

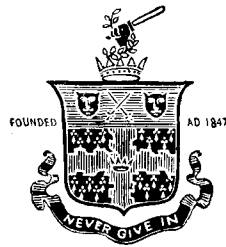
The Sanawarian

December 1965.



The
Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar,
(Simla Hills).

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The Staff



The

Sana warian

December 1965

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

EDITORIAL

Education in one form or another is a very ancient undertaking. Through the ages its different aspects have been emphasized in accordance with the relation these were thought to bear directly on the culture and civilization of the time. Ours is a competitive industrial civilization where successful social and economic survival is of great importance.

Now-a-days the man or woman, who would be anything more than an unskilled labourer, needs more than a good digestive system and good muscles; he needs knowledge and technical skills. Hence, in order to adjust successfully and happily to our modern industrial civilization and culture, the child must learn many things.

Besides more knowledge and better skills, however, modern life and culture are in a way dependent on a complex of social adjustments and responsibilities which requires, more than ever before, a certain emphasis on personality and character. Education, therefore, is at present more important than formerly as a basis of successful adult adjustment for social and economic survival, and the most fundamental and general aim of the schools is considered to be to assist children in making better life adjustments.

For this purpose, though the importance of intellectual training cannot be overemphasized, yet other aspects of education cannot be neglected. From test and experience we know that there is actually very little relation between success in the

classroom and general social adjustment. Some of the most brilliant students are sometimes to be found socially awkward. Social poise and confidence are obtained more from successful experience in social activities than by obtaining high marks in the social sciences.

Normal development and activity requires emotional experience as well as intellectual experience and in order to provide this experience there should be in the school set-up a varied range of opportunities where, under proper supervision and guidance, children are provided with the required environment for emotional and intellectual expression. Only through the proper blending of the two can we hope to obtain a proper field for the training of personality and character.

The training of personality and character is complex and it includes all the characteristics that influence other people. It also involves the organization and integration of these characteristics into a unified whole. Most people, in fact, consider the development of a good personality to be more important than intellectual training. Certainly personality is of the greatest consequence in determining social adjustments and happiness.

From the point of view of the training of the personality we can say that Sanawar is in a privileged position. The fact that the school is equipped with a great variety of hobbies provides ample opportunities for intellectual and emotional expression through the arts, debates, dramatics, music and crafts. And the fact that the school is coeducational makes it possible to have these in an environment where varied opportunities for experience in social as well as emotional training and expression appear natural and in their proper setting. Sanawar, therefore, is able to provide to both boys and girls an invaluable training for better life adjustment and happiness in our highly competitive civilization.

Founder's 1965

Headmaster's Speech

4th October, 1965

May I begin at once by saying how uniquely honoured indeed we are by the presence today at our 118th Founder's of Mrs. Indira Gandhi! I am sure that there is not a single one of us here, and indeed throughout the country, who does not realise how desperately busy she must be helping to make history in the direction of the destinies of our country in its hour of danger, and I really cannot find words with which to thank her.

I trust she will find reflected in our School Concert, in our P. T., in our Arts and Crafts rooms, some measure of the gratitude which we all felt when first she accepted our invitation to Founder's. In fact everything the children have done has been inspired by the hope that they would be rewarded by her presence in Sanawar.

I have gone into past records and find that, though we have prided ourselves on being a co-educational school, never previously have we enjoyed the privilege of being honoured by a lady as our Chief Guest. The fault has obviously been ours, and I am very glad indeed that Mrs. Indira Gandhi has set a precedent which we shall follow in the future. I know that we are guided largely by tradition and it is for this very reason that we are able to adopt something that is good and new.

Now, it is always very difficult for a Headmaster to decide quite what to say. The never varying ritual of Founder's demands an address by the Headmaster, and ritual also requires the reading of a school report. Mercifully, for my audience, in particular for the staff and children who hear one all too often, I shall be brief, and this for two reasons: firstly, our Board of Governors, whose meeting normally coincides with Founder's has been unable to meet, and consequently, you are spared a school report, and consequently, I shall not have to give you the dismal news that our School Certificate results have been good, that three of our young cricketers have been selected by the Northern India Cricket Association for coaching with a view to selection to represent North Zone in the Inter-Zonal Cricket Championship,—and this will certainly put them on the Cricket Map of India,—that last year the School won the Inter-Public School North Zone Athletic Championships, and finally, that the validity of our experiment of doing away altogether with examinations as tests of assimilation, has been accepted by the Education Commission and will find a place among the appendices to its report. My second reason is, and this is much more important, that I am sure you are more anxious to hear your Chief Guest than you are your Headmaster and quite rightly so.

Before I request Mrs. Indira Gandhi to talk to you, I feel it is my duty to answer many unspoken queries which must be in the minds of the many parents who have defied the emergency to be with us today, and those queries must relate to how safe their children are in Sanawar.

That is a question I cannot answer—perhaps Mrs. Indira Gandhi could tell you more about this—, but I can tell you what we have done and the possibilities for which we have prepared. Forgive me for using the royal and Headmaster's "we"; when I say "we" I mean the staff as a team and nothing else.

Firstly, parents have an absolute assurance from us that we shall look after their children to the utmost limit of our capacity so to do.

Secondly, we have practised the children in drills to safeguard them against fire and against an attack by air, whether by day or night and whether they are in their class-rooms, sleeping in their dormitories, or otherwise engaged. Those drills have been practised to such an extent that the children can now be in their allotted positions of safety within a minute to a minute and a half of an alarm being given.

Thirdly, every member of the staff, including the senior members of our class IV staff, have been instructed in the more practical forms of first aid. First aid boxes have been installed wherever they might be needed throughout the School and in all staff quarters. We have also, as you know, our own school hospital. Fire fighting parties and fire fighting equipment have also been arranged. We have also had to consider the remote possibility that it might be necessary, should the situation worsen, to evacuate the children and staff in case of a threat of real danger.

The plan for this evacuation includes the possibility of evacuation along the Kalka-Ambala-Delhi route if public transport is available and if the route is open. It also includes the possibility that this route might not be available to us and that public transport might also not be available. As an alternative we have mapped a route through the hills to Dehra Dun, viz: Dagshai-Kumarhatti-Nahan-Paonta Sahib-Dehra Dun. We have contacted all the important civil officials in this area and also those others in a position to help,—very fortunately the Deputy Commissioner of Nahan was a Cadet in the I. M. A. when I was an instructor there—and we are satisfied that we could trek the distance involved, a little short of a hundred miles, in twelve to fourteen days, walking at a rate to suit the smallest of our children. Supplies and water are adequate, and the Deputy Commissioner at Nahan has volunteered every assistance possible, including the prospect of transport for the very young. We are particularly grateful to Shri Bachan Singh Bala, whose sons have been here and now his grandchildren, who has also offered help with regard to transport.



Founder's Speeches



Introducing the Staff

You will be glad to learn that Mr. J. A. K. Martyn of the Doon School has offered the School refuge and shelter if ever it becomes necessary. This is truly a most generous and wonderful offer of help, particularly when we consider that there are about 550 boys and girls of all ages and about seventy staff with their families to be provided for. I can hardly find words with which to express our deep sense of gratitude to the Doon School. Our relations with the Doon School have always been extremely good, and this more than generous nay princely offer of help will serve to cement further the bonds of friendship between us.

But what has been our greatest strength has been the morale of the children, 40% of whom are children of officers in the Armed Forces, many of them on active service. This attitude has been an inspiration to us all. There have been cases of children who have resolutely refused to leave the School even when their parents have come over long distances away to take them home. Only two parents withdrew their children, and I feel that our children thoroughly deserve the wonderful parents they have.

May I take this opportunity to thank all parents for their exemplary attitude! I realise what it must have cost so many of you to be separated from your dearest ones at a time of emergency and what a degree of agonised appraisal it must have meant for you to accept the fact of separation.

**The Speech Delivered by Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Union
Minister for Information and Broadcasting.**

4th October 1965

Mr. Headmaster, Parents, Students and Staff of Sanawar School.

It always gives me tremendous pleasure to visit any school, especially one that is up in the hills. And so I am very glad that I have been able to come here, and at a moment like this which is rather a difficult moment for our country.

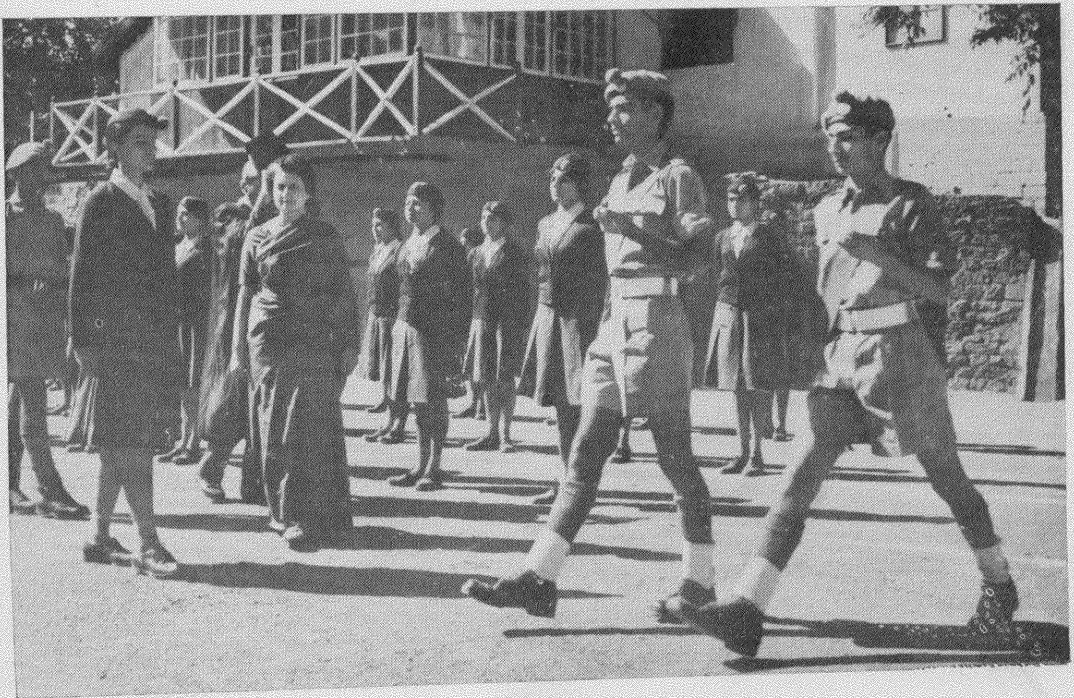
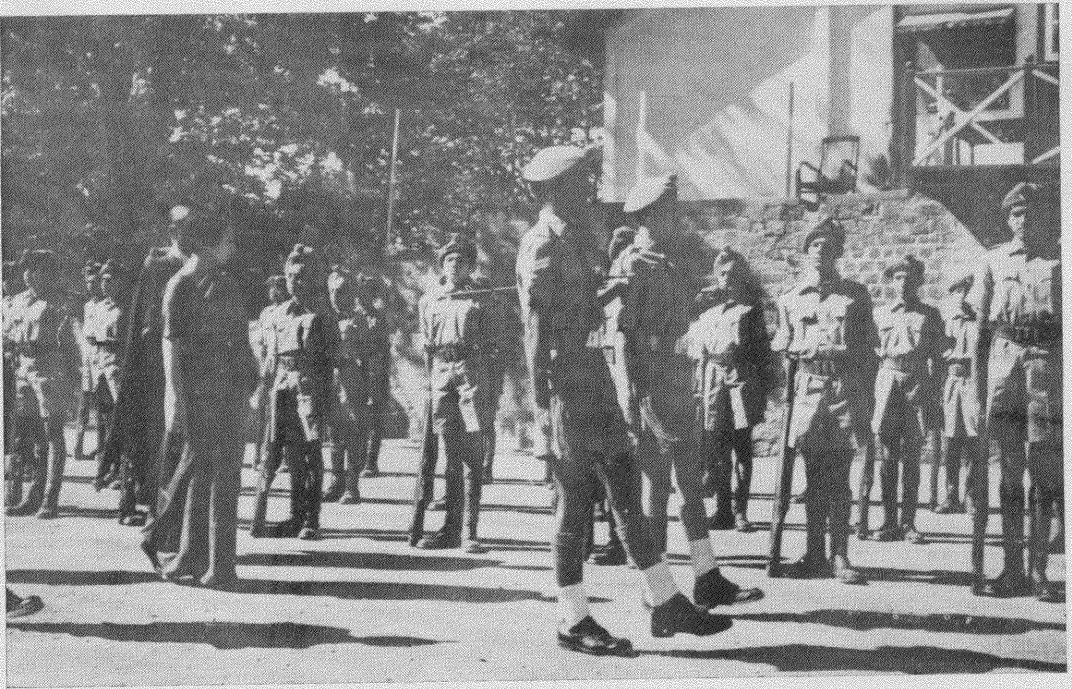
Education in India has always been held in very high esteem. But in earlier times it was reserved for only a few privileged people. Now it has extended to the remotest areas, and it has gone down to all levels. It is also very much more important to us than it used to be, because we are a democracy and a practising democracy, which means that each citizen, each individual, has certain privileges, and he also has certain responsibility, and to discharge his responsibility he has to have knowledge and understanding of problems.

So you come back to the fact that education is a foundation for any individual to become a good citizen. Education is not only what you learn in your class-room, or on the playing-field, or in your arts and crafts section, or even in the companionship of your teachers. It is something more than all of these. It is a training of the mind : to be able to grasp new ideas, to judge people, to adjust to changing situations or conditions, and to learn to gather experience or to gain knowledge from whatever happens and from people you meet; so that it is continuous. It does not finish with school or with college, or even with postgraduate work. It is something that goes on from the day one is born to the day one dies.

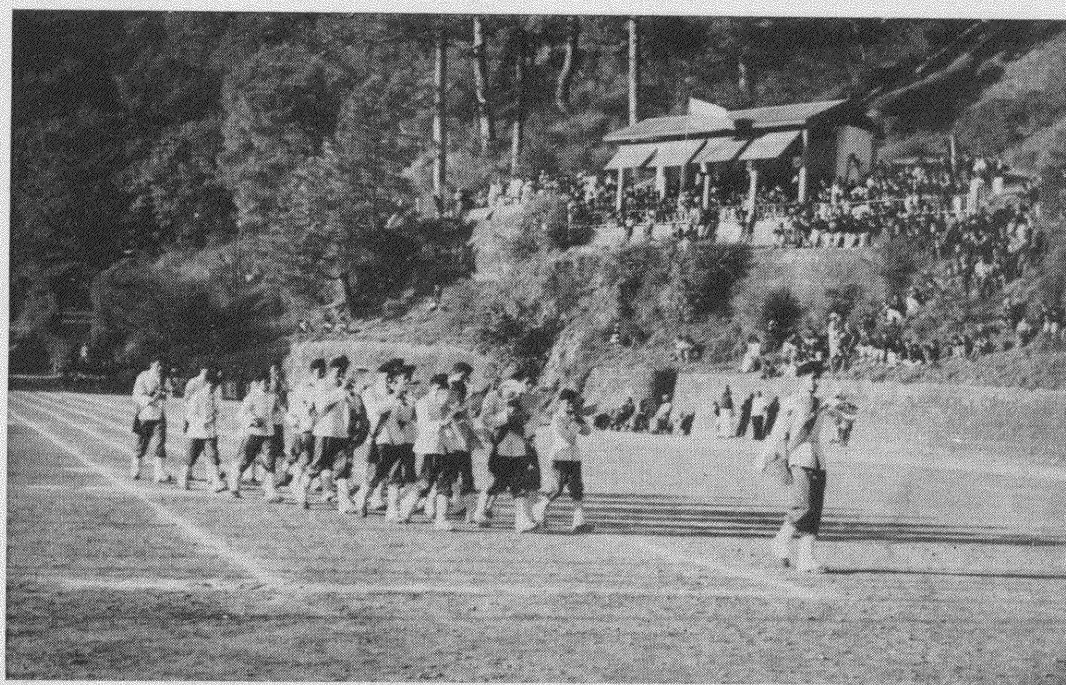
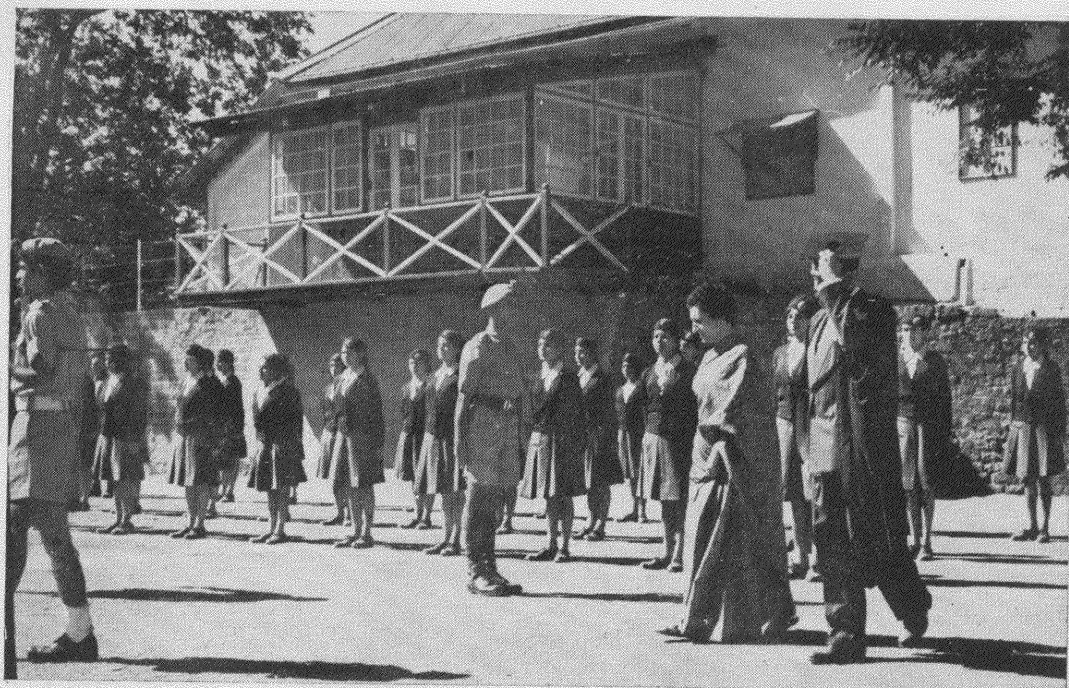
Now, your Headmaster has just pointed out to us how brave the children of the school have been and how well the parents have risen to the occasion. You have all read in the newspaper how very courageously our officers and men have fought on the battle-field. But I can tell you from personal knowledge that courage is not confined to the people or the men of the armed forces; but it is a quality which is shown through all our people.

I have recently toured all the border areas to see how civilians have suffered, the damage that has been done, the number of people lying seriously wounded in hospital, and nowhere, even in these danger areas, did I see any panic. There's only one question, and that is : 'Please tell us what we can do to help.' Now this is a very good spirit, as I am sure you will all agree, and it is one which has given great strength and courage to the entire nation.

Trooping of the colours



Parade Inspection



Beating of the Retreat

All nations and all people face difficulties at one time or another, and it is not important whether you have the difficulties or not. What is important is how you face them and how you overcome them. Some people go under and other people come up on top, and if you are able to come up on top then you are a much better person and a much stronger person. And it is the same with the nation. So that I personally am not worried by these difficulties. Naturally, we would all like to have an easy time or a peaceful time. But if we have to face difficulties, I am glad that we are facing them, as we are, with courage and with unity.

India is a country, as you all know, of many contradictions and contrasts. It really is many countries put together. We have so many languages, so many different customs, religions, ways of thinking, and yet in any crisis we find that everybody comes together, and then there is no question of difference of religion or language. Everybody is just one person, an Indian, and this is something which we have shown in this crisis and also in a previous crisis, and I think that we will come out of these difficulties much stronger and mature than we were before. And in this there is a task for everybody to perform, all civilians whether they are men, women or children.

Now, I was glad to hear from your Headmaster that he has already planned out what steps will be taken in case of any serious emergency arising in this area, because I believe very much in planning. If something is not needed, well, it does not matter; it's just a little bit of waste of effort. But if it does happen, it is much better to be prepared. And this is a period when we all have to prepare ourselves to meet whatever the future brings.

As I was coming along here Major Som Dutt said : " Why don't you talk on the future possibilities or the results of the cease-fire ?" Now, this is one one of the most difficult things to talk about, because nobody knows what is going to happen. The situation is so fluid that all we can say at this point is that we would welcome peace if it comes but we should be ready for anything else that may happen.

Peace is always a good thing, and I think every nation should strive for peace. But at the same time you cannot have peace in disregard of your national interest or your national honour, and this is what this fighting has been about. India's honour, India's integrity, India's unity was attacked. It was not just the question of a part of territory, but these other things which are far more important, and also the principles for which India, as a country, has struggled and has stood. And we are very happy that while we have done well on the battlefield, the people of India have also stood up for those principles.

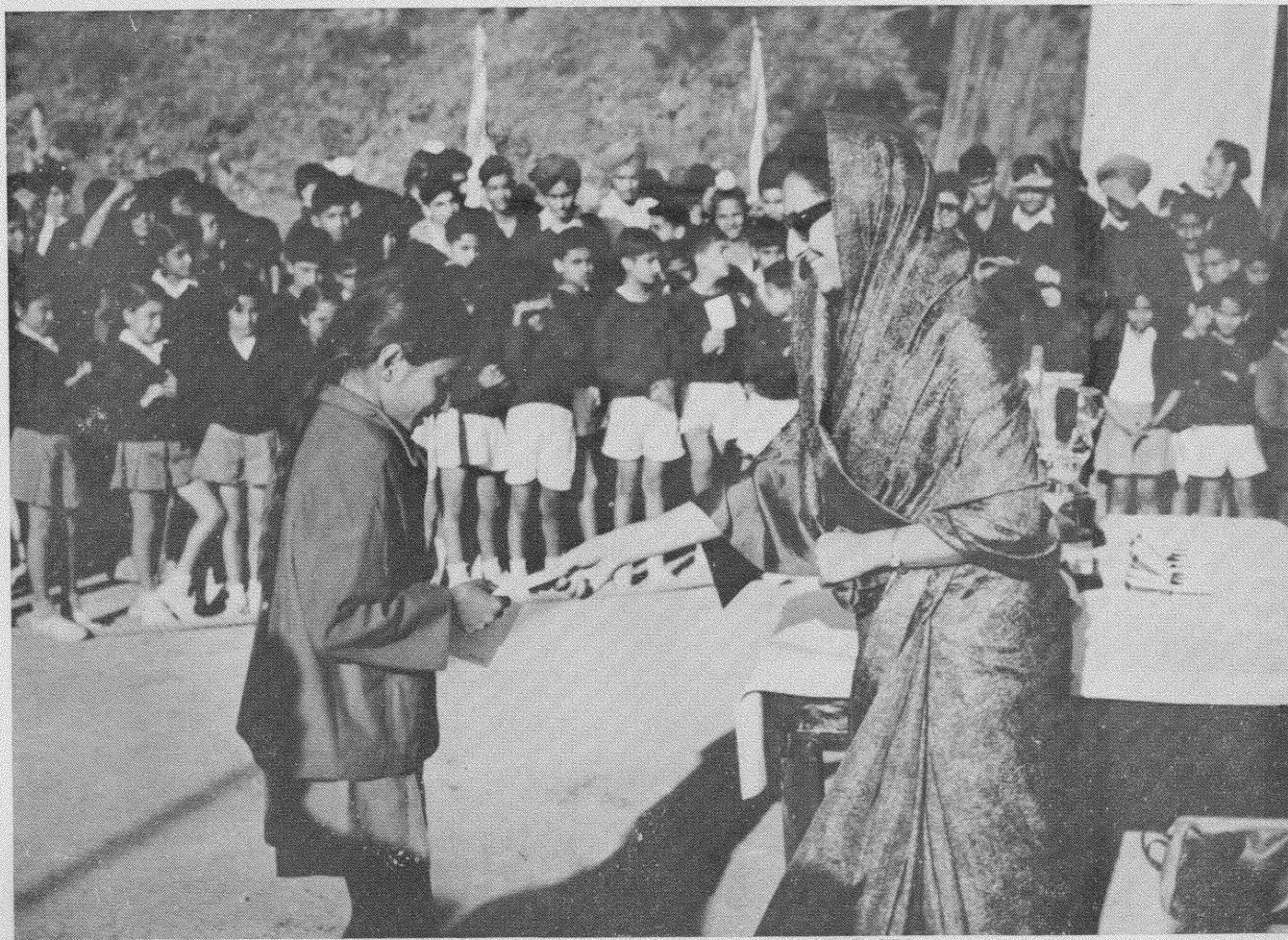
What was the main point in dispute ? It is really that people of different religions cannot live together. This was the basis of the foundation of the state of Pakistan, and in pursuance of that they said that the state of Kashmir should go to

them. But the people of Kashmir decided otherwise; and they didn't decide it today, they decided it way back in 1936 when we first met the leaders of their political party. There was a tremendous effort made for them then to join the Muslim League and later on to join Pakistan. But they were very clear in their minds. They said, "we believe in the social and economic policy pursued by the Indian National Congress Party and by India; we do not want our country's fate to be decided on the basis of religion." This is why they stuck to India and today also in spite of most tremendous propaganda, carried on day and night, they have stood solidly behind this ideal.

It was a curious coincidence, and largely due to my son's love of fishing, that I happened to be in Kashmir when all this began. We went up for just four days' holiday on the 8th of August, which was the day when we had heard the rumour of infiltration. But this was the day when really large numbers of armed infiltrators came across, and it was a very critical time for the valley and, especially, for the city of Srinagar. So, I saw for myself, in spite of this propaganda, how normal life in Srinagar was. Not for one hour did any school close, or any shop or any of the normal places of business or cinemas or anything else; little children were going about perfectly normally, and also people from outside,—there was a large number of tourists followed later on by foreign press correspondents. It did not affect the life of Srinagar at all. This experience has been a difficult one, but also an exhilarating one for our whole country, and I am glad that you have shared in it and that you have played your part in it well.

I think it was Winston Churchill who said that courage is a first quality because all other qualities follow from it. Courage is not only fighting the enemy or dying bravely in battle. It is also to do your work well in spite of obstacles, in spite of temptation, in spite of the desire to do something which is much easier and more pleasant,—that is also courage.

And today in India we need all these different kinds of courage. We need people to go on with the business of the day. I happened to be in England and in London at the worst time of the second World War. I was also, by chance, in Paris, or rather leaving Paris, the day when the major bombing of Britain's civilians took place by German planes, and the one slogan which, I think, saved Britain was the slogan of 'business as usual': to try and continue with normal life in spite of daily raids and bombing, and people dying and other things getting disrupted. So these are the slogans which we must have also: one, to be prepared for whatever comes; and, secondly, to go on with the job, and, in fact, to try and do it much better than one would perhaps have done it in normal times, because just now we cannot afford to waste time or energy or any goods. In fact, one of the very useful tasks, which quite small children did during the war in England, was to gather things. You know



Prizegiving—Athletics

Prep. School Concert



"The King Minds the Baby"



Percussion Band

England, being a small country, gets most of its things from outside. So there was a shortage of everything. There was a shortage of brown paper, of string, of envelopes, every possible thing that you can think of, and each day of the week was set apart for the collection of one thing, (Monday for iron scraps, Tuesday for paper, Wednesday for something else), and bands of boys and girls went from house to house gathering whatever people had. And it was in this small way that the whole nation was harnessed to the war effort. Now, we must also be prepared in all these many ways. We do not know what things will be short, but if they are, we should be prepared. And the other point is that we must be prepared also for tremendous personal hardship. We do not know whether, if the war goes on for a long time, we will have enough food, whether we will have enough cloth, or enough of the other things to which we have been used. So we have to learn to do without or to be resourceful, and find something which can take the place of what we are used to.

But I am sure that the people of India and the people of this School, as they have already shown resourcefulness and courage, will continue to do so whatever the conditions are. Our great poet Tagore has said so aptly : " Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them ". And this is the spirit which we want from the young people of India today. If we can maintain this fearlessness and this courage, then there is no obstacle, there is no strength in the world which can divert us from our stand, from our principles, or from keeping us a united and stable country.

Once again, I want to thank your Headmaster for allowing me to come up here, to witness your excellent parade. I am very sorry that I missed the Tattoo last night. I was looking forward to it, but because of meetings and many other such commitments in Delhi I had to give up this pleasure. But I am glad to come here today and to meet you all, and I wish you all the best of luck and may you all grow up into brave citizens of India and citizens whom the school will be proud to claim as old students.

Thank you.

Prep School Concert

Every Founder's, three items in the field of drama are put by the school. There are concerts put up by the Prep School and the Senior school and a play staged by the Staff. The Prep School Concert is the first to be staged.

As usual, the concert was staged on the third of October. It was a good show judging by appropriate standards.

It began with a Hindi play 'Ek Tha Budha'. The story of the play was a well-known one about an old man who threatened to eat seven fairies. It was well enacted. The stage setting of trees and a well was very realistic.

Then there was the percussion band. Two tunes were played 'On the street where you live' from 'My Fair Lady' and 'Die Hydropaten' by Gung'l. The band played well.

The item which followed took us deep into Fairyland and brought before our eyes, a scene which normally only good children and fortunate elders ever see... namely a dance of fairies and elves. The usually mischievous elfins behaved themselves on this occasion and moved gracefully. Perhaps they did so because they were having a frolic;—the dance's name was 'Elfin Frolic'. When we returned to the grim world of reality, it was with a pang of regret.

The P. D. choir then entertained us with 'Jaya Ho', a song by Tagore. I think it would have pleased Tagore to hear them sing for they sang really well.

