

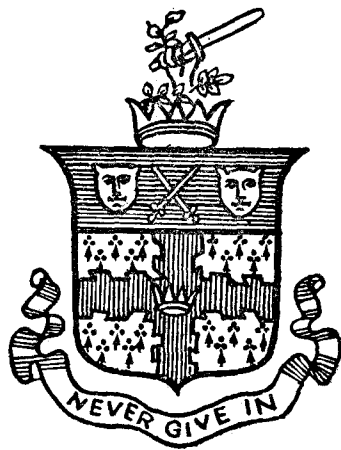
The Sanawarian



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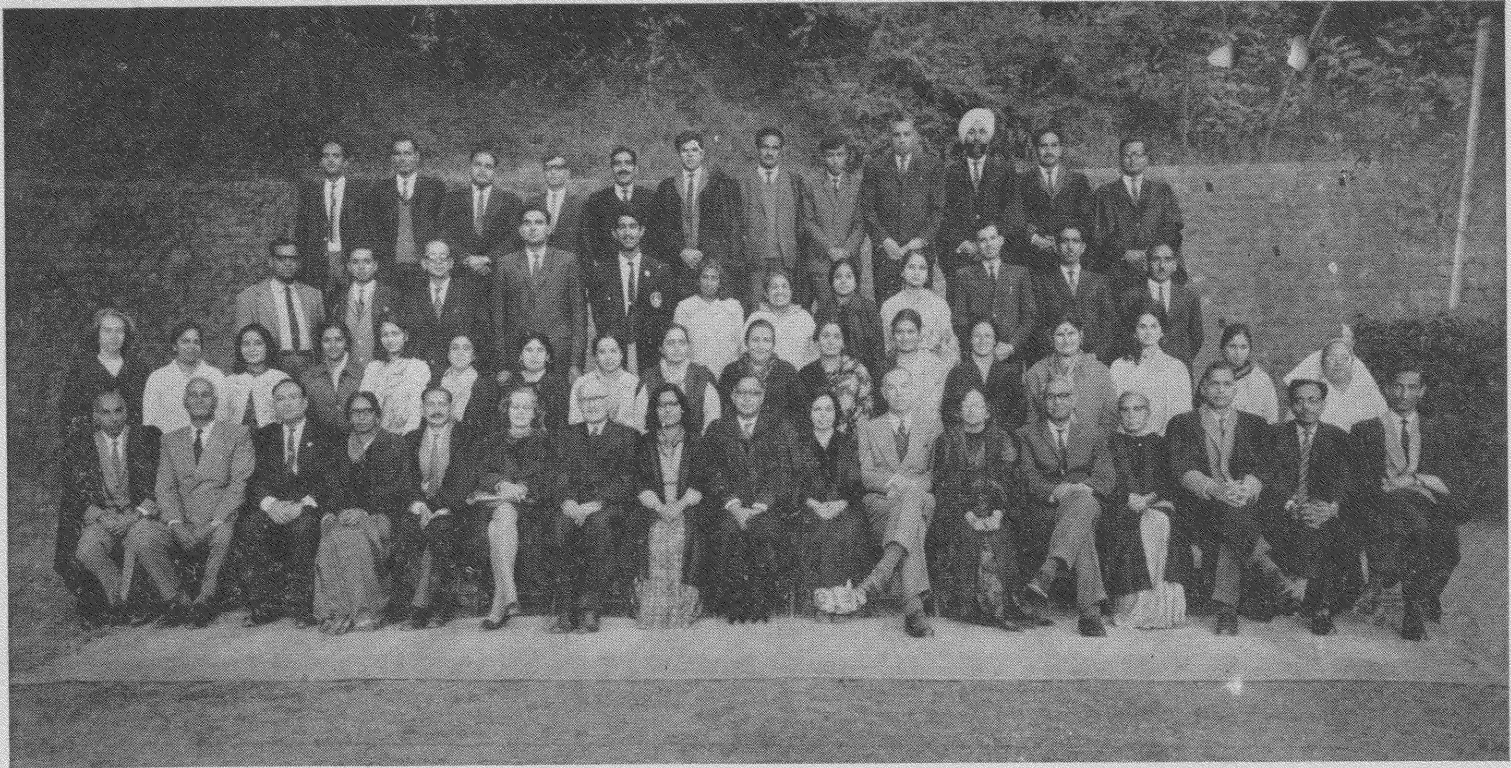
The Sanawarian

December 1970.



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

THE STAFF



L. to R.

- SEATED :** Mr. U.A. Mundkur, Mr. Jagdish Ram, Mr. A. Bhalerao, Mrs. G.E. Cherian, Mr. Bhupinder Singh, Mrs. A. Kemp, Mr. T. C. Kemp, Miss P. Rudra, Mr. B. R. Pasricha, Miss R. A. Chatterji, Mr. F. B. Manley, Mrs. L. Thomas, Dr. J.C. Sakhuja, Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur, Mr. M.V. Gore, Dr. D.C. Gupta, Mr. U.P. Mukherji,
- 1ST ROW :** Mrs. J.W. Sawney, Mrs. S. Bhalla, Mrs. B. Benedict, Miss G. Naidu, Miss S. G. Sahi, Mrs. S.K. Sakhuja, Mrs. J. Jalota, Mrs. K. U. Mundkur, Mrs. P. Atma Ram, Mrs. P. M. Sehgal, Mrs. S. Sidhu, Mrs. S. Ram Singh, Mrs. R. Joseph, Mrs. R. Mukherji, Mrs. P. Dharni, Mrs. S. Gore, Miss E. Charles.
- 2ND ROW :** Mr. Gian Singh, Mr. K. L. K. Solomon, Mr. J. Pratap, Mr. S.N. Kochhar, Mr. A. Jayaram, Miss M.C. Singh, Mrs. A. Daniel, Mrs. R.A. Solomon, Mrs. L. Joshi, Mr. R.K. Malaviya, Mr. Pritam Chand, Mr. B.C. Katoch.
- 3RD ROW :** Mr. E. Sequeira, Mr. D. V. Dahiya, Mr. S. C. Jalota, Mr. G. C. Arora, Mr. Prajapati, Mr. C. B. Abraham, Mr. B.P. Joshi, Mr. Y. Brajamani, Mr. R.N. Sethi, Mr. R.S. Randhawa, Mr. S. G. Arora, Mr. M. Benedict.



The

Sanawarian

December 1970.

Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

Facing the Unfair World

No man who ever lived on this earth has escaped confrontation with the most baleful fact of existence : that one's journey through life is beset with inequities; that selfishness, unreason and sometimes downright wickedness vie with justice and fairplay.

The treachery of one man against another has been the leit-motiv in the tapestry of human civilization. Conspiracies arising out of the " motiveless malignity " of Iagos against Othellos have not only been hatched in all climes and communities but, what is so unsettling is that often they have succeeded also, exterminating perfectly lovable and honest human beings. History abounds in instances of the crucifixion of some of the noblest men who had only the good of mankind as their ideal.

Instances of unintentional injustice and imbalance also come to one's mind. Many people who have committed no crime have gone to prison when they should not have gone; and those who should have been sent, got off scot free. Examine a more personal experience you must have had : in your school days you may have sometimes been punished for something you didn't do and at times you were not taken to task for something you did do. Human pride has, quite unknowingly, led men to the battle-field : personal ambition has caused a lot of bloodshed. Self-aggrandisement and lust for money and power

have occasioned many a butchering. Wars have been fought in the name of religion inspite of the fact that no religion professes it : on the contrary it teaches us to live in harmony and peace.

Nature is no less a culprit. A falling rock may tumble down on a perfectly innocent wayfarer, a scorpion might lodge its poison in the tender body of a sleeping infant, or an earthquake may entomb the entire unsuspecting, slumbering population of a town. Sometimes, fate may strike an apparently fiendish blow to a thoroughly guileless man ; by way of a heart-wrenching example, behold the Everest hero Ahluwalia, felled by the dreaded paralysis reducing his magnificent and irrepressible limbs to deadwood-like mockeries imprisoning his soaring spirit in unobeying flesh. Was nature not cruel to Beethoven—the greatest composer of symphony : he couldn't listen to his own music ?

Again, the success a man achieves in acquiring fame or riches is, at times, inversely proportional to his merits and efforts. Now that surely is not what ought to be, yet it is so, and fretting about it, though justified and understandable, is but an exercise in futility.

No two men think alike : opinions differ. Consequently, whenever two human beings are put together there is bound to be friction causing much tension : even a happily married husband and wife have their unpleasant moments of petty quarrels.

The above makes the world look a gloomy place to live ; but it need not be so. We have to think coolly. No doubt many an innocent soul has gone to prison but justice has also been done to many. And at times what appears injustice on the surface is, deep down, absolutely fair. Moreover, the decisions are taken on the basis of the information available : the grieved party, oblivious of the full facts, always grumbles. Furthermore, the news of one injustice done spreads like wild fire. It reaches us in a scandalously distorted form, whereas a number of cases where justice has been done will go unnoticed. So the intensity and incidence of injustice and inequality in life, though it can not be disputed that they exist, are not so staggering as it may seem.

Undoubtedly there are some people who are bent upon defiling the soul of the world. What, then, should we do ? No man is an island : he is a social animal. We are gregarious beings and hence must live with other people with all their weaknesses. Though it may not be possible to transform this planet into a heaven, where everything is beautiful and fair, it is within our reach to make it a better place to live in. Let pessimism not overwhelm us, we must

struggle : it would be defeatism to opiate ourselves to inactivity. Even if Nature seems against us we must emulate Beethoven who did not give in and achieved an enviable perfection in his field.

The products of this school have always occupied high positions in life. What *you* must do is to see that you are fair in your dealings with others. You should do your duty well. Be honest and truthful. Your path may evidently be arduous and hard. Do not lose patience : struggle hard. The result may not always be what you want it to be, but be undaunted by the unpredictableness of the fruits of your actions. The essence of life is struggle, and the effort to overcome odds generates a thrill which is its own reward. Were the sequence of cause and effect perfectly logical, there would be no excitement of surprise, and living would indeed become mechanical and robot-like. So treat life as an adventure and savour its quirks and whims. Be prepared to accept the quaintness of this world. You might find it unfair at times : be prepared to face it. Do your best : let hard work, truthfulness and righteousness be your religion: face the world with these as guidelines. Even if you falter, persevere—**Never Give In.**

S.C. Arora.

The lazy man deserveth nothing.

OUR NEW HEADMASTER.



C O N T E N T S

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“Send him to Sanauar and make a man of him”

Rudyard Kipling's KIM.

THE NEW HEAD MASTER.

We were sad to bid good-bye to Maj. Som Dutt, our Head Master, when he retired in February, 1970. It was indeed a very long wait before Mr. Pasricha, his successor, was able to join us. We were glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs Pasricha on the 4th of July.

After completing his schooling in Kangra district, Mr. Pasricha went to the great seat of learning—B. H. U. where he passed his Intermediate Science. To gain a varied experience he went to Lucknow to pursue his studies further where B. Sc. and M.Sc. (Mathematics) degrees were conferred on him. He has been a brilliant student and is throughout first class. So impressive was his performance in M. Sc. that he was at once taken on the Staff of the Isabella Thoburn college, Lucknow, where he taught upto degree classes for five years. Thereafter he joined the Royal Indian Naval Volunteer Reserve. After 'demobilisation' as a Lieutenant he went to England as a Govt. of India overseas scholar. He was in the U. K. for over two and a half years and did his T.D. and M. A. (Education) from the Institute of Education, University of London, London. While he was there he travelled widely. On his return he was offered a lecturership at J.S.W. Clement Town, Dehradun where he served for nine years. During this time he went to the United States for a year as a Fulbright Scholar and passed his M. Ed. (Illinois) very creditably. On his return he moved to Khadakvasla with the N. D. A. and was there till 1958. He was selected Principal, Oak Grove School, Jharipani, Mussoorie, and remained there in that capacity for 11½ years.

Mr. Pasricha has played Volley-ball, Cricket, Badminton and Tennis. He is a superb player of Bridge. He firmly believes that Education should be as diverse as possible and he himself has many interests. On one side he has been an energetic hiker and on the other hand he is a great lover of Indian music. He has been a keen debater and that's abundantly evident in his convincing arguments. He is an eloquent speaker, where his logical mind, coherent ideas and self-confidence are easily discernible.

Education, he feels, should be a habit forming process and should lead to the development of a child's powers of thinking and reasoning. It should develop the personality of a child by the provision of all necessary facilities and also by the encouragement in academic matters.

He is a strict disciplinarian and believes in guided self-discipline for children. He is of the opinion that a school has succeeded in instilling proper discipline into its children when the pupils' behaviour remains predictable whether under supervision

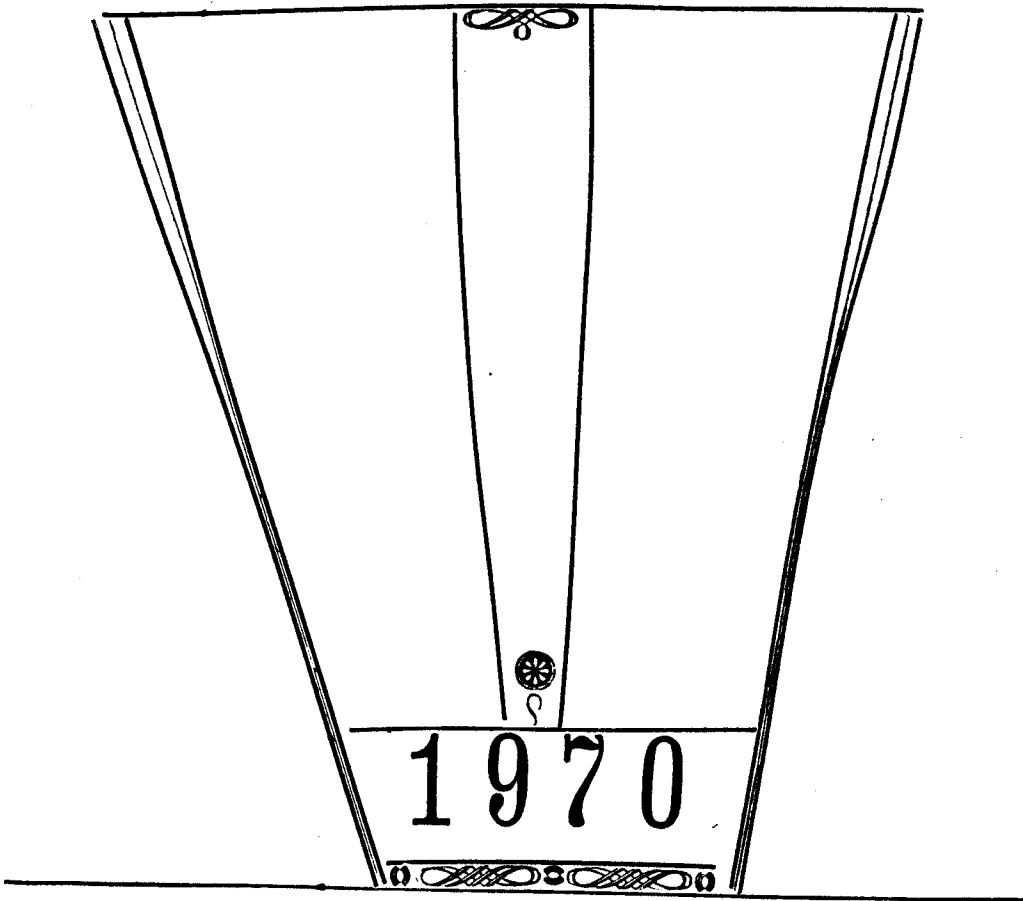
or otherwise. Discipline, he says, is the corporate responsibility of the Staff and for which their example is all important. He himself practises what he preaches. He firmly believes that parents cannot be divorced from the responsibility of inculcating discipline in children; their co-operation is very essential. He is convinced that rules and regulations should be very few but should be strictly adhered to. He is all for the participation of students in the administration of the school. He underlined his policy in the very first School Assembly he addressed: he stated that he had an open mind and would be pleased to welcome new suggestions. He is of the view that we must allow new ideas to permeate the old; that we must keep what has been found to be worthwhile and add to it what seems of value for the future. He is a dynamic administrator and a seasoned Head Master. He is full of energy and untiring in any work he takes up. He likes to tackle problems with boldness and straightforwardness. He is a down-to-earth practical man and is very spartan in his habits. In spite of his multifarious duties he finds time to listen to difficulties, individual or otherwise, and always has a solution acceptable to all. His tactful persuasion invariably elicits the desired response. The patience with which he deals with children and staff should be seen to be admired. This coupled with his polite manners seems to win a constant mood of dedication from those who work with him. He has a friendly nature, a sharp wit and a fine sense of humour. He appreciates sincerity, earnestness and punctuality in daily life. In addition to being thorough in whatever he does he is honest and hard work personified.

This write up would be incomplete without a mention about Mrs. Rama Pasricha. She is a tall, slim, graceful and an elegant lady. In a short time only her soft, very gentle and utterly gracious personality has won her great popularity in Sanawar. She has a cheerful disposition and is, therefore, a very good company. Like her husband she is widely travelled and her tastes encompass painting, interior decoration, gardening, needlework, playing Bridge and music. Her rendering of 'Ghazals' is excellent. She is above all a superb housewife and a charming hostess.

Sanawar is fortunate in having Mrs. Pasricha as the *First Lady* of the School and Mr. Pasricha as the *Head*. He is a man of rich experience, both administrative and academic. He is a Headmaster with exceptional ability. As an educator he is one of the most concerned and sincere men in the field. He is full of scholarship and above all every inch a gentleman. We wish them a long and successful innings in the School.

S.C. Arora.

FOUNDERS



Speech Delivered by Lt. Gen. Candeth, PVSM, GOC-in-Chief, Western Command.

* * * * *

I am very happy to be here today at this function. The Lawrence School was raised by Sir Henry Lawrence in 1847 who, like myself, was an artillery man. In fact, it was originally intended to provide education to the children of British soldiers and it is interesting to note that, in the past, the students here used to wear the Royal Artillery uniform. I am, therefore, particularly happy to be here both as a soldier and an artillery man to talk to you.

The 2nd of October marks the 101st anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's birthday. When he was born, India was still a subject nation and its people suffered much humiliation and the opportunities open to Indians were few. India's plight made a powerful impact on Gandhiji and his whole life was devoted to a struggle to free India from foreign domination and its people from the prejudices which obsessed the minds of Indians and which divided our society. The chief of these prejudices were of caste and religion and that created disparities of wealth.

Long subjugation to foreign rule had also created a complex in Indian minds that every thing foreign was good and that which was Indian and indigenous to India was inferior. This had made people look upon every thing Indian, be it art, culture or tradition with contempt.

When Gandhiji went to England, he saw for himself the difference in the mental attitudes of a free people for the first time. This made such a deep impression upon him that, from then onwards, he devoted his entire life to free the people of India from foreign rule and its effects. To do this, he had first to identify himself with the people. He saw that the majority of India came from the villages who were poorly clothed and living in a state of near starvation. He realised too that people who lived in large houses and adopted the Western way of life were cut off by an unbridgeable gulf from the vast masses of Indian labour and peasantry. To ensure that people had free access to him and would think of him as one of themselves, he adopted the costume and manner of life of the poor and lived in an Ashram in a Harijan colony where all and sundry could approach him freely. The people of India realised that here was a man who practised what he preached and who, though well educated and comparatively well born and well endowed, lived like one of themselves and so they took him to their hearts. His humility and championship of causes dear to them such as abolition of caste and the many restrictions, which were placed on the lower classes and castes, awoke in the masses a respect which bordered on reverence and they looked upto him as their saviour who would free them from the shackles that had bound them for centuries. His hold on the Indian public became so complete that he became the undisputed leader of India.

The Government, in its arrogance and knowledge of its own power, did not heed the wishes of the people that they ruled. In order to make the people realise their own strength and the power of collective action, Gandhiji launched a Swadeshi Movement in 1920 which had a tremendous affect on the Lancashire Mills. By the force of his character and personality, he managed to get control of the Congress Party, the only big political party then in existence. He then forged this party as a weapon to offer resistance to Great Britain and to awaken in the minds of the people the concept of a free India. This party attracted some of the most talented men in India like Nehru, Patel, Azad, Rajgopal Acharya, Bose and others, and very soon the British found that Indian public opinion was something that they had to take notice of and that the public no longer accepted as gospel whatever the government said was good for them. The demand for participation in the Government by Indians grew stronger as time went on and although, from time to time, various concessions were made, the desire by Indians to control their own future grew and in the Lahore Session of the Congress Meeting in 1929, a resolution was passed demanding complete independence. This was the logical conclusion of the movement started by Gandhiji.

The various non-violence and civil disobedience movements launched by Gandhiji in 1920, 1930, 1939 and 1942, made the people realise that the Englishman could be opposed and opposed successfully and that he was not omniscient and omnipotent as he was thought to be till then. These were the movements that resulted in concessions to India and which resulted in greater Indian participation over Indian affairs. For his actions, Gandhiji was put into prison many times but his authority and influence was so great that the Government realised that there would be very great chaos and uprising if he died. Thus, they had to concede to various demands, and acts were passed from time to time which gave more and more powers to India and Indians. The culmination of this was the final withdrawal of the British from India in 1947 and the formation of the Republic of India in 1950.

You will see therefore that a person, with little or no power, without great wealth and physically frail had, by his faith and moral strength, converted a rather supine and somnolent public into a great force which surged forward for freedom. It was Gandhiji who first created real public opinion in India and focussed this public opinion on the ills that beset the country. His writings and his talks had such great effect that, in law at least, the Harijan was made equal with everyone else and, in fact, special consideration was to be given to these people to fit them for a fuller life by giving them preference in admissions to educational institutions and by reservation of certain quotas in various Government employment. He also forced through the " Temple Entry Bill " which threw open all temples to Harijans.

The advocacy of the Indian way of life and his support for Indian literature, culture and arts, made our people realise how great was the culture that we had inherited and the magnificence of our architecture, music, sculpture and painting, gave us back that pride and self respect that we had, to some extent lost during foreign rule.

It is to this man that we owe more than to any other the fact that we are today an independent nation with full freedom to shape our own lives.

You will wonder what all this has to do with you. What it has to do is this—that until we became independent, the employment opportunities and walks of life that were open to Indians were very few and Indians were generally employed in subordinate posts, senior ones being reserved for the British. Today, there is no profession or trade that is not open to you. The highest offices in Government, Army, Civil Services, trade and in all professions, are open to you. These opportunities also impose very great responsibilities upon you. Those of you who are here today will branch out, when you leave, to various professions. You have received a very good grounding and education here and it is to Public Schools like this that we look, to provide the leadership that India requires in the various professions that you go to. Now leadership depends on two things, one is knowledge and the other is character. Of these two, the latter is more important. There are many people who are clever and they have acquired a great deal of knowledge but they cannot lead as they are not trusted as they have little character. You take the case of Gandhiji himself. What was it that made a man, physically frail, without much wealth and power, dominate the Indian scene and gain ascendancy over men of the stature of Nehru, Rajgopal Acharya, Patel, Sen, Bose and others, men not generally given to think meanly of themselves or their abilities? It was his strength of character. There is no doubt that even in his time, in India, many men were cleverer than him, many who did better in examinations, and who made more money as barrister. However, it was the character of the man, his transparent honesty, his fearlessness, his ability to speak the truth even if it meant that he would displease others that made people respect and trust him and which made him the idol of the nation and the undisputed leader of the country. It is necessary therefore that you develop these ingredients which together make 'character'. Here, I am sure, that your Staff must have tried to develop your character during the period you were here. I will try and say what the things are that go into the making of character. Firstly, you must be honest with yourself and with others. People should know that you are not vindictive and that you will stand by your convictions and friends even if it means loss or discomfort to yourself. Secondly, you must have courage—courage to face the same hardship that you demand from others. If people know that you merely exhort others to bear hardship while you yourself are not prepared to undergo the same and live a life of ease, then they will know that you are a fraud and will not

respect you. Thirdly, you must have consideration for the feelings of others and not be arrogant in dealing with people below you. A person who is arrogant to those under him and servile to those above, cannot be respected and will be found out sooner or later. Lastly, you must have self-control and be disciplined so that you can accept setbacks with equanimity and triumphs without arrogance. You would have seen from my account that Gandhiji had all these qualities in ample measure and so was respected both by those who followed him and even by those who opposed him.

Knowledge, of course, you must have and this has been given to you. But with this you must have character if you are going to be what we expect from you, that is, the leaders of future India.

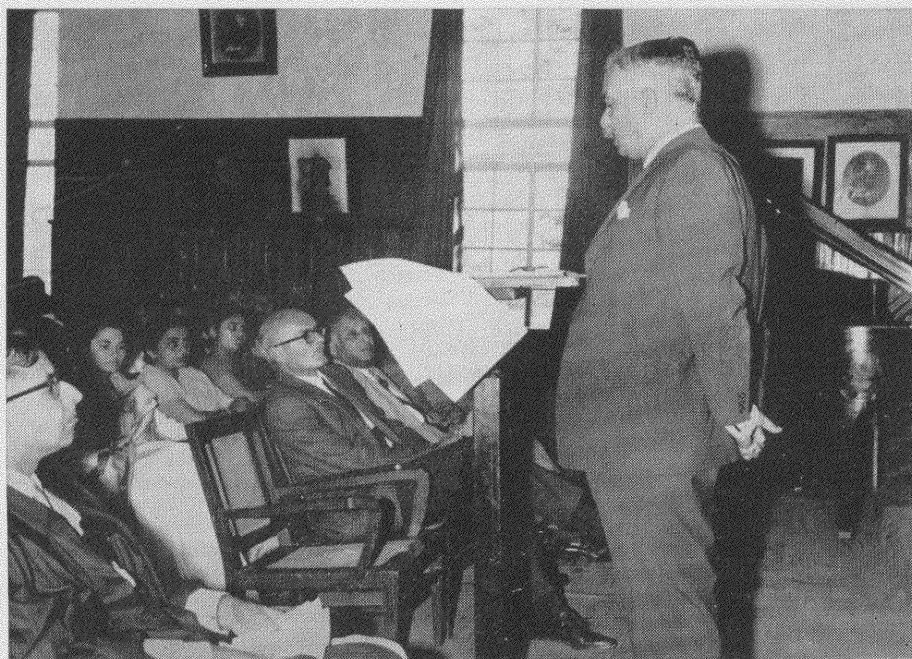
I hope that, in the coming years, you will continue to gain in knowledge and develop in character and that you will fulfil the hope that we here and your teachers have in you as the architects and leaders of a resurgent India.

Jai Hind.

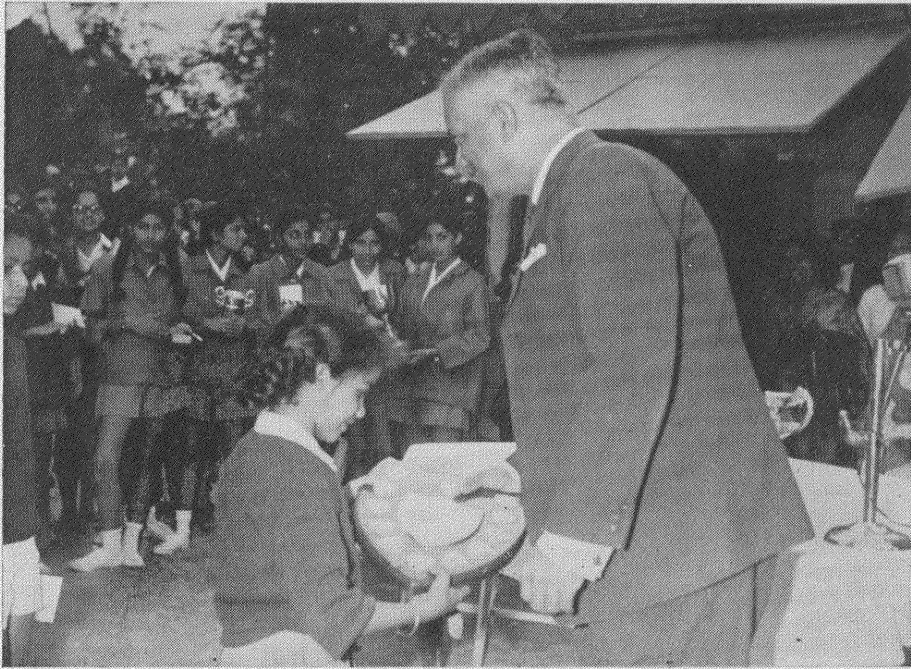
One truthful man is better than the whole world speaking falsehood.



Lt. Gen. Candeth the Chief Guest for 2nd October, Unfurling the 'Tricolour'



Lt. Gen. Candeth, the Chief Guest for 2nd October, addressing the School.



Lt. Gen. Candeth presenting the Athletics' prizes.



Mr. Pasricha speaking.

Headmaster's Speech.

Mr. & Mrs. K. P. S. Menon, Members of the Board of Governors of Lovedale and Sanawar, Parents, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians and dear Children :

I regret to inform you that Dr. V.K R.V. Rao for reasons of health has not been able to be with us and we are extremely grateful to you, Mr. Menon, Sir, for graciously accepting our last-minute request and coming to our rescue by agreeing to be our Chief Guest for the 123rd Founder's of the School. You, Sir, need no introduction. You are of international renown and are no stranger to the Lawrence Schools. Despite your belonging to the coveted Indian Civil Service, you are second to none in the field of patriotism and nationalism—a rare combination indeed. In this connection I cannot help narrating an anecdote. Having spent a number of years in Moscow as a Civil Servant and as an Ambassador, Mr. Menon eluded to Moscow as his second home. This was unfairly published by an Indian Paper, "K.P.S. Menon calls Russia as his motherland". Prompt came the following retort from Mr. Menon :—

"A man could have two homes, but only one mother, and India was and would always remain my only motherland".

The paper duly retracted with an apology.

I could go on endlessly recounting, Sir, your qualities of the head and heart. Forgive me therefore if I merely say that your innate charm, unassuming manners, despite your towering eminence, make every one feel at home and I consider it a singular honour for the School and myself to have you amongst us today. I may also add that in this field you have a very close competitor in Mrs. Menon.

Founder's Days of all educational institutions are very important days, but in the case of Lovedale and Sanawar these days having been combined with the Annual Sports Meet, Fete, Board of Governors' Meeting, Old Sanawarians' Meeting and Get-together, and the Speech Day, have an added significance.

This morning at a Special Assembly, we paid our most sincere homage to Sir Henry Lawrence, a very great soldier-cum-statesman, who had the vision to found this School. We are glad that the Lawrence family is continuing its interest and association with the School. The best tribute which we can pay to the Founder is to re-dedicate ourselves to the cause to which Sir Henry was devoted. I, on behalf of the whole School, assure you that the welfare of the students will remain foremost in our minds at all times.

We were very fortunate in having General Candeth as our Chief Guest for the Annual Sports' Day on the 2nd, and he very kindly addressed on Gandhiji to celebrate the Gandhi Jayanti. The School has been associated with the Defence

Services since its inception, and it was therefore very encouraging that General Candeth readily agreed to grace the occasion by his presence. He has thus maintained our continued link with the Defence Services. I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the local Army authorities for their coming to our help and extending us full co-operation in everything.

We also extend our hearty welcome to our Governors whose presence in such a large number makes all the difference to us. It will not be out of place to mention here that our Board of Governors, Ex-officio and others, consists of very eminent persons.

Shri Khushwant Singh, as you are all aware has been the recipient of many awards as an author : he received the Govt. of India award for his book " A Train to Pakistan ". The Punjab Govt. recognised his works by awarding him prizes for spreading the Punjabi Culture and for his translation of Guru Nanak's teachings. He has put new life into the Illustrated Weekly of India, and there is now so much reading material in it that every one has started enjoying the Weekly once again. No wonder that its circulation has nearly doubled. On my assuming the Headship of this School, he assured me of his full co-operation, and I was most touched by what he wrote to me : " it is to assure you that you will receive the most friendly co-operation from me. The School means a great deal to me".

Shri M. N. Kapur, Principal of Modern School, who has just joined our Board of Governors, is a recipient of Padma Shri, and is a very notable personality in the field of education. The rapid growth of Modern School has been mostly due to his untiring efforts and great enthusiasm. Years back when he introduced the Assignment System in Modern School, this innovation was not even known in India. You will all be glad to know that Modern School is celebrating its golden jubilee this very month, but this, unfortunately for us, has prevented Mr. and Mrs. Kapur to be with us today.

Of course, Dr. Shukla, Mr. Krishnamurti and Gen. Dev are all men of great stature. We are happy above all, to have as many parents with us as has been possible—and the Old Sanawarians too. It is nice to see so many of you here together with our kind friends from Kasauli, Subathu, Dagshai, Simla and Chandigarh. We are sorry that for lack of seating accommodation, we have had to restrict admission to our indoor functions, but we would like to assure you that among our priority items the extension of Barne Hall is on the top.

This year's report, I am afraid, is likely, to be rather sketchy. This was, however, inevitable because of my appointment having been delayed by six months. As a matter of fact it caused amusing speculations at various levels.

However, I would like to take this opportunity of placing on record that I have inherited a running concern from my capable predecessor, Major Som Dutt, and the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. T.C. Kemp. It is another evidence, if any was required, of the capabilities of Major Som Dutt that in spite of his having disappeared from the scene, the Institution continued to function without any hitch for such a long time. Bill Colledge one of our very Old Sanawarians said of Major Som Dutt that he was the Indian Barne. Barne as you know had this school's care for 20 years. I cannot improve upon this tribute. I cannot help remembering at the same time that some credit for the smooth functioning of the School in the absence of its Headmaster rightly goes to Mr. Kemp.

