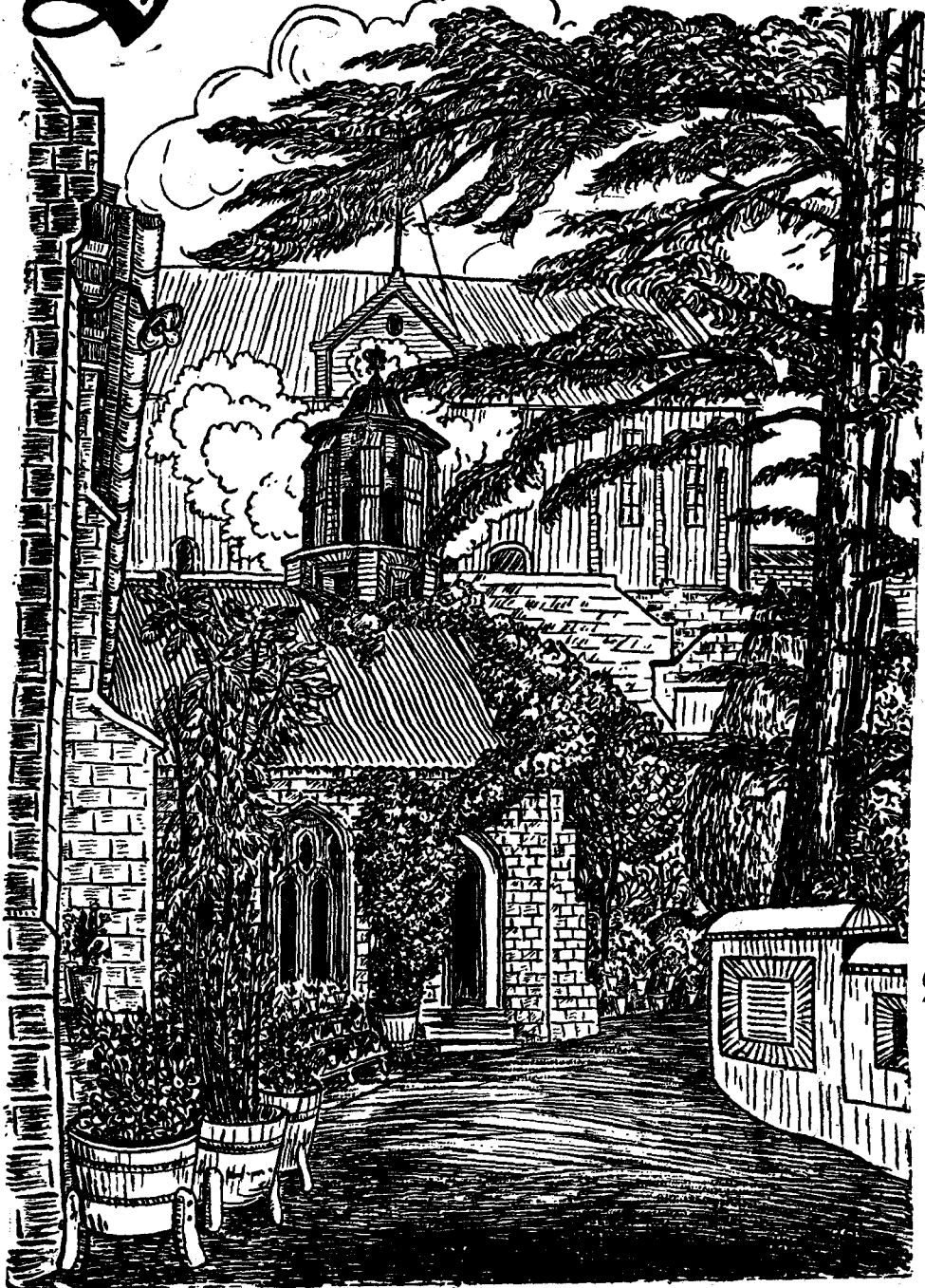


# The Sanawarian

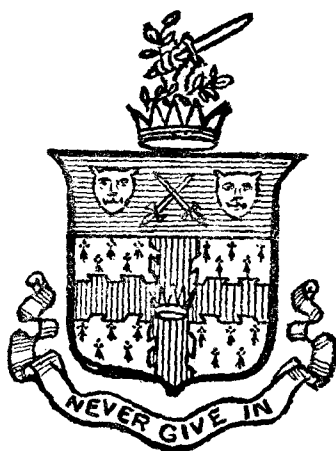


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# The Sanawarian

December 1969.

EX. 1987



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



## THE STAFF



### L. to R.

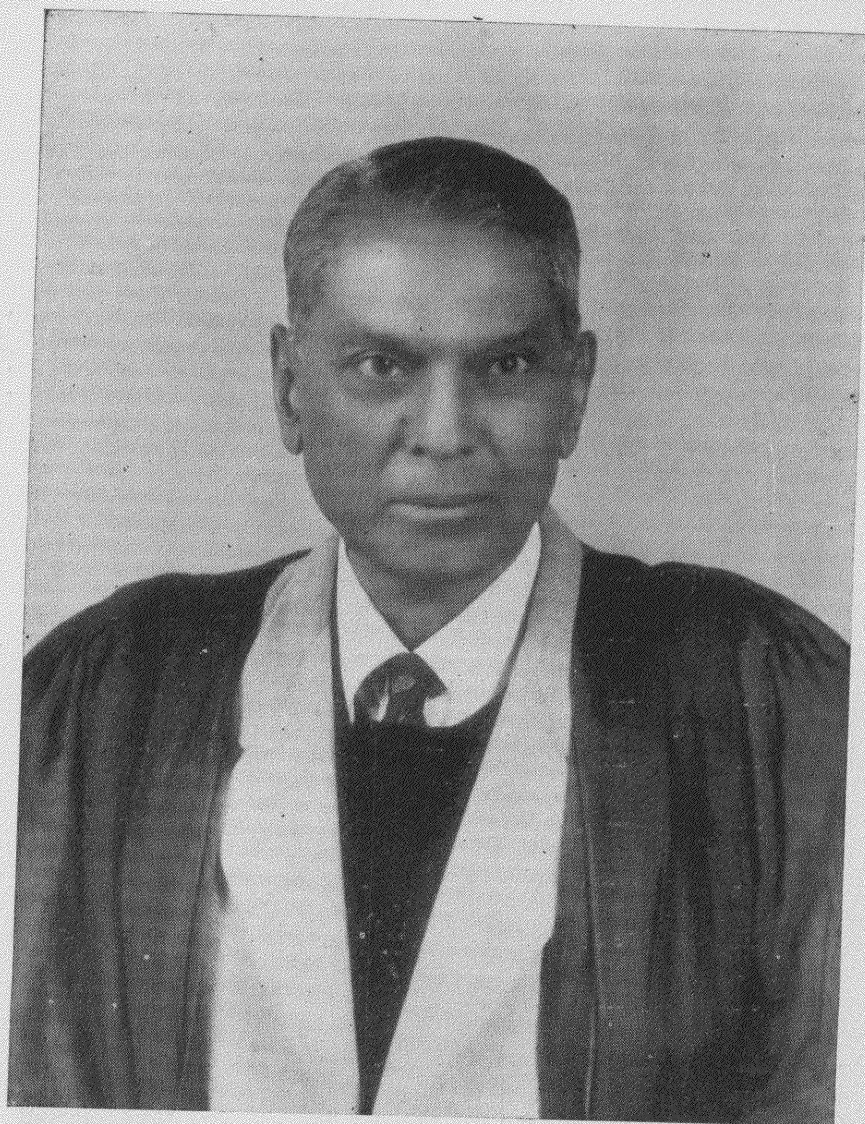
- SEATED : Dr. D.C. Gupta, Mr. A. Bhalerao, Miss E. Charles, Dr. J.C. Sakhuja, Mrs. A. Kemp, Mr. T.C. Kemp, Miss P. Rudra, Major R. Som Dutt, Miss R.A. Chatterji, Mr. F. B. Manley, Miss S T. Kavery, Mr. U.P. Mukherji, Mrs. L. Thomas, Mr. Bhupinder Singh, Mr. M. V. Gore.
- 1ST ROW : Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur, Mrs. G. E. Cherian, Mrs. K. U. Mundkur, Mrs. K. Sinha, Mrs. T. Sikund, Mrs. R. Joseph, Mrs. S. Gore, Mrs. S. Sidhu, Mrs. S. Ram Singh, Mrs. P. Atma Ram, Mrs. R. Mukherji, Mrs. P. M. Sehgal, Mrs. S. K. Sakhuja, Mrs. R. Sehgal, Mrs. A. Daniel.
- 2ND ROW : Mr. U.A. Mundkur, Mr. B.P. Joshi, Miss P. Ayling, Miss G. Naidu, Miss M.C. Singh, Mrs. S. Singh, Miss S. G. Sahi, Miss J. D'Costa, Mrs. J. Jalota, Mr. S. C. Jalota, Mr. B. C. Katoch, Mr. Y. Brajamani.
- 3RD ROW : Mr. Jagat Ram, Mr. Prajapati, Mr. S.S. Datt, Mr. L. Narayan, Mr. S.N. Kochhar, Mr. Jagdish Ram, Mr. H. Sikund, Mr. R. N. Sethi, Mr. J. Pratap, Mr. K. L. K. Solomon, Mr. C. Abraham, Mr. S. C. Arora.

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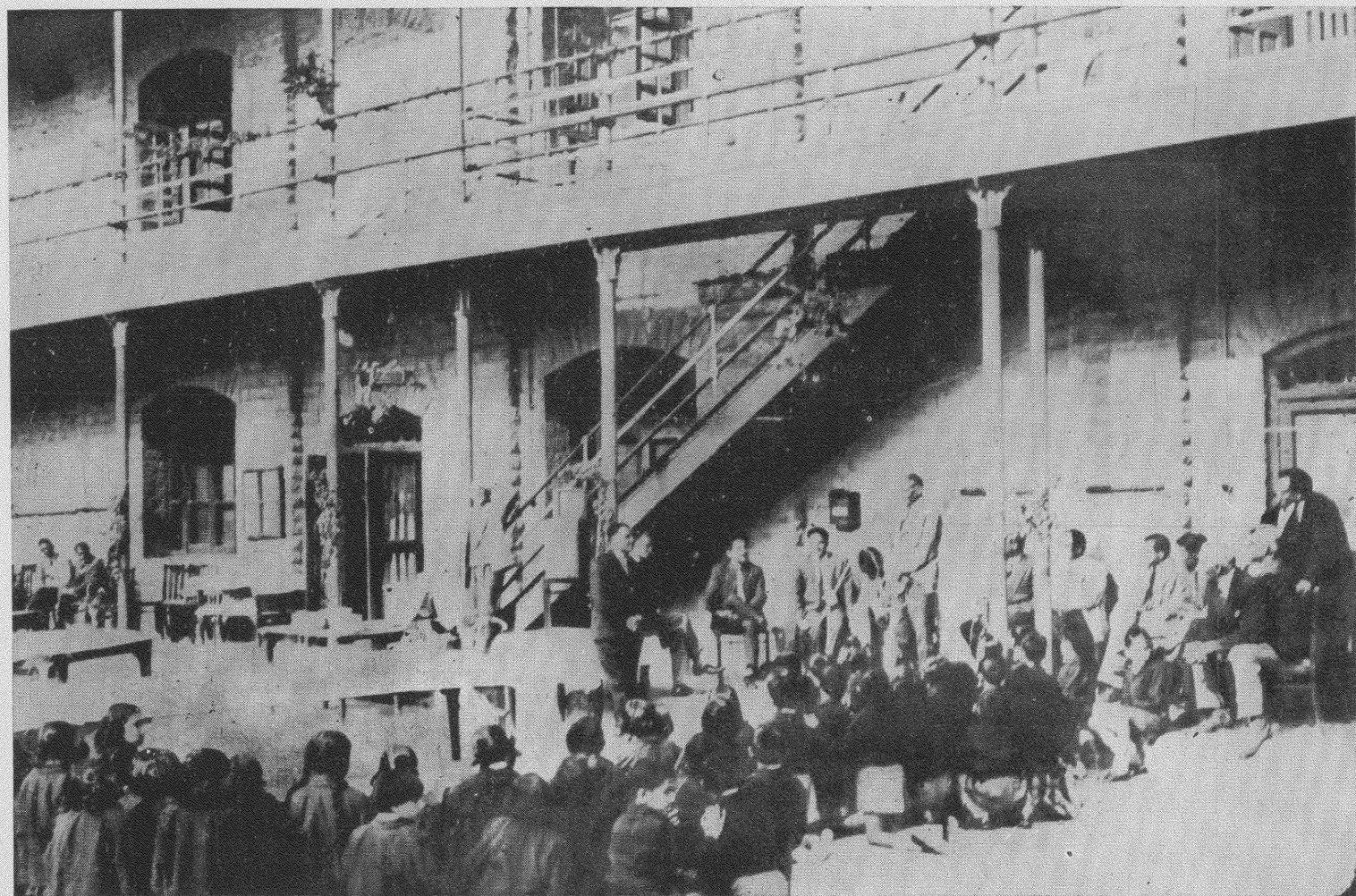
**“ Send him to Sanaswar and make a man of him ”**  
**Rudyard Kipling's KIM.**





Maj. R. Som Dutt  
*Tenth Headmaster: 1956 - 1970.*





*Maj. Som Dutt speaking after the Farewell Lunch.*



# The

# Sanawarian

December 1969.

Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

## LETTERS OF GOLD

*All good things must come to an end, and unfortunately Major Som Dutt's Headmastership of over thirteen years was no exception; he joined the school in August, 1956 and retired in February, 1970.*

*A religious man by nature, he did not like to make much fuss about it. He had an inveterate faith in human nature and very firmly believed that there was some good in everybody. He was kind to one and all. In his dealings he was guided by the unwritten "code of conduct" of Sanawar—which he had given strength to. Though this code was not a very rigid one, it annoyed him if anyone violated it beyond limits. Implicitly this code had become the very basis of school and social life in Sanawar. Friendliness, honesty and truthfulness are the three inseparable ingredients of which this code is made. It is on account of these three simple and basic principles of life imperceptibly given strength by Major Som Dutt that the school is on a sound footing and enjoys the reputation which is well known in the educational field.*

*Teaching was in his blood. He was a very sympathetic and considerate teacher. It was invariably his endeavour to bring out the best in his pupils. He always encouraged them and hardly ever scolded. He used every opportunity to awaken in his pupils a new curiosity and a thirst for knowledge.*

*As the Head of the institution, he had a never failing concern for people. He was easily accessible. Everybody in Sanawar—staff, pupils and even Class IV employees—knew that they could approach him and be sure of his undivided attention. They knew that he would definitely help them out of their difficulties. Consequently, Sanawar got what many institutions would envy—stability of staff. The Sanawar community became virtually a close-knit-family under his leadership. One just did not think of leaving the family during his time. He was an unexcelled helmsman.*

*He did not believe in a purely academic education. In fact, he it was who started the tradition, which children here love so much, of closing the school for a week to go camping. He encouraged all sorts of physical activities in the school. Himself a Cambridge blue, he gave an exalted position to boxing and took a personal interest in it. He loved fishing and was a very good player of Bridge.*

*The School would like to pay its tribute to Mrs. Som Dutt too. She always preferred to do things by remaining in the background. Children and staff held her in high esteem, and will never forget the parties at her place. She was always happy to entertain and was a very charming hostess. She identified herself with Sanawar. Her subtle humour to cheer up the depressed and her unfailing interest in the activities of the school have raised the school's stature. Her contribution was a very positive one. We will long cherish the memories of her association with the school.*

*Their departure has left a void in our midst. They will be widely and very sincerely missed. People here will remember them for their unexcelled kinship with all things Sanawarian. They inspired confidence in us all. What was routine was done meticulously and in time. What was unexpected or came by way of crisis was met with calm and efficiency. We would like them to know that they have left an indelible imprint on Sanawar. I think I will be echoing the sentiments of one and all in Sanawar when I say that when the History of The Lawrence School, Sanawar, comes to be written their names will be written in Letters of Gold.*

*S. C. Arora*





*"He's a Jolly Good Fellow".*





The Camp at Gaurah.

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# FOUNDER'S 1969

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The Headmaster's Speech Read by Mr. Kemp  
(Major Som Dutt was unable to attend).

Air Chief Marshal and Mrs. Arjan Singh,

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board of Governors, Sanawar, Lovedale, Old Sanawarians, Parents, Children, Ladies & Gentlemen.

We are grateful to you, Sir, and to Mrs. Arjan Singh for honouring us with your presence as our Chief Guest on this our 122nd Founder's Day.

In the past we were honoured similarly by Admiral Carlill, Chief of Naval Staff, and by General Thimaya, Chief of Army Staff. I am sure that your presence, both as a former Chief, Air Staff, and a most gallant officer, will be an inspiration to our boys to follow in your distinguished footsteps; and to our girls to marry Air Force officers, even though General Thimaya had previously advised them to marry Army Officers. I hope our girls will honour both services, and possibly all three, though Admiral Carlill said nothing about marrying sailors, presumably because sailors are believed to have a wife or wives in every port. But to revert to our boys, old as I am, I cannot conceive anything more exhilarating than to be part of the sky in a modern fighter aircraft, with all the enormous thrust and power which such a craft places at one's command. Unfortunately such an experience is now beyond me. As a substitute I have an ancient Ford Zephyr, which has done over 93,000 miles but still zips along at just over 40 M. P. H. I believe, Sir, that you celebrated your last birthday by flying the latest fighter plane. What a wonderful substitute for 'Tuck'!

And now, Sir, with your permission I should like to welcome our Old Sanawarians, chief of whom today is Mrs Tilley, who with her daughter, also an Old Sanawarian, has flown all the way from the U.K. to strengthen links with the old hill top. She has been obviously inspired to do so by the ideal which dominated the life of her husband : the vision of a great family of Sanawarians, past and present.

Mrs. Tilley ended her career in the School as Headmistress of the Girls' School and her daughter was born and did her schooling in Sanawar. May I say we are delighted to welcome them back to Sanawar.

It was in Jan. 1911 that Bishop Barne, Principal of this school for over 25 years, first met Corporal James Tilley of the Royal Field Artillery. He was so impressed by the spirit of service, which Tilley revealed, that he persuaded him to come to Sanawar, which he did on a bitterly cold day in Jan. 1914.

Conductor James Tilley, Chief Clerk and steward of the School, an office which then approximated to that of Bursar today, remained dedicated to the interest of the school till he died in 1929, having, in the words of the Memorial tablet in the Chapel, "transmuted the base metal of every day life into the gold of priceless service".

If I may, (and I would not like to distress Mrs. Tilley or her daughter unduly) I would like to quote briefly from what Bishop Barne wrote of him. "The vision of the ideal of a great family of Sanawarians, past and present, was the strongest characteristic of Jim Tilley. He had a passion for it. It was an ideal which he was always trying to make come true. In this, he followed closely the ideals of Sir Henry Lawrence, whose life he loved and whose mind and point of view he was never tired of exploring. I can only remember him angry when things happened, which seemed to him to let that ideal down when the unity of the family was threatened. The school was always in his thoughts. The last conscious thing which he did before the collapse came from which he died, was a message to me to remember to see that the school water storage tank was filled before the annual water shortage."

It is not surprising therefore that Mrs. Tilley has been the mainspring and driving force behind the O.S. Society in London, which is now beginning to draw the new post 1947 O.S. in the U.K.

Even a casual glance through the pages of the O.S. News-letter will make evident at once: firstly the enormous volume of correspondence with which Mrs. Tilley deals with dedication and zeal; and the keen interest which O.S. display both in the Society and in the School. It was the O.S. pre-1947 who have made this visit possible; O.S. from Australia, Canada, America, England and India and we are grateful to them and to Mrs. Tilley and her daughter for coming, and hope that they will carry back to London happy memories of the School, which was and is so much a part of their lives.

I should like to mention the renewal of the link with the Lawrence family. Sir John Lawrence paid us two visits and this year Sir Henry Lawrence's great granddaughter spent almost a year with us. Her visit was a source of great happiness to us. She is a most talented artist and apart from renewal of the link with the Founder, she helped most energetically in the Arts and Crafts section. I believe her younger sister is keen to come out and I am sure her visit will be most welcome.

Among our welcome visitors I must mention William Radice, easily one of the most gifted young men I've ever met. A poet of a very high order for one so young, his real love was music, and his interest in Indian music was the interest of one to whom music is a way of life. A brilliant scholar, he tried his best to interest the Sixth Form in Literature and others in Western classical music. Among the boys in the Sixth Form we have the usual number of philistines and perhaps he expected too much of a Sixth Form, some of whom consider Shakespear's intensely lyrical poem

“A Midsummer’s Nights Dream” lacking in the point vigour and power of expression of a James Bond thriller. Our Sixth Formers might be interested to learn, much to their chagrin, that, in Lovedale, he found it far easier to establish an intellectual contact of minds. Kicking a football good and hard is worthwhile, not that Lovedale cannot do the same; but it can never be the final aim in life—at least not for a thinking, sentient human being.

And now, Sir, I should like to touch upon matters which will be of interest to our parents. I hasten to add, a report on the working of the School will not follow.

Our results in the final Indian School Certificate Examinations have been reasonably good and getting better over the last three years. In fact with those of Lovedale which has a slight edge over us, they are about the best in India, not excluding schools which expose their final year students to a test to eliminate those unlikely to do well.

Results : —

1966 :	I Div.	...	20	II Div.	...	11
	III Div.	...	14	Failures	...	3
1967 :	I Div.	...	34	II Div.	...	16
	III Div.	...	10	Failures	...	1
1968 :	I Div.	...	43	II Div.	...	14
	III Div.	...	2	Failures	...	—

The Board of Governors have decided that we will now prepare children for the All-India Higher Secondary Examination administered by the Central Board of Secondary Education. The object of this decision is to fall in line with national tendencies in education. The first group to take the Examination will be our Upper IV in March, 1973.

The Higher Secondary Board may be able to introduce a December examination in which case children will sit for the examination in December, 1972.

As a number of parents would like more information about why the Board of Governors has decided to switch over to the All-India Higher Secondary, the Chairman, Dr. Shukla, has most kindly consented to remain behind in the hall after Speeches to answer queries. Parents wishing to meet Dr. Shukla can do so now.

*Raising of fees.*

I am afraid the Board has had no option but to raise the fees. Once prices begin to rise they continue to do so. For the years 1967 we have had to borrow from our special Reserve Fund in order to balance the budget. For 1968 we’ve had to scrap this Fund altogether.

In addition to rising prices which cover almost everything necessary both to educate and feed a child, we've been faced with threats of strikes and gheraos from some of our lower paid staff. The only thing that has saved us has been the courage of the children, who cheerfully volunteered to perform every menial duty, without exception, to keep the school going. Their spirit was truly an inspiration and we must pay tribute to the parents who reared them, to their own courage and sense of what is right.

In a country where student disorder is almost a way of life, the example of our children is of extraordinary merit.

But nevertheless the Board has found it necessary to increase the rates of D.A. and this alone represents an increase of Rs. 50 odd thousand. But this is not the only reason why we have had to raise fees. Everything from the cost of stationery and printing to the cost of food, labour, materials for maintenance, has risen; and all this has inevitably made an increase of fees necessary.

The Board has asked me to tell you that it proposes initially to provide scholarships to needy parents, starting at first with 1% of our strength. They have done so with the certain knowledge that those better placed would not deny benefits to those sorely in need of help.

*New Headmaster.*

Hundreds of applications have been received; processed, and have been reduced to a manageable number. Interviews will be held in the first week of November and the name of the new Headmaster will be announced immediately after.

*Farewell*

And finally I should like to say farewell to those parents I shall not see again after Founder's and to those who may not visit Sanawar before I leave. I should like to thank you and them for the encouragement, understanding and courtesy I have received; without this no Headmaster could function. I am deeply grateful to you.





*The Chief Guest, Air Chief Marshal Arjan Singh, Speaking.*



*The Chief Guest, Air Chief Marshal Arjan Singh, Inspecting the Parade*





Inspection



## Speech Delivered by Air Chief Marshal Arjan Singh D.F.C.

“ Mr. Kemp, Members of the Board of Governors, Students, Ladies and Gentlemen—I must also express my sorrow at Major Som Dutt’s absence from this function. It was his invitation that enabled me to come to The Lawrence School.”