Varun Sahni then played a piano piece which he himself had composed. It was greatly appreciated.

Lastly, there was an English play 'The King minds the baby.' The story is about a King who is forced to mind the baby while the Queen and the nurse go visiting. Mindful of the nurse's strict instructions, the King does not go anywhere near the baby and is unaware that the Princess Rosabel has removed the baby from its cot, leaving a stuffed pig in its place. Guests arrive to see the prince, and their horror at seeing the stuffed pig can be imagined. On seeing the pig, the King turns all the colours of the rain-bow. The unhappy King is intensely relieved when the Princess brings in the baby.

The Prep School concert contributed amply to the success of Founder's.

N. Rajan

Senior School Concert



"The Grove Family in Royal Welcome"

Senior School Concert



" Sakuntalam "

The Senior School Concert

The School Concert, which is presented at Founder's every year, gives ample opportunity to parents to see their children on the stage, dancing, playing or acting. This year's concert was no exception. The School Concert was held on the 4th of Oct.

The whole performance consisted of two parts—music and dance in the first half, band and the English play in the second half.

The first two items were musical items. Compositions in Karnatak Raag and in Raag Desh Malhar were rendered by the school orchestra comprised of boys and girls. There were all kinds of instruments—Jaltarang, veena, sitar, seroj and so on.

The third item was a series of dance sequences called Shakuntalam. The dance retold in mimic the story of the play 'Shakuntala' by Kalidas. The dancers were girls exclusively. The Prince, his charioteer, his attendants and the rishis really looked their part. The setting was realistic. I do not know why the orchestra playing the music accompaniment had to be present on the stage in full view of the audience. This rather detracted from the realism otherwise achieved.

A Bharata Natyam item followed this dance which depicted the dance of Lord Nataraja in Chidambaram a well-known Saivita place of pilgrimage. As the Lord dances ecstatically, the world trembles, Adisesha shakes. The Devas struck with admiration sing the Lord's praises. The three dancers danced well.

During the interval that followed the band entertained the visitors. Kiran Kirti, playing his saxophone, was in his old form. The music was so absorbing that the audience was lost in it and complete silence reigned.

The last item was an English play : 'The Grove Family in Royal Welcome.' The action of the play took place in the parlour of the Groves' home in London. The Groves, an ordinary middle class family, had been intimated that the Princess would have tea with them. They hurried to get everything tidied up and to get ready. Unfortunately, they forget that old platitude, 'More haste less speed.' The resulting confusion is easily imaginable. When the Princess entered, she found Dad, (Bob Grove) played by Peter Kemp, still in his underwear for he had lost his trousers, and Lennie, the younger son, with a tin on his head for he couldn't pull it off. It was a really hilarious play and was well enacted.

The school song put an end to the evening entertainment and the visitors sadly departed.

* * * * *

The A. D. S. Play

* * * * *

After days of indecision in staff circles about the fate of the A. D. S. show, there was obvious relief in the school when it was announced that a decision had been reached. This year the play staged was 'Dry Rot', a hilariously entertaining crime episode. I am sure the polish of some more practice would have rendered it dangerous as the audience might have had fits laughing.

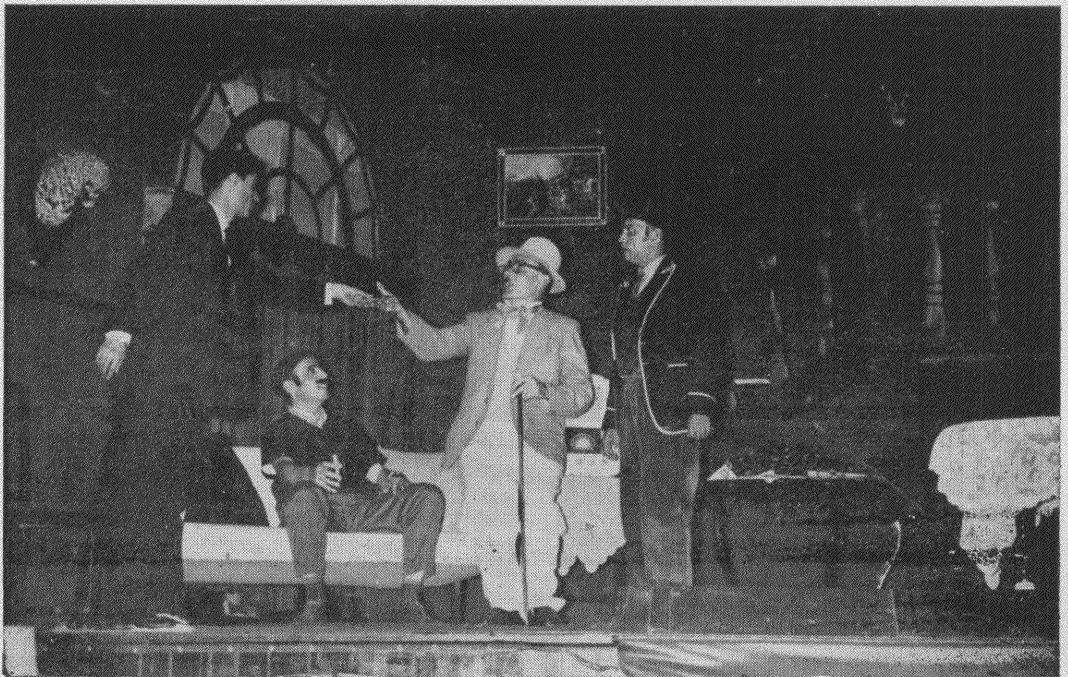
The staff cast hardly changes through the years. The cast required this year was small and except for a few charming additions the veterans were again on the stage. The staff must have missed Mrs. Lyall and Mr. Atwal greatly but they have been lucky to 'discover' Mr. and Mrs. Fusté.

The play centered round a retired army colonel and his family who have bought a house in the country and plan to keep lodgers. The irascible Colonel was well played by Mr. Sikund. He is ably handled by his calm and collected wife, Mrs. Wagstaff. Mrs. Kemp's unperturbed air and confidence showed that she was in familiar waters in this sort of role.

It was indeed unfortunate that the Colonel fell prey to certain unhappy circumstances. Firstly much against his will, he had inherited a half-wit maid, played very ably by Mrs. Fusté. It would be incorrect to say that she was absolutely natural but she certainly appeared calm and confident in her role. The other thing was that the Colonel's first guests were some odd characters like Mr. Kemp (Alfred Tubbe), and Mr. Bhupinder Singh (Fred Phipps), whose role here was that of two crooked bookies trying to switch horses for some big race.

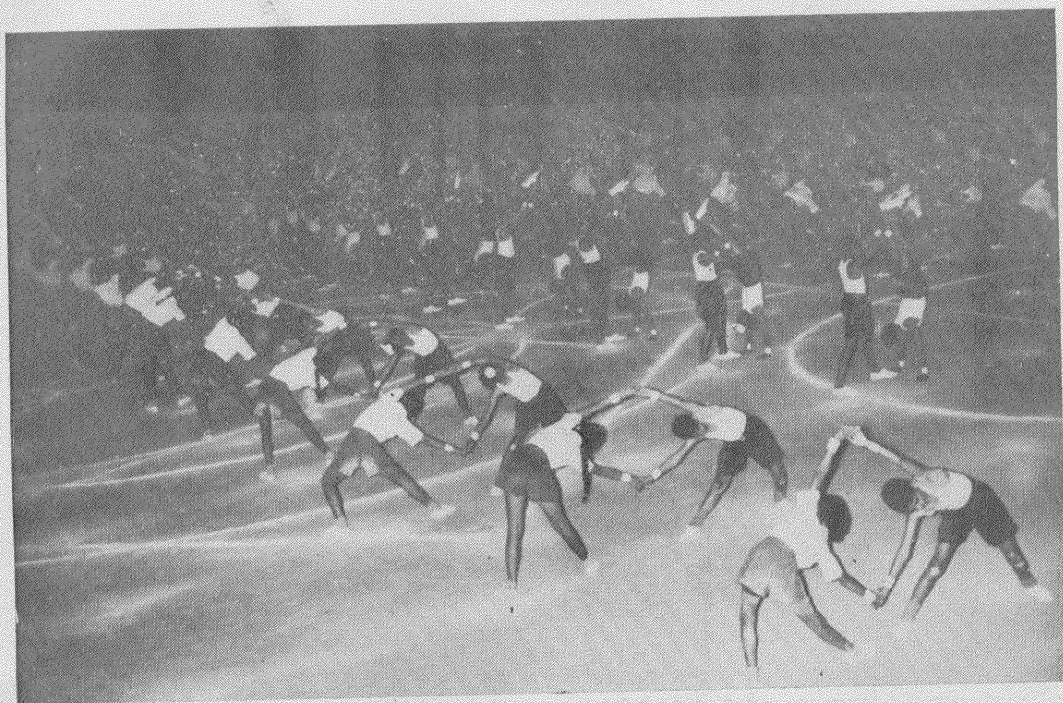
In order to evade the police Alfred Tubbe, (Mr. Kemp) the bookie, posed as a fine gentleman. His elegant flourishes and profuse apologies were quite Victorian. Fred Phipps (Mr. B. Singh) his accomplice was not so adaptable and his inadequacy in filling a gentleman's boots gave him a chance to exhibit his characteristic lost appearance. His antics in trying to act gentleman brought the house down. There was another accomplice, Flash Harry, played by Mr. Sinha. This character looked after the doped horse that they were to substitute for the real one and, since he was supposed to be in hiding, the other two had to smuggle food to him in the middle of the night. These comings and goings made the Colonel suspicious and in the middle of the night he rang for the police. The entire police force consisting of one furious and mean tempered police-woman, Sgt. Fire alias Mrs. Sehgal, arrived at the house. The very sight of her in police-woman's dress laid the house flat with laughter. She proved very capable indeed.

Founder's

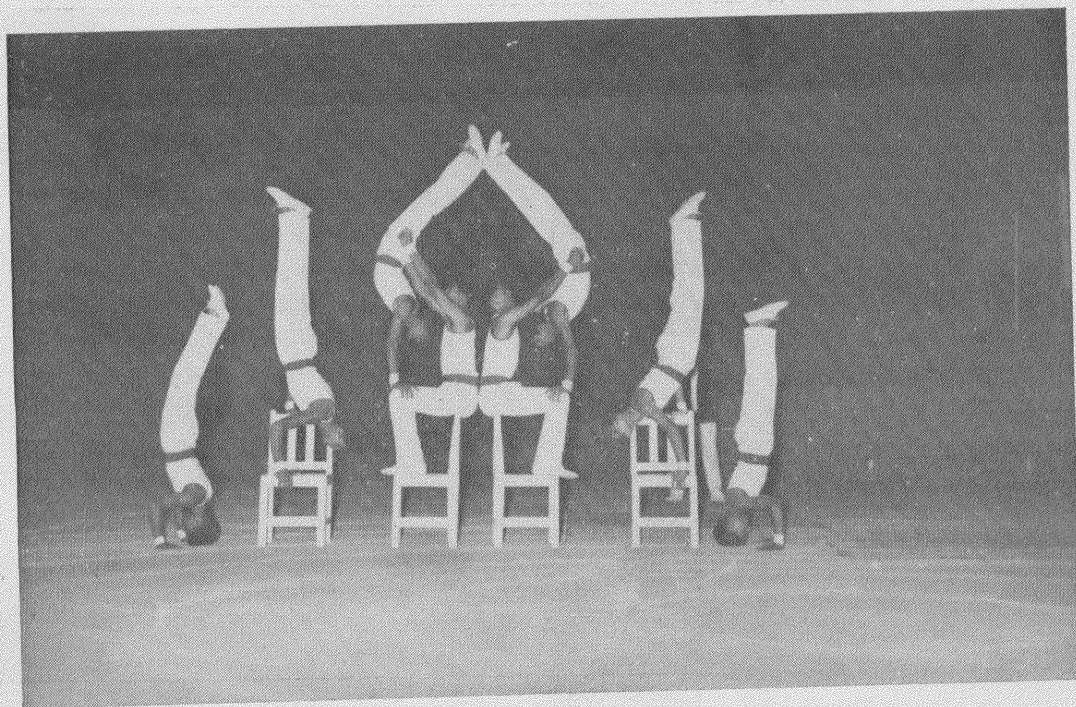


Staff play—Dry rot

Tattoo



P.T.



Chair-work

More complications arose when the French Jockey, Albert Polignac, of the favourite Cardinal, also arrived at the Colonel's motel. He could not grasp a single word of English nor could the Colonel grasp any French. The enraged Colonel Wagstaff was in no mood for the added tribulation, especially when the jockey, characteristically French, proceeded to kiss all and sundry including the Colonel's wife. One can almost picture the resulting encounter. Mr. Fusté played this role superbly. In spite of the fact that I am totally ignorant of French I could make out that he knew what he was talking about.

A change of plan was required when Flash Harry over-doped the horse, Sweet Lavender. After a hurried consultation it was decided to switch the Jockey instead of the horse. As can be guessed, Mr. B. Singh was the choice and, of course, this resulted in many humorous situations. Again, as can be foretold, he went on to win the race instead of losing it.

This was the play in its broadest outline. Throughout its length—two and a half hours—it was filled with amusing incidents which kept the audience laughing.

The romance in the play was furnished by Susan Wagstaff (Andy Kemp) and John Danby (Richard Mountford). Again, I repeat, the play in spite of the lack of time and practice, was very good indeed.

A. Paul.

—:o:—

THE TATOO

Mr. Kemp kept the audience amused and exactly at 7-15 p. m. announced the mass P.T. The lights flooded Peacestead, which was now covered by a jumble of crosses, lines and circles. The lights illumined the ranks of boys and girls flanking the field. The girls were outstanding in red shorts and white blouses, and the boys looked smart in navy blue shorts and vests while white bands securing the wrists enhanced the effect. Numerous whistles from Mr. Jagdish Ram acted as signals and the P. T. which was led by Zafarullah was performed with technique and precision. The tableau was a massive structure with different tiers of boys and girls in various positions. The P.T. ended accompanied by a thunderous applause and semi-darkness due to the moonlight for which Mr. Kemp apologised profusely.

Chair work was scheduled next. White chairs and the white clad boys stood out in the surrounding darkness. Many exercises were performed with grace and dexterity. The parallel bars followed the chair work. Everyone watched breathlessly the daring feats being performed and the item ended with a tremendous ovation from the spectators.

This year there was a new item, Lazium, which had been taught to the boys with infinite care and was well received. The jingling of lazium sticks (surprisingly in tune) and the calling of drums in the background produced a catchy tune. The item ended amidst due applause.

The Ground work team was efficient and kept the audience amused with a number of entertaining exercises performed with great skill. The floodlights came on as suddenly as they were switched off and the "Horse" confronted the audience. The horse work team was excellent all the way through. The manoeuvres looked easy enough till one set out to do them. This team performed these exercises with effortless ease (or so it seemed).

During the horse work performance preparations commenced for the Figure-marching. Torches of red and green, set alternately, gave the impression of a hundred thousand fire-flies on parade. Due to the black-out, practices had been out of the question but the figure marchers did their work with great confidence and one cannot help but say—well done! The last figure made was Jai Hind and with that the evening's programme came to an end.

Pratima Jayaram.

ATHLETICS

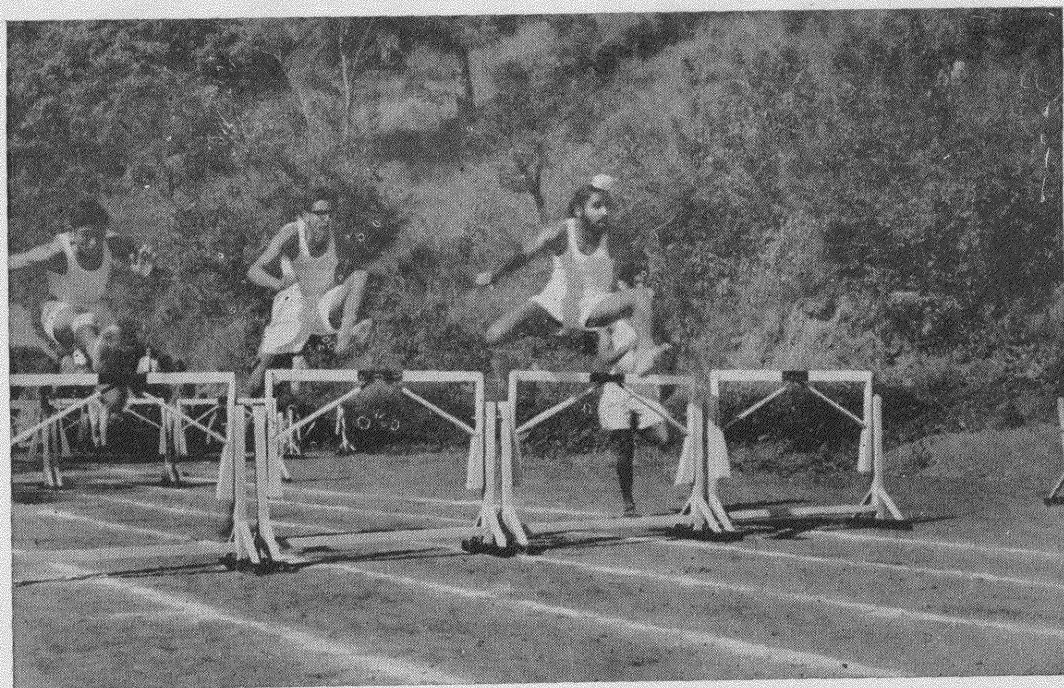
Despite the unusually long and uninterrupted season the overall and individual performances were mediocre. Four records were bettered in all; one each in the Prep and Boys' sections and two in the Girls' section. 'Sprints', continued to be the stumbling block and performances were conspicuously below the mark.

Hop-Step and Jump attracted most participants because the qualifying standards were placed lower intentionally to encourage the event when it was first introduced a few years ago. A raising of the qualifying standard is deemed necessary and will reveal a truer assessment in the field.

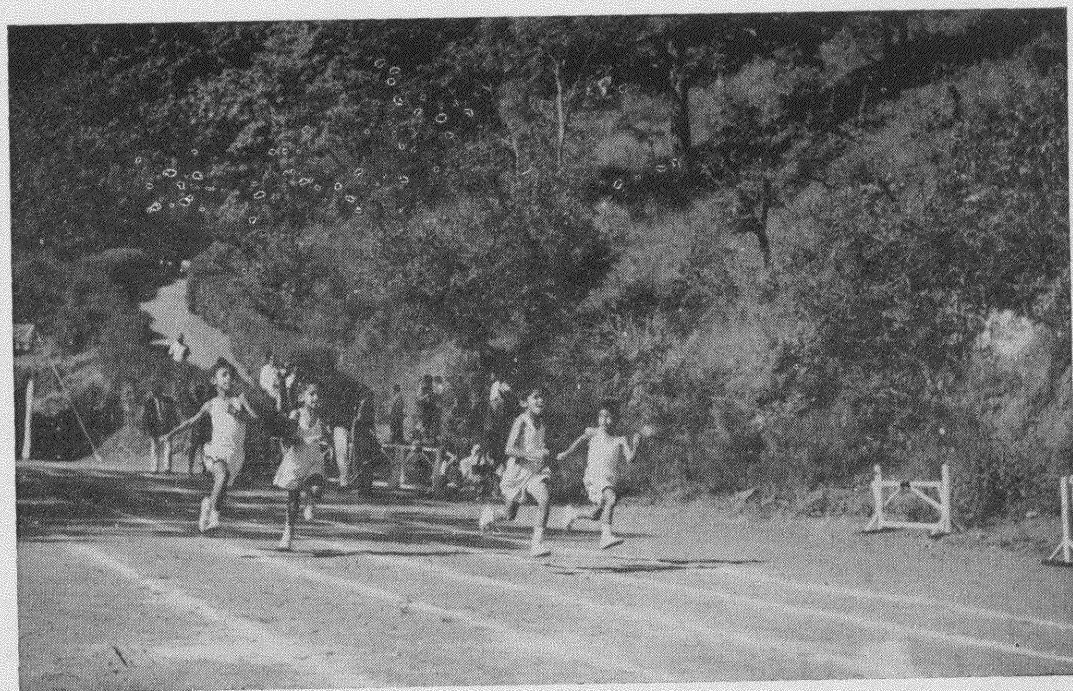
The middle distance runs were fairly popular though the individual attainments were markedly lower than last year. However, the qualifying mark was reached by a comparatively high percentage. Hurdles were generally avoided while Shot put continued to be the favourite pastime of the Opens!

T. Vunglallian was undoubtedly the most outstanding athlete and his record jump of 37 ft. 11½ ins. in the hop-step was very commendable. Special mention must also be made of H. B.S. Pannu who narrowly missed the Open's high jump record of Brisley's (1929) by an inch. His creditable effort of 5 ft. 5½ ins. almost assures him of a position in the Inter-public school meet. Anjana Mehra bettered a long standing record in the 100 metres Opens (GD), beating her illustrious rival, Harpal Kaur Brar. Man Megh set up a new record in the 9 plus clocking 15.5 secs. for the 100 metre sprint.

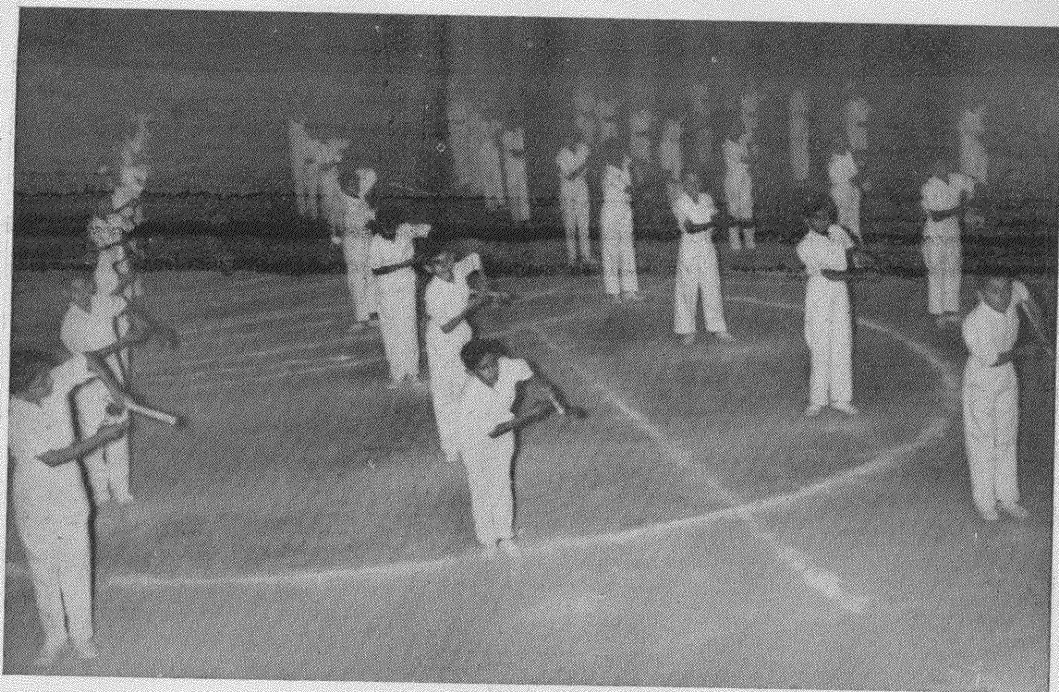
Athletics



Hurdles—Opens



100 metres—Prepers



Lazium



O.S.

The 800 metres Opens ended spectacularly with Dharamvir and Sarvadaman Patel breasting the tape together. Ajai Pal (U-13) failed to break the 200 metre record, which he narrowly missed in the heats owing to little competition.

The relays were more closely contested in the Girls' and Prep sections where the teams were equally matched. Siwalik forged ahead in the Girls' section in both the departments, while Himalaya emerged triumphant in the boys. P. D. Nilagiri had virtually no opposition in the boys' relays and won all but the U-13 relay, in which they were beaten to second place by Vindhya.

The championships in the U-11, U-13, U-15 and Opens were won by the following: (G.D.) Arveen Sawhney, Beneeta Burman, Anita Dass and Anjana Mehra; (B. D.) Jaspal Sandhu, Ajai Pal Singh, T. Vunglallian and Zafarullah Khan who was awarded the Kalinga Cup.

Nilagiri deservedly became the proud possessor of the Cock-house and the Defence cup. Siwalik carried away the trophy in the girls' section by virtue of their one point lead over Nilagiri and the Himalaya flag was hoisted above the others in the Prep section.

D. R. A. Mountford

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

The standard of arts and crafts in our school is progressing each year. This is due to the efforts of our staff; Mr. Wad, Mr. Bhalerao, Mr. Prajapati and Mr. Jagat Ram.

The articles on display in the craft room were very attractive. The standard in this department has gone up since the past year, we are capable of making bedding rolls, statues and many other useful things. A big wall plate executed by Bhupinder Ahluwalia was excellent. Pravin Shah also deserves mention for his contribution in the form of wall plates. A few modern art pieces by Anjana Mehra and Phiroza Satarawala were very beautiful to look at.

In the Art section one saw many beautiful paintings done by youngsters and seniors. Hamir Ratanji's painting was, of course, outstanding. There was also a splendid display of greeting cards, mostly done by the juniors.

In the Carpentry section amongst the various exhibits were lamps, birds and decorative pipes.

The needlework section showed a distinct improvement and a large variety of items were on display. The work done by the girls was neat, the colour schemes really good. It is hoped that this improvement will be kept up.

Prep School work was good judging from appropriate standards. Many new things were made by the little preppers this year.

All those who contributed to the success of the exhibition deserve cogratulations.

Bhopinder Aggarwal

Cultural Section

SIWALIK HOUSE SATURDAY CLUB SHOW

This was the first Saturday Club Show which I have seen in Sanawar and it fully delighted me. I found it excellent and consider all those taking part to have acquitted themselves admirably.

The Siwalik Vadya-Vrind began a composition in Raag Bilawal. The initial similarity to Founder's time was soon dispelled and the little band swung into a cut little tune incorporating much repetition and ascent and descent of the scale. Altogether a very suitable, light piece for the start of the show.

From this we were suddenly jerked into the hard, brash and somewhat superficial realm of western 'sophistication', in a word to 'The Master Key' the English play. This 'detective comedy' was certainly comic but lacked detection. The plot was inane, in fact it was nearly nonexistent. Suspects were not put forward and there was no progression. The plot was simply a device for collecting the right people together in an appropriate situation for effecting some jokes. This it achieved.

The dialogue was somewhat strained and excessive but good lines were abundant. The nonchalant humour attached to Fosdyke was beautifully brought out by Khosla's dead-pan voice. This monotony was a little trying in other parts. However, this did not detract much from this polished performance of an obvious veteran.

I found the Hindi Play 'Vigyapan', a little hard to follow. It provided quite a contrast to the English play. In this the actors seemed more natural in their gestures and more at home in the setting and situations. Rama Kant Raizada shone through the language barrier in the role of Panditji. Judging by the laughter of the audience this play was well appreciated.

The Siwalikan Racketeers were fully up to expectations. K. K. Chauhan played with great virtuosity and physical endurance on the clarinet and saxophone alternately. Tejpal Singh's performance on the mouth organ was excellent. Choosing an instrument requiring less technical skill than Chauhan he was able to project a lot of feeling into his playing and one felt that the music was coming from straight within him. Playing tunes well known to Sanawarians the Racketeers were well appreciated on both of their appearances.

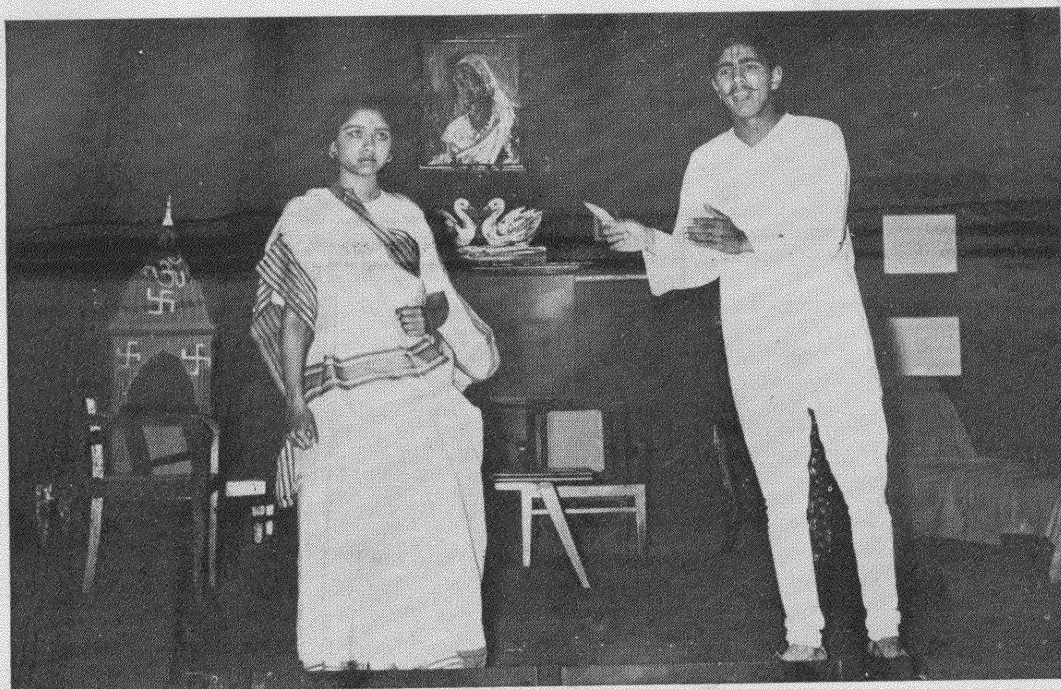
'Vasant Nritya' (a dance based on a song by Tagore) was the most compact entertainment of the evening. In the space of a few minutes it delighted the sight with beautiful costumes and make up, the hearing with music and singing and that intangible sense through which we perceive grace by the movement of the dance. A beautiful dance, elegantly performed by both girls' it proved a delightful item.

