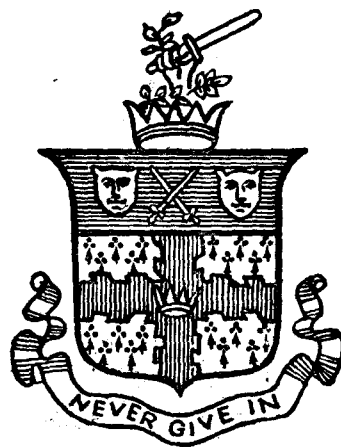


# The Sanawarian

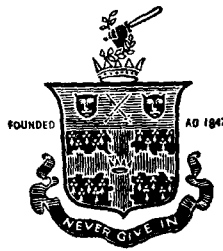
December 1971.



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

The  
Sanawarian  
December 1971.

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*He stood at his post like a boy from Sanawar*  
Rudyard Kipling's *STALKY & Co.*

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

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Staff 1971



The

# Sana warian

December 1971.

Being the Magazine of The Lawrence School, Sanawar.

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## EDITORIAL

### The Coming Back

The train drew to a halt and he got quickly out, eager to escape the press of the crowd. He walked a few steps. The strap of his heavy suitcase cut into his hand and he put it down to change hands. As he did so he looked around. Yes, by coincidence, it was the same platform. Fourteen years and it was the same platform. He had stood at the end of it and watched the train move out—waving to all those familiar faces, some loved others taken for granted, most of whom he knew he would never see again. He had been young then and the tears had come coursing down his cheeks, dimming those faces, the last glimpse of whom he wanted so desperately to fix in his mind. Then from one of the last carriages had come a loud unmistakable voice: “God bless, Harry”. And he had quickly wiped the tears away to see Thicky’s face—the bald head, the thick rimmed glasses and the tobacco stained teeth flashing in what had become for him the most beautiful smile in the world. He had stood there waving till the small red light had been swallowed in the darkness and then he had turned towards the platform on which his train stood waiting. Now he picked up his suitcase in his right hand and walked towards the waiting room.

The bus climbed up the Kalka—Dharampur road and he peered anxiously out of his window, trying to recognise landmarks. But it was no use. Once or twice he did feel that he remembered a tree or a hamlet that they passed through but he couldn't be sure that it wasn't the memory of similar trees or similar hamlets on another road. But then he had hardly ever been on this road before. The school parties had always travelled by train between Kalka and Dharampur and fourteen years is a long time.

Was he doing the right thing in going back? Sanawar thought through all the ups and downs of his life, through all the miseries and misfortunes that had come to symbolise security and comfort and the memories of school and all that it meant had been his one sole anchor to sanity. Those agonizing days in hospital, the pain both physical and psychological when he had lost his leg—he wondered if he would have come through it all if he had not implicitly believed in the old school motto 'Never Give In'. And much later on a cold bleak night in the stillness of another hospital when he had walked down the darkened corridor with the still warm body of his son in his arms, was it not Sanawar that had made him rise above his own grief and turn quietly at the main door to thank the staff—the doctors, the night duty sister, and the sweeper for all that they had done for his son during his brief four hours stay in the hospital?

And now he was going back. He wondered if Sanawar would be what he had treasured it in his heart and mind for being—or if he would find that it was something completely different and his own picture of it was only the work of time, distance and his too vivid imagination.

The bus passed the turning to Kasauli and Sanawar. With heart-warming flashes of recognition he saw to the left the bridle path going upto Sanawar and then to the right the place where the railway track went under the road and a little later a glimpse of the tiny, almost doll like Dharampur station. Lots of people got into the bus at Dharampur till it was packed like a tin of sardines and it was hot and there was a strong smell of stale sweat and crude tobacco. He kept his face glued to the open window, glad for the fresh air. After what seemed an eternity the bus reached Garkhal and he got out. He got a coolie for his suitcase and began the climb to Sanawar. At the first bend he looked up at the hillside expectantly—but no, there was no sign of the laughing rock. Disappointed, he wondered what could have happened to it. Then he turned the bend and there was the old hill top. He stopped for a moment overcome by emotion, his eyes moving greedily over the hill. Birdwood, the Chapel, Mr. Cowell's house, Upper Barnes, Garden City, the Dhobi Ghats, he took it all in. As he began walking slowly up the hill again,

memories came chasing each other through his mind. Incidents that he had completely forgotten now came back: Dhama and he hiding under their beds so that they would not have to kiss the matron good-night; Anjon Mehra trying to set fire to Honoria Court with toilet paper; Dopey and he being caned for raiding one of the fruit trees below Barnes (Mr. Cowell knew how to cane!); Mr. Carter teaching Browning's *Home Thoughts From Abroad* and telling Amarjeet Singh Grewal "It is not Italee, my dear boy, but Italay"; the clip-clopping of Miss Chatterji's heels down the corridor so that there was no need to keep someone on watch for her coming and, of course, her pansies.; Bhupi, the first time he was teaching their class, giving all of them a shock by asking: "Have you understood?" and Jai Vikram's saying "Yes, sir," coming promptly back with "What have you understood?"; Saleem's strong smell of tobacco which came to them a minute before he did and warned them to put away their comics; Bhalerao's favourite comment on a just finished painting "Oh it is lovely," pause "but on the contrary it is all out of proportion.;" Thicky's brown corduroys, old and faded but still swishing against each other as he walked vigorously down to his office. On and on the memories went.

So many of the old staff had left: Mr. Carter and Mr. Cowell had left while he was at school, then Saleem, Mr. Vyas, Mr. Rawat, Major Som Dutt, and even Thicky had gone the previous December. A lump formed in his throat and he wondered what Sanawar would be like now that all these people had left. Then suddenly on the last bend he became aware of the sharp pungent smell in the air. What was it? Oh of course! It was the smell of pine. There was the school gate and besides it a new wooden board proclaiming a little too obviously (and rather unnecessarily, he thought) that this was The Lawrence School Sanawar, Founded A.D. 1847. Up Sergeant Tilley's Hill and past the gate to the house where the Tilleys' had lived and which had originally given the slope its name. Through the Green Gate, past Suji Fort-Thickey's house. In the earlier days when there had been only Blues and Yellows and Thicky had been House Master for Blues, they had often assembled outside Suji Fort to set out on those memorable moonlight walks to the cemetery. But all that was in the past. Thicky had gone. He wondered who lived in Suji Fort now. Independence Garden, Warriours' Grove, Leisure and finally the Quad. A group of boys strolled past obviously on their way back from the Tuck Shop. They stared at him, and one, more polite than the others, said "Goodmorning, sir," and then the others followed his lead.

"Goodmorning. Can you tell me where Mr. Bhupinder Singh stays?"

"There sir, below those steps". It was Mr. Cowell's house.

“Thank you”. And he went down those steps. He had been told to contact Bhupi for his room and for his timetable. Would Bhupi recognise him? Doubtful. It had been so long ago and he had changed so much. But then Bhupi knew he was coming and would be looking out for him. He knocked at the door and after a while a lady came to answer it. This must be Mrs. Bhupinder Singh. He had heard that the highly eligible bachelor had got married at last. Often over the years while thinking of Sanawar he had wondered what Mrs. Bhupinder Singh would be like. Well, here she was.

“Please come in,” she said, “Do sit down”.

“Is Mr. Bhupinder Singh at home?”

“No. He’s down at the match”.

“I am the new English Teacher. I had to see Mr. Bhupinder Singh”.

“Have a cup of tea. I’ll send someone down to call him”.

“No, thank you. I’ll go down. What match is it?”

“It is a cricket match against Bishop Cotton’s School from Simla”.

He could see she was relieved that she wouldn’t have to sit and make polite conversation to a stranger.

“I’ll send someone to show you the way”.

“No it’s alright. I know the way. I’m an Old Sanawarian”. He paid the coolie and leaving his suitcase with Mrs. Bhupinder Singh went towards Jacob’s Ladder.

He stood on the top for a moment, looking down towards Barnes. Without his glasses he couldn’t see very clearly and the figures on the field were just blurry dots. But he knew the scene—every detail of it. And as he stood there, quite distinctly on the breeze, the cheering came floating up to him:

“S—A—N—A—W—A—R  
That’s the way we spell it  
That’s the way we yell it  
Sanaaaaa—————”

He knew then that it was alright. Slowly as he walked down those steps a feeling of warmth of reassurance came to him. Sanawar, in essentials, would always remain the same. There would be changes, of course, many changes. That was only natural, for without the ability to change, to adapt itself to the changing world around it Sanawar would never have remained so vitally alive. But Sanawar changed only when change was necessary—never merely for the sake of change. Because of this Sanawar was not merely a thing of stone and mortar, of trees and flowers—it was a living breathing entity with a spirit and a soul of its own, and this spirit, this soul would always breathe to anyone who cared to listen. Everything else could change but not this. No matter who came and who went Sanawar was Sanawar and would always remain so.



## Gleanings From the Past.

\* \* \* \* \*

*(From the Sanawarian, February 1921).*

“ Sanawarians, past and present, will welcome the change of name of the school. The following notification appeared in the Gazette of India, dated October 16th, 1920 :

“ In recognition of the valuable services rendered to the State by the Lawrence Military Asylum, Sanawar, and also of the services of its past and present members during the late war, His Majesty the King Emperor has been graciously pleased to approve of the Institution being designated as “ The Lawrence Royal Military School.” Commenting on this in the C. & M. Gazette the Editor remarks, ‘ The School has a splendid record behind it, and has well earned the distinction conferred on it, by the addition of the word ‘Royal’ to its title, and all friends of the school will congratulate it on the change.’”

*(From the Editorial)*

The Lawrence Military Asylum has passed away ; may its spirit and traditions live in the Lawrence Royal Military School.

“ I have heard officially that His Majesty the King, before he left London for his annual holiday in Scotland, was pleased to change the name of this school to the Lawrence Royal Military School on account, principally, of the services of our old boys during the Great War. We are deeply grateful for the King’s consideration, and shall be extremely proud of the prefix “Royal.” It was found necessary to change the word “Asylum” to “School” as from correspondence received in our office, some people considered that this was a foundation for lunatics. A warder of a Lunatic Asylum applied for a post here this year thinking that his qualification were eminently suitable.”

( Extract from the speech made by Mr. W. Gaskell, officiating Principal—Bishop Barnes was away on sick leave—at Founders, 1920 )

63, Queen’s Road,  
Allahabad, 29-10-’20

Dear Sir,

I was most happy to read in the “ Statesman,” of Tuesday October 26th, under the heading of “Founders Week” that his Majesty the King had been pleased to change the name of the School to the “Lawrence Royal Military School”.

This indeed is a great honour conferred on the old School, which it has truly earned and is well deserving of, and I write to congratulate you, and the teachers and pupils heartily on the honour conferred, especially as it was due to services rendered by the boys in the Great War.

As stated in your speech the word "Asylum" was rather a "Misnomer" and did give one an idea of a "Lunatic" Asylum or a very poor Charity School.

I was a pupil of the School from 1-3-1879—1-9-1888 or 9½ years and it was with feelings of great pleasure and gratefulness to Government that I read of the honour bestowed on the old School.

Wishing the old School " Good luck " and every success for the future.

I remain  
Yours sincerely

(signed) H.C.B. Whitby.

(The first letter of congratulation received from an Old Sanawarian on the change of the name of the school).



Founders

## Headmaster's Speech

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, Gen. Dev and Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies, Gentlemen, Old Sanawarians and dear Children :

I once again rise to welcome you all to our Founder's Day. This is our 124th Founder's Day and we are grateful to you and specially to the Parents and Old Sanawarians who have come in such large numbers to grace this function.

We are grateful to Dr. Y.S. Parmar, Chief Minister, Himachal Pradesh, for his, in spite of being extremely occupied due to the coming AICC meeting, having very kindly agreed to spare so much of his valuable time and be with us. We are all aware that Dr. Parmar has been the architect of Himachal Pradesh and Himachal will continue to flourish under his wise stewardship. It is sad that Dr. Parmar had to cancel his programme at the last moment.

At the risk of being accused of self-praise, permit me to say that Sanawar is an institution whose past standards and records would make it deserve a very high place in any State but more so in Himachal Pradesh, and we look forward to a long and fruitful association with Dr. Parmar and his Government. We suggest that Himachal might consider the possibility of instituting some endowments so that a few Himachalis could study at this School on the basis of their merit, irrespective of the income of their parents.

Being situated a little off the beaten track (in many ways a very fortunate thing) we suffer from the disadvantage of not seeing many visitors during the year and it therefore adds to our pleasure to know that so many of you have travelled long distances to be with us. We feel very grateful. At the same time we apologise for the limited facilities available even at Kasauli and the consequent inconvenience to many of you. May we, on behalf of you all, make an appeal to the honourable Chief Minister, Himachal Pradesh, and the honourable Union Minister of Tourism to explore the possibility of making available a Youth Hostel type of accommodatian at or near Kasauli.

May I take this opportunity of thanking Shri T. P. Singh, Chairman of the Board of Governors since January this year—he had unfortunately to leave Sanawar this morning because of pressing official work—, and Dr. S. M. S. Chari—a member, vice Dr. P.D. Shukla, of the Board of Governors since October last—who also had to return to Delhi last night for similar reasons, for their brief visit to Sanawar and, of saying how honoured we were to have them with us.

We are very thankful to Mr. M.N. Kapur of Modern School, for very kindly coming to our rescue by being our Chief Guest for the Inter-House Athletic Meet, when Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Thomas of Lovedale could not reach Sanawar earlier than 3rd October. Modern School is one of the finest schools in the country and we are very proud of our associations with the Kapurs.

We thank Gen. A. K. Dev to have kindly presided this morning over the Trooping of the Colour Parade ceremony.

Permit me to pay our tribute to Mr. & Mrs. Thomas who have been associated with the School for over two decades and who have been our friends, guides and helpers ever since we joined Sanawar. The calm and efficient manner of them, specially of Mrs. Thomas at the time of Founder's, Board meetings and other important functions of Lovedale, has been a source of great inspiration to us. To add to our indebtedness to them, they have very kindly agreed to be the Chief Guests for this function.

They have raised Lovedale to wonderful heights. Recently, when the Lovedale School was visited, on behalf of the Indian Public Schools' Conference, by Principal Rajen (of the Daly College, Indore) and Principal Kashyap (of Yadvindra Public School, Patiala) they had high praises for the School. They paid a tribute to Mr. Thomas for having worked arduously to Indianise the school almost completely from the erstwhile Anglo-Indian Military School without sacrificing any of the strong points of that system. They considered the School to be extremely fortunate in having a very active Old Lawrencians' Association and a very helpful parents' body and an understanding Board of Governors. Even though Mr. & Mrs. Thomas are retiring from Lovedale, we know that they are too active to retire from work, and we wish them all the best. We are sure they will continue their association with Sanawar.

During May this year we attended the Founder's Day celebrations of the Lawrence School, Lovedale, and we were greatly impressed by the excellent campus which that school has. It was particularly heartening to know that the new science labs., costing about two lakhs of rupees, were a gift of one parent and to see that a cheque of Rs. 1,30,000/- being presented to the Headmaster for the improvement of the school. This amount had been collected by a few active parents and old boys. We were informed that this would be a regular feature for the fund raising for the school. This is an excellent example of the community helping the school.

This morning we met as one family to offer our prayers, homage and thanksgiving to the memory of our revered Founder Sir Henry Lawrence whose great vision led to the establishment of this School.

Last year I had just joined, and the process of discovery by me as also by the staff continues. This process was made a little less easy, when Mr. T. A. C. Kemp, Deputy Headmaster, and Miss P. Rudra, Mistress I/c Prep., who had been associated with the School for ages, left at the end of the session. While recording the school's appreciation for the excellent contribution of both of them, I heartily

welcome Mr. Bhupinder Singh and Mrs. G.E. Cherian who have stepped into their shoes. I would like to record my thanks and appreciation for the wonderful work they have done. Having now been here for exactly fifteen months, I sincerely hope that I am no longer a stranger to you and that I know the School and its problems a little better.

On taking over I unfortunately found that the School was almost in the red and that the pay scales of the staff were far below those being offered in other schools. Therefore, we had to take the painful step of enhancing the fees, so that the standards were not allowed to go down. I am thankful to the parents for accepting this burden in spite of understandable annoyance and concern. You will be glad to note that all members of the School staff have been contributing one percent of their salaries for the School's welfare and development fund from the beginning of this year.

A few of the parents expressed concern over my last year's statement that the process of Indianising the School would be pursued vigorously. I hope by now they have realised that this did not mean that we would give up any of the good traditions of the School or anything worthwhile which has been inherited from the West.

It is fortunate that the Public Schools are no longer keeping themselves aloof from the general currents flowing around. It had far too long been thought that the best which was possible had been found, and that all that was necessary was to continue to follow the traditions set and the methods, procedures and routines evolved.

However, with the changing times, the requirements of democracy, the rising aspirations of the common man, the explosion of knowledge, particularly after the second World War, and the need to utilise limited resources to the maximum advantage, changes became inevitable. It is therefore heartening to note the difference evident from the deliberations of the Indian Public Schools' Conference of the past two/three years in comparison with the ones of the late 50s or early 60s. There is consciousness on the part of all heads that active measures need to be taken for the professional growth of the staff: for not imparting more information—most of which can easily be got from libraries—, not to stress more calculations—which can be made speedily and more efficiently by computers. Instead of teaching students we should now provide facilities for learning by them; to prepare them for the democratic way of life and for the requirements of a Welfare State; to improve their educability and decision-making abilities. A few initial steps have been taken by us in this direction :—

1. Taking decisions in consultation with the staff.
2. Institution of food and fete committees of staff and students.

3. Introduction of the New Mathematics. The Headmaster and two of the senior Mathematics staff attended seminars at Simla.
4. An orientation course on New Mathematics run at Sanawar through the kindness of Rev. Fr. R. A. Pereira. This was followed by discussions and showing of filmstrips.
5. Arrangements were made to relieve Mr. M. V. Gore to attend the Summer Institute on Mathematics. But, unfortunately, no response was received from the organiser and the proposal had to be dropped.
6. The Headmaster participated in a seminar on 'gifted children' organised by the State Institute of Education, Chandigarh.
7. A week long seminar of Principals of the Higher Secondary Schools on 'Modern Management and Institutional Planning' arranged jointly by the Central Board of Secondary Education, the Asian Institute of Educational Planning and Administration, and the Ministry of Education, was attended by the Headmaster at New Delhi.
8. These were followed by professional talks by the Headmaster to the staff, and later Dr. S.N. Mehrotra, Co-ordinator of Studies, Asian Institute of Educational Planning and Administration, kindly came over and addressed the staff on the problems of institutional planning and professional growth.

Prof. J.P. Naik, the well-known pragmatic educationist, at present working as the Educational Adviser to the Govt. of India, Ministry of Education & Social Welfare, has rightly stated that our institutional planning should be practical and realistic rather than utopian or ambitious. We should consequently have attainable objectives, and try to achieve them through the co-operation and help of the whole school community, staff, students and parents.

In the Reader's Digest of May, 1971, there was a quotation: 'There is one way to solve all economic problems of the country—make complacency taxable'. We at Sanawar certainly cannot afford to be complacent.

Unfortunately, I find that there are comparatively less opportunities for the Headmaster to know the views and reactions of the parents. It is only at the beginning and end of terms, and at the time of Founder's that many parents come up, and we are indeed grateful for this. But since such a large number of you came up at the same time, and you have to look into many things connected with your children from the House Staff to the Office, you often are not able to discuss school matters with me. I, therefore, feel grateful to those parents who make it a point to see me or find time to write to me and send in their suggestions. You ought to have a greater hand in the education of your children. The children are with us only for about eight months of the year, and for the remaining four months they are with you. Furthermore, for the proper education of the child all parties have to take interest and shoulder their share of responsibility.