“ Last evening at the Tattoo and also this morning it was mentioned that Soldiers and the Naval Chief had stood here where I stand, on previous occasions and that the Air Force had been left out. I am very glad that The Lawrence School has now recognised the stature of the Air Force.”

The Air Chief Marshal remarked that the reputation that Sanawar had gained in the last few years was the envy of many other schools and that he had been very pleased with those Sanawarians whom he had met who had joined the Air Force. He parried the Headmaster’s remarks about previous Chiefs of Staff recommending the Army and the Navy as a marriage-market for Sanawar girls by saying “that many of the sons of Generals and Naval Officers are now joining the Air Force.” In fact, the film SANGAM, in which Flight Lieut. Raj Kapoor had owned a lovely swimming pool and a chalet in Switzerland had made very good propaganda for the Air Force. Unfortunately, girls realised too late that the film was not quite true to life. The Air Force, like The Lawrence School, lived a fairly tough life, but in spite of that both institutions remained very popular.”

“When you establish this reputation and stature, you have additional responsibilities thrown on you”, the Air Chief continued, “one additional responsibility is that you maintain that reputation. Your school was established a long time ago by a very great man who governed this area very wisely. It has contributed greatly to the life of our nation in these last two decades. In this short period it has proved itself well above standard”. The Air Chief recollected that he had been in a similar college in Lahore with as high a reputation, and that upholding that reputation had paid rich dividends throughout the lives of the students concerned.

The Air Chief said that he found it difficult to give any worthwhile advice to the Sanawar children as he knew that students were quite saturated with advice of all kinds. However, he had one important point to make and that was that the necessity for hardwork must be recognised. He went on to draw examples from his own school and college days; how he had become physically tough through cycling five miles every day to his classes, and so in the Air Force had never needed the medical facilities made available by the Service. He warned the students that they could never get away from the necessity for hard work. He himself had hoped that, in



successive years as he had gone from an Officer Cadet to an Officer, from a Flight Commander to a Squadron Leader, and eventually to Air Chief, he would somehow reduce the hard work that he would have to do; but in each case he had been disappointed and had found that the higher he got the harder he had had to work. Even now on his retirement, when he felt that at least a modicum of leisure would be his reward, he found himself just as busy as he had been before, even to the extent of having to drive his own car.

“I was very pleased to read an article the other day written by our distinguished and veteran diplomat Mr. K.P.S. Menon that he too found himself in a similar situation, so I am in very good company. I want to leave one thought with you, Ladies and Gentlemen, and that is that the people who work hardest are the least frustrated. This applies to every profession and my advice to you, boys and girls, is that the hardworking man is the happy man, and you will discover the truth of this when twenty or thirty years hence you find that it is frustration and not hardwork that kills minds and bodies.”

The Air Chief continued: “Our country became independent two decades ago. It has had to deal with problems of immense magnitude. Those problems have thrown a burden on our generation and that burden must be borne by all, and it is for that purpose that we must prepare ourselves in schools like The Lawrence School. There is a great demand for well-trained people, and the basis of all good training is a good education. There is scope in the Defence Services for intelligent and knowledgeable people who can manage all the technology applied to defence these days. In industry, in the civil services, in agriculture, in all branches, our country needs people with public-school backgrounds,—boys and girls who are prepared to face up to the tasks facing the nation today. The girls, too, have their quota to add. Our country is proving that girls can do as well as men, and we men have to face that fact. This morning seeing the marching I remarked to Mr. Kemp,—and I don’t want the boys to misinterpret this remark, as, in any case, I myself am a boy or at least was,—that the girls were marching better than the boys.”

The Air Chief went on to emphasize the need for a healthy mind in a healthy body, and warned his young listeners not to under-rate either aspect of their progress.

Touching on a different thought he remarked that there was these days a conflict between generations,—in fact this had been so throughout our history. He asked the older generation to recognise this fact and to make allowances for it. “In our time we thought of writing poetry about the moon, whereas now the present generation is actually setting foot on the moon. All our imaginations and fancies have been turned to realities by the present generation and we older people must realise that the youth of today has much greater knowledge than we ourselves possessed. We, as parents, must be prepared to give more latitude to our children in order to prepare them the better to face a changing world.”

He continued : " India has more problems than almost any other country in the world, and it is we, the old and the young, who together must face up to them. God helps those who help themselves, and this applies to old and young alike." He hastened to add that he was not talking for or against any religion but merely stating a fact of life. " What applies to an individual, and to a family, also applies to a country and I think it applies to our country particularly, because we started from a very low base and we have much lee-way to make up. This is where the students from schools like The Lawrence School can make their greatest contribution. The responsibility is the responsibility of the youth of today and the citizens of tomorrow."

" I thank you, Mr. Kemp, and, through you, I thank Major Som Dutt, for giving me the opportunity to preside at this your 122nd Founder's Day celebration."

\* \* \* \* \*

### BARNE'S



An unfamiliar view.

## The School Concert

One could hear the speculations running high through rows of a tightly packed hall waiting for the show to commence. Suddenly the lights dimmed and an expectant hush fell over the audience. As usual the School Orchestra played two Raags which were rendered effectively, with a great deal of precision and skill.

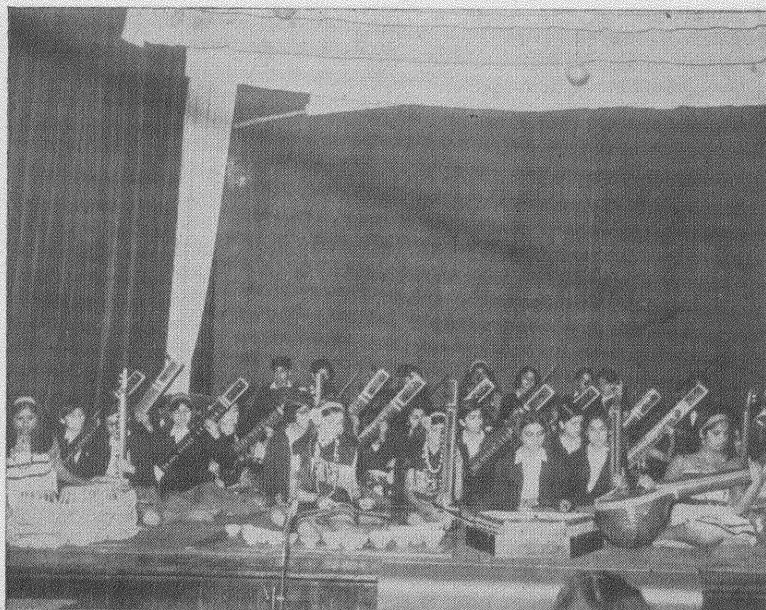
The two dances, Pooja Nritya and Keetlam, a Kabin Naga dance were well received by the audience. In the first dance, the colourful costumes and the graceful movements of the dancers enhanced its effect. On the other hand, in the Naga dance the participants jumped around with such wild abandon that soon the entire audience was tapping its toes to the beat of the drum. The 'josh' and the obvious enjoyment of the girls themselves helped in making the dances a big hit.

The highlight of the evening's entertainment was the three act English play, *The Ghost train*. It was a suspense-filled play, the action of which took place in a dreary out-of-the-way station Falvale in England. The opening scene itself familiarised one with the smoke and ugliness of such a place; the realistic clanging of vans, screeching of wheels and shrieking of whistles . . . . . the arrival and departure of a train . . . made it all the more effective and natural. The sudden silence was broken by the entry of the Winthrops, a young squabbling couple, followed a little later by the Murdochs, a newly-wed affectionate couple, and Miss Bourne, an old lady of slightly eccentric ideas. They were joined by Teddy Deakin, responsible for their present predicament. To make things worse, they are denied the convenience of stopping for the night by the decrepit station master, Saul Hodgkins. The superficial serenity is broken by the arrival of a half hysterical Julia, her brother Herbert Price, and Sterling, a doctor. After several false alarms Julia's hysterical movements reached their peak when the clanging and whistling of the approaching Ghost Train is heard; not once but twice. The play reaches its climax when Teddy Deakins turns out to be a well known detective and Hodgkins, the Prices and Sterling are found to be a gang of smugglers who had concocted the entire set-up to suit their ends.

Hearty congratulations to all the stage hands who managed to create such an atmosphere of realism, especially where the train and the light effects were concerned. Some people in the audience were clinging to their neighbours out of sheer fright. A mighty big hand to the actors and actresses without whose superb acting nothing would have been possible. Rajiv Mehra, old Saul Hodgkins, did his bit so well that many people wondered whether he was a school boy. Ashali Bhagat as Julia was magnificent. Shekhar Kadam as the detective managed to hoodwink the audience throughout. And lastly a bouquet for Mr. Kemp, the producer: only his genius could have brought out the best in all the participants. The great effort and time put in by him was an ample reward for the applause at the end indicating the success of the item. Well done!

Kavita Padda

**The School Concert**



*The School Orchestra*



*The Pooja Nritya*



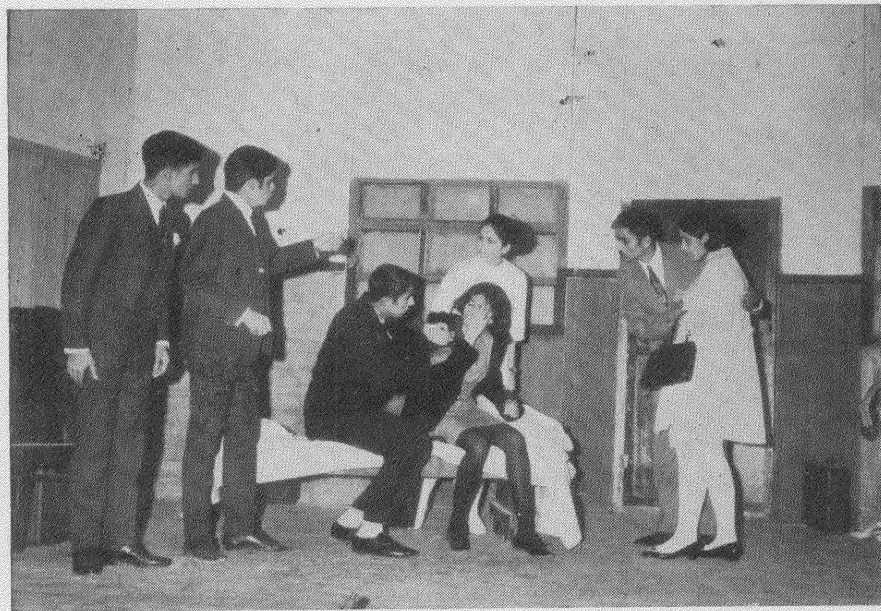


The Kabin Naga Dance



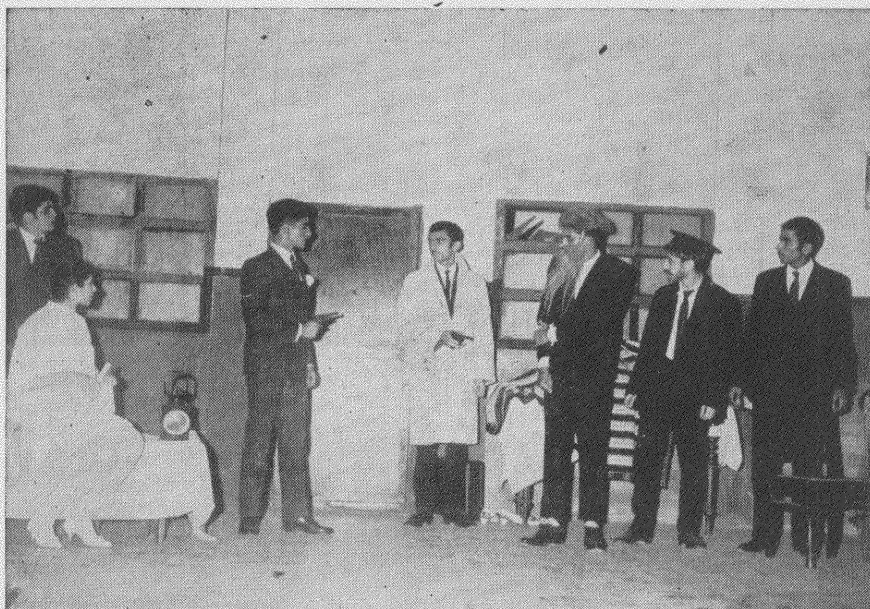
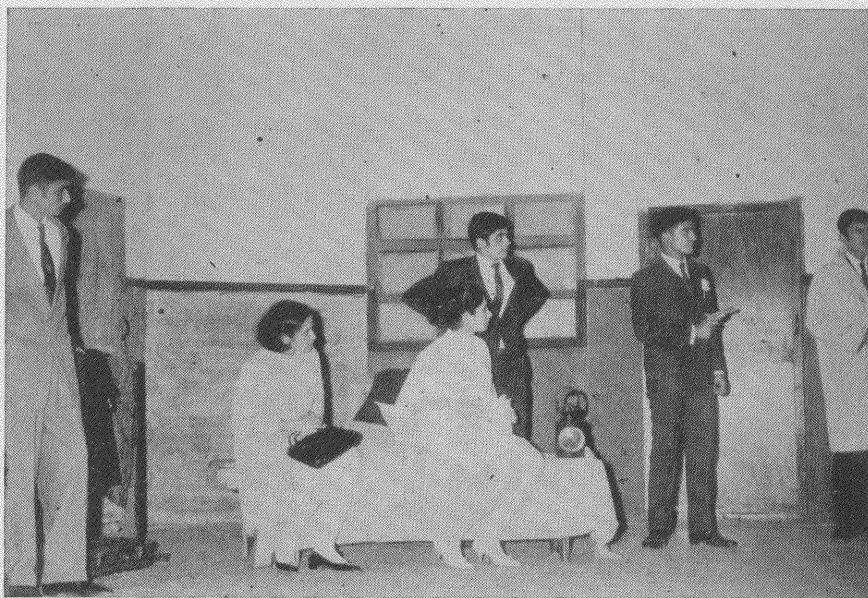


Scenes from "The Ghost Train".



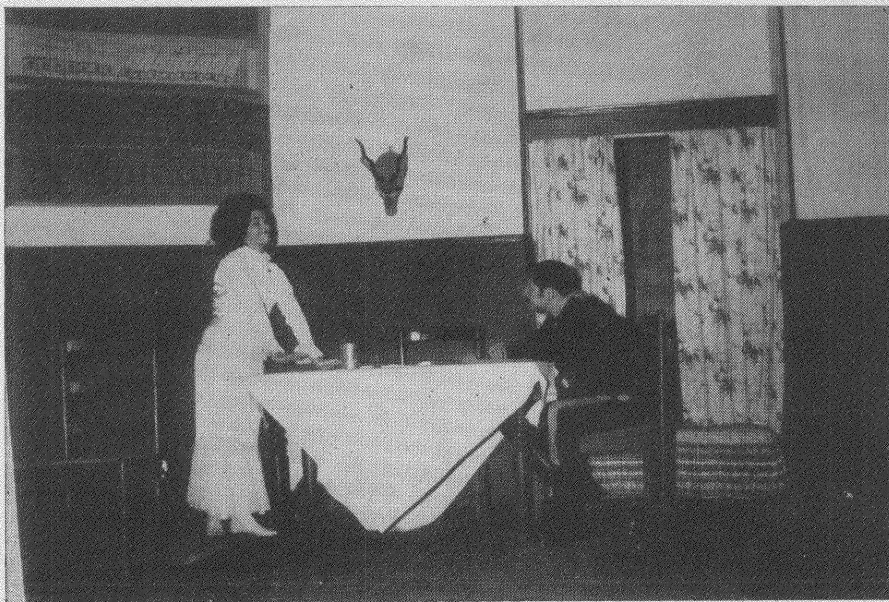


Scenes from "The Ghost Train"





A.D.S.  
Scenes from "Arms and the Man"



Bluntschli : No ! You don't mean that, do you ?



Sergius : You are a provoking little witch, Louka.



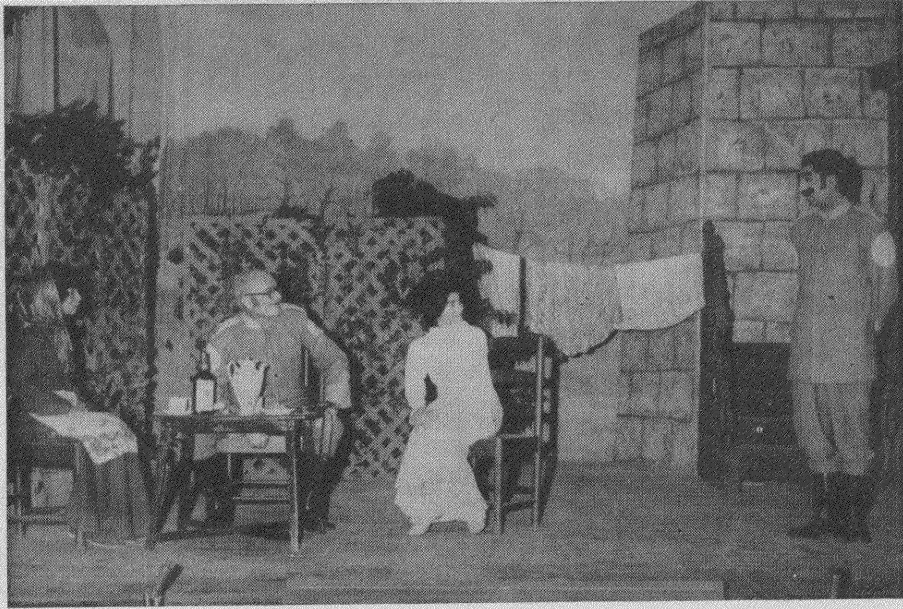


CATHERINE : Paul : have you let the Austrians force you to make peace ?  
PETKOFF : My dear : they didn't consult me.

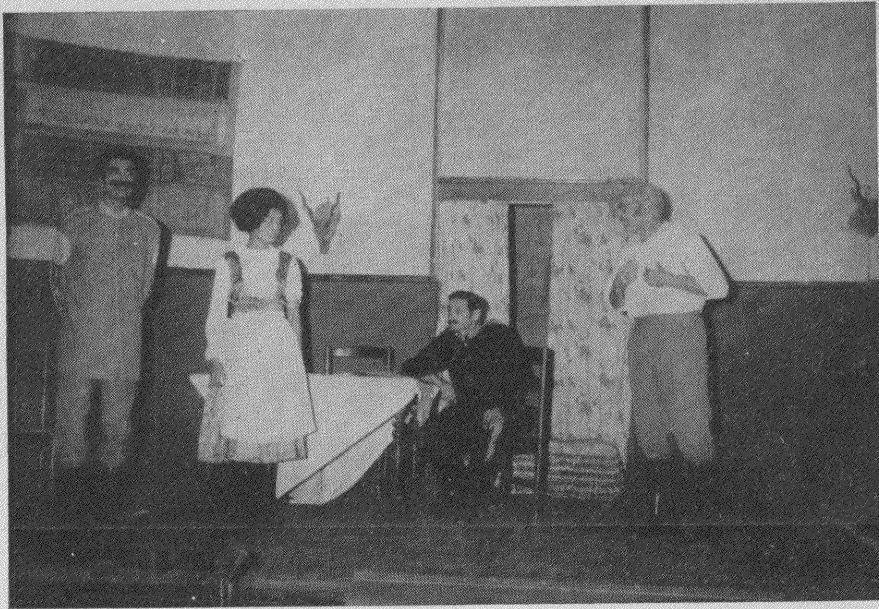


PETKOFF : Aha ! Going to be very good to your poor old papa.



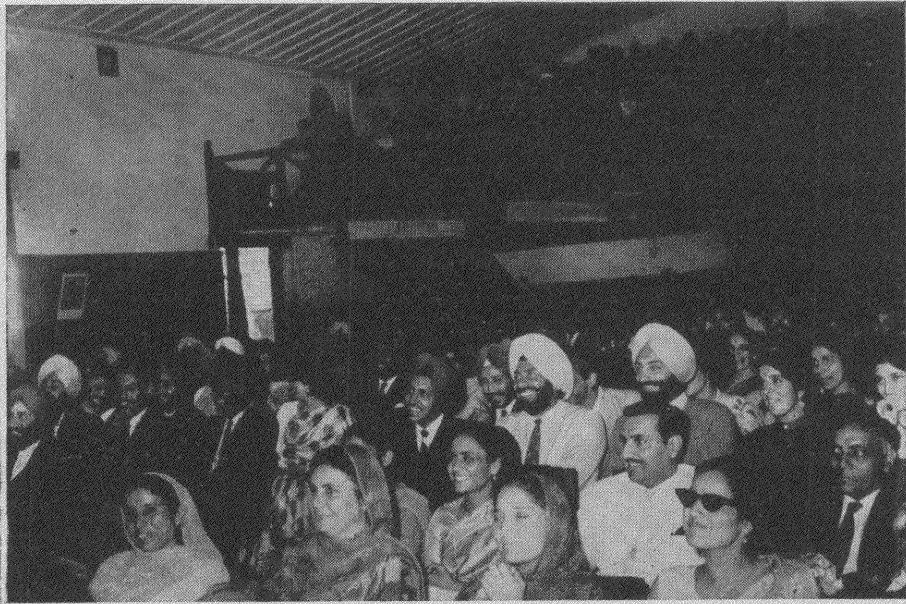


SERGIUS : I am no longer a Soldier. Soldiering, my dear Madam, is the Coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong, and keeping out of herm's way when you are weak.



PETKOFF : Anything the metter, Louka ?





The Appreciative Audience.



## Arms and the Man

Shaw had written three Unpleasant Plays and become famous, when in 1894 he turned his hand again to satire in comedy, this time to pick holes in romantic love, and rather incidentally, in romantic battle heroes. The last three quarters of a century have seen us revise our ideas considerably on these two illusions. War is certainly no longer romantic at all, and love to very few, so Shaw has dated, not only his jokes, but his satire. But his fun can still be enjoyed since it is funny, and yet not just slapstick; and his satire is still educative at a certain stage in our growth. There is a lot of clever talk—and yet not too clever, and not too long. Action, and the inter-play of character, are there throughout and both the producer (Bhupinder Singh) and the actors took full advantage of this. Apart from the opening conversation, which seemed to me to be rather a huddle in a corner, the action was always directed towards the centre of the arena, and every word came through, clearly and distinctly enunciated.

Bhupinder Singh as the Chocolate Cream Soldier was fully in command of his part, took it easily in the early part, and became emphatic towards the close. I am not sure that Bhupinder Singh would have carried conviction in Geneva among the swiss hotel keepers, but he was a wow among the Bulgarian toughs.

And yet not so tough. Mr. Kemp put up a convincing performance as an irascible husband and an indulgent father. Madheo Sinha, the family retainer, with his eye on the main chance, was very much himself.

Among the ladies' parts it was difficult to choose between Pamela as the stately dame, and Gouri as the love-lorn miss of 23, both trying to act sweet 17. Both of them were convincing, at least to me.

The audience on both nights were appreciative and applauded in all the right places.

H. Sikund

—:O:—

### Tattoo

\* \* \* \* \*

A piercing whistle shattered through the darkness, and white forms scurried across Peacestead. Suddenly the lights came on and the spectators saw boys and girls smartly lined up on either end of Peacestead. Another whistle and the two masses of children opened out into fan-shaped spreads which gradually gave way to 27 neat rows of girls and boys. The P.T. went off very well and the tableau was followed by a hearty cheer from the spectators.

The chair work was performed with suppleness and technique. The pyramids excited a great deal of admiration.

The bugle band was next. It gave a splendid display of the beating of drums. The different beats were very catchy and resounded across Peacestead. Their departure was accompanied by a flourish of bugles which died down as the lights faded.

The Sanawarian gymnasts were at their best during groundwork. Some stunts were greeted with delighted cheers. The air-raid was a great success. On the whole it was a magnificent display of Sanawarian resistance.

The figure marching was one of the best items. The lights in rhythm with the drums glided into different shapes. The Appollo 11 was considered very original and met with tremendous applause. "BAPU" the last piece of figure marching brought out a touch of the past. Gandhi's favourite hymns "Abide with me" and "Ram Dhun" provided suitable background music.

On the whole the Tattoo presented a typical example of Sanawarian josh and enthusiasm, which conveyed itself to the spectators and was a great success.

Ashali Bhagat

### Athletics

The combined Athletic meet took place on the 2nd October. It was an extremely interesting and well organised fixture. Despite the fact that very few records were broken the overall standard of performance was fairly high. This is remarkable considering that the athletes had only five days practice on the track prior to the commencement of the heats.