Siwalik House Show



The Singing Maid

Vindhya House Show



"Kale Kauwe Goray Hans"



Orissa Dance

The concluding piece of the show was 'The Singing Maid'—a romantic comedy in the Chinese manner. This was the most controversial item of the Club. Personally, I really enjoyed the play. Again the plot was inconsequential. The scenery and costumes were impressive and quite professional.

The play contained some very funny lines and also some shocking jokes. At times the symbolism got a little too tedious for some of the audience but I am sure the Preppers must have enjoyed it. All acted well in a very pleasing performance.

A wonderful evening's entertainment and a credit to Siwalik.

T.P. Burns

VINDHYA HOUSE SATURDAY CLUB SHOW

The Vindhya House show was held on Thursday the 29th April. It was an excellent and polished performance which packed much entertainment into a short time.

The first item presented was an Orissa dance by senior boys and girls. The boys' movements, though executed with drill-like precision were not what could be called 'dancing.' The girls, however, were an able compromise and together with the melodious chant of the backstage singers, the item proved to be entertaining.

Like in the last few years, the audience was anticipating a good Hindi play from Vindhya House. "**Kale Kauve Gaure Hans**" did not come up to their expectations. Yet Jasbir Marwaha proved to be a success and, in spite of his inexperience, he played his role like a veteran. The play was a piece of light comedy with a moralistic background. It was a satire on an average, almost illiterate, Indian family. The dialogue had many amusing punch lines. Virender Singh also deserves credit for his performance.

"Dances from here and there" was an item appropriately chosen for a short variety show. It provided fleeting moments of good entertainment and added colour to the show.

The next item was a musical entertainment from the Vindhyan "Stargazers." They provided lively music. Amar Talwar played the saxophone with great versatility and Ashok Saxena handled the trumpet well.

"Open Your Eyes" was an eye-opener and by far the best item in the evening's programme. The play aimed at something more than just slapstick humour and was well appreciated. Amar Talwar played the role of a mild-mannered, once henpecked, husband, now having a taste of freedom and enjoying it. Phiroza Satarawala, an obvious veteran, carried herself with aplomb, while Rakesh Sood, Pratima Jayaram and Mala Khanna deserve mention for their creditable performance.

The Vindhyan should be congratulated for their apt choice and variety of items for their Saturday Club Show.

A. Paul

Prep School Concert

The Prep School Concert was shown on the 15th of May. The concert was made up of seven items and was a success with the visitors and the children of the school.

The first item whisked one back to Fairyland to the good old days of witches and wizards when all one had to do to build a castle was to wave a wand. The story was about a girl, whom a witch had imprisoned in a castle, and a boy, who with the help of a wizard, rescued her. The bout between the wizard and the witch was most interesting. This item was performed by the K. G.'s and they are to be congratulated on their good performance. Then there was the usual percussion band which this year played two tunes 'Tesoro Mio' and 'Moonlight and Roses' with credit.

The third item was a One act English play, 'The King and the Jester.' The play was amusing and the part of Jester was played admirably by Pankaj Srivastava.

Following this item was a piano piece played by Varun Sahni, who at this age shows a lot of talent in this field.

Then there was a dance called "Pamal Kolattam." There were eight girls dancing. They held in their hands coloured tapes which were attached to the ceiling. The dancers moved gracefully and the intermingling of the various colours of the costumes had the desired effect.

The Prep School Choir then appeared on the stage and sang धन्नो धान्नो पुष्पे भरा' competently.

The last item was a one act play in Hindi called 'हमारी दावत'. This play had a large cast and it was about two children who feasted their friends in the absence of their parents. The feast was just under way when the Ghanchaker, a gate crasher, was heard coming. The whole party dived under the bed. Ghanchaker came in and sat himself down on the bed, when the bed suddenly seemed to tilt, Ghanchaker suddenly jumped out of his skin with fright and charged out of the room. The feast was resumed but was brought to an untimely end by the arrival of the parents; an amusing play and well acted.

I would like to congratulate all connected with the production of such a fine variety of items, well done !

N. Rajan

HIMALAYA HOUSE SATURDAY CLUB SHOW

The Himalaya House Saturday Club Show was staged on Saturday the 5th June. The Show was rather long but it did keep the audience interested most of the time. The Show provided a variety of items and in my opinion it was excellent indeed.

The first item from the Himalayan magician's (Sunita Oberoi) bag of tricks, as they chose to term it, was a dance " Krishan Leela " by three senior girls;—Gita Kumar as Sakhi, Chitra as Radha and Anita Thomas as Krishan. All the dancers were experienced and the item was gracefully executed. Anita Thomas deserves special mention for her role as Krishan, her gestures (mischievous looks) were very appropriate.

Next from the hat emerged " Craving " a short English play in four scenes. It attracted interest as it detracted from the drawing room type of plays which are usual on the Sanawarian stage. Some of the P. O. Ws., were inaudible. One can hardly pen this item without putting in a word or two about the excellent acting of G. S. Cheema. It is indeed a pity that sikh boys are generally not selected for the English play due to their long hair and as such quite some talent remains unexplored. Cheema played the part of a P. O. W. craving for a cigarette excellently and left an impressive mark on the mind.

Anirudha Moitra recited a poem which to my mind was very amusing and this was confirmed by the applause he received. His make up (flowing beard) and costume enhanced the effect.

The " Mehfil-i-Qawali " presented " Ikla-faz-i-Muhabat Ka." This is a characteristic Himalayan item and set every body in the mood with the candlelight setting and glittering costumes. The girls' singing was good and H.S. Sawhney stood out amongst a crowd of male singers.

बुरे फंसे हीरो बनकर was a Hindi play chosen for its audience appeal. This purpose it served well indeed as the audience was kept in perpetual laughter. But it was so supersaturated with slap-stick quips that the theme was non-existent and the aim of the play failed to diffuse through. Arun Rattan played his role with confidence and Anita Babar gave able support. Popular tunes by the Himalayan musicians entertained the audience next. Lalita Gauri is to be congratulated for her polished performance on the Veena.

The passing of the time was only brought into focus by the " Dance of the Hours ", a lively dance well executed by the youngsters.

After a few pop-songs by G. S. Cheema we came to the last item from the magician's waning power, " Keep Calm ", a comedy based on the theme of a humorous mix up. Ajai Bahadur brought out the irony of his character well. Kanwal Dhillon and Deepali Sharma played the roles of handy-women to the life. Anita Thomas and Rajan Bhatia also deserve mention.

The entire show was lively, entertaining, and above all creative, and left an impressive mark on the mind. Well done Himalaya !

A. Paul

THE NILAGIRI HOUSE SATURDAY CLUB SHOW

The Nilagiri House Show was the last house show of this year. It was presented on the first of July, a Thursday. I found the show excellent and consider all those who took part in it to have acquitted themselves admirably. The seven items offered ample variety.

The first item was a 'Bihu Dance of Assam.' The dancers were dressed in Naga-like costumes and danced to the beat of drums and tape recorded music. The cadence was slow but graceful and rhythmic.

Then there was a one-act Hindi play called "Sandwich." An employee, having invited his pseudo-western boss for tea, tells his wife to prepare sandwiches. His wife, however, had never seen a sandwich and thought it consisted of sand placed between two slices of bread. The hilarious outcome of the tea party is easily imagined. The shadow effect of the wife (Veena Rani) working in the kitchen was effective. Subhash Sahni as the employee and Vijay Singh as the boss deserve special mention for their performance.

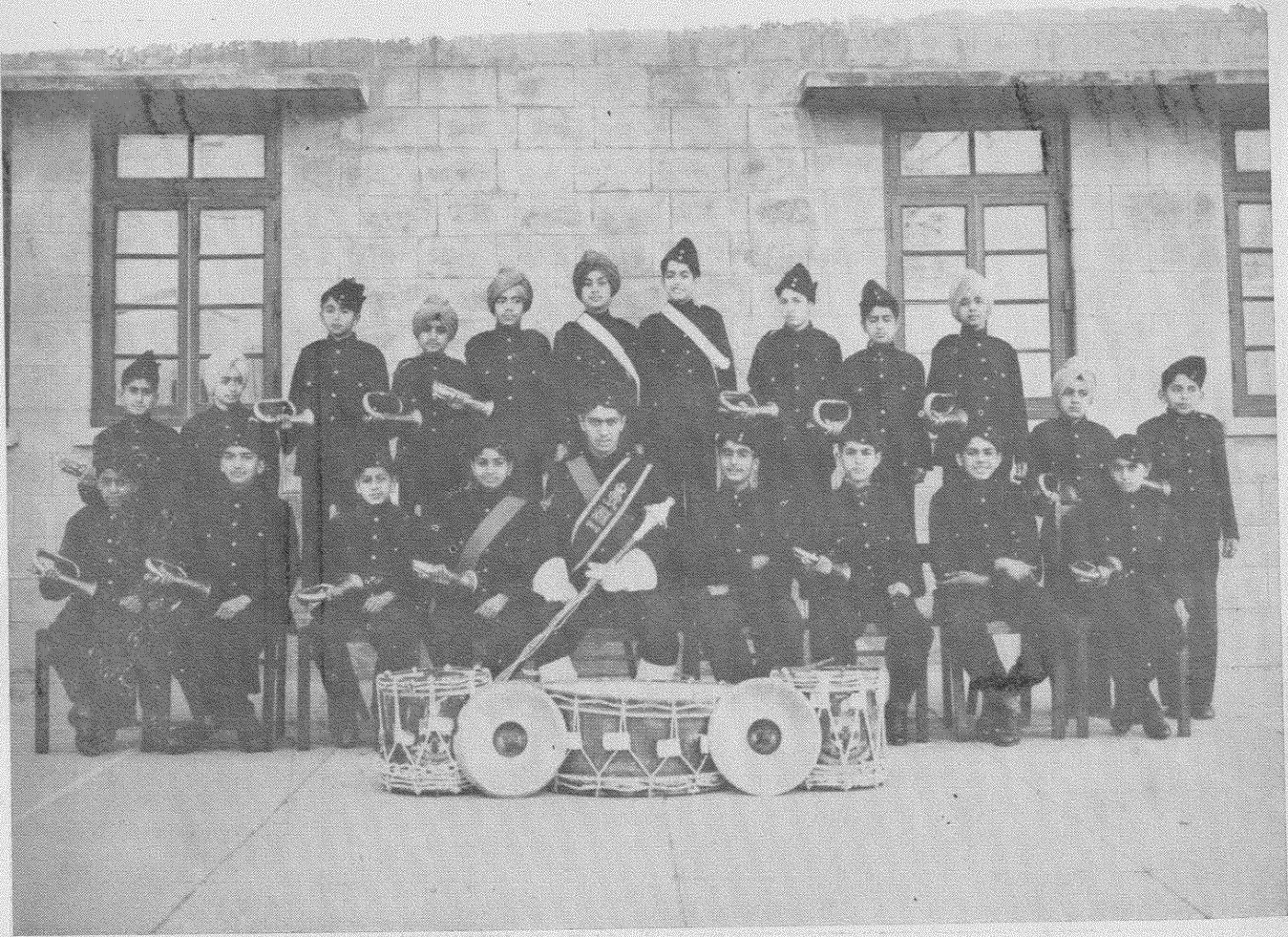
The third item was an American dance 'Virginia Reel' by the junior boys and girls. The dancers moved gracefully to the music.

After the 'Out Laws' (The House Band), had played some entertaining tunes we came to the English play. This one was a comedy, 'The Rational Princess.' This was rather a republican play as it depicted kings and queens as irrational. But the princess here was rational and this caused the king and queen great sorrow and embarrassment. The dialogue in the play was excessive but good lines were abundant. All the actors played their parts well. Peter Kemp as Prince Timonel portrayed the part of a professor of absurdity, 'the prizeman of intelligent nonsense.' He drew repeated applause from the audience for his polished performance. Others who deserve mention are Sonali Moitra, as the Rational Princess and Pushplata as Princess Alladine.

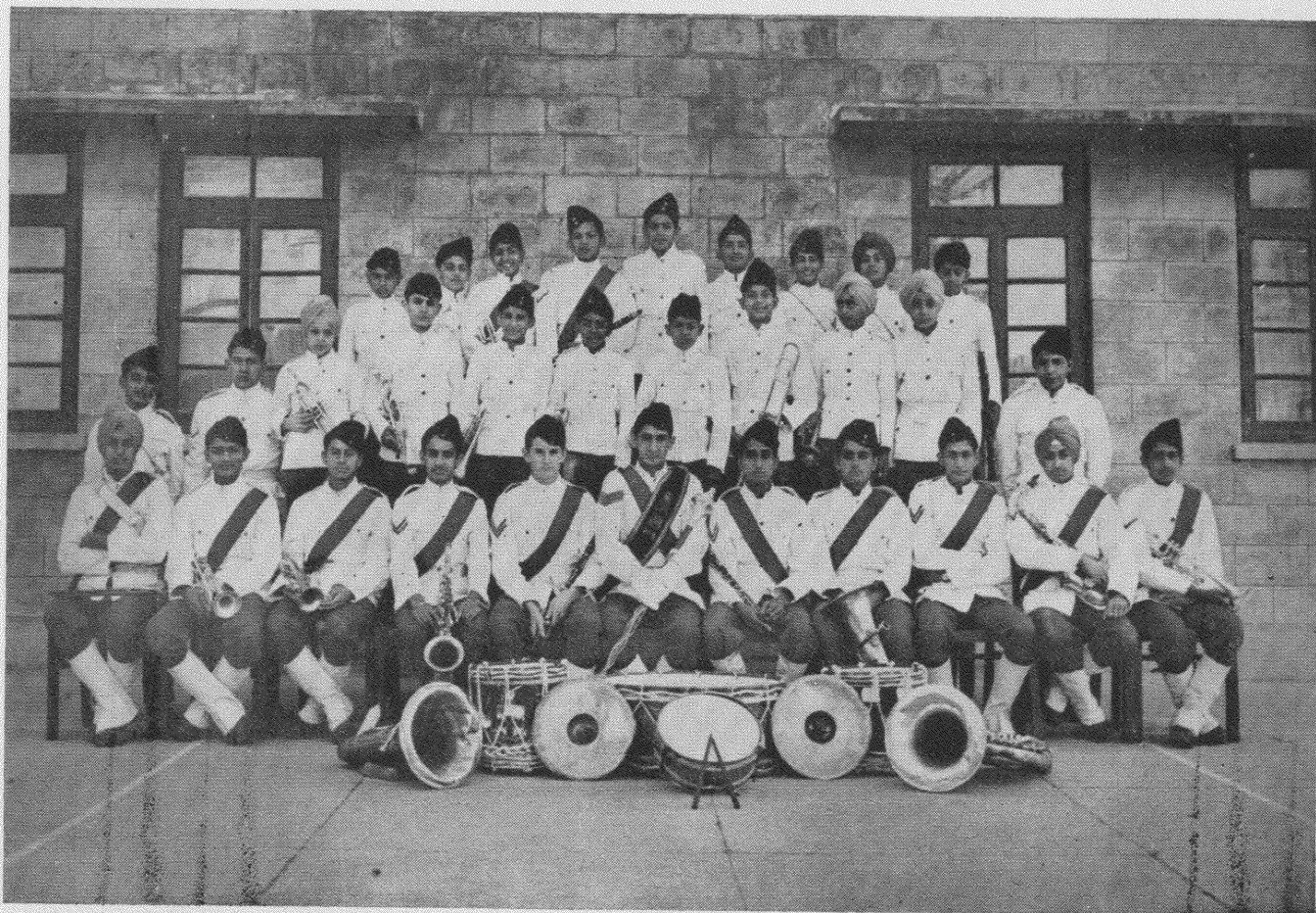
The 'Out Laws' took the stage again and played three more tunes, commendably.

The last item of the evening was another Hindi Play, 'Lamp aur Chandni.' This was a serious play and, it seemed to me, the best item of the evening's performance. The play had substance, was full of overtones, was well set and well acted. The scene was set by the road side on a moonlit night in winter. Amitabha Paul and Promod Bhatia looked as though they were really drunk. Rajiv Bali as the beggar and Raman Sabharwal as 'Munnu' were very realistic and gave a polished performance.

N. Rajan



Bugle Band



Brass Band

Music Recital

At the music recital I once again found myself thinking how man had sacrificed his 'spiritual being' for petty materialism and plunged himself in an abysmal gloom of avarice, hatred and misery. In a world torn by uncertainty fear, and divided by belief and conviction only the spirit of man can lead the way to salvation. Nowhere is the spirit more freely and truly expressed than in his works of art and music. If any needed evidence of this it was present amidst the children who sang Bengali compositions and played Karnatak music with a sincerity that was uncoloured by any provincial consciousness and would disarm the severest critics of Public Schools.

The finer points of the reproductions were denied to me by my own limitation but it was an occasion where all could be acquainted with their own national culture and heritage which one has so sadly neglected.

The first quarter of the music recital was devoted to Indian music, both vocal and instrumental. There were 'raags' composed by such immortal musicians as Main Tansen, and rendered effectively by the senior girls, choir in 'Dhrupad' style which reached the climax under the patronage of the catholic spirit of the great Mughal Akbar. The violin and flute recitals, accompanied by percussion instruments were a commendable effort. The sweet melody of Bengali music was captured in the rendering of 'Tomar Halo Suru', composed by Tagore. Lalita's veena solo was played with confidence and maturity, while the sitar recital by Chitra Nila and Sunita was greatly appreciated. The nursery songs by the Prep K. G. Choir were pleasant and the Bengali patriotic songs by Form II were sung with enthusiasm.

The hall was then filled with the rhythm and melody of western music, revealing an unrestricted blending of different cultures;-a great tribute to the spirit of man.

D. R. A. Mountford

A 'CEILIDH'

A group of Commonwealth students came in buses from England to India across Europe and Asia. These students are trying to revive the late Pandit Nehru's idea of a Commonwealth youth festival. The Scottish group of this party came to visit Sanawar. Among them was Mr. Duncan Mathew who had previously served a term as V. S. O. with us.

On the evening of Sunday the 19th September, these students entertained the school with a 'Ceilidh'; a spontaneous performance which is similar to our campfires.

These students showed that they were well informed about their culture. They entertained us with some folk-dances, which were enjoyed very much by the whole school, especially because they were danced to a lilting melody played on the famous bagpipes of Scotland. Their interesting folk-songs also included 'Three Crows', which was very enjoyable to hear in the truly Scottish accent. The audience enjoyed Robert Burns' "Little Hoggie", animated by one of the girls of the group.

During the short period of twenty minutes they kept us engrossed, entertained and amused. The school was sorry that they could not entertain us for a longer time. This programme was interrupted by an air raid warning, much to the excitement of the boys and dismay of the girls.

The school girls, in their turn, entertained the visitors with a classical and a folk-dance. The three classical dancers synchronised their movements well and were very graceful indeed. I am sure they left a vivid mark on the memory of the visitors. The folk-dance from Punjab too must have left its mark. Unfortunately the visitors could not understand the patriotic wordings of the song which suited the present conditions of our country.

Rakesh Sood

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A TRIP TO CHANDIGARH

On the sixth of November, a batch of boys and girls, chosen for having done some work in the arts and crafts section were taken on a tour of Chandigarh.

Our first stop in Chandigarh was at the Bharat Girls Guides institution where we were most hospitably welcomed and treated to a sumptuous tea. The weather was almost intolerably hot, or so it seemed to us.

After a short rest, we were taken to see the art college in the University. We were conducted around the college by its principal, Mr. Sircar, who is an excellent artist himself. First of all, he took us to his office, where there were many paintings, carvings and pieces of metal-work, all done by him.

We then slowly moved to the commercial art section, where budding artists turn out posters and advertisements. We lingered there for sometime watching the artists do their work and admiring their skill.

Then we entered a room where some students were painting portraits. The model was an exserviceman who sat as immobile as though he were carved out of stone. We did not, however, envy him or want to be in his shoes.

Adjoining the art college was an art museum, reputedly one of the best in India. There were innumerable paintings and sculptures in all possible styles, so that I was amazed. Some of the sculptures dated back to a couple of centuries B. C.

Next in line was the women's polytechnic which has been recently established. For such young institution, it was well-developed and its laboratories had plenty of modern apparatus. In the art and crafts section we were shown how to paint with a blade.

We then had a sumptuous lunch at the Chief Minister's house.

The boys were then taken to see the Industrial Trade Institute which turns out fitters, mechanics and plumbers. Sixty percent of trainees are trained free of charge. The lathes and machines come from all parts of India and some had been imported. The minimum qualification for a trainee is matriculation.

After having had tea with the Governor, we returned to Sanawar.

N. Rajan

Boys School Notes

HIMALAYA HOUSE

Housemaster (Seniors)	Mr. Bhupinder Singh
Housemaster (Juniors)	Mr. A. Bhalerao
House Tutors	Dr. D. C. Gupta Mr. J. Fusté
House Matron	Mrs. W. Phillips
School Prefect	A. D. S. Somal
House Prefects	R. S. Virk R. Bhatia N. K. Acharya M. M. Sinha
M. I. Prefect	A. Bahadur

The year began with unfamiliar faces amongst the old familiar ones. New names were added to the House list;—names which would prove themselves as the years rolled by.

Although the House did not do very well in the Hodson Run competition, some of the individual results were quite good. G.S. Cheema came first in the under 15s group and A. Sobti came second in under 11s, with H. Yadav in the third position.

Next came the Boxing tournament and it seemed that Himalaya would bag the coveted cup. Budding fighters like Sukhwant Singh and B. N. Kaul were observed amongst the youngsters. Then some of the main fighters were laid down with measles and the cup slipped out of the Himalayan grasp. A Bahadur, M. M. Sinha and B. N. Kaul got their boxing colours for having won their weights and A. P. S. Somal was adjudged to be the "Best Boxer" of the year.

The cricket season followed and in the House matches we did not do very well. Bahadur and H. S. Sawhney were amongst those in the School Cricket XI.

The House show with its characteristic Quwali was also held during this period. The tiring league matches of the Soccer season came next and Himalaya was in the lead till the end when by sheer mischance the cup was lost to Nilagiri by only one point. R. Bhatia, A. Bahadur, S. S. Sahi and G. S. Cheema were in the School Soccer XI.



Himalaya House



Nilagiri House

After the mid-term break the House was busy again doing its share in preparation for the coming Founder's. The boys said good-bye to Mr. P. S. Atwal who was leaving for Canada after staying with us for a period which we all thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. T. P. Burns also returned to England after having completed his assignment here. Himalaya House came third both in the Swimming and in the Athletics competitions. T. S. Uggal just missed the record mark in the shot-put. The 'opens' relay house team came second.

The results of the Hockey tournament, however, were more than heartening. The junior house team shone in this competition by emerging victorious in every match they played and were thus mainly responsible for the House getting the cup. The results of the shooting competition were also good, with Himalaya just two points behind the leading House. G.S. Sandhu surprised everyone by being declared the 'best shot' and deserves our heartiest congratulations.

As the term ends and one looks back at the results of the past year it is evident that a number of cups just slipped out of our hands. But success is not attached to winning cups only but to playing well with cooperation and enthusiasm, and this the Himalayans did throughout the year and in all competitions.

We take this opportunity to wish those who will pass out, after having stayed with us for so long, the best of luck for the future.

G. S. Cheema

NILAGIRI HOUSE

Housemaster (Seniors)	Mr. U. P. Mukherji
Housemaster (Juniors)	Mr. Atma Ram
House Tutors	Mr. H. Sikund Mr. S. C. Jalota Mr. G. C. Arora Mr. Rajamani
House Matron	Mrs. R. Mukherji
School Prefects	Y. S. Chibh A. C. Masand
House Prefect	A. Paul

Nilagiri House seemed to have slackened in no way this year and we easily repeated our brilliant performances of yester-years. Indeed, 1965 was one of our most successful years. We easily won the coveted 'Cock-House' (we have missed it only twice in the last eight years), the Cowell study cup and the Cariappa Shield.

At the beginning of the year a new group of preppers joined us. They quickly settled down and contributed extensively to the various activities.

We started off badly, getting the 'wooden spoon' in the first competition, the Boxing tournament, but had the satisfaction of seeing five of our boxers gain supremacy in their weights.

We came second in the Hodson Runs. Y. S. Chibh and S. Patel got the first two places in the 'opens' event.

We excelled in cricket and easily carried away the cup. A. Masand, P. K. Bhatia and D.V. Singh represented the School. Bhatia and Masand scored centuries against the Staff XI and the B. C. S. XI respectively.

The Soccer season followed closely. There was a new system of three leagues. Here, too, we carried away the cup with ease. B. S. Ahluwalia, Y.S. Chibh and A. Masand represented the school.

The second term started with the swimming competition in which we excelled for the seventh year in succession. S. Patel got the 'opens' championship.

There was a stiff competition for the P. T. cup and we barely managed to get away with it. D. V. Singh was given the 'best gymnast' award.

We retained our first position in the Athletics and Shooting competitions. In Athletics we also got the Defence Cup and came first in the 'opens', 'under 15s' and 'under 11s' relays. Tonsing Vunglallian was awarded the championship for under 15s. We did our share in the School Athletics team too. S. Patel, Y. S. Chibh, B. S. Ahluwalia, T. Vunglallian and D.V. Singh represented the School. S. Patel narrowly missed the record and first position in the 800 meters race at Patiala.

We came second in the Hockey Tournament. Y. S. Chibh, B. S. Ahluwalia and D. V. Singh represented the School.

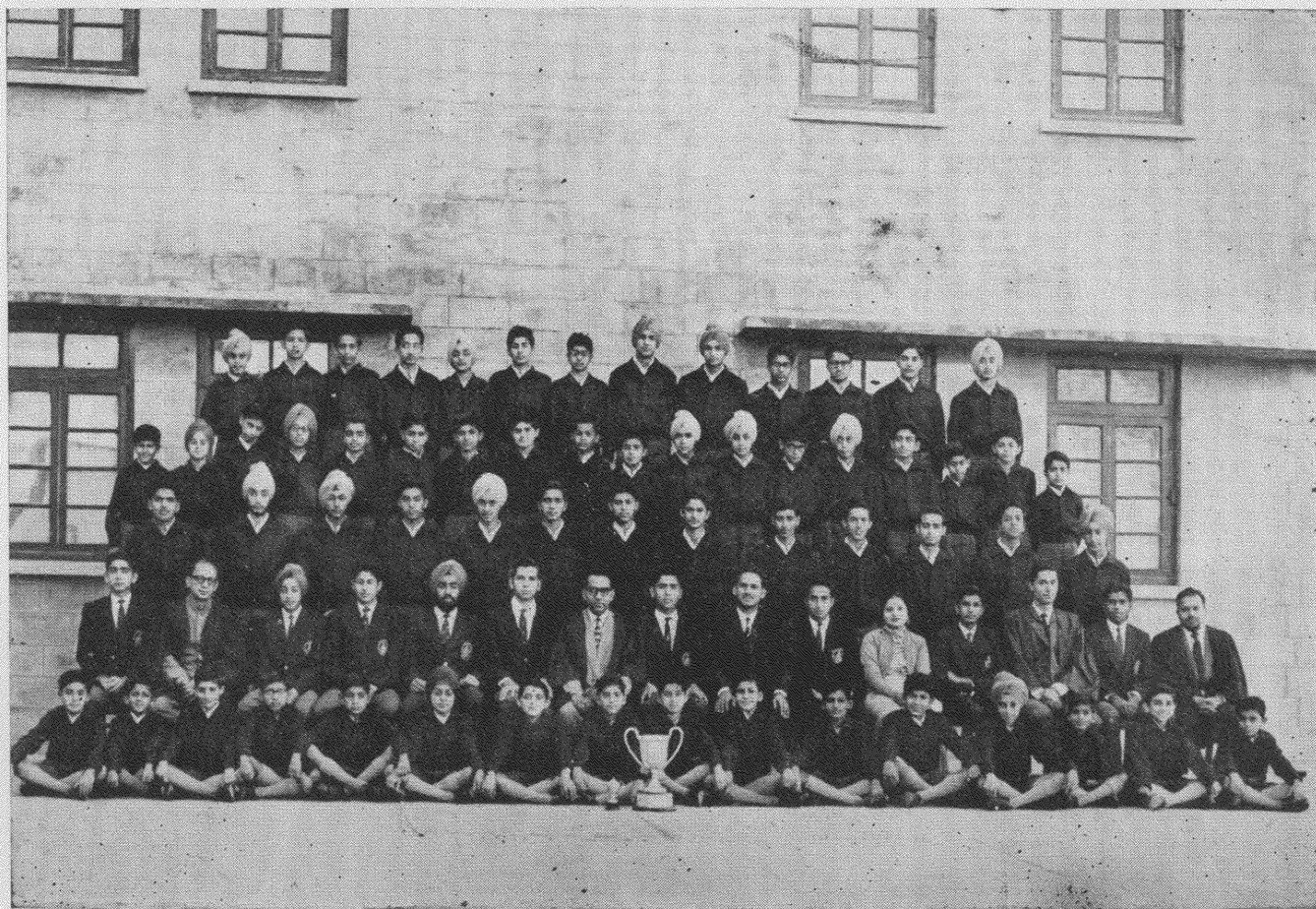
We did well in the academic field and maintained a steady lead in points for the Study Cup which we eventually got.