It is said that the Head of an institution like ours should, among other things, be a philosopher, a friend and a guide to staff and students. He should have an open mind; be understanding and encouraging but to stand no nonsense. He should be ever ready to try out new innovations. He should honour traditions but not be rigid. He should be capable of leading the staff and decentralising authority so that the jobs taken up by others run smoothly and efficiently. He should set an example for all to follow. Being a firm believer of these tenets I will try my best to develop at least some of them. However, one thing which I can assure all of you is that I shall not be lacking in effort and devotion to the cause of the School and its progress. The process of Indianisation, which had been started after Independence, got a fillip under the first Indian Headmaster, Major Som Dutt, and I intend pursuing it vigorously.

As a first step in this direction we were able this year to celebrate the Independence Day in a most befitting manner. The Staff Club held an Independence Eve Get-together. In the morning the flag hoisting was followed by a Special Assembly at which Commander A.K. Sawney, I.N., gave an excellent talk to the School. We are grateful to him. In the afternoon sweets were distributed to the Class IV Staff and their families, and a Hindi film show was arranged.

The significance of the philosophy as enunciated in the 'GEETA' was stressed at a Special Assembly held on Janma Ashtmi.

The Teachers' Day was celebrated with great enthusiasm, when the students organised games and a special supper for the staff and their families.

At the Special Assembly which was arranged to celebrate the Gandhi Jayanti on the 2nd of October, General Candeth addressed the School and reminded us of the teachings of our great leader, Mahatma Gandhi, for us to emulate.

I assure you that the School will continue to remain in tune with the general trends in the Country and stress the Indian cultural background progressively.

I have often been asked how I like the change, from my last appointment. Although I have not yet known enough of Sanawar to be able to answer the query adequately, I have no hesitation in admitting that I have started loving the Institution. The first and the foremost thing which I have liked at this place is a very willing, sincere band of workers who have been putting in their best without having to be told to do so. They are disciplined and put in their very best even when not being watched. Such devotion to duty is a commodity which is becoming scarce in the present-day materialistic world, and I would therefore like to convey my appreciations to one and all of the staff members, whether belonging to the teaching, administrative, domestic or other categories. Those who work behind the scene, even though they do not get the lime-light, also contribute a great deal to the success of any institution.

Some of you must be familiar with the famous Perkinson's law that work expands according to the time available to do it in. To this the corollary is "if you want a job done quickly, give it to some one who is already swamped with work." This certainly has been true of my staff during the past few weeks when they were over-burdened with the normal activities, the third Mark-Reading and the preparations for Founder's. Every item which has been put up for Founder's has meant weeks and weeks of sweating by the staff and the students.

Another thing which has impressed me very much is the student community which undertakes to do manual labour willingly—and this includes serving and clearing the tables at meal times. It has been indeed a pleasure to be looked after by the students of the three departments when I have been having my meals with them, and this I intend continuing in spite of the protests from Mrs. Pasricha who has often to take her meals all alone. I have also been impressed by the students not being so fastidious about their dress and accepting old uniforms, but, at the same time, always trying to be neatly and smartly dressed.

I have also been greatly impressed by the School Printing press and the efficiency with which it has been meeting all the requirements of the School. The School Band, the Arts and Crafts Deptts., the heavy load on extra co-curricular activities, the large number of pianos being put to good use, the well conducted House Socials, the system of morning Prep., the abolition of examinations, and many other things have also impressed me greatly.

I was glad to know the last year's results in which the School not only secured hundred percent successes with 38 First Divisions and 17 second Divisions, but also that there was no Third Division and no Subject Failure whatsoever. The results were par excellent and the staff deserves a pat on the back.

These results are a challenge to the present Form Six, who are equally intelligent, if not more than the previous Form. If they make up their minds and devote their full energies during the next few weeks, we feel that they can achieve much better results. We wish them all the best, and also urge them to accept this challenge and work for the same.

Some of you might be a little apprehensive about the switch-over from the Indian School Certificate Examination to the All-India Higher Secondary Examination, but I would like to assure you that this switch-over is not being done in haste and would not have been accepted if it was not likely to benefit the students in the long run. You will be glad to know that Dr. P. D. Shukla, a very active member of the Board of Governors of the Lawrence Schools, Lovedale and Sanawar, has recently taken over as the Chairman of the Central Board of Secondary Education, and because of his efforts and vision the language policy has now been made such that children will have no difficulty. They can continue to offer English as the first language and Hindi and Sanskrit as second and third languages. The Board has also decided to have another examination in November/December every year, and thus our students will be able to take this examination without any inconvenience. I am divulging no secret when I add that a number of colleges and universities of the country are having second thoughts about the standard achieved by the first divisioners of the I.S.C. Examination and preference seems to be given to the first divisioners of the Higher Secondary Examination.

We are glad that Old Sanawarians continue to have a heart-warming interest in their Alma-Mater, and we welcome them and their life partners most sincerely to our Founder's. I would like to stress that their presence in such a large number today is another indication of their continued attachment to the ideals which the Institution tries to instil in them.

A very special welcome goes to Roop (Som Datt) and Rana Talwar, both Old Sanawarians who, in spite of having been married on the 19th of last month, have come up obviously to gain further inspiration for the wonderful days ahead of them.

Major Tejpal Chowdhry too has brought his bride to see his old School. Sanawarians wish them a very long and happy life together.

I must also mention of Major Kuldip Dhani who perhaps has done one step better than those Old Sanawarians who have married Sanawar girls. Kuldip has married one of our staff members 'Pam' one of my old students but from Oak Grove. To him and Pam also we convey our very best wishes.

Bill College and his wife Phyllis have once again come all the way from England to attend Founder's. Mr. Colledge is an Old Sanawarian of the 1920s and this is his sixth visit to the School. We are indeed very happy to have Bill and

Phyllis here with us. Their repeated visits speak volumes of the love the Sanawarians have for their Alma-Mater. With your permission may I request Bill and Phyllis to stand up and let us congratulate them on celebrating their 39th wedding anniversary.

Understandably we are very proud of our products—whether they be little Seema Gulati (who was selected to attend the International Summer Village Camp in Denmark and was an outstanding and popular success) or the Old Sanawarians like V.P. Singh, Sodhi, Shergill brothers and Ravinder Kalaan who have distinguished themselves in the Army polo teams.

We are happy that Mrs. Bhalla, an Old Sanawarian, is on our staff and that Dr. Ajit Jayaram, who after completing his M.B., B.S., decided to spend a session with us. As a teacher he is continuing the good traditions imbibed by him as a student.

You will be happy to learn that Subhash Malhotra stood first in hotel management examination in England and is perhaps the only Indian managing a large hotel in that country.

Another Old Sanawarian, Bala, brought a number of labourers and masons with all the necessary paraphernalia, and has done a wonderful job of refurbishing the School Cemetery. All this was done by a boy who has no religious connections with the Cemetery but who like all Sanawarians feels that not a brick in Sanawar must ever be allowed to deteriorate.

Gurvirinder Singh (Bulbul), a well-placed executive in Hindustan Levers, decided to devote full time to Cultural pursuits. He has published a book 'FAR-AWAY' wherein he has combined Art with Poetry, and it has been very favourably reviewed by the leading news papers like The Times of India and The Indian Express. The Illustrated Weekly devoted its Editorial page to it.

Mohinder Singh Guron, who is teaching in Sweden, has come along with his friend, Mr. Lars, to make a documentary on the Indian Public School system for the Swedish schools.

Dharamvir, one of our very recent Old Sanawarians, won the Sword of Honour in the passing out parade at Kharakvasla this June and N.S. Pannu, has won both the Sword of Honour and the Gold Medal at the OTS, Madras.

Of course this list could go on, I therefore end by merely saying that the ultimate proof of Sanawarians' confidence in us lies in the fact that they are registering their children as soon as they are born, to ensure their admission to the School. I am told confidentially that even bachelor Sanawarians are intending to emulate them to beat the rush.

May I now address our clients, the Parents. The education of children, and the instilling of the sense of discipline in them can only be done by the combined efforts of all connected with the children. And in this the parents have to play a great part. We are thankful to you for giving us full co-operation. However, to make this co-operation more fruitful, may I be permitted to say a few words. We must agree to the type of products you would like the School to produce, and more particularly about the fundamental values and discipline. Some of the School rules may appear a little irksome to the parents, but unless they willingly accept these, it would be rather difficult for their children to abide by them. No harm is usually done to children if they are brought up in a rather strict disciplinary atmosphere, or in a very lenient one, provided there is no difference in the attitudes and approaches of the father, mother, grand-parents and the school staff. On balance, however, under the conditions that prevail in India, nay all over the world, an extra dose of discipline would do no harm. I hasten to add that we have no disciplinary problems.

When children go to boarding schools it is but essential that the parents long to express their affection overtly and though it is desirable and even necessary to a limited extent, to reassure the children that their parents have not washed off their hands by merely providing the required finance for keeping them in good boarding schools, it will, however, be disastrous if the children were to be treated as some sort of guests of the parents whilst at their homes during the vacations. If you like, let the children have a good time for a week or so, but after that make them consider themselves as part and parcel of the family. They should continue their habits of being regular, punctual and looking after their own things. The vacations, particularly the winter ones are too long to be wasted away and we request that the children should be made to do general reading and some serious study, rather than merely reading comics or looking into sports' pages of the newspapers or visiting restaurants and cinema halls. Admittedly there is a certain amount of strain of studies on the children during the School session—which is not really much due to the varied activities which the School arranges. But unlearning every thing during vacations can be dangerous unless of course the child was to repeat the class.

I now turn my attention to the Children for a word of advice; your schooling here is a great privilege denied to most of your less fortunate brethren, and is one which is provided to you by your parents often with great sacrifice. This, therefore, entails a certain amount of responsibility on you to pay back your debt to your parents and the country in one form or the other. You should try to make your parents feel assured of this by making their tasks easier, by doing small jobs for them, and by showing extra courtesy to them. You should also try to live for the community, for the country and not for yourselves alone.

As you are aware we have not been able to retain a few of our experienced staff and the question of scales of pay of the staff has been under active consideration of the Board. It is essential that we make our scales of pay so attractive that we not only continue to attract first rate staff but also keep them contented and happy throughout their stay with us.

Some of you are perhaps not aware that the School is entirely dependent upon the fees and that it has no endowments. Nor does it get any grant-in-aid. Consequently, I regret to say that the financial position of the School cannot be termed as very sound.

Some of you must have read a story which appeared recently in 'The Times of India':—

"A farmer drove up to the bank ; hitched his horse to a post and carefully muzzled the animal with a feed bag. He then went to the back of his wagon and took out a chicken with a piece of string tied to one leg. With the string he fastened the chicken to the hitching post so that it could pick up the morsels dropped from the horse's nose bag."

Let me assure you that like the farmer we are trying to exercise the utmost economy possible without, in any way, allowing the efficiency of the School to go down, and the resources of the School are being husbanded to the very best advantage of the School. In spite of this, however, we are almost always on the verge of getting into red.

Various means like extra fees for Music, Riding, Art, Science, Prize Money, Sports' Charges, Building Funds, Capitalisation Fees etc., are being employed by a number of other schools to augment their income. We would not like to unduly increase the extras, but would like to appeal to the parents and, through them, to other Philanthropists to help us liberally, so that we can build up reserve funds to meet the rising costs, instead of our having to increase the fees every time. As you all appreciate the enhancement of fees is not only a painful measure but also the process cannot go on indefinitely. This is likely to eliminate children from the middle income groups from this school. And that is a very disturbing thought.

We must therefore have some sort of endowments/donations coming in plenty, and therefore I seek help from one and all of you. Do please all help by what you can either now or whenever you can. If we hope to gain something from the School, should we not also give something to nurse it? You must all be hearing about the land grab and other grab movements. I wonder why don't we start a money grab movement for a good cause. We have 560 boarders, and another 60 and odd staff members which give us about 1250 hands. If each hand pledges to collect about 50 paise or so per day, we can collect a jolly good sum every year. An inch of rain falling over one acre, you will be surprised to hear, weighs more than

one million kilograms. Similarly, small helpings from a large number of people do add up to much. If each of the parents and staff were to pledge to donate even one percent of their salary, we shall have enough funds, to place the School on a sound footing. However, if any of you like to associate your names with any specific projects we will be only too glad to accept contributions that way also and believe me, we have projects to suit all purses—big or small. We hope all old Sanawarians will also help in this to the maximum extent.

May I remind you all that we are celebrating our 123rd Founder's Day, said in another way, this Founder's number is 1, 2, 3—so let's start contributing.

Besides better scales of pay for all categories of staff, among our urgent requirements a mention may be made of the extension of Barne Hall; provision of study halls attached to dormitories; additional water storage capacity for about two lakh gallons so that we do not have to severely ration the water supply during the three months of summer; endowments for scholarships so that we may be able to accommodate a few of those deserving students who cannot otherwise afford; a covered passage from the boys' dormitories/dining hall to Barne Hall; an O. S. guest house; band instruments; diesel pumping set; an open-air theatre; 35 mm film projector; X-ray plant for the school hospital; a stand-by generator; a staff car, etc.

Parents from the Armed Forces can help us greatly by pressing on the Army authorities to restore the concessional rate of water charges. Sanawar has been essentially a Defence School, and even now 40% of the total seats are reserved for the Armed forces personnel. Consequently it stands to reason that the water supply by the M. E. S. Kasauli should be, if not entirely free, at least at concessional rates, as used to be the case in the past.

I would like to end with a saying of the Chinese philosopher Confucius :—

“ The way of the superior man is three-fold :

- (1) Virtuous : he is free from anxiety.
- (2) Wise : he is free from perplexities.
- (3) Bold : he is free from fear.”

None of us are equal to it, but it is within us to try and try our best and 'Never Give In', as is our School's Motto.

Before I request Mr. Menon, our Chief Guest, to say a few words, may I thank you for the patient hearing you have given me.

I look forward to such happy meetings with you all every year and make you prouder of this—your own institution.

Thank you.

Speech Delivered by Mr. K. P. S. Menon

* * * * *

I am very grateful to Mr. Pasricha for the very kind welcome he has extended to me. I am also grateful for the welcome he has extended to my wife.

Mr. Parsicha described my wife as my equal partner in life, but in the matriarchal system, however, I always thought—and so did she—that she was my superior! That is what Mr. Khrushchev thought too. Once, at a banquet, Mr. Khrushchev proposed a toast: “To the best Ambassador in Moscow and her husband, Mr. Menon”!

It is a pleasure for us to be here on this auspicious occasion. We would have come here anyhow, but my presence here in the exalted capacity of chief guest is simply due to the indisposition of the Education Minister, Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao. I fear it is a big fall from a Cabinet Minister to a retired Civil Servant, but you have no alternative but to put up with him. You have even to put up with a speech from me, but I shall take care that it does not exceed the prescribed length.

I am sure you will all agree that we have listened to a very interesting report. It is indeed remarkable that Mr. Pasricha should have been able to submit such a comprehensive report after only a few months' experience of this School. The entire tone of the report shows how dedicated Mr. Pasricha is to the ideals of this School. I am sure he can be trusted to maintain and to develop the great traditions of this School. I hope he will stay here long enough to fulfil some of his projects, including his ambitious project to collect Rs. 50 lakhs. Continuity is essential for the well-being of a school like this. Let us hope Mr. Pasricha will stay here as long as his predecessor, Maj. Som Dutt, or perhaps even as long as the Head Master of The Lawrence School, Lovedale, who has already spent 20 years there—20 glorious years.

I would like to pay a tribute to Mr. Kemp, who so ably held the fort as acting Head Master for many months between the departure of Maj. Som Dutt and the arrival of Mr. Pasricha. It is good to see that, in spite of his preoccupations as Head Master, he found time to fall in love, at first diffidently and afterwards gorgeously, with Charley's aunt!

On such occasions one thinks of one's own school-days. Mine fell at the beginning of the century, to be precise from 1904—1914. That was before the first world war, a period which must seem almost pre-historic to you.

My school was rather different from yours. The main difference was that it had no corporate spirit. Every morning we went to school, learnt our lessons, returned home in the evening, did our home work and went back to school the next morning. This routine went on from day to day with monotonous regularity.

There were a few boarders, but even they had no common life. All that distinguished them from day-boys was that their homes were far away and, therefore, they lived in the boarding house attached to the school. In those days, sports were tolerated rather than encouraged. The only game was football, which was regarded as a rowdy game and sometimes ended with the referee being assaulted by the dissatisfied side and taken to hospital!

I am sorry to say all this of my old school but I am fond of it. Indeed I am proud of it. It was a C.M.S. Mission School and the teachers were truly Christian. They were distinguished by those virtues which are sometimes regarded as typically Christian, namely kindness, compassion, resignation and fortitude. Theirs was the Christianity of the Catacombs, not the Christianity of Rome, which Lord Bryce described as "the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire sitting crowned on the grave thereof." Nowhere have I seen men so sincere, so single-minded, and so dedicated as my old teachers of the C.M.S. College, Kottayam.

Between the teachers and the students, there used to be a personal bond. It was like the classical relationship between the Guru and the Shishia. There is an old Sanskrit saying that a man has three Gurus, namely the father, the mother, and the teacher. A teacher stood on the same footing as one's parents and was held and deserved to be held in equal esteem.

Our Head Master knew every boy at school both by name and by face. He was not like another Head Master, who, when asked whether he knew all his boys, replied: "I know them all by their faces and by their names; only, I do not know which belongs to which"!

I must confess that I myself am not quite good at remembering names and faces. Let me tell you about a humiliating experience of mine. Once, at the Ottapalam Railway Station, when I was waiting to catch a train to Madras, a young man came and greeted me as a long-lost brother and started speaking to me. I did not know him from Adam, but I did not want to hurt him by showing that I did not know him. Then an elderly gentleman, whom I did know, saw me and came close to us. I introduced the young man to the old man, saying: "This is Mr. Kunjiraman, the former Station Master of Kodaikanal". "Thank you, Sir", said the young man, "he is my father".

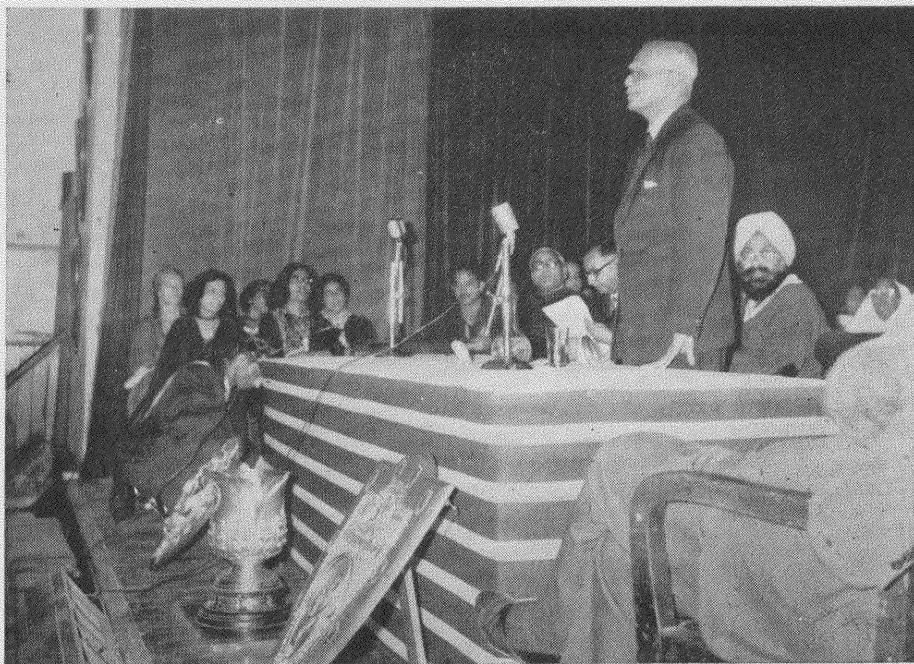
I see that in your school you have as binding an attachment between the teachers and the taught as in my old school at Kottayam. At the same time you have an esprit de corps which was lacking in my old school. You have an abundant common life. It was a pleasure for us to watch some of your activities. Your tattoo was superb. Your concerts were excellent; and your marching was perfect. One more competent than myself, Air Marshal Arjun Singh, who was your Chief Guest last year, complemented you on the way you marched at the School Parade.

Air Marshal Arjun Singh was in a chivalrous mood and observed that the girls marched better than the boys. I am afraid that at this rate your girls, when they grow up, will not merit the Sanskrit epithet for a woman with a graceful walk, namely Gajayamani, or one who walks like an elephant. But in this tumultuous century it is better even for girls to trot like a horse rather than to walk like an elephant !

Apart from the teachers and the students, there is another party which is equally concerned with the mental development of the young, I mean the parents. Somehow parents now-a-days do not seem to have as much time to spare for their children as in my young days. Life seems to be too much for them. The man spends more time in office now-a-days, and somehow turns out less work than in my time ; and the woman, if she is social-minded, revolves in a round of the tea parties, bridge parties and cocktail parties. In the old days, after sunset, the whole family used to get together and pray together or the mother would tell the children stories from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata and thus kindle their imagination and rouse their curiosity about this world as well as the next. Such intimate family gatherings seem to be becoming more and more rare. It is this lack of affection on the part of parents which is often responsible for children to grow up without roots, to develop various complexes and to become hippies and the like. But there is no such danger in this School. To use Mr. Kemp's words I am sure the hair of the Sanawarians will continue to be short and hygienic !

I do hope that the parents, teachers and students of this school will maintain the triangular relationship between the three partners, for on that depends the future of this generation, the future of India.

What the future has in store for India or for the world in this nuclear age, it is difficult to predict. We in India have received a great legacy from our forefathers and in particular from Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of Our Independence. Yesterday I was charmed to hear your students reading out some passages from Gandhiji's writings. But what counts most is not what Gandhiji said or did but what he was. What he said or did was affected by time and circumstance ; what he was is an echo and a light unto eternity. His was a life of singular, selfless dedication ending in self-sacrifice for a cause in which he lived. He corresponded to the pattern of a great man as defined by Confucius, whom your Head Master quoted at the end of his report. Confucius said that that man was great who was free from fear, free from anxiety and free from perplexities. Gandhiji was one such, *par excellence*. We cannot all rise to his height, but we can at least fulfil the expectations which the founders of this School have reposed in its inmates, for they too in their own way approximated to the Confucian ideal of a great man. I hope that wherever your lot may be cast you will carry with you the fine traditions of the School. And I hope all of you will play a worthy part, and some of you a distinguished part, in the building of our new India.



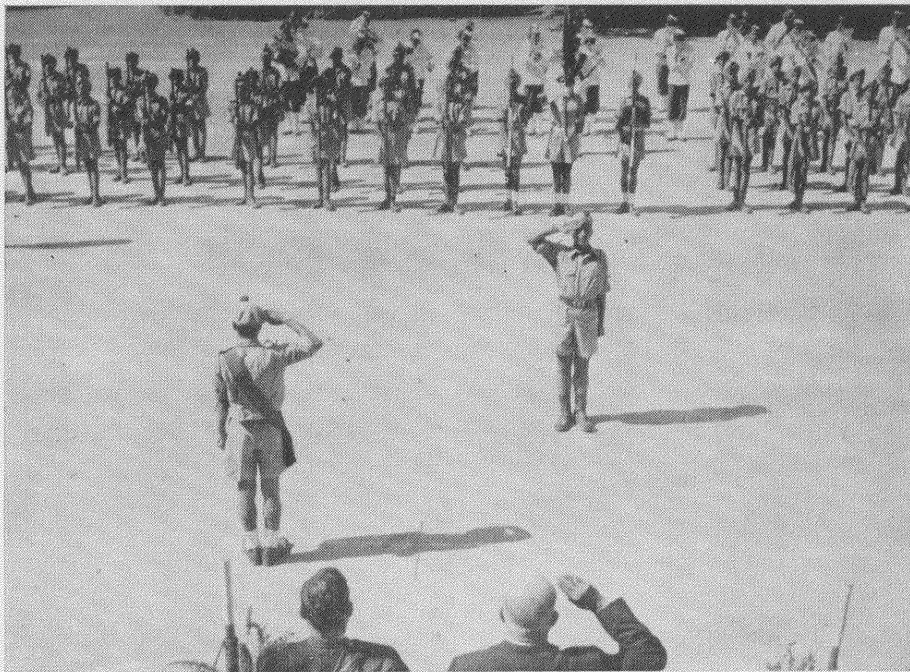
Mr. K.P.S. Menon, the Chief Guest for 4th October, speaking.



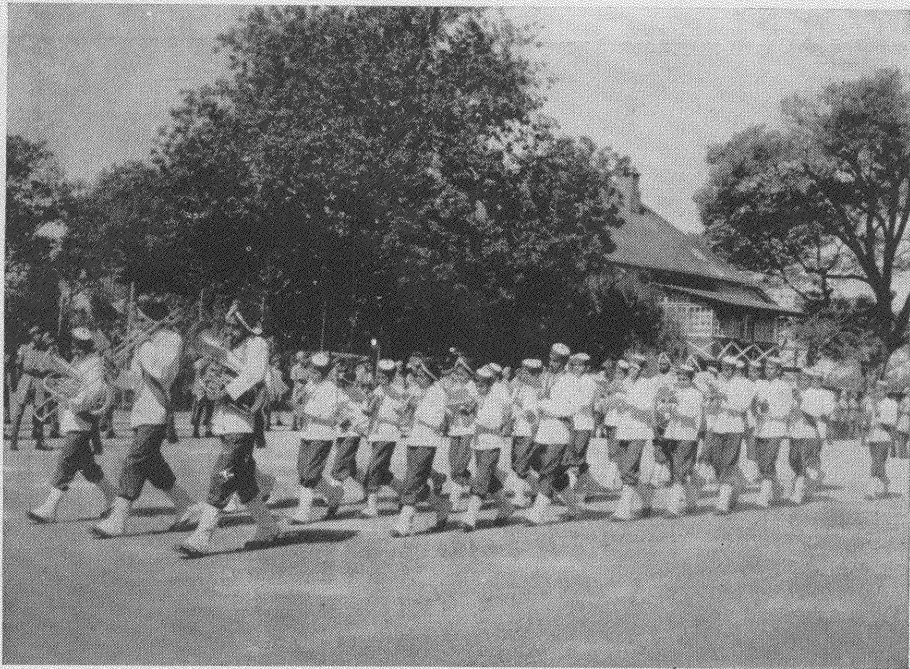
Jaspreet Kaur Mann receiving the Dewan Ram Prashad Gold Medal.



The Chief Guest, Mr. K.P.S. Menon, Inspecting the Parade.



General Salute.

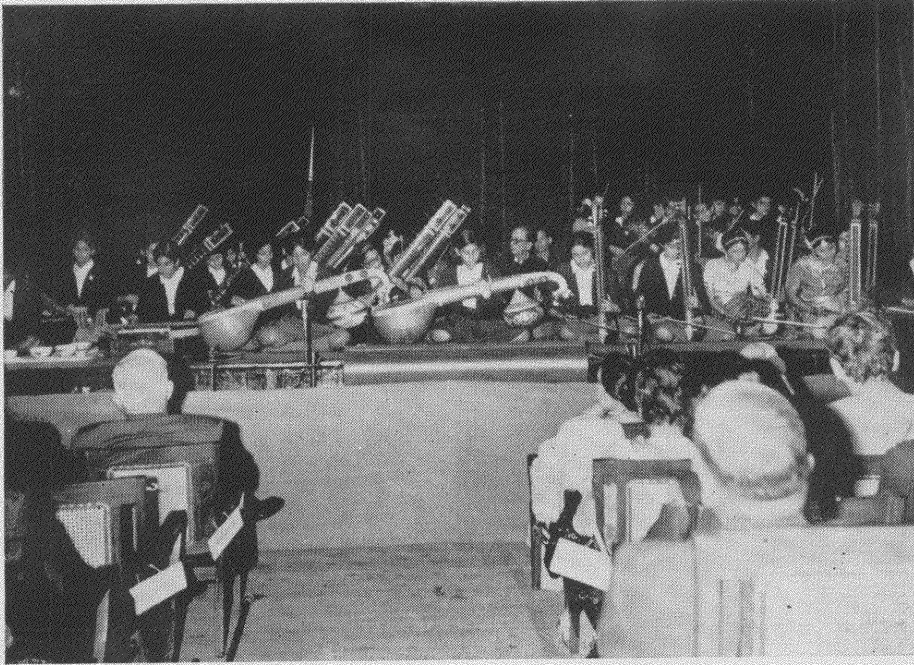


The Brass Band in Action

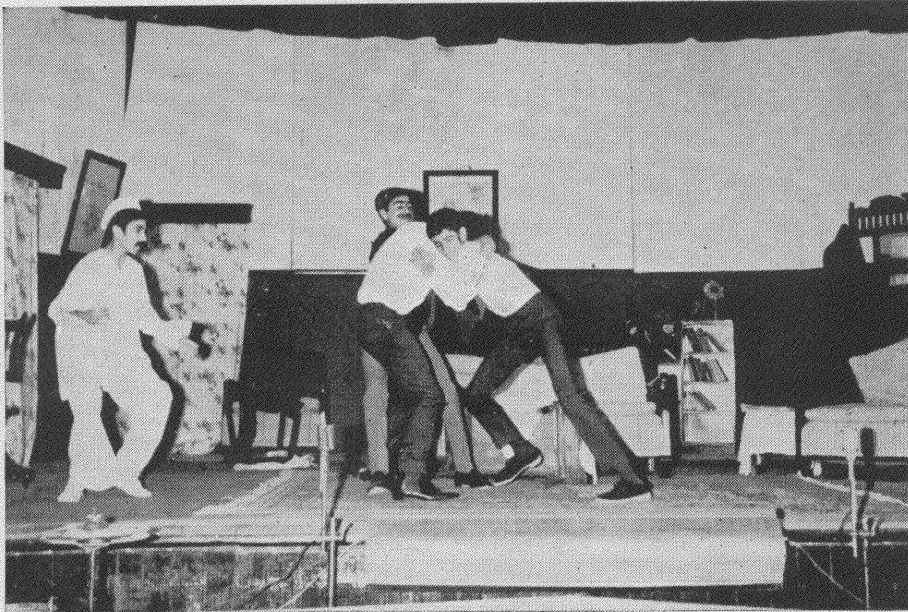


The Percussion Band

The School Concert.



**The School Orchestra
Scenes from the Hindi play 'Sri Bhola Nath'.**







The Appreciative Audience

The School Concert

Barne Hall was once again packed with eager parents and guests who had come to witness the School Concert.

The evening's programme began with 'Raga Hansdhvani' played by the School orchestra. The composition consisted of two pieces, the first being slow and melodious, the second much faster. It was skilfully executed and was well received.

The second item, a tribal folk dance 'Leima-Jagoi', was performed by eight girls. It was short and lively, and the musical accompaniment was excellent.

This was followed by a classical dance 'Aveer-Kher' depicting the frolics of Radha and Krishna. It was very well performed. Ferida Satarawala as Krishna and Jyotsna Jamwal as Radha danced very gracefully. The dance was rather long but the colourfully clad Gopis, and the music, rightly deserved the applause they received.

While the stage was being set for the new item the school band played two tunes. Although informed about their item at the last moment, they thoroughly entertained us with "The Ballad of John and Yoko" and 'Puppet on a string'. Shekhar Kadam sang 'And I love Her'. Harisimran Sandhu at the drums was excellent.

The highlight of the evening's show was a Hindi comedy in three acts 'Sri Bhola Nath' by Sri K. C. Anand. It humorously depicted how Seth Chunni Lal, in order to get his ultra-modern daughter Veena married off to a humble and unsophisticated business partner Bhola Nath, spreads a rumour about Bhola Nath's having had a love affair with the glamorous actress Miss Malti. Unfortunately the actress in question and her fiance arrive at the scene and complicate matters.

Kulbhushan Oswal as Sri Bhola Nath, Preminda Batra as Mrs. Seth, Neel R. Kohli as Seth Chunni Lal and Anil Dass as their impudent servant, Dhaniya, suited their parts to a 'T'. The other actors too were at home on the stage.

Well done Sanawarians for an extremely entertaining evening.

Neelam Rastogi & Indira Prem Lal

—:o:—

The A.D.S. Play

This year the Sanawar Amateur Dramatic Society staged a very humorous play called 'CHARLEY'S AUNT'. Before going any further I would like to congratulate the entire cast and the workers behind the scenes on the great success of the play. It made us all ponder over the word 'Amateur'; the play had a professional touch about it.

The plot of the play was most intriguing. Two under-graduates, Jack Chesney and Charles Wykeham find themselves in love with two charming young girls Kitty Verdun and Amy Spettigue respectively. Being young and shy they are unable to propose to the girls, and the latter guess their plight. A God-sent opportunity presents itself when Charley discovers that his aunt, Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez from Brazil is coming to London. Both of them grab this golden chance and invite the girls for lunch to meet the aunt from Brazil (where the nuts come from).

Another under-graduate, Lord Fancourt Babberley, makes his appearance and then disappears to try on a lady's costume which he has to wear in a play. Jack's father, Col. Sir Francis Chesney, also appears on the scene and is persuaded to come for lunch, to meet the aunt, and to wear a flower in his button hole, "which takes years off a man!"

