotted. These two factors made the play come to life in spite of the justifiable self-consciousness on the part of the players, in having to deliver lines in a foreign language.

The play which followed, "*Kutte ki Maut*" had all the technical charm of the first one plus a really excellent script and the advantage of playing it in the national language. Miss Bela Batliwala, Mary, the doctor, the astrologer were all excellently portrayed. None of the children stumbled on his or her cue anywhere, showing that they had been carefully rehearsed. The self-confidence with which the children performed made a strong impression on me. It appeared to me that the audience was moved more by this play than by any other. And this primarily was due to the superb script, written by the illustrious Urdu writer Krishan Chandra. With supreme mastery the author has filled his lines with bitter irony aimed at the superficial life of parasitic rich people. Last year my wife pinched the script of "*Kabuliwalla*" from Sanawar. She was so deeply moved by that play that she made us perform it in Bombay through our own dramatic club called the Juhu Art Theatre. I have been myself playing the *Kabuliwalla*. So successful has this play been all over Bombay that the producers have been approaching Vyasji to write a film script of *Kabuliwalla* for them for the Hindi screen, on the lines of his excellent stage adaptation. And now, after seeing the majestic success of "*Kutte ki Maut*" with my own eyes I cannot rest until this play too is on our repertoire. This is another evidence of our becoming Sanawarians. This kinship with our children thrills us.

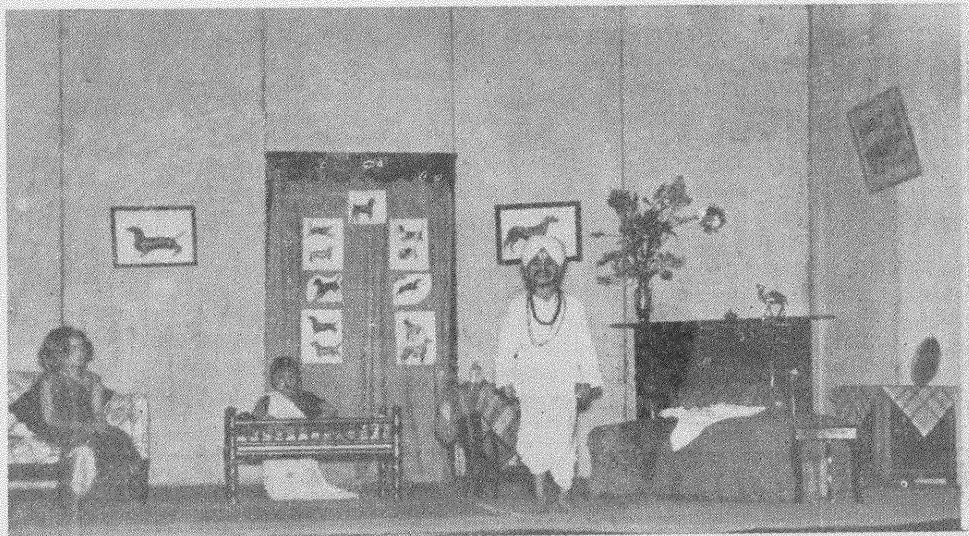
The songs and dances provided us with even greater thrills. Perhaps the most universally applauded item of the evening was the "Radha Krishan Dance". Its director Mrs. Thomas is known to me from the days when she was a young student in Shantineketan and I was an equally young, but foolish, member of that institution. Watching the Radha Krishan Dance, made me proud of her, and of the fact that the art we learnt in the great University of Shantineketan is now taking root all over India. Mrs. Thomas deserves rich congratulations as a worthy messenger. The expressions on the faces of young Radha and Krishan (Ambika Devi, and Anita Thomas) were full of the ecstatic message of the dance.

FOUNDER'S
THE FAIRY REWARD



The palace scene

KUTTE KI MAUT



Bela Balliwala

Mary

Jyotishi

FOUNDER'S
The Importance of being Earnest



"It seems to be mine."

The Girls' School Saturday Club Play.
The Knave of Hearts



"Oh! my poor tarts!"

A word about the presentation. Individual items can never make a variety programme successful howsoever beautiful in themselves they may be. Basically the success of a concert lies in its presentation, a fact which is much too often neglected in our country with very sad results. The Prep School Concert was linked item by item by a self confident personable compere, Sanober Sahni. Many parents congratulated me on her work and therefore I do not have to be modest about her work simply because I happen to be her father. Sanober knows it as well as I do that the credit goes to her teachers who taught her the right method and poise. The compering was again helped by the back stage organisation and the audience was spared the tedium of long intervals between items. Back stage organisation and the correct placing of items by the director helped to lift the tempo of the concert in the upward direction all the time. The curve never came down. One did not feel the passage of time. Although the concert had been going on for more than one hour and a half, one felt that one had hardly had enough. One wanted to see and hear even more. One was unwilling to leave Barne Hall. That is after all the best compliment that can be paid.

Lastly may I hope that the Prep School Artists themselves will do me the honour of reading this little article which I am sending to their magazine? Can I hope that they will accept my gratitude for the charming way in which each one of them obliged me with her autograph on the Souvenir? Their friendliness, their utter modesty and lack of self-consciousness is a quality which many a grown-up artist strives for, not always with success.

Balraj Sahni

Thank you Mr. Sahni for writing so charmingly about our Preppers. Coming from you, this is high praise indeed—Ed.

THE TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY

The main drawback in the Tattoo was that it offered nothing new to the audience, the majority of whom had seen it the previous years. The dropping of club drill also served to detract from the merit of the performance.

The weather, as usual, cleared up only a couple of days before the Tattoo. Even on the final day, patches of mist floated across the semi-darkness of the field. A constant murmur of voices from the bank warned Sanawarians that the audience was impatient, for the Tattoo is easily the one item that draws the biggest crowd, and being held out of doors, it is the most impressive.

A sharp whistle silenced the audience. A second whistle was closely followed by the floodlights being switched on. The glare bathed 300 boys and girls, dressed in shorts and vests/blouses, jogging up from either side of the field in two batches. They converged in the middle and branched out most impressively to their spots. P. T. began and the lights failed. They recovered in a few seconds. The lights in no way deterred the children. As usual, P. T. was of a high calibre, and the tableau was vastly appreciated.

P. T. was followed by Chair-Tricks, a novel item introduced last year. It was, as expected, a great hit. If a larger number of boys had participated, it would have been more impressive. It's too small for the ground.

A blare of trumpets, trombones and what nots caused the flood lights to be switched on. A very much improved, increased and smarter Band led this time by six foot stalwart K. M. Singh paraded up and down the field most impressively. The only mishap occurred when K. M. Singh mistimed his staff throw and almost dropped it. He made up for it, however, by throwing it up higher and catching it with a flourish.

Ground work, too stale to be appreciated, nevertheless proved entertaining at times.

The next item, horsework, made up for the deficiency in groundwork. As usual it was the most exciting item. The omission of the fire ring dive was well compensated for.

Next was a dance by the girls, the Garba. The colourful costumes were artistically blended, but perhaps the playing field is more appropriate for a massed effect, whereas the stage is the place for intricate dance steps. I personally feel that the Tattoo should be a purely boys' affair. The girls can show their skill in the art and crafts exhibition!

Figure marching, the concluding item, was next on the list. Into the darkness of the field floated two rows of red and green lights from opposite ends, forming slow-spinning circles with a chain entwining them. These gradually merged into the petals of a huge sun-flower, then into concentric circles and finally formed a glorious star scintillating in green and red. The wonderful co-ordination of the boys and girls carrying these torches reflects the indefatigable enthusiasm of Mr Kemp and his colleagues. Mr. Kemp also amused and interested the audience during the short intervals between the items. The School Song brought the proceedings to an end.

Inclement weather did not allow us more than two full rehearsals. Considering this drawback I, as a spectator, think the Tattoo went off rather smoothly.

Sarvjit Lorai
Sixth Form

ASSEMBLY

The Founder's Day Assembly was held on the 3rd morning in Barne Hall. A large number of O. S. boys and girls were present but the number of parents were few.

Assembly commenced with the singing of "Land of our Birth", which was sung with unusual gusto. This was followed by a prayer for the Founder, Henry Lawrence. Then the Headmaster read out a prayer for the O. S. who sat solemnly on the balcony. The "School Thanksgiving" was recited by the whole gathering with the usual vigour. This was followed by the giving out of House Flags. Three prefects from

each House consisting of a Prep School prefect, a Junior Girls' prefect and a Junior Boys' prefect marched up to receive the colours. The Headmaster issued special instructions concerning the etiquette to be observed when the flags were unfurled. The flags were then put next to their House Shields.

The Headmaster asked the assembled to sit down and then we heard his account of Sir Henry Lawrence.

Kenneth Mahraj Singh
Sixth Form

THE HEAD'S ADDRESS ON SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

Sir Henry Lawrence was one of the Titans of the Punjab. Had he not been killed in the Mutiny he would undoubtedly have ended his career as Governor of India, which mantle fell later on his brother, John Lawrence.

Sir Henry Lawrence was a man of immense courage, of strangely controlled passions, deeply religious, essentially a ruler of men. In him was a romanticism, an introspective quality that had been encouraged by long periods as an Artillery Officer when he had not enough to do. His emphasis was always on the ideal whatever it cost, and on the rule of the individual.

He was passionately fond of India and of the Punjab in particular. He was essentially the protector of the poor and his love of fair play and catholic sense of justice extended from the meanest to the highest and included even the enemies of society. In this he was not unlike our Mahatma Gandhi. The slightest symptom of prejudice of one against another always found him on the side of the maligned. No official ever dared say anything against Indians in his presence as many learned to their cost.

He ruled one of the most turbulent districts in India, the Punjab, at the expense of only one capital punishment. He had to leave the Punjab because his views clashed with those of the Government whose main concern was the collection of revenue while his whole aim was to protect the peasant. He saw the peasant wringing a hard life from the soil, and believed that the Government should care for him alone and should not trouble tender hearts about nobles who did little more than collect revenue. He refused to believe that the peasant should support both European officials and idle Asiatic chiefs.

How far he was ahead of his time can be judged from a study of only two of his constant themes. In the Army he felt it was grossly unfair that a sepoy should look forward to nothing higher than the rank of Sub. Major when he was 60, and was always recommending the grant of higher ranks and greater responsibilities to Indians in the Army. He was also always in favour of the closer association of Indians with the administration. His last thought was for the welfare of the Lawrence Asylum, Sanawar, to which he donated most generously from his own purse.

OUR HOUSE BADGES

(*Gita Bery writes in the Old Sanawarain Bulletin, Delhi, November 1958*):

A link with the past has been maintained in the crests on the Flags, beautifully embroidered by the Girls' Housecraft class. Himalaya has taken the Lawrence Crest, Nilagiri the Roberts, Siwalik the Hodson and Vindhya the Herbert-Edwards Crest.

(*Extract from the Sanawarian March, 1936*).

Those of enquiring mind will wish to learn how these crests came to be associated with their distinguished owners, and it is the aim of this article to hazard an explanation.

Sir Henry Lawrence—Emerging from a golden Eastern crown, a forearm brandishing a sword, twined about with a wreath—of a laurel.

The crown of five points, like the rays of the rising sun, is in heraldic parlance called an Eastern crown.

Sir Henry Lawrence served his country in an Eastern land, and died at the Siege of Lucknow from the bursting of a shell.

“ O may Thy soldiers faithful true and bold
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
And win with them the victor's *crown of gold*, Alleluia ! ”

The arm brandishing a sword refers to his military service and enjoins us to “ Fight the good fight ”; the laurel branch to an honourable death in the service of his country.

* * * * *

Earl Roberts—A golden lion rampant brandishing a sword.

The sword is often so poorly depicted that it resembles more a dagger or a penknife.

Field Marshal Earl Roberts, V. C. was born in India. He served at the relief of Lucknow as a young man, and made in 1880 the historic march from Kabul to Kandahar. He served in Burma, and Abyssinia, and was Commander-in-Chief in South Africa during the Boer War. He died in France in 1914.

Gold, the most precious of metals, is a sign of great worth, and both Nicholson and Roberts bear golden lions to shew their worth as warriors. The sword again enjoins us to fight the good fight.

* * * * *

Major Hodson—A bird perched on the summit of a heap of golden stones.

It is not easy to tell what the bird is supposed to be. It suggests a bird with great powers of flight, such as a pigeon or a swallow, but it would be more in-keeping with Hodson's character if it were a hawk.

Hodson was a famous leader of cavalry. He raised a body of "Irregulars" during the mutiny, with which he would scour the country-side for the enemy. He was Intelligence Officer, and in those days the only way to gain information was to move rapidly from place to place spying out the land.

Hodson with this mobile body of cavalry surveying the landscape from some rocky eminence is well represented by this bird upon a mound of stones.

Sir Herbert Edwards—A closed helmet in its proper colours.

Herbert Edwardes, a close friend of Henry Lawrence, was a born leader of men and a great administrator. He started his career as a soldier, and at the time of the mutiny was Commissioner of Peshawar. He was largely instrumental in preventing the Afghans taking any action at that period, for had they proceeded to invade India the British would have been between two fires.

The helmet signifies a man with a good "head piece," not easily disturbed by external happenings, but calm and strong. As the helm protects the head so did the sagacity of Herbert Edwardes defend the frontier, the head of India, from invasion. There is a town in the Punjab called Sirhind (the head of Hindustan) which name shows us that the Frontier once came a good deal more South than it does to-day.

The helmet reminds us also of the "helmet of salvation."

* * * * *

We now may see that these crests are a form of pictorial shorthand, giving to the initiated some information of the bearer's history and attainments. Even more; they may have some moral lesson to inculcate, as in that of Sir Henry Lawrence, whose armed fist emerging from a crown exhorts us to persevere and never give in if we would attain the Crown of our reward.

R.

THE PARADE

The parade was held on the 4th October at ten a. m. It has been and always will remain one of the most spectacular items of the programme for Founder's. The absence of the Colour Party, which had dominated the parade in previous years, was more than counterbalanced by the presence of the lively school band, led by Maharaj Singh.

The weather was clear, and seemed to spread enthusiasm and zest amongst the rows of spectators who had lately experienced too much inclement weather. There were parents, visitors and old Sanawarians, all waiting in eager anticipation.

The cadets were smartly turned out in khaki kit, polished belts and glittering boots. The band was attired in navy blue.

On the arrival of Mr. Prem Kirpal, the chief guest, the parade commenced with the giving of the general salute, the band playing in the background. After the

inspection of the ranks, the Sanawar contingent marched past the dais, in three columns in slow step. After a few intricate movements the entire parade marched past the dais, this time in quick step, to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory". This was followed by the review order march. The dressing and covering throughout, barring the slow march, was fairly well maintained.

The N. C. C. parade was followed by the march past of the girls. Then came the Boys' School with each House bearing its respective flag. The stirring tunes of the band succeeded in giving a touch of regal pomp and splendour to the entire proceedings. Last but not least was the march past of the Prep School which was followed by sighs and groans of "How sweet" from the spectators. And so the parade ended after 45 minutes.

Arun Bhatia
Sixth Form

ART AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

This year the Art and Crafts exhibition was held in two buildings; the crafts exhibition being in the new art room and the adjoining handicrafts room; while the art exhibition was in the old art room. The exhibition was opened by the famous actor Mr. Balraj Sahni.

The needlework section of the crafts exhibition was in the handicrafts room. The most notable feature in the crafts section was a cabinet designed by Mr. Wad to hold a radio and record player. Neatly arranged all around and in the centre, were attache cases, lampshades, table lamps and wooden toys made by the carpentry enthusiasts. Another notable feature was the papier maché work. Though this was started quite near Founder's Mr. Wad and the handicrafts section managed to produce some remarkable vases and plaques.

All around the walls were murals and designs of a high standard. The art exhibition had a number of drawings on display. They were all of a high standard. Most of them were done in water colours, but the majority of the flowers and objects were in pencil only. Most impressive were the big murals done by H. S. Kochhar, S. Mukerji and Y. S. Rautela.

Next year the art exhibition will be held in the new art gallery that is being built near the new art room. It will be better lighted and will thus improve the exhibition. The crafts section is expanding rapidly and they hope to start on something next year. We hope that next year's exhibition will be even better than this year's.

Gurdip Singh Bedi
Sixth Form

THE NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION

The needlework exhibition was opened by the famous actor Balraj Sahni on the 4th October.

The room was beautifully decorated with many fine pieces of needlework. There was a large variety of pieces embroidered with multi-coloured patterns which

FOUNDER'S

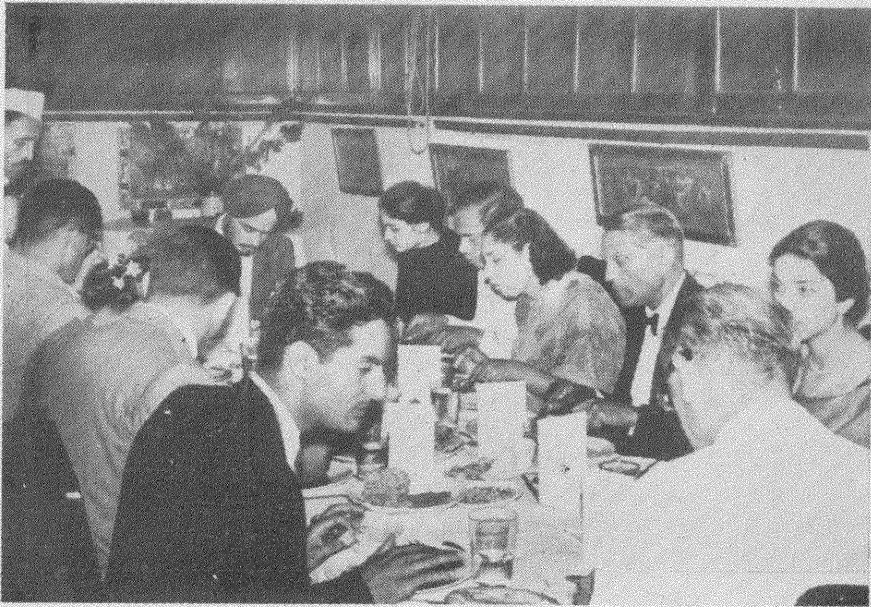


Mr. Balraj Sahni admires some paintings



The Crafts Corner

FOUNDER'S



The O. S. Dinner



Some Old Sanawarians and Mr. Saleem Khan

attracted considerable attention. The two pieces of needlework really worth mentioning were those done by Anupma D. Singh and Basant Usha Katoch. The former embroidered a tea-cosy and traycloth with exquisite pansies. The smaller girls also embroidered some pieces which, being moderately priced, sold briskly. These pieces of needlework showed not only hard work on the part of the girls but the patience Mrs. Bedi had in showing them the various stitches which beautified their articles.

Mrs. Bedi had also done up the room beautifully with various types of floral arrangements which added to the charm of the exhibition.

Anjana Thadani
Sixth Form

ATHLETICS

Our annual Athletics were held on the afternoon of 4th October during Founder's Week. The sky was a vast expanse of deep blue; the colourful zinnias and the graceful cosmos were in full bloom; the sun was shining brightly and everything added to the friendly atmosphere. In other words it was an ideal day for sports!

Going down the long flight of stairs to Barnes, our local playground, one could see that those taking part were already down warming-up for their events. The Indian tricolour was fluttering proudly in the breeze. Parents, Old Sanawarians, and visitors and Staff members concerned going excitedly up and down the field about their duties were the main features of the scene which lay before us. In the left hand corner of the field a couple of tents had been erected for the athletes to change and rest.

Everybody was anxiously waiting for something to happen when unexpectedly our school band struck up the stirring notes of 'Land of Hope And Glory', while the participants marched past smartly in their House-groups with their flags leading them. This done, the events for the afternoon began.

As usual the first event was the hundred metres, boys followed by girls. It was an experience watching Richard Mountford (Monty) bettering his own record of 11.1 secs. Amongst the girls, Kanchan Mohini deserves special mention as far as record-breaking goes. Mr. Kemp at the mike kept us busy in between events.

The time slipped by and so did the events. We were very happy in seeing so many familiar faces (O. S.) on this day. Pritam Singh, also an O. S., made our valleys echo as he broke the sound barrier over Sanawar in his jet plane. One felt really proud to think that an O. S. was watching us from up above.

The hundred metres were followed by hurdles. Amongst the parents there were some who anxiously watched their children clearing the hurdles while others kept merry in the general atmosphere.

While the remaining events continued the parents and visitors were called for tea provided by the School. The relays had started when tea finished. Now came the most amusing event, the O. S. Race. Miss Gita Bery and Master Suresh Mullick came first and second respectively. Mrs. Bhatia was successful in the Parents' Race.

It is regretted that the prizes could't be given away on that day because many events had still to be decided. This delay was unavoidable due to the constant down-pour a week before.