Our House show was a success as usual. A lot of talent was discovered among the juniors who will, we hope, have similar success in the future.

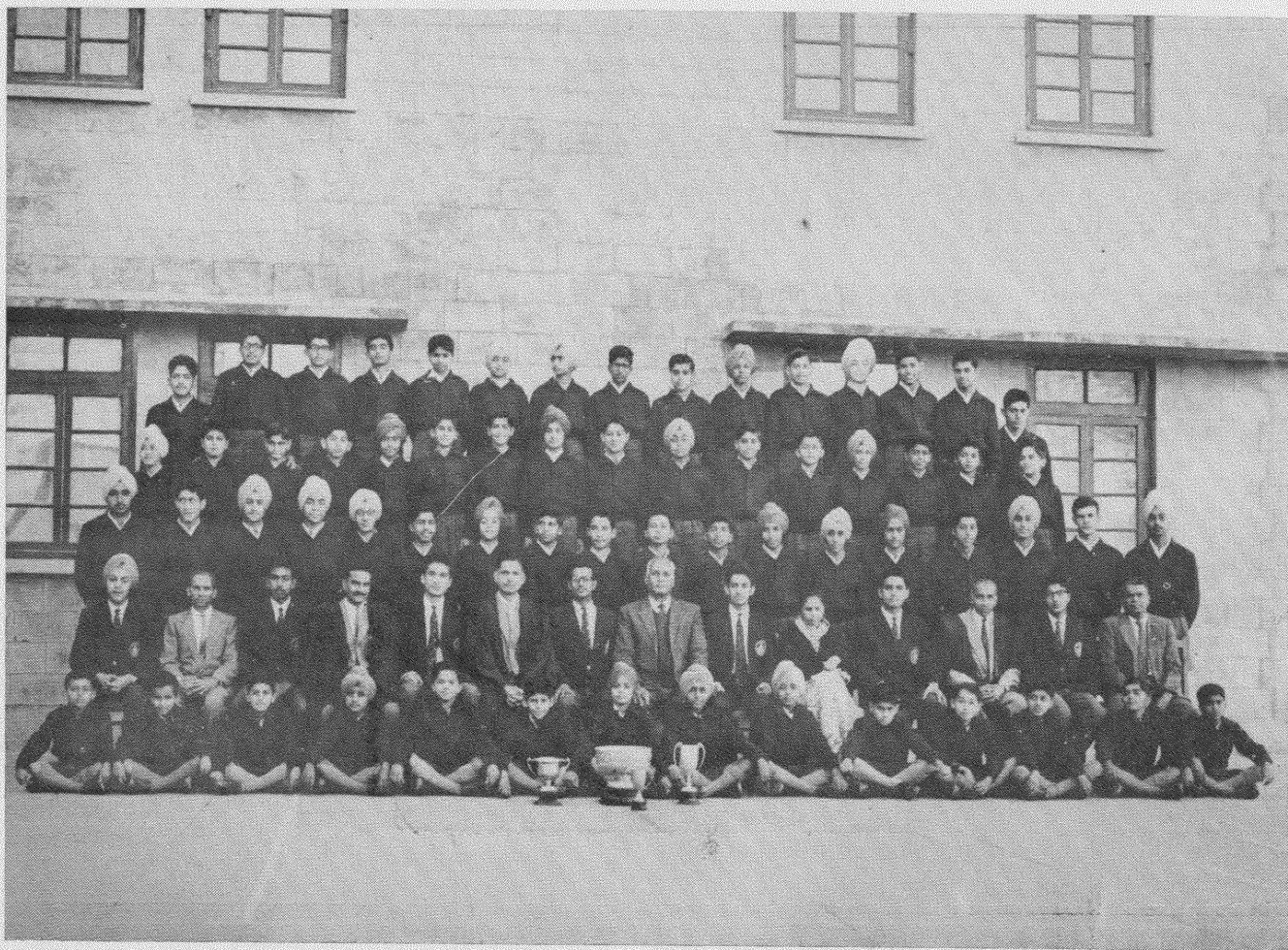
We should like to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mukherji on the birth of a daughter. We were sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Rajamani who for a short time officiated as House Tutor and Matron respectively.

Well done, Nilagiri House!

L.R. Joshi



Siwalik House



Vindhya House

SIWALIK HOUSE

Housemaster (Seniors)	Mr. M. S. Sinha
Housemaster (Juniors)	Mr. M. S. Rawat
House Tutors	Mr. G. B. Wad Mr. J. Pratap Mr. D. R. A. Mountford
House Matron	Mrs. K. Sinha
Head Boy	Zafarullah Khan
School Prefect	K. K. Chauhan
House Prefects	Vinal Khosla T. P. Singh

At the advent of the new year our strength was 71 and so it remained till we broke up for the July holidays. We owe a debt of gratitude to our Housemasters, Mr. Sinha and Mr. Rawat for the help they have rendered to us. Special acknowledgment is also due to Mr. Mountford for lending a hand in our extra-curricular activities.

Contrary to our reputation, we Siwalikans did not show excellent results in Hodsons, just failing to come second by one point. In Cricket our position was more embarrassing, as we only managed to come third. N. Khorana deserves special mention for captaining the successful junior team which convincingly won all its matches. In Boxing we missed the mark by one point and thus came second. The contribution made by Samir Kumar, N. Khorana and T. P. Singh can hardly be over-estimated.

Though we loath to dip in water, yet we won the 'open' relay cup in Swimming and secured the second place in the Inter-House Swimming competition. Our team consisted of Rajan Burman, Zafarullah Khan, T. P. Singh and Sudeep Burman.

In Athletics, a Siwalikan, Z. Khan, bagged the Kalinga Cup while J. S. Sandhu and T. P. Singh's contribution was praiseworthy.

On the cultural side we had the privilege of staging the first Saturday Club show. The English plays "The Singing Maid" and "The Master Key" were well appreciated by the audience. Our fabulous and popular beat group 'The Racketeers' went crack, boom and bang lifting the listeners hot on the their seats.

Well, we may conclude with the saying, "to climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." We hope that with courage and confidence future Siwalikans will pave a path to ultimate success, victory and glory.

S. Stokes, H. Ratanjee, T. P. Singh

VINDHYA HOUSE

Housemaster (Seniors)	Mr. Jagdish Ram
Housemaster (Juniors)	Mr. M. V. Gore
House Tutors	Mr. U. A. Mundkur Mr. B. P. Joshi Mr. G. Pillai Mr. D. Francis
House Matron	Mrs. S. Gore
School Prefect	Rakesh Sood
House Prefects	R. Malhotra Vinay Mehra Amar Talwar

The first term of the year was all ours. We began, in a grand fashion, by winning the first event of the year, the Hodson Runs cup, for the fourth year in succession. We showed our superiority in long distance running by beating the second best House by a considerable margin. We were able to achieve this not so much by individual talent but by the efforts of the House as a whole, each member contributing his little share.

We regained the Boxing cup after a lapse of some twelve years. Now, Boxing is an event that puts to the test the courage and determination of almost every member of the House and the fact that we won the cup bears testimony to what the House stands for.

Our sharing the Cricket cup with Nilagiri came as a surprise to other Houses. Vindhyaans were in good from indeed during the first term of the year.

In soccer, the innovation of fielding six teams proved unfruitful to us. Our senior team, thought to be the weakest, defeated Himalaya, the strongest team, by 2—1. Our team of under 13s' fared equally well, but the other teams could not put up a good show.

Although we did not do well in Hockey and Swimming, we gave a tough competition to other Houses in Athletics and P. T. in both of which events we came second.

The House has some fine talent in all directions. Budding sportsmen like Jasbir, Gurpratap, Praveen, Joon, Tanwar and others are, I am sure, bound to make their mark in the School bringing the House to the top again in the very near future. This I say with confidence for we came second in the competition for the 'Cock-House' of the year.

On the whole, I feel we had a very good year. The way the prefects and the boys of the House cooperated with and helped me in carrying out the assignments is indeed a matter of pride for the House. The discipline was the best, and perfect harmony prevailed. Of course, the credit goes to every member of the House; the Housemasters always leading us the right way.

Best of luck Vindhya for all the years to come, and affectionate 'good-bye' from the Sixth-Formers.

Rakesh Sood.

————:O:————

Cricket

INTER-HOUSE CRICKET LEAGUE

This year the Inter-House Cricket matches commenced on the seventh of May. Every day there were two matches played : one senior and one junior, each House playing in one match. There were plenty of runs in many of the matches and the average rate of scoring was high.

On the first day the Siwalik-Vindhya junior match was most exciting. Siwalik eventually won by four runs. On the following day the Vindhya's avenged their defeat by beating Siwalik in the senior match. The margin of victory was only six runs. Other noteworthy matches were Nilagiri vs. Siwalik and Nilagiri vs. Vindhya on Upper Barnes and Nilagiri vs. Vindhya on Lower Barnes.

The House matches were keenly contested and the teams were fairly well balanced. Vindhya and Nilagiri shared the cup with ten points each.

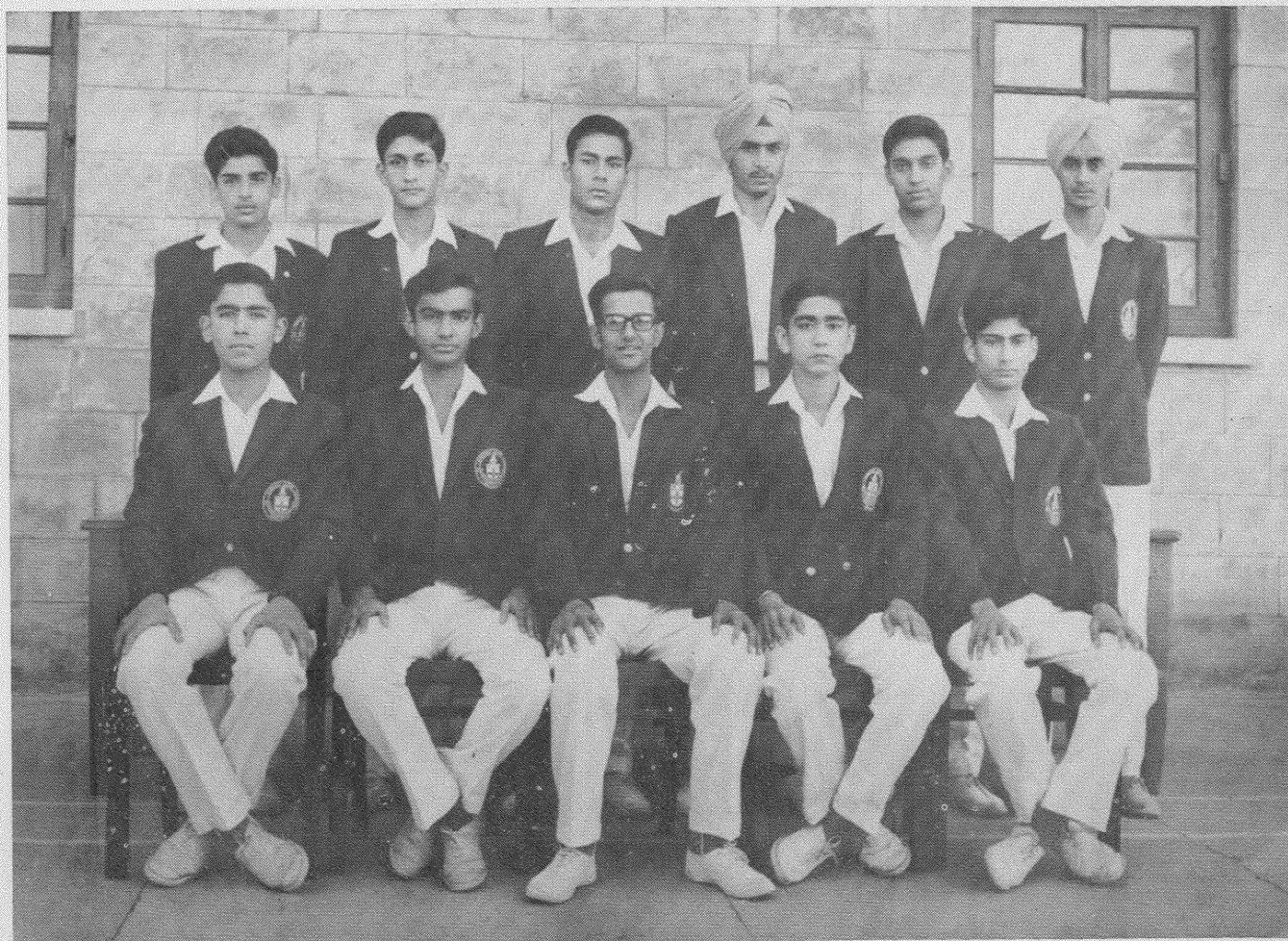
SAINIK SCHOOL, KUNJPURA vs. SANAWAR

The match was played on the third of April at Kunjpura. Sanawar's opening batsmen went in to face the Kunjpura attack. After a bad start, Sanawar settled down and the score mounted steadily. Harbans bowled well claiming four wickets for 55 runs. The Sanawarian tail-enders encountered difficulties with Rahul, a left-handed bowler, who bagged 4 wickets in quick succession. Sanawar were all out for 136 runs.

Kunjpura went in to bat before lunch. They offered but little resistance to the Sanawarian attack and they were all out for 72, their top scorer being Harbans with 20 runs. Sood took the majority of the wickets getting five for 19. The same evening Sanawar went in to bat in a safe position, but not for long. Soon the wickets began to fall until Sood, Masand and Marwaha brought the score up to 146. Next morning Sanawar, with 210 runs ahead, declared with four wickets gone.

Sanawar went in to field well poised to win. The first wickets fell very quickly but then came the partnership between Harbans and Rahul which ruined Sanawar's hope of victory. Later the scoring rate slowed down and the Sanawarians began to get frantic for time. Ten minutes from the end Kunjpura needed 35 runs to win and Sanawar needed to take 2 wickets. Neither side made any headway, and the match ended in a draw.

A. Masand



Cricket First Eleven



Cricket Colts

SANAWAR vs. DOON SCHOOL

The match was played this year at Doon School on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th of April. Sanawar started badly, the first wicket falling with the score at zero. The next pair played with extreme caution and, therefore, the scoring rate was quite slow as the Sanawarians slowly tried to improve their position. The Doon School fielding side must be given due credit. Their opening bowlers were not so successful in the first innings, but their spinners took the majority of the Sanawarians off guard. The Sanawarians were all out for 206, a commendable total after a bad start.

The Doon School went in to bat after tea. They faced quite an uphill task. Their first wicket also fell at zero, and their score once stood at 42 for 3. But Hemant Kapur scored a brilliant 61 and together with Harpal Singh pulled the score up to 112 for 4. The next day, the Doon School went on batting quite confidently and were all out at 11-00 a. m. for 257.

With four hours to go, the game seemed poised for a draw. Sanawar went in to bat and once again lost the first wicket at zero. And then Doon's opening bowlers struck form and the Sanawarians seemed incapable of any resistance. Sanawar was all out for only 88 runs. The Doon School went in jubilantly to bat needing only 38 runs to win. The fighting spirit in the Sanawarians did not slackened, but the job was a hard one and only two wickets had fallen when Doon overtook the Sanawar's score.

A. Paul

SANAWAR vs. B. C. S.

First Eleven

The annual Sanawar—B.C.S. match was played on the 22nd, 23rd May. The elements seemed against the playing of the match which was marred by bad-weather and terminated by rain. In fact the rain started only a day or two before the match and ended the day after.

Sanawar went in to bat first. In the early stages of the match, the B. C. S. fielding was tight and runs hard to score. Ajai Bahadur and Pramod Bhatia made thirty runs before the latter was run out.

At one stage the Sanawar position was critical with the score reading 54 with half the side out. Masand and Soneja coming together for the sixth wicket played some intelligent cricket and pulled Sanawar out of the pit. The rain stopped play after tea.

On May the 23rd Masand continued to bat confidently and stylishly and completed a well deserved century. The Sanawar innings was wound up with the score at 204.

The B. C. S. team went in to bat and the openers were trying to get their eye in when they were sent racing into the pavilion by a heavy shower. At this stage their score was 13 for no loss. As it continued to rain heavily and the resumption of play was impossible the match was abandoned.

N. Rajan

Colts

Sunday the 23rd of May was not too cloudy at Simla and the little sunshine dried the field. The rival captains Vunglallian and Mehta went in to toss punctually at 9-45 a. m. B. C. S., on winning the toss, elected to field.

The Sanawarians opened the innings rather shakily. Shailinder was the first to go with the score at 15. He was completely at sea against the bowling of J.S. Nat who was maintaining a fairly steady length and was turning the ball in the air. The fall of this wicket heralded a Sanawar collapse. Sanawarian batsmen were completely lost against the flight and spin of Mehra. This was due to the fact that batsmen were timid and were not using their feet to get to the ball. P. Sharma and Navin Kohli the tail-enders batted lustily and showed what foot work could do against spin bowling and gave the Sanawar score some respectability. Their individual scores were 17 and 20 respectively and the total score of the Sanawar team was 94. The end of the Sanawar innings was followed by a heavy down-pour. After an inspection of the pitch by the Umpires at 1-30 p. m., the match was abandoned.



Soccer First Eleven



Soccer Colts

Soccer

The Soccer season was inaugurated with the traditional festival match in which the Staff were beaten by the School eleven. After a short time of Soccer practice by Houses there were two preliminary inter-House leagues in which each House fielded six teams. These matches were very keenly contested. In the final league each House produced a senior and a junior team and the games were played with much enthusiasm. In these hard-fought matches, Nilagiri emerged victorious followed by Himalaya, Vindhya and Siwalik.

SANAWAR vs. B. C. S.

Colts (2—0)

The match was played at B. C. S. on Sunday the 27th of June. The game started punctually at 9-00 a. m. Right from the start Sanawar took the initiative and kept trying for the B. C. S. goal. But inspite of the constant pressure no goal could be scored for quite some time. This was entirely due to the poor finish of the Sanawarian forwards. But towards the end of the first half, Stokes shot one, off a good pass from Dilbagh. The score remained 1—0 till half time.

After the break both teams played with renewed vigour and the Sanawar goal had some narrow escapes. So much so that a penalty was saved by Karamvir, the goalkeeper. During this period he was well and truly tested but came out triumphant. Later in this half the B. C. S. custodian was injured and had to go off the field. The change in goalkeeper resulted in another goal, increasing the Sanawarian score to 2—0 which was the tally till the end. The game was fast but the forwards on both sides lacked finish.

First XI (2—2)

This match was very interesting indeed. In the beginning the Sanawarians were caught unawares by the B. C. S. excellent team work and for the first few minutes B. C. S. were complete masters of the field. Not long after the kick off the B. C. S. centre forward speeded past the backs and netted the ball to make B. C. S. lead 1—0.

The Sanawarians faced the challenge with dogged persistence, tackling the B. C. S. players before they could kick. Soon the score was levelled when Chibh, the Sanawar centre forward, put one past the B.C.S. custodian. But, unfortunately, B.C.S. again went into the lead, this time the ball slipped through the hands of Timmy Sahi, the Sanawar goalkeeper. At half time the score was 2—1,—B. C. S. leading.

After the rest the Sanawarians played with zest and enthusiasm and stormed the B.C.S. goal time and again but were unable to get the equalizer due to the poor finish of our forwards. The B. C. S. team was superior to ours in technique but lacked stamina. In the second half they were completely at sea with the Sanawarian short passes. The Sanawarians missed some chances including a penalty kick by Zafar. A little later another penalty kick was successfully converted into goal, this time by Bhupinder Ahluwalia, thus levelling the score (2—2). In the last few minutes both teams being exhausted, the spirit of the game flagged and the score remained even till the end.

B.C.S. is to be congratulated on their correct technique, Sanawar just managed to save the day on the strength of their greater physical fitness.

Hockey

The Hockey season opened as usual with the festival match which was packed with thrills. The Staff lost the match and gave the School a promising start.

Not many days were left for our fixtures against the B. C. S. teams and a few outside matches were arranged with C. R. I. Kasauli.

This year a new team was introduced known as the Atoms XI the players being under 11. The Atoms and first Eleven matches were played in Sanawar and the Colts match was played in Simla.

SANAWAR vs. B. C. S.

The Atoms (Under 11)

The first ever Atoms' match was played at Sanawar, on Tuesday the 2nd of November. The match started at 10-00 a.m. in perfect weather. Soon after the bully, Kalia the Sanawar captain, passed the ball to the right out Ansal. The ball was eventually passed back to Kalia who was near the B.C.S. goal and unmarked. He did not miss the opportunity offered and hit the ball in the left corner of the goal thus putting Sanawar in the lead.

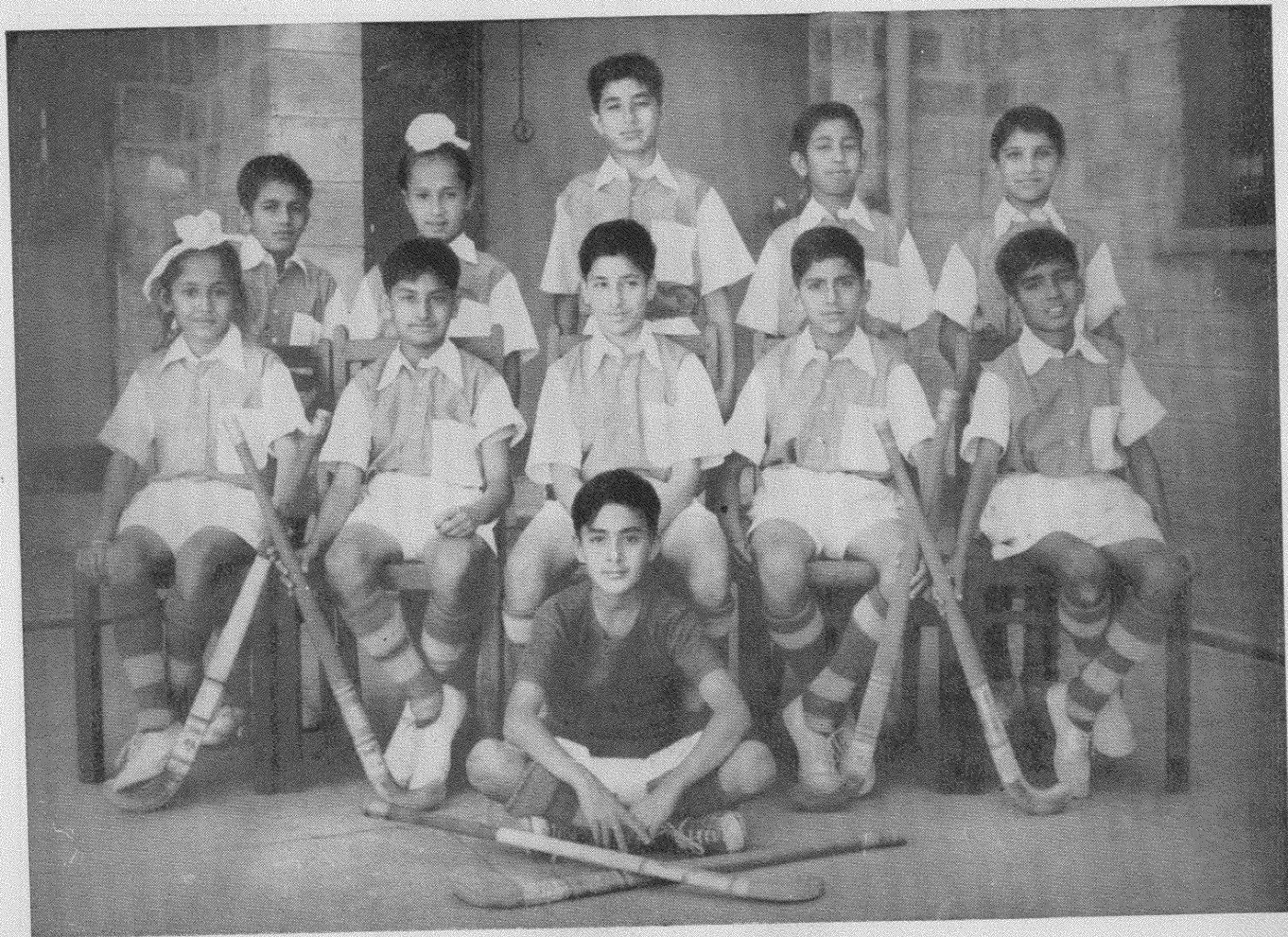
The B. C. S. team, however settled down soon and were pressing hard. In the closing minutes of the first half the B. C. S. forwards broke through the defence and their centre forward, collecting a feeble clearance of the Sanawar goalkeeper, netted the ball easily. At half-time the score was level (1—1).

After a short rest both teams played with renewed vigour and the exchanges were even. In the 10th minute of the second half Kalia once again got possession of the ball near the half-line and, beating the B. C. S. defence single handed, put Sanawar in the lead once more. B. C. S. tried very hard for the equalizer but were unable to penetrate the defence.

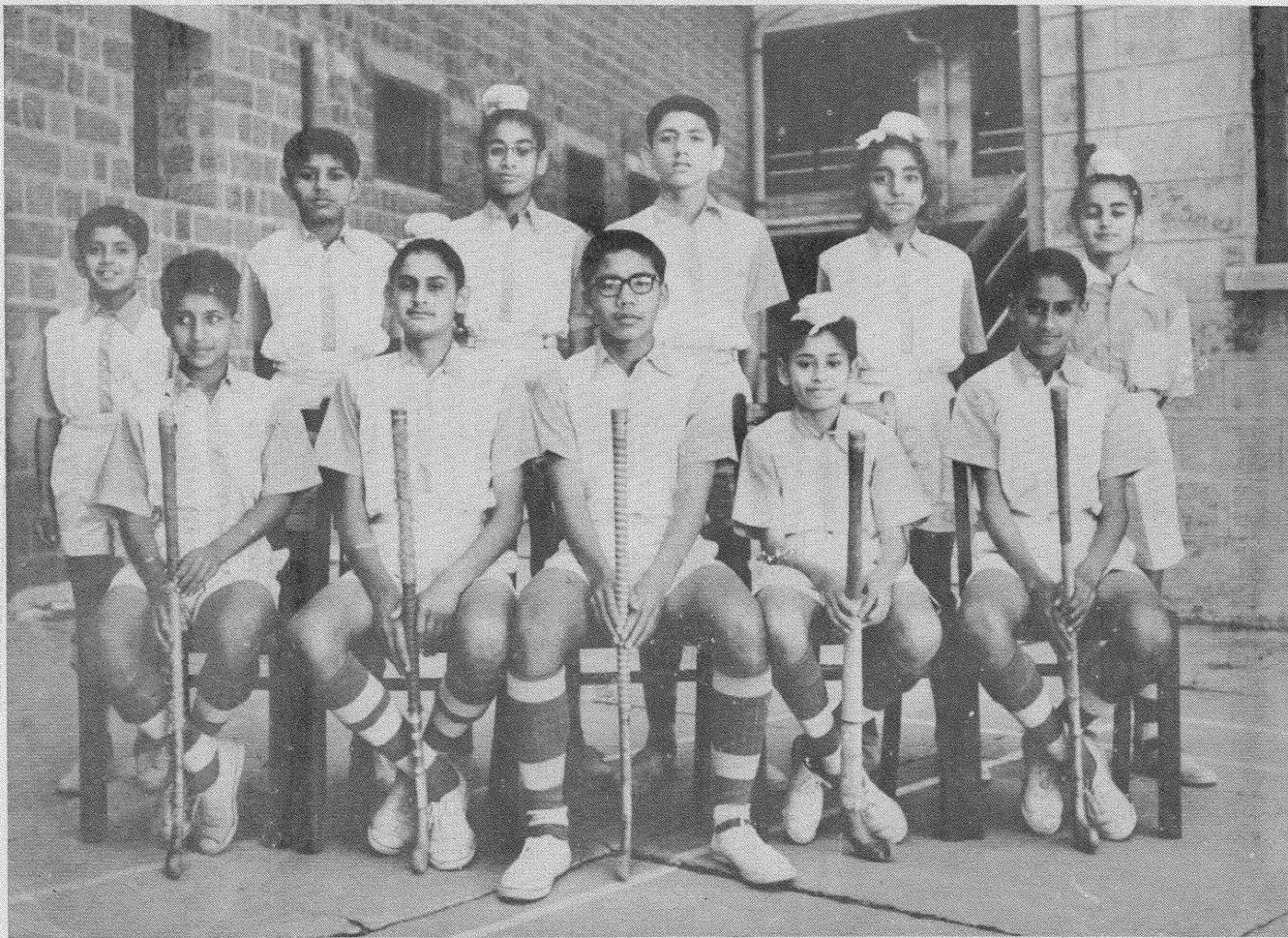
The XI

Immediately after the Atoms' match the first XIs of the two teams entered the field.