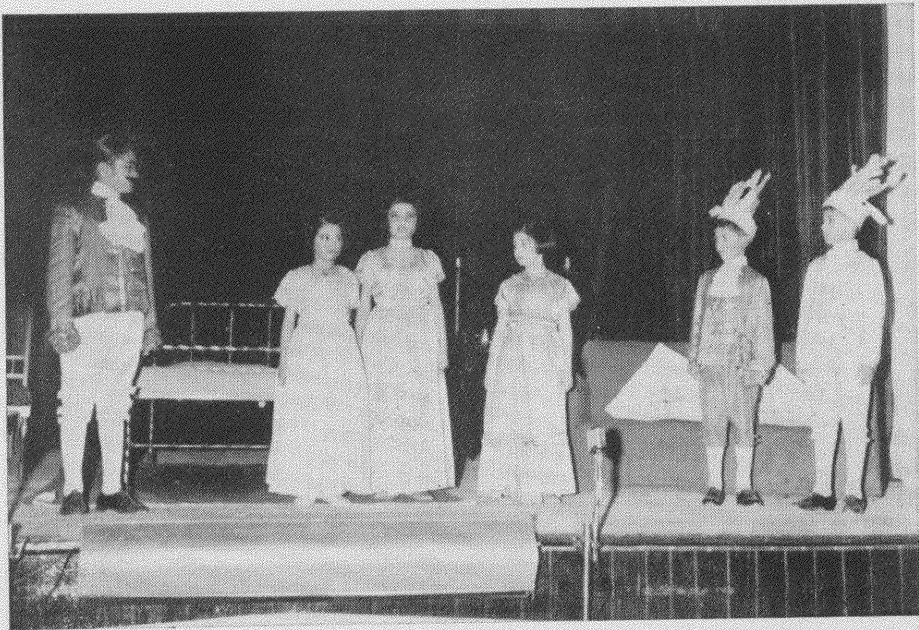
Everything was going on splendidly, when a telegram arrived from Donna Lucia announcing a change in her plans. Just then Babberley appears in his lady's attire and Jack and Charley force him to act as the aunt. For the rest of the act the dual acting of Lord Babberley keeps us in fits of laughter. Sir Francis Chesney arrives but is dejected to see Donna Lucia as his probable wife. Another spanner is thrown into the works when Mr. Spettigue, Kitty's guardian and Amy's uncle, arrives. On his introduction to Donna Lucia he pretends that he is enchanted by her, though he is actually interested not in her but in her money. He therefore begins to court her. The Butler, Brassett announces luncheon and Lucia is led to the table on Spettigue's arm while the unabashed Colonel holds the chair for her—the inevitable follows, Donna Lucia very elegantly lands on the floor.

In the next act, we find that the boys have plucked up courage and have proposed. Colonel Chesney proposes to Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberly) and, luckily, is refused. In various parts we are sent into peals of laughter especially when we find Spettigue chasing Babberley all over the stage. Amy and Kitty who have agreed to marry Charley and Jack ask Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberley) to use her influence to get written consent from Spettigue, for their marriages.

The real Donna Lucia arrives unexpectedly bringing with her Babberley's girl friend, Ela Delahay, and is most amazed to find a Donna Lucia already established. The act ends with Mr. Spettigue inviting all of them for dinner to his house.

A.D.S. (Staff Play)
Scenes from Charley's Aunt





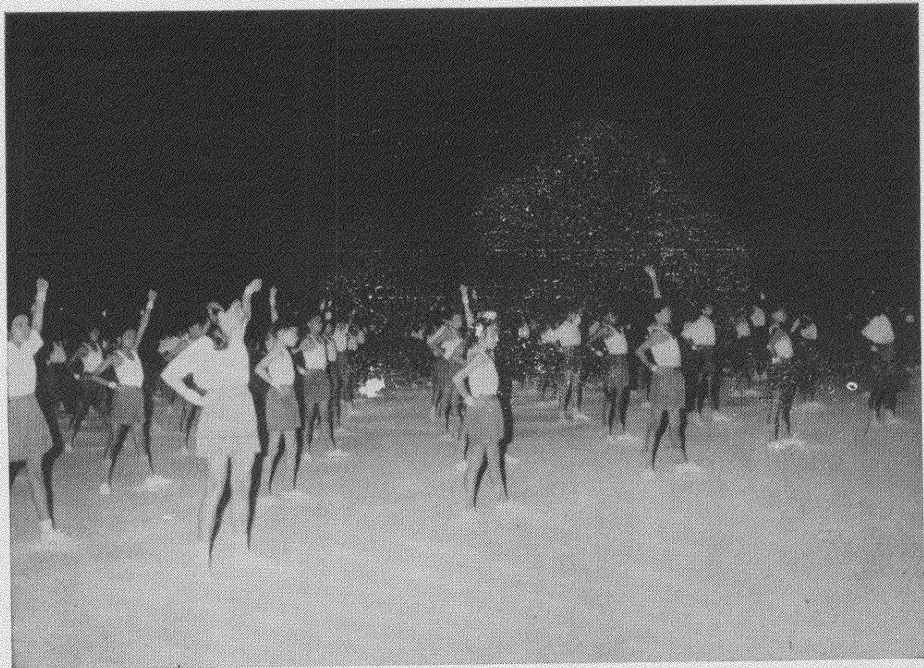
A Scene from 'The Strange Bedfellows'



A Scene from 'Andher Nagri'



Basant Dance
TATTOO



P.T. in Progress



Jhoomar Dance.

During dinner Babberley is in a real fix as he has to go and sit with the ladies while the men have their liquor. The real Donna Lucia talks of Don Pedro, her late husband, and Babberley hides his confusion by asking one of the girls to play on the piano. He, however, is the one to play a ballad entitled Tra la la la Bow tiae! The men arrive and all of them go into the garden with the exception of Spettigue and Babberley. Spettigue proposes and Babberley accepts on condition that Spettigue gives his written consent for the marriages of Amy and Kitty. Spettigue exits to do it. Ela arrives and tells Donna Lucia (Babberley) all about her love for a gentleman called Lord Fancourt Babberley. Spettigue returns with his written note, is accepted by Donna Lucia (Fancourt Babberley), and announces the happy news.

Charley is unable to continue the deception and informs Spettigue of Fancourt Babberley's masquerade. Spettigue, furious, demands the return of the written consent given to the supposed Donna Lucia. The real Donna Lucia (Mrs. Kemp) intervenes, takes possession of the note, and reveals her identity. After the bombshell of this revelation everything ends happily with Ela (Mrs. Dhama) becoming engaged to Fancourt Babberley, Sir Francis discovering a rich wife in Donna Lucia, and Kitty and Amy finding themselves free to marry Jack and Charley as Fancourt Babberley said in the end "Never again? In future I resign all claims to Charley's aunt in favour of Sir Francis Chesney".

All the characters in the play were depicted with extreme accuracy, and even the dresses were somewhat like that of 1890's, the time of the play. But Mr. Bhu-pinder Singh as Lord Babberley alias Donna Lucia, stole the show. Every bit of his acting was superb and was appreciated by one and all. What made it even better was the absence of his moustache! Congratulations! Francis Chesney (Mr. Kemp) and Mt. Spettigue (Mr. Sequeira) were marvellous as old-time heart breakers. Ajit Jayaram as Jack Chesney and Mr. Abraham as Charles Wykeham also played their parts of young bashful lovers excellently. Mr. Bhalerao, as Brasset, has become the legendary Butler. Last but not least, Mrs. Kemp as Donna Lucia and Mrs. Dhama as Ela Delahay were lovely to look at and delightful to watch.

Well Done Staff!!

Tania Talwar.

Tattoo

It was the night of 3rd October. The expectant crowd waited eagerly for the perennial Tattoo to start. As is its wont, the boisterous crowd were full of life. Their loud shouts were interrupted by a shrill whistle which announced the immortal P. T.

The boys and girls came running on to the field immaculately clad for the item. Their arms and legs moved with perfect co-ordination and their lithe limbs moved adroitly. The marvellous P. T. display easily won the praise of the crowd and it was one of the best seen in recent years; the hoarse throated applause in the end showed how well it was received.

The parallel bars was another repeat-item, but this year the boys dived through the fire hoop also. A couple of exercises were done beautifully and they far outsoared the normal school standard. The cynosure of all eyes were V. S. Pathania and G. S. Randhawa.

The youngsters not only played the bugle band very well but they were very smartly dressed too.

The chair work, again performed by the gymnasts, was quite a unique item. It was humorous at times and the supple movements of the gymnasts were a treat to watch.

The girls then performed "Ghumar" a Rajasthani folk dance. The costumes were ideal but somehow the dancers didn't get the rhythm; their movements were sloppy and their steps defied the music. We personally think that the dance didn't add much to the show. The ground work was good and quite entertaining. The Club Drill was a roaring success. The movements were all in time and the boys really looked fabulous. It must have been quite an experience for the participants. Fire, fire everywhere but, touch wood, not a spark touched them. So Mr. Kemp's patience and hard work did pay rich dividends.

The standard of Sanawarian gymnasts was abundantly evident at the Horsework. It went off very well. The stamina, skill and training of the boys were clearly visible. The credit for all this, of course, goes to the gymnasts but our kudos to Mr. Jagdish Ram also for this marvellous performance.

The Figure Marching which concluded the Tattoo, was slightly below expectations. Though the ideas of various designs were original and good, often the children were out of place. We felt that they needed some more practice.

On the whole the Tattoo was a great success. It provided an excellent example of how determined effort and co-operation can achieve spectacular results. It not only showed the pep of the present Sanawarians but also of O. S. who often rent the air with "Well Done Sanawar".

J. S. Bhattal & G. S. Rana

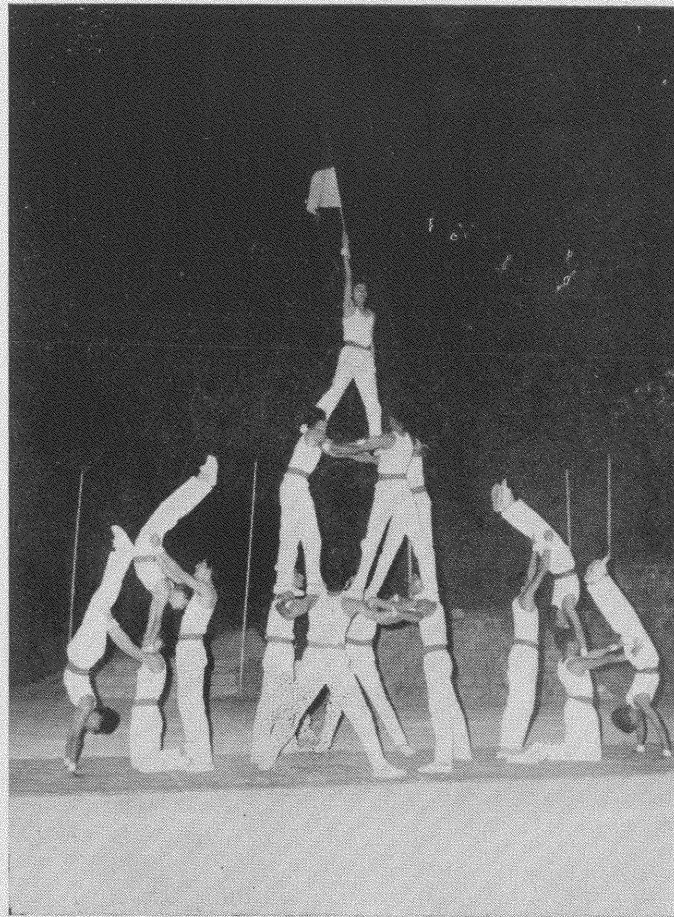
Athletics 1970

The start of the athletics season this year was delayed for about a week by heavy, unusual monsoon rains. After hardly a month's practice the heats commenced.

On the 21st of September the 100 metres heats for all age-groups took place. The fact that the standard of sprints still remains quite low in Sanawar was obvious by the poor results. On the whole, out of all four age-groups only four boys qualified. Thus at the end of the day, Vindhya was 2 points, Siwalik and Nilagiri one each and Himalaya yet to open their account.



The Victorious Soccer XI
(Sanawar trounced B.C.S. 4—0).



Groundwork Tableau



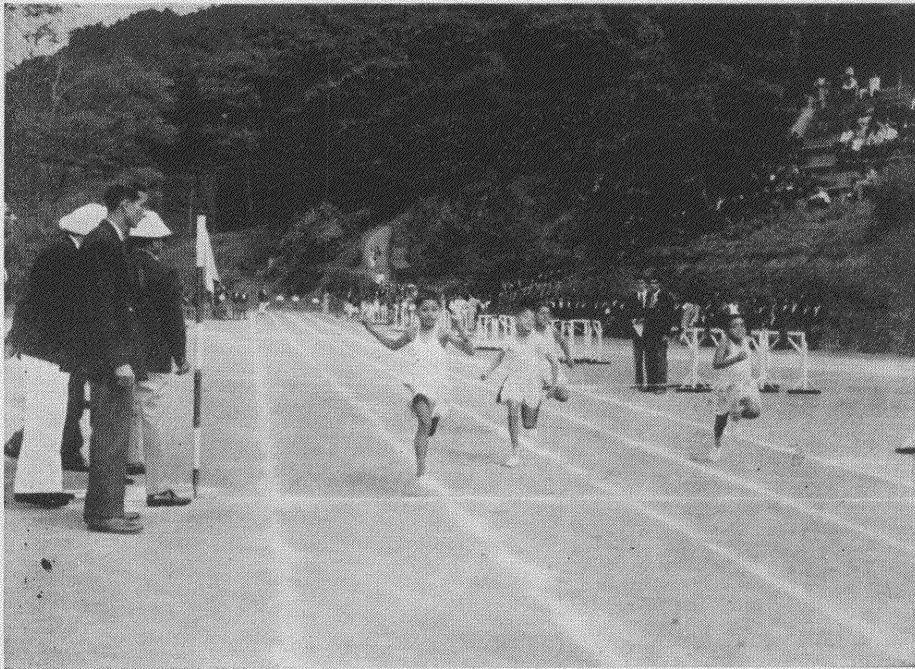
Diving through the Burning Hoop.
ATHLETICS.

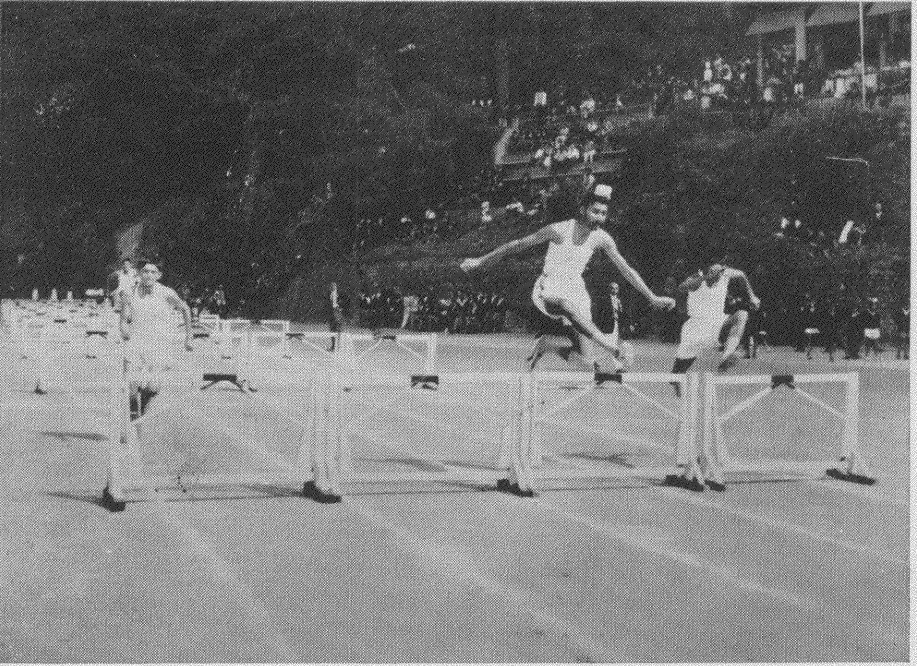


The Relay Race in progress



Preppers Sprinting





Hurdles : Under fifteens



Hands go up in Victory

After this the heats were once again interrupted, for a few days, by heavy rains. When they were resumed the competition was stiff and at the end of each day of the heats a different house led in points. A few individual performances were commendable. In the Opens Shot-Put J. S. Sandhu shattered the previous record by putting the shot to a distance of 11.25 metres. In the Under 11's Triple Jump, Nakul Chopra jumped a distance of 8.63 metres and thus bettered the previous record.

At the end of the heats, Nilagiri was leading in the boys school with a total of 112 points. Vindhya was next with 105 points, followed by Himalaya with 103 and Siwalik 91 points.

The Athletics finals were held on 2nd October. At 9-30 a. m. the School band followed by the athletes marched past General K.P. Candeth, the chief guest.

The first event of the day was the boys 100 metres for Opens. This was followed by the 100 metres for the other age groups and the 80 and 50 metres for the Prep School. Then we had the hurdles followed by the boys 800 metres for Opens and 400 metres for Under 15s. The boys' Under 13 and Under 11 200 metres came next and lastly the girls' 200 metres for all age-groups took place.

At this stage before the relays, in the boys department Nilagiri was leading being closely chased by Vindhya and Himalaya, while the Nilagarian girls were leading by a big margin.

In the P. D. girls' 4x100 metres relay Himalaya clocked a commendable timing of 1 minute 10.4 seconds thus setting up a new record. The girls' 4x100 metres was closely contested by Himalaya and Nilagiri but the latter emerged victorious. Following this was the P.D. boys' 4x100 metres relay in which Vindhya's outraced their opponents.

The boys' Under 11, 4x200 metre relay was won by Siwalik. In the Under 13 and Under 15 relays Vindhya and Himalaya came first respectively. The Opens relay was very closely contested but Himalaya managed to come first and hence emerged victorious in the race for the cock-house.

Last but not least a relay was held for the Old Sanawarians. The Nilagarian O. S. won easily.

The championships for their respective age-groups went to :—

Boys School		Girls School	
Under-11	Nakul Chopra (S)	Under-11	Tirath Gill (N)
Under-13	Gurarvinder Panaych (V)	Under 13	Veena Kumari (N)
Under-15	Manmegh Singh (N)	Under-15	Sadhna Singh (S)
Opens	J.S. Sandhu (S) & B.P.S. Bhasin (N)	Opens	Kawaljit Brar (H)

The Kalinga Cup, for the best athlete of the year was jointly awarded to Jaspal Singh Sandhu and B.P.S. Bhasin. Our heartiest congratulations to all the winners. I would like all the losers to remember that in a contest somebody has to lose. It is not the victory which matters but the spirit with which you take part. So Well Done all the participants.

Ranbir Singh.

The Exhibition of Sanawarian Arts

I

Though the exhibition was open to all for about three days, a large crowd waited eagerly outside the exhibition rooms after the colour parade on the 4th of October, while the chief guest went round. Meanwhile we viewed with a cursory glance the many paintings which covered the walls of the verandah outside the carpentry room.

As the gates were thrown open to the public, we were swept along with the crowd into the carpentry room. On the centre table stood a wooden carving of a woman. It was a beautiful piece and a lot of labour must have gone into it. Other tables were decorated with various woodwork pieces. Other articles displayed were tables, table-lamps, trays, etc. There was also a fascinating engraving of Mahatma Gandhi.

From there we went to the Art Room. Here modern art seemed quite popular and numerous paintings decorated the walls. Some large paintings on plywood were admirable. One of these showed mountaineers scaling a steep mountain while another depicted the good and bad omens in human life. In one place a large collage showed all sorts of photographs of pop singers and various crazy signs pasted in a haphazard manner. Innumerable cards were exhibited on one side of the room. Some sketches and a few paintings here attracted many a visitor's attention.

In the handicrafts section the main attraction was the centrepiece—a clay model of a bullock-cart stuck in the mud with villagers making vain efforts to push it out. It was a wonderful piece of clay-modelling which must have required days of

Exhibition of Sanawarian Arts



Mr. & Mrs. Menon in the Needlework Room



Mr. Menon in the Woodwork Room



A Corner in the Art Room



Mr. Menon appreciating a piece of craft.

painstaking labour to make. Batik of various designs covered the walls and draped the cupboards. In one corner of the room was a stuffed model of an Indian classical dancer. On the walls hung beautifully painted papier-mache plates. Many clay models, bamboo models of ships, attache cases and leather wallets were also displayed in the room. One painting which stood out prominently was of an African girl adorned with numerous necklaces of beads and shells and with large earrings which almost reached her shoulders.

The Prep. School exhibition room had a variety of articles, such as egg cosies and pin cushions, on display. Some small wooden boxes, clay models and papier-mache puppets were also exhibited.

The centre table in the needle-work room was overflowing with embroidery pieces and table-mats. From the condition of the room it seemed as though a whirlwind had blown through it. The viewers seemed not to have heeded the notice requesting visitors not to touch the exhibits. The other tables were covered with embroidered table-cloths and other embroidery pieces with intricate designs but most of these were done in dull colours. After having seen these we made our way to Barne Hall for the speeches.

The exhibition itself was greatly admired by all who saw it, as it rightly deserved to be. However, one flaw was that most of the good exhibits had already been sold to Sanawarians and the visitors could only admire and not buy any of the exhibits to take along with them.

Virender Patole.

II

What a rush! In the sweltering heat of the day we waited patiently outside the Arts and Crafts Department for the chief guest to finish viewing the various art objects on display. Before long the doors were thrown open and a surging mass of parents and visitors rushed in. Amidst exclamation of "oh", "ah" and "how wonderful" we jostled our way through the crowd and finally succeeded in entering the art room.

The first thing that caught our eye was a mass of colourful streamers, in the centre of which was a beautiful floral decoration. Of course, our eyes did not stay on that for long, for there was so much to see.

Following the general motion of the crowd, we moved clockwise. The first 'watercolour' that we really noticed was a strikingly original painting in black and white—"Uneasy lies the Head that Wears the Crown" by Pradeep Saran.—Another one equally interesting was Dipika Rai's 'The Cat and the Moon.' It looks as if Dipika is on her way to becoming an artist, for there were quite a few of her paintings on display.

Anjali's poster done in flaming orange, vivid magenta and black was very impressive.

If time and space permitted, one could write volumes on each creation which depicted various moods. Two outstanding creations were Preminda Batra's "Captivity" and "Freedom" done in oils. Judging from the verses alongside each painting, we gathered that she is a budding poetess as well.

Another 'oil' depicting times of today was a very impressive painting done by Rajiv Mehra : "Struggle for Existence".

On our way out, we came across Abhimanyu Ansal's collage—the only one of its kind. Quite a commendable effort.

The strong aroma of wood attracted us next to the carpentry room where we found ourselves surrounded by record boxes, magazine racks, dressing tables and modern figures, all tastefully carved.

One of the best objects, we thought, was Rajiv Gupta's figurette in the centre of the room. Another exhibit worth mention was Ranbir Singh's.

After the sombre hues of the carpentry room, the bright shades of the craft room seemed very inviting, and before we knew it, we were in the midst of the milling crowd which thronged before the various objects.

Statuette were displayed all over the place, in between various other exhibits of every size and shape. It took us quite a few minutes to train our eyes on any particular object as all of them seemed so good. However we did at last pick out a few which seemed worth mentioning here.

One of them was a green dragon which, superbly executed as it was, gave onlookers the creeps !

Quite a few batik pieces were hung up on view. We couldn't rightly say which was the best, for each one seemed better than the other.

Adorning the centre of the room was K. V. S. Lalotra's "And Miles to go before I Sleep". It was an intricate piece, extremely well executed and it deserved all the praise it got.

A warm welcome sign ushered us in, next, to the needlework exhibition. The room was very gay, festooned with streamers of every colour. Table-napkins, duchess sets, hand towels and many more things lined the walls. All the pieces were exquisitely made and one could hear proud mammas exclaiming over their daughters' works.

In one corner was the crochet work. Looking at them, we saw Preminda Batra's tablecloth. We just couldn't stop looking at it, for it really was an enchanting piece of work.

Teddy bears, elephants and a small little duck were on the centre table. A very cute toy was a clown done by Shivroop Sidhu. Some more pieces that attracted our attention were Tehmina Satarawala's napkins done in yellow with a crochet border.

Well done Sanawat for putting up such excellent exhibitions !

Anjali Daphtary and Maneka Anand

The Fete

The Fete as usual was held on the 5th of October. The day dawned bright and clear. Birdwood reverberated with life and activity. The different form rooms had been converted into stalls, and it was extremely amusing to watch the staff members trying to lure the children to their stalls with inviting smiles and frantic gesticulation.

The ice-cream stall was one of the main attractions; mini balls were sold for the first time this year and I think that parents, O. S. and children agreed on the point that Sanawarian ice-cream is indeed unbeatable.

The eat-stalls this year were slightly disappointing, for although there were the usual 'tickies' and 'chaat', everyone missed hamburgers and pop-corn which have always been the hot favourites of the children. There was, however, no dearth of cake and fruit juices and, the day being hot, these were consumed by the dozen.

Besides these stalls, which were, of course, the very essence of the Fete, there were a large number of entertainment stalls. The shooting stall which was set up in front of the Lower Three room was extremely popular. Hordes of children tramped up the stairs to try their hand at shooting and if possible try and get the bulls eye. The coconut shy was perpetually surrounded by a group of pushing, eager youngsters while from the giant-wheel ensued delighted shrieks and squeals as it spun crazily round and round. The tombola room was constantly filled with a noisy, boisterous crowd who rent the ceiling with derisive howls, whenever someone won a House they hoped it would turn out to be a 'boggie'. The O. S. Stall was set up near the cannons in front of the Geography room. The chief aim of the O. S. seemed to have been to 'rook' the children of the little money they had, and as Sanawarians seemed to be born gamblers, there was no shortage of customers at this stall. Among the other attractions were the Roulette, the Darts, the fortune-teller and the lucky dip.

At 12 the children having exhausted their energies and resources began straggling back from the fete in 'twos' and 'threes'. Thus came to an end another very successful Founder's.

A Contributor

Founder's 1970

Yet another Founder's—and in spite of "repeat items" so fresh, so elegant, so utterly enjoyable. Impossible to believe it was the 123rd! We know Founder's will never die. Will it, like the old soldier, fade away one day? We hope not.

Low, rumbling roars greeted my ears as I approached Barnes on the 2nd morning. Athletics in full swing, Himalaya on top (where else, indeed?). Such comings and goings there were, such excitement. Children popped up at regular intervals nosing out arriving parents like ferrets. And the parents! What a merry, devoted lot. Splendid sarees, colourful turbans, an assortment of beards, jackets and pullovers. "Athletics" was followed by Coffee for Parents—this time somehow more lively, more charged with excitement perhaps because most of the parents were meeting the new Headmaster and his wife for the first time. The Pasrichas mingled with their guests with an interest and bonhomie that were heartwarming. The charming Mrs. Pasricha who made it a point to meet as many parents as possible radiated a warmth that rivalled the delicious, hot coffee and snacks. In the evening, the Staff Play. The children knew all about it and giggled in anticipation. For a happy time, there couldn't have been a happier choice. Corny yes, slapstick yes—but with Charley's Aunt you can't go wrong. A packed Barne Hall spluttered and quivered and roared and bent over at the utterly delightful antics of Bhupinder Singh in skirts and wig and "a way with the boys"! Produced and directed by Trevor Kemp who also did a splendid job of acting as the old but amorous Colonel, the play was hilariously interpreted by its spirited cast—most of the kudos of course going to Bhupinder Singh for his superb—albeit exaggerated—characterisation of the maiden aunt from Brazil—where the nuts come from!

The next day (October 3rd) parents caught up with their brats for a morning's chat until the Prep. School Concert in the afternoon. The same morning a splendid send-off was given to Major and Mrs. Som Dutt who had arrived earlier at the old 'alma mater'. With a motor-cycle escort preceding his car, the Major departed amidst cheering by lines of students. The old order changeth.....

On to the Prep School Concert—always the most disarming and spontaneous item at Founder's. The little ones did two plays, one in Hindi (Andher Nagri) and one in English (Strange Bedfellows). The Hindi play was very well done, the young performers getting into the spirit of the thing. There was also a musical skit. The Elves and the Shoemaker, a Basant Dance and the Percussion Band—all lovely items.

It was, however, the singing by Form I and II of "The Animals Came in Two by Two" that got the loudest applause. Also very sweet was the K. G.s singing "Sunder Nadia" with great gusto.

Immediately after the Prep. Concert was what I would call the piece de resistance of Founder's: The torchlight Tattoo preceded by a display of mass P.T. and acrobatics that literally took one's breath away. The Bugle Band was thrilling, the drill precision—timed and perfect—and all this made more exciting by the vigorous encouragement of the O.S. who had once again gathered to give a hand to the Old School. Surely, the O.S. is a phenomenon whose counterpart can never be found in any other School. Year after year they come—the Old Sanawarians to lend lustre and pep to Founder's with their gay abandon, their cheering and their shining loyalty. Well done, O.S. And here I must mention Bill Colledge and his wife who graced the occasion with their presence for the 6th time—all the way from England. I must also mention the brief but welcome presence of Lieut-Genl. K.P. Candeth, GOC-in-Chief, Western Command who was the Chief Guest for the first day.

For the rest of the days it was Mr. K.P.S. Menon who along with his wife attended all the functions and took the salute on the Founder's Day (October 4th) at the Trooping of the School Colour. This is a top favourite with me and I'm sure many others feel the same. Fabulous, colourful, thrilling, awe-inspiring. The Brass Band is superb, the N.C.C. Parade, smart, the March Past, invigorating. Nothing else ever quite surpasses the beauty and grandeur of the 'Trooping'.

Followed the Speeches—once again a full Barne Hall gathered to listen..... this time to the new Headmaster who outlined his policies and aired his views with frank and fearless phrases. Mr. K.P.S. Menon, a delightful speaker, made an extempore speech spiced with wisdom and wit. Mr. Pasricha who has stepped into the illustrious shoes of his popular predecessor, means business and business to him, means the good of the School.

And everytime the name of Trevor Kemp was mentioned for "services rendered", the applause was deafening.

The same evening saw the Senior School Concert—highlighted as usual by the play.....this time one in Hindi "Sri Bhola Nath", a little fluff of a play with not very much to recommend it. However, I thought Neil R. Kohli was rather good in the role of the Sethji. The show opened with the very talented School Orchestra playing two beautiful Indian Classical ragas followed by a Naga dance Leima-Jagoi performed by eight colourfully-clad girls. The next dance Aveer-Khel depicting Krishna and the Gopis playing Holi was so captivating it drew repeated applause.

And so ended the Founder's functions—the next day, on to the fete: stalls, eats, raffles, ice-cream.....and the excitement of going home.

This resume of Founder's, however, would not be complete without an honourable mention of the Arts and Crafts and Needlework exhibition put up by the students. I continue to be amazed and gratified by the variety of talent displayed here. The carpentry items, the handicrafts, the superb paintings, the exquisite embroidery are all works of art: a tribute not only to the versatility of the boys and girls but also to the masters and teachers whose painstaking efforts and loving guidance yield such stupendous results each year.

I can, therefore, only end with the full-throated, proud cry of the O.S. :
Come on, Sanawar! Well done Sanawar!

(Mrs.) Gulshan Ewing.

Shall I not inform you of a better act than fasting, alms and prayers? Making peace between one another: enmity and malice tear up heavenly rewards by the roots.



MAGAZINE SECTION



A Place of great Natural Beauty

My favourite haunt in the summer is Manali, a picturesque small town situated amidst tall deodars and elegant fir trees, and enclosed by majestic mountains. Indeed it is one of the most beautiful valleys in the country.

The snow-clad mountains with their smooth glazing ice and the evergreen, towering deodars reaching into the blue sky, form a most magnificent spectacle. The breeze gently ruffles the golden corn and seems to sigh as it penetrates the forests. The hill-slopes are littered with purple and white irises, while the wild red strawberries peep shyly through their leaves. In the large orchards, the trees are bent to the ground by the weight of the red luscious apples and the ripe 'Golden Delicious', and big dark-red juicy plums and cherries peep through the thick foliage of leaves on the trees.

Through this rich valley flow the ice-cold waters of the river Beas, frolicking and dancing over the boulders, as they move along their course.

The origin of this river lies in the glaciated peaks of the Rohtang. The source is a small spring of great religious value. The Rohtang Pass itself is worth a visit. The precipitous sides of a glacier carve out a passage through the mountains. While on the other side lie parallel ranges, stretching as far as the eye can see, their slopes clad in frozen ice.

Marikaran is another fascinating place. A rutted track makes its way into a thick 'gaon' or village, with the turbulent Paravati river gushing nearby. Bubbling hot and steaming natural springs gurgle out from the ground, making it impossible for one to stand barefoot on the cemented platform nearby. So hot are these waters that the villagers there even cook their rice and dal (pulses) in it. The smouldering waters from this spring flow into the Paravati river, melting and turning the rocks a reddish orange, over which they flow.

Manali has been described as the 'Valley of the Gods' and indeed the villagers worship some twenty-five devis (goddesses). Very beautifully carved, stone murtis (statuettes) of these goddesses ornament every temple, and at festivals many blood sacrifices are performed at their feet, with much pomp and gaiety. The villagers thus satisfy the cravings of their devis, whom they believe to be thirsty for blood. Such a ceremony is one of the most gruesome sights to witness.

Even the native people here are simple, hard-working and sincere. The peculiarity of the village is that while the women folk work in the fields, the men sit back and drink 'lugri' (an intoxicating drink from rice).

It was indeed heart-breaking to leave the wonderful valley, with its marvellous people. I vowed to return to it whenever the opportunity occurred.

Gita Sahni

A Triumphant Return

Two men were returning to their village one evening, when they saw something moving in the bushes nearby. They went nearer to investigate, and to their astonishment saw a huge bull rhino. One of the men shouted and threw stones to scare it away and this was his death warrant. The bull rhino charged at them at fearful speed. He lowered his head and went straight at one of them. As the rhino caught up with him he put one foot on him and spiked him with his blunt horn. The other man narrowly escaped to tell this tale.

I had been living in this area as a game warden for over two years now. All the people of this part knew me well and had full faith in me and invariably asked for my help when such things occurred. The next day I heard about this incident and at once set out to kill the rhino. If this animal was not put to death he was sure to kill someone else sooner or later. That evening, on reaching this place I found what was left of the body.

Next morning as soon as it dawned I started tracking this rhino. Around mid-day I found some rhino droppings which were still fresh. I had hoped to come up with the rhino in this semi-open part of the forest. But this rhino was cunning and had moved into thick under-growth. In this part one could not see more than fifteen yards ahead. I knew that the rhino was not very far from me. I could smell the pungent, almost choking, smell of the rhino droppings. There was an eerie stillness about the place, for the thick under-growth deadened the sounds. All this time I had been hoping that the wind would not blow from my side to the rhino's side because even if he caught the faintest smell he would either charge at me or would run miles away.