The competitions between the four Houses in the three departments were fairly keen.

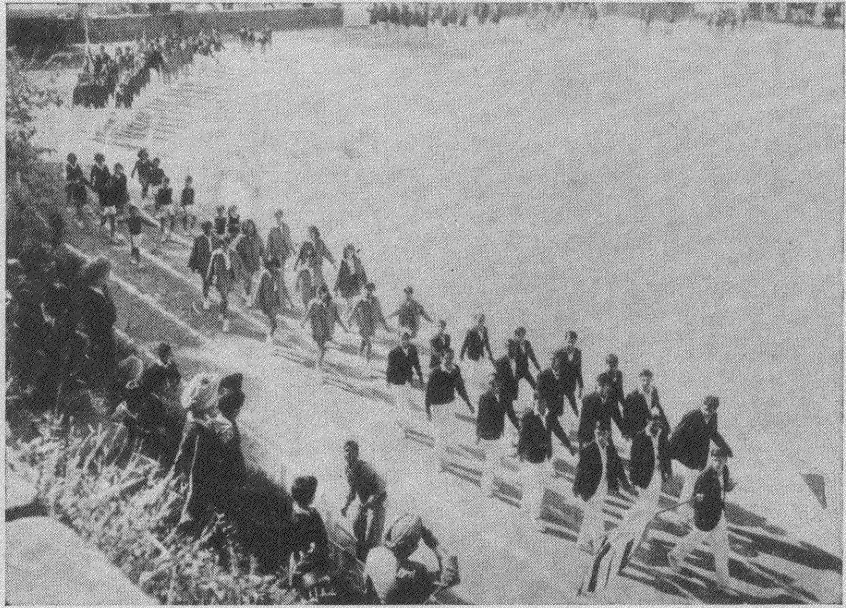
Hurdling continues to be our weak point. Lack of proper hurdling technique has been the reason for its slow progress in Sanawar. Most of the hurdlers tend to 'high jump'. There are a number of them who are capable of doing better provided they improve their technique.

The 800 metres was a thrilling event. Vijay Singh Lalotra led from the start. He needed stiffer competition in order to improve.

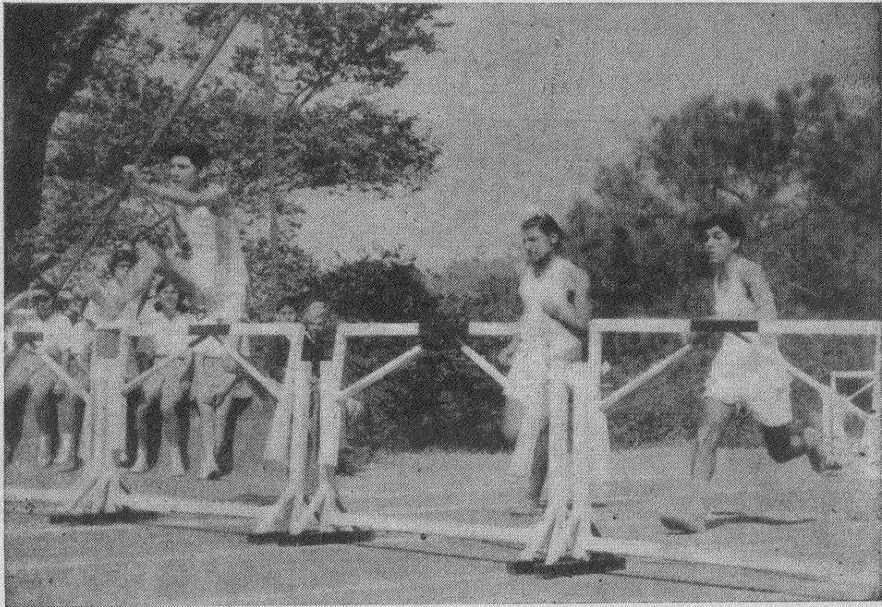
'Sprints' which has been our weak point for quite sometime showed a slight improvement this year. Arjun Rarstogi broke the existing records in the 200 and 400 metres.

Finally we witnessed some very exciting relays which were enjoyed by the participants and spectators, alike. The outstanding feature about these relays (and I suppose this is true for all events) was the determination and enthusiasm shown by all athletes, winners and losers alike. They certainly lived up to the school motto.





The March Past

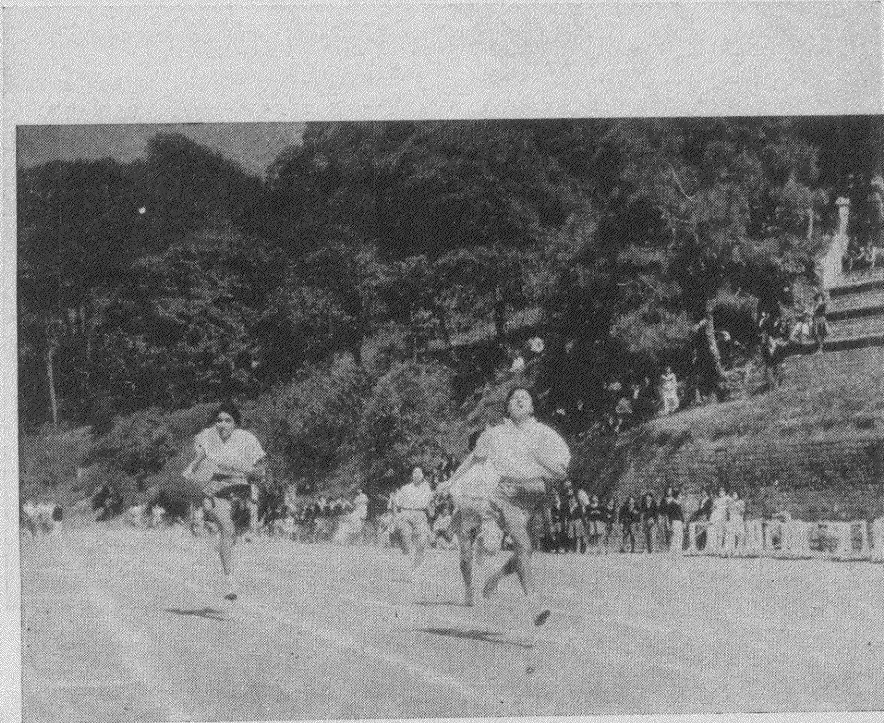


Hurdles Opens.



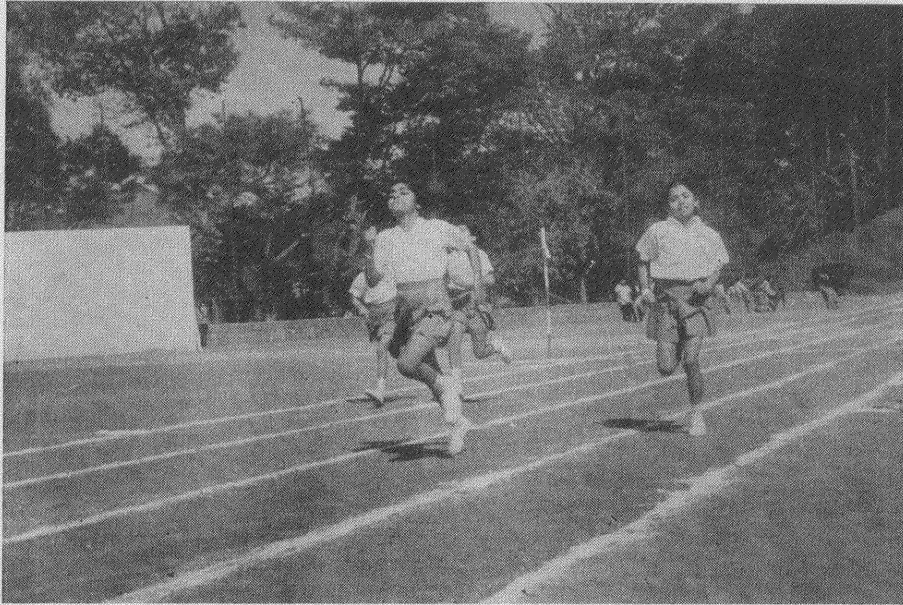


Changing Batons

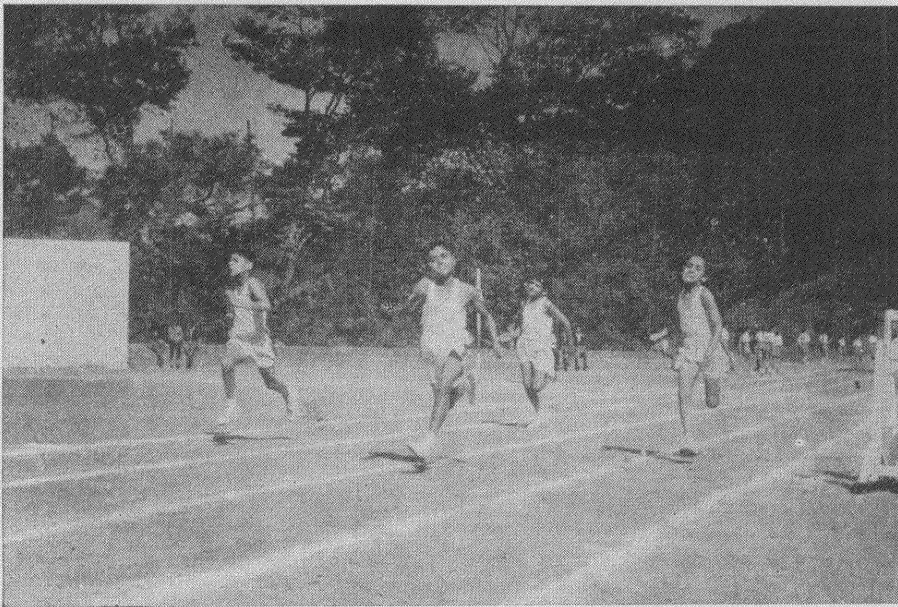


100 Metres Sprint



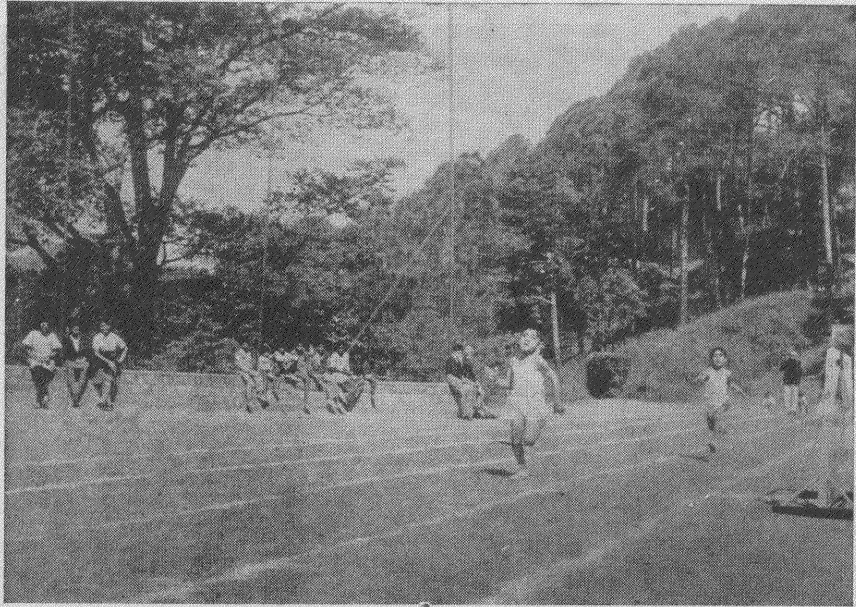


Half Way Through the Race

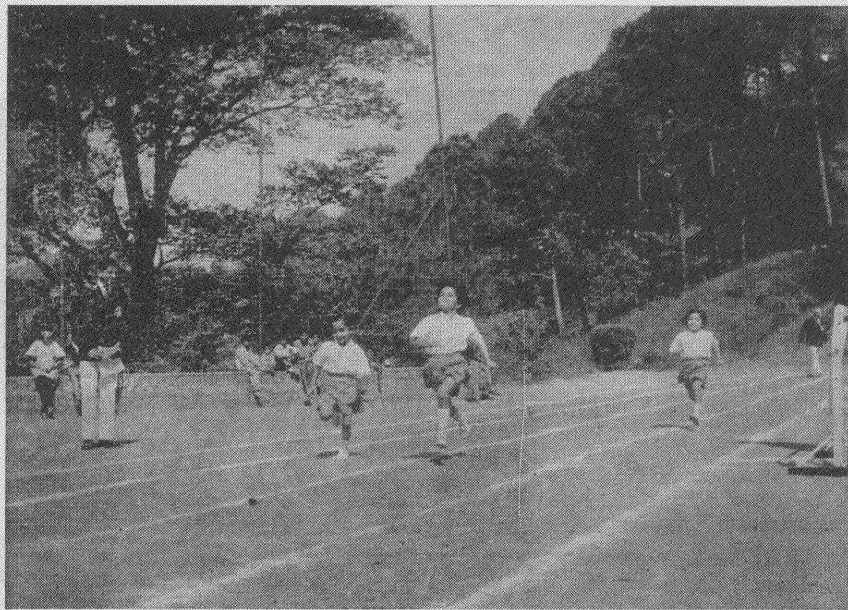


P.D. 'Seniors' showing their mettle



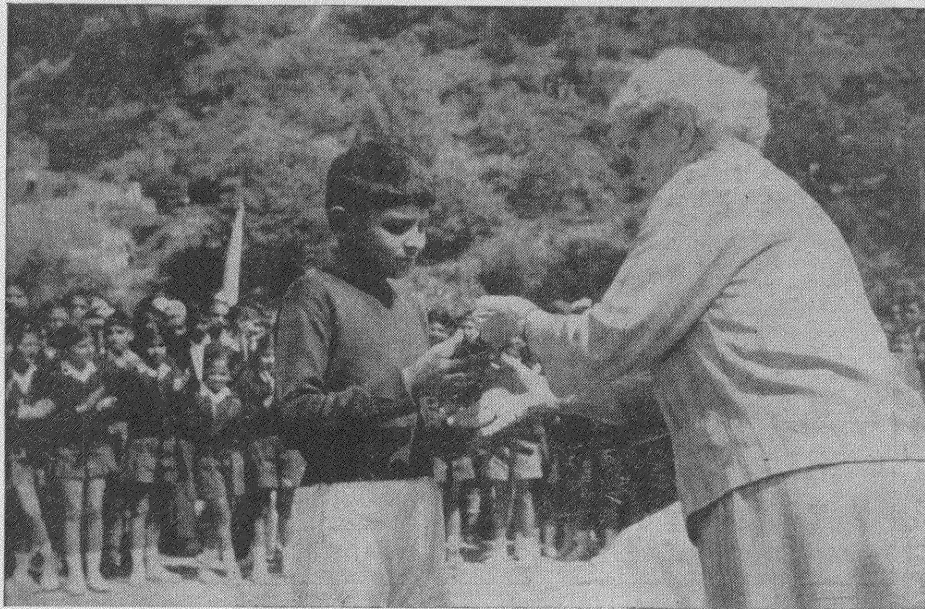


P.D. Boys in Action



P.D. Girls in Action

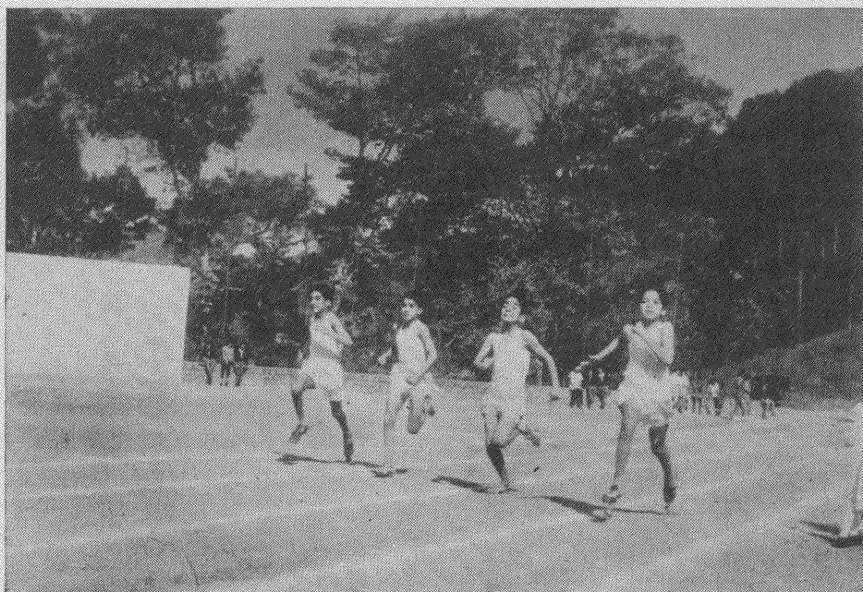




Mrs. Tilley giving away the Athletics' prizes.







Neck to Neck—Under elevens



Mrs. Tilly speaking after the Athletics



As a postscript I would like to make a suggestion that Sanawar competes with B.C.S. in all age groups. This will certainly boost the school athletic standard.

Arjun Rastogi was the outstanding athlete of the year and deservedly got the coveted Kalinga Cup.

The Defence Cup, which was the monopoly of Nilagiri House for a number of years, was this year annexed by Himalaya.

H. Sikund

### The School Colour Parade

On 4th October, the Founder's day of The Lawrence School Sanawar, the School Colour was trooped. This Colour was presented by H. E. the most Honourable, the Marquess of Linlithgow, Viceroy and Governor General of India, at a presentation parade on 14th September, 1940. There are other Colours possessed by the school. These are not paraded as they have already been laid up. These are, the Kings Colour and the School Colour. This school was the first ever, in India or in the United Kingdom, to receive the King's Colour, which was awarded in 1853. A new King's Colour and the old School Colour were awarded in 1922 by H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor. These two Colours were trooped for the last time in 1957 and then at the laying up of the Colour's Parade, were laid to rest in Barne Hall.

Thus the Trooping of the colour is not merely for the sake of it but the continuation of a tradition in the honour and glory of the early days of this School.

This year, as usual, the parade was held on 'Peacestead'. Punctuality is a ritual which most Sanawarians try and observe, so at exactly 10 o'clock Vijay Lalotra the Parade Comander marched the parade on to its position on the field. The band which has never been left out of such functions formed up at the right front. They were playing 'Marching Through Georgia'. The R.S.M., Gurpratap Dhillon, led the colour party, consisting of Manjit Singh and Praveen Kumar to the left front.

There were four troops participating in the parade. The commanders of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th troops were Dilbagh Singh, Karanjit Rajput, Vinod Thakur and Kavita Padda respectively.

We did not have long to wait before the stick orderlies Nirmaljit Singh and N.D.S. Gill marched in followed by Air Chief Marshal Arjan Singh, D. F. C., the Chief Guest. The band played 'general salute' while the parade 'presented arms'. The commander then reported the strength of the parade and the Chief Guest took inspection while the band played 'May Blossom.'

I think that the Chief Guest must have been rather impressed because most of the boys had spent much of their time glittering shoes, belts' buckles and slings.

After the inspection the band marched across the field. They were playing 'Colonel Bogey' this time, the Drum Major Anil Auluck, threw up his stick and was applauded when he caught it as it came down.

The 'Nishan Rakshak Dal' the first troop then marched across and formed up in front of the Colour party in time to the band's music, 'Colonel Bogey' again.

The Colour Ensign A. Wadhawan then took the Colour from the R.S.M. After the exchange, to the accompaniment of the school song the escort saluted the Colour. The 2nd, 3rd and 4th troops presented arms, while the 1st troop with the Colour passed through the ranks to their position. The colour party formed up in the centre with the band behind it. The Commander then brought the whole parade to attention and turning right, the whole parade except for the band formed up on the right front. They then covered off from the right and one by one each troop marched past the saluting base in slow time. They then formed up in the three's at the inspection line. All this while the band was playing 'Sare Jahan se Acha'.

The parade then marched forward in review order, halted and presented arms. They then marched off.

The school march past, led by Himalaya House, then began. Nilagiri, Siwalik and Vindhya then followed, each under its own flag. The band was at this time playing 'Kadam Bharae Jao'. Credit must be given where it is deserved and it definitely goes to the Prep. School boys and girls who tried their very best—successfully—to look smart as they too marched past the saluting base.

Like last year the parade went off without a hitch and the parents and teachers—especially the parents—were later heard to comment on how smartly the boys and girls conducted themselves. They all deserve praise for an excellent performance, thanks to the pains taken by Mr. Bhupinder Singh and Mr. Jagdish Ram.

Arjun Rastogi.

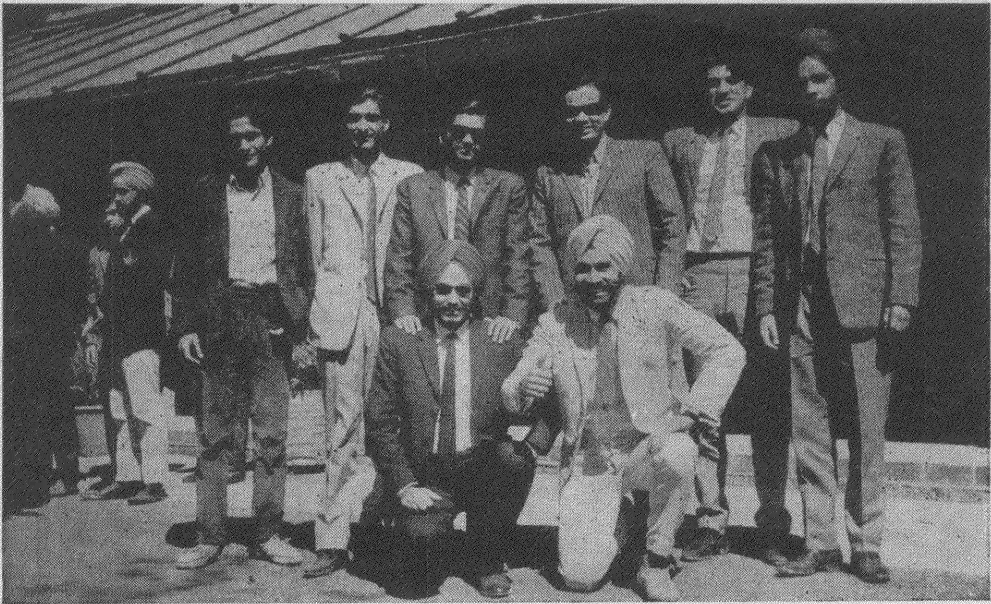
### **The Exhibition of Sanawarian Arts**

I feel that the main function of Art is to express feeling and transmit understanding, or to communicate to others a certain feeling or emotion experienced by the artist. This can be done in many ways through painting, by wood work, by metal work, by engraving, by sculpture and by needlework. These skills, for they all require a certain amount of work and talent, are best developed in young boys and girls.

In Sanawar these facilities are provided to the students in the form of hobbies—art, crafts, needlework and carpentry. These hobbies are compulsory for all but are taken seriously by only a few interested pupils. The teachers take a keen interest and are able to help their students.

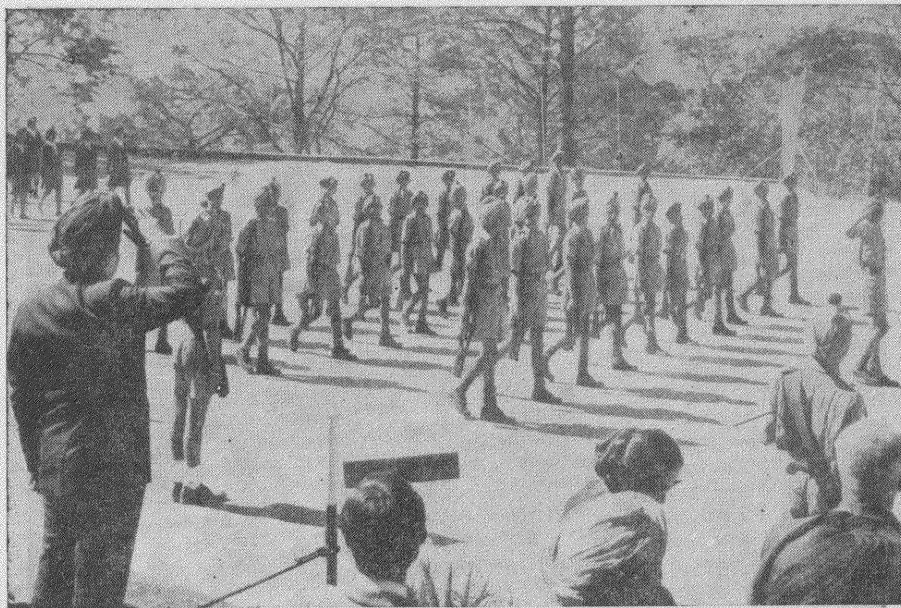


Mrs. Arjan Singh appreciating a piece of craft



O.S.—An Informal Group





The March Past



The Brass Band in Action

The grand finale of the hobbies' year is the day of the exhibition. At 11 a.m., on the 4th October, 1969, immediately after the Trooping of the colour the exhibition was opened to the parents who constituted the majority of the public. All the students' work was on display.