The foundations for moral, mental and physical growth and adjustment of the child are laid during his very early impressionable age. . . . May I therefore take this opportunity of stressing upon all parents—present and would-be—the need of not only taking greatest interest, but also of acquiring the knowledge and skill for the upbringing of the children during the early years—the years during which they are not with us. . . . We should consequently treat each child as an individual, giving him due recognition, stressing his strong points and helping him overcome his weaknesses, without in any way pampering him too much.

We are conscious of the slight inconvenience which is experienced by some students of school parties due to inadequate rail accommodation. We would like to assure the parents that this is not due to any lack of effort on our part. . . . May we request those of the parents who can, to kindly use their good offices to ease the situation.

Whatever we may think about socialism and the equality of all human beings, there is no denying the fact that every country needs elites and its progress depends largely upon them. . . . Ability should be the only criterion by which admissions to good institutions should be made. It is in this context that the recently announced scheme of the Govt. of India to grant scholarships, upto 25% of the vacancies in Public and other quality schools, is welcome. . . . The Govt. as well as the Indian Public Schools' Conference are extremely anxious that schools should also provide scholarships from their own resources, and for this we would like to make an appeal to all those who desire such schools to continue to exist, to help us, as with the present socialistic trends unless we make adjustments we might be swept away. . . . Another method would be for such fortunate parents to agree to regularly donate to the scholarship fund, as thereby they can, perhaps, also qualify for some rebate from income-tax deductions. . . .

The results—23 First Divisions ( 11 boys and 12 girls ), 22 Second Divisions ( 14 boys and 8 girls) and 10 Third Divisions (9 boys and 1 girl), out of 57 students presented—could be termed excellent. However, the 2 rejections made us all feel bad. But with our policy of allowing all the Upper Five students to take the examination, even when some of them are below the mark, the risk of not getting hundred percent successes has to be accepted. The ball is now in the court of the present Sixth Form and we urge them to utilize the remaining period to put in their best and ensure not only hundred percent successes, but no third division either.

The oft repeated demand of the Old Sanawarians to introduce basketball in place of netball, has been met this year due to the kindness of Shri Anand, Director of the National Institute of Sports, Patiala, who deputed Miss Brijinder Ranu for basketball coaching, with the result that the Inter-House Basket Ball competition was very exciting.



We were also fortunate in having the services of an ex-Olympic player, Shri Aziz Quereshi, who coached our students in Soccer and shared a few of the trade secrets with the staff.

Through the kindness of Principal Kapur of the College of Education, Solan, a team of Yogic experts came over and held demonstration-cum- teaching lessons for students.

Sanawar gained a very creditable second position in the twelfth Inter-Public School North Zone Athletic Meet held at Patiala in Oct., 1970. A special mention needs to be made of Jaspal Sandhu for gaining the first position in the Shot Put.

Against the B. C. S. we have not been very fortunate. However, we won the first XI hockey and Colts Cricket matches. The Y. P. S. team, fresh from their victory over the Doon School, came in high spirits to Sanawar, but lost their fixture against us by two wickets.

Inter-House Boxing was re-introduced this year.

The re-introduction of the morning P. T. has produced the desired results.

Manmegh Singh, who deserves congratulations with the timing of 8 mts. 52.7 secs. clipped off 5.3 secs from the existing under 15 Hodson record set up a decade ago by Sudhir Dhir.

Prof. Ranjit Bhatia of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and an Old Sanawarian, brought a number of athletes to train with, coach ( and, if possible, compete with ) Sanawarians.

As many as nine records have been broken during this year's Athletic Meet, and the following deserve our congratulations.

#### Athletics 1971

Event	Winner	Old Record	New Record
House Relay P. D. Girls	Himalaya	1 min. 13.4 sec.	1960 1 min. 8.4 secs.
200 meters ( U-15 ) Girls	Sadhna Singh	30.7 sec.	M. Biswas 1960 30.6 secs.
Hop-Step-Jump (Open)	B.P.S. Bhasin	12.34 m.	S. Sehgal 1962 12.87 secs.
High-Jump (Open)	J. S. Sandhu	1.689 m.	C. Brisley 1929 1.72 m.
Shot-Put (Open)	J. S. Sandhu	11.25 m.	J.S. Sandhu 1970 12.90 m.
Hop Step-Jump (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	8.63 m.	N. Chopra 1970 9.51 m.
Long Jump (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	4.267 m.	T. Vunglallian 1962 4.41 m.
100 meters (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	13.4 sec.	R. Mountford 1952 13.3 secs.
200 meters (U-11)	Rajiv Khanna	30.1 sec.	T. Vunglallian 1962 28.4 secs.

To give confidence to students, from this year the Head Boy and the Head Girl have been taking the morning Assembly on Mondays. From next year we will ask more senior students to take these Assemblies.

The House Shows and the Prep. School Show were, as usual, of excellent standard and gave opportunities to most of the children of the Houses to show histrionic abilities.

The Film and Song Division of the All India Radio, Simla, staged the drama 'AARAM' at the School. This was greatly appreciated by one and all and provided inspiration to the budding talents of the school.

Mrs. Jeane Fry presented very select pieces of several European composers, in Barne Hall on the cello, accompanied by Mr. Donald Paine on the piano. This interlude of Western music was interesting and instructive....

After a gap of a couple of years, eleven candidates will be taking the piano examination conducted by the Trinity College of Music, London, this year.

A start has been made with the Inter-House Debating. The Hindi Department staged a Mock Parliament and a declamation contest.

Special mention may be made of Maneka Anand and Jasjit Singh Bhattal for winning the Bhikshu Chaman Lal Essay Competition for their articles on 'India—Mother of Us All'.

The Old Sanawarians, as before keep evincing keen interest in their Alma Mater. They have kept us in touch about their progress in life. We would like to congratulate the following :—

1. G.I. Singh, (Bulbul) whose painting fetched the highest bid of Rs. 3,500/- from amongst the works of 113 artists, at the auction for Bangla Desh refugees.
2. M. S. Sekhon was adjudged the best sportsman at the N. D. A. He and Dhir got the blues for riding and polo.
3. N. S. Pannu passed out with the Sword of Honour from the O. T. S., Madras.
4. Parikshat (Ajay) Sahni and Aditya Nehru are assiduously utilising their spare time towards creative work, and they are sure to distinguish themselves in the field of art.
5. Ashwini Marwah has acquitted himself well in the sphere of cricket and we are sure that he will keep it up.

6. Two of our Old Sanawarians : Harishpal Singh Dhillon who gave up a very lucrative and comfortable job at Lucknow University, and Gurbaveen (Gopi) Ghuman are now on the staff. Both of them have brought credit to what they had learnt while students at this institution.

The School remains as popular as ever. We are almost booked upto 1980, and to accommodate the Govt. of India scholars we shall have to expand the School.

Let me take this opportunity of recording my appreciation of all Staff, teaching, administrative and domestic for their co-operation and willingness to shoulder responsibility. Whatever has been achieved is entirely due to the efforts and the extra bit put in by all the Staff.

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Jagdish Ram has finally decided, for domestic reasons, to retire, and we are now looking for a physical training instructor who will keep up the high traditions and standards set. We wish Mr. Jagdish Ram a very happy retired life.

Next year will be the 125th Founder's, and we seek help and suggestions to make it a very great success.

Shri K. P. S. Menon recently wrote in an article "The only lesson which we learn from history is that man never learns from history". I am sure the Sanawarians will take this as a challenge and prove in the spirit of the School Motto 'Never Give In' that Sanawarians have learnt from past experience and have effected improvements where necessary, and will continue to do so.

Thank you for the patient hearing. Now I request Mr. Thomas to kindly say a few words of advice.

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**Speech of Mr. K. I. Thomas, Headmaster,  
The Lawrence School, Lovedale.**

Mr. Headmaster, Mrs. Pasricha, Governors of the two Lawrence Schools, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Staff, Boys and Girls.

Two days ago Mr. M. N. Kapur deputised for me at your Inter-House Sports. This morning it is my turn to fill in for Dr. Parmar. Whereas I am filling in for a Chief Minister, Mr. Kapur filled in for a fellow Headmaster. You may have heard the story of a young man who deputised for an absent bridegroom at a marriage ceremony. After the ceremony the young man claimed the bride as his own spouse and got her. Today, emboldened by the example of this young man. I am tempted to lay claim to the office of the Chief Minister of Himachal Pradesh. But a man from the south can never become Chief Minister of a State in the north. Nor can a man from the north ever aspire to become Chief Minister of a southern State. We are either South Indians or North Indians, Bengalis or Maharashtrians, with the result that the word Indian has ceased to have any meaning. If there is any institution in the country that seeks to correct this wrong attitude, it is only the Public School. Unhappily, a decision fraught with danger has recently been taken by the Government of Maharashtra. The decision is that no candidate may be admitted to a Medical College in Maharashtra unless he has had his entire schooling in an institution situated in Maharashtra State itself. It is feared that this decision will soon be made applicable to Engineering and other colleges as well. If your aim is to disintegrate the country, there is no surer way of achieving it than by resorting to decisions such as the one that Maharashtra Government has taken.

I have been a regular reader of the Sanawar News-letter. I have also been a frequent visitor to this School ever since 1950. On each occasion it has given me great joy to see the School growing from strength. Many years ago Kipling said : "If you want to make a man of your son, send him to Sanawar". After seeing last night's P.T. and this morning's Parade, no one can deny that Sanawar continues to make men and women. There are very few schools in the country which provide varied facilities and opportunities as Sanawar does. My advice to you boys and girls is this : "Count your blessings and make the best use of them". After ten or twenty years, when you have your own children and you cast your mind back to your school days, let it not be necessary for you to say 'what a fool I was not to make the best use of the opportunities that my school offered me'.

Last night we saw the Prep. School English play 'A Topsy Turvy World'. Today the world is topsy-turvy. Old values are yielding to new norms, new mores. In my moments of despair I sometimes ask myself why the old values are not durable. Who is right? we of the old generation, or you of the new generation?

In any case the person to be most pitied is the parent. When he was a child his parents had the last word. Today when he, in turn, has become a parent, it is not he who has the last word, but his son or daughter. There is a shop in New York jointly owned by a father and his only son. The name-board of the shop is not Peter Scot and Son, instead it is Scot Peter and Father. Isn't this a topsy-turvy world?

Mr. Pasricha has already revealed to you the intention of the Government of India to enlarge its merit scholarship scheme. The Public School has been a target of attack both in this country and in England, the country of its origin. At least one of the critics in this country, that is the Ministry of Education, has decided to change its tune. It is now claiming 25% of the seats available in all Public Schools so that it can award scholarships to meritorious but economically handicapped children. As Mr. Chavan said in his budget speech, rather than abolish these schools we want to make the kind of education available therein to a large number of needy but able children. In other words, the Public Schools' Conference has succeeded in converting a foe into a friend, and for this great achievement we owe a lot to a person who is seated on my left; he is none other than Mr. M. N. Kapur, the doyen of Public School Headmasters.

My wife and I are grateful to Mr. Pasricha for the kind things that he said about us. This is my last visit to Sanawar. I have decided to retire at the end of the year—in fact, three years before time. Last night somebody said to me, "Why did you take such a decision?" I said to him Vijay Merchant retired from cricket at the age of 31. He was at his prime at that time. He was asked a similar question: "Why did you retire so early from competition cricket?" He replied: "You should retire at a time when people would say 'why' rather than 'why not'." My intention is to start a small school for little children in Madras. There is a friend of mine in the British Council who insists that it should be an orphanage. I asked him, why? He answered, "If it is an orphanage, you will have no problem of parents".

I now end my talk with a brief story which has a message for all of us. A tired father came back home one evening after a long day in his office. He wanted to be left alone to be able to read his newspaper, but his five-year-old son would give him no peace. He demanded papa's attention. The father then hit upon a plan to keep the boy occupied. He tore a sheet of the newspaper. On one side of the sheet was a map of the world. He then tore the paper into small bits and said to the boy: "put these pieces together and re-assemble the map of the world". Within five minutes the son was back, having accomplished his mission. The father was stunned. He said to the boy: "How did you achieve this?" The boy said: "Daddy, that was very simple. On the other side of the page was the picture of a man, and when I put the man right, the world came out all right."

## A. D. S.

The Staff play is one of the much awaited items on our Founder's programme and it always lives up to our expectations. We were thoroughly entertained this year also.

"The Private Secretary" was a farcical comedy in three acts—all quite hilarious. The first act introduced us to a gay bachelor, Douglas Cattermole in his apartment and like all young men he found no escape from his debts. Ultimately with the aid of a friend, Harry Marsland, a scheme was designed. Douglas Cattermole escapes from the clutches of his creditors to the country seat of Mr. Marsland (Harry's uncle), whose Private Seceratory, Mr. Spalding, in the meantime plays scapegoat for Douglas Cattermole. The unsuspecting Mr. Spalding, together with the land lady, gets hell from the rich, old Mr. C-A-T-T-E-R-M-O-L-E (be sure to get the spellings right!), when he thinks that he (Mr. Spalding) is his nephew and is terribly disheartened.

The next act, the peak of the play, takes us to Mr. Marsland's country seat where the most incredible things happen; what with the crazy governess who is a spiritualist and a drunken tailor. The most unexpected reunion takes place between Mr. Marsland and Mr. C-A-T-T-E-R M-O-L-E. It is absolutely the last straw when the lamented Mr. Spalding himself makes an appearance and then of course everything turns topsy turvy.

However, the third act, an anti climax to the whole plot (and the spirits) was absolutely ludicrous.

Mr. B. Singh as the dejected Private Secretary was all that he is reputed for—SUPERB: even his beads of perspiration were genuine. This time we also witnessed two other outstanding actors: Mr. Gore as Douglas Cattermole's uncle and Mrs. Sawhney as the spiritualist, who suited their parts to the 'T'

Truly, it is refreshng seeing our Staff on stage.

Ferida Satarawala  
U-V C

### The Prep School Show

From amongst the guests seated in the hall for the Prep School concert, it was easy to spot the parents of the participants who waited with fond pride written all over their faces. They were certainly not disappointed.

The show commenced with a short play called Madgy, where dull, uninteresting Geography was transformed into wondrously real brooks, streams and rivers finding their ways to a benevolently smiling ocean. The end of the piece found them running back and forth—tides at the command of a very pretty moon.

The next item, a Bird Dance from the Panchatantra, was an original idea. The bird-like grace of the dancers, together with the music and lighting effects produced an enchanting result. Next, an action song was performed by the K. Gs. It was performed very well indeed.

The Hindi play, '*Sehat Ka Nuskha*' put forth the ideal formula for health, wealth and wisdom. However, it did not work out right for Paresh, who finally gave up in desperation. Rajiv Thakur, as Paresh, acted marvellously well. He was very much at home on the stage.

The Bengali song that followed was sung with exemplary enthusiasm, even though the singers probably did not understand the words. Last but not least was the English play, "Topsy Turvy Castle", where everything was the wrong way round. It was under the command of General Nuisance who was very particular about his order being disobeyed correctly. His soldiers, of course, misinterpreted the orders most efficiently! Nancy helplessly dominated by her brother and sister, found herself in this interesting castle, free to bully her brother and sister at will. Eventually, she had to fight a duel with the wicked wizard who owned the place. Mercifully, she defeated the wizard; so, good triumphed over evil and all was well. Rajni Parmar, in the role of Nancy, acted with great confidence.

The people behind it all—the Prep School Staff—must be complimented for organising this wonderful variety programme and designing the beautiful costumes. Finally, the Prep. School children—they worked very hard and put up a refreshing and truly enjoyable concert.

Well done Preppers! We now look forward to your next show.

Mina Chanchani.  
V-U C.

Dear Old Sanawarians,

Thank you very much for the toffees you gave us at Founder's on 3-10-71. We shall certainly uphold the good traditions of Sanawar.

With love and good wishes,

Yours lovingly,  
Prep. School children.

Founders 1971  
ATHLETICS



Prep. School Relay

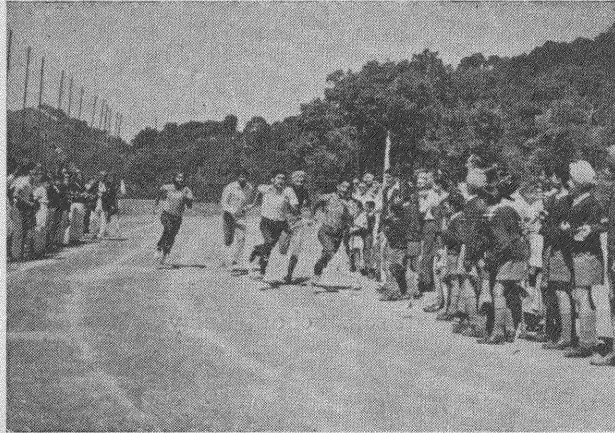


On Your Marks . . . . .