As fate would have it the wind changed direction and blew from my side to the rhino's. Suddenly, not far away I heard a crashing sound as the rhino ran away from his hiding. I knew that he would not stop before he had covered some miles. I, therefore, decided to return.

The next day I again set out in search of him. After covering a few miles of rough track I reached a grove of bamboo where the rhinos usually feed. My sixth sense told me that the rhino was very near. I could not see him since the bamboo stalks were hemming me in on every side.

Suddenly I saw a black mass in some bamboo stalks. I raised my rifle slowly and held my breath waiting for a shot. There was a cross-draft of wind which must have carried my scent to the rhino. He raised his head in order to get a better view and to catch my scent. This was the moment I was waiting for. I aimed at the centre of his skull. An instant after I had shot the bull rhino. He seemed to be standing as if nothing had happened and then suddenly fell down with

a crash. I fired a second bullet just to make sure. Thus ended the terror spread by the bull rhino. That evening I started for home and reached late at night. It was a triumphant return.

Ranbir Singh

Sunset.

A sense of calm pervaded the air, and stilled even the crickets to a reverent silence. Trees, silhouetted starkly against the sky, were shrouded in a faintly purple mist. The faint blush of colour in the sky had deepened to a brilliant orange, as the receding sun, in a last attempt to ward off the stars, stretched its radiant fingers across the horizon. At last, the glowing ball of fire gave up its struggle and disappeared to its nightly domain and stars began to peep timidly out from the velvety darkness it had left behind.

Mina Chanchani,

The Snowfall

For the first time in many years, Sanawar gave a very bleak and gloomy welcome, when the students and staff arrived after the long vacation. It was unexpectedly cold, the clouds were rather dark and the wind was biting severely. So, the first indication of what was to come was given by this dismal welcome.

It was in the early hours of the 28th morning, at about 2-00 a. m, that the first flakes of snow fell on Sanawar and melted immediately. But very soon, Sanawar was covered with a blanket as white and soft as the fleece of sheep. Sanawar was looking enormously beautiful: it was white all over, with a few coloured spots here and there.

I was awakened by an excited friend, who told me that it had snowed. Jumping out of the sleeping bag in which I was sleeping I made straight for the door and rushed outside to see a thick and wonderful layer of snow. I was filled with joy and excitement. Soon there was a mad rush to the door, and the verandah outside the dormitory was filled with excited boys shouting praises for the beautiful carpet of snow that Nature had unrolled for them.

Hardly had we returned to the dormitory than we found ourselves running back from where we had come. We heard some wild claps of thunder, and at the same time dark clouds gathered in the distance. There was a sudden calm and then we witnessed snow flakes coming down to the ground. It was an unequalled sight and soon I found myself in the midst of falling snow, trying to learn its secrets. It was through sheer curiosity that I caught some falling snow but to my disappointment it melted every time without revealing its secrets. The falling snow was just like cotton-wool and I considered myself lucky to have had this unique experience of watching the snowfall. It was beautiful but quiet: it was exciting but cold.

As we moved up for breakfast, it was difficult to reach the pavement without being caught in the midst of some snowball-fighting. The pavement was packed with eager faces and exciting hands hurling snow balls at one another. But soon we saw the sun come out from behind the clouds. It was welcome because one hoped it would warm up, but there were disappointed feelings also, for one didn't want the snow to go as fast as it had come.

Anyway, even though the snow has melted and gone and the weather has considerably warmed up, I do sometimes recall the pleasant memories of that wonderful and exciting morning. I think it was a unique experience for most of the staff and students, and I'm sure they all enjoyed it.

J. S. Bhattal

Snow in Sanawar

It was six o'clock in the morning. I awoke to the frenzied cries of a number of girls in the dormitory, who, with noses pressed flat against the window-panes, were eagerly scanning the ground outside. Opening one eye, I mumbled a few words of reproach and turning over, dozed off again. But the excited shrieks increased, as more girls joined in and, at last, grumbling under my breath, I got up to investigate the matter.

Imagine my surprise when, looking out of the window, I perceived a thick sheet of snow on the ground below! It looked superb, stretching between the curving hills supporting rows and rows of mantled evergreens. Birds chirped merrily, as if to tell each other and us about the soft, white carpet that had covered the ground overnight. A pale, dry, winter sun was shining. Nature had given us a gift of the shimmering aliveness of the earth—gift of harmony and peace. We were terribly excited and dying to play in the snow. Getting ready quickly, we ran out of the dormitory.

Our first view of Peacestead was breathtakingly beautiful. A pattern of leafless trees stretched across it. Conjuring up visions of the immense snowmen we would make, we ran across Peacestead. Alas the snow was only six inches deep and our visions of snowmen rapidly disappeared! However we did have a lot of fun with snow-balls.

Much to our regret it was soon breakfast time and the thaw had already begun. When we came out from the dining hall, the clean, cotton-wool-like snow had become a dirty brown slush.

The excitement had, by now, faded away and there was only annoyance at having to walk through layers and layers of filthy mud.

By the evening, however, the snow had nearly all melted away, though there were a few vestiges of it left. It seemed impossible to believe that there had been such a lot of it in the morning. Quite a few girls had seen snow for the first time and I'm sure even the rest of us appreciated this unique and marvellous home-coming to Sanawar.

Maneka Anand

My First Experience of Snowfall

We reached Sanawar after a hectic vacation of nearly three months in the sultry heat of the plains in the east. We did expect Sanawar to be cold, though not so cold. We reached our dormitory shivering and grumbling. Somehow we managed with woollens and all that and slept like a log in the night.

None had the slightest idea of the surprise that nature had in store for us next day. Dawn came silently as though a secret was being passed around. I might as well say "stealthily", for the stage was managed by phantoms or something phantom-like. "Hey folks! Guess what?" I wondered what it might all be! A doleful note from one of the early birds reached my ears. Is it morning? Should I get up? It is so cold! Drowsy, I fell into dreaming of the plains; our flat in the Park; the swing

There was a shout. I sat up. "Yites! It's true." The whole outside world was covered with a pall of snow. Everybody dressed up and rushed outdoor.

The snow had most magnificently laid itself over each and every inch of the ground. This was my first 'Snow'. I looked up spellbound by the beauty of the new world. The snow-king had by magic made the world vanish. The lodge gates, trees, lawns, hill-tops, old familiar things had been transformed into something rich and strange. "Who is that ghostly figure in that queer snow shroud? Gazing around me, I could see snow sparkling and glittering all over." Truly it looked as though nature had thrown a white sheet by way of welcoming us—not a "red" but a "white" carpet treatment.

As I was walking around and greedily enjoying the beauty, a snow-ball came splashing on to my face. I gasped and looked up; my friends were laughing at me. This caused me to make a ball of snow and throw it on them. This led to a snow-ball fight and as a result many blobs of snow found their way down in our backs. Soon we began shivering and sneezing in the cold.

Some clever artistic hands had in the meantime neatly shaped a few snow-men. Soon, wherever we turned, we were confronted with snowmen, some grumpy, some smiling, some smoking!

Unfortunately, all good things come to an end; so did our mucking around in the snow. At first the sun's weak rays could hardly come through the clouds, but soon the clouds dispersed, the sky became blue and the sun shone down upon earth in glory.

Result: what was once beautifully covered with snow turned into mud and slush and to the dull routine of every-day-life. Nature seemed to be whispering to us:

“Our revels now are ended. These our actors were all spirits and are melted into air, into thin air.”

Ketaki Banerji

The Oak Grove

With the roll of the drums, on a bleak day in September 1939, our boys marched against the Japanese and Germans, not with that dark, isolated feeling of fear, but with an exhilarating sensation of courage. This had not been born overnight, but had been carefully cultivated and instilled in them throughout these precious years they had spent in Sanawar. Thus, when these valiant O.S. died on the battlefield, they did not just pass away into the dust—they live in our hearts, for in Warriors' Grove one oak tree has been planted in tribute to every O.S. that died—no, not died, but gave rise to these brave oak trees, which will stand undaunted and will flourish through generations. This Oak Grove is a memorial of our brave Sanawarian heroes.

Ferida Satarawala

An Artist's Haven

It was spring—sweet spring, the awakening of the season of life. The hills had never been so green, so softly rimmed with mauve, so tender. Never had there been a sky so lucid, so passionately blue, so nude, so radiant. The flowers had never been so brilliant, so numerous, so delicate, yet strong of fragrance.

A great bee bumbled over the calendulas and the enormous red buds of the first roses. A white butterfly perched for an airy moment over pale daisies. The bronze-gold sun shone on the high and thick grass. The lilac trees in the midst of fading foliage, showed rich green buds, that would blossom soon. The wall of burning trees was a tapestry of dark and pale green, mixed with the blaze of the yellow of the elms and the crimson of the oaks.

As I climbed higher I saw the glint of a distant dark-blue stream winding down one of the western hills. As I reached near it, I saw the lacework of distant poplars outlined against the poignant clarity of the sky. Birds flew restlessly from one mighty poplar, to another, while others sang contemplatively, or gossiped melodiously. Animals scurried to and fro.

I heard the faint, fairy tinkling of bells in the distance, while a dim lavender light ran over the valley and the hills; a fugitive pink glow shone through the trunks of the evergreen on the slope. The earth sent up a sweet fragrance as of crushed grass, flowers and pines. Two cypresses stood, like dark green pillars, against purity and pinkness, like guardians at a temple.

As twilight descended like a mantle over the horizon, the countryside lay below, cupped in the dark hills. The earth was profoundly still, but a strange, strong promise exhaled from it, like a wide and swelling breath. While the twittering of birds died in the distance, the sky was a pure ultramarine, profound and deep: the evening star rose in it like a point of silver flame.

Ferida Satarawala

Hippies

It is a dark, cloudy evening and I sit near the window watching the rain trickle down the frosty glass. I want to feel happy in spite of the miserable weather. So I play "San Francisco". Even though a dull, black disc is whizzing round and round producing much noise, I am suddenly transported into the world of the most gentle people in the world—The Hippies.

The Hippies are often referred to as "Flower Children." They believe in what is popularly known as "Flower Power." Their emblem is not a star, a moon or an axe but a simple delicate flower. They are largely people of peace, who believe that with a single flower as their weapon, they can conquer the entire universe.

The Hippies form a class of their own. A class totally different from the so called normal people. If one were to walk down Carnaby Street, which is a regular Hippy haunt, one would see the greatest assortment of Hippies one can ever imagine. Shaggy, long hair; shoddy torn clothes; bare feet; dreamy, glazed eyes are the things one usually associates a Hippy with.

Even though the Hippies believe in "Flower Power", one feels that they are escapists—escapists from the world of today. People who don't want to face the horrors of the raging Vietnam War, the thrilling adventure of man conquering the moon, the tragic murders of great men like Kennedy and Martin Luther King. They want to be tucked away in their own innocent, imaginary, green pastures not exposed to the wicked world of today. That is why we find that Hippies are almost always drug addicts. They normally have what are popularly known as LSD, heroin and hashish. After having LSD, they go on what is called the 'trip', while after having heroin they go on what is known as the 'rocket'. That is why one finds millions of Hippies infesting India. All of them are in search of pot and hashish, which is easily and cheaply obtainable in India.

One realises that the hippy generation has brought about a great revolution in the world of today. A tremendous mingling between the East and the West.

A mingling in the sphere of clothes, music, languages, dances, and even religion. Often one sees a Hippy clad in a Kurta and Churidar pyjama and simple leather chappals, learning how to play the sitar. One sees them miserable and penniless wandering about in the streets of Delhi and after asking them what they are looking for, one gets the timid reply that they are trying to seek God.

Suddenly I realise that the song is coming to an end. I flash past from the Hippy world into my own little world. Even though the song is now over, the words still echo in my mind.

Harsimran Grewal

Punctuality

Whenever I think of punctuality I am reminded of the wife whose husband asked her to hurry up and was told: "Stop being impatient, haven't I been telling you for the last hour that I'll be down in a minute!!" How very true for most of us, especially in India! We have now come to that stage where, when we invite somebody at 1-30 p. m. we automatically expect them at two o'clock! Suppose someone invites us at eight thirty, when we do reach at the correct time we often wonder whether we've turned up on the right day, for even the host and hostess look so surprised!!

We should be like Gandhiji who placed punctuality high among his values. Once Gandhiji dodged a huge uncontrollable crowd in order to keep an engagement! Gandhiji and Dr. T. Rajan were driving to a university campus where he was to address a University Union, when they were held up by a huge crowd who would not let Gandhiji proceed on his way. While Dr. Rajan was pleading with the crowd Gandhiji quietly slipped out of the car and made a dash for the University. He was picked up by a following car and shouting his apologies to the crowd, drove away. He was not more than a minute late and the first words he uttered were of apology for the delay.

Punctuality is a virtue which is of unestimable value. He who is punctual commands the confidence, esteem and respect of those he has to deal with.

This habit is always laudable. A punctual boy or girl never fails to reach his or her class in time; an employee who is never late gets into the good books of the boss. The quality of punctuality spares us many of the disappointments and failures in life. The lack of it causes many disasters: it robs a man of a fair chance of success and happiness and a sense of achievement in life. In human affairs a single moment which is often considered trifling is capable of deciding the fate of a nation. Had Marshal Blucher arrived late to assist Wellington, what would have been the fate of Europe? Napoleon might have won the battle of Waterloo, and the history of Europe would have been cast in a different mould!!

Maneka Anand

How I spent My Holidays

The train rumbled into the station, slowed down gradually and came to a halt with a deafening screech. Excited children tumbled out from the compartments. I anxiously scanned the sea of faces for my parents and finally spotted them in the crowd. After a great deal of hugging, I identified my luggage, had it bundled into the car and we were soon making our way home.

My first evening at home was spent in meeting relatives and friends. That night my parents spoke of visiting Jamshedpur, which is not a great distance away from Calcutta.

A week later, we loaded the car with a couple of suitcases and a large hamper containing our picnic lunch. The roads in West Bengal were dreadful, but once we reached Bihar they became smooth and wide. We reached Jamshedpur at dusk. The couple whom we were staying with had an enormous house. There was a garden on all four sides, a large vegetable patch and an orchard. Besides this, they had the most adorable Pekinese dogs.

Our fortnight's stay was uneventful and we returned to Calcutta which made a strong contrast to the clean air and beautiful roads in Jamshedpur.

Over New Year, I went to a number of parties, but once January arrived all my friends had to return to school, so I was left without company. I remained at home practically all day and read or listened to music and occasionally when I got the inspiration, I painted.

February brought with it warmer days. I went swimming several times, though the water was freezing cold. In the second week of February, my mother decided that she and I should visit her eldest sister in Lucknow.

The train journey to Lucknow was tedious and we were both extremely relieved when we reached. Lucknow gave the impression of being a rather sleepy town. When we drove to my aunt's house from the station we hardly saw any people or cars.

The house was really beautiful. It was long and white and contained about twelve rooms. Being an army house, it was run extremely efficiently by a platoon of servants. The walls were hidden by masses of coloured bougainvillea, while the garden contained six hundred rose-bushes, each in full bloom. The air was scented with the fragrance of roses, and each bush had an exotic name like "Christian Dior" and "Golden Slumber".

During our stay, my mother and I went on shopping sprees in the bazaar to buy unexciting articles like 'chikanwork', tea cosies and tray-cloths. The only place of historic interest was the Residency where Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed during the first war for independence.

The lawns round the Residency were like the green baize on a billiard-table and they were surrounded by flower-beds of cannas and dahlias. The buildings themselves had been left just as they had been after the mutiny.

Outside, there were number of graves and among these was that of Henry Lawrence.

Inside, the walls were covered with maps, portraits and framed documents. There were also a few cannons and muskets. The decrepit guide seemed to have memorised the whole history of the mutiny. One of the rooms, we learnt from the guide, was where Sir Henry Lawrence had been mortally wounded.

We visited the zoo as well, which seemed miniature in comparison with the Calcutta zoo. On our way back we saw a huge procession of people carrying a burning effigy of one of the party-leaders.

On our return to Calcutta, we realised that there was scarcely any time for my return to school, so my mother and I had to rush about frantically to get together all my tuck and the clothes I required for school.

Soon I found myself jogging back to school, thinking nostalgically of one of the enjoyable holidays I have ever had.

Anjali Daphtary

My first Journey by Road

I had always travelled to and fro in trains during my school-days. I might have gone to the bazaar on my bicycle by road, but otherwise I had never covered long distances by road. Well, that day I was going to experience my first journey by road.

Knowing that I was very fond of eating, my mother had cooked a delicious meal and packed it in a hamper. My sister, brother, mother and I, all climbed into the jeep. I was very excited at the thought of that scrumptious meal lying just beside me. It was a lovely, breezy morning. I asked my brother to let the hood of the jeep down so that the cool breeze of April could sweep my face and play with my hair. The soft breeze was very refreshing after the smoky atmosphere of the city. For about fifteen or twenty miles we drove in silence. My spirit felt elevated as we ate the miles. All of us were lost in our thoughts. I was absorbed in the beauty around me.

After some time our stomachs wanted to be fed. We stopped at a partly dried river. Mother grew busy with the preparation of lunch, while we skipped on to the sandy shore. We began collecting sea-shells and beautiful, coloured stones.

These would add to my collection of souvenirs. Thoroughly exhausted, we went to have lunch and found three glasses of cool, inviting lemonade awaiting us. I swallowed mine in one gulp as my throat was parched. Then I fell on my food as though I had been starved for some days. Mother had done a beautiful job of it. I have never enjoyed a meal more than I enjoyed it that day. After eating our food with relish, we helped mother to pack the things and continued with our journey.

My brother was the editor of the college magazine, and had to write an essay on Village life in India. So he stopped the car at a few villages on the way and took pictures. He asked the villagers about their life and took down a few points. There was a large gathering where we stood. I suddenly realised I was the centre of attraction in the crowd. I saw their eyes travelling from my head to toes and then back again. I looked at myself to see whether there was anything funny in my appearance. Seeing this, my brother burst out laughing. The next moment he told me they were trying to make out whether I was a boy or a girl as I was wearing stretch-pants !!

At about four in the afternoon, we arrived home. Mother was busy arranging bouquets she had collected on the way. It had really been great fun travelling in an open air jeep : there were no rules and regulations to be followed as in trains and aeroplanes !

Kamaljit Ramana.

A Night of Terror

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee. The dreaded whine of the siren rent the air. Nicola felt as though the eternal whine would never stop ringing in her ears. "Nicola, Nicola ! Where are you ? Come on !" Flinging down her book Nicola hurried out to the trench. Her parents and younger brother were already there.

It was bitterly cold outside. The family huddled together under a blanket and passed round a thermos of hot coffee. They were frightened but each one tried to conceal the misery and apprehension.

Presently the distant drone of a plane was heard. Not one but at least four !

Then they were overhead, and flying low. Beams of light from the planes stabbed the darkness. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, followed by another and another, There was the crash of falling buildings and loud screams were abruptly cut off. The drone of the planes faded into the distance.

Nicola climbed out of the trench and was horrified at what she saw. A bomb had burst just yards away ; houses were blazing furiously, the light from the flames illuminating the gruesome scene with a flickering, red glow. Whole trenches with their occupants had been destroyed. Bodies in grotesque positions lay all over.

Nicola walked around trying to help where she could. She was horror-stricken at the wretchedness and suffering of those around her. In the shadow of a building she saw a man with half his body blown away and another with no face at all. There was sorrow and misery everywhere. A little girl wandered around shouting for a mother whom she would probably never see again.

Suddenly the whine of the siren split the air again. Before its echo had died away the fearful planes were back, their chattering guns and bombs spreading death and destruction. People couldn't reach the shelters, so they threw themselves face downwards on the ground. The leaping flames provided adequate light for the machine-gunners. Life after life was destroyed. After sepreading devastation and grief the planes flew away.

Once again the shrill siren pierced the air—this time it was the “all clear”. Nicola pressed her hands over her ears to cut off the awful ringing sound. Shrieks and sobs rent the air. Miraculously, Nicola found herself unhurt. Dazedly she walked around looking for her family. Suddenly she saw an arm: on its fingers she recognized her mother's ring! The body lay nearby. Nicola gave an agonized scream and with tears pouring down her face she began a frantic search for her father. She soon found him. He lay face downwards, with a line of bullet-holes down his back. Nearby lay her brother in a pool of blood!

The siren howled again. On and on and on it went. “No! No! No!” screamed Nicola. She shook her head, frantically trying to get the piercing screech out of her brain. Then, as the drone of the planes became audible, Nicola, laughing hysterically, stumbled down the street.

Sita Sahni

My term as the Head Girl

‘Tania Talwar, Head Girl’ ‘Hey! who's that?’ ‘Dimple, ya!?’ ‘Good heavens! how unexpected! ‘Congratulations’. ‘Best of luck!’ When I myself heard of it I was more shocked than anyone else, I think. At the same time I was filled with a strange feeling—one of pride and fear, success and enthusiasm but all along there was a dark and sinister shadow in my mind, the possibility of being a failure.

Before coming to school I was on top of the world. The idea of a cubicle to myself and attending all the various parties was most appealing. When I reached school I received a severe shock.

The very fact that the discipline of the whole girls' school depended upon me was quite a load on my shoulders. The prefects who were new to their jobs, often forgot some of their duties and this led to quite a few tiffs between them and me!! It was eventually righted and we came to a clear understanding.

Even though I tried my very best to ring all the bells on time there were quite a few times when they were rung late. I remember one instance clearly. It was in the first term. The time table had changed that week and I hadn't realized, so I had the supper bell rung 10 minutes late. The result was that the whole school double marched up to Parker Hall. I bit my tongue quite a few times that evening! But luck was on my side and we reached the hall just in time. There were other such instances when I wasn't so lucky.

There were days when my heart swelled with pride, when I was gay and light-hearted, when I wanted to sing till my throat went hoarse, but there were also streams of tears when I thought I had been grossly misunderstood, and felt miserable and sick at heart. But I soon came to realize that the girls were not really bad at heart. They were a little boisterous first and thought I was a stick in the mud but later most of them realized that whatever I did was invariably in their interest. I only hope I have helped to make Sanawar better than it was and there are not many black marks against me.

My pride knew no bounds when I was introduced as Head Girl to Mr. Pasricha, our new Headmaster, and Mrs. Pasricha. The fact that I was the first Head Girl at the beginning of this new era made me feel quite important.

Before ending, I would like to thank all the staff for all they have done for me, and also for providing such wonderful and unforgettable days. I would also like to wish the future Head Boy and Head Girl (I wonder who!) the very best of luck.

Tania Talwar

My term as the Head Boy

The special orders issued at the end of last year announced my appointment as the Head Boy for the year 1970. I was delighted to hear the news. Although earlier I wasn't sure whether it would be good for me to become the Head Boy and shoulder many responsibilities, I was glad to hear the news. This was my chance to do what I could to improve Sanawar and show my worth. So I took up the challenge ahead of me. My duty was to look after, with the help of my team of prefects, the general discipline and going of the school.

Aware of all the difficulties I would have to encounter in order to improve Sanawar, I decided to remain resolute on my decision. I was prepared to sacrifice everything for the sake of Sanawar.

The year started well and apart from a few problems here and there everything was going on fine. Later, I did have some difficulties but with the help of some sincere friends and, of course, by God's grace, I overcame them and again everything was smooth. I made a few changes and introduced a few new things in the hope of improving discipline as well as the outlook towards life of the boys

in Sanawar. A great number of them were successful. But nothing was more successful than the 'Sanawar Cleaning Society' that was started by my team of prefects and myself. All those late for meals, parade etc. and for other similar violations would join this society and on the following Sunday, under the supervision of the 'Prefect on Duty' would go around cleaning various parts of Sanawar. As no one likes to ruin a Sunday, everyone did his best not to join the society and this greatly improved the discipline. This also helped in keeping Sanawar tidy.

We also revived the 'Prefect on Duty' system which had almost become extinct. The Prefect on duty had to, for that particular day, take charge of nearly everything. It was his duty to see that all bugles were sounded at the proper timings, everything went on smoothly at Assembly and at the pictures and to take charge of a few other things.

Discipline can be achieved in various ways. Our team of prefects had decided that the discipline we impress should be a permanent and inner one and not just temporary and outward. We can call ourselves disciplined only when we realise that we must do something because it is our duty and not because of the fear of punishment. The best way of improving discipline and the general behaviour is by setting a personal example. The prefects must themselves follow what they want to impress upon others. We avoided corporal punishment as far as possible, but there were occasions when we had to come down hard. At times it is necessary.

A funny notion among boys is that headship affects one's studies. I don't really agree with this idea. I think a head boy can manage his duties and at the same time not neglect his studies. One must study as well as do other activities and duties, but each thing should be done at the appropriate time. Cramming books is not called education. Only bookworms, who prefer to remain excused from games throughout the year and prefer to study while others are doing athletics or playing games will feel that headship affects studies. But I don't think that is the right place for such people. However, I am prepared to accept that there may have been a few instances when it might have effected my studies but then I made up my deficiency later. The amount lost, however, is no patch on what one gains by holding this position.

I feel I am lucky to have been appointed to this prestigious position as only a few get this opportunity. I made the best of it and gained whatever education I could from it. It has taught me to shoulder responsibilities and to face and overcome various types of problems. To be fully dutiful one has to labour hard but it is worth working for. If at the end of the year I feel there has been an improvement I shall have achieved my purpose and done my duty well.

Rakesh Bhan

The Indian Jawan

A soldier of the Indian army is called a 'Jawan'. Since 1962's Chinese attack on India the importance of the Indian Jawan has increased. Although we don't have wars at all times, China and Pakistan are a permanent threat to us. There was war between India and Pakistan in 1965.

The Indian Jawan risks his life for the defence of the country. His life is hard. He is cut off from his family and has to go to places where comforts and the fun of life are not available. He may be a top high hills or on the high seas.

India is a big country having a vast area, The life of a Jawan is, therefore, hard. On him depends the honour and safety of the country. He is supposed to be brave and should be able to face all difficulties : that is why he is called a 'Jawan'.

Ram Chandra

Camp at Gaurah—1970

When we arrived at Gaurah we all felt more dead than alive. This feeling was clearly seen in the tired and sleepy eyes of one and all. The bus journey had been hot, hurried and uncomfortable, the time being summer. I for one felt a little sick and dizzy in the head and attributed this to inhaling large quantities of black unpleasant diesel fumes emitted by the exhaust of the bus ahead of ours. The incessant journey at last came to an abrupt end. I was glad to get off the bus, inside which we had been for more than three long, boring hours.

Once on firm ground, the feeling of groggyness wore off. A cool breeze swept across the plateau and amidst lashing sound and swirling leaves we made for a huge fig tree. Gaining its shade, my friends and I sat down and relaxed. All around us were piles of luggage which somehow made us even more lazy, for we had to carry all this to our camping site. Masters, bearers, chaprasis and other boys occupied various places while we sat under the huge fig tree surveying the scenery and waiting for orders from the master in charge.

The forest rest house, beside the road, shone in the bright sunlight and its dark interior contrasted with the glare outside. A wooden square was all around it. Beyond it were extensive terraced fields fading down the plateau. These were interspersed by a line of fruit trees. Beyond the road was a small patch of dried golden brown grass and a little bit of tilled land, ready for plantation.

The gurgling, swirling and splashing of the little rivulet flowing in the valley below was audible and we could imagine the water sweeping across and over huge boulders and its banks covered with sand, shingle and rocks of various sizes, shapes

and colourful patterns. Occasionally, we heard the characteristic call of the black partridge rising from the hills and vales. Colourful birds flitted past our gaze. We drank in all this very slowly as if too much might do harm, like excessive food gobbled down by a starving person kills him instead of saving him. Apart from all this a cooling swim awaited us at the stream.

After a quick, dry meal, we picked our bedding rolls and started towards our camping site which had just been chosen. The place was very suitable; the spring of fresh drinkable water was near at hand and so was the cooling stream. When all the luggage had been transported, we commenced pitching our tent. This gave us no end of trouble for the blistering heat was beginning to take effect. We cleared a nice patch of ground, dug it up then wetting it, thoroughly flattened it. Next we tried to set up our tent but to our dismay discovered that the poles were too big for the tent. At this I suggested that they might have expanded, whereupon all had a hearty laugh at my expense. Anyhow, we finally managed to sneak off with some one else's tent poles and thus succeeded in pitching our tent. We had barely finished when in came a chaprasi and demanded our tent poles as they belonged to the masters! He began to dismantle our tent aided by a few of his brethren, and not bearing to see the work of our labour crumple so, we stamped out to the spring to cool ourselves. We were on the verge of tears and had just managed to conceal our feelings. The chaprasi may have seen our plight or guessed it, for when we returned—lo, and behold!—our tent was repitched and with new poles. Our tent was the last to be erected and was one amongst seventeen. Thus our camp was set up and the fun was to begin—the toil being over.

In the next few days we learnt much and there were many new and interesting things. At night when the whole country side was covered by darkness which was increased by dark massy hills, myriads of tiny worms and fire flies blinked off and on incessantly, lighting up the whole area giving the ground a touch of the sky—like so many stars at our feet! The frogs, on the other hand, occupied marshy terraces and began their croaking at the approach of darkness, thus lulling us to sleep. They didn't cease till the whole glade and plateau was flooded by daylight. Early in the morning, through the open tent flaps could be seen bees and wasps flitting from flower to flower and even pausing a while upon the thistle! Throughout the day colourful birds sang songs far beyond our understanding. Hawks flew overhead, their intentions as fierce as their talons. Baby hawks shrieked, plummeted and glided like pilots learning to fly. The steep, shingle covered hillsides, forsaken by all shrubs provided a brazen background and hemmed in all this beauty. At twilight a heavenly reddish glow hovered over the hills and then gradually faded away. Gaurah was unchanged and as beautiful as ever. It provided a good place for people looking for peace of mind, though it wasn't completely cut off from the outer world.

One night while going to the stream for a soothing walk by its banks we were going past the master's tents when we heard the most pleasant, captivating and calming sound. This was Mr. Pratap playing his sitar. We stopped a while and having asked his permission sat down to hear this soft, sweet music. His fingers slid upon and plucked gently at the strings with an amazing alacrity and the effect was so soothing that I found myself in a different world, communing with the angels.

The next few days passed as if they had drifted down the stream. To be brief I can remember myself throwing water upon the tent and gulping coke after coke to cool myself. It might seem impractical for the cokes to come to such a forlorn place but there they were, brought by a villager. Thus ended a pleasant and memorable occasion of my school life and there have been very few to rival it.

Jatinderpal Dutta

Students' Unrest

A Principal is sitting inside his office and suddenly stones come crashing through the window. He looks down and finds a huge unruly mob holding posters and shouting. This is an example of students' unrest, a problem troubling the whole world today.

What is the root cause of this unrest? There is much controversy over this major topic. Is it because of their herd instinct? By this I mean their following anything anyone else does. All they want is to be in with it. Maybe they feel left out when they don't join in. They even prefer to take drugs, just to be 'hep'. Today's youth is rather cowardly; they are scared of being commented upon, as they'd attract more attention if they didn't join in.

A child should grow up in the midst of love and affection. If this is lacking in the home the child seeks happiness elsewhere. This is another reason why they take drugs and apparently become carefree. Drugs enable them to escape from reality and create an imaginary heaven of their own.

Children these days are not brought up in the strict discipline that was present in the 'good old days'. Marriage is not considered in the same light as it was and hence parents quarrel frequently: so the children escape from the unhappiness that pollutes the air at home and convert into hippies. In this way they also obtain freedom. This also happens in the case of the poorer slum children, as they seem merely a pain in the neck to the parents. The parents consider their child only as another mouth to feed.

We are living in a hectic world. Previously the woman walked two steps behind the man. Now they walk side by side and both the woman and man work. Hence neither parent has time to spare for the child. The child becomes lonely. He wanders around. Then suddenly he comes across a gay, carefree lot. This is life, he thinks. He joins the group but little does he know of the danger awaiting him in the near future. So parents are also partly to blame.

Students gain nothing by rioting. Whatever they want can be achieved in a decent way. They achieve nothing and their revolting only results in destruction, which is going to be a greater loss for them than for the adults.

We are in the midst of a mechanical world. Machines do a lot of work. This is the cause of idleness in our youth. There is nothing much to do. So they go out and enjoy themselves. But their enjoyment certainly is not constructive. It will ultimately lead to misery and discontentment.

Some might say that if the youth finds pleasure by going 'mod' then why should the adults interfere. But then isn't the youth of today going to rule the world of tomorrow ?

Ferida Satarawala

Drugs

The nightmare world of the drug-addict is well known. There are many reasons as to why people take to drugs. Some take them to escape from reality, others take them to discover what the drug-addicts see in them, still others to bring them peace, while there are others who try and deceive themselves by pretending to be wholly independent.

The most potent of all the drugs is L.S.D. After taking L.S.D. a person goes on what is popularly known as 'A Trip'—which may be good or bad, taking the victim to hell or to heaven depending upon the way the drug reacts.

If the trip has been bad the victim finds himself in the agonizing pits of hell. He sees inanimate objects like chairs and tables pulsating with life, and is really tormented. Due to this reaction many people have to be taken to Mental Hospitals—but all this does not prevent them from taking these drugs.

Some people under the influence of drugs say that they are God: God, according to them, is a flash of yellow or a drop of red or a squiggle of blue or a shining silver star.

L.S.D. takes one on a mere trip, but heroin on the other hand takes one on what is called the 'Rocket'—which takes one zooming across a vast eternity of molten metal or liquid ice. Some less potent drugs are opium, hashish, marijuana, commonly known as Pot on Mary Jones !