The arts, crafts and carpentry rooms are connected by one passage way and two doors, both of which were open. Thus a continuous stream of visitors could pass through the rooms and view each piece of art separately.

I arrived rather late and was duly surprised to find that numerous parents were standing outside, waiting for a chance to go in and see what their children had made. The parents were going in through the carpentry room and coming out of the crafts room in a slow, and steady stream.

I went inside the carpentry room and there I saw a few book cases, some carvings, numerous wooden figures and a number of lamps of all types. Thanks to the care taken by Mr. Jagat Ram, all the pieces were smooth, well varnished and shapely.

The carpentry room gave way to the corridor which was decorated with a few paintings. The most prominent of these was 'Peace' showing Christ, Gandhi and Buddha and quoting some thing from their lives and preachings.

In the art room there were numerous large oil paintings which had been on display for as long as ten years. There were numerous paintings in water colours, sketches in ink and a few canvases in oil. All of these are changed every year. Numerous boys and girls showed great talent. Mr. Bhalerao, the art teacher, must have been quite proud to hear the appreciation of the parents for his students' efforts.

Next on the list was the adjoining crafts room. For the past year—since the coming of Mr. Datt, the crafts room has become a very different place. New ideas and schemes have added an additional beauty and colour to the already present old ways.

In this room there were various sculptures, some batik pieces, a few paintings and other miscellaneous objects. The piece given the most prominence was a bust of Mahatma Gandhi—the defiant out-thrust of his chin and the cold stare of his eyes seemed to show that he disapproved of something, what, I do not know. Among the most attractive pieces on display were two which instantly caught the eye. They were a peacock and a plate with the Sanawarian emblem on it.

The visitors then went into a small room in which the Prep. School boys' work was on display. Numerous small articles, gloves, dolls, small scarves etc. were on display.

The visitors were then directed by a series of pinned notices to the needle-work room. Here the girls had done intricate designs on table cloths, mats, napkins, scarves, handkerchieves, dresses and an assortment of other clothes. Due

to the efforts of Mrs. Mundkur the needlework department surpassed its previous record and put up a better show than ever before

And finally I quote Mrs. Tilley about our art. She said, "The standard of Sanawar Art was better than that of any other school even in England". This is a fair tribute to the numerous students who all in their small way contributed to making the exhibition an outstanding success.

Arjun Rastogi

### Fete

At the Fete is the only time in school when one can feel rich (not that the pockets remain filled for a long time)!

I, not wanting to spend my money quickly, went sightseeing with my friends. We walked towards the Art stall where there were quite a few good cards. From the quality it was obvious that Sanawar had a bunch of budding artists. While walking along the corridor we saw some pictures on the life of Gandhiji which certainly improved my knowledge of History.

As I was nearing Barne Hall steps a green ticket was suddenly thrust into my hand. A gentleman (I'm not sure if that's the correct word for him) told us that this was the passport to the snacks stall, the ticket had "O.S. Raffle" written on it. I ran for my life from him, making the excuse that I was 'broke'. Suddenly I almost collided into some odd looking creature. Looking up I saw it was a donkey! All of a sudden I heard a loud blaring voice, "pretty girls invited for donkey rides." You can well imagine my amazement. I then broke into peals of laughter. The donkey responded to this with a trot) I don't think I'm THAT ferocious, at least I hope not!)

I was next caught by those swindlers, the O.S. They really seemed to have forgotten the age when they were P.S.—I mean stone broke. They had quite a few stalls and the visitors seemed to enjoy them but they didn't look very happy when they felt their pockets.

After all the scrounging the O.S. did to us I really felt hungry. As they say "absence makes the heart grow fonder", I found that the emptiness of my pockets made my stomach feel still more empty. The girls and the Prep Deptt. excelled themselves in this sphere. The meat cutlets were scrumptuos and the chaat was yummy. I drank cokes and ate ice-creams till I could have no more. Feeling filled to the brim (a sensation I hardly ever experience) I had a few rides on the Giant wheel. Wow! I sure know now what it feels to be sea-sick! I walked towards the "Coconut Shy" stall but I didn't have a try. I bet the coconuts were nailed on!



Gradually 11-30 grew near and that meant going home, and hence our excitement mounted. We really had a fabulous 'Fete' inspite of all the treachery of the O.S. This Fete mother Nature really went over-board with kindness. Nature supplied me with rich sisters who were well rooked.

But as 't is said, all good things come to an end, and so did the Fete.

Ferida Satarawala

### Founder's 1969

How do I feel after my first Founder's ? Proud, very proud. And I have no doubt whatsoever that this feeling is shared by all the parents who had gathered at Sanawar during Founder's 1969, first timers or not. After each event, each function, from Barne's to Peacestead to Barne Hall to Art Room I could see them—old parents and new parents—coming out with a glow on their faces, a glow of pride combined with satisfaction, a glow which clearly said : Isn't it all marvellous ?

And marvellous it was—the entire programme lined up, the camaraderie of the children, the hospitality and kindness of the Staff ( however do they recognise and remember all the faces ? ), the distinguished guests, many of whom were proud parents, the solid, jubilant, loyal corps of the 80-odd Old Sanawarians led by the two charmers, Mrs. Tilley and Miss Tilley who had come across the waters for Auld Lang Syne.

Ah ! And I must not forget " Charlie " ! How many Saturday epistles had talked of Charlie and his delicious wares ! It was like meeting an old friend—stepping into that aromatic tent. . . .

But, on to the programme of functions :—

The first day (2nd October) was off to a good start with the Athletics. The boys and girls seemed enthusiastic enough, but, of course, there was too much craning of necks for incoming parents and guess what was the main topic of conversation ! The Staff Play, that same evening ! Coffee for Parents was a bit of a fizzle—notable only for the nice eats. May I suggest that this be extended, in the future, to Coffee for Parents and Staff ? A sort of PTA meeting—so much more intereting and productive, and it should be preferably, on the 2nd or 3rd day, when more parents have had a chance to get to the School.

And then, at last ! The much-talked-about Staff Play. The Sanawar Amateur Dramatic Society had selected "Arms and the Man"—a delicious comedy by the great GBS produced and directed by Bhupinder Singh (who, in the role of Capt. Bluntschili was very good indeed) the presentation was somewhat like the triumph of matter over mind. The situations were rollicking, the lines were superb—but the players instead of picking up the ball and running with it, kept dropping it at the oddest places ! *The acting was by and large mediocre, although Hardip Sikund's*

larger-than-life Saranoff injected a good deal of warmth and excitement into the proceedings. Trevor Kemp as the absolutely delightful Major Patkoff was a 'natural' for the role, but with no support from Chandra Bhan Abraham (the prompter) he often went blank much to the amusement of the young back-benchers !

The ladies in the cast—Pamela Ayling, Romola Chatterji and Gouri Sahi—had apparently consented and connived at being overshadowed by the men. So be it. Quite impressive was the decor by Ashok Bhalerao.

Very spontaneous and refreshing by contrast was the Prep School Concert, the next day. The cute and confident youngsters presented several items : Posti, a Hindi Fairy Tale, Band and Singing by Forms I & II, Doggie In The Window by K. G's. (delightful ! ), a lovely Jhoomar Folk Dance, The King and the Jester, and Singing—in which Forms I & II rendered a patriotic Tamil Song. I must say I was most impressed at the choice of this item, as also the Karnatak Music played by the Seniors at their concert, later.

Despite its heavily Northern accent, Sanawar through its children and its music has tried to prove that national integration is a reality, not an impossibility !

I think it was at the Tattoo the same evening and the Trooping of the School Colour the next morning that there was an upsurge of unprecedented feeling among spectators and participants alike. There was a mixture of feelings : pride, loyalty, admiration, astonishment, excitement—all finely blended with a shining thread of discipline that was a pleasure to watch.

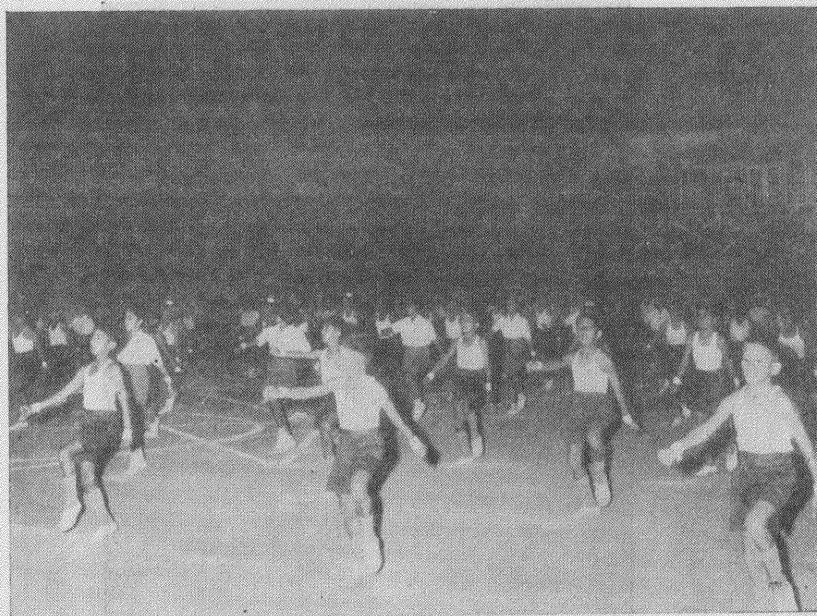
I was astounded—and I am sure I was not alone in this—by the superb display on both the occasions. The excellent precision and smartness of the Mass P.T., Chair Work, Ground Work and Figure Marching left one alternately gasping and applauding. The Bugle Band on the 1st day and the Brass Band on the second, were first class. The " Rocket & Moon " and "Bapu" formations by torchlight—so topical !—were a delight to watch.

Air Chief Marshal Arjun Singh who presided over Founder's and took the salute at the Trooping of the Colour, was an imposing, elegant figure at the proceedings.

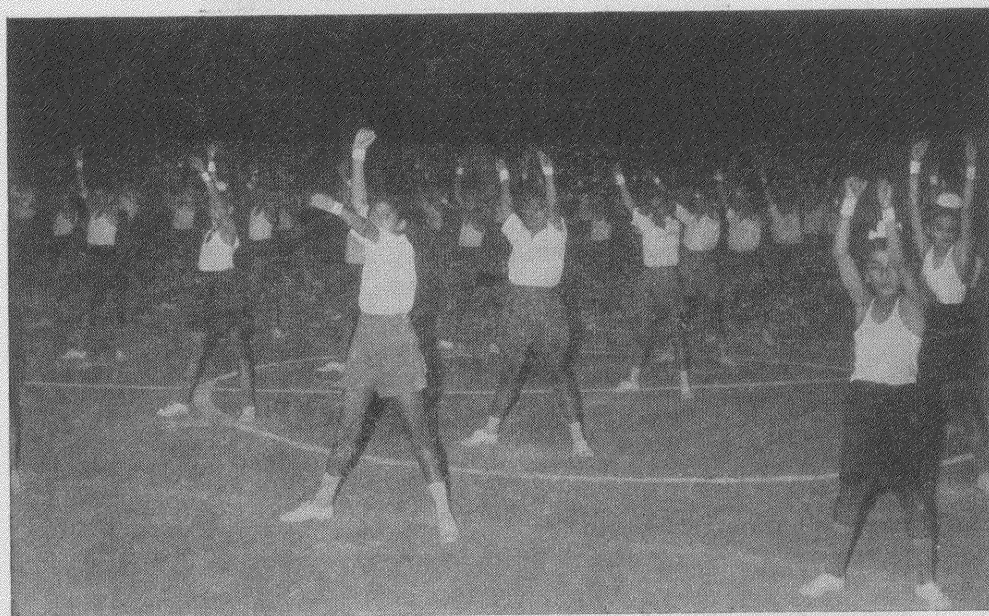
Deep-throated cheers—particularly from the O. S. camp—testified to the popularity of these two marvellous occasions.

Another memorable experience the same evening was the Senior School Concert. And I must go on record to say that the Play presented by the Seniors far outstripped the Staff Play in every department ! Arnold Rideley's " The Ghost Train " came alive on the stage as put on by a band of excellent actors who breathed life into the chilling situations inherent in the piece. The sound effect and the lighting were so superb that the entire audience burst into spontaneous applause in the

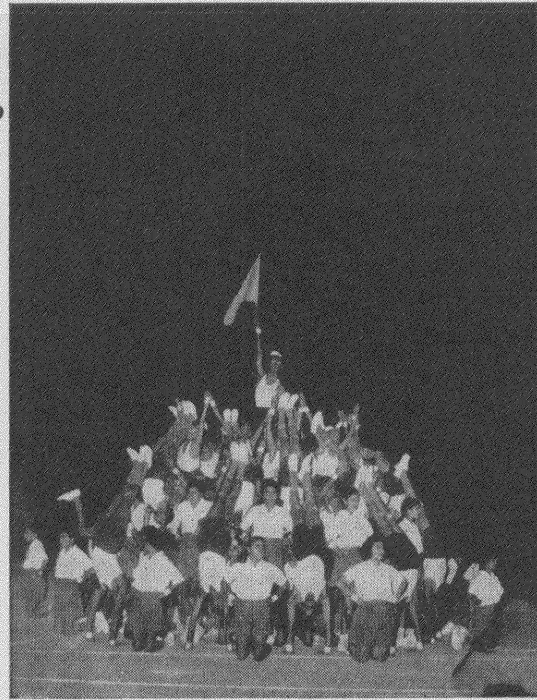
TATTOO



P.T. in Progress







House Tableau

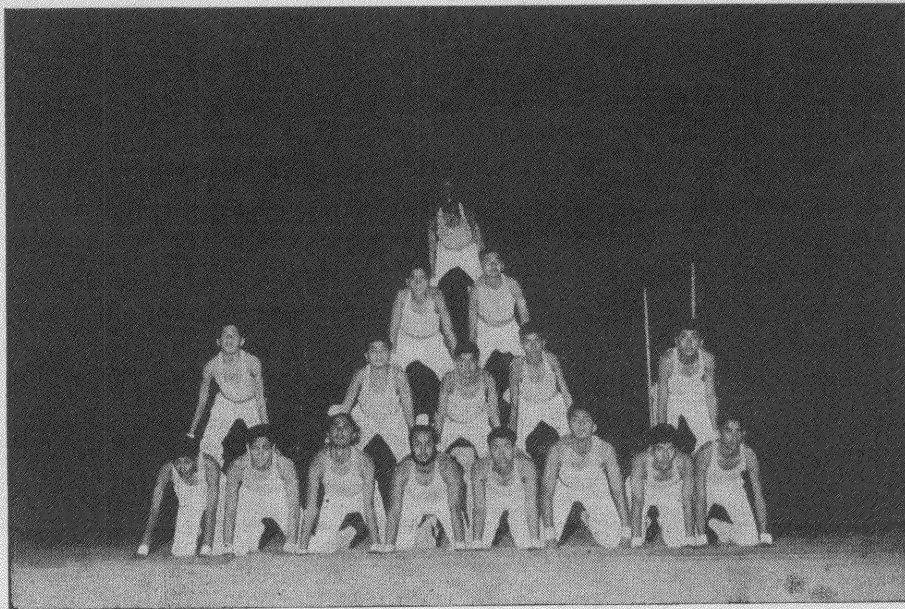


Tableau Groundwork

very first scene as the "train" thundered past, wheels churning, whistles screaming. It was truly magnificent. The performances were almost impeccable. Particular mention must be made of Shekhar Kadam's delicious portrayal of Teddy Deakin and Rajiv Mehra's shuffling Station Master. But, it was Ashali Bhagat as Julia Price who made the greatest impact. What a grand little actress! Also very good was Preminda Batra as the brandy-tipping Miss Bourne. K. V. S. Lalotra, Sunaiyna Chauhan, Rakesh Mohan and Indu Ahluwalia were adequate. The real "heroes" of the evening, however, were the boys (too numerous to mention individually) who gave the sound effects. Who was responsible for the excellent direction? No mention in the programme, but I am told it was Trevor Kemp. Take a bow, Mr. Kemp—and well done, Seniors! The other items of the evening were "Karnatak music" "Yamuna ke Tat Par" by the School orchestra and two delightful dance items, "Pooja Nritya" and "Kabin Naga Dance".

This report would scarcely be complete without mention of the outstanding Arts, Crafts and Needlework Exhibition displaying the multi-faceted talents of the students. The items on view were staggering in their execution, beauty and precision. From oil and water colours, to fretwork, to radiogram cabinets and dressing table to batik, it was all a veritable feast of young talent.

A Fun Fair and Fete (meant primarily for "parents to empty their pockets at School before leaving") formed a fitting finale to four days of super-charged activities.

The Lawrence School indeed did itself proud at Founder's. The outstanding programme of events was like a shining summary of the School's splendid achievements in various spheres. Thank you, Sanawar, for a most exhilarating Founder's.

(Mrs.) Gulshan Ewing

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# MAGAZINE SECTION

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## A Race against Time

“More haste less waste” is a good motto to follow, specially with scatterbrains like me. It is all very well to wisely repeat that old saying, but not so easy as we think to realise the danger it warns us against or to listen to the saying at crucial moments.

It all began with a minor mistake on my part—I forgot to wind my alarm clock but set the time it was to wake me up. The next day was my history exam., and my brain was so filled with confusing dates of deaths, births and wars that I moved about in a kind of trance, muttering inaudibly to myself and counting dates on the tip of each inky finger.

I slept rather late at night and so decided to wake up only half an hour before I had to leave for school. The alarm clock, for once in the faithful history of its long life, rang rather apologetically at half past seven. I woke up, lazily rubbing my eyes and slipped into my dressing gown. I looked angrily at the alarm clock as was my habit when woken rudely out of a deep slumber (as if it was the clock's fault that I had to get up) and suddenly blinked in surprise. For after its energetic and rather valiant effort at sounding its bell, it had ‘collapsed’ and I saw that the ‘seconds’ arm of the clock was at a standstill. A strange fear formed at the back of my mind and I rushed to the dining room to see the time. It was five past eight.

I rushed to the bathroom. But to my dismay I found there was no water. I cursed angrily. The water and electricity had an annoying habit of going just when you needed them the most, like the electricity had done the night before when I decided to give my overworked brain a rest and listen to some soothing music.

Fortunately there were a few mugs of water in the bucket so I washed my face quickly, splashing water all over my uniform. I saw to my dismay that there was no toothpaste. I ran to my parents’ bath-room and found a crooked and seemingly empty tube of Binaca toothpaste. I collected it and ran back to my own bathroom. I was so frantic by now that I pressed against the end of the toothpaste with all my might. I was in such ‘josh’ that I nearly jumped out of my skin when a long stream of green toothpaste squirted out on to my astonished face. I tried to lick off all the toothpaste with my tongue, but did not succeed. There was only half a mug of water left in the bucket, and all my efforts to remove the obstinate paste from my face only ‘succeeded’ in spreading it all over my face in a green sticky layer. I again



ran in great haste to my parents' bathroom, but I was in such a hurry that I slid down the just polished floor of their bedroom, and before I could stop myself, had overturned the bottle of liquid polish ! As a result I looked more polished with my shining legs and wet skirt than any floor has ever looked.

I did not dare look at the clock till I had washed my face, changed my clothes and collected my books. I ate a very messy breakfast and spilt egg-yolk in a yellow pattern all over Akbar's Wars and Achievements ! ( I was revising my history while I gobbled down a hasty breakfast ). By this time Mummy had come down, and being a mother, insisted on boiling the milk from the bottle that I was drinking. Nor would she heed my pleas. It was more important to her that I should have that sickening milk ( and burn my tongue as a consequence ) and remain healthy than pass any exam. So I resigned myself to a burnt tongue and a milky and rather messy moustache !

I looked anxiously at the clock. It was twenty past eight. There was just a chance that the school bus had not yet arrived. I ran to the bus stand, which was fortunately near our house, and to my dismay there was not a soul in sight. ( that is any schoolchildren waiting for the bus ). By now I was near hysteria. I flew back to the house without any major accident, ( except for splashing myself with a fountain of muddy water from a puddle into which I ran ) and begged my father to drive me to school on his way to the office. When one is nervous, one keeps fiddling with things not knowing what to do. I being no exception, kept winding my watch all the way and over-wound it. It gave an indignant click. I had broken it ! I was near tears and put on Daddy's watch which was too large for my wrist. It hung like a bracelet.

At last we reached school. To my surprise there were no cycles in the cycle stand and no sign of any children. My heart gave a hopeful lap. As there was no one in the class so I ran to the Principal's office. Her words sounded like the most beautiful melody I had ever heard. " Child, didn't you read the papers ? We declared it a holiday in honour of our former Principal's birthday. We wanted to give you a surprise so we put a notice in the papers ".

I lost all the self-control I had left. I only restrained myself enough not to hug her, jumped sky high and ran back screaming to Daddy to stop the car. I am sure if I had not run fast enough the Principal would have called me back and promptly locked me up in a lunatic asylum !

Bina Manchanda

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## Pleasures of Reading

Books are the best flowers in the garden life. They are our best and faithful friends. When we read a book of our choice we get endless joy.

There are different kinds of books and readers. Some enjoy poetry, others novels, short stories and so on. One never feels lonely while reading good books. They do not only teach but are a permanent source of delight also. Good books contain the treasures of the world.

One derives pleasure by reading a comic play, story or a novel. One laughs with the characters. When one reads a tragic play, one is moved to pity. One weeps and sympathises with the sufferers. Comedy appeals to our minds. Tragedy touches our hearts. It purifies the heart through pity and fear. One enjoys both comedy and tragedy. Often, while reading a book we forget ourselves.

We live in the age of science. Science is like a beautiful woman. She has charmed the whole world. She has made human life dull and dry. She has enslaved man. He works like a machine. He finds no time to stand and stare. He has no ears to enjoy the beauty of sound. He has no eyes to see the beautiful objects of nature. To him life seems meaningless. It is the good books on drama, poetry and prose that give him new life, new colour and new happiness. Once a man forms a habit of reading, it will give him peace of mind.

In short, we can say that good books are never failing friends. They give us limitless joy.

Poonam Kathuria

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## A Diwali in Sanawar

Diwali is one of the many Indian festivals celebrated throughout the Country every year. Rama along with Sita returned to Ayodhya after completing fourteen years of exile. At their return people were overjoyed. In order to celebrate this and show their happiness people lit the whole town. The tradition of illumination continues even today.

It was my third Diwali in Sanawar. I got up at about seven o'clock in the morning. Suddenly I heard shouts. When I went to the balcony I saw the Vindhyan and Siwalikan having a cracker-fight. It was a pleasant sight. The Siwalikans were having a very hard time for they could not throw the crackers up. Soon the Siwalikans were in need of crackers and we in need of matches. But the problem was soon solved, for one boy went to Jagdish and bought matches. Soon all the Siwalikans were throwing towels and dressing-gowns on the crackers which we were throwing down so that they would not blast and then they could use them, for as I told you the Siwalikans were in need of crackers. Morning went off in fights

like this. As boys ran short of crackers they ran to Gaskell Hall and bought some more. After lunch Bhel, Chandel and I went to Garkhal to buy some unusual crackers. We bought about a hundred handbombs, a few skyshots and some things which were not available in the school. It was great fun buying them and bargaining with the shopkeepers. We took our own time coming up from Garkhal to Sanawar. We stopped about ten times on the way to blast a few crackers.

The bonfire was at 6-30 p. m. I ran to Peacestead and in the process lost a packet of bombs near the swimming pool for my pocket was over-full. Soon I was enjoying myself thoroughly. Nearly all the girls were circling the bonfire. Suddenly my sister pulled me along with her. By that time I only had a few crackers left which I gave her and I left Peacestead before the bonfire ended.