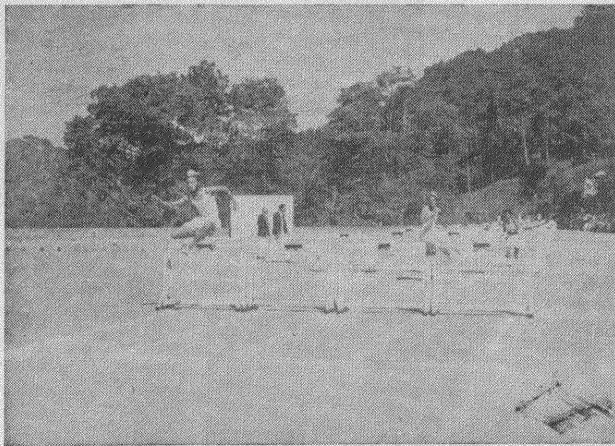


Breasting The Tape



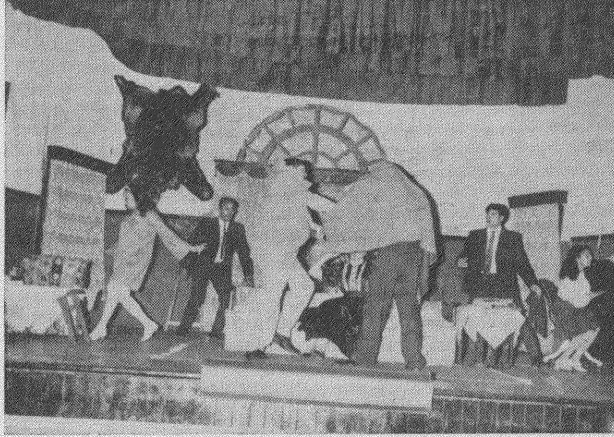


**O.S. Putting in Their Best**

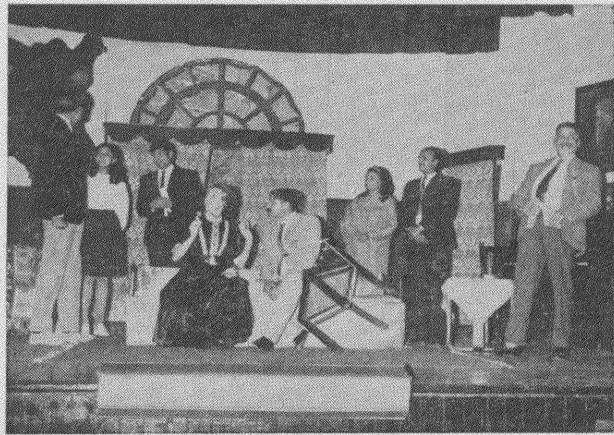


**The Last Hurdle**

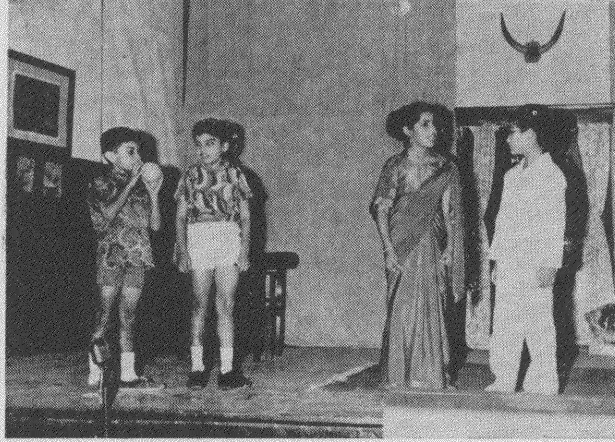
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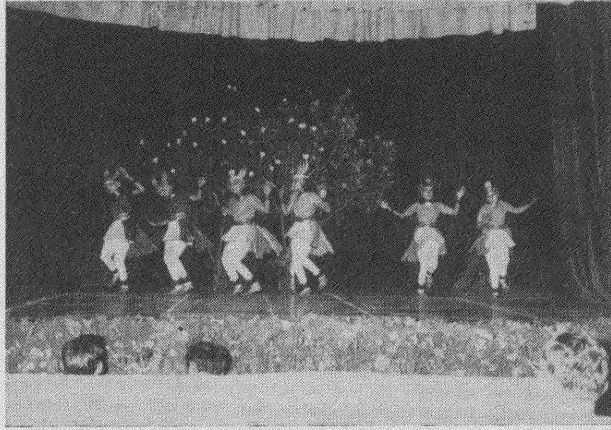
THE PRIVATE SECRETARY



PREP SCHOOL SHOW



Hindi Play



The Bird Dance

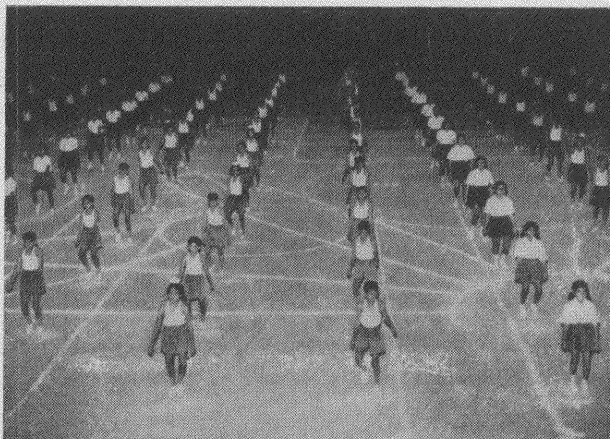


The Moon, The Rivers And The Ocean



Curtain Call

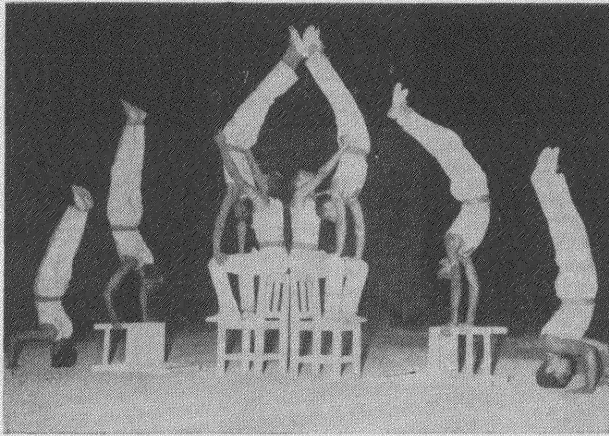
## THE TORCHLIGHT TATTOO



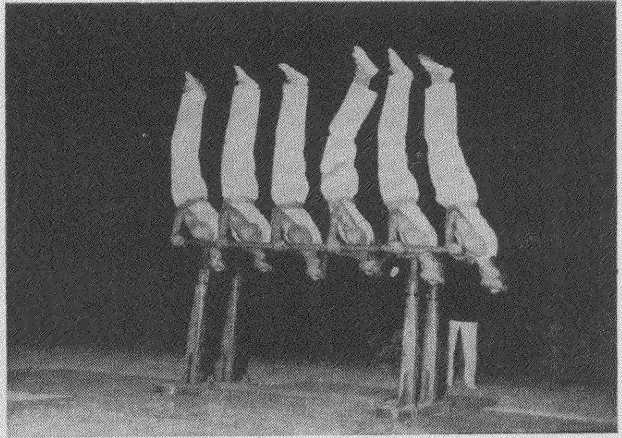
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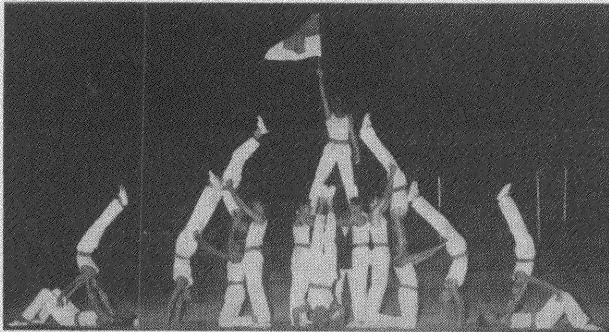
The Nagas



**Chair Work**

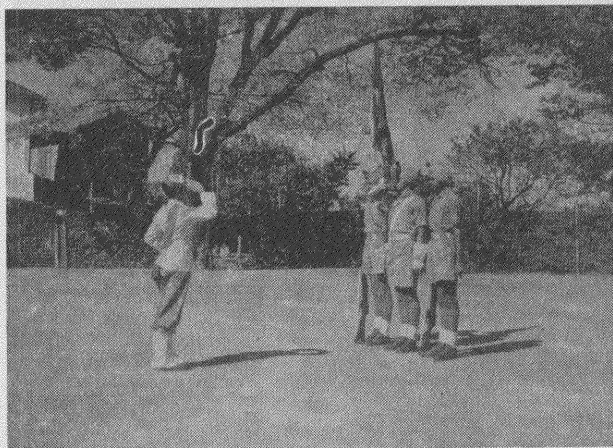


**Parallel Bars**

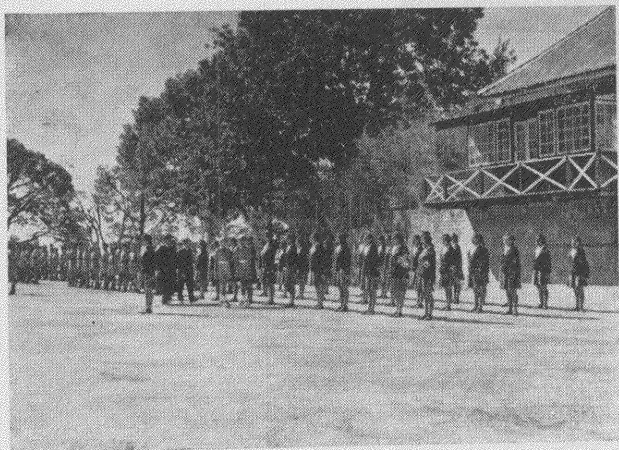
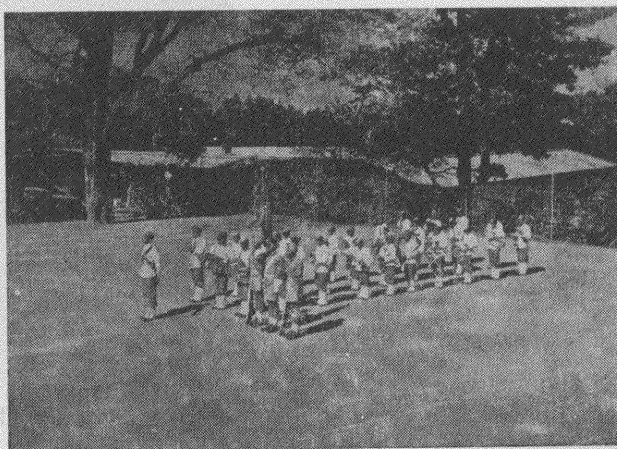


**Mr. Jagdish Ram's Farewell**

## THE PARADE



The Trooping Of The Colours



Inspection



The Three Stalwarts Meet The Chief Guest



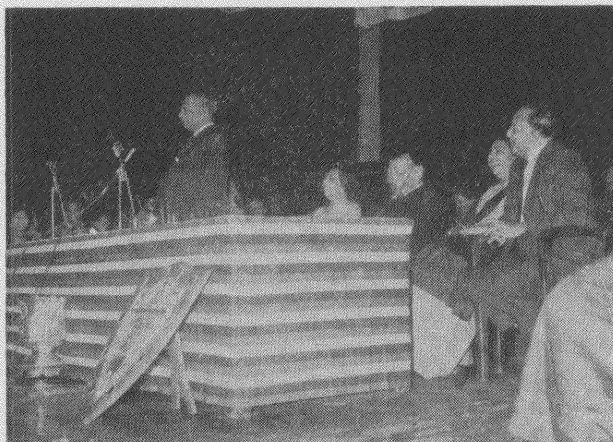
Mr. Bhalerao's Show



Exquisite Needlework—Mrs. Mundkur Beaming Proudly



## SPEECHES



Mr. Thomas Cracks A Joke



HM's Facts and Figures



The Winner of the Diwan Ram Parshad Medal

THE SCHOOL CONCERT—PRITHVI RAJ CHAUHAN



Expectant Suitors



Samyukta With Her Friends



Samyukta & Prithviraj in a Romantic Mood

### The Tattoo

The Tattoo was held on the night of 3rd October: it was a moonlit night. The hillside was milling with eager parents and Old Sanawarians who had come to witness the show.

As usual P.T. was the first item. The spectators maintained silence when the bugle heralded the presence of the Chief Guest. The lights went on and the boys and girls made a spectacular entrance. They performed their exercises with grace and skill.

A variety of gym. items followed P.T. The barwork boys did their exercises with a lot of confidence and zeal. It was a breath-taking sight to see them dive through a fire hoop.

Chairwork was performed smoothly. In the ground work and horse work a few humorous exercises appeared simple but they actually were quite difficult to perform.

The bugle band entertained the audience by playing a few tunes and marching smartly across the field.

The next item was a Naga dance. The Naga dancers in their resplendent array danced enthusiastically to the beat of a drum. It was an entertaining item.

The Figure Marching concluded the variety of items the Sanawarians put up. Some of the shapes and figures were good and it was fun watching a figure formed out of a straight line.

The show was enthralling and spectacular. The indefatigable Sanawarians put up a splendid Tattoo.

Gaurav Shamsher Rana.  
U.V B

\* \* \* \* \*

### The School Opera

*Prithviraj Chouhan*

An opera is one of the most difficult things to stage. It entails a lot of hard work for both staff and students; teachers—because they have not only to find singing talent but acting talent as well, for students it means gruelling rehearsals daily. However, Sanawar forsook the routine play for something more adventurous this time—Prithviraj Chouhan, a Punjabi opera written by Sheila Bhatia.

To save time the auditions were held in the first term. Actual practices began in the second term. The opera cast was finally ready to give its first performance on the 1st of October. This went off very well and the juvenile audience was very impressed, though a lot of it must have flown over their heads.

The 4th evening saw Barne Hall packed with excited visitors and relatives agog with anticipation. After what seemed hours the curtain parted and the opera began.

The opera was based on a famous historical personality—Prithviraj Chouhan, king of Delhi. It started with preparations for the marriage of Sanyukta—daughter of Jai Chand, king of Ajmer. The Princess was to choose her own husband, so as many kings as could fit on to the stage were invited! As Prithviraj had declined Jaichand's invitation and furthermore laid seige to his brother's kingdom, the latter was incensed and ordered a statue of Prithviraj to be set up as the gatekeeper.

Sanyukta was in love with Prithviraj and had no intention of garlanding any of the kings present there. Just as she had declined them all, Prithviraj accompanied by a body of armed soldiers burst in and carried Sanyukta away to Delhi where she became his wife.

Prithviraj adored his wife so much that he neglected his state affairs which as a result became disorderly. Having entered into an alliance Mohammad Ghouri and Jai Chand together declared war on Delhi. The country was inadequately prepared as a result of Prithviraj's negligence. He went to the battlefield to defend his State and was killed fighting. There was now no alternative for Sanyukta but to join her beloved husband by performing 'Suttee'.

There was a very impressive last scene which left an indelible mark in the minds of the onlookers. The lights dimmed and only the silhouettes of Sanyukta and her ladies in waiting were visible, as they plunged to their death in the flames of the fire kindled below.

The costumes were very beautiful and typical of the period. However, one tended to feel that a little more could have been added to the background and decor as the stage seemed pretty bare. Though singing was acceptable, not so much stress had been put on the acting. Rajan and Deeksha as the nurse and Sanyukta respectively, were good. Jugrup S. Khara in the role of Prithviraj looked very impressive but sang rather awkwardly. In the beginning the acting and dancing were a little stiff but warmed up gradually. On the whole, the opera was fairly well done and is another feather in the Sanawarian cap.

Maneka Anand  
U-V A

#### **The School Parade**

From far down the dusty path leading to the pool, came a full throated yell—'Parade'—only to be muffled by the excited murmur of the hundreds of colourfully dressed parents seated on the terraces of Peacestead. Dressed in their smart red and white uniform, the Band marched in, blasting and banging. Behind it came the Troops, struggling to readjust their uniforms and 'get in step' before they could be seen by the onlookers.

One hundred and twenty four years have passed and this School—Sanawar—has stood solidly on its foundations, turning out generations of children and making 'men' of them.

The Trooping of the Colours, conducted in the solemn presence of the School Parade and respectful spectators, is an annual feature taking place on the 4th of October. The Parade as a whole consists of the Band, the Colour Party and four Troops. Gen. Dev very kindly took the salute this year.

The 'trooping' was very good indeed, devoid of common flaws such as carelessness, untidiness and lack of uniformity. The Band performed very creditably, though at times it creaked under severe strain.

The 'dressing' was commendable and the marching smart: in fact, the overall impression was that of orderliness and uniformity—all this was the result of painstaking effort on the part of Messers Bhupinder Singh, Jagdish Ram and Katoch.

Well done School. Keep it up.

Pradeep Saran.  
Sixth Form

#### **The Exhibition at Founder's**

As the doors of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition were thrown open, a great crowd of visitors, parents and children surged in. Every doorway was festooned with colourful chains of crêpe paper which added to the brilliance of colour in the art and craft rooms. The general flow of the crowd was towards the display of wood-work, so I followed.

The carpentry room was sober with its white sheets and wooden articles everywhere. Most of the exhibits were practical and useful—cabinets, meat safes, a dressing table, tables, table-lamps and trays, to mention a few. The cabinets were very elegant and some were built to hold glasses. Many of the boys had carved wooden spoons which were found lying on practically every table. The most striking piece here was Ajay Bawa's "Thinker." Being more eager to see the paintings in the next room, I moved on.

On entering the Art Room, two pictures at the far end immediately caught my eye—they were "Haunted" and "Agony of Wealth" by Pradeep Saran. His style is more on the abstract side and it was obvious that he had spent a lot of time composing each of the hundreds of intricate lines. Anil Dass had also done a couple of eye-catching paintings depicting the sun and all the parts of a watch.

The girls, it seemed, had made a larger contribution to the exhibition of paintings. Nilam Khorana's water and oil colour landscapes looked almost professional, while Jyotsna Jamwal's "When Winter Comes" was done extremely well, but in more sober shades. Close to this, was Amrita Singh's "Refugees" which cleverly achieved the effect at which she had strived.

Sandip Bagchi's "Genocide", a collage based on the present condition of Bangla Desh was very topical and most effective. B. P. S. Bhasin had also put together a more colourful collage titled "The Pop World". Anjali Daphtary's "Hope" was a commendable effort as was Ritu Badhwar's "Black is Beautiful"—a graphic art poster

From here, I drifted to the craft display. There were quite a few oil paintings executed on glass and ashtrays in the shape of a foot. On the wall, hung several batik pieces; a familiar design was a man on a donkey done by Vikram Advani. Mahatma Gandhi had also been well-portrayed in batik. There were a great number of leather articles—belts, wallets and suitcases which did not look too reliable! Besides these, there were vases in bright colours everywhere and most of them were the same shape!

The needlework exhibition stole the show! It was apparent that a lot of effort and patience had gone into each piece on display. Crochet seems to be the present carze, for everywhere hung doilies, mats, tablecloths etc. Tosh Chauhan seemed to have contributed the most in this sphere. Her table-cloths, luncheon set and centre-piece were exquisitely done. Jyotshna Kumari's crochet runner in white was extremely intricate. Neena Grover and Maneka Anand had both crocheted woollen ponchos in yellow. In the embroidery section, Poonam Kathuria's bedspread deserves special mention for its marvellous neatness. Balbir Bhasin had also embroidered a very striking cushion-cover—orange flowers on a beige background. On the whole, the needlework department was the most crowded: many a complimentary word was said to Mrs. Mundkur.

All the Sanawarians had put in a lot of labour to make the exhibition a success and it is only lack of space that prevents my mentioning by name many talented individuals.

Anjali Daphtary  
U-V C

#### The Fete.

We celebrated our Founder's from 2nd to 5th October. Every year we celebrate our Founder's. This School was founded one hundred and twenty four years ago. We had our Fete on the 5th of October.

On the 5th, after breakfast we got our fete money. At ten o'clock we started our Fete. I went to the Fete with my parents. I went to the craft room and bought a bamboo boat for fifteen rupees. My father got angry with me for spending so much money. Then I tried two lucky dips. I got a bucket and a top. I ate ice-cream. It was very tasty: I felt like having some more.

Then I went to the 'Chat' stall. I bought 'Chat' for one rupee. It was chilly hot. I did not want to have any more. Then I drank two Fantas: I liked the taste of it. I really enjoyed the Fete.

Manjit Singh Gill,  
Form II.

**Founder's 1971.***October 2nd—5th.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Headmaster, Staff and Students**request the pleasure of your company at the 124th Founder's Day Celebrations.*

The 124th! And yet, sparkling like a new mirror, fresh as strawberries in full season! It was my third Founder's—but it could have been my first: the same enthusiasm, the same spontaneity, the same proud and alive feeling. You know how it is when you see a movie a second time? You know what is coming and you are a bit blasé about it. But none of this at Founder's. Many of the items are repeats, but they just don't pall on you. That's the eternal lure of Founder's, Sanawar.

Once again, the vast expanse of Barnes thrilled to Athletics that first day (October 2nd). As parents started arriving and children got that warm glow on their faces, many were the records broken and championships won. Congrats to J.S. Sandhu who won the Kalinga Cup for Best Athlete—as also to Ashwani Khanna, Mukul Chopra, Ashok Joon and Rajiv Khanna who acquitted themselves most creditably. Congrats also to Nilagiri House for bagging the Defence Cup. Athletics over, there was the very welcome coffee for parents (actually it should have been Coffee for Athletes—but, then, don't forget the parents needed a good shot of Nescafé after negotiating the slopes of Barnes)!

It was rather a lively Coffee Session with the Headmaster and Mrs. Pasricha welcoming one and all with extended hands and warm smiles. The Staff were perfect hosts and hostesses and the mood was set for the informal and cheerful days and evenings ahead. (And let me go on record to say that the Staff of Sanawar is truly the staff of Sanawar—harried, hard pressed, over-worked and imposed upon, they are a valiant and ever-smiling corps of dedicated men and women, to whom I would like to convey admiration and gratitude on behalf of all the visiting parents).