Soon after the bully the B. C. S. forwards surprised all and sundry by scoring the first goal before the Sanawarians could settle down. The Sanawarians, rudely shaken by this initial setback, tried extremely hard for the equalizer. The game was played at a very fast pace and the exchanges were even. The Sanawarian efforts were rewarded in the 20th minute when right out (Tusky) passed the ball to Cheema, who in turn passed it to Bahadur who being unmarked was able to put the ball past the goalkeeper. In the 27th minute the Sanawar team was awarded a penalty hit



Hockey Atoms

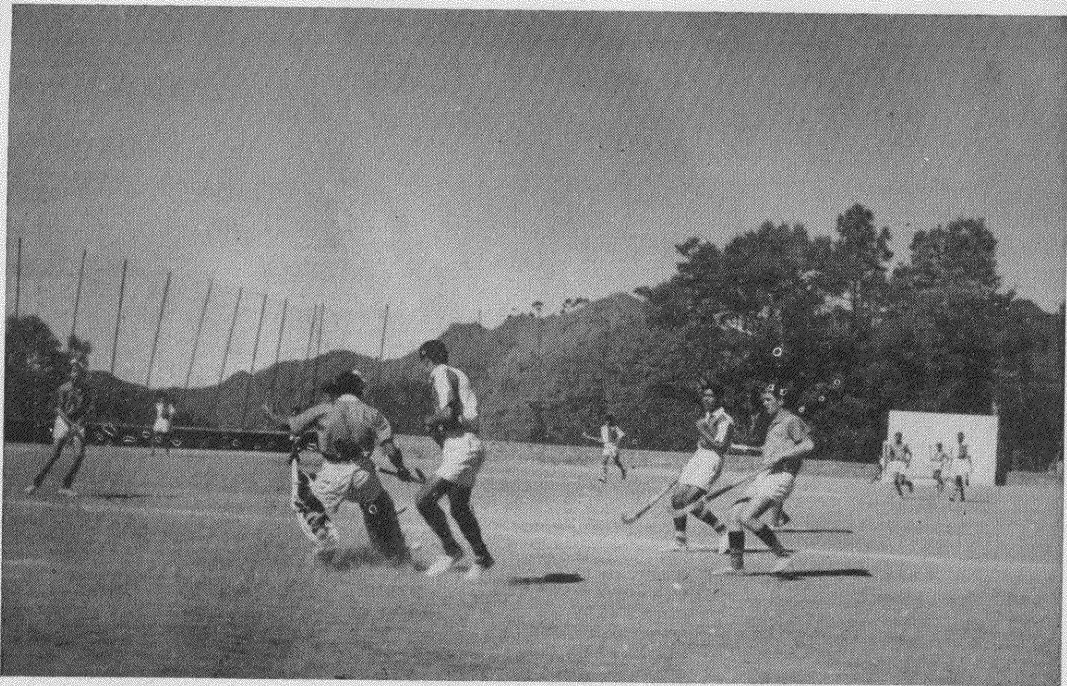


Hockey Colts

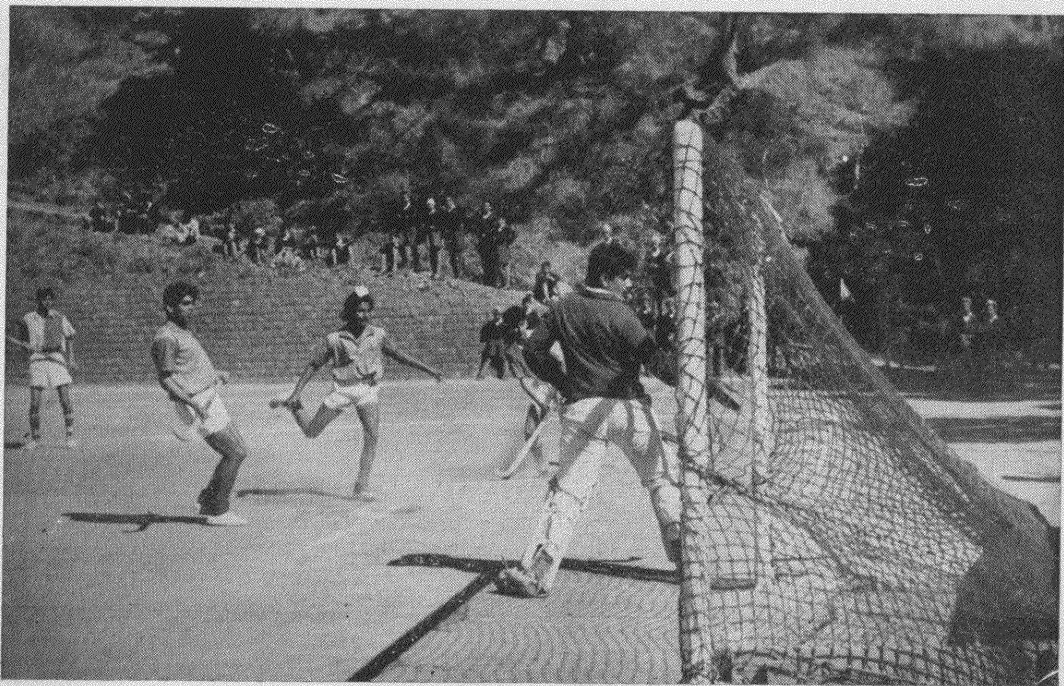


Hockey First Eleven

Hockey vs. B.C.S.



A Clearance



Goal!

from just outside the B.C.S. 'D'. Zafar taking the hit passed the ball to Harinderbir who hit it into the goal. Sanawar was now in the lead and they kept it up till half time.

After half-time the game tended to be slightly rough and the standard deteriorated. Towards the end of the match both sides looked tired and all the spirit went out of the game.

The score remained (2—1) in favour of Sanawar till the finish.

Jatinder Singh Ahluwalia

Colts

It was a well-contested game that the Sanawar Colts played against the B.C.S. Colts in Simla on the morning of the 2nd November 1965. The game started off at 10-00 a.m. in brilliant sunshine with what seemed a determined effort of the B.C.S. team to obtain the advantage from the beginning. But Sanawar's well-coordinated and tough defence nullified B.C.S.'s efforts for the first few minutes and soon Sanawar's team took the offensive with not a few inroads into the B. C. S. side.

The first goal was scored in the 18th minute of the first half of the game when a pass from B.C.S.'s right out sent the ball across the field and into the circle. After a short scramble the ball came into possession of the left inner who unhampered hit the ball hard beating R. S. Gujral. At the start of the second half, Sanawar made a grand effort to find the equalizer and came very near scoring twice: first in a scramble for the ball at the B. C. S. goalmouth off a pass from M. S. Sekhon which ultimately resulted in a corner and the second time out of a pass from A. S. Anand, when R. S. Oberoi found himself in possession of the ball inside the circle but, taking a hurried shot, he sent the ball wide off the mark. The second B. C. S. goal came soon after in the 16th minute of the second half in a scuffle before Sanawar's goalmouth when the right inner got to the ball and pushed it straight into the goal.

Both teams continued to put in of their best till the last whistle. It was, indeed, an exciting and well-contested game.

THE INTER-HOUSE MATCHES

The Inter-House matches marked the culmination of the Hockey season. This year the tournament was carried out in two stages. In the first, each House entered six teams and in the second, each House produced its two best teams. All the House teams appeared to be equally matched and all matches were keenly contested. As usual excitement ran high and loud cheering went on throughout the tournament which ended in a victory for Himalaya.

D. C. Gupta

Inter-School Athletics

The march past was over and the oath pledging to abide by the rules of sportsmanship had been taken. The call for the 200 metres heats was heard over the loudspeaker. Zafarullah Khan qualified for the first string but R. Sood had to contend with the second string. In the High Jump it was evident that the standard of the competitors this year was indeed high. All three leading positions crossed the record mark of 5' 5½". Rajinder Pal of King George's School came first. Then the 800 metres were run. Manjit Singh, of Bishop Cotton School, managed to keep just ahead of S. Patel of Sanawar, and came first. The last event for the day the 100×4 metres relay was rather exciting with the Yadvindra Public School coming first and bettering the previous record.

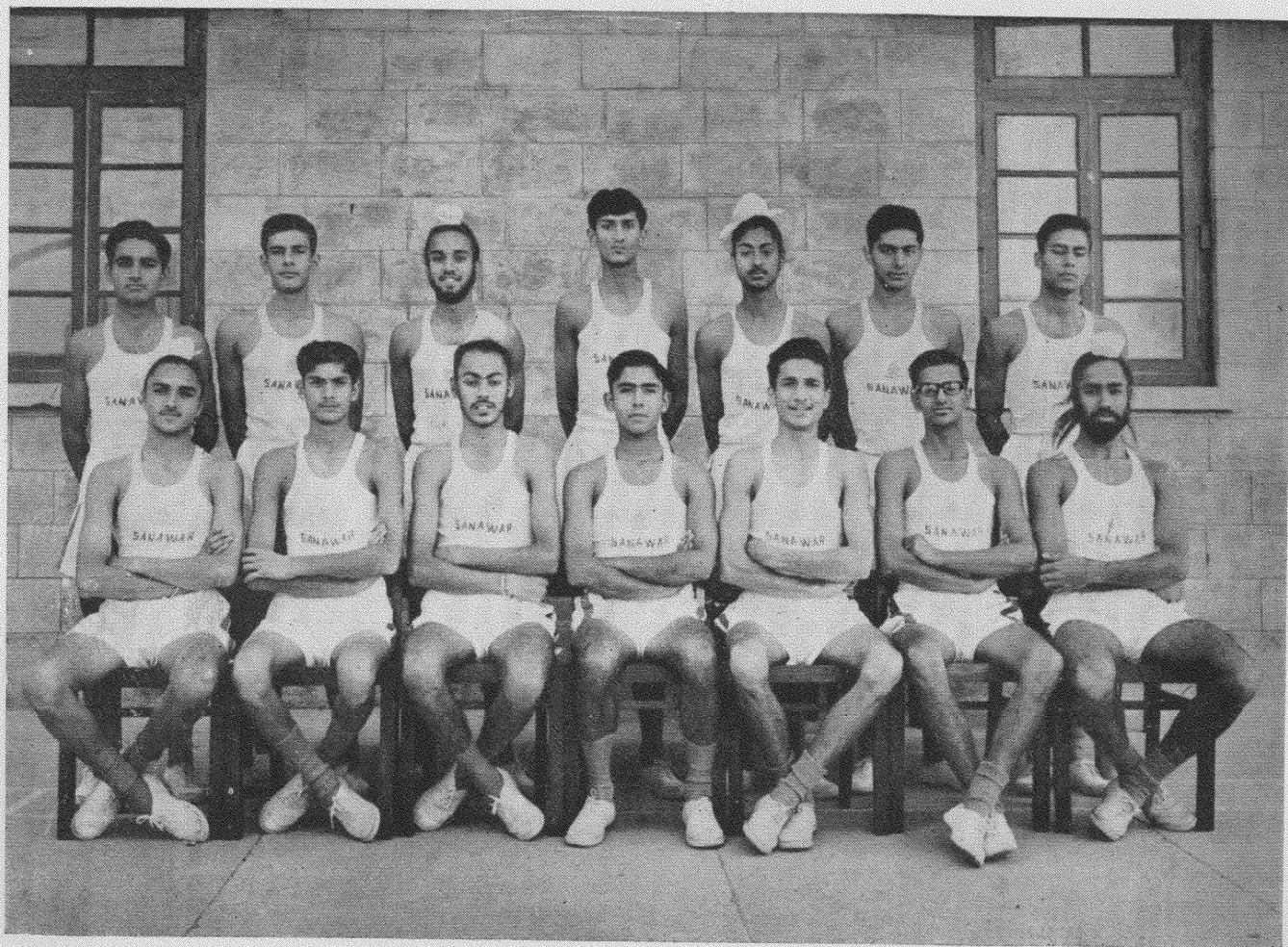
The long Jump and the 100 as well as the 400 metres heats had been decided the same morning. Sanawarian contenders for the Long Jump, V. Mehra and T. Vunglallian, occupied the fifth and eight positions respectively. The 1500 metres was also run on this day. Y. P. S. took the lead, followed by K. G. S., B. C. S. and Sanawar. Positions shuffled as the race continued and finally the K. G. S. participant emerged victorious. Y. S. Chibh and A. Talwar of Sanawar came fourth and fifth respectively.

The morning of the next day saw the 110 metres hurdles heats run. T. P. S. Arora qualified for the first string and Virinder Singh for the second string. In the 100 metres Sukhdev Singh Mann of Y. P. S. claimed the first position with a record timing of 11.2 secs. (previous rec. 11.3 secs). S. Bhatnagar of B.C.S. bagged the Shot-put with a throw of 36' 2¾". The last item for the morning was the 400 metres sprint in which S. S. Mann came first once again with a new record of 51 secs. G. S. Cheema and Dharamvir Singh of Sanawar came fifth and sixth respectively.

The evening session began with the 200 metres finals. S. S. Mann completed his hat-trick with another record breaking sprint of 22.9 secs. This was followed by the Hop-Step and Jump and Rajinder Pal of K. G. S. occupied the leading position. The final individual item, the 110 metres hurdles, now took place. The Y.P.S. participant led till the second last hurdle, then lost balance and fell. T.P.S. Arora, coming up behind him, went on to cross the tape with a timing of 16.2 secs. which was equal to the previous record. In the medley relay Y. P. S. took the initial advantage with the other schools just behind. In his lap of 800 metres, S. Patel of Sanawar made a spectacular gain on the leading Y. P. S. runner. In the last lap it seemed as if Sanawar was going to come first but the Y. P. S. sprinter suddenly spurted ahead resulting in his coming first. The meet ended with the distribution of Prizes and Y. P. S. regained the trophy lost to Sanawar the previous year.

The flags which were hoisted at the beginning of the meet were now lowered and the last strains of the retreat marked the end of another successful Athletic meet.

G. S. Cheema & A. Talwar



Athletics Team



Boxing—Winners

Hodson Runs

The training for the Hodson Runs this year began on the 15th March. Due to the bad weather and heavy showers, the first three weeks went almost waste and, therefore, the finals were postponed to the 28th of April.

The practice suffered with these interruptions, thus affecting the performance of the competitors. In spite of this, the efforts on the part of the boys was really noteworthy.

The qualifying heats were held from the 22nd of April and the finals took place on Wednesday, 28th April at 5 p.m. Vindhya retained the trophy for the fourth year in succession with 105 points, followed by Nilagiri, Siwalik and Himalaya.

M. V. Gore.

Boxing

The Inter-House Boxing tournament was held from the 19th to the 26th April. 188 boys took part in the competition and in quite a few cases one saw some spirited boxing, even though the two boys belonged to the same House.

The competition was very keen and the trophy could have gone to any House,—with a little bit of luck. Himalaya were most unfortunate as they lost, on medical grounds, three of their good boxers during the tournament.

Nilagiri House, though last in the competition won five out of the fourteen weights; in fact, they had only five participants in the finals and they all won.

In the results Vindhya came first with 65 points, Siwalik was second with 64 points, Himalaya third with 63 points and Nilagiri followed with 59 points. Rakesh Sood was declared to be the Best Boxer of the year and Amar S. Somal the Best Loser.

Swimming

The long postponed Inter-House Swimming Competition was at last held on 21th of August. It was enthusiastically welcomed by boys and girls.

The under 11 age group proved to be a disappointment. Only three boys qualified,—two of Siwalik and one from Nilagiri.

The boys under 13 were very much more encouraging. A much larger number of boys qualified and the timings, too, were much better. The one and two lengths were won by Maheswar Pathania of Himalaya House followed by S. Kadan with a time of 15·3 secs. and 35·9 secs. respectively.

The boys under 15 were by far the best age group. The number of those qualifying was the highest and the timing of the first boy was also the best in the school. Rajan Burman of Siwalik clocked 10·5 secs. and 40·4 secs. in the one and three lengths respectively.

The Opens, too, did extremely well. The competitors were less in number but competition was keen. The first place went to S. Patel of Nilagiri with a time of 11·4 secs. in one length and 41·3 secs. in three lengths ; he had clocked a much better timing in the heats.

In the girls side due to lack of swimmers there were no heats. There were no competitors in the under 11 group. The under 13 one and two lengths were won by Anita Dass of Siwalik. The Under 15 age group was completely dominated by T. Singh who won both one and two lengths with a commendable timing of 15 secs. and 34 secs. respectively. This was the best timing in the girls' school. The Opens one and two lengths were won by Sukhinder Tanwar of Nilagiri House. In a keenly contested girls' House relay, Siwalik House won the cup. Vindhya House led in the Cock-House record ; Nilagiri was second, Siwalik third and Himalaya was last.

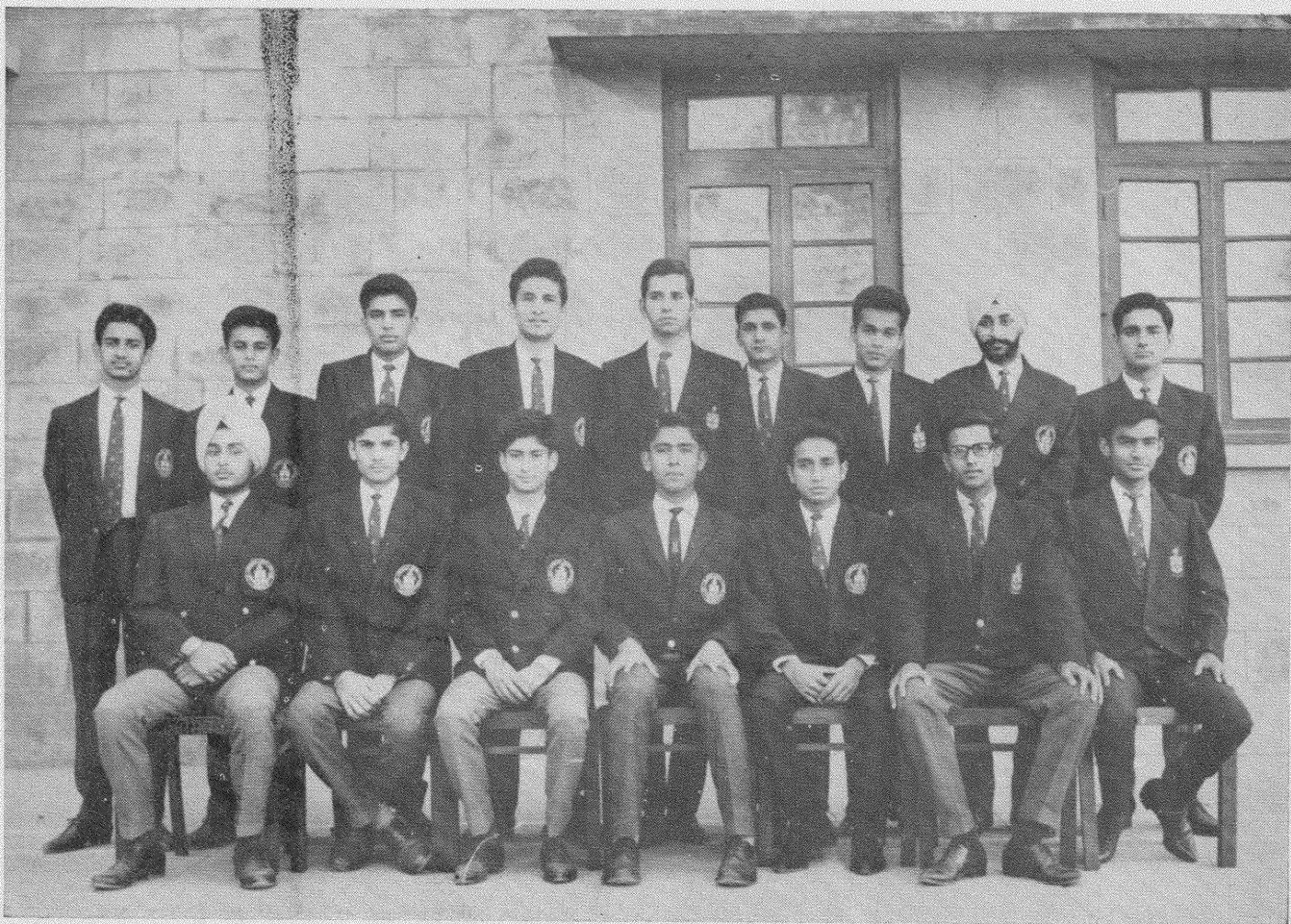
In B. D. this year, as an experimental measure, House relays were tried in all age groups. In the Under 11 only Nilagiri and Siwalik had teams. Siwalik unfortunately was disqualified and Nilagiri came first. The Under 13 relay was won by Himalaya and the Under 15 relay by Nilagiri. Siwalik surprised every body by winning the Opens House relay and carrying away a cup which had long been with Nilagiri.

The boys diving needs a lot of improvement. The Under 11 diving was won by Kulendu Chanchani. The Under 13s were a more promising lot and the title went to Ashok Rai of Himalaya. The Under 15 and Opens diving went to S. Burman and Tej Pal Singh respectively. Nilagiri was first, Siwalik second, Himalaya third and Vindhya last in the Cock-House. The prizes were given out by Brigadier Gulote.

A. Paul



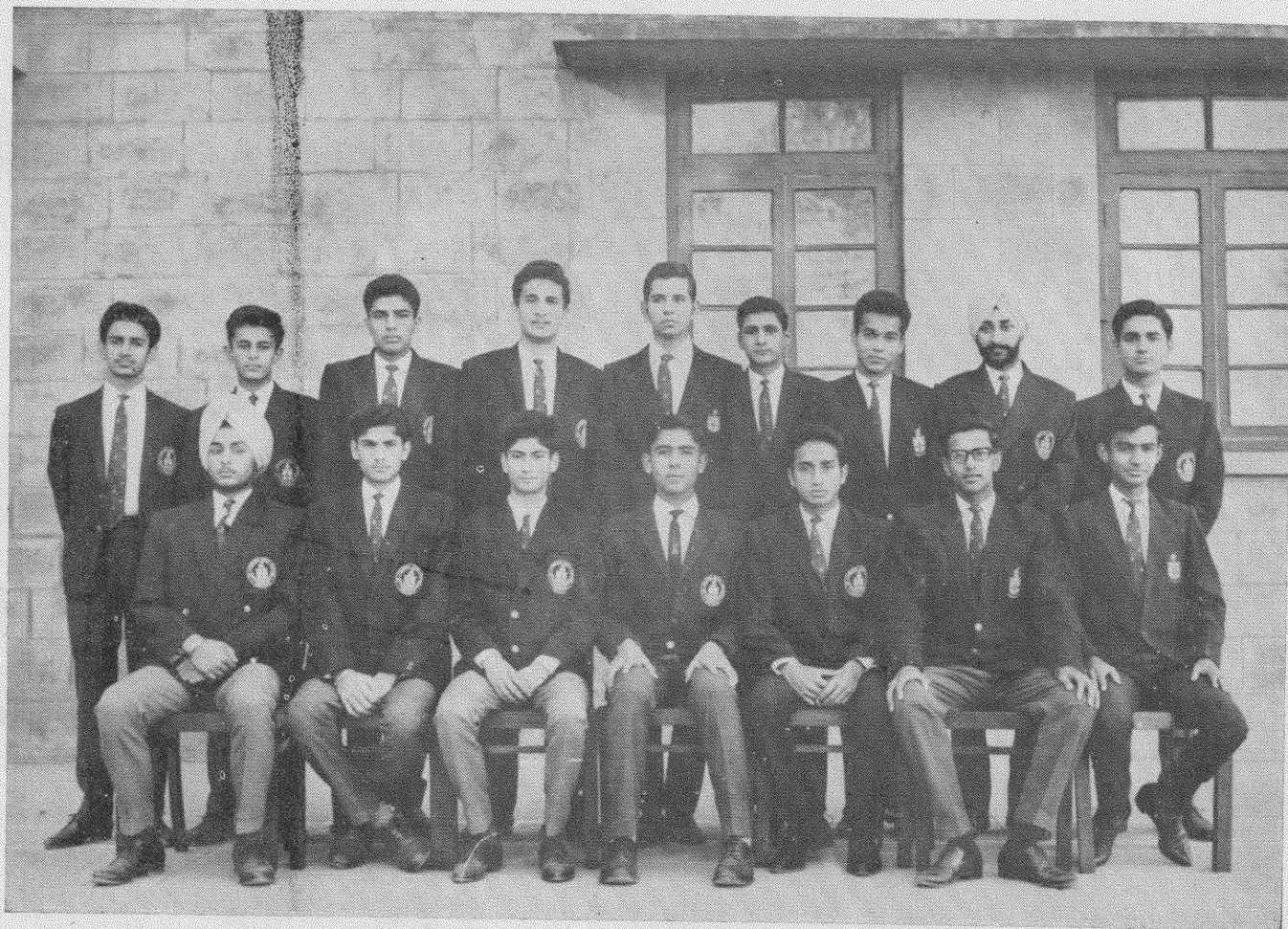
Gymnasts



School Prefects—B.D.



Gymnasts



School Prefects—B.D.

Girls' School Notes

HIMALAYA HOUSE

Housemistress	Miss V. Chak
Matron	Miss E. M. Ling
Senior Prefect	Nila Rudra
Junior Prefect	Harpal Kaur
Games Prefect	Anita Thomas

This year brought us a laughing, bubbling set of juniors. One of this was Jogvinder, who having passed Form Two successfully, was promoted to Lower Three. The others were Bina, Manju, Jatinder and Bubbles. We welcomed them all with the greatest pleasure.

As usual, Netball was the first game of the year and I must say the Himalayans, with their motto 'thumps up', certainly proved their worth and emerged victorious. That was our first cup of the year. For the Badmington matches, unfortunately, our juniors lacked confidence which resulted in our coming second. This was just one step down the ladder, for the Tennis matches were held next and we came third. Tennis was the last game played before we departed for our summer vacation.

Before the end of the first term we went for a picnic to Jabli, a small station about two miles from Sanawar. We all enjoyed the picnic very much, but the very thought of walking back was not very pleasant. We were very tired by the end of it.

The long postponed swimming competition was held next and we came fourth because all our good swimmers happened to be on the M. I. list and so were unable to participate. This brought us another step down the ladder.

Harpal Kaur, Punjab's greatest athlete, contributed a lot of points to the House during the Inter-House Athletic Meet. Little Arneen also deserves special mention, for she alone contributed 16 points to the House, by coming first in every event. Yet, even after both their efforts and the combined effort of the House we came third, which goes to prove that it was only our luck which had run out and nothing else.

The Table-Tennis matches were held next. Our champions, Sunita Oberoi, Chitra Gouri and Anita Thomas, all of whom were in the School team, played excellent games and remained undefeated. This was our second cup of the year. In Hockey, which was the next game, we came last.

At the beginning of the year, the Himalayans were slack and so our position on the Study chart was second. The first House was beating us by 8 points. In the third mark-reading they were 10 points ahead of us, but in the fourth mark-reading, our 'josh' returned and we forged ahead coming first by five points. By the end of the fifth mark-reading we were eleven points ahead of the second House. This was our third cup of the year.

The sixth-formers, Nila, Harpal, Anita Thomas, Anita Babbar, Gunmala, Geeta, Lalita and Chitra contributed so much to the House that we cannot find adequate words with which to thank them. They have been a great asset to the House and they all took part in the House Show which went off very well and which took place in the first term. We shall miss them very much and we hope they do well in their exam. We were sorry to lose Bubbles and Livleen in the second term.

Miss Chak, who has been our Housemistress for 6 years will be leaving us this year to get married. We will surely miss her, and we wish her a happy married life and hope that all her troubles may be only little ones.

Anita Sobti.

NILAGIRI HOUSE

Housemistress	Miss S. T. Kavery
Matron	Miss E. M. Ling
School Prefect	Pushplata
M. I. Prefect	Veena Rani
House Prefects	Veena Sabherwal
			Sheela Kaur

Of all my nine years in Sanawar, I feel this year has been one in which Nilagiri has shown up the most. We have been more like a family. I doubt if any of the newcomers felt lonely or home-sick. I am sure Gayatri, Balbir and Kavita will agree.

Mrs. Lyall, our previous Housemistress left us last year after six years with us in the Senior School. We also missed Champa and Shuda, our last year sixth-formers and prefects. However, I am sure both of them would be pleasantly surprised at the progress we have made in these few months.

We won five cups—Badminton, P. T., Defence, Hockey, Cock-House,—and the Cariappa Shield. We fought valiantly for the Netball cup and lost cheerfully. Although our tennis team was rustled up at the last moment, we came second. We lost the Athletics cup to Siwalik by one point. In fact, I don't think we got the 'wooden spoon' once, contrary to our previous record.



Himalaya House



Nilagiri House

Our discipline this year has been better than ever before. Along with Veena and Sheela as Junior Prefects, Pushpa moulded the House into what it is. She set an example both in games and studies and dealt with the House with firm gentleness. In the House Show she played her part with enthusiasm.

Talking of House shows, this year's was, as usual, something worth seeing. Although we did not waste much time preparing for it and the whole thing lasted for only one and a half hours, I doubt if any one got bored. At least, the applause at the end seemed quite enthusiastic.

To conclude, what I want to say on behalf of all of us sixth formers is : 'I wish Nilagiri all the best for the future. All you need do is to keep it up. Good luck !'

Sonali Moitra

SIWALIK HOUSE

Housemistress	Mrs. A. Kemp
School Prefect	Rekha Kashyap
House Prefect	Ambika Devi

School reopened on the 28th February. We missed our sixth-formers; they were such a merry, noisy, talented lot.

The new-comers to the House were Neelam Khorana, Madhu and Bindu Bhim Singh, Tosh Tanuja and Geeta Rawat.

We were surprised to find ourselves first in the list for the House Shows. As usual, there was a mad scramble for suitable plays and costumes. Ideas were pooled,—there were many original ones but we just hadn't the time to think about carrying them out. Despite the rush, the House Show went off well and was enjoyed by everybody. The Chinese play, 'The Singing Maid' was particularly good.

We haven't met with much success on the games field this year. How we missed Vijay Chopra and Aruna Mundkur ! Ambika, however, stepped into the gap and due to her efforts we did not do too badly. We were third in Netball, second in Tennis and won the relay cup for Swimming. Anita Das did exceptionally well for the House. We won the Athletics trophy again this year,—Anjana Mehra was the outstanding athlete in G. D. She has won the Championship medal for seven successive years. She was elected a member of the Spartan Club.