The special dinner was at 7-30 p.m. When we went inside the dining-hall we saw the hall dimly lit with candles because it was Diwali. There were tablecloths over all the tables and they were laden with rich food, or at least it was rich food for me. For pudding, we got a cup of ice-cream each. I had two! The secret is not to be revealed.

After dinner we retired to our dormitories. We had had a very, very enjoyable day. As a fitting finale we had a pillow fight. As it was in progress we got the news that the Housemaster was coming. Before he came in most of us were in our beds; before he went out many of us were snoring.

Deepak Khosla

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### The Unexpected Guest

The front door-bell shrilled insistently. I don't know how I heard it above all that din. Oh heavens! Why don't you—who ever it is—stop that dreadful noise? It rang again—that did it—"I'm going to disconnect that thing!"

"Move, can't you?" The poor dog jumped aside, and with large mournful eyes watched me duck, dodge and wade through all the odds and ends lying about. I felt rather sad for the poor thing. But what was it doing here anyway? My attention was wandering from my immediate surroundings and that was my undoing. The crossing of that room demanded ones full attention. As a result I tripped over a stray cat and went sprawling. Somebody must have heard my lusty yells for help, for soon I had quite a crowd around me.

"At least I know what a caged monkey feels", I thought and almost bared my teeth!

"How do you think she fell?" asked a cherubic-looking young man. "Dunno, she almost killed Minnie though."



I liked that—"Minnie almost killed me," I felt like shouting at him. Then all of a sudden the inevitable happened. I don't know who started it. Just a kick here, a growl there and a spit from some cat and I had a free-for-all on my hands.

"There, there, dear," I said, I like to think, soothingly, and kissed the place to try and make it well.

"He hit me first, very hard," sobbed the angelic-looking china doll with pigtails.

I was fast losing my patience and my voice was rising. "Stop it, stop it, I say!" Drat that eternal and infernal bell. Just then a Red Indian dived for my legs and I was left as before—sprawling. My poor back!

"Answer the door, won't you dear?" said a harrassed voice from the kitchen. "Of course Mother." I picked up the remains and trotted towards the door.

Outside stood an immaculately dressed young man. I felt, and looked, like a rag doll.

"Could I see one of the family, please?" The 'family' was faintly stressed, or so it sounded to my distorted senses. How dare he? I fumed. I may have had straw in my hair, and my face wasn't much better off, but if anybody dared to insinuate that I was anything but one of the family—well I'd show them! I gathered the remnants of my shattered dignity, and drew myself up to my full height, only to double up as I felt a sharp pain in my back.

The new comer looked at me with some concern.

"Come in," I said weakly.

A voice floated down—my brother singing his lungs out. The singing stopped—"Yikes where's the hot water? Hey can you hear me yu? TURN IT ON!" he hollered.

"I'm sorry," I said "we are rather crowded at the moment. A family gathering, so to say."

Of course he understood. It was rather unfortunate that my brother had invited him over for this particular week-end. I gasped as the significance of the suitcase hit me, fair and square, between the eyes.

That was the last straw that broke the proverbial camel's back. I began laughing rather mysteriously. The visitor stared—and then grinned understandingly as half a dozen living beings chased one another out of the room with war-cries and loud whoops. Somebody turned on a radio, as if we needed it, on top of all the existing sounds of breaking crockery, mewing cats and howling dogs.

Later, discussing it, we decided that it wasn't such a bad affair after all, except that I was laid up with a sprained back for a few weeks. The root of it all was that bell—or was it? Well, we don't get unexpected guests every time the family gets together, thank the Lord. So, on second thoughts the bell was not disconnected.

Jaspreet Mann

## The World without Colour

Just imagine—"The World without colour." How difficult to imagine and disgusting to think about. Imagine the monotony; nothing but large wastes of black and white leaving this world dismal and gloomy.

Instead of attractive and colourful flowers there would be repulsive blots of black and white situated on an even more sickeningly shaded patch of ground. Where there could be a leafy green tree bearing its colourful flowers and fruit, now would stand an uninviting jumble of blackness. A grey sky with a glistening sun would be just as sickening as large darkly shaded plains and mountains. The steel-grey river, gurgling and winding its way past the dark valley would be repugnant to one's taste as it would stare down into the icy-dark depths. A glance down the rows of short, stumpy grey trees in the orchard and one would turn one's eyes away only to look upon a more drab and ghastly village standing idly on the hilltop.

Instead of colourful houses with red slate roofs and perhaps coloured cobblestones leading upto a little brown door there would stand an ugly dull black-roofed house with perhaps a dirty grey garden and a creaky black gate. Think of a good dinner: a large roasted turkey surrounded by a mass of pale-yellow steaming potatoes. If instead there were a large black table with a ghastly grey turkey on white egg-like potatoes near a fruit bowl of dull coloured fruit, how unappetizing it would be!

Cloth sellers with many lengths of grey and white cloth would have no sale at all, and at the end of the day would be counting petty change! Artists and 'Portrait Painters' would be no better off! House painters wouldn't be able to paint houses colourfully thus leaving the scene in and outside the house very dull. Surgery would be one big problem! The surgeon probably wouldn't be able to make out the difference between blood and other fluids of the body! There would be other difficulties as well!

Coal-black Emeralds and Rubies would lie stupidly strung around the greyish-white necks of ladies.

Men and women walking the streets in their gloomy attire would look as though they'd just stepped out of a black and white photograph! Traffic on the roadside would be another problem. Pedestrians and motorists wouldn't be able to make out the difference between the black and the white road signals. The festivals like Diwali, Holi, Christmas and even New Year would be dull. The monotony of the colourlessness of the birds would make us hate all of them.

What would this life be then? No colour, no gaiety, no brightness! Life would be worthless and not worth living.

Pradeep Saran

## A Queer Neighbour

One always expects neighbours to be dull uninteresting people, but fortunately our neighbour was just the opposite.

He had a bland perpetual smile and large cabbage-like ears. His hair consisted of a few well-oiled strands which kept falling undecidedly on his forehead. He was perhaps over forty but his age like his hair was undecided.

He professed to be a scientist and was one by nature, but not in ability. He was absent-minded, untidy, and everything one would expect a scientist to be. He had a dirty little shed at the corner of his garden and one often heard strange explosive sounds coming from it. He would lock himself up for hours on end and would then appear filthier than ever, beaming all over his flat face.

On such occasions one would always imagine that he had made a new discovery, though all he probably discovered was how to prepare an ordinary chemical. It was very obvious to the world in general that his fame depended entirely on an accident. He had a future ahead of him, only if he accidentally invented a new chemical.

His sole companions were two irritable little Pokes. They spent their time yapping away and nipping at people's ankles. He was so engrossed in a world of his own that he always forgot their existence till they made it felt by occasionally nipping at his ankles. At such moments he would give a loud yelp, hop into his shed and tightly lock the door after him, swearing that he would put them to sleep one day.

On one occasion he absent-mindedly filled their saucers with a peculiar chemical. After sniffing this food disdainfully the Pokes immediately stalked away. It was later known that the funny stuff was a poisonous acid but fortunately the odour had put the dogs off.

Thus my comical neighbour never ceased to interest me. I often used to watch him at work in his shed where he used to lumber around for hours, clumsily dropping things and making a general mess. He used to mix acids into brilliant colours and then place them on a shelf. So to me it seemed that he was more out to be an artist than anything else.

A Contributor

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## A Wandering Thought

Reflex action is an action in which the stimulation of a . . . of what? Of an afferent nerve . . . . .

“What type is the picture we are seeing this week?” asked someone.

“It’s a Western”, came the reply.

Western! My mind began to wander:

“There I was in a saloon with my back towards the wall, facing the door. I had a glass of wine in my left hand and my right hand was ever hovering over my low slung coat. My posture itself suggested that I was a wary person. It was the only way to survive in the hardened West.

People took the law into their own hands—with smoking guns. In those times the colt was the symbol of justice, it was the symbol of fear and above all it was the key to survival . . . . . I was looking into the glass of wine and I caught a blurred image of my face. It was not handsome by any means. Two blue steely eyes were set wide apart. A long and slightly hooked nose protruded over thick pursed lips. The wide brimmed ‘stetson’ rested on my curly matted jet black hair. It was a typical hardcase face.

“Howdy stranger”, came a voice from my side. “Howdy.” I looked up and returned the greeting.

The star on his vest indicated he was a lawman. I frowned and looked into the glass again.

Trouble? No. I don’t think it is—yet.

“Name’s Jim Hart”, he introduced himself.

“Panhandle Smith”. I disclosed my identity.

“Panhandle Smith” he softly murmured and abruptly swung around to leave but then again faced me and said: “Be careful how you use the hardware you’re toting there. I aim to see there is no shooting in this town.” With that he left.

How long would it take the town to know that the fastest gunman was in town—I didn’t know nor did I care.

Men—foolhardly men had called my hand, called me yellow but yet none of them had succeeded in backing their play. They had slapped leather only to find themselves hearing the ‘boom’ of my deadly colt.

Did I like killing? No I was forced to do the killing. It was a sort of compassion. It had built up a reputation for me since I pledged to avenge the persons who had ruined my father.

The colt had become a part of me. I was used to the way it bucked against the palm of my hand and spat death when I wanted—with deadly menace. It was not of great value to me.

The evening breeze fanned my face. Along with it came the smell of danger, but no ! danger was common to me.

People were crowding into the saloon to spend the evening in laughter, drink and cards, but there was an unusual tension in the air.

A young man came and stood a few feet away from me. He also had a low slung gun, over which a twitching hand hovered. I knew he would be the sort of person who would try to steal my reputation. Always, it would be the young men seeking fame.

Loudly he shouted to a person on the other side of the saloon, "Tom, is this here town fit for a murderer?" and with that he looked towards me.

Every one heard that and they knew it was for my benefit. I moved away from the bar so that it left my right side exposed. It had come at last. It was always that way.

There was a sudden movement. Chairs scraped and people scurried for shelter as messengers of death were soon to fly. That left the two of us facing each other. The atmosphere was charged with tension. All eyes were on me. My hand had been called and I had to play it.

"Meaning me, cowboy?" I asked.

"Yes", was the mocking reply.

I had heard these stinging words over and over again. I had set down each one.

"Back your words", I challenged.

The young man's hands flashed down to his colt. It was a fast draw but I beat him to it. My hand was a blur of motion and then the sudden crash of gun-fire rocked the walls. He pitched forward. He had sought fame with a gun in his hand. Now he was biting the dust with the gun still in his hand. It was a gesture of defiance.

I blew the smoke from my gun and walked out of the saloon. I mounted my horse and rode away into the descending dusk. I didn't want to have a shoot-out with the marshall.

I had to ride. There would be no settling down for me until I perished with my gun.

“ A lonely man rode into the loneliness ”.

“ What are you mugging ”, someone asked.

I was jerked out of my thoughts.

“ History ”, I replied.

When he went away I was amazed at how a wandering thought could capture one's imagination.

Dilbagh Singh Sidhu

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### Diwali

Diwali is coming, Diwali is coming soon,  
It is a glowing night without full moon.  
All buildings are lighted,  
The rich and the poor, alike, are delighted.  
And bang ! bang ! begins before noon.

A cracker burning near,  
One runs with great fear.  
But when you go to the bon-fire,  
You hear a bang quite near,  
And realising it is nothing, you try to admire.

Suneet Kaur

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### Qualifying to be an Athlete

The human mind has often been the cause of brilliant success or total unexpected failure in many spheres of world life. This organ has been the driving force of every enterprising individual, and almost every ambition whether in politics, war or sport has been secured due to steadiness and perseverance of this extraordinary part of the human body. Athletics is no exception.

Some type of force or urge is essential to assisting the would be athlete in overcoming the hazards that he is bound to encounter in the duration of his training period. This is probably a desire to excel—and so it is logical to conclude that ambition must be high in any person who wishes to pursue this sport.

However, two other very important requirements are determination and an optimistic outlook. Something has to keep the budding athlete in good shape; something has to prevent him from giving up the rigorous training which is required for any degree of success in this sport. Thus the new factor of encouragement is introduced.



This encouragement must come from around him. Some one must take an active interest in him and show some appreciation of his hard work. But how is this done?

This is a question which many people ask themselves and often they come up with conflicting answers. I, however, feel that the type of encouragement that a person should be given depends entirely on the recipient's personality.

A nonchalant attitude may discourage some people, but will in others create an urge to 'show' that "I can and will do it." A certain amount of praise is essential but constant applause and commendations may go to the head and as a result a talented athlete may be ruined by this own pride. Thus it is clear that though some appreciation is needed, excess of it is harmful.

Any person with determination and the proper training facilities—mainly a good coach, proper nourishment, correct outfit and a decent track—can become a fairly good athlete. Another very important factor is long, unbroken and strenuous practice.

The purpose of this practice is to build up stamina and great reserves of energy so that the athlete may be able to repeat his performance over the course two or more times in succession. When he is able to accomplish this he will then know that he possesses enough energy to really run through his course without fear of undue exhaustion. Once this stage is attained the athlete is well on his way to excelling in his event.

Some competition should be encountered if the athlete is to give of his best. Even an outstanding athlete will show a poor result—as compared to his best—if he does not have competition. As in all other games the sporting spirit must be present if any pleasure is to be derived from the sport. Competition further increases fondness for athletics.

Thus it can be seen that becoming an athlete of even reasonable standard is no easy task. It requires a combination of various factors and skills. So, any athlete can be proud of his achievements no matter how meager they be because he has really worked hard to attain them. They say "pride goes before a fall", so the ground and not the sky should be the limit of a true athlete's pride.

Arjun Rastogi.

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### **The most Unforgettable Moment of my Life**

In our daily life so many insignificant events take place that we see them one moment and forget them the next. They do not leave any impact on us. There are other events which stick to us for a few days or weeks and then the impression in the mind begins to fade and ultimately disappears. However, there are some incidents which become indelibly printed on the mind. They leave a permanent mark and remain fresh for ever. At any moment they can come surging forward to the mind as waves in an ocean. One such event occurred in my life also.

It all happened at the Ambala railway station a few years ago when I was a young boy. One often sees people in India on the railway stations who can't care to waste time to cross by the bridge but prefer to cross the railway lines to go from one platform to the other. This can be perilous and I witnessed such a fatal scene. I was waiting at the station for the train to Delhi. There was the usual crowded hustle bustle of a big railway station. Soon I saw the train in the distance like a dark speck emitting smoke and darkening the beautiful green scenery.

As it approached I saw a man crossing the lines. It was not of much significance at that time. Normally the man would have crossed the lines easily, but unfortunately his foot got stuck in the railway lines. The train was approaching fast. The man on seeing the train, a black messenger of death, stood paralysed with fear. He got so panicky and nervous that he didn't know what to do. He even forgot to pull himself out of the track. The people on realizing the grave situation rushed to his help but alas! it was too late. The engine's front wheels had mercilessly done their job. There was a blood curdling shriek of pain from the victim and a loud groan from the crowd. The train passed and the man was crushed to pulp. The body was removed from sight. It was so badly mutilated that it couldn't even be recognized. It was taken to the hospital. That night I was very much troubled by ghastly dreams of that accident.

This scene is indelibly engraved in my mind and a shiver still runs through my body when I think of the incident.

Roby Chadha

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### I am a Rickshawwala

The cock crows. Lazily, I get out of my bed. Though it is warm, the thought of the afternoon makes it pleasant. The sun has yet to come out. Without any doubt it will come out but I wonder whether it will ever shine on the poor. I clean my rickshaw and have a mug of tea. I then push off to try my luck, for luck it is to get a customer.

I have a slow means of transport. Often I hear people from behind cursing me and telling me to go faster. But I cannot help it. Since I do not get enough to eat, I remain weak and since I am weak I cannot drive fast. I have to put in all my strength to make the rickshaw move. I have a hard time pedalling all day along. Sometimes I have to take passengers for very long distances and especially when the passenger is hefty I don't feel like taking him and yet I take him; I have no choice: I have my wife and four children to feed.

On some days I have two meals, on other days only one. In the sweltering afternoons, I often pant like a dog. Often I take three on my rickshaw—husband, wife and their child. Occasionally my destination is a cinema hall. In the torrid sun one man pulls three! How deeply I regret the fact that I often cannot give my

family two square meals a day, let alone take them to a film. I curse the rich and think that they have all the luxuries they want. Sometimes I feel like throwing the rickshaw over and tossing my passengers to the ground. But I cannot afford to do that and I cannot afford to lose passengers for I am a poor man and hardly earn enough money to keep me and my family going. We poor people are just existing. I have heard that God is fair. Is He? Is there a God at all?

Vasant K. Dhar

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### A Dream

It is 2000 A.D. India is at war with China. I have been told by my parents to join the Army. After some time I have joined the most dangerous profession one can choose—a spying career. My mission is to blow up a dump in China which produces above five hundred tons of lithium, one of the most dangerous elements. Discovered by a Chinese Scientist, it is used in making bombs which affect the ears and eyes of living beings, so that their vision gets blurred, their hearing is affected, they feel drowsy, they go to sleep and have no strength left to fight.

I have been given false papers and instructed, if caught, to put the blame on myself. The dump is on the outskirts of Peking heavily guarded by Chinese soldiers. I am escorted to the Chinese border. Shooting two guards, I enter China. My papers are checked by a Chinese patrol but they have no suspicion that I am an enemy spy. Making my way slowly across China ducking behind bushes on seeing a patrol or a checkpost, I reach my destination.

Suddenly, the unexpected occurs. Machine-guns open up at me and I am lucky to escape with a hit on my left arm. I feel the wound. It is very soft with blood spurting out. If I am seen I shall not be able to escape. A building looms up in front. It is my destination. I feel for my explosive grenades, bombs etc. needed to blow up the dump. I look at the time. It is 6-45 a.m. I set a time-bomb for 7 o'clock and connect the explosives to it in the main room getting into it by clobbering a guard. Now it is 7 o'clock and any moment the dump may blow up. There is a loud explosion and the whole building goes up in flames. I have achieved the incredible. I have the completed most hazardous mission ever given to me. Now my country may win the war.

Suddenly my thoughts are interrupted by a pistol point being pushed into my back. I hear the order "March." Powerless to do anything I obey. I am thrust into a truck and am taken to Peking. I am told by a general that I am to be shot for what I have done. I am placed against the wall facing a firing squad of twelve rifle men. As the commander gives the order "Fire!" I wake up.

Thus ends the longest and most thrilling dream I have ever had.

Suneel Kaul



### In Memoriam

The roses that you planted by the door,  
Are lovelier than they were before.

And everyday I feel and see anew,  
Some silent, vivid, loving trace of you.

And with each memory there comes a tear  
For you, who were so very dear.

Since He who knows what's best has willed it, so  
You cannot, I therefore will be with you as once we were before,  
And be there together for evermore.

Birinder Singh

—————:O:—————

Smile a while.

Now I lie down to take rest,  
I pray I pass in tomorrow's test.  
And if I die before I wake,  
That's one less test I'll have to take.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now I lie down to sleep.  
With a bag of candy at my feet,  
And if I die before I wake,  
You'll know I've died of stomach ache.

\* \* \* \* \*

They walked home together, because it was late.  
He walked in front to open the gate.  
She wanted to thank him, but didn't know how,  
For he was a farmer and she was a cow.

Ashok Kaicker.

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### What happened last Night

It had been raining the whole day. I was getting throughly bored and was feeling disgusted. I then decided to go and see a movie to entertain myself. But it did not work out the way I thought it would. The picture was 'The Thirteen Ghosts'; very frightening indeed. I did not attach any significance to thirteen but it turned out to be more than unlucky for me. When the picture was over the rain had stopped and the weather was very pleasant. In this bracing air I decided to walk home, my house being only a mile and a half away.

I was lost in my thoughts about the film when suddenly something crossed my path. Thinking it was only my imagination I did not pay much heed to it. But the thought did not leave my mind. I kept saying to myself that it was my imagination and yet every second I was feeling more and more that it was real. The human mind behaves in a very queer manner. The more you want to deviate from some thought the more firmly it clutches it. The harder I tried to dispel this fear the more intensely it gripped my mind. Gradually the fear crept into my body and left me weak and confused. Puzzled and angry with myself for feeling so frightened, I walked on.

As I went round the bend, I saw a blurred white object swinging from one side to the other. I stood scared staring unbelievably at the object. Slowly it raised its arms and adjusted its skull. This was more than I could bear. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me but the devil was behind me. When miseries come they do not come alone they come in numbers. As I was running I stumbled against something and went sprawling on the ground.

I pulled myself up and tried to run again but all in vain. I had sprained my ankle. My mind was all muddled and I could not think clearly. I didn't know what to do. I resigned myself to the situation and waited for the result.

I heard footsteps coming closer and closer to me. By this time I was scared stiff and I had had enough of it. I could not face the situation any more. All this happening had drained the blood out of my body. I was feeling very weak and was terrified. My brain stopped working and suddenly I collapsed in a faint. When I regained consciousness I was perspiring all over my body and was trembling with fright.

Again I heard footsteps coming towards me; this time not of any apparition but of my mother who stood before me as I opened my eyes. Then it dawned on me that I was lying on my bed and I had had a nightmare. But all this looked very real to me and I secretly vowed that I would never see ghost movies again.

Sanjiv Tandon.

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## Holi

Holi is one of the most lively and vivacious of Hindu festivals. It was originally a festival of the lower classes, but now it is celebrated by all Hindus regardless of their birth.

The origin of Holi is to be traced to an incident many centuries ago. There lived a king, Hiranyakashap who considered himself to be a God on earth and thus ordered everyone to worship him. However, his son Prahlad did not comply with

his wishes and so the king decided to kill him. He tried many methods of doing so, but all his attempts were futile. At last, out of sheer desperation, he sought the help of his wicked sister, Holika. He asked her to wear her magic cloak, which prevented her from being burnt, and then to take Prahlad in her lap and burn him in a fire. But the boy was not destined to die and thus, as they were entering the fire, a gust of wind blew the cloak on to Prahlad. Holika was burnt to death.

The people were so relieved by this that they expressed their joy in the festival of Holi.

Today, Holi is celebrated with great zest and enthusiasm in every corner of India. Throughout the day there is a spirit of jocularly and joviality present in the people and there is no distinction between the classes. Indeed, Holi is a kaleidoscope of colour, merrymaking and rejoicing.

Recently, I witnessed the festival being celebrated in a small town outside Delhi. Having participated in the festival before, I knew what to expect and so went dressed in my old clothes.

The roads were crowded with people—adults and children, both behaved alike and threw coloured water on every passerby: one moment a person was completely drenched in red colour and the next moment he was completely dyed in blue. I, too, had my share of fun.

This riot of colours ended at noon and was followed by a fair in the public grounds. Hawkers vociferously advertised their wares; a rickety giant-wheel attracted children by the dozens and of course the eating stalls were no less popular.

A boom of the drum, a patter of feet and a swirl of coloured skirts—the festive dance had begun. People hurried to the spot and gathered around the dancers. The graceful and skilled movements of the dancing women received well-deserved applause.

Soon it began getting noisy and men whose tongues had been loosened by the vast amount of liquor consumed, could be heard boisterously singing popular folk songs. Since it was very late, I very reluctantly withdrew from the jovial crowd.

Aruna Batra

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### A Rewarding Night

It was a terrible night. The ice-cold wind struck our faces like a Hurricane. It was the third world war; the year 1981. We were lying low in our trenches. I was a 2nd Lieutenant and my platoon had been lying there for two hours. The enemy were somewhere there. I knew that. Everyone knew that.



The silence was shattered by rapid machine gun fire close to me. It was one of my men keeping our enemy from advancing. "Fire!" I bellowed. Shells and bullets went tearing across us. Though less in number, we fought back gallantly. A few men were lying about here and there. It looked as if we would never hold out. Before the enemy had the chance to fire my platoon crawled across into the bushy forest to our left. I heard a few dull moans and a thud as a soldier died a gallant death.

We found it easier to hold them off from the forest. Their bullets mostly hit the trees. But our luck didn't seem to last out. At first the rain was only a slight drizzle but soon it became a heavy downpour.

The enemy kept advancing. Wet muddy swamps had formed everywhere. Both sides found it almost impossible to fight, but we still kept firing back decreasing their power. Unfortunately, as I said before, they were more in number than us. Now there were only eight of us left. After some time I counted up again. Three more men had died. Suddenly from the west the noise of shooting reached our ears. We waited eagerly for the approach of another platoon. We prayed that it was our reserve platoon. "Don't give in", I told my men, "even if it is an enemy platoon". I had learnt this motto "Never Give In", in my schooldays. The platoon appeared. My heart missed a beat, and then.....it was a period of joy. Our reserve platoon came tearing down across the forest. It took no more than twenty minutes to completely crush the enemy. We went back to our headquarters where I narrated the incident to my commander. I was glad that the battle was over. It was a terrible but rewarding night.