On a later day the remaining events were decided and the prizes were given away. Amongst the girls cute Asha Rani, Meenakshi Biswas, Asha Lata, Kanchan Mohini and Harvinder Kaur deservedly claimed championships in their age groups. While amongst the boys, Head Boy Mountford, B. S. Bala, B. S. Thakar and Arun Surya got the championships in their respective age-groups. The Defence Cup went to Nilagiri House with a total of 179 points. The Cock-House Competition was won by Nilagiri and Siwalik in the Boys' and Girls' departments respectively.

Thus ended our annual Athletics though the prize distribution was delayed as the weather god had not been kind the previous week. Otherwise everything went off a "bang" including Mr. Saleem Khan's shot-gun!

Chandru Ramchandani
Sixth Form

THE A. D. S. PLAY

The Sanawar Amateur Dramatic Society, in other words the Staff, played "The Importance of being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde, this year. Maj. Som Dutt produced it and the cast of nine was filled up by the usual actors and a few new ones.

The play, though humorous in some parts was slow moving. Most of the actors and actresses tried their best to bring life into the play. Miss Cherian, as Cecily, filled herself and the audience with animation! She acted her part with vivacity, while the Rev. Canon Chasuble D. D., alias Mr. Kemp, and Mrs. Lyall as Miss Prism the governess were extremely natural. The end of their little story was quite a surprise for us.

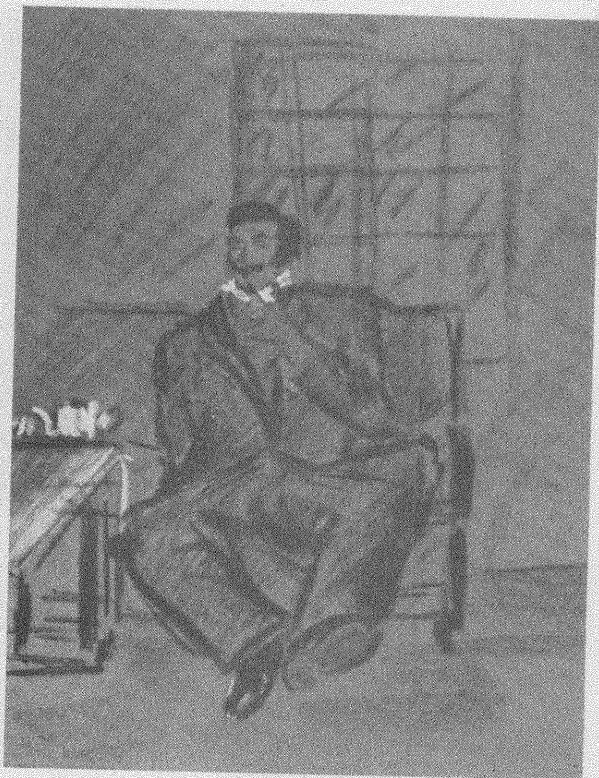
Mr. Sikand as John Worthing looked a bit uncomfortable and timid on the stage. He could have shown more action, but on the whole was adequate.

Mr. Bhupinder Singh suited the part of Algernon Moncrieff in size, appearance and character. He managed to bring out the hidden humour in the play which most of the audience couldn't understand otherwise. Besides eating numerous cucumber sandwiches he played his part with the utmost ease and confidence. Miss Chatterji as the strict Lady Bracknell could have spoken a little faster as the play was already dragging but she looked most realistic on the stage. The Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax was portrayed by Mrs. Bedi who managed her lorgnettes to perfection. She

FOUNDER'S
The Importance of being Earnest
(Sketches by H. S. Kochhar).



Gwendolen



Algernon

FOUNDER'S
The Importance of being Earnest

(contd.)



Dr. Chasuble and Miss Prism



Lady Bracknell

must have been some time practising.' The two minors Mr. Sharma and Mr. Gopinath Menon, specially the latter, caused the most amusement.

Nina Dubey
Sixth Form

THE PAST vs. PRESENT BOYS HOCKEY MATCH

The match began after lunch. The bank was packed with boys and girls, Past and Present. The Old Sanawarian Captain, Nitya Nand, shook hands with Richard Mountford, and the coin was tossed.

Play began, with Richard waffling the half backs and backs and putting in a brilliant goal, which was gallantly defended by Sikand. The Old Sanawarians, thought that it was time they scored a goal, so their dashing right in, Harinder Singh Bedi, took up the ball, but was unfortunately not able to pass it. The ball passed on to the Present Sanawarians who hit the wooden planks of the goal. Mullick who was on the bank, got worried so he grabbed a megaphone, and began bellowing, and asking the Old Sanawarian team to "come on". Asha Narang also uttered a series of high pitched yells, but these were drowned by the shouting of the boys and girls in the pavilion. At half time the score stood at 2 - 0, with the Present in the lead. The teams refreshed themselves with some jokes and criticisms. Mullick was still pleading with the O. S. team to "Come on". Half time over, the O. S. applied new tactics, and the ball came in the path of Dua, who took it up, only to lose it to Kuljit Singh Sethi. Chatrath the O. S. chief spectator had given up shouting, partly because of a sore throat, and partly because he knew he was shouting in vain. The match ended with a victory for the Present, the score being 5-0. The O. S. took their defeat in stride and muttered "Doesn't matter, next year has to come".

T. S. Shergill
Sixth Form

THE FÊTE

Founder's Week is a very enjoyable time and we all enjoy doing our best in the various items of the programme. A spectator at the Tattoo or Parade cannot see how much those participating are enjoying it. At the Fête, however, he can have no doubts that Sanawarians like Founder's and the Fête, in particular.

It was a pleasant, sunny morning. Some youngsters, hovered around Birdwood, clutching their purses and counting their cash, waiting for the Fête to open.

I cannot remember exactly when the Fête opened. All I can recall is that, in a few moments, the silence in Birdwood was badly shaken by a hustle and bustle and soon Sanawarians, old and new, parents and visitors were swarming all over.

The White Elephant stall has always been very popular, and, after a few minutes, Mr Saleem Khan was to be seen walking around, having sold everything in the stall.

The Lucky-Dip has an attraction for old and young alike. Some Sixth Formers made a band: the instruments were a plastic trumpet, a rattle and two paper accordions—all had at the Lucky Dip stall. A few yards off, some K. G. boys were playing with the same toys.

The 'Eats' stalls did not open till later, but when they did open, there was no dearth of customers. This year, hot dogs were an additional attraction at the 'Eats' stall.

"Got it!" "Oh missed it!" "Throw it harder!" Could be heard at the 'Eats' stall and on investigation one found the Coconut Shies in full swing, a few yards off. Near the Coconut Shies, I stared perplexedly at a poster saying, "The earth is round" and an arrow pointing in some undefined direction. I looked around and discovered a roundabout. Perhaps the poster referred to the roundabout; perhaps it did not. I have no idea.

The roundabout was great fun. It was a quaint wooden structure worked by manpower (in the form of three brawny men).

The O. S. Stall and the Darts Stall were both swindles. Opinions on the subject differ and I apologise to those lucky few who walked out of the O. S. Stall richer than when they went in.

A great crowd was assembled in front of Birdwood and desirous to know the reason, I squeezed into the crowd. In the centre of the crowd, I found Mr. Gupta spinning the roulette-wheel and anxious betters holding their breath as the wheel slowly come to a rest.

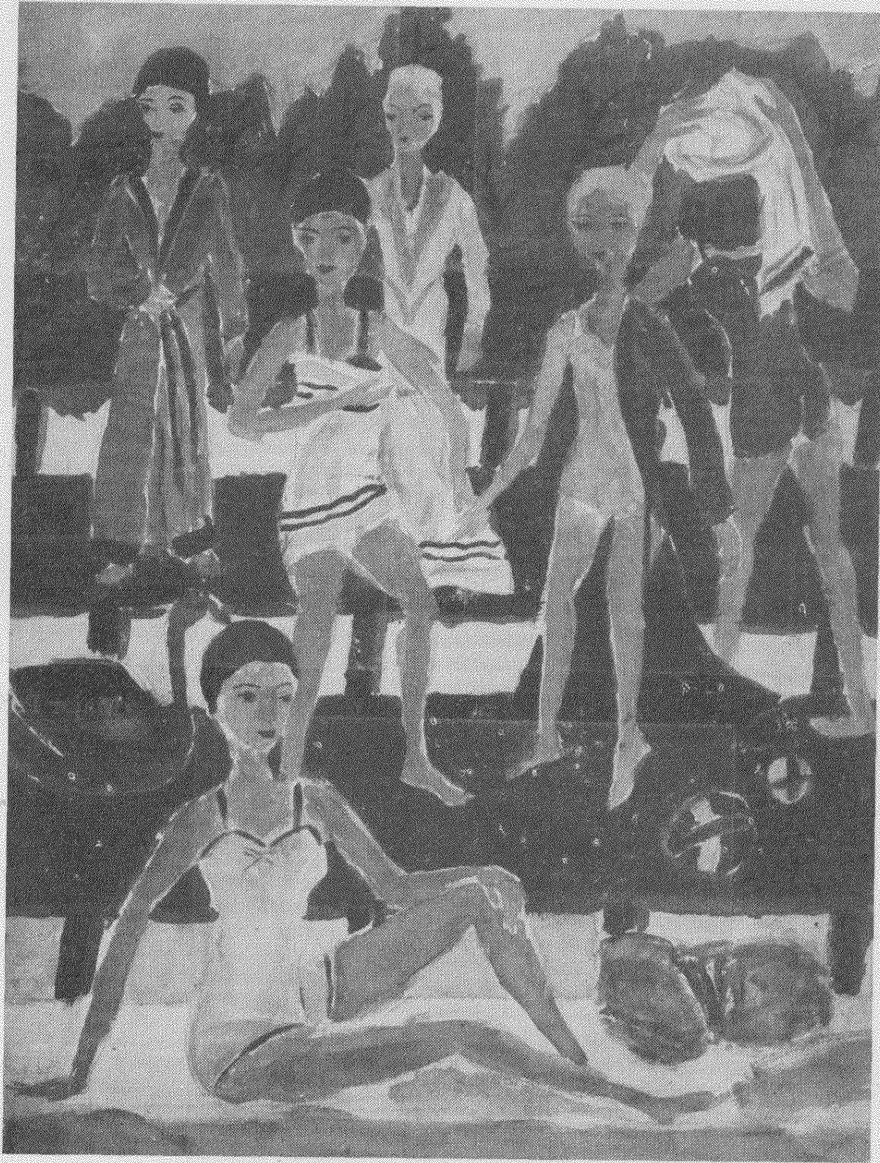
Mr. Kemp's office was crowded and boys seemed to be going there of their own free will! This would appear very strange to any Sanawarian and so I went and had a peep. I was quite astonished by what I saw. A gypsy woman, bearing an unusually close resemblance to Mrs. Lyall, was telling the fortunes of some interested children.

This year, the Needle-work Stall was up at the new Art Room. I did not go up there myself but, considering the high standard of the articles displayed at the crafts exhibition, I am sure it must have been a success.

There were many other stalls but a mention of them would merely lengthen this account.

There is a certain, gay and hilarious spirit at the fête that is very infectious and almost every visitor at the fête catches it. Parents, visitors, teachers and children, all mingle in the hustle and bustle.

Only when the fête is over and when, once again, Birdwood is quiet and one can hear the pigeons cooing on that roof, does one realise how really carefree the



Bathing Beauties

Deepa Bhattacharya
12 years.

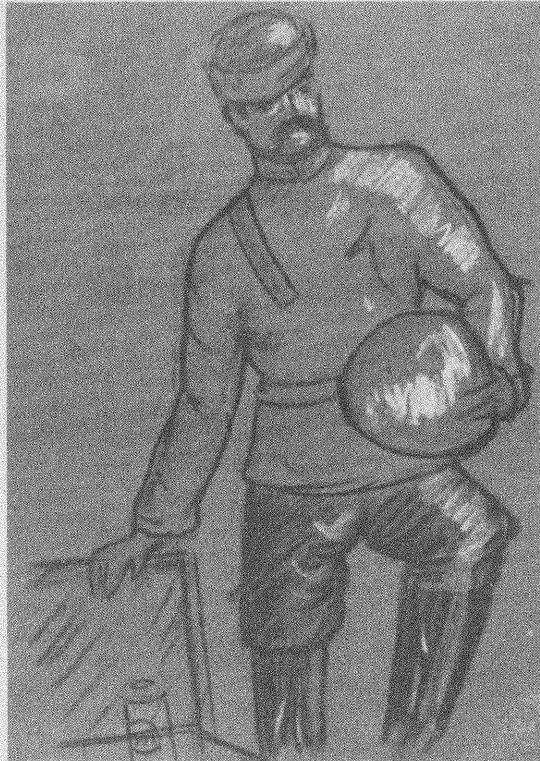
FOUNDER'S
Arms and the Man
(Sketches by H. S. Kochar)



Louka



Major Petkoff



Nicola

atmosphere at the fête was. The papers strewn around—raffle tickets, toffee and chocolate wrappings, torn paper toys—are soon swept away and Birdwood again returns to what it was—a place for acquiring knowledge.

Arun Nath Maira
Sixth Form

THE TENNIS MATCHES

This year the Sanawar *Bajri* Court Tennis Association decided to play two strings of mixed doubles against the Old Sanawarians, but for the first time the O. S. felt shy to appear on these courts. They made the excuse that they were unable to raise a team

Not to disappoint the Sanawar tennis fans an exhibition match was arranged. Mr. Narendra Nath and Mr. Vyas were scheduled to play against Mr. Saleem Khan and Mr. Mundkur of Sanawar. It was a hard hitting match in which Mr. Narendra Nath with his cannon ball aces and well placed shots took the upper hand. For a person who hadn't played for quite some time, Mr. Narendra Nath was in excellent form and it was a delight watching him pick up Mr. Saleem Khan's and Mr. Mundkur's shots with ease. Mr. Narendra Nath and Mr. Vyas won in straight sets 6-3, 6-4.

After a brief respite of fifteen minutes, Mr. Saleem Khan and Mr. Narendra Nath took to the court to play a singles match. This match was again a hard hitting one, with both the players using the court very cleverly, and producing trick after trick from up their sleeves. However, Mr. Narendra Nath produced more tricks than Mr. Saleem Khan and hence won the match at 6-4.

Shyam Kumar Kak
Sixth Form

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

“ Good evening ladies and gentlemen. The first item on this evening's programme is *Arms and the Man*, a play in three Acts by Bernard Shaw. Ladies and gentlemen, “ *Arms and the Man* ”.

The play which had an all Sixth Form cast was characterised by witty humour. It was well directed. The acting was good. Kenneth Maharaj Singh as Major Sergius Sarahnoff gave a remarkable performance.

However, inspite of the fact that the play was well presented, some other play would have been appreciated more. *Arms and the Man* had been presented on the Sanawar stage a few years ago and yet again, last year. There was nothing new in the play, the cast, the background, everything was the same.

The play was followed by a short interval after which the School Choir rendered “ *Ajeya Tu Abhi Bana* ” a song by *Bachan*. The Choir was accompanied by the Orchestra.

The Choir then presented a light *dhun* based on *Raag Dhani*. The wonderful co-ordination of the various instruments evoked the praise of the visitors who were surprised at the high standard attained in music.

The School Choir then sang *Man Lago Mero* a bhajan by Kabir, which was followed by *Raag Multani*, a sitar solo by R. Debnath. She was accompanied on the tabla by Maninder Singh Bhagat. This item was very impressive, and both artistes displayed a mastery over their respective instruments which would have put *Ravi Shanker* and *Alara Khan* to shame. " *Teri Belon ki Jati* " a folk song by the Girls' Choir was next.

Shankha Chero a dance in Manipur style was the last item. It was an excellent dance, appreciated by all.

The concert came to an end with the singing of the School Song and the enthusiasm with which the handful of boys sang, clearly indicated that the Concert was a success.

Vijay Khanna
Sixth Form

—:0:—

Ye Old^d Sanawarⁱu News

EXTRACT FROM O. S. NEWS-LETTER (ENGLAND).

HONG KONG. Bill Colledge writes:—

The Lawrence School, as it is now known, celebrated 'Founders' in traditional style on the 3rd, 4th and 5th October. Phyllis and I have managed to get back there for the last three years. The Headmaster put us up in his house, instead of our finding digs in Kasauli. Nothing could have been more perfect The School, has not changed except for the colour of its inmates, and English is spoken by all. They have to learn Hindi in the same way that we had to learn Urdu. Being a public school, all the children come from wealthy families, and we did not see a single unhappy child among the 450. The school is full and has a long waiting list. No more K. S. R.—they all come by car. I was surprised at the very high standard of English, and the very English outlook of everyone from the Head down to the smallest 'monkey nut chowers'.

The School is fortunate in having a Headmaster of the calibre of Major Som Dutt, M. A., (Cantab) and a Boxing Blue. I can truthfully say that he is **the** Indian Barne, and the improvement in the School since he took over just over a year ago, has to be seen to be believed. It was he who decided that the old School Colours should be laid-up with all the traditional ceremony associated with such an event, He looked for them last year and searched high and low for the King's Colour without success, so he then had one made at his own expense by the Convent at Ootacamund. Only the cadets of the N. C. C. are armed and paraded now, but he insisted that the School Colours take the place of the N. C. C. Colours for this parade, and managed to get the Commander-in-Chief to send the Chief Instructor from the Officer's Training School, Dehra Dun, to put the parade on a proper footing. He regretted not being able to lay the Colours up in the School Chapel as the pupils are predominantly Hindu, and he did not want to upset anyone. Instead they repose for a time beside the Founder's Portrait in Barne Hall, until he can have them cased in frames and hung in the Chapel Hall. The parade was magnificent and would have done George Foster's heart good to see it. The Head tried to get Horace McCarthy and some others to take part, but I was the only one that could manage leave at the time. He gave me the honour of carrying the King's Colour on the parade.

Major Som Dutt could find nothing in the office that the London Branch had in common with the Sanawar Branch of the O. S. S. He feels very badly about this and is going to do his utmost to get the two branches together again. Hong Kong Branch has linked up with Sanawar, and the O. S. S. here subscribed towards a silver bugle which I had to hand over to the Head Boy. It is inscribed 'In grateful recognition of your determination to perpetuate the Sanawar tradition'. You should have heard them sing the School Song after that. It has all been recorded on a

tape, together with several messages from staff and pupils and Bill Gregory intends to hand it over to you when he gets to the U. K. early in 1958, so that it can be relayed to the London O. S. S. when you have your Annual Meeting

We spent a long time in the Chapel for we felt that it was there that our hearts lay. Communion is held once a fortnight, either by the padre from Kasauli, or by one from Sabathu. On the intervening Sunday Mr. Kemp holds either Matins or Evensong. Some fifteen manage to attend fairly regularly. We found a copy of the School Anthem and during that quiet period on Founder's after the School Sports, when everyone is thinking of supper and the 'gaff', Audrey Kemp played it over on the organ. There were about six of us in there when she started, but when she finished and we tried to dry our eyes, we found that the Chapel was half full of visitors and parents, Hindus and Sikhs. Som Dutt was very touched, and it is now to become a regular feature of Founder's.

The Board of Govenors met in Sanawar on this occasion and I think they were very impressed with the loyalty and devotion of all old pupils. I said that I felt that the true blossoming of Sanawar would not be felt until the echo of rifle shots rang through the valleys near the big range. To my surprise the Board took it up and they will shoot again before December. Som Dutt is not stopping there, he is going on until the name is once again The Lawrence Military School.

By and large Sanawar is there to stay, and may well prove to be a worthy successor to the Barne tradition. Frankly, I have no doubt that it will.

Will be home for the summer of 1959, with many 8 mm films taken in colour of Sanawar, during the last three years. (You'll like to hear this part I know, Ed) Rest assured, the present School knows all about the magic word "Tilley" it has a subtle influence over the football field, Hodson Runs and the boxing ring—and it lingers in the very air of the hills. We are better men for this. "(This especially had gladdened my heart—V M. T.) Thank you, Bill, for writing at such length; you have shown us how a continued interest in the old School can be worthwhile, and it makes us feel ashamed of our lethargy. I wish that I, too, could return to Sanawar to have a good look around and renew acquaintances, but alas !

INDIA Major Som Dutt has sent us News Letters from Sanawar, which you will be able to read for yourselves at the re-union. We thank him most sincerely for his kind thought. I have received cards from Sanoo, the postman, and Sadaroo the carpenter—God bless them all. "Mackie" Evans never forgets us. He is now teaching in Lahore at St. Anthony's School. As he sends a card, we gather that he is well.

V. M. Tilley
O. S.

ITALIAN JOURNEY

I spent the month of August in Italy. Armed with several maps, an admirable phrase book and a patient friend I caught the transcontinental train to Milan. En route, helped by several Italians who also had to stand in the corridor because all seats were booked, we planned our itinerary. Milan is a very modern city,

and the heat and bustle took us by surprise. Right in the centre stands its famous cathedral, a vast edifice with a deceptively fragile air. It has been there for hundreds of years. But Milano is like any other large city and we wanted to get to Florence.