I say! Was *The Private Secretary*, written by Charles Hawtrey, written for Bhupinder Singh, by any chance? This time, the Staff Play was another good choice. Bhupi as Spalding, the muddling Secretary was absolutely hilarious—as always. And good, too, as Producer-Director, for the Play remained interesting throughout despite a few lagging moments. Other credits go to Josephine Sawney (perfect as Miss Ashford); Ashok Bhalerao (very good as the Topsy Tailor); Gurparveen Ghoman (for looking extremely pretty); and Madhav Gore (outstanding as Mr. Caterpillar..... sorry.....c-a-t-t-e-r-m-o-l-e—Cattermole). Incidentally, his aim was not as good as his acting! But, it was Bhupinder Singh's evening all the way. Very entertaining—do you know?

A "free" morning on October 3rd—fully utilised by parents to have cosy get-togethers with the children—followed by the Prep School concert, always the most charming and delightful of presentations at Founder's. All the items were good, outstanding among them being the Bird Dance from the Panchatantra. It was exquisitely performed, the costumes were perfect, the music lovely. Kudos to Mr. Brajamani for a very difficult task, well executed. Both the plays, Hindi (Sehat Ka Nuska) and English (Topsy Turvy Castle) were well-acted, Rajeev Thakur and Rajni Parmar being outstanding and word-perfect in their respective roles. Another good item was Madgy, beautifully acted by the young performers. And then, later the same evening, the Torchlight Tattoo preceded by a grand P.T. display, enthralling acrobatics and the marvellous Bugle Band. The Drill is always so perfect, it leaves one gasping with admiration. Also staggering is the display of ground work, chair work, horse work etc. Absolutely superb. (Mr. Jagdish Ram, *please* Sir, we'd like some more—of you, at the School!) And once again, there was the loyal corps of O.S. to cheer and to encourage—Founder's is inconceivable without the O.S.

The "Chief Guesting" was a bit out of gear this time—not that it mattered too much (The *Chief* Chief Guests were the parents, weren't they?). Chief Minister, Dr. Parmar couldn't make it for the Salute on Founder's Day (October 4th) at the Trooping of the School Colour. So General A.K. Dev took the Salute and come Speech time Mr. K.I. Thomas, Headmaster of Lovedale deputised for Dr. Parmar and made a most splendid and exhilarating speech. But, then, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas who were Chief Guests on the first Day (Athletics) arrived late, so Mr. M.N. Kapur, Headmaster, Modern School, Delhi, did the honours on their behalf.

And now, if everything is quite clear, I'll revert to the Trooping of the Colour—always the most inspiring item at Founder's. Fabulous, is the word, for the Brass Band, the Parade, the March Past.

At the speeches, Mr. Pasricha did the main honours. His speech was long yet engrossing and we agreed whole-heartedly when he said that complacency should be taxable! He requested parents and others to lend a hand in the stabilizing of the School's financial position—and why not? The School, above all, must be our prime concern.

The slightest mention of B. Singh brought forth resounding cheers—a great ovation also for Aruna Batra for standing first in the School in I.S.C. 1970.

On to the Senior School concert—this time an operatic performance of *Prithviraj Chouhan* in Punjabi, written by Sheila Bhatia. A bold and difficult venture, indeed. The decor and costumes were gorgeous, the background music a bit sore-throated, the acting and singing very good, indeed. With its large cast, it would



be futile to mention all individually. But accolades must go to Deeksh Hoon (lovely—she sang well, too), Rajan Sethi (charmingly natural) Jagrup Khara (impressive), Suren Hira (effective) and Manmegh Singh (magnificent).

And so another Founder's over—but not without mention of the Arts and Crafts and Needlework Exhibition—First class—as usual—and kudos to both students and teachers for their splendid work executed with loving, dedicated hands.

The very enjoyable Fete with its annual motto : Fleece the Parents ! brought down the curtain on this year's " pleasure pilgrimage " to the Sanawar Hills.

Keep it up, Sanawar !

Gulshan Ewing

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### The Siwalik House Show

As the velvet curtain swept aside, one's eyes beheld an exotic scene of the East. This was the Indian dance "Chitrangada and Madan." The flickering of the 'Diyas' cast shadows of graceful figures across the stage. Jyotsna Jamwal as "Chitrangada" and Arti Thakur as "Madan" depicted all that is elegant and splendid.

This was followed by a short English comedy "There's money coming to You." The performers attempted to give of their best. A charming "Harvest Dance" was then performed by the juniors. Though they lacked co-ordination at times, on whole it was a pleasing dance.

The Siwalik girls then entertained us to two popular tunes on the band. "Where have all the flowers gone" was ever so touching. It was for the first time in many years that the girls played on the band: it was a gallant attempt indeed.

The English play "The First and the Last", although short, was the highlight of the evening. Suren Hita, Anil Dass and Deeksha Hoon portrayed their character roles most creditably. This tragedy dealt with the different aspects of human nature: the selfishness of a man who was recognised by the world as a great man, and the hollowness of the the two so called low lovers, who were discarded by the world.

The Siwalikans then made a praiseworthy attempt at "Acha to Hum Chalte Hain" and "Cotton Fields."

The last item on the evening's programme was a hilarious Hindi play "Dhong." Here too, the actors and actresses suited their parts to a 'T.' The play, which was based on the generation gap, was well appreciated by the audience.

Thus the show ended drawing applause from everybody. Last but not least, Mrs. Sawhney, Mr. Abraham and Dr. Gupta, deserve a special "Thank You" for making the show successful.

Ferida Satarawala  
U-V.C.

### The Himalaya House Show

The Himalaya House Show promised to be good, so it was with a mixture of excitement and impatience that the audience waited for it to commence. Punctually at 6-30 p.m. the curtain parted to reveal the Himalayan Orchestra, which played a few delightful tunes for us.

Qánún—the Hindi play— was slightly below our expectation. The actors were mechanical in their movements and, judging by the speed at which they rattled off their lines, seemed in a hurry to get over with the play. However, Harvin Sachdeva, Raj Singh Jamwal and Sandip Bagchi acted pretty well.

Sumit Bagchi's singing can only be described as super-doooper ! The audience was held spell-bound by the sheer magic of his voice. He received a tremendous ovation which he rightly deserved.

The next item on the programme was the Bhangra dance. It was full of vigour and zest and the dancers were incredibly brimming with self-confidence.

The Bhangra was followed by the Himalayan Tottlers and another round of songs. The drummer, Jai Singh Pathania, was exceptionally good.

Maha-Ras, a manipuri dance, was next on the list. The dancers were graceful and the costumes striking. Everyone was wanting it to continue !

It seems that songs were the order of the day, for the next item was a song too—this time in the shape of a Qawali. It was a novel idea, but there was a lot of scope for improvement.

The English play can aptly be described in one word—hilarious ! It was superbly directed and wonderfully acted. Vivek Mehra, as the magician was simply wizard, while Nekko and Dekko were excruciatingly funny ! Gaurav Rana's laughs kept us in fits throughout. In a word, the English play was the highlight of the whole show and the only fault was that it was a wee bit too long.

With the English play, the Himalaya House Show came to an end, leaving the audience much pleased. Kudos to Himalayans, both students and staff, for putting up a variety-show in which there was hardly a dull moment.

Maneka Anand  
U-V A.

#### Prep. School Sat. Club Show.

### I

Our show was on Saturday, 17th April 1971. We practised for about three weeks. I was taking part in the English Play. Mrs. Cherian and Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur helped us to put up this play. On Saturday after tea we went to Birdwood School to have our make up done. Mrs. Harbaksh Kaur first made up Angleen and Inder Mohini. I had to wait for Mrs. Cherian to come. When she came, she started painting my face and hands in brown. When we all were ready Mrs. Cherian took me up for announcing.

The first play was 'The Little Green Man' by the Form One children. The story was about a lady who kept on nagging her husband. And one day the little green man came and helped the husband by putting a spell on him: he afterwards became the master of the house. In the end both of them went and showed the other people how happy they were.

The second item was by the Form Junior. First they sang and acted Baa Baa Black Sheep. Then they did Little Jack Horner. Then they did Jack and Jill. All these were well done.

The third item was a dance by the Form II girls. It was the Varsha Mangal dance from the fields of Central India.

After that the Prep. School choir sang *ham bharat ke bache*. It was very nice.

Then there was a one act English play, Three Lemons. The story was about a prince who was looking for a princess, and Mistress Spring helped him and he got a beautiful princess by cutting the lemons. A gipsy girl tried to marry him, but it did not work out. I acted as Lucy, the gipsy girl.

After that came the Prep School Band with the caravans. It was lovely.

The last item was a Hindi play *Tota Ram*. The play was about a boy who was learning like a parrot for his exams. When he went for the exams he forgot everything and wrote wrong answers. He failed in the exam.

Then in the end Mr. Pasricha asked Dr. Sehgal to thank us. He said that he enjoyed our show. We ended our evening's programme by singing the first verse of the School Song.

After the show was over many G.D. girls came to us and said "Well Acted". I enjoyed myself announcing the items for our show, and acting as Lucy the ugly girl. After the show I went to sleep as happy as a princess!

Rajni Parmar  
Form II.

## II

As the last notes of the National Anthem faded away, a small prepper appeared to announce the first item "The Little Green Man". At that I laughed patronizingly, thinking back to the days when I had been so small—and was absolutely prepared to sit back and get bored! But as the curtains parted to reveal a diminutive and exasperated wife and a still smaller henpecked husband, I found myself caught up in the obvious enthusiasm of the actors and began to enjoy myself. Harbinder Purewal in his acting as the little Green Man was good.

We were then transported to Nursery Land where we met characters like Jack and Jill, Baa Baa Black Sheep and little Jack Horner which were adorably sung and acted.

The next item was the dance which was labouriously carried through with little preppers sticking out their tongues in concentration, which won the hearts of the audience.

*Ham Bharat ke Bache* was sung with great gusto.

The 'Three Lemons', an English play in one act, promised to be interesting, so we sat up and give it our undivided attention. We were not disappointed. Rajan Parmar as the gipsy girl and Angleen Malik as the Princess Irene were good.

The Percussion Band was sweet as was the singing "Caravans".

The highlight of the evening was the Hindi Play '*Tota Ram*', which was acted with surprising care and self-confidence, and the actors seemed to feel very much at home on the stage. Rajiv Thakur and Ashish Bhatia deserve special mention. With the fall of the curtains ended a most enjoyable evening. Well done Preppers! This creditable performance was proof enough to show that the staff too had devoted much time and labour to make it the success it was.

Mala Tandon.  
U-V A

#### **The Vindhya House Show.**

As the lights in the hall dimmed, a unique transformation took place in the audience: all chatter and laughter stopped abruptly, and each person sat up with eager anticipation. There was dead silence in Barne Hall.

The show commenced with a short classical dance, "Ek Gopi Ek Shyam"! Rekha Gore and Suneet Kaur were remarkably graceful.

The Vindhyan violinists then played a few tunes—very beautifully, I think. A short junior skit, "Fishing", followed. Here the actors rushed through their parts as if in a hurry to get off the stage: they must have been eager to give a chance to others to come on to the stage or were they nervous? The butcher, Rai Tarun Handa, was most convincing—a picture of tight-fisted belligerence even when surrounded by a couple of hefty cops twice his size. It was a relief to hear that the cow allegedly stolen by him was found floating down the river.

The Vindhyan Stargazers certainly played very well, and since most music items are always welcome, they were highly appreciated.

The English play "The Telephone Never Rings" was next on the programme. It was a comedy about the very first day of a doctor's retirement to his 'peaceful' country home. As if the innumerable telephone calls were not enough to disturb him, he had to receive a number of guests (among them were three cockroaches). If at all there was any hope left for peace, that was shattered by a marriage proposal out of the blue. Preeti Batra in the part of a stout old maid with no mean illusions about her charms on the opposite sex, caused quite a sensation. She played her part very well.

The Sunshine Girls then sang a few songs, and they were wonderful. Last of all came the Hindi play '*ansoo aur angare*'. Perhaps because it was too serious for our audience, it was treated unexpectedly lightly. However, Rohini Arora as the mother played her role to perfection and Kulbhushan Oswal, a devoted soldier, put in some good acting.

Well on the whole I would say it was great fun.

Well done Vindhyans.

Mina Chanchani  
U-V C.

#### The Nilagiri House Show.

The long awaited Thursday eventually arrived. It was the day of the Nilagiri show. Filled with anticipation a packed hall waited for the curtain to draw aside.

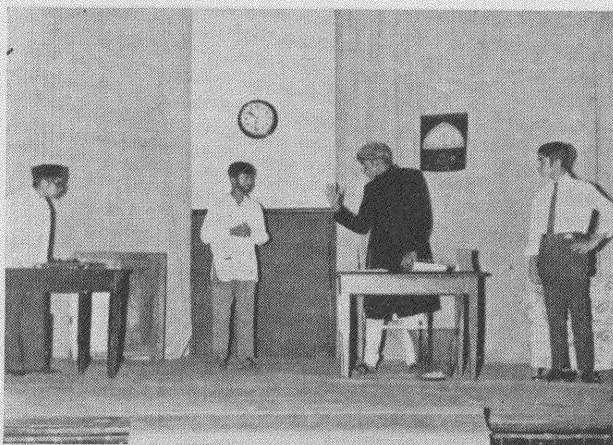
The first item on the evening's programme was the orchestra, played by the Senior and Junior girls. The two tunes were "Yellow River" and 'Ye Sham Mastani'. After this Manmegh Singh sang two songs which were greeted with a loud applause. "Spreading the News", a one act English play, was the next item. It was not much appreciated. This was followed by a lively Indian dance "Thabal Chongbi". Since boys dancing on stage is an unusual occurrence in Sanawar, the dance was thoroughly enjoyed. The Nilagirian 'Off Beats played 'Al Dila' and 'Type Writer Tip Tip'. The two tunes were really delightful. Brij Anand, the little drummer, was outstanding. The highlight of the evening's programme was "Elegant Edward" an English play in one act. Neeraj Madhok as the debonair Crook acted extremely well and fitted his part to a "T". Robby Chadda as Burglar Bill and Harsimran Grewal as Mrs. Treherne seemed very much at home on the stage. A thunderous applause followed the fall of the curtain. We were once again entertained by the 'Off Beats': they played two tunes with much zeal and gusto. The last item was a Hindi play "Kanchan Rung". It vividly portrayed the selfishness of human nature in a typical Indian family. Virendra Patole as the long suffering "Lachhoo", Balbir Bhasin as the miserly mother and Deepak Pandit as the son gave a remarkable performance.

The Show ended as usual with the "School Song". On the whole it was a well spent evening.

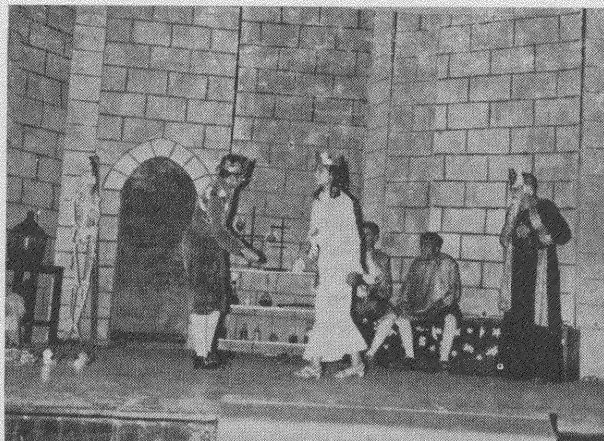
Well done Nilagarians.

Deeksha Hoon  
Sixth A

## HOUSE SHOWS

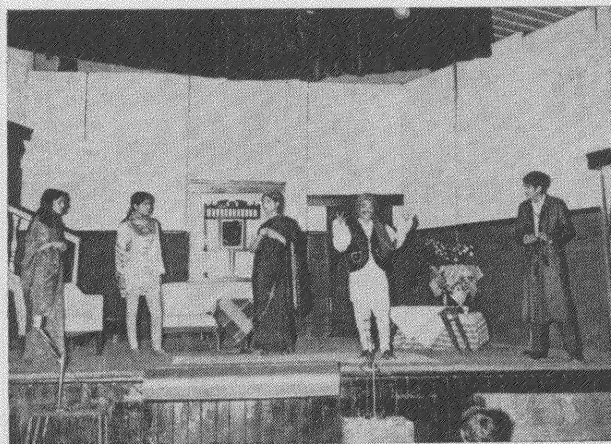


## Himalaya

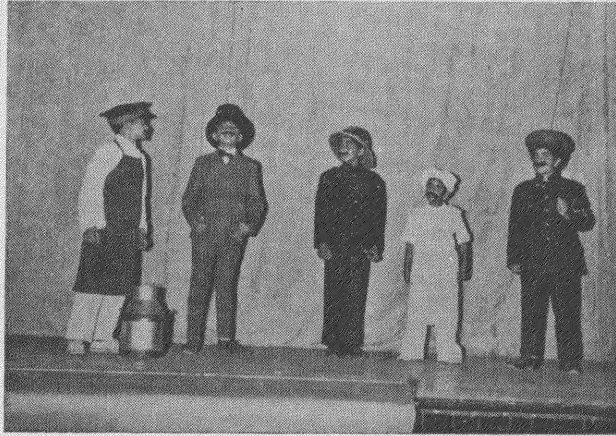




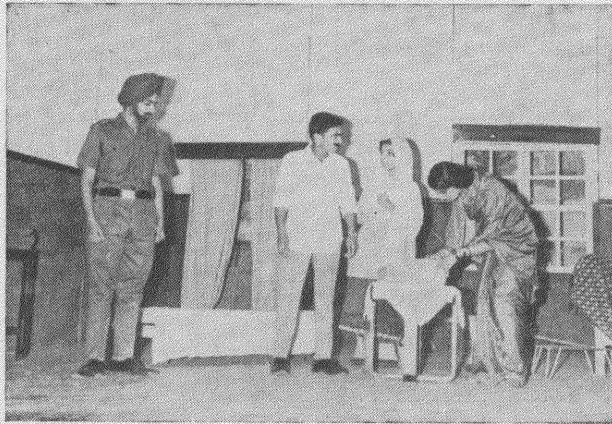
Siwalik





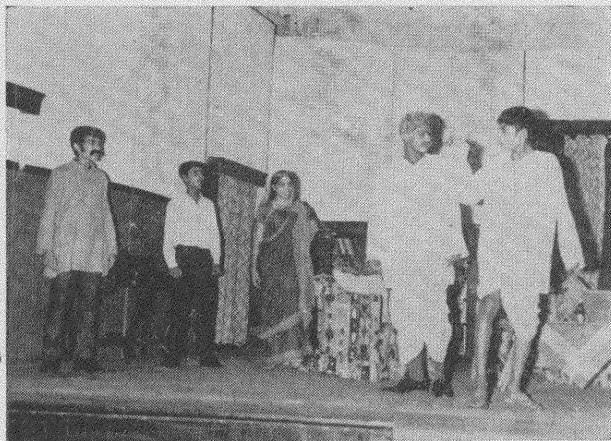


Vindhya





Nilagiri



**Teens**

How I wish I was a teen  
 Because they are neat and clean  
 They go out all alone  
 While we sit here to moan and groan.

Most of the teens take it easy  
 And always become very teasy.  
 They always irritate and annoy  
 So that wakes up a shenoy.

I hate my horrid brother  
 And always ask my mother  
 When will I become a teen  
 So I become neat and clean.

Anjali Ewing  
 U-III B

**My Pony**

I had a little pony,  
 His name was Mapple Grey.

