

# The Sanawarian

December 1967.

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

The  
Sanawarian

December 1967

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"Send him to Sanawar and make a man of him"

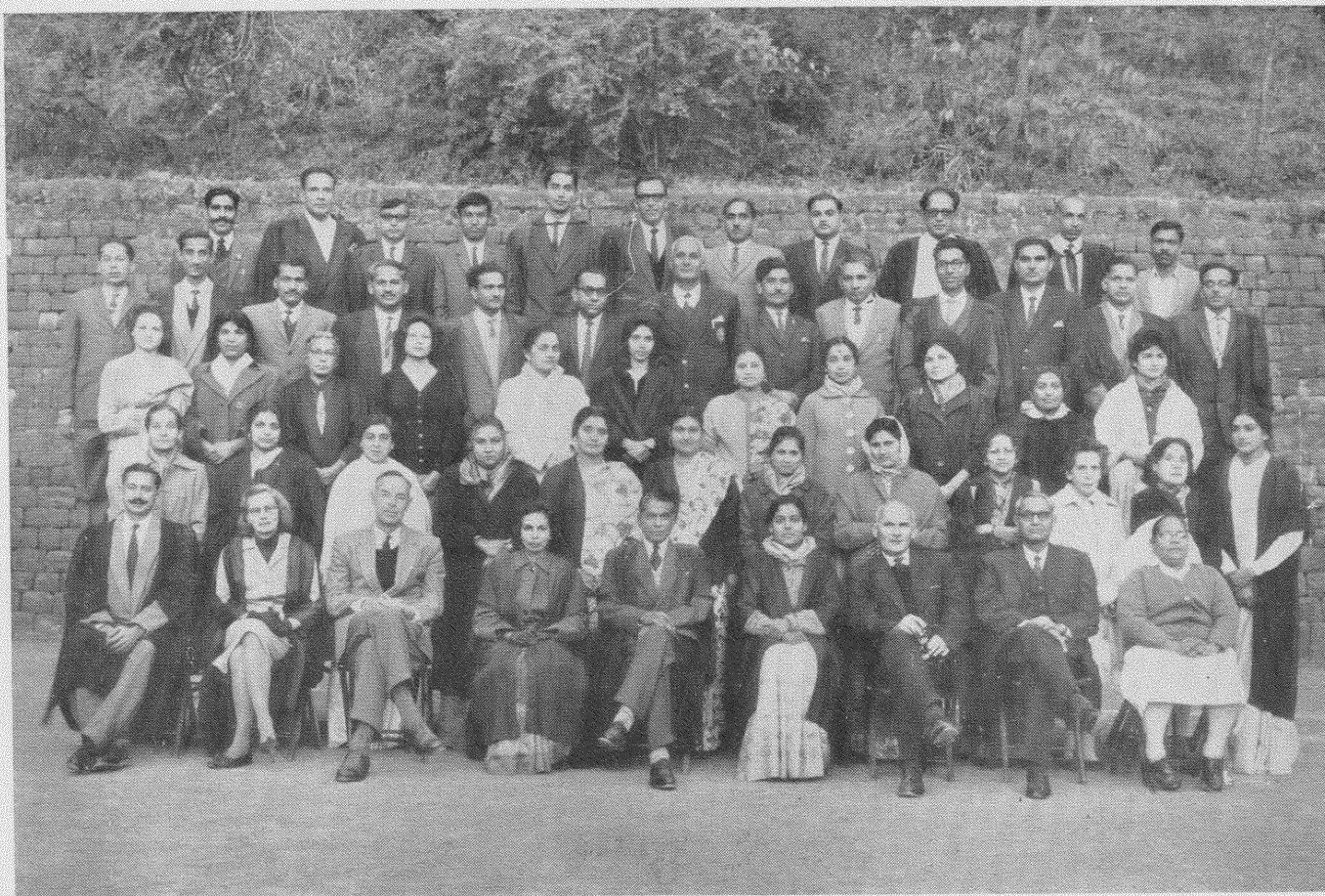
Rudyard Kipling's KIM.

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The Staff.



# The Sanawarian

December 1967.

Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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One hundred and twenty years completed

## EDITORIAL

*No, never !. "Never give in !"  
Whatever the deed, whatever the goal,  
It is your motto,  
That summed up within  
This three-word symbol of courage,  
You'll always obey with body and soul.*

*"Never give in"; an absolute 'never';  
No 'if', no 'when', no 'perhaps',  
No cramping condition attached,  
No winking beck to slow and relax,  
No wavering thought of weak hesitation,  
No cowardly turning away on occasion,  
No empty hope of a long, lazy vacation  
From books; but endless endeavour  
To face up to facts with fearless tension;  
It is for always and for ever,  
Our School motto,  
Never give in, never !*

*No, never give in.  
Not when the cold and crusty wind  
Of early March, your swollen fingers biting  
Makes you shiver at your desk,  
And cramps your work, while your mind  
For ever rising on flitting wings  
Flies back and lingers  
Over warm and friendly faces,  
Inviting thoughts, remembered pleasures,  
But recently left behind.  
No, never give in, never !*

*No, never give in.  
Not when a bright and sunny day  
Beckons you enticingly away  
From crowded rooms and printed books,  
To romp and laze by running brooks  
Or play amidst the dust a rule-less game  
In the 'quad' with rounded stones  
And broken sticks;—its not a shame !—  
But no, never give in !*

*No, never give in.  
Not when the all-pervading gloom  
Of a dark and rainy morning  
Invites you to ignore the distant clang  
Of the rouser-bell to duty calling;  
Nor when the heavily loaded, misty air  
Lulls you to sleep on the hard, wooden chair  
With head on your papers pens and books;  
No, never give in.*

*No, never give in.  
Not when the yearly Founder's round  
Of duties puts to the test your strength  
Of body and soul, and you feel as if bound  
To a wheel of day-long pressures  
Chasing each other for hours on end  
Turning slowly but steadily round,  
Till night seems all too short  
And easily spent;  
No, never give in.*

*No, never give in.  
Not till the year has come to an end,  
Not till all your work's been done.  
Not till the last, shrill whistle is blown;  
For whatever the deed, whatever the goal,  
Your motto's "Never give in",  
And it sums up within  
This three-word symbol of courage  
Your mettle and spirit of body and soul.*

*JF*

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## FOUNDER'S 1967

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### Speeches

#### Headmaster's Speech

Ladies and Gentlemen,

May I begin at once by expressing our deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Ramchandra for having so kindly consented to preside as our Chief Guest at Founder's.

As you know Mr. M.K. Vellodi was to have presided but most unfortunately he is unwell and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Consequently our gratitude to Mr. Ramchandra is all the greater both for permitting us the pleasure of his distinguished presence and for coming to our rescue at such short notice.

I find it difficult to find words enough to thank him and therefore may I content myself by saying: "Thank you very much indeed. You have been very kind".

And now, ladies and gentlemen, before I present my speech may I welcome you all to our 120th Founder's day. May I also apologise for the very poor best we are able to provide for our parents and O.S. So many of you come from a great distance away and we are grateful to you for your cheerful acceptance and understanding of our limitations.

A particular word for the O.S. They are very welcome indeed. No Founder's could be complete without them. So many of them have distinguished themselves. It is a pity that they are so modest because it is only remotely that one hears of what they have been doing. I am sure O.S. will be very glad to hear that Paramjit Takhar and Bharti Chauhan topped the list of successful candidates in their respective universities. At games too they have contributed to fulfil earlier promise. Young Charanjit Uggal played cricket for his University and while doing so scored two centuries.

You will be happy to learn that Harpal Kaur represented India in the Universiad Olympics in Tokyo and, I am sure, will go on to represent India in the full Olympic Games in Mexico.

Earlier this morning at Assembly we paid tribute to the Founder of this school. We were honoured a few months ago by a visit from his great-grandson, John Lawrence. This was his second visit and he has promised to visit us again next year.

In another way the school has come round full cycle. More than a century ago Maharaja Gulab Singh of Kashmir donated a sum of nearly a lakh of rupees to the foundation of this school. Today we are privileged to have with us the daughter of their Highnesses of Kashmir.

As usual I do not propose to weary you with an annual report. Our last report was placed before the Board of Governors at their meeting in May this year and the Board has expressed its satisfaction.

The highlights, if any, of the report are: of 57 who sat for the I.S.C. in December 1966, 20 passed in the First Division, 20 in the Second and 14 in the third, which represents a fair result, considering that we hold no one back from appearing for the exam., nor do we hold elimination tests. At games and athletics we have more than held our own. In the cultural sphere our music and dancing has improved greatly. We also produced 'My Fair Lady' which some of you may recall with pleasure.

I am sure O. S. will share our pride in Harpal Kaur Brar who represented India in the Inter-Universiad Olympic Games in Tokyo recently.

And now I should like to talk to you on one or two matters which are of interest to parents.

The Punjab University has, at long last, recognised a successful year in Upper V or Class 10 in this School as equivalent to the Punjab Matriculation Certificate. This is of particular importance to parents of children who we feel are slightly behind in their studies and as a consequence will be able to secure no more than a poor third division in the I. S. C. examination in 1968. There is always the risk of an outright failure. As you know the I. S. C. requires a very high standard of English; and, without a credit in English, a 1st or 2nd division is impossible; while a failure in the subject spells failure in the whole examination.

If such children are withdrawn from the school at the end of this year, they will be able to proceed directly to a pre-university course preparatory to working for a University degree without the loss of a year, or even more than one, should they fail to pass the I. S. C. in 1968. We shall be writing to parents in detail after the promotion meeting in December.

The second subject I should like to speak on is with regard to the fears expressed by some parents concerning the future of public schools in India.

May I begin by saying that few public schools go out of their way to call themselves public schools. We really are private schools; and even if the better of us are members of the Indian Public Schools' Conference, and the country continues to call us public schools and the children of these schools consider themselves public school boys and girls, we are nevertheless private schools. I trust I am not being too shaggy dogged.

There are slightly over 21 private schools in the country which are qualified to be members of the Indian Public Schools' Conference; and I must say that, few as we are, we attract more than our fair share of criticism based largely on hearsay evidence. A certain Mr. Malhotra, for example, whose car bears the number plate: New Delhi One,—this represents a form of snobbery of which no public school boy could be guilty—would abolish us and, if this is outside the scope of his authority, he would like to see public school boys and girls debarred from public service. He is not alone in his way of thinking. I fail to see any justification for his animosity. As I've said there are only 21 of us. In what way have we thrust ourselves forward? No more than two of our three Prime Ministers have been and are products of private schools. Pandit Nehru was the product of a private school in Harrow and Mrs. Indira Gandhi was educated in, broadly speaking, a similar school in Switzerland; two out of three is far from being disproportionate.

There is a reason why I am stressing the fact that public schools are private schools. As long as the Constitution of India does not debar a private citizen from buying a public school education in a private school, no one, not even Mr. Malhotra, can prevent these schools from functioning.

The next point I should like to speak on is the language problem and how far the lines along which a solution is shaping affect children in public schools, a matter which is of conspicuous importance to our parents.

There are few topics on which the average citizen feels himself better qualified to talk than education; and this is the main reason—apart from political reasons—for the babel of voices which have been raised on the language problem. The main concern now would appear to be with regard to the link languages. There has always been talk of Hindi being the link language, with English as an associate link language; there is now talk of a library link language.

Consequently I have no hesitation in adding my voice to those of the 'missing links' floating around.

The language problem is far from simple and has to be solved with more than one object in view.

Primarily it is the essential issue in the formulation of an educational policy which will lead education at the higher levels.

Secondly, and of almost equal importance, the solution must tolerate no let or hinderance which might impair the efficient executive administration of the country and in particular the administration of justice in our law courts.

Thirdly there are political issues—internal and international. Unfortunately, by harping on the last and the least important of these issues, we find ourselves led astray.

Basically I expect our political leaders suffer from a sense of guilt. Having committed near murder they would like to revive the victim unfortunately with the same weapon with which the crime was committed.

They dismembered the country on a linguistic basis, without regard to natural geographical divisions or the laws governing economic stability. Having committed this crime they would now integrate the country again on a linguistic policy,—an exercise in futility. What is the position now?

Firstly there is near unanimous agreement that the regional language, or the mother tongue, is to be the medium of instruction up to and including the university stage of education. This is the inescapable sequel to the division of the country on a linguistic basis.

It is in finding a language to link the country that we are faced with serious complications. Till lately it was assumed to be Hindi with English as an associate link language gradually 'de-linking' itself, as it were.

Dr. Sen now speaks of a dual link—English, the international link, to be gradually replaced by Hindi, the domestic link, *when some day the non Hindi states accept Hindi*. He also speaks of a library language link for the apparent reason that we really have no time to translate and copy all the world's books—scientific and literary. How very unpractical we are in our approach to the problem is exemplified, almost every day, in our railway trains. Travel anywhere—say in the Punjab—and you will overhear heated arguments on Hindi versus Punjabi. The language used in those discussions is a mixture of Punjabi, English and Urdu. The debate goes on, equally animatedly, in the vernacular newspapers which are almost invariably in Urdu. Again why must we reject English when in the absence of agreement on Hindi—sheer administrative necessity compels its usage? And as for law courts, a glance round the chambers of any lawyers of repute—I do not of course imply that there are lawyers of disrepute—will all too clearly reveal the staggering task of translating the leather bound legal volumes on their shelves. And who will do this? It would hardly be worth the while of our lawyers to accept the job, who could be better employed in dealing with more pressing problems—food and family planning.

I repeat why reject English? The English themselves have accepted it as their language, in spite of the fact that very near 80% of the vocabulary is imported or



borrowed from abroad. Why then must we be pernickety about accepting a world language as a link language, when by accepting it we solve so many problems?

And if we must be pernickety about English why may we not accept Hindustani in the Roman script? Had partition not come about in 1947 Hindustani would undoubtedly have been the link language. It is a language spoken in some form or other in almost every part of India, rich like English with its borrowings and with no pretences as to classical origin. The Roman script is international and, if we cannot overlook the past, it is not an English script. It is far easier to write than Devnagri—you have to be an artist to write in Devnagri.

Finally, to come back to the point, how much does this affect our public schools?

Firstly, we are in no way badly off; we shall emerge better qualified to face the future. The Education Commission whose recommendations in this behalf have been accepted say :—

- (a) That it will be necessary to introduce English in our regional universities to provide for postgraduate studies and they go on to recommend that no student will be considered eligible for a Master's degree unless he has acquired a reasonable proficiency in English or some other literary language.
- (b) And I quote : " In major universities it will be necessary, as a rule, to adopt English as the medium of instruction because their students will be drawn on an all-India basis. This is the only feasible approach if their all-India character is to be maintained."

Consequently I feel that our public, or rather private, schools, with their emphasis on both Hindi and English, will be in a far better position, than other schools, to equip their scholars to rise to the higher rungs of learning and the higher ranks of administrative and executive services.

—:o:—

Speech delivered by  
Mr. Ramchandra,  
I. C. S. (Rtd.)

—:o:—

Major Som Dutt,  
Members of the Staff,  
Students, both boys and girls,  
Old Sanawarians, Fellow guests, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I am sorry that Mr. Velodi who was to preside at today's function has taken suddenly ill and was unable to come. I hope that the illness was only of a minor character and temporary and that he is now well on the way to recovery. As the notice was short the Headmaster had not the heart to approach me directly to fill the gap. He approached me indirectly and I did not have the heart to say no, because I was told that he was in a hole. I also then felt that I would be doing a Scout's good turn for the day. So, here I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, happy in the midst of you all and grateful for the honour that has been done to me in inviting me as the Chief Guest.

The Headmaster in his speech has referred to music and dancing, the cultural aspect of the activities of the School. He said that he did not want to inflict on us his report, which really has to go to the Governors, as this is not the forum for him to present his report. But from what I have seen since I have come here, day before yesterday, I have been impressed with the large number of co-curricular and extra-curricular activities in which the students can participate and do participate. For instance I have seen the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. I was impressed with the beautiful paintings, with good sculpture and the woodwork, of which any professional carpenter may be proud.

I was also impressed with what I saw in the Prep School Concert yesterday. It is difficult to pick out what one liked, but I cannot help mentioning the first song and the Balloon-seller. And then I saw the Tattoo last night. The P.T. display was something wonderful. Mr. K. P. S. Menon who has been our Ambassador in Russia for nine years happened to be present yesterday and said he has seen nothing like it except in Moscow. Then, Ladies and Gentlemen, there was the Naga dance—the story of a tiger in a Naga village,—that was something exquisite. As a matter of fact, the whole Tattoo was something out of this world.

While I am speaking of these activities I must not forget the play that has been put up by the Staff. It was just as good if not better, than any play I have seen put up by any amateur society. They did, I am sure, enjoy themselves running from one side of the stage to the other, and we in the audience enjoyed seeing them how they ran.

## Speeches



The Headmaster Speaking



Mr. Ramchandra Speaking



**Part of The Audience**

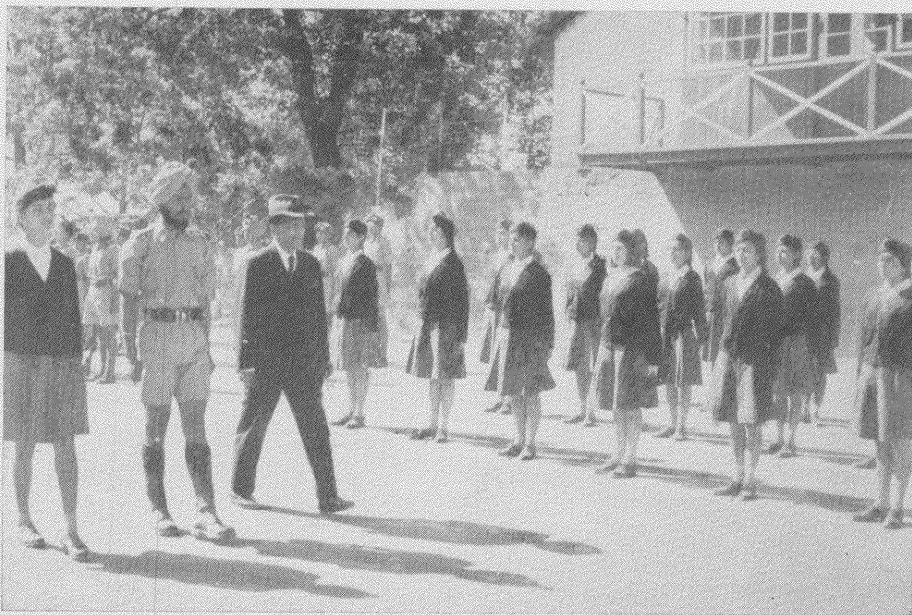


**Trooping of the Colours**

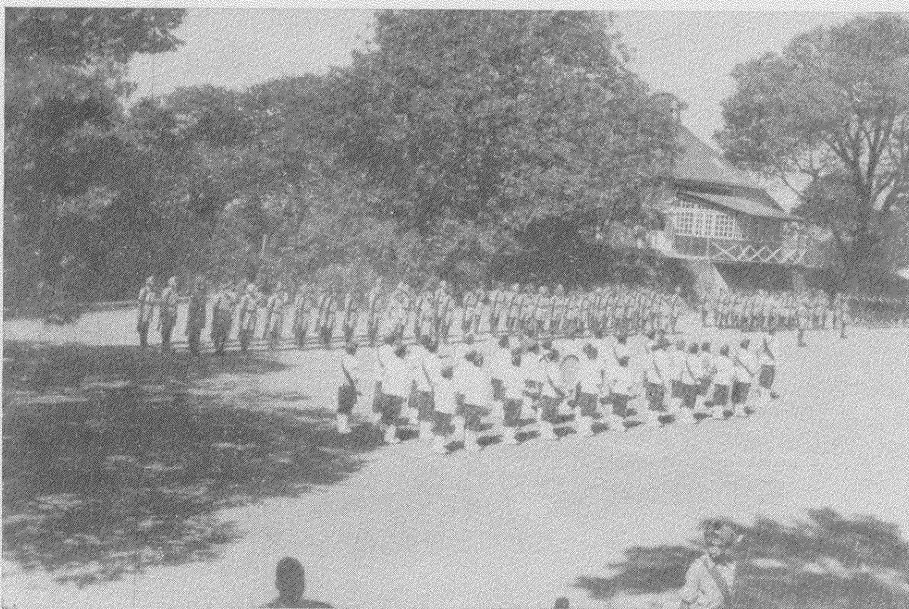


**Inspection**





**Inspection**

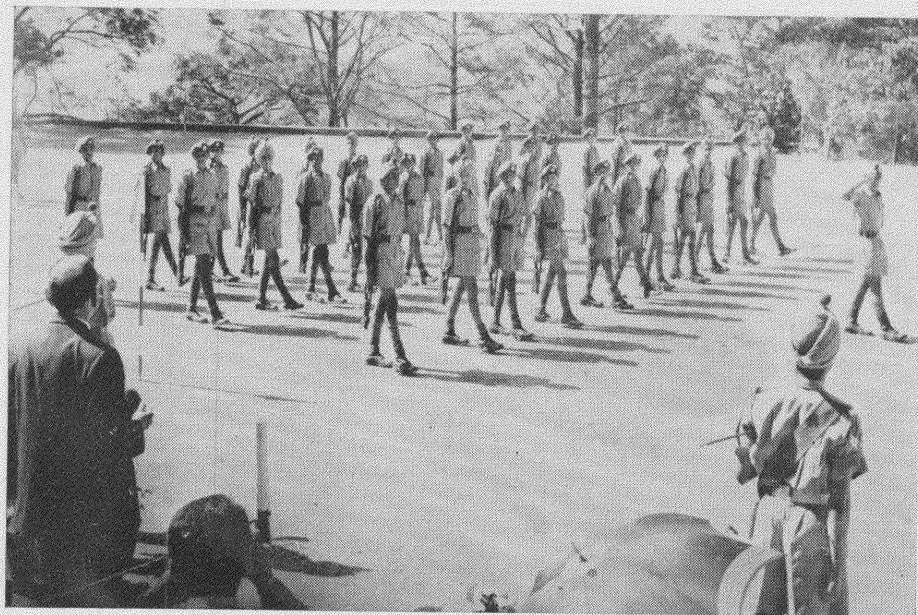


**The Band in Action**

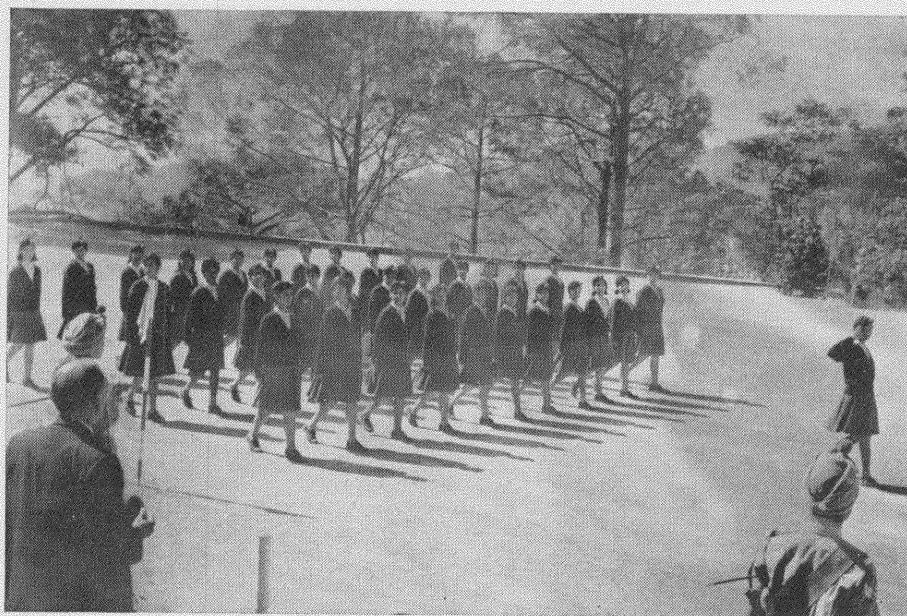


The Colour Party

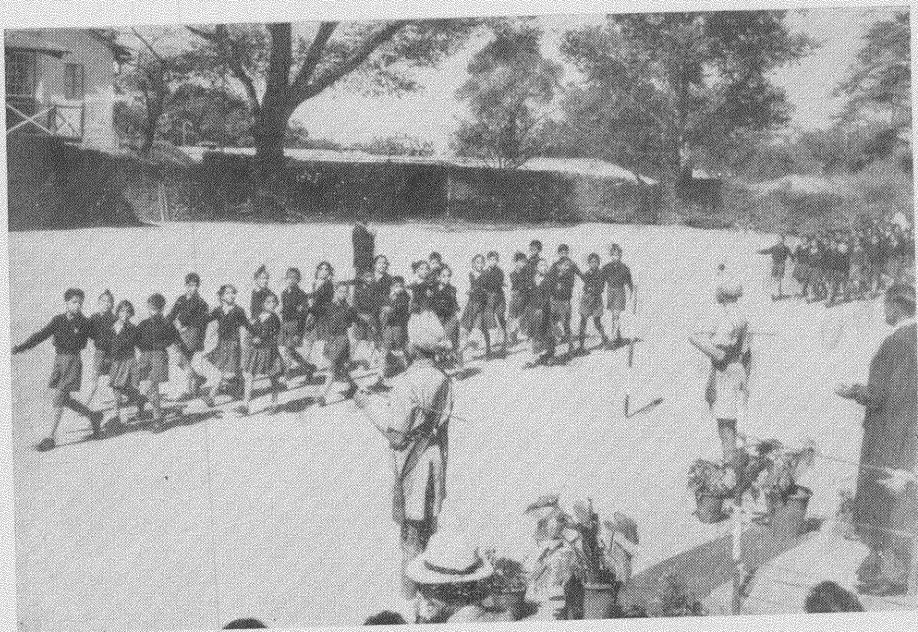




**Marching Past**







**The Prep School Marching Past**



**Spectators**



A programme like this, or something like it, is invariably associated with the Public Schools. But the question arises what is a Public School? When I was asked to come and preside at a Founder's day in a Public School, I began to wonder what I was going to say about a Public School. What is a Public School? I am glad that the Headmaster has said in his speech that there is no such thing as a Public School—it is really a **private** school. When I asked one of my friends "Look here, I am going to Sanawar; can you tell me what a Public School is?" he scratched his head and said "possibly it will mean a school where boys are trained for public administrative service." But that did not go down with me. And I also knew that a Public School is not one which is managed from subscriptions from the public. Nor is it a school where boys and girls receive an education given by the representatives of the public. It is a private School. I would say it is a School that provides a high standard of education and is open to all who can afford to pay for this high standard of education.

Recently various opinions have been voiced about the Public Schools. Some say that the products of the Public Schools are snobs. Now, I have no hesitation whatever to say that this criticism is entirely misconceived, entirely false and absolutely unjust. And I say this because I know that in this school in Sanawar there are boys and girls from all ranks of society. Admissions are not restricted to any stratum of society. There are boys and girls from princely homes and then there are also boys and girls from parents of medium and low income groups who have got merit scholarships. Now when they come in contact with each other, they develop a spirit of toleration, tolerance and understanding which, when they go out of this school, enables them to win the affection of everyone with whom they come in contact. I, therefore, repeat that if anyone says that a Public School only produces snobs, he is really unjustified in this criticism and does not know what a Public School is or what it does.

I said that I did not know what a Public School is but there is absolutely nothing esoteric about this appellation. There is a function of a Public School which is quite well known. Here they bring out the latent abilities of the pupils and provide opportunities for their full expression and development. It is not knowledge that they impart. You see, a man or a woman can acquire knowledge in various ways, but this is not yet education. And here in the Public Schools true education is imparted. My own feeling is that there is nothing to fear. So long as there are parents in this country who want good education and who will not be content with anything but the best they can get, there will be Public Schools.

One thing, however, I cannot help saying: Times are changing and everything has to change. The Public Schools will also have to change in the context of changes that take place in the country. The Headmaster has referred to the language problem. Now, really no language policy has yet been laid down. The Central Government seems to be undecided as to the policy to be evolved. What has

happened is this : The Khotari Commission has made its recommendations; the Union Minister for Education Dr. Trigun Sen, has been doing some loud thinking; and Mr. Chagla our Minister for External Affairs who was, has resigned partly because the policy he had laid down when he was Minister for Education has been reversed and partly because he felt that the new policy which was being laid down was going to create disunity in the country. The proposal is now before the public. The Vice-chancellors of various Universities have met in Delhi and have given their opinion. The proposals have been welcomed and accepted in some quarters. In some other quarters they have been criticised and rejected. But whatever may be the outcome, whatever may be the final decision, I think it is certain that the regional languages will be the medium of instruction not only at the school stage but also at the University level. We cannot get away from this. After all we are an independent country and in no independent country have you a medium of instruction in the University other than the language of that country. We in India, therefore, will have the language of the country, or the language of the State, as the medium of instruction. When exactly this will happen, that is not yet known; it may be ten years, it may be more. But everything at the moment has been left vague and indefinite as to when this change is going to take place.

This decision that the Regional Language should be the medium of instruction is natural, and it follows as a result of the division of the country into linguistic states. Some years ago I was speaking at a function in one of the Colleges in Punjab—the old Punjab—, and there I referred to the inadvisability of small states. At that time fissiparous tendencies had begun to raise their heads and I pointed out two aspects of the inadvisability of creating linguistic states; one, the financial aspect and two, the administrative aspect. As regards the financial aspect I said, “We have limited resources; our funds are not unlimited. The creation of a small State means a separate Governor, a separate Council of Ministers, a separate High Court, a separate Public Service Commission, a separate Secretariat, and separate Heads of Departments,—all of which involve a lot of expenditure, and if we have any money to spend, we ought to utilize it properly on expanding education, on providing medical relief in the rural areas, on promoting industries, on the development of agriculture and on the development of the country’s economy in general.”

That was the financial aspect of the thing. Then, as regards the administrative aspect I observed that “the smaller the unit the smaller the chance of finding the adequate number of people to govern that small unit.” At the present moment, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are aware that in every State the number of Ministers is being enlarged. I don’t think in any State the number is less than a dozen. This confirms my observation that the smaller the State the less the chances of finding within that State,—because in a democratic set-up you must find people from within that State to govern,—the less the chance of finding people of character, ability,

integrity and experience to govern,—people who would be able to win the respect and confidence of those whom they govern.

In support of my thesis I then quoted what the President of India had said, a few days before I was making that speech, to the Parliament. With your permission I shall quote what he said. He said in his address to the Parliament, “The question of linguistic provinces has often agitated the people in various parts of the country. While language and culture are important considerations in the formation of States, financial and administrative aspects are also important, and the unity of India and national security has always to be given the first priority.” This is what the President said at that time. Now, this was in 1953 or 1954, and what was then said is equally true to-day.

But force of circumstances has necessitated the creation of linguistic States. And the map of India is today dotted all over with small States and Union Territories. And we have not yet reached the end. The map may still have to be revised. We may have more States, more Union Territories. And in this connection I may simply mention the various demands we hear from various quarters for separate States. So, we have not yet reached the end. There are, there may still be, more States to come.

Now, this division into small States is bound to lead to the disintegration of India. That's my view; and we see what is happening today. The slogan was Indian first Punjabi afterwards, Indian first Bengali afterwards and so on. But whatever we may pretend, the fact is that things are reversed today. There are squabbles over food, one State blaming the other for not allowing food to pass the barrier. There are internal disputes over small areas. For instance, there is a dispute between Maharashtra and Mysore, there is a dispute between Mysore and Kerala, over small areas of territory.

Then, I think that this division of the country into small States has not been generally appreciated. At the same time one cannot help feeling that parties are growing in the country which want people of other States to get out of that State. I am referring to the Shiv Sena in Maharashtra. I was reading that one of the leaders of the Shiv Sena said that “we don't want South Indians, because they have not added to the prosperity of Bombay.” But the South Indians are bound to retaliate, and I found very recently in the papers that they have established a Tamil Sena which wants to have Tamil Nad for the Tamils. All this to my mind is most unfortunate. In this connection I would also like to quote what Mr. V. D. Giri, Vicepresident of India, said. He said “At one time I believed with Mahatma Gandhi that linguistic States would unite the country, but today I am pessimistic whether these linguistic divisions will create unity.” I think he might have said that these linguistic divisions will dismember the country and create disunity.

However, whether these decisions are in the best national interests or not, linguistic States have come to stay, and it is idle to think that the decisions will be reversed. We are concerned here with how is this going to affect Public Schools. And I don't think it need be said that Public Schools where the medium of instruction is English will be affected by the decision that the regional languages will be the medium of instruction at the University level. This is, indeed, a matter for some concern, but I don't think there is any cause for alarm. There is certainly no cause for alarm at the present moment or even in the near future.

In the first place the medium of instruction for professional and technical education will remain English for quite a long time, may be for some years. Leave aside original books, it will be very difficult to translate even the ordinary text books in the regional languages for some time. And apart from that, we have the support of the Education Commission itself so far as Engineering is concerned. They said that with regard to Engineering "we agree with the decision of the All-India Council for Technical Education that for the present English should continue to be the medium in Engineering education." And in so far as medical is concerned I am sure that the All-India Medical Council will look after the interests of the medicos and will ensure that the standard of medical education does not go down.

Secondly, the Commission has envisaged what it calls major Universities. The Headmaster has referred in his speech to this idea of major Universities. I, personally, am doubtful if major Universities will come into being. And my reason is this; that however Universities may feel about this proposal, no University will like to be stamped and called an inferior University. There may be centres of advanced studies, but so far as major Universities is concerned, this proposal will not be popular with the Universities as they exist today.

However, if major Universities come into being there is no doubt that a certain number of boys—intellectual boys—, from Public Schools will get admission into these major Universities. There the medium of teaching would be English even in the first year—the pre-University stage—and as boys from the Public Schools will have been taught through the medium of English, they will be able to follow the lectures which will be delivered by lecturers recruited on an all India basis much more easily than others who would come from other schools. But again, it must be remembered that these major Universities are meant for only a few selected students chosen from all over the country on the basis of their performance and they must be really bright and with intellect. Still I hope that some boys from the Public Schools will gain admission into these major Universities.

But the real ray of hope is in another direction. And that ray of hope comes from the fact that in the beginning there is bound to be a period of bilingualism. You cannot switch over entirely to the regional language immediately. There is the question of text books, as I have said before, with regard to professional education.

Though text books may be ready in the regional language, yet even with the best efforts of those who arrange to introduce regional language as a medium of teaching at once, I say that good books cannot be translated into the regional language. And the lecturers will have to depend not only on the text books but also on the other books which are in English for their notes and lectures to the students. Then these lecturers will be following a combined language, they will be using English, they will be using the regional language, they will be using Hindi—and that is bound to happen for some years.

I must add that I am not alone in this thing. I think the Education Commission itself has recognised it. The Commission was at first thinking not of Public Schools, but of those who will come from those schools where they will have been taught through the medium of the regional language, through the mother tongue. In its report the Commission said, "At the earlier stage of the undergraduate course it will be an advantage if the bulk of the classwork is done through the regional language. As one goes higher up, (and this is important) the educational ladder and the student's command over English and his familiarity with its use as a medium of education increases, more and more of the class-work could be in English". This is where I said there is a ray of hope and this I think will give the Public Schools the time required to make necessary adjustments.

Public Schools with English as their medium have, therefore, nothing to fear. Boys from Public Schools, I think, will not find it difficult to follow lectures in, what I said, combined English, regional language and Hindi. After all, when they go for their vacation, they go home where they talk to their parents in their own language. They can even take that language as a second language when they are in School, either as additional or optional. And therefore I say that there is nothing to fear, but there is certainly the subject for some concern. The situation has to be watched. And when times change, situations change, so the education policy changes and then everywhere the old order has to change and give place to the new, and Schools, whether they are Public Schools or Government Schools or private Local Bodies Schools, they have to change.

Now, before I finish, I would like to say one word to the Old Sanawarians. Yesterday at the Tattoo, Mr. Kemp said that he did not find a label for the Old Sanawarians, by which they could be recognized as Old Sanawarians. Well, I say that no label is required for Old Sanawarians. They bear the trade-mark of culture. They have been educated in this School where alone knowledge is not imparted. There are other Schools where knowledge is stuffed into pupils as you stuff clothes into linen bags. But here there is something more, there is true education, and true education is culture which the Old Sanawarians possess.

I thank you for giving me this opportunity and for inviting me to be your Chief Guest.

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## MAGAZINE SECTION

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### Prep. School

Founder's

#### Through the Eyes of a Prepper

The School was founded in 1847, 120 years ago by Sir H.M. Lawrence. We celebrate our School Founder's in October. The main day is 4th of October when we have our parade.

On the 2nd of October was the A.D.S. play. The name of the play was "See How They Run". I liked Mr. Bhupinder Singh the best. He was very funny.

On the 3rd of October was the Prep. School Concert. There were six items in it. They were the Hindi Play, Band, The Balloon Seller, Singing by the Choir, The Bird Dance and Lucinda and the Birthday Ball. I liked the English Play the best. My friend was acting in it. He was an elf messenger.