Florence is set among low sunbaked hills dotted here and there with blue-green patches of olive groves. We were delighted to see the stark black outlines of the cyprus trees which are so much a feature of the Tuscan scene made familiar by famous Florentines like Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Lippi. The city still retains its medieval atmosphere, with narrow streets flanked by grim buildings and glimpses of delightful gardens through huge forbidding gates. At every corner there are reminders of Florence's famous sons of the Renaissance. Its art galleries contain some of the world's greatest treasures and the artists who walked and worked there are still a tremendous influence on her life.

After a week we moved on to Rome. The Eternal City has a very modern air. The Colosseum and Roman Forum rub shoulders with new apartment buildings. The Pantheon, built by Agrippa, is surrounded by office blocks. The column of Trajan placed there over a thousand years ago trembles with the thunder of the hundreds of cars which whirl by. Italian drivers have a common aim, and that is to reach their destination with a minimum of delay. You cross wide streets with eyes tightly shut and hope that the driver hurtling down on you at eighty miles per hour is as dexterous with his wheel as he thinks he is. Of course, we visited St. Peter's Square and Basilica and climbed to the top of Michael Angelo's dome to have all Rome at our feet. We threw our coins into the fountain of Trevi at midnight and went to the Opera in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. What a stream of contrasts! We left with our heads whirling with impressions of tinkling fountains, imposing ruins, happy laughing people and haute contoure dresses!

Naples is built round a perfect bay. Vesuvius was a great disappointment as it did not puff a single smoke ring to greet us. But when we visited Pompeii which has been so painstakingly excavated from twenty feet of Volcanic ash in which Vesuvius buried her, we realised the terrible power wielded by nature. Wandering through the deserted streets and looking at petrified eggs, grapes, bread and human beings is very sobering. We also took the opportunity to sail over to legendary Capri. Everything is too perfect. The sea is bluer, the cliffs steeper, the flowers brighter and the prices higher than any place I have visited. James stayed on the island for a week.

After all this hectic touring we went to Rimini to rest. This is a very fashionable resort on the Adriatic coast. My sun-tan was the envy of my friends. And after our break we started on the last lap of our journey. We went to Ravenna to see the only Byzantine church in the world and to admire the mosaics made in the fifth century. The old walls flash with their gold and green and glow with every

imaginable shade of blue, as fresh and undimmed as if they were composed yesterday.

And so, on to Venice. No body had ever described it correctly, but then its appeal is so personal. Its watery charm is unique, and the canals do not smell! I loved wandering through the streets, some of which are so narrow that you must walk in single file. I loved hearing my footsteps echoing in the silence—no traffic sounds disturb the stillness. We sailed down the Grand Canal in a gondola, fed pigeons in Piazza San Marco, saw the fabled Venetian glass being made and bathed at the Lido.

Reluctantly we returned to Milano. An hour before the train left for home we went to the ancient monastery of Santa Maria della Grazie. There, in a plain white washed room we feasted our eyes on Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece "The Last Supper", the most beautiful thing in a country overflowing with beautiful things.

Lesley F. Coombes
O. S

NEWS OF THE COOMBES' FAMILY

Lesley Coombes writes :—

Of course I have not forgotten Sanawar, or any of the people there. England does tend to get one down occasionally when you have to work here, and I long for the old days. My latest craze is Italy. I had such a marvellous time there that I am studying Italian with a view to finding a job there! James was in Italy for a fortnight—he went with some R. A. F. friends. He stayed only in Rome and Capri. He is doing well at Halton and his health has improved tremendously. Mummy is also well. She is Senior Mistress of the Lower School in the place where we work, and she certainly weathers the winters here better than I do. She was in Ireland in the summer.

We have renewed the lease of our flat for another two years, and we have made ourselves very comfortable. We have all electric heating now, and at the moment we are having several altercations as to the new colour-scheme for our living room. It will mean that I will have to get out my paints and do a picture with my colours predominating.

On Dec 1st we are going to see Beryl Grey in "Swan Lake"; by some fluke we managed to get tickets. The shops are all full of tempting things for Christmas. At the moment I am persuading James that a lamp would be just right as a present for me.

CAMPING BY THE CASPIAN

"COULD you tell us the way to the Apadana Hotel please?" "Why, Yes of course," replied the elderly couple. "We'll come with you."

"Oh please don't bother; just show us the road and we'll find our way."

Good neighbourliness and civic sense have always been the salient features of Iranian society. We were making our first contact with the people of a new country. Our friends walked a good part of a mile down the Takhte—Jamshid Avenue, insisting on seeing us safely off at the very door of our hotel. Before parting, they gave us an invitation to lunch for the following day.

Five of us—three representing Delhi University and two Aligarh—who had the good fortune to attend the International Students' Camp Ramsar on the Caspian coast, can justifiably claim to have made well over 500 friends during our short stay of about a fortnight. The almost unmanageable mail pouring in from the land of Omar Khayam and Firdausi confirm this statement.

Two members of the Indian Embassy in Teheran had to quit their beds on the morning of June 28, when it was still dark, quiet and nippy at that unearthly hour, to motor down miles out of the city to receive us at the airport. At that early hour the capital city of Iran from the air gave the appearance of a vast swarm of fire-flies glowing in the night. The Customs were quick and courteous in clearing us. Before we knew anything we were at the Indian Embassy, sipping a welcome cup of coffee. Accommodation for us had already been fixed at the Apadana Hotel. Next we were racing down the Takhte—Jamshid Avenue in posh taxi cabs at a speed which would have caused many a Delhi traffic policeman to raise his eyebrows. We soon discovered that taxis were very cheap. That is how it should be, for we were in the land of 'black gold'. Teheran's mild summer welcomed us. At least it appeared so to us who had, only a few hours before, been under the merciless pre-monsoon July sun in Delhi. We had a jolly good time, watching Teheran's big crowds and our 36 hour stay there seemed none too long.

It was now our turn to pack up and set out in the small hours of the morning for the Hamjodieh Stadium where buses were serving up for a 14 hour journey to Iran's show-piece town, Ramsar. Soon the 700 merry campers were speeding along, the buses keeping to the right side of the road, which is the traffic law of the land. The boys sang lustily and singing could be heard over the roar of the moving convoy. Some ate with a hearty appetite, while others chatted until the running hum of the wheels lulled them to sleep. The wide windows in our buses permitted an excellent view of the country-side. There were majestic chinar trees. Soon the chinars gave way to the rolling green hills and then to the rugged rocks. Our buses were fast eating up miles. It was time for lunch. The plentiful food we carried with us was attacked with gusto. We were now in the town of Rasht.

Around four in the evening we caught our first glimpses of the largest lake in the world—the Caspian sea. We were very near the Soviet border. Gradually the rocky and somewhat desolate terrain disappeared and the greenery returned. The cool, sea breeze that rushed in through the bus windows to greet us was a signal that we were nearing our destination.

Our camp was a few miles outside the famed holiday resort of Ramsar. Over a hundred tents broke the monotony of a stretch of grass which separated a shapely hill and the gentle billowing Caspian. In the centre of this bewitching setting the Iranian National flag fluttered in the restless sea breeze from the neighbouring expanse of the deep blue waters. The peace of this heavenly spot was disturbed as the buses rolled in and the tired travellers—made a bee-line for their pre-allotted tents, “home for the next ten days.”

Dinner over, the mosquitoes started playing havoc. The Iranian mosquitoes are not as sporting as their Indian counterparts as they do not forewarn their attack. Besides, they sting harder. The ‘battle’ scars received in the first week of July remain with us till today. They, however, failed to keep us awake for long as we were all dog tired after that long bus journey. The bugler had his say though, for the reveille sounded loud and early but we woke up late to yet another fine Persian dawn.

We discovered that apart from a dozen odd Iraqi students, we were the only foreigners at the camp. The other countries invited by the Iranian Ministry of Education, we were told, had been unable to send their contingents. But we were not exactly strangers, as Indian films had long preceded us. In fact we discovered to our pleasant surprise that the Iranians are rather fond of our popular music and films. Unfortunately the Indian films that were being shown in Iran at that time had all celebrated their ‘silver jubilees’ in India and so we had to put our thinking caps on and try to recollect the wording of the long forgotten songs featured in those ‘movies.’ We found the Persian music to be enchanting and very similar to ours. The land, traditionally known for its great poets, its exquisite carpets and roses and more recently, for its oil wealth, was equally well up in its music. During our performance on the stage, we sang a few Indian songs. One of them was ‘Hindi Irani Bhai Bhai’ which proved to be very popular. We also ‘did’ a dance which a keen observer of *Nritya Kala* might have dubbed as a cross between the Panjabee Bhangra and the Scottish Highland fling. We were encored.

The object of the camp was both physical and cultural. So we had our share of splashing about in the sea, doing a spot of mountain climbing on the hill that conveniently lay only a few yards away from our camp, and of course, we attended almost all the concerts and community singing. We also did some creative work for a change) making a map of India with the sand of Iran, using sea shells to mark the important towns. We had planned to put shells of various sizes corresponding to the relative sizes of our towns and cities, but unfortunately we could not find a shell small enough to indicate Aligarh, much to the grief of our two colleagues.

All good things came to an end. For the last time we put our *jodhpuris* and *achkans* on to give our last performance on the camp stage. Hands were shaken and reshaken, promises to write to one another made, and countless addresses exchanged. It was a sad but befitting climax of a very happy and successful camp. For the two weeks we had forgotten that we were nearly 3,000 miles from our homes.

Another 14-hour journey, interrupted by a lunch comprising *Chelu kababs* and some excellent fruit like peaches, grapes, cherries and plums, at Pehlvi, and we were again among the happy and hospitable citizens of Teheran. We had returned fully tanned by the Caspian sun. This and our newly acquired knowledge of Persian made us more popular with the people. Mahmoud Hikmat, nephew of the former Iranian Ambassador in India, who was with us at the camp, showed us round the town and helped us in our shopping and souvenir hunting. Our visit to the Gulistan Palace proved extremely rewarding. The many exhibits from several countries appeared bits of 'time' itself preserved. The famed Peacock Throne with its regal splendour and a past of great significance was by far the most striking of them all.

One Sunday, July 13, soon after our breakfast at the Apadana Hotel, we left for the aerodrome. Mahmoud Hikmat and some other friends came to see us off. In another six hours, less than half the time we had previously taken in our bus journey to the Caspian Sea, we were back in India. Iran was after all not all that far.

Suresh Mullick
O. S.

THE BEDEIANS AND O. S. NEWS.

The Bedeians, writes Jaya Rani Krishan, "are keeping the home fires burning. Harinder has just won the All India Debates Trophy (Has to be—she's a Sanawarian). She and her co-speaker are in Dehra Dun—You should have seen the excitement here! Other Colls. and Schools competing included the N. D. A. and Military College". Bubby Nanda has been chosen Admiral and Jaya herself is Captain for the ensuing year. Well done O. S. keep it up—Ed.

Harish Pal Singh Dhillon (O. S.) writes to Mr. Saleem Khan that he hopes Nilagiri House is not trampling on Miss Chatterji's pansies. We hope so too! Of all the flowers in a garden, the heart-shaped pansy with its velvety, richly shaded petals is our favourite. Ed.

INDIA 1958 EXHIBITION

I was particularly interested in seeing this exhibition because the Government had spent much on it and hard work and labour had been involved in it. I was expecting it to be big, of course, but nevertheless I was surprised to see the enormous structure they had built in a very short time.

Decorated with many coloured lights, the Handloom Pavilion was most attractive. India's handloom fabrics have always had pride of place wherever beautiful textiles are prized. Different coloured gowns woven with gold and other colours, certainly seemed to justify the statement.

The Assam Oil Company was a dull affair as far as beauty was concerned, but it certainly has a very interesting history. Most people take oil for granted, yet few industries are today more stimulating to study, few so vital to the industrial development of India, as the Assam Oil Company. Our nation's great and expanding petroleum industry depends for its future growth on oil companies such as this.

The Defence was a gigantic pavilion and contained many interesting pieces of machinery but the crowd was not so interested as this had been exhibited before. It displayed arms and ammunition ranging from small pistols to huge anti aircraft guns. Great planes, anti tank guns, parachutes and battleships were also exhibited. Looking at the Defence Pavilion makes one wonder why all this armament has been made when India is following such a peaceful policy.

To the common herd the band outside the Defence Pavilion was more interesting and many stood around clapping their hands in rhythm.

Besides these pavilions there were the Coir Board, Science, Railways, Bicycles, Indian Power and Steel, Madras Rubber Factory and so on.

A small canal also had been dug and boating facilities provided for entertainment.

The number of boats, however, was very limited with the result that booking had to be done hours in advance. The boats were not well made and seeing people go round and round at the same place was a common sight. Near the booking office was provided a small stall for people to rest in after boating.

The Exhibition, on the whole was excellent, as so many admirers have said, but it certainly serves as a concave mirror magnifying the achievement of the Government to a great extent.

Nitya•Nand Singh
O. S.

Society Meetings

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

A meeting of the Geographical Society was held in Barne Hall at 6-30 p. m. on Saturday, 19th April.

The following illustrated talks were given :—

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1. The Moon | by D.R.A. Mountford |
| 2. Man vs Nature—California against the Desert | by Lila Kak |
| 3. Literary landmarks of Scotland | by A. S. Mehta |
| 4. Nature's work in beautifying the Earth | by H. S. Kochhar |
| 5. Argentina—a geographical review | by R. S. Brar |
| 6. The Yellowstone National Park | by Roop Narang. |

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

A meeting of the Science Society was held in Barne Hall at 7 p. m. on Saturday, 7th June. Mr. U. A. Mundkur gave an illustrated talk on "Wonders of Microscopy". The talk was very informative and was greatly appreciated.

M. S. S.

MATHEMATICS SOCIETY MEETING

The one and only meeting of the Maths Society was held in Barne Hall on 18th of October. Upper Five and the Sixth attended.

Mr. Gore, who was the president of the Society, had prepared a questionnaire consisting of twenty-nine questions of the achievement type. Every member had to submit an answer paper. This year the Society was more interesting than the years before because of the inter-house competitive system introduced by Mr. Gore.

The questions were quite interesting and for thirty minutes everybody reasoned, calculated and did whatever else he could to get the answers. Vindhya, surprisingly, came first and Arun Maira came first, even more surprisingly.

The meeting was fairly successful. Mr. Gore is certain that it created interest among the members for, the next day, Mr. Gore saw some U. V. boys ransacking the Tara Chand Library for similar problems.

Arun Maira
Secretary
Sixth Form

Boys' School Notes

HIMALAYA HOUSE

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|-----------------------|
| House Master | ... | Mr. Bhupinder Singh |
| House Tutors | ... | Mr. Bhalerao |
| | | „ Sinha |
| | | „ Wad |
| | | „ Jagdish Ram Acharya |
| School Prefects | ... | Maninder Singh |
| | | Kuljit Singh |
| House Prefects | ... | Ashok Seth |
| | | S. Mukherji |

Though we were not successful on the games field this year, we have been lucky to have had a thoroughly happy time.

Our prefects, Maninder, Kuljit and Ashok efficiently raised the general discipline of the House.

In the field we always played a hard game but we lost to better players. Ashok, Devinder, Yoginder, Maninder, Jaspal, Kuljit, Surya, Brijinder and Butalia gave a good account of themselves in games. We had a few outstanding boxers too, like Maninder, Ashok, Vijay and Har Ragbans.

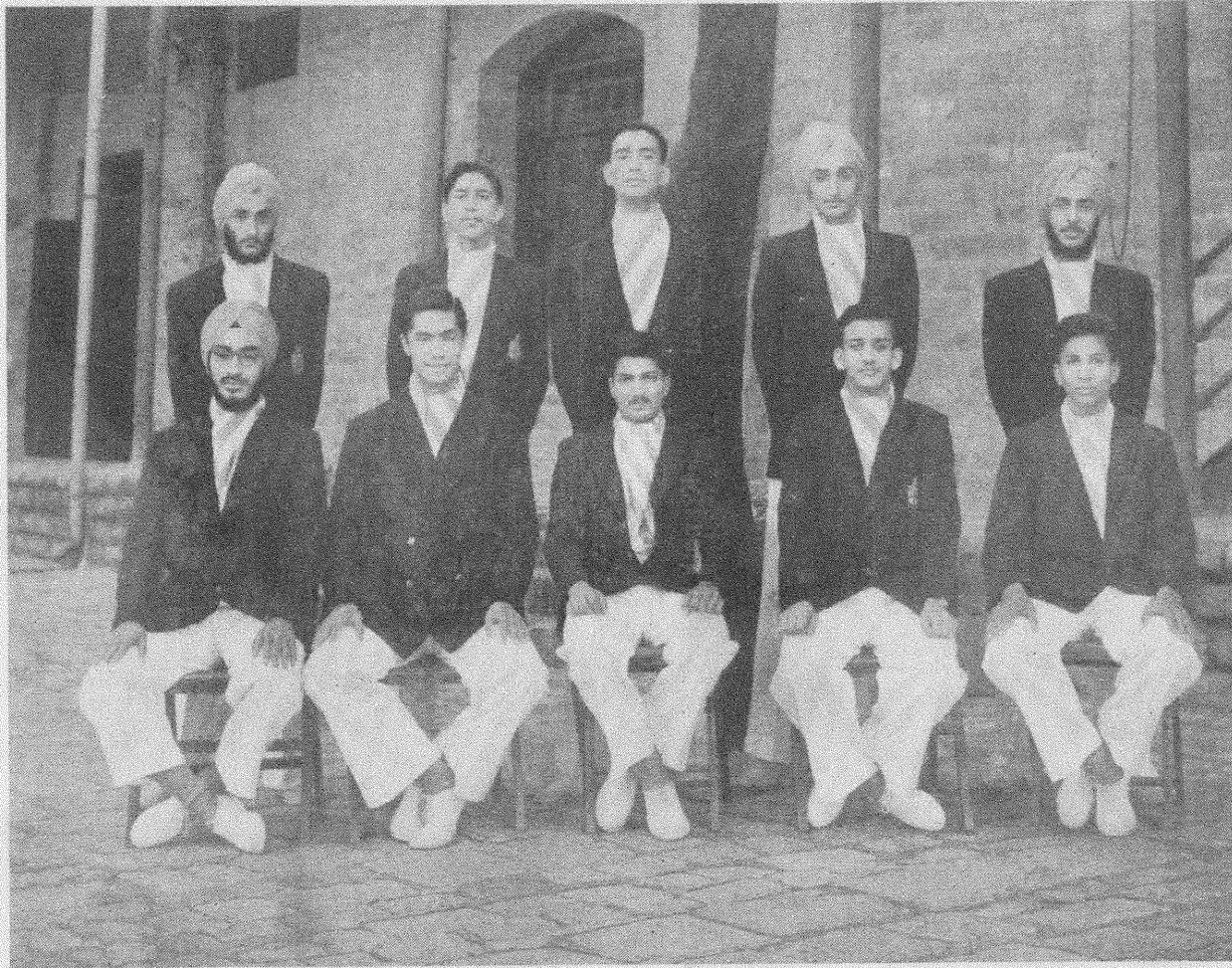
In the academic field we also had a few talented boys like Maheyra, Chakravarti, Barla, Gupta, Sikand, Jai Singh, Avinash, Sachinder and Anil Seth.

Our common room has improved greatly under the supervision of Vijay Khanna. After a lot of labour, we managed to set up a radiogram, designed by Mr. Wad.

So time has rolled past; another enjoyable year for us has flown by; a memorable year as it always has been in the past.

S. Mukherji
U. V.

THE CRICKET XI



(From L.—R.)

Standing: B. S. Bala, N. P. Dube, Maharaj Singh, G. S. Brar and K. S. Sethi.

Sitting: H. S. Kochhar, D. R. A. Mountford, S. S. Gaekwad (Capt), A. Marwaha and A.C. Gaekwad

Absent B. R. Patel.

NILAGIRI HOUSE

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|----------------|
| House Master | ... | Mr. S. Khan |
| House Matron | ... | Mrs. M. Sehgal |
| House Tutors | ... | Mr. V. Thakar |
| | | „ A. R. Sharma |
| | | „ H. Sikund |
| School Prefects | ... | H. S. Kochhar |
| | | S. Lorai |
| House Prefects | ... | A. Bery |
| | | S. Malhotra |
| | | N. P. Dube |
| | | A. Malhotra |

Our strength was increased by the addition of a number of Preppers and new boys. The junior dormitory was looked after by S. Lorai, N. P. Dube and A. Malhotra, while the senior dormitory was supervised by H. S. Kochhar, A. Bery and S. Malhotra.

The year started off successfully with our sharing the Cricket Trophy. In Soccer we did not fare as well as expected. Hodson's proved to be more pleasing when we secured the Hodson Cup. We retained the Athletics trophy and also added to our collection the Defence Cup. The Under 11's and 15's won their relays while the Under 15's relay team shattered the existing record also. Flukes again!—We bagged the P. T. Cup. Jugnu was runner up for the Best Gymnast competition. We did reasonably well in Hockey and Shooting. And—that is not all. For the first time we won the coveted the Cockhouse Trophy.