I lent him to a lady,  
 To ride a little way.

She whipped him too hard  
 And rode him through a fire.

I wouldn't lend my pony now  
 For all the ladies' hire.

Swaran Dev Kaur Gill  
 U-III B

**A City of Smiles**

To smile in the city of smiles  
 Is nothing much but every day rhyme.  
 The godly sun shines  
 And gives us a smile divine.

Even if I cry,  
 My tears soon dry.  
 For nothing is ever glooming.  
 In the city ever blooming.

The sun soon goes  
 And the moon appears  
 But all is the same  
 In my city of smiles.

A. Mohan  
 U-III

**Doors**

Rich people have huge houses with bright coloured doors,  
 Poor people can't afford it, so they have none at all.

There is a door for every room  
 And a room for every door.  
 One finds doors of every kind,  
 The cracked ones help the mice to have a good time

The doors have a hard time,  
 For they are banged from nine to nine,  
 Soon comes the time for them to shine,  
 In comes the painter with a pleasant smile,  
 Ready to make the doors alive.

Doors are a convenience  
 For without them it would have been a nuisance,  
 Since all would come without even an invitation.

Surjit Kaur Gill  
 U-III B

**The Hunter and The Crow**

The hunter said to the crow.  
 "I will shoot you with my bow.  
 When the arrow goes through your breast  
 Then in your grave you will rest."

When the bow the crow saw  
 All he said was "Caw caw  
 If you shoot me with that arrow  
 You will be full of sorrow."

But the hunter did not listen to the crow  
 And shot him with his big fat bow.  
 Then he threw him on the ground.  
 On reaching home his wife dead he found.

Then he knew the crow had said right  
 Then he sat and cried with all his might.

V. Anand  
 U-III A

**People**

\* \* \* \* \*

People are of many kinds  
 Some are good and some are unkind.  
 Many people are very rich  
 Some cannot even their clothes stitch.  
  
 Some are bad some are good  
 Some help the poor like Robinhood.  
 Some are ugly some are pretty  
 They live in a town, village or city.  
  
 All people have to die,  
 And then their families for them cry.  
 People say after death one is reborn  
 But still for the dead people mourn.

Sanjeev Bajaj  
 U-III A

**Spring**

Spring is here ! Spring is here !  
 Beautiful flowers in magnificence appear.  
 Singing and dancing and making merry,  
 The birds too sing of Spring's glory.  
  
 The fairies with soft petals, sew new dresses,  
 And pick flowers to decorate their thick tresses.  
 The sleeping frogs, in spring hop out,  
 Jumping croaking and leaping about.  
  
 Little green plants shoot up now,  
 Ringing bells of happiness, moos the cow.  
 " These are the wonders of lovely spring"  
 I dream as I go up and down on my swing.

Sunaina Lowe.  
 U-IV B

**The Suicide**

The cold wind howled through the town at night.  
 A lonely and a melancholy figure stands in the lamp light.  
 He trudges slowly along, lost in deep thought.  
 For a murder most foul, he is sought.

He ambles along—the street intent and stark,  
 He leaves the road and is swallowed by the dark.  
 Rain comes, followed by a treacherous gale.  
 He staggers on, lashed by sleet and hale.

The tower loomed up in front of him.  
 The outline was faint and very dim.  
 He climbed the tower, and got ready.  
 The gale yet held strong and steady.

Life offers me nothing  
 And I offer life nothing,  
 He thought as lightening streaked cross the sky.  
 He plunged to his death and uttered a mournful cry.

B.S. Sidhu  
 U-V B

**Billy The Kid in "The Crooked Mule" Bar**

Billy the Kid leaned on the bar  
 Cuddlin' his drink, Fingerin' his scar  
 His twin colts hung by his side  
 His reputation—tough as raw hide.

"Give me a drink, you son of a cow!  
 "And I want it right here—heer right now."  
 His harsh voice boomed in the saloon  
 The barkeep gaped at him like a goon.

"Shoor Shoor" he yapped "but shut yer lip  
 'Cause its my drink you' re gonna sip  
 An' listen cow punch, listen clare  
 If ya don't like it get out a hare"

The words hit Billy full in the face  
 It seemed his anger was yet at the base  
 But without warning, he swung his fist  
 But the barkeep's face sprained his wrist.

“ Oh ” he yowled “ You son of a gun ”  
 And he swung out with the other un'  
 The barkeep ducked to avoid the blow  
 But sorry ! He was too slow.

The fist got 'Im square on the jaw  
 Hee, Hee, Hee, Haw, Haw, Haw.  
 His teeth tinkled into a glass  
 And his face—a tangled mass.

The Paunchy barkeep made for the door  
 But Bill the Kid hadn't settled the score.  
 The old man shore was fast and slick  
 But not fast enough for the resounding kick.

The Keep flopped flat on the floor  
 Just as the marshul swung open the door  
 “ Howdy Marshul ” said Billy grinning  
 “ So yore here 'cause the barkeep's spinning ?”

The Marshul yowled “ Come here baby  
 We'll settle this score—maybe. ”  
 The Kid stood glued to the spot.  
 “ I'll give it to the pig nice'n hot ”.

But before the Kid had a chance to sho ot  
 The Marshul sent him back with his boot  
 And before the Kid went for another cruise  
 The Marshul took him to the calaboose.

Hardeepak S. Gill, Vasant K. Dhar  
 U-V B

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### My Best Picture

We saw a picture Kabuliwala. It was a splendid picture. The story was written by "Rabindra Nath Tagore". We learned how the Arabs wore their clothes and how they looked. I liked the picture very much.

There was a girl named Mini. She was very naughty. One day the children were playing in the streets, the Kabuliwala came. They were afraid and ran away. But this girl Mini she was so brave when the Kabuliwala was going to touch her only then did she run away. Everyday the Kabuliwala used to come and meet her.

One day her mother made a rule that the girl was not allowed to go out and she put ghungroos on her legs so that they could hear her doing so. But she went out so quietly that no one knew about it.

One day the Kabuliwala was put into prison for killing a man. They both had an exactly same dream.

First Mini was very good but then she was very bad. When the Kabuliwala came out of the prison this girl did not recognize him. She got married to another man. The end was very sad and brought tears in my eyes.

Harinder Singh Chehal  
Form II

\* \* \* \* \*

### My Travel to Nigeria

I was going to Nigeria. I took a plane from Delhi to Bombay. I stayed for two days there. Then took a plane for Beirut. I stayed for one day in Beirut and then took my last flight for Nigeria. I was going to Nigeria alone so it was exciting since this was my first time going alone. I could not stay awake or quiet for a moment in the plane. At last I reached Nigeria it was twelve o'clock midnight. I came down from the plane and could not find my parents. Then suddenly I heard my name being called two or three times faintly. I looked back and saw my father. I ran and hugged him. After the people had checked my suitcase etc. we went to a hotel, because our house was 150 miles away. My mother could not come because she had work to do in the hospitals. In the morning we set off for home where I saw my mother and sister. This was my travel to Nigeria.

Thank you.

Kusum Bhambri  
U-III B



### Men's Fashions

“ Men have never had a wider choice of splendour since Louis XVI lost his powdered wig, silk knee breeches, his brocade coat, his kingdom and his head.”

The revolution in man's finery began about a decade ago in Britain when a group of teenagers donned Edwardian styles and were publicised as “ Teddy Boys.” Since then the story of men's fashions has been adding chapters at a terrific speed.

Some years ago, the fashion industry was hell bent for leather, and leather garments were snatched up by a large segment of male-shoppers. But this phase soon passed. In 1968, it became increasingly difficult to find pants which began at the waist. In India, “ hip-hugger ” pants also came into the fore. Bell-bottoms, which had formerly rung only a faint note, flourished at about this time into all widths. The body-shirt was invented, with its emphasis divided between a snug fit and tails long enough to be tucked well inside the low slung pants.

Besides long, unruly hair, neatly-set hair and frizzed hair, side-burns, handle-bar moustaches and beards became extremely popular and prices at men's hair-dressing salons soared to giddy heights.

In the late sixties, Nehru Jackets, Russian peasant shirts made of fabric no peasant had ever seen, brocade dinner-jackets and six-and eight button suits 1820ish Regency collars and buckled shoes became the rage.

By the summer of 1970 the Red India look galloped in. Bands were worn around foreheads and billowing scarves in delightful paisley prints were knotted around many a throat. Beads and chains were worn over sloganed tee-shirts. Trousers were made of crepe and velvet, and were loose or fitting or were just made of plain comfortable denim. With this casual look came the Mexican poncho and Spanish bolero, which are still very much in vogue nowadays.

The individual male, of course, simply composes his own outfit from separates that do not come together, but are matched well together with the help of imaginatively placed accessories. To misquote : “ Vanity—thy name is Man.

Anjali Daphtary  
Sixth A

### A moonlight walk

Tossing restlessly in my narrow bed I decided that I would never be able to go to sleep. Unable to concentrate on the book I had picked up I made up mind to take a walk by moonlight.

As I was creeping down the dimly lit stairs a furry body against my leg gave me the fright of my life. To my enormous relief I realised that it was only the kitchen cat.

Letting myself out of the back-door I took the path leading into the woods. Coming to a small clearing I watched the amusing antics of the small furry animals.

Walking on further, I stopped as I came to a small hillock in the middle of another small clearing. Standing on top of the hillock and glancing at the twinkling stars I realised how vast our universe really is.

A shiver ran up my spine as I felt the stillness of the night. Somewhere nearby I could hear a brook tinkling as it passed over the rocks.

I stood gazing around me until the soft chatter of the monkeys reminded me that it must be nearing sunrise. Taking a last look at the fingers of dawn coming from behind the tree tops I turned back towards home leaving all this wonder and beauty behind me.

Nita Basu Chaudhuri  
U-IV B

#### What I Should Like to Be

When I grow up I will be a pilot.  
I will drive a jumbo jet.  
I will take people to far off places.  
My passengers will be taken to foriegn countries only.  
I will have a very big plane.  
In it there will be four pretty air hostesses.  
I will make friends with them.  
I will fly my plane over the clouds.  
I will de able to see the whole world. Wouldn't that be lovely?

Tarun Vohra  
Form I A

#### My Class

- 1 The name of my class is Form I A.
- 2 I like my class very much.
- 3 We play games and learn many things.
- 4 So I find work in my class interesting.
- 5 A boy in my class wants to be a pilot when he grows up. He wants to fly a jumbo jet. He feels afraid of dead moths and butterflies. How is he going to be a pilot I wonder.
- 6 We were presented with forty five apples. We sold them and got Rs. 18/20. We sent that for the poor children of Bangla Desh.
- 7 We brought a frog from Sadhupul to our class.
- 8 We fed it and learnt all about it.
- 9 After a few days we left it in a little pond.
- 10 Wouldn't you like to be in such a wonderful class ?

Ulka Puri  
Form I A

### A Frog's Story

I am a frog. I was born in Sadhupul. Once when I was playing I heard a noise I looked to see what was happening. Do you know what I saw? I saw hundreds of funny creatures jumping into the stream. One of them caught me and put me in a bottle. That creature took care of me. He would give me food to eat. Then he took me to a far off place. He kept me in a glass jar which contained water. Many creatures like my master would stare at me every day. After a long-long time they put me into a little pond and wished me 'Good bye.' One day one of them came quietly to meet me. Then a voice was heard shouting: "Come here Sunil." Then the creature ran away saying "Goódbye frog" I knew then that my name was a frog. I am very happy in the pond since I am not lonely now. But I do miss my old friends.

Sunil Sawney  
Form I A

### Sanawar Uniform

Sanawar is considered to be one of the best schools in India. Many people think so but when they actually visit the school most of them change their minds.

Sanawar has most of the good qualities, a public school should have. The studies standard is good. The students do P. T., N. C. C., Roadwork and other such things that make them hardy. Most of the games are played in Sanawar. There is Athletics too.

But one thing is lacking—a good uniform. The school uniform consists of of a light blue shirt, grey short trousers and grey stockings. For the greater part of the year the shirt is covered by a baggy, torn navy blue cardigan, as Sanawar weather is fairly cool. Anyway, when the shirt is visible, one can see that it is one size too big or too small for the wearer. The collars are usually torn or chewed up at the ends. The half sleeves go further than the elbow. The trousers are no better. They are tight at the waist and open out so much at the knee that they look very much like skirts. The stockings fit well but their colour is faded. In winter, the students are given ancient black jackets. The sleeves of the jackets are so broad that even if the wearer had three or four normal size arms, he could fit them in and still be comfortable.

Thus, even though Sanawar is at its best in most things, there is still a lot to be done to improve its uniform.

Tarun Sondhi  
U-V B

### **Bangla Desh**

To select a Prime Minister General Yahya Khan, the President of Pakistan had elections. In the elections the Awami League won 167 out of 179 seats. But Yahya Khan did not agree. Sheikh Mujibur Rehman demanded a free East Pakistan. Yahya Khan felt jealous and started a war.

All the East Pakistanis' houses were burnt. Now these homeless refugees started coming into India. My idea is that the Indian Army on the border should have shot one or two refugees at the beginning and then the others would not have come to India. With the 3 crore 78 lakhs of rupees which has been spent on them we could have built schools, hospitals etc. for the good of our own country. Now from schools students and teachers have been told to go out and these refugees put in their place. What about our own country? If children and teachers continue to be turned out of schools soon there will be hardly any place for education and India will be filled with uneducated people if this goes on. These refugees have also brought many diseases like cholera and conjunctivitis to India.

The refugees came in dhotis and vests. Some people were only in vests. Millions of eagles were circling these refugees. When they would sleep the eagles would bite their flesh and eat it. You may not believe me but it is true. Pictures have been made to show the people what is happening. But these pictures have been made only to make us give money.

Bhart Puri  
U-III B

### **Our School**

- 1 Our school is very pretty.
- 2 When the rain falls pink flowers grow on the hill side. They are called thunder lillies.
- 3 Our school is on a hill.
- 4 There are many playgrounds.
- 5 My best thing is birthday parties. There are many children here. So there are many birthday parties.
- 6 Some of the senior boys play hockey, soccer and cricket against the staff.
- 7 But the prep school boys never get a chance of playing against the staff.
- 8 If the prep school boys would have played against the staff we would score twenty goals.

Rohit Gulati  
Form I A

### A Meeting With A Worthy Minister

‘Good morning,’ I said as I walked into the Minister’s office. ‘Namaste’ he said in his gruff voice without even looking at me. He was sitting in a luxurious chair, leaning on the back rest, with his legs on the table beside some files and his dirty bare feet pointing straight at me.

I was all for the Congress, had always voted for it had always made my friends vote for it, and now wanted to see what our ministers actually were. I had planned a brief interview with our Minister and the honourable minister, probably having nothing to do, agreed.

I started by telling him how much I liked him and how much I appreciated what the Congress was doing for India. I kept flattering him and the Congress and finally he began to confide in me.

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘When the Congress split, why did you choose to side with Mrs. Gandhi?’

‘There was more hope for winning elections then,’ he replied in his “dehati” English as he picked his nose.

‘Do you think that an Indo-Pak war will start?’

‘It is the wish of God. If he wills it, there will be a war,’ he said firmly.

Then I asked him if we were as well equipped for the war as he had told the newspapers. He told me (confidentially) that what he told the newspaper was exaggerated. That was just to keep the public happy and to make sure his party remained in power.

We were still chatting when his secretary came into the room. There was a phone-call for the minister. I asked him why the four different coloured telephones lying on the table could not be used. He told me that they still had to be connected up! He had just gone out of the room when he retraced his muddy foot steps and embarrassedly told me that he had forgotten to slip on his slippers!

After the minister had reseated himself in the same position, his secretary brought him some files marked ‘urgent.’ ‘Tomorrow, tomorrow,’ he waved them away. ‘Not in mood to work today.’

To hear some more from the worthy minister, I asked him why he chose to join politics. He told me that he was a very talented, gifted, intelligent, responsible person. Just the type of person India needed! Though I didn’t ask he gave me a long account on how he became a political leader. He was a garbage collector somewhere in Uttar Pradesh. He took part in the ‘Quit India’ and other anti-

British movements and was thrown into prison seventy seven times. Towards the middle of the forties he began to lead the Harijans of his area. Naturally with all his qualities, he had to come into the political scene.

As we were talking he rang the bell. His secretary came immediately and went back with an order of four 'paans.' When he returned, the honourable Minister took a 'paan' in his greasy hands and offered it to me. Seeing his dirty hands, I refused, much to his delight! As he chewed away he kept twiddling his toes and fingering the hair in his ears.

The Minister soon began to get uninterested in me and the conversation lapsed. I took this time to scrutinize him. His beard poked out in patches from different parts of his face. His moustache was uneven. His lips were unusually thick and his face seemed comical as he chewed his 'paan.' I think he felt hot because he took off his Nehru topi to reveal his bald head. The inside of his 'topi' was greasy while the outside was spotless white. His 'dhoti' also seemed very clean in contrast with his filthy black feet. I think he was so busy that he did not have much time to keep himself clean.

I prepared myself for the final question. 'Besides your pay do you have any other source of income? I mean do you get any privileges from the government?'

'Yes', he said. 'I don't pay taxes besides all privileges—you know being minister giving jobs—ringing up people asking for things. No one refuse the minister. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

By now the minister was tired of me and picked up some Hindi literature.

'Thank you', I said as I left the room (with a very different opinion of our political leaders than that I had come in with).

Tarun Sondhi  
U-V B

### Independence Day 1971

Twenty four years ago, we got our freedom from the British. We got it on August 15th, 1947. Our leaders fought with the British in a peaceful way and got our freedom.

On Sunday, 15th August we celebrated the 'Independence Day.' We had early breakfast. After breakfast we lined up housewise. We had inspection and then lined up classwise. At 9-15 p. m. we went to Birdwood School. The band played the National Anthem after Mr. Pasricha hoisted the flag. Then we went to the upper gallery in Barne Hall for a Special Assembly. Mr. Pasricha gave us a talk. He said what India's position is and how many people there are in India and what progress we are making. After his speech we sang the National Anthem.

We went near Mrs. Cherian's house and there we got the ice-cream coupons. We had ice-cream. After ice-cream we changed into P. T. kit. We played 'King.' While we were playing Bhullar came. He also played with us. We had lunch. After lunch we helped Mrs. Ram Singh. Soon it started raining. We stayed indoors, and played hide and seek. It was tea time, and we went to have tea. We got buns.

After tea the Form II girls and boys changed into their school kit. We were the lucky ones. We went to hear a Music Recital. There was a lady named Mrs. Fry who played the 'cello.' There was a gentleman who played the piano. His name was Mr. Payne. We were allowed to listen for half an hour only. They both played very well. I liked it a lot.

At supper we got egg, potato, apple and laddu and cocoa. I enjoyed it. I got ready in my night suit. We told stories to each other. After the stories we said our prayers. Then to sleep as happy as a prince.

Rajive Thakur.  
Form II B

#### Diwali in Sanawar

\* \* \* \* \*

We celebrate Diwali in remembrance of the return of Ram, Sita, Lakshman and Hanuman. On the day they returned to Ayodhya there were diyas on every house. That is why we celebrate Diwali with illumination. This year we celebrated Diwali on Monday, the 18th of October.

Diwali is a national festival of India. Diwali means festival of lights. People and children are busy in letting off crackers and eating sweets. In the evening they decorate their house with diyas and candles.