The Tattoo was at night. There were 4 items in it. First was the Mass P.T. There were 325 children in it. Then the Bugle Band played and then there were Gym work and the Naga Dance

The fourth day of October was the Main Day. There was the N.C.C. parade. The Chief Guest was Mr. Ram Chandra. The Prep. School also marched a little to go across the field.

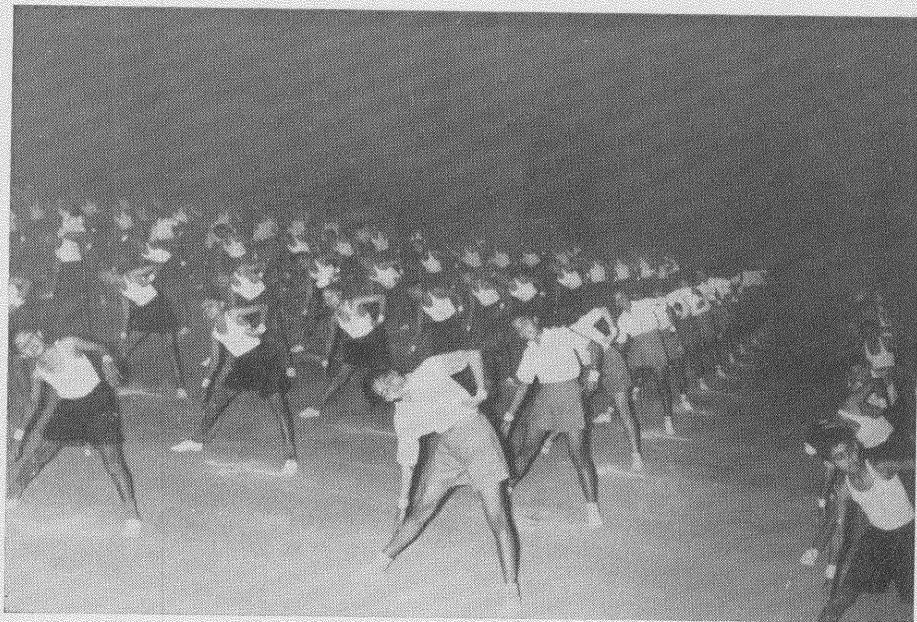
There was a hobbies exhibition. My three things were put up in it. They were a bag, a puppet and a belt. There were many other pretty things in the Exhibition. The Prep. School carpentry and craft things were put up in the room. I liked the exhibition very much.

There were speeches at noon. All staff went to Barne Hall to hear the speeches. We were not allowed to go to speeches with our parents.

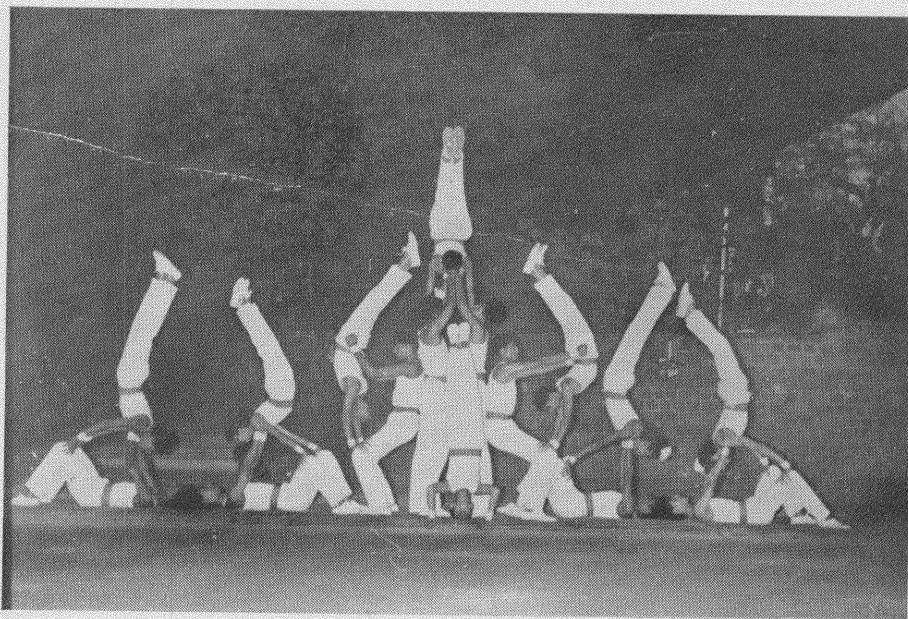
There were athletics in the afternoon. Many children took part in athletics. The children who came first got some certificates and prizes.

There was the school concert at 8-00 p.m. There were an orchestra, a Hindi play and dancing. I liked them very much.

The Tattoo



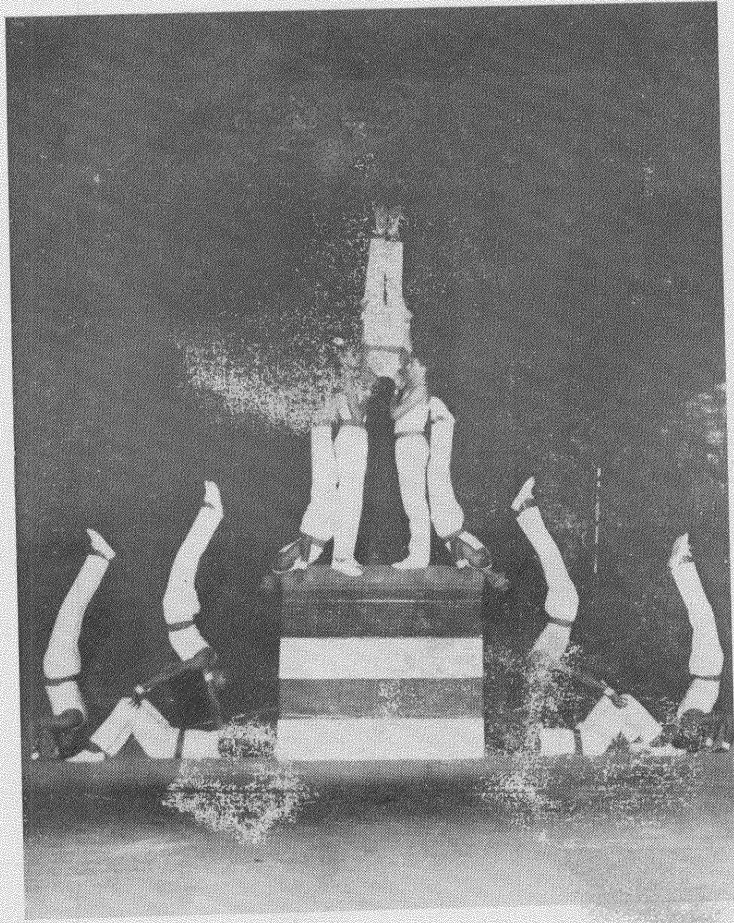
P. T. Display



Tableau



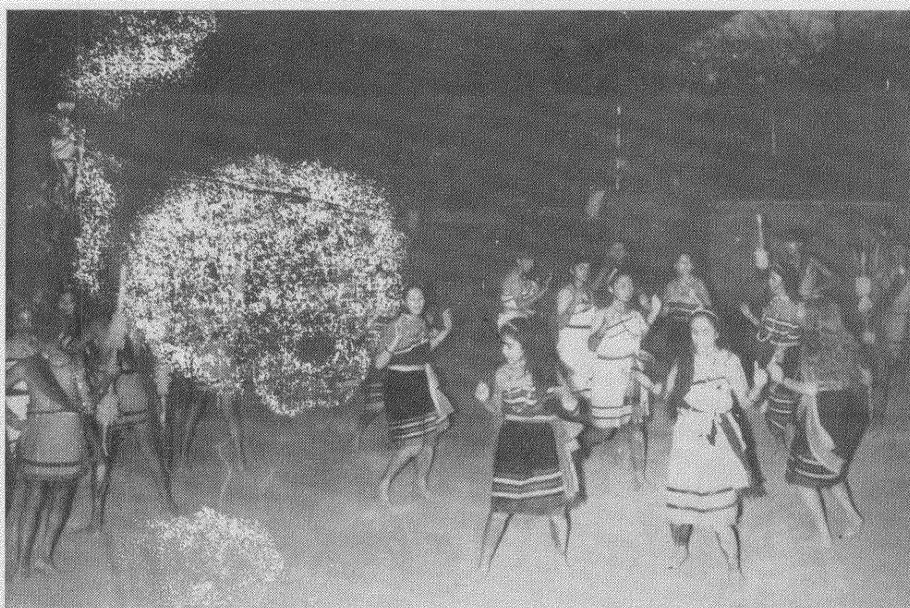
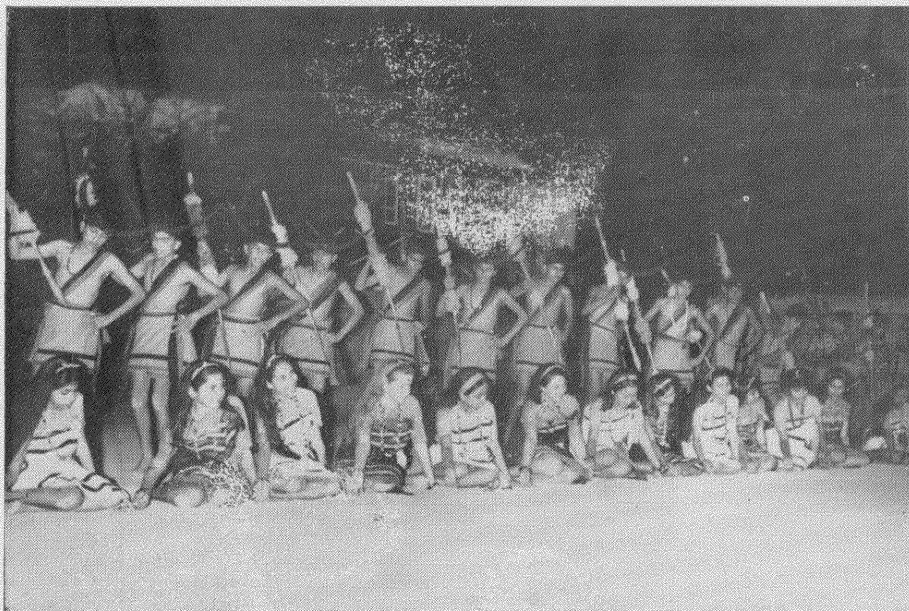
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The Naga Dance





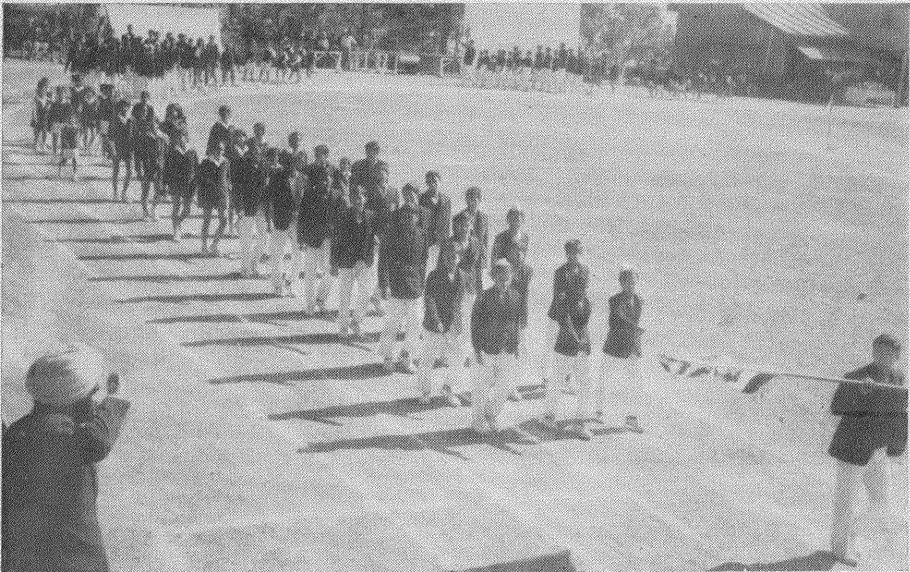
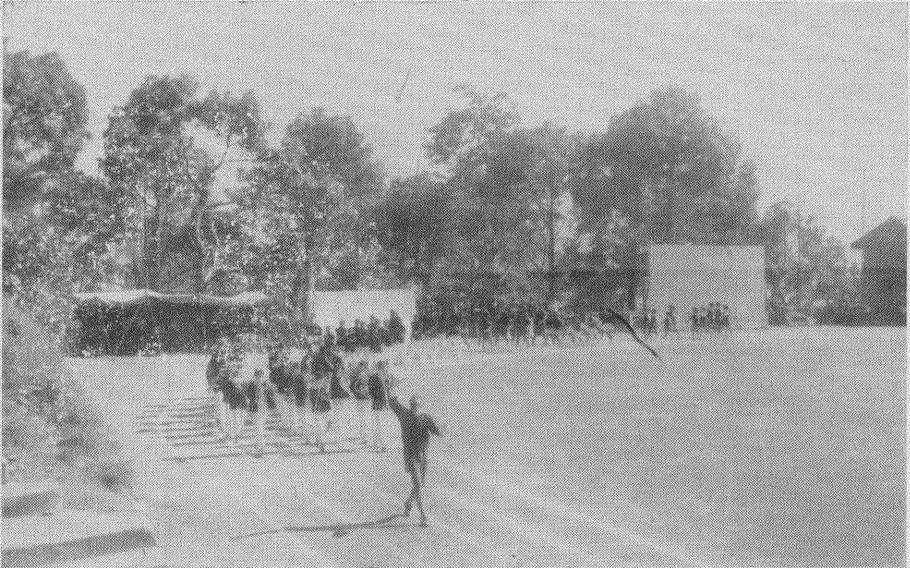






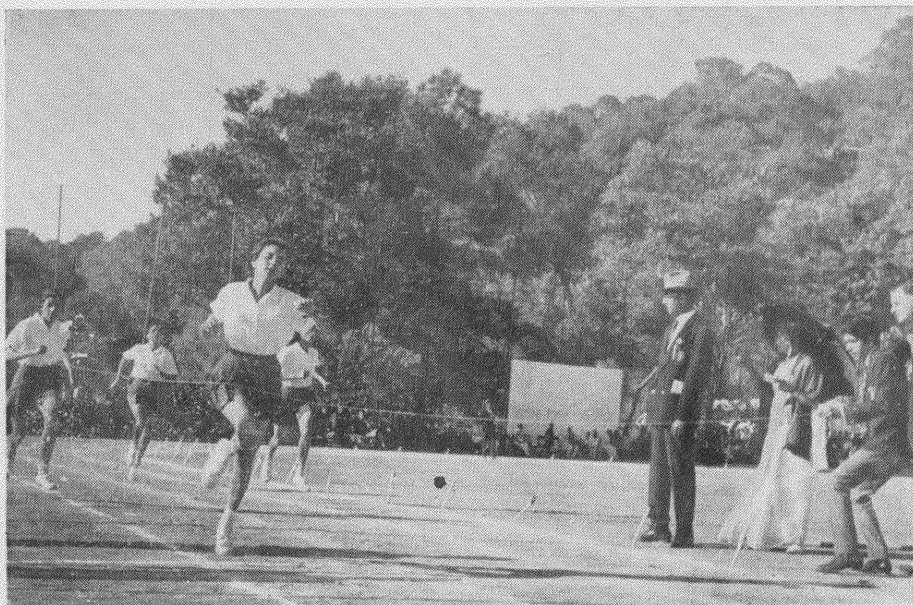


## Annual Athletics

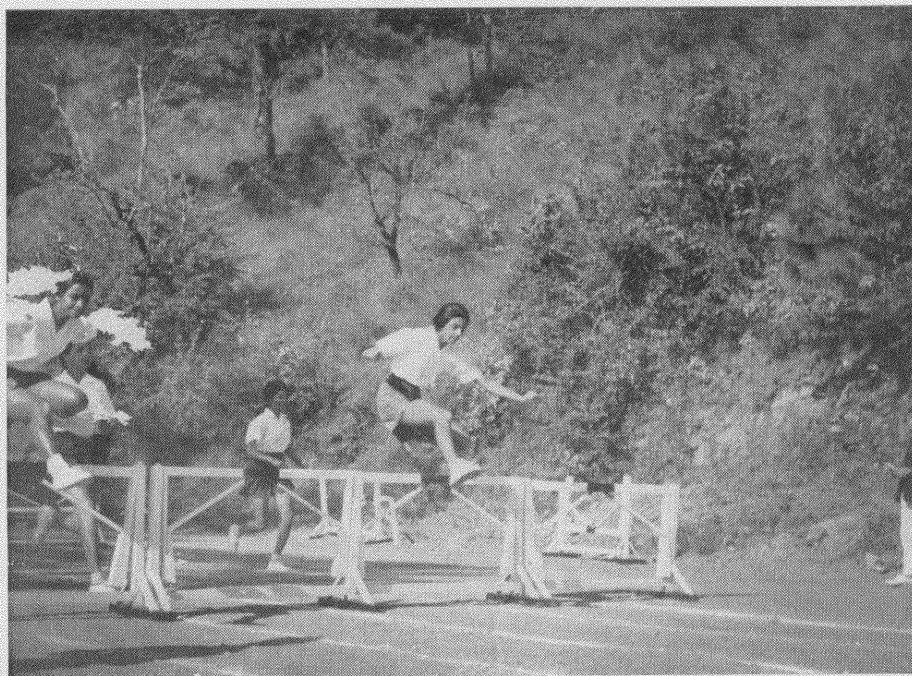


The March - past

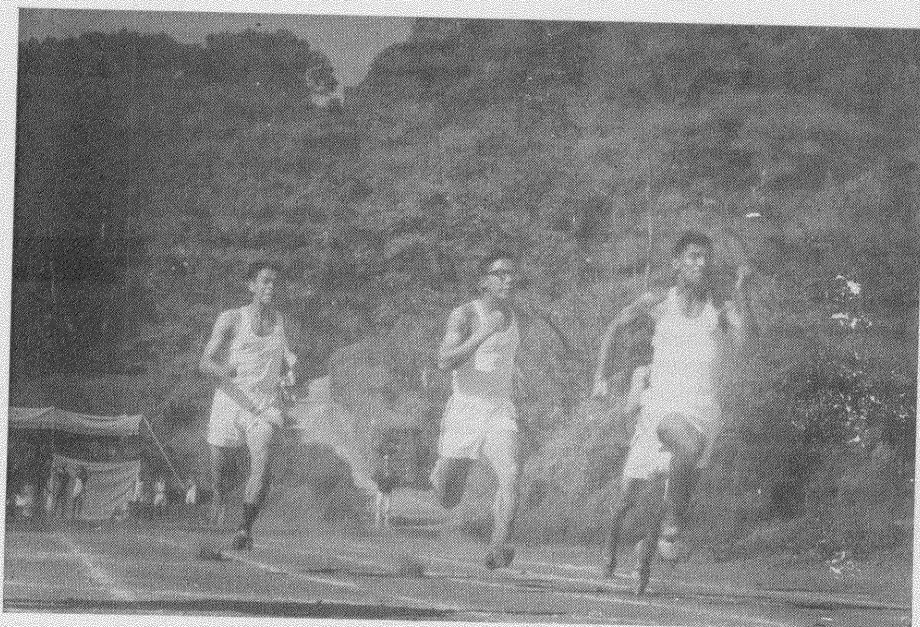




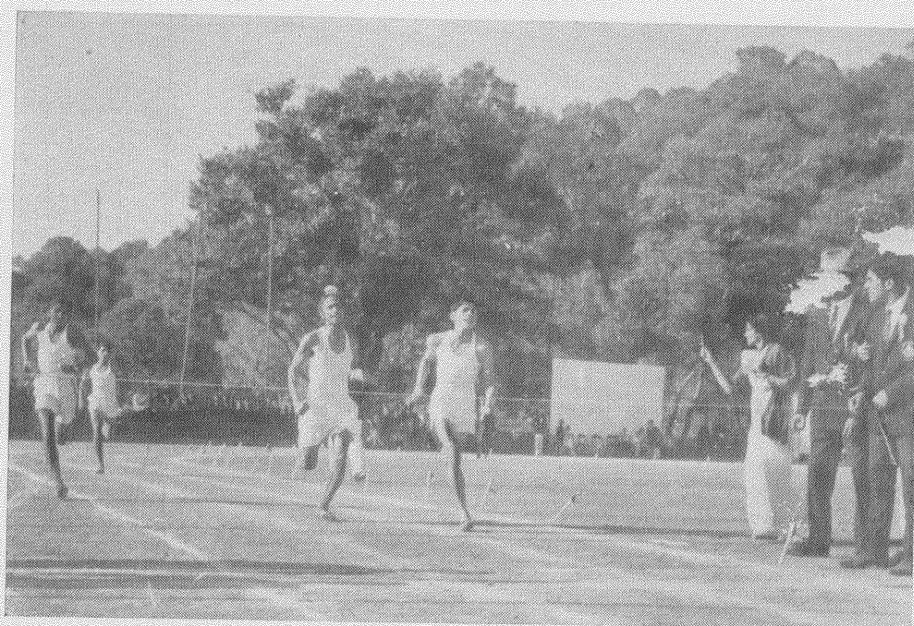
**Girls in Action**



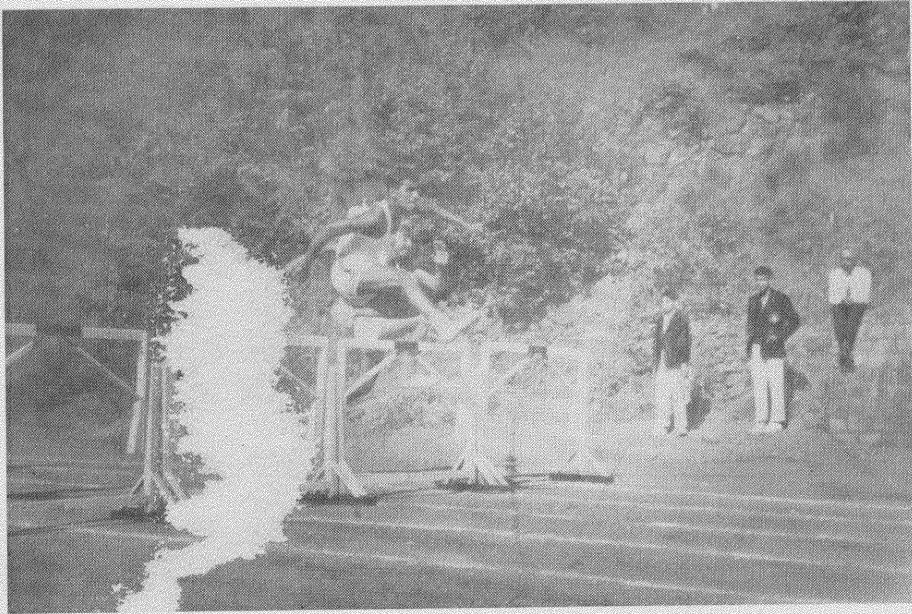




**The Sprinters**







Clearing Hurdles



## The Prepers in Action



BOYS



GIRLS





**A Prize-winner**



On the 5th of October was the 'Fete'. We got 5 rupees each to buy things at the Fete. There were two Lucky Dips and we got 'chat' to eat and orange squash to drink. There were games to play and many other things. We had lots of fun at the Fete. We bought things from the craft and carpentry rooms. I bought a boat and a small boy to play with. They cost three rupees altogether.

I enjoyed my Founder's very much. We had lots of fun. We got many toys and things to play with.

Harinder Singh Dhaliwal, II B.

#### **The Sunshine Holiday.**

We got a sunshine holiday because it was a sunny day. Miss Rudra told us we could go for a nature walk.

We went to Lovers' Pond for a nature walk. K.G.A. class went with us to Lovers' Pond. When we were going, we saw a jackal's den. We saw some senior girls drying their blankets in the sun. Digvijay killed a baby lizard. We saw many carterpillars sitting in the sun.

When we reached Lover's Pond some children started to catch tadpoles. Mrs. Cherian blew the whistle and told us to go to the hill. Some children started to catch butterflies and collected pine cones. Some children sat in the shade because it was very hot. Some children went to a stream. Some of them started to catch small frogs. The frogs jumped from their hands and went into the water. Digvijay caught a small frog. Mrs. Cherian blew the whistle and we got into a line. Then we went to our class rooms and kept our things.

We got into a line and went to see the swimming competition. In the swimming pool they had swimming and diving. Nilagiri House broke the record twice. When the boys used to swim they would splash water on us. In B.D., Nilagiri House won the cup and in G.D., Siwalik House won the cup. In B.D., Nilagiri House got sixty eight points, Vindhya House got forty three points and Siwalik House and Himalaya House got thirty five points.

When we were resting Miss Kemp came and told us that all the nine-year-old boys must go for swimming. We got into our costumes and went for swimming. The water was very cold and we were shivering. Miss Kemp told us to get out of the water and go to our dormitories. We got out of the swimming pool wore our raincoats and went to the dormitories. We went to our dormitories and changed into games kit. After tea I played fisherman and the fishes.

I enjoyed my holiday very much. We had lots of fun.

Ravi Preet Singh Sohi, II B.

### **Fete**

On the 5th of October was our Fete. After breakfast we got five rupees each.

Then we lined up and went to the Fete, which was held in Birdwood School. When we reached there I went about with my friend named Keith. First we went to the sweets' stall. We had to pay one rupee and got a basket full of nice eats. When we came out I met another friend. He gave me one rupee. Then we went to the lucky-dip stall. I tried my luck twice. Just then my parents came. I was very happy when I met them. Then I went to the duck stall with my parents. I gave one rupee and got a few rings to try my aim. I could not win. Then again I tried because I remembered our class motto "Try again". I managed to put the ring round the duck's neck in the end. I was very happy because I had not wasted any money. Then I went to the ice cream stall. We had to pay one rupee and get an ice cream coupon. I bought a cone. I felt very sad when the fete was over.

Biren A., I.-A.

### **A Bank.**

In our bank we have four children. We chose them by voting. The child who got the most votes was chosen for the bank. We have a cashier, an accountant, a guard and a bank manager.

The cashier's work is to give out the money. The accountant's work is to write how much money a person has given in and how much money he has taken out. The guard's work is to guard the bank.

We started our bank by having a look at The Bank of Patiala, Kasauli.

The children make the money out of papers which is given to them by the children of the bank.

They have the money taken out of the bank by telling the accountant and taking the money from the cashier.

The money of our bank is kept in tins and the tins are kept inside the manager's desk. The desk is guarded by the guard of our bank.

The bank manager's work is to see that the work is going on well. Our bank is painted blue and on the sides there are wires so that nobody can steal the money. We had lots of fun while fixing the wires.

The bank manager sits at a desk which is in the corner of our class.

We have many bank charts to make our bank look nice. We play with our bank on Saturdays if we have no work. Sometimes the manager puts up a notice when the bank would open.

We have lots of bank charts to make our bank look just like a real bank.  
We have lots of fun playing with our bank.

Jai Singh Pathania,  
Bank Manager.

#### **A Cashier**

I am the cashier of Form II A. I was chosen because most of the children voted for me.

On the first day I got a pay book.

I wrote down every child's name in it. Each child had one page. On each page I drew lines for the date and pay. I pay five rupees for tidy desks, one rupee for clean hands after writing with ink and two rupees for finishing the daily work. The class gets a bonus of two rupees each when every body does good work.

The paper was cut by Miss Suri and we made the notes. The class money is kept with Jai Singh who is the bank manager. Madam tells me the pay each child gets. When all the pay is ready I give it out. When I have finished giving the pay I put the money tin in the bank. I put up the notice the day I am giving the pay so that the children may come to take it.

I have got lots of work as a cashier but I like doing it.

Vinod Chander, II A.

#### **A Tuck Shop**

I am the tuck-shop man in our class. My assistant is Anil Sood. He gives out the things to the children which I call out. We elected the children in the beginning of the year. I got the most votes so I was chosen the tuck-shop man. Anil got the second most votes so he was chosen my assistant.

We took the example to make it from the school tuck-shop. It is more or less the same as that. The only difference is that the things in it are not real. We got these things by ourselves and put them in it. The sweets we have made by putting two soap-nut seeds in the sweet papers.

The children take the things from the tuck-shop by getting their money from the bank and paying it for the things they have taken. They find out the price of the things which are being sold in the tuck-shop by looking at the price list. It is put on the right hand side of the tuck-shop.

We put up the notice in the class near the weather chart when the tuck-shop would open. We put it two days before opening it, so that the children know that it would open on that day and so they are able to withdraw their money from the bank and get ready to take their things from the tuck-shop.



They give us the tuck-shop slips which they have made themselves. They write the things they need so that we know which things to give. I check up if they are giving the right amount of money we should be taking.

We put our things on the shelves. The eats are kept on the upper shelves and the toilet things on the lower ones.

I have a very enjoyable time as a tuck-shop man and I look forward to the day when the tuck-shop opens.

Sanjiv Kapur, II-A

### **I am a Pencil**

I am made of wood and lead. My colour is green. The words written on me are H. P. P. Ltd. \* Challenge \* R51 \* H. B.

After I was made in the factory I was put in a box with my other friends. We all were scared because we did not know where we were going. It was very dark in the box and we could not see anything except ourselves.

After sometime someone carried our box to some sort of vehicle. We were put on some other boxes, in which were exercise books, rulers, rubbers, etc.

Suddenly the vehicle started and soon reached the railway station. There some men took the boxes in which we were to a nearby platform. Then we were put in a train.

After sometime the train gave a loud whistle which almost frightened us to death. Then the train puffed off slowly and then grew faster until it ran very fast. Many a time it blew its whistle which made us feel very frightened. Each time we thought something dreadful was going to happen. I stuck close to my friends because I was feeling very scared indeed.

After two days' dreadful journey we reached a place called Kalka. From there we were put in a truck, and then were sent to a place called 'The Lawrence School'. It was in a village called Sanawar.

At this school my friends and I were taken out of the truck and were carried to the Preparatory School. Then we were given to each madam who made many bundles and put us in the class cupboards. The madam who was tying the bundle in which my friends and I were, looked a kind madam as I saw her beautiful eyes. She put the bundle in which my friends and I were carefully on the top shelf.

After a week I was given to a very careful child. I liked him a lot. Some of my friends were given to careful children and some to very careless children who went on sharpening them and breaking my friends' pretty leads.

The child who had me, had a very nice handwriting and I am sure he was proud of me too.

A week later he was not in a mood to study so he started breaking me and sharpening me again and again. When I was half the size of my old self he felt sorry for what he had done. So he thought of punishing himself for doing such a rude thing. He picked up his own ruler and gave himself a tight and hard blow on his hands. His hands turned red.

After that he used me very nicely. He never again broke my lead and was never in a bad mood.

By the end of the year he was allowed to take me home and was given a prize for using only one pencil in the whole year.

At home he kept me safe but a day came when I got finished and he cried because he liked me a lot. As we mourn at the death of a person in our family, the same way he cried and screamed over the loss of his beloved pencil which was I. From that time he never wrote with a pencil but always wrote with a pen or a holder because whenever he saw a pencil he would remember his beloved pencil of his dear school days.

Sanjiv Kapur, II-A

#### **I am a Cave Boy.**

I live in a cave near a river. The river is called Chiang. Around our cave there are many trees. I live in a country named India.

My name is Bhaiolatak. My brother's name is Liacko. He is very naughty. He is younger than I. My father's name is Chochi. He is very strong. My mother's name is Moalatama. She is very kind to me. My sister's name is Laomikie. She is older than I. She is very naughty too.

My father has gone hunting to the forest. He has a very sharp thin stone as his weapon. He is waiting for the pack of wolves to come to the river to drink water. On the opposite side of the river there are two bears and one lion looking for their prey.

My mother is stitching a blanket of deer's skin for my younger brother.

My brother is sharpening the stones. He has already sharpened two stones. In the evening I shall teach him how to fish and hunt.

My sister is learning how to stitch from my mother.

I am decorating the walls of the cave by carving animals. I have already carved an elephant and a cobra snake. I have carved the animals untidily because I am neither an artist nor a grown up man. My father taught me how to decorate the walls and how to make colour. I learnt it very quickly and could do it myself without anybody's help.

Once in the afternoon I went with my father to Chiang river for fishing. I had a stick and in front of the stick I had tied a sharp pointed stone. I saw a fish and I hit it with all my strength. It was a nice aim and as I took the stick out I saw the fish stuck to its point.

Afterwards at home, we had a nice feast of fish cooked on the fire made by rubbing two stones and lighting twigs and leaves.

We all have a busy but happy time in our cave.

Sanjiv Kapur, II-A.

### **Kasauli**

#### *The Geography of Kasauli*

Kasauli is in the foot hills of the Himalayas. The bazaar is facing to the South looking over the plains. Kasauli is on a ridge; Monkey Point is on the East end of the ridge. Looking down from Monkey Point we see Chandigarh and Pinjore clearly. Looking towards the West we see Kashmir and Jammu. In the North in front of Kasauli we see Tibet. In the East we see Nepal. Kasauli is 6,000 feet above sea level.

The spring is in April. The summer is in May and June. The monsoon is in June, July, August and September. The Autumn is in October and November. The winter is in December, January, February and March. In spring it is warm. In summer it is very hot. In Kasauli there is less rainfall than in any other hill stations in North India in the monsoon. In autumn it is cool. In winter it is very cold and sometimes snow falls.

#### *The History of Kasauli*

In 1841 Sir Henry Lawrence the Founder of our School built the first house in Kasauli named Sunny Side. He lived in Subathu. His two year-old-daughter died of cholera. Subathu was an unhealthy place. He looked over to Kasauli and thought it would be healthier than Subathu and so he decided to live here. Then other people began to build houses here. Ours was one of the first to be built. The following year, that is 1842, the cantonment was formed. The land on which Kasauli is built had belonged to the Rana Bhagat. The British Government bought it from him. The name Kasauli was taken from a small village which is still near the brewery. Kasauli means the place of flowers showing that many many flowers grow here.

#### *The Flora and Fauna of Kasauli*

In Kasauli there are many coniferous trees like pine trees and many other fir trees; there are also oak trees and many wild cherry trees.



In the monsoon there are ~~many~~ dahlias and crocuses. In the monsoon Kasauli is very pretty because it is full of dahlias and crocuses.

In Kasauli there are many grey Baboons and red Rhesus monkeys. There are also many jackals and a few hyenas. There are many grey squirrels and a few panthers and bats. Below Kasauli there are cheetas but in Kasauli there are none. There are many snakes and lizards. Once I nearly stood on a russel viper in the wild part of our garden.

There are many Paradise fly catchers down by the drain past our house. Many people come to see the babies learning to fly. There are many scarlet miravets; ~~the males are red~~, the females are yellow. They crowd up and sit on a tree and decorate it like a tree for Christmas. There are also the Indian Plaintive Cuckoo, which is a very interesting bird, because it is a ventriloquist. This means it sits on one tree and its voice seems to come from another tree; so it is very hard to see it.

In Kasauli there are many flies, bees and wasps, like in any other place in India. There are ~~spiders~~ and centipedes which come out in the rains. There are scorpions, also. There are two kinds of scorpions; light brown and black. The black ones are the most dangerous. They pinch our skin with their tail and inject poison. It is very painful and occasionally people die.

#### *The occupations of the people of Kasauli*

There is a civil and military population in Kasauli. For civilians the most important place for employment is the Central Research Institute (C. R. I.). In the C. R. I. they make vaccines against various diseases, e.g. typhoid, cholera, rabies and snake bites. A lot of people also work in the brewery, which is just below Kasauli. It is really a distillery. They make whisky from barley and corn that grow around. Some people work in the Lady Linlithgow Sanatorium where people with tuberculosis are treated.

Like every place in India, there is a bazaar and people are occupied as shop keepers. There also a lot of servants.

There are also some women who work as stone breakers. Around Kasauli there are some people who own a bit of land on which they grow a few crops and sell them to the people in Kasauli.

Something which helps trade in Kasauli are the tourists who come in the summer. They come here to get out of the heat of the plains. Some rent houses, others stay in the Alasia Hotel, or the Kalyan or the Maurice.

Gordon Peter Price, Form II-B

### **My Dog**

My dog's name is Rani. She is Sandy's sister. She is six years old. Her birthday is on January 2nd.

She is a cocker spaniel. She does not bite any one. She does not even bite strangers. She is brown in colour. She is rather fussy about her food because she will not eat any food which is not mixed with milk. If she sees me picking up a stone she will immediately jump upon me and snatch it away from me. She has not allowed me to keep a stone in my hand even for a second. When we eat our food she sits under our table and begs for food. She likes our food better than her food.

Bindya Bammi, 1A

### **My Sister**

My sister's name is Mini. She is naughty. She is four years old. She studies in Stella Mary's School in Calcutta.

When it is lunch time she likes to play. Whenever I have to leave her at home and return to school she starts to cry.

She feels very lonely at home without me. She does not like to leave me. She always wants to be with me. I like her very much.

Ashok Bhagat, 1-A

### **My Mother**

My mother's name is Kamla. She is forty seven years old. She is a Punjabi. She is rather short for her age. She is pretty and fair. She has many lovely saries. She is a teacher.