Vasant Kumar Dhar

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### Never Disobey

An event took place in my life when I was much younger and may be when I was less sensible too. Everyone has a sudden yearning for something at one age, and thus I longed for a bicycle. No amount of coaxing from my mother could make me give up the idea that a cycle was all I wanted. I finally got one. After a week's perseverance, I could ride it in a wobbly manner.

One evening when I was alone at home, I had a brilliant idea. Mother's strict orders were to keep off the road and so far I had been obeying her, but today I thought myself to be a mature cyclist.

I went down on the road, not riding yet. I pulled the bike to one side, flung one leg over it and began pedalling for all I was worth.

I whizzed past some other cyclists who dawdled their way through, and to my excitement I even passed a crawling car. The wind whistled past me as I tinkled the bell to make some pedestrians jump out of my way. I had never known that a bike could go so fast. I felt overjoyed.

I felt I was going too fast, so I tried to slow down. I tried to use the brakes, but I realised to my dismay that in my present state I had forgotten how to do so. I thought of removing my feet from the pedals and getting down, but I saw I was going downhill. I went on and on rushing onwards like water in a hilly stream.

As I looked up the road again, a horrifying sight met my eyes. A car was coming straight at me. Fear clutched my heart. I closed my eyes and when I opened them, there was not much distance between the car and myself. I clutched the handle tightly and prayed to God for confidence.

As the car came I hopefully turned the handle bars blindly and went head-long into a hedge. I could feel the nettles and prickles driving into me but I didn't care. I only sat on the thorns and watched the car drive away in sheer relief. I dared not think of what might have happened, had I not turned the handle. Slowly I got up and brushed myself, and resolved never to disobey again.

Jagvinder Kaur

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Thirst—For Blood

In a small village in the Himalayas there is an equally small temple—the Dhungri temple. Situated amidst tall deodar trees, with a lot of irises carpeting the ground, it forms a picturesque sight. One cannot believe that this is the scene of one of the most gruesome and repulsive festivals.

The Dhuhgri temple is the shrine of the Goddess Harimba Devi. It is believed that every few years the goddess becomes thirsty—for blood! This lust for blood has to be satisfied or a terrible catastrophe will overwhelm the village.

As a result of unavoidable circumstances, and much to my disgust and aversion, I was recently compelled to witness one of these ceremonies.

In the evening the villagers gathered in front of the temple. Every known animal had been brought ranging from fish and snakes to a bear. In front of the temple was placed a flat stone along with a butchering knife.

The tempo of the drum-beat increased. Drunken men danced faster and more wildly. Obscene words defiled the sanctity of the temple.

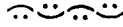
A magnificent sheep dog was placed on the stone slab. Its pitiful whines rent the air. The women laughed all the more savagely and the men continued their barbarous dance with additional vigour. Suddenly there was a shriek as the dog's head was severed from its body. The spurting blood was collected in a bowl. Children shrieked with delight at this ruthless massacre.

The dog was followed by a fish, a cat, a snake, a bear, a wolf, till all the animals had been slaughtered. The bowls of blood were placed in a row upon the ground in front of the temple door, and the barbaric dance continued.

Soon the men were exhausted. The bowls were now picked up reverently by the village elders and taken inside the temple. The blood was poured over the ancient statue of Harimba Devi and her thirst for blood was quenched for yet another year. Slowly the villagers returned to their homes.

The irises had been trampled and stained with blood—the blood which had quenched Harimba Devi's thirst.

Sita Sahni



### My Friends

I have plenty of good pals,  
Mind you, none of them are gals.

One of them is Sarabjit Chhatwal,  
He is usually called Saberjet or Chappal.  
He is an ill-tempered old guy,  
But I like him, I don't know why.  
He is usually as quiet as a house-fly,  
But when angered, he thunders like a cloudy sky.

Rajesh Bajaj is another one,  
He boasts about shooting with a machine gun.  
He is quite short and thin,  
And has a slightly pointed chin.  
Since he is a very intelligent boy,  
He thinks it's babyish to play with a toy.

I like Sanjiv Tandon a lot,  
He always eats his food hot.  
Plenty of fat he has in him,  
So in the holidays he diets to get slim.  
For the heats he runs at a very slow pace,  
It hardly seems he's having a race.

Very good my friends are,  
Who've come from places ever so far.

Tarun Sondhi

\* \* \* \* \*

### My Darkened World

On hills and glens and mountains high,  
Day or night the blue black sky,  
Supplies the views which man has sought,  
Which only Nature's brush has caught.



You are lucky for you can see  
The things which are invisible to me.  
In my world of darkness where there is no beauty,  
A spark of light, a darkened room  
Are just the same to me.

If I could see the things you see  
Just think how happy to I would be.  
I'd jump and dance all day long  
And praise God's name with many a song.

A. Sehgal and A. Bawa

\* \* \* \* \*

### St. Martin's Day

In Germany St. Martin's Day is a festival which everybody looks forward to very eagerly. It is celebrated in memory of St. Martin, who while riding home on a bitter-cold, rainy night encountered a shivering beggar. St. Martin took off his cloak and gave it to the beggar while he himself rode home in nothing but a thin shirt.

St. Martin's Day is celebrated in a truly picturesque manner. Preparations for it begin nearly a month before the actual day and everybody, particularly the children, look forward to it excitedly. The children are allotted the task of making colourful lamps with long sticks attached to them and they set to doing this with great energy.

This festival is celebrated in the evening after dusk. The children light their lamps and set out from their schools in an extremely colourful procession. On the way they are joined by children of other schools till, finally, the procession acquires such magnitude that it can be seen for miles together. This kaleidoscopic procession, resembling a priceless necklace studded with the most invaluable jewels, proceeds along the streets till it reaches the centre of the town where the main celebration takes place. On the way the children go past houses beautifully decorated with streamers and balloons and with lighted lamps swaying merrily in every window. As the procession passes, the older children lean out from the windows and shower them with liquorice sticks and sweets. There is a frantic scramble amongst the children as the deluge of sweets descends upon their expectant heads. Thus collecting bags of sweets on the way and singing merrily the procession moves forward to its destination. Reaching the heart of the town the procession comes to a standstill. Here they are confronted by the beautiful tableau of a cloaked and masked man, representing St. Martin, mounted on a horse and surrounded by a horde of his followers. The rider comes down from the high platform and passes through the procession amid cheers and loud cries of appreciation.

As the rider vanishes into the distance, the children heave a sigh of regret that another St. Martin's Day has come to an end.

Kamini Kaul



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## Cultural Section

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### The Siwalik House Show

After a delay lasting half an hour, during which we were entertained by a number of musical items, we were jerked back into reality by the first item, a "Shikari" dance, a colourful and lovely display. Next came the "Racketeers" who though having played 'Delilah' and 'La Bamba' with a great deal of 'josh', could have done better.

The Hindi Play, 'Dhobhi Ka Gadha', had the usual slap-stick humour and was successful only with the juniors in the assembly. The story portrayed the cunning of a certain school master ( Micky Kapoor ), who tricks a poor dhobhi out of his donkey, promising to turn the latter human. Neel Kohli as the dhobhi, Anil Dass as the unfortunate governor and Mukul Chopra as the children's leader deserve mention. I feel that this play was more suitable for a Prep School cast.

The end of this item brought on the Racketeers again. They proved their mettle this time by playing three tunes rather successfully to an appreciative audience.

The final item of the House Show was the English Play, Operation Cold Cure, which tells of rather a henpecked husband, Alfred Welfare, his flustered and domineering wife, Maggie, their spoilt daughter Rosie, and exuberant son, Harold. The play is about Alfred Welfare who literally does what he is told, but takes full advantage of any opportunity at the same time. It shows Rosie, a typically modern teenager, whose only thoughts are for herself and who is rather jealous of the affection in which her parents hold her brother Harold. The abrupt ending of the play left the audience a little uncertain as to what it really indicated. Most of the actors were in a hurry to get rid of their lines, they were trying to act rather than be the part, which detracted from the performance.

Though not upto the usual standard of House Shows in Sanawar, the Siwalikans tried very hard to amuse a critical audience for which they deserve our congratulations.

Kavita Padda

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### The Vindhya House Show

Barne Hall was packed to capacity with parents, staff and children; all of them had an air of suppressed excitement and anticipation. Among the visitors we were honoured by the presence of Mr. Dharamvira, Governor, West Bengal. The chatter and laughter of the excited children subsided suddenly as the curtains were

drawn to reveal the elaborately dressed solitary figure of Anita Premall, who, as Krishna, danced her intricate steps with great prowess. The show was off to a good start. No sooner had the lights gone off that one heard the low rumbling of drums followed by two well played melodies by the "Stargazers".

The next item, a Hindi play, was amusing and entertaining and had an instructive moral attached to it. It showed us the disgusting habits and behaviour of a typical miser, who, after having a disconcerting joke played on him by his own brother-in-law and his friends turns over a new leaf and vows never to resort to his old habits again. Anil Auluck, as the miser, played his part with conviction and won the sympathy of the audience. Mention must also be made of little Biren Arora who as the 'Jotshi' showed tremendous histrionic ability. The play was well acted and held the interest of the audience throughout.

We were then introduced to the Rotters, a group of girls, who chose to call themselves by that name. They sang a few popular tunes but the singing could have been better with more practice.

The short and witty English skit, The Muddleton Express, was acted extremely well by both the actors, namely, Sanjiv Berry and N. S. Goshal. Mr. Sinha's guttings were clearly visible, particularly in the part played by Sanjiv Berry.

The gay Jhumar Dance, which, with its catching rhythm, was performed rather well by the colourfully dressed, smiling junior girls of the House. The obvious enjoyment of the participants won the hearts of all present in the Hall. The item was colourful and added variety to the evening's entertainment.

The Stargazers came once again—and this time with extremely well-played and vastly appreciated tunes followed by 'Distant Drums', a song sung with a professional touch by the popular vocalist, Shekhar Kadam.

The last item was a Jewish play in English, The Guest of Honour, which took us into the home of a typical Jew family with its various customs and traditions. We saw how the cunning of Mendele, the unsuitable suitor of Sorele, Reb Yacob's daughter, enables him to take the guise of a beggar (who is always necessary in such weddings) and by the way of a clever deal of solving a riddle, wins the hand of the happily willing Sorele. The play was well acted and held the attention of the audience throughout. Shekhar Kadam as Reb Yacob and Rajiv Mehra as Mendle can be singled out for praise for their performances. The play was a fitting finale to the evening's performance.

Mr. Dharmvira thanked Vindhya House on behalf of the audience on the wonderful fare provided. I can say with confidence that Vindhya House Show was a great deal better than I had expected; it was very entertaining. Well done Vindhya.

Kavita Padda

## The Nilagiri House Show

It was a proud privilege to be able to witness the enchanting Saturday Club Show staged by Nilagiri House. As a N. S. (you people always seem to be talking of O. S. !)—or, rather, the mother of one, I was absolutely thrilled. A great part of my enjoyment of the show was the sense of participation—having had a hand in the make-up of some of the wonderful artists including the Kabuliwala—incidentally, this play, almost impeccably performed, was the highlight of the evening.

But, let's begin at the beginning. The first item was a Pirandello play, "Limes From Sicily." I am told the students elected to perform this play in spite of more adult misgivings. Well, more power to them! It is a fine play, sensitive and with great insight into human foibles. The young cast I am sure had done its best—but somehow, I'm afraid, missed the spirit of the thing. However, D. Tewari did occasionally rise to the meaningfulness of the situation.

Next came the Blue Mountaineers—a delightful 3-piece Band which gave us Deepak Tewari (again!) at the drums, Vasant Dhar and Rajiv Bhalla as trumpeters and Kamaljit Singh—already made up and dressed as a right proper Bengali gentleman—wielding the saxophone.

For sheer spontaneity, naturalness and gay abandon the Dance that followed was unsurpassable. It was "Keet-Lam", a Nagaland dance, vigorously performed by eight lovely, colourfully-draped girls. Kudos to the Dance Director! The Pioneers were next. Keshav Bhagat on the guitar and Kamaljit at the drums accompanied Deepak Tewari (once again!). This lad is talented who sang two popular 'hits'—Delilah and Yummy, Yummy, Yummy.

And then . . . . . the piece de resistance of the evening: **Kabuliwala**, a play in Hindi performed by a very talented cast. Manjeet Singh in the title role was superb and a great big bouquet must go to little Roopa Tewari (sister-of . . . guess who?) as the precocious Minnie Mukherjee. Also very good was Kamaljeet Singh as Minnie's kind-hearted father. And quite hilarious and well-done were the little interludes with Bhola (Vinod Thakur) and Lakhia (Rita Bansal). A special mention must be made of the excellent background music.

A really good production extremely well-directed and preserving so beautifully the spirit of Tagore's immortal story.

How I wish I could see all the Saturday Club Shows!

Mrs. Gulshan Ewing

—:o:—



## Himalaya House Show

The evening of July 3rd was made especially enjoyable by the talented boys and girls of the Himalaya House. The programme opened with the Indian Dance "Liema Jogoi." In this traditional dance the Princess of Manipur performs a dance before the God Umang Lai for prosperity. For sheer gay spontaniety and naturalness the performance was very good. The three dancers Sunaina, Indu and Pinky deserve special mention. Costumes were prominent.

"*Likhe Jo Khat Tujhe*" was sung with emotions by Rakesh Khosla (talented boy). The show was off to a good start but the tempo was lowered somewhat by the next item, a Hindi Play, *Dimagh Ka Bima*. The play had the usual slapstick humour which did not click with the audience. All the same Jayant Nanda and Sobti deserve mention for their creditable performance.

Himalayan Tootlers played three tunes, Cha—cha—cha. Our Congratulations to the boys. There is a lot of Musical Talent coming up in Himalaya House and we look forward to many an entertaining evenings in the years ahead.

The most appreciated item was "Uncle Tom's Cabin", an original idea which reached the audience's hearts. It provided variety to the evening's entertainment, apart from giving chances to many youngsters of coming on the stage. This was foliowed by the Himalayan Orchestra which was well received by the audience.

And then the piece-de-resistance of the evening *Pap Se Bacho—Papi Se Nahin* a play in Hindi based on a story by Rabinder Nath Thakur, performed by a very talented cast. Rakesh Khosla in the title role of Baba Ganga Dhar was superb and a big bouquet to little Raman Sagi as Munna. Also very good was Inderjeet Sharma as Khooni. Only we wish he had been a little more clear in his delivery. Really a good production, extremely well directed and preserving so beautifully the spirit of Tagore's story. A special mention must also be made of the excellent background music. The next item was a tune which was well played.

The last item was an English Play "On The Frontier." A comedy in one act by Normal Holland. The scene takes place in the office of Lt. Grigor, played by Rajan Sayal, in the officer's quarter of Frontier Post No. 47 on the border between the country lately occupied by the Great Power and the one next on the list for liberation in the troubled Nineteen Fifties. Rajan Sayal's buffoonery kept the audience amused. All the male characters appeared quite similar which detracted somewhat from the performance. Indu Alhuwalia as Maria Broska was outstanding. Kudos to her.

The comedy coming immediately after the tragedy perhaps reduced the impact which this play might have made on the audience. To make variety entertainment enjoyable the items must be arranged neatly. This fundamental point was overlooked.

The singing of the school song by our well trained voices concluded the last of the House Shows.

Preminda Batra, Geeta Sahni.

## The Prep School Show

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The National Anthem sung, a number of 'shoos' and 'shs' could be heard silencing the more noisy ones in the audience. The first item was a Hindi play—“*Vah Bhai Mama*”! The play was about a master crook who walks into a house while the mother is away and pretends to be the children's uncle. However, the clever little boy sees through him and locks him in an inner room. Meanwhile he phones the police. Mother comes home to find the house infested with policemen. Many explanations are given and then the 'uncle' is taken to gaol and the little boy is rewarded Rs. 500/-. The role of “*Mama Jee*” played by Amarjot Gyani was well acted and drew many a laugh from an appreciative audience.

The next item was a song “*Hai Veena Ki Devi*” sung by Forms I and II commendably.

The “Puppet Dance” that followed was indeed a success. The girls made short, abrupt and jerky movements with their heads and arms and really looked like puppets. They deserve a special pat on the back for their performance.

“Teddy Bear's Picnic” a favourite of many a small child, brought back memories to many girls and boys, I am sure. I, for one, remember it was a favourite with me when a youngster. The small little bears in their yellow 'skins' looked 'real cute' as someone remarked. The singers (though we couldn't see them clearly from the back), in their frilly frocks were really in concordance and rhythm. The melody of their voices really enchanted the audience.

Lastly came the long awaited English play . . . . “A Regretted Wish.” It was about the discontented youngest of the four brothers . . . . sons of a king. Young Michael sulked and avoided company for he wanted to be the king.

One day as he lamented aloud, two weird looking creatures . . . . the sprites of discontent appeared. They assured him that he would be the king if he promised to let them live at the castle. Overjoyed he promised. However, he was suspicious about the method that the two would adopt to crown him king. As he talked to them his doubts were confirmed. Horrified he left the two and ran home to find that the king and his brothers were just recovering from what could be the jaws of death. From that day he became a different boy. This brought a close to the most enjoyable evening. Col. Kochhar thanked the Prepers for the entertainment provided. I am sure everyone enjoyed the “Little One's Show.”

Sangeet Sakhuja

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Cricket—First Eleven



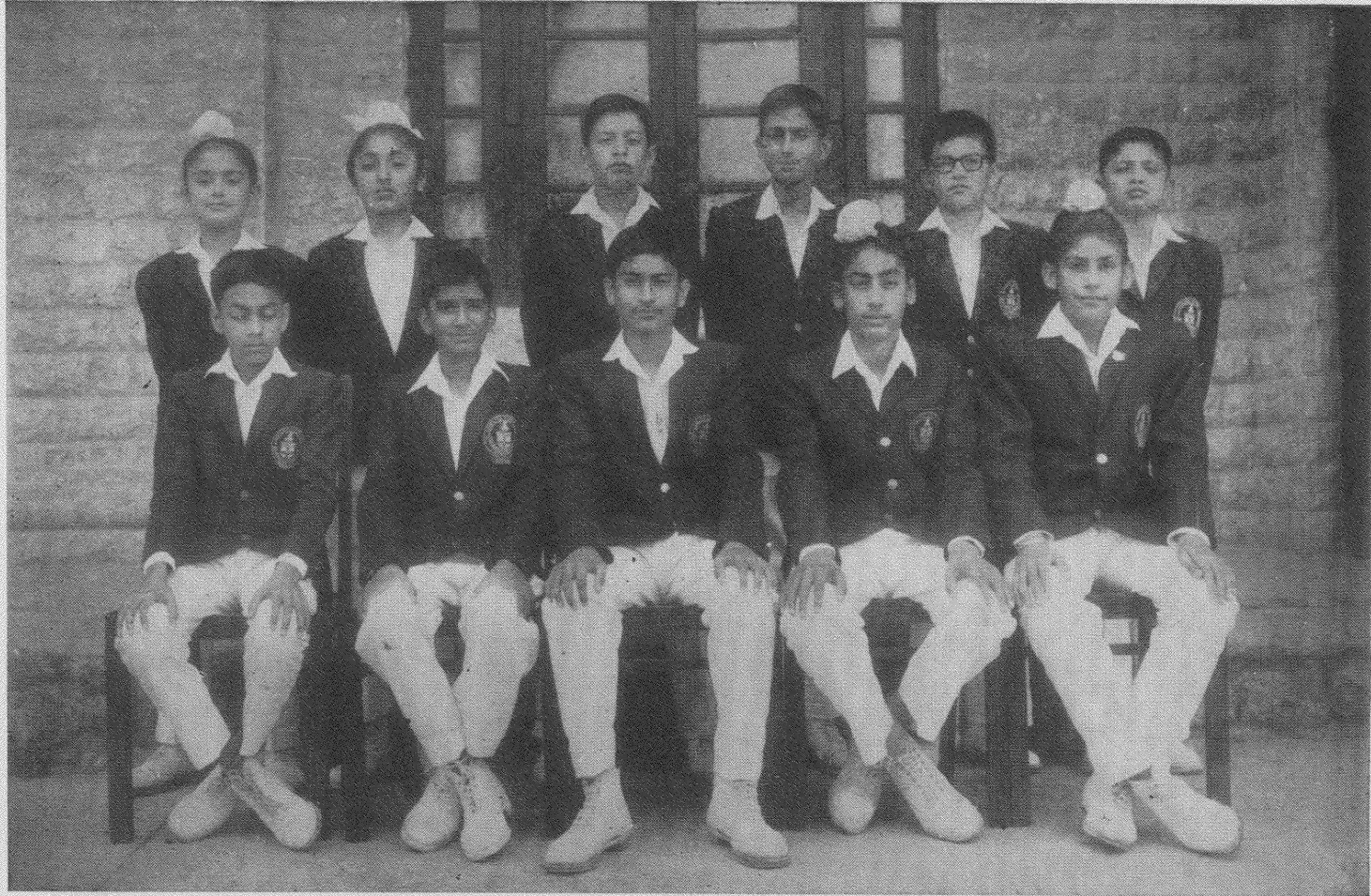
L to R.

STANDING:— A. Kalia, S. Prabhakar, J. S. Sandhu, A. Sobti, B. N. Kaul, B. S. Pathania.

SITTING:— K. S. Rajput, Parveen Kumar, D. S. Sidhu (Capt) N. D. S. Gill, J. S. Phrar.



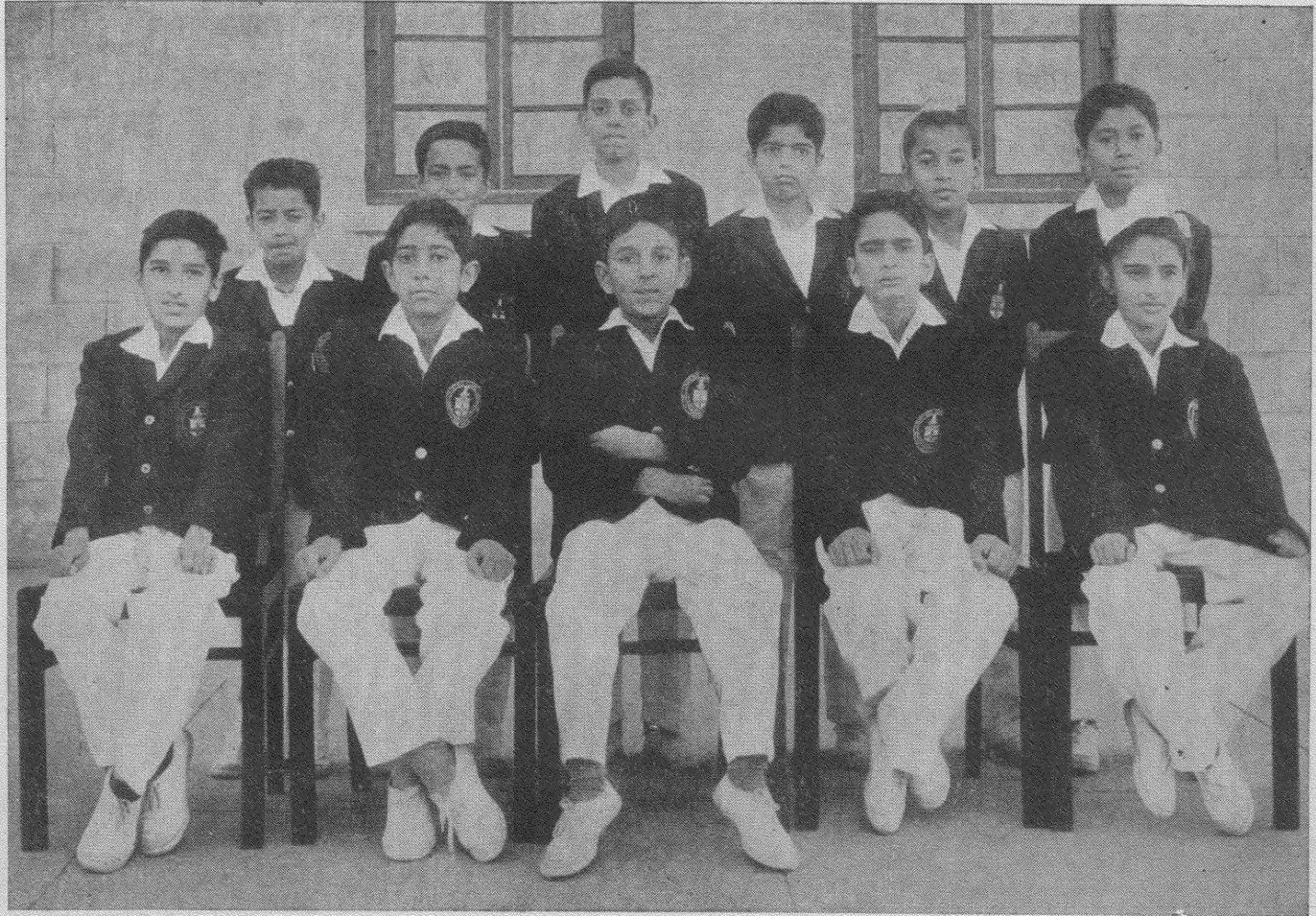
### Cricket—Colts



**L. to R.**  
STANDING :— Malvinder Brar, Shivinder Bir Singh, G.S. Rana, Vasant Dhar, R.S. Kadyan, R. Rhanna.  
SITTING :— Vikram Wala, H.M.S. Tanwar, Sandip Bagchi (Capt.), J.S. Bhattal, R.S. Sidhu.