This year we enjoyed Diwali much more than last year. We let off our crackers on the Netball Field. We had our own bonfire. I threw many of my crackers into the bonfire. Many of my friends left their crackers with me. When my match box was empty, I lit my crackers at the bonfire. I had so many crackers that I gave some to my friends. After we had let off our crackers, we went to watch the Senior School bonfire. I realised that the Prep. School bonfire was much better. Then we went back and had a special dinner. There were candles and diyas all around the dining hall.

At the end of the day I felt very happy and went to sleep happily.

Anshuk Kumar Jain  
Form II B

**Our Madams**

Our Madams are very kind to us.

They never scold us.

We are happy with our Madams.

Mrs. Dhama is my class teacher.

Our Madams make lots of fun with us. Mrs. Cherian teaches us poetry.

If we do nice work our Madams are happy.

Mrs. Arora teaches us Drama.

Our Madams love us very much.

When we feel sad our Madams make us laugh.

If we do any thing wrong our Madams say don't do it again.

When we come new the Madams say you are a sweet girl or boy.

They never make us cry.

They make us play.

In the evening the Madams let us play games.

Our Madams never hit us.

Anuradha Sharma  
Form I

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### Revenge

It is four o'clock. Silence prevails. I sit in a cell counting the seconds as they slip past. They will come for me at five or rather a few minutes to five. The ceremony will be at five. I am ready. Funny isn't it that the last hour of a man's life should hang so heavily that he wishes for it to be over and done with. But I have nothing more to live for. I have done what I had to. I am at peace with myself, with the world around—not perturbed by any regrets, by any unfulfilled desires because I have had my revenge.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a dark night. There was a fierce wind and the leaves swayed drunkenly to and fro. The wind whistled viciously. Dark clouds rumbled and thundered from time to time as the wind picked up tempo. The atmosphere was one of deep gloom.

I waited inside the house. Ah, this was the night, I thought as my mind wandered over my past experiences. My father, on his death-bed with an open chest wound, it all came back and I shuddered at his last words.

“Son, I shall wait in the next world for you to take revenge for my death.” Fighting against his pain he had raised his head, his face deathly white, beads of perspiration breaking out on his forehead “Make him pay for it. Make his death slow and painful so that with every breath he may remember me. Make him—” he had gasped and fallen back—dead.

Now like Hamlet I planned my revenge. And like Hamlet too, my father's ghost haunted me indefatigably. “My soul can have no rest till you have taken revenge.” Slowly the resolve to kill Avadesh hardened into a cold firm determination.

At last the night had come. Avadesh was coming. I waited, tension mounting moment by moment. Sweat poured down my face. Cold fingers of fear were drumming on my spine. It was ghastly. I was going to commit a murder in cold blood. But there it was. A car purred to a stop in the drive. Footsteps came slowly but surely towards my door. I waited, hoping to be screened by the door when it opened. Avadesh walked in and looked around in amazement. At that moment I shot him in the leg. The sight of blood choked all pity and I remembered my father and his last words—a slow and painful death. I plucked a knife out of its case and as Avadesh lay screaming in pain and calling for mercy I slowly and systematically hacked him to pieces, slice by slice. For an hour and more the butchery went on, the victim trembling. Tired and exhausted, the room littered with blood and bits of bone and flesh, I sat back and watched him slowly bleed to his end. With each painful breath he took my father's name and begging for forgiveness he died.

I went to the phone and with my blood-stained hands I dialled the police.

"I—I want to report a murder." I had to lean against the table for support. "I am speaking from the Anand Farm." My legs shook, but only from exhaustion. I had known all along that I would have to do this after the murder.

"It's on the Bombay—Poona road," I sank to the floor unable to hold up my tired body any longer.

"Yes that's it. My name is Devi Dutt." With my left hand I brushed the hair away from my forehead and as I did so I felt the still warm sticky blood.

"Don't worry," I said with a laugh, "I won't let the murderer get away till you come."

The rays of the morning sun were filtering in through the courtroom window. I stood up for the verdict to be pronounced, "Guilty. To be hanged by the neck till he dies." I walked out of the courtroom with a smile on my lips unperturbed by the verdict. It was a small price to pay for the sweetest of all achievements—Revenge.

\* \* \* \* \*

So now I wait, listening attentively to the silence. The time is at hand. I will hear the clanging of a distant iron door and then the sharp, crisp staccatto footsteps of the death guides. I know because I have heard them come for others. Now it is my turn. Silence still reigns—I have a few moments more to wait.

Suneet Kaul  
U-V B

### The Escape

Night took the small Siberian concentration camp by surprise, bringing with it a canopy of rumbling clouds. The wind whistled eerily in the pine trees as jagged flashes of lightning slashed through the velvet darkness. Behind the walls of barbed wire sinister Serbs paraded up and down the endless corridors of the concentration camp silencing the agonized cries of the emaciated inmates.

In cell number thirteen, five men, their eyes shining like those of a hungry wolf when it finds its prey, sat silently, thanking God, for this stormy night though it chilled them to the marrow, would transport them to the warm world of freedom in a few hours. It had taken two years for five minds and bodies to reach this stage of their bid for freedom. For two years these men had braved the danger of the discovery of their tunnel to freedom. Tonight, after four years of unimaginable horror, they had decided to gamble with death.

Voices louder than the claps of thunder boomed in the corridors as a fresh set of guards came on duty, and these galvanised the five men into instant action. One by one they dropped into the opening of the tunnel, and began worming their way along the cold hard interior. An hour later found five sweat drenched bodies at the gateway to freedom.

A chilling blast of ice cold air rushed down through the opening of the tunnel making the exhausted men convulse with cold. Silently five creatures hauled themselves out of the opening and melted away into the shadows of the tall pines.

Over the howling wind came the sound of running feet and the howl of dogs, the pursuit had begun. Cold fingers of fear, colder than the Siberian wind, gripped at each heart, and it was no longer an organised team of five working together, but each man for himself. They sped along on winged feet with the wind tearing at their faces and the bloodhounds closing in on their heels. One by one, the dogs claimed four victims, but one terror struck being still pressed on, weaving his way in and out of the maze of crazily swaying pines. He could hear the agonized cries of his companions, but he had no thought for them now. The wind howled on, the howls of the bloodhounds faded away into the darkness, but the man ran on, for there was still a morrow awaiting him.

Harsimran Grewal  
U-V A

### His Sixth Sense

A sudden storm broke the serenity of the sleeping village. It thundered ominously as the roiling clouds enveloped the village and hid the crisp moonlight. Lightning forked across the sky and large drops of rain splashed on the dry ground. Soon the driving rain whipped the ground in terrible fury. Propelled by a screaming wind, the rain hit the ground at a bevelled angle, trickling into nooks and corners and making large puddles. The rumbling thunder rocked the village to its foundations. Like searching hands, streaks of lightning forked the sky, giving a momentary glimpse of the water-bathed village. The storm raged on through the night.

The bridge gleamed dully, bathed in the moonlight. The enamelled wood work smelled of fresh paint. A little trickle of water, sparkling in the moonlight, wound its way amongst the huge rounded boulders of the dry stream. A calm serenity filled the air, flavoured with the light musical tinkling of water. The first light clouds passed the moon before an overwhelming darkness blotted out the silvery stream and its surroundings. The soft drizzle of rain splattered on the dry rocks, and soon the rain was drumming loudly on the newly floored bridge. The little rivulet of water swelled gradually until it was a roaring river.

The storm continued unabated. The river increased in volume until it was licking the lower girders of the bridge. The water surged insanely in tumultuous waves. The bridge trembled to its foundations. But the water swung higher than the bridge. When the high velocity of water hit it, it crumbled like match wood, its smashed pieces carried away in the insurgent waters. All that remained of the broken bridge was the pole on which swung crazily the snipped piece of thread which marked the opening of the bridge the previous day.

The deaf man was just leaving the inn when the storm burst in wild fury. He hurried towards the path leading to his little shanty. He was so absolutely soaked within minutes that the cold rain cleared his reeling mind, intoxicated with liquor.

Visibility was poor and by instinct he made his way to the bridge. The roar of the turbulent river could not be heard by him as he stepped on the first plank of the bridge. Then he stopped. He couldn't understand it but an ominous feeling came suddenly to his mind. He stepped back. He peered in the darkness but couldn't discover anything. Turning around he ran to the village. At that moment the bridge gave way.

Sarabjit Singh Chhatwal  
U-V B

#### A Windy Night

The night was pitch black and ominous clouds covered the sky from horizon to horizon. The wind raged and howled around the grey pine trees surrounding the isolated house. It created an uproar as it shrieked and whistled in impotent fury for the house was tightly shuttered. There was an occasional rumble in the throat of the night and a vague expectancy hung over the place as if the coming sheets of rain would soothe the moaning wind.

Inside the house was deathly silence. Deathly is correct for Michael Boames had just killed a man. Not merely killed but brutally, viciously cut up and sliced. Now he was in a dilemma—how to get rid of the body?

Sitting in the dingy parlour of the old dreary house, he rubbed his frozen hands feverishly and put them in front of the fire to warm. Fire? The exact place. He walked quickly and furtively to the fridge as if someone was behind him, almost breathing down his neck. A terrifying feeling had gripped him—of not being alone, of being the cynosure of a thousand wierd evil eyes that watched every move he made.

He drew out from the icebox, two disjointed arms and legs and cut up bits of what had been a man's torso. The blood had frozen and the limbs had acquired a blue-green pallor. Clutching them, he hastily retrieved his way to the parlour.

He was jumpy and nervous—any man in his position would have been the same. As he prepared to throw half a leg into the fire, there was a crash of thunder and the wind increased in intensity. Startled he clutched at the wall for support. Then, as if mocking himself for his uncalled for fright, he laughed desperately. The laugh echoed through the corridor, a horrible evil cry that frightened him even more. Turning around he resumed his sickening task.

It was raining now—hard, fat drops of rain that rattled against the window panes and beat with the intensity of a thousand nervous fingers, on the roof. Michael Soames had only an arm left to burn.

Suddenly there was a loud banging on the door and he could hear excited voices. Cursing under his breath, he looked around for a place to hide the arm. He was in a frantic hurry and stuffed it behind the cushions on the sofa directly opposite the fire. Panting with nervousness he almost ran to the front door and opened it.

In tumbled two young motorcyclists—a boy and a girl, shivering, sodden and bedraggled. “Can we stay here tonight? Please,” the girl asked. She was an appealing young thing, slightly built with long brown hair that now hung in bedraggled wisps and clad in jeans and sweater. The boy stood by, silently shelving the responsibility on to the girl. A tall, strapping youngster, he looked about twenty years old.

Michael had no choice. “I suppose so.” He said surily. He led them into the parlour—the only place with a fire. “You can warm yourselves out here. I’m afraid you will have to make yourselves comfortable out here as none of the other rooms are furnished. I’ve only moved in recently, you see.”

They were only too grateful and stood with their backs to the fire. Michael sat on the sofa—he was taking no chances. Minutes ticked by. All was silent except for an occasional crash of thunder. The room was dark, the flames of the fire afforded the only light. A jagged fork of lightning flashed across the sky lighting up the room for a brief second.

“Can I have something to drink? Something hot like tea. I’m really cold.” She said suddenly.

“Me too. We’d really appreciate it, mister.” The boy echoed.

The sofa gave a prolonged creak as Michael rose hesitantly and started for the kitchen. He cast a fearful glance over his shoulder at the boy and girl silhouetted against the firelight. He could definitely see a finger poking out, or was it his imagination?

He was gone twenty minutes—twenty suspense filled minutes that seemed like twenty hours. When he came back he found the girl on the sofa. Terror made him jerk back. She looked at him surprised, her eyes dark shrewd and restless as butterflies.

“Why do you live alone?”

He mumbled on incoherent reply. What a queer man, the girl thought, almost as if he has something to hide. I wonder . . . . She yawned and stretched lazily, like a cat which has just had a saucer of milk.

“I think I’ll go to sleep here.”

She set about rearranging the cushions. Michael leapt at her with a cry of dismay—“No, get off” he shouted.

But he was too late. She had already drawn out the hand and was staring at it, fear brightening her eyes.

He clutched his head in his hands and screamed “Oh my God!” But he was only answered by a loud bang of the front door and the harsh and whining wind that sought to console him.

Maneka Anand  
U-V A

#### My Lucky Night.

At last I had got away—away from the soul killing rut that was my life of routine. I had broken away from everything giving myself this chance so that I could write in quiet, and in peace, finish the book that I had long been working on.

I took out my socks and shoes and sat in an old rocking chair savouring my new found peace. This overwhelmingly quiet, this serene evening was a sample of the days ahead. I could already feel my heart surging upwards. I must have been more tired than I thought for as I sat thinking I fell asleep with my chin on my chest.

I was awakened suddenly by a high pitched howling. What could it be? Then I saw the billowing of the curtains and the frantic swinging of the french windows. THE WIND! My serenity had only been a lull before the storm. There was a continuous roar now which made the house shake at its very roots and it seemed to me that the house would fall apart any moment.

The gale quickened and I got up to close the windows. I had a brief glimpse of the sky overcast by thick gloomy rain clouds and then the wind hit me on the face with all the force it could muster and sent me crashing across the room. After a violent struggle, which left me shaken—unused as I was to physical exertion of any kind—I managed to close the window and came back to my chair. “Ah! That’s done,” I muttered thankfully as I snuggled into the chair.

From some where else in the house I heard a combination of sounds—crash ! bang ! clatter ! tinkle, tinkle !! With my heart in my mouth I wondered what this could be. A burglar perhaps ? On a night like this ? “ He’d have to be mad,” I thought, as I moved across the room. “ Well, all I can do to help him is to send him to the lunatic asylum at either Agra or Ranchi.” Another sound of breakage near at hand made me hurry to investigate. I looked into the dining room and cursed out loud.

The room was a perfect mess. I had had hopes that only some minor incident like the breaking of a windowpane had occurred, but they were all dashed by the sight that met my eyes. All my neatly stacked papers had flown all over the room. The window was ajar and my beautiful chinese flower vase had crashed to the floor, breaking into a thousand pices and in the process dripping water all over my new persian carpet. Tears of rage and frustration welled up in my eyes and there was a lump in my throat which all but choked me.

I could gladly have murdered anyone in sight. But as luck would have it, I was all alone. Cursing again till I was out of breath, I crossed the room to close the window and as I did so I stepped on a piece of the broken vase. I let out a blood curdling scream. In a jiffy I had pulled out a chair and sat on it, examining my right foot. There was a great gash at the base of my heel. I was really mad with rage now. So this was a sample of the peaceful days to be.

Another crashing sound, this time from the bed room. Now what ? I limped hurriedly to my bedroom forgetting that in doing so I had smeared my carpet with blood. I wished with all my heart that I was like the hero in my book who always got out of tight corners unscatched and who faced the greatest odds unperturbed. But I was not destined for such a life. I had to find the hard way out of everything.

The scene which confronted me in the bedroom all but made me faint. The windows facing the terrific onslaught of the wind had finally given in. One part of the window frame had fallen in and there were fragments of glass scattered all over. The dressing table was one complete mess. My “ Old Spice ” after shave lotion was slowly drying up on the lace runner, emitting a fragrance which was sadly out of tune with my frame of mind. The oil bottle had also broken and had obligingly spilled its contents over part of a munuscript which, with my usual carelessness I had left on the dressing table. It had also spilled over my tooth paste, tooth brush, razor and a newly opened packet of blades. From there it had dripped onto the table cloth and finally found its way to the bearskin rug on the floor.

I seethed with impotent rage and cursed everything fluently—God, the wind, the house, the oil and above everything, my mad quest for peace which had brought me to this d—b—place. I hopped one step in front and then in an agony of pain fell to the floor. In my anger, I had stepped on the fragments of the oil bottle and cut my other foot also.

I found a bottle of dettol, some antiseptic ointment, cotton and bandages and after attending to my feet, retired to the guestroom to get some sleep, leaving the mess for the morning. The wind was still howling away and I am sure I heard the distinct sound of a branch being torn out of a tree. Oh God! Not that beautiful Gul Mohur! and the next moment in reaction I thought "To hell with it. D . . . the b . . . tree. D . . . the b . . . house. D . . . the b . . . storm. D—b—God and in that frame of mind I wrapped myself in the blanket and with grim determination shut out the wind, the storm, the chaos, my anger, everything. It could be that I was tired, it could be that I was weak from the loss of blood—but I did go off to sleep.

Rring! r . . . r . . . ring!! The telephone woke me up. "Oh D . . . ." I said and cursed the wind for not having torn down the telephone cables. I turned on my side trying to ignore the telephone, but it rang on so persistently that I was forced to get out of bed and make my way—groping, limping to the little alcove where the telephone was.

I picked up the receiver. It was a long distance call from Delhi "H'lo old chap" said the faint but breezy voice of my old colleague. "I bet you're having yourself a whole of a time. I really envy you the quiet and peace." I'd had enough. I banged the receiver down cursing the day I was born. Bad luck seemed to keep dogging my footsteps. This was not, definitely not, as we writers call it, my lucky day, or rather to be more precise, My Lucy Night.

Neeraj Madhok  
U-V B

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Ghost Orchestra

Our first house was quite a huge rambling affair. We had bought it for a tidy sum. The house was near Cambay, a small village near the sea. My father had returned from America and as his health was a bit low the doctor had advised him to retire to a quiet place near the sea. Cambay had seemed the ideal place, a small insignificant name on the map. We had bought a house there and had settled down. It was on the 1st of April, 1970, that we heard "the ghost." It seemed quite a coincidence that such a happening should fall on All Fools Day. I remember this night clearly. It had been a bright, clear day, but then suddenly the sky had filled with clouds. The dark, menacing clouds had filled the sky by the time we had had supper. A strong wind had sprung up and jagged streaks of lightning criss-crossed the sky, followed by deep peals of thunder. I sat down to read a book and soon I was engrossed in it. The rest of the family retired to their respective rooms and soon I was the only person left. At about 10 p. m. I finished reading and put the book



back in the library. I went around the house, fastening shutters and putting out the lights. I went up to my room and got into bed. I lay back thinking about a number of things. I suddenly got up with a start—I had heard something. I heard the sound again. It was something like the sound of a man limping around. I went out on the landing. As I snapped on the lights, the sound faded, but the moment I went back to my room, the noise began again. Mystified, I crept onto the landing with a torch. Then the footsteps abruptly stopped and I heard a low chuckle, as though someone had found my crouching before my door very funny. This was too much for me, and I shot back into my bed, pausing just enough to lock the door behind me. I lay panting in bed. Then I heard the soft chiming of the clock in the hall as it announced the time—midnight. Hearing the twelve strokes, I felt even more frightened, as ghosts were supposed to come out at around that time. The steady limping sound started again. It continued for some time, then suddenly changed to the confident steps of a healthy man. The tramp of feet stopped just before my door and I covered even deeper down in bed. Suddenly the house was filled with the sweet notes of a piano. This really surprised me, for, though we had many musical instruments, a piano was something we lacked. Then a violin's quavering wail picked up the tune and soon an orchestra seemed to be playing in our house. I summoned up enough courage to walk out onto the landing. I found that the rest of the inhabitants of the house had woken up too. Seeing all the people, I grew bolder and started to stamp down the stairs before everyone else. A sudden crash sent me flying up the stairs to clutch my father's reassuring hand. I was frankly terrified.

Then a cock crowed in the distance and our clock struck four. Ghosts are supposed to be leaving at about 4 A.M., but this one seemed to be a stubborn one. It continued to bang around and finally at 4-30 a.m., after a grand finale by breaking up all the plates in the kitchen, OUR ghost left.

It has returned a few times but I will never forget the first encounter with the ghost. That was the only sleepless night I have ever had and sincerely hope I don't have to repeat the experience.