She teaches K.G. children. She loves the children whom she teaches. She is a good mother. She takes care of me.

Biren, 1-A

### **My best Friend**

My best friend is Arjun. He comes from Delhi. He is six years old. He is very fat. He is good at eating. The girls call him 'Orange' because he is fat.

He is not good at games. I like him very much because he is fat and has rosy cheeks. He eats too much. He studies in my school. He is in K.G.A. He was eighth in his class. He is naughty. The girls are fond of him. He runs quite fast.

Ashok Bhagat, 1-A

### **Prep School Children's Superstitions**

Superstitions are things that bring us good luck.

If any one casts an evil eye we touch wood.

If I feel scared I cross my fingers.

If we get an eye brow on our face we wish and then we blow three times and we get good luck.

If we swallow a baby orange piece we get good luck.

If we see the first star and we wish our wish comes true.

If any one crosses over our legs we do not grow tall.

If we jump over an eagle and wish we get our wish.

If we sit under the lucky tree (the first Pride of India tree near the net-ball field) we get luck

If we put a cross behind our bed we do not feel afraid.

If we blow the feathers of a dandelion clock in seven blows we get a wish.

If we take a lady bird and say a special rhyme and it flies away we get good luck.

When I was playing I wished I could get a doll and I saw the First Aid Red Cross van going on the road. The next day my father bought me a doll.

I believe in these superstitions.

Asha II-A

### **Our Nature Walk**

Yesterday we went for a nature walk.

We went to the stream. Out there we saw rocks

We were throwing stones in the water.

We rested on the rocks.

We saw many butterflies on the way.

The Form II B's also went with us.

I saw a snail on the rock.

Miss Kemp dug many plants.

I made a boat with a bark and put it in the water.

It was very hot there.

I lay down on the rock.

The water was coming very fast.



When I was coming back from nature walk, I saw a  
 very big caterpillar.  
 Gurinder caught a butterfly.  
 I saw many tins of gum stuck on the pine trees.  
 I found a pine cone.  
 The trees were very big.  
 Sunita nearly fell down the hill.  
 I caught a butterfly and then I left it.  
 There were many stones in the water.  
 I tried to dig a plant but I couldn't.

Anil Chaudhry U.K.G.B.

#### Diwali

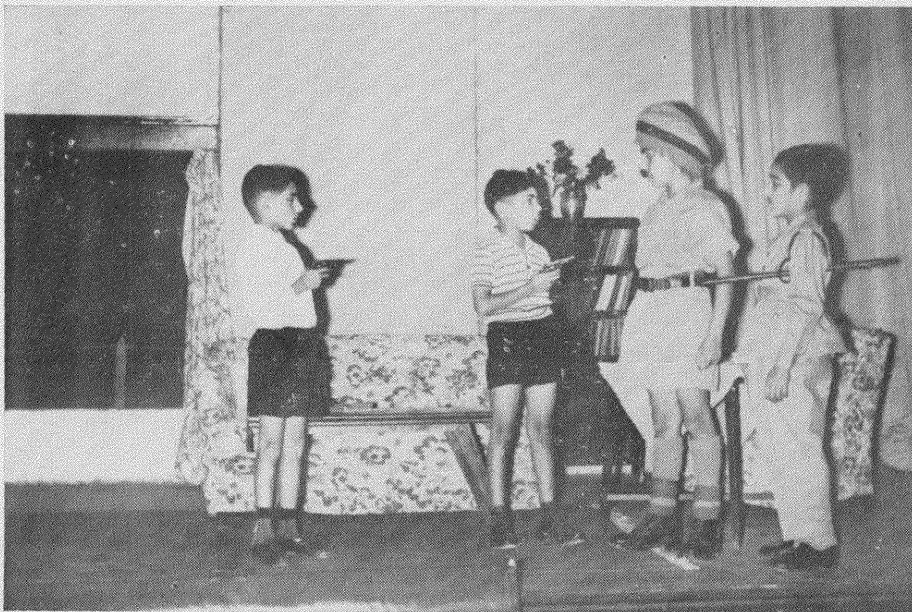
Yesterday was Diwali.  
 We were burning a bon-fire.  
 We had a special dinner at night.  
 We were burning our phooljaris.  
 Anju burned snake tablets.  
 We were burning our crackers.  
 I burned my anars.  
 I gave a phooljari to Shika.  
 Mrs. Peters was helping Sunita.  
 Sarvjit was sharing with Geeta.  
 On Diwali Anita's mother came.  
 We were burning our bombs.  
 Asha and Neelam were in hospital on Diwali.  
 I burnt all my crackers.  
 Rubinder's hand got burned.  
 We got jelly and ice-cream.  
 I was the first one to come from the bon-fire.  
 I was with Ayahji.  
 Anju and Shika were also with Ayahji.  
 Mr. Wilson came for the special dinner.  
 I gave a phooljari to Michael.  
 We were wearing our overcoats on Diwali.  
 Meera was not wearing her school kit.  
 All the madams were wearing new kit.

Neena Dass U.K.G.B.

## The Prep. School Show



Hindi Play



Jasoosi Ka Shawk



## English Play

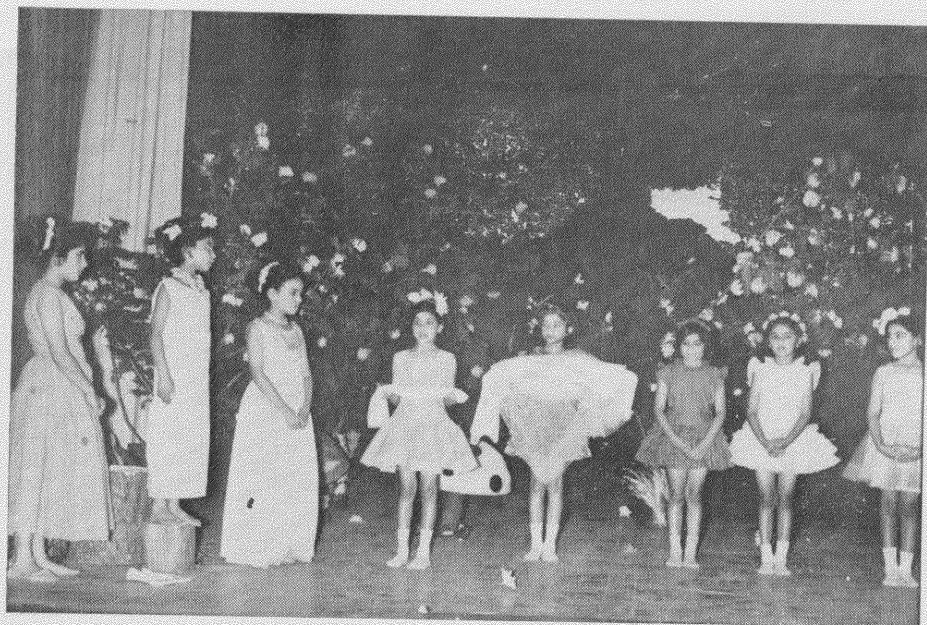


**Lucinda and the Birthday Foll**

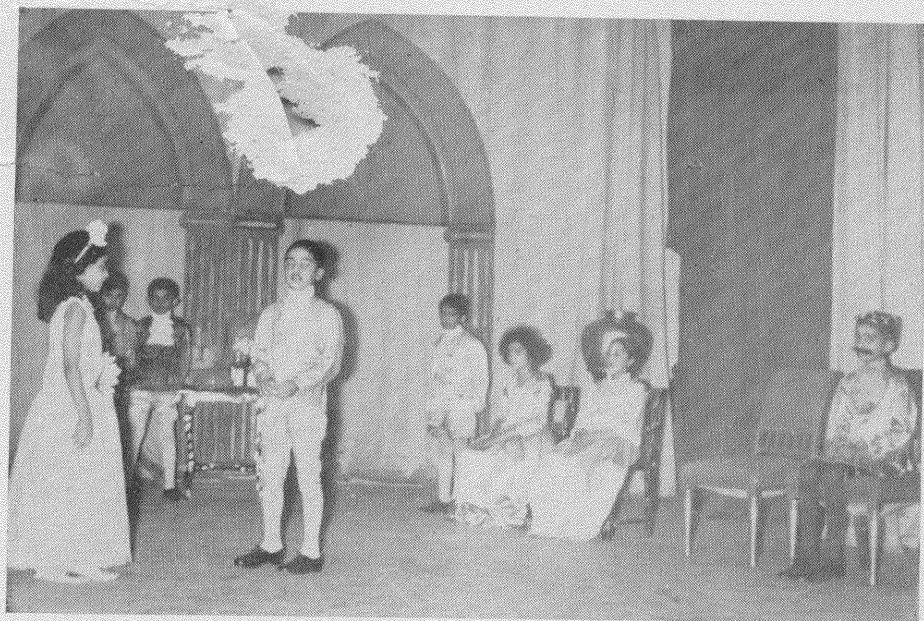


**Lucinda with the Month Maiden Faries**





Lucinda with the Month Maidens



'At the Ball'





**P.D. Percussion Band**

*H. H. House Show*

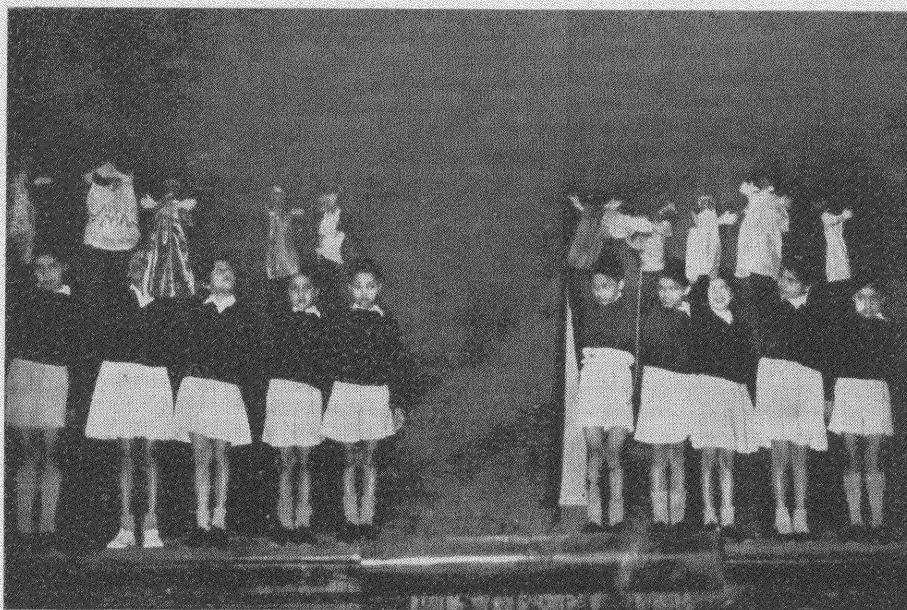


**'The Sun and the Wind'**



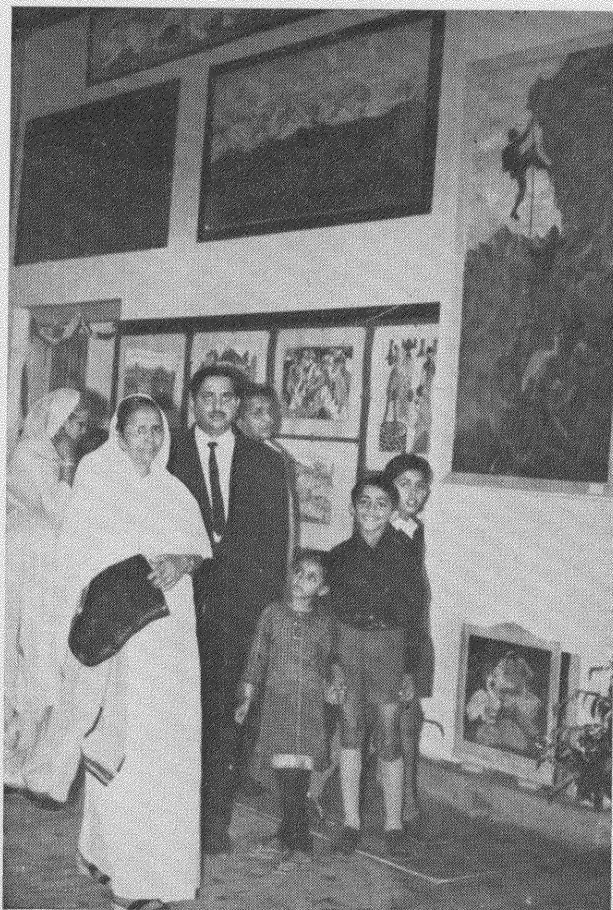


**The Sun - beams and the Travellers**



**Puppet Play—Jadoo Ka Kanta**





**In The Art Exhibition**

## Prep School Poetry

### The Battle

The battle was fought with the cattle,  
The cattle fought with the dogs in the battle.  
It took place in a shed,  
Where the cattle were fed.  
They charged at one kennel,  
Where they found a bit of flannel.  
When they were going home,  
On the way they met a gnome.  
This happened in May,  
On a very sunny day.

Sanjiv Kapur, II-A

### On the Way

I did not know what to say,  
So I turned back on the way.  
On the way I met a snake,  
Baking a sweet little cake.  
When my cottage came to sight,  
I began to fly a kite.

Mininder, II-A

### My Cake

I baked a cake,  
And put it in the oven to bake.  
Along came Linda,  
Flying on a big fat tinda.  
She was going to the stall  
To bake the biggest cake of all.

Mininder II-A

## Senior School

### 1. Experiences

#### My First Flight

I came to the aerodrome with my uncle. I had come for my first flight.

I stood silently and dazzled looking at the hangars and the planes looking like giant white birds. There were varieties of planes; Biplanes, Monoplanes, and many other planes. I liked the Biplane and told my uncle to take me up in the Biplane. I was told to get into one of them. I got in, and again looked dazzled at the controls of the plane. Then my uncle came, and got inside. Then the door towards my side opened and a man appeared and tied a leather belt around my waist which was attached to the seat. I could not move my full body and had to stay tied like a prisoner to the wretched belt. I moved my head to see the runway. Then the engine started and made a roaring noise as it warmed up. Then the machine started to move and went faster and faster and then to my surprise it took off.

Soon we were calmly flying at a good speed at about seven hundred feet and then it rose a bit higher. I looked through the glass. I saw the green fields as small as the squares of the chess board. A small river twisting and turning looked like a white snake. Then my uncle muttered some words which I could not hear because of the noise of the propellers.

Then we swung out in a wide circle and started retreating to the Aerodrome. I could see the familiar hangars and the Air Field. We began to lose altitude. Then when we landed I got a small jerk and heard the grinding of the wheels again and the plane rolled to a stop. I took off my belt and jumped out. Then my uncle asked me how did I feel and whether I felt dizzy. I said that I did not feel dizzy in the least and I had enjoyed the flight. When I came back home, I realised that my first flight was over and I was overjoyed.

Birinder Singh Sidhu, U-III



### **My most frightening experience**

We were staying at a lonely village called 'Bhandal'. It is a small village in the hills of Himachal Pradesh. There are a few huts and a rest house in this small village. We were staying in the rest house.

One evening my father and I decided to go for a walk along the edge of the forest above the rest house. This jungle is known for its wild animals.

We had not gone far when we met a few hunters who had recently killed a leopard. They told us to be back in the village before dark, since after that there was danger from the wild animals. Paying no heed to their advice we continued.

On our right ascended a dense jungle and on our left side was a small stream. The curving cattle track which we were following was leading to another village. On the way we came past many landslides and saw many beautiful birds. We had walked about three miles. Then the sun was setting, which was a fabulous sight. When there was yet some light we started moving on our way back home.

The wind was whistling past our ears. The leaves were rustling on the cool breeze. We could hear the churning waters of the stream alongside. The birds were now returning to their rest and their shrill sounds were now beginning to fade away, as I trudged behind my father rather frightened by the sudden cracking of twigs under the feet. We could now faintly make out the lights in the distant village. We were walking on silently when my father suddenly stopped. The sight that met my eyes would have frightened any soul on earth.

It was a full grown leopard! How I wished to be at home and far away from the hideous monster! We were only about thirty paces away from the monster and to add to the disgust it began to move towards us. I huddled closer to my father.

The glittering eyes of the leopard were glaring at us, as it actively moved towards us. It was about only fifteen paces away from us when the horrid devil faced towards the jungle and disappeared in a few graceful leaps.

The dark clouds had gathered on the sky and were threatening rain, as we hurriedly walked on. We had just entered the door of the rest house when a heavy thunderstorm broke out which was followed by heavy rain; but we two, frightened bodies, had reached home safely.

Satdev Bajaj, L-IV

### A visit to Fatehpur Sikri

I invited my French pen-pal to India. She had been in India for some time and I had shown her the different sights in Delhi, when one day mother suggested that we should go to Fatehpur Sikri. We left in the morning by jeep because the road was too rough for a car. When we reached Fatehpur Sikri we were greeted by a group of guides. We passed through the gateway and saw pretty little stalls at which one could buy postcards and exquisite ornaments. Since my pen-pal was interested in them I waited for her to make her choice. Later we were shown the relics of Fatehpur Sikri.

The guide took us to a dirty, slimy, mossy pool with a tower near it. A young man dived from the highest point of the tower into the pool and swam underwater. When he came out he was very dirty and full of slime. We paid him for his trouble and went on.

Then we were taken to Chisti's tomb. The tomb was made of marble inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There was a magnificent red velvet canopy supported by four pillars made of solid gold. Just above it was a thin ivory roof protecting it. There were most beautiful designs carved on it. The guide told us that if we tied a red thread around one of the holes in the framework of the partition and wished, the wish would come true. After the wish had come true we had to return and give a token of gratitude. The wish should not be told to any one even if it did come true. I made a wish but my pen-pal did not because she knew she would find it difficult to return from France to visit the place, should her wish come true.

We were shown the banqueting hall. This was very large and the walls were inlaid with glass. Then the guide who had a wooden board with some bulbs attached to it, lit it and swung it around. The resulting reflection of light looked very beautiful.

We went on to the garden. The lawn was so well kept that it looked like a magnificent velvet carpet. The gigantic trees with their shady branches were swaying in the gentle breeze. The flower beds overflowed with the most colourful flowers, and fountains played into small ponds with beautiful goldfish. The ponds were very clean. The gardens were popular picnicking grounds. One could see children running around and their parents sitting in the shade of the trees.

We could stay no longer because we had to return home. My pen-pal kept telling me how fascinated she was with the charm and beauty of India. As we came out by the gateway we saw a number of horse shoes nailed to it. The guide told us that people believed that as long as these horse-shoes were there the place could not be destroyed.

Shiv Deep Sidhu, U-IV

### Lost

During our stay at Scout Hall in Tara Devi we were taken to visit the Tara Devi temple, which is a few miles away from the camp. At first it was an easy climb but then it began getting rather steep and slippery. We came to a ridge from where we could see Monkey Point in Kasauli. From here it was an easy walk to the temple.

The temple itself was rather small and after seeing it, we all had a drink of icy cold water and then decided to return to camp by a different path.

On the way we stopped to see the late Mr. Phelps's house. It had the most beautiful garden with all sorts of flowers and trees. Retema, my friend, I were so busy admiring the flowers that we did not see the other girls leaving. Suddenly we realised that we were the only two left. We ran and stumbled along the path, hoping that we would catch up with the girls.

We could not see any girls ahead of us, so we shouted. Some girls heard our shouts and waited for us. When we caught up with them, they told us that they also were hoping to catch up with stragglers and so were very relieved to see us.

After we had covered a short distance, we came across two senior girls, Malti and Sushma, who had heard our shouts and thought they'd wait for us. Here the first group of girls carried on, leaving Malti, Sushma, Retema and myself resting.

After we had walked for quite some time, we came to a place where our path forked into three. Not knowing which path to take, we climbed down the hillside. As we had to use both our hands to get to this path we threw away our sticks and water bottles. Then to our dismay we saw that the path was leading to a dead end.

We were lost! We did not know whether to climb up the hillside or go down, so Retema and I sat down in a clearing and consoled ourselves with the fact that once we were missed, search parties would be sent out for us. In the meanwhile Malti and Sushma looked for paths. As they were unsuccessful we shouted for help but only our echoes returned.

Then we decided to shout for the last time. This time there was an answering cry. It came from above us, so we climbed up the hillside to where there were some girls along with a few members of staff. Weren't we relieved to know that we weren't the only people who had been left behind! After telling them our story we walked on the correct path back to Tara Devi.

We were so exhausted that as soon as we reached the camp we flopped down on our beds. It had been very frightening while it lasted, but it was fun telling our story to all the girls who had been wondering why we had come back so late.

Aruna Batra, U-IV

### My Holidays

This time I had to go by Bombay Central party to Ratlam. We left early on Saturday and stopped at each and every station for at least ten minutes, no matter how small it was, before we eventually reached Ratlam on Sunday evening.

Mhow seemed a new place from the one I had seen in winter. Everything seemed to have put on a lovely coat of green. My parents decided that we should visit Lake Barcha as now it would be full and would have greenery in its vicinity.

What a wish that was! I doubt if the water level had risen one inch, even though it had rained heavily. But it was great fun. The huge banyan trees had spread out their branches, so we practised walking on the higher ones. This made our dog, Zipper, get so excited that trying to be clever he got himself soaked, much to our discomfort on the return journey.

My parents had managed to get holidays so we next went to Mandu. The ruins of Mandu are very famous and are about fifty miles from Mhow. The journey was hot and dusty but it was worth it. The ruins weren't actually ruins as many of the huge buildings were quite intact. We saw the 'Awan-e-am', where the king spoke to his subjects. The throne itself was missing, but the high-up niche where it was kept, and the steps leading up to it were intact. On the sides of the hall were steps leading up to long platforms where the women used to sit. We tried out the echoes also.

Then there was the 'Jahaz Mahal.' It was rectangular and two-storied, the upper storey being supported by long pillars. On one side was a small overgrown lake. Once the water level used to reach the edges of the building and the nobles used to do boating but now the water hardly comes half way up to the Mahal. This also had about three swimming pools of fantastic designs. I nearly slipped down into an underground well when I ventured down some steps leading below one of the pools. Luckily my father grabbed me and held on to me. We saw some tombs and a beautiful park (rather thorny I thought), which had some temple caves. These were dripping with water all over and a man standing there told us the water was very pure,—a likely tale. Still I was glad to come home and relax especially as we got caught in a village market on the way back.

After this we went to the summer palace, 'Sukhnavas' of the Maharaja of Indore. The name was most unsuited because the 'palace' was the worst building I've ever seen. The paint had peeled off the walls of the palace giving it a dead look. The lake was full of weeds and other rubbish and unfit for swimming or anything of that sort. The gardens were dirty as picnickers had thrown their rubbish there. But there were some gorgeous peacocks who called out continuously while



we ate our lunch. The choukidar was kind enough to show us the inside of the palace, which was far worse than the outside. The drive back was great fun as my father was in a teasing mood and kept pretending to bang our car into my uncle's who had come along and had raced ahead.

After this we stayed at home for quite a long time and I was very surprised and irritated to find that there weren't any proper book shops in Mhow. Anyway, we saw a few pictures,—murder mysteries and historical films.

We also visited a small rest house some seven miles from Mhow on a picnic. It had some lovely lilies in the garden and we brought back some for our garden.

I enjoyed my 'hols' even though my father's leave finished a week before we left and my sister had convulsions a day before we left. My sister, Abha, had school throughout our holiday and grumbled all the time. It was great fun especially when my father grabbed my cousin's shoes and threw them into the lake, with the result that we all had to wade in and search for them. Only one shoe was found much to my cousin's annoyance.

It seems we left on an unlucky day because my father had to attend a lunch and a conference in honour of some important Generals who had come on a visit, and couldn't come to Ratlam to see us off. Anyway, we did have a good send-off and journey.

Uma Tewari, U-V

#### **The Most Exciting Incident I Have Experienced.**

Ugh! It was the season of those long, hairy, colourful caterpillars. My friend knowing my weak point about hairy caterpillars decided to take this opportunity to enjoyed herself, much to my disgust.

It was milk-break and seeing those creepy things crawling on the ground made me change my mind and I began walking back to the shelter of our classroom. My friend realising the reason of my retreat broke off a twig and hoisted a caterpillar on to it. Next, she began coming after me in a half trot and run as the creature was on the precarious position of clinging on to the branch for dear life. This sent me at my fastest into the class and seeing her in the doorway, I jumped on to the window-sill, ready to take off. Just then the buzzer rang, to my great relief. Taking in the situation as they walked into the class, the boys advised her to place the carterpillar on the teachers' chair instead. This she did very obligingly.

We waited with bated breaths as the teacher walked in briskly. There was to be a test. Having asked us to take our seats, he turned to the blackboard to write down the questions. There were stifled giggles and clearing of throats all around.

The teacher told us to keep quiet and to get on with our work. After he had finished, he pulled back the chair, put one leg forward—"Oh sir, don't sit down", yelled the criminal in sheer agony.

But he had already sat down. "What's wrong with you?" he asked.

The criminal, who had got up in her excitement, flopped down into her chair with her head in her hands. "Nothing sir, I've got a headache". There was a shout of laughter from the whole class.

The next half hour was spent in trying to tear away our attention from the teacher on to our test. It seemed impossible. I looked up every two minutes to see boys and girls with their hands nearly wholly stuffed into their mouths to keep themselves from laughing. I began to picture the teacher's pants—a nice yellow patch with black hair (the creature was yellow with black hair) sticking there!

Once I looked up to see a boy shaking his neighbour by his shoulder, with a force that was not unlikely to dislocate it, in an attempt to draw his attention on to the teacher. I looked. I stifled a shriek. The creepy, slimy thing was crawling along the length of the teacher's shoulder. I tried to get on with my test but by now everyone had got the message. As a result they were jumping up and down to see the sight. The guilty one was jittery as she was sure she was going to be reported. When I looked up again I saw that it had disappeared and came to the conclusion that it had found shelter into his collar. I was wondering why he wasn't feeling anything,—surely those hair pricks if nothing else!

Having finished her test my companion asked if she could go and drink water. She armed herself with a pen and while passing behind the teacher tried to brush off the creature from his back, to where it had apparently travelled. The teacher turned around with incredulity in his expression.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sorry sir, my pen must have touched you," she said innocently.

The class found this funny too but not the teacher. He just couldn't fathom what the private joke was. While returning from her 'drink', (the poor girl returned without drinking water), she tried again but without any success. Next an obliging friend got up also on the pretext of drinking water. She tried the same tactics only to be told that she'd be sent out of the class if she didn't behave herself!

As the school was coming to an end, the teacher got up to collect the books and saw the caterpillar crawling around on the chair. He grinned as he looked at the creature. His grin was followed by a burst of laughter from the whole class.

Tapan Bain, VI.

### **A family outing that I have enjoyed.**

We were only going to see the Elephanta caves but with all the commotion in the house it seemed as though we were going to the other end of the world. Mummy was swearing for the hundredth time that never again would she take us out. Anyway we all managed to wash our faces and to put on clean clothes, whilst my granny, the most thoughtful of the lot managed to pack a hamperful of appetising things. Thus in spite of the commotion, by half-past eight we were all safely tucked away in the motor-boat which was going to take us to Elephanta caves.

The motor-boat was overflowing but we got our seats because we had made our reservations. Soon everyone was seated and we cast away from the pier. In the beginning my parents were a bit tense for they were scared that one of us might lean out too much and fall into the water. But once they saw that we had made up our minds to be good children they sat back and relaxed enjoying the cool sea breeze.

This was the first time in my life I had gone out on the open sea. So even the waves that came and lashed against the side of the motor-boat made me open my eyes in wonder. While we were drawing out of the harbour my father kept me busy by giving me a running commentary about all the ships anchored there, but once we reached the open sea I just sank back and drank the beauty of my surroundings. How peaceful was this place compared to the busy life of Bombay city! From out at sea the ships looked most neatly anchored as though they were waiting to take part in a solemn pageant.

By now that side of Bombay harbour was out of sight and we were nearing Trombay. In the sea around that place quite a few oil-tankers were anchored. One quarter of the oil from those tankers is consumed in Trombay itself for Trombay has 'The Bhabha Atomic Research Centre' and other big factories.

By now I was getting quite sick and tired of the clear blue sky, the dark blue sea and the little speck of land I could see, so I turned around and asked my father when we were going to reach Elephanta island. I was rather surprised when I came to know that that speck of land which I had been seeing contained the famous Elephanta caves. However, I was glad to reach for I was dying to put my feet again on solid land.

The motor-boat stopped just next to a wood platform and we all alighted thanking our stars that we didn't have to go through any formal procedure of alighting in a prim and proper dock.

My mother a keen historian insisted that we should first go and see the caves and then admire the beauty of the island. Daddy being for once in an amiable mood, agreed and we all set forth towards the caves. From the wooden platform

right up to the top of the hill there was a straight flight of stairs. Thinking that this would be a short cut we set forth in full josh. Only after we had done some distance did we realise our folly in having chosen this way. The steps had no end, or so it seemed. I wish I had had the energy to count those steps that day. I am positive that they were more than a thousand. At last we reached the top puffing and panting but when we looked around ourselves we were spell-bound. From the top of this hill we could see the whole island. They say that God put beauty in confined places, well here was an example of one of them.

My mother broke the spell that had come over us and we moved towards the caves. Inside the caves it was quite cold and whilst my mother was marvelling over the sculptures in them, I was wondering why those people had made these sculptures in such dark and dingy places. One of the sculptures that caught my eye was the one in which the marriage of Siva and Parvati is shown. This sculpture has an elemental vigour, a formal perfection, and a massive and spiritual significance that is unique. Another thing that struck my fancy was an underground tank thousands and thousands years old. This shows that those people who lived centuries ago knew about storage tanks.

After seeing the caves we had our lunch. Then my brothes went for a swim while I explored the island. This island is quite a unique little thing. As it is not inhabited by civilized people, the natural beauty of the island is not spoiled. The only people who stay here are fishermen, and they are the simplest people one could ever come across.

It was now nearing four and as we had to go back by the four fifteen motor-boat we began to walk towards the wooden platform where that morning we had alighted. All the passengers got into the boat and we began moving off. I was feeling depressed as I usually do when I part from things. Anyway the parting wasn't permanent, I consoled myself. At the earliest opportunity I had the intention of paying a second visit to that place.

Madhu Subramanian, VI.

#### A Journey by Bus.

People covering a wide range of humanity were clustered round the 2 o'clock bus to Delhi. There were some tall, lean, hawk-like individuals and some unbelievably obese ones, whose waists measurements came very close to their heights. It was with a feeling of dismay that I watched the wildly gesticulating crowd. We (my friends and I) began to wonder if there had been some mistake on the part of the bus company and if they had sold more tickets than the capacity of the bus could accommodate.



The scene was the Chandigarh bus station from where we had to go to Delhi after our N.C.C. camp.

Finally, the luggage was loaded and there was a wild scramble for the bus. I collided with a portly gentleman who jammed me against the door while he clambered in and flopped down on a seat. I followed, resisting the urge to crack him one on his bald head. In a few minutes, the bus was packed to capacity.

Soon afterwards the bus started off with a jolt. Almost immediately, the seats, windows and every loose object in the bus began an incessant rattling which all of us found extremely irritating, to say the least.

At first, we watched the fields flow by like a river. The road sides were lined with trees, and, to pass the time, we occasionally indulged in the pastime of counting them.

As time drew inexorably on, I began to feel drowsy. It was then that I noticed that the man in front (the portly gentleman) was snoring loudly. Not only that, but his snoring was of a peculiar kind,—rather like the sound of a drill. It began to get on my nerves, till I felt like hitting him on his shiny hairless head. In some mysterious way of their own, the seats seemed to be rattling even more than before.

In spite of these deterrents, I managed to drift off into sleep, only to wake up with a start as my forehead made loud and painful contact with the seat in front. That drove all thoughts of sleep out of my mind for a time. To add to my discomfort my stomach began to gurgle as I discovered I was very hungry.

To my great relief, the bus soon drew up at Karnal. We made a bee-line for the nearest restaurant and gorged ourselves. With full stomachs, it was easier to contemplate the dreary journey that lay ahead.

We piled into the bus and were off once more. We had hardly reached the outskirts of Karnal when I began to realize, that my head was aching. By now I was thoroughly fed up with everything. Some dark thoughts were passing through my mind. If the bus company had known my thoughts about them, they might have barred me from using their buses in future.

Still, in spite of these combined hindrances I managed to drift off into an uneasy sleep and knew no more till the bus jerked, creaked and jolted its way to a halt in the New Delhi bus station, thus ending the most uncomfortable bus journey I have ever had.

Ashok Bery, VI.

### A Journey by Bus.

As usual the village bus leaving for the town was completely packed—not only with men but also with luggage. Several passengers had filled the seating spaces with packages and were themselves sitting on top of them. The back of the bus was filled with women sitting, some on the seats, some on the floor. Some boys were on to the back of the bus, balancing themselves on the bumper.

The driver, also the owner of the bus, packed us up like sardines and was not yet satisfied. However he was stopped by the loud protests from the passengers. I thought I was lucky to secure a full seat all to myself but my luck did not hold out for long because I was pushed into the corner by two burly men.

I was rather amused by an incident which occurred before we started on our journey. On being told to go away, an old woman who was sitting on the driver's seat refused to do so. To me it seemed that she had never been on a bus before because she told the driver to drive from some other seat. As she could rest her arms on the steering wheel, she told the driver that it was a very comfortable place. This became even more interesting when all the passengers joined in the conversation. I don't know whether the driver convinced her or not, but eventually he moved her out.

After what seemed to me an eternity of time we started. As soon as the village was left behind the road degenerated into a couple of deep ruts thickly overlaid with dust.

Presently, a dense cloud of dust in front showed that the bus was overtaking another vehicle. It was a bullock cart, piled high with timber. The bus driver hooted vigorously, but the bullock cart did not give way. At the pace the bullock cart was moving it seemed that there was no human being in charge of it.

Time does not matter to a countryman but money matters a great deal. Most of the bundles and baskets in the bus contained produce to be sold in the town market and to arrive late meant losing customers. So two farmers got off the bus to investigate the cause of the stoppage.

The driver of the bullock cart was discovered asleep. The passengers, who were already angry because of the delay shouted at the cart driver. Some of them even got out and pushed the cart out of the way. With horrible jolts and thuds, the bus got itself out of the ruts sufficiently to pass the cart and proceed.

Looking back I could see the unfortunate bullock-cart driver struggling to get his bullocks under control. Nobody else but me seemed to spare any sympathy for him.

When the bus came finally on to a metalled road the progress was much smoother. The huge factory buildings of the town came into sight and we were soon in the town.

Although it was the most uncomfortable journey I have ever experienced, in this bus journey I came to know more about my countrymen and their standard of living.

Ajay Kumar Vij, VI.

#### **An unpleasant Encounter.**

The place we were visiting was the game sanctuary of Kayiranga, one of the finest in India. As it was winter we were all wearing warm clothes, but despite this, I was still shivering as we left the rest house where we had spent the night.

About a mile inside the sanctuary was a little hut elevated on long bamboo poles which were fifty feet high. We were told by the mahout to climb to the top. When we reached the hut I looked down. The mahout had led an elephant below the hut. It was from the top of this hut that we got on to the elephant's back.

Soon we were swaying from side to side as the elephant wound his way through the tall elephant grass. We were told that the elephant was nearly eighty years old. I couldn't believe that an elephant could grow to such an age.

Suddenly a small herd of deer burst out of the bushes and leapt across the clearing. I was thrilled and almost fell off the elephant in my effort to see better. The elephant was crossing a stream when a group of Blue bulls came to water there. We stopped to watch them. They seemed so tame that I felt like touching them. We had hardly gone a little distance from the stream when the mahout pointed to his left and shouted that a tiger was running along the stream, I was eager to have my first look at the magnificent beast, but I was disappointed. All I saw was the swaying elephant grass and an occasional stork.

The sun had risen by this time and the frost on the grass was just melting. A thin mist hung over the area, which filtered the rays of the sun. We had reached the area known as 'Rhino land'. Looking around me I saw a number of these huge, armour-plated, ungainly creatures wallowing in the mud.

We had just past two of these creatures when suddenly the elephant stopped so abruptly that I nearly fell off. I clutched at the little ring on the seat for dear life. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw a huge 'rhino' charging straight at the elephant. Everything was quiet. The elephant stood stock still as only a beast can. The 'rhino' came on without even the slightest hesitation, its head down and

the single horn, like that of a unicorn, sticking out of the head. As it came nearer the ground shook under its massive weight. It stopped, a mere two feet in front of us. With an angry snort it tossed its head up like a colt and calmly ambled back to its thicket. Still the elephant stood still as if paralysed with fear. The reason soon became apparent. A young 'rhino', presumably the baby of the one that charged at us, appeared. Only then did we move on.

We returned early, much shaken by the encounter with the mother 'rhino', but after all it was only protecting its young one. However, I was quite pleased. This was something I could tell my friends about. Being charged by a 'rhino' was indeed a unique experience but I wouldn't want it to happen again.

Shomir Ghosh, VI.