**Cricket—Atoms**



**L. to R.**  
**STANDING:—** Anil Dogra, Parveen Vasisht, Arun Mittal, Sanjeev Kapur, P.S. Gyani, Deepak Khosla.  
**SITTING:—** R.K. Hundal, Joginder Bikram, Ranjit Dhody (Capt.), Bikram Verma, Narinder Brar.



**Soccer—First Eleven**



**L. to R.**  
STANDING :— Shiv Nath, H. S. Pathania, G. S. Dhillon, Praveen Kumar, Ranbir Singh, Manjit Singh.  
SITTING :— Keshav Bhagat, Nripdev S. Gill, Dilbagh S. Sidhu, (Capt.) Satinderjit S. Phrar, Inderjit Sharma.



Soccer—Colts



L. to R.

STANDING :— D. Pandit, S. S. Chhatwal, G. S. Rana, Neeraj Madhok, Ashwani Khanna, R. S. Kadyan.

SITTING :— P. Barthwal, R. S. Sidhu, Sandip Bagchi (Capt.) Manmegh Singh, P. Chaudhry.



### Soccer—Atoms



**L. to R.**

STANDING :— Suneel Malhotra, Arjun Batra, Khushbir Singh, Narinder Brar, Ram Chander, Praveen Vasisht,  
SITTING :— Prabhjot Gyani, R.K. Hundal, Bikram Verma (Capt.), Ranjit Dhody, Joginder Bikram.



### Hockey—First Eleven



**L. to R.**  
**STANDING :—** K.S. Rajput, Naveen Chauhan, Manjit Singh, Nirmaljit Singh, Geetish Lal, V.S. Pathania.  
**SITTING :—** Nripdev S. Gill, Praveen Kumar, Dilbagh Singh Sidhu (Capt.), Gurpratap Singh, Inderjit Sharma.



### Hockey—Colts



**L. to R.**

**STANDING :—** G. S. Scra, G. S. Rana, Neeraj Madhok, S. S. Chatwal, Ashwani Khanna, Sumit Bagchi  
**SITTING :—** Malvinder Brar, H. M. S. Tanwar, Sandeep Bagchi (Capt.) R. S. Kadyan, Jayant Nanda.



## Hockey - Atoms



**L. to R.**  
**STANDING** :— S. Malhotra, H. Khanika, Harpreet Sidhu, Prabhjot Gyani, Praveen Vashist, Anil Dogra.  
**SITTING** :— Joginder Bikram, Bikram Verma, Rahul Hundal, (Capt.) R. Grewal, Arjun Batra.



## The Athletics Team



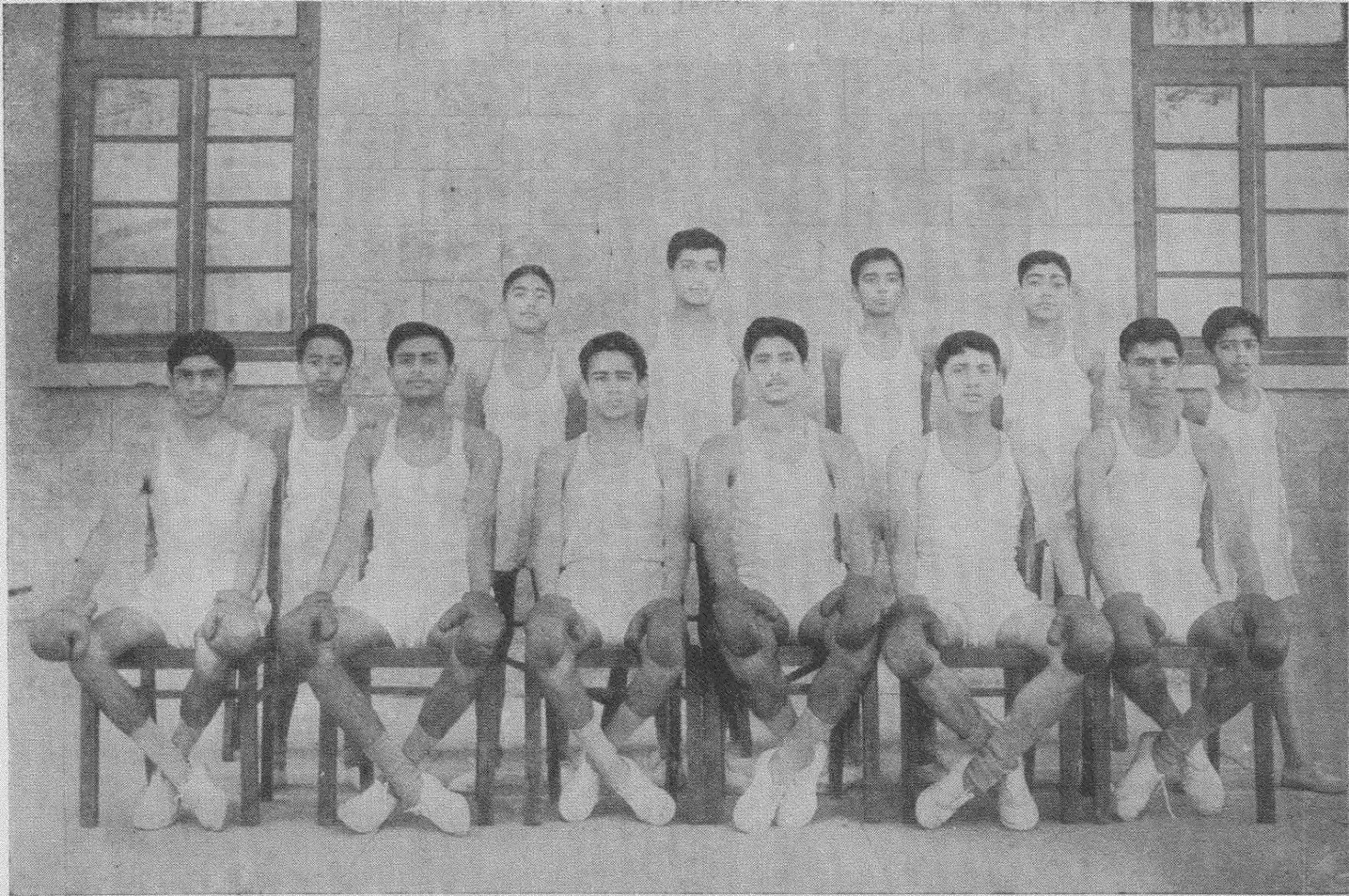
**L. to R.**

**STANDING :—** N. Chauhan, A. Auluck, J.S. Phrar, S. Prabhakar, G.S. Bala, Geetish Lal, B.S. Brar.

**SITTING :—** Shiv Nath, N.D.S. Gill, G.S. Dhillon, A. Rastogi, K.V.S. Lalotra, K.S. Rajput, D.S. Sidhu.



## Boxing



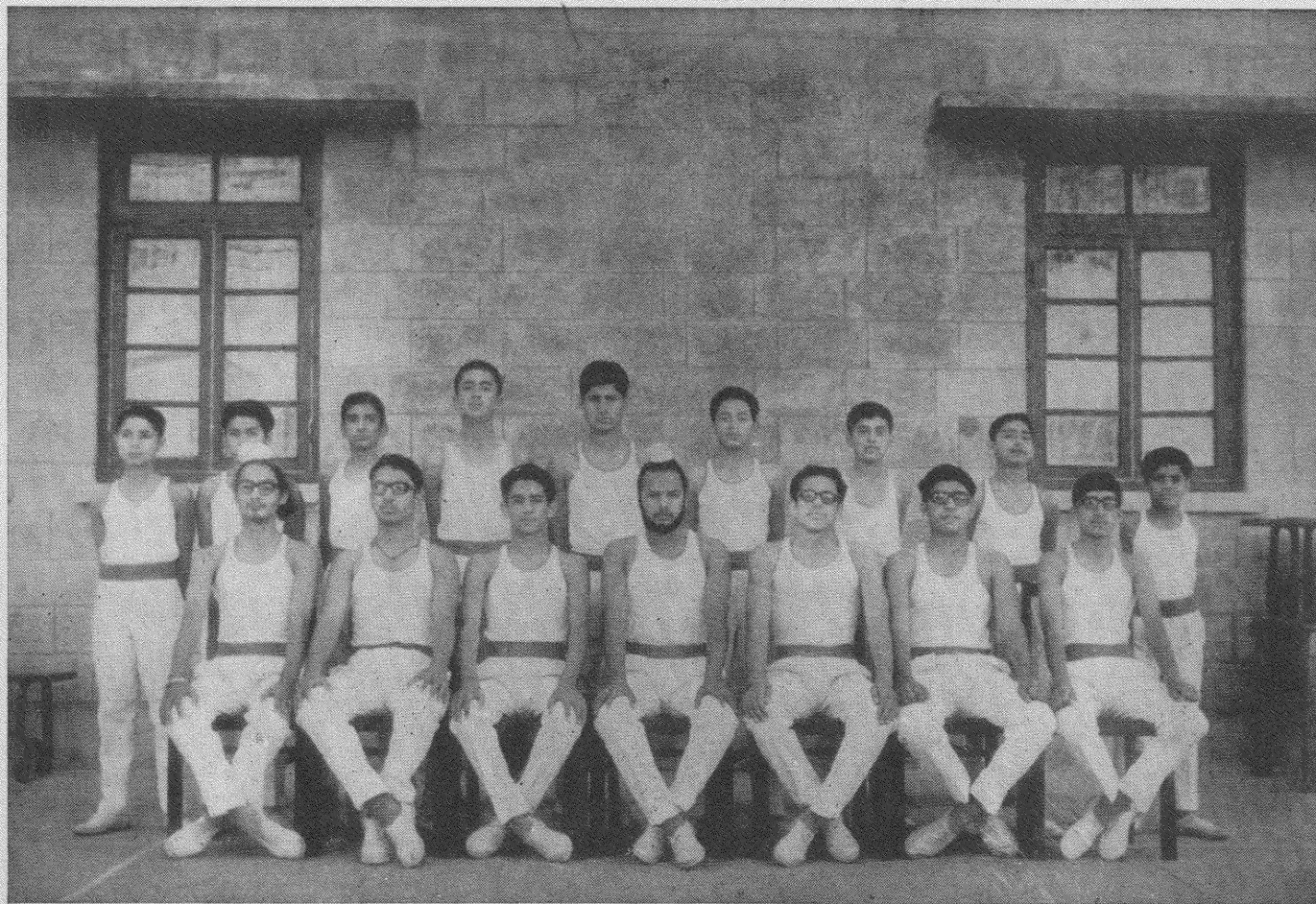
**L. to R.**

**STANDING :—** Praveen Vasisht B.S. Pathania, S. Sirkeck, H.M.S. Tanwar, R. Kochhar, S. Kapoor.

**SITTING :—** V. Bhandari, K.V.S. Lalotra, D. Tewari, M.S. Hare, K.S. Rajput, V.S. Pathania.



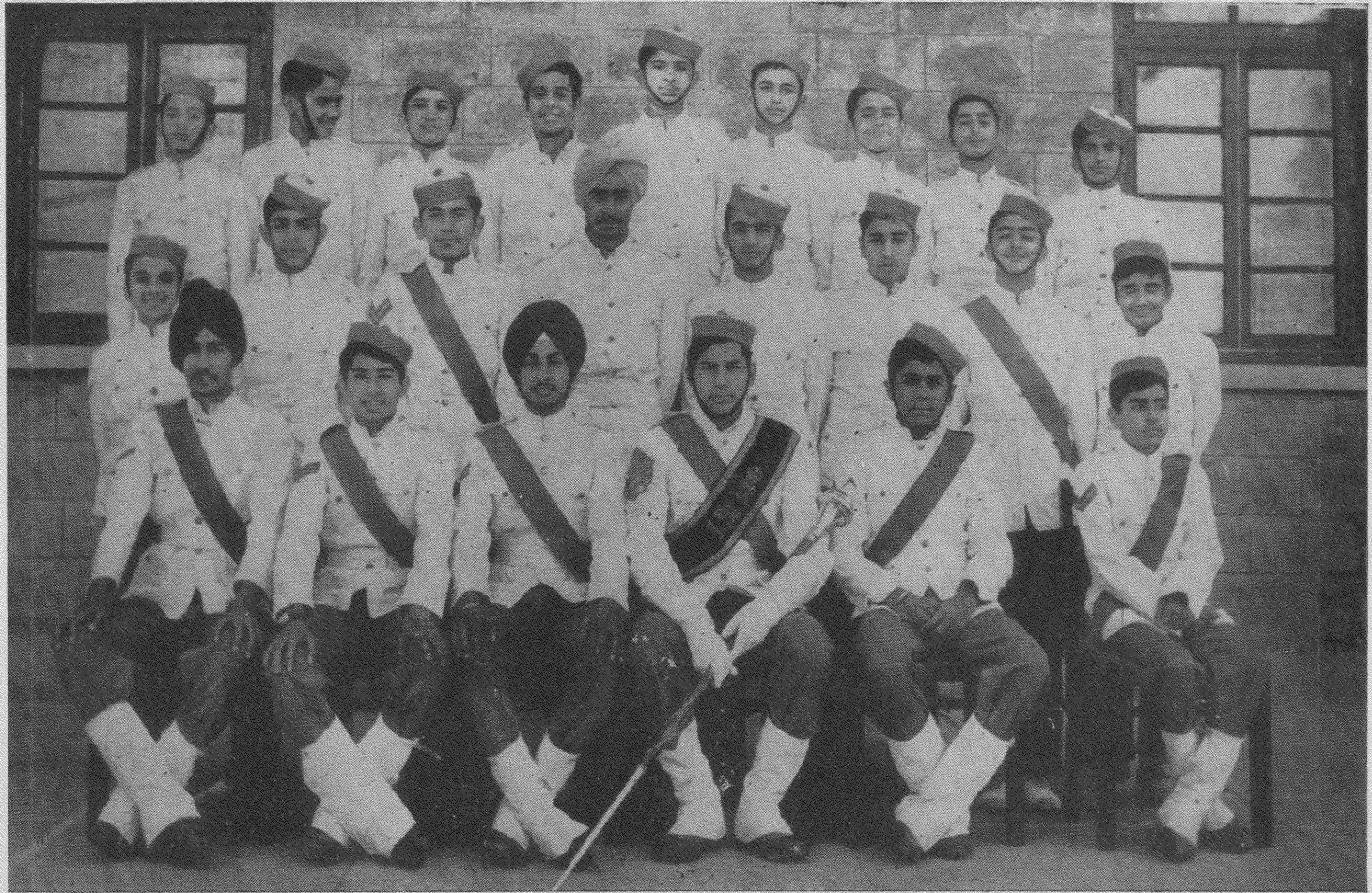
## Gymnastics



**L. to R.**  
**STANDING :—** R. S. Jamwal, J. Nanda, H. M. S. Tanwar, S. Hira, B. N. Kaul, G. S. Rana, K. S. Bhuller,  
B. S. Pathania, K. Subramaniam.  
**SITTING :—** G.S. Randhawa, H.S. Pathania, D. Tewari, D.S. Sidhu, Kamaljit Singh, K. Bhagat D. Singha.



## BRASS BAND

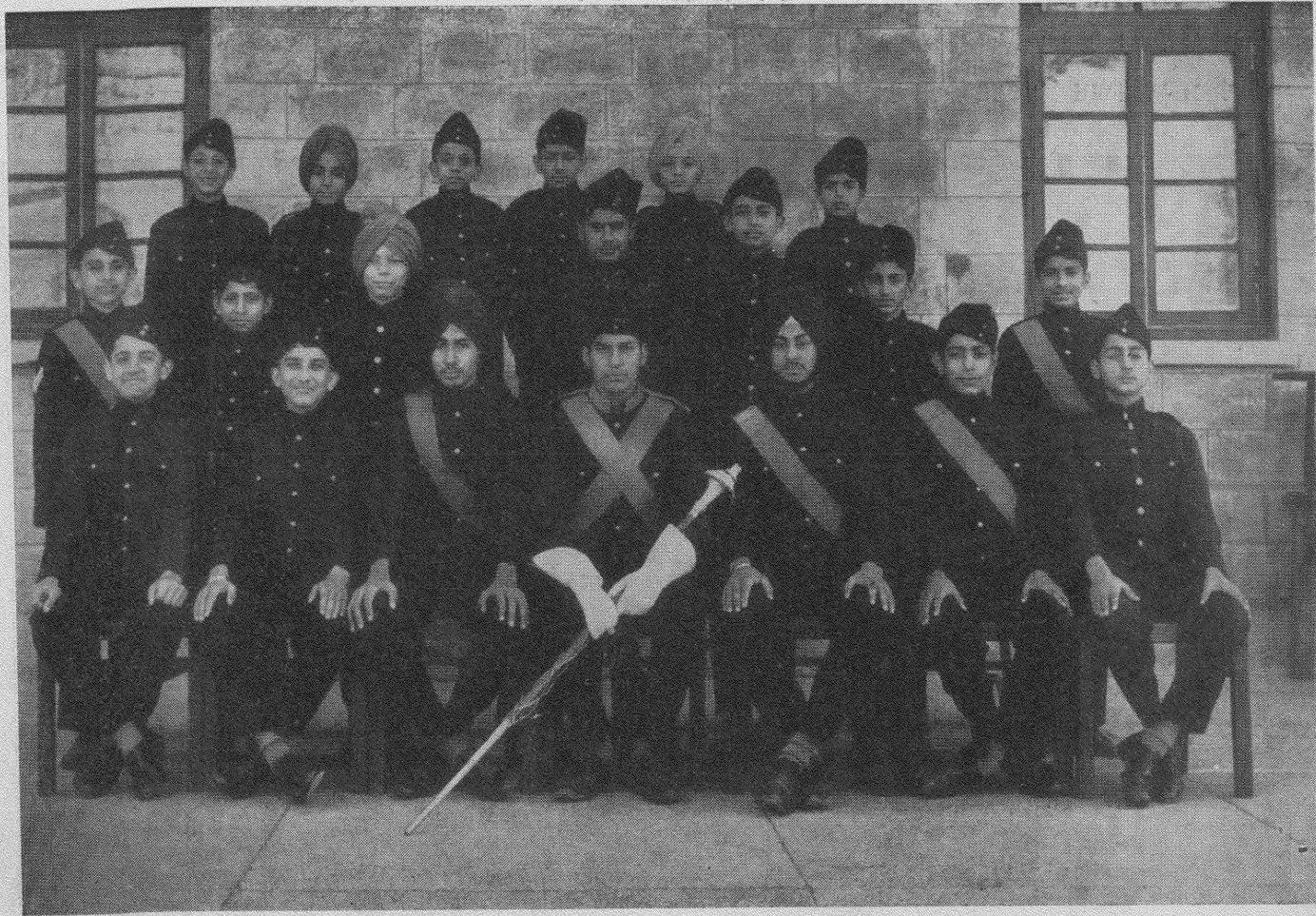


**L. to R.**

- BACK ROW:**— Gaurav S. Rana, Pradeep Chaudhry, Jagrup Singh, Kamaljeet Singh, Ravinder Kadan, S. K. S. Tanwar, Neeraj Madhok, Vasant K. Dhar, Jyoten Kandel.
- MIDDLE ROW:**— Anil Dass, Satdev Bajaj, Manjeet Singh, H. S. Sandhu, Shekhar D. Kadam, Sanjeev Nair, Suren Hira, Virinder Malhotra.
- SITTING:**— Nasjeet Singh, Abhimanyu Ansal, Amarbir Singh Pannu, A. Auluk, A. Malhotra, N. Kohli.



## BUGLE BAND



**L. to R.**

**BACK ROW :—** Gurpreet Seekond, Ajia S. Virk, Ashok K. Mittal, Pardeep Bajaj, Maninder S. Dusang, Sanjeev Kapoor.

**MIDDLE ROW :—** Anil Dass, Bhanwar Kishor, Maninder S. Ahluwalia, Pradeep Chaudhry, S.K.S. Tanwar, Ghanshyam Singh, Jyoten Kendal.

**SITTING :—** Neeraj Madhok, Jagrup Singh, Narjeet Singh, Anil Auluk, Amarbir S. Pannu, Satdev Bajaj, Vasant K. Dhar.

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# PREP SCHOOL SECTION

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## Prep. School Saturday Club Show

The Prep. School Show was on the 17th of May 1969 at 6-30 p. m. in Barne Hall. We practised for ten days. Our announcer was Sarvajit. We began our evening's programme by singing the National Anthem.

The first item was a Hindi play *Vhai Bhai Mama*. I liked it a lot. There was a thief in it. He was caught in the end.

The next item was singing and Form I and II children sang *Hai Vina Ki Devi*. The third item was a puppet dance. It was very nice. I think Meera Khanna was the best.

Then came the Teddy Bear's Picnic. It was a sweet item. I liked it a lot. Mostly k. g. children acted in it, but there were a few from Form I too. Nalin Kumar and Sadhna acted as father and mother bears respectively.

The last item was an English play "A Regretted Wish." There were three scenes in it. The Palace Ground, The Woods and a room in the palace. The story was about four Princes. The youngest Prince Michael was grumpy because he knew that he could not become the king whereas his brothers had bright chances to be the kings. The sprites wanted to kill his father and brothers and make him the king. In the end he discovered the sprites' plan and escaped just before their spell could work.

I liked the Hindi and the English plays very much. We ended our Prep. School show by singing the school song. Maj. Som Dutt asked Col. Kochar to thank the Preppers for the Saturday Club Show. Every one enjoyed the show because it was very well done.

Gurpreet Singh Ghuman,  
Form II

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## Founder's 1969.

When we came back from our summer vacation, we started practising for our Founder's. If it was a clear day we would have our athletics practice. We had had our other practices every day. We practised for at least a month and a half.

On 2nd October after breakfast we went down to Barne Field for our final athletics. I was chosen for the House Relay. In the prep. school house relay (girls) Himalaya came first, Nilagiri second, Vindhya third and Siwalik fourth. Last of all was the prize giving. The girls and boys who had stood first in long jumps and



high jumps were awarded certificates. We had our special Founder's lunch. Mrs. Tilley and her daughter and many other visitors came for our lunch. In the evening the staff entertained the guests to a play named "The Arms and the Man." Miss Ayling and Miss Pratap were the only two from the prep. school staff who acted in this play. It was about a chocolate cream soldier.

On the 3rd at 4-00 p. m. was the P.D. Concert. The first item was a Hindi play. I hope they did it nicely for I could not see it. Then was the Band. They sang "My Grandfather's Clock." Jhoomar Dance, in which six girls took part, followed. I was one of the dancers. After that two songs were sung, one in Hindi and the other in Tamil. The last item was an English play named "The King and the Jester." It was a very nice play. We ended our show by singing the school song. After dinner was the tattoo. P.T. was the first item, Band came next and then the ground work. The last one was a colourful item—Figure Marching.

On the 4th after breakfast we went to Peacestead for our March Past, which followed the N.C.C. Parade. My brother held the flag for his house. Air Marshal Arjan Singh took the salute. After all that was over we went to see the exhibitions. They were very nice. Speeches took place in Barne Hall. Only the parents and other visitors could go for the speeches. In the evening we witnessed the Senior School Concert. The girls performed two dances. There was an orchestra. A play named 'The Ghost Train' was staged. Small girls felt scared while it was in progress.