These drugs are wrecking the lives of many ordinary people and are ruining the present generation and the next. Due to drug-addicted mothers many babies are being born deformed, with limbs missing and with all sorts of deficiencies, and sometimes with the drug in their blood.

Thus all I can say is that these drugs spell just one word : *DESTRUCTION* ! !

Mala Tandon.

The Taj Mahal

The Taj is an historical building. It was built by Shahjahan in the memory of his wife Mumtaz Mahal. It stands on the bank of the river Jamuna. The building is built of white marble. Some other precious stones have also been used. There are paintings and designs on the walls of this building. There are four minarets in it. The central dome of this building is worth seeing. The mosaic work is very nice and beautiful. There are two graves inside it, one of the king and the other of the queen. Both these graves are side by side. It is said that even death could not separate them. In the compound of this building there are some very attractive fountains. They enhance the beauty of the building. It is true that the Taj Mahal looks more beautiful in the light of the full moon than at any other time. So people usually go to see the Taj in moonlight in winter. Many people from abroad come to see it. The reflection of the Taj in the waters of the Jamuna which flows by its side enhances its beauty.

Bindu Talwar

Shah Jahan's Immortal Taj Mahal

I was on a tour of Agra to see the monuments, forts and other places of historic interest. The most attractive of these was the Taj Mahal. Many people come to Agra to see this monument from far and near.

The Taj Mahal is a picturesque monument erected over the grave of Mumtaz Mahal, the beloved and devoted wife of the great Mughal emperor Shah Jhan. It stands beside the River Jamuna. The construction of the Taj took 20 years of hard work, after which the hands of all architects and labourers were cut, so that they would not erect any monument again, as beautiful as the Taj.

It is said that in a gay mood the emperor pledged himself to raise over the Begum's grave a monument of everlasting fame. When unfortunately the beautiful lady was snatched away from him by the cruel hands of death, his bereaved heart found comfort in erecting a structure—in fulfilling the promise he had uselessly made.

Taj Mahal is a marvel of human skill. Twenty thousand workmen were employed on the Taj. The workmen and the material came from all over the world. The design and execution are beyond praise and so is the material used. Many verses of the Holy Koran are inscribed at many places on the black marble. In the four corners taper four marble-minarets, each 42 meters high. The tomb chamber is dark except for the beautifully carved screen of white marble. Directly in the centre of the chamber are the buried remains of Mumtaz Mahal. Engraved on the marble are exquisite flowers and some other writing. Actually these tombs in the chamber are replicas; the true tombs lie in a crypt just below.

The chief work in the Taj is the embossed flowers which have been so skilfully wrought that they seem to be in full bloom.

The Taj Mahal has been described as a 'crystallized drop of tear'. "A very few sights are better than the rumour of their beauty", writes famous novelist Pearl S. Buck. "The Taj Mahal is one of these." It deserves being ranked as one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Rajesh Kochhar.

Hike to Ozark

Mr. Jagdish Ram gave his consent to what others thought was madness and folly and we called it a hike. We, the four enthusiastic hikers, namely Yogeshwar, Ganga, Sanjiv K. Singh and myself, gathered our limited necessities, and left soon after the Siwalik House Party, in celebration for the girls' P. T. Cup.

We filed silently past the graveyard, down the hill to Dharampur and up again to Dagshai. Chandigarh lights in parallel lines were a marvellous sight from there. We went past another cemetery, and descended down the other side to the metalled road.

We left one milestone after the other behind us : the haversacks bit into our shoulders : so we reduced the weight a little by a mid-night meal. The road curved interminably on shining in the bright moonlight with Ozark silhouetted ahead of us. Our passage past villages was often hastened because of numerous dogs that infest them.

Night does pass swiftly in a cozy bed, but it is different when exposed to the breeze outside. We reached the base of Ozark when it was still dark. Against our wishes Ganga decided to climb the peak right away. We reached the peak just as the ending night gave way to dawn, and a little later the sun rose majestically in the distant horizon lighting the hilltops. Taking some photographs as proof of our accomplishment and after taking some rest, we set off to retrace our steps.

We cut off some distance by a shortcut which was not practicable at night. It became unbearably hot and water halts became more frequent. It seemed a lifetime before we emerged from the shortcut on to the road. Another few kilometres brought us to the base of Dagshai.

It was nearing noon, so we had a heavy meal and lumbered up the slope. The down-slope from Dagshai was a blessing and we reached Dharampur without much effort. We were now confronted with still another slope. We struggled up on leaden legs. Each step required an effort, and it was the thought of Sanawar so near that kept us going.

We entered the dormitory a little before 2-30 p.m. amidst congratulations and welcomings, and collapsed on our comfortable beds. We had covered about forty to forty-five kilometres in just a little under sixteen hours!

Satdev Bajaj

My First flight in an Aeroplane

My holidays had begun. I had to travel to Srinagar, since my father was posted there as the commanding officer of the Naval N. C. C (National Cadet Corps) Unit. It had been arranged for me to travel by plane, since the journey by road is very tiring as well as lengthy.

I arrived at the office of the Indian Airlines Corporation. My flight was to leave at ten o'clock that morning, the 7th of July. After weighing my luggage (which was not to exceed twenty kilograms), I was taken to the airport.

It was only 9-00 a. m. so I got acquainted with some other people who were going by the same flight. About half an hour had passed when I saw my cousin coming towards me. I was astonished to see him at the airport but he told me that he had come to 'see me off'.

The airport was quiet since there were hardly any people and because this airport was not a very busy one. A voice then sounded in the speakers—'Flight number 401 will be delayed by an hour due to a defect in the plane'.

I was slightly disappointed since I was very eager to get into the plane and take off. But very soon I came to know that the plane would not leave before one o'clock! My cousin left after wishing me 'good bye', since he had no intention of waiting for two long, dull hours.

But luckily the plane going to Srinagar from Delhi was asked to land and take a few passengers: I was one of them.

All of a sudden, I became very excited and as soon as the plane landed, I ran towards it and rushed up the steps. I was given my seat by a charming air hostess and after a few minutes we were asked to fasten our safety belts. The engine roared into life and the plane sped down the runway. As the plane lifted from the ground, I got an empty feeling in my stomach but this soon became all right as the plane levelled off.

From there, everything looked like toys on the ground below. The trees looked like small shrubs and the houses as if one could easily lift them up. We were offered sweets and chocolates, followed by a smashing lunch which consisted of cold chicken, fried chips, boiled vegetables, buttered bread and pineapple. I ate so much that it seemed as if my stomach would burst.

The time also seemed to be flying and before I knew it, we were over Srinagar. Once again we were asked to fasten our safety belts and the plane taxied down the runway, finally coming to a stop near the control centre.

My luggage was put into the bus and I was taken to the Tourist Reception Centre in the city itself, from where my mother collected me.

My first flight is a most memorable one. Travelling by air is not dangerous as some people put it. It is a thrilling and very enjoyable experience and if I ever get a chance again, I'll surely take it.

A.P.S. Lamba

The Indian Farmer

A farmer is an important person of society. He is very gentle and he grows food for us. He is not a selfish person. He grows corn, vegetables, fruits, etc., not only for himself but for others also. It is he who grows cotton from which cloth is made.

He is very hard working. He works from morning till evening. He works in the sun and rain no matter what weather it is. He ploughs the land with his bullocks and after that he sows the seed etc.

He never sits idle. In his free time he takes care of his plants. He is a very happy man. He sells the corn and earns his livelihood.

He is a very simple man and simple living is the motto of his life. He lives in mud houses and eats very simple food but he is satisfied with his life.

Jugjeetan Singh Sokhey.

My trip to Lagos

I spent my vacation in going to Lagos, other places and back.

I started my trip by aeroplane from Delhi at about 5-00 p.m. and reached Bombay at 9-00 p.m. I stayed in Bombay for a night with my uncle and aunt, and left the next morning for Beirut. I must have reached Beirut at 3-00 a. m. There I went around in the town. I saw many well decorated shops and houses decorated with Christmas bells and coloured paper. Then I came back and went to sleep.

The next morning I had my breakfast and left the hotel to be in time for the plane. It was a long journey to Lagos. I reached at 5-00 p.m. I was very happy to meet my parents. I stayed there for two months and in the two months I went swimming, sight-seeing and other places of interest.

On my way back I brought my brother with me. On the way we visited Addisababa and Karachi. After that we came back to Delhi. A day after my arrival in Delhi I had to come back to school. I thoroughly enjoyed my trip to Lagos.

Sunil Malhotra

Railway Stations

In India there are many thousands of railway stations, for the network of the Indian Railway ranks among the top five railways of the world. Nearly every town and every village which has a railway track laid nearby, does possess a station, of which they are proud, no matter how small, how bare or how shabby it be.

Railway stations are very much alike in appearance from the outside. They have the same red-brick building, its colour faded due to the rains and years of neglect. The once red weather-beaten roof is now brown with age and exposure.

Water lies in puddles on the platforms. Pieces of paper, and wood and tins lie all over the place. Bits of food lie in dirty corners which are later consumed by mongrels. The once white walls are now smeared with imprints of all kinds and torn, dirty posters are seen peeling off the walls. Every nook and corner is stained with the remains of "paan", spit and other refuse.

On the platform there is a mixture of people ; they are tall, dark, fat, fair, thin, active and sleepy. Some people rush hurriedly up and down looking for their compartments. Collies rush into people and mutter oaths under their breath. Others idly stand near the gates of the platform and stare at the passers-by.

The din is constant. Dogs barking and growling, people whispering, muttering or shouting. Babies whimpering and screaming while mothers hush them soothingly. Everyone from the smallest to the biggest person seems to contribute enough noise to drive one crazy.

The yelling of the hawkers is irritating (though I enjoy having them !). Some yell at a pitch almost beyond hearing, some growl like beasts, and others whisper, but all try to advertise their goods.

A typical thing about these stations is that there are a lot of beggars. Beggars and cripples are seen roaming all over the place, singing piteously, crying and begging for something to eat. The blank stare from visionless eyes, the appealing look of the dumb and the crawling of cripples all sadden the hearts of many.

Indian stations, so far, are the only ones I have been privileged to see, but all I have seen is still vivid in my mind and first impressions as they say, 'come to stay'.

Moite Tonsing.

—:o:—

The Vanished dreams of Independence

When on 15th August 1947, our first P. M. hoisted the 'Tricolour' marking India's Independence, many dreamt, yes they dreamt, of our country's future. Our country with sky-scrapers, good foreign market, no poverty, our country rich, and everything good. But unfortunately the moments of history passed, that dawn of hope of years ago has turned into a nightmare today.

We may have big factories, industries, skyscrapers, hotels, cars, luxury but we also have slums in plenty. There are horse carts, man pedalled and man yoked rickshaws. The people are not well fed. Everything has taken a wrong turn. Some people can't even get one square meal a day. The different castes are yet there. Law and order is out of hand: rioting is rampant practically all over the country. There is violence everywhere. Inter-party clashes occur daily. Indiscipline has crossed all limits. There is absolutely no unity in our Motherland. The public is constantly demanding new States. Now it is very rare to find a person who calls himself an Indian before calling himself a Sikh, Gujrati or whatever he may be. Our rate of development is almost nil. Students don't want to gain useful knowledge. We are blindly following the bad Western culture. Our leaders are setting a very poor example. Shouting and disorder occurs more than once a day in the Parliament.

Well, now you know for yourself what we have in our country.

A Contributor

Loyalties

The word 'loyalty' literally means 'fidelity to law'. It is a good virtue, for it often involves sacrifice of personal interest.

Loyalty can be shown in numerous ways. We can show loyalty to our family, to our friends, to our country, the last being the noblest. If a man is loyal to his family he will sacrifice himself for the sake of his family. If a man is loyal to his friend, he will never leave his side in time of need and danger, nor will he ever betray him, no matter how great the danger. If a man is loyal to his country he will never shirk doing anything for it: he will give his all to serve his motherland.

There are numerous instances of loyalty recorded in history. For instance in 'The Battle of Haldighat' Rana Pratap, a gallant Rajput chief, rode into the thick of battle and was surrounded by the enemy on all sides. He killed and killed but his danger increased every moment. Seeing this, a brave chief came to the scene. He snatched the royal insignia from the Rana and raised it over his own head. The enemy saw this and mistook him for Rana Pratap and fell upon him. After a heroic fight he fell, but Rana Pratap was saved. The above example gives us a clear idea of one kind of loyalty—heroic loyalty.

However, it must not be thought that loyalty is confined to the male sex alone. Many women have also given magnificent proof of this noble quality.

There never was one so loyal as Flora Macdonald of Scotland, who faced many dangers just to save her fugitive Prince, known in history as the young 'Pretender'. This is loyalty to the country.

Last but not least, loyalty to the friend is also a very noble thing. This is clearly portrayed by the two friends of ancient Roman times, Damon and Pytheas. When Pytheas was punished, Damon volunteered to be tied at the stake till Pytheas returned from his homeland, though he knew full well that if Pytheas failed to return the penalty for him would be death. This shows the loyalty one should always have towards one's friends.

Loyalty is not the monopoly of any particular nation, but is found everywhere and in all countries, civilized or uncivilized. Wherever found, it is a noble virtue, which every person must admire and try to inculcate.

All men honour the loyal person and hold in contempt the disloyal, who forsake their friends, leaders and country to gain some personal ends.

One should be loyal not only to one's country, friend and family but also be loyal to one's own conscience. To be loyal to one's own mind is a very hard thing but is worth imbibing.

Poornima Bhalerao.

Make Hay while the Sun Shines

Little Karen sulks, so refuses to go out with her other friends to the picnic. A young man, in his sophomore year, hides in shame, as he has developed an inferiority complex. An old man drowns himself in sorrow—haunting himself like a sough. A hypochondriac turns every corner, looking, pleading and asking for sympathy. All this happens in this world full of sunshine.

Why sulk, hide and dwell in the past? Why not accept life as a challenge—fighting your way through. Why miss the fun and gaiety. Every second that passes never repeats itself—yes, time runs non-stop!

If a person refuses to see the happy side of life, then chances of his being happy are hopelessly slim. Never miss a chance in life which may lead you to be happy. Love life as a wonderful adventure. Make the most of it. Time can never bring you back chances swept away. Leave no tender word unsaid, love while love can last. For the mills can never grind waters of the past.

Jagdeep Sidhu

Man and the Machine

A man arrives at Kennedy airport. His ticket is issued by computer; his declaration is checked upon by the same. He boards a luxury liner by means of which he reaches the other hemisphere in a matter of hours. He journeys from the airport to the hotel by an airconditioned bus! Every action requires the working of a machine! Mankind has, by its creative power, invented machines which fulfil all the daily requirements of man. The variety ranges from the tiny, intricate wrist watch to the hypersonic, power packed aircraft in use today. The computer, a machine which aids our scientific, mental calculations, is the product of determination and indefatigable effort on our part.

The advantages of this machine are indescribable! Man has reached the moon; conquered the lower most submarine limits, all by means of machine. His omnipotent and imaginative power of construction has fruitfully enabled him to reach the high limits of success. Even today, man is taking great steps into scientific researches and what inventions will be made is beyond my imagination.

Jasminder Singh

Ghosts

I have always been intrigued by the mysteries of the graveyard. I longed to know the happenings at the graveyard at night.

There was a considerably large graveyard some distance away from our house, which I had often visited during day-time. Once I was unable to resist the temptation of staying there for the night.

I told my friend about wanting to spend a night in the graveyard and see what happened. She tried to dissuade me, but since I was determined, she decided to come with me rather than let me enjoy all the fun alone.

That night I crept out of the house, as quiet as a cat, and met Irene at the end of the lane. Since it was full moon, we had no difficulty in finding our way.

The mysteries of the graveyard made me wonder whether we should have come. But now it was too late to turn back. At the slightest sound our imagination would leap to horrible conclusions.

On reaching the graveyard we chose to sit beside a bush, huddled together, to keep ourselves warm. Just before midnight, when we could scarcely keep our eyes open, we heard a slight rustle. On jerking our heads, we found ourselves stunned and gazing at two objects in front of us. By now we were fully awake.

Two robed figures glided past us. The colour of the robes was not very clear, but it seemed to be silvery white. We sat glued to our places, holding our breath, wondering what to do.

Our eyes did not stray even for a minute from the two figures. They stopped in front of two graves. In a split-second the first one disappeared—we did not know where. It was soon followed by the other.

I don't know when we began to run for our lives, not daring to look back lest the weird creatures were chasing us. We reached home panting.

Next moment I found myself lying in bed in my night suit. I was surprised to see that instead of being tired, I felt very relaxed. Soon I realised that the adventure had only been a dream.

When I told my mother about this strange dream, she merely smiled vaguely, and said that this sort of thing often happened. But our old servant, who had overheard me narrating this to her, later informed me that a long time ago there had been a mansion in place of the graveyard, and the owners had been murdered by dacoits, and a little while later, the mansion had been struck down by lightning. Since then the two uneasy spirits had always haunted that place.

I found it very strange that the story of my dream was similar to the one I had been told. I often wonder how the ghosts, who have haunted the resting place of the dead, had haunted my mind.

Rajan Sethi

A Ghost for a Party

I dashed up the stairs of our house and ran up to my room. I quickly opened the closet and was just about to get my costume when I stood there thunder-struck. I looked at the torn sheet in my hand, which I was going to use for a ghost's costume and then looked up again at the white figure of a ghost staring at me. No, it couldn't be my little brother playing a trick on me.

Slowly, I walked towards it and gave it a poke in the ribs expecting it to collapse and prove it was only a joke. But instead, "Ouch Ow", said the ghost. I was really dazed and didn't know what to say.

"That was not a very nice welcome", spoke the ghost again.

"Then, did you expect, that our whole family would be here to welcome you, you wretched ghost?", I asked him.

"Well", he said looking disappointed, "if you are going to be so disagreeable about it, then I won't bother to help you".

“ And pray, help in what ?” I asked trying to sound sarcastic.

“ Ah !” he said, his patience seeming to end, “ aren’t you going to a fancy dress party ?”

Then I caught on to what he was suggesting. In the evening I was going to a fancy dress contest where everyone had to come dressed as some weird character. The prize was to be given to the best. And as I wanted to go dressed as a ghost, this ghost had come to help me dress in a realistic manner.

“ Oh no ! I haven’t come to help you dress”, he said, reading my thought “ I have come to take your place for the party. I love parties but I have never had the opportunity of visiting one. So I shall go to this party in your place ; the judge will never know the difference, and the prize I win will be yours ”.

I did not like this idea very much. I had been eagerly awaiting this party for a very long time. Finally, we agreed that both of us should go to the party and I would tell the judges that I had brought a friend along. My newly made ghost friend did not seem to mind the idea. In fact he didn’t mind anything as long as he too went to the party.

Then I began dressing for the party. He helped me do this and made me look almost as good and realistic as himself. Triumphantly, we left the house looking more or less like twin ghosts. We created a stir throughout the way to the party. But, not a soul guessed that under the masks and the costumes one was a child and one a ghost.

Everyone stared at us in awed silence as I gave them my reason for the unexpected “ ghost ”. Everyone seemed to leave it at that. Then we went to the long hall where every one lined up for judgement.

The judges walked past everyone and when they came to us they stopped short. After whispering something in each other’s ear they passed on. After completing the whole line they closed over a discussion.

Then to our surprise, they brought out two presents instead of one and announced : as there were two of us who were equally good they just couldn’t make up their minds about us, they were giving prizes to both of us. Proudly, both of us walked up to the judges and received our prizes.

Mine was a beautiful witch’s costume which I decided to wear for the next fancy dress party. My ghost friend’s was a ticket to the most expensive ballet show. “ Oh Yippee,” he exclaimed, “ I love shows as much as parties.”

And there it all ended. He wished me good-bye and gradually made himself invisible to me. Slowly, I walked up to my room feeling as if it had all been a dream. I rubbed my eyes and wondered, “ Had it really been a dream ? ”

Archana Badhwar

A Murder !

The night came suddenly like a blanket of darkness. There was no breeze blowing and everything was still. The whole atmosphere was of peacefulness and serenity. The moon shone brightly in the clear mid-night blue sky throwing a silvery sheen on the lake's water. The entire house was drenched in the silvery moonlight.

I sighed as I turned away from the window. Indeed it was a bewitching, glamorous night but all this glamour tasted sour in my mouth. It had been such a dull and ordinary day and I was sure that the night would be the same. It was bad enough being all alone. This was the third week running since my parents had gone to Delhi and left me all alone at home. Such a dull and monotonous life this little town led. Occasionally one heard of a case of theft and that was all the excitement this town held. No cinemas, no clubs and no parties. What a god-forsaken place !!

'Well, I'd better do something', I thought, 'no use sitting around here and moping'. Deciding to read, I picked up a book. Even reading seemed to have lost its old allure for me, I thought as I banged the book on the table. What the devil could I do ???

After sitting idle for some time I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to go to bed. Picking up the flickering candle I made my way in the semi-darkness to my room. Inwardly I cursed that infernal electrician for not fixing up the lights. One week had passed without any electricity.

Suddenly a loud bang broke the extreme silence of the house. I stood rooted to the spot. It seemed to come from the old nursery where I kept my old childish treasures. My legs seemed paralysed and a cold sweat appeared on my forehead. As soon as I collected my wits about me I snatched up the candle and rushed towards the old nursery. Fumbling with the latch I pushed open the door and rushed into the room. Surveying the room in the dim-light I realised that nothing had happened. Not even a chair had been moved out of place. I sighed and cursed my stupid imagination.

Just as I was about to leave the room I felt a wave of sentimentalism surge over me. Why not have just one look at my dolls. Those lovely big and small ones I used to collect. Placing the candle on the ground I knelt down and began fumbling with the old-fashioned latch of the old trunk. As I was opening the lid the candle gave a flickering gasp and went out. The darkness seemed to terrify me. I flung back the lid hastily and began groping for the dolls. No! it couldn't be! where are they? No! who could have taken them away? I was

cold and terrified Panic-stricken I fumbled blindly in my pocket for my pencil-torch! I pressed the button and swung the light on the trunk. A scream rose in my throat. My childhood treasure had disappeared: only one was left and that too murdered! Looking at her I couldn't bring myself to believe that this girl with piercing black eyes that seemed to dazzle me had been alive a few hours back and now it was torn from head to feet. That cynical smile seemed to mock one as if knowing what had happened. And I felt myself sink into a black chasm of unconsciousness.

Tosh Tanuja Chauhan

Kidnapped

Bob Wadhust, the famous kidnapper, knew the whereabouts of every well-to-do person in my Form. He was an odious mercenary, the sort that one would have an aversion for, yet he had such a charming manner towards children that it won them over completely. John Lee, the only son of a rich businessman, was a simple, lovable boy, who had everything a boy of his age needed. Wadhust found out everything that John did during the course of the day. He went to school at 7-30 a.m. and returned at 1-30 p.m. after which he went swimming at about 3-30 p.m.

It was like every other day. The beach was crowded with people and the sun beat down upon the crystal-clear water, which shone brightly. John swam to his favourite spot away from the bustling crowds when he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his leg—it was a cramp. He shouted for help. It was when he had almost given up hope that he saw a person with strong strokes swim towards him. Safe on the rocks he opened his eyes to see a stalwart man sitting by him, rubbing his leg.

Days passed and the acquaintanceship grew into a friendship. Wadhust and John were seen together at movies, ice-cream stalls, parks and fairs.

It had been a bright day and they went to see a movie in the evening. During the interval Wadhust offered to get John a drink but didn't return. After the movie, it had become quite dark and John had to walk home alone through the dark alleys on the way. He was quite oblivious of the fact that Wadhust was hiding somewhere, patiently waiting to kidnap him. John was sleepy and tired. He was a little puzzled when he saw a hand emerge from the darkness. Before he knew what was happening, a gag was put in his mouth and his hands were tied securely. He was thrust into a creaking cart that carried on at a leisurely pace across the street.

The hide-out in the heart of the woods was extremely dingy. John was put into a dark, filthy room where he was left for three days during which he was given nothing but bread and water. In the meantime Bob sent a telegram to Mr. Lee informing him that John would be absolutely safe if the ransom arrived the very next

day. The ransom was to be left at the far end of the beach in the 'Down Hill Cave' which was completely isolated. John would be there too. The ransom was paid by the bewildered, anxious parents within a few hours of the arrival of the telegram.

Through the mist of tears one could see the happiness of the faces of the father and son. John was never trusted with strangers again.

Deeksha Hoon

Trip to the Moon

In the golden age of the Renaissance, the heroes of that antique age put to sea in their ships and galleys to discover New Worlds. Their endless exploration changed the future pattern of civilization and of history beyond comperhensible measure.

Now five centuries later in our generation came the space age. Man dared the first great leap into the cosmic unknown.

With befitting historic continuity, it is the New World of the Renaissance that has now undertaken this second great adventure of exploration which put the first man on the moon.

The dreams and fantasies of science fiction writers, the painstaking creation of facts by scientists, the photographic evidence provided by the various earlier moon projects could not really give an idea of the conditions the first man on the moon could expect to find on that luminous part and the dark surface. Seeing the immense world of his birth and life no more than a mere bright globe, a man might feel as a god, or as futile nothingness.

When the Americans blasted off their Apollo series with a three man flight in Apollo 7, the result of the race to the moon was unpredictable. Apollo 8 was the first manned craft to escape earth's gravity. The crew was the first to visit the vicinity of a celestial body and also the first to orbit the moon. Apollo 9 was the first manned spacecraft in which the Lunar Module was tested. Its crew was the first to transfer between crafts through interior connections. The Lunar Module of the Apollo 10 descended to within 16 km. of the moon's surface.

As the Apollo 10 was circling the moon, the last stages of the Apollo 11 were being completed. Astronauts Commander Neil Armstrong, Edward Aldrin and Michael Collins were going through a rigid training programme. Finally the preparations were completed and on the 16th of July the Apollo 11 mission powered by the giant Saturn V rocket took off. Beginning with a speed of 24,250 miles per hour after ejection from earth's orbit and insertion on a moon course, the speed gradually declined reaching 2,200 m.p.h. at a distance of 30,000 miles from the

moon when the satellite's gravitational attraction accelerated it again. On July 19th, the astronaut ambassadors went into orbit around the moon. This was the breakaway point when Armstrong, the capable and cryptic leader, and Aldrin, the most technically brilliant cosmonaut yet, left the comparative security of the command Module Columbia, hereafter manned by Collins alone, to attempt a soft landing in the vast crater, the Sea of Tranquility. Despite a last minute emergency shift of proposed landing site, the Eagle, 16 ton, 23-foot tall lunar module, made a beautiful soft landing, denting the surface by only one or two inches. Retro rockets slowed down the Eagle from 4,000 m.p.h. to a mere 7 m.p.h., the landing speed. The two astronauts did not tumble excitedly out of the craft as fiction writers liked to imagine. Instead, they followed a strict programme. They slept for 8 hours in the command Module. Before opening the hatch of the Lunar Module the two astronauts checked their instruments thoroughly. This took about 10 hours to complete this operation. Then Armstrong stepped on to the moon at 0149 hours. I.S.T. on July 21, 1969. Only after Armstrong had gingerly tested the firmness of the lunar surface did the two men descend from the spacecraft, Aldrin stepping down half an hour later than Armstrong.

The first thing they did was to firmly plant the Eagle's standard, with an eagle in flight holding an olive branch in its claws printed on the flag. Inscribed under the eagle were the words "We People of Earth Came to the Moon For Peace Of All Mankind on July 21st, 1969 A.D." Then, they took out all the scientific equipment and set it up. There was a television camera to relay photographs of the lunar surface, a reflecting apparatus meant to reflect back laser beams shot out from earth. They also set up a seismograph to measure the frequency of moon quakes. It was also used to determine whether the lunar core was solid, liquid or gaseous. Then, with large, claw like shovels they collected lunar dust and sealed it in plastic bags. They also tested the ability of humans to walk on the moon. They found they could walk with giant bounds but could not bend forward much. After completing their mission they returned to the lunar Module. A computer fed with all data available computed the point at which they would have to rendezvous with Columbia. This was a critical part of the entire operation. A slight miscalculation could result in the failure of the mission and the death of both Armstrong and Aldrin. They blasted off the lunar surface, leaving the landing pad behind them, to be used for later missions. With the landing pad and other equipment, they left behind two gold medals bearing the stamp of Russian spacemen Gagarin and Kamarov. They also received a telephone call, the longest distance ever, from President Nixon.

They landed on schedule in the Pacific Ocean, 3 miles from the aircraft carrier. Like past missions, Apollo 11 did not end with the splashdown and joyful bearded grins on board a U. S. aircraft carrier. To prevent the remotest

possibility of importing dangerous micro-organisms from the moon, the astronauts and all the moon samples were put in strict quarantine for 21 days. As soon as they opened their spacecraft hatch, the astronauts were helped into biological isolation garments.

Lifted by helicopter to a ship, the three men entered a specially designed van where they stayed for several days till the van was transported to a specially built Lunar Receiving Laboratory in Houston, Texas. They were attended upon by a resident quarantined staff of cooks, house keepers, physicians and micro-biologists.

In the 12 years of the space age, man has stood on the moon and looked beyond at Mars, Venus and the stars. Round the earth the weather communications, navigations and the other satellites help man to adapt to his earthly environment, as they or rather the skills acquired from creating them will help him in adapting to unfriendly environments. Today man stands on the moon, tomorrow he will have reached the furthest star in the galaxy. Armstrong's words, as he descended the last step of the Lunar Module, "A small step for man, a giant leap for mankind" will be remembered in history as the words of a whole world as three brave men ventured successfully into the cosmic unknown.

Nasjeet Singh Goshal

Proverbs

A proverb is usually defined as 'a popular short saying with words of advice or warning'. This is not adequate, as a proverb does not really have a definition. Some people say that any widely used phrase is a proverb, but there are many widely used phrases such as 'I couldn't care less' which do not come under the wide range of proverbs. Some people say that a proverb is a 'short popular *wise* saying'. I think this is the most adequate definition, because the main ingredient of a proverb is the wisdom behind it. Proverbs are usually very old as they take time to become popular. Most of them are very simple and wise.

Many proverbs have come to us from famous poets, novelists and playwrights, like Shakespeare. The proverb 'Cowards die many times before their death' is taken from Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar'. Some other example are, 'Sweet are, the uses of adversity', taken from 'As you like it' and 'Brevity is the soul of wit', taken from Hamlet.

All these proverbs have come down through the centuries, and have very deep meanings behind them e.g. 'The bait hides the hook'. The deeper meaning of this is that a person should not accept an attractive offer, as this always has a catch in it. Another example is 'Cowards die many times before their death': the deeper meaning of this is that a coward often imagines that he is on the point of death when he is not, the result being, unlike a brave man, he frequently experiences the fear of dying. These two proverbs with their meanings show that all proverbs and their meanings are worth a second thought.

Alka Sood

An Element of Frustration

“ and it is on !! ” With an earsplitting crescendo the thirty-three cars shot off for the first lap of the race, whilst millions shouted themselves hoarse. Frank Foster sat tight in his black “Crawford”. As the pace car zoomed ahead, the competing cars arranged themselves in a formation of three rows with eleven cars in each. They sped one more lap to gain a certain pace. Two minutes later the cars arrived, in their neat and compact formation, the pace car leading about a hundred metres ahead. The light switched from yellow to green and at that instant a powerful explosion millions of colourful balloons soared up into the cloudless blue sky. The crowd roared deafeningly but even more deafening was the sound of the engines as the cars roared at full throttle down the concrete track.

A minute later there was a blast as one of the cars—No. 5 had a flat tyre. The car skidded sideways ramming into two other cars flinging their occupants in front. There was an explosion as the engine of one car blazed up. All three men met with instantaneous death.

Frank had no time to turn around as he whizzed past the wreck just avoiding it. He had now three people ahead of him. He accelerated.

In the past five years Frank had just missed coming first by a few feet. This time he was determined to bring the laurels home !

Sweat streaming down his face, his steel-blue eyes had fixed their gaze on car No. 8 which was leading by about ten feet.

By degrees he approached the side of No. 8 trying to catch up. They approached the last bend of the 4th lap, with five more rounds to go.

A thunderous roar rose up from the spectators as they stood up, and yelled aloud. People had come before dawn and flocked in the pavillion to reserve their places early. Infants slept surprisingly peacefully whilst bored youngsters played “Catch” or built “castles” with empty juice tins and empty beer cans !

Like colourful lightning bolts, the cars bolted across the pavillion. It was practically impossible to distinguish one from the other. There were two more laps to go. Frank sat tight. He now just had to overtake his one and only rival George, winner of five earlier races . . . !

“And now gentlemen, number two is speeding at top speed of 251 km. p.h. ! It is unheard of, ladies and gentlemen, Incredible. Incredible . . . ! Now Foster approaches him and . . . yes ! yes ! He is closing up. Yes ! The Crawford is now very near . . . ! ”

There were the other cars too but it seemed as though they were running a race of their own; as though the Crawford and George’s car never existed in the race.

The competitors held tight for the last round ! Frank had lost lead by a considerable gap. He now felt uneasy and uncertain. The memories of the past years floated past him : a gleaming silver trophy in his hand, girls throwing him kisses, crowds extending their hands to shake the hand of the greatest 'champ' of all time. No ! he couldn't let it happen again. He would show him that he too could drive.

With increasing anger and fury he tried to close up once again. The gap between the two cars was gradually decreasing but George was not going to give in easily. His car surged forward and Frank cursed under his breath.

One element of frustration did rise in him as he thought of the rigorous hours he had spent while training ! They were a bit behind the finish when Frank closed up but at the last moment the engine of George's car exploded powerfully and the car ricocheted across the white line—the flag fluttered—closely followed by the Crawford's front licking the 'Rican's.

A blood-curdling yell escaped from George's throat as his car engines blazed, and the car turned over—a flaming mass of crumpled steel.

It was at about eleven the same night when Frank stood at his window watching three men busy at the far end of the street. They were removing posters, announcing the great race. Frank looked away in horror not unmixed with disgust.