#### A Journey by Bus

After we had been sorted out in our class groups and had chosen the bus we thought best, we settled down for our journey back to school from Sadhupul. Although, it was the Upper Fifths' bus, there were a few Lower Fifths present.

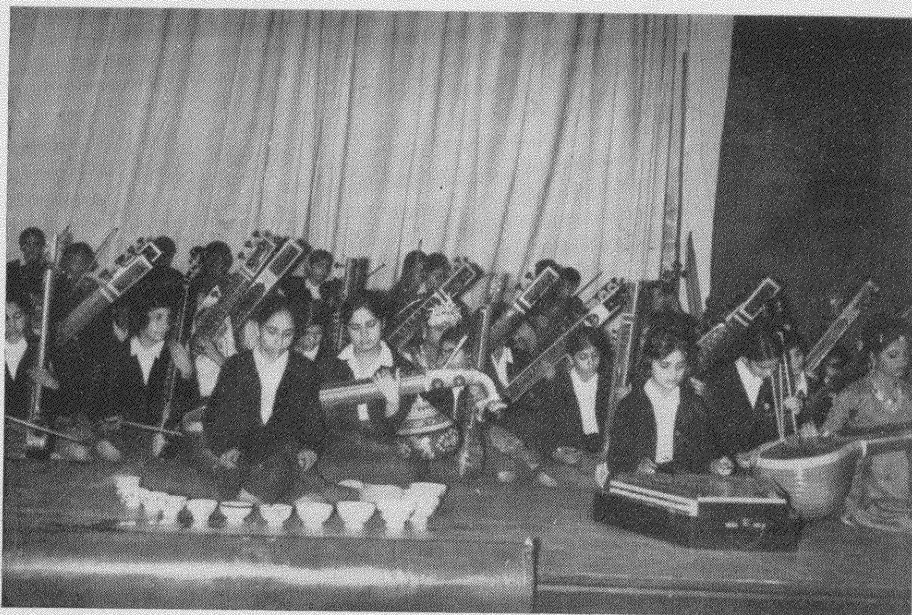
We started our journey by shouting "good bye" to our camping surroundings and soon began our usual singing. We had just gone through a few of our ballads and love-sonnets, when we were suddenly interrupted quite rudely by the bus coming to a stop with a jolt. Something was wrong with the engine. We had hardly come about two miles from Sadhupul. The driver got out and began fiddling with the parts of the engine while some of the girls, who had begun to feel sick, got out for fresh air. I preferred to sit inside and stretch out my legs on the empty places that the girls had vacated. It wasn't long before the driver and the girls took their seats again, to resume our journey.

We got over the interruption and continued with our singing as though nothing had happened. There was only one matron from the staff in our bus and she reminded us that we were quite lucky to get away with it so easily as we'd be quite stranded if anything more serious had happened. But, alas! she spoke too soon. Our bus came to a standstill with a 'groan'. The girls followed it by groaning—"oh no!"

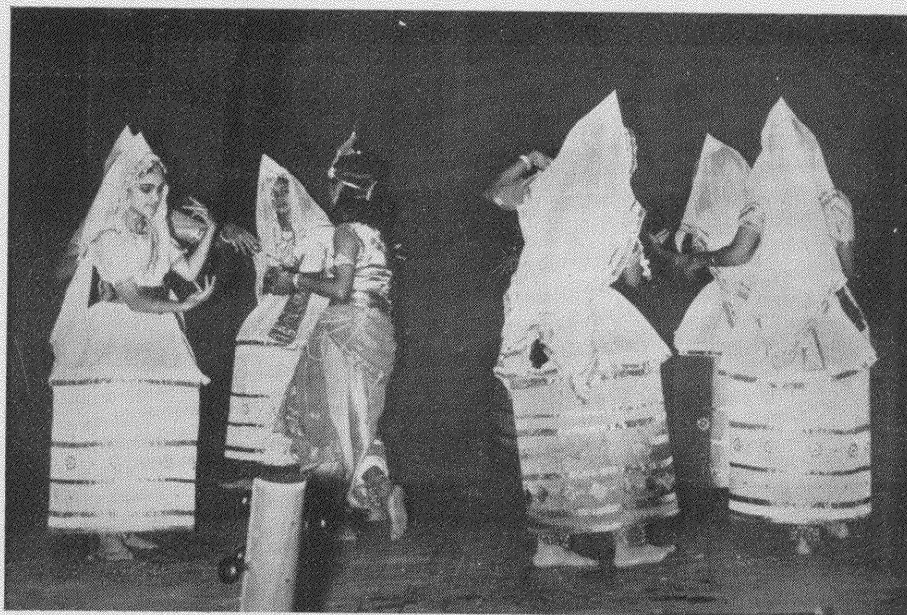
This time, most of the girls got out, some of them considering the prospect of walking back to Sadhupul. Somehow, I felt as stubborn as our bus and refused to move. I sat back instead, watching the driver trying to get his bus to obey him. He opened the engine and tried all sorts of stunts with it but it only managed to give off a whole lot of smoke and shake the bus violently. It just wouldn't move.



## The School Concert



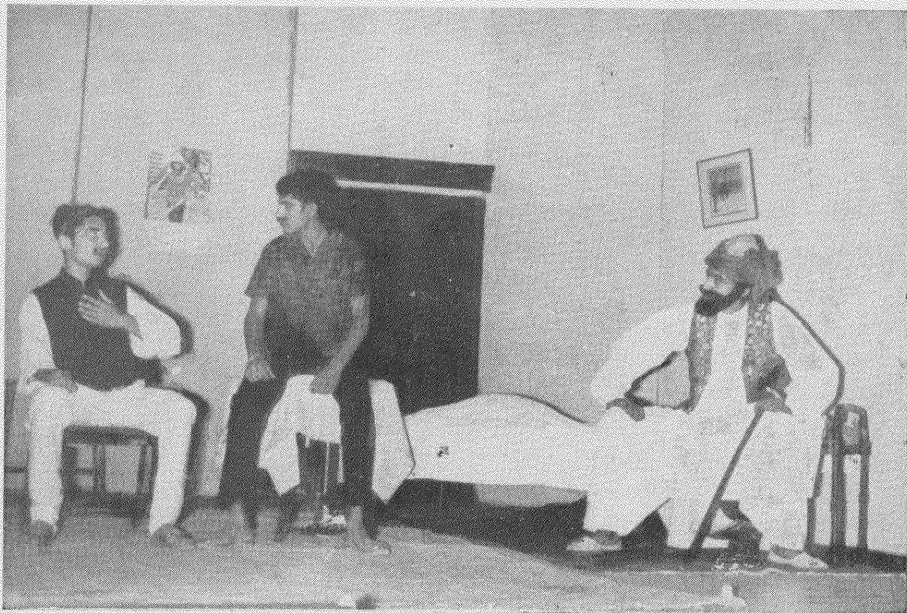
## The School Orchestra



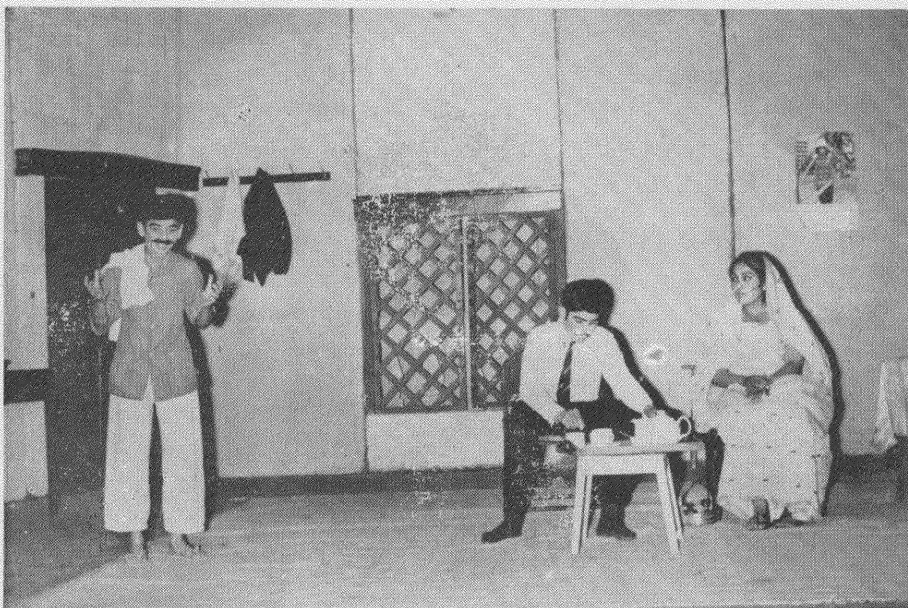
## Manipuri Dance



## उलभन

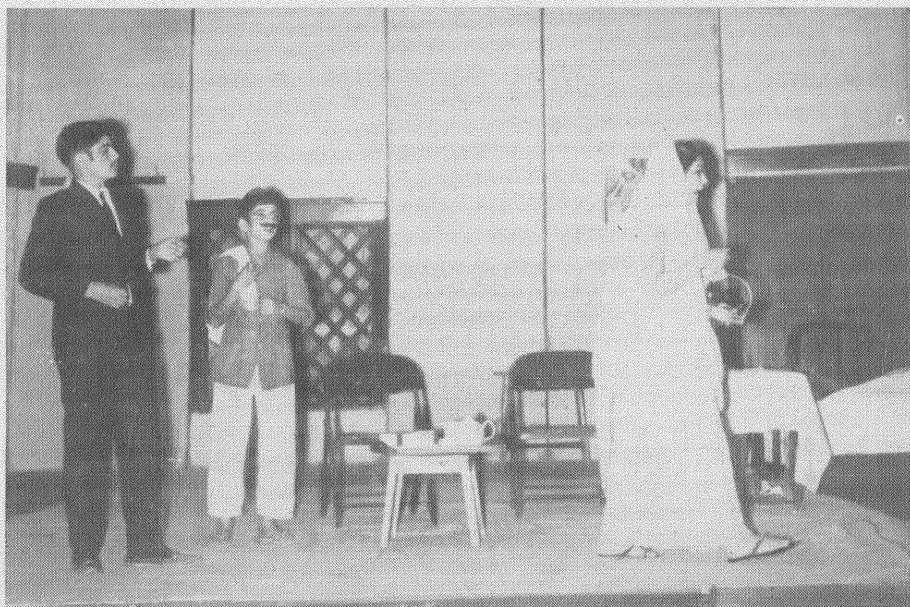


बाएँ से : सीताराम टेलरमस्टर, नानक चन्द होटल वाला तथा जुम्मा खाँ बनारसी के घर  
अपने-अपने बसूल करने आए हैं तथा धरना देकर बैठे हैं ।

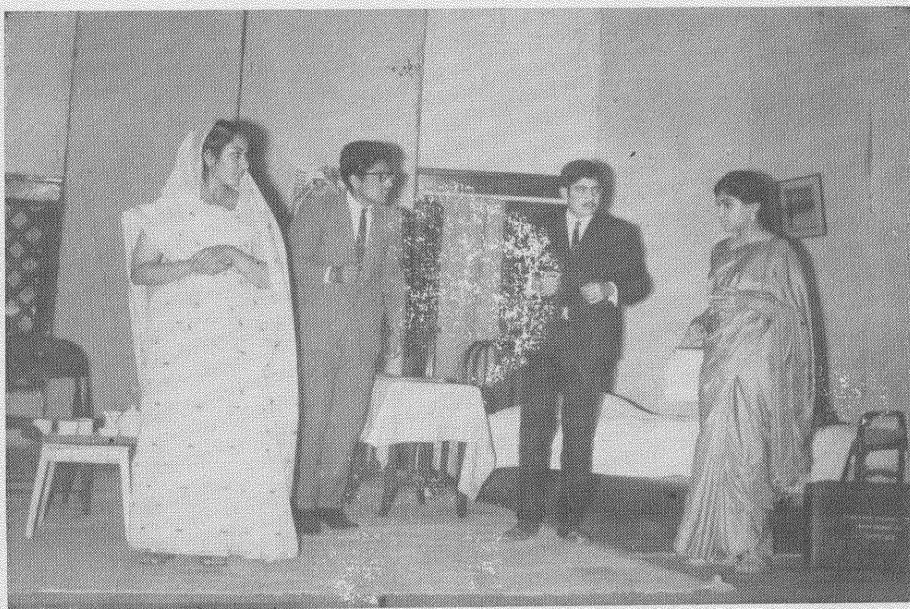


बाएँ से : नारायण सिंह तथा बनारसी मकान मालकिन को अपनी मीठी बातों से ठग रहे हैं ।



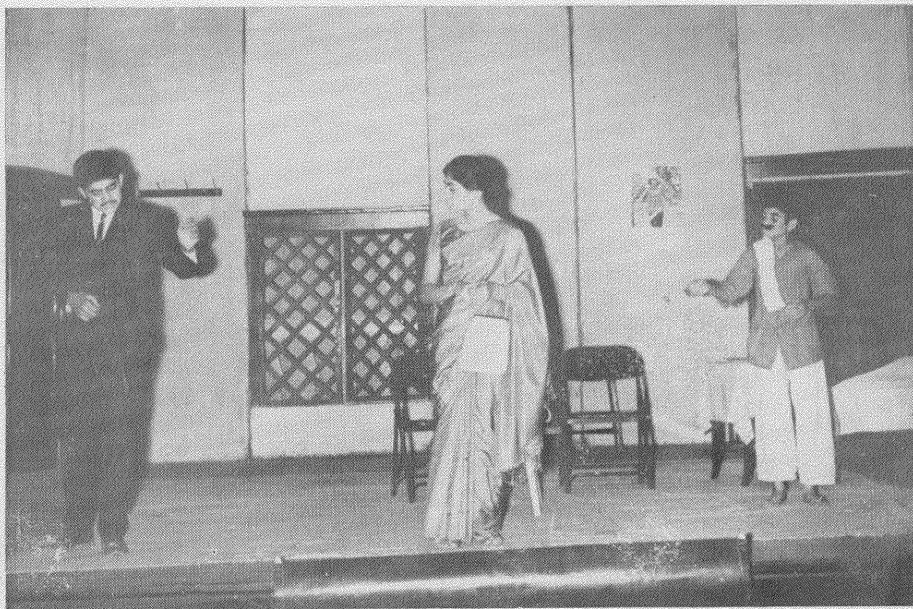


मालकिन के यह कहते ही कि अगर शादी शुदा हो तो आज अपनी बीबी को ले आओ, वरना मकान खाली कर दो। बनारसी तथा नारायण सिंह चकरा जाते हैं।

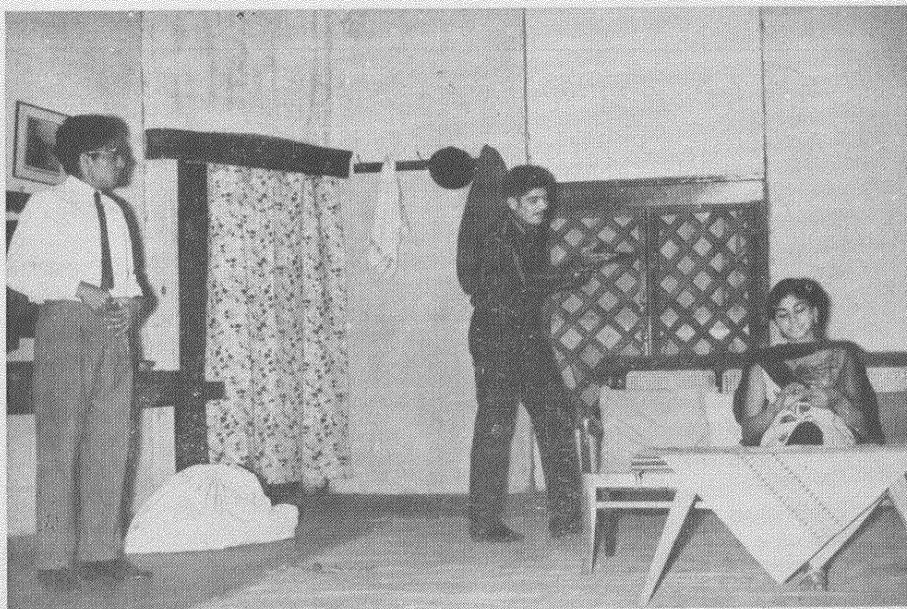


प्राण के यह कहने पर “हाँ हाँ सास समझ कर चरण छुओ”  
शकुंतला अचम्भे में आ जाती है।





बनारसी तथा नारायण सिंह शकुन्तला को मकान मालकिन के बारे में कुछ समझा रहे हैं।



बनारसी, जो शकुन्तला से शादी करने के चक्कर में है, अपनी मीठी-मीठी बातों से फुसला रहा है तथा शकुन्तला (जो पहले से ही शादी शुदा है) मन ही मन मुस्करा रही है तथा बनारसी को बेवकूफ बना रही है।



## The A.D.S.

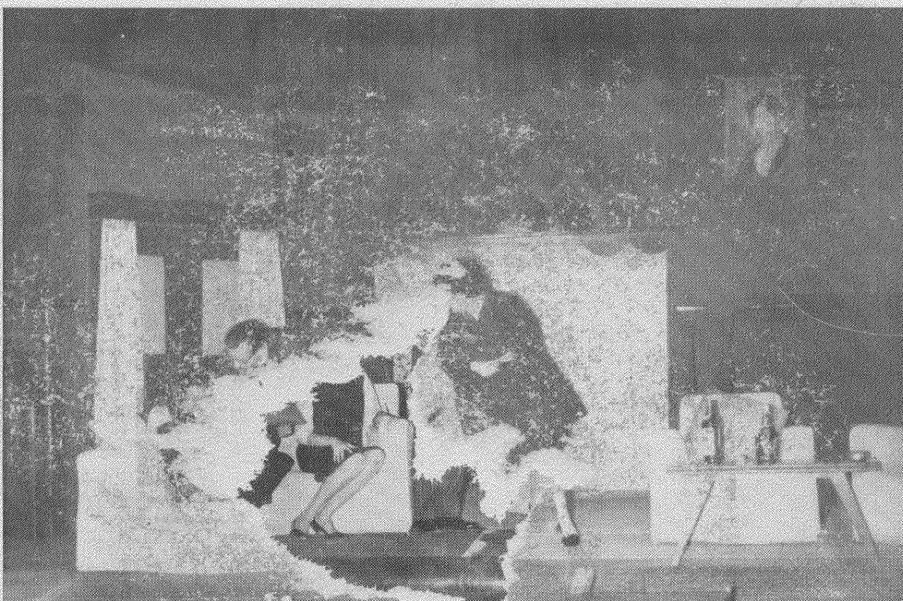


IDA: *This is Mr. Toop's second best suit.*  
CLIVE: *How many suits has he got.*  
PENELOPE: *Three!*

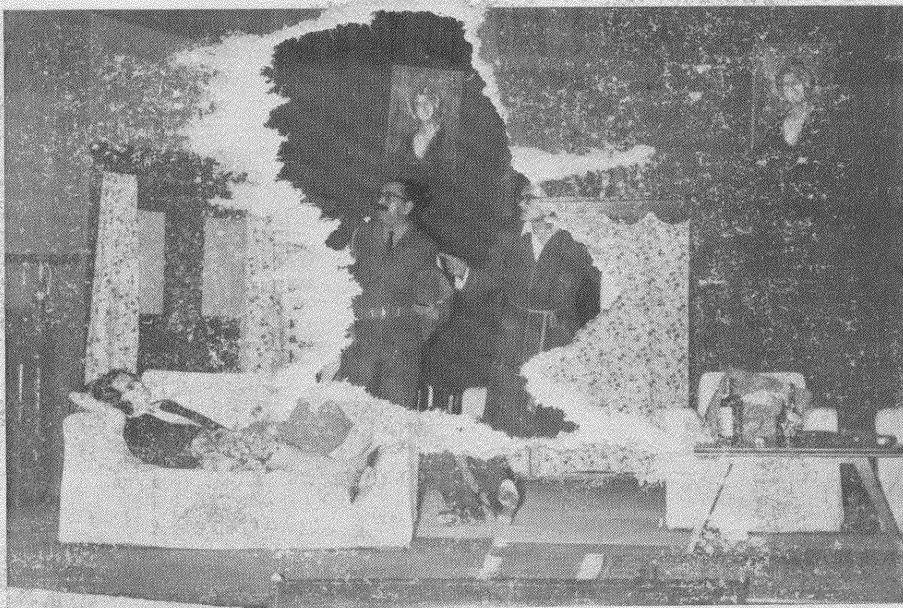


PENELOPE: *Keep still or I'll choke you.*  
CLIVE: *What do you think you're doing now?*





LIONEL : *Sit up and drink this.*  
 MISS SKILLON : *That's the stuff to give the troops.*  
 IDA : *Well! Don't mind me!*



MAN : *I want your cloths.*  
 LIONEL : *.....?!*

The Upper Fourths' bus passed and went on ahead of us. Another bus going towards Sadhupul passed and we told the driver to convey the news of our fate to Anand Bhavan.

At last the driver discovered an iron contraption among his belongings and jerked something into position in the engine. Hurrah! it was moving. He went on for about a mile; some of us grumbling that other buses had gone ahead, some of us wondering if we'd reach Sanawar in time for lunch as we suspected nothing would be left for us. We were all very hungry by then.

What was that? — a splutter under the engine? It was. This was followed by another series of splutters. We waited in suspense and held our breaths. This time it was a full-stop with the girls yelling—“NOT AGAIN!” The driver declared the bus wouldn't go any further so we all stepped out and began strolling, admiring the flowers and the scenery of the place.

One of the girls spotted the school bus with the Headmaster's car trailing up behind. They had got our message. We all hailed the school bus with loud cries of joy. We soon got to transferring our things and ourselves into the school bus which was quite packed as it was smaller than the previous one. Lunch had been sent for us in the school bus. The Headmaster told us to stop by a spring near Kandaghat to have our lunch.

We soon reached the spring, some of us a great deal relieved to drink the cold water. We spent about half an hour at our lunch, refilled our water bottles and packed ourselves like sardines again into the bus. Nobody felt chirpy this time as it was very hot. Most of us spent the rest of the journey in a daze.

We arrived in Sanawar three hours after our scheduled time. All of us being very hot and tired, the first thing we did was to go and fling ourselves onto our beds.

Tapán Bain, VI

#### Preparation for the School Concert

“Hurry up boys, you are already fifteen minutes late. If you don't come in time, I'll take you to Mr. Kemp; or ‘Agar phir se late aye, toe peeth par ghusa marunga’ (if you come late once more, I'll punch you on your back); or (especially to the girls), Yaad rakho, hunter chala dunga, (Remember, I'll use my cane).”

Those were the words spoken by the producer—a member of the staff—to the boys and girls who were taking part in the Hindi play. Everyday as the boys and girls walked into Barne Hall fifteen minutes late, the above words were on the producer's lips. Under such terrors, the boys and girls practised, rehearsed and prepared for the School Concert that was to be staged on the 4th of October, 1967.

I was not taking part in the Hindi play but was given the job of prompter. In addition to this, I was made the stage manager of the school play and had to carry out the work that a fag-boy may have had to do. Thus, my preparations for the school concert did not start with the rest of the boys and girls, it started exactly three days before the dress rehearsal of the school concert.

At first I was under the impression that all the articles needed for the play would most conveniently be found on the stage or with Mr. Mukherji. But when the producer gave me a list of all the articles needed, my head spun twice before I realized what was happening. Not a single one of those articles were to be found on the stage. It was a list similar to the one a wife gives to her husband of chores to do around the house. It was I, and only I, who had to collect them from somewhere and keep them ready.

Collecting these articles was not an easy job for me. I had to collect things ranging from a simple newspaper to tea sets and sofa sets. To get these, the whole of Sanawar would have had to be combed. I also found to my horror that it would not be easy to take care of all the articles and that some articles might easily be lost. My mind was all in a shambles when a brilliant idea struck me and a plan began to shape in my mind. That same evening I put this plan into execution.

I asked every boy any girl taking part in the Hindi play to bring a certain article each and told them that they would have to look after the article personally. This was rather risky for me, because if they neglected their simple task (which unfortunately was very much within their capacity), only I would be held responsible. However, I took the risk—leaving the scales in God's hands which luckily weighed in my favour. I was then left with only a few articles that I could very easily bring—articles such as palangtords and hot, steaming tea, all welcomed by my digestive bag!

But one set of articles really posed a problem for me. I had to get ten clean cushions for the sofas. Although, all the four Houses had cushions in their common rooms, none of them were clean. Just where was I to get these cushions from? I tried my best but was unable to answer this question. Realizing that this was posing a great problem to me, I appointed a boy to get them.

On the day of the dress rehearsal, after I had seen to it that all the articles were brought on to the stage, I decided to take some rest when I found that not one of the play actors or actresses was taking care of his or her things; all had gone to the balcony to watch the dancers. What with all the musicians and the dancers fiddling with the articles, I knew no peace till the Hindi play started. It was then that I realized how tiring a job it would be for a father (or a mother for that matter) to stop his naughty children from messing about and breaking articles at home.

Though I underwent the strain of preparation for the school concert only for three days, it seemed like an eternity to me. Now, I have made up my mind that I will never accept being stage manager for any future play.

B. P. Aggarwal, VI.



### A Waiting Room in a Railway Station

Waiting rooms on the whole are very interesting places, especially in railway stations. If you are the type who likes meeting new people you will never get bored in a waiting room. My interest in waiting rooms has never diminished because of the fact that I rarely ever meet a person twice in any waiting room.

I have spent some of my most interesting moments in waiting rooms. I remember an occasion when I was seated in the corner of a first-class ladies' waiting room, trying to concentrate on a comic when the door swung open to reveal a very fat old lady. She had a bag in one hand and since her other hand was occupied with one side of the door, she was quite stuck in the doorway until I realised what was happening. I quickly went and pushed the other side of the door to let in her other half. Unfortunately I had knocked her bag out of her hand as I had pushed the door a little too roughly. I quickly retrieved it for her, only to win a watery smile.

Then, ordering me to look after her bag, she walked into the cloakroom. When she came back she made sure nothing was missing from her bag. I assured her that no one had walked in to steal anything only to be confronted with the retort: "How do I know, you haven't taken anything?"

I gave her what I imagined to be a dirty look and sank back into my chair with my comic. But my companion didn't seem the type who could keep quiet. I could 'feel' her eyes on me for sometime before she ordered me to tell her where I was off to. When I told her and she was satisfied, she began a long commentary.

She was going to visit her daughter who had had a baby. It was her first grandchild—and a grandson at that. She was overjoyed and asked me if I wasn't. I quickly assured her that I was overjoyed by saying I was and how sweet the baby must be. She said it was the cutest thing alive even though she hadn't even received a snap of him but she hoped to see one when she arrived there! I couldn't help laughing and she asked me what the joke was. I quickly manoeuvred the subject by saying her train was due any minute. She jumped up at that, making frantic gestures with her flabby hands and wailing in a pathetic way because she had forgotten to buy a ticket. She told me it was my fault for keeping her talking! I quickly offered to buy it for her and told her to go to the platform in the meantime.

When I finally managed to get her through the compartment door with a lot of pushing, I handed her her ticket. She was full of thanks and when I looked at her face, there were tears in her eyes! I felt like sinking into the platform and just didn't know where to look, when the train pulled away with a screech. I reluctantly picked up my arm and waved to get a flying kiss in return!

I returned to the waiting room, wondering what the next character would be like as I picked up my comic. At least, more than half my time had been spent and I hadn't been bored but I didn't fancy meeting her again

Tapan Bain, VI.

## 2. Fiction.

### A spy for a day

It all began in the lounge of the hotel, when I overheard two suspicious-looking characters talking about an invasion. One of them was in his thirties and the other was much younger. Leaving my tea I went to my Commanding Officer, who was a Brigadier, and told him what I had overheard. He said that we should inform Army Headquarters.

We rang up Headquarters and my officer related the incident to them. They told me that I had better go back and see if I could pick up some more information.

When I returned to the hotel, I found the same two men sitting there, and ordering coffee. I sat down. I was just looking around when a man poked out his head from behind the curtains and winked at the men. At this, the two got up and went upstairs. I followed them being careful to see that I myself was not being followed.

I reached the upstairs room but the door was locked. I put my ears to the door and waited for the talking to start. One of them spoke "Let us inform them at once, we must not delay." Then another said "No, we have enough time, it is to start at 4-30 p. m."

This information was all that I wanted to hear. I was about to turn when something hit me. I don't know what happened but when I came to my senses I found myself tied up to a chair. There was no sign of the others, the only company I had was an Alsatian dog. I tried to remember how I had got into such a situation but the last thing I remembered was having been struck by something hard. Anyhow, now the question was how to get free.

I looked around and on the table I found a cake with icing. Then I got a brilliant idea! If only I could get the dog to bite my ropes free. I hopped along with the chair and managed to get to the cake. Then I smeared my wrists with the cake and icing. When this was done I called the dog which came in the most interested fashion.

The dog licked the cake and liked it, and by degrees it started nibbling at the ropes. Soon the ropes were loose. In about five minutes I was free. I thrust the door open and ran downstairs and off to Headquarters. I found my Commanding Officer and other army Generals there.

I told them all that had happened and they said that I had done my share of the work and I could go. I wanted to help more but they wouldn't let me.

As I came out of the room I heard a bell ringing. What was it? Was it the siren? Had the invasion begun?

No! it was the rouser, I had been dreaming.

Neel Kohli, U-IV

#### Caught in the woods

I was slowly walking through the wood when I heard the rustle of leaves behind me. I was frightened. I hurried back, but I saw nothing! Then I went on my way. I was going back home after having found my tennis ball. It was quite dark. I was frightened, but what could I do?

The dead leaves upon the grass shook with the breeze of winter. With the rustle of the grass, the cold breeze got me shaky.

I stood there for a moment trembling, freezing through fright. I did not know what to do. I suddenly expected an animal to jump out of the bushes, snarling and growling at me. Then it would catch my neck and . . . . and I would lie on the ground dead with blood pushing its way out!

I walked slowly along—slowly and silently—till I saw a light not far away. Then a quick smile lightened my face. I ran as fast as I could with that cold, chill breeze in my hair. The rustle of the grass and dead leaves were left behind.

I finally reached my house and was happy to be out of the wood.

Aditya R. Kapoor, U-III

#### The New Dacoit

Once upon a time there was a very big house in a large town. The house was old but newly painted. It was two-storied with a red roof and a big garden with gay flowers. Just at the end of the garden there was a green gate, along side the gate was a small fence going around the house.

This house was newly painted because a very rich gentleman was going to buy it and the owner of the house wanted a large sum of money. After some time the house was bought and Mr. Ramdass came with his wife and two children. They were both boys, Akil and Anil. Akil was thirteen and Anil twelve.

After they had settled down in the house, one day their servant came running with the newspaper. He gave it to Mr. Ramdass and was so excited that he almost tumbled over him. Mr. Ramdass read the headlines aloud—' *New Dacoit in Town* ' ' *Buy Dogs Fast.* ' Mr. Ramdass thought that he would buy the dog fast, because he was really very frightened. The next day he went with Akil and Anil to the bazar where there was a big rush because every one had heard of the new dacoit. Everybody was getting pushed here and there. Even the police could not control the people. At last Mr. Ramdass's servant got in. He bought an eight months old Alsatian which was quite tall and fierce although it was only eight months old. The colour of the new dog was black and cream. It had long ears and twinkling eyes.

Soon the dacoit heard that Mr. Ramdass was one of the richest man in town. One night when everyone was asleep, he came to Mr. Ramdass's house with his gang. There were about thirty of them. The dacoit crept quietly into the stable. The dog was asleep. The dacoit lit a match-stick but as he lighted it he fell. He fell on the straw and so no noise was made, but the match stick in his hand fell down and the straw caught on fire. The dog who was sleeping nearby felt the heat and so got up and began to bark. Mr. Ramdass's elder son Akil woke up and called the servants. The dacoit and his gang were soon captured except for a few who ran away. By this time Mr. Ramdass had telephoned the police and the police came and took them.

Now as they were going the dacoit said that if ever he was set free he would kill Mr. Ramdass's son because it was he who had heard the dog's barking first. No one bothered about what the dacoit had said. About eight months later the dacoit escaped. How? I do not know. Again the newspaper said;—' *Dacoit Escaped from Jail in Town* '. Everyone got frightened.

After three days the dacoit came to Mr. Ramdass's house to murder his son as he had said before going to jail. He got in without making any noise. He had a knife with him. Akil was asleep. There was a table kept near Akil's bed and as it was very dark the dacoit's leg got it because he could not see. He fell with a great bang. Everyone was awoken by the noise. The policemen were called and again the dacoit was captured.

Sarabjit Singh Chhatwal, U-III

#### All in a dream

I was overjoyed when I entered my teenage. I was thirteen. Asked by my parents what I would like to have as a present, I said "A .22 rifle". My father agreed to buy it for me.



Right away we started. I proudly entered a shop of an Arms and Ammunition dealer. Next I was questioned by my father "How would you use it?" Without a second thought I answered; "Partridge Shooting".

The following day after breakfast we were off. Not finding many partridges we were quite disappointed and I lay down to rest and grumbled for all I was worth.

Unfortunately at that time the Indo-Pakistan conflict was going on. My father heard a low trembling whine approaching and he looked up. What did he see? It was a Pakistani Sabre Jet which was flying very low. I too could not believe my eyes. I decided to have a pot shot at it. Being a good shot I fired at the petrol tank. It caught on fire and the plane crashed down in a blaze. Leaving the place instantly I reached home. I kept it a secret. Only my parents knew about it.

Every night I dream of it and see it all happening exactly in the same way.

Sanjiv Bery, U-III

#### The Mystery of the Island

I was going to Australia in the ship Queenmary from Madras to Australia with four of my friends. There were many men on board. The Captain was a dark, dull gloomy man with no expression on his face. His name was Mr. Wood. There were plenty of people who became our friends. After we had spent two days in the ship it caught on fire. We five were given a boat. We sat in it trying to find an island or another ship. We had plenty of tinned stuff with us. After about five hours we spied an island. This was at about six in the morning. We rowed our boat fast to that island.

As we reached, we saw nothing there. We made a small hut with leaves etc. Then we went round the island to see if any one was there. We could not see any one but suddenly I saw a cave. We went inside and saw it filled with plenty of tinned food like baked beans, sausages, condensed milk, pine-apples, all sorts of fruit juices and sauce. There were boxes of tea leaves also. We went to our hut which was about half a mile from the cave. We were surprised about the cave and thought that we would be saved.

Suddenly one of my friends, Rajiv, saw a helicopter coming down. We shouted with delight and thought we would be rescued. Soon Rajiv also saw the flag and the marks on the plane. It was a Chinese plane. The island was not very far from India. We naturally could not go to that plane and ask for help because at that time the war between China and India was going on. Two men came out, went inside the cave, got plenty of food and got into the plane again. Then we went about here and there and saw about three submarines on the opposite shore of the one on which we had anchored.

Luckily I had my camera. We took many pictures. Soon we saw the plane coming down again and so we quickly hid. After the plane had gone we started exploring the island again. Suddenly, my friend saw about ten Chinese going into the cave. Now we got to know that there were more Chinese on this island. We thought that they must have made some plans and were going to attack India in a few days.

The next day we started off in our boat for India. We knew we would not reach but we tried because the sea was calm. When we were hardly a furlong from the island one man saw us and started off after us in a boat with another man.

When the men were quite near us we saw an Indian plane flying slow and low trying to find something. It was a sea plane. We waved to it and it saw us. It came down and landed. The men who were chasing us quickly turned and went. We got inside the plane. I saw my father and one pilot in the plane. They took us back to Madras and we told them the exciting news in the way.

As soon as we reached my father phoned the Air Force Station and many bombers were sent to the island and it was bombarded. The three submarines were destroyed.

Tarun Sondhi, U-III

#### A Surprise Test in Class

"Have you done your prep?" said the master as he walked briskly into the class.

"Yes, Sir!"

"Have you done your prep Anil?" he queried suspiciously.

"Er, little—No Sir," I said, trembling.

"What reason have you for not doing it? You have not, I repeat not, done your prep, for three days. You will write me a hundred times the following line by tomorrow. 'I will always do my prep at preptime, and not fool around as I always do'.

"I hope every one has done his or her prep. If I find out that your prep is not complete I will make you do the whole exercise five solid times!"

"Sir, I haven't done it", said one girl.

"Neither have I, sir", said another.

"Sir, a little is only left", said the third.

"Sir, I can't find my book, Sir."

"Oh ! Bless my corns ! None of them have done it. All right, I will teach you such a lesson you will never forget. Take out your books and prepare for a test!"

"But, Sir—"

"No 'buts' I say. Do what I have told you."

That evening the master had lots of free time. No papers to correct, no duty to do.

Anil Dass, L-IV

### The tragedy of war

The long and monotonous day was drawing to an end. The rattle of machine guns was slowly dying out. All of a sudden the battlefield was quiet.

The dying sun brought feeble rays on two figures crouching under the remains of what had been a jeep. These two figures were Capt. Bahadur and Major Ranjit Singh. Both had managed to escape from the 'Prisoner of War Camp.' The first part of their plan had been successful, but now they were wondering whether the rest would go on as well. Capt. Bahadur was dying from a chest wound and the Major had but a minor hurt on his arm. The Major was trying to console the dying Capt. "Remember our homeland, Bahadur, your wife and children await you there. How glad they would be to know that you are alive."