The Saturday Club Show was a big success as in the past. Our Common Room has a new look with paintings done by Nilagarians. Bery has been a help with the magazines.

Mr. Mukherji left us for a year's training course in Delhi. We should like to welcome Mr. Sikund to our House. Mrs. Sehgal has been looking after the boys very well, keeping the Sixth Formers well supplied with hot coffee.

On the whole the year has been very successful, and we hope for the best in the future.

Harjit Singh Kochhar
Sixth Form

VINDHYA HOUSE

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|--|
| House Master | ... | Mr. M. V. Gore |
| House Tutors | ... | „ D. C. Gupta „ O. P. Sharma „ V. W. Bhawe |
| House Matron | ... | Miss Massih |
| School Prefects | ... | Shyam Kumar Kak Ashok Kumar Marwaha |
| House Prefects | ... | Arun Maira Ajinder Singh Bal Ashok Shahani |

The House extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. Gore, who became our House Master this year. We welcome Mr. Bhawe, who joined us this year as a House Tutor. The House also congratulates Arun Maira, A. S. Bal and Ashok Shahani, who were appointed House Prefects.

This year our total strength numbered seventy five, including one day scholar. Twelve new boys joined us and they have taken to the House very well.

With mixed feelings we bade Mr. and Mrs. Vyas sayonara on the 2nd July. Mr. Vyas, who has joined the I. A. S., was our House Master since the House was founded in 1952. He has been with us through calm and stormy seas. He has seen this House adorned in its glories and triumphs; and he has seen it struggling for the Wooden Spoon. Mr. Vyas is training in Simla at present, and we wish him success in his new career. On the same day we welcomed Mr. Gore as our new House Master.

This year has been a more successful one for us than the past three. After losing Cricket, we went on to win Soccer, Hockey and Shooting. This is the first time we have won the Soccer trophy alone. We came second in P. T. and Boxing. Again for the first time we have annexed the Study Cup.

On the academic side we are coming second for the Study Cup. We came first in the Inter-House G. K. Quiz and in the Maths Society. Arun Maira was adjudged the best mathematician. We came second in the Inter-House English debate.

I hope luck will smile on us next year and that we will do much better.

Shyam Kumar Kak
Sixth Form

SIWALIK HOUSE

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|--|
| House Master | ... | Mr. M. S Rawat |
| House Tutors | ... | Mr. Gopinath Menon ,, U. A. Mundkur ,, T. R. Singh |
| House Matron | ... | Mrs. Tika Ram |
| School Prefects | ... | D. R. A. Mountford K. M. Singh |
| House Prefects | ... | A. S. Mehta A. C. Gaekwad S. S. Gaekwad A. Bhatia |

The year presented its various difficulties its glories and pitfalls but with the true fighting Siwalikan spirit we grappled with them and emerged successful. The members of the House took an active part in varied activities and distinguished themselves in their widespread spheres of interest.

In spite of the irrevocable loss of the Sixth Form stalwarts of last year we continued to shine and prosper in all engagements both in the field of sports and in the domain of studies. Sangram captained the School Cricket Eleven for the second year in succession and led the House team to victory. Mention must be made of R. Mountford, Ajit Gaekwad, G. S Brar and Maharaj Singh who rendered meritorious services in the School XI. S. C. Sood made a brilliant knock of 42 runs against the B.C.S. 2nd XI and saved the day for Sanawar.

We captured the coveted Boxing Cup this year. There were many Finalists—R. Mountford, K. Maharaj Singh, G.S. Brar, S.S. Gaekwad, A. Kapur A.K. Sehgal, R. Mehra, and S.P. Rawat all of whom won their fights except when pitted against each other. R. Mountford won the Best Boxer's Cup. Our losing Hodson's and breaking our 6 years' tradition was a sad reversal of our customary vigorous and active policy. In Soccer inspite of having the odds of an unbalanced and weak team we continued to strive but had to be content with the third place. In Athletics we had the disadvantage of having alternate powerful age groups and consequently had to concede the first position to Nilagiri. Mountford won the 'Kalinga' for the second year in succession and broke 3 records. He did the 100 metres in the awe-inspiring time of 11 secs. Ranjit Mehra won the under 13's championship. R. Mountford captained the School Hockey XI. But again in this game, suffering from the drawbacks as in Soccer

we can only boast of our gallant spirit. In studies we are building up a class of intellectuals who have been able to give the House the leading position for the Study Cup.

R. Mountford deservedly won the President's Medal. In debates and speeches we were always the leading majority. In the Inter House English debate we came first. K. M. Singh was adjudged the Best Speaker. The Siwalik House show was a hit. We staged an English comedy "The most Complicated Case" and a Hindi tragedy "*Meri Beti, Mera Desh*"; both were highly appreciated. This year had its full share of glories which were interspersed by intermittent spells of misery, but 'stout hearts and willing minds, make light work' and so we Siwalikans, a closely knit and disciplined unit completed the year most successfully.

A. K. Sehgal
Sixth Form

CRICKET REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1958

Matches played 9; won 5; lost 2; drawn 2.

Centuries 1, S. S. Gaekwad 109 not out vs. The Staff.

With six of the old 'colours' back team building was not much of a problem this year. But our plans were upset by Baldev Dua, who foolishly and inexcusably sprained his ankle and was put on the unfit list for the whole season. We were thus robbed of a promising opening batsman.

We had a good all round side. Our batting was more confident this year. This happy state of affairs was mainly due to the remarkably good form of our captain Sangram Singh and some resolute batting lower down in the order. On many occasions Ajit, Mountford, Maharaj Singh and Kochhar gave stability to the middle batting. Marwaha and Gurcharan also played some very useful innings.

But the strength of the side lay more in its bowling than its batting. Our pace bowling was not very strong and was on very few occasions successful in breaking the back of the opponents' batting, though Mountford was always steady and occasionally produced some very good balls which left the batsman guessing. Maharaj Singh blessed with a fine action wasted his chances by bowling too short. Our strength lay in the Spin bowling. Ajit Gaekwad bowled his 'leg breaks' intelligently and never failed to take wickets. Left handed B. R. Patel was bowling much better this year. Out of the 108 wickets which our bowlers bagged these two took 68 between them.

Where we failed as a first class side was in fielding. There was a great deal of misfielding and dropped catches. Kochhar was steady behind the stumps without being brilliant.



In short we had a very successful season—we beat B.C.S. and Y.P.S. without being extended.

S. K.

HODSON RUNS

This year the Hodson Runs practice started off on 19th May 1958. It was a pleasant 'changeover' with P. T., in the morning. The shifting of Hodson Runs a little earlier was necessitated because of the one month July holidays. Though this saved us from the water-logged track of the rainy season, it adversely affected the training as it was too hot for long-distance-running throughout, especially for the heats and on the Final day when the events were held in the afternoon.

The Heats were run in the first week of June and the Finals took place on 14th June 1958.

The following were the results:—

WINNERS

Under 11

1. Harjit Singh Grewal (H) 4' 11"
2. Sidharth Kak (V)
3. Y. S. Chibh (N)

Under 15

1. Baldev Dua (S) 9' 14"
2. M. S. Bhagat (H)
3. Balraj Singh Takhar (N)

Under 13

1. Purshottam Dhir (S) 5' 23.5"
2. P. S. Bhatti (S)
3. Suresh Dhir (S)

Open

1. Sarvjit Lorai (N) 12' 24"
2. B. S. Bala (V)
3. Chittarpal Singh (S)

Cock House Championship

| | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----------|--------------|-----|-----------|
| 1st Nilagiri | ... | 95 points | 3rd Himalaya | ... | 78 points |
| 2nd Siwalik | ... | 92 points | 4th Vindhya | ... | 62 points |

Congratulations to Nilagiri House. They have beaten Siwalikans who had almost established a tradition by winning the Championship for **Six** years in succession.

M. V. G.

INTER HOUSE SOCCER

This year's inter-house Soccer fixtures began on 30th June. Siwalik met Vindhya on the opening day. Siwalik turned on the pressure right from the beginning. Their forwards combined well and soon they took the lead. The Vindhyan's fought back and equalised by half time. After half time it was the turn of the Vindhyan's. They exposed the limitations of the Siwalik defence. When a few minutes were left for the final whistle, Vindhya scored again to win the match. Vindhya had started triumphantly in their campaign for the Soccer trophy.

The next day Nilagiri played Himalaya, who were by far the strongest team on paper. The Himalayans revealed their attacking powers by netting twice in quick succession. It looked as if they had the game in the bag. But in the second half Nilagiri came right back into the picture and with nothing but sheer pluck to help them, managed to equalise. The Himalayans struggled hard to check the Nilagiri onslaught. The efforts of Nilagiri did not prove successful and the match ended in a draw.

Vindhya were matched against Nilagiri on the third day. Judging from the performance they had given against Himalaya the previous day, everyone expected Nilagiri to give a tough fight to Vindhya. The match was played at a tremendous pace throughout. The Vindhyaans tried all the tricks in their bag but could not pierce the Nilagiri defence. As the second half was drawing to a close, the Vindhyaans slowly began to dictate terms and managed to score once before the final whistle. Vindhya had more staying power and it won the match from them.

Siwalik played Himalaya on the next day. Himalaya produced some marvellous football that evening. Their forward line combined with remarkable precision and their defence checked every single Siwalik attack effectively. Himalaya swamped the Siwalikans and scored thrice. They might have scored double the number but for the reliability of the Siwalik custodian. After the match one felt that Vindhya would have to put up a really good show if they were to get the better of the Himalayans on the final day.

Nilagiri played Siwalik on the next day to decide the third and fourth places. It was an even battle all the way. The game would swing first in favour of one team and then in favour of the other. Towards the end Siwalik netted once. It was only by the narrowest of margins that they managed to win for there was really nothing to choose between the two teams on the field that day. That left Nilagiri holding the wooden spoon.

Came the final day and the School gathered in strength to witness the battle between the giants. Vindhya were the first to find their feet. Soon they were harrying the Himalaya defence. Their repeated efforts brought no rewards. At half time neither side had scored. Himalaya took charge after half time and turned on the pressure. Vindhya fell back and defended gamely, knowing full well that even a draw would bring them the Soccer trophy. They hung on till the end and when the final whistle blew, let out a spontaneous cheer for the coveted trophy was theirs after all. They had won the trophy and they had won it the hard way for every single Vindhyan had done his bit. Congratulations to their tireless skipper and to the team as a whole. Well done!

M. P. G. M.

SOCCKER VERSUS B. C. S. AND Y. P. S.

The Soccer matches against B. C. S. were played at Simla on 16th August and resulted in victories for our opponents. The 2nd XI match, which was played first, began at 2.30 p. m. under most trying conditions. Our boys were unfamiliar with the ground and the heat was practically unbearable. However our boys gave a good account of themselves as is evident from the result. B. C. S. took the lead early in the game and dominated play in the first half. Soon after resumption of play Sanawar equalised through R. S. Mundi. We should have gone on to take the lead but Mundi missed a real sitter near the goal mouth. B. C. S. wasted a penalty shortly afterwards. A few minutes later they made amends by cleverly netting the decider. They thus won the match by the odd goal in three. The 1st XI match which followed was disappointing. We lost by the big margin of nine goals to nil. Our boys did put up a game fight but they were superior in all departments of the game. Our side was younger and lighter. Moreover our boys were terribly out of condition after a month's holiday. Added to that our defence except for Marwaha did not function very well and where hefty clearances were expected, feeble pushes came. The goals piled up quickly and the score was 3—0 in their favour at half-time. The goals continued to come in a steady trickle in the second half also. This was perhaps the biggest debacle we've had in recent times.

The Soccer matches against Y. P. S. were played at Sanawar on 23rd August. The results unlike the B. C. S. encounters were very encouraging. The Colts' match was played first. The conditions were favourable to us as we were playing on our own ground. Sanawar drew first blood when Suman Sehgal neatly headed the ball into the Y. P. S. net. Suman scored again after a few minutes. By half time Y.P.S. had scored once. In the second half Y. P. S. equalised and attempted to take the lead. S. N. Gupta foiled many Y. P. S. advances. In the closing stages of the game Y. P. S. scored again to clinch the issue. Our boys wasted some opportunities and did not keep up the good show they had made in the first half. The 1st XI match which followed was interesting indeed and we witnessed school Soccer of a fairly high standard. The game was throughout fast and devoid of rough play. The spectators were kept on their toes from the beginning till the final whistle. Y. P. S. scored in the early stages but the equaliser came soon. Marwaha with incredible accuracy scored from near the centre line off a direct kick. It was a beautiful shot, something which has to be seen to be believed. Y. P. S. took the lead before the whistle blew for half time. In the second half our boys played the game of their life. Their efforts were crowned with success and we equalised and then took the lead by converting two successive short corners. Shortly afterwards a penalty against us was brilliantly anticipated and saved by Baldev Dua our custodian. We increased the lead to 4—2 when Mountford scored off a rebound. The game was played at a fast pace throughout. Our defence did their job well. The 1st XI needs a pat on the back for their remarkable performance against Y. P. S. who were in no way inferior to us.

H. S.

THE Y. P. S. HOCKEY MATCHES

Under the afternoon sun of Patiala, the Sanawar and the Y. P. S. flags fluttered from the stadium.

Punctually at 3 p. m. the two Colts captains trotted into the field for the toss up. Within minutes the teams had taken their places and the match began. Sanawar started off very well. We took the ball into their half, and began storming the goal. But this beginning died only too soon, and the game drifted into our half. Shortly afterwards a goal was scored against us. This goal, however, did not discourage our players; they played with added zeal, but could not break through the Y. P. S. defence. Just before half time Y. P. S. pushed in another goal. During the second half Balraj Singh Takhar scored for Sanawar in a goal mouth skirmish.

When the final whistle blew, the score stood at 4—1 with Y. P. S. winning. Had it not been for Avtar Singh Brar, who came to our rescue time and again with hefty clearances and good interception, they would have scored many more goals.

At 4 p. m. Richard Mountford of Sanawar and Manjit Grewal of Y. P. S. went in for the toss up, after which both the teams lined up to be introduced to the President of the Indian Hockey Association, Mr Ashwini Kumar, who was dressed in a bright red shirt and a pair of navy blue trousers.

Once again Sanawar started off wonderfully well and a "corner" was given against Y. P. S. in the first minute of the game. But soon the game drifted into our half. This time Kuljit Sethi was the foundation of our defence, but unfortunately his feeble clearance cost us the first goal. Soon after this goal a 'short corner' was given against us and Y. P. S. scored their second. By this time Sanawar had settled down to their field and were able to offer resistance. Kuljit Sethi with Bal's help managed to ward off attack after attack and thus at half time the score stood at 2—0.

In the second half, the Y. P. S. forwards with speedy passes and well planned attack, stormed into our "D" and caused havoc. They scored thrice more and the match ended in a 5—0 victory for them. It is needless to say that our players tried their utmost to the very end of the game, but the Y. P. S. team was definitely much superior to ours.

Thus once again our annual Hockey fixture ended in triumph for them with a 4—1 victory in the Colts match and a 5—0 win in the 1st XI match.

Shyam Kumar Kak
Sixth Form

B. C. S. vs. SANAWAR (HOCKEY)

The annual Hockey fixture between B. C. S. and Sanawar was held on the 6th November this year. The match began at 2-30 p. m. with an enthusiastic attack from Sanawar. For the first fifteen minutes the game was keenly contested. The ball, entering the B. C. S. "D" was followed by a rush for it, which resulted in a goal shot in by Ashok Seth. This was followed by an uproar from the bank. The Sanawar team kept pressing till the whistle blew for half time.

On the re-commencing of the game B. C. S. led a fierce attack, and nearly scored a goal. Sanawar put up a good defence and the ball was soon seen with the Sanawar forwards. The B. C. S. Captain, a back, defended the attacks from Sanawar well. On receiving a pass, Mountford, our captain dribbled the B.C.S. back and scored a beautiful goal. Sanawar was now leading 2—0. The B. C. S. forwards made several attempts to equal the score, but were checked by our backs. Still the Cottonians fought till the end, but in vain. Sanawar won a convincing victory, the score being 2—0.

Ameet Merchant
U-V

INTER HOUSE HOCKEY

The Inter House Hockey Tournament commenced on Monday, November 17.

The first match was played between Vindhya House and Siwalik House on Monday at 2-30 p. m. Compared to the Vindhya players the Siwalik players looked quite diminutive. Right from the outset, Vindhya set a fast pace probably with a view to score quickly. However, the effect was exactly as intended. Within 5 minutes, Shyam Kak, Vindhya's inside-right, entered the circle and confidently placed the ball in the net. Vindhya forwards went into the fray with clever hockey and outplayed the Siwalik defence. Mountford, Siwalik's only hope, played a good game as centre forward and made several attempts to break through on his own but was well marked by Vindhya defence. When the final whistle blew Siwalik had lost to a definitely superior team. (6—0)

The second match was played on Tuesday, between Himalaya and Nilagiri. It was a very keen competition and the fortunes fluctuated to the last moment. Himalaya which had five School players failed to win the match in spite of high expectations. The match ended in a draw. (1—1)

The third match was played between Vindhya and Nilagiri. Vindhya had proved its superiority by its victory over Siwalik and Nilagiri as well by the gallant fight it put up against Himalaya. It was a hard tussle and the competition was keen. Both teams played well and the match ended in a draw (1—1).

The fourth match was played between Himalaya and Siwalik where Himalaya proved its superiority by scoring four goals whereas Siwalik scored only one.

The next match was played between Nilagiri and Siwalik. Nilagiri players were confident about their game but they had a tough time when the goal was first scored by Siwalik. In the first half the score was 1—0 in favour of Siwalik. In the second half within a minute of the bully off Nilagiri scored a goal.

This equalising goal gave Nilagiri renewed courage and vigour and they scored a second goal which Siwalik could not equalise.

The last match that closed the season was played between Vindhya and Himalaya. Vindhya adopted the same policy they had used against Siwalik and in the first half they scored three goals. In the end Himalaya lost the match without scoring against Vindhya (5—0)

As the matches were played on the League System Vindhya House was declared first with 5 points. Nilagiri was second with 4 points. Himalaya third with 3 points and Siwalik last.

V. B.

—:0:—

Inter-House Boxing Finals

Saturday, 31st May, 1958, at 7-00 p. m.

OFFICIALS

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------------|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| <i>Referee</i> | ... Major N. Stacey | <i>Time-Keeper</i> | ... Mr. O. P. Sharma |
| <i>Judges</i> | ... { | Capt. Sikand | <i>M. C.</i> ... H. S. Kochar |
| | | Mr. T. C. Kemp | <i>M. O.</i> ... Dr. J. C. Sakhuja |
| | | Mr. J. R. Acharya | <i>Recorder</i> ... Mr. M. Gore. |
| <i>Whips</i> | ... { | Mr. A. R. Sharma | |
| | | Mr. M. P. Gopinathan | |

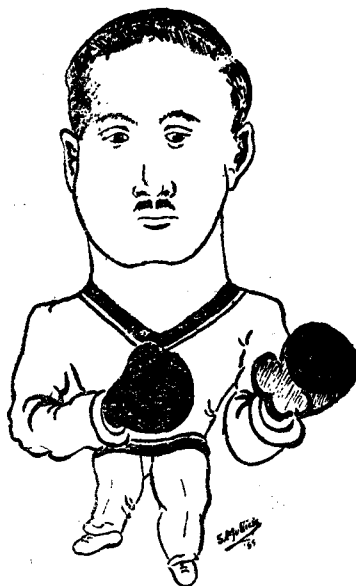
| | RED | | GREEN |
|-----|----------------|---|------------------------|
| 1. | | Atom Weight (Under 4 st.) | |
| | L. K. Bhardwaj | (N) <i>beat</i> | Rajesh Khanna (V) |
| 2. | | Gossamer Weight (Under 4 st. 7 lbs.) | |
| | A. K. Dutta | (H) <i>beat</i> | A. Batra (V) |
| 3. | | Paper Weight (Under 5 st.) | |
| | A. K. Sobti | (H) <i>lost to</i> | Ajit Pal Singh (V) |
| 4. | | Midget Weight (Under 5 st. 7 lbs.) | |
| | S. P. S. Rawat | (S) <i>lost to</i> | Ranjit Mehra (S) |
| 5. | | Mosquito Weight (Under 6 st.) | |
| | K. C. Katoch | (N) <i>lost to</i> | C. K. Mahajan (V) |
| 6. | | Gnat Weight (Under 6 st 7 lbs.) | |
| | Ajay Kapoor | (S) <i>beat</i> | A. K. Sehgal (S) |
| 7. | | Fly Weight (Under 7 st.) | |
| | S. S. Bhardwaj | (N) <i>beat</i> | Tejpal S. Chowdhry (N) |
| 8. | — | * Bantam Weight (Under 7 st. 7 lbs.) | |
| | | | Ameet Merchant (V) |
| 9. | | * Feather Weight (Under 8st.) | |
| | Amar Singh | (N) <i>lost to</i> | Arun Maira (V) |
| 10. | | * Light Weight (Under 8 st. 7 lbs.) | |
| | S. S. Gaikwad | (S) <i>beat</i> | S. Lorai (N) |
| 11. | | * Welter Weight (Under 9 st.) | |
| | A. Bhatia | (S) <i>beat</i> | Vijay Khanna (H) |
| 12. | | * Middle Weight (Under 9 st. 7 lbs.) | |
| | G. S. Brar | (S) <i>beat</i> | A. Seth (H) |
| 13. | | * Light-Heavy Weight (Under 10 st.) | |
| | R. Mountford | (S) <i>beat</i> | A. S. Bal (V) |
| 14. | | * Heavy Weight (Over 10st.) | |
| | Shiv Mehra | (S) <i>lost to</i> | K. Maharaj Singh (S) |

* 1½ minute rounds ; 8 ounce gloves

| | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|--------------|
| Best Boxer | ... | ... | R. Mountford |
| Best Loser | ... | ... | Rawat |

INTER HOUSE BOXING FINALS

Saturday, May 31st, 1958.