Nupinder S. Brar  
U-V B

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**Mrs. G.E. Cherian**

Mrs. G.E. Cherian joined Sanawar in March 1957. By a coincidence, I had the pleasure of travelling up from Kalka with her in the mail car that used to ply in those days.

As Mrs. Cherian had completed her junior school training at St. Mary's College, Poona, with a coveted first in Practice Teaching and Handwork and a high Second in Theory, it was but natural that the winds of change blew over our Prep. School. Within a few months I noticed attractive charts adorning the walls of the various Form Rooms, for not only did Mrs. Cherian transform the teaching in her own class, but she was a source of inspiration to her colleagues as well. Trained in the activity method, Mrs. Cherian found plenty of scope for her newly-acquired skills. Environmental studies, centres of interest, nature walks and corners in the classroom, interesting projects in which the children made their own models, all helped to make the Prep School a very happy place. Another welcome trend initiated by her was her special script writing.

Mrs. Cherian also made a valuable contribution to the Prep School shows in the first term and at Founder's, the English play being her special sphere. We not only learned to expect fascinating plays, but looked forward to seeing effective props which Mrs. Cherian fashioned herself.

For many years Mrs. Cherian looked after Nilagiri House with care and affection.

It was but natural that she was sent by the British Council to England for a brief spell in '60—'61 as an observer/teacher. She made many friends there in the teaching world, as well as among the parents of her pupils.

This year has proved a challenging one for Mrs. Cherian. Not only did she carry a full teaching load, but she was asked to look after the Prep School as Miss Rudra, who was formerly in charge, had left Sanawar at the end of 1970. To her administrative duties Mrs. Cherian brought her wealth of experience and her logical brain, with the result that she has succeeded in her task of seeing that the Preppers are looked after properly. In addition, she has initiated the teaching of New Maths in the Prep School with her usual sound and effective approach.

We are sorry to lose this dedicated worker, but our good wishes go with her as she plans to join Mr. K. I. Thomas, as Headmistress of the Day School he proposes to start in January 1972 in Madras.

Thank you Mrs. Cherian for all you have done for Sanawar.

Romola Chatterji

## II

Mrs. G.E. Cherian was born at Cottayam (old Travancore State). She is a graduate from the women's Christian College, Madras, and has also obtained a diploma in K.G. & J.S.C. from St. Mary's Training College, Poona.

Mrs. Cherian joined Sanawar in 1957 as Asstt. Mistress, House Mistress of Nilagiri. In 1960, sponsored by the British Council, she went to England on an observation-cum-teaching assignment in Infant & Junior Schools. Immediately after her return from England a new handwriting scheme based on Italic and Marion Richardson was introduced which soon found its way to all the classes in P.D, and which has been singularly successful.

Wonderfully rich and varied in her personal qualities Mrs. Cherian is a fine swimmer and also very fond of Western music and English fiction. Child education is a passion with her.

Mrs. Cherian embodies all the charm and simplicity of Kerala. She is endowed with confidence and a love of labour and order. She has been extremely popular amongst the staff as well as the children.

It is indeed with great sadness that we wish her goodbye but at the same time we assure her that the memory of her wonderful work in the school will remain for ever enshrined in our hearts. And I am sure that I speak on behalf of all Sanawar—the staff, the children, when I say that we wish her success in her new job and the very best in her future life.

Harbaksh Kaur.

**Mr. Pratap.**

There was a man in Sanawar—short, bespectacled, frowning and usually clad in a familiar brown pullover. Every afternoon he trudged up to the Music Room to take hobbies. And then, for one hour the Music Room would resound with the meant-to-be musical tinkling of the sitar, the occasional screech of a violin—all accompanied by Mr. Pratap's rich baritone. It was always there, cajoling, guiding, booming musically. It is sad to think that the voice will now be absent—and perhaps not so sad.

I think there were very few lucky people who managed to 'duck' music hobbies, just the thought of the consequences was enough. It made an icy trickle of water run up and down one's spine, defying all laws of gravity and made one run up to the Music Room in record time. But always to be told you were late by the Music Room clock which always seemed to run five minutes ahead of all other local time. Perhaps Sobha Ram who corrects and winds all school watches in the morning

was wary of stepping into the Music Room because of Mr. Pratap. When ever anyone protested about the clock not being right one was quickly silenced by a veritable cyclone of rage. Then to step into that chilly, menacingly neat room—to jab and pluck at a sitar, some getting away with it, most (poor me for instance) being cordially invited for an extra session. But inspite of people like me Indian music in Sanawar flourished under Mr. Pratap's hand and many were the girls who were pleasantly surprised to find that they could produce sounds that were tolerably musical from the various instruments. The crowning glory of Mr. Pratap's career in Sanawar was the full length Punjabi opera "Prithvi Raj Chauhan", which Mr. Pratap, selected produced and directed for Founder's this year. Apart from the occasional mispronounced word and the occasionally out of tune note there wasn't very much else that was wrong with the opera.

Mr. Pratap's been in Sanawar for so long that is it difficult to say that simple word : Goodbye. But its inevitable and all we can add to it is to remind him that the gates of Sanawar will always remain open for him. And, as all these years he has been preaching to us : 'We did it like that at Lovedale', we hope he'll now be able to say to the people at his next post : 'We did it like that at Sanawar'.

Rohini Arora  
U-V A.

#### Mr. Jagdish Ram

One evening early in 1952 stands out so vivid and clear as if it was only yester year for that was my first encounter with Mr. Jagdish Ram and the beginning of a happy association which continued for twenty years.

I saw him in a flurry of white, going merrily round and round the horizontal bar amidst a crowd of admiring and some what ogle eyed youngsters and I was to see him thus, in his spare moments for over a span of twenty years. For Mr. Jagdish Ram was one of those to whom there was no hard and fast line between hours of duty and work and leisure. His leisure hours were in a large measure devoted to the service of the youngsters and to his profession.

A devoted, dedicated and a sincere man, Mr. Jagdish Ram started P.T. and gym. work in Sanawar almost from scratch and steadily built up a standard which vied with the best that the N.D.A. or the I.M.A. had to offer. It is the contention of our boys joining the N.D.A. or the I.M.A. that the P. T. side never posed a problem and they just sailed through most smoothly in every aspect of the physical training side. According to them, to this day there are instructors at both the N.D.A and the I.M.A. who swear by the name of Jagdish Ram.

Having been the chief Physical Training instructor at the I.M.A., and if I am not mistaken the first Subedar Major of the A.P.T.S. Poona, he endeavoured to infuse the best of the Army standards into the pattern of Sanawar P.T., which being his own baby he cradled, nursed and nourished to perfection. Mr. K.P.S. Menon watching the torch light tattoo best summed up the achievement of Mr. Jagdish Ram by referring to the P. T. display as one of the best he had seen anywhere. Some of the remarks during the Founders' P.T. and Gym display which have wafted over the breathless hush of performances over the years: terrific, stupendous, breathtaking and the like, almost began to acquire a common-place meaning. It is difficult to express and visualise the hardwork, integrity of purpose and sincerity which went into these efforts.

Punctuality, precision and sweating it out were his pass words and there was very little that escaped his keen eyes. It is indeed remarkable that there were hardly any 'dodgers' at P.T. time. For that man in his spotless snow white and the extra large whistle, which went by the name of Thunderbolt and whose sharp notes could be heard from one end of the estate to the other, had the knack of really putting the fear of God in the hearts of all shammers. Through his dedication to his profession and devotion to duty he became an object of veneration and respect amongst the children and the secret of his success was not merely his professional ability but his magnetic personality.

A great exponent of the educative value of boxing, he always scoffed quite openly at those who even hinted that this sport veered on the "barbaric." He always maintained that it is only by learning to give and take in the ring that one can really go through life giving and taking with a smiling face. Through his efforts, boxing today, believe it or not, is one of the loved sports and the standards attained by him at every well planned and well organised Inter-House Boxing meet, to measure by any yardstick, were indeed of a very high standard. There was almost something uncanny in the way success walked towards him. After a successful innings with Vindhya he had only to take over as housemaster of Siwalik and within a couple of years he made it the Cock House after a lapse of many years. Down to earth and humane he not merely helped the boys of his own house tide over their personal problems and difficulties but was approachable to the whole of B.D. He spent his time midst the boys and for the boys. Today I would class him as the typical old timer—a class sadly dwindling away.

He said last year that now he had really reached the "retiring age" and it was about time that he sat back in his easy chair in the village. Just a couple of days before the school closed for the winter I happened to peep into the gymnasium and I saw somebody sailing smoothly over the horse in a flurry of white. It was Mr. Jagdish Ram doing it with the same vim and gusto as on the day when he first

came to Sanawar. I wondered about the 'retiring age' part of it. Anyway Mr. Jagdish Ram, we wish you every happiness in your retired life and may the memory of Sanawar be ever fresh with you. We will always think of you with fond affection.

Bhupinder Singh

### **Mastoo**

It is not everyone who can claim to have worked under seven heads of an institution and when the institution is one like Sanawar this claim makes you sit up and take notice. Mastoo (Mast Ram), who retired on 1st December 1971, made this claim just before he got onto the school bus for the last time as a school employee. He had served Sanawar for forty years and was off to a well earned rest.

People who have been in Sanawar for a long time tend to become a part of the Sanawar landscape and Mastoo in his khaki uniform, his khaki turban and his ever-smiling face became very much a part of the landscape. He was always very affectionate, very gentle and over a span of forty years he endeared himself to generations of Sanawarians. Sanawarians everywhere carry in their hearts a picture of the cheerful little man, with his medicine bag slung over his shoulder going from one department to another.

It was 1949. There was a flu epidemic and the hospital was full. Mrs. Page, almost out of her mind trying to keep everyone in bed, hit upon the simple expedient of confiscating all the pyjamas. Shamefaced and bored, the patients tried to pass the time playing 'geography' and 'word-building'. But it was no use. Mastoo finally came to the rescue. The next morning Mrs. Page was horrified to see 'lungi' clad figures darting all over the place and untidy beds stripped of their sheets.

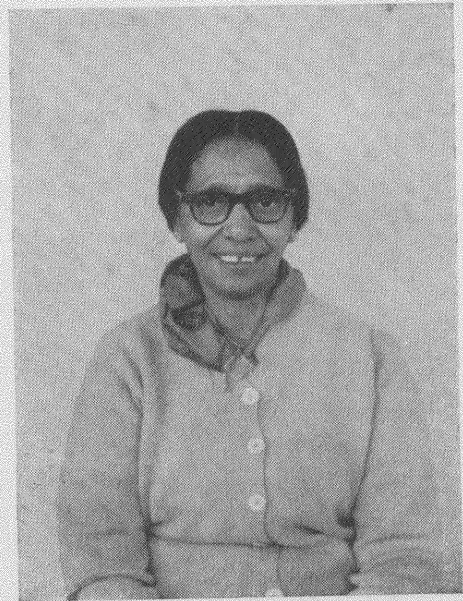
Over the years Mastoo had accumulated a vast fund of medical knowledge till he had become very accurate in his diagnosis. It was not unusual to find people who had trudged up from places as far away as Sabathu to get the benefit of Mastoo's opinion.

When I returned to Sanawar last May, one of the first things I did was to go and visit Mastoo. I was a little disappointed in the fact that he was not able to recognise me. But I told myself that I really hadn't been outstanding in any way and had not even been a very regular visitor to the hospital. It was natural that Mastoo should have forgotten me. But as I came away he called after me. "You were in Nilagiri House weren't you? And you used to tie a turban".

In spite of his advancing years Mastoo didn't look old and had always been in the best of health. But during these last two years he had two heart attacks and he knew that the time had come for him to retire from active life.



**Mr. Jagdish Ram**



**Mrs. G.E. Cherian**

I am sure all Sanawarians, past and present, wish Mastoo all the best and may he have all the happiness and comfort in his retirement that he so richly deserves.

#### **Kundan**

Compared to Mastoo's forty years Kundan Lal's twentynine seem very few. But in themselves they are long enough, specially when they span the period from boyhood to adulthood. Kundan came to Sanawar at the age of 13. After Independence he was attached to the Prep School, of which he soon became a permanent and indispensable part. In the true Sanawar spirit his duties embraced anything and everything and he performed them all cheerfully without any grumbling and complaining. He was always very helpful to the Preppers—little children just away from home for the first time who needed the friendship which Kundan gave them. All those who have been in the Prep School in the last twentyfour years remember Kundan with affection and with gratitude.

The Prep School used to go on an annual pic-nic to Eagles' Nest. In 1950, on this pic-nic, Mr. Sircar devised a very interesting and complicated game of attack, ambush and planting of flags, which involved a lot of running up and down the khud-side, of sneaking from cover to cover. During the course of this game I sprained my ankle and Kundan carried me on his shoulders to the hospital and all the way he talked and joked to take my mind away from my swollen and painful ankle.

Mastoo left because it was his age to retire. Kundan at 42 still had long years ahead of him and one wonders why he left. Whatever the reasons the fact remains that he was one of that band of totally selfless and dedicated workers which is rapidly becoming extinct.

When teachers leave there are farewell parties—touching and sentimental, and there are farewell presents. But Mastoo and Kundan left without presents and parties. But in the final analysis, I suppose this is more true to the Sanawar tradition: to give of yourself completely and sincerely without any thought of reward, and when you have nothing more to give to slip quietly and unobtrusively away, leaving in the hearts of those who have known you the only true and worthwhile tribute that any man can have. Thank you Mastoo and Kundan for all that you did for Sanawar, goodbye and goodluck.

H.S.D.

#### **My Experience as Head Girl.**

The end of term is nearing and soon I will be an Old Sanawarian, going out into the world with nothing but memories. Memories of my first day—when I shivered and shook and beseeched my mother not to leave me; of the time when the



girls made an apple pie bed for me and pretending to sleep, heard my cry of dismay and how surprised I was when the dormitory suddenly rang with shouts of raucous laughter; of the day when I made a best friend and we solemnly exchanged vows never to betray each other and our first quarrel and my first tears.

And year melted into year and we were suddenly Upper Fivers. Upper Five came with the shock of a surprise party—irresponsible children had become mature teenagers and future prefects. I still remember how, huddled around in Upper Fifth groups, we used to discuss the possibilities of one of us becoming Junior or Senior prefect. It seemed impossible that prefects could materialize from our batch.

Soon the prefects had given over their duties to us and now a period of suspense. Every day would be fresh news—of a student having heard from a staff member that so-and-so was 'definitely' becoming headgirl. Being a comparatively new girl, I resigned myself to becoming an ordinary sixer next year, but now and then, being only human, I would dream of becoming prefect and throwing my weight around!

28th Nov. dawned and with it the long awaited Sixth Form party and the new prefect appointments. Agog with excitement we waited feverishly for the new orders to be issued. The arrival of the peon was greeted by whoops and yells of anticipation. Eagerly, the orders were snatched from him and read out aloud. Straining my ears to hear about the tumult I heard my name and a minute later everyone was around congratulating me. Thoroughly mystified I peeked into the orders and found, to my utter amazement, that I was the new headgirl!

I don't think I've ever been so surprised in my life. The rest of the evening and the party passed in a haze of congratulations and thumpings on the back till my thank yous were purely mechanical and I ached all over! My proudest moment came when the headmaster introduced me to the Chief Guest and told me to start my duties as headgirl by looking after her. I spent a very pleasant hour doing my best to impress her and finally was rewarded when she told the headmaster that he had made a wise choice!

The term was over and on my arriving at home, my parents were confronted by a gleeful yours truly and a report card which proclaimed her as headgirl. The holidays ended as quickly as they had begun and soon I was back in School—dying to start my reign!

Being a prefect had its advantages. The first one was the cubicle where I could eat my tuck undisturbed by the matron! Another major (in my opinion) advantage was being privileged to go to parties. An ardent partygoer, the latter advantage I considered the best.

But it had its drawbacks too. Determined to start my career with a bang, I was over-strict and partial to punishments consisting of a thousand lines, poetry or missing the movies. Then I noticed that I was encountering a lot of resentment and nearly all of G.D. was discussing me. I remembered the Sanawarian saying 'Either you're a good prefect or you have friends' so I compromised. I didn't go out of my way to check people and consequently they didn't go out of their way to be rude and sly. It was a much happier state of affairs.

One headache that remained to the end was the ringing of bells. The breakfast bell, the games, the lunch, the tea, the prep, the supper.....they seemed to be endless. I invariably forgot and was always late, And then seeking to escape this duty, I put someone in charge and she told someone else and that someone else told someone else until I had to ring them in the end! They were really a pain in the neck and were the first duties I handed over gladly to the new headgirl.

The Headmaster had made a new rule—the headboy and headgirl were to speak alternately on Mondays. Every time it was my turn, I felt eyes boring down my back as I marched up the aisle clad in a teacher's black gown. Almost every-time I would catch someone's eye and giggle selfconsciously. I remember once, having to read out prayers. I had been given them by Mr. B. Singh and had marked them and read over them thoroughly so that I wouldn't stumble over the words. After I read the first prayer I turned the pages to find my second prayer and found that the bookmark had fallen out. There was a minute or two of silence while I looked for it and then a shuffling of feet and deliberate coughs. Thankfully I found it and raced through it. Then, dropping all pretence of dignity, I almost ran out of Barne Hall!

The rains came and it poured incessantly for days at a time. When the sun came out eventually, G.D. decided it wanted a holiday and of course it fell to me to task for it! B.D. had apparently decided the same thing so Suren, the headboy, and I went nervously to Mr. Pasricha. Of course he refused and we left feeling like utter fools. The next week the same thing happened and quite a few times after that we went up to him for a holiday. But I never got over my original feeling of nervousness and this was a dreaded chore.

The incident that stands out most in my memory is the notorious 'Food Strike'. We had had only two vegetables two eat for lunch and again two vegetables for supper. To top it all the chappatis ran short and we could only have one each. The next day, we lost no time in rebelling and after behaving badly at table, went straight up to the authorities and complained in no uncertain terms. Being head-girl, I was also spokesman and we did create quite an uproar. Even after everything was settled, I went around with a vague feeling of uneasiness, expecting to be demoted any minute!

Along came Founder's with all its hectic activity. I had the honour of being the N.C.C. leader of the girls troop and wow! did I yell my lungs out! It was pretty difficult at first as I wasn't all that ultra-smart but I managed to look respectable in the end.

The best moment of Founder's was when I was interviewed by a 'Times of India' reporter who was doing an article on Sanawar. I really felt important, knowing that my ideas would come out in print for the world to see.

I'd love to write a long and picturesque essay on My Adventures as Head-girl but I'm afraid that nothing really happened that I could call exciting. The closest I can get to it was that my headgirlship was 'fun' and I'd love to go through it again. Of course it had its disadvantages for I was supposed to be a model student, but on the whole it was great considering the honour of the thing. I'm sure everyone would like to be extra special in the eyes of the world and being only human, I thoroughly enjoyed being 'special' for one whole year. It is with regret that I think of the coming year when I will have to go back to being a junior 'fresher' once more. But I really hope that the next year's, headgirl will appreciate and enjoy her tenure as much as I did.

Deeksha Hoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **My Experience As The Head Boy**

As headboy of such a big institution as Sanawar I had a lot to do and learn.

The first thing I had to do was to get the boys to know how I felt about the responsibility I had undertaken and, most of all, to make them adapt themselves to my way of thinking. This wasn't easy, as the way things had been going in the previous years was not quite the way I had intended to run things. When I found my system didn't work satisfactorily, I had to gradually revert to the old conventions. This took me up to the beginning of the second term. By now I had struck a kind of compromise, and the school was once again the way it had always been and everything moved smoothly.