Bahadur nodded his head and groaned in pain. With an effort he opened his parched lips and said in a whisper "Sir."

The Major sat up and said, "What."

Bahadur said with a groan, "If I die, please, give this to my wife."

He then took out from his trouser pocket a weather-beaten wallet. Out of that he brought out a fat envelope containing "money or something" thought the Major.

"Don't forget" said Bahadur and he sank down.

Ranjit looked at him and said "Try to sleep, Bahadur."

Making sure that Bahadur was asleep Ranjit took out an envelope containing some documents. These were important plans that had to reach the army headquarters by the 14th of August. Today was the 7th.

Suddenly his thoughts were diverted from the envelope to a few bushes. There was a slight movement. His hand crept up to his pocket where his revolver was kept. The other hand crept up to his pocket where the documents were. There was another movement in the bushes. By this time Ranjit was convinced that there was somebody in the bushes. He tried to wake Bahadur but the Capt. would not wake. Ranjit looked at Bahadur and knew that he would not see another dawn.

Then the Major carefully parted the bushes and looked, and he saw just a small rabbit. Then his eyes travelled to Bahadur, his sweet and patient friend, two years his senior. So now, he had to convey this envelope to his wife Sita.

The next morning he awoke and started on his journey. This was the dangerous part, this area was covered with troops. Many days passed as Ranjit trudged on. At last he saw the Sutlej. He thought he would cross it in the night.

The night came. Ranjit slowly dropped himself in to the Sutlej. Only one furlong was left when the bullets started whizzing around him. Then he saw his homeland, sweet India. Just a pull out of the river and he was safe.

A few years later Major Ranjit Singh was awarded the Mahavir Chakra for his brave deed. While the poor Capt. lay among the dead forgotten, the people rejoiced. But he was not entirely forgotten because his wife, children and his friend still carry sweet memories of him.

Tosh Chauhan, L-IV

#### **A man from space**

It had been snowing heavily. My eldest sister Natasha was sitting by the window working when suddenly she heard a deafening noise outside. She ran out excitedly and expected to see a helicopter. But what she saw petrified her. Before her was a lip-stick-shaped object with a red light at the top.

She called out to me and I ran out to join her. The door of the strange object opened and out stepped a most peculiar man. He seemed to be four feet tall, and very muscular. He wore a red super-man's costume with a gold belt. He wore white boots with gold buckles to match his belt. He wore a flowing black cloak which reached to his ankles. He had large pixie-like ears.

We shivered with fright as we saw him make his way towards us. He came up to us and held out a hand, which was a great hairy paw!!! He spoke fluent English which surprised us.



He said, 'Don't be afraid. I won't harm you. I have come on a mission from my Lord, Tara Turi. Now I must introduce myself to the ladies. My name is Marths'. As we were dumb with surprise he continued. 'Yes, it is a funny name, but you see my mother was from Mars and my father from Earth, so that is how I got my name. Now to come to the point. Please, get some one to help me fix my machine, as something is wrong with it. I am supposed to be going to Venus. Do hurry, please.'

But nothing could be done to the machine. The man stayed as a guest in our house and we grew very fond of him.

A year passed. One day the most amazing thing took place. Marths returned to his lip-stick shaped ship. We went with him. He took out a black pill, looked up at the sky and swallowed the pill.

Then the miracle happened. His blood drained from his face and he became pale. His body was sweating and shivering at the same time. His ears began to shrink and his hair grew. He became taller and his paw like hands turned to human hands. He became a handsome young man! We never discovered the secret of how it all happened but we were very happy to see the change in him.

My sister Natasha and he are growing very fond of each other and I hope their future will be bright and happy!

Kavita Raj, U-IV

#### A Frightening Dream

I crept slowly and silently through the undergrowth of the famous jungles of Kamo. I had been sent here on duty to kill a tiger which the villagers called 'The Master'. He was the son of the 'Chowgar Tigress'. He was the most vicious of the brood of maneaters, as he had no defects. He had become a maneater because his mother had fed him on tender human flesh.

I followed his gigantic foot prints, judging his colossal size by the spread of those paws. I, Jane Corbett, knew the jungles like the back of my hand.

The pug marks led to an opening and there lay the remains of a previous kill. I sat down and rested against a tree. The wind was chilly so I wrapped my coat tightly around me.

Suddenly I heard a shuffling in the bushes! My heart froze, the blood drained from my face. I gripped my rifle and strained my eyes. There I saw a hyena sniffing at the kill. My heart began to function normally and I released my grip on the rifle.

The moon rose over the tree tops, her face radiant and triumphant. Did she mean triumph for me or the tiger? An owl hooted in the distance. Did it warn me or the tiger? I was lost in a dream when suddenly I heard the tiger. He was approaching from the right. I pointed my rifle in that direction. I could hear the movement of the tiger in the undergrowth. Then it struck me that the tiger was coming straight at me. I shot blindly; the kick of the rifle sent me back against the tree. A sharp pain shot through my head and soon my face was covered with blood. I heard the soft, crunch of padded feet. I tried to get up but my head was throbbing with pain. To my horror I felt a massive paw on my stomach and heard the tiger growling in delight. It began licking the blood of my face with its huge rough tongue.

I opened my eyes to see my Labrador puppy standing on my stomach licking my face. I had been dreaming!

Preminda Batra, U-IV.

#### What happened at the Creek

The door shut with a bang as I let myself out of the house. The wind was blowing and very nearly swept me off my feet. The gate was creaking as it swung to and fro. Some tiresome person must have forgotten to shut it.

The tall, slender, green grass in the meadows was rippling in the wind that went through it like a comb. I drew my coat tighter around me and made my way towards the marsh.

I had been brought up in these surroundings and knew the power that the ground had to suck in anything within its reach. The frogs in the ditches were croaking out their songs. Nestlings were chirping for their food and the air was buzzing with mosquitos. The leaves of the marsh plants were slimy as they brushed passed my face. I skipped from stone to stone as I made my way through it.

At last I was at the Creek. The sun, a fiery round ball was sinking beneath the horizon. The waves of the dark, heaving sea were a contrast to the orange glow of the sun. The sky was a dark red near the horizon and the sinking sun tinged the sky with gold and a suggestion of purple.

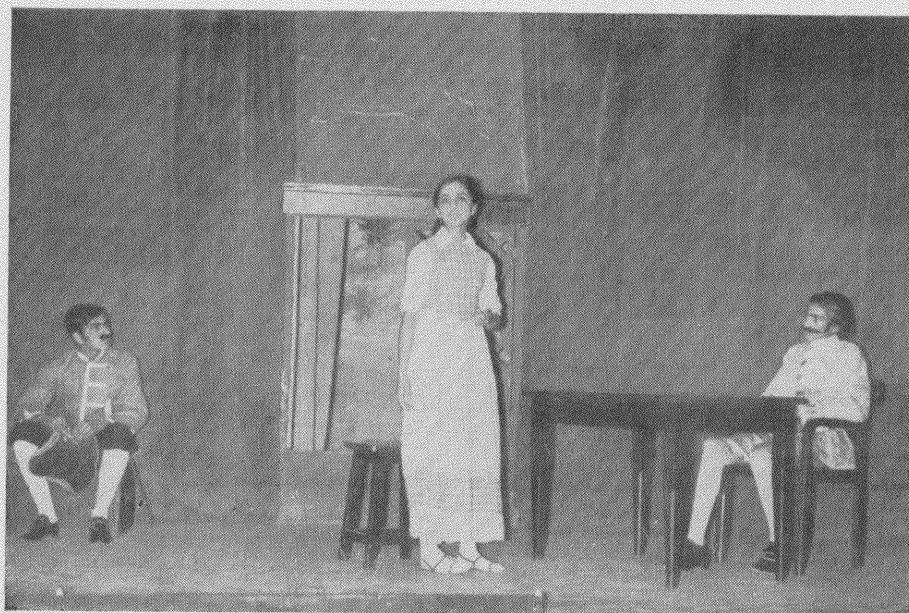
I was fascinated. I could not take my eyes away from the sunset; it was so beautiful. I dragged myself away, as it was getting dark and I had to be home.

I carefully threaded my way around the rocks which were green with the sea weed and moss that clung to them.

## The Saturday Club Shows



Himalaya House Show



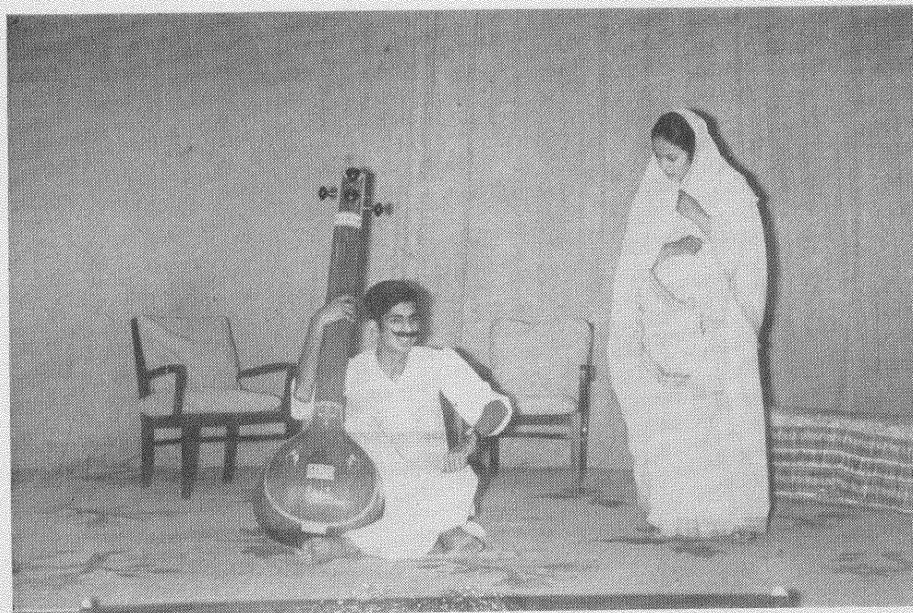


## श्राद्ध



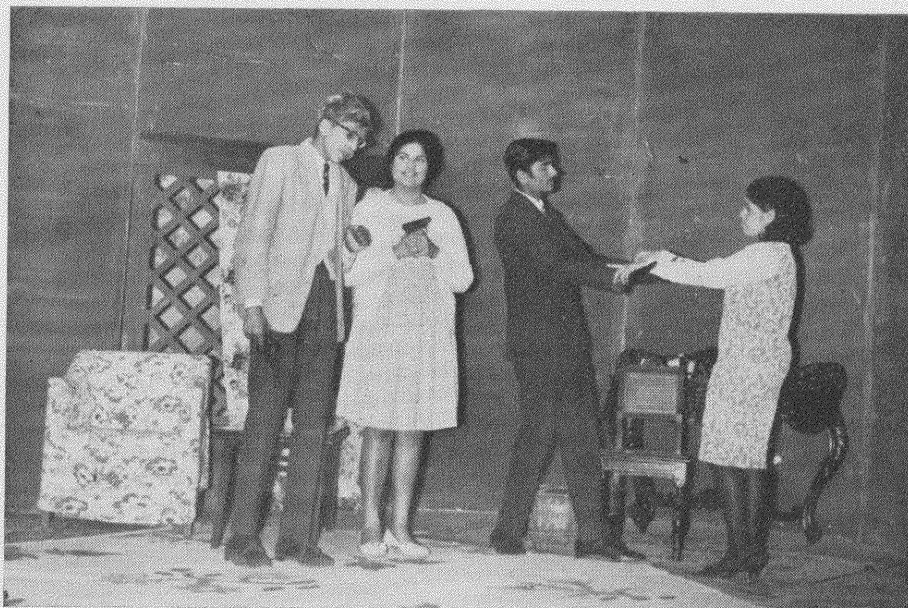
पंडित जी अपने जजमान के यहाँ श्राद्ध कराने आए हैं ।

## रियाज़



घरवाली कहती है 'घर में प्याज़ नहीं है' पर गाने वाला कह रहा है 'मैं रियाज़ कर रहा हूँ'





**The Man with The Bowler Hat**





## Nilagiri House Show



प्रतीक्षा



The Blue Mountaineers





**The Dear Departed**  
*Sitvalik House Show*

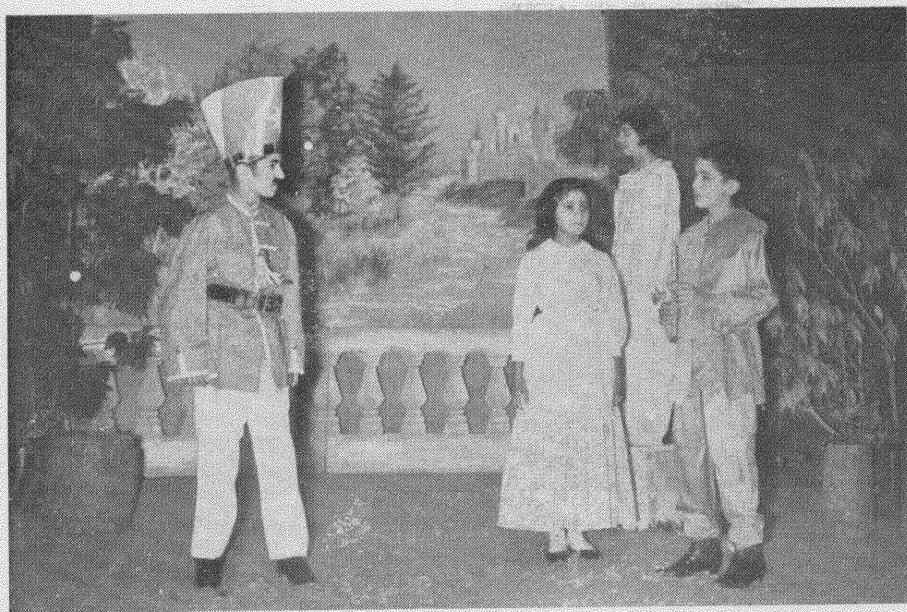


**Manipuri Dance**

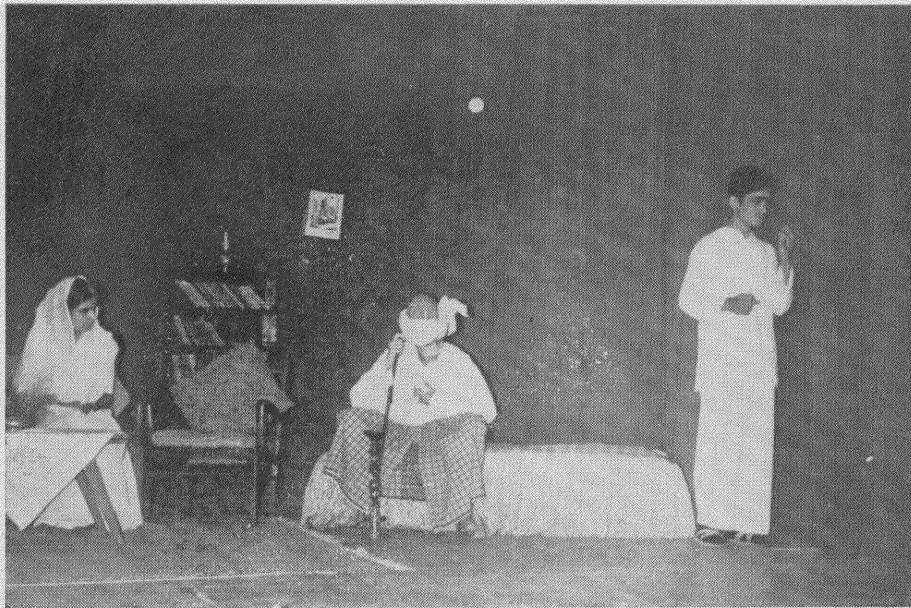




**The Prince who was a Piper**



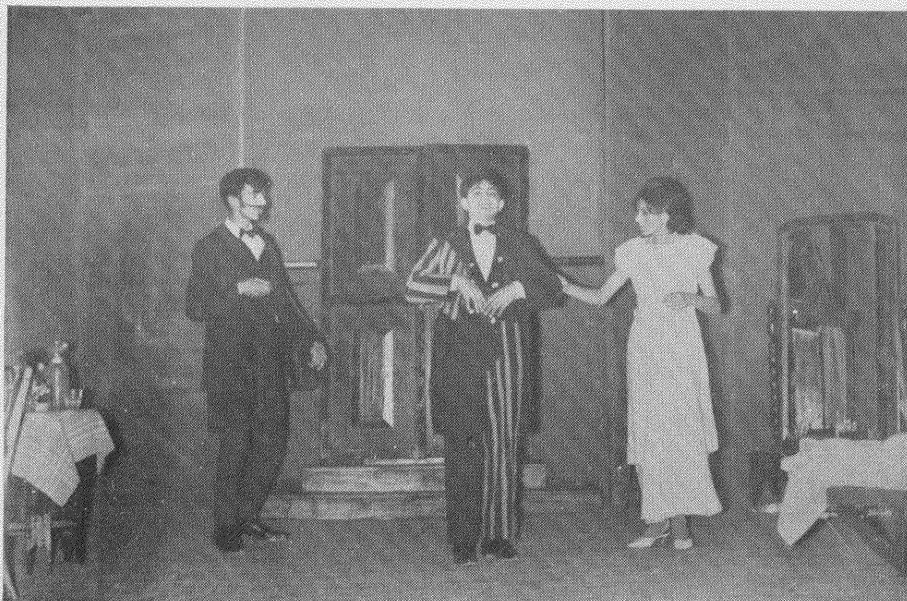




लक्ष्मी का स्वागत







**Poison, Passion and Petrification**





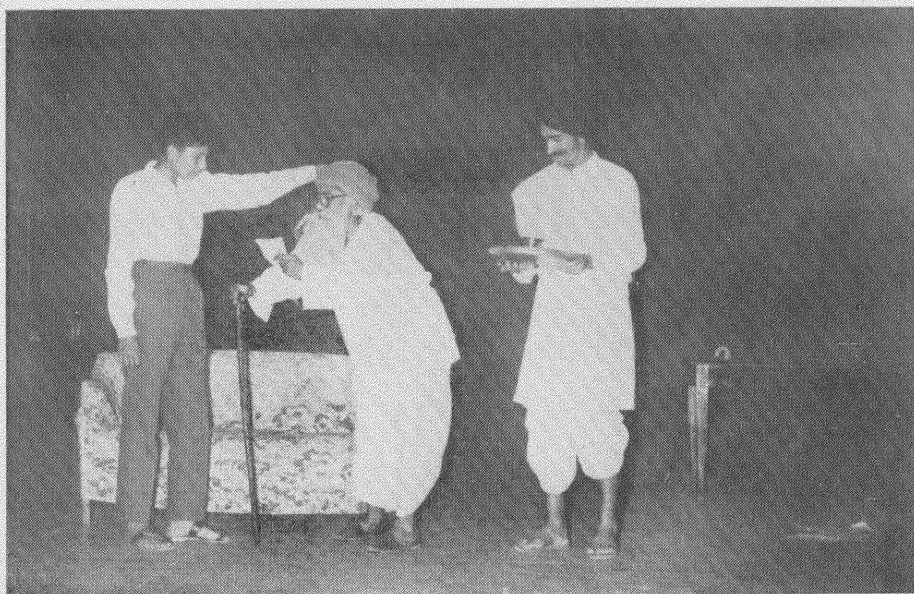
## Windhya House Show



## The Necklace



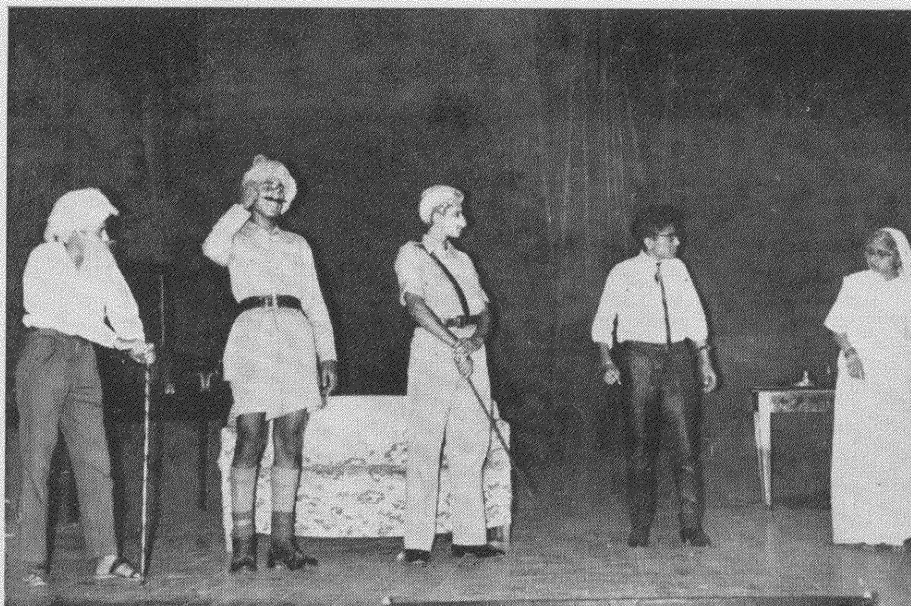




व्यास जी का काया-कल्प







The Star-gazers





**The Pianists**

Suddenly, I heard a noise behind me. On turning I slipped and had time enough to see a ghostly white figure a few yards away. I lay quite still with my eyes tightly shut while the most awful ghost stories passed through my mind. Here I was facing a ghost myself!

I raised my head and peeped through the spaces between my fingers and there before me was... not a ghost but a white cloth thrown over the bushes!!!!

Dimple Talwar.

#### **An adventure by night**

It was a stormy night and the rain was pelting down on the roof. Thunder rumbled far off and now and again lightning rent the sky. It was rather late and I ought to have been asleep. Suddenly the window burst open by the force of the wind and the rain came beating in. I went to shut it, and as I was doing so, there was a flash of lightning and I saw a shadow move across the garden. I was rather frightened at first, but later I thought it must have been my imagination.

As I settled down to sleep once more, I heard a hollow cough from somewhere outside my room. This time I was suspicious and slipping on my dressing gown and slippers I crept out of my room. I spied a shadowy figure move down the corridor. I followed it silently. I noticed that the man was heavily built.

The burglar slipped into my father's office, but did not shut the door completely. As I crouched down to watch the man's movements, I saw by the light of his torch that he went straight to my father's desk and, pulling out all the drawers, began a desperate search for something.

By this time I was getting more and more excited and, bolting the door, I tip-toed away to my parents' room. I woke them and briefly told my mother about the incident. My father phoned the police.

Soon the loud siren of the police car was heard and I knew they had arrived! When I told the policemen my story, they went straight to my father's office.

The burglar by this time had discovered that the door was bolted and he was getting panicky. He was struggling to open the window when the door burst open and in walked three policemen and my father.

The man was arrested and I later learned that he had been after some of my father's very important papers, but thanks to me they weren't stolen!!

Arveen Sawhney, U-IV.



CRASH! I lay there sprawling on the floor of the rocket with my senses knocked clean out of me. When I regained consciousness I found that I was lying in a bunched up position with my body aching in every limb. It ached all the more with every crazy dive and somer-sault that the rocket took. "My God! what had happened to the rocket? Why was it going all topsy-turvy?" I thought in rising panic. "And how could I be thrown on to the floor when my safety-belt was around me?" Naturally the fault was of the people who had secured the belt around me. They had not checked it properly and now as a result I lay on the floor in not a very comfortable position. Still, what could have happened to the rocket? Why should it do all these dives and somer-saults? What could have gone wrong with it? For the life of me I could not surmise any cause for all this; neither could I think of any plausible reason or excuse for the rocket's strange behaviour; and then something flashed through my mind which made cold sweat brake out upon my forehead.

'When Space Evolved!' Gosh! Was the space really evolving then. I was given no more time for thought. The rocket took an extremely complex round-about-turn which sent me hurtling from one place to another. I eventually ended up by landing on one of the gadgets. Hardly had I done so when to my horror I saw a trap-door swing open and with the next crazy swoop, I was flung over and through the trap-door into space.....just as I woke up to find myself lying on the ground by my bed with sweat glistening on my forehead.

Kalpna Johry, L-V.

#### The story of an old tie

I'm an old tie long since forgotten by my owner. I live in an ancient out-of-the-way corner, with nothing but spiders to keep me company.

Looking at my present condition no one would believe that I was once my master's favourite tie. Soon my existence will come to an end, as a few rats have been dining on me every day. But before I am no more I'd like to tell you about my life.

I was born in a cloth mill and was a piece of blue cloth with a black pattern on it. Being a bit dark my fellow pieces of cloth called me 'darky' (not unkindly of course). One day we were put into a lorry and taken away to a tie factory.

I had a horrid time as the huge machines seemed to enjoy cutting me up from various places. At last the ordeal was over and there I was a smart tie, in a shop window.

One day I saw a dignified old man peering at me through the glass of the show case. He disappeared into the shop and after a while I was put in a box and carried away by him. My new home was in the suburbs of London. The old gentleman lived quite by himself except for the annual visits of his children and grandchildren. It was here, in a cupboard of my owner's house, that I spent the happiest days of my life.

Good things never last and, alas, the old gentleman fell ill and I was thrown away into this corner.

Ah! there come my friends the rats to finish me off. So here I end my autobiography as this will be my last day as a tie. Anyone looking in this corner tomorrow will only see a few bits of threads scattered here and there and the rats gloating over yet another victory.

Chand Ahuja, U-V.

### Revenge

It was a dark, cloudy night. The moon gave an illusion of blue to this breath-taking country side. This was a lovely spot, nine miles outside Frankfurt. War—that was one word to describe what was going on here. Men were being killed in numbers like animals, the wounded left to die.

The pale ribbon of moonlight breaking through the clouds showed a man being carried away by the dreaded Nazi soldiers. The man, a refugee, Monsieur Leon Rosseau, his head hanging down, was walking—walking to his death which was slowly approaching him. He could see its haunted mocking face as it beckoned Leon towards it. A man usually tries to escape from death hovering around him but how could Leon ever escape with chains binding him down! Living in poverty with no money to pay the rent he was now going to be shot like a dog. He prayed for his son Pierre,—that he should be given the freedom of life.

The boom of the guns could be heard, each one ending more and more lives. Occasionally a flash of fire could be seen illuminating the angry sky. In the city masses of humanity would be surging up and down the streets to escape death.

Pierre had a strange dream that night. He awoke to find himself clutching his sheets and perspiring. Groping for the door Pierre went to his father's room. What he saw there made him cry out in grief. He placed hands on his brow as if to collect his senses. His father's bed was empty. A low wail of anguish escaped from

him betraying its own tale of despair. He picked up his mother's photograph and whispered "Maman, I shall take Papa's revenge". He stood looking at his mother's face—gentle and kind; a face one could learn to love. It seemed to say—fear not my son. Be brave and then victory will come.

Pierre knew that his father had been shot. Revenge and hatred was in his eyes as he thought of the Nazis who had taken his father's life. Suddenly the earth trembled and he found himself shaking. Another missile had been showered on the French fighting so gallantly.

A plan had been forming in Pierre's mind. He knew it was Kapitan Fredreich who had killed his father; whose men always came to the cottage demanding the rent. He also knew of a rail track on which German trains carried ammunition. Kapitan Fredreich would be travelling on the train which stopped five miles outside Frankfurt tonight, at one thirty a.m. Kapitan Fredreich usually got out of the train—then anything could happen.

Such strange notions ran through Pierre's mind. He looked insane, his eyes blood red and revenge written on his countenance. To take revenge of his father's death was his only ambition. It was now eleven-thirty p.m. Pierre knew he had to get to the stand by one p.m.

With the revolver in his hand the nineteen year old Pierre crept out of the cottage as midnight struck. The sky hid the moon with angry clouds, which was all the better for him. He made his way, as swiftly as a cat, indifferent to the shots that kept ringing out. War was raging everywhere—so was it raging in Pierre. He reached the tracks and hid as near as he could to them. Fear had left him, only hate was there. The place looked ghostly. Except for the sound of the guns and the occasional sound of thunder all was silent. Pierre sat still, straining his ears listening to the sound of the train bringing death with it. It was heard at last!

The beam of light fell on the tracks showing the silhouettes of trees looming up against the sky, but it did not reveal the figure of Pierre. There was a squeal as the train slid to a stop. Pierre's breath came in gasps as the door of the compartment opened and Fredreich came out with Lieutenant Schloss, the two men Pierre hated. Ringing out orders in a harsh voice Kapitan Fredreich came and stood close to Pierre. Pierre knew it was his only chance; so taking aim he did it! A shot rang out, a groan was heard and the Kapitan's body slumped to the ground, lifeless. Before Pierre could run, the Lieutenant saw him and fired. With a stifled scream Pierre sank to the ground, blood oozing out from him and twisting his features into a grotesque picture. Pierre had at last triumphed and as he lay there dying a smile appeared on his lifeless lips.

Anita Dass, U-V



### **A Race Against Time.**

In the room below the ground tension was building up as the time for the launching of the first Intercontinental Ballistic Missile neared. From the control room I watched the tense faces of the engineers and technicians, as they hurried about the lower launching tube watching and adjusting the numerous dials and lights which were flickering on and off.

My survey was interrupted by the shrill ringing of the telephone bell. I wiped the sweat off my face with my handkerchief and picked up the phone. The voice of the commander came through clearly. He asked me to set the watch in the control room in time with his. After I had done this he told me that there were exactly forty five minutes fifty seconds left for the count down. I reported that everything was all right.

At exactly eight thirty p.m. I switched on the tape recorder which announced the time after every minute. There were thirty minutes left. I walked over to the control panel and checked with the operator to see if everything was in order. The automatic firing device was set for nine p.m. I nodded my assent and then phoned the head technician to ask him how he was getting along. He reported that the fuel was being filled and that everything would be in order by eight forty-five p.m.

At eight forty five p.m. the red light in the control room went off and the green light came on. I pressed the button marked 'D' on my left. A gentle hissing sound filled the room and the huge hydraulic doors slowly closed. Almost immediately the phone started ringing. I picked it up. It was the head technician. He said that one of his assistants was locked inside the launching tube. He had been carrying out a small emergency repair to the fuel tank when the door had been closed.

I dropped the phone and raced to the vacuum pump operator. There was enough air to last one person for only ten minutes. I ordered him to stop the pump. The phone for the emergency squad was next to me. Quickly I picked it up and asked for them. Then I phoned the commander and told him what had happened.

There were ten minutes left for blast off. Not a moment was to be wasted. The steel doors would not unlock until five minutes after blast off. I ordered the emergency squad to drill a hole through the two feet thick steel door.

Long hours of learning and practice now came in use. The emergency squad set to work with a huge electric drill. The steel was of the finest quality and it was not long before the point of the drill was broken. Precious moments were wasted as a new set of drills were fixed. Only five minutes remained and to minutes of oxygen were left.

The second set of drills broke when they were half way through the door. In desperation I ordered the whole place to be evacuated. My last resource was to dynamite the door. A heavy charge was placed and we retreated to the shelter of the next room. A deafening roar shook the place. The smoke had scarcely cleared when we rushed to the door. A neat hole had been made, big enough for one man to get through. One of the people in the emergency squad entered and in a moment appeared at the other side with the unconscious body of the technician. It was only then that I realised that the count down had started. The unconscious man was pushed to safety and the emergency squad man wriggled through.

A moment later the missile blasted off with a loud roar.

Shomir Ghosh, VI.

#### **The Triumphant Return.**

'The Cat' was an utter nuisance to the whole house—even to the little girl. Four year old Minnie had a way with all furry creatures. She would hug and cuddle up to any cosy looking animal, harmless or harmful, much to the consternation of her elders.

As usual, Minnie had fallen in love at first sight with the cat and had welcomed it to share her food, her bed and her lap. It was one of those stray cats that roamed about. The elders wholly disapproved of it and voiced their views only to confront a tearful Minnie. Of course, that was her secret weapon, so everyone had to give in because the youngest member of the house just couldn't live without her little pussy.

The story had changed now. 'The Cat' had bitten Minnie in her sleep when she had kicked it. Minnie had let out a scream. It was quite a deep cut but everyone suspected that it wasn't the first time that it had happened and that Minnie had endured her pain silently as she was afraid her pussy would be thrown out of the house. This time she couldn't hide the cut, the pain or her hatred for the cat.

The cat had developed other habits too. The kitchen was usually found opened to find fish, milk, cream and other foodstuffs missing from a locked cupboard. The cat would be seen sitting on the floor, licking its paws and looking as innocent as a lamb. No one ever managed to solve the mystery of how the cat managed to get through a locked kitchen door and a locked cupboard. Of course, the kitchen could be entered, they supposed, through an open ventilator or a window, but—the cupboard?

That was not all. All the members of the household increased their contributions towards the cat's meal at mealtimes, as they suspected that its thieving habits had developed due to lack of food. In spite of all that, sometimes the cat would jump on to the table to snatch away a big piece of fish from any plate and would disappear like lightening before the poor victim had got over the shock. They couldn't bear it any longer and they tried all sorts of ways to get rid of the nuisance. It was locked out at night and at meal-times. It was ignored by everyone. Nevertheless, the cat remained faithful.

The cat didn't seem to mind any of these insults. It went around like the regal, dignified owner of the house who is looked upon with awe. It grew healthier too; and they had just begun wondering how, as everything in the house had been made 'cat-proof' and nothing had been missed, when the neighbours began complaining bitterly to them about "your cat".

Some relations came over. They had visited the family after a long time. They lived about sixty miles away and their little girl got absolutely fascinated with this cream coloured, fat, furry little cat. Minnie was the first one to offer it to her. She was delighted. When the guests left, they took the cat, blindfolded as they were sure it would get panicky in the train.

After a few days a letter arrived to say how well the cat was doing,—the most adorable thing, and so on, and so forth. There was peace in the house,—as Papa expressed it, like place after a world war. A few weeks lapsed in this calm state.

On Sunday, as the family sat around talking, Minnie suddenly ran to the shelter of her mother and said, "Ma, the cat's back". Everyone looked, their jaws dropping to dangerous depths. The cat gave a supercilious 'meow' at this and walked away.

Tapan Bain, VI.

#### The Captain who loved his ship.

It was a bleak and dull day. The sturdy cargo ship the S.S. Atlantic made a lonely figure on the high seas with nothing but miles and miles of dark green water around it. The sturdy old ship was rolling from port to starboard on the turbulent waters. It was headed towards the Indies with valuable cargo on board.

On the bridge stood Captain Moltley. He had captained this ship for over twenty years and it had become a part of him, so much so that he had a profound love for the vessel. He was not very tall but he was tough and wizened and had a very determined jaw. He was deeply tanned by exposure to the sun and wind.



Night was approaching and they were coming into dangerous waters. Great, huge icebergs from the polar regions drifted down to these water and were a constant threat to vessels passing this stretch of water and sailors had to be careful. Often there were fogs covering this area and sailors were lucky if they got through without encountering a fog.

The crew of the S.S. Atlantic were not lucky and soon the fog had covered the lonely vessel like a great blanket. "Cut speed to four knots", ordered the Captain "and Mr. Sharp, order look outs for icebergs".

"Aye aye, sir!" Came from the first Mate, who went off to see the Captain's orders carried out.

The mate was soon back to relieve the Captain on the bridge, "Sir, you go to bed. I will take over".

Being tired from his watchful vigil on the bridge the Captain went down to his cabin and was soon asleep.

Suddenly the whole ship shuddered violently and the Captain jumped up from his bunk, dressed and was soon outside to take over command. As he came on to the deck a sailor ran up to him saying breathlessly, "Sir, we have hit a iceberg and have sprung a leak in the hold".

"What!" cried the Captain becoming alarmed. But he soon regained his composure. "Tell the Mate to sound the alarm and get the engineer to fix it".

"Aye aye, sir", and the sailor ran off to carry out the orders.

Soon there was a clamour of bells and over this noise the Mate roared, "Sir, I am afraid nothing can be done. The leak is too big to stop and she's going down fast".

"Get the life boats", ordered the Captain. "Abandon ship!"

In no time the order "Abandon ship" was everywhere and sailors lost no time in getting the life boats and to cast off in them.

As the boats were about to be cast off the Mate asked "where's the Captain". When he got no answer to his query he inferred that the Captain was still on board and he was soon up over the side of the ship to call the Captain.

He found the Captain in the fo'c'sle smoking a pipe, "Sir everything is ready. We must get going! We haven't time to lose".

"Get yourself off this ship and to safety," cried the Captain.

"No Sir! I am not going without you".

"Now, listen man. I am going down with this ship whether you like it or not. I sailed it for years and its a part of me and I cannot and will not part with it after twenty years". There was no hesitation on the Captain's part.

"No, Sir!"

"Now listen. This is an order. Get off the ship".

"Very well sir, God bless you sir. Good-bye." But the Captain wasn't hearing, he was lying back on the seat lost in his own meditations. So the mate for the last time left the ship and its Captain.