Atom Weight—Bharadwaj and Rajesh Khanna put on an interesting fight. Both boys boxed well and the decision remained in doubt till the end. Bharadwaj won on a slightly stronger defence.

Gossamer Weight—Batra staked his hopes on a rushing attack and landed a number of good body blows, but Dutta was too clever for him, and used effective foot-work to make the most of his openings. Dutta won a close decision.

Paper Weight—Ajitpal was too good for Sobti and the fight was stopped in the first round.

Midget Weight—Rawat ran in to exchange a melee of punches, but Mehra's hard hitting engendered caution. Mehra's superior technique outboxed a very game opponent.

Mosquito Weight—Katoch, a beginner, treated Mahjan's heavier punch with a great deal of respect, and the more experienced boxer won an easy victory.

Gnat Weight—Both boys boxed well. Kapur's straight left with the following right scored frequently. Sehgal's retaliatory efforts lacked effect: he did not use his feet as well as Kapur did and often mis-judged his distance. An excellent bout with victory going to the more experienced Kapoor.

Fly Weight—Tejpal landed effectively to the body but his defence was poor. Bharadwaj too lacked defence but his two-fisted attack dealt out a great deal of punishment and scored often. Bharadwaj won a close fight.

Bantam Weight—Walk Over for Ameet Merchant.

Feather Weight—Amar Singh made no use of his reach and height and his 'ducking' tactics against a shorter opponent resulted in his running into punches which could have been avoided. Maira boxed well to win the fight.

Light Weight—S. S. Gaekwad and Lorai were both heavy punchers but both wasted opportunity and energy by using the inside of the glove. The bout provided a first class scrap (as opposed to good boxing) with Gaekwad slightly ahead at the end.

Welter Weight—Bhatia was too strong for Vijay Khanna and the fight was stopped in the second round.

Middle Weight—Brar used his reach effectively to keep Seth's attack at a distance; the latter had no answer to Brar's straight left but fought gamely to the end.

Light-heavy Weight—Mountford won on a T. K. O against Bal in the first round.

Heavy Weight—Shiv Mehra entered for the sake of the point for his House and deserves that much credit, but the bout was a farce and should never have been staged.

T. C. K.

INTER-SCHOOL BOXING

Sanawar vs. B. C. S. (20th meeting)

One of the most noteworthy events of the Calendar was the revival of the Boxing fixture with B. C. S. The previous official match had been way back in 1945.

The Headmaster and Mr. Jagdish Ram had worked hard with our lads, and the boxing standard was appreciably high.

The programme on the evening of November 7th, included thirteen weights ranging from 'under four stone' to 'under ten stone', and provided some good bouts. The main impression left was one of contrasting styles,—B. C. S. relying on a hard-hitting swinging attack (much of it delivered with abandon), and Sanawar adopting an in-fighting two-fisted approach. Of the two methods the second produced the better boxing, but, as in all school boy meets, the hard-hitters won the day. Sanawar certainly looked the fitter and the better-trained team, their lack of punching power and their rather poor footwork being their main weaknesses.

Boxing has been in the Doldrums in Sanawar for the last decade and this come-back provided convincing proof if any were needed that the old spirit which had won twelve and drawn four of the previous nineteen fixtures against our rivals, might have been dormant but was certainly not dead.

An analysis:—

Fight No.**The Sanawar Winners**

2. *Har Ragbans Singh*—(under 4 st. 7 lbs.) took some time sizing up his opponent's capabilities. He did better in the later rounds, using his right to good purpose.
4. *Ranjit Mehra*—(under 5 st. 7 lbs.) boxed well, and won through on his straighter punching. This was one of the best fights of the evening and both boys deserve great credit for a magnificent display.
7. *T. P. S. Chowdhary*—(under 7 st.) put up a disappointing performance. He should have done better against a less-experienced boxer; his lack of footwork prevented his punching more effectively when the openings offered.
8. *M. S. Bhagat*—(under 7 st. 7 lbs.) fought a well-judged fight. He used his left to good effect and piled up a winning lead in the second round; he always had something in hand and was a convincing winner.
11. *Ashok Seth*—(under 9 st.) lived up to his reputation as a slogger. The boxers were evenly matched and the bout was a bloody affair with much heavy punishment handed out on both sides. Seth was the fitter of the two and made the most of his advantage in the closing stages of each round.
13. *R. Mountford*—(under 10 st.) overwhelmed his opponent with a tremendous flurry of punches. Anand put up a magnificent show against a heavier and more experienced opponent, but the result was never in doubt.

Fight No.**The Sanawar Losers**

1. *L. K. Bharadwaj*—(under 4 st.) did not put enough power into his punching. Ravi Inder boxed very well and used his feet cleverly.
3. *Ajit Pal Singh*—(under 5 st.) had no answer to the heavier punches of Khanna and was unable to get in close enough to be effective.
5. *C. K. Mahajan*—(under 6 st. 7 lbs.) hitting straight and hard gave a very good account of himself. Sikand's round-arm swings, though heavy, were mostly off the target. Sikand's persistent attack probably gave him the fight. The decision must have been very close and could have gone the other way.
9. *Arun Maira*—(under 8 st.) lacked reach, lacked punch, lacked follow-through; somewhat overawed by the proceedings he put up a game fight against a hard hitting opponent of greater experience and ability.
10. *Vijay Khanna*—(under 8 st. 7 lbs.) boxed well but lacked footwork and punch; his defence was poor and Lamba scored freely to the body. He was a gallant loser.

12. *T. P. Sharma*—(under 9 st. 7 lbs.) gave a dismal performance. In contrast to the vigour of the preceding bouts this was a very mild affair, neither boxer being prepared to 'mix it.'

B. C. S. won the Contest by the odd fight in thirteen

We were very grateful to Mr. Paul and Mr. Williams of Bishop Cotton School for helping with the Judging.

T. C. K.

THE DOON SCHOOL TRIP

After a lapse of almost seventeen years Sanawar once again faced the Doon School in the boxing ring. The first boxing fixture was held in 1941. Now that it is once again revived, we hope that our contact will be a long and friendly one and that there will be many more matches in the different games.

Before I write an account of the trip, I would like to thank the Staff and the boys of the Doon School for doing everything in their power to make our stay there a memorable and an enjoyable one. The boys, especially, were very generous and most friendly.

And now for the trip. After the hot dusty journey through the plains the road around the hills was refreshingly cool. It was evening and behind us lay a 160 miles and eight hours of journey in an open truck. We were received at the Doon School by Mr. Holdsworth and some of the boys. We were then split up into four groups, one going to each of the four Houses there.

After a good tea we went around the School envying their 8 play grounds and squash courts and admiring the clean tidy buildings. The School is on a 30-acre site and was founded in 1935. There are four Houses there, each a complete unit in itself, having its own kitchen and playgrounds. They have a swimming pool somewhat larger than ours, and also a main playground for cricket.

In the evening light entertainment was provided by the boys and some Staff of the School. Their play "Chambers", showing a weekly staff meeting, if to be believed, meant that the Staff did nothing except wish for holidays and spread scandal. I wonder what they do in Sanawar. Mr. Mitra and Mr. Bhalerao gave a song, but it was Mr. Mitra who did the singing—Mr. Bhalerao opening and closing his mouth at appropriate times.

Next morning the party went sight-seeing in the truck. We visited the F. R. I. (which however was closed) and the Military College (which was not). The museum in the Military College having antique rifles, cartridges, swords and even bows and arrows was very interesting. The sight-seeing was rounded off by a free ice cream at Sarup's 'Kwality' (though he had to prove his identity first to the manager).

The afternoon was spent in resting for the boxing and in the evening at five o' clock the boxing was held in their open air ring. Sanawar started off on the right note with a TKO by Ajitpal. Next followed two more wins by Ranjit Mehra and Sodhi. Chander Krishan lost to Khalid Baig of the Doon School. Bhagat, we hope, rounded off his boxing at Sanawar with a knock out. Khanna, Ashok Seth and Mountford also won their fights. Here I would like to congratulate Anil Seth on the wonderful way he stood up to the very heavy punishment he received. Capt. Morton, an ex-Cottonian and an old rival of Sanawar praised the high standard of boxing and physical fitness shown by both teams. Sanawar won the tournament, winning 7 fights to their 4.

That night we saw the late night show of "The bridge of the River Kwai". It was much appreciated by everyone and it was late at night before we went to bed.

Early next morning we were seen off by their Headmaster, Mr. Martyn, the Staff and the boys and then back by the same route to Sanawar. We reached Sanawar in the evening and were played in by the band and cheered by the rest of the School.

What with this win and our close score with B. C. S. we have had a most successful boxing year and the credit for this goes to Mr. Jagdish Ram for having trained and guided the boxers with such fine results.

Jai Sheel Oberoi
U-V

INTER HOUSE P. T.

The Inter House P. T. competition was held on Peacestead on the afternoon of the 11th October. Two army judges from Dagshai had been called and after a preliminary word with the Headmaster, they took their places on either side of the field. The Girls competition was held first followed by that of the Boys. An expectant hush settled over the spectators as Himalaya took the field. They were followed by Nilagiri and Siwalik. The Siwalik boys unlike the girls did miserably. Vin-dhya came on next and went through their paces. The judges conferred again and decided that Nilagiri was the best. After this everyone went to Gaskell Hall where the Gymnastic competition was held. The various teams were divided into groups and performed their tricks simultaneously. After this the contest for the best Gymnast was held. There were quite a few ambitious boys who had entered this contest of which a few were in their first year at School. They began with a few P. T. exercises and then went on to perform on the beam, the parallel bars, the ropes and the horse. The last named item was easily the most spectacular and the spectators showed their appreciation by repeated applause. The Best Gymnast's Cup was awarded to Maninder Bhagat and then three cheers were called for the judges and the Cock House (Nilagiri). The P. T. competition showed a very high standard and for this our sincere thanks must go to Mr. Jagdish Ram.

Arun Kapur
U-V

INTER HOUSE SHOOTING

Shooting has been a traditional sport in Sanawar. Formerly the meagre 22s were used in the Inter House competition, therefore we in Sanawar are proud of the fact that we took to 303s this year.

The much awaited shooting competition was held on the 30th November. Each House was represented by a detail consisting of four boys. Every boy shot twice, once for grouping and then for application. However the standard of grouping was not very high as the rifles recoiled but the application was fairly good. Shooting ended in favour of Vindhya House which secured 146 points out of the possible 200.

There were a number of good shots apart from a few 'wash outs'. R. S. Randhawa was adjudged the best marksman with a remarkable grouping of one inch.

I sincerely hope that the standard of shooting will continue to improve in the near future and we are successful in laying our hands on the shooting trophy at the N. C. C. Camp at Agra.

Davinder Singh
Sixth Form

Girls' School Notes

HIMALAYA HOUSE

| | | |
|----------------|-----|-----------------|
| House Mistress | ... | Mrs. P. Bedi |
| School Prefect | ... | Anupma D. Singh |
| House Prefect | ... | Vinita Singh |
| M. I. Prefect | ... | Anjana Thadani |

A very pleasing development this year has been the increase of members in Himalaya House.

Our warmest welcome to Anita Sobti, Happy Master and Reena Kumari who joined us from the Prep. School. To the new comers Indira Surya, Gita Narendra Nath and Nina Sinha we extend an even warmer welcome.

We were sorry to lose Mala, our School Prefect and Head Girl and also Kalpana Sharma. Both were active members of the House.

Unfortunately this year we have no Cups to prove our prowess on the games field. But I can quite safely say that the girls have done their level best and kept up Sanawar tradition in losing well and in the right spirit.

We began the year by coming comfortably last in Hockey. In Tennis we moved one step up the ladder; the juniors helped us up another rung in Badminton and we tied with Siwalik for second place.

Although we did not win the Athletics Cup we are the proud possessors of the Relay Cup. Kanchan and Asha Rani won the championships of their respective age groups with Kanchan breaking the one hundred and two hundred metres record.

The P. T. was keenly contested. We lost to Siwalik by one point. The end of the Netball House Matches found us fetching up third and we tied with Nilagiri for the second place in Table Tennis. (There were only two places).

The Common Room I think has made considerable improvement. Even though we did not have a House fund worth mentioning we managed to get new sofa and cushion covers.

Our thanks to the girls who brought us some lovely wood carvings from Kashmir and decorations from the South and also to all those who have so generously contributed in cash and in kind.

I take this opportunity to say Au revoir and hope most of us will be back to make 1959 yet another successful and happy year. To those who are leaving at the end of the term we extend our best wishes and wish them the best of everything in the coming years.

Anupma D. Singh
U-V.

NILAGIRI HOUSE NOTES.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| House Mistress | ... Mrs. Lyall |
| School Prefect | ... Nina Dubey |
| House Prefect | ... Roop Narang |

The year opened in March with a few changes. Mrs. Lyall took Miss Sant Singh's place as our House Mistress, as the latter had left to get married. Ayesha Baig, Usha Chowdhry and Neeraj Kapoor were our newcomers.

Our first thoughts were for our common room which looked such a terrible uninhabitable hole! We went on a shopping spree to Kasauli with Mrs. Lyall and got all the essentials. Those who went to Kashmir also brought back a few ornaments that have made our common room look quite elegant. Some of the girls suggested cocking new and then the idea was taken up immediately. We gave a house-warming party and the girls made their own tea. I suppose next year they won't need to buy any 'grub' from the Tuckshop!

Games! We managed to get the Wooden Spoon quite often—a coveted trophy!—but our badminton team excelled themselves and got a cup for us. The Defence Cup also came to us, but hardly due to our hard running. Though we have'nt done so well in games this year, the girls played marvellously despite the handicap of size! Nearly all the matches were close fights.

We have got quite a few needlewomen and artists in our House, but we have'nt been so lucky in the Senior debate; however Nilagiri came first in the Junior debate.

We are working hard for the Study Cup, and I hope we can produce more brain than we can, brawn. The girls comfort themselves by saying that we come to Sanawar to study first and then play games. Quite an encouraging thought. Anyway, the year has been thoroughly enjoyable and I hope next year the girls will be a little more successful than they have been this year. Well ... the best of luck (and success) to the "Best House of all".

Nina Dubey
Sixth Form

VINDHYA HOUSE

| | |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| House Mistress | ... Mrs. Sikund |
| Senior Prefect | ... Kum Kum Batra |
| Junior Prefect | ... Madhu Bala Mehra |
| Reading Room | ... Jasbir Kaur Malhans |

We were sorry to lose Jaya Krishan and Satinder who were a great asset to the House. The Gobinder Singhs, Aruna and Nira Bal also left us. The number of new additions this year, surpassed those of the previous years. Three Preppers also came up to us.

THE NETBALL TEAM



(L. to R.)

Standing: Malti Varma,

Asha Nanda

Kum Kum Batra

and Jasbir Kaur

Kneeling: Lila Kak,

Harvinder Kaur

and

Shabnam Sahni

FOUNDER'S

Krishna Leela



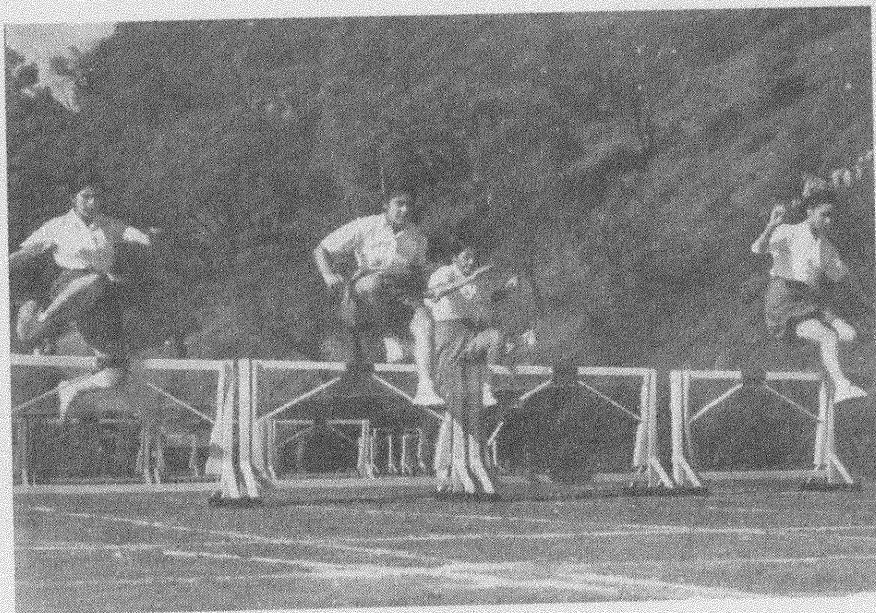
Sudha Stokes

Ambika Devi

Anita Thomas

Asha Mangat

Athletics



Asha Nanda

Subhadra Patel

HURDLES (Opens)

Kum Kum Batra

Harvinder Kaur

After the mid-term break we welcomed Mrs. Sikund as our house-mistress and we wish Miss Joshi, who suddenly left us to get married, a happy future.

We began the year successfully by annexing the first cup of the year—hockey. We also proved best in Tennis. Special mention must be made of the Scanlon results, where out of the seven quarter-finalists, six were Vindhyaans. Harvinder Kaur, who again secured the Scanlon Cup, also won the Open's Athletic championship and captained all the three victorious school teams that went to play against Auckland House, Simla.

Vindhya House has done very well in the field of sports for we also secured the Netball and Table Tennis Cups, but unfortunately our studies have not shown equally successful results on the whole. It is to be hoped however that in the years to come Vindhya will be able to claim the Study Cup as well. So best of success Vindhyaans and NEVER GIVE IN.

The House Common Room has not undergone any considerable change, with the exception of some new vases and other decoration pieces. The House Library however has been greatly enlarged.

Kum Kum Batra
Sixth Form

SIWALIK HOUSE

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| House Mistress | ... Mrs. Kemp |
| School Prefect | ... Lila Kak |
| Games Prefect | ... Asha Nanda |

The new girls in our House this year were Asha Bery, Prabha Rani and Sukhjivan Kaur. Little Renuka Dhanda left us in July and we hope that she is quite well now. Sukhjivan left us in October.

We began this year by coming second in the Inter-House Hockey Tournament. We have never fallen below second position in any tournament. We won the Athletics, Table Tennis and P. T. trophies and have also managed to win the much coveted "Cock House Cup". This has been won by Siwalik for the first time, in many years.

There is the Study Cup left and we have little hope of winning that! In Athletics two of our girls, Meenakshi Biswas and Asha Lata Punja tied for the under 13 Championship.

Asha Nanda and Lila Kak represented all three School Teams for the Inter School fixtures in Simla.

Besides this our House girls have taken a lively part in all other activities and a number of them have been zealous debators, keen artists and deft needlewomen, not to exclude dramatics.

Our Common Room has improved since last year and looks much fresher

with the new curtains which Mrs. Chopra very kindly presented to us. The radio has been shifted into the Common Room. We thank Gita Bery for her gift of magazines.

Reviewing this year it has proved a successful one for Siwalik House and I hope many such follow. Best of Luck Siwalik and "Never Give In".

Lila Kak
Sixth Form

INTER HOUSE HOCKEY (GIRLS SCHOOL)

The Inter House Hockey matches were played in April. The first match between Himalaya and Vindhya was a close game, although Himalaya had a comparatively weaker team. Kanchan Mohini did not spare herself and Andy Kemp with her hard hitting succeeded in defending their goal quite a bit. Vindhya, however, scored 2 goals. The next match was between Nilagiri and Siwalik. The former lost to a definitely stronger team, after putting up a hard fight. Special mention must be made of Manju Soi and Sheela Barla who struggled gallantly to guard their goal.

Vindhya and Nilagiri met each other in other in an exciting match. In spite of the valiant efforts displayed by the Nilagarians, luck favoured the larger and stronger team and by half time the score was 1—0 in Vindhya's favour. After half time the Nilagarians concentrated on a defensive game but towards the end the Vindhya's scored another goal.