Pradeep Saran

The Unfortunate Man

I had heard that he was a strange man, a man mentally deficient but now as I approached him I saw that he had been misjudged. He appeared to be an emotionally tortured man with deep sunken eyes heavy with grief and misfortune. He was unshaven and shabbily dressed. He sat in the bar with a blank look in his eyes, waiting for someone to buy him a drink. I obliged him with one, and sat down near him. He accepted the drink without acknowledgement. At first he reacted indifferently to my repeated queries about his present state. But very soon, probably overcome by the drink, he acceded to my request. Thus he began the heart-touching and pitiful story of his past.

He had been a well-to-do editor of a newspaper. One night at a party he drank a little too much and was slightly tipsy. He drove his wife home cautiously, keeping in mind the consequences their two-year-old son might suffer if some mishap occurred. He reached home safely and his wife went to open the garage door. As he had to reverse the car into the garage he engaged the reverse gear but this unfortunately slipped to the second without his knowledge. He raced the engine a bit but the

car leapt forward, towards the place where his wife was standing. He frantically pressed the brakes, but, tipsy as he was, his foot slipped and most unfortunately pressed on the accelerator. The car darted forward crushing his wife. Her blood-curdling scream was drowned as the car crashed into the opposite wall. With his wife sandwiched between the car and the wall. He covered his eyes with horror. When he had gained enough courage he backed the car and saw blood spattered around and his wife's body crushed to pulp.

This tragedy was not enough for this unfortunate man. It was followed by the death of his beloved son, who died due to ill-health and lack of care. One tragedy upon another was too much for him. Life was not worth living for him since the wine of life had been drained off and nothing was left for him in this world! So he found solace in drinking.

By now he had finished his drink and as before sat with sunken eyes recalling his grievances and misfortunes.

Nature at times is mercilessly cruel to innocent people!

Vivek Mehra

Man's Lust for Money

Man is a selfish creature, they say, and it is money that has made him selfish. His whole existence depends on his wealth and thus he guards it selfishly. "Money above all" is the policy followed in the world now-a-days. With money man is great; without it, no matter how gifted he may be, he is no one. Money may lead to robberies and murders, but alas! it is still the most important thing in the world.

There are many people in the world today who are gifted with various outstanding qualities but only a small percentage of them is recognized as great artists or great composers. The reason for their failure is lack of money. With money a man who is not at all gifted is recognized as a great man; without money even the most talented people fail to be recognized by the world.

But money—that life giver—also leads to crime, murder, and so on. Lack of money results in lack of food, lack of food causes starvation and starvation causes death. 'Man's hold on life is strong', as Dickens said, and in order to live he must have food, in order to have food he must have money, in order to have money he steals—he disobeys one of the greatest commandments of God 'Thou shalt not steal'. But this man, who was sent by God to live, is not as guilty as the man who steals from the poor in order to accumulate money. God may forgive the poor who steal, but those who are already well provided for and yet steal shall have the full wrath of His punishment. And it is money that has led them to do this; it is money which induces dishonesty, greed and all the crimes in this corrupt world. But money, though it leads to man's corruption, is unfortunately still the most important thing

in the world. A good character cannot fill a hungry person's stomach, he needs money to feed himself. Some may say that everyone is willing to help and feed the beggars of the world. But we must not forget that good qualities are present in a few people only, not everyone is willing to invite a dozen beggars into his house on Sunday and have roast chicken and white wine with them, in fact people of this type are so small in number that they just do not count. What a beggar needs is not a man with good character but 'hard' money. Money can give him a new lease of life, money can bring life to a dying man, money can do anything, and a man without money can do nothing.

Man has become a slave : all his actions depend on his amassed wealth : in fact, his whole life depends on his wealth. Thus money has become the "master of man". And in order to acquire the favour of this cruel master, man commits all sorts of follies; he cheats, he lies, he deceives, he even goes to the extent of killing his fellow beings. Money can make a man do anything, and those that follow this cruel master themselves lose all their virtues and turn into heartless machines.

The thing that human beings understand the most and yet understand the least, as philosophers say, is "MONEY". Man knows that money is the root cause of all evils, he knows that money can turn a virtuous saint into a heartless murderer and yet he labours day and night in order to earn a small sum of money. Is it not strange that in order to live man must acquire that which will finally destroy him? Is it not strange that man, knowing full well that money will lead to his destruction, still wishes to have it? It must be understood that this refers to the common man; there may be some who can resist the temptation of money, but they are only a small minority. "This world", as philosophers say, "was made for money, runs on money, and will be destroyed by money."

Bernard Shaw looked at money from a realistic point of view and found that money is the most essential thing in the world. St. Paul looked at it from a religious point of view and found it was the root cause of all evil. True! Man in creating money has made that which enables him to live and yet destroys him.

Y. D. Sharma

The Most Irritating things In My Life

Even with its ups and downs, life can be great fun. However, it has moments which would even try the patience of a saint.

Utter trivialities can be so very exasperating! For instance, it is most annoying to hear a single line of a melody whistled over and over again by someone who is quite oblivious of the fact that he is tonedeaf. Sometimes a song keeps humming in my brain for days on end, and even though it irritates, it won't be driven out. All bells have a very adverse effect on me—they leave me jittery and irritable and quite incapable of doing anything right.

It drives me wild to see anyone looking smug and complacent after I do badly in a test. When I'm down in the dumps and I hear a group of sillies giggling incessantly, all I can do is to grit my teeth, clench my fists and count upto twenty!

But the most trying thing is to hear someone pass a disheartening remark like, "Is the joke finished?", after I've told a joke that I found particularly funny. Or to achieve a great task and eventually have someone say, "Oh—that's easy. I could do it in half the time". My fury never leaves me with the presence of mind to ask her to do it!

These are only a few of those little details that are so annoying. Of course, nothing can be done about them—except, perhaps, to let fly once in a while, so that your rage can wear off every now and then.

Mina Chanchani

The Happiest moment of my Life

It was just like any other summer day—bright and clear. Little did I know that it was going to be the happiest day of my life.

My father had been found missing in Oct. '62. I still remember the wording of the telegram: 'Col. Tiwari missing, whereabouts unknown'. I remember my mother's cry of anguish and her constant weeping in the dark days that followed. I was still too small to understand much. All I knew was that I might never see my beloved father again. I recalled his laughing face as he reproved me for some childish prank and the way he fulfilled every slight wish of mine. The next few months were spent in hoping and praying. We all clutched on to that glimmer of hope in the word 'missing'.

Those days are still a nightmare to me. My mother received a number of letters from my sister, away at school, wanting to know why she had not received a reply to the three or four letters she had written to my father in N.E.F.A. She received such vague answers that, becoming suspicious, she voiced her doubts which were so 'to the point' that my mother had to do all that was in her power to divert her attention.

She also joined the army as a doctor and working all day she came back and fruitlessly prayed for my father at night. I have always felt that there is a fair amount of truth in the proverb 'When God closes a door he always opens a window'. One happy day, we received a telegram—My father was a prisoner of war. The dark cloud, which had been hovering over our home for months, suddenly disappeared. We all busied ourselves knitting woollens and sending parcels of dry fruits, woollens and a wild assortment of things to him. I remember the first letter we received from him—the joy on my mother's face made me want to hug God and thank Him for giving us this happiness.

There was one dark shadow : I was to be sent to Sanawar ! My elder sister was already there, so in March '63 I was packed, bundled and deposited there. I was only seven years then. We had a kindly matron who looked after us all lovingly. I missed my mother and father constantly, specially my father as at that time he was the one who used to bring us all the presents and other things, and as I had not seen him for about two years my childish memory had built up a somewhat fabulous vision of him. He used to send us lovely postcards with beautiful stamps at the back. In our letters to him we were not allowed to mention the Chinese. It took me all my will power to stop myself from writing a few home truths about these hateful people who had captured my father.

It was the month of May, 1963, when we were having lunch on a Tuesday, that the Headmaster walked in with a man. 'Some lucky girl's father', I thought envying the girl from the bottom of my heart. Suddenly the senior mistress shook me away from my thoughts. Did I hear correctly ? Well, if I did, she just said that this was my father ? Thoughts raced through my brain. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that my father was in China, but something made me look at this man. Suddenly I realized that it was my father. And throwing everything down, regardless of my manners, I ran to my father. Quite oblivious to the open stares I was receiving I hugged my father, saying that I was not going to risk losing him to those hateful Chinese again. Just as it had taken weeks for my brain to register the fact that my father was missing, I could not believe that they had not hurt him. The memory of that moment when I saw my father standing a few feet away from me is the most unforgettable and happiest moment of my life. And as memories are treasures no one can steal, I can have no fear of ever forgetting this moment which is so deeply engraved in my mind.

Deepti Tewari

Music

Natasha was listening to some rollicking music. Just as she switched on "Sugar, Sugar" her father, tired after the day's work, returned home. He walked straight to the record player and switched "Sugar, Sugar" off. Then, in sailed "Swan Lake" and out sailed Natasha.

Music has gone through several phases. In the early 19s one can imagine oneself sitting in a large hall, amidst the rustle of silk and a huge block of vivid colours. Then as the orchestra begins to play, there is a hush, and everyone's eyes are focussed on either the majestic conductor in black or the orchestra. The orchestra itself goes through several stages. When it is raging one can imagine a violent storm, and then it suddenly slows down and the music comes in a soft melody. Here one can imagine the rippling waters of a brook. In this early century, music was all that was lovely, soft and tender. Can one conceive anything more beautiful than the organ playing in the church ?

Then came the phase of folk music. It originated from street urchins playing the accordion. One easily imagines a shepherd playing a flute amidst the green meadows and glittering mountains. But further down in the country, there is some wild folk music, and women in their flouncy dresses kicking up their heels.

With the film music came the present pop music. This is music in its own way and not just a lot of noise as the grown-ups call it. One connects it with the wild beat of drums and the twanging of the guitar which gushes out of discotheques along with the sound of laughter and the youth in their brightly coloured clothes.

Thus we see that the different stages in music clearly indicate the character of that generation. Early in this century, the music was more refined, more sophisticated.

As time passed, the music became more rowdy. Our present music clearly shows the unrest in the minds of our youth.

Not only does music show us the feeling of the generation, but the emotion of the composer. In the life of every man there is happiness and sadness, so is there in music.

Indeed, music is like balm to a troubled heart, food to a hungry man, love to a motherless child, freedom to a slave and wealth to a poor man.

Ferida Satarawala

Colour in Nature

The pure white lily, the roaring blue river, the red apple, the golden sunflower and the rust and orange leaves of autumn have all been painted from nature's gigantic but exotic paint-box.

What would this world be without colour? To most people it would be a dull, scorching Sahara—a world of monotony. Nature shows us its colours in almost every thing. The most beautiful example of nature's colours is the birth, life and death of a day.

The day dawns with all its glory and splendour. The sky seems to blush in soft beige, a moment later it turns into gold and it grows richer and richer until it has reached a gorgeous blend of gold, orange and scarlet, with majestic purple grey clouds gliding here and there. Gradually the sun, a gigantic copper ball, appears. As the day proceeds the pink blush gradually dies away and the sky becomes an azure blue. As the evening comes the blue begins to fade away. Now the sky is pearl grey. After sunset the sky becomes a delightful blend of black, shell-pink and peach. It seems as if an artist is really playing with paints. Soon the vast blanket of darkness descends and everything is a prussian blue spangled with diamond-like stars.

The flowers and leaves of the world show marvellous colour. Masses of ruby rhododendrons among bunches of green leaves remind me of the exotic land of Hawaii. The delicate lily of the valley, pure and white, is like a symbol of peace and fragility: The blue larkspur seems to be nothing short of a gem. I feel the magnolia with its waxen pink and white flowers, the laburnum with its bright yellow blooms, the jacaranda with its cascading mauve and blue blooms are all nothing short of a paradise of colour.

I feel green is the colour which is the closest to nature, The soft green wheat saplings, the formidable green of the deep forest, the ever-green of the pine and cool green of the cucumber all soothe the eye. Gradually the silver frost and bitter cold burn the leaves to an arrogant red, a bright pink and a burnished orange.

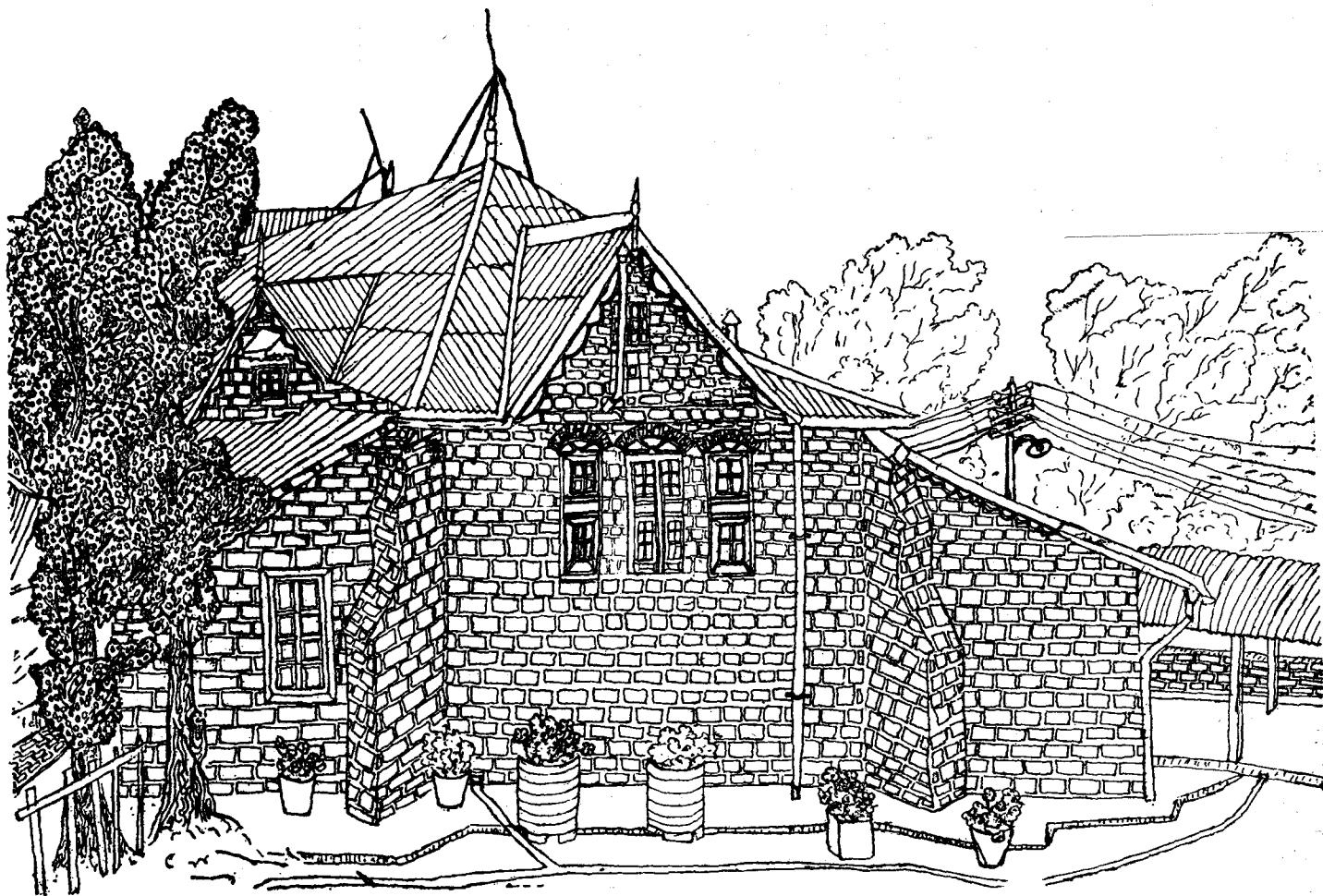
One sees the little humming-bird and cannot believe one's eyes. A bird with feathers of midnight blue, majestic purple and silver all blending into one. Truly it seems to have escaped from God's own garden. The ruby red cardinal seems too magnificent to be true while the peacock in its gold, blue and emerald array and gold-crested pelican with its golden crown do not seem like birds on earth.

Nature possesses dark colours also. The purple, blue and black of a storm seem to show sadness. The sky is split by electric blue lightning, the crystal clean rain-drops fall and finally the gorgeous rainbow appears.

The snow is the purest of all forms of nature. Nothing is lovelier than blood red holly on white snow or cold feast of snow on green pine branches. When one sees the large golden grapefruit hanging among bushels of green leaves, purple grapes on trailing vines, red pomegranates, luscious pearl and gold peaches and soft green guavas, one cannot help feeling one is in the garden of Eden. At this precise moment I look out of the window at a tree pink and pearl with wild cherry blossoms with purple hills in the distance and a smouldering hill hamlet nestled in one of the crannies of the hill.

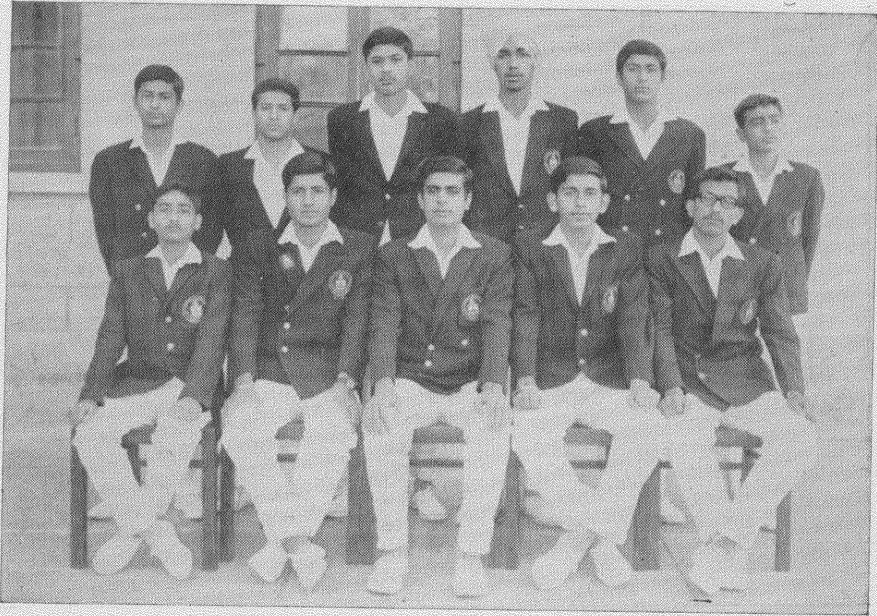
Tina Sataravala





Parker Hall : an unusual view.

CRICKET—XI.

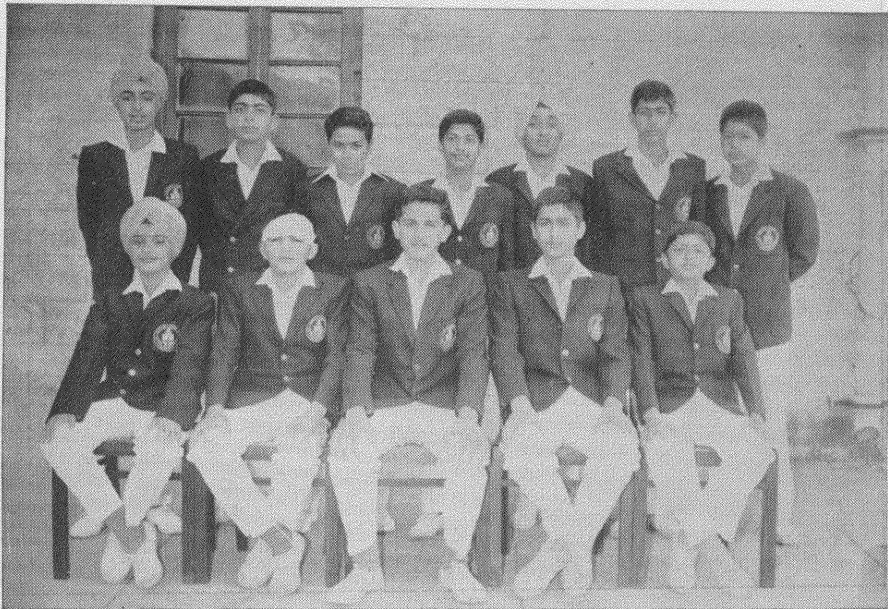


L. to R.

STANDING :— Sandeep Bagchi, Anil Kalia, R. S. Kadan, J. S. Sandhu, Ranbir Singh, Neel Kohli.

SITTING :— B. S. Pathania, B. N. Kaul, Sanjay Prabhakar (Capt.), Manjit Singh, Atul Sobti.

CRICKET—COLTS

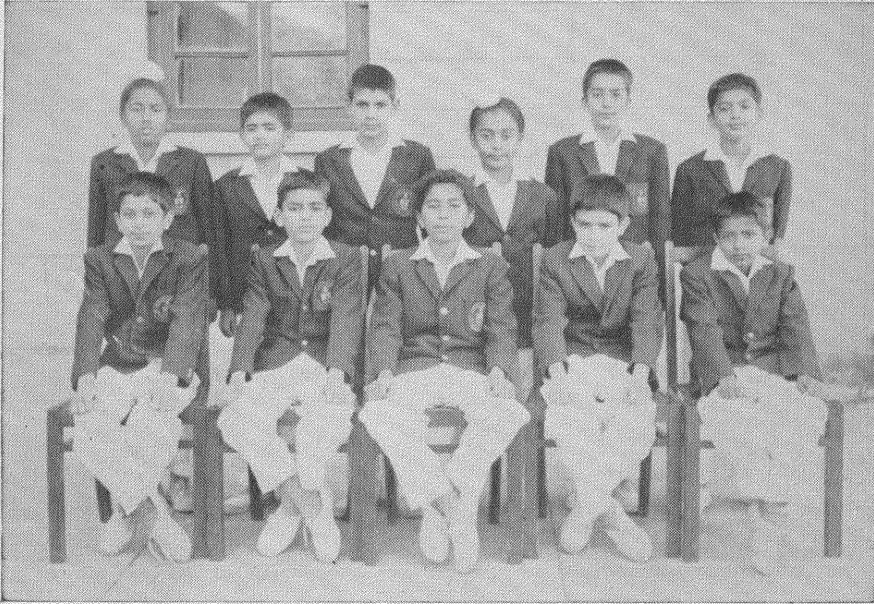


L. to R.

STANDING :— Jagjot Singh, Suneel Kaul, Jayant Nanda, Sumit Bagchi, S. Bir Singh, Mukul Chopra, Pankaj Barthwal.

SITTING :— M.S. Brar, R.S. Kadyan, Neeraj Madhok (Capt.), Vasant Dhar, Rakesh Khanna.

CRICKET—ATOMS



L. to R.
STANDING :— H.S. Sidhu, V. Sondhi, P. Hoon, J.M. Bakshi, S. Dutt,
S. Bhandari.
SITTING :— B. Seth, H. Singh, D. Khosla (Capt.), S. Bhalerao,
Anil Dogra.

SOCCER—XI.



L. to R.
STANDING :— B.P.S. Bhasin, G. Lall, S. Prabhakar, Manjit Singh,
B. S. Pathania, S. Nair.
SITTING :— A. Kalia, V. S. Pathania, R. Singh (Capt.), B.N. Kaul,
J. Chaudhary.

SOCCER—COLTS

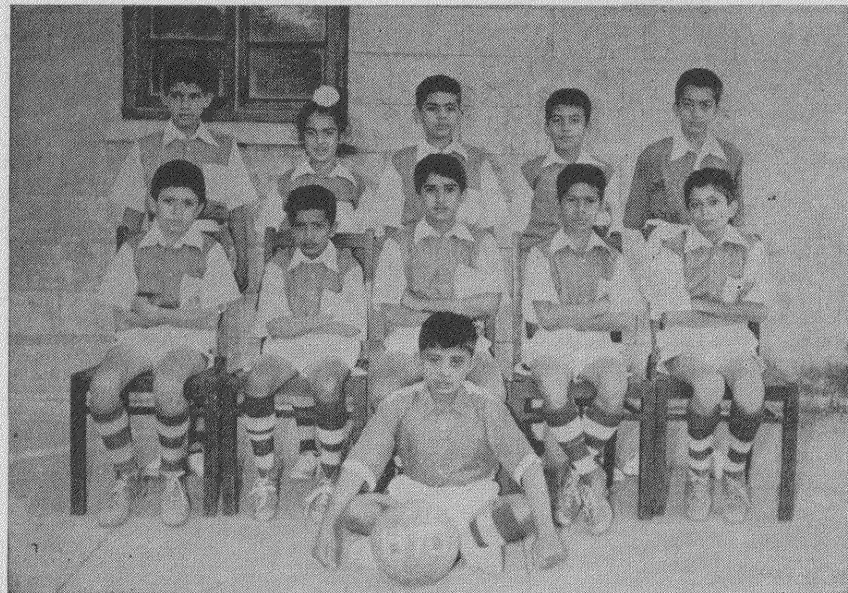


L. to R.

STANDING :— R. Khanna, M. P. Singh, Sumit Bagchi, Sanjiv Bery,
Deepak Pandit.

SITTING :— Gaurav Rana, Neeraj Madhok, P. Barthwal (Capt.),
R. S. Kadyan, S. J. S. Chatwal,
D. V. S. Jhina

SOCCER—ATOMS



L. to R.

STANDING :— Pratap Hoon, Jagdeep Sethi, Hemant Singh, Vineet
Kapoor, Sanjay Dutt

SITTING :— S. Bhalerao, Anil Dogra, Ramchandar Grewal (Capt.),
Sunil Malhotra, Bikram Seth,
Gurcharan Singh Kadan

HOCKEY—XI



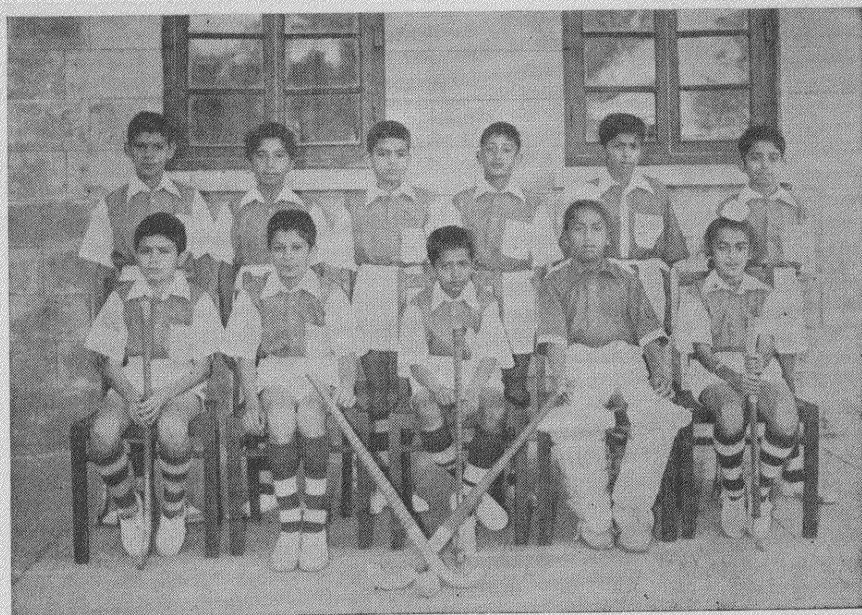
L. to R.
STANDING :— Manjit Singh, P.D.S. Gill, S. Prabhakar, J.S. Sandhu,
B.S. Pathania, Anil Kalia, B.P.S. Bhasin.
SITTING :— Atul Sobti, G. Lal (Capt.), Dr. D. C. Gupta (Coach),
Ranbir Singh, B. N. Kaul.

HOCKEY—COLTS



L. to R.
STANDING :— Pankaj Barthwal, J. S. Pathania, K. Bhullar, Sanjiv Bery,
Navin Ansal.
SITTING :— M. Brar, R. Kadyan, G. Rana (Capt.), J. Nanda, S. Bagchi
Gurdip Singh

HOCKEY—ATOMS

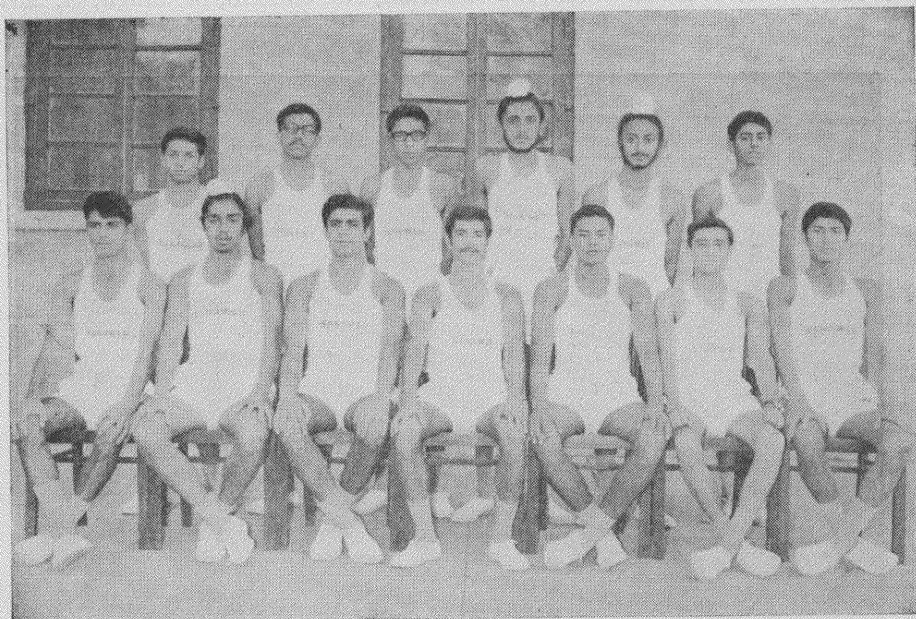


L. to R.

STANDING :— Pratap Hoon, D. Khosla, H. Singh, P. Dhillon, N. Kapur, Ashok Bhagat.

SITTING :— S. Bhalerao, B. Seth, A. Dogra, (Capt.), H. Sidhu, J.S. Sethi.

ATHLETICS.



L. to R.

Standing :— A. Kalia, A. Sobti, L. Gadiok, B.S. Bala, B.P.S. Bhasin, P. Saran

Sitting :— V.S. Pathania, J.S. Sandhu, S. Prabhakar, G. Lal (Capt.), B. Brar, R. Mehra, Ranbir Singh.

GYMNASTICS



L. to R.

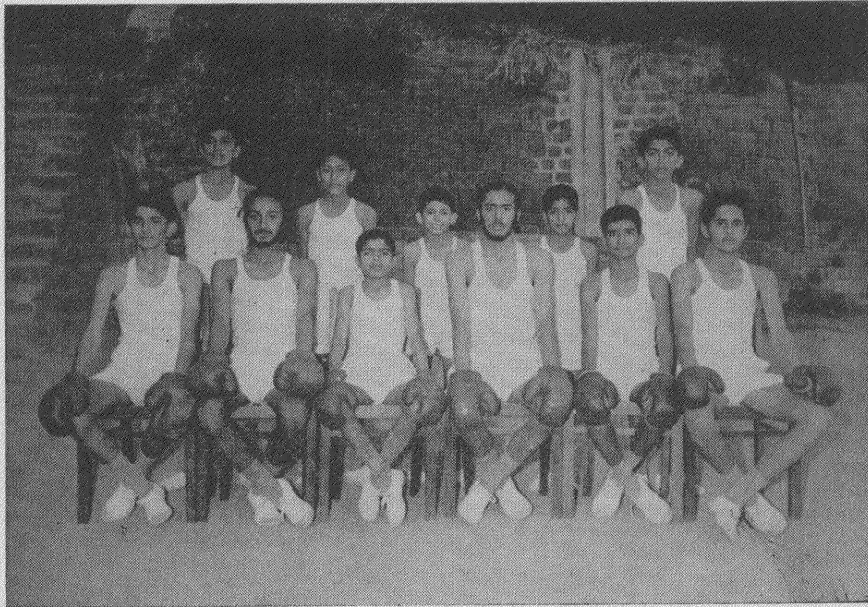
Sitting :— D. Singha, V.D. Pathania, G.S. Randhawa, Mr. J.R. Acharya
(Coach), S. Hira, B.S. Pathania, R.S. Jamwal,

1st Row :— K. Subramanian, R. Khanna, J. Nanda, V. Patole, S. Kandel,
D. Pandit.

2nd Row :— H.M.S. Tanwar, A. Kalia, G.S. Rana, V. Mehra, K.S. Bhullar.

3rd Row :— L. Gadiok, G. Lal, S. Prabhakar, J.S. Sandhu, M. Singh, G. Saran.

BOXING

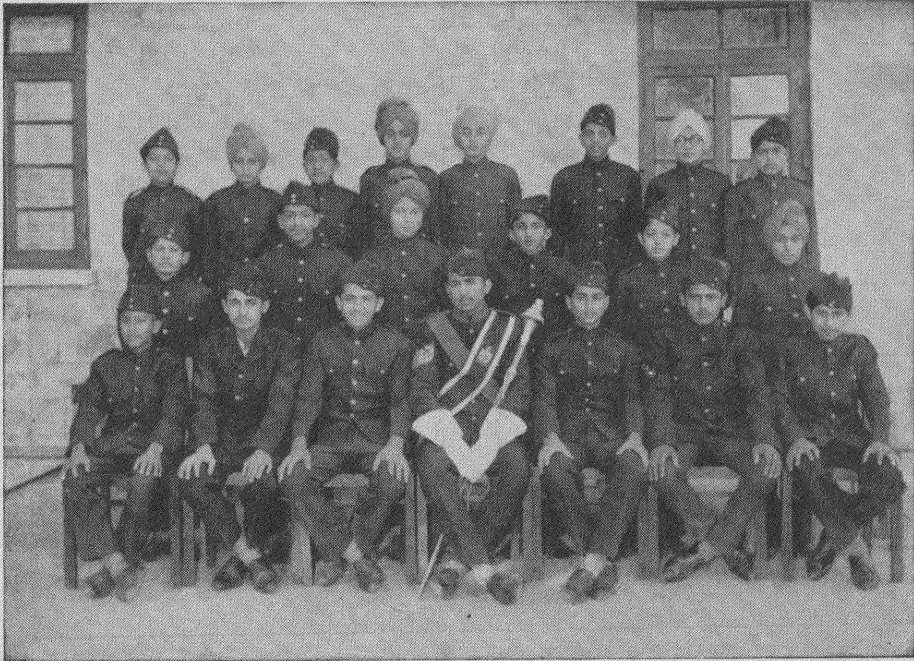


L. to R.

Standing :— K.S. Bhullar, A. Mahajan, S. Suri, R. Saggi, A. Sood.