On the 5th after breakfast we got five rupees each. We went for the fete in front of Birdwood. I bought two greeting cards, had some 'chaat' and gulped down a cup of ice-cream. In the lucky dip I got a 'horse' and a 'bugle'. I gave them to my sister. I enjoyed the fete.

I enjoyed the Founder's tremendously.

Meera Khanna,  
Form II

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### Our Visit to Doom's Pond

Since the eighteenth of September was a sunny day, Mrs Cherian agreed to take us to Doom's pond. We went to the dormitory and wore our gumboots, sleeveless cardigans and our games shorts. We took a tin or a bottle each with us. The Form II-A children joined us in the school verandah. Kundan also came with us. He had a stick with him.

Kundan led us; we were in the middle; Mrs. Cherian and Miss Naidu were right at the back. We saw some pigs, cows and goats on the way to Doom's pond. We also passed a graveyard. On a board it was written in Hindi, "If you enter this graveyard you will be handed over to the police." So we didn't dare to go in.

I caught a small frog as soon as Mrs. Cherian and Miss Naidu told us to start 'ponding'. Kundan rolled up his trousers and went into the pond to catch frogs. The frog he caught was very big. Some children wetted their socks or stockings. I caught four frogs. We saw many water insects and snails. I gave Mrs. Cherian the first frog I caught. After some time I caught a tadpole; it was quite big. We spent half an hour 'ponding'.

While coming back Jasjit Nalwa overtook Kundan. He was the first one to reach school and we arrived a little later. We all were exhausted. Later in the day we were told a fair amount about the frog. Since we had had that trip, we grasped the lesson quickly and digested it well.

Anil Chaudhary,  
Form II

### **A Rainy Day**

I do not like a rainy day. In the morning when we get up we feel very lazy. We do not even feel like washing our faces. And sometimes after washing our faces we do not like to change our clothes.

When we go for breakfast we do not feel like eating anything. When we come to School we do not feel like doing our work. We just keep watching the rain through the windows. We are half asleep in the class. And then we get a scolding from the teacher. We feel very cross. Then after six periods are over we are very happy and we run up for lunch. Then we go up to rest. We are unhappy that even though we have got time to watch the rain falling, we cannot, for our Matron will shout. We have to rest lest. . . . .

After sometime the prep. bell rings. Then we are sad that we have to go and study again. Nevertheless we go for prep. We do not feel like doing our prep at all. So we again start looking out through the windows. And the teacher on duty gives us a shout. Then we get more angry. Then we go up to the dormitory. We are so angry that we have a fight even with our best friends. Then we go for tea. After tea since it is raining again we have to go to the dormitory. Then at night we pray to God that it does not rain the next day. And we go off to sleep.

Arati Seth,  
Form II

### **Our Picnic at Sunshine Valley**

Each year on November 14th we have a holiday. This day is Pandit Nehru's birthday and is called children's day. Panditji used to like children very much and he played a lot with them. That is why it is called children's day. Only prep school gets a holiday on this day. This year we decided to go for a picnic to Sunshine Valley.

Some children walked the distance. Many KGs. and a few from Forms I and II went in the bus. I went walking with my friends. Sanjeev Suri, Bhupinder Gupta and I went together. We went through a village. We saw many cows, buffaloes and dogs there. We enjoyed our walk to the Sunshine Valley. At last we reached there.

Sunshine Valley is a small valley with hills on all sides. There is a very large pond there. The water is very dirty. We were not allowed to go near the water let alone touch it. There is a small village in the valley. It is a nice place.

In Sunshine Valley we rested for a while. Then we went to look for a nice, shady place for a camp. We found many good places, but other children were already there. At last we found a nice place. We cleaned it, put nice green pine-needles on it and all of us rested for a while. Then we went out to play. We played Catching Kook. I was never the den. We played at a fair distance from the pond. We played for a long time. We got tired of this game, so we played 'Spy.' We went back and rested. For lunch we got rice, curd, potatoes, cabbage and oranges. After lunch we acted our plays. First was Nilagiri, then Siwalik, then Himalaya and last Vindhya. I was Dick Whittington. We got Indian sweets and buns for tea. After that we played again for a short time. Then we had to come back.

I came back walking again. We passed through another village. We had a race with the bus. We won the race! We reached Sanawar in the evening.

I enjoyed the picnic very much.

Ranjit Verma,  
Form II

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### The Man

There was a man  
Who lived in a van.

He chattered all day  
But he was not very gay.

When anyone came and said 'hello' and 'good day',  
He would groan and say 'oh', please go away!!

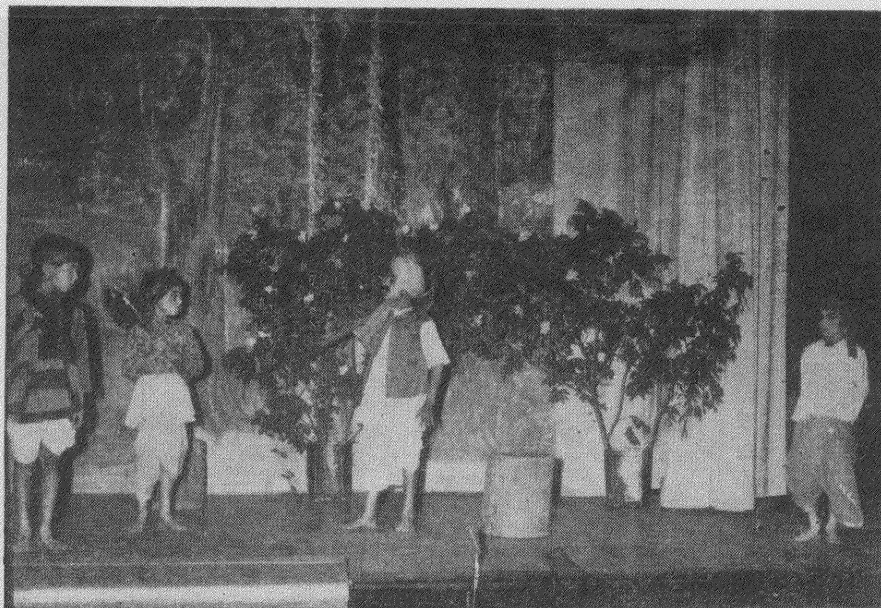
Nisha Sikund,  
Form II



*The Prep. School Concert*



Scenes from "Posti".

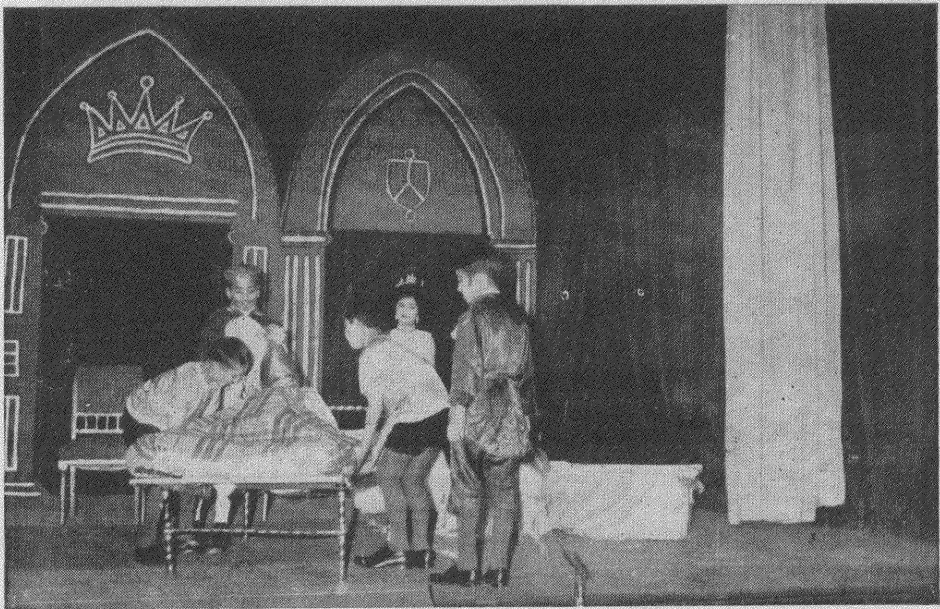




Scenes from "The King and the Jester".

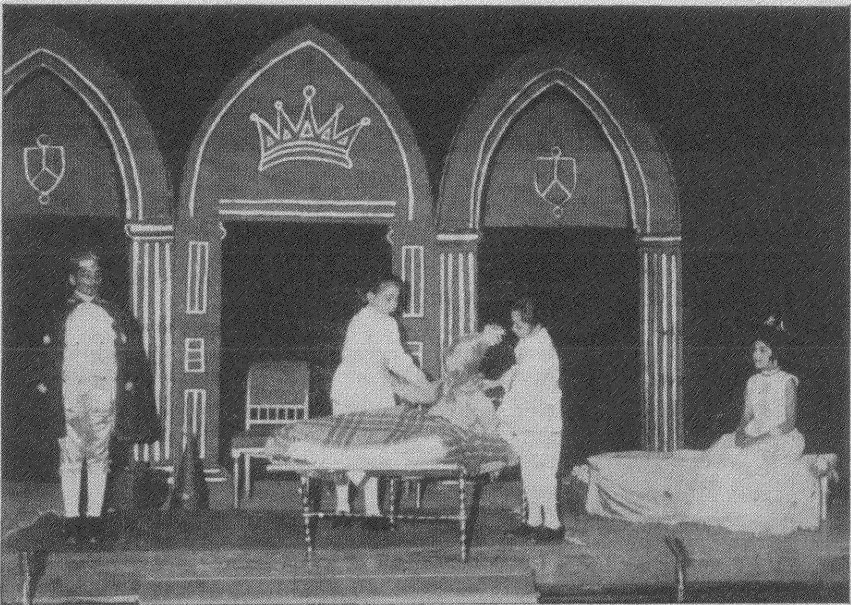


*Gypsy* : Your Majesty, I can tell you something of your future too, if I may  
but look at the palm of your han!



*King* : " You must not risk catching cold "



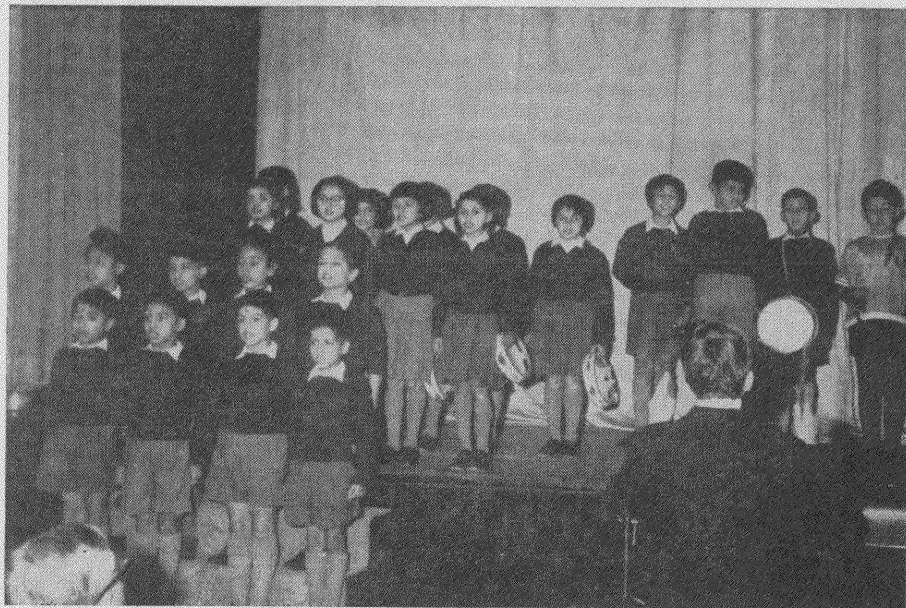


*First Physician* : " No pulse ! Partner, do feel here. No pulse " .





Jhoomar Dance



The Percussion Band

### **If I could have a Wish**

If a fairy promises to grant me a wish I would ask for peace everywhere. I would ask her to put an end not only to all fights in our own country but all wars between various countries, because I do not like wars and fights.

Often people are killed, houses are burnt and plants and crops are destroyed and consequently we get no food. So I do not like wars and fights. In battles people are badly wounded. Their legs are broken, arms are cut and some lose their eyes. The hospitals are full of patients then.

Because I do not like to see people hurt and sad and without any food, I hope my wish is granted.

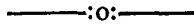
Rajeev Kathuria  
Form II



### **A Frightening Dream**

Last night I had a very frightening dream. I saw a snake and it came close to my cosy little bed. I was terribly frightened and I woke up in the middle of the dark night. The snake looked at my head. I cuddled inside my bed. When mummy touched my head I thought it was the snake. But when I opened my eyes, I saw it was my mummy. Then I jumped up and clung to my dear mummy.

Sharada Singh  
Form I



### **My best Friend**

My best friend is Arati Seth. She wears spectacles. She is in Himalaya House. She is in Form II. Her Class teacher is Miss Naidu. Arati is very naughty. She has two brothers. She lives in Lucknow. Her birthday is on November 18. She has short hair but is now growing it. She tells me stories. I like her. She plays with me on Sundays. She is 10 years old. Her other friends are Meera, Navneet and Parminder. Arati gives me tuck. She likes to sing. She knows many nice songs. She likes to play. She is the biggest girl in our dormitory. Her brother had an operation. In the class she comes 14th. She has a cousin in G. D. She has a nice handwriting.

Meera Sud  
Form I

\* \* \* \* \*

## My Light

I have a little blue light,  
And it shines very bright,  
It's above my head  
Next to the bed.

I like my little blue light,  
Which gives me a nice sight,  
It helps me to do my work in the night,  
That is all about my little blue light.

\* \* \* \* \*

### On Tuesday Night

On Tuesday night,  
I lost my child,  
And where do you think  
I found him.

Up in the moon,  
Singing a nice tune,  
With all the stars  
around him.

Ranjit Verma  
Form II

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Rose and the Butterfly

Once upon a time there was a rose who lived all alone in a forest, and had no friends.

One day while he was crying a butterfly saw him. She asked him why he was crying. He said, "I have no friends and I am all alone." She took pity on him and said, "I will be your friend."

The next day the butterfly came to visit the rose. While they were talking, the rose said, "Why don't you move near here and we will be happy."

The next day the butterfly along with her mother moved to a house near where the rose lived. They were very happy for a few days.

One day the butterfly's mother died while cooking and the rose was very sad.

After some days the butterfly's birthday came. She gave a party. The rose cooked the food. They invited Tommy the mouse and Lucy—another butterfly. The rose ate a lot and it became very fat, and it burst. The poor rose died. The butterfly cried for many days. As a result she became very weak and then she also died.

Ranjit Verma  
Form II



## Diwali

People celebrate Diwali to remember the return of Ram, Sita and Lakshman to Ayodhya. This festival is also called the festival of lights.

Diwali is celebrated all over India. Everyone is supposed to have a bath in the morning. People clean their houses. They decorate their houses with 'Divas'.

Every year we celebrate Diwali in Sanawar also. This time Diwali was on the 9th of November and it was a Sunday. Everybody had ice-cream in the morning but I missed it because I was in the hospital. At tea time we got sweets. At six o'clock in the evening we went to Peacestead. We all had enough time to let off our crackers. First I was sharing my crackers with Seema and Ruby, but my brother called me so I went to him. There were wonderful lights all over the place. It looked as though the stars had come down to play with us. There was also a very irritating noise. My brother gave me a candle to let off my crackers. He also borrowed some crackers from his friends and gave them to me. By this time we had to go back. I enjoyed letting off the crackers. We came back and dressed up for dinner. The Madams had decorated the dining-room very nicely for us. After dinner we got ice-cream. I liked the dinner very much. We had also sent our Diwali greetings home.

Meera Khanna  
Form II

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## Our Camp at Tara Devi

Every year we go for a camp. This time it was decided that we would go to Tara Devi for our camp. The Lower Threes and Upper Threes came with Prep. School. Tara Devi is very near Simla.

On the 27th of April at 9-00 a.m. we left Sanawar, and walked to Dharam-pore. It was over two miles. Over luggage was sent in a big truck. The train arrived, but we had to wait for the luggage to arrive. Then we got into the train. After some time the train started. Navneet tickled me whenever we passed through a tunnel. All of us shouted a lot. We passed through the longest tunnel on the Kalka-Simla route just before the Barog Railway Station. At Barog we had our lunch. In the evening we reached Scout Halt. We climbed up the hill and reached Tara Devi. We all went to the rooms where we had to stay. After we had our dinner we quickly got into our beds. The senior girls did not let us sleep.

On the 28th we went to Tara Devi station. Then we went to the spring. In the afternoon we had to rest. In the evening Amarjyot had a fall. We all were worried.

On the 29th we went to Simla. It started raining as soon as we reached there. So we waited under a shelter. We had our lunch there only. Then Mrs. Cheria gave us three rupees each. We went to "The Mall" and bought whatever we wanted. When we were returning in the evening it again rained. We reached our camp with great difficulty.

On the 30th we visited the scout centre. We saw one of their log cabins. Their 'Laws' were written on a board. One of the masters took our photograph. It was a beautiful place. When we came back we washed our legs and hands and got ready for dinner. After dinner we all slipped into our beds.

On the 1st of May we started packing up. After breakfast Mrs. Singh took some girls for a walk. Then she sat down and started reading. Sonia and I collected some acorns. When we came back we helped Miss Singh to pack up the clothes. By evening we had done half of our packing. That night after dinner we had the campfire.

On the 2nd of May we had to return to Sanawar. Miss Singh had packed everything by breakfast time, The luggage had to be ready by nine o'clock. I drank a cup of tea only at breakfast time. After drinking our tea Sandhila Sherry and I came up to the rooms. We all had to get everything ready before leaving our camp. At nine o'clock we all lined up house-wise. Then we went down to scout Halt. We waited for the train to come. The Himalaya and Nilagiri House girls sat together. When the luggage was put into the train, the train started for Dharampore. We passed through the longest tunnel again. We reached Dharampore in the afternoon. Some of us came to Sanawar in the bus, others walked up. The girls who felt sick in the train went in the Headmaster's car. We all reached safely back to Sanawar. When we came back we had our tea. I enjoyed my camp.

Meera Khanna  
Form II



### Life Story of a Pencil

I was made in a factory. I was a black-lead pencil. I was put in a box with my brothers and sisters and sent to a school. A man took me to a class-room. My name was Ashoka.

One day the teacher gave me to a boy named Prem Chand. He was neat and tidy boy. The teacher said, "If you lose your pencil, you will not get another one." The children were quite cross. The boy sharpened me very gently so that it did not hurt me in the least. I loved my master. He also loved me. Day by day I was growing older but smaller! One day the teacher looked at the children's pencils. I was quite big. So the teacher said "Good"! to Prem Chand. The boy was very happy. After a month the holidays started. All the children went home.

The boy left me in his desk. One day a small boy got into the class-room through the window. He was a naughty boy. He opened Prem Chand's desk. He saw me and put me into his pocket. Then he went away. While running I jumped out of his pocket.

I was lying on the road. Another boy picked me up and hit me with a stone. I broke into several pieces. I became one with mother earth from where every thing springs.

A. K. Dogra  
Form II

### A Prayer

Thank you dear God for the world so sweet, for the food we eat, for the flowers that bloom, for the butterflies that fly around, for the moon that shines soothingly in the sky at night. Thank you God for everything.

God guard me from harm. Guard my nation and bless every body. Please help me to be a good child.

Forgive me dear God for all the wrong things I do. God bless me and make me healthy and strong.

Amen.

Amol Rattan  
Form II

\* \* \* \* \*

### If I were an Officer

I will be an officer when I grow up. I will do many things. I will come back home in the afternoons to eat my lunch. Then I will rest in my bed. I will even get money from my office. Then I will even buy toys and clothes for my children. Then my children will be happy. Then they will call me daddy. I will also be married. Then my wife will be teaching somewhere.

Sanjay  
Kg.



# Prizegiving 1969.

Lt. General H. S. Bhagat A. C., presided.

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL	...	...	{ Ashali Bhagat Kr. V.S. Lalotra
THE THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGANISING ABILITY	Kr. V.S. Lalotra		
DEWAN RAM PRASHAD GOLD MEDAL	}	...	Bina Manchanda.
(For standing first in the School in I.S.C.)			

## FORM PRIZES

### Senior School

SIXTH A	...	...	{ 1st Ashali Bhagat 2nd Kalpana Johry
SIXTH B	...	...	{ 1st Sandeep Ahuja 2nd Hemant S. Pathania
SIXTH C	...	...	{ 1st Jatinder Marwah 2nd Rupinder Kaur
UPPER V A	...	...	{ 1st Aruna Batra 2nd Rita Bansal
UPPER V B	...	...	{ 1st Rakesh Bhan 2nd Atul Sobti
UPPER V C	...	...	{ 1st Pradeep Singhal 2nd Virinder Malhotra
LOWER V A	...	...	{ 1st Virendra K. Patole 2nd Vivek Mehra
LOWER V B	...	...	{ 1st Jatinder S. Pannu 2nd Jagrup S. Khara
UPPER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Harsimran Grewal 2nd Hardeepak Singh Gill
UPPER IV B	...	...	{ 1st Rajbir Singh Kadyan 2nd Mina Chanchani
LOWER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Harveen Sachdeva 2nd Mukul Chopra
LOWER IV B	...	...	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd G.S. Panaych
UPPER III A	...	...	{ 1st Sanjiv Kapur 2nd Suraj N. Singla
UPPER III B	...	...	{ 1st Vivek Ahluwalia 2nd Saroj Sirkeck
LOWER III A	...	...	{ 1st Deepak Khosla 2nd Nakul Chopra
LOWER III B	...	...	{ 1st Linda Rose Kerr 2nd Navnit Kaur



Bina Manchanda receiving the Dewan Ram Prashad Gold Medal.

### Prep. School

FORM II A	...	...	...	{ 1st Ashwani K. Dogra 2nd Gurcharan S. Kadan
FORM II B	...	...	...	{ 1st Ranjit Verma 2nd Meera Khanna
FORM I A	...	...	...	{ 1st Mandeep S. Seekond 2nd Ashish Khosla
FORM I B	...	...	...	{ 1st Bharti Thakur 2nd Sharda Singh
K. G. A	...	...	...	{ 1st Ravni Singh 2nd Natinder Dhillion
K. G. B	...	...	...	{ 1st Anshuk Jain 2nd Sangeeta Ahluwalia

### Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE		Ashali Bhagat
		{ Avanish Zaveri Kalpana Johri Jaspreet Kaur Mann Aruna Batra Kamaljit K. Ramana Preminda Batra Virendra K. Patole Harsimran Grewal Rohini Arora Saroj Sirkeck Deepak Khosla
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	
THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	...	Ashali Bhagat
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{ Pushpinder M.S. Grewal Sandip Bagchi
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Ashali Bhagat Mukul Chopra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ Pushpinder M.S. Grewal Sandip Bagchi
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	...	Harveen Sachdeva
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ Sandeep Ahuja (Chem) Sandeep Ahuja (Physics) Jatinder Marwah (Bio.) Mukul Chopra (Gen. Sc).
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Sandeep Ahuja Kr. Hargopal Singh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE		Ashali Bhagat
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Pamela Hira Punam Nanda Satinder Singh Datta



SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING ...	Arjun Rastogi
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC ...	{ Manindra Pratap Rita Bansal Mina Chanchani
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND ...	{ Anil Auluck Kamaljit Singh Harisimran Singh
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR WOODWORK ...	{ Rakesh Khosla Vivek Mehra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT ...	{ G.S. Bala Anil Dass
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK ...	Pinky Sikand
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR INDIAN DANCING ...	{ Sunaiyna Chauhan

### Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE ...	Kr. V. S. Lalotra
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE ...	Kavita Padda
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys ...	{ D.S. Sidhu Karanjit Rajput Arun Wadhawan Ajai Pal Singh
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls ...	{ Pinky Sikand T. Ngaizaching Pamela Hira Anita Prem Lal
M.I. PRIZES ...	{ I.S. Sharma Jaspreet Mann
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE ...	Ashali Bhagat

### Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART ...	Sunaiyna Chauhan
THE CARLILL CUP ...	Ajai K. Mahajan
STUDY CUP, Girls ...	Vindhya
STUDY CUP, Boys ...	Nilagiri



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