Siwalik and Himalaya played an exciting match. Soon after the whistle blew Himalaya scored a goal and almost immediately afterwards Siwalik equalized. The ball was near the Himalaya goal, most of the time, but their goal-keeper, Anjana Thadani, managed to keep the ball out and the match ended in a draw, (1—1).

On the final day, 19th April, Nilagiri and Himalaya fought for the 3rd place. After a tussle the Nilagarians succeeded in beating them (1—0).

The final match was between Siwalik and Vindhya. Vindhya scored a neat goal before half time, after which they played a defensive game. Siwalik tried desperately to score at least one goal but the Vindhya back line proved too strong for them. A few close goals were missed in the excitement. The game came to an end resulting in Vindhya being the victors. Vindhya is to be congratulated on winning the much coveted Hockey Cup.

Lila Kak
Sixth Form

INTER HOUSE TENNIS

The Inter-House Tennis Matches began on the 11th of June. The first two matches were played between Vindhya and Nilagiri and Siwalik and Himalaya. Nila-

giri showed a great fighting spirit and Vindhya was not able to boast of an easy victory. On the other court, Siwalik and Himalaya played three very exciting sets before the former was acknowledged winner. The next two matches were played on Friday. The match between Siwalik and Vindhya was not very eventful, the latter scoring an easy victory. The struggle for supremacy between Nilagiri and Himalaya however proved extremely exciting. Both sides were equally determined, but after three interesting sets, Himalaya was able to score its first, and only, victory in the Inter House tournament. The final matches were played off on the Club courts, on the 16th. Nilagiri commenced by winning the first game. Siwalik however got the set. The second set too managed to finish quickly, proclaiming Siwalik victorious. On the other court, Vindhya, expecting an easy victory had decided to relax. It was only when Himalaya got the first set 6-4, did they wake up and exhibit their real strength. They got the next two sets 6-0, 6-2, thus acquiring the Tennis Cup as well. Siwalik stood second in the end, with Himalaya a close third. Nilagiri had once more to content itself with the Wooden Spoon.

Jasbir Kaur
Sixth Form

1958—TENNIS REVIEW

In this year's fight for the Scanlon the Vindhya's struck a prominent note. The Scanlon Matches commenced on 2nd June, and on the whole they were a great set down from last year; in fact altogether a disappointment.

Harvinder Kaur, Sanawar Tennis champ for the second year in succession (except for her match with Kum Kum), found little occasion to display her talents. Her score against Kum Kum Batra in the semi-final stood:—

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| 1st set to Kum Kum | 6-4 |
| 2nd and 3rd Sets to Harvinder | 6-3, 6-3. |

Shabnam Sahni, a progressive young player, put up a good fight for the cup against her adversary, Harvinder Kaur, in the finals. The score in the latter's favour stood:—

| | |
|---------|-----|
| 1st set | 6-1 |
| 2nd set | 6-3 |

Lila Kak a good player in her own right managed to beat her other opponents and reached the semi-final where she was beaten by Shabnam Sahni the score being:—

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| 1st Set to Shabnam | 6-4 |
| 2nd Set ,, Lila | 7-5 |
| 3rd Set ,, Shabnam | 8-6 |

The much coveted cup was presented very kindly by Mrs. Som Dutt to Harvinder Kaur amidst great applause.

Romola Rani Krishen
U-V

BADMINTON 1958

The Badminton season opened in May this year. Being a game for the juniors, only they took a special interest and practised hard to participate in the forthcoming Inter-House and School matches.

The day arrived to test the result of their practice. This year the matches, were played off in Gaskell Hall on the 23rd and 24th of June.

The Matches were very well played with all the Sanawar spirit and enthusiasm. Considering the size of the players I think that the standard of Badminton has really gone up.

Among the many exciting matches the doubles between Himalaya and Nilagiri deserves particular mention. Himalaya took the first game with skilful placing. But Nilagiri played undauntedly and won the next two games.

Another match that proved to be exciting was the one between Vindhya and Nilagiri (singles). In spite of the fact that Nilagiri was strong Vindhya put up a very good resistance and won the first game. But once again Nilagiri played valiantly and defeated their opponents.

The Nilagiri singles and Siwalik doubles played outstandingly and won all their matches.

The matches concluded with the silver cup being awarded to Nilagiri followed by Himalaya and Siwalik as the runners up. Vindhya however had to be content with the Wooden Spoon.

Thus the juniors have now vacated the Badminton Court and have left it to the seniors who are to play in the Inter School matches in the near future.

Anupma D. Singh
U-V

SWIMMING GALA

The eagerly awaited Swimming Gala took place on the 18th August.

The day although promising to be dismal, soon changed its tune ; and we, waiting with bated breath, at last heaved a sigh of relief.

The few swimmers made a bright pattern near one corner of the pool, while the Sanawarian band struck up some gay familiar airs.

The Gala opened with a heart-felt clap for Mr. Kate, who had first forwarded and later made possible the scheme for the filtration plant.

Next, Mr. Sinha, calling the participants, announced a variety of interesting and amusing games, engaging the contestants' speed and skill. The water sports included in quick succession, "Retrieving of Ping Pong Balls", "Diving for Plates", "Apple" or rather "Pear Bobbing", a "candle" race, a spoon and potato race,

the popular " tub " race, and a balloon race for the younger children. But in spite of the heavy competition this called for, the actual high light of the evening's entertainment was the " Fancy Diving ". All sorts of dives were executed and the competitors judged by the applause received.

" Puffy " Marwaha and S. K. Kak, had a collection of very queer and amusing jumps. Vinod Nair however was the best by far and he won by a fairly large margin while the Drummers tattooed their satisfaction.

The only feature which was a real loss in the fun was the " Clown ". Meanwhile a faint drizzle though in no way marring our enjoyment, caused the members of Staff a slight discomfiture.

The Prizes were then very kindly distributed by Mrs. Som Dutt, and the swimmers went in for revelry and a last Dip.

Romola Rani Krishen
U-V

THE GIRLS' P. T. COMPETITION

This year the Girls' P. T. competition was held on the 11th of October at 2. p. m. on Peacestead.

At a quarter to two we all assembled in House lines on Peacestead. The sun was hot and we were all feeling rather nervous especially the leaders.

Two judges had been called from Kasauli. Maj. Som Dutt, our Headmaster, arrived with the two judges at ten to two. With them came all the spectators and soon the whole hillside was crowded. The four leaders were called to pick for their number of going in. The order was Nilagiri, Siwalik, Vindhya and Himalaya. Nilagiri House wasn't bad at the exercises but their bad dressing and covering pulled them down.

The next House was Siwalik. Siwalik had always been thought the best at P. T. They did their P. T. extremely well with good dressing and covering.

Next came Vindhya's turn. Vindhya House P. T. wasn't so bad but a little mistake in the middle reduced its marks considerably. Last of all went Himalaya. Himalaya House girls did their P. T. very vigorously and just as well as Siwalik.

It was between Himalaya and Siwalik for the first place and between Nilagiri and Vindhya for the last. Unfortunately the results were not called out but we had to go and watch the Boys' gymnastics. However we were more interested in guessing and trying to find out our results than in watching the gymnastics.

At the end of two hours the suspense was over and everyone collected in Gaskell to hear the long awaited results.

As expected, Siwalik House walked off with the Cup with Himalaya second, Nilagiri third and Vindhya fourth.

Harvinder Kaur
Sixth Form

THE SIMLA TRIP

We have not been to play any Inter School Fixtures with Auckland, since 1955, and we were very pleased to hear that we were going there this year.

The long awaited day that we had practised for, for months, at last arrived. The entire School was assembled and gave us a hearty send off.

We arrived in Auckland House at approximately 3 o' clock. The girls came out with their teacher Mrs. Deane, to greet us. We were very pleased to see Mrs. Deane who was an old teacher of ours. We still remember her as Miss Sant Singh.

That evening we went to see a picture called " April Love ".

We hardly slept a wink all night because of the excitement of the matches, and got up early next morning. The first game we played was Table Tennis. We won two out of the three games we played. My congratulations to Harvinder Kaur who played an excellent game. Table Tennis was followed by Badminton, in which we won an easy victory.

The matches for the day ended, and we went to see a picture called " Jail House Rock ".

The next day the two teams met on the netball field, yellow and brown on one side, and red and white on the other. It was a very exciting game. We were victorious, the score being 9-2.

We left Auckland House by 10 a. m. but did not leave the Simla shops before 12 noon.

We arrived in Sanawar by 5 p. m. and were given a glorious welcome. The band met us at Parker Arch, and escorted us to the Quad. We went back to our departments and were given a special tea, and to our disgust found we had to do prep. However we made up for that because the next day was a holiday.

Andrea Kemp
L-V

BADMINTON MATCHES

The Badminton Matches between Sanawar and Auckland House were played on the 20th of October. The weather played false but this did not check the exuberant spirits of the Sanawarians who were as full of beans as over.

The first match was played by Lila and Asha of Sanawar vs. Sabita and Indira of Auckland House. The match was quite exciting in the beginning as both the sides were out to outwit one another; but Lila's powerful shots and Asha's placing, won them the first game. The score was 21—10. The second game was short and sweet; again in Sanawar's favour. The score was 21—5.

The second match was between Harvinder of Sanawar and Shanti of Auckland House. It was the most exciting match of the day. Both were good but again Harvinder's strong services and shots got her the first two games, the scores being 15—8, 15—2, respectively.

The third match was another doubles string, the players being Malti and Shabnam of Sanawar vs. Wyneeta and Sanjeet of Auckland House. Shabnam was rash and unsteady in the beginning but she made it up by her shots. Malti a good and steady player was a great help to her partner. Wyneeta was excellent, but she could do little as her partner was weak.

The scores were 21—10, 21—5, in Sanawar's favour.

Auckland House seemed to have lost heart after the first match so the the games tended to be a bit slow moving. Sanawar on the other hand was too confident and therefore rash.

The standard on the whole was quite good, but Auckland needs a lot of practice.

Well done Sanawar keep the flag flying as high as ever.

Rina Charan Singh
O. S.

INTER-HOUSE NETBALL 1958

The end of Founder's, with all its gaiety and excitement, turned our attention to the netball season.

Sanawar's magnificent victory over Auckland House encouraged the players in the approaching Inter House matches.

Finally the 3rd of November saw the beginning of the 1st Netball match played off against Nilagiri and Siwalik. Nilagiri, unfortunately having lost two strong players, could not compete on equal ground, and Siwalik dominating the field, won 24—5. Himalaya gallantly defended itself against the more formidable Vindhya team, the score being 32—7.

Next Vindhya swooped down on her prey and beat Nilagiri in spite of her plucky fight 28—0.

Siwalik vs. Himalaya. This, much to everyone's surprise, turned out to be quite a stiff battle on both sides. Excitement waxed high when the scores at half time were 6 all. Siwalik made a fast recovery to victory and won 15—9.

Excitement reached its zenith on the 5th when the Siwalik—Vindhya match was to decide who would win the laurels. The two teams were pitted against each other in a battle of quick wits, accurate aim, subtle passing and superior team work.

Minutes fled by as Vindhya and Siwalik fought on, knowing the Cock House was at stake. Vindhya justifying its claim to supreme superiority, climaxed the game winning it by degrees, the score triumphing to 15—1.

The grand finale to this stimulating evening was the presentation of the silver trophy to Vindhya by Mrs. Som Dutt. An appetizing tea was enjoyed by each and all of richly deserving House Teams.

The Staff, the next day under Mrs. Kemp's guidance (!), provided a source of amusement and pitched against the reputable School team. In spite of the Staff's disgraceful disregard for the rules the match added in a draw, the score being 8—8. A special note of appreciation must be put in for the volatile Miss Hatfield.

This ended the netball season, bringing to us in Sanawar thrills and surprises galore.

Sheena Grewal
L-V

THE TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Inter House Table Tennis tournament was held in Barne Hall on the 10th and 11th November.

In the opening match Asha Nanda of Siwalik House played Anupma D. Singh of Himalaya. Both fought gallantly for every point and the closely contested match was eventually won by Asha Nanda. The score was (21—15), (21—91).

Nilagiri's Neena Dubey made a brilliant attempt to outwit her opponent, Harvinder Kaur of Vindhya, but was vanquished, the score being (21—13), (21—18).

Anupma D. Singh played with great concentration and perseverance and won a hard earned victory over Harvinder Kaur. They scored (21—18), (11—21), (21—14).

Neena Dubey won against Anupma D. Singh. It was an outstanding match which displayed her skill and ability at its best. The score was (21—18), (14—21), (21—17).

Siwalik won, by a narrow margin, in the Vindhya vs. Siwalik doubles, the score being (21—19), (21—15).

The decisive match between Vindhya and Himalaya resulted in a victory for the former. They scored (21—10), (21—13).

Vindhya and Siwalik tied for the Cock House Trophy with 8 points each, while Himalaya and Nilagiri were third with 4 points each.

Asha Puri
U-V

Prep School Notes

UPPER K. G. NEWS

29-3-'58—There are 22 children in our class today. 2 boys are in the hospital. We are 9 girls and 15 boys. We have a nice Birthday chart.

31-3-'58 to 5-4-'58—We are making paper flowers for our class. We have a sweet chart to show how we get on in English, Number and Hindi.

12-4-'58—Sanjiv and Ravi have 11 sweets each. Two girls and one boy are in the hospital. We get stars when we know our tables. We are learning to read sentences.

19-4-'58—We have made a farm yard. We are going to make a farmer, his wife and a house. We like our Spelling Game. We have many nice charts. On Tuesday we went for a picnic.

26-4-'58—The house in our farm yard is looking nice. Kartar is the new boy in our class. We are playing Word Games. Yesterday we acted the story of Helen and Monty. We like Little Bear's story.

3-5-'58—Our own farm yard is full now. We have our mid-term holidays from today. Some of us are going home. Some of us are going to Kasauli on Sunday. We are seeing a Hindi picture on Monday.

16-5-'58—We have a nice pillar box in our class. We are posting our letters in it. On Wednesday we went to the Post Office. Our School won the Cricket match against B. C. S. On Monday there was a big Khud fire. Usha Rani is the new girl in our class.

24-5-'58—We made our own envelopes and put our home letters in them. Yesterday we went to the Post Office and saw our letters being sealed by the Post Master. Our School won the cricket match against Y.P.S. We won the soccer match against Model School, Delhi. Sudha and Aruna have come to us from L. K. G.

31-5-'58—We have made a frieze of pillar boxes. We have made a packet of envelopes too. Ashok has come to visit us. We have our Hockey Final match today between Nilagiri and Himalaya. We had some rain this week. On Thursday we had a spelling test. Our madam was pleased as most of us did well.

7-6-'58—We have a new “Sound and Say” Words chart. We have to read it every day. We are making pots with clay. Nilagiri House won the Hockey Cup. We have a Stamp Album for our class. It hailed yesterday.

14-6-'58—We have seen the Vindhya House show. Today we are going to see the Hodson Run. We are learning all about Ten. We have learnt about a plant. We have drawn a plant. We have a yellow flower in our class garden. Last Monday the L. K. Gs saw a dead snake near the merry-go-round. Yesterday a big monkey frightened the boys.

21-6-'58—We have made our own books for tables and words. Yesterday we saw the G. D show. It was very nice. Tomorrow we are seeing a picture. Every day we read the “Sound and Say” and “Look and Say” charts. Now we know the 10 n.p., 5 n.p., 2 n.p., and 1 n.p., coins. On Monday there was a big khud fire near our school.

28-6-'58—The rains have come. We have made plants out of plasticine. The potato in our Nature Corner started to grow. We have planted it in a tin. Yesterday we had been to the Music Recital. On Wednesday we saw the picture “Cinderella.” We liked it.

5-7-'58—We are going home soon. The Home party is leaving on Friday and the School party is leaving on Saturday. We wrote our own letters. Our show is on Tuesday. We are putting up a boat race. Harpreet found the eggs of a butterfly. We have them in our Nature Corner. We are pressing some leaves. Our potato in the tin is growing.

16-8-'58—On Saturday we came back to Sanawar after one month's holidays. On Monday we started school. Miss Rudra took us on Monday. Our Madam came back to us on Tuesday. Yesterday was a holiday for Independence Day. We saw a soccer match and bearers' race. We had a special dinner.

18-8-'58 to 23-8-'58—Last Sunday we had swimming. Today we are seeing two soccer matches against Y. P. S. We are collecting bottles to keep frogs and snails. We have a new progress chart. We have got a big moth in our Nature Corner. We have a chart on rain. On Wednesday we had a spelling test.

25-8-'58 to 30-8-'58—On Wednesday we went to “Lovers' Pond” and caught a frog, snails, water beetles and crabs. The crabs have died and two water beetles have gone. The frog is funny. Yesterday was Rakhi and Full Moon. We have a new chart on the fairies and we have learnt a nice little poem. We have play practice every day.

1-9-'58 to 6-9-'58—On Wednesday we made a dry aquarium. We have fishes, snails, grass, shells and a water beetle in it. Our frog is dead. All the water beetles have gone away. We are learning about "Shapes". We have drawn a square and a rectangle in our books. We are having "Marching" at Founder's.

8-9-'58 to 13-9-'58—Every day we have mental sums. We have caterpillars and land snails in our Nature Corner. We have made a frieze of an aquarium. Now we know the difference between a square and a rectangle. On Tuesday we went to see a real aquarium. It rained very heavily in Sanawar this week.

15-9-'58 to 20-9-'58—On Tuesday we planted an onion in a box. It was in our Nature Corner. On Wednesday we made our own books. We are writing stories, poems, tables and spelling words in them. On Thursday we caught a big grasshopper. It is in our Nature Corner. We give it grass to eat. We have two new charts in our class. Sanawar is looking beautiful. There are many flowers on the hill sides.

22-9-'58 to 27-9-'58—On Sunday the girls went out for a walk to the grave yard and the boys went to Gurhkhal. The boys saw a snake. On Tuesday we went to Lovers' Pond and caught snails. We have started a real aquarium. On Wednesday we cut out of paper a square, a rectangle, a triangle and a circle. We stuck them in our books. On Friday we had a dress-rehearsal of our concert. It is raining very heavily.

29-9-'58 to 11-10-'58—We had our Founder's from Friday to Sunday. On Friday we had our concert. We had marching on Saturday. On Sunday we had our Fête. We bought nice toys and sweets. Many Mummies and Daddies came to our school. We had holidays on Monday and on Wednesday. Now we are working very hard. It is getting cold in Sanawar.

13-10-'58 to 18-10-'58—On Tuesday we went to the fruit shop. We saw lots of fruit. Madam bought some and gave us an apple each to eat. We have some fruit in our class room. On Wednesday we made fruit out of clay. We are going to have a fruit stall in our class. We have learnt about feet and inches. Now we know our own height. We are practising for our sports.

20-10-'58 to 25-10-'58—We learnt about an orange. We ate an orange in class. On Wednesday we had a holiday because the G. D. girls won three matches in Simla. It was Dashera too. We saw Ravan burning at Gurkhal. We have started to paint our clay fruit. The apples are ready. On Thursday we played Band at our Assembly. We are learning about full, half, quarter and three-quarters. A monkey has taken away our onion plant.

26-10-'58 to 1-11-'58—On Monday we had a holiday. We painted our clay fruits on Tuesday. Now our fruit stall is ready. We have learnt about an apple. On Wednesday we made our Deewali cards. Some important visitors came to our school on Friday. On Saturday we listened to the days of the week and the months of the year on gramophone records.

2-11-'58 to 8-11-'58—Our madam Mrs. Cherian is ill in hospital. We collected autumn leaves and we made patterns in groups. We saw the Nilagiri House show. On Sunday we saw a picture named, "Peter Pan". On Friday Mrs. Cherian wrote a letter to us. We are going to watch a hockey match between B. C. S. and Sanawar.

9-11-'58 to 15-11-'58—On Sunday we saw a picture of Robin Hood. Our madam Mrs. Cherian is out of hospital. Tuesday was Deewali. It was a holiday. We bought crackers, bombs, sparklers and rockets. We had sweets and a nice dinner. We enjoyed our Deewali. We are learning to tell the time. We have learnt the Roman Numbers. We have drawn a clock in our books. We had our own concert on Friday. Our madams liked it very much. We are getting ready for our sports.

16-11-'58 to 22-11-'58—On Sunday we had our sports. Himalaya got the shield. Nilagiri was second, Siwalik was third and Vindhya was last. On Monday A set wrote to madams and sirs, "Thank you for helping us at our sports." We saw a picture named, "Hansel and Gretel". We liked it. On Monday we started to make our own shop. We brought many things and took out many things from our 'Junk Box'. Our madam allowed us to set up our shop on our own. On Tuesday we went to the tuck-shop and wrote down the prices of the things for our shop. We have price labels and a long price list too. Now our shop is ready. We have finished our Number Tests. All of us have passed. We are having tests in English and Hindi Reading. In English, A set children have finished Book IV, B set children have started Book IV and C set children are still on Book III. Sanawar is very cold now.