Sitting :— A. Khanna, B.P.S. Bhasin, S. Kapoor, S. Singh, H.M.S. Tanwar,
S.S. Sekhon.

BUGLE BAND.



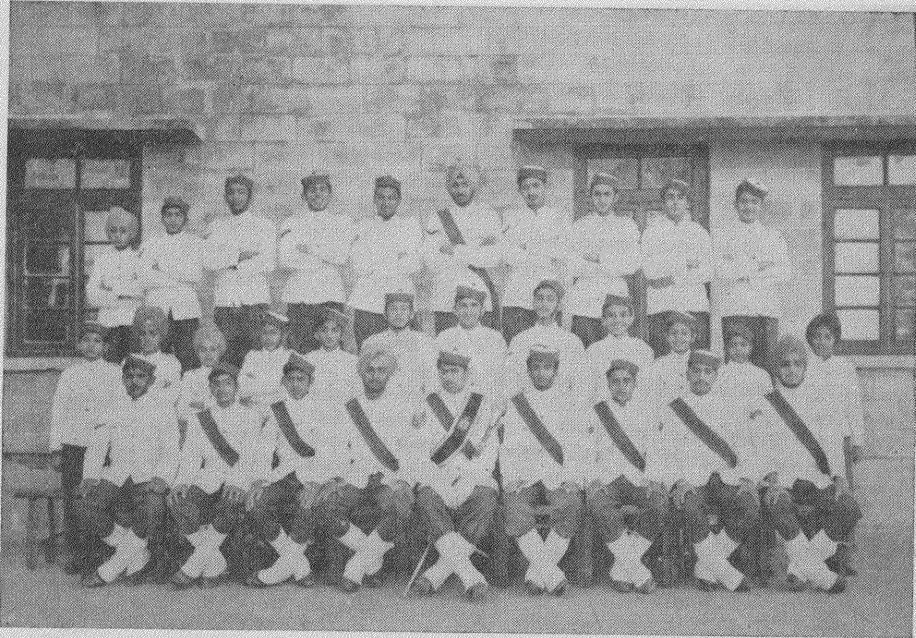
L. to R.

Back Row :— S. Bhandari, J.S. Rana, R. Aggarwal, J.S. Grewal, M. Dusang,
A.K. Mittal, D.S. Kang, S. Kapoor.

Middle Row :— R. Sawhney, P. Bajaj, M. Ahluwalia, G. Ghuman, G. Seekond,
A.S. Virk.

Seated :— A. Mahajan, S.K.S. Tanwar, N. Madhok, A. Ansal, V.K. Dhar,
P. Chaudhry, N. Ansal.

BRASS BAND

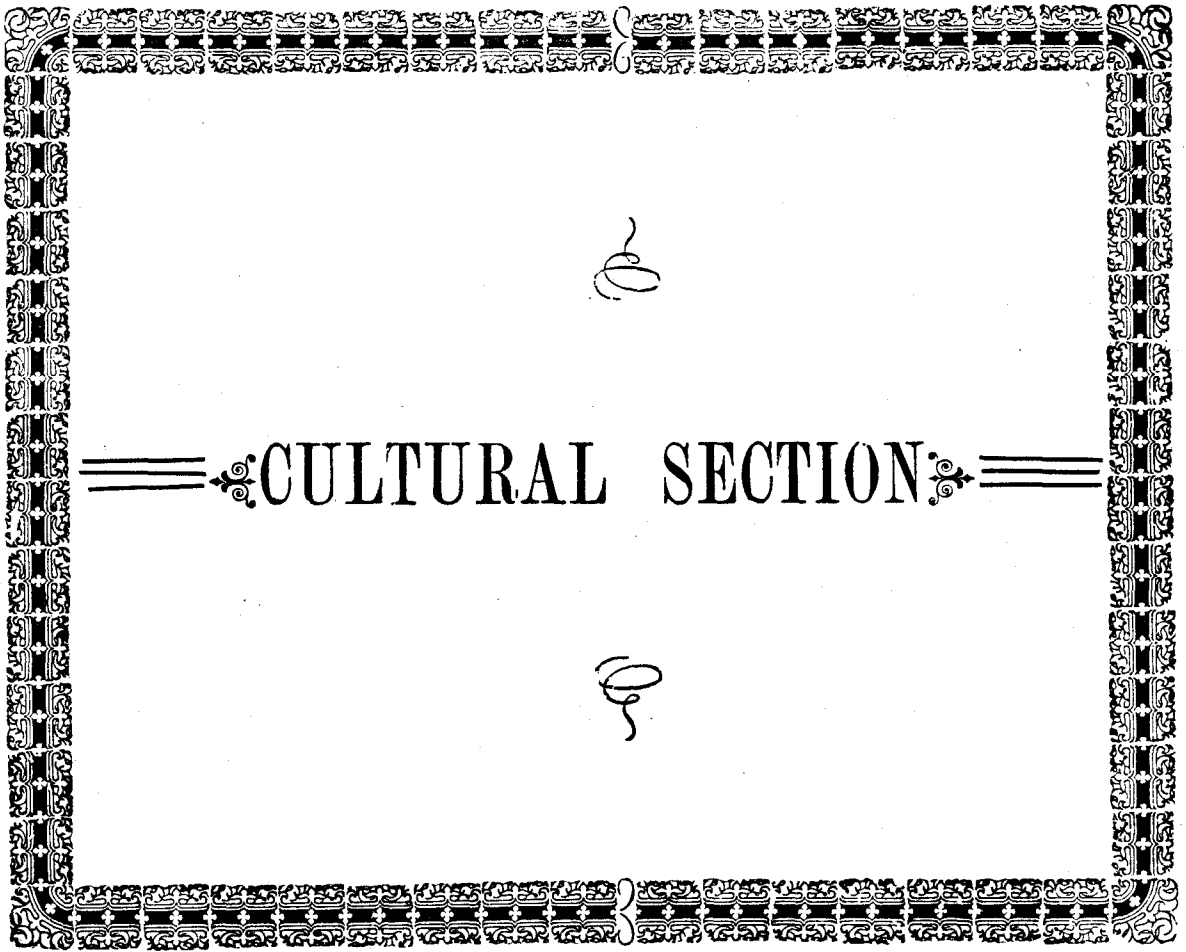


L. to R.

Back Row :— M.S. Dusang, J. Kandel, S. Bajaj, Manjit Singh, B.S. Brar,
N. Goshal, R. Kadan, S.K.S. Tanwar, S. Hira, N. Madhok.

Middle Row :— R. Sawhney, J.S. Grewal, J. Rana, A. Mahajan, G. Ghuman,
G.S. Rana, J.S. Khara, V.K. Dhar, A. Dass, G. Seekond,
S. Kapoor, A.S. Virk.

Seated :— P. Chaudhry, N. Kohli, R. Bhalla, H.S. Sandhu, A. Ansal,
S.D. Kadam, V. Malhotra, S. Nair, K.S. Bala.



D

≡ **CULTURAL SECTION** ≡

D

Vindhya House Show

Information about the Vindhya House show had been seeping in from various sources and one did not quite know what to expect. Most of the reports said that it would "make us yawn", but we were pleasantly surprised to discover that it was actually quite contrary to the disappointing rumours we'd been hearing.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. Everyone looked forward to the Saturday Club Show. The crucial hour drew nearer and by 6-15 p. m. Barne Hall was packed with spectators.

At 6-30 p.m. the curtain went up to reveal six girls moving gracefully into the "Dush-Avatar" dance performed by the Vindhyan junior girls. The music accompanying it had a lovely melody which was very effective. The dance, though very colourful, was not very well performed as there were some glaring mistakes towards the end. However, the audience were appreciative and there was loud applause.

Then came a skit entitled "The Love Traingle" based on words acted literally. This was again monopolised by the juniors and displayed a high sense of humour, which passed over the heads of some of the younger members of the audience. Preminda Batra, who took on the responsibility of training the juniors, deserves full marks for directorship.

Next the curtains went up on the Hindi play entitled *Bade Admi*. Rohini Arora as the mother and Kulbhusan Oswal as the father deserve special mention. Though hilarious, the play was slightly longdrawn. In parts, however, it displayed a splendid sense of humour, which made most of the spectators roll in their chairs with laughter.

The highlight of the evening's programme was the "Vindhyan Stargazers" who put on an excellent performance. Shekhar Kadam, Sanjiv Nair (guitar) and Harisimaran Sandhu (drums) were outstanding. Barne Hall resounded with the beat of the drums and the sound of the guitars. "Cafe" and "Ballad of John and Yoko" were rendered beautifully by Shekhar. The applause at the end of this item was absolutely ear-splitting.

The band was followed by another skit entitled "Wizard by the Blackboard." Vijay Singh portrayed the part of a Headmaster very well. The skit was about a boy who acquired supernatural powers and used them in school to fool the teachers.

The last item on the evening's programme was the English play entitled "Appointment Disappointment." Tania Talwar as the mother put on a very convincing act. Rajiv Mehra as the son-in-law and Preminda Batra as the young and innocent daughter too acted very naturally. The play was lively and amusing.

Thank you Vindhyan for a very entertaining evening!

Gita Tandon, Kamini Kaul

The Nilagiri House Show

On the 25th of April, for the second time this year, the school assembled to watch a House Show.

The flood lights snapped on, the curtains twitched and a figure announced the first item of the Nilagiri House Show—"Cream of Tartar". This was a one act English play about how a packet of cream of tartar gets mistaken for arsenic. It was a hilarious play, though most of the jokes passed over the heads of the audience. Kamini Kaul played the part of a nervous, highly-strung wife most convincingly. Tissa Kemp, in keeping with the Kemp talent, was fantastic.

The next item was the orchestra "The Shocking Blues." It was a mix up of sitars and guitars. Hindi and English tunes—a typical mingling of the east and the west. 'Hot Sand' was rather off tune, but '*Mere Sapnon ki Rani*' was really good. It was surprising to see Rupinder Sidhu on the drums and Poonam Nanda on the guitar. They learnt to play them in a period of two weeks; amazing!

'The Dress Rehearsal' which followed was a small Hindi skit. It was one of the best items. Krishan Gopal, the poor, unfortunate director suited his part to a 'T' and Gyani stole the show. The curtain closed to a thunderous applause.

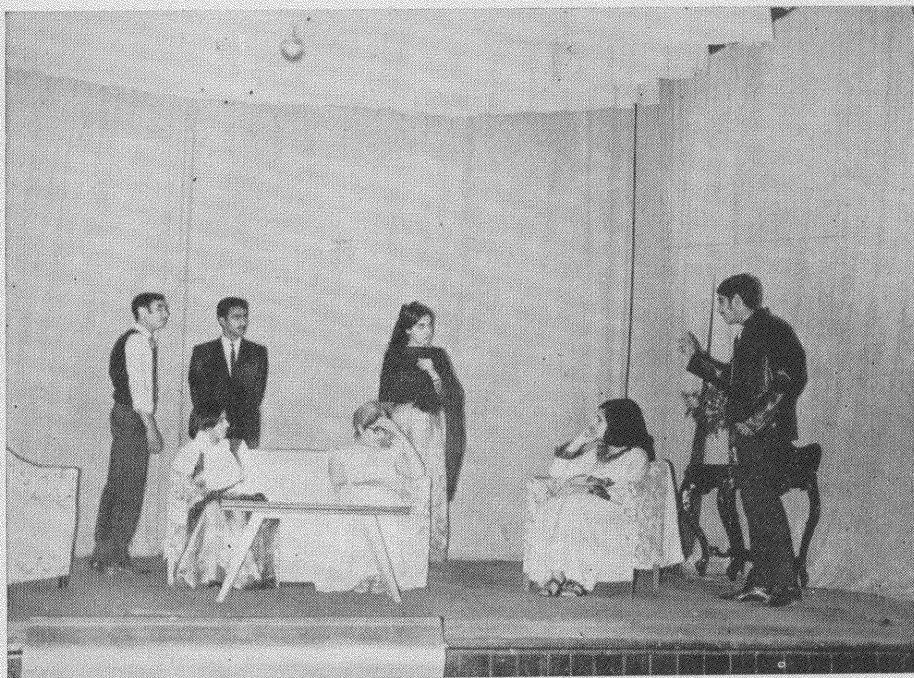
'A Page from History' had caused much debating and questioning amongst the audience, but what took place was beyond our expectations. It was a sword fight between two Rajput warriors. Though it was rather haphazard and long drawn out, it was an original idea and the costumes were excellent.

This gruesome episode, in which one soldier was killed, was relieved by a beautiful gipsy dance 'Banjara.' The costumes were colourful and the music lovely. The dancers were unsure of themselves and looked as if they had been taken straight from a village.

Next came the 'Blue Mountaineers'. The songs they played were of the days long gone and past. And as the names of the songs weren't mentioned it left the audience wondering as to what was going on. I think the only song that was recognized was 'Gore-Gore' an old favourite of the Nilagarrians. If I am not mistaken this was the third year running they played it!

The highlight of the show was the Hindi play "*Nurjahan Kahan Hai!*" The 'Humanities group' were expecting to have a revision in History but we were pleasantly surprised. It was a play, in a play, done by a club. In the first scene the girls did their part very well in running away from the mouse in a most frightened manner. And the mouse achieved the impossible by running backwards!!

The Vindhya House Show.

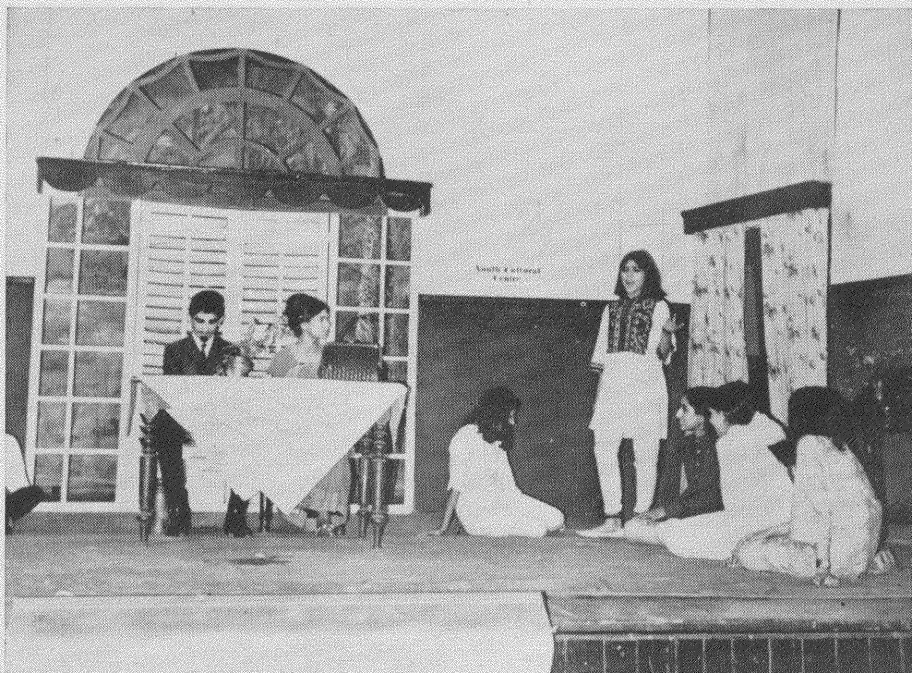


A Scene from 'Appointment Disappointment'



Vindhyan Stargazers.

The Nilagiri House Show.



A Scene from 'Noorjahan Kahan Hai?'



Gypsy Dance

The second scene consisted of people reciting 'shers' some of them were good but almost all were recited in a most stiff manner, a little more confidence was needed here.

The last act was well done but had a typical Hindi movie end where the hero and heroine get married. The audience expected them to break into a song any minute!

The play was well done but the excessive use of English words spoilt the effect.

Robby Chadha as Tansen was terrific. He was absolutely at home on stage and his most 'untansenic' voice sent us into peals of laughter. Jagrup Singh and Rita Bansal, our hero and heroine, also deserve a pat on the back. The curtain closed to an explosive applause.

The House Show came to an end with Brig. Suri thanking them on behalf of the audience.

Well done Nilagarians.

Preminda Batra

Himalaya House Show

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder", they say. To be away from Sanawar for seven years certainly does make one feel a great longing for the good old School. And chancing to drop in at a time when a House-Show is just in the offing is certainly a stroke of luck. I'm sure many old Sanawarians think on identical lines because Barne-Hall was literally flooded with Old Sanawarians coming up from Chandigarh giving to the Hall an atmosphere found only during Founder's.

After the traditional singing of the National Anthem, the Show began with a one-act Hindi play "*Kalank Rekha*". A play with an excellent theme it could have been directed more efficiently. The Young Princess (Harveen Sachdeva) and her maid servant (Savita Lalotra) performed very well but the rest were just acceptable. Though Hamir Yadav as Jawan Singh did his best, he was lacking in emotion and action. The manner in which he allowed a tense emotion-packed scene when he is about to behead his Princess to turn into a humorous farce, was really pitiable to witness. Though Atul Sobti as the Maharana and Rajan Sethi as the Maharani were a little better, they left much room for improvement. Their dialogues would have meant much more if they could have infused more emotion into it, rather than monotonously recite their passages.

The Himalayan Tootlers next tooted a few tunes. 'Capucina' was played very well, while 'Cocktails for Two' and 'I am telling you now' also extracted a hearty round of appreciation. Nanda was cool and confident on the drums, lending able support to the trumpeteer Gaurav Shamsheer, who barring a couple of misplaced "toots", performed creditably.

“Sukiyaki”, a Japanese dance followed. The moment the curtains parted, they knocked the breath out of all of us from the sheer gorgeousness and splendour of their costumes; and right from their size (U III girls!) down to the rhythmic excursions of their delicately poised fans, they looked every inch like young Japanese maidens. They executed their movements with an indefinable grace and charm, and in a manner so serene and confident that one was really left marvelling at the end of it all. To Neelam Puri, Neelam Sirkeck and Kavita Ahluwalia go our heartiest congratulations for such a wonderful performance.

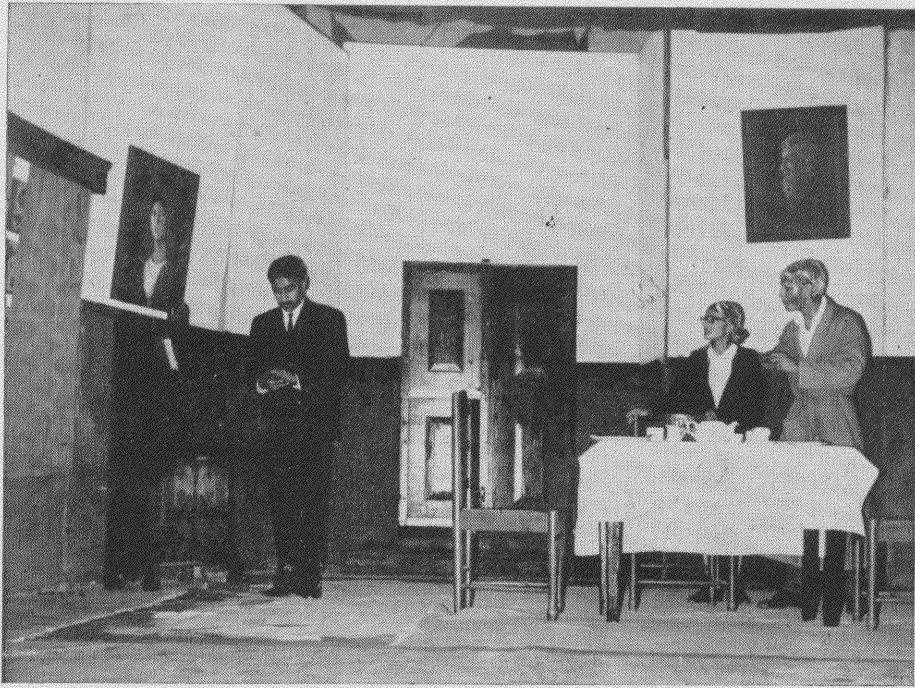
Sumit Bagchi then entertained us all to some really delightful Hindi vocal music. He really has a bright future ahead of him. His rendering of “*Phulon ke rung se*” was easily the best of the three. One was however, left wondering why he wasn’t accompanied by the drums when he sang “*Roop tera mastana*”. Nevertheless a thrilled audience gave him a well-deserved thundering ovation.

Naga dance followed. Presented by the Senior girls, it was a spirited display and combined with the lively throbbing of the tabla behind, it went off very well.

Next, the Indian Orchestra played two tunes. Although ‘*Phulon ke rung se*’ was a repetition after Bagchi’s solo, I’m sure everyone enjoyed it all the same. “*Chanda hai tu*” was played equally well—so much so, that I could discern quite a section of the crowd behind me humming in unison! Compared to the band, the larger contingency of the Orchestra led me to conclude that contemporary musical values in Sanawar were taking a most welcome change towards Indian Music.

Last on the list of items was the much awaited “The Monkey’s Paw”. Since the Dress rehearsal, word had got around that it was something way out from the mediocre plays, and one could sense the expectancy and eagerness all around when the play was eventually announced. The story revolved round a monkey’s paw, which, by virtue of a spell laid upon it by an Indian Fakir, could grant three wishes to its owner. Sergeant-Major Morris (Rakesh Bhan) having disclosed the doings of this paw to Mr. and Mrs. White and their son (Pathania, Arveen Sawhney and Vivek Mehra respectively), and also supplying them with an incident to authenticate his statement leaves the scene, sternly warning the three not to jest with the paw, and to wish for something sensible if at all they did care to wish for something. Mr. White after some cajoling and coaxing from his wife wishes for two hundred pounds, not for a moment believing even a fraction of the Sgt. Major’s story. However, the couple do get their two hundred pounds—not in the expected bag of gold sovereigns lying at the foot of the bed, but in the form of a monetary compensation from the electric company, where Master White has just been ‘swallowed up’ by the fly-wheel. Having buried their son, the mother, eight days later suddenly gets a

The Himalaya House Show

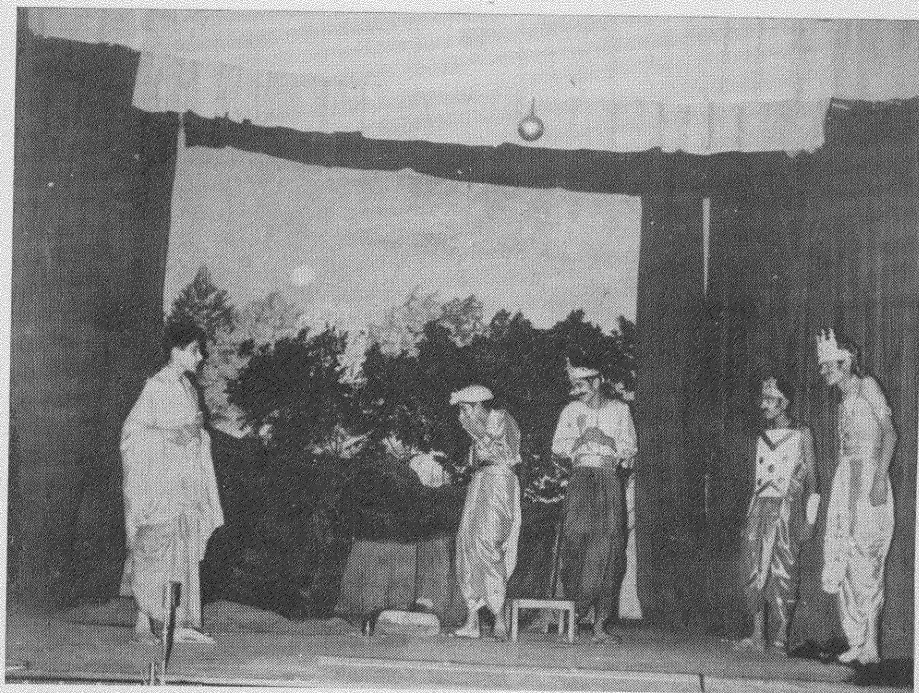


A Scene from 'The Monkey's Paw'

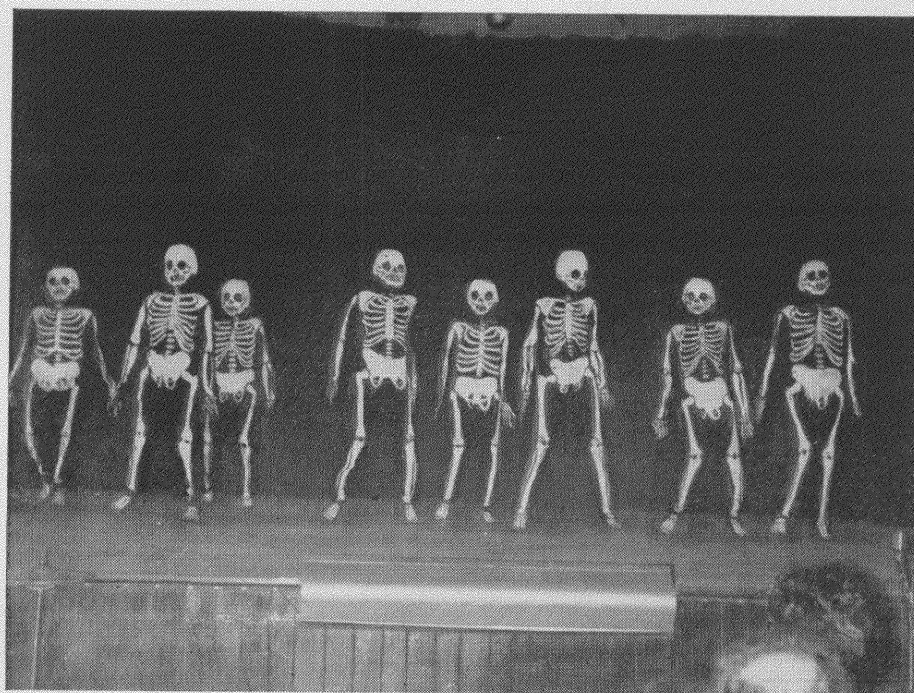


A Scene from 'Kalank Rekha'

The Siwalik House Show.



A Scene from 'Kshama'



Skeleton Dance

brain-wave and implores that her husband utilise the remaining two wishes by wishing their dead son alive again. But Mr. White is completely opposed to this grotesque idea and appears frankly annoyed at the fantasy of such a proposition. But women, as you know, can be adamant, and so, eventually (after a successful bit of henpecking) he wishes his son alive again. Knocks follow on the door and increase in their intensity and frequency. Mrs White struggles to open it expecting to see her beloved son. Mr. White in the meantime, dreading the sight of a mangled corpse, frantically searches for the paw, finds it and wishes his son "dead and at peace" just as Mrs. White flings open the door to find only the still and empty night staring her in the face.

I find it difficult to convey in words the magnificent performances of Bhan, Pathania and Arveen. All three of them suited their parts to a 'T'. Arveen, as the mother was par excellence in the difficult role she had to portray, and, literally everyone in the hall experienced and shared her profound sorrow, her utter desolation and her rising hysteria and hope as she traversed the stages from her son's death, his absence in their home immediately afterwards and the hope regenerated later on when she thinks of the possibility of a resurrection. Such was the calibre of the acting! Well done! Pathania as Mr. White put up an equally scintillating display and won repeated rounds of applause for the delicacy and tact displayed in handling his 'superstitious wife', for the casual way in which he toyed with the Sergeant Major and ultimately for the desperation and urgency in the final stages when he eventually wishes his son dead. Bravo Pathania! Rakesh Bhan, as the Sergeant Major, stole the show in the first scene. Vivek Mehra in the role of the son performed creditably. To sum it up then, it was a play intelligently chosen, brilliantly directed, and executed with professional perfection.

After singing the School Song, His Grace, Rev. Bishop Nasser of Amritsar spoke and commended the children on their delightful performance. I think he echoed the sentiments of everyone in the Hall when he said that 'there is nothing higher than the Himalayas'.

Ajit Jayaram (O.S.)

The Siwalik House Show

As always, Barne Hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience, eagerly waiting for the show to commence. As the curtains parted, there was a sudden hush. The show started with a traditional singing of the National Anthem.

When the English play 'Speaking of Murder' was announced we held our breaths and waited expectantly. The theme of the play was excellent and it could have been a great success had the actors shown more confidence and perhaps a little feeling while delivering their lines. Gita Tandon acted the part of the old wicked

governess well. Dipika Rai and Sanjiv K. Singh were also good. Sergeant Mitchell (S. Hira) also deserves mention. The presence of Mandy Kemp (the Kemp's dog) on the stage created a sensation. The play though a little long-drawn was appreciated by the audience.

Next 'The Rain-Makers' alias the Siwalik Racketeers played 'Walking the Carpet' and 'Sugar Sugar' the latter, though a little 'off' was a good attempt. Suren Hira then surprised us with a song 'Mrs. Apple Bee'—which was sung nervously but was enjoyed by all—well done!

The next item was a very original 'Skeleton Dance'! Though the light effects and dresses were marvellous, the skeletons failed to create the required atmosphere. Instead, with their bony frames, they had the audience roaring with laughter. It was most entertaining and it stole the show.

'The Rain-Makers', then played 'Sun Re Balam' and 'Innertion Faze' The guitar in the latter tune was very effective. S Bajaj and A. Ansal played an extremely lively tune on mouth organs which received thunderous applause.

The beating of a 'Dholak' announced the Hindi Play "*Kshama*". We sat up in our chairs and though a number of lines and jokes went over our heads, we enjoyed it all the same. It began with a graceful dance performed by Jyotsna Jamwal and Sadhna Singh who took us to the exotic age of the Rajas and Maharajas of Nasik, where the scene of the play was set. Neel Kohli as "*Magdh ka Raj Doot*" was at ease on the stage and was easily the best actor. Well done! The two junior boys, Rajiv and Sanjay Datt amused the audience right through the play and did extremely well in a first attempt. Mukul Chopra as *Dandnaik* was good and Anil Das as *Acharya* was very imposing and suited his part to a 'T'. Maneka Anand as the princess and Deeksha Hoon as the music teacher also did extremely well.

Besides the excellent acting and direction the silk dresses and the stage settings were exceptionally good. The perfection of the play in all its aspects testifies to the hard work put in by the participants and the directors. Congratulations!

To add to the glory of their success the Siwalikans were lucky to be honoured by the presence of our new Headmaster Mr. Pasricha, who had arrived earlier in the day with Mrs. Pasricha. He thanked them for their excellent performance.

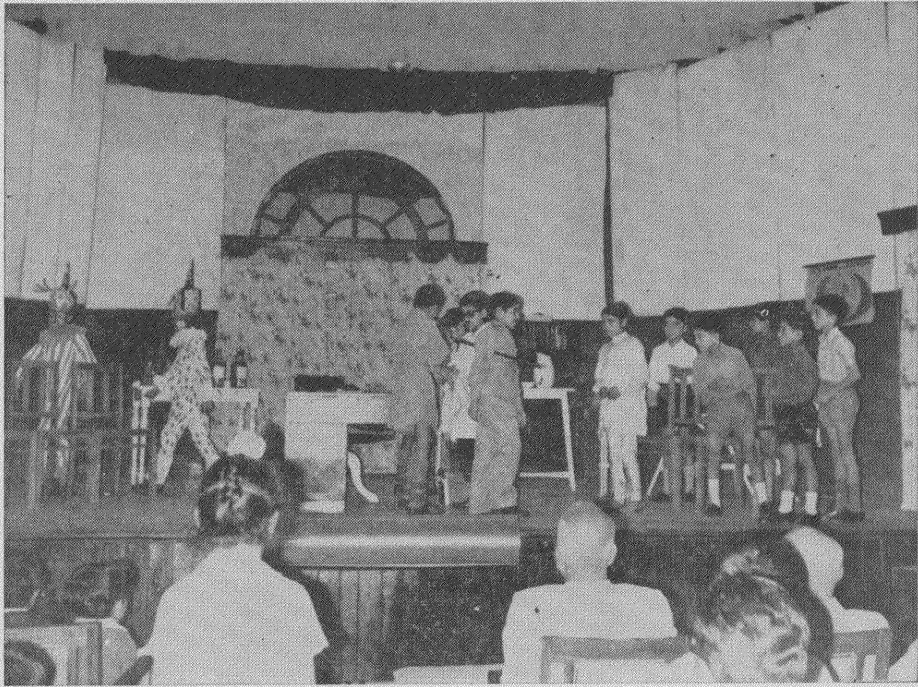
I end by thanking all the Siwalikans for a very enjoyable and entertaining evening.

Tania Talwar

Prep. School Saturday Club Show

Since it was the Prep School show, it was not with much enthusiasm that I looked forward to the evening's variety programme but it would be less than honest not to say that everything about the colourful presentation was nothing but excellent bearing in mind the size of the performers and despite the frequent power failures during the rehearsals.

Prep. School Show.



A Scene from 'Aadat Sudhar Dwakhana'.

Once the National Anthem was sung the curtains parted to present the audience with the first item of the evening, 'The Black Boy'. This item was very amusing and enjoyable. The play was about a little black boy who has been given a full set of clothes by his mother, and had to ultimately sacrifice all his clothes to appease four greedy, quarrelsome tigers. Ronald Kerr made a perfect black boy.