The mate shrugged off the sadness in him and steeled himself for the task in front of him. "Pull off, boys". But still there was a tone of sadness in his voice. As soon as the boats were far enough from the ship they stopped and watched the last minutes of life of the ship.

The gradient of the ship with the water was increasing steadily. Suddenly with a last shudder and heave the ship plunged bow first into the icy cold water and to its grave in the musty depths below. Soon there was nothing but a few remaining bubbles to remind anyone of the disaster.

Then the mate muttered in a sad and broken voice "There goes the finest man I have ever known. Good-bye Molly old, chap". The bubbles were still coming up from the depth and the ship.

Pradeep Sing. VI.

### The Trap.

As the first rays of the sun broke the darkness I, along with a few others of my platoon, left for a reconnaissance patrol. This was my first assignment since I joined the army three years ago. I had with me four bren gunners and sub machine gunners. My vice and I had revolvers with us.

As we went along, we came across sugar cane fields. Under the cover of these sugar canes, we were able to move faster towards the enemy lines. After some time, we came across a small rising overlooking the no-man's hand. Once on top of this rising, I focussed my binoculars on a smaller rising, quite some distance away.

I was able to see a few dark forms which I made out to be enemy troops. On one corner of the rising, two men were looking at a sheet of paper which I presumed to be a map of the area. Probably they were deciding the best route to our lines.

To my left lay a sugar cane field; fresh, dull green, mellowed and yellow, intermingled in a sea of long juicy black stalks. They grew so close to each other that I wondered how I'd fare in it if I were to lead a patrol through it. From the rippling, rustling sea of green leaves came a faint sweet aroma mixed with that of dampness—a familiar smell that I breathed in and which made my thoughts fly back home to our sugar cane fields.

Suddenly aroused from my wandering, pleasant thoughts, I reconsidered the situation and looked about again. I noticed that the sugar canes stretched for about four hundred yards to my left and ended up where a river was flowing. To my right lay miles and miles of fallow land, abandoned, half tilled by farmers due to war. This fallow land I knew as 'no-man's-land,—dotted here and there with shell holes and puddles of dirty water. I turned away and sat down thinking deeply,—my mind in a turmoil with numerous plans, simple and fantastic

Then a plan exploded in my mind. Rising eagerly, I looked thoughtfully at the enemy soldiers and placed myself in their position. What would I have done if I were there? Ah! that was something. Now let's see.—Yes! this is it. There was only one way and that was that in fear of being seen by our batteries, they could possibly not climb the rising and cross over to our lines. The only course left open for them was to come through the sugar canes.

I sent my second in command with the sub-machine gunners to the other side of that small stretch nearer the river. Their purpose was to circle behind the enemy and cut off their retreat once the first shot was fired. I instructed two of my men to remove their helmets and accompany me into the sugar cane field. After reaching the centre, I set to work. I joined three fifty-yard-long ropes together and tied one end of it to a clump of stalks. Meanwhile, my two men working silently but swiftly had placed their two helmets upon two sticks which were about five feet high. Then making sure that all was left in as natural a position as could be, we set out back for the mound.

We arrived just in time for the enemy patrol was already heading along the direction we had guessed. Briefing my two men quickly, I sent them out to their positions. I made my way into the field till I came upon the other end of the rope. I lay down, my revolver in one hand, and pricked my ears wide open to pick up the slightest of all the hostile sounds. Pin drop silence prevailed except for the nerve racking rustle of the ever moving leaves. My heart was beating vigorously and seemed to be travelling up my throat towards my mouth. My breath had almost stopped. My eyes were occasionally staring out of focus due to sheer concentration.

After some time, I saw one of my men signal—two fingers apart. The enemy were coming in double file slowly. Exactly two minutes later, hearing faint paddling of feet and more rustle of leaves, I tugged hard twice at the rope. Immediately, I heard a sharp hiss and time stood still. A minute ticked by cautiously but still nothing. I looked at my men who meanwhile had already taken aim and were waiting patiently.

Suddenly, I heard a snap. My heart missed a beat. My eyes almost popped out of its sockets. My ears were cocked. I started at a dark form, bent and wary, barely twenty yards from me. My right hand straightened, my finger was on the verge of squeezing the trigger, when I stopped.

Could I kill a human being like myself? A creature on two feet that possessed everything that I had from a human heart to parents. What if he had a wife, a cute little innocent child, who would at this very moment be far away at home waiting anxiously and fearfully for a husband, a father? What...No! I shut my eyes in anger, shaking these humane feelings off me. Man!, this is war. That's your enemy. Shoot!—and I shot at the unfortunate man.

At the vicious bark of my revolver, the dead silence was broken. My positioned men opened up. The chatter and rat-tat-tat of the Brens and its bullets whining into the field, mowed the doomed patrol down. Confusion persisted. Amidst shrieks of terror and groans of pain, I heard the crashing of sugar canes as some of them made a desperate bid towards the safety of their lines. A few moments later, I heard the softer tone of the snub-nosed sub machine guns; cries of terror, cries of surrender, filled the air above us.

It was all over. We had trapped and massacred the whole patrol of twenty men, only three survived. The trap, or should I say the victory, was no glory or pleasure for me. It stank of blood and dead men. Sick and disgusted, I led my men with the prisoners back to our lines.

B.P. Aggarwal, VI.

#### Disaster Befalls Madeline

The rain was beating furiously down, the windowpane as Madeline and her mother sat watching it with a faraway melancholy look in their eyes. Such days always made them extremely unhappy as it was on a rainy day that Madeline's father had died in a car accident. Not being able to restrain herself any longer Madeline burst out into wild hysterical sobs. Her mother gave her a consoling pat on the back and thought to herself how merciless God was to make this innocent child suffer.



Madeline's mother had been suffering from severe financial difficulties and as she could no longer afford to maintain the beautiful flat in the city she had bought this tiny cottage on the outskirts of a smaller town. Fortunately Madeline had completed her education and was free to help her mother in the household duties. They were content with their little home which being in a remote area was free from county gossip and flagrant rumours.

Today as they sat watching the storm at the height of its fury, Madeline suddenly sensed danger. Instinctively she grabbed her mother's sleeve and pulled her outside into the ferocious storm. They were soon faced with the statling truth. The railway bridge which was over a deathly precipice had given way. A train was due to come into town in about three quarters of an hour and it would be faced with disastrous consequences if it made an attempt to cross. Madeline and her mother stood panick stricken and aghast, watching the bridge sway triumphantly. They felt completely fearless but Madeline's mother with her presence of mind came to a conclusion (a dangerous one though). Rapidly she tore off her red petticoat, formed it into something like a flag and darted off to where the whistle of the train could faintly be heard over the swift patter of raindrops.

Unable to comprehend, Madeline stood watching her mother's frantic movements. Then suddenly the truth dawned upon her and she ran wildly after her mother, sobbing heartbrokenly and at intervals pleading, coaxing, begging her mother not to do it—but to no avail.

The whistle suddenly grew louder until it became a deafening screech and the train descended upon them. Far away she could see her mother standing right in the path of the train waving a red flag, her lips moving in a warning, but the wind swept away her mother's words and Madeline was unable to hear what she was saying. Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air and through agonized eyes Madeline watched the huge iron wheels crush her mother remorselessly,—and then the gigantic monster came to a halt. People scurried out of their compartments, hoping to be of some aid to the woman who lay there dying by inches,—the woman who saved their lives.

The storm seemed suddenly to lose its ferocity and the raindrops fell slowly as if hating to cause greater damage than they had already done. Her mother's head buried in her lap Madeline watched her writhing in agony and then as bravely as she had lived, she died, smiling gently and as the short final sigh escaped her torn mouth the wind stopped its howling only causing the trees to rustle in gentle sorrow.

As the passengers clambered back into their respective compartments they saw through the twirling mists, a young girl, her back bent and shaking brokenly with sobs. At other parts of the world people would be rejoicing that their friends, and relatives had been saved but at one solitary cottage in the suburbs of a small town there would be no joy, no happiness—only the dark sorrow of despair.

Devika Sehgal, UV.

### Two months with the 'Supernatural'

For two months I have been living in a haunted house, or at least in one that offered every evidence of being such. The house in question is a lovely little one in Mussoorie, being about five hundred yards away from the nearest neighbouring house. Though it was built some years ago, it had never been occupied until my brother, his wife and I took it for the winter. So Vijay, Neelam and I were the first people who ever spent a day or night in it.

The upper floor of the house consisted of two fairly large bedrooms with a sizeable landing between them. On our first night there, Neelam had gone to bed early in the front bedroom, while Vijay and I were in the rear one going through some magazines. As the night was slightly warmish, one or two windows had been left open. But in a little while we knew that Neelam had awakened.

"Was it anyone of you who made that tapping noise?" she asked.

"Which tapping noise?" Vijay replied. "Is this the one you mean? and he gave a few taps with his hand on the arm of a chair.

"No, no!" called Neelam. "That's not the sound at all. What I heard was a tapping that seemed to come from the brickpath in front of the door downstairs. It was like someone tapping on the bricks with a cane. Didn't you hear it?"

"Oh! you must be dreaming," replied Vijay. Still neither of us took the matter seriously and after a few moments we let it rest.

The next night after supper, the three of us were in the drawing room downstairs. About nine o'clock the taps came on the brick path just outside the door—or about three yards from where I sat. There were about a dozen taps, possibly a second a part, which sounded just like the impact of a cane on the brick. "That's what I heard last night", cried Neelam, while Vijay snatched up a torch from the mantelpiece and made for the door, I closely following behind. Just before he flung it open, the tapping ceased. An instant later we were outside, his torch playing all round the place. There was no one to be seen—not a sign of man or animal, or of anything to break the silence of the night.

Now the same thing happened in exactly the same way, many a time in the course of our stay. I should say we had it at least thirty times. It always came in the night and nine times out of ten, at about nine o'clock. I may omit any further details of its further occurrence since the details were always just the same.

Of course, we did everything in our power to find the cause. Over and over again we examined the path in the daylight, brick by brick. A dozen nights, Vijay and I took our station by the door as the hour of nine drew near, but if the tapping came, it ceased the moment we sprang out and left no evidence of a cause behind it.

I now came to something more startling. If you have been waiting to hear footfalls in our house, you are not going to be disappointed. There were footfalls to be heard all over the little house. They began in our third week at the place and continued at irregular intervals all through our stay. Usually we would hear them three or four times in a given day or night. Do not think I am speaking of any muffled sound in some far corner of the house. I am speaking of a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, as of a person walking on the floor of the room right over our heads, or, almost as often on the floor downstairs when we happened to be on the upper floor. It sounded like the natural walking of a grown man. There were never any muffled steps; no rational man who heard it could have had the slightest doubt at first that there was some one walking about the house.

In evidence of this, I may recount a single incident that happened to Neelam at the beginning of the sixth week. There was in our locality a young woman by the name of Anita Sood who had done her schooling with Neelam. Being so familiar with Neelam, Anita would often stroll into our open door without troubling to knock. Now, one day when Vijay and I were out, Neelam was alone at work upstairs when she heard someone come through the door below and walk round for a while. Thinking it might be Anita, she called out but received no answer. She then started down the stairway and the instant she reached the lower floor, the footsteps ceased. She had a good look around the room, but there was no one there. As she had known the same thing to happen so many times before, it was no surprise for Neelam to find an empty room where she had just heard somebody walking. Muttering something about "The Thing" which we had now come to call "Our Supernatural Friend", she went back up to work. Instantly, "The thing" walked in and round the lower room again, just as before. This time, Neelam stole noiselessly down the steps. Again the footsteps ceased the moment she reached the lower floor and after a good look about the room and the garden, Neelam went back upstairs.

Hardly was she back at work when it began all over again. Again the feet came over the threshold and walked about the lower floor. But this time, Neelam stayed where she was. There was no point in creeping downstairs any more—Vijay and I had both tried it so many times before. So she simply paid no attention to "The Thing". And then in a moment came a voice.

"Hey! very busy aren't you?"

It was the cheery voice of Anita Sood.

Even the next phenomenon was not a big one, though it was a very frequent one. Together or apart, only Vijay and I heard it several times during our stay. We heard it at any hour of the day or night, in every room of the house and literally in every wall and partition and that too when Neelam wasn't anywhere around us. God knows why this was so. It came so frequently, that we gave it the name of "The playful ticking". It was a sound similar to the ticking of a clock.

I now come on to the final events that happened to me alone. It happened on two successive nights and each of them within a minute or two after I had gone to bed.

Barely had I put my head upon the pillow when heard someone walking in my room. A few seconds later the footsteps ceased and I heard a terrible crash as if the man had suddenly dropped a whole pile of magazines from his hand on to the floor. The moment I heard the crash, I shot out of my bed and switched on the light.

There was no one to be seen in the room nor was there anything to be seen on the floor. I looked all over the place, under the chairs, under the table, under the beds, and behind the cupboard. But there simply wasn't anyone in the room. Moreover, all the doors and windows were firmly locked and all the magazines were safely in the bookshelf.

The next night, it was a completely different thing altogether. I sat up late that night, reading the biography of Winston Churchill. At around twelve when I decided to sleep, my sixth sense warned me to keep my doors unlocked. Thinking of my last night's experience, I went against that warning and made sure that all the doors were firmly locked. But sleep simply refused to come to me that night. I lay in bed for almost an hour, with my sixth sense pressing me to keep the doors open. Eventually feeling very irritated I unlocked the doors and the instant I went back to bed, I was asleep.

I don't exactly know what woke me up but I knew that some fool had been trying to snatch away the quilt from over me;—or I thought I knew. I sat up in my bed and rubbed my eyes to accustom them to the darkness. Almost at once, I saw a pinpoint of light hovering around the keyhole of the door. The shaft of light grew wider and stronger till it was about three feet in diameter. At this moment, I heard a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, that seemed to come from the door towards me. The shaft of light too seemed to proceed towards me along with the steady footsteps.

By this time, I had had enough of "The Supernatural Thing". I had no more guts to face this mysterious 'Thing'. I dived out of my bed, screaming at the same time. I hit something hard and fell unconscious.

Five hours later, I regained consciousness in a civil hospital in Mussoorie. Later on I was told that Vijay and Neelam had both woken up on hearing my scream and had rushed towards the door of my room. Lucky to find it open (I now realize why my sixth sense was warning me to keep my doors unlocked), they came inside and switching on the light, found me lying on the floor near a chair (I had dived headlong into a chair). Finding me unconscious, they at once rushed me to the hospital.



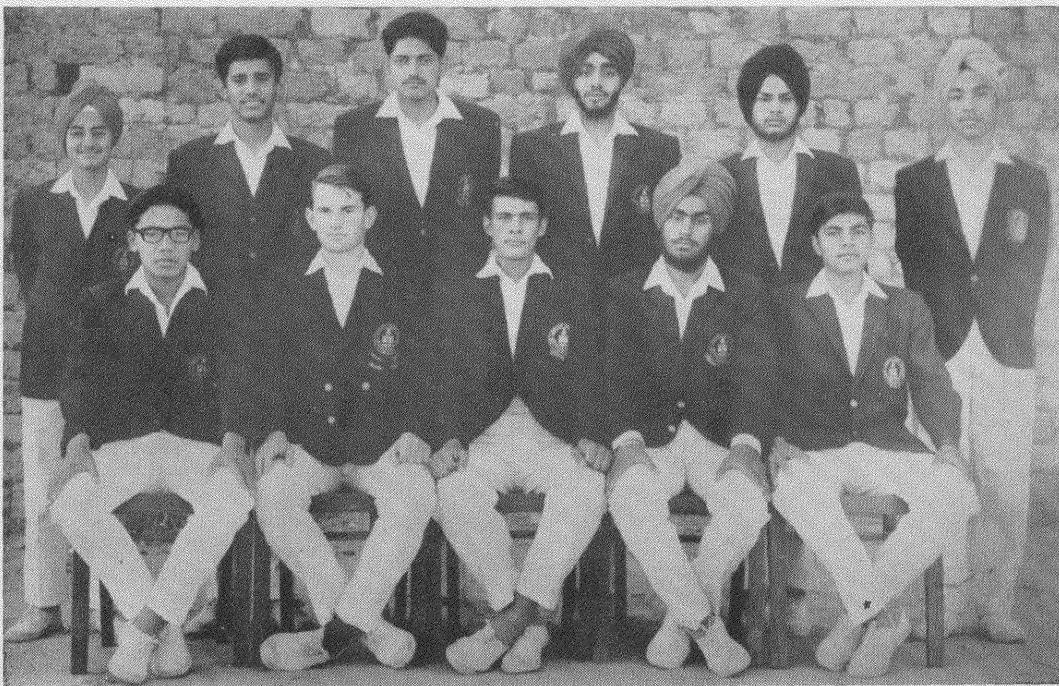
After regaining consciousness, I recounted the previous night's experience to the people who were present in the ward. Among the listeners was a middle aged man probably about forty two years old. He at once volunteered to investigate the cause and "bring to book this mysterious thing".

So that night Vijay, Neelam and I moved out of the house and let the man have the house to himself. To this day I don't have a single clue to the identity of that mysterious "Supernatural" friend of ours, nor will I ever know throughout my life. The next morning, the man was found dead in his bed; the bed that had been occupied by me the night before. The post-mortem report showed that the man died a natural death. Moreover, I learnt later on that this man had informed his wife that he was going to die within a few days.

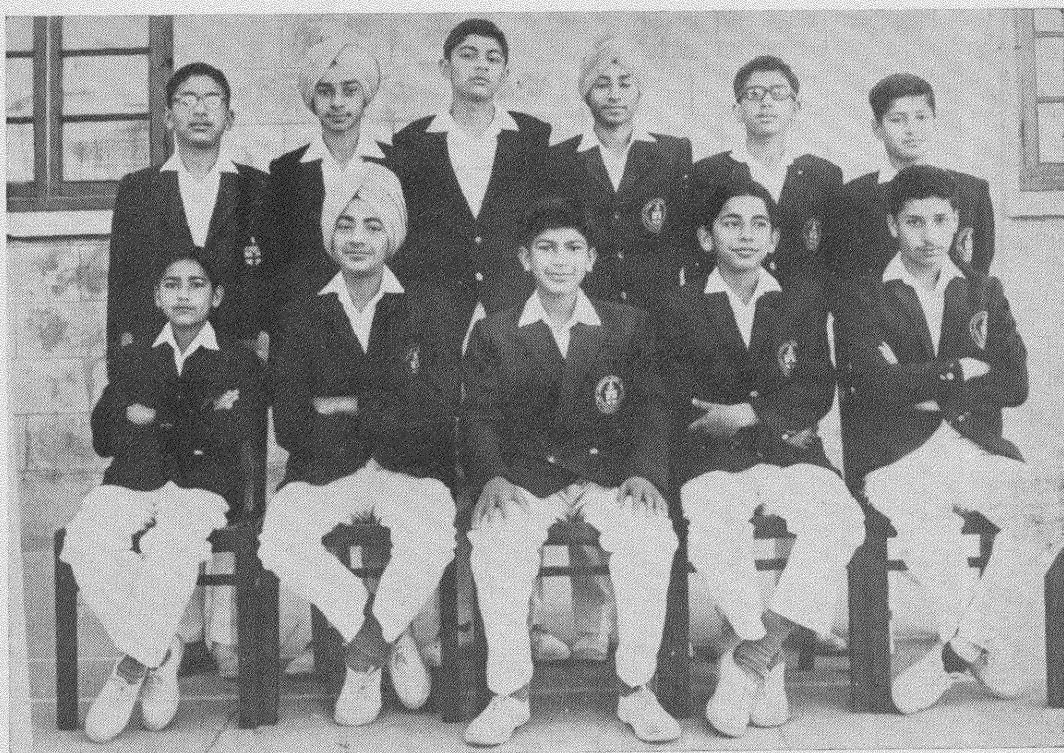
You can work this out for yourself. I prefer not to try.

B.P. Aggarwal, VI.

## The School Teams

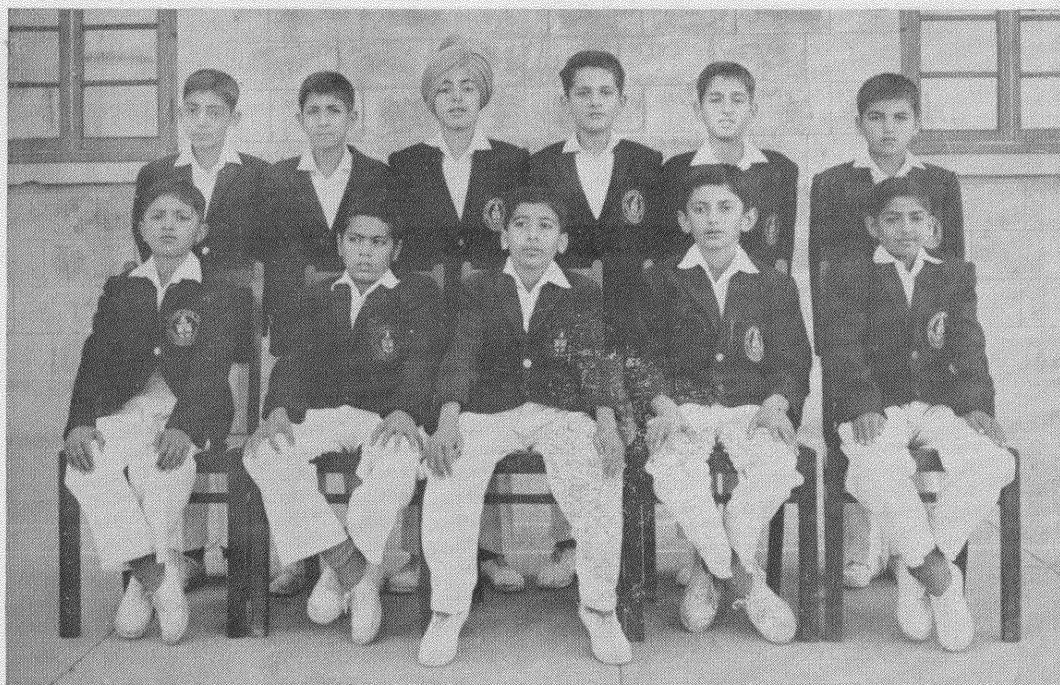


**Cricket—First Eleven**



**Cricket—Colts**





**Cricket—Atoms**



**Boxing—Winners**





Soccer—First Eleven

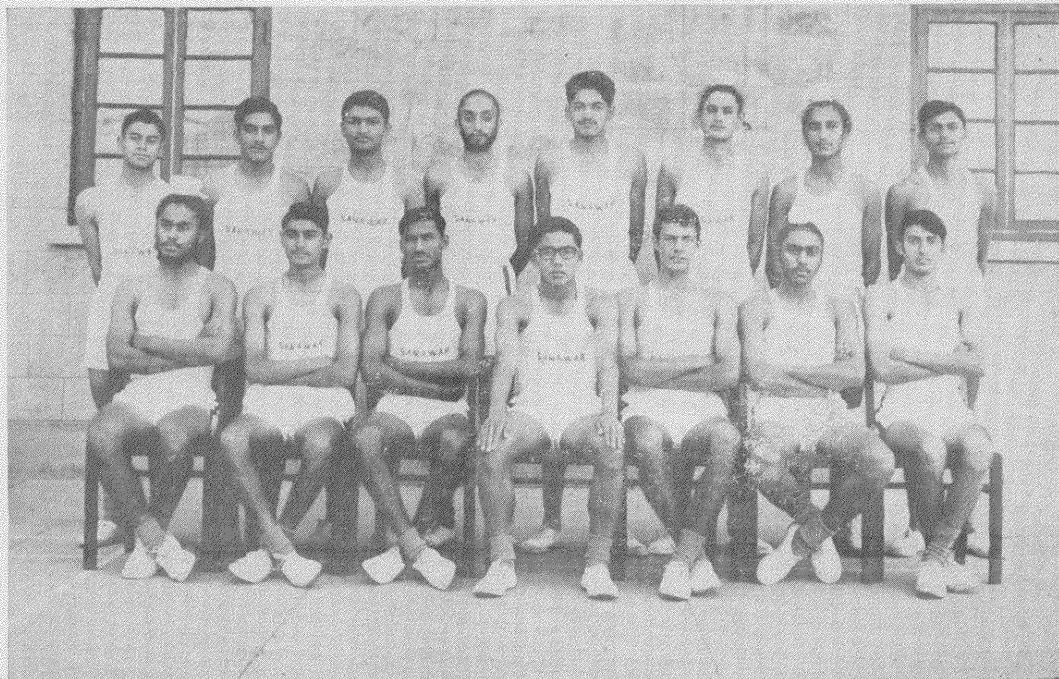


Soccer—Colts





**Soccer—Atoms**



**The Athletics Team**





**Hockey—First Eleven**

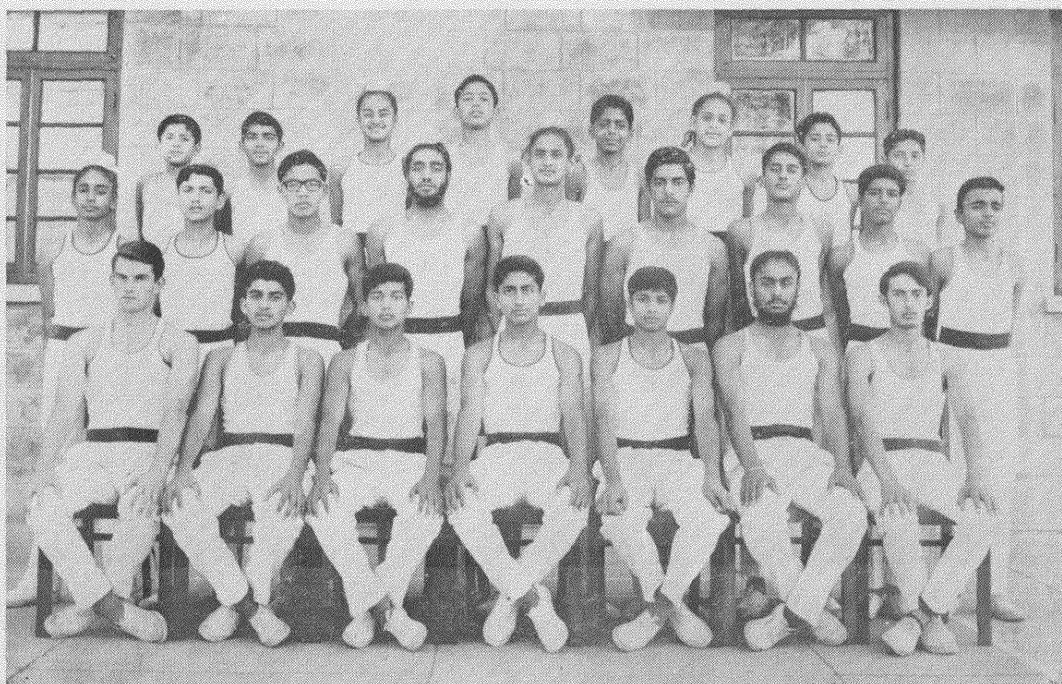


**Hockey—Colts**



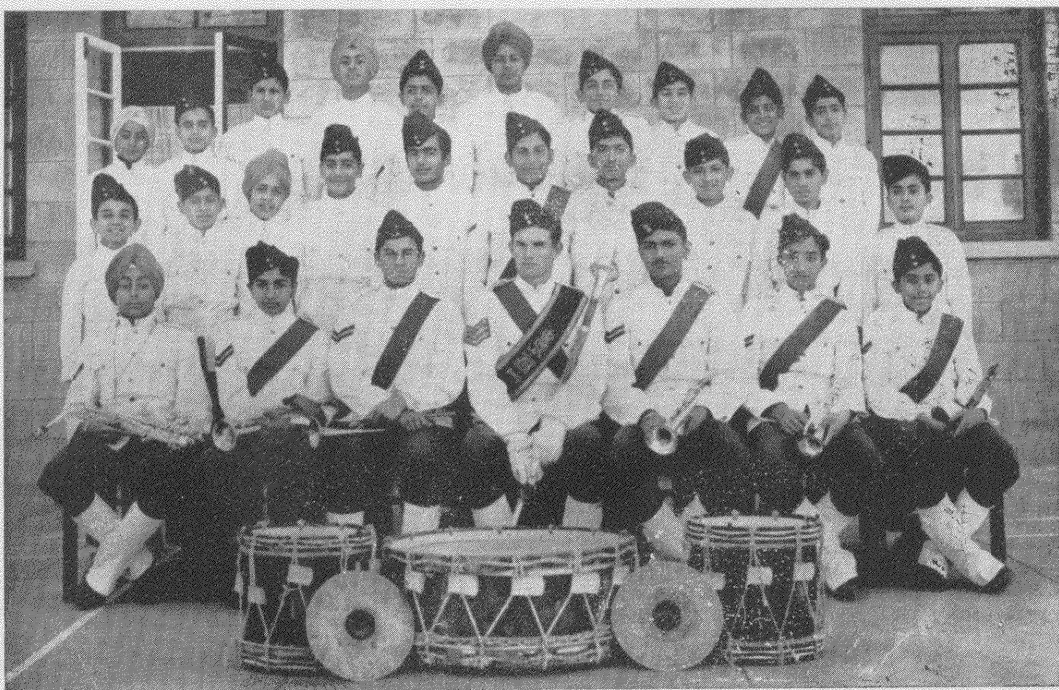


**Hockey—Atoms**



**The Gymnasts**





**The Brass Band**



**The Bugle Band**



*Inter School Matches*

**Sanawar vs. B.C.S.**



**SANAWAR ATOMS ATTACK**



**ATOMS—A CLEARANCE**





COLTS—A MOMENT OF DANGER NEAR THE B.C.S. GOAL

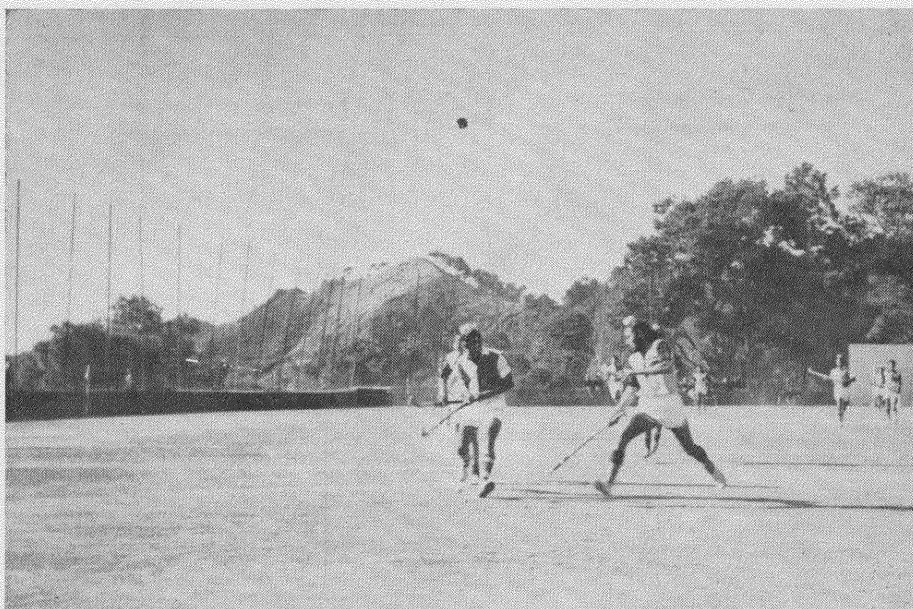


SANAWAR CLEAR FROM A CORNER



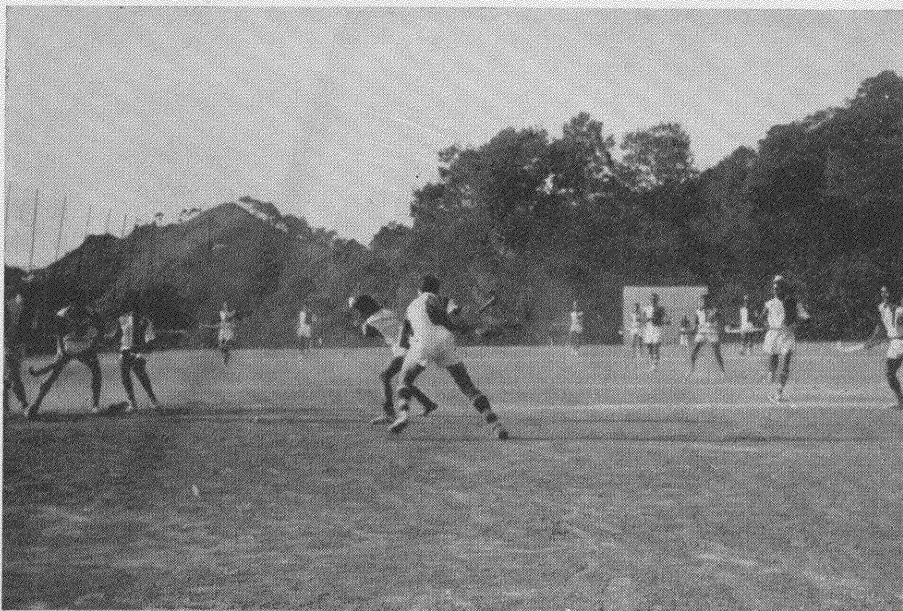


COLTS—TACKLE IN MIDFIELD

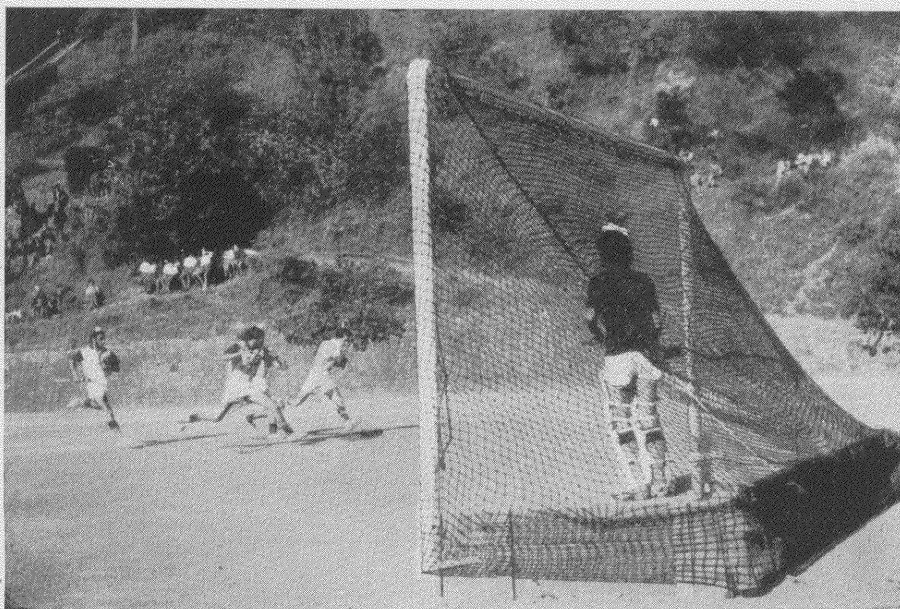


FIRST ELEVEN—SANAWAR ADVANCES





B.C.S. HITS



A LEFT WING PASS





### 3. Poetic Flights.

#### Our World

The sea is wide and blue,  
With a strange darkish hue.  
There are fantastic fishes,  
Which will serve for good dishes.  
The land is broad and green,  
Showing a beautiful scene.  
In the long cold winter,  
Many things crack and splinter.  
There are birds and people,  
With churches and steeples,  
There are houses and ditches,  
But no legendary witches.

Birinder Singh Sidhu, U-III

#### The fish

I had a fish,  
Which lived in a dish.  
It swam all day,  
In a very little bay.  
It was very small,  
And could feel anything fall.  
The fish had flippers,  
Which were like slippers.  
In the water it splashed and dashed,  
And anything in its way was smashed,  
Everything was smashed to bits,  
By the fish's hard hits.

Suneel Kaul, U-III



### **My bed**

I wish I could go to bed  
With a soft pillow under my head,  
A covering to keep me warm  
Till the gay dawn.  
When I'm lying in bed  
I feel I'm being led,  
By fairies tugging at my hands,  
To the queen of fairy land.

**Arti Thakur, L-III**

### **God's gift of Nature**

God's presented nature is so wonderful  
With everything so nice,  
And everything in its own way useful  
Like the stars that brighten the sky.

The little birds that fly about  
With coloured little tiny wing,  
They hop and dance and play around  
And beautiful songs they sing.

The seasons, there are only four,  
Though none of them is alike  
Autumn, Summer, Spring and Winter  
All of them are nice and right.

The hills and plains are part of Nature  
Forming a beautiful scene.  
Very little is the barren land,  
Most of it is all green.

Every flower has petals coloured gaily  
And they pick up their faces and look.  
As the naughty boys trample them daily,  
They suffer like a fish on a hook.

**Jyoten S. Kandel, L-IV**

### **Summer Again**

The flowers submit to buzzing bees  
The lazy warmth my senses please;  
In the light breeze the leaves sway,  
All is gay this summer's day;  
The crickets sing the songs of joy,  
Before it's time for them to die;  
The rippling spring that gurgles forth,  
Waters of faith and love it's brought;  
The butterflies flit from flower to flower,  
It's like paradise so far, so fair.