Many Siwalikans took part in the School Orchestra and Gopi took the leading role in the dance-drama 'Shakuntala' at Founder's.

Ambika, Sudha Stokes and Bhuvnesh Kumari played Table-Tennis for the House and we came second. We were second in the House P. T. competition and third in Hockey.

Having won the Cock-House trophy for quite a few years in succession, we seem to have decided to allow Nilagiri to win it this year. There is plenty of really good material and talent in the lower reaches of the House and we intend to recover the Cock-House Trophy—next year!

Siwalik Upper Vs.

VINDHYA HOUSE

Housemistress	Mrs. T. Sikund
Matron	Mrs. G. Able
Head Girl	Sanober Sahni
School Prefect	Phiroza Satarawala
House Prefect	Pratima Jayaram

We are sure the new-comers, Indira and Anita Premlal, Preminda and Aruna Batra, Kalpana Johry and Anita Satarawala, will agree that the welcome they received at the beginning of the year was one that no other new-comer experienced. Our ex-preppers, Simar, Ravi and Deepti were added in our midst without much ado and our year began—a trifle successfully. We must not forget to mention that our last year's batch of sixth-formers Roop Malhans, Jags Neelu, Sacchy and Roop Somdutt were missed in all our activities.

We began the year in high spirits and participated in the Inter-House Netball matches with vigour and determination. Victory, unfortunately, was not destined for us and we lost gallantly ending up third. Tennis and Badmington followed Netball. We were lucky enough to have in our midst Sanober and Mala, both finalists of the Scanlon Tennis Championship and the latter, champion for the second year in succession. Thus Tennis was our one strong game and we won the cup with ease. On the other hand, we didn't fare half as well in Badmington and Mala's absence from the team was strongly felt.

Our House show was staged on the 11th April and was the third show of the year. Although it was quite short, it was well received judging from the applause that shook the rafters of Barne Hall. All we can say is 'Congrats', since the Vindhya had a bare minimum of ten days after the Siwalik House show to prepare for their own. This year our House show was completely and properly our show, as the junior dance had not only been directed by us but was also produced by the members of the House and our English play 'Open your Eyes' was of our own choice.



Siwalik House



Vindhya House

The Swimming season opened with the traditional gala and the Vindhyan water-babies primed themselves for a good time. We were helped tremendously by Miss Franck, Sanawar's temporary P. C. V. Much to our surprise we flounced away with the cup by out-swimming our rivals from Nilagiri House.

Athletics began soon after our holidays and although we tried really hard, so did all the other Houses,—and they proved to be better than us at running! We moved one rung up the ladder when we came third in the P. T. competition, by a mere $1\frac{1}{2}$ points. Sudipta, our leader, proved to be the best of the lot.

Roop S. was badly missed during the Table-Tennis and Hockey seasons. Although we had Mala, the School captain, in our team, we didn't do well and landed up third with Nilagiri. At Hockey our previous year's sixth-formers' absence was missed. We tried hard and did comparatively well ending up second. Studies, never our strong point, were a bit better this year and we ended by coming third in them.

May we, as sixth-formers, take this opportunity of wishing the Vindhyan all the best and may success be theirs in every aspect of Sanawarian life.

Phiroza, Sanober and Pratima.

Netball

INTER-HOUSE NETBALL MATCHES

This year, the Netball matches held the attention of the spectators, as there was keen competition among the teams.

In the first match played, Himalaya defeated Siwalik (18—5). The Siwalikans looked rather discouraged but they made the Himalayans pay heavily for each goal. In the next match Nilagiri, who all these years suffered from a lack of talent defeated Vindhya who put up a very commendable fight indeed.

Though Siwalik suffered defeat in all their matches, having lost their 'shoots' last year, their young and inexperienced players showed signs of talent and enthusiasm. Vindhya won one match against Siwalik, but suffered a heavy defeat against Himalaya.

The last match played between Himalaya and Nilagiri decided the Cock-House. Both teams deserve special mention for their magnificent game. The match ended with Himalaya only one goal ahead of Nilagiri. In the final result, therefore, Himalaya emerged victorious followed by Nilagiri, Vindhya and Siwalik.

* * * * *

INTER-SCHOOL NETBALL

Pushpalata won the toss and decided to put the Sanawar 'shoots' in the Honoria Court end. The first half could have been anyone's game. Sanawar pressed from the beginning but failed to net the ball, while Auckland House turned almost every opportunity to their advantage. It took our 'shoots', Anita Sobti and Sudipta, some time to settle down but soon Sanawar forged ahead. They began to combine more effectively and at the end of the first half the score stood at 11 goals to 7 in favour of Sanawar.

The second half began with Sanawar netting a few quick goals that seemed to have demoralized the 'Auckies'. Sudipta struck form and Anita Sobti got away many a time. Pushpalata anticipated every move of Aucklank House and frustrated many a glorious opportunity. The stamina of our players paid dividends and victory was clinched. Auckland House were once again outclassed, the final score began 20 goals to 12.

Deepali Sharma

Netball vs. Auckland House



A good pass



Intercepting



A Scramble



School Orchestra

INTER-SCHOOL NETBALL TEAM

The team was relatively inexperienced and this, coupled with poor match temperament and inability to react quickly to 'situations', affected the general standard of the game. However, there was no dearth of talent and its interception and anticipation were commendable. Its stamina was largely instrumental in clinching victory at the Annual Inter-School match against Auckland House, Simla.

1. **Pushpalata** (Captain—Help-Shoot, Defence) has been an asset to the team since she was in U-IV. Her anticipation and unflagging determination proved invaluable. As captain, her cool confidence was a steadying influence on an inexperienced team.
2. **Harpal Kaur Brar** (Centre-Attack) represented the School for three years. Her speed and anticipation made her one of the better players. Her main failing was a poor match temperament.
3. **Anita Thomas** (Centre) combined speed with intelligent playing. Her ball and foot control were excellent. Her lack of match temperament greatly affected her performance.
4. **Sudipta Dutta** (Shoot) shows great promise and with more experience will develop into a more confident player.
5. **Anita Sobti** (Help-Shoot) has recently blossomed into a 'shoot' and with more practice will be able to develop her skill further.
6. **Sunita Oberoi** (Shoot-Defence) shows great determination and has filled a difficult position very commendably.
7. **Shashi Sakhuja** (Centre-Defence): an intelligent player who combined effectively.

P. Mountford.

Tennis

INTER - HOUSE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

It was a hot, sweltering afternoon of Wednesday, 23rd June, when the Inter-House Tennis Tournament commenced. In the first match between Sanober Sahni and Mala Khanna representing Vindhya and Anjana Mehra and Ambika Devi representing Siwalik, the Vindhya's, being the superior team, gained an easy victory (6—1), (6—0). In the second match between Himalaya and Nilagiri, the players were more evenly matched. Harpal Kaur and Anita Thomas represented Himalaya and Ranita Suri and Shashi Sakhuja, Nilagiri, and the match was won by Nilagiri (6—4 and 6—2).

On Thursday the 24th, Vindhya played against Nilagiri. Nilagiri having lost the first set (6—1) made a determined effort to win but were beaten again (6—4). The next match between Himalaya and Siwalik was a very close one. The first set was won by Himalaya (8—6), the second by Siwalik (4—6) and the third again by Himalaya (6—3).

The match Nilagiri vs. Siwalik played on Friday was also a very exciting one. Nilagiri took the lead in the first set (4—6) but then slackened and Siwalik won the next two matches (6—3 and 6—4). Vindhya vs. Himalaya was a repetition of the previous match, Vindhya winning easily (6—1 and 6—0).

Thus, amidst deafening cheers, Vindhya proudly carried off the cup.

Kanwal Dhillon

THE SCANLON MATCHES

Tension gradually mounted amongst the spectators as the competitors in the first round of the Scanlon Cup Tennis Tournament took their places. Sanober met Harpal in the first match and emerged victorious (6—3 and 6—4). The eliminations had begun. Anita Thomas beat Sudipta Dutta (6—3 and 6—0). Ambika Devi won an easy victory over Timki Singh. Mala beat Shashi Sakhuja, though Shashi put up a good fight.

In the semi-finals held on the 15th June, Sanober beat Anita Thomas. Ambika proved herself superior to Anjana, but was in turn beaten by Mala in an evenly contested game.

The finals saw Sanober and Mala playing against each other. Mala, for the first time, was faced by a strong opponent and the game proved an exciting one. Both players played steadily and refused to give in. Mala, however, emerged victorious (6—3 and 7—5) who thus won the Scanlon Cup for the second year in succession.

Kanwal Dhillon



Table-Tennis Team

Badminton

The Inter-House Badminton tournament this year was a bit disappointing as the matches were not as exciting as they were expected to be. The first match, a singles, was played between Vindhya and Himalaya. Both seemed equally matched but Vindhya soon took the lead and won both games with a score of 11—6 and 11—1. The second match was played between Nilagiri and Siwalik and was also a singles. This was a better match than the previous one but T. Niagaching (N) proved to be superior to Thulasi (S) and won both games (11—3 and 11—1).

The next match was a doubles between Siwalik and Himalaya. Siwalik lost this match perhaps because one of the players was too young and not very experienced. Otherwise, the game was good and all four girls played well. Himalaya won (15—13, 11—15 and 15—8). This match was followed by a doubles between Nilagiri and Vindhya. The Vindhya's did not 'stick' to their places and so partnered off badly. Nilagiri, on the other hand, held a good partnership and so won the match (3—15, 17—14 and 15—7).

Siwalik next played a singles match against Vindhya in which Thulasi (S) forced Chitra (V) to play her game and the latter did not get any chance to play her own. Siwalik, therefore, won this match (11—6 and 11—0). The last match of the first day was a doubles between Vindhya and Himalaya. Though Himalaya did not partner off too well, Vindhya's partnership was not better and Himalaya won the game, (15—4, 10—15 and 11—15).

The first match of the following day was a singles between Nilagiri and Himalaya. Chingpi (N) with her usual flair won easily, though credit must be given to Devika (H) for the resistance she put up. Himalaya soon got her own back on Nilagiri in the doubles match that followed. It was rather a stiff game in which both sides played very well. In the next doubles Siwalik played against Vindhya. Siwalik won because of their good partnership though, individually, the Vindhya's played a better game.

Next Siwalik met Himalaya in a singles. Devika (H) might have won had she tried harder, for Thulasi (S) did not play too confidently. The next match was a doubles between Nilagiri and Siwalik. Both teams were well matched and the game was keenly contested, but Nilagiri played consistently well till the end and, therefore, won the match (15—11 and 15—8). The last match was a singles between Nilagiri and Vindhya. Chingpi (N) forced an easy victory over Chitra (V) (11—1 and 11—2).

An analysis of the score shows that the average standard of all players was practically the same with the exceptions of Chingpi and Thulasi which was better. Nilagiri won the cup with 10 points followed by Himalaya, Siwalik and Vindhya.

Sanober Sahni.

Table - Tennis

INTER - HOUSE TABLE TENNIS

The first match between Anita Thomas and Chitra Gouri of Himalaya and Ranita Suri and Chingpi of Nilagiri was played with plenty of zest on both sides. Himalaya proved to be better and beat Nilagiri. In the singles match that followed Sunita Oberoi beat Sudipta Dutta, giving another victory to Himalaya. Sunita played exceptionally well. The next match was a doubles between Siwalik and Vindhya in which Siwalik won after a heroic struggle.

In the fourth match, a singles, Sunita Oberoi of Himalaya beat Bhuvnesh of Siwalik who tried very hard. The following match was between Nilagiri and Vindhya. Sheela represented Nilagiri and defeated her opponent in a steady game. The sixth and last match of the day was a doubles between Siwalik and Nilagiri. The players were well matched but in spite of the effort displayed by Nilagiri, Siwalik won.

The next day, in the first match, Nilagiri beat Siwalik in a singles match. The following game, a doubles between Vindhya and Himalaya, was a very exciting match to watch. Vindhya won. Next Siwalik beat Vindhya in a singles full of suspense and excitement.

Nilagiri and Vindhya then played a doubles and, although Nilagiri stuck to the School motto, Vindhya won. Nilagiri was again defeated in the following singles match against Himalaya. The last match was a doubles between Siwalik and Himalaya. It was a decisive game and was, therefore, played with zest and enthusiasm. Himalaya won the match and carried off the cup with ten points. Siwalik came second with 6 points and Vindhya and Nilagiri shared the third place with four points each.

Sonali Moitra.

INTER - SCHOOL TABLE TENNIS.

The Table Tennis matches commenced after the usual preliminaries. The first match, a doubles played by Sunita Oberoi and Ambika of Sanawar against Anita Cheriya and Purnima of Auckland House was an easy victory for Sanawar. The Auckies put up a feeble fight. The score was (21—9 and 21—6).

The next match, a singles, was played by Mala Khanna for Sanawar and Jaya Rani for Auckland. Both players were well balanced and neither was willing to give in without a fight. Mala with her steady playing won the first game, (21—16). In the second game Jaya Rani tried her level best but Mala forged through to victory, the score being (21—18).

The third and last match was played by Sheela Kar and Anita Thomas of Sanawar against Indu Balaikh and Vijay R. Singh of Auckland House. The match was very exciting and ended in Sanawar's favour, the score being 21—9 and 21—8. Even though Sanawar was victorious, their play did not come up to our expectations. However, it was a good tournament and both sides must be congratulated on their excellent display.

Gurparveen Ghoman

Hockey

Amidst the studious atmosphere of the I. S. C. examinations the Inter-House Hockey matches commenced. Some of us wondered if the Sixth-Formers would brave the dangers of G. D. Hockey, but they were all there to represent their respective Houses.

The first match was between Siwalik and Vindhya. As the two teams, led by Ambika Devi of Siwalik and Sudipta Dutta of Vindhya, had settled down it was apparent that it was going to be a keenly contested match. No goals were scored in the first half but in the second half Prabha Kapoor of Vindhya managed to shoot one, thus winning the match for Vindhya.

Himalaya and Nilagiri, captained by Anita Thomas and Ranita Suri respectively, played next. Very early in the game it became evident that Nilagiri was the stronger team. They stormed the Himalayan goal constantly. The first goal was scored by Sangi, much to her delight and surprise, and the second by Ranita. The next match between Himalaya and Siwalik ended in a victory for the latter. The only goal was scored by Anjana Mehra.

The Nilagiri—Vindhya match was the most exciting of the whole tournament. Nilagiri pressed throughout but Vindhya put up a very determined defence and managed to draw the match; neither side succeeded in scoring a goal. The final matches were very exciting. Himalaya played against Vindhya. Since Himalaya had not done well in the previous matches, Vindhya had every chance of winning. They pressed hard, had frequent chances, but failed to score. Himalaya's defence was too strong for them.

Tension mounted as the last match began. The two sides played with great grit and determination. At half-time there was no score. After half-time Ranita went into the forward line and two goals were scored in quick succession, one by Shashi Sakhuja and the other by Ranita. Siwalik tried to score but failed.

Nilagiri was Cock-House with 5 points, followed by Vindhya, Siwalik and Himalaya. Amidst loud cheering, Nilagiri carried off the trophy for the second year in succession.

Kiran Tandon.

Needlework and Handicrafts

Knowing the use of a needle is one of the many things a girl ought to know. Sanawar teaches a girl the basic use of a needle.

This year the Needlework exhibition was held in the needlework room itself. This was because the number of pieces displayed were so many that they would not fit into the little room which is usually allotted to the Needlework and Handicrafts department.

Not only did we have the usual pieces of work done in different stitches on cloth but there were toys, knitted and stuffed, garments (mainly for children), bead purses and bags, and also dolls. On the whole, about six hundred pieces of work were exhibited.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi, our chief guest at Founder's this year, was very much impressed with all she saw. She bought a couple of hand-towels.

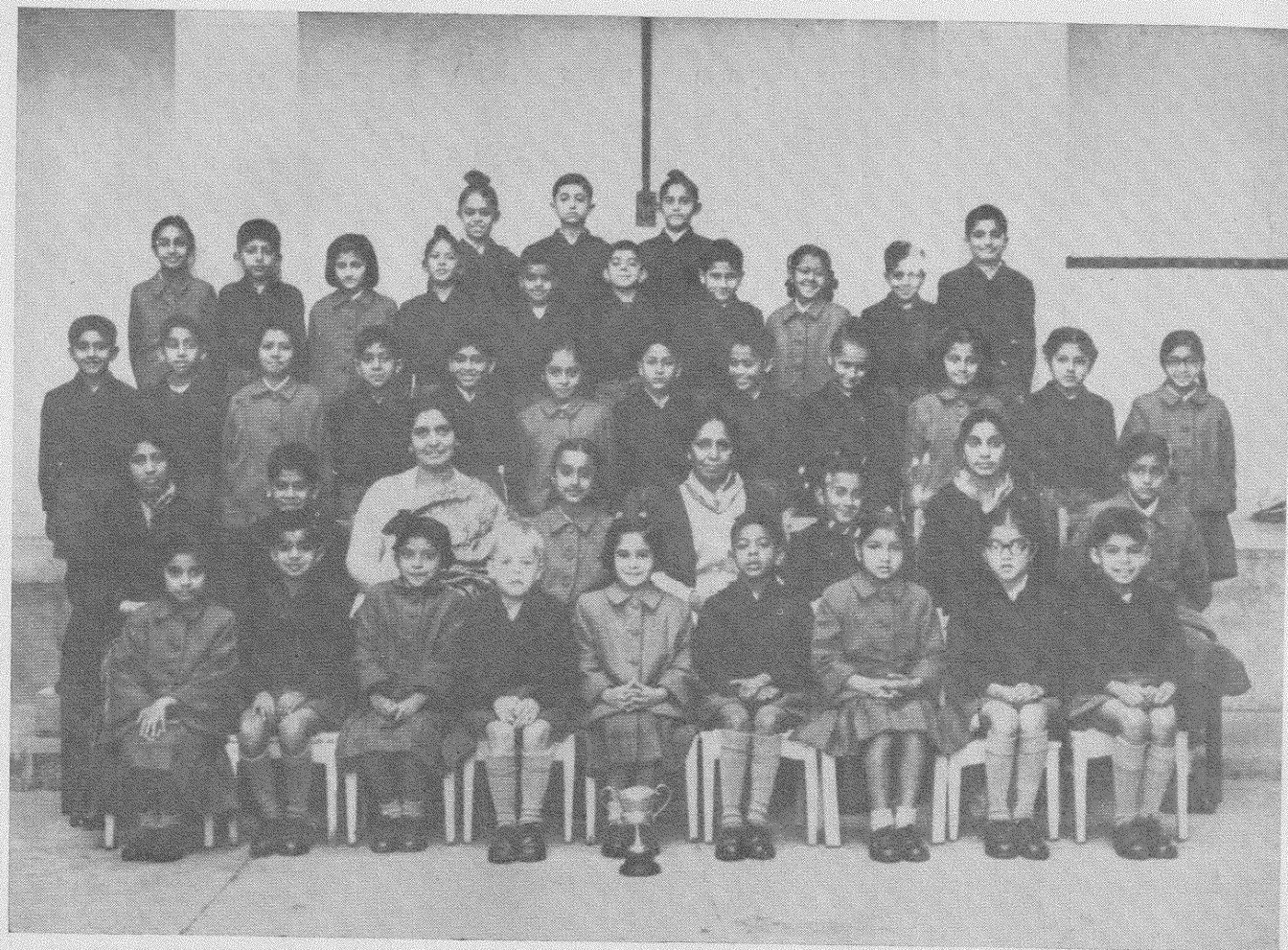
We must congratulate all the girls who helped put up this wonderful exhibition. One, of course, cannot forget Mrs. Mundkur for the wonderful way she helped all the girls to make the exhibition a success.

Deepali Sharma, Suniti Khanna and Sunita Oberoi

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Himalaya House P.D.



Nilagiri House P.D.

Prep. School Notes

HIMALAYA HOUSE

Housemistress	Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur
Boys' Matron	Mrs. Rajamani
Girls' Matron	Mrs. S. Sidhu
Boys' Prefects	Tejpal Singh Surendra Bahadur
Girls' Prefects	Jyotshna Kumari Suman Kumari

Our Housemistress is Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur. In the beginning our matron was Miss Chopra. She left us to get married. We wish her luck and happiness. Now Mrs. Rajamani looks after us.

There are twenty seven boys and ten girls in our House. Out of them one boy and two girls are day-scholars.

We have been very lucky this year to get trophies for Hockey, Cricket, Soccer and Sports. Consequently we won the Cock-House trophy. Gaurav Shamsheer was the captain of our cricket team. Surendra Bahadur was the captain of our Soccer team. Jasjit Singh Battal was the captain of our Hockey team. We Himalayans are good athletes because we have been winning the shield for three years in succession.

We have done well in studies this year. We got the Study Cup and are very happy about it.

Many of us took part in the P. D. Concert at Founder's. On Jawahrlal Nehru's Birthday we put up a Hindi and an English play on our own. In the Prep School Saturday Club show many Himalayans also took part.

We liked Diwali very much because we had great fun by exploding crackers. We had a special dinner.

At the end of the year we celebrated Christmas. We got gifts from the Christmas Father.

Many Himalayans are going to the Senior School. We wish them the best of luck.

Rajbir Singh Kadyan

NILAGIRI HOUSE

Housemistress	Mrs. G.E. Cherian
Boys' Matron	Miss Chopra
			Mrs. Rajamani
Girls' Matron	Mrs. S. Sidhu
Boys' Prefect	Hardeepak
Girls' Prefects	Harsimran

There are thirty eight children in Nilagiri House. Out of them nine are girls and twenty five are boys. Four are day-scholars.

In the first term our House came second in Cricket and first with Himalaya in Soccer. In the second term, in Athletics our House came only third. In Hockey we also came third. In Studies, Nilagiri came third.

On May the 15th, was the combined House show. The name of the English play was "The King and the Jester" and the name of the Hindi play was "**Hamari Davat.**" Many of us took part in the Concert. We had a lovely combined House party in June.

We went for two picnics. One was on the 15th April and the other on the 9th November. For the first picnic we went to Eagle's Nest. For the second picnic we went to Sunshine Valley.

At Founder's there was another combined show. The name of the English play was "The King Minds the Baby." Pankaj and Latika of our House acted well. The Hindi play was **Ek Tha Buddha**. Some of us were in the Band and took part in Dancing and Singing.

On the 4th of November our House acted some plays quite nicely. We wrote down our plays and acted them without any help. There was a Punjabi play named "Mohanlal's Servant." Hardeepak acted in it. Harshiman acted in the English play named "The Naughty Little Boy." We enjoyed ourselves acting in the plays.

Hardeepak and Harshiman

SIWALIK HOUSE

Housemistress	Miss R.R. Suri
Boys' Matron	Mrs. Ram Singh
Girls' Matron	Mrs. S. Sidhu
Boys' Prefect	Gurdeep Scra
Girls' Prefect	Shivroop Sidhu

This is Siwalik House with thirty eight children. We were thirty nine first but as Rita Murthy's father was posted to Shillong, she left.

* Miss Suri is the Housemistress. The boys' matron was Mrs. Massey, but she left at the end of October to join her husband. Mrs. Sidhu is the girls' matron.



Siwalik House P.D.



Vindhya House P.D.

A few Siwalikans did not do well in class and then we found we had come last in studies. The failures felt sorry for what they had done. Some also did well in their classes.

We had good players last year, but this year they were gone and so we started coming second or third in games. In Cricket we came third. We stood second in Hockey and third in Soccer.

We all acted plays on the 14th November. Most of us took part in the plays. The plays were "Robbers and Police", where police tried to capture a group of robbers who were going round murdering people, and "Panditji's Birthday" which was all about a party on Panditji's birthday. There were one Punjabi, one Hindi and two English poems. There was an English song also. The last item was a joke.

We are so naughty that the Matrons are always getting tired of us. We thank them for looking after us so well.

Shivroop, Gurdeep and Mina

VINDHYA HOUSE

Housemistress	Mrs. L. Thomas
Boys' Matron	Mrs. Ram Singh
Girls' Matron	Mrs. S. Sidhu
House Prefects	Varun Sahni
	Vinod Shastri

There are thirty eight children in our House this year. Mrs. Massey had to leave us a few months back. We wish her all the best. Many new children joined us this year and we welcomed them to our House.

We were hoping to get the Study Cup this year but we came second with Himalaya just one and a half points ahead of us. Vinod Shastri, Gurvinder Singh Sanjiv K. Singh, Manu Virmani, Vivek Ahluwalia, Jasdip Singh and Baldip Singh helped us a great deal to put up a good fight for the Study Cup by standing first second or third in their respective classes.

In Athletics we were again second. We did not do well at all in the other games.

We as usual put up a concert entirely on our own for children's Day. We enjoyed every bit of our acting and hope our guests also liked seeing our little plays.

We thank our Housemistress and our Matrons for all they have done for us. We thank Mrs. Tika Ram for feeding us so well throughout this year.

Gayatri Sondhi

Class Reports

FORM II A

In our class there are 26 children. Miss Suri is our class-teacher. It was a joke in our class that the older children did not understand more than the younger ones. We were absent-minded at times, but on the whole we tried to do our best. We had regular competitions with Class II B. Some children were very good and some were naughty. A few who kept chatting a lot were called 'chatterboxes'.

We were weak in Arithmetic, so we had to do a lot of it. We enjoyed doing practical number-work. We played many number games, as for example, Multiplication Table Race. Whenever we had time we drew pictures with shapes.

In English we liked to play phonetic games. Sometimes we competed House-wise and sometimes line-wise. We all did well in English.

In History we liked hearing stories of Pandit Nehru and Gandhiji. In Geography we learnt all about the surface of the earth. In Nature Study we learnt the most. We collected many things and we made a model of the life-cycle of a small white butterfly. Mr. Joshi gave us many things for our Nature Corner. We thank him for the same.

When India was fighting against Pakistan we heard a lot of war news during Environmental studies.

Our classroom makes a pretty sight to see. It looks like a hillside with everything of Nature in it.

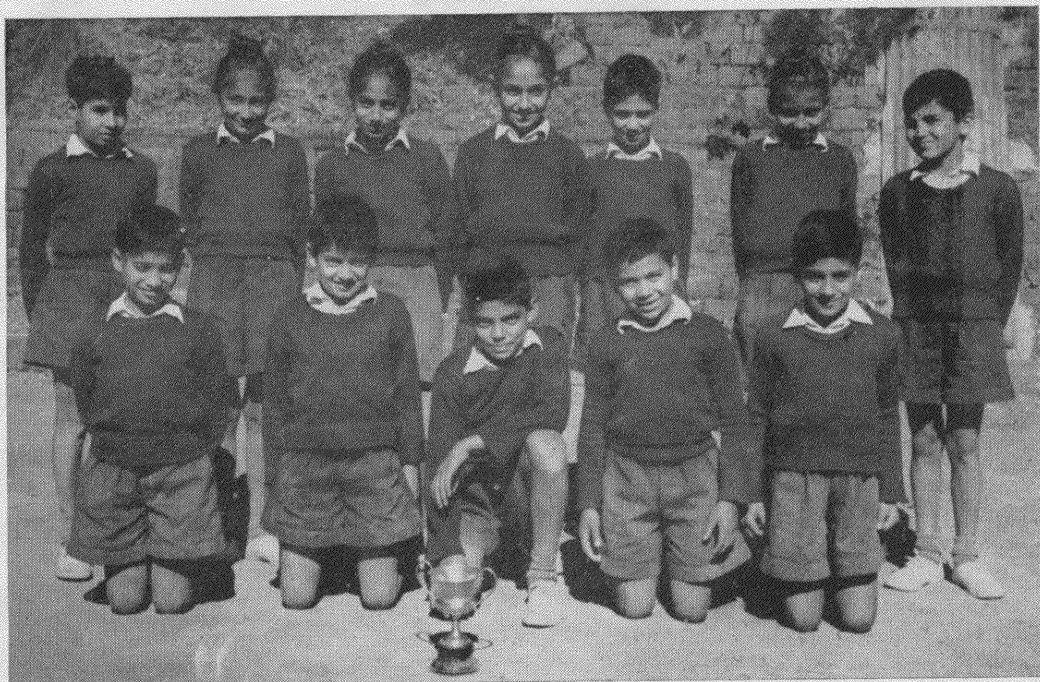
At the end of the year we collected our books to go home, but we remembered to cheer Miss Suri, "Hip, pip, Hurrah!". We thank our teachers for making us clever students.

Harshiman, Gayatri and Vinod

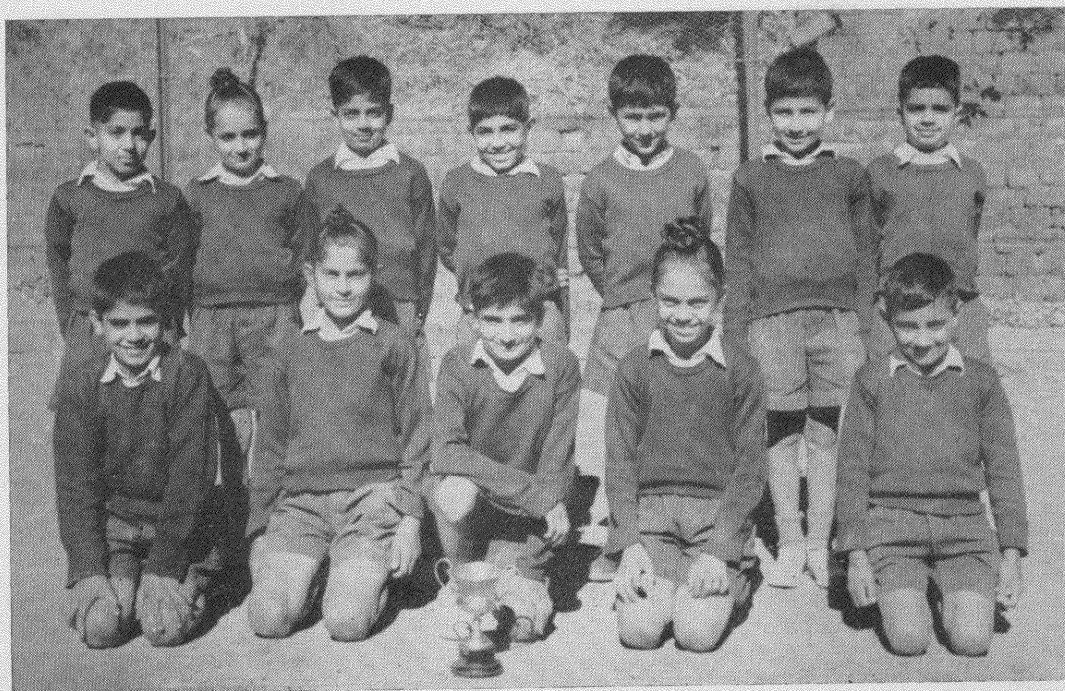
FORM II B

This is Form II B. The class teacher is Mrs. Cherian. There are 25 children in our class. There was one more but she did not return in August.