Next came an action song 'I saw fine ships' by the little ones. The simple catchy tune sung by the little mellow voices left nothing to be desired. This was followed by six little twinkle-toed girls gracefully performing the 'Basant Dance' to the accompaniment of the piano. Their bright, yellow 'cholis' and flower necklaces were quite in keeping with the graceful rhythm and supple movement of their lithe bodies. Although the whole troupe performed well, mention ought to be made of Pamela Chowdhry whose facial expression was that of a mature, adept dancer.

The puppet show, though not a novelty, was much appreciated due to its skilful manipulation by expert hands. P.D. choir's first song "Jag Nirmata Jiwan Daata" could hardly be a credit for catching the thief by the puppet police. It was a break in the programme's smooth flow when the children went out of tune and something akin to a mini cacophony ensued. However, they atoned for this momentary lapse by their next number *Ek Se Das*. It was both fast and melodious and did not lack lusty voices.

The Hindi play came as a change after the songs. The little, bright characters did manage to infuse life and gusto in their roles, although Rajiv Thakur stole the show by making the audience look forward to his oft-repeated *Han Ji*.

The Wedding Samba was an appropriate name for the large impressive 'Percussion Band'. I was glad that my neighbour's utterance (I overheard him reading it as persecution band) did not prove prophetic. However, I felt that one pair of cymbals weighed pretty heavily on its wielder. The action song 'Soldier Soldier' was a delight. For once the music and the vocalists were not at loggerheads.

The last part of the entertainment was an amusing English play 'Work for the Ghosts'. The various roles were enacted very confidently. Paya Singh, whose timely actions matched superbly with her clear lucid voice and almost faultless accent showed her remarkable histrionic talent.

An old Sanawarian, David Williams, from Australia though understandably brief with his 'thank you' proved quite successful with his hand-clap for the evening's performance. It was vigorously taken up by the audience who gave the Preppers a thunderous ovation.

As a fitting finale the School Song wound up the evening's delightful and scintillating programme.

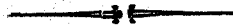
E. Sequeira.



REALMS

OF

Or
GOLD



Adieu Sanawar

My last term as a school boy,
My last few days of fun
Have almost come to an end
Not long ago they had begun.

To think thus that I'm leaving,
Going away from this one heaven
Where all girls are sisters
And all boys brethren.

Wherefrom true citizens of the motherland have sprung,
Wherefrom a great multitude have gone.
Where the life of each and all is one
And the laws governed by the School Song.

And although it may but seem a dream
I know that I must face this fact.
That I'm to leave this family here
And find new pastures somewhere else.

Thus with an aching heart and tearful eyes,
Which do now seem dead.
I have to part with friends so dear
And with a school to which I'm wed.

Atul Sobti

When ?

When will this horrible school end ?
When will I see the familiar bend ?
When will I see the familiar house ?
When will I see my pet white mouse ?
When will I see the king of my land ?
When will I play once again in the sand ?
When will I see the familiar sand-dunes ?
When will the shepherd for me compose new tunes ?
When will I see the familiar boys ?
When will I show them my new toys ?
O God ! please, let time run,
And the 2nd day of December quickly come.
Oh ! When will the blessing of God descend ?

B. K. Singh

The Kitchen

In our hotel there is a kitchen,
And in it I often smell roasted chicken.
The chief cook is very fat,
Because he tastes every time this and that.
The kitchen walls are full of sharp knives,
And every day there come cooks' wives.
The wives in the kitchen then eat and eat,
And their favourite is roasted meat.
The kitchen is full of fat cooks,
Who keep opening their recipe books.
When its dinner time there is a hurry-scurry,
And the favourite dish is mutton-curry.
In our hotel there is a kitchen,
And in it I often smell roasted chicken.

B.K. Singh

A Visit to the Sea

Have you been near the sea ?
I hope you have, because
You should see
The things it has.

It's got fishing boats
And ships and rocks.
But the sad thing is
It cannot talk.

Its colour is green
And sometimes blue.
It's got big waves
With many hues.

Seema Seth

It is all Imagination

The night is drawing on,
Everyone has gone,
But I am still out there,
Except me, no one knows where.

They are still pursuing me,
So I turn round and see
Their torches' light,
For now they are within my sight.

I am not a man who is blind,
But in a whirl is my mind,
I run across the bridge and pass a tree,
I know their victim : IT IS ME.

I run, I walk and I creep,
And I cross the ditch with a leap.
I look behind and see,
They have come nearer towards me.

I run for my life,
They are deadlier than my knife.
A thought strikes my worn down brain,
Why don't I run along the lane.

I go behind the hedge and wait,
But I know they will come, I am too late.
I take out my 'handy' knife,
With it I can take their leader's life !

They loom up and come in for me,
My knife flies faster than the fastest bee,
The leader falls, and the others too run away,
My mind has taken flight, I do not know why this way.

Birinder S. Sidhu

Gardens

Do you like gardens ?
I do at least
They all look so pretty
Nearly full of bees.
Full of flowers too
And pretty leaves.
They all invite us
To have some peace.
Some have slides and swings and trees,
Some have huts. All look so sweet.
Mother, Father, Sister, Brother
All go there and have some pleasure.

Seema Seth

The Boxing Bout

The crowds' hustle and bustle
Was hushed by the sharp sound of a whistle.
And a boy came in to announce,
Though he knew not well how to pronounce.

Seeing in opposite corners the boxers standing,
The spectators most surprisingly began laughing,
A sudden sound of red punches
Had the Green down on his haunches.

He was instantly up again
And determined to fight back, but in vain !
Alas ! He was once more down on the floor,
Making the noise of a falling door.

By the end of the first round,
The seconds could hear their hearts pound.
Tang ! began the second round,
And the crowd decided to make no sound.

There followed a few upper cuts and hooks,
Which the judges at once noted in their books.
A swing and a slap,
And at once the referee yelled 'STOP'.

Following a thud, the round came to an end
With the thrashing the green had received, he could not even bend
And staggering back to his corner
He knew he had yet to redeem his honour.

The third round came into being,
But unfortunately it was not worth seeing.
Because the Red only gave the thrashing
And unfortunate Green received the bashing.

And then when the last gong was struck,
Red knew, he was surely in for some good luck.
For on went his light
And thus ended the glorious fight.

R.S. Kadyan

A Pledge

The World will end,
And we will die.
You'll forget me,
But never I.

B.K. Singh

Light

Look at that light,
It shines so bright.
It hangs on the wall,
And is round as a ball,
It helps us to see,
And with its help I know what's round me.
The light it gives is white;
And I am sure I am right
That it shines very bright.

R. Kathuria

Lost and Found

I once had a lovely pen
The prettiest in the world then.
The body was brown and the cap silver white
The contrast was bright, just right.
But I lost it as I played one day.
I cried alone, others deserted me in a way.
I searched it in sun and rain,
But all in vain.
And lo! one day I found it
Where most unexpected, near a brick.
It had changed horribly,
Conforming with Nature's law
That every beautiful thing must have a flaw.

Surinder Iqbal Singh Brar

The Inventor's Doom

Oh how I wish I'd meet,
The inventor of study,
I'd whip out my pistol,
And say, "hands up buddy".

Then I'd teach him a lesson,
Which for him wouldn't be very nice !
I'd slap him on the face,
But that won't suffice.

I'd give him a tight kick,
I'd spank him black and blue,
Not with a felt slipper
But with a nice leather shoe.

Then I'll let him go, and,
I'd have made him yell,
But I'll have to see the Housemaster.
And then I'll get hell.

A. Shukla

The Football Match : Sanawar vs. B.C.S.

In went the captains for the toss,
Sanawar won—B.C.S. lost.
We were red—they were blue,
Waiting for the match my impatience grew.

The whistle went, we kicked the ball
And bang it went into the wall.
They took a throw and the ball rolled into our 'D',
Into the goal went the ball like a bullet through me.

Pheeee ! it was half time,
And the players got juice squeezed out of lime.
During the second half they kicked the ball into our goal time and again.
But all this went in vain.

Then into their goal the ball did roll,
And later we scored three more
Amidst thunderous roar !
The match ended : they were one we were four.

Ratan Ramchandani

Nature

Nature is a creative Being,
That has made all the birds sing.
The cock in the morning and the owl in the evening
Have made it so enchanting.

Nature has made a beautiful scene,
With hills and mountains so green.
It made the sky blue,
And gave the sea the same hue.

Nature has brought in many seasons
Due to so many reasons.

Autumn, Spring, Summer and Winter
Have their own charm,
Day, night, dusk and dawn !

What is man in Nature's hands ?
Just a pawn !

Krishnan Subramanian

Diwali



Our Independence Day

We celebrated our Independence Day on the 15th of August in royal style this year. We got our independence twenty three years back. Before that we were ruled by the British. Gandhiji with the help of the Indian National Congress won us our freedom.

In the morning we lined up and our class teachers took us to Barne Hall. The children and the staff stood in front of Barne Hall. The band played the National Anthem. Our Headmaster then hoisted the National Flag. After that we went to Barne Hall. There, Commander Sawhney spoke to us about Russia. He said that we should not let another country rule over us ever again. Then Mr. Pasricha spoke to us. He made us shout "Jai Hind" thrice. In the evening the servants got sweets and they also saw a Hindi film.

We will never let another country rule over us again.

Ravni Thakur
Form I

स्वतन्त्रता दिवस

१५ अगस्त १९४७ में भारत को आज़ादी मिली। जबसे हिंदुस्तान को आज़ादी मिली, तबसे हिंदुस्तान में बहुत उन्नति हुई, बहुत कॉलेज, स्कूल, अस्पताल, कारखाने और बहुत मीलों बनीं। आज़ादी हमें सस्ती नहीं मिली किन्तु बहुत महँगी मिली क्योंकि भारत का बँटवारा हुआ, जिससे बहुत हानि हुई बहुत जानें गईं, धन दौलत गया, अपने उन नेताओं को, जिन्होंने इस स्वतन्त्रता को लेने में अपना सब कुछ खोया, कष्ट उठाये, उनको हम कभी नहीं भूलेंगे। जिन लोगों ने बँटवारे में अपनी जानें खोई या सब धन दौलत लुटाया, उनको भी हम कैसे भूल सकते हैं। आज २३ वर्ष हुए आज़ादी मिले। श्री पसरिचा जी ने बार्न हाल के ऊपर झंडा लहराया। जैसे ही एक लड़के ने सावधान कहा, सब सावधान हो गये छोटे बच्चे गैलरी में बैठे, और बड़े बच्चे नीचे। मिस्टर पसरिचा आए। उन्होंने हमारे देश के बारे में बताया, और कहा, "तुम्हें अपने देश के लिए बहुत काम करना चाहिए।" फिर कमांडर सानी ने रूस के बारे में बहुत बातें बताईं। उन्होंने ने कहा, "कि रूस हमारे देश से बहुत बड़ा है।" वहाँ बहुत चीज़ें हैं और वहाँ बहुत ज्यादा समुद्र है। हमने 'सारे जहाँ से अच्छा' गाया। फिर मिस्टर पसरिचा ने हम से तीन बार 'जय हिन्द' कहलवाया और कहा हमें देश को ऊँचा उठाने के लिए बड़े बनकर दिखना चाहिए।

नीरज सीना
फॉर्म II

Our Camp at Sadhupul

On 12th May we went to Sadhupul for our camp. Sadhupul is very far from Sanawar. So we went by bus. The Lower Threes and the Upper Threes came with us.

Sadhupul is in a valley. The Maharajah of Patiala built Anand Bhawan there. We stayed in this huge building. Inside the building there is a big, deep swimming pool. We could not swim in the swimming pool because the water was

dirty. We were allowed to take off our shoes and socks and paddle in the water. Our dormitories were very big. The bathrooms were very dirty. We played a lot under the trees.

On all three days we went to the stream in the evening. The B. D. boys swam, but we caught fish. One day we went to the same stream, but to the upper part. There the G.D. girls and the P.D. children swam and fished. I caught one fish. Kulpreet, Anil Balayan and I went with Miss Rudra, Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur and Miss Naidu to see from where the stream started. The water was very cool and the madams enjoyed it very much.

In the evening we had a short programme. There were many items. I liked all the items. The next night we didn't have any programme because we had to do a lot of packing.

We returned from camp on the 15th. On the way back to Sanawar we saw a number of caves. We took a lot of time to reach Sanawar.

Inderbir Singh Sahni
Form II

सनावर

सनावर बहुत अच्छा है। सनावर में बहुत पेड़ हैं। सनावर में बहुत पहाड़ हैं। सनावर में बहुत फूल और पौधे हैं। सनावर बहुत अच्छा स्कूल है। सनावर से हम पिकनिक के लिये जाते हैं। सनावर में बहुत घर हैं। सनावर में बहुत बगीचे हैं। सनावर में बहुत लड़के और लड़कियां हैं। मैं सनावर में बहुत खुश हूँ।

संजय मारवाह
फॉर्म I

The Thief

Once upon a time there lived a man named Sam. He had a wife and two children. The son's name was Tim and the daughter's name was Shim. They were very rich. One night when they were sleeping a thief entered their house. He had a pistol, a torch and a knife with him. He killed Shim with his knife. The father woke up and saw that his daughter was killed. When the thief was running away Sam phoned the police. Before anyone could catch him, the robber ran to the air-port. The police followed him. The robber got into a plane and ordered the pilot to start it. The plane went high up in the air. But something went wrong with it and it was going to crash. The robber was quick and he jumped out of the plane using a parachute. He landed safely in a valley. Then he saw two lights of a jeep. He knew that it belonged to the police. He started firing. One of the policemen died on the spot. The other man drove the jeep so fast that it hit against a tree. The robber thought he was safe and sat down to rest. Just then another policeman jumped from behind and killed him. That was the end of the wicked thief.

Salil Pradhan
Form I

दिवाली

२६ अक्टूबर को दिवाली थी। हमने खूब पटाखे चलाए थे। हम दिवाली इस लिये मनाते हैं कि राम सीता और लक्ष्मण वापस अयोध्या आए थे। दिवाली में हमने पटाखे चलाए। मैंने चकरी फुलफुड़ी जलाई। मेरे पास बहुत पटाखे थे। मेरे थोड़े पटाखे रह गये हैं। मुझे दिवाली बहुत अच्छी लगी। हमारी अध्यापिकाओं ने हमारा खाने वाला कमरा बड़ी अच्छी तरह सजाया हुआ था। साढ़े सात बजे सीटी बजी और हम वापस आ गये। हमारी चीकू गेस्ट मिसिज़ पसरीचा थीं। हमारे पास फुलफुड़ी, अनार और बहुत चीजें थीं। मैंने बॉन फ़ायर भी देखी दिवाली में मैंने अच्छे पटाखे चलाए थे। मुझे दिवाली बहुत पसंद आई। भारती का जरा सा हाथ जल गया था। मिस नायडू, मिसिज़ सखूजा और मिसिज़ चेरियन को भी पटाखों से हानि हुई। मुझे खाना बहुत अच्छा लगा। हमारे खाने पर और भी मेहमान थे। हम को आइस क्रीम मिली। हम दिवाली के दिन खूब खेले।

अमीता सानी
फॉर्म I

Diwali

We celebrate diwali because on this day Rama, Sita and Lakshman came back to Ayodhya from Lanka.

This year's diwali was on the 29th of October.

Early in the morning after getting ready I started making cards for our madams. The whole dormitory was shouting and making a lot of noise and wishing each other happy diwali. Every one was very happy. At breakfast time Mr. Pasricha came and wished us happy diwali. We also gave our greeting cards to our madams. After breakfast the B.D. boys came and wished us happy diwali. We let off many 'bombs' with them. We had lots of fun. At milk break we got our diwali sweets. After that we played the whole time until lunch. At lunch time the artists' names were called out for drawing cards. In the afternoon the madams decorated the dining hall. At quarter past five we got our crackers. But we weren't allowed to let them off. On the way I let off a few reels of pistol 'patackas.' I was sharing crackers with Vinod. On Peacestead my crackers got burnt. I started letting off Vinod's crackers. When we came upto the dormitory, it was looking very nice.

We quickly got ready, and went for the special dinner. The dining hall was looking very nice. In the middle there was some decoration made by Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur. The standup divas were made by Mrs. Cherian. At the dinner were present Mrs. Pasricha, Mr. and Mrs. Manley, Maj. Dhama and Mrs. Shiv Jot.

I went to sleep as happy as a king.

Punit Renjen
Form II

दिवाली

१४ साल के बनवास के बाद जब राम, लक्ष्मण और सीता वापिस अयोध्या लौटे तो अयोध्या में रहने वाले लोगों ने बहुत खुशी मनाई थी। इस दिन को हम हर साल मनाते हैं और इसे दिवाली कहते हैं। सब से पहले हमने दिवाली के लिये पटाखे खरीदे थे। फिर हमने अपने पटाखे अपनी मेट्रन को दे दिये थे। जब दिवाली का दिन आया था तो हमने उनसे पटाखे लिये थे। फिर हम शाम को सारे मिल कर पीस्टेड पर गये थे। पीस्टेड पर हम ने पटाखे चलाये थे। वहाँ पर हमारी अध्यापिकाओं ने हमारी चीजें जलाने में सहायता की थी। मुझे दिवाली बहुत अच्छी लगी थी। जब पटाखों के बाद सीटी बजी तो हम लोग वापिस आये थे। हमने कपड़े बदले और खाने के लिये तैयार हो गये। खाने का कमरा बहुत अच्छी तरह सजा हुआ था। दीये लगे थे और तरह-तरह की मोमबत्तियाँ थीं। हमने खाने के लिये आतिथि बुलाये थे। हमारी मुख्य अतिथि मिसिज़ पसरीचा थीं। हमें खाने में बहुत अच्छी चीजे मिली थीं। मिसिज़ पसरीचा हमारी मेज पर बैठी थी। कई बच्चों ने मिसिज़ पसरीचा को कार्ड दिये थे। हमें खाने के बाद आइस-क्रीम मिली थी। खाने के बाद हम ऊपर चले गये और सो गये।

खनी
फॉर्म I

The old Man and the Fairy

Once upon a time there lived an old man and his wife. They were poor. They were very good. They were always ready to help others. One day as the old man was digging in his garden he found a bag. As he opened it a fairy came out of the bag and said "What do you wish to get?" The man replied "I want food". At once the fairy brought a tray full of lovely things to eat. He took the tray to his house. He and his wife ate a grand dinner. After that good luck seemed always to be with them.

Sumant Sikri
Form I

The Baby in the Woods

Once upon a time a man and his wife lived in a little house. They did not have any children. So they were sad. Once they went right into the woods to collect wood for the fire. All of a sudden they heard a baby crying. Then they looked everywhere to see from where the sound came. But they couldn't see anyone. At last they saw a baby lying under a tree. They took the baby home. Now they had a child of their own, so they were very happy.

Amrita Kaur
Form I

P.D. Saturday Club Show

We had hardly one month for our rehearsals. Every Housemistress was incharge of one item.

We had our show on 9th May. We began the show by singing The National Anthem.

Our announcer was Kavita Johar. The first item was the Little Black Boy. Ronald was the little black boy. Mother was Serena Brar. It was acted by K.G. children.

Next was 'I See Fine Ships' sung by the little ones. They were dressed in pretty dresses. Samiksha Khanna was the best.

Next was a Basant Dance. It was done by Form II girls. We were six girls. There were four Himalayans, one Vindhayan and one Siwalikan. Their names were Meena Sud, Praneet Singh, Pamela Chaudhary, Seema Sikri, Bandula Sagar and Bharti Thakur.

The fourth item was Catch as Catch can—a puppet play done by four children. The helper was Natinder.

The fifth item was singing by P.D. Choir. We sang a "Bhajan" and a song.

Next was a Hindi Play "Aadat sudhar Dawakhana". One of the clowns was Tarun Lal. My brother was "Babloo". He acted very nicely.

Next was the band. They played 'Soldier, Soldier'. I was the band leader. The last item was 'Work for the Ghosts'. It was the longest play. Payal was Mary. Ashish Khosla was Eggar. Meera Khorana was the mother. Inderbir was Grandpa. Punit Renjen was John, Rajni Parmar Betty and Rajwardhan the father.

We ended our show by singing the School Song.

Bharti Thakur
Form II

Teachers' Day Sports

Teachers' Day is celebrated on Dr. Radhakrishnan's birthday as he was a teacher. The Teachers' Day Sports were organised by the Headboy, Headgirl and the Senior School Prefects. They were held on Peacestead. This was the first time we celebrated Teachers' Day in Sanawar.

The events were tug of war, potato race, catching the rooster, sack race, and the three legged race. In the potato race Mrs. Dhama and Mrs. Sehgal came first. Mrs. Cherian came fourth. In the game of catching the rooster Mr. Brajamani, the dance master, caught the rooster. Mrs. Cherian came third in the sack race. I was very surprised to see Mrs. Cherian run. But she ran quite fast.

The event I liked best was the sack race. I enjoyed the Teachers' Day sports. It was funny to see the madams run and fall !

Pankaj Sethi
Form II

वर्षा

आज मंगलवार है। आज सुबह से बादल छा रहे हैं। जब वर्षा होती है। तब बादल बहुत जोर से गरजते हैं। वर्षा से हमें बहुत लाभ होता है। वह हमें पानी देती है। आज वर्षा छमा-छम हो रही है। वर्षा के पानी में सब्जियाँ, अनाज, और फल उगते हैं। जब वर्षा होती है तो कभी-कभी बिजली चमकती है और इस बिजली से कभी हमारी आँखें खराब हो जाती हैं।

जब वर्षा होती है तब कभी-कभी मेरा मन बाहर जाने को करता है। पर मुझे अध्यापिका जी से डर लगता है। वर्षा से हानि भी होती है। कभी-कभी बाढ़ आ जाती है। वर्षा से सुन्दर-सुन्दर फूल भी उगते हैं।

संगीता आलूवालिया
फॉर्म I

Life Story of a Football

I was made in a leather factory in Karnal. When they made me they wrote my name on me. I was the biggest ball in the factory. They put me in a box with my friends. They put the box in an aeroplane. They took the aeroplane to Maler Kotla. Then they took me out. I was very happy. The shopkeeper put a bladder in my stomach and filled it up with air. Then he tied it up with a strong string. Then he put me alone in the window. I felt very lonely.

When anyone came to the shop I wished that he would buy me, but he did not. I feared that no one would take me home. But one day a man came and bought me. I was very happy. The man and his friends kicked so hard that I did not like it. When I came down I felt very sad because then they would kick me again. One day I was kicked so high and at such an angle that I landed in the bushes. They looked for me but they could not find me. A few days later a boy found me. He played with me. But soon I was no longer of use. So, that naughty fellow burnt me.

Gurinder S. Ahluwalia
Form II

The Life cycle of a Butterfly

My mother was a very clever butterfly. She laid 20 eggs under a rose leaf. She was a very beautiful butterfly. After a week I hatched out. I was feeling very hungry when I hatched out so I ate my egg shell. But I was still feeling hungry so I tasted a leaf: it tasted nice so I ate more leaves. Then it was night but still I was feeling hungry so the whole night I ate. I carried on like this for 14 days. The gardener often used to get angry with me.

After some days I shed my skin. I was terrified to see my new skin because I thought I would die. Again I got a new skin but this time I was not afraid. This happened many times. Then I thought I would sleep. So I took out some silken thread from my mouth and spun it around myself. Suddenly a strange thing happened, I went to sleep for 4 days.

I was more surprised than ever when I came out as a butterfly like my mother. Now if you ever come to Sanawar you will often see me in the garden. Now I am not greedy. I am leading a very comfortable and happy life.

Rajvardhan Bhullar
Form II

Our Picnic at Sunshine Valley

On 13 Nov. was Guru Nanakji's birthday. We were going to Sunshine Valley for picnic. We were very excited. We went walking to the Gurudawara at Garkhal. We stayed for about half an hour at the Gurudawara. We got 'Prashad'. We walked to Sunshine Valley. We reached Sunshine Valley in about fifteen minutes from Garkhal. As we reached there, we pitched a tent. We called some madams. We sang to them. Miss Rudra and some of the madams went down the next hill. They had tea there and came back. While Miss Naidu was having a nap, some bulls came and disturbed her. Then we had lunch. We got rice, meat and oranges. We played for some time and then we had our make up done and we acted our items. I liked the Siwalik House items the best. Then we had tea, after tea we got ready to come back.

Most of us went on foot, but K.G. children and hospital children went in the bus. Next year when we are in the senior school, we will miss this picnic.

Praneet Singh
Form II

Two Sweet Girls

Once upon a time there lived a widow and her two daughters. The elder daughter's name was Rosy and the younger daughter's name was Posy. Posy was a very sweet girl, but Rosy was quite naughty, though sweet.

One day when it was raining, thundering and lightning at night and everyone was asleep, somebody knocked at the door. Posy awoke and ran to the door and opened it. There stood ten robbers with guns in their hands. They were dressed like policemen.

Then Posy woke her mother and sister and welcomed the men to the house. Then the three of them went to the kitchen to make some eats. By now the robbers started talking and Posy was listening. The robber chief said, "These people look quite rich." And the second robber said, "The lady who opened the door looked quite pretty."

Then suddenly the robbers attacked them and started looking for money. Now Posy was crying all this time, Rosy was crying too. Then suddenly twenty policemen came and shot down the robbers.

They lived happily ever after. Rosy and Posy got married and left the place. The old mother fell very very ill with a very bad disease and died.

Rajni Parmar
Form II

The Farmer and Mr. Fox

Once upon a time there lived a farmer. He was hunting for a fox which used to eat up the chickens. It was a moonlit night. The farmer and his friends decided to go for a hunt. Another man said "Where are you ready to go?" The men told him where they had decided to go. They loaded their guns and off they went. In the wood they saw Mr. Fox. The fox had a big fat chicken in his mouth. He had taken it from the hen house. One of the men shot a bullet, 'Bang'. 'Oh'! it hit the fox on his leg. He jumped and was out of sight. The men shot six partridges and one wild bear. Then they went back.

One day the man was sleeping. He heard his cock crowing. 'Cock a Doodle Do! Cock a Doodle Do!' Then he gently got up and looked out. There he saw Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox had eaten six hens out of ten. Quick as a flash he took his gun and 'Bang' he shot. But he was too late. The fox had already escaped. He was very annoyed.

Three weeks passed, the man could not catch the fox. The man tried and tried, but he could not catch the fox. One winter day it had snowed. The men went for a hunt, The leader shot Mr. Fox from very far. "This is the end of Mr. Fox". said he. Long after that no one ever stole the chickens from the Farmyard.

Rajive Thakur
Form II

When I grow up

My name is Ashish Khosla. I am eight years old. My father's name is Chand Mohan Khosla.

When I grow up, I will become a scientist. I will pass out of school in 1977. Then I will have to join a Degree College. Then I will go to a Research Centre. If I pass, I will become a scientist. I can become a scientist only after I pass both these Colleges. It will take me five years to do my M.Sc. and three years in the Research Centre. The Research Centre is something like the C.R.I. in Kasauli. I will become a scientist and try many experiments. I will try to make rockets for India.

I want to become a scientist because I think that I can serve my country well in this manner.

Ashish Khosla
Form II

Prizegiving 1970.

Mr. H. H. Cawson C. B. E., O. B. E. presided.

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL { Tania Talwar
Rakesh Bhan

THE THIMAYYA PRIZE FOR ORGANISING ABILITY Ranbir Singh

FORM PRIZES

Senior School

SIXTH A	{ 1st Sita Sahn 2nd Kamini Kaul
SIXTH B	{ 1st Rakesh Bhan 2nd Ajay Singh Bimbhet
SIXTH C	{ 1st Virinder S. Malhotra 2nd Pradeep K. Singhal
UPPER V A	{ 1st Jagrup S. Khara 2nd Deepti Tewari
UPPER V B	{ 1st Virendra K. Patole 2nd Jatinder S. Pannu
LOWER V A	{ 1st Harsimran Grewal 2nd Alka Sood
LOWER V B	{ 1st Rajbir Singh Kadyan 2nd Vasant Kumar Dhar 2nd Mina Chanchani
UPPER IV A	{ 1st Harveen Sachdeva 2nd Mukul Chopra
UPPER IV B	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd Pankaj Madhok
LOWER IV A	{ 1st Sanjiv Kapur 2nd Jai Singh Pathania
LOWER IV B	{ 1st Vivek Ahluwalia 2nd Ravipreet Singh Sohi
UPPER III A	{ 1st Deepak Khosla 2nd Nakul Chopra
UPPER III B	{ 1st Linda Rose Kerr 2nd Navnit Kaur Maini
LOWER III A	{ 1st Ashwani Kumar Dogra 2nd Gurcharan Singh
LOWER III B	{ 1st Ranjit Verma 2nd Anjali Ewing

Prep. School

FORM II A	{ 1st Mandeep Seekond 2nd Brij Anand
FORM II B	{ 1st Ashish Khosla 2nd Pankaj Sethi
FORM I A	{ 1st Ravni Singh 2nd Sangita Ahluwalia
FORM I B	{ 1st Anshuk Jain 2nd Balvinder Kaur Sohi
K. G. A	{ 1st Sanjay Mehta 2nd Gunit Singh Rana
K. G. B	{ 1st Ulka Puri 2nd Rupinder Singh

Special Prizes

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE Gita Tandon

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	{	Kamini Kaul Sita Sahni Tehmina Sataravala Virendra K. Patole Anjali Daphtary Deepti Tewari Maneka Anand Harsimran Grewal Mina Chanchani Rohini Arora Harveen Sachdeva Ranjit Verma
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THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	}	...	Aruna Batra
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THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{	Aruna Batra Gita Tandon
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{	Harsimran Grewal Ferida Sataravala
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{	Aruna Batra Harsimran Grewal
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{	Rakesh Bhan Vivek Ahluwalia
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SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	...	{	Vivek Ahluwalia
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{	Virinder Malhotra (Chem) Rakesh Bhan (Physics) Virinder Malhotra (Bio.) Nakul Chopra (Gen. Sc).
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{	Ajay Singh Bimbhet R.N. Bajaj
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SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE	...	{	Aruna Batra
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Preminda Batra Vasudev Pathania Patricia A.R. Kemp
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	...	Ranbir Singh
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Arveen Sawhney Kanwaljit Ramana
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR PIANO	...	{ Jyotshna Kumari Mala Khosla
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ Abhimanyu Ansal Virinder Malhotra Neel R. Kohli Rajive Bhalla
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Rajiv Gupta
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Bhupinderpal Bhasin M. P. Singh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	Shakuntala Gulia
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	Kanwaljit Ramana

Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Rakesh Bhan
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Tania Talwar
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ Bhupendra N. Kaul Ranbir Singh Ganga Sharan Sanjay Prabhakar
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Kanwaljit Brar Rupinder Sidhu Sita Sahni Aruna Batra
M.I. PRIZES	...	{ Atul Sobti Rita Bansal
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE	...	Patricia A. R. Kemp

Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	Abhimanyu Ansal
THE CARLILL CUP	...	Mandeep Kaur Mann
HIGHLY COMMENDED	...	Neelam Sirkeck
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Nilagiri
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Nilagiri
COCK HOUSE Girls	...	Nilagiri & Siwalik
COCK HOUSE Boys	...	Nilagiri
CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Nilagiri

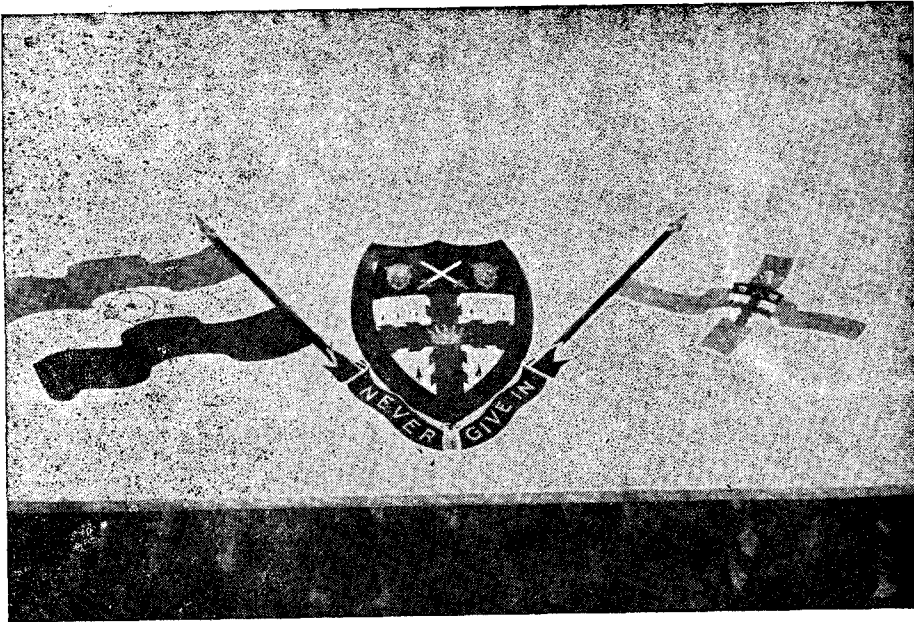
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POSTSCRIPT

This issue of the Sanawarian would be incomplete without a word of thanks for the Printing Press personalities, viz., Messers Dhani Ram Sharma (Head Printer), Chet Ram (Asstt. Printer), Sunder Lal Verma (Compositor-cum-Printer) and Nek Ram Sharma (Compositor-cum-Binder). They worked very hard in bringing out this magazine. They gave freely and willingly of their time and energy : they didn't avail of their off days and worked from 9-00 a.m. to 10-00 p.m. for one full month. This annual issue has been possible only because of their herculean efforts. While thanking them for producing this magazine I must absolve them from the responsibility of any printing errors, and any such errors or other mistakes which do exist must be attributed to my oversight or carelessness.

Editor.





The School Motto



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