Fleecy clouds that look so still,  
Slowly glide over the hill;  
The rolling hills that sleeping lie,  
In a misty blue they meet the sky;  
The fiery god with golden steed,  
Rides across the deep blue sea;  
Once again in nature I hide,  
With summer blazing at my side.

**Maheshwar Singh Pathania, L-V**

### **The dream**

The pale moon, a ribbon of light,  
Shone in the darkness of the night.  
The dream I had as I lay in bed,  
Was of the stars, of the light they shed,  
Of the trees which were dark and tall,  
And of the bells as they tolled.  
To and fro the bells they went  
Wilting; tinkling were the sounds they lent  
To one and all, asleep in bed  
And in the grave yard to the dead.  
There was a soothing peace tonight  
In my dream, under the moon's light.

**Anita Dass, U-V**

### **'The Comet'**

Alone she watched the wondrous sight  
That filled the heavens with a dazzling light.

The comet with its fiery tail,  
Made its way over hill and dale.

The animals in their terror fled,  
To seek some other shelter bed.

That brilliant, illuminating, hurtling star,  
That seemed so near and yet so far,  
With a sudden last burst of light  
Disappeared; leaving behind the darkness of the night.

Ritu K. Singh, U-V

### **A little boy**

There was a little boy;  
He had so many toys,  
But he did not care  
And made them wear  
A gown which had a tear.

He slept in a golden bed;  
And he always said,  
"I, the famous and the great, !  
Will for ever feed myself  
From a golden plate".

Arti Ahluwalia, L-III

### **She**

Hazel brown were her doe-like eyes,  
Crystal clear with watery depths.

Her smile held the fragrance of flowers so wild  
And her jet black hair was with a sky-blue ribbon tied.



She had the quaintest dimples  
You ever did see,  
Which peeped from her rosy glowing cheeks.  
She had slender lined eyebrows  
And a swan-like neck.

She was a vision of beauty—  
A dream-like beauty—  
She was the essence of beauty—  
But Alas ! she's dead.

Bina Manchanda, U-V

### Charlie

The Charlie of S'na,  
Is the most famous one by far,  
With the bulk he's had to carry,  
It's a wonder how he's stayed alive.  
He has many fans,  
More than the Beatles ever had,  
And I give my word on it, they'd strike  
If he was ever banned !.

He seems to carry the fate of S'na  
In his generous 'paunch'.  
He has many worshippers  
Who are the staunchest of the staunch.  
And I must say he took quite a risk  
When he his shop did launch.

Sanawarians have such appetites  
That Charlie's trade is satisfied.

They soon do justice to Charlie's 'grub'.  
No wonder he prospers; that's the 'rub'.

Sanawarians are attracted more by Charlie  
Than by the Qutab-Minar in Delhi.

Charlie should thank his lucky stars  
That his customers prefer him . . . . .  
To world-famous stars.

Bina Manchanda & Sangeet Sakhuja, U-V

Can't you guess?

ONE! TWO! only one more guess to go—

C'mon, surely, can't you tell

The name of this roudy classroom-hell?

Another hint I'll give you—

Only another clue—

The yells from that hell sound like

The kids in old Ma Habbarb's shoe!

The screechings like a fish market,

With female shrews to sell

All their prattle and gossip

In this maddening classroom-hell!

But it's as clear as crystal—

Why, any fool can guess—

It sounds like a cocktail party

When at its very best;

Or more like a siren in the war

Screeching warning to one and all.

Henpecked boys there are, alas! four,

Clucking hens outnumber them a dozen or more—

Creating havoc always with such glee—

Surely it isn't, no, it can't be.

You mean it is?

Upper Five C!!!

Bina Manchada, U-V

#### Limericks

##### *Soccer*

When I first learnt to play socca',

I applied the rules of poka'.

But then with a grunt

Gave a hearty punt

And the referee got a woppa'

##### *Boxing*

I looked at the crowd—the grinning dopes—

And started the bout, with winning hopes,

But then, with a 'CRUNCH',

I received a hard punch,

In a flash I was flung on the ropes!

Maheshwar Singh Pathania, L-V

### More Limericks

There was once a young boy in Peru  
Who could never just polish his shoe.  
He sat on the stair  
And combed his hair  
And decided to go out and . . . 'woo!'.

\* \* \*

There was a young girl on a spree  
Who decided to be a Hippie.  
She uncombed her hair,  
But fell down the stair,  
Because her eyes could not see.

\* \* \*

Preminda Batra, U-IV

There was young man about town,  
Who always dressed like a clown.  
He started the rage  
Of the modern age  
In carrying a stick up-side-down.

### Milky moonlight

The moonlight rippled through milky waters  
It danced upon the waves  
It shimmered on the chestnut leaves  
And shone on weeping willow trees.  
Like a glowing traveller's lantern  
She lit the silver twisted ribbon of a road;  
She glided o'er the windswept moors,  
And hung, a drop of yellow gold,  
Under the purple dome—so bold;  
Gracefully she glided, like a winged messenger—  
A hostess of her vast blue atmosphere,  
She rolled, down to the depths of her inky kingdom,  
To welcome home her stars, her children.  
For night had passed,  
And raised her purple velvet curtain at long last,  
And the golden moon had sunk away  
To welcome in another glorious day.

75

Bina Manchanda, U-V



## **Night**

The birds are silent,  
The flowers droop,  
The world is silent,  
The owls hoot.  
The world dons  
The dark grey,  
The Night comes  
In a vast array  
Of tiny lights,  
That hung a-high  
Suddenly bright  
And abruptly die.  
A sailing boat,  
The moony haze,  
The beasts loath  
The silver rays.  
  
The wild arise  
To find a meal,  
Before sunrise  
Some prey, some kill;  
Glinting eyes  
That pierce the black,  
Eerie cries  
That courage lack.  
Flitting shadows,  
All's quiet;  
Grey meadows,  
That's night !  
Hush ! it comes  
With a steady creep;  
The eighth wonder,  
Beautiful sleep.

**Maheshwar S. Pathania, L-V**

### The figure

The sprouling milky foam that splashes,  
Between darkened rocks it dashes  
On to the feet of a pure, white one,  
Who stands with her face up to the sun.  
Her long, silken strands up to her waist,  
Were wet by the waters which were in great haste.

They rose along the smooth soft sand  
And on to this figure where she stands,  
Looking far into the wide, blue sea,  
Trying to find where lay the key—  
The key to her heart, where was the sadness  
Which filled her with an overcoming sense of madness.

The waves and breakers came gushing in  
As she stood and thought of her kin.  
All lost in these swirling waters  
Were her husband and her little daughters.  
Filled with grief she lay on the sand  
Caring no more what went on inland.  
She knew that death would come some day  
If she would lie like this and stay,  
Here forever more and then—  
The love she had lost would return.

At last death came and it took  
Her life, as she lay with one last look.  
Flinging her arms she breathed her last  
And went to her family where they had been cast.  
Now all that is left is what remains  
Of her,—a figure so pure, true and unstained.

Anita Dass, U-V

### **The Last Flight**

How she longed to fly again,  
Free as the wind or the morning rain,  
To spread her wings and glide once more,  
O'er the golden sun bleached shore.

She was caught one day,  
Like a rat in a trap,  
She was snared one day,  
By a strange mishap,  
In a net on the buoy.

A fisherman's son thought her a fine pray—  
So her feathery wings were clipped,  
Those that had in the ocean dipped  
As she dived and swooped for tiny fish.

She grew listless and weary  
Her leaden soul grew dreary,  
Her days—once so carefree,  
Lengthened into ghosts,—so eerie  
That a strangled cry broke from her  
And her beady eyes lit up,  
And her clipped wings fluttered  
While her very being trembled.

One day—a heavenly day it was—,  
The fisherman's son he came,  
He came and he threw open her prison door,  
And watched her; there was a pause  
Till life entered her withering soul  
And light lit up her dying eyes—  
With a cry she flew with electrified joy—  
The wind in her wings, the spray in her eyes.

Then like a soft snow ball she went  
Down she dropped, down she fell  
Down to the sea—her only home.

Her soul once more fluttered, see how she dies;  
With the wind in her wings and the spray in her eyes.

Bina Manchanda, U-V



### **The Beggar Girl**

A little hand outstretched—a piteous gesture—  
Depicting feelings wretched, in every feature  
Of the little face sketched—against the sullen sky.  
Puckered up and crushed, an agony blind—  
Led up the twisting alley by one view in mind.

Food to ease her ache so dull,  
Rest to soothe her heart and lull  
Her into sleep, sweetened by melody  
Tuned in a home so cosy,  
Rocked in the hand of security.

Like a flame that flickers—her hopes like ashes linger—  
Then blown by the harsh wind of reality,  
She wakes from her dream—knowing no mercy.  
Feeling no warmth of pity,  
No love—not even from a puppy  
In that cold, unfriendly city.

Neither a mother's cosy lap for cuddling,  
Nor the comfort of a home so loving  
Or the love of parents doting.

Often she wonders :  
“ Is life worth living ?”  
Sometimes she ponders :  
“ Is it really worth clinging—  
Like a duck dying—  
To a straw breaking—  
When one is drowning ?”

So she perishes, withers, wilting—  
A lily pale, with beauty heavenly—  
A broken stalk, bent and fading—  
Crumpled to the ground, for fate crushed  
The blooming flower—  
For her seed, alas ! was sour.

**Bina Manchanda, U-V**

#### 4. Reflections.

##### A day in the life. . .

Claang! The Rouser brings our friend out of his reverie in the arms of Morpheus. Like the Beatle Paul McCartney, however, he does not wake up, fall out of bed and drag a comb across his head. He lolls around trying to get an extra five minutes of the lazy warmth of his bed before the hectic activity of the day before him.

Our friend curses profusely as his prefect cruelly turns him out of bed and orders him to move up for baths. Our friend collects his towel, soap and dressing-gown and makes his way to the bath-house, still half in the heavenly world of his dreams.

He undresses and gets into his shower. Half a minute later he comes out entertaining the unpleasantest of thoughts towards his predecessors in the bath-house. They have very 'thoughtfully' used up all the hot water. He returns to the dormitory and grumpily picks up a fight with his best friend.

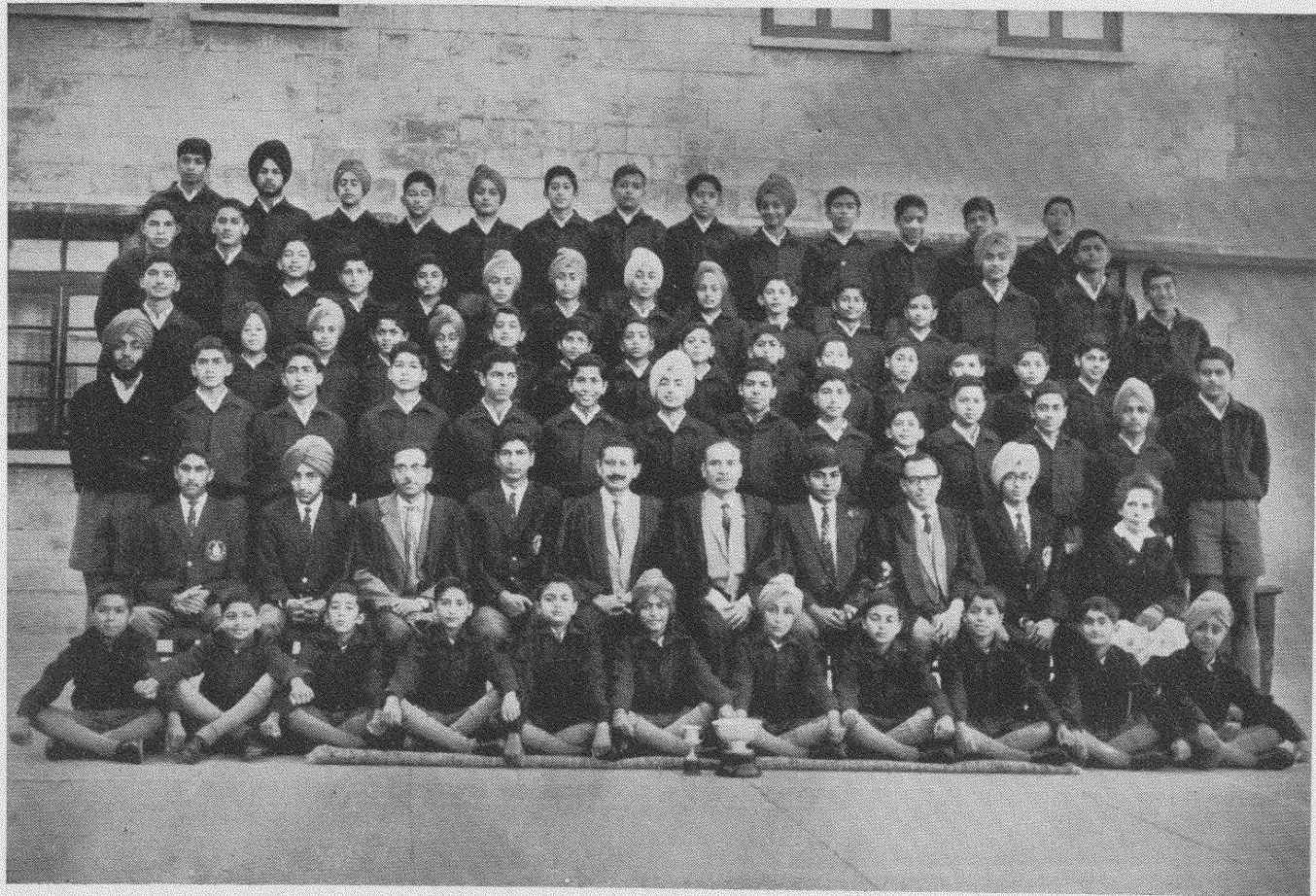
Pheere! The P.T. whistle finds him still in the act of putting on his shoes. A minute later he arrives on parade only to have his pride torn to shreds by the 'blowing' he gets from the P.T. master.

After an exhausting P.T., which he feels has just about prepared him for another session in the arms of Morpheus, he makes an effort and manages to change into his school kit just in time for inspection—somewhat like Paul made the bus in seconds flat.

He has a delicious though not too substantial breakfast and then marches up for Assembly. Assembly is over and most of the boys sigh with relief, but not our friend. The first period of classes is English Language and having done the test on the previous day with a blank mind his heart can only be expected to palpitate.

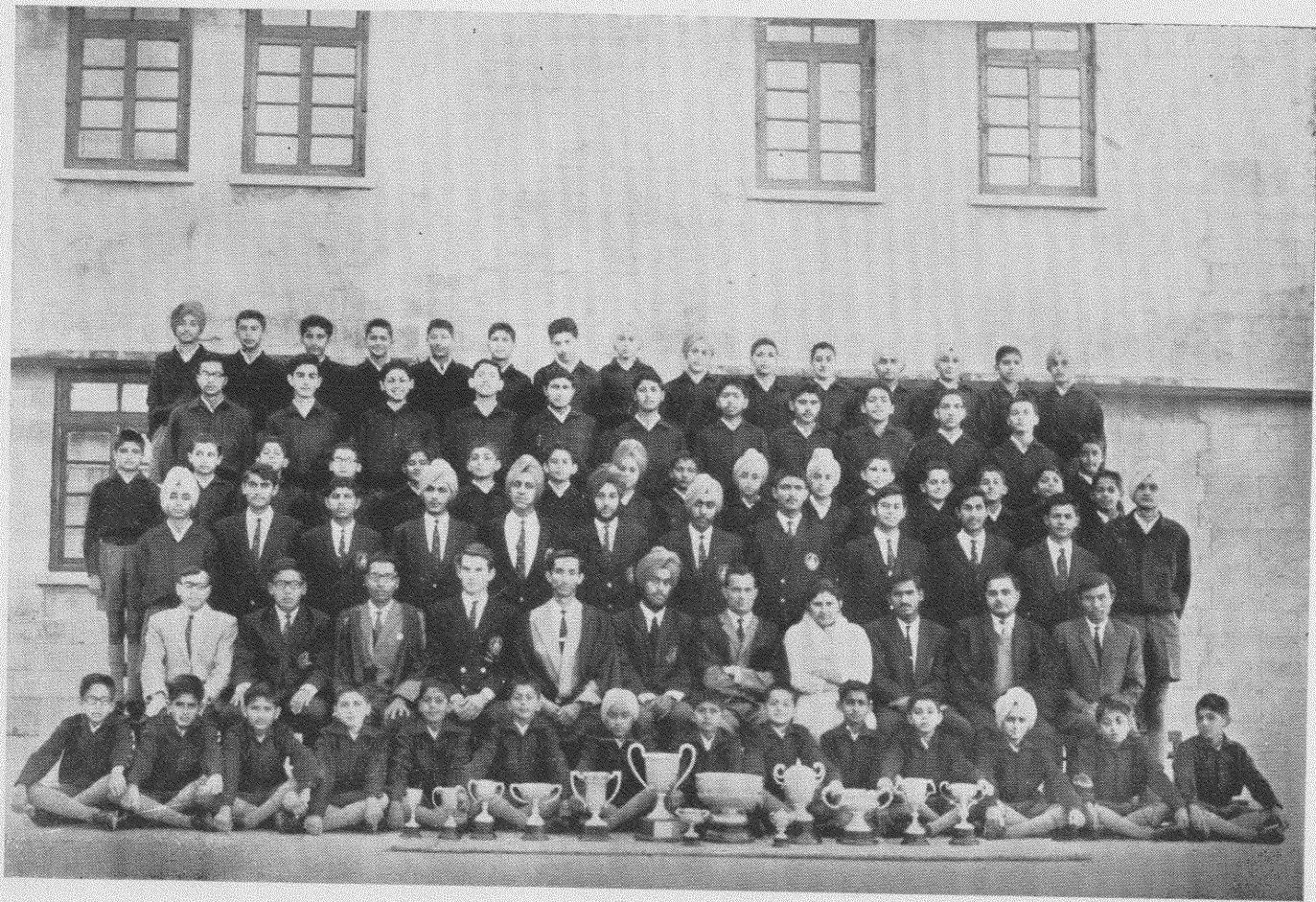
He reaches his class. The master arrives and, neglecting more important work, gives our friend the deserving. Our friend keeps a wooden front in a vain attempt to show the master that 'order shall not rest on force'. He soon breaks down under the torrent of words and is a well pitied soul by the time the torrent dries up. That wooden front served only one purpose, by now half the period has been washed away by the torrent.

Boys' School



Himalaya House





Nilagiri House





Sitvalik Hosue





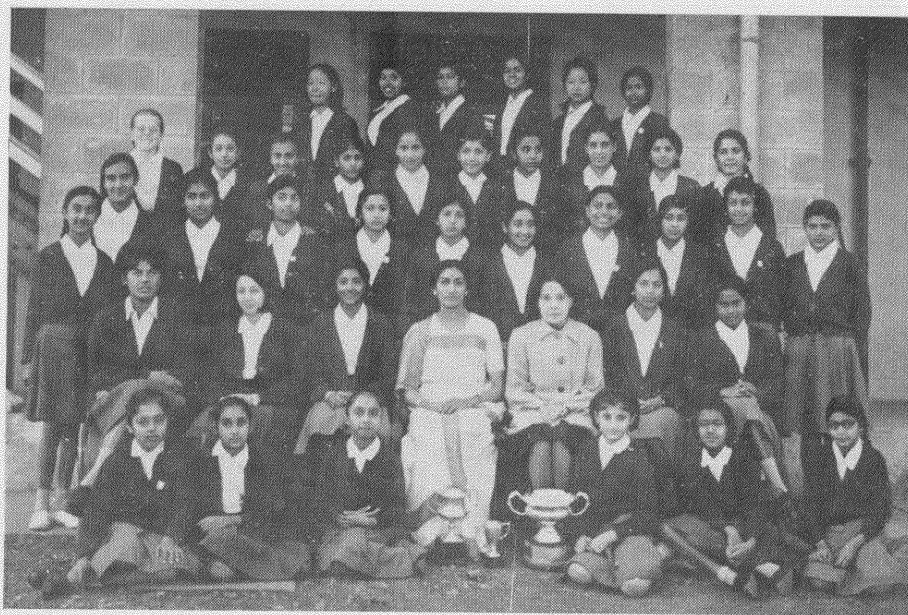
Vindhya House



## Girls' School



## Himalaya House



## Nilagiri House





Siwalik House



Windhya House



He manages to pass the other periods in a parallel world and then thankfully lets himself out into the fresh air during milk-break. He feels strongly that if they cannot delete the word 'milk' from 'milk break' they better supply us with some of that liquid. Classes pass but not before he has given another test at which he confesses, in his own words, he was 'utterly baffled'.

Ah ! delicious lunch ( or is it ? ) is substantially taken though not so substantially relished. Another change and our friend is on his way to an enjoyable game of soccer ; or so he thinks. In the course of the game he is pushed about and amply kicked on the shins by robust members of the opposing team, so as to leave not a trifle of enthusiasm in him.

He has a spot of tea but not quite sufficient to satisfy his ravenous appetite and then thankfully he has some free time before supper. He utilises this time to read the news. Oh ! boy. He doesn't read about the man who made the grade (like Paul) but about the team which lost. And though the news is rather sad (about the Indian team) he can't help laughing because he had judiciously predicted it.

Prep comes after supper and our friend suddenly realises there is something worse than classes after all,—prep. The 100 minute torture is punctuated by our friend being punished for disturbing the class.

He thinks his troubles for the day are over, but he is imprudent. His prolonged rejoicing causes him to be late for inspection. Result: more punishment.

Our friend thankfully gets into bed with an aching body and a boiling temper,—boiling at the circumstances of life. Gratefully and gracefully he gives himself up to the drug of exhaustion and enters the parallel world of his dreams.

Sanjay Sinha, U-V

### Happiness

Almost everything we do or want to do leads to one aim—happiness. In other words we live to be happy. The word enjoy is very closely connected to happiness. When we do a thing and enjoy doing it, that means we like that work and are happy in doing it.

The 'jazzy' teenagers of today enjoy pop-music and doing all sorts of dances. Their dances may be considered vulgar but as long as they are happy, it doesn't matter. They would sacrifice their many weeks' pocket money just to buy a Beatles' record. This shows that people of any age may sacrifice anything to get something they like and when they get it they feel happy.

People choose professions they most enjoy. An artist will find nothing more worthwhile and enjoyable than drawing or painting. A musician will best enjoy himself when listening to music or playing a musical instrument. An author will write stories which give him pleasure. A dancer will take delight in dancing. A person interested in Geometry or Maths. will experience pleasure when proving Geometry riders or doing long calculations which other people may abhor. The only fun for a drunkard is drinking. Therefore, whenever one experiences pleasure in doing some work, one is happy. An author's best book will be the one he enjoyed writing most. No one will ever be successful in his profession if he does not enjoy doing it and just does it for the sake of earning some money.

One can be poor but happy too. It all depends on the person's character,—how he takes life. If he thinks life is worth living he will live to make it more worthwhile and if he asks 'is life worth living' and finds it boring and sordid, he will be unhappy. There is no medicine to cure unhappiness, it all depends on the person's own character and outlook.

When one likes living with a person, one is happy. One gives small gifts to one's most dearly loved and experiences infinite pleasure in doing so. You say it is thought that matters and not the drawing when you get a birthday card from your sister who can hardly draw a straight line. You know that your sister took the utmost loving care in drawing the card though it may not have turned out very well. You really feel happy when you know that someone loves you and takes pains over drawing you a birthday card.

It is said, you live in a 'home' and not a 'house'. When you hear doors banging, children screaming, crockery breaking, the piano barging, father shouting for his trousers—these are the signs of happiness, of a happy family.

Rekha Bhatia, U-V.

#### **The pleasures of being by myself.**

I am rather an unsociable person. That's the reason why I often get absolutely fed up of boarding school. I hate having people around me all the time, telling me what to do, almost telling me what to think. I can't understand why people can't leave me by myself at least once in a way. Because of this I often disappear along short-back on Sundays. At least there isn't the eternal buzz of noise there.

I am very much of a dreamer too. It is very easy to fall into a dream but just as hard to fall out of one. In Sanawar we hardly go for walks but during the holidays when I am staying with my grandparents I often go out into the fields and

sit there reading or dreaming and sucking a sugar cane at the same time. Of course, we don't have a mid-day meal at the village so remaining out for a whole day is easy. Musing on the future, seldom the present, I find all the companionship I need with my thoughts.

Perhaps the need for being alone is more evident when one lives among a lot of people. I am the youngest in the family. When I am at home during the holidays there are always a lot of cousins round too. Naturally I feel like getting away sometimes.

Another reason why I like to be alone is to be away from my irritating brother and sister (not always). Just when I am at the most exciting part of the book and the murderer has just his hands up, my brother comes along shouting deafeningly—"Come and see what I've got."

Just to satisfy him I must struggle out of my easy chair and go with him only to see a hairy black and yellow caterpillar imprisoned in a card-board box. My sister is very fond of her stamps and scrapbook. Just when the speaker in the book is about to utter some pearls of wisdom I hear—"Now isn't this snap of Sophia Loren just wizard." Why can't she see that I couldn't care less if Sophia Loren had an accident at sea and was even now resting peacefully in Old Davy Jones' locker.

If I am alone nobody bothers me about such things.

One is not alone when there are no people around. One may also be alone in spirit—I stress alone, not lonely, for as Hazlitt said—"I am never less alone than when alone." There may be scores of people around you in a crowd but unless you are very friendly—and I said I was unsociable—you couldn't care less if they were there or not.

I enjoy watching people's faces and how their expressions change. I can't do this if I'm with someone. People whom one is walking along with seem to feel duty-bound to gossip or make small-talk. It's strange how a person's thoughts are reflected on the face especially if the person is like oneself. There seems to be some sort of check on the facial expression if one utters one's thoughts aloud.

I often go with my mother to the bank. While she is doing business there I sit in a corner and just watch the people come and go. It's fun imagining what sort of homes they have, where they stay and other such things. One may just hear a bit here and there of what these people are saying, and one's mind begins straying again. One is alone there too, alone in spirit again and it is a pleasure being so.

We see also that the younger generation seems to be turning more and more to mysticism. Strange though it may seem even young people are interested in the hereafter, the conceptions of God, nature, and the heavens. Rather an extreme instance of interest in mysticism among young people are the Hippies of the United



States. More and more young people are joining them. Be this as it may, young people are still interested in thinking of such topics sometimes. A lot of old people seem to think that young people never think. It is surprising how quickly these people have forgotten their own youth. I am sure these people don't like to think that during their youth their minds were vacuums void of thought.

Sometimes I do like to muse on the above lines. One does like to ask oneself questions such as, 'How is God everywhere and yet nowhere?' Whether one finds answers or not is another question.

I find being alone rather enjoyable and I think many other people do so too; and they do so too because they find enough companionship with their own thoughts. These thoughts are hardly ever concerned with oneself but often deal with far-off things. This reminds me of how Thought's companion who was very fleet of foot was defeated by Thought. Thought may journey to the most distant places or it may be centered on one self. Wouldn't such journeys alone, as they must always be, be interesting?

Rajwant Randhawa, VI.

#### The Fascination of Speed.

Speed has influenced many people, including me. I have such a craze for speed that my mother often tells me that I am mad to be crazy for that feeling of the wind biting against the face. But I am sure she is wrong because I like speed, not only for the sake of getting to a place faster but because of that cold, cramping feeling I get when I am driving fast. Oh! I really love that feeling!

Speed has influenced many others too. These people also love speed like others love drugs such as heroine. Cambell, one of the fastest drivers ever born gave his life in the cause of speed. I think he was frenzied and drugged by speed when his craft blew, but I am sure he enjoyed his last moments on earth more than anyone before.

Frankly speaking, I myself get drugged when I am speeding on my motor-bike and although I may be already going at 'break-neck' speed, as my sister calls it, yet I am somehow overcome by a desire to go faster. Of course, this craze has cost me a gash on my right eyebrow but I think I got more fun than what I paid for.

Now-a-days, scientists are trying to make aircraft which will go at supersonic speeds. I think that is very good of them. But why do they have to make it in such a way that the passengers do not even feel the sensation of speed! In fact in these modern aircrafts the passengers do not even know whether the aircraft is flying or not. This is a very selfish idea of these aeronautical scientists. They deprive the passengers of all the fun that they would experience in the older models of aircrafts.

I know many pilots who have joined the Air Force, not because they want a stable profession, nor because they want to just pilot an aircraft—no, it isn't that; it is speed that they want and the adventure speed offers them.

Speed is just like an unexplored world which has adventure in every corner. People find adventure at almost every mach—which means the number of times a thing goes faster than the speed of sound. I have read several books about test pilots who have given their lives in order to go as fast as they could. These people have attained the 'heaven of speed' which embodies within it all the pleasure and fascination speed can offer.

Everyone knows what difference speed can make in the modern world. For some it means that they arrive at a destination earlier, for some it is just a modern convenience, some think it to be a craze, but I think it to be the greatest fun. I know the difference between the slow dull routine and the thrill I get once I am on my motor-hike.

Ashok Saxena, VI.

#### Liberty and Self-discipline

Liberty and independence of thought is essential to all men. The Consitution of India promises every men freedom of thought, mind and action. However, there are limits and extremes to all laws. This is why it is said that true liberty is impossible without self-discipline.

One is free to do anything one likes unless what one is doing is against the good interests of the community. One is also limited to doing only that which does not step on the fundamental rights of other people. Following this law is self-discipline.

I may not use my liberty and independence of action to go and burn my neighbour's house just because I would like to see flames leaping into the sky. Doing this would be going against the good interests of my neighbour. I may not also slander someone's good name and excuse myself on the plea of liberty of thought and speech.

In England courts function on a new idea—that of the 'Reasonable man'. 'The Reasonable man' has no name, no form. He is just supposed to act reasonably whatever the circumstances. When charges are placed against someone the court passes judgement only after considering if the 'Reasonable man' would commit the action under the circumstances. If so, the accused is acquitted. If not, he is fined or punished in some other way. In everything one has to be reasonable. In being reasonable one is using one's liberty in the right way. That is true liberty.

In giving way to unreasonable urges one is forced to act in that way by these urges—one is not free. One is then dominated by these insane urges. That is not liberty. Where would the world be today if, from the beginning of time, we had done as we liked. We would probably be non-existent now. It would be impossible to exist in a community in that insecure way. There must be a curb on all actions and that curb is self-discipline. If one does anything without this curb one is a maniac, a scourge to society, a menace.

Human beings are also animals. The only difference is that human beings possess intellect, and the ability to differentiate right from wrong. In other words they can discipline themselves to employ their powers in the right way.

If we are not self-disciplined we must be controlled like animals are. Animals will often use their liberty in the wrong way. That is why we keep them in the leash or in the pen. We are not penned by a higher power simply because of our ability to act with self-discipline. Liberty is impossible otherwise.

Earlier this year we all condemned the shameful destruction of the Cricket Stadium in Calcutta. No one I think said that the people were using their independence of action. They were not. They were only buckling under an urge to destroy and revenge injustice. To live in a balanced way in a community one has to act with self-discipline.

Liberty of thought is one of the rights most important to men. I don't think any of us would like to live in a country where our ideas were not given free expression. Here again one is entitled to one's own ideas, but one must allow other people their ideas.

Self discipline is essential everywhere. True liberty is indeed impossible without self-discipline. Not for nothing did Tagore ask for a country where the "clear stream of reason has not lost its way in the dreary desert sand of dead habit".

Liberty is a boisterous sea but it is ruled and calmed by self-discipline.

Rajwat K. Randhawa, IV

#### **Manners In Social Life**

Be your natural self and you will be considered as one of the most ill-mannered brutes in social life. The most artificial manners are considered the best. People acquire the "well-mannered" title when they are actually stiff with uneasiness and yet manage to give an outer appearance of utmost ease and relaxation.

Now, why should you have to talk a whole lot of nonsense that's commonly known as conversation? Yet, if you don't know the technique of filling your companions ears with light conversation which not only makes no sense, but is as irritating as the "purr" of a mosquito, you're considered a social prude. On the other hand, if your companion doesn't listen to you "all ears", you're hurt and think



the fellow never went to school. If, for a moment, the subject under discussion has run out of matter, the tension that is caused in the atmosphere makes you feel you are the biggest failure as a conversationalist.

I think it's natural for anyone to be inclined to indulge in self talk. But no ! That's the biggest blunder you could commit. Find out very tactfully, what your companion is most interested in. If you're lucky enough to have the faintest idea on the subject, all you have to do is set him talking and sit and listen as though you've never heard anything more interesting. You've done it—you're the most sociable person because you've managed to escape self-talk and trapped someone else into it.

Etiquette demands that you should smile very sweetly and say " very pleased to meet you " on being introduced to a stranger, even though you're green and feel you could disgorge any moment. You don't know what part your new introduction is going to play in your life—evil, good or none at all !

You may be gifted with a healthy appetite but you're unlucky. Everytime you're invited to a party you feel down in the dumps instead of being belighted. You'd rather not attend at all than to go and see all the delicious but inaccessible food lying around, as you'll be considered a glutton if you don't pick and nibble at your food like a little squirrel. But refusing to attend is also precarious for your position in social circles because if you don't have a good excuse, which of course has to be put charmingly, you are a wet blanket. I know a fellow who always has more than half a meal at home before he sets out for a party. That way he can show he has a small appetite.

There's always a possibility of forgetting table manners. For instance, I always forget that to drain your glass or cup of your drink is bad manners. I usually have to pour a bit from a sympathising companion's glass or cup into mine when no one is looking. We Sanawarians are taught to be helpful and usually oblige the bearers by collecting up the crockery in the centre of the table after the meal. Thus, when we forget we are no longer in Sanawar, we usually have to face bearers with raised eyebrows and smirks on their faces when we try to be obliviously helpful.

You mustn't give way to your feelings in society. You must behave and speak as courtesy demands although a fellow may be detestable enough to be murdered. When you accidentally come across an enemy of yours in society, whom you can't avoid, you must ease the tension by saying something nice like, " Oh ! how nice to see you here, Mr. so and so " or, " Oh ! what a lovely sari that is, Mrs. so and so ",

I think that good manners in society is nothing but a mask to hide your true and natural self.

Tapan Bain, VI

### **The future of space exploration**

It was only ten years ago that the first artificial satellite was sent up into space by Russia. Almost seven years ago, the first man was sent up into space and, a few years later, a man stepped out into space. Today the stage has been reached when a spacecraft can be soft-landed on that mysterious, cloud-shrouded planet Venus. Sending a man to the moon seems to be the next step.

What is the future of space exploration? The question is an important one. Certainly, the need for space exploration is great. The Earth's population is expanding at a fantastic rate,—scientists have estimated that by the year 2000 each inhabitant of the Earth will have exactly one square foot of land to move in. If we can find suitable planets in space through space exploration, the overflow of the earth's population could migrate to those planets.

Also, as the raw materials needed for various industries are gradually exhausted, we could, perhaps, find valuable sources of raw materials in outer space.

However, the path is not an easy one. There are many drawbacks to space exploration. The first and most important one is that we have not yet developed a rocket fuel which will take a human being to a far off planet and bring him back. Fuels there are in plenty, but the quantity required is so great that it will make the spacecraft too bulky. What is needed is a light but powerful fuel.

Secondly, much more knowledge is needed about space than we already have at present. One cannot just go dashing off impetuously into space without any foreknowledge of what hazards lie there, and what difficulties have to be overcome. "Forewarned is forearmed", as they say.

The difficulty of a suitable fuel could, probably, be overcome by setting up space stations as refuelling stations. But this is a rather dangerous scheme. One small miscalculation, one instrument failing would be all that is required to make a spacecraft miss the station. And then what? The spacecraft would probably drift round in space, with a man marooned in it, condemned, as it were, to death. It is not a pleasant thought, but it has to be faced some time.

Frankly, will it be any use inhabiting a new planet? If history is any guide, there will be squabbles, battles, wars and perhaps the complete destruction of that planet. If this is going to happen, there is no future for space exploration. Even the men on whom the brunt of this task of space exploration will fall, would revolt if they ever had any indication that the future of any newly discovered planet would be the one outlined above.