23-11-'58 to 29-11-'58—On Wednesday and on Thursday we went out for a walk after Milk Break. Some of the boys say that they saw a fairy whom they could not catch. We collected cocoons, mushrooms, acorns and pine cones for our Nature Corner. Mrs. Gidwani told the boys the story of "Julie and George." The girls were singing and playing with Mrs. Cherian. We have finished our tests. All of us tried our best to do well. C set children have finished Book III. A set children are taking B set children in Book IV.

We are playing a shopping game. We buy and sell things from our shop. We have real money to pay the shop keeper. Now we are learning to make

bills. We choose the things from our shop and find out their prices. We are enjoying our shopping games. During the holidays we are going to see all the bills Mummy gets from the shops. We are seeing the last picture for the year, "Tarzan in the hidden jungle."

This is our last news in U. K. G. We are getting our holidays soon. Aruna is leaving on the 3rd, fourteen of us are leaving on the 5th in home parties and the rest of us are leaving on the 6th in school parties. We wish a safe journey and a happy holiday to every one. We say a big "Thank you" to Miss Rudra and all our madams, sirs and servants for helping us and for being so kind to us.

THE FOUNDATION DAY PICNIC

We went to a place near Eagle's Nest. There was a little pond. The Sparrows also came with us. We did not mind them coming because they did not disturb us in our games. We boys made houses out of sticks and pine needles. We had tribes. Each tribe had two or three houses and had fights between one another. At one o'clock we had our lunch. We enjoyed it very much. As it was a sunny afternoon we rested in our houses.

At three o'clock we had our tea and came back to the dormitory. We enjoyed the picnic very much. The next morning Miss Rudra told us about how Mrs. George Lawrence brought the first children to this school. We have this picnic every year to remember the day.

Rajiv Bali
II B

JELABI RACE

Group discussion by L. K. G. Average age 5+

Daljit—We had our Sports on Sunday Madam made a very nice race. You know the *Jelabi* race for our class.

The *Jelabis* were hanging on a string. I

Om—Kuldip was cheating, he used his hand.

Prem—I ate very fast. I was the first. I even got the first prize. I

Venkata—I couldn't reach it. Then I used my hand. Madam said to me, 'You are very lazy' I went on eating. I would not listen.

Karan—This Prem Prakash fatty, ate two *Jelabis*. I was running fast, so I did not take part in this. I even beat Ravi in running.

Daljit—I couldn't eat. I tried and tried, but it kept slipping away. Then I broke it in half, and then I ate the half.

Waljinder—(grinning from ear to ear)—But you didn't get the prize. When nobody was looking I caught it with my hand, and put it in my mouth. Then I finished it and I got the second prize.

Karan—If I had taken part, I would've beaten you all.

Harpinder and Meena—Oh Madam, we never got any thing.

Om—But you ran with me. They came last. Om Prakash came first. Om Prakash came first. Om Prakash came first. Madam, write that I came first and I got the first prize.

Ram G—But it wasn't *Jelabi* race, *hun!* You only ran.

Madam, I couldn't eat it, then I ate it. All laugh, but I no care. I eat it I came last, but I took two *Jelabis*.

Kuldip—As if even I ate two.

Prem—Even I ate two, and I got First prize too.

(Taken down verbatim)

D. G.

OUR CLASS

We are in Upper K. G. -class. There are twelve girls and sixteen boys in our class. Our class teacher is Mrs Cherian. She teaches us Number, English, Nature and Activity. Miss Rudra teaches us Hindi. Some times she tells us stories and she teaches us little poems. Miss Kavery tells us English stories and Mrs. Kate tells us Hindi stories.

We have made our own shop in our class room. We play a shopping game. We buy and sell things from our shop. We have real money to pay the shopkeeper with.

We have a pillar box in our class. Every Saturday we post our letters in it. Every week we write our own letters. Last week we wrote our own news.

We have a fruit stall in our class. We made the fruit out of clay and painted them during our Activity Schools. There is a farmyard in our class. We have a real aquarium.

Some of the children in our class are very clever; but some of us are lazy.

Our Madam, Mrs. Cherian, is very kind to us. She lets us do everything that we want to do. We have many nice charts in our class.

Pradip Sethi
U. K. G. Class

ACTIVITY WORK

“ Madam, we want to make a shop in our class room. ”

On Monday, the 17th of November, Krishanpal came into the class room with three empty sparklers' boxes, one toothbrush carton and a soap wrapper. He left them on my table. I asked him why he had left them there. The reply was of one accord, from the entire class, “Madam, we want to make a shop in our class room.” I was very pleased about the interest and desire expressed by the children to work on a topic chosen entirely by themselves. I told them that they could set up their own shop. They were very thrilled at the idea. Each one of them contributed suggestions for their “Own Shop” Rajiv Mehra's bright idea “Let us see what we get from our Junk Box” was immediately welcomed by one and all. They suggested that the Directed Activity Schools should be utilised to set up their shop.

Soon after Milk Break, Miss Rudra and I walked into the class room to find the Junk Box wide open, the contents spread all over the floor, and all the children busy sorting out the various things suitable for their “Own Shop”. We allowed them to carry on until the empty boxes, cartons and wrappers were arranged on one of the class tables.

When I went back to the class room for Spelling games, they came to me very politely and asked me, “Madam, please may we set up our shop now?” I allowed them to go ahead. Two boys ran to the Assembly Hall and fetched two small benches and placed them in a very convenient place. They got two sheets of chart paper which were fixed on the benches by Kundan, the Chaprasi. A few of them got together to write down the price labels for the various articles. Four girls were put in charge of arranging the empty boxes, wrappers, cartons and all kinds of odds and ends they had sorted out. The accumulated toffees and sweets paper came in handy. A number of them ran outside, collected small stones and wrapped them in these papers. All the improvised sweets and toffees were collected in a large open box. Sanjiv Stokes had the idea of keeping the sweets and toffees in glass jars which were brought earlier in the year by the children and used for Pond exploration. By the end of the School, the shop was almost set and the price labels were arranged properly. The children had asked my help only to spell out the names of certain articles. They had put down their own prices for each of the articles. I found that the prices they had put down were not quite reasonable. I did not discourage them in any way and I let them carry on with their work for the time being. They were extremely proud of their achievement.

On Tuesday many children brought many more articles for their shop. I also joined with them, by bringing all the empty boxes and wrappers I had with me. We went to the Tuck Shop with books and pencils. In consultation with the Tuck Shop men, the children managed to take down the prices of almost all the articles

they had in their shop. I was very grateful to the Tuck Shop men for the co-operation rendered. They had immense patience in answering the innumerable questions asked by twenty-eight children. The children found that they had to do the price labels according to the Tuck Shop rates. Pradeep Sethi, Rajiv Mehra, Sanjiv Stokes, Sajan Kashyap and Ravi Mehra came in the afternoon to set their shop price list right. Rajiv Mehra wrote down the consolidated price list while the others prepared the price labels. I was consulted regarding spelling of articles, the way in which the price was to be written down and also the accurate cost of each article. Each one of them tried to write in large letters "Our Shop", but they were not pleased with their own effort. So they asked for my help and I wrote this for them. By tea time the shop was ready.

When the children came to class on Wednesday, they were very pleased about their own effort. The shop continued to grow as they added on to their stock daily. Pradip Sethi wrote in his letter dated 20-11-'58 as follows, "We have made our own shop. Yesterday we went to the Tuck Shop to get the prices of the things for our shop. Our Madam did not help us. We made it on our own." Rajiv Mehra wrote, "We have made our own shop. On Tuesday we went to the Tuck Shop to write down the prices of things for our shop".

"On Monday we started to make our own shop. We brought many things and took out many things from our Junk Box. Our Madam allowed us to set up our shop on our own. On Tuesday we went to the Tuck Shop and wrote down the prices of things for our shop. We have price labels and a long price list too. Now our shop is ready".

The children were introduced to Rupees and Naya Paisa coins earlier in the year. I found this a very good opportunity to go further. So we started on with simple addition of Rupees and Naya Paisas by making use of "Our Shop" as a very suitable piece of apparatus. They had experience in buying, selling and counting up the money in real coins. They took turns to be the shop keepers and the customers. They prepared bills to receive the exact amount for the articles sold out. They made use of the price labels and the price list to ascertain the cost of each article. On 28-11-'58 Sanjiv Stokes wrote the following in his home letter :—

"On Thursday we were playing in our shop. I was the shopman and a girl was buying things from our shop. Now we know how to make bills for our shop."

Pradip Sethi wrote: "On Thursday we played a game in our shop. Ravi was the shop keeper and I was the boy buying things. We have learnt to make bills for our shop."

The children are learning about Rupees and Naya Paisas through their own activity and experience. They are learning in a very interesting way—through a topic chosen entirely on their own, without any suggestion from the teacher. Once the topic was introduced by the children, the teachers made the best use of it by

correlating Number Work, English, Activity and Hindi to this Centre of Interest. "Experience is the key note of Modern Education". Let our children be given more opportunity to learn through experience and activity.

G. E.

Upper K. G. Class

Strength: 28 (16 boys and 12 girls)

Average Age: 7 Plus

MY BEST FRIENDS

My best friends are Shashi, Ramila, Tapan, Madhu, Anita, and Ambika. We have got hiding places and no one knows about them. One day all of us went for a picnic to Kasauli and we had lots of fun. We bought ice-cream and many other things. Anita, Shashi and Ambika bought sweets. Ramila bought coca-cola. We shared our sweets among ourselves. We have named Anita Yellow Dolly and Shashi Blue Dolly. The name given to me by my friends is Green Dolly.

Kiran

F. I.

MY FRIEND

I like Gautam very much. But he is a naughty boy. His birthday is on October 21st. His father is very kind. He is in Form I. He is not very fair. He is eight years old. He is a good student. His nose is long and pointed. Gautam is a very good runner.

Sarabjit

Form I

MY CLASS

I am in Form I. Anita is the head prefect this week. Ambika is in charge of books for this week. Vindhya House is first and Nilagiri House is second in our class. We have a Nature corner. We have got a wormery. Raghbir is the finest boy in our class. We have a sun clock. We know how to read the time from the clock. We have made a tuck-shop in our class. We buy and and sell things from our tuck shop using real money. We do division sums in our class.

Kiran Mohinder

F. I.

MY CLASS

I am in form one. Our class teacher is Mrs. Thomas. We are twenty-nine children in form one. We have got many charts in our class. We have got a sweet shop. We made the sweets with jaggery and nuts in our class. For our shoe shop we made beautiful shoes with coloured paper. We buy and sell things from the tuck shop in our class with real money. We have got a nature corner in our class. We have got a nest in our nature-corner. We have also a wormery in our class. We grew potatoes in our own garden. We got plenty of them. Then we fried and ate them. They were very tasty. In our class Inter-House Study Competition,

Vindhya House is third and Himalaya House is last. We play number games in our class. We learn lots of things. We have a grand time in our lovely little class.

Daljit Singh R.
F. I.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE WHEN I GROW UP!

When I grow up I will become an engineer and start working in Calcutta. I will build a beautiful house and I will buy a car. Then my brother will also become an engineer and we will live happily together.

Gautam
F. I.

OUR MODEL OF A DAIRY FARM

We made a model of a dairy farm in our class. We made cows with plasticine. We made a house for the farmer. There was also a shed for the cow. There were men milking the cows. You could see men taking the cows to the fields. The fields were green with green grass.

Kulsher A. Singh
Form I

OUR SUN CLOCK

We have made a sun clock in our class. The sun clock can tell us the time only during the day. We marked the time on it. We made the sun clock with white paper, a cotton reel and a rod. The shadow moves round the sun clock. When the shadow is shortest it is noon. In the morning and in the evening the shadow is long.

Jaspal S. R.
Form I

MY HOLIDAYS

I was going in the school party to Calcutta. The day I reached Calcutta it was my Aunty's marriage and I had lots of fun. The next day I went to Monghyr.

There I went to my old school. After a few days, I went back to Calcutta for my medical treatment. After four days I started for Sanawar.

Nila Rudra
8 years

When I got down from the train at Howrah I met my Mummy and Daddy and hired a taxi and went home. After some days I saw a picture named Terpeze. There my Daddy said to go out with him and I visited many places. One day I went to Mummy's office. I went fishing once and when we were coming back it was raining so we got wet. We were going in a taxi. It bumped into another one. I used to fly kites at home. I saw many other pictures. The 7th was my last day at home and I was very sorry to leave my home. I met my friends at Howrah.

Amitabha Paul
9 years. II B.

The train journey with my friends, from Sanawar to Calcutta, was very pleasant. When I reached Howrah Station I was very happy, because I saw my father and mother standing on the platform. When I came down from the platform, my father called a taxi. Then I came to my house, and I saw my brother and my sisters waiting for me at home. I have done all my School work. One day I went to my friend Sudipta's house. I have had a lovely holiday at home.

Shiela Kar
9 years II B.

I went to Bharatpur to see the Jumna flooded. I went to see a picture named War and Peace. I went to see a German circus picture. I used to have a bath in the rain. I saw many tadpoles in a pond. I used to play cricket and soccer. I used to play sticks and stones. I did my work. I played chess.

Ajay Bahadur
8 years 9 months. II B.

I reached Delhi on Sunday. From Delhi I started for Raja-Ka-Sahapur on Monday. It is in the U. P. I learnt the Tabla. I went to Moradabad many times. Moradabad is a city near Raja-Ka-Sahapur. I used to play soccer with my friends. I learned a new game of cards from my father. I learnt skating. On the 8th I had to come back to School. I came to the station before the train came so I had to go back and after a little while I came back to the station and the train had come. Then the train started and I came back to Sanawar.

Rajiv Bali
9 years

We started from here on the 12th of July. The Kanpur party and Lucknow party went together in the same carriage. I am very happy here. I have got a cricket set. Uncle and I played with it every evening. Whatever work my teacher gave me I have done. The work which Madam gave me are English, sums, Hindi. I have read many books in my home. I also read comics there. On the 6th of July was my brother's birthday and we had lots of fun. When I study my eyes pain but still I have to work very hard and show very good marks to my Mum ny and Daddy. My Daddy goes to walk around the Green Park. He takes three or four rounds of it. Some times I also go with my father on a walk. The Green Park is very near our house and we can go walking. I am going back on the 8th of July I have reached here now.

Avinash Kohli
8 years. II B.

I reached home on the 14th of July. When we reached Howrah, my daddy come to meet me. When I went home, I was so happy. I saw my mother and brother and sister and grandmother and my friends. When I reached there in the afternoon I brought a little kitty and I was so happy. In the afternoon I played with my friends. I and my small brother played with my doll. One day I went for a walk I saw some dogs. I had a little sweet friend, she was so kind. One day my brother said, "Give me some sweets." I said, "I have only one sweet". My brother is very sweet he came to Howrah to meet me. When I came back to school, he wanted to come to this school.

Sudipta Dutta
From II B

Founder's Through Form 11 B Eyes

Tuesday 30th September to Wednesday 8th October. On Tuesday it was our dress rehearsal day but only from Lower Four downwards came to see the dress rehearsal for there was no more place for the others. We went to see the Tattoo that evening. The first item was the Mass P. T. Ashok Sehgal was the leader. The second item was the Band. K. M. Singh was the Band leader. The third item was the ground work, it was very funny. The fourth item was the Chair work. After the Chair work there was Horsework. Then there was a garba dance by the senior girls. The last item was the Figure Marching.

On the first of October it was Subhash's birthday and he gave a party. On 2nd October it was Gandhi Jayanti. We went to Barne Hall for Assembly. On the third October it was our Prep school show and many visitors and parents came to see our show. On the 4th of October we went for the March Past and it was a holiday. We went to Barne Hall for Assembly and we also had rough tough fighting after the March Past. On the fifth we had our fête and many boys went home in the evening. On the sixth it was an extra holiday. On the seventh we came back to our school. On the 8th we went to Dharampur and we met our old Matron, Miss Muttu. We came back at three o'clock in the afternoon. After resting we played carrom with madam. We boys are very happy from the third of October because we don't have to go for any rehearsals these days.

Group news by Rajiv Bali, Ashok Sehgal, Inderjit Singh, Sikery, Darshanjit.

II B Age 8 years

OUR FOUNDER'S NEWS

Tuesday 30th September to Wednesday 8th October. 30th. We had our Dress Rehearsal, and Lower Four downwards came to see it. If they would have come on the real day there would have been no place for the visitors and parents. After that we saw the Tattoo Dress Rehearsal. There was the P. T. then the Band followed by the Chair Drill, Groundwork and Horsework then the Garba Dance by the Senior girls, and then the Figure Marching.

1st. We saw the A.D.S. Dress Rehearsal. In this also Lower Four downwards came. We started our Founder's celebration.

2nd. We went for the Gandhi Jayanti Assembly. The Prep School gave a song. The same day we saw the Senior School Dress Rehearsal. There was an English play named "Arms and The Man", then the school choir gave some songs. There was a dance also. The dance song was a Bengali song.

3rd. We went for the March Past practice. We marched in forms but the B. D. boys marched in Houses. There was the N.C.C. parade too. In the evening we had our show and all the parents and visitors and the Chairman of the Board of Governors came to see it. There was a four-act English play named The Fairy Reward and a one-act Hindi play. Then the Prep School choir gave a song followed by a dance and a band named Red Letter Days.

4th. We went for the Founder's Assembly. There the House Prefects took the new House flags. Then we went for the March Past. Then we went to see the B. D. sports. R. Mountford broke four records and Nilagiri House came first amongst the boys. We did not see the A.D.S. show. We were going to have our dinner with the Board of Governors but they did not come, but Peter's grandmother and Monty's grandmother came.

5th was the Fête and we bought lots of toys. Our sweet baskets were sold.

6th was a holiday and many boys went home.

7th We came to school.

8th. We walked down to Dharampore and met our old matron Miss Muthu in the King Edward Sanatorium.

Group news by Amitabha Paul, Sudipta Dutta, Pushpinder Sahi and Ranjit Singh.

8 years II B.

MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend's name is Manju. Her surname is Badhwar. Her name is really Manjula but she hates that name. Whenever we call her Manjula she gets annoyed.

She is not very good in studies. She has got short curly hair. She is not very tall nor very thin. She is in Vindhya House. She hates studies and always comes at the bottom of her class. As for Maths she can't bear the mention of it. Of course she always fails in Maths.

She is not very good in games also. But she likes to play about all the time. She tries hard to do her best whenever she is playing.

Her hobby is pressing leaves and flowers between papers and preserving them. She also collects tiny things which can be used for decoration. She likes butterflies, dogs and kittens. Dogs are her favourite pets. She also likes horse riding.

She is very frightened of ghosts. On Halloween Night she gets very scared and tells us all about the many ghosts she has seen.

I have lots of fun with her. Whenever I am sad or gloomy she cheers me up. Sometimes she loses her temper and we fight with each other. Afterwards we make

up and become friends again. We have been friends for two years and I hope that we will never break off our friendship.

Rehana Khurshid

L-IV

MY HOBBY

I have many hobbies but I like collecting stamps best. I have been collecting stamps for many years but I am still interested in them.

In the beginning I had very few stamps. One of my friends who had been collecting for some years had a number of duplicates. I asked him to give me those duplicates. He kindly did so and thus helped me to begin my collection. Then we went home for our holidays and I purchased some rare stamps. When I came back to school I had a good number of stamps. I began to exchange my stamps with other boys and soon my collection grew into a respectable size.

I like stamps because each stamp looks different and if we look carefully there are many things which we can learn from stamps. They tell us about the famous people of other countries. They tell us also about the different system of coinage.

I have got a very good stamp album. I stick all my stamps in it. I have got about five hundred stamps. But I do not have any Indian stamps because they are very common. I only like collecting stamps of foreign countries. I am not going to give away my collection to anyone. I know how valuable a good stamp collection can be.

Amarsurjit Grewal

L-IV.

A HIKE

One sunny day a few of us decided to go to Monkey Point. We went to our House Master and asked for permission. He gave us a slip which we took to the Steward. The Steward gave us our dry lunch in packets. We put it in a haversack and started off. The morning was quite clear but not very hot. We went down the hill and soon reached a village. Here we asked for some water. After drinking the water we started again. This time we had to climb up a rather steep hill. We climbed steadily without stopping and soon reached the level ground at the foot of Monkey Point. We again rested for a while. After some time we went up the steep path which twists and turns its way to the top of Monkey Point. After an exhausting climb we reached the top. From the top we could see for miles around. On one side we could see the red roof tops of the buildings in Sanawar. On the other side, down below in the plains we could see the railway station at Kalka. Then we sat down to our lunch which consisted of omlette, cutlets, bread and oranges. After finishing the food which we had brought, we took snaps. We also took a group photograph. We rested a while in the shade and then started on our way back. We took a different route this time and came back via Kasauli. When we reached Sanawar in the evening we were really tired out; we had enjoyed the outing.

Suresh Dhir

L-IV

DIWALI

As Diwali is one of our very important Indian festivals, we always have a holiday for it. All is lit up wonderfully with sparkling lights that look like jewels at night. One feels as if one is in the olden times of Ram himself and one's heart is filled with awe.