In the beginning we were very naughty, but if you were to see us now you would see all the difference. We are much quieter and calmer and behave better than before in several ways. At the beginning of the first term we would shout at the top of our voices and Pradeep even dared to use his gun-throat against all of us. We would tire Mrs. Cherian every day, but we were improving slowly.



Himalaya Soccer—Cock House



Nilagiri Hockey—Cock House
(Shared with Himalaya)



Himalaya Cricket—Cock House



Himalaya—Cock House

After the half-term holidays we came back to Sanawar. To our disappointment Mrs. Cherian could not return with us. Her sister was seriously ill, and she was with her sister in Calcutta. Miss Franck took up her place for the time being. We were rather naughty when Mrs. Cherian was away. After a week Mrs. Cherian came back and we settled down happily to our work.

In Number work we improved a lot. Most of the children enjoyed doing their sums. We did a lot of practical work and common sense sums. Mrs. Cherian is particular about our handwriting. We wrote our daily diaries and we made them interesting. We pressed the garden flowers of Sanawar. Mrs. Manley also came with us and told us the names of some of the flowers.

The class is decorated all round with charts, calendars, pressed flowers and our own articles and drawings and it looks lovely with all these. Mrs. Indira Gandhi visited our class at Founder's.

We like our class very much and we will be sad to leave it.

Mina Chanchani and Jyotshna Kumari

FORM I A

There are sixteen boys and eight girls in our class. Mrs. L. Thomas is our class teacher.

We play games as well as study in our class.

We planted potatoes in our class garden. We got quite a number of potatoes from our plants which we fried and ate. They were so tasty!

We made papier-maché coins for our toy shop. It was fun playing shopping games in our class.

We made a model of the Black Fellows of Australia.

We had a debate in our class. We liked it very much. We could choose any subject we liked.

We have four houses in our class named : Tiger, Lion, Elephant and Rhinoceros. The leader of Tiger was Sanjiv. The leader of Lion was Rakesh Singha. The leader of Rhinoceros was Savita Raj. The leader of Elephant was Jaskaran. The cock house of the year was Tiger.

Sanjiv Kavaljit Singh and
Jaskaran Singh

The Prep School Concert

First we practised for three weeks. Mrs. Cherian, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Rudra helped in the English play. Miss Suri, Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur and Mrs. Sakhuja helped in the Hindi play. The other teachers helped in other plays. I took part in dancing.

On the 13th May was our Dress Rehearsal. This was the first time we put on our costumes. On the 15th was our final show. We started our programme with the National Anthem. This was the first item. The second item was done by the K.G.S. The name of the play was "The Witch and the Wizard". There was a girl who was caught by a witch. The witch shut her in a castle. A boy came there. He was the friend of the girl. The boy called a kind old wizard who let the girl free. The witch became a cat.

The third item was Band. The fourth item was an English play named "The King and the Jester". The Jester wanted to be treated as a King so he fooled the King. He was in bed when a wise woman came and said, "He has played a great jest on you". So, the King said to the Jester, "Choose your own manner of death." So, the Jester chose to die of old age.

Varun played a piano piece. There was a dance named Pinnal-Kolattan. There was a song named Dhane Dhaye. The eighth item was a Hindi play named "Hamari Dawat". There were many children dressed in fancy clothes. They all had a party. Then Ganchakkar came. One boy dressed up as a ghost and came. The Ganchakkar ran away. Then their parents came. All the children ran away and the three children started studying.

In the end we sang the first verse of the School song. At the chorus the others joined in.

I liked the show very much.

Jyoti Sakhuja

Our Foundation Day Picnic

Our School is 118 years old. Our School was started on the 15th April 1847. Sir Henry Lawrence's sister-in-law brought 14 children to start the school. On this day every year we have our Foundation Day Picnic.

This year some of the Prep School children went straight to Eagle's Nest. The children who could walk went to Dharampur. We saw the School bus on our way back to Eagle's Nest. The Nilagiri House children went to Dharampur Market and Mrs. Cherian bought them some sweets there.

We were hoping to see the Suri Engine but it was too late. We saw another engine. It was the coal engine. We saw the Senior School Staff walking down to Dagroo. We reached Eagle's Nest at one o'clock.

We had chicken, rice, chutney and an orange each at lunch time. We had bun and 'Charlie' at tea time. We played hide-and-seek, witches, the safe land and many other games.

I enjoyed the picnic. Did you?

Jyotshna Kumari

Our Picnic

On November the nineteenth we went for a picnic to Sunshine Valley. I was the first one to reach there because I ran all the way up.

We played near a pond. Gopal, Rakesh and I caught many frogs for our class but one of mine escaped. We had our lunch after some time. I was one of the last boys to get my food although I think I was the hungriest. We got mutton currie, rice, vegetables and oranges. The meat curry was very tasty.

After lunch we went for a walk. Then we held a head stand competition. Rajbir won. Ronkey bearer then passed by. He also joined us and stood on his head for quite some time.

After that we went for tea. We had cake and sweets for tea. It was then time to return to School. We ran all the way back. I did not feel tired at all at the end of it but I did feel sad to think that our picnic was over.

Gurarvinder

Magazine Section.

Prep School

Myself

My name is Hardeepak Singh Gill. My age is nine years. I was born at Patiala on the 30th November, 1956. My pet name is Kaka.

My family is small. My mother's name is Mrs. P. K. Gill and my father's name is H. S. Gill. They live in Fatehgarh.

I have one sister. Her name is Harpinder Kaur Gill. She is twelve years old. She is thin.

I am thin. My hair is short. My height is 50 inches. My weight is 48 pounds. My complexion is dark.

I sometimes grumble at my friends. I have a habit of talking unnecessarily. I do not forget things quickly. I am short, smart and clever. I have many friends to play with.

I am good in studies. I am in Form II A. I study in The Lawrence School, Sanawar. I behave well in class. My teacher's name is R. R. Suri.

I am in Nilagiri House. My Housemistress is Mrs. Cherian. My matron is Mrs. Rajamani. I stay in the upper dormitory. I do not behave in the dormitory.

My hobbies are to collect stamps and to make plastic things. When I grow up I would like to be an engineer. I would make things for India. I would also like to be a scientist when I grow up and in the Navy, but I will choose later what I should be. I think I will be a landlord and grow food for India.

My wish will be to share my land and riches amongst my wife and children.

H. S. Gill (II A.)

The Happiest Day of my Holiday

I liked the day when we went to Monkey Point in Kasauli.

We took one packet of cream biscuits two boxes of nutties and some sandwiches with us.

We enjoyed ourselves playing and eating.

We could see Kalka and Sanawar from Monkey Point.

In the evening we had a grand tea at Alasia Hotel.

Rakesh Mohan Lowe (I A)

Deepavali

We celebrated Deepavali on the 23rd of October. The previous night I saw in a dream Ram, Sita and Lakshman returning to Ayodhya from the forest.

Ayodhya looked like a fairy land. It was decorated with earthen lamps and everything looked so beautiful! The earthen lamps were shining like stars.

I wanted to keep on dreaming but all of a sudden I woke up. We got Devali sweets before lunch. After lunch the dining room was decorated with lovely paper lamps. After tea we lined up and went to Peacestead. There we saw the image of Ravana with a cap on. Then we started burning crackers. We had a fine time there.

When the whistle blew we went back to our dormitories. We changed for dinner. We looked very smart. Then we had a very tasty dinner.

Many guests dined with us. We behaved very well at dinner time. We were the hosts and so we were careful not to make much noise.

H armanjit (I A)

My Sister

My sister's name is Jayanti.
She is four years old.
She is very naughty.
She plays with me.
She came to leave me in the School with my mother.
She does not like to be left with her ayah.
She studies in Blue Bells' School in Delhi.
She is fair.
She likes to have a ride in the car.
Her birthday was on the 19th September.
I did not forget to send her a card.

Jaskaran (I A)

My own Story

Once upon a time there was a farmer.
He had a number of sheep and cattle.

One night a wolf ate some of his sheep and in the day the farmer saw what had happened.

The next night he stayed awake and he saw the wolf eating his sheep. He shot the wolf and killed him.

The wolf was thus punished well for being cruel.

Sanjiv K. Singh (I A)

M y s e l f

My name is Manpreet Singh. I am nine years old. My birth place is Simla. My pet name is Sunny. I was born in a big hospital.

My family is big. My father was captured by the Chinese in 1962. He has not come back yet. My uncle died in the war with Pakistan this year. All the other members of the family are alright.

I have two sisters and no brother. Their names are Jugvinder and Perminder. Jugvinder is one year older than I am and Perminder is four years younger.

My parents live in Moga now. Their nature is quite good. They always keep helping others. My father's work is in the Army. He is a Major. My mother's work is to teach. She teaches Hindi to the poor children.

My father's hobby is to hunt and my mother's is to knit.

I am tall and thin. My height is fifty three and three quater inches. My weight is sixty two pounds. My complexion is quite fair. I have a top knot.

I am happy all the time but sometimes I feel a little sad. My habits are good. I rise early in the morning. I am not lazy. I have a lot of friends. They all like me. My best friend is Surendra Bahadur. He also likes me a lot, and I like him too.

I am good in studies. I like to study. My class is Form II A. The name of my class teacher is Miss Suri. My behaviour in class is also good.

My hobbies are to hunt and to go to the war.

When I grow up I will be an Indian Javan.

Manpreet Singh (II A)

OUR OWN POEMS

(II-B)

My Pup

I have a little toy pup

I made with my hands.

It'll never sit up,—

It always stands.

Master Doggy, don't be cruel,

Or, to eat you'll only get gruel.

How would you feel,

If you slipped on the peel

Of a banana, orange, or any little meal?

My Teddy

I'm a Teddy,

Fat and sweet,

If I'm pressed in the tummy,

Squeal, "Tweet, tweet!"

Master Teddy, How do you do?

Sucking sweets and a lollipop too,

And strolling about in the market place,

Where people are busy like a fire ablaze.

Mina Chanchani

* * * * *

Sums

Oh, how I hate sums,

They make me get mumps.

Two plus two make four—

Oh! What a bore!

Birds

A bird fell upon the ground,
How lonesome he must be;
But Ma and Pa, their son is found
And come to set him free.

But how shall we unlock the door ?
The mouse said, ' Let me try ' .
And soon the bird, as before,
Could happily sing and fly.

Pankaj Shrivastav

* * * * *

My Life as a Butterfly

My mother laid a lot of eggs,
Under a nasturtium leaf.
The eggs were a pale yellow
And my stay in them was very brief.
I came out of the egg, which was yellow,
Then shook hands with my brothers and sisters
And said ' hallo !'
I ate and I ate,
In my green little plate,
Then I heard the clock strike eight;
Then I left my skin on the plate
And went to sleep very, very late.
By then I was a big caterpillar,
And went to sleep on Ashoka pillar.
I slept a long time, lazy little me,
And I dreamt of only me, me, me.
Then I turned into a Butterfly
And flew around under the sky.
My tongue was as long as my body,
And it happened that I was as small as Noddy.
Poor me has a very short life,
But, glad to say, without much strife.

Form II A

Senior School

The Life and Work of Sir Isaac Newton

There has never been, nor probably will be, such a great scientist as Sir Issac Newton. His work sheds light on many fields of Physics and Mathematics. In a sense, he was the father of modern science, since he was probably the first scientist to find a mathematical basis for Physics.

He was born on Christmas Eve in the year 1642, at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, England. He was a posthumous son and his mother, being somewhat preoccupied with business affairs, left him in his grandmother's care.

Little Isaac was a spoilt child for his grandmother, like most grandparents, was rather indulgent. Besides, there was also a lack of parental restraint or guidance. This somewhat undermined his character.

During his early school-days, Isaac did not show much promise in class. Yet, he had obviously been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, for he was very clever and skilled with his hands. At this early age, he made a clock and a working model of a windmill.

After school, Isaac had to spend two or three years helping his mother run the family farm. His mother had remarried and his step-father was a clergyman. After sometime, he was sent to Cambridge where he studied at Trinity College till the year 1665, when he received his Master of Arts' degree.

Sir Isaac Newton lived a long and fruitful life, which was marked by great discoveries in almost all the fields of Physics and Mathematics. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-five. Unlike most scientists, he was acclaimed and honoured in his life-time. He was knighted and was President of the Royal Society for Sciences for twenty five years.

During his life-time, Newton made a number of epoch-making discoveries. He discovered that sunlight can be analysed into lights of seven colours, and provided an explanation for the rainbow, a natural phenomenon which had till then inspired artists and confused scientists. He also wrote a treatise in Latin called "Principia Mathematica", or the Mathematical principles of Physics in which he enunciated the laws of motion and gravitation among others. This treatise is an immortal gift to posterity. Finding the Mathematical knowledge of his time inadequate to deal with varying quantities, he invented a new branch of Mathematics called "Differential Calculus".

Sir Isaac Newton was a recluse and a bachelor. He did not get along well with his fellow men and so he avoided them. This was probably due to his lonely childhood. He was a kind and gentle man. There is an anecdote in this context that has never lost its appeal despite endless repetition.

One day, Sir Isaac left his room with the papers containing the results of his twenty years of hard work investigating optical phenomena lying on the table. There was a lighted candle near the pile of papers. Newton's dog, Diamond, was asleep under the table. When his master had left, Diamond awoke. In a playful mood he jumped upon the table upsetting the candle and setting the papers on fire. When Newton returned, all he found left of his papers was a pile of ashes. In the circumstances, any other man would have at least severely reprimanded the dog. But all Newton did was to say, "O Diamond, Diamond! thou knowest not what mischief thou hast done."

For all his achievements Newton was a modest man, for he was truly great. He said, "I am like a child playing with pebbles on the sea shore of knowledge."

He had an active and fertile mind which was set working by natural and day-to-day incidents. For instance, an apple fell on his head and set him wondering why it fell downwards towards the earth and not upwards into the heavens. This led to the theory of gravitation.

There was probably only one blot on his escutcheon,—his quarrel with John Flamsteed, the Royal Astronomer. It was true that Flamsteed was an irascible man, but then he was an invalid and had to contend with illness from childhood. Newton should have been more patient with him than he was.

It is rarely that men like Sir Isaac Newton are born. His contribution to science and humanity has never been surpassed. In science, he is like the sun, whose radiance puts all other stars to shame.

Pope paid him a great tribute :—

Nature's laws lay
Hid in night,
God said, "Let Newton be",
And all was light.

Pope's 'Epitaph to Newton'

N. Rajan

At The Dentist's

An old saying goes that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away", but it was not so with me.

However many rosy and juicy apples I ate, I still visited the hospital regularly. One would think that these frequent visits to the doctor made me feel 'quite at home' in his presence, but it was the other way with me.

The thought of that spotlessly clean place with the immaculately clad nurses and doctors hurrying to and fro and the strong choking whiff of rectified spirit made me feel even more ill than I was.

So one day my mother and I drove off to the hospital 'to pay a visit to the doctor's.' It was the dentist this time.

I don't think there could have been a more nervous, desperate and fidgety child, at that moment, than myself.

I sat all huddled up in the corner of the seat, anticipation written on my face, my finger prodding my front tooth in the hope that it would fall off before we reached "that dreadful place." But we arrived as usual, my tooth in its socket, all my effort in vain. On getting out of the car I promptly clutched on to mother, who was by now quite immune and indifferent to this peculiar behaviour.

I dragged my feet and walked as slowly as I could in the hope that the doctor would go away before we arrived. Then I pinched myself and said what a fool I was to act like a baby. But, on second thoughts, I was a baby; at least I was only four.

Suddenly it dawned on me that if I behaved badly I may not get the cuddly-wuddly, betsi-wetsi doll which I had been promised for my birthday. So, I decided to behave as a good little girl should, left my mother's arm, and walked off in front straight to the dentist's room. Mother was startled at this sudden enthusiasm and boldness but decided not to question me as this might prove fatal.

We were immediately summoned into a spick-and-span sparsely furnished room. It was quite dark inside, save for the light provided by the lamp on the dentist's desk and in the middle of the room stood the dentist's chair, with its various instruments hanging from it like the snakes on Medusa's head. I gingerly sat on the chair, my knees knocked, my teeth chattered. I wanted to yell and jump into mother's cosy, inviting lap, but I couldn't. I would lose the birthday present.

The dentist was an extremely kind gentleman, fair and tall, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile which won over everyone. He joked and laughed with me and told me that there was nothing to be afraid of.

Even then I kept repeating my favourite phrase 'does it hurt ?'

At last the crucial moment arrived and so did the hideous plier, which clutched my tooth instantaneously. The dentist gave a slight tug and that was all.

How simple it was, and yet how stupid I had been !

The Doctor gave me one of his charming smiles and his eyes sparkled in triumph.

This incident may have been a mere trifle in my childhood but the effect it had on me was by far better and greater than any injection or pill. For, from that day onwards, my attitude towards hospitals and doctors changed and I learnt not to make 'much ado about nothing'.

Phiroza Satarawala

Night Scene

Restlessly tossing and turning in my narrow bed, I waited for sleep to come. After a time I realised that I wouldn't be able to enjoy the gift of sleep that night. I philosophically resigned myself to wakefulness. The heavy surrounding darkness oppressed me, as did the close, stuffy atmosphere of the room. Getting up I changed and settled down to reading a book, to help while away the long hours between night and day-break.

Then, for some inexplicable, unknown reason, I resolutely put down my book and left the room. As I softly tiptoed down the stairs in the dark, Big Ben, striking the half-hour made me jump nervously. It was long past midnight. Passing down the hall I opened the door and, stepping into the night, pulled it closed behind me.

Taking a few big gulps of the clean, fresh, sweet mountain air I let out a sigh of relief. Walking for some distance I came to a bench on a small mountain peak. I sat down here and took stock of my surroundings. Looking up at the sky, I felt brave and proud. For here, all alone on the high mountain I got a heady sensation of almost being able to reach the sky. Looking at the numerous twinkling stars and shining planets and the vast galaxies they formed, I realised how very huge and awe-inspiring our universe is.

The crescent moon shed her silvery light over the world. Looking at her calm, healing face it seemed to me as if she were a guardian angel hovering over the sleeping world. The moon-lit slopes gleamed like silver, and everywhere there was calm and quiet except for the occasional cry of a nocturnal bird or animal. I left my silver throne, (the bench), and descended to the valley below.

Passing through the woods, I heard the soft pattering of the tiny feet of the little furry animals. A sudden harsh whistle almost made me jump out of my skin. With thudding heart I listened with bated breath. A laugh of relief escaped my lips as I realised that it had been the night owl disturbed by my passage through the woods.

Shafts of moonlight filtered through the leaves overhead and made everything take on a ghostly appearance. Unconsciously my steps quickened till I emerged from the woods. I found myself on the bank of a tiny rivulet of water, which took its source from the mountains.

Sitting down and trailing my fingers in the cool, sparkling water, I listened delightedly to the musical gurgling sound made by the water. The melody was occasionally marred by the long drawn-out cries of the coyotes and other wild animals.

Walking along the river leisurely I soon reached the estuary where it joined the sea. Here, although it was an unearthly hour there were lights everywhere, green lights, red lights, orange lights and ordinary lights. The harbour and docks were alive and teeming with activity for it was a busy industrial area. The tall light-house flashed out at intervals signalling a warning to sailors.

As I was about to finish my nocturnal walk and return home I saw a sudden change of light. Dawn had broken. I watched one of the most glorious sunrises I have ever seen. The moon gently withdrew her cool light leaving the world in the care of the hot sun. Night gave way to day.

Chitra Gouri Sahi

Machinery as our slave

In primitive society the needs of man were few and the crude implements of those days were more than sufficient. But with the lapse of the centuries, the growth of civilization and the complexity of life, the needs and wants of man have multiplied by leaps and bounds. Necessity has ever been the mother of invention. Machines have been made by man to cope with his ever-swelling demands. A man who does not soar on the wings of imagination must acknowledge with grateful thanks the blessings showered on him by machinery.

Man's strength is very limited, but the strength of the forces of nature is unlimited. The high speed of a cyclone, the terrible might of an earthquake, the tremendous force of a waterfall, captured the mind of man. How to compel nature to work like a slave for man and his needs? With the invention of machines this problem has been solved.

In the speedy manufacture of articles for the needy and hungry man, the machine is a boon,—a slave. A man works, and works hard all day long, sweating and panting, and yet the output is only one thousand crude pins a day. The same

man, with the help of a machine, working only for a few hours makes several millions of uniform and fine pins. The machine is the magician, the slave who performs this wonderful feat.

The machine keeps down the price of articles. The cost of a Khaddar dhoti, for example, is higher than that of a mill-made piece of material. If all the cloth-mills of India stopped functioning and all foreign imports were stopped, the Indians would be forced to use home-spun and home-made clothes. Though the rich could afford this, the poor could not. Our slave—the machine—has cheapened the articles both of necessity and of luxury. Without him we would be helpless.

The machine has raised our standard of life. The comfort of man has increased. Only in the last century, the wrist-watch was a rare thing which only the rich could afford to buy. But today it adorns even the wrist of a bullock-cart driver.

It is true that a machine has to be purchased, but it is worth the money spent. It does the work of a hundred hands. These are the days of large-scale production, of uniformity, fineness and speed. The machine alone has made this possible. Delicate articles such as the parts of a watch or medical instruments cannot be made by hand. It is true that the artistic design sewn on a Kashmiri shawl has greater value than the same design worked by a German machine. But hand-made art is for the rich few and machine-made imitation for the poor many.

Mahatma Gandhi once said that the machine represents a great vice, that it has created barriers between man and man, fomented the quarrel between the rich and the poor, and is responsible for the misery of the labourers. This may be true, but the call to go “back to nature” is the sigh of a chained man within the walls of a prison. Nobody can possibly throw back the hands of the clock. The machine is there and will be there in spite of anything anyone may say.

Just as a slave might do everything within his power to please a master who had saved him from danger and misery, the machine has supplied our wants and also created them. People may call it machine civilization and damn it—but, if science has showered any blessings on man, if she has lengthened life and shortened distance, it is because of the machine. Man must, therefore, be ever grateful to the machine, his slave, for the benefits it confers and the blessings it showers.

Lalita Gouri Sahi (Sixth Form)

The Market

Markets in India are always very colourful scenes. Not the New Market of Calcutta or the Bengali Market of Delhi, but the weekly market which takes place in the small villages on the outskirts of the cities.

One or two days in the week are set down for this special occasion. It is treated as a reason for festivity. All the villagers load their bullock-carts with their produce and together with the whole family begin the journey to the market place. They start on their journey long before sunrise when the moon has just gone down. They travel in this semi-darkness with the help of an oil lantern hung on the underside of the cart. The villager and his family take this day off from their usual chores of going to the fields and taking out buffaloes to water them. They look forward to this day as one of rest and enjoyment. They wear their gayest clothes. Many people take cows and buffaloes to sell.

The market commences at about ten o'clock. The market place is filled with the shrill cries of people hawking their wares. It is a brilliant scene; ladies in colourful 'ghagras' and blouses, men in brilliantly coloured shirts and 'dhotis'. Some men have bright 'pugrees' on. The villager comes as early as possible so as to secure a good place to sell his wares. You get everything you'd want here from vegetables to coloured ribbons and trinkets. The ladies squat on the ground and spread their wares around them. The women shout at the top of their voices, vying with each other for customers. Here and there you see customers haggling over some purchase. Children are running around and fighting. Little, brown babies are seen squabbling in the dirt next to their mothers. Men and women are exchanging the latest gossip.

On one side, prospective buyers are standing and examining a likely bullock or buffalo. A 'halwai' (sweetmeat dealer) is doling out some hot greasy sweetmeats to wide-eyed children. Somewhere, someone begins playing an instrument and singing, which adds to the merriment of the atmosphere. Soon some men and women begin dancing. A man from the city comes hawking his ribbons and trinkets hoping to tempt pretty ladies with his wares. Cows sit around or walk aimlessly on the roads chewing and not caring about what is happening around them. Young women sit about flashing smiles at everyone and jingling their bangles. Though the day has become hot and the air stifling, it does not affect these revelers in the least.

Towards evening the fun grows more intense. Everyone is satisfied with his or her purchases and so joins the merriment. Late at night, tired out but happy, these villagers return home.

Neela Rudra

A walk in the Rain

'Pitter-patter, pitter-patter' fell the rain drops on the roof tops as my grandfather and I emerged from the gates of our house for his habitual morning walk.

My grandfather practised the maxim:

"A mile a day keeps the doctor away."

with a vengeance. The most indifferent and inclement weather conditions never made him miss his customary morning walk.

The previous night it had been raining very heavily. At that time it had slowed down for some time and my grandfather did not miss the golden opportunity. On that particular day I had also decided to accompany him on his walk.

We had hardly taken a few steps when it began to rain cats and dogs. At first, when I got wet, I regretted having come for that walk. After I had been soaked for some time, I did not seem to mind it at all. Seeing the roadside drains flooding with water, I was at once reminded of the proverb—"it never rains but it pours."

We reached the town's main thoroughfare which otherwise teemed with traffic but was now completely deserted. Except for us not a single living soul was in sight.

Soon the fog began to descend together with the rain. The streets became completely enveloped in the dense fog. My grandfather and I could hardly see each other's faces. We managed to keep together by holding hands and walking. We frequently walked into puddles which had formed by the roadside.

After about twenty minutes the fog began to lift as quickly as it had descended. My grandfather and I were completely wet and slimy, mud from the puddles was sticking to our clothes and bodies.

The rain then began to slow down. My grandfather and I began to retrace our steps to our house. The town's main thoroughfare and streets were now beginning to get crowded. Mud splashed on us as cyclists flitted through puddles.

We also witnessed a serious accident. A heavy truck was trying to take a sharp turn round a corner. It was also moving at high speed. As it was taking the turn the tyres skidded and the truck ran over a child who was playing by the roadside and crashed into the back wall of a house. The poor child who was enjoying the rain bath was killed instantaneously.

On the road on which I live, there used to be a rapidly decaying mansion. This was said to have been there since the eighteenth century and was, therefore, the pride of the town. My best friend used to live there. While returning from the walk, I was shocked to see that the mansion had collapsed as it could not stand the heavy rain. Firemen had carried out their rescue operations and had been able to save all but one life from the debris. I was heartbroken to learn that my friend was the unlucky one to have lost his life.

With a heavy heart I entered my house and thus finished a tragic walk in the rain.

Ashok Kumar Saxena

What Opportunities are there today for Adventure ?

Today there are many opportunities for adventure in different walks of life. Mountaineering, Hitch-hiking, Camping, Driving, Space-flying and Underwater research, all offer opportunities for adventure.

Someone in India who wants to seek adventure in the mountains just joins the "Mountaineering Institute" of Darjeeling. There he learns all the fundamentals of mountaineering. During this course he gets practical training also. After this he knows all about climbing mountains, so he can lead small expeditions or excursions to seek adventure. The "Advanced Leadership Course", now being held at Manali is an example of this. Eight boys who wanted to seek adventure in the mountains have gone to this course from Sanawar.

Anybody can hitch-hike or camp. But if someone wants adventure he has to look for it. Adventures help a person to gain experience. When out camping a person has to explore the surroundings in order to find opportunities for adventure. In a camp one can find adventure in climbing hills or trying to find specimens for research.

Hitch-hiking is common among Indians as well as among people from other parts of the world. Some people, who want to see new places and also find adventure on the trip, plan to hitch-hike to that place. They walk for a part of the way and they try to get a lift or lifts for the rest of the way and thus reach their destination. This, in a way, is adventure for them.

Some people may look for adventure whilst driving and so they drive round the world and see different countries. They camp in the wilderness sometimes and so, they may have to keep guard so that they are not robbed or attacked by wild animals. So drivers find adventure in car racing.

Now that science is advancing so fast, people find adventure in space-flying. Yuri Gagarin and Alan Shephard are examples of men who have found adventure in this. These people are shot into space, they orbit the earth and then come back. Recently a Russian and an American walked or floated in outer space for some minutes.

Under-water research gives another opportunity to people who want adventure. Scientists and other men have made under-water laboratories. From here these men go out and collect specimens from the bottom of the sea. They try to find new things, i.e. organisms and plants which may be useful to human life.

These are some of the opportunities offered for adventure today.

Sukhbir Singh Sahi

A Railway Station

The railway station is the sign of the development in a nation of good transport facilities and of the genius of man who has harnessed the formerly dormant and unknown forces and made them power huge rumbling metallic monsters on which the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants depend for speedy transport.