**P.D. Himalaya Athletics Cock House 1967.**



**Himalaya Cock House 'Soccer' 1967.**



## Farewell Party



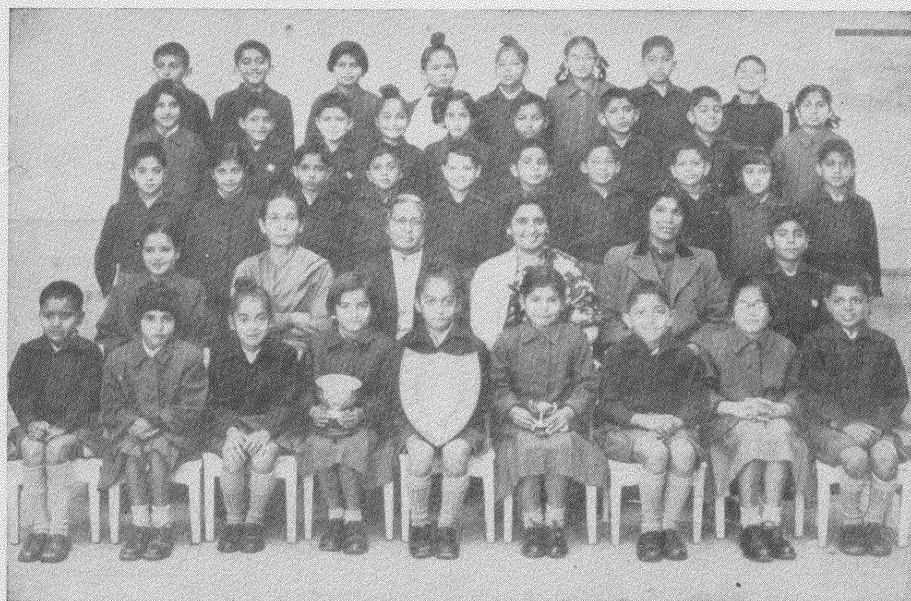
**The Sixth-formers are Entertained**



**The Last Dance!**



## Prep. School

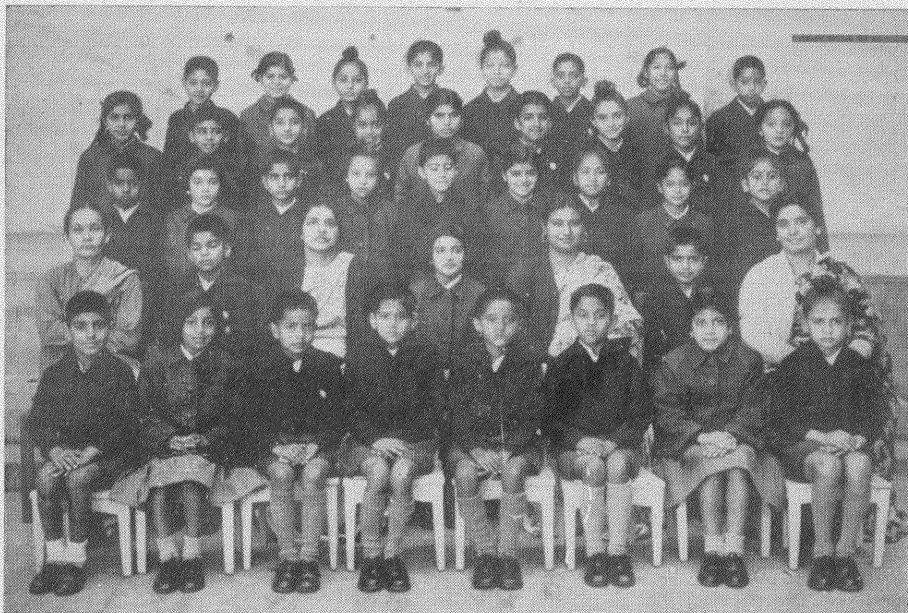


## Himalaya House

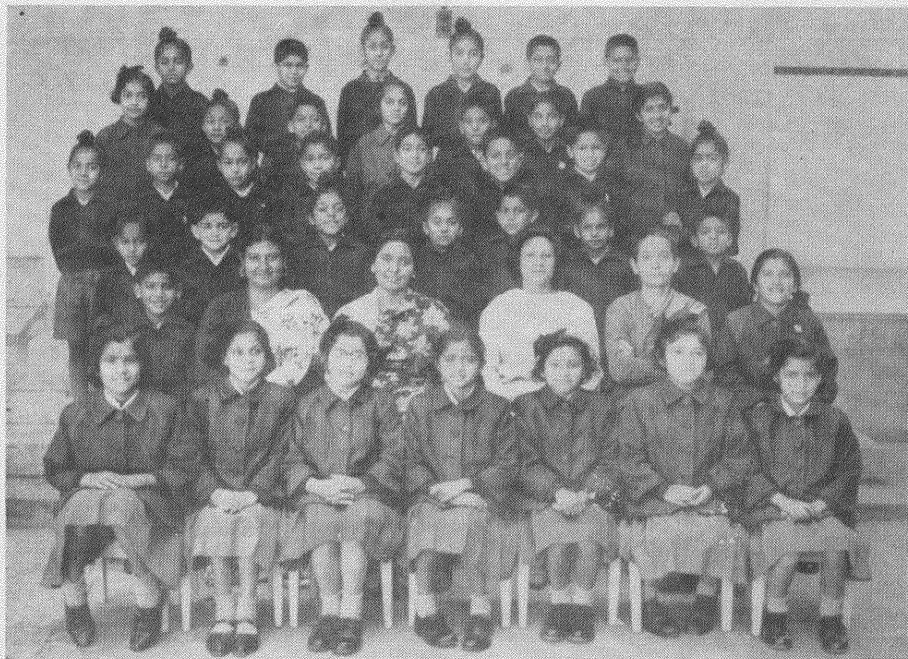


## Nilagiri House





Sitvalik House



Vindhya House

We must also take into account the enormous expense that would be involved. It will take a long time to find a planet with an atmosphere and environment suitable for the inhabitants of Earth. Obviously, there is no future in inhabiting a new planet if you must walk round with an oxygen apparatus strapped to your back. Finding such a planet will require a fantastic amount of money. In other words will the cost of space exploration be worth its difficulties?

Thus we see that the future of space exploration is a nebulous one. It is a path wrought with hidden dangers and difficulties. Perhaps we may find a pot of gold at the end of it. But will the pot of gold be worth the danger? To go or not to go (to space)?, that is the question.

Ashok Bery, VI.

#### **The person I love the most**

The person I love most dearly is my father. I love him not only because he is my father but because of himself. He is not strikingly handsome but he has such an air about him that nobody could pass by him without noticing him. If you think that I am idolizing him it is not true, because I am not the only one who thinks of him in such a way. Everybody who has had the pleasure of meeting him cannot but think him a great, good and honest man.

My father is a government servant. His work is incomparable. He leaves home at nine and comes home late in the evening. Some times he is so engrossed that he does not even finish the lunch which he takes with him. As he deals with industries for the government he has a lot to do with businessmen and their ways. Indian businessmen think very little of the government and yet they cannot help respecting and liking my father as he does his best to help them, when he thinks it right.

It is not only in his work that he is so good but in all other things. Even though he has so little time to do anything he is so interested in everything. He once told us that he wanted to make all his three daughters interested in everything so that we would never be bored with life. He has really done so because by explaining and telling us more about something, he has helped us to get rid of our boredom. For instance, cricket is a game which is rather long and becomes irksome. But one day he took me to a cricket match and explained to me the whole game and the positions of the team. Then he told me how to keep the score on the score-card which one gets and after that I am never bored while watching a cricket match. In fact, I always find it exceedingly interesting.

My father is a very exacting man. He wants you to try to do everything as best as you can. It will never do if he finds you lazy. He himself is in the early fifties and yet he is so active. If he were good at games his interest would be understandable, but it is strange that though he is so interested in games he was never very good at any one of them. Games, however, are not the only subject he is interested in. He is interested in everything. He reads a great deal but mostly non-fiction books.

It is very difficult to describe my father because he is so very different from other people and so enthusiastic over everything. He is an absolute optimist. All my beliefs are founded on my father's. That is but natural.

My father does not believe in religion. He is not an atheist; he believes in God. He thinks that it is religion that has brought wars. And war is the one thing he hates. Communism, after all, is a religion, too, and it has brought about many wars. He believes that if only man could love and pray to God without having any religion the world would be a happier place, there would be no wars and all men would be brothers.

He is an excellent mechanic. He learned how to handle a car when he was in the army. You must be wondering why he joined the army if he hates war. He went during the II World War because he felt that it was every person's duty to their country to do so. To come back to my father's being a mechanic, every Sunday my father and I spend the morning under the car. Our car is twenty years old and we love it dearly though it is an inanimate thing.

Lastly, I love my father for his behaviour towards us. He always acts towards us as if we were grown-ups, and all children like to be treated thus. He never hides anything from us. My mother and father always discuss their problems before us. They do not stop us from doing anything, so we ourselves stop before we do anything and decide whether what we are doing is wrong or not.

My father is a very hard working man. He was born of a poor but good family and he worked very hard to save his father from paying his school fees. At home our book shelves are stacked with the prizes he won. In a district where he was a collector once they talk of him as if he were a god. They tell their children about the collector who came to their rescue when there was famine. Of all the people whom I know, there is not one person, my mother excepted, whom I love and admire as much as I do my father.

Anita Satarawala, U-V



### **My most unforgettable character**

He was an ordinary man, insignificant in a crowd mattering little to anybody except to me. When I was a little girl we used to live in a village. He was an old man and not being much use in the fields he used to see that we children did not get into mischief. He also helped mother with odd jobs in the house.

Jaitu was a 'Chamar'. He lived at the end of the village with his old wife. He used to earn his wages working in our home. She used to add to the family income by stitching clothes for the villagers.

Looking at him one could not imagine that he had ever been young. His rufled white beard and whiskers hid a toothless mouth. The cheeks and forehead were wrinkled as if they had always been so. His head was always covered with a printed 'safa'. He wore a 'kurta' and pyjamas which though not snow-white were not dirty either. He wore black Punjabi shoes from which the shine had long since worn off.

Mother could always be sure that I would be with him if she could not find me anywhere else. I had good reason to be, too. He told the most fascinating stories which never seemed to lose their interest, however many times they were repeated. Most of them had a moral. However, they never sounded priggish. His favourites were those from the Guru Granth Sahib. They would always begin with, "and then Guru Sahib . . . . . ." He also told me stories of Shivaji, Akbar and Birbal, and some about the Hindu gods and goddesses. Anything that I know about Indian mythology has come from him.

He was always my confidant. I told him which friend I was speaking to, with whom I had had a quarrel, and how Mother had scolded me when I had done such and such a thing and I could not understand why. He always gave me an explanation of such thing. I always told him about my various naughtinesses—how I had told my sister that Mother wanted her when she didn't really, how I had climbed on a tree in the evening and had let out weird sounds when my younger brother passed by. My younger brother wondered what it was and ran to tell Mother. When she came to see what it was there was nobody there.

Baba, as we all called Jaitu, would smile at our simple mischief, but wrong-doings, lies and bad language he would not tolerate. Once a man came selling some sweets which looked like coloured fluffy cotton and literally melted in one's mouth. Mother had forbidden us to get any and I dared not ask her for money. I went to the cupboard where she kept some small change. I took out an anna and was going out with it. I saw Baba. He was taking out some pice from his pouch.

"Beta", he said, "Don't steal. Take money from me if you want it, but don't steal."

I was very ashamed. The old men who hardly earned a few annas each day was offering me some of his money just so that I shouldn't do wrong.

Once my sister slapped me for something I cannot remember. I was too young to slap her back. I called her all the dirty names I could think of which I had picked up from goodness knows where. Mother had always allowed Baba full control over us. Now he dragged me to the tap, kicking and yelling though I was, and made me wash my mouth with soap. Ugh! I can still remember that foul evening when Baba would not talk to me unless I apologised to my sister. Finally I did go and apologise.

When I was about six I was sent to the village school. It was a little distance from our house. I hated school, hated sitting reciting tables and writing something I couldn't make out when I might be on Baba's back listening to some stories. When I told Baba of this he promised that he would leave me at school, pick me up in the afternoon and, if I had behaved well, he would tell me an extra special story. Whether I had behaved well or not, he usually told me a story. He was illiterate and could teach me little of what I learned in school. However, he always sat by me while I washed my slate and whitened my 'Phatti'—perhaps to lend me moral support.

I can still remember him going to the fields with the 'lassi' and the food for the hands and my father and uncles. We would always ask him (in winter) to get us some sugar cane. He would bring back a whole pile. We would sit there sucking the juice while he watched us with a contented look in his eyes. When 'Gur' was made he would bring us hot gur from the pans. The 'gur' was always brought on sticks. The sticks looked like large brown lollipops.

He would have done anything for us, I think. When my mother was ill one winter he went at night to get doctor from the city. He returned early in the morning looking as well and fresh as ever.

Summer or winter he would be up before four, milking the cows. In winter we would ask if he wasn't cold. He would only smile.

He, as I have mentioned before, kept the whole bunch of us in order. It would have been hard for anybody to keep an eye on the four of us and my six cousins. He took it all in his stride. Nothing seemed to ruffle him. We never dared to behave badly in his presence. That was not because we were scared of him but because we hated to see that look of displeasure in his eye.

One would not have called him a personality in the ordinary sense of the word. One could not imagine him getting up to make a speech. It was just his own wonderful strong character and his simplicity that impressed us and made us behave well.

I shall never forget the day when I returned from boarding school and asked for him. I was told he was dead. When I had left him on going to school his parting words had been, "Beta, behave always as I have taught you. Never do anything that you would not tell me or that you would be ashamed of."

He knew that I always told him everything. I was nine at that time. It was not unnatural to do so. Mother gave me a message. He had told her when she went to visit him during his illness that there were other worlds to tell stories in. At that time it seemed to me that home could never be the same again.

Baba was one of those people who seem to depart without a flicker but leave a gap somewhere.

Rajwant Randhawa, VI

#### My Impressions of Sanawar

I can still remember the day I came to Sanawar as clearly as though it were only yesterday. I was just a girl of six then and was awed by the place. It being my first time coming to a hill station I wondered how anyone ever got home through that never ending circular barrier of hills that seemed to cage me in. But the pang of homesickness was just momentary and there was only a slight lump in my throat which I swallowed down bravely when Daddy left.

My first term in Sanawar was made pleasant by friendly people all around and I soon forgot home completely. To me, Prep. School always brings back memories of quarrels, which included such tactics as hair pulling, eyes scratching and going into quarantines for a week, and then making it up to claim ourselves the best of friends. Boys seemed to be our special enemies as we could never beat them—not in physical strength, in any case. Threatening us with hockey sticks, pushing us around calling us weaklings, and then being very helpful by teaching us how to play cricket seemed to be a very normal procedure. I could never guess when I was supposed to take a run and when I wasn't. I always ended up in a fit of sulking because a boy had the audacity to call me a dope when I stood and stared instead of running and then 'made up' for my mistake by doing an 'extra' run.

Senior school brought more independence and with it, more pranks. Prefects were like ogresses. We wrote lines, mugged up Shakespeare, polished the whole House's shoes and did "the invisible chair" for talking in line, for not making our beds and for breaking bounds on foggy days when we thought we couldn't be seen. We only realised that we weren't the only ones with the brain wave; prefects thought it an excellent opportunity, too.

We spent our time making huts on the hill sides, decorating them and comparing each other's to see which was better. If we thought someone else's hut was

better than ours, we went and sat on the thatched roof to see if it was strong enough, a test which none of them passed and came down with a groan in heaps of straw. That gave us subject enough to carry on a quarrel for the next month.

The 1st of April was a day which we all looked forward to. We stuck 'KICK ME' and 'KISS ME' chits on teachers' and students' backs alike. Though some of the students got the kicks, no one had the courage to give the kisses to any one or the kicks to the teachers but managed to smile allright. Oiling our blackboards was a famous joke. We girls were made to scrub both sides of two blackboards with our handkerchiefs for two whole periods as we had sacrificed a bottle of hair oil. The blackboards had to be repainted as we had scrubbed the paint off!

We thought it was a grand idea having parties in class at milk break. Once in L-IV we collected all our tuck and locked it into the class cupboard. It took us nearly a week to do it as there was lots to carry and since we were in danger of being caught we had to carry a little at a time. When the cupboard was nearly choked with grub we decided it was time. To our consternation we realised that the boys had begun to come out of their shells into which they had drawn since they had come to Senior School. They had opened a Godrej lock and devoured nearly half the tuck. The result was that we finished six boxes of chalk in two weeks at chalk fights.

We were always overjoyed when we heard a new teacher was coming. We stuck dividers on the doorways hoping the victim would be tall enough; changed the time table to prove to them that they had entered the wrong class; told them wrong names and informed them we liked every other subject except theirs.

We went through the ordeals of studies and mark-reading, one after the other, promising our parents to do better in the next, consoling ourselves with the thoughts that after all mark-readings came every now and then. In spite of all this we learnt innumerable things, such as how to read, write, dance, sing, act, paint, sew, play games, kick up our legs at P. T., make our beds, polish our shoes and most important of all, how to behave.

We said good-bye to a batch of IVth formers every year, with tears in our eyes, muttering 'good riddance to bad rubbish' under our breaths. From Lower Five onwards we seemed to get a little sense into our heads and actually felt bad. Some of us even howled sincerely in Upper Five.

Now that we're about to leave in a few days, we are looking at the future with mixed feelings; glad to get over school and to venture out into the World and yet knowing fully well we'll miss the place as we've never missed anything else before.

Tapan Bain, VI



## 5. Miscellaneous.

### **From Bombay to Goa and back in the sea bird Class Yacht "Albatross"**

Sailing on the rivers or on the seas is a sport, for it demands a sharp eye, quick reaction and coordinated use of the limbs and senses of the sailor to sail a true course. It is a pastime, for what better way is there for a military engineer whose bread and butter is "watermanship" to spend leisure, than to meet the challenge of waves and winds on the seas. The Corps of engineers, or Sappers as we are traditionally called, have promoted this sport in our country and excelled in it. In the year 1959 two officers sailed a CBK (a streamlined sail boat) from Hardwar to Calcutta on the river Ganges; in 1967 three officers sailed the sea-bird class Yacht, the 'Albatross', from Bombay harbour to Cochin and this year, the Corps of Engineers Sailing Club fostered a two-way trip from Bombay to Goa and back; three officers participating each way.

It was in November 1967, that we first thought of undertaking a long sea voyage. Due to service restrictions it was not possible to undertake a voyage of duration longer than a fortnight. With ease we found six volunteers who were willing to 'rough it out' on the high seas. We thought of 'Goa' as the ideal place to sail to, as it is about 300 nautical miles one way, and it would normally take about 13 days to sail there and back in a Yacht which the Corps of Engineers Sailing Club possessed.

The ALBATROSS in which we sailed, is a sea bird class yacht, 21 ft long, 7 ft wide and has a draught of 5 ft. It is without a cabin, and has no facilities for cooking, sleeping or other luxuries. It lacks facilities in sophisticated modern navigational aids, but one can fit up a mariner's compass and an 'outboard motor' (to be used in emergencies only). Only four persons can sail comfortably in it on long voyages. It can do about 7 knots in a good breeze. Motive power is the wind generated by fickle nature.

Our plan was to send a batch of 3 officers, to sail the ALBATROSS from Bombay to Panaji, and another 3 officers to bring back the Yacht from Panaji to Bombay. The officers on the outward trip were Maj CD Puri, skipper of the yacht, Capt. P. Suri and Capt. VP Singh. The officers on the return trip were to be Capt

TPS Chowdhury, skipper of the yacht, Capt Mohan Singh and Capt RB Khanna. To accompany us on both the trips would be 'Nagoo', a tindal (helper), who is a rugged sailor hailing from a village near Ratnagiri.

After ensuring that all arrangements were complete, the first batch, Maj Puri, Capt Suri and Capt VP Singh, left Bombay at 3 a.m. on 12 Jan 68. The breeze was not very strong and the sea moderate, and they had no difficulty in getting out of the Harbour in the early hours of the morning. They reached a village called 'Utambers', which incidentally is Nagoo's native village, at 10 p.m. on 12 Jan. after covering 86 nautical miles. They later touched the ports of Ratnagiri and Devgarh and finally reached Panaji on the evening on 15 Jan. Sailing as much as 15-18 hrs a day, they reached Panaji, a day ahead of schedule.

The other batch of officers, Capt TPS Chowdhury, Capt Mohan Singh and Capt Khanna, were already in Panaji on the 15th evening. It was extremely encouraging for us to find Maj Puri and crew hale and hearty, cheerful, and having a lot to tell about their trip.

After checking the yacht, re-stocking it with provisions on the 16th and 17th Jan. we left Panaji with the ebbing tide on 18th Jan at 7 a.m. The wind and the sea were moderate, so it was comfortable sailing on our first day. We touched the port of Malwan in the evening after having covered 45 nautical miles. On the remaining days of our cruise, we called at the ports of Vijaydurg, Ratnagiri, Harnai and Janjira. We reached the Gateway of India, Bombay at 4-30 p.m. on 25th Jan. after an exciting 8-day cruise.

Both the batches encountered rough and choppy seas, and strong breeze en route. Under such conditions sailing required dexterity and sometimes, we had to either roll up the sails or completely pull them down. On the night of 20th Jan., the return batch was faced with very strong breeze and had to discontinue sailing any further. We had to drop anchor, six miles off the coast, and about twelve miles from the nearest port, and spend the night on the high seas. That night was the worst night we had ever spent during the cruise.

Very often we had to sail against the breeze and into waves rising 10'-14' high. The waves very often 'broke' on the bow, and gave all of us a regular salt water spray bath. Every hour we had to bail out buckets of sea water. All of us were wet, and our clothes caked with salt. It was most uncomfortable facing the strong breeze in our drenched clothes.

On our way back, from Panaji to Bombay, our rudder got damaged when we were still 20 miles from the nearest port. The rudder being ineffective, we could not come ashore. We were at this stage 12 miles from the coast. We immediately carried out some underwater repairs ourselves, with the modest repair equipment

and tools we had on board. We managed to sail a few miles, but had to finally abandon sailing at night, in a rough sea, strong breeze and with the damaged rudder. That was the second night, we spent at sea. The next morning, after some more repairs we managed to bring the Albatross to the nearest port, Janjira, where we got our rudder repaired. Thus nearly 2 days were wasted.

While sailing against the breeze, we had to sail in a zig-zag fashion, and went far off the coast as much as 20 miles away. We thus covered more than 450 miles from Panaji to Bombay, although the distance along the coast is 300 miles. And this is why it took us more time while coming back.

This trip will be remembered by all of us for many years to come. Every moment was a new experience, every moment was exciting, and there was much to learn about sea sailing from the trip. And we do hope to go on a much longer cruise in time to come perhaps across the oceans, if that is not too ambitious!

Capt. TPS Chowdhury  
Corps of Engineers Sailing Club.



### **Dewan Ram Prashad Medal**

I would like to give a brief account of my father Dewan Ram Prashad to perpetuate whose sacred memory I have established a fund to provide for the award of a 'Gold Medal' each year to the boy or girl who stands first in Lawrence School in the final School Certificate examination.

Dewan Ram Prashad, Barrister-at-Law and B.A., L.L.B. from Christ's College, Cambridge, was a scion of the well known and very well connected Hindu family of the erstwhile State of Patiala, the members of which had held posts of highest trust and responsibility. He was the fourth son of Dewan Kulwant Rai, Dewan and Foreign Minister of state. He was educated in the old 'Maktab' style and after passing the highest examination in Persian, he joined the Government College at Lahore. In 1887, he along with his younger brother went to Cambridge to study for the Bar. It is interesting to note that he carried with him a letter of introduction from Lord Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief in India to Lord Northbrook and that he was accompanied to Cambridge by a Brahman cook.

He at first joined the Bar at Rawalpindi but subsequently practised in Ambala. He soon rose to be one of the Seniors at the Bar and had mostly Appellate work in the Court of the Divisional Judge for Ambala, Ludhiana and Simla. As the Judge used to shift his Court to Kasauli for summer, Dewan Ram Prashad also started moving his office to Kasauli from 1893. It was then that he made his acquaintance of 'SANAWAR' and made friends with the Principal, some other officials and the well known Pandit family who were then the Treasurers and the Chief Purveyors to the Institution. This connection continued for several years till he was called to Patiala by the Council of Regency and joined the State Service as Legal Remembrancer. He subsequently rose to be a Judge of the High Court, Home Minister and a member of the Executive Committee till he retired. In fact our touch with Sanawar has continued ever since then.

He was well known for his integrity, high efficiency and strict impartiality both as a Judge and as an Administrator. He had great love for children—rich or poor—and was keenly interested in education. He was one of the founders of the Arya Samaj School at Ambala City and took great interest in some other institutions at places of his stay. He helped to educate many youngmen upto B. A., one in Law another upto M. Sc. and two of his sister's sons right from Primary to the final Civil Engineering at Roorkee at his own expense and under his own care; among many others.

He died on 8th May, 1918, unfortunately at a fairly young age of about 52 at Patiala, leaving behind three daughters and two sons, Dewan Niranjan Prashad, M. A., L. L. B., a retired Judge of Patiala High Court and myself.

I am glad to find that recipients of this Medal have already been Mr. A Paul for 1965 and Kumari Suniti Khanna for 1966 and I wish them all happiness and prosperity.

The 'PINES' KASAULI.

Anand Mohan Khosla



## PRIZE DISTRIBUTION 1967.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Headmaster's Speech :

I know that members of the British Council are usually snowed under a lot of paper work, and I know that when Dr. Deed goes back he will have two days to make up. I know this is not going to be easy. But whatever we have asked of the British Council they have most generously responded and I am hoping that Dr. Deed's presence here will help to establish the practice of the British Council coming up here—somebody from them—and giving away the prizes.

I'd like to mention rather sadly that we are losing three of our Staff. Miss Suri and Miss Andrea Kemp are going to start a School of their own for the age groups from 2½ to six in Delhi. I wish them great success in that endeavour, and eventually we hope to have quite a few of those children coming to Sanawar itself, to the Prep School. Mr. Khosla is also leaving us. He has done wonderful work in the crafts room and introduced you to great many things which you did not use to before. We wish him every success wherever he does go.

We are also going to lose our sixth form. And we should also gain another sixth form next year, so the School really never grows old. I am not going to give you any advice, not to the Sixth Form certainly, because if I did, it would be a negation of whatever we have been trying to do for you. All we hope you to remember is that from tomorrow you are Old Sanawarians. But whether you are Old Sanawarians or not you are always welcome here. This is your home. We hope to see you at Founder's next year or earlier if you wish. You're always welcome.

And now I won't keep you from your prizes. I'd ask Dr. Deed to kindly give the prizes.

President's Medal ... { Kum Kum Sood  
T. Vunglallian

## FORM PRIZES

### Senior School

SIXTH A	...	...	{ 1st Kanval Indar Dhillon 2nd Tonsing Vunglallian
SIXTH B	...	...	{ 1st P. K. Das Gupta 2nd Rajwant Kaur
UPPER V A	...	...	{ 1st Beneeta Burman 2nd Anahita Satarawala
UPPER V B	...	...	{ 1st Leela Kar 2nd Daljit S. Scra
UPPER V C	...	...	{ 1st Sangeet Sakhuja 2nd Ritu Kavaljit Singh
LOWER V A	...	...	{ 1st Jatinder Kaur 2nd Nirmaljit Singh
LOWER V B	...	...	{ 1st Sandeep Ahuja 2nd Arjun Rastogi
UPPER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Rakesh Bhan 2nd Atul Sobti
UPPER IV B	...	...	{ 1st Sita Sahni 2nd Gita Sahni
LOWER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Virendra K. Patole 2nd Ravinder Kadan
LOWER IV B	...	...	{ 1st V. Bammi 2nd J. S. Pannu
UPPER III A	...	...	{ 1st Harsimran Grewal 2nd Hardeepak Singh Gill
UPPER III B	...	...	{ 1st Rajbir Singh Kadyan 2nd Suneel Kumar Kaul
LOWER III A	...	...	{ 1st Sumit Bagchi 2nd Mukul Chopra
LOWER III B	...	...	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd Gurarvinder S. Panaych

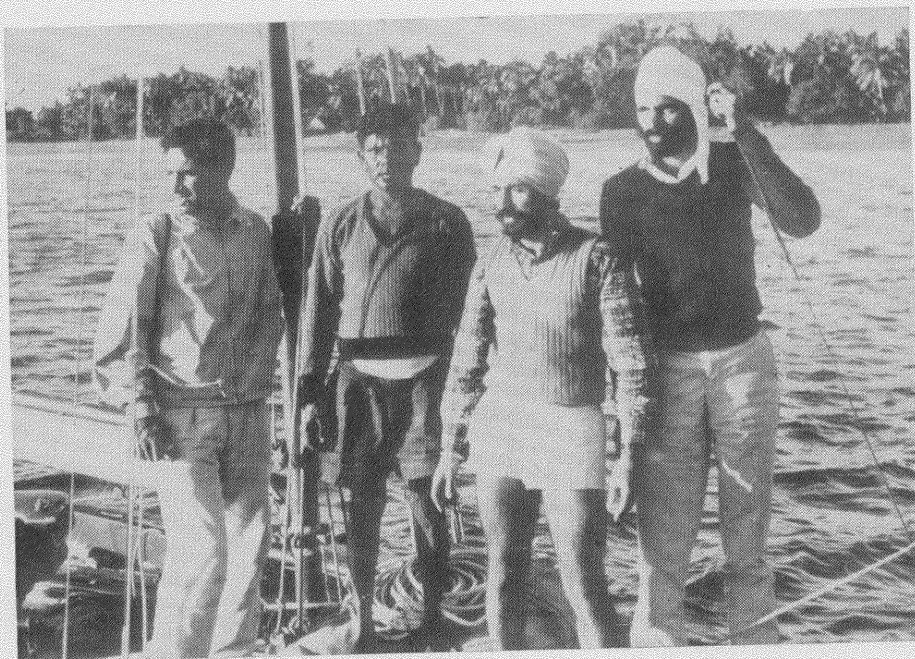
### Prep. School

FORM II A	...	...	{ 1st Sanjiv Kapur 2nd Anil Sud
FORM II B	...	...	{ 1st Vivek Ahluwalia 2nd Ravipreet Singh



THE "ALBATROSS" *leaving Panaji harbour at the  
commencement of the cruise.*





*At Ratnagiri harbour.*

L. to R.: Capt. R.B. Khanna, Nagoo (helper), Capt. T.P.S. Chowdhury (Skipper) and Capt. Mohan Singh.



Dewan Ram Prashad Khosla.



FORM I A	...	...	...	{ 1st Ashok Bhagat 2nd Bindya Bammi
FORM I B	...	...	...	{ 1st Linda Rose Kerr 2nd Deepak Khosla
K. G. A	...	...	...	{ 1st Arati Seth 2nd Ashok Gupta
K. G. B	...	...	...	{ 1st Ranjit Verma 2nd Anil Chaudhry

### Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE	Rajwant Kaur
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	... { Shomir Ghosh T. Vunglallian Ritu Kavaljit Singh Avinash Zaveri Sita Sahni J. S. Pannu Harsimran Grewal Nickie Grover Guravinder S. Panaych
THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	{ ... Jitinder Grewal
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	... { Kanval Indar Dhillon V. Bammi
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	... { Kanval Indar Dhillon V. Bammi
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	... { Rajwant Kaur Virendra K. Patole
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	... Virendra K. Patole
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	... { Ashok Bery (Chem) PK Das Gupta (Physics) S. Manjeet Kumar (Bio.) F. Satarawala (Gen. Sci).
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	... { P. K. Das Gupta V. K. Patole
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE	Kanval Indar Dhillon
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	... { T. Vunglallian Mala Khanna Timki Singh Bina Manchanda Sandeep Bagchi
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	... Leela Kar
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	... { Prabha Kashyap Sunita Bhan Christina Manley (Piano)

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ Peter A. R. Kemp Shomir Ghosh Shekhar Kadam
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Rajinder Singh
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Rakesh Bhan Ashwani K. Khanna
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Tapan Prova Bain
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	{ Sukhjinder Gill
GEN. THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGA- NIZING ABILITY }	...	Peter A R Kemp

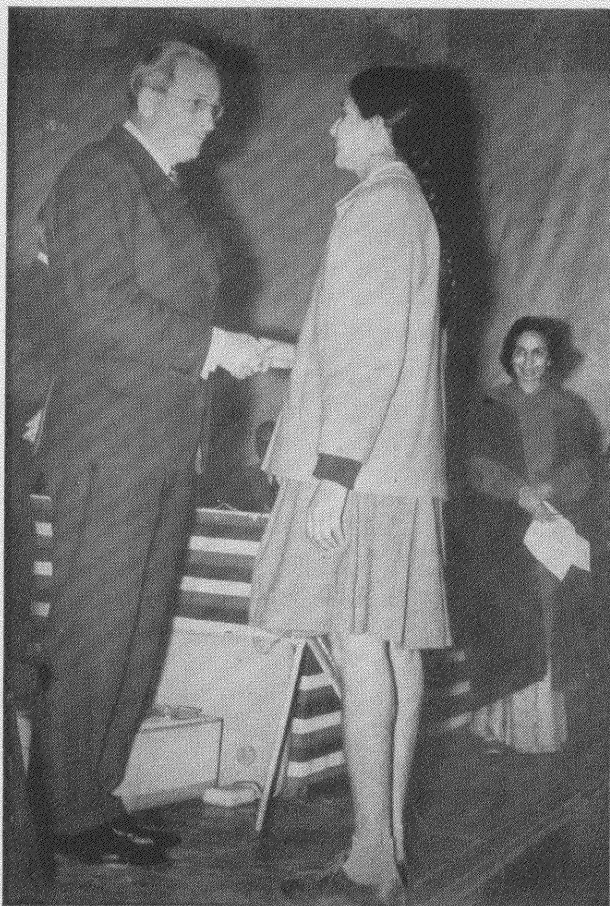
#### Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Karamvir Singh
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Kum Kum Sood
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ Govind S. Pathania T. Vunglallian Sanjiv Stokes Jasbir Marwaha
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Sunita Bhan Gurupdesb Bhasin
M.I. PRIZES	...	{ A. S. Anand Aruna Sharma
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE	...	Madhu Subramanian

#### Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	T. Vunglallian
THE CARLILL CUP	...	Rajiv Chanchani
STUDY CUP, Prep.	...	Nilagiri
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

## Prize Giving



**President's Medal Winner**  
Kum Kum Sood





**President's Medal Winner**  
T. Vunglallian





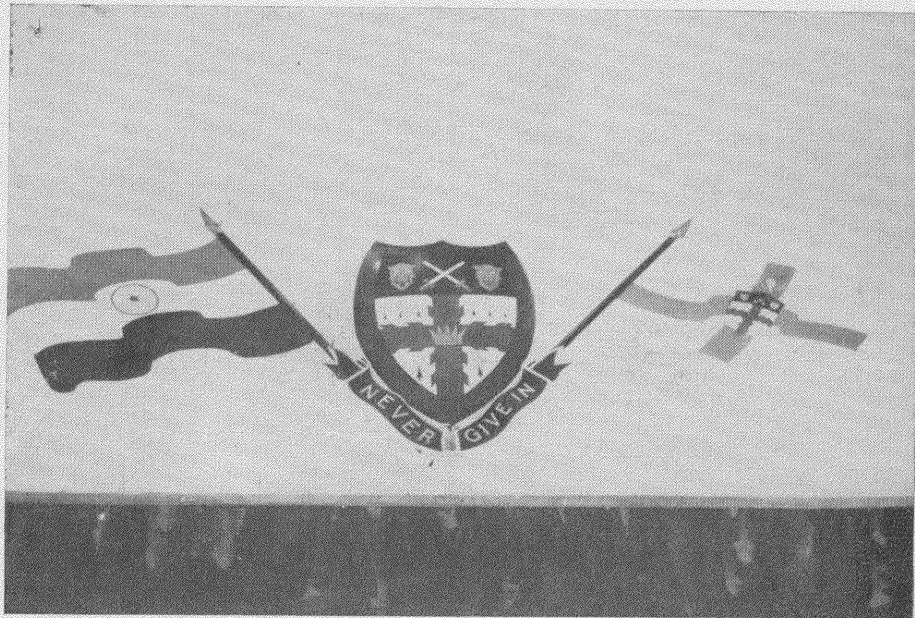
**Prep. School—Cock House**



Gold Medal Winner



Suniti Khanna



The School Motto.

### Mr. Reed's Speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been, I think, to some hundreds of occasions like this, so I know the thing I musn't do is to say much. I promise you I won't.

I would like to say first of all that my wife and I feel extremely honoured that we should have been invited to come here today to be present at the distribution of prizes. It is really for us a real honour. Your Headmaster has said that the British Council has had an interest in the School for a long time. I had a chance to see something of it last night and again this morning and I would like to say that I think that from our point of view—that of the British Council—we must be pleased that we should be allowed to be associated with you. And I hope it will continue as an association for many many years to come.

I have a duty, I think, to congratulate all of those who won prizes, colours, and who were elected to the Spartan Club—all of those who came up here to the platform this morning. I congratulate them heartily, and hope that they go on to bigger and better things from year to year. And I would also at the same time say, as I think I should, to those who happened not to come up on this occasion that we all know that though there are many who run only a few are chosen. And this doesn't only apply to Athletics. And, that therefore, the fact that you did not come up here today, I hope you will not take it to heart but rather you will use as a spur to greater effect in the future.

Now I know that on an occasion like this, I've always normally been asked—in fact, it's been one of the things that's been drilled into my ears—that you've got to ask the Headmaster to give the school a whole day's holiday to celebrate the prize day. Well, this doesn't apply, but I did agree with the Headmaster that if I asked him to give you three months holiday, starting from, say, tomorrow, it would be granted.

So I wish the sixth form leaving all the very best of luck and I thank you all again sincerely, on behalf of my wife and myself,—the Headmaster, the Staff, and all of you,—for making us feel so much at home here and having had the privilege of seeing this very lovely and attractive School.

Thank you very much, indeed.

Phone: 262

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