At about 11.30 a.m. a man comes with his assistants and despatches his goods to the children in School. As the exciting evening advances near, we go to our dormitories to collect all that we have bought and wait for the bugle to go. The younger ones however are so impatient that they begin off their sparklers etc., before the bonfire is lighted. The Headboy and Headgirl light the bonfire. With the whole School assembled on Peacestead there is hardly any place to walk about. As soon as your back is turned, you hear a deafening noise and before you realise what is happening, you hear another and another! Then you see the boys aiming the bombs, (caught in the act!) With those boys about, we girls feel so scared that some of us don't dare to step out of Holiday House.

As night approaches and it gets dark, the bugles go and the boys and girls get ready for the dinner which takes place in the Boy's School, (buffet of course!) After dinner we go back to our dorms and after a most tiring and exciting evening we get into our beds to sleep.

Ayesha Ali Baig

L-IV

"THE MOST IRRESPONSIBLE VITH FORM"

Sons, kinsmen and thanes, and you whose places are the nearest, know that you are going to be introduced to the most irresponsible VI th Form.

From left to right they are: Maharaj Singh, better known as *Maha* the codfish, famed throughout the underworld as a flogger. The chap on his right is Vartak, the local Trabb's boy, born with his stockings down, his collar awry and his hair white; very untidy.

Further down the line is Saxena the genius. Saxy's only fault is that he knows too much.

Next to him is Lorai, alias Count Curly, our nonparticipating athlete. Incidentally, a great favourite with the ladies.

Maninder, our atomic physicist is next to him, while on his right is Khanna, the one and only human fly trap.

Chandru or Ramu, is the man with the infectious grin.

Due east of Chandru is Bedi, the living skeleton, while at an angle of 180° is Ajit Gaekwad. Googly is the laziest hound of us all. He's a naturalist.

Elvis P. Bery comes next. He's the man with a boundless curiosity and a highly flexible tongue. On his right is Kochhar. He's the artist fellow and the gentleman of the class.

Pradhan next to him is the chief worker in our atomic plant. Better stay away from him—he's radioactive.

Further on is Tejpal. Jet is our contribution to the Air Force.

At an acute angle to Tejpal is Seth, the most irresponsible VIth former. A happy go lucky fellow.

Chittarpal, better know as *Bodi*, next to him, looks after our spiritual interests.

Kum Kum and Jasbir (Aunty and Granny) look after our worldly interests.

Taji, further along the line, is the local 'catty' exponent. The bloke next to him—Arjun Singh or Sas, is our euphonium expert.

Hazuria's the chap with his ankle in a bandage. Poor guy—he has it perpetually sprained. Sharma, the next fellow, is the only goalkeeper to make 7 short corners, in 15 minutes.

Ratty, the fellow with the broad forehead, is Einstein the II, brainy and shy as a mouse.

Shyam, on his right, is the local Casanova. A dangerous character.

Maira, further on, is our crooner. He makes the hall rock with his Jailhouse Rock.

Second Row standing: Victor Sood, the only saint. You can practically see the halo around his head.

Next to him is Kapur, the only blonde in our class. On his right is Bhatia, the humorist.

Due west is Malhotra. The N. D. A. is the place for him. Don't know why he's here.

Bal, next, is a Hercules in strength as well as in weakness.

The fellow with the hair style is Puffy Marwaha, noted for his fertile imagination.

Now we come to the girls.

The six footer is Lila Kak, the conspiring Amazon. She dominates the netball field.

The Italian down the line is Nina. Daffy is our Maths and Hindi scholar.

Anjana, next to her is our local nurse. It's wise to make a will before you undergo treatment.

Bringing up the rear are Harinder, our bio-chemist, and Titch the smallest insect on earth.

And we gentlemen (the authors) are pretty, well-bred fellows, squarely and powerfully built, bronzed by the sun and moon (and copper coloured in spots by the effect of the stars) with faces in which honesty, intelligence and exceptional brain power is combined with Christianity, simplicity and modesty. Everyone is fond of us.

AUTHORS:

Deryck R. A. Mountford

8660/18

Sonny Mehta

8660/17

—:0:—

Annual Prizegiving.

Mr. M. J. Graham-Jones presided.

—:0:—

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

| | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|---|
| SIXTH A | ... | ... | { 1st Ashok Sehgal 2nd Arun Nath Maira |
| SIXTH B | ... | ... | { 1st Yogesh Kumar Saxena 2nd Harjit Singh Kochhar |
| UPPER V A | ... | ... | { 1st Indira Sachdev 2nd Roop Narang |
| UPPER V B | ... | ... | { 1st Arun Kapur 2nd Samaresh Mukherji |
| LOWER V A | ... | ... | { 1st S. N. Gupta 2nd Ravi Khanna |
| LOWER V B | ... | ... | { 1st A. S. Poonia 2nd A. N. Dutta |
| UPPER IV A | ... | ... | { 1st Avinash Bahadur 2nd S. K. Gupta |
| UPPER IV B | ... | ... | { 1st D. K. Srivastava 2nd Jai Singh Gill |
| LOWER IV A | ... | ... | { 1st Asha Lata Punja 2nd Bharati Chauhan |
| LOWER IV B | ... | ... | { 1st Arun Kumar Gupta 2nd Rupinder Randhawa |
| UPPER III A | ... | ... | { 1st Anil Mahyera 2nd Asit Choudhary |
| UPPER III B | ... | ... | { 1st Subhash Chandra Kalia 2nd Yudhister Raj Isar |
| LOWER III A | ... | ... | { 1st Debabrata Mitra 2nd Kamal Malhotra |
| LOWER III B | ... | ... | { 1st Nina Sinha 2nd Happy Master |

Prep. School

| | | |
|-------------|-----|--|
| FORM II A | ... | { 1st Sanober Sahni 2nd Anita Babbar |
| FORM II B | ... | { 1st Neela Rudra 2nd Ajai Bahadur |
| FORM I | ... | { 1st Daljit Singh 2nd Kiran Somal |
| UPPER K. G. | ... | { 1st Rajiv Mehra 2nd Tapan Prova Bains |
| LOWER K. G. | ... | { 1st Daljit Singh 2nd Prem Prakash |

Special Prizes

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|--|
| THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR ENGLISH | ... | Arun Maira |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH | ... | { Romola Rani Krishen Krishan Kak |
| THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY | ... | { A. S. Mehta Arvind Sikund |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI | ... | { Y. K. Saxena S. N. Gupta A. K. Gupta |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE | ... | { A. K. Sehgal (Chem) Y. K. Saxena (Physics) A. S. Mehta (Biology) |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY | ... | { H. S. Kochhar Avinash Bahadur |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART | ... | { H. S. Kochhar Basant Usha Katoch Lina Rani Bagchi |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS | ... | { A. N. Dutta Debabrata Mitra |
| SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC | ... | { M. S. Bhagat Kum Kum Batra Sanober Sahni |
| SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK | ... | Asha Nanda |
| SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING | ... | Basant Usha Katoch |
| SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK | ... | Inderpal Singh Bhusri |

Awards

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----|--|
| THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE | ... | Richard Mountford |
| THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE | ... | Nina Dubey |
| PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys | ... | { H. S. Kochhar Shyam Kumar Kak Kuljit Singh Sethi |
| PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls | ... | { Kum Kum Batra Lila Kak Anupma D. Singh |

Trophies

| | | | |
|---|-----|-----|------------|
| THE CARLILL CUP | ... | ... | Sheila Kar |
| STUDY CUP, Prep. | ... | ... | Himalaya |
| STUDY CUP, Girls | ... | ... | Siwalik |
| STUDY CUP, Boys | ... | ... | Vindhya |
| COCK HOUSE, Prep. | ... | ... | Himalaya |
| COCK HOUSE, Girls | ... | ... | Siwalik |
| COCK HOUSE, Boys (The "R. & N." Trophy) | | | Nilagiri |
| THE CARIAPPA SHIELD | ... | ... | Siwalik |

STILLNESS

When the words rustle no more
And everything is done
When the bolt lies deep in the door
And the great Ball of Fire, our Sun
Sinks as if finding asylum on the floor
When all the clocks have beaten their last chime
Silence beats his drum
And the void with its blank expression and her brother Time
Stealthily and slowly come
Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee
And at last to sleep
That hath its own fidelity.

Roop Narang
U-V

Magazine Section

Once upon a time there was a teacher named Mrs. Sarla Devi. She had a daughter and a son. The daughter's name was Amita and the son's name was Ajit. They were very sweet children. One day Amita and Ajit said to their mother, "Can we go to the shop and eat ice cream?"

Mother said, "Yes" So they went out and ate a hundred ice-creams! Then they fell ill and they had to be in bed for many days!

Ambika Devi
Form I

MY OWN STORY

Once upon a time there was a lady, who had a daughter named Sita. Sita was five years old. She was very naughty. She would not listen to her mother.

One day, Sita was very late for school. She reached there during milk-break time! So all the girls and boys began to laugh at her. Sita felt very ashamed of herself.

When Sita went home she told her Mummy, all that happened. Sita began to cry. So Sita's Mummy told her that it would never have happened if she had listened to her. From that day onwards Sita decided to be good and obedient.

Shashi
Form I

Once upon a time there lived a boy named Samay. He was a very naughty disobedient boy. One day he said to his mother, "May I go for a walk to the forest?" His mother said, "Do not go. If you go you may get lost." But Samay would not listen.

He went to the forest. Then he saw a lion and the lion ate him up. Then the lion ran away.

Raghubir
Form I

A TRIP TO THE MOON

We were waiting impatiently in a space ship going to the moon. In it were the captain and the few others in charge of the instruments and myself.

No body knew what we were going to do because if our trip were not a success people would make fun of us. As the signal instruments were not fitted, we went out to enjoy the cool breeze.

When all was ready the pilot said there were 10 seconds left. He continued "9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 and go."

As we went further the earth looked smaller and smaller. Finally it was only a speck.

We were going to the moon to see if anything could live there; and if there were life, what the people looked like, and what the soil was like.

As we got nearer to the moon we opened our oxygen masks to see if there were any oxygen. We found that there was oxygen so we expected that there was life on the moon. When we landed the people of the moon were friendly. They were strange little people with very large eyes and ears and looked very like grasshoppers.

As we had discovered that there was life in the moon we made further discoveries. The soil there was not good for the type of plants one grows on the earth. The precious stones of the moon were valuable and those of the earth were very common on the moon.

As there was very little gravity pull it was very easy to climb the steep mountains, though the people of the moon found it quite difficult.

When we decided to return to the earth we took some of the precious stones with us.

When we returned to the earth a huge crowd was waiting to cheer us. The people had come to know that we had gone to the moon.

Rana Talwar
U III

MY DREAM

There was great excitement in India because the first manned Space ship "The Lightning," was to be launched. I was the captain and pilot of the ship. Others of the crew were Ashwini Randev and Manjit Singh Ghura. Our mission was to find a suitable place between earth and moon for future moon rockets to stop and refuel. But first we were to land on the moon. The reason being that all the unmanned rockets which had been sent up to take pictures had not come back. We were to find out the reason for their not returning. When the time came for us to start there were thousands of people at the air port to cheer us. In an hour's time we were thousands of miles away in space. In twenty four hours we arrived at the moon.

Ashwini was incharge of calculating the course and Manjit recorded the weather, the force of the wind the temperature and sent messages to the earth.

When we landed we found that the gravity pull was very weak on the moon. Soon we found ourselves being chased by moon inhabitants. They were faster than we were and caught us very soon. They told us by signs that they had destroyed all our unmanned rockets, but now wanted to make peace with us. They also told us that they would not destroy any more of our rockets. As a symbol of friendship they

gave us a precious stone not found on earth and we gave them a diamond in return. Some time later we left the moon and found a suitable place for the space station and we returned to earth. On earth we were welcomed by the people. I was asked to make a speech. But suddenly Rajesh Rattan, whose bed is next to mine, woke me and told me that the rouser bell had rung. I got very angry with him for waking me up from my lovely dream. Now whenever I look at the moon I think of my dream and wish it will come true one day.

Ranjit Bhatia
U III

A GHOST

One night when all the lights were put off, I woke up Sunena to come with me to the bathroom. When we were returning we saw a white figure coming towards us. We quickly ran to our beds, then after a while the white figure came towards Sunena's bed. She saw it and screamed. Anupma heard her and came out of her cubicle. When Sunena told her what had happened she did not believe it and she went back to her cubicle. Then the white figure came into Anupma's cubicle. When Anupma saw it she rushed into Miss Jansen's room. After a long time the white figure went away and Anupma came back. In the morning we told our story to the girls but of course the girls did not believe us.

Gurshinder Kaur
U III

MY NARROW ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER

It was a bright moonlight night. My father decided to go on a tiger shoot. I begged my mother to allow me to go but she did not agree but after seeing that I was so keen she gave her consent. I took along my air gun and some slugs and we were ready. My father and my uncle each took a rifle.

We started for the forest at about nine o'clock at night in a jeep. As we neared the forest I heard deep growls. I shivered with fright, but soon I got used to it. We found a suitable tree and I was helped up by my father. We had tied a goat to a tree near by. Everything was quiet, now. Suddenly, we heard a shuffling noise above us. As my uncle looked up he saw a pair of eyes shining above him. My father thought that my uncle was making the shuffling noise and told him to stop it, but my uncle told him to look above him. Looking up I stared into the eyes of a black panther. I was cold with fright and fainted. My father and my uncle both fired at the same time. Their aim was perfect and the panther thudded to the ground. The noise disturbed a tiger which was approaching the goat we had tied below a nearby tree.

Ravi Wadhvani
U-III

AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST

On a winter evening my uncle, Kapoor, (my uncle's friend) and I set out for a forest near the Nilagiri Hills. We got there by six o'clock in the evening. That same night news came from a forest nearby that seven buffaloes and three

farmers had been carried away by a maneating leopard, My uncle, who was very keen on hunting, asked his friend if he would accompany him to kill this maneating leopard. Mr. Kapoor, who was a very good shot, agreed.

The next evening some people were sent to build a *machan* in a suitable place. Mr. Kapoor and my uncle started making preparations for the shoot. They loaded their guns and took some cartridges with them. At about six o' clock in the morning we set out. At a quarter past seven we reached the out-skirts of the forest. There we saw a small straw hut in which a poor old farmer lived who knew us very well. We asked him for a goat and then again set out. The road was too narrow for the jeep so we had to walk. In ten minutes we reached the spot where our *machan* had been built. We quickly tied the goat to a tree which was near our *machan* and got up and waited for the leopard to appear. We waited for an hour and still the leopard did not come. At last at a quarter past nine we saw two eyes shining in the dark; the poor goat bleating and moving about restlessly. Mr. Kapoor picking up his gun switched on the torch and took aim at the leopard. In a few seconds the sound of the bullet could be heard far away in the dark. The shot hit the leopard on one of its legs. It got so angry that it leaped up catching Mr. Kapoor's leg and dragged him down. Mr. Kapoor tried to hang on to the *machan* but the leopard dragged him down. My uncle could not bear to see the sight of his friend being dragged along with a gun in his hand. He was afraid to shoot in case he shot his friend instead of the leopard. He decided to take the risk. Suddenly he heard a shot, some yards ahead. He got down from the *machan* and started walking in the direction from which the shot had come. He had hardly walked a few steps when to his surprise he saw Mr. Kapoor gasping for breath and the maneating leopard lying dead on the ground.

The time now was a quarter to three in the morning. My uncle took Mr. Kapoor to the jeep and rushed to the hospital. Mr. Kapoor's throat was severely cut and he had to be fed by a tube. For three months he was in hospital. Now, when I see the deep scars on his neck I remember the night when he nearly lost his life.

Ashwini Randev

U-III

A DREAM

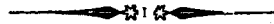
It was raining outside and I was sitting on my bed. I was feeling very bored and sleepy. After a little while I lay down and closed my eyes.

I lay thinking what an interesting experience it would be if I could go to the moon. Suddenly I observed a tiny speck of light outside the window. It grew and

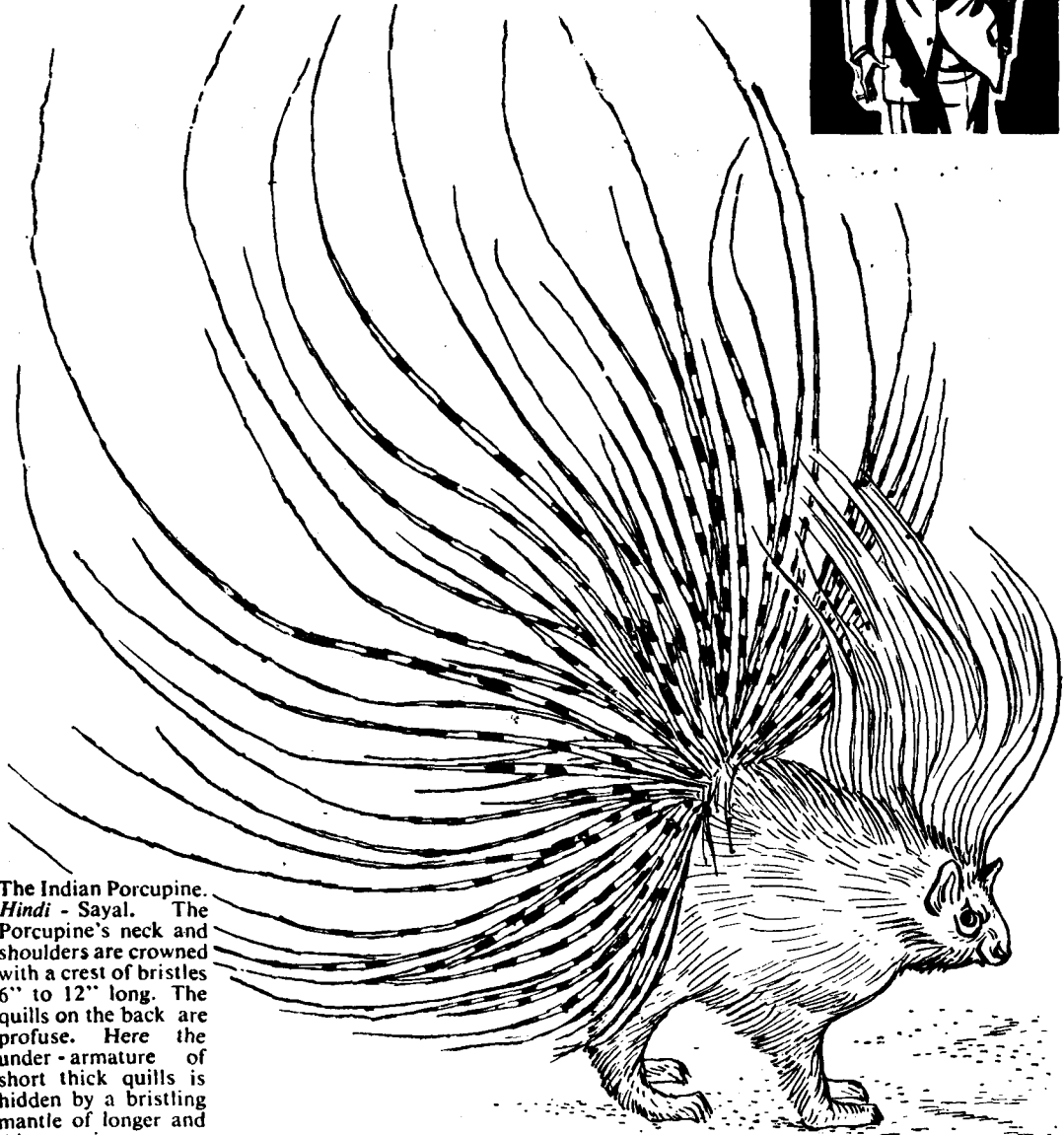
grew. Soon it came through the window. It was a big bubble of light. It burst as it touched the floor and out of it stepped a queer old man with pointed ears. He beckoned me to follow him. He opened the window and I saw steps leading right up to the moon. The steps were made of little pink clouds. I followed the old man up the steps. Soon we reached level land which I took to be the moon. It was very cold there. I began to shiver and asked the old man to take me back. Before I could finish my question he vanished. I was left all by myself and I felt lonely. I decided to go back and started climbing down the steps. While coming down my foot slipped and I fell down and down. I landed with a great thud. Suddenly I woke up to find myself on the floor near the bed.

Rupinder Randhawa

L-IV



WE are told that a porcupine when cornered bristles with rage and launches itself backward with incredible speed. Reminds us of the behaviour of a meek gentleman when someone started a discussion on wardrobes! Luckily there is no need to be touchy if you always choose Binny's cloth; for Binnys give the wearer self-confidence that comes only to persons who know they are supremely well-dressed.



The Indian Porcupine.
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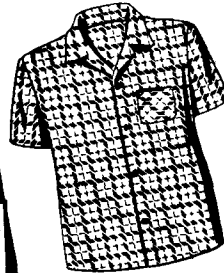
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