There was a lot to learn from all that I went through as the headboy. The most important factor, however, was to be able to tolerate and see the others' points of view. This taught me a great deal about how others think, a kind of observation everyone doesn't get the opportunity to make. This wasn't anything extraordinary as every other Headboy and prefect has had this opportunity.

Being the headboy, I learnt to bear and undertake all the responsibilities. I had always been in the habit of forgetting things, but it would be a drastic thing to forget something when one is absolutely responsible. So I had to be on my toes all the time and make sure that everything was being done accordingly.

Then the one main quality which I acquired as Headboy was that of leadership. On every occasion, I had to set a personal example and to be able to do something before I could ask anyone else to do it.

This was the one thing I really took advantage of, for I know it will always help me in whatever I may plan to do.

Now briefly I can say that as headboy of a school like Sanawar, I had every opportunity to make a man of myself, and men of the Sanawarians.

Suren Hira.

#### The Sixth Form—as the Upper Fivers Saw them.

##### SIWALIK HOUSE GIRLS

- Anjali Daphtary Our English expert and artist,  
Of talents she has no dearth  
But the Siwalik House junior prefect is  
The laziest girl on earth.
- Bindu Bhim Singh Scatter brain Bindu once was asked  
How did the Pope come home ?  
Bindu thought and brilliantly replied  
“ He sailed from Italy to Rome ” !
- Deeksha Hoon Her laugh is the loudest we've ever heard,  
Her smile the broadest to be found.  
Candy Hoon, our current headgirl  
Is the most boisterous girl around.
- Shalini Lall Studious Shalini sits studying  
A frown of concentration on her brow.  
One just can't disturb her then  
For she loses her temper and how !
- Nilam Khorana Hardly ever angry,  
Never rude,  
Our blue eyed girl  
Doesn't suffer from moods.
- Neelam Rastogi A very gentle and pretty girl,  
And the only time one hears her shout  
Is when she is telling the M.I. girls  
To hurry and move on out.

**Parvinder Sahni** A most generous person  
Is our Pandy  
And when one is in a spot  
She always comes in handy.

**Tosh Chauhan** Of course there's little Aunty Chow  
She's a mini four eyed wow !  
Her regime is worse than Mao  
For senior prefect is Aunty Chow.

#### VINDHYA HOUSE

**Indira Premlall** She is the maths brain,  
The guide of the House,  
She believes in 'be seen and not heard'  
And so is as quiet as a mouse.

**Deepti Tiwari** She's an asylum for sufferers,  
With her help she's always there.  
She's a born Geography genius,  
And knows exactly what is where !

**Ritu Badhwar** Ritu gets on everyone's nerves  
With her giggles loud.  
Her incessant laughter, we feel  
Would do a hyna proud.

**Ravi Bala** 'I must be hep' is Ravi's motto  
And with that in view,  
She's got hep clothes and hep things  
And goes for hep boys (whew !)

#### NILAGIRI HOUSE

**Balbir Bhasin** Balbir is the nimble footed athlete,  
In games she can almost anyone best;  
She's also very strict with her house,  
No doubt she'll be good at controlling her spouse!

**Gouri Gangullee** Full of amusing anecdotes  
And always in a dream,  
Never serious for a moment  
Gouri really is a scream

## HIMALAYA HOUSE

- Amrit Randhawa The newest addition to Sanawar,  
A nicer girl you couldn't meet,  
She's never ever been in trouble,  
Which is really quite a feat.
- Nita Bhattal Neeta has an elongated mould,  
Where her head is, it must be cold !  
With extra height she's been endowed,  
You could almost say, her head's in a cloud !
- J. Dhaliwal This is the original little girl  
Without the curl on her forehead,  
For when she is 'friends' she is very very loyal  
And when you're her foe she is horrid !

## HIMALAYA HOUSE BOYS

- G.S. Brar Says he's good at history but actually knows health science on his  
finger tips.
- V. Mehra The wizard of Sixth Form who knows the secret of turning  
invisible.
- S. Bagchi Will make a good income tax officer, because of his fast talking.
- S. Sirkeck Easily the most romantic and sporting soul in the Sixth Form.
- K. Advani As good a comedian outside as on stage.
- R.S. Jamwal The dare-devil of the school in Gymnastics.
- V. Grover Difficult to differentiate between a football and him.
- A.P.S. Randhawa It seems to be a blue-moon the day he smiles.

## NILAGIRI HOUSE

- A. Kalia Too polite to be a normal Sanawarian.
- J.S. Khara The admirer of beauty.
- J.S. Pannu The only fellow who works in our "atomic plant". Better stay  
away from him, he's radioactive !
- K. Gopal Cannot escape for he's a camel among sheep.
- H. Gopal The junior Einstein.
- R. Chadda Is the local casinova. Better stay away; he's a dangerous character.
- G.S. Dhillon The great philospher.

V. Patole            There is only one fault with him ; he knows too much.  
 S. Nanda            The Sanawarian chemist.  
 V. Sharma           He is a clever plugger.

## SIWALIK HOUSE

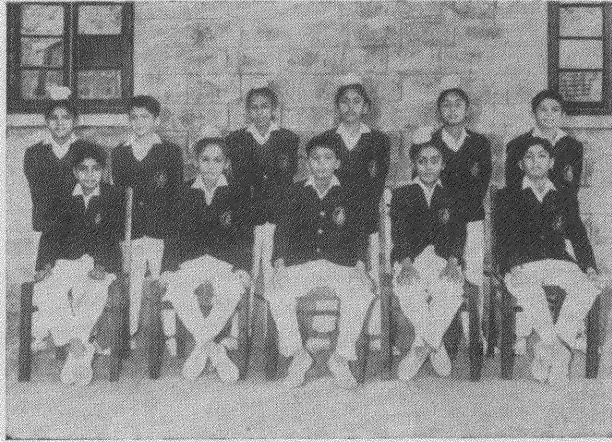
S. Hira                The Sanawarian leader of the hippies.  
 P. Saran             Lost in his own world of imagination.  
 J.S. Sandhu         The absent-minded historian. (Sometimes forgets whether Bud-  
                               dha lived before or after Gandhi).  
 R. Kadan             A very ambitious character.  
 S. Bajaj              Says he knows how to drive a car. (Advice : Have your life in-  
                               sured if you have to travel with him).  
 R.S. Nalwa         The " Texan Terror " of Sanawar.  
 J. Kandel            Can live on porridge alone !  
 A. Dass              The baby boy of Sanawar.

## VINDHYA HOUSE

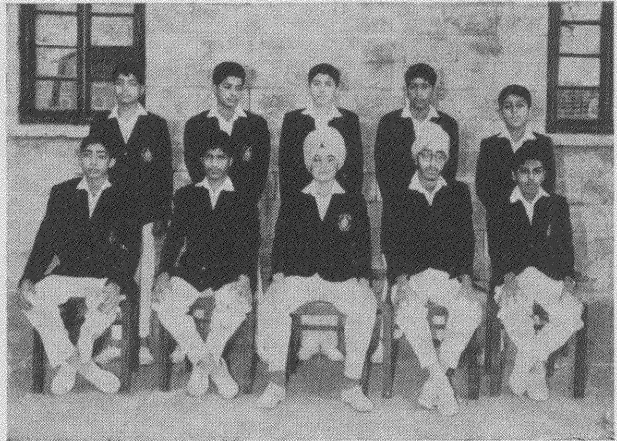
R.S. Sidhu           A Great Politician, hopes to join the village Panchyat.  
 H.M.S. Tanwar     The follower of the absent-minded Newton.  
 K. Oswal            Complains that Sanawar has hampered him from following the  
                               rigid rules of a true Brahmin.  
 K.J. Sondhi         Lately realised his talent in athletics (Heading for the Olympics).  
 Vijay Singh         The young Aristotle of Sanawar.



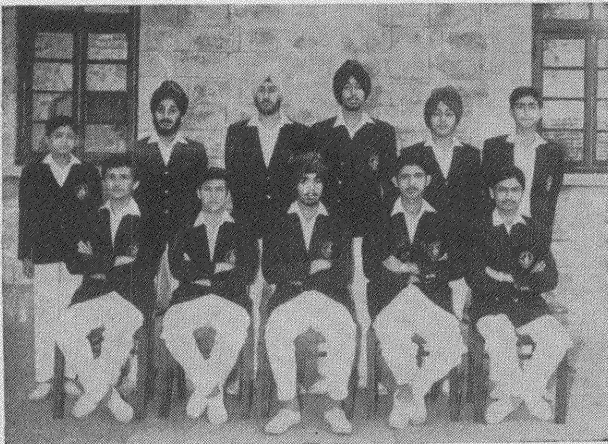
CRICKET 1971



Atoms



Colts



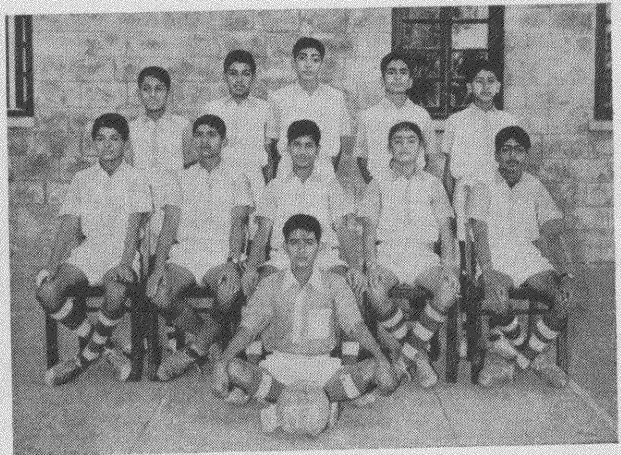
The XI



SOCCKER 1971



Atoms



Colts



The XI

## HOCKEY 1971



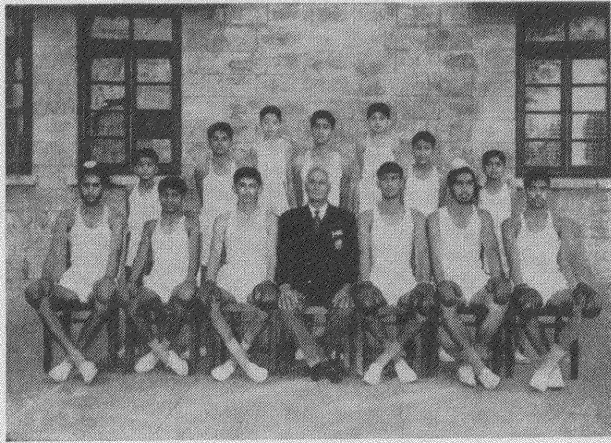
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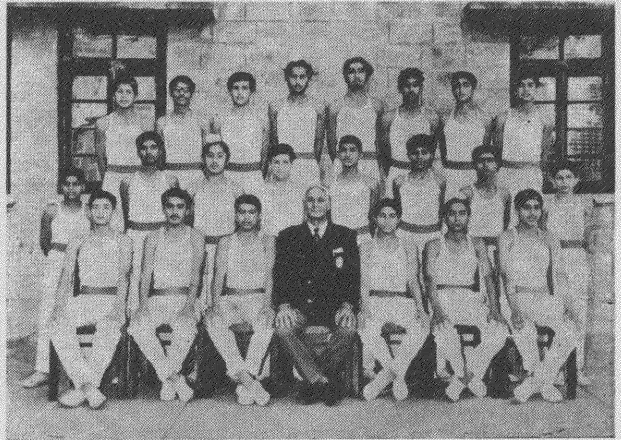
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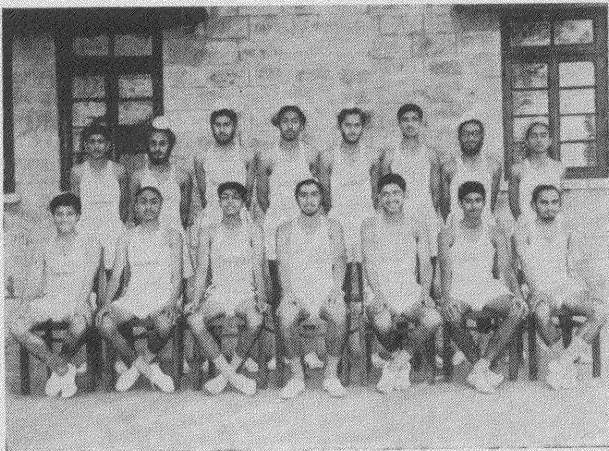
The XI



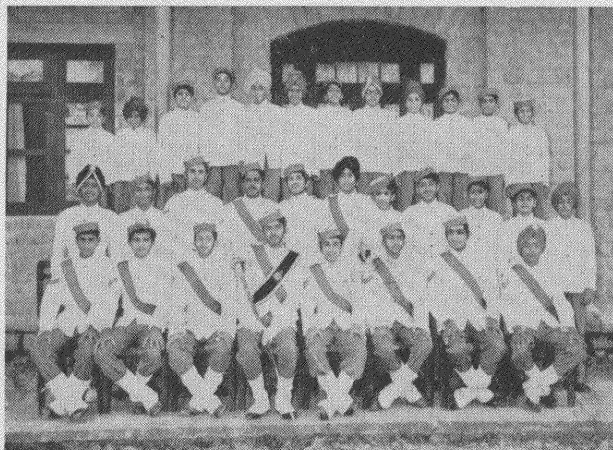
THE BOXERS



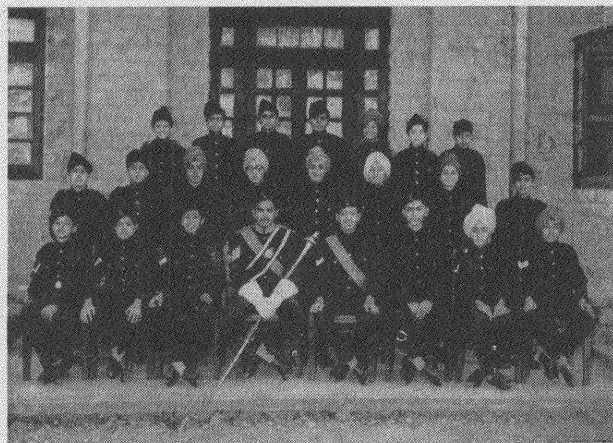
THE GYMNASTS



THE ATHLETES



The Brass Band



The Buglers

Prizes 1971.

**Prep. School**

FORM II A	...	...	...	{ 1st Ravni Thakur 2nd Neena Sahai
FORM II B	...	...	...	{ 1st Anshuk Kumar Jain 2nd Inder Mohini Oberoi
FORM I A	...	...	...	{ 1st Ulka Puri 2nd Rohit Gulati
FORM I B	...	...	...	{ 1st Gunit Singh Rana 2nd Samiksha Khanna
Form Junior A	...	...	...	{ 1st Aradhana Gupta 2nd Rajeev Pabley
Form Junior B	...	...	...	{ 1st Devinder S. Sanghera 2nd Vikul Khosla

**Special Prizes**

THE DURRANT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE	...	Jagrup S. Khara Anjali Daphtary Deeksha Hoon Vivek Mehra Maneka Anand Meena Chanchani Jyotsna Jamwal
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH	...	Arti G. Singh Nickie Grover Vivek Ahluwalia Sanjiv Kapoor Gurmeet R. Singh Anjali Ewing
THE SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE FOR HISTORY	...	Deepti Tewari
THE HODSON HORSE PRIZES FOR HISTORY	...	{ Archana Badhwar Ballbir Bhasin
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR GEOGRAPHY	...	{ Jagrup S. Khara Mukul Chopra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HINDI	...	{ Kulbhushan Oswal Gurmeet R. Singh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR SANSKRIT	...	Ashwani Dogra
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SCIENCE	...	{ Virendra K. Patole (Chem) Virendra Patole (Physics) Virendra K. Patole (Bio.) Rajesh Kochhar (Gen. Sc).
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MATHEMATICS	...	{ Vijay Singh Virendra Patole Harveen Sachdeva
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR HEALTH SCIENCE	...	Ravinderjit Natwa
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR ART	...	{ Anjali Daphtary Sarita Badhwar Jyotsna Jamwal
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CUB-REPORTING	...	Maneka Anand

## Annual Prizegiving.

Mr. S. D. S. Chauhan M. A., L. L. B., presided.

PRESIDENT'S MEDAL	...	...	{ Deeksha Hoon Suren Hira
ALREADY AWARDED	Dewan Ram Pershad Gold Medal Nellie Lovell (O. S. Prize)		} Aruna Batra

### FORM PRIZES

#### Senior School

SIXTH A	...	...	{ 1st Jagrup S. Khara 2nd Ravinderjit Nalwa
SIXTH B	...	...	{ 1st Jatinder S. Pannu 2nd Vijay Singh
SIXTH C	...	...	{ 1st Virendra Patole 2nd Kr. Hargopal
UPPER V A	...	...	{ 1st Maneka Anand 2nd Harsimran Grewal
UPPER V B	...	...	{ 1st Vasant Kumar Dhar 2nd Suneel Kaul
UPPER V C	...	...	{ 1st Alka Sood 2nd Meena Chanchani
LOWER V A	...	...	{ 1st Harveen Sachdeva 2nd Mukul Chopra
LOWER V B	...	...	{ 1st Rajesh Kochhar 2nd G. S. Panaych
UPPER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Sanjiv Kapur 2nd Asha Gupta
UPPER IV B	...	...	{ 1st Vivek Ahluwalia 2nd Ravipreet Singh Sohi
LOWER IV A	...	...	{ 1st Ambika Anand 2nd Deepak Khosla
LOWER IV B	...	...	{ 1st Gurmeet Singh 2nd Linda Kerr
UPPER III A	...	...	{ 1st Ashwani Kumar Dogra 2nd Gurcharan Kadan
UPPER III B	...	...	{ 1st Ranjit Verma 2nd Anjali Ewing
LOWER III A	...	...	{ 1st Brij Anand 2nd Mandeep Seekond
LOWER III B	...	...	{ 1st Ashish Khosla 2nd Praneet Kaur

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR MUSIC	...	{ Arti Ahluwalia Arti G. Singh
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PIANO	...	Meena Chanchani
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BAND	...	{ Anil Dass Gaurav Shamsher Vasant K. Dhar
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR WOODWORK	...	Ashwani Khanna
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT	...	{ Vijay Singh Punit Sikand
SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEEDLEWORK	...	{ Tosh T. Chauhan Balbir Bhasin
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR INDIAN DANCING	...	Balbir Kaur Bhasin
THE THIMAYYA PRIZES FOR ORGANISING ABILITY	{	Deeksha Hoon Suren Hira
MERIT CERTIFICATE FOR HINDI DEBATING...	{	Rajan Sethi Jasjit Singh Bhattal
M. C. FOR ENGLISH DEBATING	...	{ Rohini Arora Preeti Batra

#### Awards

THE HENRY LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Suren Hira
THE HONORIA LAWRENCE PRIZE	...	Deeksha Hoon
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Boys	...	{ G. S. Brar Anil Kalia Pradeep Saran Rupinder Sidhu
PREFECTS' PRIZES, Girls	...	{ Neeta Bhattal Balbir Bhasin Tosh T. Chauhan Ravinder Bala
M.I. PRIZES	...	{ Jagrup S. Khara Neelam Rastogi
GAMES' PREFECT'S PRIZE	...	Indira Prem Lal

#### Trophies

YOG RAJ PALTA MEMORIAL ART	...	Pradeep Saran
THE CARLILL CUP	...	Rajiv Khanna
STUDY CUP, Girls	...	Siwalik
STUDY CUP, Boys	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE Girls	...	Siwalik
COCK HOUSE Boys	...	Siwalik
CARIAPPA SHIELD	...	Siwalik



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