The size of a railway station varies from a small platform with a rail alongside it to a huge terminus consisting of numerous platforms, tracks, bridges and uniformed staff and workers.

The larger railway stations are very busy places. On the arrival of a train the station is a scene of confusion. Men, women and children of all colours and dimensions, jostle each other in their fruitless endeavour to acquire a seat in the overcrowded train. The vendors and other businessmen advertise their goods in voices which vary greatly in pitch and audibility. The engines refuel and water is filled in the tanks. After the necessary adjustment in the arrangement of the boggies, the train leaves the station with the engine emitting a sound which grows shriller as the train accelerates.

In thickly populated areas, the station staff are busy throughout the day. That is why the staff usually work in shifts. They are engineers, or repairers, or engine-drivers, or firemen, or station-masters, or sanitary inspectors or sweepers. A great deal of responsibility lies on the shoulders of the cabin-men. They have to regulate the passage of trains and their slightest mistake can result in a horrible and ghastly accident in which hundreds of people may die.

The railway station is very important in modern times. Aeroplanes are too expensive and cannot reach every part of a country, so most people travel by rail. The stations regulate traffic, make possible the carrying out of repairs and of refuelling and provide refreshment to passengers wearied by long and tiresome journeys. They also provide a base for the embarkation of passengers in an orderly and systematic manner.

Thus the railway station is an important landmark in the development of a nation. It is also interesting and educative because one can learn many things by observing the different kinds of people in the station for a short time.

Harsh Vardhan Sharma

A Gloomy Old House

It was about noon when I left my friends. The sun was partly hidden by clouds. The morning had been very bright and hot. Now as noon came the weather began to change. The breeze which had been blowing was now becoming fierce. I wanted to get home as fast as I could. My home was about five miles away by the main road, but my friends told me that there was a short-cut leading over a wooded hillock. I decided to try that short-cut as my house was about two and a half miles by that road.

I hopped on to my bicycle and paddled away, like a madman. Soon I came upon the short-cut ; a muddy track rarely used. It led uphill for about two hundred yards. Then it seemed to disappear altogether. Trees with overhanging branches swayed occasionally when the wind was strong. Weed and grass covered the old road, now a trail. As I began to ascend, the sun's rim dipped behind the cloud and it grew dark. I was slightly shaken. Was it a bad omen ? I crossed my fingers and hoped it was not. I climbed up the slope and turned left. My breath was hot and rapid. I was tired, but I trudged on. I pushed my cycle ahead of me cursing its weight. I was soon exhausted. So, I placed my bike against a tree and sat down to rest.

I saw a lot of birds—hundreds ! They all flew in one direction. I began to wonder why. Now I could hear all the chirping, tittering, squacks, squeaks, screeches of all kinds of birds. I got up, pushed my bicycle and went to investigate. The din of the birds increased. I could not stand it. Then, through a gap in the hedge I saw something. At this moment the sun broke out of the clouds. What I saw took me by surprise ;—it was an old, gloomy looking house.

I found a path to the house. I propped my cycle against a tree and went ahead. The once grand gates stood open—a sort of creepy welcome. The path was overgrown with weeds and shrubs. The garden had a sort of wild beauty, the flowers growing anywhere, almost everywhere. Weeds, grass, shrubs and stalks of corn gave the impression of a wild, uncared, undisturbed natural beauty. A once beautiful stone mermaid without arms sat in the middle of a marble fountain. Moss covered the fountain and the dirty water gave the mermaid a forlorn look.

My eyes fell upon the house. It was an ancient one—double storeyed. Made of wood and marble, covered by moss and ivy, it gave a creepy look. The window panes were dusty and broken. The wood seemed to be rotting. Holes in the wall were occupied by birds of all kinds. As I approached they flew away. All of a sudden it became quiet. I could hear my heart thump.

The entrance was in a horrible state. The door was broken and birds' waste was everywhere. I walked into a hall covered with layers of dust. All the furniture and carpets were in a state of rotting. The place stank horribly, but I was curious.

I came upon a staircase. It curved gracefully upwards. Once it must have been beautiful. I crept up softly, treading on a rotten carpet, fearing to hear my own footsteps. Suddenly it seemed to give way. I grasped the side rail and luckily it held. I crept up again. But as I reached the top I got a fright. A bat flew into me. As my arms shot up to cover my face, I abruptly sat down. My heart must have missed a beat because from that moment my heart-beat increased as if trying to make up. When my fears had flown away with the bat, I quietly got up. I had raised quite a lot of dust and amidst this I proceeded.

A wide doorway led into a bedroom. There I saw a bed about to fall to pieces. The wood was so rotten that I could see thousands of holes occupied by a swarm of restless white ants. I passed through this room and went into another. Passing through the door I found myself in a dark room. The room was dark except for a thin shaft of sunlight playing upon a horribly cracked mirror. I got a shock when I saw my reflection. I quickly looked around the room. I noticed that most of the windows were barred. There also hung right from the ceiling to the floor dark, thick, rotting curtains. The roof could hardly be seen but I could make out a lot of white objects. I turned my attention to the floor. Pieces of glass lay mingled with the dust of ages. In the dark I could make out shapes of rotting arm-chairs and tables. A few bits of broken crockery told me that this must once have been the dining room. I looked around for a silver spoon or anything to take as a souvenir.

My roaming eyes suddenly halted. What I saw nearly made me jump. A shiver ran down my spine and I began to feel cold. There in the dust I saw clear prints of naked feet; the largest I had ever seen. I shouted, looked around quickly, swinging my arms wildly. At that very instant my eyes fell on the cracked mirror and opened wide in horror. My hair stood up as I saw the reflection of a thing. All I remember is that it was something white,—yes, white! It seemed to float down upon me from behind.

I could not bear it any longer. My nerves must have cracked. Screaming at the top of my voice, I jumped around and bolted. I felt sure that that thing would catch me. I swung out at invisible foes while running. I could hear my echoes.

I tore down the rotten steps which later crashed down as I had just reached the front door. The whole building shook and some loose boards fell. I could still hear the crashing of the stairs and my echoes when I reached the gate. Without a glance backwards, I wrenched my cycle and hopped on to it. I paddled furiously.

I clung to the cycle as it bumped down at terrific speed. Heedless of bushes and thorns I made my way towards my house. Somehow I managed to reach the main road. I was very tired but I kept going till I reached home so that I could be at least a mile from the gloomy, old house with that thing in it.

T. Vunglallian

The Fascination of a Fair

Only those who have actually been to a fair,—been part of the noisy, jostling, pushing crowd,—can know the fascination of a fair. I've been to one or two, but these few visits have been enough. I've taken such a liking to fairs that I can't resist the mixed sounds of shouting, music and people yelling, 'Line up, line up! '.

Some one who has been to a fair more than once usually knows that there is rarely anything new behind those mysterious-looking gates. Yet one out of ten can pass indifferently by.

Having entered those gates one enters a world of its own. This is the world of the fun-loving; here everyone has a smile on his face, everyone is in a hurry. There are so many things to do and only a few hours to do them in. The fortune-teller's tent in a fair looks so much more promising than a house with a placard announcing "Palmists." Someone shouts, "See Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb." Yet another person is selling Candy Floss. The enormous wheel of fortune is another temptation that even grownups can't resist.

The blaring, tuneless music of the fair is the type that goes to one's head. One is drunk with enjoyment. This strange, glittering world, with its numerous kinds of freaks, shows and magic, attract everyone like a magnet attracts iron.

This is one place where people forget their economy. After all, where can you get things so cheaply? The fact that these 'things' are mostly of no use is pushed to the back of one's mind.

Fire-eaters, snake-charmers, high-wire acts, midgets, 'the fat lady', mermaids,—all the things one laughs at when one hears or reads about,—are fascinating in a fair. The fascination of seeing someone stand high up on a ladder, pour highly inflammable oil on himself, light it and jump into water some 40 feet below, never lessens. Even the refreshments, served in rather grubby-looking plates, are enjoyed more,—seem more tasty, somehow.

Having visited and revisited all the stalls one reluctantly walks home, leaving the colourful, never-tiring world behind, but the memory of those few hours stays with one and all for some time to come.

Sonali Moitra

Lost in a Forest

It was my cousin Nan's wonderful idea that we should have a snow picnic and we had been looking forward to it for a long time. After a lot of preparation the day came when we were to set off towards the woods surrounding the country.

It was a remarkable day for a picnic and though the snow lay thick the sun was shining brightly bringing a sparkle from every frosted twig and branch.

I got a basket of food from the kitchen and with Nan at my side went to join the rest of the picnic party. They were all gathered in a merry throng and were ready to be off. Everyone was infected by the gaiety of the occasion and we all set off in high spirits towards a place called 'Bharthol' which was a grand spot for a picnic. There we would find plenty of dry wood to make a fire.

We reached our destination without mishap and we had a marvellous time at the picnic. There were lovely spots around for playing games and we had great fun.

As we set off on our return journey we were all scattered and Nan and I with Tom, my friend, were lagging behind and were the last of the party. We were laughing and talking and we did not realize that we were following the wrong trail. We were following a track left days ago instead of the one just made by the party.

It seemed that fate was against us and it was not until we had reached the depths of the wood that we realized our terrible mistake. Tom suggested that we retrace our steps at once but then something happened which sent a chill of dismay down my back. Big, soft snow flakes began to fall swiftly and steadily. As we went along footprints blurred and were harder to find. We stood for a moment or two uncertain as to how to proceed. We were in real danger.

At the thought of wild, hungry animals a feeling of panic seized us. Then it seemed as if our worst fears were to be realized when we saw something that looked like a wolf coming towards us. We were very relieved to see that it was only a friendly Alsation dog who, apparently, wanted us to follow him. He took us to a house and we thought that at last we were safe. How pleased I was when my hand closed on the knocker. I beat a brisk tattoo with it and then stood quaking outside while dreadful thoughts of thieves, murderers, and other villains of school-boy fiction flooded my mind. But when the door opened a friendly middle aged woman stood in the opening.

A few minutes later we were seated in a cheerful room by a warm fire, telling our adventures. Soon after the master of the house set us on our sure way home.

Shashi Sakhuja

My last Day in School

(As told by an old Sanawarian)

It was a beautiful night. The moon was shining brightly and the cold wind, carrying the sweet fragrance of the flowers through the trees, whispered a sad and melancholy tune to my heart. Walking under the trees, my heart felt heavy with the memories of the past years in the School which had been a second home to me.

I remembered for the hundredth time that night the debts which I owed my school-mates. Feeling very sad, I went and lay down on my bed, perhaps for the last time in that place. The thoughts of my early days in School flashed through my mind. How nice and pleasing everything had been ! Now I would never see this wonderful place again. The stars in the clear sky were blurred as I looked at them.

Sleep evaded me that night. Restlessly, I tossed from side to side in my bed. It was well into the night when, exhausted by my lingering thoughts, I fell asleep.

As far as I can recollect, I had a vivid dream that night. I dreamt that my next day's journey was very tiresome. Arriving home late at night, I found to my surprise that the servant was not at home. Wearily I walked to the front door and to my amazement I heard voices coming from the house. No light was on. Ghosts had come to my house to murder me. How I wished I had never left the School ! In my fright, I banged my fists on the door. Suddenly the door gave way and I fell shouting

I woke up and, to my horror, I found myself lying on the floor, bathed in perspiration. I was jolted by this nightmare and could not get any sleep for the rest of the night. Why did I have to come to this part of my miserable life ?

Early the next day, before morning mists had risen, I exchanged a last farewell with the little knot of friends. Thanking them for all they had done for me, I turned away and with the tears welling up in my eyes, I left the place for ever

B. P. Aggarwal

Gardening as a Hobby

A colourful and well-kept garden draws admiring glances and comments from the passers-by. Even a dilapidated old house looks more habitable and cheerful when its garden is well-kept. By well-kept one does not mean in orderly rows of flower beds, but rather a garden in gay abandon, which has flower beds of no special sizes and shapes but with flower beds overflowing with flowers and not flower beds choked with weeds.

Gardening does not mean growing plants in a routine manner, for the gardener must have a love for what he is growing. No one is a gardener in the real sense of the word until he loves the plants as if they were his own flesh and blood, and hurting or ruining them would mean hurting a part of himself.

Of course, a gardener does not have an easy job. He can't put the seeds into the soil and then sit back and hope for the best. He must be on the look-out constantly for destructive agents such as slugs, weeds, and hoar frost. It is naturally rewarding for a gardener to gaze upon his garden and to feel that he has played a major part in the growth of his plants.

A gardener watches the progress of his plants as closely and lovingly as a mother watches her child learning to walk and talk. Each achievement means joy, however little, and each downfall means a bit, if not a lot, of grief.

Gardening is a pass time for both young and old. Many a tiny totler has been seen absorbed watching, in course of time, a bud change into a flower, then into a fruit and then collecting the seed. Then the seed is sown and is watched growing into a plant which gives buds and flowers and goes on into the eternal cycle. Many toddlers decide to have a go at gardening. No one is as happy and surprised as a child is when the seeds that he has sown sprout and grow.

Gardening is not a pastime like golf, polo, swimming and games. For most of the other pastimes a lot of time is required but in gardening it is not so. A mere five minutes spent amongst the flowers and one is as refreshed as another who has spent a few hours at a game of golf. Gardening is neither as costly nor as complicated as other hobbies, but it is by far the most rewarding of them all.

Pratima Jaya Ram

The Seven Ages of Man

' All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His act being seven ages.

At first the infant ' says Shakespeare,—the infant, who is petted and spoiled because he is so new, so helpless in the world. He cries for milk, he plays with toys, is excited by new sounds and things. Slowly, he takes a step, then two, and finally he is toddling. Similarly he learns words which he pronounces so sweetly though wrongly.

'Then the whining school-boy.' Whining is the word! He doesn't want to go to school, but wants to play with his friends. He is untidy and dirty, yet he doesn't want to wash. His hair, which is combed neatly in the morning, is unkempt by the time he is back for lunch. He is clumsy. He breaks window panes, vases and other things, is reprimanded, but does it again.

'Then the lover, sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow.' It is true. The lover is dreamy and touchy. He cares not about work or play, but about his appearance, how he will impress his sweetheart. He is extravagant because of the many things he buys her.

The lover becomes a married man, practical and exact. He has a job. He is ambitious. He tries to do his work well so that he can get on in the world. He wants money to furnish his needs. He has to support his family.

Suddenly, all ambition is gone. He is tired of his work. He feels the need to go to the hills or to some secluded spot where he is one with nature. He takes up hobbies like gardening. He sits in the evening on a rocking chair smoking his pipe. He is a quiet man now.

Dotage sees this man with white hair, hobbling along with the stick. He is like a child again, laughing, talking with his children and grandchildren as if he were one of them. He seems to be in his second childhood. His senses are not as active. His sight is feeble, his memory not clear, he needs hearing aids.

Then comes the time when death is close by. He loses his sight, his teeth, his hearing, his memory and finally, to quote Shakespeare, is 'sans everything'.

Sanober Sahni

Lost in a Forest

I felt the atmosphere of my room stifle me. Although all my windows were open, the room seemed stuffy and hot. Outside, the silver moon looked down at me tempting me to go outside. "Go on", it said, "you'll feel much better outside." At first I hesitated; I was scared to go outside all alone. But that peaceful look on the face of the moon made me get the better of my fear. I changed into a pair of slacks and a warm pullover and tiptoed my way downstairs. It was the first time I had even been out all alone at night. The scene before me was breath-taking.

You see, our house is by a forest which is said to be haunted. The moon was casting her silvery light upon the leaves making them look spectral. But as I had got the better of my fear, I went on my way.

When I was very young, my mother had never let me go to this forest. She had frightened me into not going there by saying there were ghosts. (My mother is a little scared of ghosts). Even my servant had told me that there were graves and spirits in the forest. I suppose that childish fear lingered on. But that night was different. I decided that life wasn't worth living if there was no adventure in it.

I walked on as if in a dream. The thought that I had escaped from my stuffy room was enough to raise my spirits. By now I was well inside the forest. I didn't know which path I had taken because I hadn't paid any attention to my surroundings. My only thought was to get as far away as possible from my horrible bedroom.

I had reached a small clearing in the forest. There were lots of stones lying in heaps here and there. I presumed them to be the graves my servant had told me about. All around me there was a horrible silence. The thick foliage barely let any moonlight get through. What little light did penetrate those leaves fell to the ground in little ghost-like figures. All this while I had got a firm hold on my fear, but now fear was getting the better of me.

All of a sudden I heard a hoot which chilled me to my very marrow. I couldn't stop thanking God when I found it was only an owl. Just then I heard something move close behind me. I turned around and there I saw that one of the stone heaps had fallen down revealing an old coffin. I saw the coffin move, yes it did really move. A beautiful hand came out of it. This was too much for me. I turned round so that I wouldn't see it but wherever I turned I saw the same thing. The whole place which had seemed dead when I first entered it now seemed alive. I tried desperately to get away from it all but there seemed to be no path. I thought I saw a light in front of me. I ran towards it hoping to receive some comfort from it. I ran as fast as I could but the light just wouldn't come any nearer. I didn't know where I was running, but I kept on. Finally, after what seemed years of running, I fell down exhausted. The world seemed to rotate before my eyes. I didn't know where I was. When eventually I did regain my strength and consciousness I found myself sitting beside a tree on the road that led to my house. My instinct had led me home.

It was the small hours of the morning and the eastern sky was pink when I made my way home.

Deepali Sharma

The Advance of Science

Comparing the scientific knowledge of the present with that of a century ago it seems that there was no science in the last century. Fast speeding electric and diesel trains have taken the place of the old steam-powered slow trains and the modern

jet airliner offers a sharp contrast to the old Wilbur and Wright's propelled plane. Jet turbined motor cars and boats have replaced the puffing, grunting, coughing and splitting monsters of the last century. Today there are electrical computers, television sets, rockets, jets and atomic bombs to symbolise the advance of science.

The main reason for this sudden advance of science is atomic energy. This energy if developed properly is very much more effective and economical than any other form of energy. Man is slowly learning more and more about atoms and the way they behave. Today nuclear-powered submarines and atomic bombs are produced on a large scale. When an atom is split tremendous energy is released and this energy can be used most effectively for any type of work. Apart from atomic energy, scientists of today have great facilities and immense scope to carry on research. Society is also well educated and doesn't hinder scientists as it did in Galileo's and Madame Curie's time. Galileo was hounded like an animal because he dared challenge the laws laid down by his predecessors. Marie Curie together with her husband carried out research on the dangerous radioactive substance 'radium' in a cellar of her house. As a result of this she was physically weakened by the deadly radioactive rays.

Science owes a great deal of its advance to the bold discoveries of Galileo, the courageous research of Madame Curie and the determined and intelligent efforts of Michael Faraday and Sir Isaac Newton. The great advance in atomic energy is mainly due to the genius of Albert Einstein and the hard work of Lord Rutherford.

On the biological and medical side too, science has progressed a great deal. Today heart operations are common and with the aid of modern anaesthetics and drugs, surgery has advanced a great deal. Local surgeons with the help of modern equipment have become skilled on neurosurgery. Botanists today know a great deal more about plants than their predecessors. As a result of great agricultural research food production has doubled.

Science, in short, has advanced from nowhere to the top of human achievement and today is most popular in the field of learning.

K. K. Chauhan

Lost in the Forest

The moon looked down upon the earth. She saw a dark and sleeping world. All was quiet. In the Pakistani prison camps, Indian prisoners slept restlessly. They had no reason to feel uneasy. The guards were kind and only Ayub Khan's orders prevented them from letting their charges escape. But one figure sat waiting on his bunk. He was sweating profusely and his heart was beating very fast.

He was Ram Das—a notorious murderer and thief. He had been allowed to join the armed forces to fight the Pakistanis. He was one of those people who have no friends, no source of happiness and no love from anyone. Before joining the Army he had made a promise to his old and haggard mother that he would forever give up thieving and murdering. His father had died many years ago ;—died when he heard of his only son's horrifying deeds. All these years there had been a guilty feeling lurking at the back of his mind. After all, but for him his father would probably be living now and his mother would not have been so lonely and sad. Now that 'feeling' had come to the surface clamouring for attention. He must change his ways and do something to compensate for his dying mother's grief.

But instead, here he was a prisoner in the Pakistani camp. He must escape. That was the only way to get away. And so he did, that very night, without planning anything. The Himalayan ranges were a mere twenty miles away from the camp. The nearer mountains were covered with snow and densely forested. It would be easy to hide there. He thought no further.

The moon is clever. She knew of Ram Das's intentions. She also knew that this was a man who was going to start life afresh. She glided away behind a large cloud, leaving the world in darkness.

Ram Das said a prayer and waited for the guard to walk to the other side of the prison camp. He opened the window and climbed down the pipe. It was all too easy. Stealthily, quietly, he made his way into the thicket.

Next morning found Ram Das panting his way towards the ranges. They were not more than half a mile away from him. The sight of them filled him with renewed hope, and he resumed his journey with more vigour.

That night he entered a dense forest and looked for a place to rest in. The silence was unbearable. Figures seemed to be flitting from tree to tree. His fear grew. To his right there was a cave. He was very tired. He entered it. There was nothing there, absolutely nothing, not even a lonely owl. He lay down and soon fell asleep.

That night he dreamt of his mother and father. His father had come from the next world to take away his mother. She did not want to go. The dream ended and another one began. People he had murdered were laughing at him. They looked quite pleased with themselves. He couldn't imagine why they laughed. He woke up sweating. It was still dark but he could not bear the silence in the cave.

He stepped out of it and kept walking aimlessly. He was waiting for daylight to come. But by now fatigue was the dominating factor controlling his body. He lay down near a tree. His mother's face kept on appearing in front of his eyes. It

was then that he heard the footsteps. He looked around. There was nothing, nobody. He thought it was his imagination. He rested his head on the tree. He could hear footsteps again, this time behind him. He looked back. There was a huge wall of ice. But how could that appear so suddenly? He got up slowly. His hair rose gradually upwards. Yes, it had a face, hands, legs! What on earth could it be? Then he realised it—it was the Abominable Snowman!

The adjective did not do justice to the Snowman. It was even uglier than a Dracula could be. Its eyes were deeply sunk and black around the rims. Its forehead projected and its hollow cheeks were horribly wrinkled. It must have been twelve feet tall. But when it walked, it made only a slight sound.

It was now coming towards Ram Das. For a whole moment, Das stood there, frozen and motionless. Then he turned and fled—straight into the arms of another Snowman. This abominable creature was younger than the first one. Now it caught Ram Das by his hair and swung him around.

At that very moment, the wind began its death howl; an eerie screaming whistle. It was frightening the way the silence was so rudely broken. It made the blood freeze. The Snowman only laughed, guffawed mirthlessly. Picking up Ram Das the Snowman calmly walked away. They took him to a place in the forest where many human bones lay scattered about. There they left him. He couldn't escape; if he tried he'd only get lost.

Ram Das knew that he was going to die. Now he understood the terror that he used to see in the eyes of his victims when he was going to murder them.

Then he thought of his mother. If she did not know what had happened to him, the uncertainty would kill her. He took out his diary and wrote down everything. Just then, the Snowmen returned. They thought his diary was some weapon. So one of them took it and threw it with great force—straight into the chimney of Ram's mother's house.

Strangely enough,—may be it was God's will, may be it was simply coincidence,—just then she had been praying for her son to come to her. She heard something fall into the fire from the chimney. She quickly picked it up and she began to read: "Dear mother . . ." On and on she read, but after a time she closed it and put it away in her cupboard. She never shed a tear. She was now a bitter woman ready to die. God had been cruel to her. First her husband had died and now her son would never return. She had prayed for her son and instead she got his death warrant. A week later she died. People suspected that she had committed suicide and wondered why she did it, but no one knew for she had burnt that diary before she died.

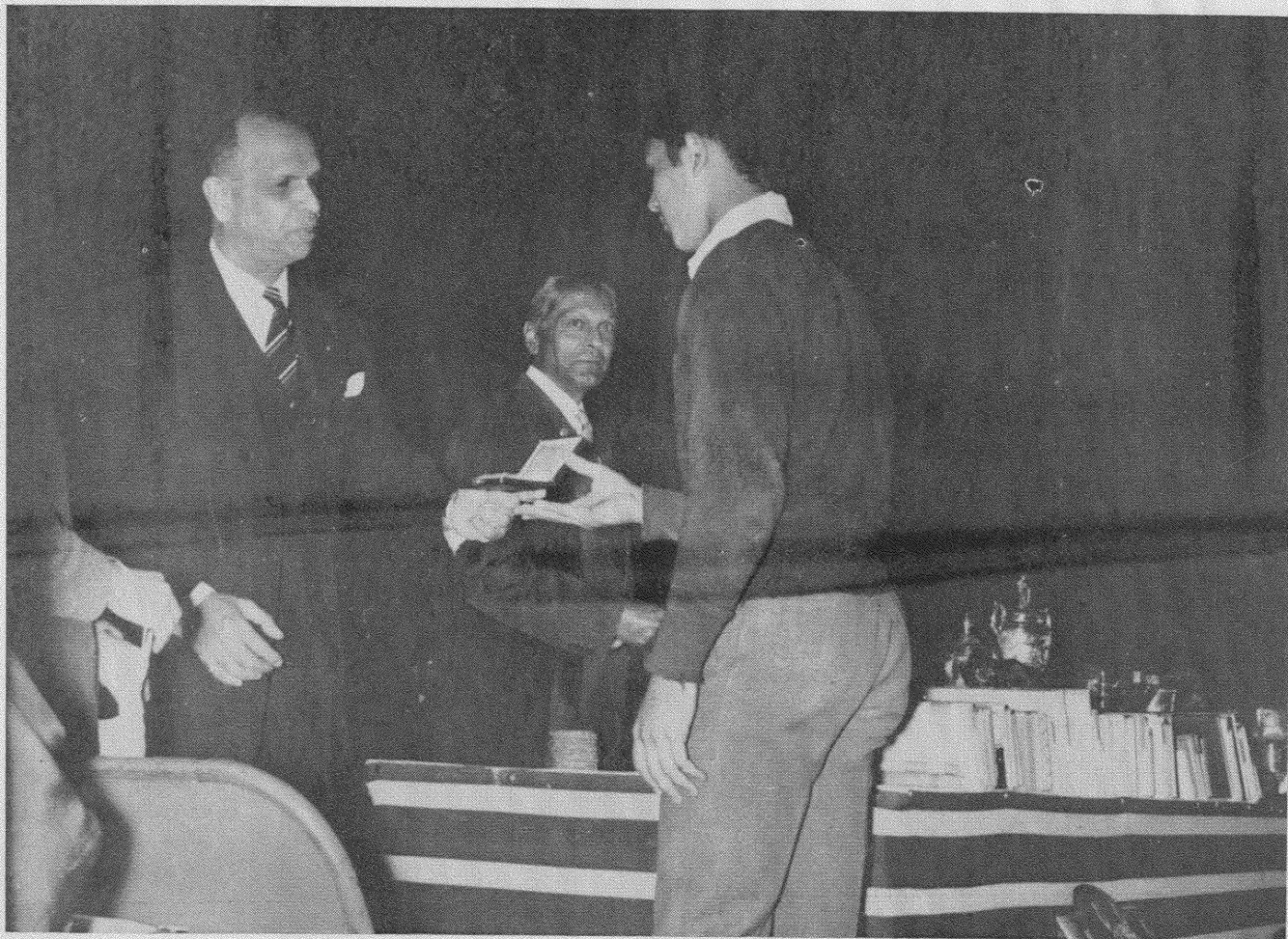
Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Hardeepak S. Gill 2nd Harsimman Grewal
FORM II B	{ 1st Mina K. Chanchani 2nd Rajbir S. Kadyan
FORM I A	{ 1st Jaskaran Singh 2nd Sanjiv K. Singh
FORM I B	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd Sumit Bagchi
K. G. A	{ 1st Sanjiv Kapur 2nd Manu Virmani
K. G. B	{ 1st Vivek Aluwalia 2nd Anil Sood

SPECIAL PRIZES

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE	Anita Babbar
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	{ N. Rajan Chitra G. Sahi Sunita Oberoi Sanjiv Stokes Lila Kar Sita Sahni Virendra Patole
THE JOHN LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	{ P. Satarawala
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	{ Anita Babbar Chand Ahuja
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	{ Rajan Bhatia Nirmaljit Singh
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	{ Veena Rani Kalpana Johri
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	... Daljit S. Sera
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	{ N. Rajan (Chem) H. V. Sharma (Physics) R. Malhotra (Biology)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	{ N. Rajan Sandeep Ahuja
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE	... P. Satarawala
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	{ Vinay Mohan Mehra Harinderbir Pannu Vijay Singh Lalotra

Prizegiving



President's Medal Winner Z. Khan



The Last Fugle Call!

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	...	A. Paul
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Sanober Sahni Lalita Gouri Anita Thomas (Piano)
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ K.K. Chauhan R. Malhotra Shomir Ghosh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	S. Patel
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Pravin Shah Vijay Tavde
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Nila Rudra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	{ Anita Thomas Nila Rudra
GEN. THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGA- NIZING ABILITY	...	B.S. Ahluwalia

AWARDS

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Z. Khan
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Sanober Sahni
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ Y. S. Chibh R. Sood A.S. Somal
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Nila Rudra P.S. Singh

TROPHIES

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	P. Satarawala
THE CARLILL CUP	...	Krishan Gopal
STUDY CUP, Prep.	...	Himalaya
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Himalaya
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Nilagiri
COCK HOUSE, Prep.	...	Himalaya
COCK HOUSE, Girls	...	Nilagiri
COCK HOUSE, Boys (The "R. & N." Trophy)	...	Nilagiri
THE CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Nilagiri

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